

EXT. AGNES'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Agnes hauls ass across her well manicured front lawn. Her bare feet take the last few steps at a leap.

She lands with her arms around GREGORY'S (60's) shoulders. He's what an entire generation would consider "handsome."

Slicked back, salt & pepper hair. A somehow fit physique born of eating steak & eggs for breakfast. Perfect tan.

He wears a designer-casual suit and a big fat UNISEX ROLEX on his wrist. He lifts Agnes and spins with her momentum.

GREGORY

Oof. Maybe lay off those fancy ice cream sundaes you like so much, kiddo.

She kisses him on the cheek and turns him toward the house. She walks on the lawn. He walks up the driveway.

AGNES

Oh hush up, you.

She beams at him. He stares at the house.

GREGORY

House looks good. When did you paint it yellow? What was wrong with the green?

PAULINE leans in the doorway. She wears a casual Sunday outfit. Pastels. It looks awkward on her.

PAULINE

That was the last place.

He holds his hand out to Pauline.

GREGORY

Hi. Gregory. Charmed.

AGNES

Pop. Come on. You've met her like a thousand times.

Pauline looks down at his extended hand.

PAULINE

Yeah. He's aware.

AGNES
Movie. Movie movie movie.

GREGORY
I thought maybe we'd take a dip in
the pool first.

They slip inside.

AGNES (O.C.)
Movie!

Pauline inhales a sharp breath and follows after them.

EXT. AGNES'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Agnes sets up a veritable smorgasburg of treats on a nicely dressed picnic table. Cold cuts. Fancy cocktail ingredients.

She wears a diaphanous robe over a bikini. Pauline - in a one piece with a long shirt over it - watches her fuss.

Agnes stops what she's doing every few seconds to rearrange something or straighten something.

PAULINE
This is so weird.

AGNES
What's that now?

PAULINE
You're acting wife-nervous.

AGNES
Ew. Sick.

PAULINE
Or like new-girlfriend-nervous.

AGNES
Paul. What the Eff?

PAULINE
You're wearing high heels with a bikini.

Agnes looks right at Pauline and slips out of her heels.

PAULINE

I dunno. It's like you're preparing for a roll or something. I don't like it, I don't think.

AGNES

You're just cheesed off that he didn't remember you.

PAULINE

He never remembers me. And I have never once been cheesed off about it.

Agnes CLATTERS the tongs in a huge bowl of fruit salad.

AGNES

He's here. It's important. He's watching the movie. That's important. To me.

PAULINE

I know that, kid. It's just.

AGNES

Stop calling me kid.

She trails through the sliding doors into the kitchen and fusses around some more. Pauline pours herself a drink.

INT. AGNES'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY

Two chairs have been pushed together to face a PROJECTION SCREEN set up on a bookshelf. A digital projector hums.

The curtains are closed and the room is day-time-cozy-dark. A big bowl of popcorn sits on a table between the chairs.

SAINT HUCK plays on the screen. Gregory sleeps in one of the chairs. Dude ain't dozing - he's ASLEEP.

He stirs when the door CREAKS open. Agnes slides her bare feet across the hard-wood floor.

He shakes himself awake. She crouches behind the chair and holds a beer in front of his face. He takes it reflexively.

AGNES

(exaggerated whisper)

This is the best.

She watches a bit of the movie over his shoulder. He straightens up and acts like he's paying rapt attention.

AGNES
 (exaggerated whisper)
 We're out back when you're done.

GREGORY
 Got it, sweetie.

She pads to the door and watches him watch the movie for a second. He rubs his face to wake up.

EXT. AGNES'S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

Light and pollution do something fairly impressionistic and lavender to the horizon. Agnes dips a toe in the pool.

Gregory swirls the last sip of his scotch around the ice in his glass. Pauline sits on a deck chair.

AGNES
 I mean. It's not finished yet. We still have to fix up the audio and re-shoot a few things. But what do you think? Pretty great, right?

GREGORY
 I heard rumors online that there might be talk of a Lovecraft reunion. That would be great.

AGNES
 Pop. Really. What did you think?

GREGORY
 I think you probably haven't been in this pool more than half a dozen times since you moved here.

He sets down his drink, scoops Agnes in his arms, and jumps in the pool. Pauline's jaw drops.

They pop up and splash at each other. Agnes kicks to Pauline's side and plops her elbows on the edge.

AGNES
 Are you coming in?

Gregory comes up behind Agnes and dunks her. He swims off before she pops back up. Pauline is heavily creeped out.

There's no way she's getting in that pool.

EXT. AGNES'S HOUSE - POOL - EVENING

Agnes swims laps. Gregory slaps his wet feet over to sit next to Pauline. He sucks in his gut and dries off.

She watches him put the ROLEX back on. The underside is engraved to Agnes from a TV Network.

He pours a drink and eyes Pauline's half full glass.

GREGORY

Not gonna wet your whistle?

PAULINE

There's a bottle of dinner-time Roset with my name on it, thanks.

He stretches out to his full length and rests his drink on his chest. His eyes close.

GREGORY

The Kiddo mentioned you sent her out for a big studio thing. Nice going. Good to know you actually work for that fifteen percent.

Pauline sets down her tablet and sits up straight.

PAULINE

Level with me, Greg. What did you think of Saint Huck?

GREGORY

Gregory, please. Greg's my old man.

She waits for him to answer her question. He doesn't.

PAULINE

So. No opinions, then?

GREGORY

You have kids?

PAULINE

Three daughters.

GREGORY

Any of them try to do something that they're just not any good at?

PAULINE

My eight year old told me she wanted to be president recently, even though she has a pretty strong aversion to wearing pants in the house. I told her to go ahead and try anyway.

GREGORY

Before she got in to acting, Agnes tried everything. Flute. Violin. Painting. Ballet. Soccer. It was just one failure after another. As a parent, I'm sure you can relate to how heartbreaking it is to watch your kid get devastated over and over again. Then she booked her first commercial and all was right with the world. Things got easy for her.

Pauline looks down at her empty glass.

PAULINE

If this wasn't empty, I would do a spit take. I swear to god. Easy?!

GREGORY

Yes. That's why the only good scene in the movie is her scene. Right? That's why people will pay to see it. Because of her. You know. You helped her build her career.

Pauline gears up to give him a royal lashing. Agnes cut her scene from the movie. He's talking hell of bullshit.

Wet feet SLAP the concrete. Pauline looks up at Agnes. Gregory doesn't.

AGNES

Whose hungry?

EXT. AGNES'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

CLUNK. An empty bottle of Roset hits the table. Pauline lifts a (very) full glass to her lips.

Agnes pushes a salad around her plate. Gregory SLAPS a second steak on to his.

They're all dressed to ward off the chill evening air. Agnes wears a huge sweater over her bathing suit.

She pulls it all the way down over her legs.

PAULINE
You're really not gonna have any
steak? You absolutely love steak.

GREGORY
As much as you love that Roset?

Agnes CHORTLES. It's a laugh Pauline's never heard before.

AGNES
You should see her get tangled up in
some frozen margaritas.

PAULINE
Me? Anytime you get around tequila we
have to call in the national guard.

Agnes shoots daggers at Paul with a glance. Gregory's fork
pauses midway between the plate and his mouth.

GREGORY
You're not hitting the bottle too
hard, are you?

AGNES
No, Pop.

GREGORY
Because you know you have to watch
out for that. Your mom and all.

AGNES
Yeah, Pop.

He points the fork at Pauline.

GREGORY
My ex-wife. Total disaster.

CHOMP. He eats the rare meat.

PAULINE
Hasn't Judy been sober for like
twenty years now?

GREGORY
A drunk's a drunk's a drunk. They
have to stay on top of their
addiction the rest of their lives.

AGNES

Mom's smart enough to know that, Pop.
That's why she handles her shit.

GREGORY

She always was too smart for her own
good, our Judy.

PAULINE

Can people be too smart for anyone's
good? Is that a thing?

GREGORY

Agnes. What do I always say?

AGNES

Being smart doesn't make you good at
anything - except being smart.

He puts his fingers under her chin and lifts her face to
meet his so he can wink at her.

GREGORY

Good girl.

He turns his attention back to his food. Pauline is aghast.
She shoves her plate away with a CLATTER.

AGNES

Paul.

PAULINE

Fuck. Off.

AGNES

Pauline.

Pauline gets to her feet, wine in hand.

PAULINE

No. Nope. Nuh uh.

AGNES

Give me the wine.

PAULINE

Are you fucking shitting me with
this, Kid? Agnes? Seriously?

AGNES

(shrill)

Give me the god damn wine right this
god damn second.

Pauline looks from Agnes to Gregory and back to Agnes. She methodically overturns her glass -

- and spills the Roset all over the ground.

EXT. AGNES'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Pauline fumes. Agnes closes the door behind her.

PAULINE
That dude gives me the mega creeps.

AGNES
That's how he is. I know he's not for everyone. But he's still my dad.

PAULINE
But. He. Arg.

AGNES
I'm sorry I yelled at you.

She pulls her in for a condescending hug. If hugs can ever really be considered condescending.

AGNES
I got you an Uber. Give the kids a hug from me when you get home, OK?

PAULINE
But.

Nothing follows her "but." Agnes slips insides.

INT. AGNES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Agnes walks into the kitchen, chewing her cuticles. Gregory swings his arms into his blazer.

He polishes off a hefty swig of scotch.

AGNES
Pop?

GREGORY
It's about time for me to be hitting the ol' dusty trail.

AGNES
You're not sleeping over?

GREGORY

Can't do it, Kiddo. Tons of shit to do in the morning. I'm booked at the Standard. Come by for a late breakfast, early lunch. We'll make a day of it.

He puts his hands on her shoulders and kisses her on the forehead. She doesn't do more than let him.

AGNES

Oh. OK.

He's out the door without a second glance. She stands completely still until the front door opens and closes.

Her eyes dart out the window and land on the enormous amount of plates and glasses and bottles to be cleaned.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

Gregory sips a drink by the pool. He's absolutely lathered in coconut oil and wears a speedo.

Agnes plops down on the deck chair next to his.

AGNES

Morning, Pop.

GREGORY

Jesus. Way to sneak up on your old man, Kiddo. How'd you even know I was here? What time is it?

AGNES

I asked at the front desk. They told me you'd probably be here. Since you've been here every morning for the past week and a half.

He swings his legs off the chair.

GREGORY

Yeah. I got in to town a little earlier than I planned. Been completely swarmed. You get it, right? I moved some things around today, though. So we get the whole day together. Me and my kiddo.

She stares at him. This flabby, oiled up old man surrounded by a veritable sea of Pretty Young Things.

She doesn't have it in her heart to get mad at him.

AGNES

Cool.

GREGORY

Come on up to the suite.

He gets to his feet and holds out his arm. She takes it, even though it's sure to oil up her clothes.

They head for the elevator.

AGNES

Can we talk about the speedo?

GREGORY

What. I look great for my age.

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Agnes sits on a king sized bed. Steam pours out of the bathroom door. She eyes the nightstand.

There's a row of phones and tablets plugged into a multi-charging device. She turns over one of the tablets.

It's engraved to her with a congratulations from a network on the renewal of her show.

GREGORY (O.C.)

I wouldn't mind swinging by the Americana. You know I love an outdoor mall. And that one sushi place.

AGNES

Sure.

He pops his head in. Half his face is covered in shaving cream. He shaves with an ivory handled straight razor.

GREGORY

My treat.

He pops back in to the bathroom.

AGNES

I can buy my old man some sushi.

GREGORY (O.C.)

What's with this "old man" business?

He walks fully into the room, covered in a towel. He wipes the shaving cream off his face with a washcloth.

GREGORY

And anyway, I need to butter you up a little. I'm afraid I'm going to have to hit you up for a loan right quick.

AGNES

You need money?

GREGORY

Yeah. I'm pretty flush, to be honest, but your moms alimony is killing me. I wanted to talk to a lawyer about getting it reduced, but that would cost more than the payments, I bet. Judy used to borrow money from you all the time, right? This way we just cut out the middle man.

She immediately chews on her finger.

GREGORY

Hey, Kiddo. If you can't do it you can't do it. I thought you were doing pretty well, what with being a big fancy director and all.

He pops back in to the bathroom.

AGNES

How much?

INT. THE AMERICANA - HIGH END SUSHI JOINT - DAY

CLICK. Agnes and Gregory pose with a TWEEN KID while her mom snaps a picture on her cellphone.

Gregory's smile is huge. Agnes's is subdued. The Tween Kid rushes off, too embarrassed to say anything.

Gregory is filled with bouncy energy.

GREGORY

Wow. That hasn't happened in a while. I forgot how cool it is.

Agnes sits. The remains of an absolute sushi fit fill the table. Bags from high end shops fill the empty chairs.

GREGORY

Now if you'll excuse me, daughter of mine, I have to use the facilities.

AGNES

Don't try to secret-pay. I already gave the waitress my credit card.

He leans down and plants a wet one on her cheek.

GREGORY

A chip off the old block, Kiddo.

He bounds off to the restroom. After a few moments alone a WAITRESS approaches with tentative steps.

WAITRESS

Ah. Miss Mills? I'm really sorry to have to tell you this, but. Your card's been declined.

Her posture sags.

EXT. THE AMERICANA - ALLEY TO THE STREET - DAY

Pauline hops out of a car and trots over to Agnes, who waits at the end of an alley all the employees smoke in.

Pauline hands her a credit card.

AGNES

Thanks, Paul.

She quick-hugs her and starts to walk away.

PAULINE

Whoah, whoah, whoah. Slow the roll, Kid. We're about to have a serious conversation here.

AGNES

I gotta get back. I told my Pop I wanted to sneak off and get him a present like half an hour ago.

PAULINE

You don't want to know why your card got declined?

AGNES

I know why.

PAULINE

Oh, really. You know your dad has a card on your account? And you're aware that he's been using it in L.A for almost two weeks? Because it's news to me.

AGNES

Yes. Pauline. I'm aware. Who do you think got him the card?

PAULINE

What are you doing here, Kid? That prick -

AGNES

- not now.

PAULINE

- that prick blows you off - oh, only all the time - and then pops in to town for what? A vacation on you?

AGNES

He's. My. Father.

PAULINE

And what a fucking terrific father he is! Someone get him a trophy.

AGNES

I really have to go.

She turns. Pauline steps forward.

PAULINE

He didn't even watch Saint Huck. You know that? I don't know how he pulled it off, but he didn't. Ask him what his favorite scene is. I dare you.

Agnes stops and takes a second to compose herself.

AGNES

Do you really think I need you to poke holes in his story? Do you really believe for a second that I don't know what a fucking asshole he is? I'm his daughter. He needs me. OK? He needs me to let him tell all his little white lies and pretend that what he says is super-duper important. I'm literally all he has.

She stops herself from launching into a major rant.

AGNES

I know how I'm being treated.

PAULINE

He's a sad, shitty old man. He doesn't deserve you.

AGNES

Why do you get to decide that?

Pauline opens her mouth to answer. But she's got nothing. Agnes takes a step closer to her.

AGNES

I need to do this for him. And you need to let me. You're the best parent I know. I shouldn't have to explain why it's important.

PAULINE

I...OK.

AGNES

OK?

They nod at each other. Pauline squeezes Agnes into a hug for all she's worth. Agnes pulls away before it effects her.

She turns and walks back toward the Mall.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - BALCONY - EVENING

Gregory and Agnes stare out at an evening sky that poets write sonnets about. The HOLLYWOOD SIGN is in view.

Gregory salutes it with his scotch.

GREGORY

It's a damn shame I'll be hitting the ol' dusty trail tomorrow. Damn shame.

Agnes sips on a chocolate shake from a fast food joint.

AGNES

Your flights at two, you said?

GREGORY

Plenty of time for us to sneak in one last breakfast. Probably here at the hotel is best, don't you think?

AGNES

Yeah.

He polishes off the drink and CHEWS ON THE ICE.

AGNES

Hey, Pop. Let me ask you.

She pulls her legs under her and leans toward him.

AGNES

Was I any good in the movie?

GREGORY

Aw, c'mon, Kiddo. You know how good you are.

AGNES

Yeah. But I was directing and had fifty thousand things going through my brain all the time. I couldn't get a handle on how I was doing. Honestly, it was weird. But you think I was good, right?

GREGORY

Brilliant. Best part of the whole thing. As usual.

AGNES

But was it funny, though? Like. When I said "And the bear says, you didn't come here to hunt?" How was the timing? I feel like I telegraphed the punchline a little.

GREGORY

You know what I've always said, Kiddo. You're better at the goofy than the glamour. Always were.

His eyes droop a little. He's loaded. She stares at him. When he becomes aware of it he rubs his face.

GREGORY

What say you let your Pop get some shut eye. Got our farewell brekk in the morning. About nine, you said?

Agnes stares at him.

INT. PAULINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pauline sits in front of a tidy glass desk with a decent view of Beverly Hills behind her.

She does five different things at once. BLOOP. Her phone is in her hand before the sound of the alert even fades.

New text from Agnes. It reads simply - "Cancel the card."

INT. EDITING ROOM - DAY (PROBABLY)

Agnes sets her phone down. She rolls out a kink in her neck and reaches for the mouse.

CLICK-CLICK. She opens the FULL ROUGH CUT of Saint Huck.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - RESTAURANT - DAY

Gregory sits alone at a table in a crowded bistro. It's close enough to the pool that swim-suits abound.

He guzzles a scotch and tucks in to some steak and eggs. After a few bites he checks his phone.

11:45am. He sets the phone down. A HOTEL EMPLOYEE approaches with an envelope on a plastic tray.

He says something to Gregory. Gregory waves him away and grabs the envelope. There's no writing on it.

He opens it and slips out a check for 20,000 bucks. There's no note. Just the check.

He crumples the envelope, hooks it into a nearby trash can, and pockets the check.

He swings into his blazer as he gets to his feet, chugs his drink, and makes a hasty exit.

CUT TO BLACK: