

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Light from the bathroom door spills on an expensive bedroom. The sound of a morning ritual flows in with the light.

The water RUNS in the sink. Small things CLATTER on porcelain. Hands SCRUB themselves.

A cellphone screen lights up on the bed. A useless alarm plinks out a frustrating, repetitive tune.

The time reads 5:47 am. The woman making the sounds in the bathroom doesn't hear it.

EXT. LA RIVER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A pair of long, well formed legs jog along the side of the river in quick, even strides.

A hand holding a phone with headphones snaking out of it moves up and down in short bursts.

A ponytail bounces from side to side as AGNES (can play 18-30 - it says so on her headshot) jogs.

She passes ANGELA (30's), a sweaty mess, who walks off her run in the other direction.

When Agnes passes, Angela does a double take. She turns to watch Agnes speed off. Her phone appears in her hand.

A text window pops up next to her face. Type. Type. Type. "You'll never believe who just jogged past me."

Send.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Agnes sits at a vanity. Only the upper right corner of her face is visible in a round makeup mirror.

She does extensive work on her eyebrows and talks in to her phone, which is on speaker.

Her voice is upbeat.

AGNES (MOSTLY O.C)

I'm getting ready now. I won't be late. Pinky promise. Let's hope so. Hey, did you check out that podcast I sent you about Ida Lupino?

She sets the tweezers down and adjusts the mirror. Only the lower part of her face is visible.

She gets to work on her lips.

AGNES (MOSTLY O.C)
 You should check it out. It's really pretty inspiring. OK, OK. I'm out the door in five. OK, OK, two.

She hangs up and puckers her lips in the mirror.

INT. ALL WHITE ROOM - DAY

Harsh, bright lights shine on a stark white wall. It's not even a nice white. It's a bland off-white.

Agnes holds a few pages of script in front of her stomach. The BRIGHT LIGHTS obscure her face.

Her body moves and emotes as much as it can without stepping forward or backward.

When she starts talking the pages move through the air with her gestures. Her feet move a little farther apart.

AGNES (FACE OBSCURED)
 All I ever heard at nighttime was them crickets. They -

A MONOTONE MALE VOICE interrupts her. Her hands lower the pages in front of her stomach again.

MONOTONE MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Sorry, sorry, sorry. Are you doing an accent? Someone told me you did really good accents. Can you do an accent?

AGNES (FACE OBSCURED)
 You want me to do an accent?

An affirmative sound comes from the direction of the Voice. Agnes stills for a second. Her hands move.

AGNES (FACE OBSCURED)
 (Slight accent)
 All I ever heard at nighttime were them crickets. They -

The Monotone Male Voice interrupts her.

MONOTONE MALE VOICE (O.C.)
OK, good. Great accent. One sec.

WHISPERS come from the direction of the voice.

MONOTONE MALE VOICE (O.C.)
So here's the thing. She's a kind of sexy farm girl. Not really, but in essence. Is there anyway you could tie your shirt in the middle? You know. In kind of a suggestive way. We really want to feel how sexy she is.

AGNES (FACE OBSCURED)
You want me to tie my shirt in the middle?

MONOTONE MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Awesome. That sounds great. Thanks.

Her hands hesitate. They grip the pages into a tight roll.

MONOTONE MALE VOICE (O.C.)
It's just so we get the gist. She's a big part of the story, right? We need to know she can be sexy.

Her hands slowly unbutton her plaid shirt and tie it in the middle, so her stomach is visible.

She clears her throat. Her hands stay immobile at her sides when she starts to speak. Her voice is monotone. No accent.

AGNES (FACE OBSCURED)
All I ever heard at nighttime were them crickets. They never quit. They just...never did.

Her right hand clenches the pages.

MONOTONE MALE VOICE (O.C.)
(Actual enthusiasm)
Oh my god. Great. Perfect. That was brilliant. Let's move on. If you could straddle that chair over there and let your hair down, that would be amazing for scene 23.

Her hands cover her exposed stomach.

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - DAY

Agnes stands in front of a long wooden wall set up in front of a construction site. Her back is to the street.

She wears a pair of jean shorts and a hoodie over the plaid shirt. It's too hot for the hoodie.

The wall is covered with the usual shit. Graffiti. Posters. Flyers. Her fingers reach to the corner of a poster.

It's been newly plastered over a bunch of older posters. Her nails dig into the corner and peel back the new one.

She reveals the top left corner of a poster for a TV Show called "Helena P. Lovecraft In Brooklyn."

Half her face is visible under the title. IT WAS HER SHOW. Some clever artist drew crude things all over her face.

INT. THE HP CAFE - DAY

Agnes runs her hands over the cover page for a script titled "Saint Huck" by John Train. She taps the title.

She sits at the way back of the Cafe facing the windows. She has a great view of both the doors and the street.

Her hair is tucked under a baseball cap. Her face is covered with a huge pair of sunglasses.

She takes a pen out of a large bag. It's filled with books and bound scripts.

She flips through Saint Huck. Every page is covered with notes. Post-its stick to a few highlighted paragraphs.

She takes off the hat and sunglasses. It reveals a straight ahead, clean prettiness with an evocative quality to it.

As she looks through her notes she absently uses a napkin to wipe the thick red lipstick off her lips.

The script fully absorbs her attention. She makes more notes. She crosses out lines.

A shadow approaches the table. She looks up. PENNY (25) a stunning young woman, approaches with a huge smile.

She wears an apron over her clothes.

PENNY
Oh my god, Aggie!

Agnes smiles. She jumps up and they hug.

PENNY
Why didn't you tell me you were
coming in?

AGNES
It was kind of a last minute thing. I
had an audition down the street. Plus
I kind of forgot you worked here.
Sorry. Is that terrible of me?

They sit across from each other.

PENNY
Don't even sweat it, lady.

AGNES
Cool.

PENNY
How'd it go?

AGNES
What?

PENNY
The audition.

AGNES
Oh. Right. Meh.

PENNY
I kind of can't believe you still
have to read for stuff. Is it a big
part, at least?

AGNES
Little part, big movie. I don't even
want it that much, but it's all part
of the grind. I'm actually meeting
Pauline here to go over what kind of
grind I want to be grinding from now
on. It's not today's grind, I can
tell you that much. Also I'm super
psyched about this.

She puts both her hands on Saint Huck.

AGNES

I really want to -

SNAP. An actual MIDDLE AGED MAN who should know better takes a picture of Agnes. Penny hops up.

PENNY

Come on, man. You can't do that in here. This place is off limits.

AGNES

No, it's OK. Hi.

She smiles at the Middle Aged Man.

AGNES

I'm down to take one with you if you want. Or I could give you an autograph.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

No way. Your show sucked. I just want to show my friend how unhot you are in person. He refuses to believe me.

Penny WHIPS a dishtowel at him.

PENNY

Get your ass out of here, man. Go. From now on this place isn't for you.

She chases him off. Agnes opens a compact. She's halfway through applying lipstick when Penny gets back.

PENNY

Shit. Sorry about that, lady. We get a lot of celebrities in here. Usually people are cool about it.

AGNES

It's OK. Didn't you know? There's a huge debate on the internet over whether I'm hot or not. Some people think I'm only "pretty in a plain way" but not hot. Others think I'm "hot in a one night stand kind of way" but a lot of women are, so it's not that big a deal. Some people just "don't like my face." It's all part of the job.

PENNY

Well it shouldn't be. God. No one should have to get used to jerks like that.

AGNES

I never said you get used to it.

A silence thuds on the table between them. Penny gets up.

PENNY

I have to get back in the kitchen. Come say hi before you leave.

AGNES

Of course. Lets get a drink soon.

They hug. Penny takes a few steps away then turns back.

PENNY

Hey, do you think you could put in a good word for me with your agent? I just got new headshots in and I've been taking this class out in the valley. I think I'm about ready to take the leap.

Agnes smiles a fixed, immobile smile.

AGNES

Sure, I'll mention you. I'll warn you, though, I don't have much sway. Not since the show got canceled.

Penny winks at her over her shoulder as she walks away.

PENNY

Right. Sure you don't.

She disappears into the kitchen.

INT. THE HP CAFE - LATER

Agnes looks up from Saint Huck. She sees Penny on the street. Her shift is over. It's been a while.

Penny greets PAULINE (40's) a short, trim woman. They agent-actor hug-kiss. Penny motions at the window.

Pauline see's Agnes. Agnes waves. Pauline walks to the door without waving back.

INT. THE HP CAFE - BACK TABLE - DAY

Pauline sits across from Agnes. She has a tablet on the table in front of her. Agnes has her hands on Saint Huck.

Pauline swipes through social media apps.

PAULINE

Why haven't you posted anything today? It's almost one.

AGNES

All I really did was go to the audition and eat breakfast. Nobody wants to look at pictures of my food.

PAULINE

Aggie, you've got stay on top of this shit. Your instagram dropped below a hundred and seventy five thousand.

Agnes whips out her phone to confirm this.

AGNES

Did it? Shit. Sorry. I'll post something as soon as we're done.

PAULINE

Good. OK. Next. How did it go this morning?

AGNES

I don't know, Paul. It was a little uncomfortable.

PAULINE

You didn't let them know that, did you? Because they passed.

AGNES

What? Wait. Why did you ask how it went if you already talked to them?

PAULINE

To see if I can trust your take on these things. You're too polite sometimes.

AGNES

What did they say?

PAULINE

They want to go in a different direction. This kind of direction.

She opens a picture of a Playboy Playmate looking blonde in what appears to be a Sexy Farm Girl Halloween costume.

AGNES

Oh. That makes sense. Good for them. She's a really good actress.

PAULINE

They said they might have something for you. The Brothel Madame.

AGNES

I don't remember. Which one was the Brothel Madame? Was it Kayla?

PAULINE

It was Brothel Madame.

AGNES

Oh. Um.

PAULINE

I told them to stick it where the sun don't shine.

Agnes exhales a huge sigh of relief.

AGNES

Thank Christ.

PAULINE

Come on. Like I'd pimp you out for an unnamed part. Please.

Agnes looks down at Saint Huck. Pauline farts around on her tablet until she notices the script.

PAULINE

What's that?

Agnes lifts her hands to uncover the title.

PAULINE

Saint Huck? I didn't send you that, did I?

AGNES

No. But you know what it is?

PAULINE

Sure. Big sale. Some pudgy beardo from Brooklyn. It's indie as fuck, but it would definitely get you some attention. What part were you thinking. Lola?

Agnes takes a deep breath. A grin spreads across her face. She's been waiting all day to say what she's about to say.

AGNES

I want to direct it.

PAULINE

Oh Aggie. We've talked about this. It's just not the right time.

Agnes slides a piece of paper out of the script. It's talking points for why she should direct the movie.

She opens her mouth to speak. Pauline's phone RINGS.

PAULINE

Oh shit. Gotta take this. One sec.

She answers the phone and walks outside. A NOTIFICATION lights up the tablet screen.

It's an email from the Casting Agency. Agnes's name is in the subject heading.

She doesn't hesitate for a second. She swivels the tablet around on the table and opens the email.

The new one reads "Any word on Brothel Madame?" Underneath that is one from earlier in the day.

It says simply - "Not sexy enough." She stares at the screen until it goes in to sleep mode.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Light from the bathroom door spills on an expensive bedroom. The sound of a SHOWER fills the room.

A cellphone screen lights up on the bed. The time reads 9:45 am. A new text fills the screen. It's from Pauline.

"Shit fell through with the Bimbo - they made us an offer. Get back to me ASAP. I want to close this today."

