

MATERIALISTS

Written by

Celine Song

04/08/2024

Locked pages

1 EXT. ANCIENT FIELDS - 20,000 B.C. - DAY 1

It's the stone age.

CLOSE on ancient wild flowers moving in the wind.

CLOSE on a rough and hairy set of a MAN'S HANDS, selecting a piece of obsidian from a pile of stones.

The hands begin chipping away at the piece, "knapping" through the process of "lithic reduction", until the stone tool is sharp enough to cut through skin.

Back to CLOSE on ancient wild flowers moving in the wind. The hands cut the flowers with the stone tool and gather them up into a bouquet.

He puts it on top of a pile of stone tools over thin leather. He wraps up the stones into a leather satchel and sticks the bouquet of flowers in it.

The owner of the hands - a YOUNG CAVEMAN - begins walking through the field from his camp site that he shares with his two brothers.

He has the leather satchel on his back - inside are the finished stone tools and the wild flowers sticking out.

A1 EXT. ANCIENT FIELDS - ROUGH TERRAIN - 20,000 B.C. A1

We see him cross rough terrain.

B1 EXT. ANCIENT FIELDS - A STREAM OF WATER - 20,000 B.C. B1

We see him walk past a stream of water. He looks into his reflection.

The sun begins setting as he reaches his destination -

2 EXT. ANCIENT CAVE - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS 2

- which is a cave that a cavefamily of eight lives in - mother, father, and six children.

The mother of the family is pregnant and feeding her youngest toddler through the mouth - a gesture believed to be the origin of a kiss. The father is nowhere to be seen, probably out hunting with the eldest male child. The two young middle children of the cavefamily are painting their handprints on the wall of their cave-home.

The eldest daughter of the family - YOUNG CAVEWOMAN - looks outside and sees very far away on the field that the young caveman is coming towards their cave.

She goes to the cooking area of the cave, grabs some of the dried meats and berries from their piles (a little too much), and wraps them in a big piece of leaf. We can see in her eagerness that she has a crush on the young caveman on his way to her family's cave.

A2

EXT. ANCIENT CAVE

A2

OTS of the young caveman, steadying his breath as he approaches the cave.

He arrives and sees the young cavewoman who is beaming at him, glad to see him. Her smile stops him in his tracks, and he can't help but smile a little too. She extends the package of food she made for him. He takes it gratefully.

He can't seem to make prolonged eye contact with her, which makes her feel playful. In his shyness, you can see that he has a crush on her too.

They both crouch down on the ground. He takes his satchel down from his back and unwraps it to show her the tools he made. She eagerly takes a look at them. She chooses two, but he grabs a couple extra and gives her those too.

He then takes the bouquet of wild flowers he brought from near his campsite and hands it to her. We realize that the flowers look and feel like her. She turns red as she takes them and hides behind them, which makes him laugh.

He pulls a flower from the bouquet, and makes a little ring out of it.

He takes her hand and puts it on her finger.

WIDE of the two of them, gazing at each other - tenderly, carefully - in love.

TITLE:

M A T E R I A L I S T S

3

INT. LUCY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - CURRENT DAY - MORNING

Through a small mirror, we watch a woman put on make up. We start with eyes, then nose, then lips.

It's hard to see who it is at first - because we are seeing individual features only - but this is our protagonist, LUCY, getting ready to go.

Her apartment is totally livable and average, worth about \$3200 (2022 fall market).

4 EXT. STREET - NEAR WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - SAME DAY - LATER

Lucy is walking down the street.

She is looking at someone walking towards her with a penetrating gaze.

A good-looking MAN in his 40s with a smart suit is eyeing her, flirting with her as he approaches her. You can tell that the guy is moneyed. He looks like the dream man of every girl who moved to NYC after having grown up in the 2000s thinking it would be like *Sex and the City*.

They pass each other. Lucy takes a few extra steps, but then stops abruptly.

She turns around and starts walking quickly back to catch up to the man she just made eye contact with.

In another movie, this would be an adorable meet-cute that spurs a love story. In this movie, however, this is just a part of Lucy's business.

She catches up to the man and taps him lightly on the shoulder, having him turn around.

LUCY

Hey, are you single?

The man looks a little startled, but smiles back, thinking that she's going to ask him for his number or give him hers.

Lucy hands him a business card, but it's not what he thinks.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm a matchmaker at Adore. Please give me a call if you'd like to meet someone - we have a lot of great matches for you.

She shakes his hand.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Talk soon.

She turns around and walks away.

The man is stunned. CLOSE on Lucy's business card in the man's hands.

5 INT./EXT. DOWNTOWN FRENCH BISTRO - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy enters the frame and approaches a french bistro on the corner - she's here to meet her client Sophie, who is sitting inside already.

Lucy's phone rings. She stops and answers outside the bistro before entering.

LUCY

Hi James, thank you for calling me back - I just wanted to get some feedback on your first date with my client Sophie. I'm actually on my way to see her right now, but we had a quick catch up over the phone this morning, and the headline is, she had a really good time with you and would love to see you again.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

James, are you there?

JAMES (O.S.)

(icy)

I'd like to be taken off the service.

Beat. We can see in Lucy's face (even in the wide) that she is annoyed as hell.

LUCY

May I ask why?

JAMES (O.S.)

I thought you were gonna set me up with *high quality women*.

Beat.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I said: a *fit* woman in her *30s* with a nice smile. She's *40* and *fat*.

LUCY

She's 39.

JAMES

39 is not 30s, that's 40. I would never swipe right on a woman like that.

Lucy has a million things to say to him, but holds her tongue like a good matchmaker.

LUCY

I'm sorry you feel that way.

James hangs up. Lucy puts the phone away and keeps walking.

We follow her to the restaurant where she is meeting her client Sophie.

6

INT. DOWNTOWN FRENCH BISTRO - MOMENTS LATER

6

We meet **SOPHIE** (39, resting frown face, definitely *not* "fat", quite beautiful for a lawyer i.e. doesn't look like an instagram model or an actress) who is sitting across from Lucy. They are both drinking a glass of rose.

SOPHIE

I'm so happy. You did it, Lucy.

Sophie tries to contain it, but she is beaming.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

When you said that he's 47 and only makes 150K a year, I almost said no, but I'm really happy I trusted you. I know it's only been one date and I need to manage my expectations, but this is probably the best first date I've ever had!

Lucy stops her before she goes on any further.

LUCY

(softening the blow in the most expert way, as she's done hundreds of times before)

Sophie, so I just got off the phone with him. He loved meeting you and had a wonderful time, but he doesn't think the chemistry is there for him at this time.

Sophie looks shocked.

LUCY (CONT'D)
So. Onwards and upwards.

SOPHIE
He doesn't want a second date?

LUCY
No.

Sophie looks furious. Indignant.

SOPHIE
He's *balding*. How fucking dare he?

LUCY
Dating is a risk - you took a risk.
It's brave.

SOPHIE
(suddenly furious)
Why did you set me up with someone
like that?

Lucy's face hardens.

LUCY
He checked a lot of our boxes, and
you checked a lot of his.

Sophie looks so unhappy.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Onwards and upwards. Let's talk
about the next match. I have a
great guy you should meet. His name
is Mark, he is a doctor, very
handsome, full head of hair, 48.

SOPHIE
That's almost 50.

LUCY
He looks great for 48. Very fit.
Looks like he's 40.

SOPHIE
How tall?

LUCY
5'11".

SOPHIE
Is he *actually* 5'11" or is he
actually 5'9" and is lying?

LUCY
What's a couple inches?

SOPHIE
(sharply)
I don't want to waste my time.

They both look annoyed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I'm not asking for a miracle. I'm
just asking for the bare minimum.
I'm *trying* to settle.

Lucy and Sophie look like tragic figures at this lovely French bistro. They are bound together by their respective failures.

LUCY
Sophie, I know how it feels right now, but I promise you - you're going to marry the love of your life.

SOPHIE
I don't believe you.

Lucy's gaze is steady. To our eyes, she looks like she really means it.

LUCY
That's okay. Because *I* believe it.

A6 EXT. ADORE OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

A6

Lucy is headed to the matchmaking company office. Angle up on Lucy approaching the building from street level, entering on the lower floor.

7 INT. ADORE OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

7

Lucy enters her matchmaking company office -

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Luuuuuuuuuucy!! Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!

It is filled with a dozen beautiful women, who all get up to hug her. These women are all matchmakers at *Adore*. This is like a scene from *Mad Men* and the *Wolf of Wall Street*, except it's just fifteen hot women.

VIOLET, not much older than Lucy, is the head matchmaker at Adore. She is, besides the rarely-present founders (two tech startup women living in San Francisco), the big boss.

She sounds/feels like a seasoned madame at a brothel who's seen it all, but looks like an instagram model.

VIOLET
Girl of the hour!

She hugs Lucy so tight, then immediately and smoothly transitions into a speech. She is impossibly well-spoken and professional AF.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Tonight, we're all gathered to celebrate the most talented Lucy, one *hell* of a matchmaker with razor sharp instincts and an eagle eye for chemistry, because... this weekend, her client Charlotte B. is getting married!

The matchmakers all vocalize loudly in celebration.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(over the matchmakers shouting)
Charlotte B's marrying Peter M., the prince charming Lucy matched her with 20 months ago!

With that, someone pops a champagne.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
How many marriages are you responsible for now, Lucy?

LUCY
Nine!

A matchmaker ROSE (20s, really fun) brings out an elegant cake that says: HAPPY 9TH WEDDING, LUCY

Lucy loves it and yelps with excitement when she sees it. The matchmakers coo and shout - super impressed and even a little jealous.

SOMEBODY
Lucy, do a speech!

THE MATCHMAKERS
Speech! Speech! Speech! Speech!

They continue chanting until Lucy gives a speech.

LUCY

My speech is that if the girl says
she wants a 6-foot-tall drink of
water in his 40s with a salary over
500K and a good hairline -

Lucy makes a gestures with her hands to suggest that the
hairline is so-so (kinda high), which cracks all the
matchmakers up.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You. *Deliver.*

The matchmakers cheer triumphantly. There is something almost
bro-y about it. The whole thing feels like a sporting event.

8

EXT. THE ADORE OFFICE - FIRE ESCAPE - SOMETIME LATER

8

The matchmakers are drunk, smoking on the fire escape at the
Adore office. They are all talking shop, gossiping about
their clients and trading anecdotes.

Lucy is smoking with DAISY (mid-30s, icy, coolest, sexiest,
toughest, basically looks and feels like a bond girl, but
undeniably a trust-fund baby, raised in the Upper East Side
who does this job mostly as a hobby) from the recruitment
department. They are talking shop as well:

DAISY

How was Sophie L. today? It took
our membership team an hour to get
her to renew.

LUCY

Hopeless.

Direct opposite of what she said to Sophie.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm scared there is not a single
man in New York who will date this
girl.

DAISY

What seems to be the issue?

LUCY

That's the thing - there's nothing
wrong with her.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

She's okay attractive, makes okay money, okay educated, okay personality - but there's no real standout quality.

DAISY

(nods, understanding)

She's not competitive in the mainstream market, and there *is* no niche market for her.

LUCY

Exactly. And if there's no specialty appeal, there is no place for her in *any* market.

DAISY

That's tough.

LUCY

And she's my favorite client right now. Yeah, she's entitled like everybody else, but she's sweet, realistic, not crazy - she's a *nice girl*. There's *gotta* be a guy who just wants a nice girl.

DAISY

What about Mark P.? He's okay.

LUCY

I've already pitched him to her. She's worried he's not actually 5'11", and I'm like, please let's not worry about a couple inches, you're about to die alone.

DAISY

You know there's now a surgery for that.

LUCY

For dying alone?

DAISY

Getting taller. Up to 6 inches. You break your legs, and you extend it, let the bone heal itself.

LUCY

(surprised)

That's a game-changer.

DAISY
It costs like 200K.

LUCY
6 inches can make a man double in
value on the market. If you have
the money to do it, definitely
worth an investment.

DAISY
What's the saying? You're not ugly,
you just don't have money.

LUCY
(agreeing)
Right.

Beat.

DAISY
You have a dress picked out for the
wedding?

Lucy nods.

DAISY (CONT'D)
You going alone?

Lucy nods.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Lucy M.: The eternal bachelorette.

LUCY
A voluntary celibate.

Beat, as Daisy puts out her cigarette.

DAISY
Want me to set you up with someone?

Lucy laughs.

LUCY
No, just gonna die alone.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(deadpan)
Or get a rich husband.

DAISY
Same thing.

Lucy laughs.

10

INT. WEDDING VENUE - LATE AFTERNOON

10

This is Lucy's client Charlotte B.'s wedding to Peter C.

It's the kind of absurd fairy tale dream wedding that you get when one's ultra-wealthy father says "don't worry about the money, honey". It's spectacular enough to end up in the New York Times, and so there are wedding journalists around as well. The venue is filled with beautifully-dressed guests.

HARRY, the best man at the wedding and Peter's brother, enters the crowd gathered for the cocktail hour and makes his way towards the bar. Harry is tall, handsome, rich, has good taste - has everything, needs nothing.

After kissing his aunts and uncles on the cheeks, he breaks away from them to get a drink.

We follow him OTS through the beautifully-dressed crowd.

He is stopped frequently by his older family members who grab him for a warm hello and a kiss on the cheek. We see that some of the eligible bachelorettes at the party are checking him out. We see some guys - some family, some friends - greet him with enthusiasm and a little bit of envy. It's clear: he is the perfect golden boy.

Just as he reaches the bar, we see that his gaze turns towards something, landing on -

Lucy.

Lucy is surrounded by the female attendees at the wedding, the center of their eager attention.

PATRICIA (40s, lovely, warm, but with an exceptionally annoying voice) has her eyes wide open. There is something a little Gollum-like about her desperation verging on aggressiveness. Other women JAIME (50s) and LINDA (40s) are there too.

PATRICIA

I've been saying to everyone that
Peter and Char are my couple goals
and I want to find my own Peter -
and you're responsible?

LUCY

I'm how Charlotte *met* Peter, but it's up to the client to build a strong relationship that results in marriage.

Harry starts eavesdropping on their conversation, after asking the bartender for a drink (nice bourbon, neat).

PATRICIA

How did you know that Peter would be the perfect guy for Char?

JAIME

She can't tell us, it's her industry secret.

LUCY

(laughing)

There's no industry secret.

They do not believe her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I don't think matchmaking is for everyone - we can always meet our life partners out in the wild or swiping on apps.

They wait for the "but" -

LUCY (CONT'D)

But what I say to my clients is that the happy ending of every first date is not a second date - it's changing each other's diapers and burying each other. You're looking for a nursing home partner and a grave buddy. Who your partner is determines your whole life and how you live, not just one, two, ten years, but forever.

PATRICIA

Oh my god, I need you so badly.

LINDA

Yeah, I'm desperate.

PATRICIA

Can I give you my card?

LUCY

Of course.

Along with Patricia, all the women at the wedding take their cards out to give to Lucy. Some men hand Lucy a card as well.

CLOSE on Harry as he watches all this go down. It clearly amuses him.

JAIME (O.S.)
I'm in the middle of a divorce but
once it's done, I'd love to give
you a call too.

JENN (maid of honor/bride's sister) approaches Lucy.

JENN
Lucy.

Lucy turns to look at the maid of honor.

JENN (CONT'D)
(gravely distressed)
She needs you.

11 INT. HALLWAY INTO BRIDAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER 11

Lucy, maid of honor, and the bridesmaids descend down the hallway towards the bridal suite.

It's an emergency. It looks like the president being escorted into the situation room. Deathly serious.

12 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS 12

Lucy, maid of honor, and the bridesmaids burst into the bridal suite, where all work to get CHARLOTTE (late-30s, attractive, moneyed, "works in fashion") ready for the wedding ceremony has ceased.

Charlotte is drinking, and it's clear that she's been crying.

LUCY
Hi everyone, I just need five
minutes alone with her.

Beat, as they clear out.

Lucy is left alone with Charlotte.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Hi Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE
Hi Lucy.

LUCY
How are you holding up?

CHARLOTTE
Not good.

LUCY
How many drinks have you had?

CHARLOTTE
More than I should have.

Beat.

LUCY
What's going on?

CHARLOTTE
(furiously)
What's going on is that I'm a *modern woman*. I could've been anything. *Anything!* But I *chose* to become a *bride*. I chose *this!*
(gesturing at the room, and then her dress, and then the whole wedding)
It's not like I'm getting married to forge a relationship between *two kingdoms*. It's not like my family needed a *cow*. I *chose* this. I *chose* to *marry a man*.

LUCY
Do you not want to get married today?

CHARLOTTE
(in despair)
I *have to*.

LUCY
Why?

CHARLOTTE
My parents spent *so much money* on this wedding. We spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on this wedding just so that I can feel like a *fucking woman*.

LUCY
Charlotte, marriage is a business deal - it's always been from the very first time two people did it.
(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

So you can always walk away, if the deal isn't good. As the person who introduced you to Peter, I'll walk out of here with you. So tell me: do you not want to get married today?

Charlotte thinks.

CHARLOTTE

I want to get married.

LUCY

To Peter?

CHARLOTTE

(upset)

I think so, oh god, I don't know -

LUCY

Ask yourself: Why do you really, in the darkest, ugliest part of yourself, want to marry Peter?

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And I promise you, I've heard every reason a person gets married to someone, and none of it is shocking or wrong or crazy to me. And it'll be a secret between you and me.

Charlotte thinks deeply. Lucy is patient.

Finally, she has the answer, but she hesitates to share.

CHARLOTTE

You *promise* it'll be a secret?

LUCY

I promise.

CHARLOTTE

You cannot tell anyone. Not a soul. It's *so* awful.

LUCY

(deathly serious)

I'll take it to my grave.

Charlotte gathers up the courage to share. Lucy waits.

CHARLOTTE
He makes my sister jealous.

Beat. Lucy doesn't react.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
She's never said that, but I can tell. She thinks Peter's better than her husband. Better job, better-looking, taller. And it makes me feel... like I've won.

Beat.

LUCY
I see. So this is about *value*. Peter makes you feel valuable.

CHARLOTTE
(tearfully)
He *does*. He really *does*.

LUCY
And does that make you wanna marry him?

After thinking about it, Charlotte nods... she is smiling now.

Charlotte hugs Lucy. Lucy holds her for a moment.

When they break apart, Lucy and Charlotte look at each other and smile.

13 INT. WEDDING HALL - AN HOUR LATER - EVENING 13

A celebratory burst of energy.

Charlotte and Peter just got married, and they kiss each other. There is no trace of Charlotte having cried, and the two of them look so happy.

Crisis averted, thanks to Lucy. Everyone is cheering.

14 INT. SINGLES TABLE - RECEPTION HALL - LATER - EVENING 14

Harry approaches the singles table, and sees Lucy sitting in her assigned seat. There is no one sitting next to her at the moment.

He switches his own card with the card of the person who is sitting next to Lucy before anyone notices.

HARRY
 (extending his arm for a
 handshake)
 Hey, I'm Harry.

Lucy looks at his name card. She shakes Harry's hand.

LUCY
 Lucy.

HARRY
 You're the matchmaker.

LUCY
 You're the brother. Why are you at
 the singles table?

HARRY
 My mom wants me to marry.

LUCY
 I can help you with that.

Beat. The two of them smile at each other.

HARRY
 I saw you recruiting earlier. A
 wedding like this must be a
 goldmine.

LUCY
 There's a lot of opportunity here
 for our company.

HARRY
 Your sales pitch is perfect,
 because you make it feel like it's
their idea. It's not like you're
 telling people they *need* you,
 nobody wants to hear that. If they
 need you, that means something is
 wrong with them. Instead, you're
 saying: "You *could* do this on your
 own, but if you're lucky enough to
 be able to afford me, why not?"
 You're a luxury good. And then they
 really *do* feel like they need you,
 just like they need every other
 luxury in their lives. Once you get
 your first four-hundred-dollar
 haircut, you can't go back to
 SuperCuts, can you?

It's really disarming, the way Harry understands her job immediately. It's a flirtation.

LUCY
(smiles)
It's easy.

HARRY
No. You're just really good.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What's it like?

LUCY
What's what like?

HARRY
Being a matchmaker.

Beat. Lucy examines Harry for a brief moment, then decides to tell Harry the truth.

LUCY
It's like working at the morgue, or
an insurance company.

Harry looks surprised.

HARRY
In what way?

LUCY
6'2", 5'6", skinny, fit, fat.
White, black, Asian. Doctor,
lawyer, banker. 100K, 200K, 300K.
Smoker, non-smoker.

This makes Harry laugh.

HARRY
Yeah, but you must know a lot about
love.

LUCY
I know about *dating*.

HARRY
What's the difference?

LUCY

Dating is a lot of effort, a lot of trial and error, tons of risk, and pain.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Love is easy.

HARRY

Is it? I find it to be the most difficult thing in the world.

LUCY

That's because we can't help it. It just walks into our lives sometimes.

Lucy and Harry look at each other.

HARRY

(joking)

Are you hitting on me?

LUCY

(not joking)

Definitely not. I do think you'd be a good match for a lot of our clients, though. We always need more straight men in New York. You look about 6'0". How much money do you make?

HARRY

Just straight up like that?

LUCY

I make 80K a year before taxes. Do you make more than that or less?

HARRY

More.

LUCY

I know.

Harry laughs, a little uncomfortable but deeply enjoying himself. He feels so seen by her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Finance, right?

HARRY
Private equity.

They both smirk.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Want a drink?

LUCY
Sure.

HARRY
What do you want?

LUCY
Coke and beer -

A CATER WAITER enters the frame as she says "coke and beer" and puts a coke and beer in front of her like magic.

Lucy looks at Harry like *how did you do that?*

Harry looks bewildered too. He certainly didn't guess her weird order.

Lucy turns to look at the server - and sees that the cater waiter who knows her order is her ex-boyfriend from college, **JOHN** (a theatre actor, naturally good-looking, looks clean-cut at the moment since he's working but usually looks like a bum).

JOHN
Hey, buddy.

Lucy is so surprised to see him.

LUCY
Hey, John.

She gets up and hugs John.

The sight is strange for everyone watching, including Harry - a guest hugging the help.

JOHN
Working now, obviously, but talk to you after dinner service?

LUCY
Yeah.

John smiles and nods to Harry as well, never dropping his professionalism. He walks away, back to work.

Lucy stands there for a brief moment. Lucy has a complicated expression on her face.

15 INT. RECEPTION HALL - LATER IN THE WEDDING - EVENING 15

HARRY'S FATHER is giving a speech to a hushed reception hall. He is an amateurish public speaker, reading from the notes app on his phone. He's clearly been practicing. HARRY'S MOTHER stands next to him, holding his hand.

Behind him, the wedding cake has already been cut into by the bride and groom, and now the servers are cutting it into smaller slices and putting them on plates for the guests.

He speaks frankly and earnestly in a way that only a non-performer can. It's awkward and not-at-all polished (should be in stark contrast to the incredible speeches by the matchmakers we've seen earlier in the film) but it's deeply beautiful:

HARRY'S FATHER

... Love is the last religion, the last country, the last surviving ideology - so what else really is there to believe in? When you get lost, and I know you'll be lost at times, it's life - when you're lost, the answer's simple, just go where love is. Just go where love is.

Lucy is in the audience, sitting next to Harry.

16 INT. RECEPTION HALL - LATER IN THE WEDDING - NIGHT 16

The wedding dance party is in full swing. Everyone is dancing and singing along to *Sweet Caroline* by Neil Diamond. They are having so much fun.

We see that Lucy is not there, and Harry is chatting with a friend.

17 EXT. WEDDING VENUE - LOADING DOCK - SAME TIME - NIGHT 17

Lucy walks out of the glittering hotel entrance and heads over to the loading dock - and runs straight into John, who is carrying boxes of used glass cups, loading the truck.

LUCY
Hi.

JOHN
Hey.

TIME CUT TO:

A17 EXT. WEDDING VENUE - LOADING DOCK - MOMENTA LATER - NIGHT A17

Lucy and John are now smoking a cigarette together.

John is still in his uniform, but he looks more disheveled than he did earlier. It's clear that the dinner service is over and he's done with his gig for the night.

Lucy feels different with John. No longer a matchmaker, but just a girl.

JOHN
(about Peter and Charlotte
on the dance floor)
What made them perfect for each
other?

LUCY
(like reciting the ten
commandments)
Similar economic background.
Politically aligned. Well-matched
in their attractiveness. Similar
upbringing.

JOHN
Similar upbringing?

LUCY
They both come from big happy
families.

JOHN
"Big happy families?"

LUCY
Yes.

JOHN
I'll believe it when I see it.

LUCY
The *perception* of a "big happy
family" is all you need to have a
"big happy family."

JOHN
So it's all about perception.

LUCY
All of it.

JOHN
So that's what it takes to be
soulmates?

LUCY
Basically.

JOHN
(about himself and Lucy)
Poor, voted for Bernie, shitty
family - are we soulmates?

LUCY
Probably.

They smile at each other.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
How is acting going?

JOHN
(with humor, but with a
sharp edge he can't hide)
How does it *look* like it's going?

LUCY
Right, sorry.

JOHN
(regretting his sharpness
immediately)
Don't be sorry, I'm being a dick.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm giving you a hard time because
I'm embarrassed.

LUCY
What are you embarrassed about?
Having a job?

JOHN
I don't know why we have to wear
this fucking uniform.

LUCY

The rich people need to know who they are dominating this evening, or the apps taste bland.

John smirks and puts out his cigarette.

JOHN

I'm in a play.

LUCY

Yeah?

JOHN

Yeah.

LUCY

When is it?

JOHN

Not for a while. I'm just doing a bunch of these jobs to make some cash before I have to start rehearsals.

Beat, as John stares at Lucy.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I definitely didn't expect to run into you tonight.

LUCY

It's crazy. I missed you.

JOHN

Yeah, yeah - you don't even remember my face.

Lucy looks at John's face, pointing at it, pretending to memorize it like a geographical map.

LUCY

Got it. Your turn.

John smiles and points at her face, pretending to memorize it like a constellation.

Beat.

JOHN

You seeing anyone?

Lucy puts out her cigarette.

LUCY

You saw me at the singles table.

He leans in and kisses her.

It deepens quickly. They start getting carried away, but then John pulls back.

Lucy looks down at his penis that is fully hard. He covers his face in shame.

JOHN

Missed you too.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Can I drive you back after I finish? I drove my car here.

LUCY

Yeah. We should catch up.

18 INT. DANCE FLOOR - RECEPTION HALL - MANHATTAN WEDDING - LATER

Harry is slow dancing with a child family member. Harry limps a bit with the little girl's feet on his feet. They are dancing to *So Young* by The Ronettes.

Lucy walks over to Harry who is still dancing on the dance floor and extends her arm to hand him a business card.

The little girl who was dancing with him runs off.

HARRY

Giving me your number?

Lucy puts it in Harry's breast pocket where there is a pretty boutonniere.

LUCY

Recruitment. It worked for your brother, I think it'll work for you too.

HARRY

I'll call you if you dance with me.

Lucy thinks about it.

Lucy takes Harry's hand and the two of them start slow dancing.

We notice John, who has just entered the wedding hall. John is out of uniform, ready to leave with her. He sees that she's dancing with Harry, so he waits.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna call you, but not to hire you.

LUCY

I'm probably not someone you want to date.

HARRY

Why not?

LUCY

Because the next person I'm dating, I'm going to marry.

HARRY

So what kind of a person does a matchmaker want to marry?

LUCY

(deadpan)

My non-negotiable is that they're rich, and my nice-to-haves is that they're mind-numbingly, absurdly, achingly rich.

Lucy thinks this should've sufficiently scared him off but - Harry smirks.

HARRY

Are you hitting on me?

This finally makes Lucy laugh. The two of them laugh together.

John is trying not to stare, but he can't help it - he watches the two of them.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We got the penthouse at the Ritz for the afterparty, if you want to come.

LUCY

Maybe next time.

HARRY

Can I drop you off somewhere on our limo?

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY
I have a ride.

19 INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

19

The two of them ride in John's piece of shit car. It shouldn't escape anyone that a limo would've been better.

They drive in silence for a moment.

It's kinda awkward, but then John puts on some music - *You Can't Put Your Arms Round a Memory* by Johnny Thunders.

JOHN
Remember this one?

LUCY
Yeah.

John lightly sings along to the song, which makes Lucy laugh. She might even join in.

They drive on for a beat, listening to the song.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You still live at your old place?

John nods.

JOHN
Rent's still \$850.

LUCY
No fucking way.

JOHN
Yup.

LUCY
I'm so jealous. You can never leave.

JOHN
It's falling apart. I never get hot water.

LUCY
How are your roommates?

JOHN

David moved out to live with his fiancée, and I think Logan is developing a drinking problem.

LUCY

David is engaged?

JOHN

Yeah.

LUCY

To the TikTok girl?

JOHN

Yeah. She now does OnlyFans too.

LUCY

Good for him.

JOHN

Is it?

LUCY

He's a 5'7" depressed novelist who's never published anything. He couldn't do better.

JOHN

It's that simple, huh?

LUCY

It's just math.

John looks at her.

JOHN

What are you thinking about?

LUCY

It smells the same.

Beat.

JOHN

What, my car?

LUCY

Mm-hmm.

We think that they'll laugh about something or talk about something they remember from the relationship, but they don't. It's just chilly silence between them.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

20

INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR - SEVEN YEARS AGO - DAY

20

The same car, seven years ago, when they were still together. They are sitting in the same seats, but the mood is entirely different.

LUCY

Look, right there!

Lucy and John turn to look at what Lucy is pointing at, and it's a parking garage that advertises it's price: \$25/hr

JOHN

I'm not gonna pay \$25 to park this piece of shit for an *hour* -

LUCY

That's the cheapest one we'll ever get -

JOHN

We'll find street parking next block -

LUCY

John, it's been 20 minutes -

Two bikes zip right past the car.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'll just pay for it -

JOHN

You're *not* paying.

We pass the point of no return for that particular \$25/hr garage. Pedestrians jaywalk in front of them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fuck! These people don't know how to live in a city -

LUCY

Like I said earlier, we have to forfeit the reservation if we're more than 15 minutes late and then they'll charge us a cancellation fee of \$25 per person.

JOHN

Wait, are you fucking *serious*?

LUCY

I *told* you about this like ten times -

JOHN

That's *extortion*. Why did you get a reservation at a *criminal* place like *that*?

More bikes, then a car starts honking next to them.

LUCY

We *agreed* that we'd go to nice restaurants for anniversaries -

JOHN

And there wasn't a single "nice" restaurant in this fucking city that doesn't charge you 50 bucks for being 15 minutes late?

LUCY

Why did we even bring the car?

JOHN

Because we were late, which is, yes, *my* fault, *my* rehearsal ran late, you're making your point -

LUCY

We should've just *called* a car -

JOHN

So that we can spend \$50 just getting into the city to spend \$200 on dinner?

A car alarm goes off.

LUCY

Are we seriously fighting about \$250 on our anniversary?

JOHN

\$250 is what I make in a *day* -

LUCY

Why do you have this car if you can't even pay for it? Look, there's -

Lucy points to another parking garage, and John looks - its price is: \$20 for 40 minutes

JOHN
\$20 for 40 minutes? What the *fuck*
is this *math*!

LUCY
I told you \$25 per hour is the
cheapest you're gonna get -

JOHN
Let me just turn one more block -

LUCY
Wait there's -

There's an empty street parking spot that opens up right in front of them. The two of them yelp with genuine excitement... that quickly turns to unhappy groans as the car right in front of them starts taking the spot.

JOHN
Hey hey hey hey!

LUCY
Oh my god, are you fucking serious -

Before you know it, the empty spot is being backed into, and Lucy and John have to watch their dream of free parking and being on time for their dinner reservation disappear before their eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I'm tired. I'm so tired.

JOHN
Tired of *what*? Tired of *me*?

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY
Tired of being angry about \$25.
This is my life. This is my *life*! I
don't want to fight about money
with my boyfriend on our
anniversary. It makes me feel like
my parents.

JOHN
I'm *sorry*.

LUCY
I can't live like this.

JOHN

I'm sorry, okay? We'll park at the next garage we see.

Lucy exits the car in the middle of the street, while the car in front of them is doing the most insane New York-style parallel parking.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are you going?

Lucy slams the door.

John throws his hands up and exits the car too.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Lucy!

Lucy stops in her tracks.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, okay? I got - I just don't have any money, and I - I forgot.

LUCY

What did you forget? That you love me?

The cars behind them start honking.

JOHN

Please get back in the car.

LUCY

I don't want to hate you because you're poor, but right now I do, and it makes me hate myself.

John looks so hurt by this.

JOHN

Do you know how *hard* it is to make you happy?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I want you to be happy. And I'm trying. I really am.

LUCY

I know. It's almost enough to make me happy.

John doesn't say anything.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I wish I didn't care if we eat out of a halal cart on our five-year anniversary, but I *do*. *This* is the kind of disgusting person *I* am. But however much you hate me, I promise, I hate myself more.

JOHN

I don't hate you.

LUCY

You do. And it's not because we're not in love. It's because we're broke.

Beat. The cars are still honking.

Lucy turns and walks away.

John wants to call out to her and run after her, but his car is there, so he just stands there like a stone statue in the middle of the city's cacophony. He looks unbearably lonely.

We notice that there is a halal cart nearby.

FLASHBACK ends.

21 INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY 21

Same seats, five years later. The song that was playing earlier has ended and it's silent.

It is strikingly quiet in comparison to the flashback.

Lucy and John are not looking at each other. They look straight on.

22 EXT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 22

John's car pulls up in front of Lucy's apartment.

They both get out of the car.

The two of them look at each other.

LUCY

You want to come up?

JOHN
Yes, but I shouldn't.

They look at each other.

LUCY
Thanks for the ride.

JOHN
Any time.

LUCY
Invite me to your play.

JOHN
I will.

John gets in the car and drives away.

Lucy goes to her apartment alone.

23

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - LATER THAT WEEK

23

Client meeting with MASON (late-30s, a CEO at a tech startup, nerdy, awkward, really into the original *Game of Thrones*, goes to burning man, efficiency-obsessed):

MASON
I'm just giving you feedback so that you can improve your performance and I start getting better matches. I want to meet someone who is the combination of all the different awesome parts in the last four matches - Sophie's job and education level, Emily's body and lifestyle, Piper's face and sense of style, and Jane's hobbies and taste in TV shows.

LUCY
(joking)
Easy, since I'm Dr. Frankenstein.

Mason doesn't think it's very funny.

All meetings with clients are happening at this coffee shop.

24

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SOME OTHER TIME - DAY

24

Client meeting with ROBERT (47, a creative director at some design firm, warm, charming, full head of hair, good height, good gym-going body, nice face, well-dressed). He is the guy Lucy picked up in the opening scene in the streets.

ROBERT

I'm turning 48 in a few months and I think I need to meet someone more grown, someone I can talk to. Just a proper *woman* who knows good music, has seen old movies, things like that. My last couple girlfriends were 21 and 24, and they were honestly kinda immature.

LUCY

I can imagine it's a little hard to relate to girls who were born in the 2000s. I have a very special client, her name is Sophie, she's a highly accomplished lawyer, she's
39 -

Robert stops Lucy, suddenly looking annoyed and cold. All charm drains out of him.

ROBERT

I wasn't really thinking 30s.

LUCY

Oh.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So when you said older -

ROBERT

I meant more like 27, 28.

LUCY

(understanding)

Ah.

ROBERT

It gets pretty intense and complicated with women in their 30s. They have really high expectations and tend to rush things, because I guess, their biological clock's ticking.

LUCY
 You know, I have another really
beautiful client who is 31 and -

ROBERT
 I - *no*. Someone 27. Even 29 is
 pushing it.

Beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Trust me - it's the best thing for
 everyone. I genuinely get along
 much better with girls in their
 20s.

25 INT. COFFEE SHOP - SOME OTHER TIME - DAY 25

Client meeting with TREVOR (30s-40s, a hidden criminal
 record, a complete narcissist):

TREVOR
 I don't care what she's like or how
 she lives. I just care that she's
 my type physically.

LUCY
 What's your type physically?

TREVOR
 Fit.

Beat.

LUCY
 Just fit?

TREVOR
 Fit. Nothing above 20 BMI.

LUCY
 Okay.

26 INT. AN EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - EVENING 26

This is not a client meeting but a date with Harry at an
 expensive Michelin-starred romantic restaurant.

Harry is dressed impeccably and expensively. He is smiling as
 he elegantly points to his choice of red wine on the menu.

HARRY

Thank you for agreeing to come on a date with me.

The sommelier uncorks the bottle of wine and pours Harry a little bit for a taste.

Harry has a sip.

LUCY

I only said yes to this so you'd realize you're wrong and you're not actually interested in me.

HARRY

My instincts are usually right.

Harry gently approves.

LUCY

You think you're more right about this than a professional?

The sommelier pours Harry a glass.

HARRY

Sure, you're the expert, but I trust my gut.

LUCY

We'll see.

The sommelier pours Lucy a glass as well.

HARRY

You look really good today.

LUCY

(eye roll)
Thanks.

Lucy has a sip of the red wine. It is phenomenal.

27

INT. L'ABEILLE - ANOTHER EVENING

27

Harry and Lucy are eating beautiful appetizers.

LUCY

Early bird or night owl?

HARRY

Early bird.

LUCY
How many drinks a week?

HARRY
Depends, but like, 8? 10? Work
makes it hard not to.

LUCY
Do you do drugs?

HARRY
Never.

LUCY
I do pot at parties.

HARRY
Me too.

LUCY
So not never. What do you think is
your best physical feature?

HARRY
My eyes aren't bad.

Lucy looks. Harry meets her eyes so that she can see. *They really aren't bad.*

LUCY
How did you get into doing what you
do?

HARRY
Both my parents work in finance,
and so does my brother, so I just
kinda ended up doing it. We all
work for the firm my mom started.

LUCY
It's a family business.

HARRY
Yeah, it's boring. How did you get
into doing what you do?

Beat.

LUCY
It was the first and only thing I
was really good at.

28

INT. OMAKASE SUSHI RESTAURANT - ANOTHER EVENING

28

Harry has bought out the restaurant and the incredible sushi chef is serving them Michelin star level sushi.

HARRY

What else do you want to ask me?

LUCY

I bet your parents never raised their voices at each other.

Harry thinks.

HARRY

I think almost never. Maybe they were secretly fighting.

LUCY

Did your parents ever fight about money?

HARRY

No.

LUCY

Makes sense.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I think we emulate the way our parents fight.

HARRY

Hmm.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I see couples fight in the middle of the street in New York, and I don't get it. Aren't they embarrassed to do that in front of everyone?

LUCY

(smiling but tense)

I'm the type to fight in the middle of the street.

HARRY

Yeah?

LUCY
Have you ever done that?

HARRY
(laughing)
Never.

29 INT. ANOTHER VERY EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

Lucy is on the phone with her client Sophie outside the restaurant.

Harry arrives, holding a bouquet of flowers. It is clearly one that's worth hundreds of dollars, and it should contrast the bouquet that the young caveman brought his sweetheart in the opening scene.

LUCY
(on the phone)
- yes, I think you'll really like him. Stay open-minded.
(beat)
Text me after and I'll call you tomorrow. Alright, Sophie, talk soon.

Lucy hangs up.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Hey, you.

HARRY
Hi.

Harry hands Lucy the bouquet of flowers, which lights her up.

LUCY
Thanks.

HARRY
You're welcome.

They kiss. Harry notices that Lucy is tense.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You okay?

LUCY
My client is going on a date right now too.

HARRY
You seem nervous.

LUCY

I really want her to like this guy.
She's had like ten bad dates in a
row. I just need to *deliver*.

HARRY

You feeling guilty you're about to
be on a good date?

Lucy rolls her eyes.

Harry laughs.

30 INT. THE RESTAURANT THEY WALKED INTO - AFTER DINNER - NIGHT

The meal is over, and Harry picks up the bill in one
beautiful gesture.

LUCY

Not sure if I like you or if I just
like the places you take me to.

HARRY

You like me? When did that happen?

LUCY

I think when I saw the way you pick
up the bill.

Lucy does an impression of Harry picking up the bill. It's
smooth, and elegant, and effortless.

This cracks him up.

HARRY

I do it really well, don't I?

LUCY

You do. Just one smooth motion. No
hesitation. No fear.

HARRY

I can afford it, so why would I be
scared?

LUCY

You're investing a lot in me, huh?

HARRY

I just want our dates to be
romantic.

LUCY
How expensive the meal is makes a
date romantic?

HARRY
Doesn't it?

Lucy looks around.

He's right. It is unbelievably romantic.

Harry smiles.

HARRY (CONT'D)
When we first met, you said your
job makes you think like a
mortician or an insurance claims
adjuster.

LUCY
Yeah.

HARRY
How am I as a corpse?

Lucy looks at him.

LUCY
A good corpse.

HARRY
How about as a payout?

They bring the bill back for Harry to sign the receipt, and
Harry signs effortlessly, without hesitation.

LUCY
Couldn't ask for better.

HARRY
As a nursing home partner? A grave
buddy?

Harry smiles. Lucy doesn't.

LUCY
You can do better than me.

HARRY
Can I?

LUCY
You know how to do the math, don't
you?

Harry does, but doesn't say.

LUCY (CONT'D)

In my line of work, I meet hundreds of highly-desirable high quality men but you're what we call in my industry "a unicorn" - an impossible fantasy. Your brother was a unicorn, too. The reason my clients can't lower their expectations is because, against all odds, men like you *do* actually exist.

HARRY

(flattered but
uncomfortable)

I'm sure *something* is wrong with me.

LUCY

You're the platonic ideal. You're smart. You have ideal income, ideal education, ideal lifestyle, ideal height, and you're good-looking with a great body, and you're charming. You were born rich, raised rich, still rich. You own a penthouse in Tribeca and you can take a girl to a restaurant like this when it's not even a special occasion. You don't have a drug habit or a call girls habit. You even know how to cut your hair, how to dress, and you have good taste. You're 10 out of 10 on every category - a complete package. Plenty of guys are born with it, but very few actually achieve this kind of perfection, and it's even harder to keep it up til your age.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So I don't know why you're trying to throw it all away on someone like me.

HARRY

What's someone like you?

LUCY

Just a girl who works.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(dissecting herself with a scalpel)

I'm older than the women you could be with, which means my looks won't last as long and I have fewer years left to get pregnant. If you marry a 25 year old, in 10 years she'll look like me. If you marry me, in 10 years I'll look like my mother.

HARRY

(smiles)

What does your mother look like?

LUCY

(ignoring him)

Not to mention you could be with a girl who's just plainly more beautiful. That's not even a question.

HARRY

You're very beautiful.

LUCY

You could be with a *model*.

HARRY

I've been with models.

LUCY

(still going)

I was born poor, raised poor, and even though I work I have debt. I'm a college drop out and a failed actress. I have no dowry. If anything, I have a negative dowry.

HARRY

(laughs)

Do I look like I need a dowry?

LUCY

At the end of the day, the math doesn't add up. Given your place in the marketplace and given mine, I'm not a girl you marry -- I'm a girl you go home with one night and then never call again.

Lucy looks completely insecure and vulnerable.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So what are you doing with me?

Beat. Lucy and Harry look at each other, letting the question hang in the air. Harry looks a little frustrated.

HARRY

You say you think I'm smart, but you're talking to me like I'm a caveman.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I wouldn't date you if I didn't see value. I'm not like my brother. I'm not looking for the nicest, prettiest rich girl who likes me back. I'm looking for someone who understands the game - how the world works. I'm looking for someone I respect. And trust. Someone who knows more than me.

Beat. He sees she's still skeptical. He sighs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I don't want to be with you for your *material assets* -- though I think you're underselling them by a significant margin. Material assets are cheap, and they don't last. I want to be with you for your *intangible assets*. Those are good investments. They don't degrade. They only get sharper. And, besides, I've got enough material assets for the both of us. I see a lot of potential here. I think you and I could be great partners. I hope you agree.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

As for what *I* can do for you, I think I'm the only guy this rich that you can actually stand.

LUCY

I don't like you because you're rich.

HARRY
Then why do you like me?

LUCY
Because you make me feel valuable.

HARRY
You are valuable. That's what I'm
trying to tell you.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Do you want to start seeing each
other more seriously?

Beat.

Lucy smiles and nods. Harry reaches for Lucy's hand and
kisses it.

31 INT. HARRY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 31

Lucy and Harry kiss as they enter his gorgeous, tasteful,
rich guy apartment. Lucy drops the bouquet of flowers that
Harry bought her earlier. The two of them move towards the
bedroom.

In between the kisses, Lucy looks around the apartment to
check it out. It looks like it's worth about \$12 million
dollars.

They land on Harry's gorgeous platform bed. They start taking
each others' clothes off.

Lucy's purse is on the floor, spilling its contents. We see
that Lucy's phone is ringing on vibrate.

34 EXT. A CHEAP BAR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 34

John has been drinking after his rehearsal. He is smoking a
cigarette with his cast mates and his director.

He has stepped back from the group and calls Lucy.

LUCY (O.S.)
(voice mail prompt on
phone)
Hi there, it's Lucy of Adore
Matchmaking. Leave a message and
I'll get back to you. Thanks.

Beep!

JOHN

Hey - it's John. Okay. Call me when you can. Just wanted to invite you to the show, we're starting previews next week.

33 INT. HARRY'S PENTHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

33

They have finished having sex. The sex was clearly quite lovely.

After having sex, Lucy and Harry are laying there, looking at each other.

HARRY

What is your dream vacation?

Beat.

LUCY

I don't know.

HARRY

Would you think about it?

Lucy thinks.

LUCY

Iceland.

HARRY

Will you let me take you to Iceland sometime?

LUCY

You know I don't even have a passport.

HARRY

Let's get you one.

Just the thought of it makes Lucy happy. Lucy kisses Harry.

LUCY

So how much is this apartment?

Beat.

HARRY
 (frankly)
 12 million.

Lucy is impressed.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (coy)
 Do you like it?

Lucy laughs and nods. *Of course she fucking does.*

35 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - JOHN'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NEXT MORNING 35

John wakes up next morning, alone in his \$850/month bedroom. It's a cubby. It's a hole. Barely room to stretch and yawn.

He rubs his eyes. Rubs his hair. He checks his phone and rises -

36 INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 36

He walks out of his bedroom, straight into the kitchen/living room (it's that kind of a three bedroom) and immediately, we hear the sqelch of thin, wet latex.

There is a used condom on the floor, just laying there in the middle of the kitchen/living room... and John's stepped on it.

JOHN
 (so, so, so, so pissed)
What the fuck.

He grabs a lot of paper towels from the kitchen and wipes it, cursing loudly. It is so gross.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Fuck!!!

Furious, he marches straight into Logan's bedroom.

37 INT. LOGAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 37

LOGAN (a little older than John, a complete fuck up) is laying there with HIS GIRLFRIEND, half-dressed. Both of them are asleep.

JOHN

Motherfucker, you can't leave your
used condom on the kitchen floor!
It's *unacceptable!*

LOGAN

Sorry, got kinda drunk last night
and must've missed the trash can -

JOHN

Why don't you throw it out in your
own fucking trash can?

LOGAN

I don't want it just sitting there
in the room.

JOHN

Why don't you want your *own cum*
sitting there?

LOGAN

It's gross.

JOHN

So it's okay for *us* to deal with it
in the *kitchen*?

LOGAN

I know it doesn't make sense man, I
was drunk.

Their new roommate RON (30s, also a fuckup) walks out of his
apartment.

RON

Hey, can you two stop yelling? I'm
teaching an acting class on zoom
and you're making me look *really*
unprofessional.

John walks into the bathroom and slams the door.

38

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

38

He looks at himself in the dirty mirror.

He looks down and the sink is full of men's beard shavings.

JOHN

Fucking - *fuck.*

He sticks his foot into the sink and starts running water over it, but realizes that there is no hand soap, so he has to grab the body wash from the shower/bathtub to keep washing.

39 INT. HARRY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - TRIBECA - SAME TIME 39

Lucy wakes up to the sound of Harry making a call. He is now fully dressed and ready to go to work. He is laughing.

He has cooked a really health-conscious delicious breakfast and left a plate for Lucy on the kitchen island. He also made her a cup of coffee, and asks if she wants milk and sugar with his hand gestures. When she gestures that she likes it black, he just pushes the mug towards her.

Harry kisses Lucy and leaves for work after handing her a pair of keys. The way he hands her the keys makes her stomach drop.

The apartment is silent, once Harry leaves. It suddenly feels like her own space.

Lucy looks around Harry's open concept apartment. It is such a stark contrast from either Lucy's or John's apartment. *If she marries Harry, would she be able to live in places like this?*

Lucy looks at the perfect plate of breakfast foods, and takes a bite. She really could get used to this.

40 INT. KITCHEN - HARRY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATER 40

Having finished eating her breakfast, she is calling Sophie to recap about last night's date.

The phone rings and rings, but no one picks up.

She doesn't think too much of it, then calls MARK, the man who went on a date with Sophie. After a few rings, he answers.

MARK (O.S.)
(on the phone)
Hello?

LUCY
Hey Mark, it's Lucy from Adore.

MARK (O.S.)
Oh, hi!

LUCY

So just wanted to get some feedback on your first date with my client Sophie. I actually haven't gotten hold of her yet so not sure how it went on her end, but excited to hear how it went for you.

MARK (O.S.)

It went so well. She's wonderful - really nice face, good body, good job, good energy, all the things I said I wanted from a match.

LUCY

(genuinely glad and almost a bit surprised)
Okay! Okay, I love hearing that. So glad you had a good time. Sophie's *wonderful*.

MARK (O.S.)

Yeah, the conversation just flowed. We ended up staying out pretty late.

LUCY

Would you like to see her again?

MARK (O.S.)

Sure! Not sure how serious it's gonna be, but wouldn't mind seeing her again, if she's game.

Lucy fist pumps.

LUCY

Of course, one step at a time.

MARK (O.S.)

Alright, thanks Lucy.

LUCY

Have a good day and I'll reach out later this afternoon after speaking with her. Thank you, Mark!

Lucy hangs up. She celebrates by herself.

Lucy puts her empty breakfast plate in the dishwasher and plays John's voicemail.

JOHN (O.S.)
 (in the voicemail)
 Hey - it's me. John. Okay. Call me
 when you can, I just wanted to
 invite you to the show -

41 INT. LUCY'S DESK - ADORE BULLPEN - LATER

41

Lucy walks into the office. She marches over to her desk, trying Sophie again, but she doesn't pick up, again.

Daisy (out of her party clothes, now in full professional outfit) walks into her office, and Lucy hangs up the phone and starts unloading her things at her desk.

DAISY
 Hey, so Rose is asking for her
 client Mia W. how it's going with
 Peter M.'s brother, Harry? Were you
 able to recruit him?

LUCY
 (sheepish)
 Actually, I'm dating him.

DAISY
 (shocked)
 You're dating him?

LUCY
 Yeah. As of yesterday, officially.

DAISY
 (kinda proud of her)
 You know he's a unicorn.

LUCY
 Yeah, I know.

DAISY
 You couldn't let him go on a few
 dates with our clients first?

LUCY
 (shrugs)
 He insisted.

Daisy rolls her eyes.

DAISY
 I'm sure he did.

Violet comes into the office.

VIOLET
 Hey, Lucy. Can I speak to you in my
 office?

There is something in Violet's voice that makes us wonder if
 something is wrong.

42 INT. VIOLET'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

42

As Lucy sits down, Violet closes the door.

VIOLET
 Have you spoken to Sophie L.?

LUCY
 Not yet. Just Mark P.

VIOLET
 I just hung up with Sophie's
 lawyer.

Violet sits down in her chair, on the other side of the desk.

LUCY
 Her lawyer?

VIOLET
 Yeah.

LUCY
 What happened?

VIOLET
 Apparently, she was assaulted on
 the date.

All the air gets sucked out of the room.

LUCY
 What?

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 By Mark P.?

VIOLET
 Yes.

LUCY
 Last night?

Violet nods.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Are you *serious*?

VIOLET

She's bringing charges to the company, not you. I have a call with the legal team in two minutes, and we're gonna figure it out.

A horrible, horrible beat as a million thoughts go through Lucy's head.

LUCY

I have to talk to her.

VIOLET

(firmly)

Lucy, *no*.

LUCY

I'm the one who set her up on the date -

VIOLET

You can't talk to her. You can't talk to *anyone* about this.

LUCY

But - Vi, she's *my* client.

VIOLET

She's not anymore. So if Sophie calls, you *must not pick up*.

LUCY

I can't do *nothing*.

VIOLET

Do. Nothing.

Beat.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

You made the best match you could given the information you have. This particular match did not work out, but you've been doing amazing work for Sophie for months.

LUCY

This match didn't "not work out", Vi - she was *assaulted*.

VIOLET

A matchmaker can't vouch for what a person is like in an intimate setting, since she's never been in one with them.

LUCY

(furious)

This is *my fault*.

VIOLET

(firmly)

This is *the job*.

Stunned beat.

LUCY

Has something like this happened before?

VIOLET

Of course. This is *dating*. It happened to one of my clients the third year I worked here. If you do this long enough, it happens to all of us. It's a known risk.

43

INT. ADORE BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

43

Lucy walks back into the bullpen, but now everything is different.

She does an admirable job appearing to be totally fine - if you don't know her and love her, you could never tell that her whole world's crumbling around her. Thankfully, no one is paying attention to her.

She marches straight to her desk.

She grabs her notebook from her desk, tries to steady herself, turns around, and walks straight out.

44

INT. ADORE OFFICE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

She enters, locks the door, sits down on the floor in the corner, and takes her shoes off.

We finally see a more complete picture of the toll this revelation takes on Lucy. A part of her collapses, now that she is alone.

She looks frantically through her notebook.

She find the page from the day she did the interview with Mark P. and starts reading it:

MARK P.

- 48 (looks older)
- 5'10"-ish
- doctor private practice \$200K internal medicine
- upper west side, owns own apartment, will travel to diff boroughs

Lucy tries to figure out if there are any clues to suggest that this man could assault a woman - if she did a bad job, if she overlooked any signs, if she was a bad matchmaker.

- nice but boring, no outstanding quality
- wants to date younger nice smart caring professional good communication skills
- never been married no kids, wants to get married and have kids ASAP very motivated to meet
- not very attractive charmless boring but okay looking

Nothing. There's nothing particular here to suggest that he is someone who is capable of hurting someone. Lucy buries her face in her hands.

She is inconsolable.

45

EXT. HARRY'S BUILDING - LATER - EARLY EVENING

45

Harry is waiting for Lucy. In front of him, a luxury private car is waiting as well. He is holding a nice \$50 bouquet of flowers.

Lucy arrives and Harry greets her with a kiss.

HARRY

Hi you.

Harry can't tell that Lucy is not okay. She is doing an admirable job hiding it.

LUCY

Hey. Sorry I'm late.

HARRY

No worries.

They head to the uber.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Am I dressed nice enough?

LUCY
Honestly, you might be dressed too nice.

Harry looks at her like *really?* Lucy looks back at him warmly like *it's okay*. They get in the uber and leave.

46 INT. THEATRE IN BROOKLYN - MOMENTS LATER - EARLY EVENING 46

A very cool, run down, beautifully/shabbily decorated performance space in South Williamsburg. Velvet red curtains hang on the walls. Lucy and Harry look especially like yuppies amongst almost exclusively other YOUNG, HIP-LOOKING PEOPLE (and a few OLDER, HIPPER-LOOKING PEOPLE).

Harry really *is* overdressed.

John and his cast mate BETH (late-20s, creative, crusty, wild eyes, attractive in a different way than any of the women we've seen in the movie so far) are performing the play.

In the play, the characters John and Beth are playing are on a date, sitting across from each other at a table. It feels uncanny after hours of the characters in *this* movie sitting in a similar way across from each other on dates/meetings.

JOHN
"My mother and father made love. I was born. I grew up. I entered this restaurant. I am on a date. A waiter walks up to me and asks, *what can I do for you?* I don't know. What *can* you do for me? I ask for a glass of water."

BETH
"My mother and father made love. I was born. I grew up -"

John sneaks a look at where Lucy is sitting. They lock eyes.

BETH (CONT'D)
"- I entered this restaurant. I am on a date. The waiter is touching my back."

The audience laughs.

47

EXT. OUTSIDE THE THEATER - AFTER THE PLAY - NIGHT

47

Harry and Lucy awkwardly stand there while John is talking to some distinguished-looking older men, waiting to speak to him.

John notices them, and breaks away from the people he's been talking to. John approaches them.

JOHN
Hey, buddy.

LUCY
Hey, that was really great.

JOHN
(smiling)
Was it?

LUCY
Yes, I loved it.
(introducing Harry)
This is my boyfriend Harry.

John does an admirable job hiding what that means to him.

JOHN
Hey nice to meet you, thanks for coming.

HARRY
Congratulations. I thought it was really interesting.

JOHN
Thanks.

HARRY
I can't believe you remembered all those lines.

JOHN
I know, it's bonkers.

Lucy awkwardly hands John a bouquet.

JOHN (CONT'D)
For me?

LUCY
Yeah. Happy opening.

John smells it and plays with it.

JOHN

Thanks.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're getting a drink around the corner. Wanna come?

48

INT. THE CHEAP BAR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

48

Harry, Lucy, John, and his cast mate Beth are sitting at a booth. The director, the producer, the theater's artistic director, the stage manager, the designers, etc. are all having a wonderful time.

Harry is talking to Beth, who is kind of openly hitting on him (and he is enjoying himself, not because he's interested in Beth, but because she is from a completely different world and he is feeling curious). John and Lucy are tucked away on the other side.

JOHN

What did you *really* think?

LUCY

I liked it. Some of it didn't make sense, but I thought you were really good. I just like watching you act - you know that.

John seems pleased.

JOHN

Do you miss it?

LUCY

Acting? No.

JOHN

Not even a little?

LUCY

(shaking her head)

I'm not like you, I was never gonna be an actor. I didn't know how to stand or speak.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You've always been good, though. You're even better now.

John has trouble hiding how happy this makes him.

JOHN
Almost fucked up my lines. You
distracted me.

LUCY
You were amazing.

John is very bad at accepting the compliment and rolls his eyes.

John glances at Harry.

JOHN
You met him at that wedding?

LUCY
Yeah. He's the groom's brother.

John stares at Harry across the table, examining his face.

JOHN
You're not gonna marry him, are
you?

LUCY
Why not?

JOHN
Because he's good-looking, and
rich, and has a real job, and
probably doesn't live with
roommates, and probably doesn't get
angry all the time about shit that
doesn't matter.

John smiles, heartbreakingly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Why would you want to be with
someone like that?

Harry notices that John and Lucy have intense chemistry on the other side of the table.

LUCY
Can we talk about something else?

Beat.

John notices something in Lucy that Harry missed.

JOHN
Are you okay?

LUCY
Why do you ask?

JOHN
You just don't seem okay.
(re: Harry)
Is it him?

Lucy shakes her head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Is it work?

Lucy nods slightly.

LUCY
I just don't think I'm good at my
job anymore.

JOHN
(trying to make her feel
better, be here for her)
I'm sure you're fine. You're always
so hard on yourself. You're not a
drone pilot or a gun lobbyist, and
you don't work for Shell or
McKinsey. It's not serious - it's
just dating.

This turns Lucy icy. Cold as frost.

LUCY
(deadpan)
You're right - dating is not
serious. It's just girls shit,
right?

John regrets what he said immediately.

JOHN
That's not what I meant.

LUCY
(cold and sarcastic)
You always know exactly what to say
to me.

Lucy turns away from John and looks at Harry. Harry gets the
signal that she wants to leave.

HARRY
Ready to go?

LUCY
Mm-hmm. Will wait for you outside.

Lucy heads out of the bar.

Harry flags down a server, who brings him the bill for the whole table. Everyone tries to throw their cards/cash in, but Harry just puts his AMEX on and sends it back with the server.

The table full of broke theatre artists coo in appreciation.

BETH
(sing-song)
Thank you, Harry!

John and Harry look at each other for a moment. Neither is trying to be confrontational, but it's tense.

49 EXT. THE CHEAP BAR - SAME TIME - NIGHT 49

Lucy is smoking a cigarette, alone. She looks troubled. We see how she really feels about it in her expression, away from both Harry and John.

50 INT. BEDROOM - HARRY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Lucy and Harry are in bed, post-sex.

Lucy isn't able to sleep. Harry seems asleep, though we're only seeing his back.

Lucy notices for the first time, tangled in the sheets, **Harry's legs**.

There are **large scars** along the sides of his legs. They strangely look too neat and too even to be a result of an accident.

Lucy examines them carefully. We examine the scars with her.

Then suddenly, Harry flinches, hiding his legs over the blankets.

51 EXT. THE CHEAP BAR - SAME TIME - LATE NIGHT 51

John is smoking, looking like he really, really hates himself. He is drunk, and gently sways back and forth.

He pulls Beth in, who is smoking next to him, and kisses her.

52

INT. COFFEE SHOP - A COUPLE WEEKS LATER - AFTERNOON

52

Client meeting with AUDREY (49, a Trump-supporting housewife, mother of three, recently divorced from an extremely wealthy male banker). She looks like she's never smiled in her entire life.

Unlike the way she was in the earlier scenes with her clients, Lucy is distracted. Even as Audrey speaks, she is scrolling through Sophie's instagram under the table.

AUDREY

I don't want to date a liberal and they have to attend church every Sunday. I don't want someone who likes cats. I'm a dog person.

LUCY

Is a moderate democrat okay?

AUDREY

Only republicans. I want someone who identifies as a conservative.

LUCY

Audrey, I'm not sure if there is a cat-hating, christian conservative lesbian in most parts of New York who would date a closeted 49-year-old with three children.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Would you be open to dating women in Long Island or New Jersey?

AUDREY

I don't want to date long distance. I share custody of my kids with my ex-husband, I won't have the time. It'd be impossible.

LUCY

You're right. It's impossible.

53 INT. COFFEE SHOP - SOME OTHER TIME - DAY

53

Client meeting with ELEANOR (30s, mouse-y and harmless-looking, blinks her eyes a little too frequently, can't make eye contact).

Lucy is writing a text to Sophie under the table, but then deletes it. She starts typing something else as Eleanor talks about the kind of man she wants to go out with.

ELEANOR

I want to prioritize dating a man who's white at first, but then if we have no luck, we can move on to other races.

LUCY

So "whites only," at first.

ELEANOR

I mean, technically, I'm open to all ethnicities.

LUCY

Eleanor, "technically", you're asking me to set you up with white men only.

Beat. Lucy doesn't send the text she was composing. She looks up from her phone to meet Eleanor's cold gaze.

54 INT. COFFEE SHOP - ANOTHER DAY - DAY

54

Client meeting with Patricia, one of the women that was at Charlotte's wedding.

CLOSE ON the terrifying two-page list of qualities (race, height, income, age, frequency of attending gym, food-preference, astrological sign, etc.) that Patricia is looking for in her next boyfriend and incoming husband.

The font is too small and the list of demands is endless. It looks more like a legal document than a description of a lover.

PATRICIA

I know the list looks long, but I *deserve* someone who fulfills *all* my criteria. I really *do*. I mean *look at me*. I'm a *catch*.

Lucy puts the list down and turns her penetrating gaze at Patricia.

The warmth that we've seen in Lucy before when dealing with her clients has slipped away, and she is cold and apathetic:

LUCY

Patricia, I know that every year you go without having a husband raises your expectation for him exponentially. But it doesn't mean you're due to get one, and it doesn't mean you can *customize* - because *this is not a simulation*. If the service I'm providing you is *building you a man*, I can build you someone with everything on this list, but I can't, because this is not a car or a house. We're talking about *people*. People are people are people are people. They come as they are, and all I can hope to find for you is a guy you can *tolerate* for the next fifty years who *likes* you at *all*.

Patricia looks stunned.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And you're not a *catch*, because you're not a *fish*.

55

INT. VIOLET'S OFFICE - ADORE OFFICE - AFTERNOON - A FEW DAYS LATER

Lucy and Violet are silent.

LUCY

I was managing her expectations.

VIOLET

Patricia canceled her membership, and reviewed us online, calling us a scam.

LUCY

We are a scam. We don't give them what they're paying for, do we? We promise them love, but we give them bad dates with morons and criminals.

Lucy is practically growling, and Violet knows exactly what to say to her to cool her jets.

VIOLET

I know the Sophie L. situation is still weighing on you.

Bull's eye.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Burnout is common for matchmakers. You need a break. You should go on a trip with your boyfriend.

LUCY

If I take a break right now, I may never come back.

VIOLET

You will, because you love your clients.

LUCY

I hate them. They're children.

VIOLET

They give us thousands of dollars. They're entitled to some regression.

LUCY

Do you think any of them says "no blacks no fatties" to their therapists? And if I'm their *actual* therapist, which it feels like I am, I don't have the schooling to support it and I don't get paid enough.

VIOLET

Lucy, we're *better* than therapists.

Beat.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

We work with the most intimate, extremely personal, unofficial part of their lives that they'd like to have struck from the record. We work with their loneliness and rejection - the kind that makes someone get naked for a stranger. We're the real deal. *That's* why they tell you more than they would tell their therapists, and why they take risks with you.

LUCY
 (scoffs)
 "Risks."

VIOLET
 Yes. Risks that can lead to a situation like what happened with Sophie L. and risks that lead to lifelong marriages.

Beat.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
 You *know* this is life-changing work, and you're born for it.

Beat.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
 Take a break starting now, and I expect you back in four weeks, renewed. I *insist*.

Outside, a celebration centering on Rose is building up over the course of this conversation, and by the end of it - the celebration spills into Violet's office.

ROSE
 Violet! Amazing news! My client Zoe H and Fred A.... just... got... *engaged!*

Violet jumps up and hugs Rose. Everyone in the office is screaming with excitement. This is like a scene from *Mad Men* and the *Wolf of Wall Street*, except it's just fifteen hot women.

VIOLET
 Unbelievable, so impressive! That's such an *amazing* match.

DAISY
 Is this your fourth marriage?

ROSE
 Yes!

VIOLET
 We have to throw you a party!

Lucy can't be there anymore, and she sneaks away from the festivities...

56 INT. ADORE BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON 56

... and exits the office through the bullpen.

We can see through the glass into Violet's office, now filled with matchmakers. Someone pops a champagne. Everyone starts celebrating.

57 EXT. ADORE OFFICE/STREET - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER 57

HIGH ANGLE SHOT on Lucy as she exits the office and walks furiously and determinedly down the street.

58 OMITTED 58

59 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - LATER NIGHT 59

Lucy sits on her couch, alone, totally disheveled, drinking a coke and beer, in the pitch darkness of her apartment.

Lucy is scrolling through Sophie's Instagram.

She sees a post that shows Sophie smiling in a restaurant. The caption reads:

"best mimosas in the neighborhood."

Upon closer examination with her eagle eyes, Lucy realizes – as we do – that it's the same downtown French bistro where Lucy met Sophie in the beginning of the film.

She looks at it. She doesn't pick it up. She drinks. Beat.

She looks at it again. She hesitates. She picks it up.

She goes to Sophie's instagram.

This time it's another post at the same bistro:

"They know my order now lol. #alwayswantedtobearegular"

Lucy stares at the post, thinking, considering.

60 INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - MORNING 60

Clearly not having slept well, Lucy has a coffee in one hand and her phone in the other.

She scrolls through her phone.

Finally, she gets up, and starts putting on her coat.

61

EXT. DOWNTOWN FRENCH BISTRO - AFTERNOON

61

WIDE on Lucy, standing outside the restaurant, smoking a cigarette. It's clear she's been standing here for hours.

She is idle, but she's keeping an eye out for someone. She doesn't look like her usual composed self: she's twitchy, fidgeting, and ill at ease.

We wait with her, silent.

We wait, and wait, and wait.

Then -

Sophie enters the frame. She is clearly headed to get a bite to eat at her neighborhood restaurant.

Sophie freezes in her steps. She can't believe her eyes.

Lucy looks up and realizes that her insane plan worked. The one person she is both the most afraid of and the most wants to see is finally here.

Lucy stares. (She did *not* think this far ahead when she decided to hang around Sophie's neighborhood bistro... like a fucking *stalker*.)

Sophie stares too. (She did *not* think that she'd ever see Lucy again.)

Instinctively, Lucy steps a bit forward towards Sophie, but she falters: she realizes how scary this could be for Sophie.

Sophie flinches and stumbles back.

Lucy tries to say something, but no words come out. All she can do is gesture vaguely to imply that the last thing she wants to do is to scare or hurt her.

Then **Sophie's expression hardens.** She stands up straight, plants her feet on the ground. Her stare turns to a glare. A *warning*.

Lucy doesn't know what kind of face to make.

Sophie turns around and bolts the other way.

LUCY
(softly)
Sophie.

She's gone.

Lucy hesitates for a moment, not sure if she should follow her - but then she thinks *fuck it* and takes off.

62 EXT. NEXT STREET - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS 62

Sophie rushes away without looking back. Lucy follows her.

LUCY

Sophie.

Sophie keeps going. She turns a corner.

63 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS 63

This is a bit of a car chase action sequence, except on foot. They make their way through the New York streets, overcoming obstacles like people, construction, bikes, street vendors, etc.

Lucy eventually catches up to Sophie. She dares not touch her, but just speaks next to her.

LUCY

Sophie.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Sophie.

SOPHIE

Go away.

LUCY

Please.

SOPHIE

You don't want to talk to me.

LUCY

Please, Sophie -

SOPHIE

I'm so embarrassed. I thought I could pay some *girl* to find me a boyfriend.

LUCY

I'm sorry -

SOPHIE
 "An expert". What a fucking joke!

LUCY
 Sophie -

SOPHIE
 (laughs bitterly)
 And you know what's even funnier? I
 almost felt like we were *friends*.

LUCY
 I - I really - could we please
 talk?

Sophie stops. Lucy stops just behind her. Sophie turns around
 to face Lucy.

SOPHIE
 Talk about what? What do you have
 to say?

Lucy doesn't know to say except -

LUCY
 I'm sorry. I'm *so* sorry.

SOPHIE
 I *trusted* you.

LUCY
 I didn't know what he's capable of -
 I just -

SOPHIE
 I see. So you knew his height,
 which was a lie by the way, his job
 and salary, which was *also* a lie
 just for the record, and his looks,
 which is really nothing much - but
 you didn't know who he really is,
 as a person. As a man.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Well, I went on a date with him and
 found out. He's the kind of guy who
 gets drunk and follows you into the
 bathroom.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Why would you set me up with
 someone like that?

Silence.

LUCY
 (upset that this is all
 she could say, the same
 refrain as earlier)
 He was a strong match with a lot of
 potential. He checked a lot of our
 boxes.

Beat.

SOPHIE
 "Boxes?"

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 The truth is, you set me up with
 that man because you think I'm
worthless.

LUCY
 Sophie, I don't -

SOPHIE
You didn't know what to do with me.
That's how I ended up on that date.
 (laughs)
Here I was thinking you worked for
me, but the whole time I was
working for you: worthless
merchandise to pawn off to anyone
who'd take it.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 But I am not merchandise. I'm a
person. And I *know* I deserve love.

LUCY
 I know you do. I *believe* it.

SOPHIE
Fuck you.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Pimp.

Sophie walks away, leaving Lucy there in the middle of the street, trembling.

She looks so ashamed.

64 INT. LUCY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

64

Lucy returns to her studio with her mail, looking exhausted and at a loss from wandering around the street for hours. She takes off her bag, throws her outerwear onto the floor, and sits down on the floor against the wall.

She opens an envelope.

Inside is her brand new passport. The first passport of her life.

She stares at it. It's impossible to read the truth of her expression.

She takes out her phone and hesitantly calls someone. *Who is she calling? Sophie? Harry?* Whoever it is that she's calling, it's clearly a bad idea to call them.

65 INT. BODEGA - AT THE SAME TIME

65

The phone rings in someone's back pocket.

It's John's. Lucy's decided to call John.

John is trying to pay for a pack of cigarettes, a six pack of beer, some toilet paper, a bottle of hand soap, a bottle of milk, and a bottle of Drano. He taps his credit card.

JOHN

Receipt please.

The BODEGA OWNER hands John a receipt.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

John grabs everything and then looks at his phone.

It's Lucy.

It stops John in his steps. He is confused, but he has to answer quickly before she stops dialing him.

He steps outside the bodega as he answers -

66

EXT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

66

JOHN

Lucy?

Lucy doesn't say anything.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What's going on? Are you okay?

Something in John's voice makes her feel so much relief, tears well up in her eyes.

LUCY (O.S.)

No.

JOHN

Want me to come get you?

LUCY (O.S.)

No, I'm home. I shouldn't even be calling you.

JOHN

You can always call me.

Beat. He sounds so concerned, and it's enough to make her relax.

John walks over to a wall and sits down next to it, his black NYC bag full of things he just bought.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What's up?

LUCY (O.S.)

I fucked up.

JOHN

Okay.

Beat. We watch John think about what to say.

John sits down on the ground against the wall.

John waits while Lucy gathers up the courage.

LUCY (O.S.)

I'm not supposed to tell anyone about it, but can I tell you?

JOHN
Of course. Anything.

Beat.

67	OMITTED	67
68	OMITTED	68
69	OMITTED	69
70	OMITTED	70
71	INT. LUCY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS	71

LUCY
I set my client up with a bad person. I didn't know he was bad, but I introduced them. And now I can't make it better. I'm the last person who can make it better.

Beat. We can see a flash of complete fury in John's eyes. He does his best to stay calm, for her.

JOHN (O.S.)
Do you want me to come over?

LUCY
No, I -

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I'm about to go to Harry's.

We can tell that John forgot about Harry for a second.

JOHN (O.S.)
Right.

John does an admirable job hiding how he feels about that.

LUCY
Sorry.

JOHN (O.S.)
Nothing to be sorry about. Keep
telling me what happened. I'm here.

72 OMITTED

72

73 INT. BEDROOM - HARRY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - A FEW DAYS LATER
- NIGHT

Harry is showering, and Lucy is sitting on the bed, already having showered and moisturizing.

We see that Harry is in the middle of packing for a trip to Iceland with Lucy. CLOSE on plane tickets and their passports - the flight is for tomorrow morning.

Lucy's bag is already packed and is neatly placed against the dresser. Harry's suitcase is on the bed next to Lucy.

Lucy is looking at her notebook filled with details of the planned schedule for the trip.

She notices a ring box tucked in Harry's suitcase.

She reaches over. She opens it.

Inside, we see an expensive engagement ring, intended for Lucy.

74 INT. BEDROOM - HARRY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT - 74
LATER

Lucy and Harry are in bed again, post-sex.

Lucy is staring at the large scars along the sides of Harry's legs again. They look uncannily neat.

She keeps looking. And looking.

She reaches over and touches his scars - pets it, feels it.

Harry flinches and turns over. He hastily covers his scars up with the blanket.

Silence.

Harry gets up, puts his pants on, and walks out of the bedroom without another word.

75 INT. KITCHEN - HARRY'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 75

Harry is really trying not to be upset. He gets a bottle of scotch from the cupboard and pours himself a glass.

Lucy walks out of the bedroom. She stands on the other side of the kitchen isle.

Silence.

HARRY
(re: surgery marks)
Do you know what they are?

LUCY
I think so.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
It's not a big deal.

HARRY
(defensively)
Yeah, I know.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)
It was an investment. A body is like an apartment. You have to invest to get the value back.

LUCY
I understand you. I invested too.

Lucy touches her nose, and then her breasts.

HARRY
Right. I figured.

Harry softens, no longer as defensive.

LUCY
Did your brother, too?

HARRY
Yeah, we did it together. 8 years ago.

LUCY
6'0" or taller was one of Charlotte's non-negotiables, so I'm glad he did. Was it painful?

Harry nods.

HARRY

I know it sounds stupid, breaking your legs to gain a few inches. But we keep saying, definitely worth it. It changed our lives.

LUCY

I can imagine.

HARRY

With women, completely, of course. Women just approach us and talk to us now, which never used to happen. I've never struck out since. But you can also tell the difference at work and at restaurants and airports. You're just *worth* more.

Beat.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Does this change anything?

LUCY

(definitively)

No.

Silence.

Lucy is deep in thought.

HARRY

What are you thinking about?

LUCY

I'm thinking: You should go to Iceland alone.

HARRY

(surprised)

Why?

LUCY

I don't think you and I are a good match.

Beat.

HARRY

(upset)

Is it because I got the surgery?

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY
Knowing that just makes me feel
like I *actually* know you. It
honestly makes me adore you.

HARRY
(sharply)
Then what?

Silence, as Lucy asks herself the same question.

This makes Harry feel impatient.

He chuckles bitterly.

HARRY (CONT'D)
It's *really* hard for me to feel
like this is not about the legs.

Lucy looks up and meets his eyes.

LUCY
It's not. When I realized what you
had done, I felt exactly the same
about you as I did before.

HARRY
Which is what?

LUCY
I'm not in love with you.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
And you're not in love with me.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
And there's no amount of money that
can fix that.

Harry is not ready to accept the terms.

HARRY
But we're such a good match. You're
exactly what I'm looking for, and I
know I can make your life better.

LUCY

Harry, you don't want to marry me.
You just want to do business with
me, just like I want to do business
with you.

HARRY

But isn't marriage a business deal?

LUCY

It is, but love has to be on the
table.

No deal. The negotiation has failed.

Lucy is firm, but warm - she looks at him the way she is with
her clients.

Harry suddenly looks afraid. Uncertain of everything.

HARRY

What if I'm not capable of it?

Beat.

LUCY

Of love?

Harry nods.

HARRY

It makes me feel like an idiot,
like I'm just a kid without a clue.
I feel so dumb thinking about it,
or wanting it, or even saying the
word with a straight face. I find
it so difficult.

LUCY

(certain)

You won't, when you love someone.
It'll be easy. No math.

Beat.

HARRY

Should I hire you for your
services?

LUCY

If you call the office they'll
assign someone great to help.

Long silence as they look at each other. They know that this is a goodbye.

Lucy gets up, and hands Harry her keys to his apartment.

HARRY
So this is it?

LUCY
Yeah... Sorry for the sunk cost.

HARRY
It's alright. Onwards and upwards.

Harry extends his arm for a handshake.

Lucy takes and shakes Harry's hand.

After a beat, they let go.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You wanna know how many inches?

LUCY
Yeah.

HARRY
6.

LUCY
So you were 5'6" before?

Harry crouches down to his actual height, pre-surgery.

HARRY
I wouldn't have had the courage to hit on you at 5'6".

LUCY
("you're braver than you believe about yourself")
I'm sure you would have.

HARRY
(smiling)
Am I still a unicorn?

Lucy smiles back, warmly.

LUCY
You're perfect.

Harry smiles heartbreakingly.

76 OMITTED 76

77 INT. YELLOW CAB - CONTINUOUS 77

Lucy gets in a yellow cab.

It's hard to read Lucy's expression.

78 INT. LIVING ROOM - JOHN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING 78

CLOSE on a NYC-style old as shit buzzer. Someone buzzes.

Logan is making a smoothie in the kitchen, watching a TV show on his phone. (Notably, the phone is charging.)

From inside John's bedroom:

JOHN (O.S.)
Where's my charger?!

John bursts out of the bedroom, completely fed up. He has just rolled out of bed. His phone is dead so he's pissed.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Is that my charger?

LOGAN
Sorry, my charger stopped working.

JOHN
So you just took mine? I had an alarm set -

The buzzer buzzes again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
- and answer the fucking door for once in your fucking life!

Logan completely ignores it.

John answers the buzzer.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(rudely)
Who's this?

LUCY (O.S.)
Um, hey, it's Lucy.

John's stomach drops.

LUCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Can I come up?

JOHN
No! No. Uh, let me come down. Stay
there. Don't move.

John steps away from the buzzer.

He runs over to Logan, grabs his phone charger, pulls it off the wall, and pulls Logan's phone off of it and drops it in Logan's smoothie.

LOGAN
Hey! What the fuck!

John walks into the bathroom and slams the door.

79 INT. BATHROOM - JOHN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 79

He looks at himself in the dirty mirror.

He tries to get his hair under control as quickly as possible, and even decides to brush his teeth super quickly.

80 EXT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 80

Lucy is sitting on John's stoop. She glances at John's car that's parked in front of the apartment.

Now looking like he *didn't* just roll out of bed - clothes changed, hair tamed, breath fresh - he exits the apartment building and walks up to Lucy.

JOHN
Hey.

LUCY
Hi.

John looks at Lucy like she's about to evaporate.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You have a girl up there?

JOHN
What? No. Why would you say that?

LUCY
I don't know. You didn't want me to
come up.

JOHN

Oh. Yeah, no, I don't have a girl
up there.

Beat.

LUCY

Sorry to show up without warning, I
tried calling.

JOHN

Yeah, my phone's not charged.

LUCY

I'm supposed to be on a flight to
Iceland.

JOHN

Okay.

LUCY

Someone is subletting my apartment
for this week while I'm supposed to
be in Iceland - so I don't have a
place to stay.

John looks at Lucy like "and you want to stay with me?"

LUCY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I don't really know what I'm
doing here. It makes no sense - I
don't know why I thought it made
sense.

Beat.

Lucy turns around to go.

JOHN

Hey, wait - don't go.

LUCY

This was a bad idea, sorry.

JOHN

Uh, it's not. It's just - my
apartment is -

Embarrassing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's not suitable for you.

This makes Lucy laugh.

LUCY
It was suitable for me before.

JOHN
Yeah, but we're not in our 20s
anymore.

LUCY
I know what your apartment is like.

JOHN
Trust me, it's worse than you
remember.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Do you wanna drive upstate?

LUCY
And go where?

JOHN
I don't know. Just drive around.
Stay at a hotel.

She gives him a look. *How can he afford to stay at a hotel
with her?*

JOHN (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
Just got my stipend for the play,
so I'm feeling rich.

A80 EXT. JOHN'S CAR - DRIVING OUT OF THE CITY - LATER A80

John is driving. Lucy in the passenger seat.

81 INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR - HIGHWAY - LATER 81

Lucy stares at John.

He smiles, feeling a bit embarrassed.

JOHN
What?

LUCY
You're the same as always.

JOHN
Really?

LUCY

Mm-hmm.

John doesn't like the answer.

JOHN

I was hoping you'd say I'm different.

LUCY

Why?

JOHN

Because if I'm different, I wouldn't still be the guy who lost you.

Lucy keeps looking at him, deep in thought, not sure what to say in response to that.

We look outside the window, and we are pretty far now from the city. It's green everywhere.

We're deep upstate.

We keep driving and driving, listening to the song.

As the song ends, they notice a wedding rental truck, followed by a wedding florist's truck, followed by a wedding catering truck.

John laughs.

LUCY

What?

JOHN

(pointing to the truck)
That's my catering company.

Beat.

Lucy smirks.

LUCY

Think you can get us in?

The two of them look at each other mischievously.

When the trucks make a turn, John follows them.

84 EXT. PARKING LOT - WEDDING VENUE - SOMETIME LATER

84

They are parked near the catering, florist, and rental trucks.

JOHN

Wait here.

John exits the car. We watch with Lucy from inside the car.

John goes up to the group of cater waiters and other workers that are unloading the trucks. He clearly knows a couple of them (also actors), and they greet each other warmly.

John opens up his pack of cigarettes to share with the cater waiters. Lucy (and we) can't hear anything, but John is charming them into letting them hang out by the wedding.

85 EXT. FIELD - WEDDING VENUE - LATE AFTERNOON - SOME TIME LATER

Lucy and John are sitting on the grass overlooking the venue, drinking champagne that John's catering friends have brought them, watching the ceremony that is just beginning.

The wedding is not nearly as nice as the one between Peter and Charlotte, but lovely enough.

We watch from John and Lucy's POV - in a WIDE. The GROOM enters to the sound of everyone clapping and cheering. The groom stops at the altar and waits. He looks eager and impatient, fidgeting. This is the happiest day of his life.

JOHN

He looks like an asshole standing there.

Lovely string music starts playing from some speakers, signaling that the bride will enter. The guests get up.

The BRIDE turns the corner with HER FATHER, and they start walking down the aisle.

LUCY

She looks so pretty.

We can see that the groom is overwhelmed, and he starts crying.

LUCY (CONT'D)

He loves her so much.

JOHN

Yeah.

Beat, as they watch the bride's father and the bride arrive at the altar.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (doing an impression of
 the bride's father)
 Special delivery, just for you! A
 gift.

The bride's father kisses and hugs the bride. It's moving.

LUCY
 (joining in)
 A white glove service, handled with
 care.

The bride's father kisses and hugs the groom. It's so moving.

JOHN
 (like a delivery man)
 Would you sign for it here.

LUCY
 (like a delivery man)
 Initial here.

As bride's father walks away, emotionally -

JOHN
 (like a delivery man)
 You're welcome. Have a nice day.

The bride and the groom gaze at each other, happily.

John and Lucy watch the wedding officiant give a speech. We can't really hear them, and so Lucy dubs them:

LUCY
 (as the officiant)
 One day, for no reason in
 particular, you two will start to
 hate each other, resent each other,
 inflict minor emotional violence on
 each other, stop having sex, but
 somehow make a couple kids
 together, and then you're gonna get
 sick of each other, then one of you
 are going to cheat on the other,
 and then you'll fight, at first not
 in front of your kids, but then in
 front of your kids, and then you'll
 resent the kids for seeing you
 fighting, and then you'll file for
 (MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

divorce, and then fight about who owns what and who gets the children when, until it's all over.

This makes John laugh.

JOHN

Why does anybody even get married?

LUCY

Because everyone tells them they should. Because they're lonely. Because they're hopeful - they think they can do it differently than their parents.

The bride and groom exchange rings.

They keep watching, now in silence.

The bride and groom kiss.

The ceremony is over. The guests clap and cheer.

86

EXT. CAR - SOMETIME LATER - DUSK

86

The car windows are all open.

Outside the car -

John opens the car trunk and pulls his cater waiter suit out. He changes into it, leaned against the car. We sneak a peek at his old boxers with holes in them - he's clearly had these boxers since the college years. His socks have holes in them too.

He makes a few adjustments to the catering uniform to make it look more like a wedding guest might wear it (forget the bowtie, fuck the vest, lose the apron). He finishes the look by putting on his dress shoes that he wipes with his apron.

Inside the car -

Lucy is changing into a beautiful dress that she's pulled out of her suitcase in the back seat. We can see bunched up fabric, a bit of her underwear, and her skin. There's not enough room, so she struggles a bit to change in a graceful way.

They are putting on disguises to get into the wedding. Like undercover agents. Soldiers putting on camouflage. Actors putting on costumes for a play.

As John finishes changing first, he glances at Lucy inside the car to see if she's done.

Lucy is still getting dressed and is in a subtle state of undress.

Their eyes meet.

This makes John blush, and Lucy smile. It is hard to read Lucy's expression, but John's is clear as a billboard in Times Square - he finds Lucy entirely maddening.

John looks away. Lucy finishes changing.

Lucy leans her body out through the car window and pulls John towards herself. John isn't sure what Lucy wants from him - does she want to pull him into the back seat and have sex with him? (He wishes.)

No - Lucy adjusts John's clothes to make it look a bit more presentable with the familiarity of a wife in a decades-long marriage.

Lucy opens the door, and gets out of the car. She leans on John as she puts on her heels, who supports her with his arms.

They're finally ready to go.

87 INT./EXT. DINING/DANCING AREA - WEDDING VENUE - SOMETIME 87
LATER

Sun has set. Lucy and John sneak into the party, blending in beautifully with the guests in their disguise.

They act completely naturally. Even here, how good of an actor John is shines. Lucy shines too.

They grab a drink at the bar. Lucy gets coke and beer, and John gets a little whiskey.

They spot the cake that's been cut up and placed around a table. They each grab a slice.

A87 INT. DINING/DANCING AREA - WEDDING VENUE A87

They sit somewhere on the periphery of the tent, and eat the cake.

MONTAGE:

- They see the wedding singer is singing a cover of *I'll Be Your Mirror* (Velvet Underground) with their band, with charming competence.

- They watch everyone dance. They watch different couples dance, new and old.

- They watch the children and the elderly dance.

- They watch the groom and the bride dance too.

The song ends, and the wedding singer begins singing a cover of Nat King Cole's *That's All*.

~~~I can only give you love that lasts forever, and a promise to be near each time you call, and the only heart I own for you and you alone, that's all that's all~~~

John gets up, and asks Lucy for a dance with his hand extended out. Lucy takes his hand and gets escorted onto the dance floor.

88

INT. DANCE FLOOR - WEDDING VENUE - CONTINUOUS

88

Lucy and John slow dance together. It is sweet, and familiar, and gentle. The foreheads touch and they breathe each other in.

~~~There are those, I am sure, that have told you they would give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to enfold you and a love time can never destroy. If you're wondering what I'm asking in return, dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small. Say it's me that you'll adore for now and ever more, that's all, that's all~~~

It's all wickedly romantic. They are in a reverie.

After a beat, Lucy leans in for a kiss.

The two of them kiss for a full beat, but then something breaks in John. He pulls back.

Something is wrong. John looks upset.

John untangles himself from Lucy, and abruptly walks off of the dance floor.

LUCY

John.

John is gone.

Lucy runs after him.

89

EXT. DINING/DANCING AREA - WEDDING VENUE - CONTINUOUS

89

Outdoor area lit with candlelights and cocktail tables. Some guests are smoking a cigarette and taking a breather away from the party.

Lucy catches up to John who is walking away, clearly distressed. She calls out to him:

LUCY

John!

John stops.

He turns around with the most heartbreaking expression, and looks at Lucy.

JOHN

What is this?

LUCY

What is what?

JOHN

Are we getting back together?

Lucy doesn't know how to answer that.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Lucy, are we getting back together?

LUCY

I don't know.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(means it)

I really don't.

John is nearly in tears.

JOHN

So you thought you'd just show up at my door, *not* have a boyfriend, agree to get in my car, kiss me, fuck me while you get over someone else, and then leave me again?

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm worthless?

LUCY
 (shakes her head)
 No, I don't think that.

JOHN
 Am I disposable?

LUCY
 No, of course not.

JOHN
 Do you feel bad for me? Poor old
 John who can't figure his life out?

LUCY
 Never.

JOHN
 Then why are you using me?

LUCY
 I'm not -

JOHN
 I'm usually desperate enough to let
 you. I'm a beggar for you.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 When I see your face, I see
 wrinkles and grey hairs, and I see
 children that look like you. I
 can't help it.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 As your friend, which is what I am,
 first and foremost, I would tell
 you that it's a bad idea to be with
 a 37-year-old cater waiter who
 still lives with his roommates. I
 would tell you that you definitely
 shouldn't marry a guy who has \$2000
 in his bank account in a city he
 can't afford, who only still lives
 here to keep trying to be a theatre
 actor because somebody once told
 him he was good at it.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So where does that leave us? Here.
At somebody else's wedding.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I can't give you the wedding or the
marriage you want. I couldn't even
give you the relationship you
wanted. It's been years, and I
still can't afford to be with you.

LUCY

You're right, you can't - but just
because you can't afford it, it
doesn't mean it's worth having. *You
don't want me.*

JOHN

Of course I want you, have you even
been listening?

LUCY

John, we haven't been together
properly in so long that you've
forgotten. You don't want to be
with me, because I'm not a good
person. I'm judgmental, and
materialistic, and cold. I broke up
with you because you're broke. I've
hurt you over and over. You hate
me.

JOHN

I don't hate you.

LUCY

You do. And you're right to hate
me, because I'm awful. Because even
now, I'm thinking: If I choose to
marry you, that means I'll be
sitting across from you at cheap
shitty restaurants for the rest of
my life. I'll be riding in your
shitty car, living in your shitty
bedroom, arguing about \$25 with
you. I'm weighing being with you
against these shit tradeoffs. I'm
doing math. *This* is what I'm like.

JOHN

I know what you're like.

LUCY

Then how can you still love me?

Lucy leaves.

We realize that while they were talking, the wedding party ended. The caterers are starting to wrap up.

90

EXT. FIELD - WEDDING VENUE - CONTINUOUS

90

Lucy keeps walking and walking. Once she's far enough away from the dining/dancing area, she sobs for a full beat.

She stops. Once she's gathered herself, Lucy takes out her phone and looks at it.

She sees that there is a missed phone call from... Sophie.

Lucy doesn't understand why Sophie might be calling her, which makes her panic a little bit. She calls her back ASAP.

After a couple of rings, Sophie picks up the phone.

LUCY

Sophie? Are you okay?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

(on the phone, terrified)

Hey, Lucy - I - sorry to call you so late.

LUCY

What's going on?

Beat.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Mark is outside my building.

Lucy stops breathing.

SOPHIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He's been buzzing the doorbell for an hour. I called the cops but they said they won't come unless he's trying to break in. And he's not trying to break in, he's just buzzing.

LUCY

Okay, but it's still harassment, they should -

SOPHIE (O.S.)

He walked me home after the date,
which I shouldn't have let him do -
but I was scared so I let him walk
me home and so he's always known
where I live - it's my fault -

LUCY

It's *not* your fault.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

He says he just wants to talk to
me. Should I let him in?

LUCY

No. Bolt your door. I'm about an
hour away from Manhattan, but I'm
gonna try to get there sooner. Can
you message me your address?

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Sorry, I didn't know who else to
call - I haven't told anyone.

LUCY

You called the right person.

When Lucy looks up, she sees John standing there, having
followed her out the field.

John reads the situation, turns Lucy around and starts
guiding her towards the parking lot.

Through the phone, we can hear the buzz of Sophie's doorbell.

91 INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAR - DRIVING BACK TO THE CITY - MOMENTS 91
LATER

John is driving as quickly as he can back to the city.

Lucy is sitting in the passenger seat, still on the phone
with Sophie.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I'm scared someone's gonna open the
building door for him.

LUCY

I'm almost there.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I feel like he's gonna be angry
that I didn't let him in.

LUCY
I want you to tell him I'm on my
way.

A91 OMITTED A91

92 INT. STAIRWELL & HALLWAY - SOPHIE'S APARTMENT - LATER 92

Lucy and John run up the stairs to get to Sophie's apartment. Lucy holding out her phone that is still connected to Sophie. She is terrified for her.

Lucy knocks on the door.

LUCY
Sophie, it's Lucy.

Lucy gestures to John to hold back and hide, so that Sophie does not feel afraid.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Is he gone?

LUCY
Yeah, he wasn't here when we got here.

Lucy gestures to John to leave. John disappears down the stairs.

Sophie opens the door.

SOPHIE
He must've run away when I told him you're coming.

LUCY
Can I come in?

Sophie lets her in.

93 INT. SOPHIE'S APARTMENT - SOMETIME LATER 93

The apartment is almost totally dark. Sophie only has a little lamp on.

Beat. Sophie is trembling. Lucy is steady, holding strong for her client, even though she is shaking inside.

LUCY
How are you holding up?

SOPHIE

Not good.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mark sounded so angry.

LUCY

He's angry because he thought he'd get away with something but didn't, because you're not going to let him. You're brave.

SOPHIE

I'm scared.

LUCY

I understand.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Can I hug you?

Sophie nods.

Lucy hugs her.

Sophie starts sobbing in relief in Lucy's arms.

Long beat while Sophie cries. Lucy does her best to not cry.

SOPHIE

(through tears)

You know what I've been thinking about?

LUCY

What?

SOPHIE

I really need to get a boyfriend so that I have someone to call that's not my fucking matchmaker.

Sophie and Lucy start laughing.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(through laughter)

I'm going to die alone.

They laugh and laugh and laugh. When the laughter dies down, Lucy makes a promise:

LUCY

Sophie, I promise you - you're going to marry the love of your life.

This makes Sophie laugh harder.

SOPHIE

You don't expect me to believe that, do you?

Lucy wipes Sophie's tears away.

LUCY

You don't have to believe it, because *I* believe it.

SOPHIE

Let me guess. Someone who checks a lot of my boxes?

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm not asking for a miracle. I just want to love someone. Someone who can't help but love me back.

94

EXT. SOPHIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EXTREMELY LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

The sun is starting to rise.

John sits on the stoop alone, waiting for Lucy. He is resting his eyes. He fully seems like someone without housing.

The front door opens and Lucy walks out. John gets up.

LUCY

She's asleep.

JOHN

Good. You okay?

LUCY

Mm-hmm. You should go home.

JOHN

I'll take you home first.

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY
I'm gonna sleep on her couch. I
wanna help her get a restraining
order when she wakes up.

JOHN
Okay.

LUCY
Thanks for the ride.

JOHN
Of course.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You asked me how I could love you.

Lucy nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(simply)
I just do.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's the easiest thing.

Lucy has tears in her eyes.

LUCY
I love you too. More than you know.

This makes John incredibly emotional. These are the words
he's always wanted to hear.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You're the only reason I know I'm
capable of love.

Silence.

They just stare at each other.

JOHN
I've been doing some math.

LUCY
Yeah?

JOHN
Yeah, and I'm ready to make an offer.

LUCY
Okay.

JOHN
This is the offer: I love you now, as I loved you before, and I'll love you til I die. It's a lifetime guarantee.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And I won't forget it like I used to, even when things are shit - I'll make a calendar item every day reminding myself that I love you.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I will be your certainty. That's my final offer, and you can't negotiate, only because I have nothing else to offer you.

Lucy nods.

LUCY
It's a deal.

Lucy extends her arm. John takes her hand and shakes it.

JOHN
I admit, I'm not confident that I can make myself less broke.

LUCY
Don't worry about that - you know I can take care of myself.

JOHN
Yeah, I know. It's not for you. It's for me. For us.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You make me brave enough to want to be happy. And I want to be happy with you.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And I'll pick up more catering shifts, ask for a raise - find a serving job at an actual restaurant - not turn down auditions for commercials, no matter how annoying - actually make an effort to get a new manager -

Lucy kisses him.

John kisses back. After a moment, John pulls away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

- I'm going to move out of my apartment, and sell my car, if it's worth anything anymore -

LUCY

Don't sell your car.

JOHN

No?

LUCY

Let's drive around in it til it breaks down and won't move anymore.

This makes John laugh.

The two of them keep kissing.

95 INT. SOPHIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 95

Lucy sneaks back into Sophie's apartment. She looks into the bedroom to see that Sophie is asleep.

She takes off her socks and outerwear, and lays down on the couch.

She closes her eyes.

She falls deep asleep, as we hear the sound of New York City in the morning.

96 EXT. ANCIENT FIELDS - 20,000 B.C. - EARLY MORNING 96

We're back in the stone age.

CLOSE on wild flowers moving in the wind. The trees move too.

We watch as the young caveman and the young cavewoman from the first scene of the movie are sitting in the field of wildflowers. The young cavewoman looks pregnant.

They are eating a meal - eating what was hunted and gathered.

Over this image, we hear Lucy's voice, across time and space.

LUCY (V.O.)

I've been dreaming about the first people who got married. Two cavepeople who fell in love, in between the hunting and the gathering.

The two cavepeople look up at each other while eating, and without a word, they feel so moved to kiss each other.

There is something ancient in the way they kiss.

LUCY (V.O.)

And in my dream, I keep asking myself: What made them perfect for each other? Similar economic background? Politically aligned? Well-matched in their attractiveness? Similar upbringing?

Beat.

LUCY

Or was it something else? Something like you and me?

CROSS DISSOLVE TO -

97 OMITTED

97

98 EXT. HALAL CART - OUTSIDE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY-DAY

John waits for his turn at the halal cart. In his backpack is a bouquet of flowers from a bodega. He approaches the halal guy.

JOHN

Two chickens over rice.

Halal guy nods.

John picks up a couple sodas too, from the fridge unit attached to the cart.

He pays the guy with cash from his pocket.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He walks on to meet Lucy.

99 OMITTED 99

100 EXT. CENTRAL PARK STONE ARCH - SAME TIME 100

Lucy is walking, on the phone.

LUCY

I'm sad that you're leaving, Vi.

VIOLET (O.S.)

Me too, but they really need me at the London office. And I'm calling you first of all the Adore girls, because the C.E.O.s asked me which matchmaker should be asked to step up and be promoted to New York head, and I said it absolutely has to be you.

LUCY

Me?

VIOLET (O.S.)

Yes. You're getting a promotion.

Lucy starts laughing.

VIOLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

LUCY

I was going to give you my resignation letter tomorrow.

VIOLET (O.S.)

(shocked)

No, you weren't.

LUCY

I was. I printed it out and everything.

Lucy is still on the phone as she sits down on a bench.

VIOLET (O.S.)
 You can't quit. What would you do
 instead?

LUCY
 I honestly don't know. Maybe marry
 someone poor.

VIOLET (O.S.)
 (bewildered)
 I don't know what you're talking
 about.

Lucy laughs.

VIOLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Just think about it. Please? You
 can negotiate a crazy salary too.
 Ask for any amount you want, and
 I'll support you.

John enters the frame, holding the two styrofoam boxes from
 the halal cart, filled with food.

LUCY
 Okay.

VIOLET (O.S.)
 Okay?

LUCY
 Yeah, I'll think about it. Anyway,
 I gotta go - my boyfriend is here.

John joins her.

VIOLET (O.S.)
 Oh, I meant to ask. How did Sophie
 L.'s date go yesterday?

LUCY
 She liked him!

VIOLET (O.S.)
 Brian A., right?

LUCY
 Uh huh. 5'8". 36. Dentist. 200K
 before taxes. Looking for a nice
 girl.

John sets up the food and hands Lucy her box.

VIOLET (O.S.)
Sounds like a strong match.

LUCY
He liked her too. We're cautiously optimistic.

VIOLET (O.S.)
Good. You should know, Harry C. is going on his first date tonight. Rose made a very strong match: Gemma N. 30. An art dealer.

John pulls a flower from the bouquet of flowers he brought, and makes a little ring out of it.

LUCY
I really gotta go, Vi.

VIOLET (O.S.)
Fine, but hear the offer first...

LUCY
I will.

VIOLET (O.S.)
Call me.

Lucy hangs up. She turns to John and beams, who looks at her with love, holding the flower ring.

He seems a bit nervous, and fidgets with the flower ring.

LUCY
Hey.

JOHN
Hi.

Lucy looks down at the flower ring in his hand.

She looks up at him. *Is that...?*

John smiles, uncertain, careful. *Yes, this is exactly what it looks like.*

He speaks tentatively, and humbly, with a sense of humor:

JOHN (CONT'D)
How would you like to make a very bad financial decision?

Lucy beams at him.

She looks so touched and excited and happy. She looks as if she's just been proposed to with a 10-carat diamond ring, a thousand of roses, and a string quartet.

She nods, simply and enthusiastically. She doesn't say a word, but it's a **yes**.

This moves John to tears. Lucy reaches over and pets his face.

John takes her hand, and puts the ring on her finger, exactly the same way as the young caveman did in the opening scene of the film.

WIDE of the two of them, gazing at each other - tenderly, carefully - in love.

END OF FILM.

101

INT. NEW YORK CITY MARRIAGE BUREAU - MORNING

101

CREDITS ROLL over the mundane and static wide of the main hall. It's a really unique place that feels at once like a sausage factory and a church.

We can see the amazing variety of couples walking in to get married.

Some are having a full mini-wedding right there in the hall, all dressed up, with all of their family present.

Some are in shorts and t-shirts, with backpacks on.

The audience may not notice, but we spy in the corner of the hall the young caveman and the young cavewoman, too.

Every single couple is different - different story, different kinds of love - but they're all here to do the same ancient thing.

At one point, even though the audience might not notice, John and Lucy walk in. John is in a suit. Lucy is in a casual white dress holding a bouquet.

They go to the booth to get a marriage certificate, and when they realize they need a witness, they ask someone to come be their witness.

We watch them take a number, sit down on one of the benches, and wait for their number to get called like at a sandwich shop.

They look so happy.