

WITH LOVE, LUCY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

High-rise apartment building standing amidst several others.

A woman is peering through binoculars. LUCY, 40-something, a curious and slightly offbeat newspaper editor, is surveying the suites of a neighboring building.

Suddenly, perspective is flipped, and we see what she sees.

Looking in on a cozy apartment, a young girl is sitting at a desk doing her homework. She gets up to survey the contents of the fridge, which is almost empty, save a few white take-out boxes. She dumps some noodles onto a plate and we pivot to another suite in the same building.

This time an elderly man sits in a recliner with a folding table propped in front of him, an unappetizing TV dinner sits untouched. Lucy slowly scans the contents of his cluttered apartment, closing in on framed military medals.

She moves on to the suite below and suddenly locks eyes with another nosy peeper, causing her to promptly drop her binoculars and hit the deck.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

The line is long at a Lower Manhattan coffee shop as morning commuters internalize their pre-coffee fury.

Lucy desperately tries to will the line forward, looking at the clock on her phone for the twentieth time.

The BUSINESS MAN in line in front of her chimes in.

BUSINESS MAN

Frantically checking your phone every few seconds while exhaling irritatingly loud is not going to make this line move any faster.

LUCY

Right, well, you don't have to deliver coffee -- extra, extra hot! -- to the devil herself before 8am, so mind your own business.

The man rolls his eyes, returning to a pissed off posture as the line inches along.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy trots quickly to her desk, dropping her bag en route to the boss's office.

CHRISTINE, 50, the managing editor who wears real fur but fancies herself woke, doesn't bother to look up as Lucy delivers her extra extra hot brew with one minute to spare.

She promptly takes a sip.

CHRISTINE

It's a bit cold.

LUCY

Sorry, boss. I'll have the barista put one of those plug thingy's in the lid next time to retain the...

CHRISTINE

(interrupting)

Thank you, Lucy.

Lucy walks quickly to her desk, tearing off her heavy, wintery attire and sinks into her chair.

TREVOR

A bit late, aren't we?

TREVOR, a 30-something gossip columnist with a penchant for pops of color, is Lucy's cousin and closest friend. Lucy shoots up in her chair.

LUCY

Jesus, Trev. Are you trying to kill me?

TREVOR

Here, I brought you a coffee. Assuming you were preoccupied trying to satisfy Satan over there.

LUCY

(low voice)

Keep your voice down.

Suddenly, life switches to slo-mo as JAMES, 40-something, a bookish senior editor, turns the corner and breezes by Lucy's desk. She freezes.

TREVOR

Hey. Oy, Luce. Are you with me?

LUCY  
Yes, yes. Totally with you.

TREVOR  
I've gotta run. Hot lead on Clooney family photos in Como. Here, they were handing these out on the subway this morning.

Trevor hands Lucy some meal delivery vouchers. She fixates for a moment as an idea surfaces.

INT. ITALIAN DELI - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy finds herself in another long line, except in this one no one internalizes their fury.

She pushes her way to the front to tear off a number -- 69. An older, slightly PERVY FELLOW giggles and looks her up and down.

LUCY  
Gross.

DELI MANAGER  
(shouting)  
Sixty seven! Sixty eight! Going once, going twice! Okay, how about sixty nine!

LUCY  
That's me! Sixty nine, me!

The collective volume of the deli quietens down a notch as everyone turns to stare at Lucy.

DELI MANAGER  
Alright, sixty nine, what'll be?

Lucy squeezes her way to the front of the animated crowd.

LUCY  
I'd like a pound of the pasta salad, the crab ravioli, and gnocchi with marinara. Oh! And a small tiramisu. Please.

DELI MANAGER  
Having a dinner party tonight?

LUCY  
(mouth full of samples)  
Something like that.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME NIGHT

A couple exiting the building holds the door open for Lucy, who is wearing a cap pulled down low and dark rim glasses.

Balancing overflowing bags of food, she nods at the concierge as she scoots her way across the lobby.

LUCY  
(shouting)  
Mobile Eats delivery!

The concierge nods back, barely looking up from his book, as Lucy ducks into the elevator.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME NIGHT

Stepping out of the elevator, Lucy looks down at the compass app on her phone.

She tentatively approaches an apartment door and knocks, gently.

LUCY  
(whispering)  
Oh god, please be it.

A young girl opens the door and peers through the chain lock. JOY, 10, is street smart, studious and often left home alone.

JOY  
Can I help you?

LUCY  
Hello, delivery from Mobile Eats.

JOY  
We didn't order anything. I think you might have the wrong place.

LUCY  
Oh, is your mother or father home?

JOY  
Yes but they're...busy.

LUCY  
Alright, well, the food will just go to waste so you're welcome to take it, if you'd like.

Joy slowly releases the chain lock and opens the door only marginally more, sticking her arm out to take the bag.

JOY

Maybe my mom ordered it and forgot.  
For my birthday.

LUCY

Is it your birthday today? Happy  
birthday! How old did you turn  
today?

JOY

Ten. Did my mom say she ordered  
this for my birthday?

LUCY

I don't take the orders, I'm  
afraid. It's all done through an  
app.

JOY

Okay, well, thank you.

LUCY

You're most...

Joy closes and locks the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

...welcome.

Lucy wanders the hallway, adjusting the compass on her phone  
as another RESIDENT notices her.

RESIDENT

You alright?

LUCY

(fumbling)

Yep, fine thanks.

She arrives at another apartment and knocks. FRANK, 80, a war  
veteran and widower, receives very few visitors these days.

FRANK O.S.

Who is it?

LUCY

It's Mobile Eats. I have a delivery  
for you.

FRANK

Is that like Meals on Wheels?  
Because I'm not old enough for  
Meals on Wheels, you know.

LUCY  
Nothing like that, sir.

FRANK  
Well, I didn't order anything.  
You've got the wrong apartment.

LUCY  
The meal is complimentary. It's  
for...uh...a promotion! Everyone on  
your floor gets free meals today.  
Compliments of Mobile Eats.

Frank slowly opens the door.

FRANK  
In that case. Thank you very much.

LUCY  
You're very welcome.

He smiles and closes the door. Lucy pops a celebratory fist pump into the air. The same resident from before walks by again, startled by her spastic gesture.

EXT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Lucy is greeted by a morbidly obese cat. FREDDIE, her faithful companion, let's out an urgent meow.

LUCY  
I hear you, Freddie. Coming right  
up.

Lucy fills his dish with food and pulls out the pasta salad from her pseudo delivery bag.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Bon appetit!

The cat sniffs at the food and wanders away.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Come on, Fred. The vet said you  
need to trim down a bit. It's like  
the South Beach Diet for cats.

Freddie hops onto the couch and hides beneath a blanket.

Lucy digs into her dinner, while staring out the window.

A beat later, she trades her meal for binoculars, spotting Joy sitting at the kitchen table in front of empty food containers.

Joy holds up a lighter, ignites the flame and watches it for a moment before blowing it out.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Where is her mom? Poor thing, all  
alone on her birthday.

Lucy scans over to Frank's apartment.

He's sitting in an old recliner watching TV, still nibbling at the dinner Lucy delivered, from a folding table.

She surveys the framed photos on a hutch behind him, zeroing in on a large black and white image of a couple on their wedding day.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I know what it's like to miss  
someone.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK

A large group of mourners attend a funeral.

Lucy tosses two roses into a grave as caskets are lowered. Trevor comforts her.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Lucy lights a candle next to a photo of a couple.

LUCY  
Good night mom. Good night dad.

INT. JOY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

A woman arrives with balloons and a cake. JAN, 30, is a loving single mother who works long hours.

She finds Joy fast asleep in her bedroom.

JAN  
(whispering, deflated)  
I missed it.



Jan places the balloons next to Joy's bed, kisses her forehead, and watches her daughter for a beat before closing the bedroom door.

INT. GYM - MORNING

Lucy and Trevor are sweating it out to the peppy direction of a spandex-clad SPIN INSTRUCTOR. His playlist is pure pop star circa early 2000s.

LUCY

(panting)

You're a horrible human for talking me into this.

TREVOR

Give it a chance! You're burning like 20 calories per minute.

LUCY

Oh yeah? Why are my thighs still taunting each other like little Sumo wrestlers?

SPIN INSTRUCTOR

(enthusiastic)

Okay, team. We only benefit when we're fully present, embracing the burn! Focus!

LUCY

Oh, I'm focusing. On the breakfast burrito with bacon I'm going to consume the moment we're out of here.

SPIN INSTRUCTOR

Hello, Miss? Yes, you in the pink parachute pants. Is there something you'd like to share with the class?

LUCY

(shouting)

I said, I'm focusing on the...

TREVOR

(interrupting, shouting)

...green smoothie we'll be indulging in for our recovery meal after class!

SPIN INSTRUCTOR

That's what I thought you said. Now  
ride, bitches, ride!

INT. OFFICE - SAME DAY

Lucy and Trevor arrive at the office. Trevor looks invigorated while Lucy looks like she's been ridden hard and put away wet.

Christine appears out of nowhere.

CHRISTINE

Lucy, let's jam. I've got a big project for you. Wait, what on earth have you done to your hair?

LUCY

Spin class.

CHRISTINE

You slay me. Anyway, we're working on a series of articles that require significant research. Might lead to some late nights, hope you don't mind.

LUCY

Not at all, boss.

Christine drops a heavy file on Lucy's desk.

CHRISTINE

Fabulous. Let's touch base on your notes before the end of the week.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Lucy is burning the midnight oil, hunched over her messy desk. Only a few other colleagues remain in the office, one of which is James.

She discreetly applies some lip gloss, checks her teeth and turns her desk lamp off.

On the way out she stops at James' desk.

LUCY

You're working late.

JAMES

Just trying to get ahead. As much as possible, anyway. My daughter has an art show tomorrow so I'm hoping to duck out early.

Lucy points to a frame on James' desk.

LUCY

Is this her?

JAMES

Yep.

LUCY

She's beautiful.

JAMES

Full credit goes to her late mother for that.

LUCY

Right. I'm sorry, James.

JAMES

It's alright.

LUCY

An artist too, you must be really proud.

JAMES

I'm really lucky, she's a terrific kid. I should get back to it.

LUCY

Oh, of course! Sorry for yammering on.

JAMES

(smiling warmly)  
You weren't yammering.

LUCY

Well, goodnight.

JAMES

Night Lucy.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy arrives home from work. Freddie circles at her feet.

LUCY  
Hey Fred, how was your day? You  
hungry?

Lucy feeds the fat feline and ducks into her bedroom.

LUCY O.S.  
(shouting)  
Have you been watching over our  
friends today?

Remerging in pajamas, Lucy picks up her binoculars and switches off the lights.

She scans the building next door, stopping first at Joy's apartment and then Frank's -- both are dark.

She surveys a few more apartments -- a candlelit dinner, a dinner party, a party raging slightly out of control -- until fixating on a family of six sitting on a mattress in the middle of their living room. The rest of the apartment appears mostly empty.

The mother is cradling a baby.

LUCY  
Wear is all their stuff?

Lucy watches until the children are asleep and the light goes dark.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
They can't all be sleeping on that  
mattress together. Can they?

She moves on to the apartment next door and sees a teenage boy sitting in front of a vanity, applying lipstick.

He smiles at himself in the mirror before grabbing a tissue and wiping his face clean.

Lucy lowers her binoculars and stares out onto the sparkling skyline.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Clicking onto the "rise and grind" playlist on her phone, Lucy dances whimsically across her bedroom as Freddie looks on.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME DAY

Lucy is sandwiched uncomfortably between two large men on the subway.

She pops in her earbuds to drown out commuter chaos with an uplifting PODCASTER.

PODCASTER

You're in your 40s. And that's okay. This doesn't mean there isn't a man out there who will find you sexy and exciting. It just means you're going to have to be a little more realistic about who it is you think you're going to attract. For instance, strike bald men from your list of deal breakers. Divorcees with kids too. Be open to finding love under slightly different circumstances than you thought you might in your 20s.

Lucy violently rips the buds from her ears, accidentally swatting the man to her left.

LUCY

Sorry.

EXT. LUCY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Lucy emerges from the elevator, bumping right into James.

LUCY

Oh! Hello.

JAMES

Good morning.

James smiles and continues without breaking his stride, leaving Lucy standing in a pool of metaphorical love goo.

She settles into her cube, flips open her laptop and quickly lapses into a day dream.

Romantic music plays as Lucy dreams of she and James strolling hand-in-hand in a dewy meadow.

Suddenly, Christine comes into frame with a stack of files.

LUCY

(lucidly)

What are you doing in my dream?

CHRISTINE  
 Pardon me? Hello!  
 (annoyed)  
 Come back to earth, Lucy, for god  
 sake.

Lucy quickly snaps out of her trance and looks up at her scowling boss.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
 How's that research project coming  
 along?

LUCY  
 Great! I think we're really close  
 to unlocking some interesting story  
 points.

CHRISTINE  
 Excellent. I'll need a summary by  
 Friday.

LUCY  
 You got it, boss.

Lucy waits for Christine to disappear into her office before typing "city of new york logos" into the search bar.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy is shopping for linens and towels and has accumulated a hefty cart full of items. A chatty CASHIER rings her up.

CASHIER  
 If you sign up for a store credit  
 card today, you'll get 20% off your  
 purchase.

LUCY  
 No, thank you.

CASHIER  
 You'd be saving approximately  
 twenty five dollars ma'am.

LUCY  
 I'm in kind of a hurry.

CASHIER  
 Twenty five bucks gets you a lot  
 more linens, ma'am.

Lucy stares blankly at the cashier.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME NIGHT

Lucy struggles to carry several, overflowing bags to the subway.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME NIGHT

Lucy is sitting in the lobby applying a City of New York label to a baseball cap.

She pulls on the disguise, gathers her bags and walks towards the elevator with authority.

The CONCIERGE monitors her movements.

CONCERIGE

Excuse me. Are you a resident?

LUCY

Just dropping off a delivery.

He surveys Lucy suspiciously before returning to his book.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME NIGHT

Lucy peeks her head out of the elevator before stepping out.

She wanders slowly, studying her compass app.

LUCY

This has got to be it.

Lucy knocks quietly and a man opens the door. BASSMA, 35, has recently immigrated to the United States with his family.

BASSMA

Yes?

LUCY

Good evening, sir. We have you listed as new to the City of New York.

BASSMA

Yes, but I've got my paperwork.

LUCY

Oh, no no. I'm here to welcome you. On behalf of the...mayor's office! Here you go.

Lucy hands him the overflowing bags of house wares.

BASSMA  
Thank you. What is this?

LUCY  
It's a welcome package! Just a few things to help you get settled in. We do this for all new residents.

BASSMA  
You do?

LUCY  
Yep!

A set of little fingers are suddenly wrapped around the pinky of Bassma's weathered hand. The soft voice of NIJAH, 6, interrupts their conversation.

NIJAH  
Who is it, Abee?

BASSMA  
Not now, you go on back inside.

Bassma gently coaxes his daughter away from the door.

BASSMA (CONT'D)  
Well, thank you very much. I had no idea. Really, it is much appreciated.

LUCY  
You're welcome. And welcome to New York!

The man closes and locks the door. Lucy smiles to herself as she hurries to the elevator.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Back home, Lucy is feeding Freddie.

LUCY  
Fred, you should have seen this little girl. Such a sweet family, I hope our gift gives them a little comfort.

Lucy pours a glass of wine and checks her dating app. Zero activity.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Huh.



She swipes left and right, slowly at first, progressing to a furious series of rights.

Suddenly, something occurs to her.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I totally could have blown my  
cover. I have no idea if they just  
moved here or not.

Lucy picks up her binoculars and zeros in on the family's apartment.

The mother is unpacking the sheets and making up the bed she shares with her husband and children.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
But it certainly appears that way.

The mother kisses her children and tucks them into their newly outfitted bed.

Lucy spots Nijah nestled up to her siblings. Her eyes are shut, but she's smiling.

ONE WEEK LATER

New York City has transformed into a winter wonderland of festive window displays, holiday merriment and creepy street Santas.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy is carefully applying a generous layer of liquid eyeliner. Christmas music plays in the background.

Her apartment is decked out in tacky-yet-spirited decor, including an overloaded little tree leaning to one side.

LUCY  
What do you think, Fred?  
(holding up dresses)  
Red or black?

Lucy awkwardly attempts to squeeze her bits into a pair of Spanx, making it partway before taking a break for a slug of wine.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I. Can. Do. This.

She emerges from the bedroom ready to go in red.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Tad-a!

Freddie runs and hides.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Tough crowd. Shit, I'm late. Just one quick peek to check in on everybody.

Lucy lowers the lights and pulls her binoculars to her overly made-up face.

Starting with Joy, who is alone stringing popcorn, she moves on to Frank who is watching an old movie and eventually Bassma and his family who are sitting in a circle sharing a meal. Finally, she moves onto the apartment of the teenage boy.

SAM, 17, an aspiring designer exploring his gender identity is arguing with his father, who suddenly strikes him across the face.

Shocked, Lucy drops her binoculars.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

She looks again, this time Sam is alone.

He sits on the edge of the bed holding his face while his father paces in the next room.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That poor kid.

A moment passes before Sam pulls out a large pad of paper and begins to sketch.

Lucy watches for a few moments more.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Okay, now I'm really late.

Throwing her coat on, she heads for the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Night, Fred. Don't wait up!

INT. HOLIDAY PARTY - SAME NIGHT

Lucy arrives with Trevor and they immediately hit the host bar.

The room is rife with false pleasantries and drunken displays, sure to be regaled around the water cooler on Monday.

COWORKERS line up to take advantage of the free booze.

COWORKER

I'll have a triple vodka Red Bull.

TREVOR

This place is about to get nice and sloppy.

LUCY

Let's promise not to make it to sloppy.

TREVOR

Sloppy is my middle name.

They finally make their way to the front of the line.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

White wine and a double vodka soda, please.

LUCY

We should mingle. Look, there's that girl who covers engagement announcements. Anna, I think. I'd kill for that gig.

TREVOR

Really? You'd kill to rattle off which ivy league college Brad and Bridget met at or what pedigree their parents are? How vile.

LUCY

Stop. She gets to write about love stories. It's romantic.

TREVOR

It's vomit-inducing.

LUCY

Quiet, here she comes.

ANNA, 26, who has ballerina stature and skin that glows like a Disney princess, makes her way to the bar.

Lucy steps into her path, spilling her white wine down the front of Anna's designer dress.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I'm so sorry! Here, let me get that.

Lucy grabs a fistful of cocktail napkins and aggressively dabs at Anna's décolletage.

ANNA

(annoyed)

Excuse me! Hey! It's alright, just, let me do it.

LUCY

I loved your piece last week on the couple who met in Cape Cod.

Anna looks down her perfectly straight nose at Lucy.

ANNA

Do I know you?

LUCY

Lucy, features editor. This is Trevor, he oversees our gossip column.

TREVOR

Hey there.

Suddenly a group of people surround Anna, pushing Lucy and Trevor outside of the proverbial in-crowd.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Come on, let's dance.

Trevor and Lucy hit the dance floor just as a familiar song begins to play. They dazzle the crowd with their semi-rehearsed routine.

LUCY

We've still got it, cuz!

TREVOR

Right?

(a beat)

So listen, Luce.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Mom and dad have been on me about bringing you home for the holidays. What do you think?

LUCY

I don't know.

TREVOR

It'll be great! We'll watch a million movies and raid dad's secret stash of pricey booze. We'll stay in our pajamas all day, everyday.

LUCY

I have Freddie to think about and I love being in the city for the holidays.

TREVOR

I know. We just worry about you, being alone, you know? And the holidays are much more palatable with you there.

LUCY

I'm fine, really. With mom and dad gone now, Christmas just feels different. I'd rather volunteer and stay close to home. You'll be fine without me.

TREVOR

Hardly.

LUCY

I'm starving, let's get some food.

James arrives and the party switches to slo-mo.

Lucy retreats to an immediate trance, locking eyes with James just as a sizable dollop of crab dip hits her dress.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

TREVOR

Oops! Here's a napkin. Promise me you'll think about it.

LUCY

Sure. Be right back.

Lucy hands her plate to Trevor and trots off to the women's restroom, knocking into a few people on the way.

James smiles, marveling over Lucy's clumsy antics, and watches her until she disappears.

He waits outside the women's restroom until Lucy finally emerges.

JAMES

Hello.

LUCY

Hello.

JAMES

Having a good time?

LUCY

I was just about to head out, actually. Many, many parties to hit tonight. You know how it is.

Noticing the giant stain on Lucy's dress, James deliberately spills some of his shrimp cocktail down the front of his shirt.

Lucy's face goes flush. She smiles.

JAMES

Care to dance?

James places his glass down, taking Lucy's hand and leading her to the dance floor. An obnoxious dance track suddenly switches to a slow song.

He pulls Lucy in close.

1 HOUR LATER

Lucy and James are tearing up the dance floor. They are the embodiment of 'dance like no one is watching'.

A crowd begins to form and Trevor appears, leading their colleagues to clap in tandem and cheer them on.

James looks down at his watch.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(breathless)

Lucy, I'm so sorry, but I've actually got to go.

LUCY  
Oh, okay. That's cool.

JAMES  
I completely lost track of time. I need to pick my daughter up from her grandparents. And you, you've got parties to go to!

LUCY  
Right, yes, many parties.

James comes in close.

JAMES  
I had a great time tonight. Sorry I've got to run, but have fun party-hopping. See you Monday.

LUCY  
See you Monday.

Trevor is preoccupied mid-kiss with someone by the punch bowl. Lucy calls it a night.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME NIGHT

Lucy is a million miles away from the chilly subway car she sits in, smiling to herself as thoughts of James swirl.

She snaps out of bliss-mode long enough to notice a teenage boy dressed in woman's clothing, adjusting his hair with a hand mirror. It's Sam. He catches a glimpse of Lucy staring at him through his mirror. She quickly looks away.

Sam gets off at the next stop and Lucy follows, barely squeezing off the train before the door closes.

She follows Sam out of the subway and into a nearby drag club, where he walks straight in. Lucy is stopped by the DOORMAN.

DOORMAN  
You performing tonight?

LUCY  
Excuse me?

DOORMAN  
Show starts in 10 minutes, you better hurry and get backstage.

LUCY

Oh, I'm not....I mean, thanks!  
Better hurry and get my wig on!

Demoralized, yet determined, Lucy trudges onwards into the dark club.

INT. DRAG CLUB - SAME NIGHT

Lucy bellies up to the bar as the BARTENDER slaps down a crusty coaster.

LUCY

Seltzer, please.

She watches a drag queen hit the stage to a sassy rendition of a holiday classic.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I love this place.

BARTENDER

Sorry?

LUCY

(shouting)

I love this place!

The bartender nods as Lucy marvels at the towering Queen, made ever more statuesque with six inch heels.

She spots Sam, who is sitting with a few other people. He's laughing and having a good time until he locks eyes with Lucy.

She quickly spins her bar stool around, facing the opposite direction.

SAM

I've gotta go. See you guys  
tomorrow.

Suddenly, Sam gets up and heads towards the exit. Lucy follows.

EXT. STREET - SAME NIGHT

Sam turns down a dark street and Lucy trails him, not-so-inconspicuously.



Suddenly, TWO ATTACKERS appear out of nowhere, pushing Sam to the ground. They take turns viciously kicking him in the ribs.

ATTACKER 1  
Nice lipstick, dude.

ATTACKER 2  
Ugliest chick I've ever seen.

Lucy emerges from the shadows.

LUCY  
Hey. Hey! Leave him alone.

ATTACKER 1  
Who the fuck are you, his fairy  
godmother?

One of the men holds Sam down while the other lunges towards Lucy, who unleashes a can of pepper spray into his face.

The other man lets Sam go to tend to his friend.

ATTACKER 2  
Crazy bitch!

Sirens sound in he background.

ATTACKER 1  
Forget it, let's get out of here!

The two men flee as Lucy approaches Sam, who is writhing in pain.

LUCY  
Are you alright? Can I take you to  
a hospital?

SAM  
I'm fine! Are you following me?

LUCY  
No, I was just on my way home  
and...

SAM  
(interrupting, pleading)  
Please, just leave me alone.

Sam manages to stand and limps away as Lucy watches, helpless.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Lucy immediately grabs her binoculars and checks on Sam, but only his father appears to be home.

An easel is visible in Sam's bedroom displaying a sketch of a glamorous gown.

LUCY

Wow, that's gorgeous. I hope he's okay.

She turns off the lights and plugs in her little tree before collapsing onto the couch. Her phone bings.

TREVOR (TEXT)

Did u get home safe? U disappeared!

LUCY (TEXT)

Yep. U were busy devouring that guy <kiss emoji> didn't want to interrupt.

TREVOR (TEXT)

At his place now, in bathroom going thru medicine cabinet <pill emoji>.

LUCY (TEXT)

Classy <eye roll emoji>.

TREVOR (TEXT)

Think about coming home for xmas. <snowman emoji> Duck, gotta go.

Lucy puts her phone down and snuggles up to Freddie.

LUCY

I feel like I'm needed here.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Lucy is awoken by a loud knock at the door. Last night's make-up is smeared across her face.

She staggers to the door with one eye open and peers through the peep hole. It's JOE, 55, the brash but big-hearted fellow who manages the building.

Lucy swings open the door and Joe gasps.

JOE

What did you do to your face?

LUCY

Good morning to you too.

JOE

Thought I'd stop by to make sure you didn't commit suicide by way of Christmas light strangulation.

LUCY

How shockingly descriptive of you.

JOE

I know you're usually alone during the holidays, just thought I'd check in on ya.

LUCY

Well that's awfully nice of you, but I was at a party last night. About to make myself a bloody mary, actually. Hung to the tits.

JOE

Alright, miss socialite, I'll leave you to it. I'm having a little holiday get together tonight. You should come!

LUCY

I have plans later, but I'll try and stop by on my way out.

JOE

Alright. Go wash your face.

Lucy rolls her eyes and closes the door.

INT. CAFE - SAME DAY

Lucy is standing in a lengthy lineup.

A barista argues with the CAFE MANAGER. SCOTT, 30, an angry hipster with a sense of entitlement, is holding up production.

Patrons are getting pissed.

CAFE MANAGER

I told you, I need you until closing. Look at that line!

SCOTT

You don't understand, I'm under a self-imposed deadline. I'm writing a piece on modern masculinity...

CAFE MANAGER

(interrupting)

I don't care if the Queen of England is expecting you for tea! I need you here, and if you'd like to keep your job, I suggest you get going on that extra hot americano.

Scott rips off his apron and heads for the door as his boss yells after him. The lineup let's out a collective groan.

He brushes by Lucy on the way out.

LUCY

Dramatic millennials, am I right?

The MAN standing in front of Lucy looks down his glasses at her and says nothing.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

The space is sparsely decorated, mainly packed book shelves and stacks of magazines.

Scott is furiously typing away on his laptop. He leans back in his chair before springing to his feet to survey the contents of his fridge.

He picks up a take-out carton and takes a whiff.

SCOTT

Smells alright.

Wrapped in a ragged blanket, he perches next to a window and digs in to the leftover noodles. A beat later, he puts down the food and picks up some binoculars.

Moving slowly from one apartment to the next, he skips over a woman who is also peering through binoculars, then quickly moves back to her. Lucy. He observes her for a while until his mobile rings.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hey mom. No, that article didn't publish. I know, I just need you to cover one more month's rent. I had to cut back at the cafe to focus on writing.

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yes, I know I can't keep borrowing money. I'm on the verge of something big, I can feel it. Just one more month. Please, help me out. Thanks, you're the best.

Scott abandons his rotten ramen and resumes watching Lucy.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I wonder who you're watching, lady.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joe's tiny dwelling is wall-to-wall with an eclectic mix of people that could a) be his friends or b) a culmination of acquaintances randomly invited with the promise of free food. There's a loud wrap at the door.

Lucy, decked out in a snowflake-adorned sweater and earrings to match, is holding a large bowl and a bottle of wine.

JOE

Lucy! Glad you came.  
What's this?

LUCY

It's only my famous spinach dip. You'll need something to dip into it, though. Oh, and here's some wine.

JOE

Thanks! Come in, help yourself to some food. There's a stack of cups and some markers, if you want to write your name.

LUCY

Fancy.

Lucy meanders her way through the party, bobbing subtly to the music.

She pours a generous helping of eggnog into her plastic, sharpie-monogrammed cup. A TALL MAN bumps into her.

TALL MAN

Oh, sorry, didn't see you there. Wait, was I supposed to wear a tacky Christmas sweater?  
(shouting over the crowd)  
Is this a tacky Christmas sweater party?

Lucy looks down at the festive winter scene emblazoned across her chest.

LUCY

Oh, no. I'm heading to another party after this.

TALL MAN

Oh.

Embarrassed, Lucy slams back her egg nog. Holiday music drowns out the awkward conversations around her as she snakes her way to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Lucy inspects herself in the mirror.

She considers crawling out the window for a beat, but upon further inspection of the tricky maneuvering required to do so, she adjusts her outfit instead.

LUCY

This sweater is fierce, fuck that guy.

Lucy rejoins the party.

JOE

There you are. Having a good time?

LUCY

I am! Great party. Thanks for inviting me, but I've got to move on to the next soiree.

JOE

So soon? I haven't even served the meatballs yet.

LUCY

Save me a few. Thanks, Joe.

Lucy kisses Joe on the cheek and pulls on her coat.

JOE

Stay warm out there, it's a cold one tonight.

Lucy waits until the door closes behind her before turning towards the elevator to head back to her apartment, but hesitates.

Wrapping her scarf around her neck, she heads for the front entrance instead.

INT. BAR - SAME NIGHT

Lucy hoists herself onto a bar stool and orders a glass of wine. The place is quaint and cozy and adorned with enough twinkle lights to fail fire inspection. The BARTENDER places a glass down and pours.

BARTENDER  
Here you go. Cheers.

LUCY  
Cheers.

Lucy flips open her phone and taps her Facebook app.

She searches for James. Bingo, his profile pops up right away with 4 mutual friends. Her thumb hovers nervously over the 'friend request' button.

The bartender wipes down the space next to her, catching a glimpse at what she's up to.

BARTENDER  
Do it.

LUCY  
What?

BARTENDER  
Friend him.

LUCY  
Who?

BARTENDER  
The guy you're cyber-stalking.

LUCY  
Excuse me, I'm not stalking anyone.

BARTENDER  
(sarcastic)  
Sorry, the guy you're observing on  
the internet.

LUCY  
Nah.

Lucy places her phone face-down on the sticky bar.

BARTENDER

It's the holidays. Everyone's in a romantic mood this time of year, what have you got to lose? Friend him.

LUCY

Nope.

BARTENDER

What's your name?

LUCY

Lucy.

BARTENDER

Friend him, Lucy.

The bartender's persistence irritates Lucy, at first. But eventually she softens. Maybe it's the twinkle lights. Maybe it's the warmth of the wine.

Suddenly, Lucy picks up her phone and without thinking, hits 'friend request'.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Lucy and Freddie are watching holiday flicks and nibbling at Christmas confections.

As the credits roll, Lucy emerges and reaches for her binoculars, scanning the usual suites. Lights off across the board, save Joy's bedroom. She stops to adjust her focus.

Joy is alone, hanging paper snowflakes in her window.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Scott is sitting in the dark watching Lucy watch her beloved subjects.

SCOTT

Why do you always watch the same apartments, mystery stalker. What's so special about these people?

Scott scribbles some notes down and watches, attentively.



INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Lucy is still watching Joy, still nibbling at Christmas confections, when suddenly her phone lights up. James has accepted her friend request.

She quickly turns to face Freddie, startling him.

LUCY

This next year is going to be a good year, Fred. I can feel it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Lucy is bundled up and strolling through Central Park when she spots Frank sitting alone on a bench, tossing pieces of his bagel for the winter birds to feast on.

She grabs an abandoned newspaper and subtly slides onto Frank's bench.

LUCY

Chilly one today, hey?

FRANK

Yes, it is. It's lovely, though. The air seems cleaner this time of year. Or maybe my nose is just frozen, so I wouldn't know any better.

LUCY

Good point. I'll remember to dip my nose into a bucket of ice in the thick of summer when the dumpsters are steaming.

Frank laughs and smiles warmly.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm going to grab a nice hot coffee. Care for one?

FRANK

Oh that's awfully kind of you, but I'm okay.

LUCY

Are you sure? I'm getting one anyway.

FRANK

Alright, then.

LUCY  
Cream? Sugar?

FRANK  
Just black, thanks.

LUCY  
Me too. Be right back.

Lucy walks over to the coffee stand and returns with two steaming cups.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Here you go.

FRANK  
Thanks so much. You know, you seem awfully familiar. Have we met before?

LUCY  
I don't think so? I'm Lucy.

FRANK  
Frank. Good to meet you.

LUCY  
Look, Frank. I don't know about you but I'm freezing my butt off. Fancy a walk?

FRANK  
Love to.

Lucy and Frank stroll through Poet's Walk and end up at Bethesda Fountain.

Pigeons swirl at their feet as rosy-cheeked tourists take photos.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I love birds. Some might call me a bird nerd.

LUCY  
Can't say I've ever met a bona fied bird nerd before.

FRANK  
Oh no? Well, I find birds to be excellent company. They always show up.

LUCY

Especially if you have a warm bagel  
in your hand.

FRANK

Most definitely if you have a warm  
bagel in your hand. They're very  
entertaining to watch. So spirited  
and resourceful.

LUCY

True.

FRANK

It reminds me of my favorite quote,  
by J.M. Barrie, the creator of...

LUCY

(interrupting)  
Peter Pan.

FRANK

Yes! Very good. "The reason birds  
can fly and we can't is simply  
because they have perfect faith,  
for to have faith is to have  
wings."

LUCY

We could all learn something from  
the birds in this park.

FRANK

How to get free lunch, if nothing  
else.

Lucy and Frank laugh like old friends.

EXT. FRANK'S BUILDING - SAME DAY

Lucy escorts Frank back to his building.

FRANK

This is me. So nice of you to walk  
me home, you didn't have to do  
that.

LUCY

Don't be silly. I told you, I'm  
visiting a friend in this  
neighborhood. In fact, she lives  
one block away.

FRANK

What a strange coincidence. Mind you, nothing surprises me in this city.

LUCY

Really? I feel like I'm surprised most of the time, for better or for worse. Here, let me give you my number. In case you feel like grabbing another coffee sometime?

Lucy reaches into her bag and pulls out a pen and napkin, scribbling her digits down. She hands the napkin to Frank.

FRANK

Great, thank you. I don't have a cellular phone but I can give you my regular phone number, unless that's not cool these days.

LUCY

Totally cool. In fact, the hipsters are reverting back to landlines so you're way ahead of the curve. Here, type it in there.

Lucy hands Frank her phone.

FRANK

What's a hipster?

LUCY

You, sir, are a hipster. Now get inside, it's freezing out here!

FRANK

Alright. It was great meeting you, Lucy.

LUCY

You too.

Lucy watches Frank as he makes his way into the building, disappearing into an elevator.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy is engulfed in a glittery pile of gift wrap and ribbons.

Holiday music blares a few decibels too high as Freddie sulks in a snug sweater.

Suddenly, her binoculars surface amidst the mess. She drops what she's doing to peek in on Bassma and his family, who are playing a card game. Furniture is still sparse.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Scott is sitting in the dark by a window, his laptop providing the only light. He's watching Lucy.

SCOTT

Look at that mess of consumerism.  
This chick is a trip, man.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Lucy piles gifts beneath the tree and gathers some unwrapped toys, placing them into a large bag.

She resumes her surveillance of the family.

LUCY

I hope the kids like these.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

SCOTT

Why is she so fixated on these  
people?

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Lucy is nibbling at a cookie, still watching the family. Freddie hovers beneath to Hoover up the crumbs.

LUCY

They look like they're doing really  
well, Fred. They look happy.

The phone rings.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hey Trev.

INT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST - SAME TIME

Trevor is laying on a twin sized bed staring up at the ceiling, which is plastered with George Michael posters.

A bedside lava lamp lights up the room a festive shade of green.

TREVOR

Luce! Finally, I've been trying to get a hold of you all day.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

LUCY

Sorry, I was out walking and forgot to call you back.

TREVOR

Why on earth were you out walking?

LUCY

What is it, Trev?

TREVOR

It's no fun here without you. Who's going to laugh when I turn down Grandma's hearing aid?

LUCY

I wouldn't laugh at that.

TREVOR

What are your plans for Christmas day? Movie marathon? Masturbating to the guy who plays Carl in Love Actually? Wait, those are my plans.

LUCY

Volunteering at the soup kitchen, actually. Then I might stop by Joe's for dinner.

TREVOR

The super? You should. Nothing beats a Christmas cannoli.

LUCY

James accepted my Facebook request.

Trevor shoots up in his teenage bed.

TREVOR

What the what, now? You friended him? That was rather rogue of you. I'm impressed!

LUCY

A little liquid courage may have helped, but he accepted so I must not be that creepy.

TREVOR

Not creepy until someone sends a dick pic.

LUCY

Gross.

TREVOR

Not really.

A voice calls from the distance.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Got to go, dinner time. Bratwurst. Again. Love you, bitch.

LUCY

Love you, bitch.

Lucy hangs up and scans James' Facebook photo galleries. She comes across an album titled 'Ella's Paintings'.

5 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy stares at her computer screen as her inbox hits an inhumane number of unread messages. A colleague's out of office alert reads "for all general inquiries, please contact lucy@thetimes.com."

LUCY

(low voice)

Nice. Am I the only person sticking around over the holidays?

JAMES

Not the only person.

Lucy sits straight up in her seat as though she's been struck by lightning.

LUCY

Oh! Hey, James. Are you working over the holidays too?

JAMES

Yep. It's my turn to cover  
Christmas day this year. I'm going  
to grab a coffee, you want one?

LUCY

Oh no, I'm good thanks. Three  
espressos in already.

James meanders over to the lunch room. Lucy clicks open a  
window and searches for "hot holiday dresses".

Suddenly, he reemerges. Lucy minimizes the window to reveal a  
photo of Freddie squeezed into a Hawaiian shirt on her  
desktop.

JAMES

Is that your cat?

LUCY

Yep.

JAMES

Is he wearing a Hawaiian shirt?

LUCY

Yes. Yes he is.

JAMES

So, you're in town through the  
holidays then?

LUCY

Yep. Decided to forgo the family  
drama this year. Going to volunteer  
at the soup kitchen and have  
Christmas dinner with some friends.  
How about you?

JAMES

We're staying in town too. My  
parents are joining us this year so  
I guess I'm unsuccessfully avoiding  
the family drama.

Awkward silence for a beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

If you have some free time, we  
should grab coffee. Or a drink,  
maybe? Before New Years.

LUCY

I'd like that.



JAMES

Great.

James wanders back to his desk. He scrolls through photo galleries on Lucy's Facebook, lingering on a photo of her.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy flies through the door, startling Freddie. She fills his bowl with food and retrieves a large bag from the closet.

LUCY

You eat. Be right back.

MOMENTS LATER

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Lucy scoops up Freddie in one hand, her binoculars in the other.

She watches the family's suite until the father disappears. He returns with the bag, carefully pulling it open to reveal a pile of toys.

The children surround him.

LUCY

Fred, they opened it! The kids look so excited.

Freddie bolts as Lucy continues to watch the family, reveling in their joy. Eventually, she pulls the binoculars away to reveal tear-filled eyes.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Scott is perched in his filthy window watching Lucy like a vulture monitoring it's prey, if vultures wore ironic graphic T's and vintage cardigans.

SCOTT

What is she so happy about?

He pans over to the next building to try and piece together what's caused Lucy's emotional reaction, zeroing in on the family.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Scott watches Lucy fill a large bag with toys. He puts down his binoculars and rolls his eyes.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

SCOTT  
No fucking way.

Scott watches the family closely, who are laughing and joyful, before abruptly turning his sleuth-like gaze back to Lucy, then back to the family again.

He tosses his binoculars onto the couch, grabs his laptop and aggressively hammers away on the keyboard.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Lucy arrives to find Frank sitting at a table in the window with two coffees in front of him.

FRANK  
Americano black, right?

LUCY  
Yes sir. Thank you!

FRANK  
My pleasure. How have you been?

LUCY  
Good. Really good, actually.

FRANK  
Oh? What's got you all a glow this frosty morning?

LUCY  
I love this time of year. There's an energy in the air, you know?

FRANK  
There's always an energy in the air in New York. That's why we live here, isn't it?

LUCY  
True. It just feels like folks are a bit kinder this time of year. Maybe this year more than ever.

FRANK

Let's hope we're moving in that direction.

LUCY

I do. I hope for that every day.

FRANK

I ordered us frittatas as well, I hope you're hungry. Oh, here they come now.

Scott shuffles his way towards Frank and Lucy, awkwardly handling both plates. He looks up and stops dead in his tracks, dropping one.

The plate hits the floor with a searingly loud smash.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

Scott places the other plate down in front of Frank. He hesitates for a moment to study Lucy's face before his boss interrupts.

CAFE MANAGER

Scott! What happened? I'm so sorry, folks. We'll get you another frittata right away. Both are on the house.

FRANK

I already paid.

CAFE MANAGER

Well, next time it's on us!

FRANK

Here Lucy, you dig in.

Frank slides the salvaged frittata across the table. Scott stares, slightly immobilized.

CAFE MANAGER

Hey! What are you waiting for? Clean this mess up, I'll go get this gentlemen another frittata.

Scott fetches a broom and begins to sweep.

LUCY

So, what are your plans for Christmas?

FRANK

You know, I just heard from my kids and it turns out they're coming over Christmas day.

LUCY

Really? Frank, that's so great. How many kids do you have?

FRANK

Two, a boy and a girl. Both married. My son has two little girls. Katie is 5 and Emma is 3. Here's a photo of them from last summer.

Frank pulls out his wallet and proudly shows off his granddaughters.

LUCY

They're beautiful, Frank. Christmas must be other-level magical with grandkids around.

FRANK

Actually, I wouldn't know. This is the first time I'll have spent Christmas with my granddaughters. My son's job keeps him busy, not a lot of time off, you see.

Lucy reaches across the table and places her hand on Frank's.

LUCY

It's going to be a great Christmas.

FRANK

Wait, what about you? What are your plans?

LUCY

Well, I'm volunteering at the soup kitchen during the day. Then I'm having dinner with friends.

FRANK

You're not going to spend it with family?

LUCY

Not this year. My family is in the Midwest and I have to work over the holidays so...keeping it local.

FRANK

Fair enough. I guess the newspaper business doesn't sleep.

LUCY

No, it does not. I am, however, having a festive drink after work tonight with a friend.

Lucy smiles to herself before shoving a sizable piece of frittata into her mouth. Frank's fresh plate finally arrives.

FRANK

You're blushing.

LUCY

(mouth full)  
I am?

FRANK

Yes, you are.

LUCY

The friend is a colleague, actually. James.

FRANK

Holiday romance?

LUCY

I don't know if he looks at me that way.

FRANK

Do you like him?

Lucy nods yes. Bits of frittata inelegantly fall from her mouth.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Then you should tell him.

LUCY

Shoot, Frank. I just noticed the time. I've got to get to work.

FRANK

Go! And have a nice time tonight.

LUCY

Thanks for breakfast. Wish me luck!

FRANK

Good luck. Not that you'll need it.

Lucy throws on her coat, grabs her bag and kisses Frank on the cheek.

Scott watches from the kitchen as she runs out of the cafe.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME DAY

Lucy is mashed among a sea of commuters bundled to their eyeballs. Her phone rings and she struggles to free an arm to answer in time.

LUCY

Hello?

INT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST - CAFE - SAME DAY

Trevor is waiting in a shockingly long line among last minute shoppers and children hopped up on sugar. A child nearby has a meltdown.

TREVOR

(low voice)

I'm in hell.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

LUCY

Hi Trev.

TREVOR

Luce! I don't know how much more Yahtzee I can play with Aunt Pam while she sucks eggnog through a bendy straw. I'm down to my last few Ativan. Thinking of catching an earlier flight back to the city for New Year's Eve.

LUCY

Don't you think you're being a bit dramatic? I would love to be there with everyone right now.

TREVOR

No you wouldn't, you sneaky bitch, I know you volunteered to work over the holidays.

LUCY

Passive aggressively coerced is more accurate. But, as it turns out, I'm glad I stuck around.

Trevor miraculously reaches the front of the line.

TREVOR

Reduced-fat, almond milk, extra hot, half sweet, gingerbread latte with extra nutmeg.

The barista stares blankly at Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Small latte, please. With non-fat milk!

LUCY

I'm going for a drink with James tonight.

TREVOR

Pardon moi?

LUCY

Yep. I'm not sure if it's a date, though, or if it's just two work colleagues out for a chummy beverage.

TREVOR

First of all, no one goes out for a chummy beverage. And no one use the word chummy. Not since the 1950s. I swear, you're an 80-year-old trapped in a 40-year-old's body, but with perkier tits.

LUCY

Thanks.

TREVOR

Seriously, though. What are you wearing?

LUCY

A million layers of itchy, synthetic fabric. It's freezing today.

TREVOR

Try and expose a bit of cleav and spritz your pits and crotch with something girly.

LUCY

Good tips, Trev. I'm almost at the office. Let me know if you end up coming home early.

TREVOR

Yep. Love you, bitch.

LUCY

Love you, bitch.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Lucy arrives at work and peels off her coat. Christine sneaks up behind her.

CHRISTINE

Good morning.

LUCY

(startled)  
Morning!

CHRISTINE

I wanted to see where you're at with that research project I gave you.

LUCY

Nearly finished, boss. I'll have my summary to you...

CHRISTINE

(interrupting)  
Not necessary. We need to pivot you onto another project. You don't mind, do you?

LUCY

Nope. Not at all.

Christine's mobile rings.

CHRISTINE

Hello? Diane, you devil, where were you last night?

Christine steps away, but her catty conversation echoes. Lucy slinks down in her chair.



INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Scott swings open the door and races to his ramshackle mess of a desk.

He musters a post-it note and a pen, writing the name "Lucy" across it, before slamming the note up onto the wall.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy has claimed the majority share of counter space in the women's restroom with an unusually vast array of cosmetics.

She clicks onto a "party lewk" playlist and places her phone down by the sink.

LUCY

I've got to look hot. But not too hot. Like, sexy but not trying to look sexy. Maybe 60% sexy, 40% ladylike. The ol' 60/40 rule.

Lucy drops a vial of lipgloss, shattering the vibrant hue into pieces.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'll just sweep this under here, the cleaners will scoop it up later.

She shifts the shards of glass under the sink with a hand towel, accidentally slicing her finger.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Shit! Oh man, that hurts. And it's bleeding. Like a mother.

Lucy wraps her wound with toilet paper and awkwardly attempts to apply mascara with her left hand.

LUCY (CONT'D)

If there were ever a time to become suddenly ambidextrous, universe, this would be it.

A CO-WORKER enters the restroom, shooting Lucy side-eye before entering a stall.

Lucy dances fanatically in spite of the woman until she emerges to wash her hands.

CO-WORKER

What happened to your finger?

LUCY

Sorry?

CO-WORKER

Your finger. It's bleeding pretty profusely.

Lucy's make-shift bandage is now soaked in blood.

LUCY

Whoops! Haha. Minor battle with a vile of lipgloss. The lipgloss won.

The woman rolls her eyes and walks out of the restroom.

Lucy re-wraps her embattled finger, spritzes perfume into her pits and her crotch and inspects herself in the mirror, tugging at her blouse to expose slightly more cleavage.

LUCY (CONT'D)

60/40.

INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

James fidgets with his tie, nervously.

He springs to his feet and smiles as Lucy saunters her way towards him.

JAMES

You look great.

LUCY

Thank you. You too.

JAMES

You ready?

LUCY

Yep.

JAMES

What happened to your hand?

Lucy ignores his question as they hop into the elevator.

INT. BAR - SAME NIGHT

Lucy and James are sitting at the bar, which is decked out in tacky holiday tinsel and other seasonal oddities. Their drinks arrive.

JAMES

Cheers! To a very happy holiday  
and...to tinsel. Lot's of tinsel.

LUCY

To tinsel!

The bartender brings by a bowl of nuts. The pair stare at it,  
as though it could suddenly grow legs and walk out the front  
door.

JAMES

Nuts?

LUCY

No thanks. You never know whose  
plague-ridden paws have been wading  
in that bowl.

JAMES

Agreed. You have to make peace with  
filth, living in New York, but no  
need to invite the plague right  
into your mouth.

LUCY

Right?

Awkward silence.

JAMES

Christine can be a bit intense.

LUCY

That's a very diplomatic way of  
putting it. I volunteered to work  
over the holidays, so I can't  
really complain.

JAMES

I think it's great that you're  
volunteering at a soup kitchen.

Lucy blushes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Should we order some appetizers?

LUCY

Yes, I'm in.

JAMES

Truffle fries sound good.

LUCY  
I love all things truffle.

JAMES  
Noted. How about some mac and  
cheese as well?

LUCY  
Tis the season for calorie  
consumption!

JAMES  
Excuse me, bartender. We'll share  
an order of the truffle fries and  
the mac and cheese.

The BARTENDER nods. Lucy moves around uncomfortably in her  
seat. James smiles.

LUCY  
So. Have you got all of your  
shopping done?

JAMES  
Most of it.

LUCY  
Better hop to it, Christmas Eve is  
three days away.

JAMES  
My daughter wants these art classes  
and they're crazy expensive. I'm  
trying to save for her college  
tuition, you know? Sorry, I  
shouldn't bother you with my single  
parent woes.

LUCY  
I'm sure she'll love whatever you  
give her. As long as it's from the  
heart. Us girls love that stuff.  
Especially from our dad's.

JAMES  
You don't know my daughter.

LUCY  
What's her name?

JAMES  
Ella.

LUCY  
That's a pretty name.

JAMES  
Have you ever thought about having  
kids?

Lucy takes a deep breath and a big swing of her drink.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Sorry, that's a really personal  
question. Forget that I said that.

LUCY  
No, it's fine. I've definitely  
thought about it.

The food arrives.

BARTENDER  
Another round?

James looks at Lucy. Lucy nods yes.

JAMES  
So, after we're done here, would  
you be interested in checking out  
something...festive?

LUCY  
I'd love to.

James digs into the mac and cheese, which results in a string  
of cheese delicately dangling from his chin. Lucy gently  
plucks it from his face.

JAMES  
Well that's attractive.

James and Lucy lock eyes, frozen in the moment.

She kisses him, suddenly, with food still in his mouth. James  
drops his fork and wraps his arms around her, kissing her  
back.

EXT. MONTAGE - SAME NIGHT

Lucy and James stroll arm-in-arm, window shopping and  
pointing out garishly overdone holiday displays.

Lucy high-fives a dodgy street Santa while James tosses a few  
dollars into a canvasser's donation bucket.

They arrive at Rockefeller Center to marvel over the giant Christmas tree glowing in front of them. James wraps his arm around Lucy.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Lucy swings open her front door and glides into her apartment, floating a little.

She swoops up Freddie and swings him around joyously as he endures the torturous ride.

LUCY

Fred, you wouldn't believe the amazing night I've had.

Lucy places Freddie down gently and collapses onto the couch next to him. She checks her phone -- one new text. It's from James.

JAMES (TEXT)

I had a really great time tonight.  
Sleep well.

Lucy beams.

LUCY

Oh god, what do I write back?

After typing and deleting several drafts, she settles on something simple.

LUCY (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Me too. Goodnight <smiley emoji>.

Reveling in James' thoughtful first date follow-up, Lucy flips to a search engine and types in "fine art classes Manhattan."

2 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy is having coffee and watching the snow fall. Freddie is curled up next to her.

She gets up to crank the furnace, before grabbing her binoculars.

First, she looks in on Sam who is pinning sketches of dresses up onto his wall.

He pulls on a bra and wig, admiring himself in the mirror, until something startles him and he stashes both pieces in a drawer.

Sam's father barges into his bedroom and begins shouting until he notices the sketches and tears them down. Sam begs him to stop.

LUCY

No!

He shouts at Sam once more before leaving the room, slamming the door behind him. Sam sits on his bed, pulling his knees to his chest.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Why couldn't he just leave the sketches alone?

Next, she looks in on Frank who appears to be out and then onto Bassma and his family. He's engaged in a serious discussion with his wife as the children play in the other room. Bassma seems to be consoling the her.

Lucy then pans over to Joy's apartment but no one is home. She notices pictures of Paris and London, that look to be torn out of magazines, plastered all over one of her bedroom walls.

EXT. STREET - SAME DAY

Lucy steps out of her building and crosses the snowy street.

Scott is hunched behind a lamppost. He begins to trail her, pulling his hat down low.

INT. BOOK STORE - SAME DAY

Lucy is shopping in the travel section. Suddenly feeling as though someone is watching her, she turns around quickly, but no one is there.

She pops out into the aisle, weaving in and out of the mess of shoppers, with Scott only a few steps behind.

Stopping abruptly, she picks up a book on European cities. Scott reacts quickly, picking up a book and holding it in front of his face.

LUCY

This is perfect.

Lucy happily trots off while Scott accidentally drops the book he's holding. An ELDERLY COUPLE gives him a rotten look.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy is gift wrapping the travel book.

LUCY

I hope she likes it, Fred. And I hope she knows anything is possible. That she can travel anywhere in the world, if she wants to.

She bundles up, putting on her makeshift delivery person disguise, and places the package under her arm.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Be right back. Wish me luck.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Scott is glued to the window watching Lucy.

SCOTT

Noway. She's heading over there now, isn't she?

Scott pans the street in between Lucy's building and the one she watches. Lucy appears in his viewfinder.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Bingo. What on earth is she wearing?

Scott saddles up to his desk and begins typing feverishly before grabbing his binoculars again to scan the usual suites.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Who will it be?

He spots only Joy, so he refocuses until she's in clear view.

Joy is flipping channels, the light from the TV bouncing off of her youthful face. Suddenly, she shoots up in her seat.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Let me guess -- delivery! Show time.



INT. HALLWAY - SAME NIGHT

Lucy is walk-running her way to the elevator and turns the corner just as Joy opens the door to discover a package left on the doormat.

She picks it up and inspects the delivery address, which reads "To the resident of..."

JOY

Huh. It's the right address. Maybe  
it's for mom?

Joy steps back inside with the package and closes the door.

Lucy pokes her head around the corner to see the package is gone. She smiles and twirls back around to book it out of there.

INT. JOY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Joy is sitting at her kitchen table, tap-tap-tapping her fingers, as the mysterious package taunts her. She stares at it for a beat, then tears it open to reveal the travel book.

JOY

Whoa.

She runs her hand across the cover, gently. Her eyes widen as she opens the book and begins to flip through it.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Lucy bursts through the door and picks up her binoculars to peek in on Joy. Freddie circles at her feet.

She spots Joy curled up on her bed, engrossed in the book.

LUCY

She looks so content.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Scott has been watching the entire exchange unfold, jotting down notes.

SCOTT

You couldn't write this stuff!  
Wait, I'm going to write this  
stuff. Ha.

He stands and moves away to reveal several black outlines marked on his windows, tracing each of the apartments Lucy watches.

INT. JOY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Joy is fast asleep. Her arm is wrapped tightly around her new book.

CHRISTMAS EVE

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jan stands nervously outside of her boss's office, a demanding EXECUTIVE, before knocking on the door.

EXECUTIVE O.S.

Yes?

JAN

Do you have a minute?

EXECUTIVE

Come in Jan, what is it?

JAN

I was wondering if I could take off a little early today, given it's Christmas Eve. I want to surprise Joy.

EXECUTIVE

With the big launch only three days away, I need all hands on deck. You understand.

JAN

Of course.

Jan retreats to her desk, defeated, and lovingly looks at a framed photo of Joy before diving back into her work.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - SAME DAY

Lucy opens her mailbox and frantically flips through a stack of junk mail.

LUCY

Please let it be here. Please let it be in here.

Two men give Lucy a frosty look as their toy poodle barks.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, holiday stress, am I right?

The couple roll their eyes in coordinated fashion and carry on. Lucy continues to rip through her mail until she sees it. Art classes for Ella.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 It's here. Thank you sweet baby  
 Jesus, it's here.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

As Lucy returns to her apartment, her phone bings. James.

JAMES (TEXT)  
 Happy Christmas Eve <snowman  
 emoji>. I hope you get everything  
 you wished for.

She smiles until suddenly her face drops.

LUCY  
 Oh my god, does he know? Wait, how  
 could he know? Strange coincidence,  
 right Fred?

Freddie hides under a chair.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 How should I reply? Something  
 festive but not too perky.

Lucy types out a long text, then erases it, then types it out again, and erases it. This goes on for a minute.

LUCY (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
 Same to you <snowman emoji>  
 <snowflake emoji> <smiley face  
 emoji>.

She suddenly realizes what time it is.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Shit, I'm late.

Lucy grabs a small gift from beneath her little tree, pulls on her coat and rushes out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME DAY

Frank greets Lucy at the door and they embrace warmly.

FRANK

I tried to snag a table but it's busy today.

LUCY

Oh! Those people are leaving.

They grab the only available table and settle in.

FRANK

What can I get you, my treat?

LUCY

Noway, you bought last time!

FRANK

Don't be silly. Americano?  
Croissant maybe?

LUCY

There really is a Santa Claus.

FRANK

I've never been able to pull off a beard, I'm afraid.

LUCY

Okay, but my treat next time.  
You're too good to me, Frank.

FRANK

Be right back.

Frank maneuvers his way through the Christmas Eve crush as Scott bursts through the front door.

CAFE MANAGER

(shouting)

Late!

Scott rolls his eyes and spots Lucy on his way to the counter. His first customer is Frank.

SCOTT

What can I get you?

FRANK

I'll have two medium Americanos and two croissants. Warmed up, if it's no trouble.

CAFE MANAGER  
(nudging Scott)  
It's no trouble at all, coming  
right up.

SCOTT  
That'll be \$10.25.

Frank hands him his debit card. Scott examines it closely.

FRANK  
Everything okay?

SCOTT  
Yes! Sorry. I remembered your next  
order was on us. For the frittata  
incident.

FRANK  
Oh! That's very kind of you.

Scott hands Frank his card back, along with the warm  
croissants.

SCOTT  
We'll bring your coffees over in a  
moment.

FRANK  
Thank you. Happy holidays.

Frank returns with their croissants and pulls a gift from his  
coat pocket.

LUCY  
What's this?

FRANK  
You did call me Santa.

LUCY  
That's true. Then I guess he left  
something for you too!

Lucy pulls a gift from her bag and places it in front of  
Frank. He smiles like a child on Christmas morning.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Merry Christmas. Should we tear  
into these or what?

They rip open their gifts.

Meanwhile, Scott is writing notes on a napkin. His boss shoots him an icy stare, so he stuffs the serviette into his pocket.

Lucy pulls a scarf out of the gift box.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Frank. I love it.

FRANK

Really? I left the gift receipt in the box in case you'd like to exchange it for something else.

She lovingly wraps the scarf around her neck.

LUCY

No way. I love it. Now you!

FRANK

Alright, alright. Okay, what have we here.

Frank reveals a book, "Native Birds of the Tri-State Area," with an inscription in the front flap that reads "The reason birds can fly and we can't is simply because they have perfect faith, for to have faith is to have wings." - J.M. Barrie. With love, Lucy.

Frank examines Lucy's neat cursive and runs his fingers over the page before looking up to meet her gaze with a glint of a tear in his eye.

FRANK (CONT'D)

With love, Lucy. It's perfect.  
Thank you.

Lucy reaches across the table and gives Frank's hand a squeeze just as Scott arrives with their coffees.

SCOTT

(awkward)

Here we are. Two Americanos. A little early gift exchange, nice.

Lucy and Frank smile charitably at Scott before he retreats to the kitchen.

FRANK

Such a strange boy.

Lucy giggles.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Lucy bursts through the door, ripping off her winter layers. She swings around to look at the clock - twelve noon.

LUCY

Shit, Fred, I'm running out of time. One more delivery to go.

The cat curls up, uninterested in Lucy's ranting.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Santa hasn't forgotten about you.

Lucy gives Freddie an unsolicited belly rub before snatching her binoculars for a quick peek on her subjects.

She hones in on Sam's bedroom but he's not there. Panning over to the living room, she spots his dad pacing, almost frantically. He's on the phone and holding a note in his other hand.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh no, what's happening? Where is he?

Lucy watches for a few seconds more before stuffing her feet back into her winter boots.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I've got to go, Fred. Be back soon.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Scott watches Lucy as she leaves her apartment. He turns to pound the keys on his laptop.

SCOTT

Almost finished. Thank you, Lucy, for inspiring me with your stalker, do-gooder antics. Here's to you.

He raises a substantial glass of whiskey in the air before downing the dark liquid in one gulp.

EXT. STREET - SAME DAY

Lucy is trudging through wet snow, covertly following the GPS on her phone.

LUCY  
 (low voice)  
 That's it! That's the one.

Zeroing in on a nearby brownstone, she pulls her woolen beanie down, and wraps what's left visible of her face with her new scarf.

Gingerly, Lucy maneuvers her way to the mailbox and places an envelope inside, closing the tiny door shut.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Merry Christmas, Ella.

She books it out of there in a steadfast clip, slamming into a nearby snow drift.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME DAY

Lucy is stuffed into a busy subway car, soggy but satisfied. With elated tourists to her right and caroling buskers to her left, she closes her eyes and let's out a big sigh.

When she opens her eyes she immediately spots Sam, who is sitting alone staring listlessly out the window.

Lucy makes a move to try and get closer to him, but is blocked by a giant Frosty. Sam gets off at the next stop.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy is settled in with Freddie watching a Christmas movie.

He, tortured in a snug holiday sweater, and she in plush antlers sipping champagne. Lucy lets the cat nibble at her cookie.

LUCY  
 Merry Christmas, Fred.

ONE HOUR LATER

Lucy is fast asleep as Freddie laps up the leftover bubbles dripping from her glass. The wind blows suddenly, startling the cat.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 (sleepily)  
 What?! Who? It's just the wind,  
 Fred.



She nods off again but then opens one eye, spotting her binoculars.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
One last look before calling it a night.

Lucy turns the lights down low and looks in on Sam first. His father is seated alone at the kitchen table. A tiny tree is visible in the background.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Where is he?

Lucy fixates for a moment before moving on to Joy's suite. She's snuggled up in a blanket reading her travel book when suddenly Jan bursts in, wearing a Santa hat.

She scoops her daughter up in her arms.

JAN  
I missed you. Merry Christmas, sweetheart.

JOY  
Merry Christmas, mama.

JAN  
Where did this big book come from?

JOY  
It was addressed to us but I'm not sure who sent it? Can we keep it?

JAN  
Strange. And yes, we can keep it. Come on, I've got dinner.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Lucy lowers her binoculars to reveal her elation.

She moves on to Frank's suite. He's lighting a candle next to a photograph of his late wife.

Panning over to Bassma and his family, Lucy watches as he reads a story to his children, who appear captivated.

LUCY  
Sleep well, friends. Merry Christmas.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Sam's father BEN, 50, paces before picking up the phone and dialing.

BEN

Hello. I'd like to report a missing person.

EXT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Scott pulls his binoculars away from his bloodshot eyes, and walks over to his messy desk. He quickly hammers out a few sentences before leaning back in his chair.

SCOTT

Now, what should we call this masterpiece?

A familiar song comes onto the radio. After contemplating for a beat, Scott types in his title -- "Lucy in the Sky Saves Christmas."

He slams a shot of whiskey back, hard.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And to all a good night.

INT. NEWSROOM - SAME NIGHT

James is sitting across from another EDITOR.

EDITOR

Hey, did you see this opinion submission?

She flips her laptop around to face James. It's Scott's article.

JAMES

I didn't, no. Trying to get through this backlog so I can get home before Ella wakes up.

James quickly reads Scott's words and smiles.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's good. The title is a little quirky.

EDITOR

Might be right for the holiday. A nice balance to all the bad news out there.

JAMES

True. Can you take this one? And let's go ahead and move it to front page.

EDITOR

You got it.

CHRISTMAS DAY

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Holiday revelers are meandering about, walking their dogs and traipsing through untouched snow with giddy children in tow.

We pan across headlines at a snow-covered newsstand, zeroing in on one in particular. Scott's headline.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Scott rolls over in bed and grabs his phone, which casts an unflattering light across his sinister face. His eyes widen and a grin begins to form, not unlike the devious expression of The Grinch before snatching the Who's Christmas loot.

SCOTT

They published it. Holy shit, they actually published it!

Scott shoots to his feet. He pulls on a bizarre collection of clothing he's scraped up off the floor and heads for the door.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - SAME DAY

Scott careens down a snowy street, bumping into a Salvation Army canvasser as he whips around a corner towards the closest newsstand.

He barks his order at the NEWSSTAND ATTENDANT.

SCOTT

(panting)

Hi, morning. I'll take 10 copies of The Times, please.

NEWSSTAND ATTENDANT

Sure, that'll be...

SCOTT

(interrupting)

Whatever, here's forty bucks. Happy holidays.

Scott scoops up the stack of papers and trudges off through the heavy snow. The newsstand attendant shakes his head.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Lucy is still asleep. Her sequin eye mask is only covering one eye, there's an open bottle of champagne on her nightstand and Freddie is sprawled out on the pillow next to her.

She opens her exposed eye and suddenly shoots up.

LUCY

Fred, you awake?

The cat flies off the bed.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas to you too.

Lucy rips off her eye mask and takes a swig from the champagne bottle.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Basically mimosa.

She stumbles to the living room and turns on some holiday music before filling Freddie's bowl and flipping on the coffee. Her phone bings.

JAMES (TEXT)

Merry Christmas <Christmas tree emoji>.

LUCY (TEXT)

Merry Christmas <gift emoji>.

Lucy beams, holding her phone to her chest. Suddenly her face drops.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Shit. He's going to know it was me.  
Gift emoji? Come on, Lucy!

(composed)

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Okay wait, that's nuts. Let's just  
 be calm. Namaste.

The coffee begins to percolate all over the counter.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, come on.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Lucy emerges in an outrageous holiday sweater and Santa hat.

LUCY  
 Alright, Fred, I'm off to the Soup  
 Kitchen. I'll be back in a few  
 hours. Don't eat the tree.

EXT. STREET - SAME DAY

Lucy is bundled head-to-toe, struggling to maneuver her way  
 through the snow.

Finally, she reaches her subway station, but before ducking  
 into the underground she notices a headline at a nearby  
 newsstand -- the same one Scott visited an hour earlier --  
 and does a double-take.

She slowly walks towards the snowy stand, and picks up a copy  
 of The Times.

LUCY  
 (slowly)  
 Lucy in the Sky Saves Christmas.

The newsstand attendant watches her suspiciously. Lucy stares  
 blankly at the paper for a few beats.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god.  
 (shouting)  
 Oh my god!

NEWSSTAND ATTENDANT  
 Hey! Hey, crazy lady! You must buy  
 that! You must pay!

Lucy scrambles for a few dollars.

LUCY  
 Here you go.

NEWSSTAND ATTENDANT

(shouting)

Good! Now, go!

(low voice)

So many crazy people this morning.

She tucks the paper under her arm and scurries down into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME DAY

Lucy spots an open seat and shimmy's her way in, violently ripping open the newspaper the moment her bottom makes contact. Just as she's about to read the first line, she's distracted by TWO PASSENGERS.

PASSENGER 1

Did you read about that lady in The Times today? What a kind soul.

PASSENGER 2

I did. New York needs more people like her. Hell, the world needs more people like her!

Lucy returns to the article, her eyes darting back and forth. Her face turns flush as she looks up to discover several other passengers are engrossed in the same story she is. Her story.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - SAME DAY

Lucy bursts through the door and quickly b-lines it to the kitchen, peeling off her coat and replacing it with an apron. She's greeted by a VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR.

VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR

Lucy! Thank you for helping out today. We're going to place you right here at the candied yams station.

LUCY

Great!

Lucy grabs the nearest ladle and happily establishes her place in the assembly line of servers. The VOLUNTEER next to her strikes up a conversation.

VOLUNTEER

Your family nuts too?

LUCY

Excuse me?

VOLUNTEER

Your family. Are they nuts too?

(low voice)

That's why most of us are here, right? To passively aggressively ignore our unsavory relatives because we're too busy devoting ourselves to public service?

LUCY

Right. Not me. I'm here because I want to be.

VOLUNTEER

Well, good for you. That reminds me, I read a story in The Times this morning about this woman. Apparently she's been spying on people and acting as a sort of a...secret Santa, if you will.

LUCY

Oh?

VOLUNTEER

Haven't you heard? Everyone seems to be talking about her. One person came through this morning and called her a vigilante of kindness.

LUCY

Really? A vigilante of kindness. Wow.

VOLUNTEER

Yeah. Hey, maybe she'll surprise me with a new family for Christmas!

Lucy plops a scoop of orange mush onto an OLD MAN's plate before dropping her ladle and gently touching the woman's arm.

LUCY

Hey. Don't joke about that. You may not get along with your family but it sounds like they're alive and well, right?

VOLUNTEER

Yes.

LUCY

Well, be grateful. Flaws and all.

Suddenly a series of familiar faces line up in front of her. It's Bassma and his family. He, his wife and all four children, including little Nijah, who hides behind her MOTHER.

Lucy turns her attention to them, thoughtfully scooping the yams onto their plates.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Here you go. Happy holidays.

MOTHER

(struggling to pronounce)

Happy. Holidays.

The woman smiles, locking eyes with Lucy. Lucy smiles back at her warmly until Bassma gently ushers her on to the next food station.

He stops for a moment, and looks Lucy dead on.

BASSMA

Thank you.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Lucy bursts through the door, quickly maneuvering through her cluttered apartment.

LUCY

Freddie, you are not going to believe what's happened. Ugh, where the hell is my laptop.

She pushes a mess of items around her living room table before panning across the room to discover Freddie is perched lazily atop of the elusive device.

She lunges and the cat bolts.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This can't really be happening, can it? Maybe it's all a bad dream.

Lucy inches closer to the screen. Her eyes widen and freeze as though the copy has burned into her corneas. The article has already accumulated thousands of likes, comments, shares, and counting.



LUCY (CONT'D)

No. No no no, this can't be happening. Who is this Scott Richards, anyway? Oh god he could be watching me right now.

Lucy shoots up and frantically closes all of her blinds.

She sits back down in front of her laptop and scrolls back up to Scott's byline.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Seriously, this article is the only thing that comes up for this writer?

(typing)

No other bylines? No cleverly curated Twitter feed?

Lucy walks back over to the window, lifting one blind up slowly to peek out.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Who are you? And why me? Shit, I'm late for dinner at Joe's.

Her mobile rings.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Trev! Hi.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TREVOR

Ho ho ho!

LUCY

Merry Christmas!

Lucy puts Trevor on speaker and changes her top.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How are you? How is everybody?

TREVOR

The usual. Mom is passively aggressively providing unsolicited feedback to everyone who will listen while dad hides in the den with a massive mug of coffee, which of course is not coffee, but rather a concoction of drambuie and hot chocolate. 5 parts drambuie, 1 part hot chocolate.

LUCY

Gross.

TREVOR

Why do you sound out of breath?  
(teasing)  
Is James there?

LUCY

I wish. I'm getting dressed for  
dinner at Joe's and I'm really  
late.

TREVOR

Right. Hey, did you hear about this  
story that's basically breaking the  
internet?

LUCY

What story?

TREVOR

Seriously, what have you been doing  
all morning?

LUCY

I was volunteering at the soup  
kitchen!

TREVOR

Of course you were. Well, we  
published it. You'll love the title  
-- Lucy in the Sky Saves Christmas.

LUCY

How dare someone appropriate The  
Beatles like that.

TREVOR

Apparently this woman has been  
spying on a number of people in the  
apartment building next to hers and  
she's been buying them gifts and  
helping them out, anonymously. Like  
some sort of Christmas Fairy  
Godmother.

LUCY

Really? Wow.

TREVOR

Yeah, and here's the twist. This guy, some apparent writer I've never heard of, has been watching her from his building and documenting the whole thing. According to Peter in printing the story was submitted yesterday, I can't believe they ran it.

LUCY

(pivoting)

Are you still dating him?

TREVOR

Who, Peter? One brief encounter in the mail room hardly constitutes dating, Luce.

LUCY

Right. Trev, I've got to go.

TREVOR

Read the story!

LUCY

I will!

TREVOR

Oh, and I changed my flight. I'll be home tomorrow. Dust off your party pants.

LUCY

Alright. Tell everyone I send my love.

TREVOR

Will do. Love you, bitch.

LUCY

Love you, bitch.

Lucy picks up her cat and gives him a cuddle.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What have I gotten us into?

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Joe's apartment is packed with a diverse collection of people, young and old.

Using various pieces of furniture, he's created one grand table sprawling the entirety of his apartment.

Lucy peeks her head inside.

LUCY  
Merry Christmas!

THE GROUP  
Merry Christmas!

JOE  
Lucy! Come in, come in.

LUCY  
I brought some green beans, just need to warm them up.

JOE  
You know the way.

INT. DINNER TABLE - SAME NIGHT

Lucy emerges from the kitchen, finds a spot and places her contribution among the mishmash of cuisines.

Conversation is abundant, as the lively group lovingly passes platters of food around the table.

An OLDER GENTLEMAN suddenly pipes up.

OLDER GENTLEMAN  
Did anyone read the story in the Times this morning? About the Peeping Tom who leaves presents for people?

Two more DINNER GUESTS chime in.

DINNER GUEST 1  
She wasn't a Peeping Tom. It seemed to me she was just trying to spread a little kindness.

DINNER GUEST 2  
I agree, albeit a little creepy. Her heart is definitely in the right place, whoever she is.

JOE  
Agreed, she seems like a nice gal. Hey Lucy, it almost sounds like something you'd try and pull off!

Lucy spills her wine. The table quietens and turns their attention to her.

LUCY

Oh my god!  
(mopping up cabernet)  
I'm such a klutz.

DINNER GUEST 1

Now it's a party!

DINNER GUEST 2

It's alright, dear.

LUCY

Will you excuse me for a minute?

Lucy unceremoniously makes her way to the bathroom, a familiar haunt, as conversation among guests resumes.

She inspects her reflection in the mirror while dabbing at her blouse, and eventually locks eyes with herself.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Maybe this whole thing was a bad idea. All I wanted to do was help a few people who really needed it. And now some two-bit writer, who has been spying on me, is making me out to be some crazy...

Someone knocks loudly at the door.

JOE O.S.

Lucy, you alright? Who you talking to in there?

LUCY

I'm fine! Be right out.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Lucy is holed up with her laptop open and her TV on. While the sparkle of the season is beginning to subside, her story is lighting up.

MONTAGE

A series of news stories begin to publish locally, across the country and across the globe.

The Times publishes a follow-up story, listing all the organizations that have come forward wanting to contribute to the good Lucy has initiated.

Some have offered to fund a trip for Joy and her mother to travel overseas while others have offered to contribute to Joy's college fund, should her identity be revealed.

The abuse witnessed at the hands of Sam's father has sparked public outcry, as the LGBTQ+ community and their allies rally in support of Sam and all trans youth who feel alone and alienated.

Non-profits have joined forces to extend support to veterans who live alone and want to connect with people in their local communities.

A number of NGOs are organizing to help new Americans with the resources they need to begin their life in the US as comfortably as possible.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Lucy is walking arm-in-arm with Frank through the park. A light snow begins to fall.

FRANK

Did you read that story? About the woman helping people?

LUCY

I haven't, no. But I've heard about it.

FRANK

I'm sure, everyone at your office must be talking about it.

LUCY

It's definitely a story that won't go away.

FRANK

Nor should it. I mean, so much of the news these days is about something awful or downright depressing. How lovely that this woman has created such a stir.

LUCY

True.

FRANK

It gives me hope, you know.

LUCY

Why is that?

FRANK

It gives me hope that there are people out there who care that much about complete strangers. I'm not a religious man, but it does make one think that there could actually be angels among us.

LUCY

Well, I think you're an angel.

FRANK

Oh, stop it now.

Frank pulls Lucy in close as they stroll through the wintery scene.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy's blinds are still drawn closed. She opens one slightly to survey her subjects and notices a man she hasn't seen before in the family's apartment.

He appears to be arguing with Bassma. The mother and children are crying.

LUCY

Wait, what's happening?

The man handcuffs Bassma. He gestures to his frightened wife that everything will be okay, before being pulled out of their home.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(desperate)

No! Wait! Leave him alone!

Lucy rips open her blinds to get a better look.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Scott looks up from his laptop and notices the light is on in Lucy's apartment.

SCOTT

And we're back.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Lucy drops to her couch, sobbing. Freddie snuggles in close.

LUCY

What if it's all my fault? What if, somehow, this story revealed something that could tear their family apart? I couldn't bear it.

She stands and wipes her nose.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I've got to do something.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy is at her desk. Trevor crowds her cubicle.

TREVOR

Can you believe how this story has blown up? People must be hungry for this do-gooder shit.

LUCY

Not sure I'd call it shit. I mean, she seems like a wonderful person. But yes, the response is a little unprecedented.

James walks by and winks.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Be right back.

TREVOR

Go get him, you minx.

Lucy rolls her eyes at Trevor before following James into the kitchen.

LUCY

Hello there.

JAMES

Hello yourself. How are you?

LUCY

Good! Trousers feel a bit snug, with all the holiday indulgence, but otherwise pretty good.



James smiles and gently takes Lucy's mug from her hand. She face palms as he turns to fix her coffee.

JAMES  
Cream, one sugar, right?

LUCY  
Yes. Thank you.

JAMES  
So, do you have plans for New Years Eve?

LUCY  
Uh, not yet. I was going to ask you the same...

Christine suddenly pops her head into the kitchen.

CHRISTINE  
Emergency staff meeting in the executive boardroom in 5 minutes.

Lucy shoots James a confused look before heading back to her desk to grab Trevor.

LUCY  
Hey, Christine just called an emergency meeting.

Lucy and Trevor join the masses en route to the boardroom, when Lucy suddenly pulls Trevor into the ladies restroom.

TREVOR  
Luce! What are you doing?

LUCY  
I have to tell you something.

TREVOR  
Okay, but can it wait until after the meeting?

LUCY  
It's me.

TREVOR  
What?

LUCY  
The woman in the story. It's me.

TREVOR

What do you mean, it's you?

LUCY

I did those things. I've been spying on those people and helping them. And, I guess, someone must have been spying on me.

Trevor backs away slowly.

TREVOR

No. Fucking. Way.

(ecstatic)

You're Lucy in the Sky? This is crazy!

LUCY

(low voice)

Shhhh. I know, I know.

(desperate)

What should I do?

TREVOR

You have to come forward. People love you! I can't believe this is happening.

LUCY

I can't, Trev. The whole thing has become too nuts! What will James think?

TREVOR

Why did you do it? I mean, I know you have a big heart, but...

LUCY

(interrupting)

I did it because I know what it feels like to be alone. To lose someone. To miss someone. To feel like no one is watching over you.

TREVOR

You're not alone, Luce.

LUCY

I know. I just saw an opportunity to help some people. So I did.

TREVOR

You're one in a million, kid. We better get to this meeting or the Queen will have our heads.

INT. BOARDROOM - SAME TIME

The boardroom is set up war room style, as journalists white board ideas for follow-up stories.

CHRISTINE

Okay, everybody, pipe down. Let's start firing off some pitches, who wants to go first?

JOURNALISTS begin calling out at random.

JOURNALIST 1

Why don't we track down all of the people she helped and conduct intimate profiles on each of them?

JOURNALIST 2

I'm more interested in the guy who wrote the story, what's his deal? Why is he spying on this woman spying on other people?

JOURNALIST 3

I agree, who is this creep anyway?

JOURNALIST 4

We have to get back to the heart of the story, guys. Why did this resonate with people in the first place?

JOURNALIST 5

The writer never eluded to how she helped the boy at odds with his father. Only that she watched him. I wonder what the outcomes is there?

The group begins shouting their ideas in unison. Christine becomes annoyed.

Lucy suddenly snaps.

LUCY

Hey!

Journalists continue to talk over one another. Lucy stands on

a nearby swivel chair, barely stabilizing herself as she raises up above the group.

She whistles loudly.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Hey!

Suddenly, Lucy has everyone's attention, certainly for the first time in this job, perhaps for the first time ever.

CHRISTINE  
(irritated)  
Lucy, what is it?

LUCY  
It's me. The woman in the article, it's me. And you know what? While you all sit here and try and drum up ways to generate more clicks and more ad revenue, there are real people out there with real problems who could use our help. The world doesn't need another sensational headline. As you very well know, there are plenty of those already.

Christine is stunned, her mouth agape.

James stares at Lucy in disbelief.

Trevor applauds wildly, then stops when he realizes he's the only one.

Lucy carefully dismounts the swivel chair and runs out of the boardroom. No one moves a muscle, until Christine runs after her.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Lucy seeks refuge in her cramped cubicle, but it's no use. Christine squeezes her way in.

CHRISTINE  
Lucy! Is this true? Is it really you? I have to say, it doesn't surprise me.

LUCY  
It doesn't?

CHRISTINE

Look, let's do a feature on you.  
Front page! An exclusive with the  
woman who has inspired so many.  
This is going to be huge.

Lucy's mobile is ringing and binging.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Silence the damn thing, will you?  
We need to strike while the iron is  
hot and capitalize on all of this  
amazing traffic. Please tell me  
you're game. You'll be famous!

Trevor arrives and squeezes his way into Lucy's over-crowded  
cubicle.

LUCY

I'm not interested in being famous.  
I was trying to do something kind  
for a few people in need of a  
little kindness.

CHRISTINE

Okay, well, what if we reach out to  
the people you helped and focus the  
story on them? Oh! It could be a  
series! Great idea, Lucy.

LUCY

No, not a great idea. Bad idea!  
Like I said, we can't exploit them  
just to drum up more clicks.

TREVOR

And ad revenue.

LUCY

Exactly, and ad revenue. It's not  
ethical. It's bad enough that I  
sound like a pathetic Peeping Tom,  
thanks to whoever approved this  
story for publishing.

James suddenly appears.

JAMES

It was me.

LUCY

What?

JAMES

It was me, I approved the story.

His words sting.

LUCY

I need to take a personal day.

JAMES

Lucy, wait.

Lucy grabs her things and leaves. Trevor follows, leaving James and Christine in Lucy's cubicle.

CHRISTINE

Well, way to go.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Trevor is sitting on Lucy's couch while she paces frantically.

TREVOR

Who is this writer, anyway?

LUCY

I don't know, I don't think he's published anything else.

Trevor types away on his phone and holds up a photo of Scott.

TREVOR

Here's his Instagram profile. Looks like a janky little hipster, to me.

Lucy grabs the phone out of Trevor's hand.

LUCY

Wait. I know this guy.

TREVOR

You do?

LUCY

I mean, I think I know him.

She sits and scans his feed, running through the rolodex in her mind.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I think he works at the coffee shop?

TREVOR  
Which one?

LUCY  
The one around the corner.

TREVOR  
Are you sure?

LUCY  
Yes! Positive. That's him.

TREVOR  
Should we go over there? Oh yes,  
let's go over there, right now.

LUCY  
Noway!

TREVOR  
Don't you want to confront him?

LUCY  
Not today. Not ever, maybe.

Trevor goes to the window, sticking his fingers in between two blinds to peek outside.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Hey! Careful. Anybody could be watching.

TREVOR  
Luce, you can't live like that.

LUCY  
I know, I just need this thing to blow over first.

TREVOR  
Holy fuckity fuck shit.

LUCY  
What? What now?

TREVOR  
Don't freak out, but...there's a long line of news trucks parked down the street.

LUCY  
Do you think they're for me?

TREVOR  
Unless Leo DiCaprio left his  
Tribeca penthouse for a pre-war  
fixer-upper, I'd say yes.

LUCY  
Great. I'm a prisoner in my own  
home.

Trevor picks up the binoculars sitting on the window sill.

TREVOR  
Will you show me?

LUCY  
What?

TREVOR  
Your people. The folks you spy on.

LUCY  
I'm not spying on them, Trev! You  
of all people need to know that.

TREVOR  
I know. I know your heart was in  
the right place. It almost always  
is. So, will you show me?

Lucy grabs the binoculars and scans the usual suites.

Everyone's blinds are closed, save Frank, who is asleep in  
front of the TV. The same headline scrolls across the ticker.  
"Nosy Neighbor Helps People In Need."

LUCY  
Here. That's Frank.

TREVOR  
Haven't you been hanging out with  
an older guy named Frank? Is that  
him?

LUCY  
Yep.

TREVOR  
Does he know?

LUCY  
Nope. At least, I don't think so.



Trevor continues to watch while Lucy contemplates the weight of the situation for a beat before abruptly grabbing her coat and flying out the door.

TREVOR

Lucy! Wait!

Trevor trails behind her.

EXT. STREET - SAME DAY

Lucy bursts through the front doors of her apartment building, out onto the street. She's met with a sea of PHOTOGRAPHERS and aggressive REPORTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(shouting)

Hey! Miss! Are you Lucy? Lucy in the sky?

The mob immediately turns it's attention to Lucy as throngs of microphones are thrust into her flush face.

Reporters begin peppering her with questions.

REPORTER 1

Lucy, what made you start watching your neighbors? Was anonymous acts of kindness always your intention?

REPORTER 2

What made you choose these people in particular, Lucy?

REPORTER 3

Lucy, what do you want to say to the people you've been spying on, if they're watching?

Lucy takes a deep breath and looks over at Trevor, who has been barricaded by production crews.

REPORTER 1

It's okay, take your time Lucy. We're listening.

The crowd quietens to a reasonable level as reporters push their microphones through to capture Lucy's impromptu press conference.

LUCY

New York can be a really lonely city.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

Despite us all, sort of, living on top of one another. Even in a city where you're never really alone one can feel...well, alone.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - SAME TIME

James is watching the live news broadcast of Lucy. He turns the volume up.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Lucy composes herself, looking directly into the camera.

LUCY

Most people are in such a hurry to get where they're going or too busy to look up from their phone to see that there are real people suffering out there. And sometimes, all it takes to lift someone up, is to show them that someone actually cares. That someone is listening. And in my case, I suppose, someone is watching.

The reporters collectively fire up again.

REPORTER 3

Don't you think these folks have a right to their privacy?

REPORTER 2

Did you ever feel like you were intruding on people's private lives, Lucy?

LUCY

Of course they do and no, I guess I didn't feel like I was intruding. I never meant to over step or violate anyone. It just feels like, maybe now more than ever, that kindness needs to bubble up where ever it can. Among friends, among family...among complete strangers.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - SAME TIME

James leans back in his chair, contemplative.

JAMES  
Was it you?

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Lucy's posture stiffens, asserting herself against the growing sea of media.

LUCY  
I saw an opportunity to do something nice for a few people, so I took it. And you know what? I don't regret it. The only thing I regret is that they have to find out this way.

Lucy turns to walk back inside and suddenly stops, turning about face.

She points across the street.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
There's a family who lives in that building. They're new to the US, I'm not sure exactly where they're from. But I know they don't have much, aside from each other. A few nights ago their father was taken away. I have no context, obviously, as to how or why this is happening. All I know is that I've watched this loving man care for his family and I can't imagine why anyone would want to separate them. So, if there's anybody out there who can help, you all know where I work. That's all, I have to go.

Lucy pushes her way out of the crowd, trying to reach Trevor. He manages to grab her arm and pull her back inside.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

The door swings open startling Freddie. Trevor locks all the deadbolts on Lucy's door as her mobile rings.

LUCY  
It's James.

TREVOR  
Well, answer it!

LUCY  
(hesitantly)  
Hello?

## INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JAMES  
Hi. It's James.

LUCY  
I know. How are you?

JAMES  
I'm okay. I just watched your, um,  
press conference. Good speech.  
Great speech, actually. How are you  
holding up?

LUCY  
A little freaked out, to be honest.

JAMES  
I don't blame you. Look, Lucy, had  
I known you were the inspiration  
for that article I never would have  
approved it.

LUCY  
You were just doing your job. I'm  
sorry I stormed out of the office  
earlier. I needed to get out of  
there.

JAMES  
Don't apologize, I would have  
bolted too. Especially with  
Christine breathing down my neck.  
Hey, I wanted to ask you something.

LUCY  
Okay.

JAMES  
Was it you?

LUCY  
What do you mean?

JAMES  
Was it you who left the anonymous  
gift for Ella?  
(a beat)  
Hello? Are you still there?

LUCY  
Yes, I'm here.

Trevor mouths "what's wrong" as Lucy lowers herself to the couch.

JAMES  
Lucy, did you leave the gift for Ella?

LUCY  
Yes. It was me.

JAMES  
Wow. Okay, wow. How could you keep that from me?

LUCY  
You mentioned that Ella wanted to take these art classes, and I know it's not easy being a single parent. My parents left me some money, so I...

JAMES  
(interrupting)  
You thought you'd swoop in and help. Do you know how that made me look to my parents? Do you know how that made me feel?

LUCY  
I just wanted so badly to help.

JAMES  
You should have come to me first. Before my daughter discovered this mysterious gift in our mailbox. A gift that definitely outshone what I gave her.

LUCY  
Does that matter?

JAMES  
No, of course it doesn't matter. It was very generous of you. I just wish you hadn't kept it from me. How can I ever trust you?

LUCY  
I'm so sorry, James.

JAMES

You know, I could actually get past how weird it is that you've been watching these people and interfering in their lives. Somehow, I could get past all of that. But I didn't expect to be one of them. Goodbye Lucy.

Lucy drops her mobile and begins to sob.

TREVOR

What did he say?

LUCY

(in between sobs)  
He can't trust me.

Trevor lovingly wraps his arm around her.

TREVOR

It's gonna be okay, Luce.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy is snuggled up with Freddie on the couch, mindlessly flipping through TV channels, all of which are repeatedly broadcasting her speech. An emotional score kicks in and plays throughout the following sequence.

INT. JOY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Joy is sitting at her desk in front of her computer, reading Lucy's story on a social media site. She leans back in her chair as it sinks in that she could be the young girl in the story. Jan leans over her shoulder and reads the story too.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Frank is sitting in his easy chair watching the news, the lights are turned down low. He slowly leans forward and turns the volume up as the light omitting from the TV reveals the shock in his face.

INT. FAMILY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The mother and her four children are gathered on their communal mattress in an embrace. Nijah is crying. Bassma is no where in sight.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE - SAME TIME

James is sitting by the fire, the only source of light in the room aside from his Christmas tree, until he clicks onto his phone to reveal a series of texts from Lucy. He begins to type a reply but then slowly deletes it and clicks his phone off.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Scott is sitting at his desk, scrolling through all the subsequent coverage his story has generated, with a smug look on his face.

INT. DRAG CLUB - SAME TIME

Sam is sitting at the bar with a FRIEND when a breaking news story on the TV catches his attention. He motions for the bartender to turn it up. It's Lucy's speech.

SAM

I think I know this woman.

FRIEND

Oh? Does she want to adopt us?

The bartender and the friend share a laugh as Sam pieces it together.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Lucy attempts to help Sam stand, but he refuses. His vision is foggy. He lingers for a moment on the details of her face before coming to his feet and limping away.

INT. DRAG CLUB - SAME TIME - BACK TO PRESENT

SAM

(low voice)

It's her.

DECEMBER 30

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy is still sequestered on her couch, still snuggled up with Freddie. She checks her phone to discover four missed calls from Christine, so she buries the device beneath a pillow.

Her channel flipping has subsided as she's settled on National Geographic.

LUCY

Look how the elephants co-parent, Fred. How they help out their community. They don't judge each other. It's just what they do.

There's a knock at the door. Lucy mutes the TV and stays still. Another knock.

JOE O.S.

Lucy? Hey, Lucy, I know you're in there.

Lucy slowly inches towards the door and peers out of the peep hole to discover Joe's distorted mug.

JOE

Lucy, are you standing on the other side of this door?

Lucy walks backwards and stumbles, knocking over a side table.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, fine. Look, I heard what was going on. I just wanted to make sure you were okay. I'm leaving some fresh cannoli out here for you, right by the door. Take care, kid.

Lucy composes herself and peers out of the peep hole again. Coast is clear.

She opens the door and quickly snatches up the goods.

LUCY

That was really sweet. I'm just not ready to face anybody. Not yet.

Her mobile rings. Trevor.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hi, Trev.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TREVOR

Hey! How ya holding up?



LUCY

Not bad. I ran out of food, but luckily Joe dropped off a bag of cannoli, so I'm good for another 24 hours. My arteries, though, not so much.

TREVOR

There's that sense of humor I know and love! Luce, you can't stay holed up like this forever. Look, there's this party tomorrow night, in the village...

LUCY

(interrupting)  
Noway.

TREVOR

Hear me out. It's a masquerade party. No one will know who you are! The perfect party situation for New York's most famous woman.

LUCY

Most famous?

TREVOR

(teasing)  
Are we liking the limelight a little?

LUCY

Stop, you know this is my worst nightmare. I'll think about it.

TREVOR

I won't take no for answer.

LUCY

Fine. I'm not staying until midnight, though. I'll come for one drink. Not because I want to.

TREVOR

Because you love me?

LUCY

Because I could really use a drink.

TREVOR

Great! Texting you the details now. Love you, bitch.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Scott is glued to his laptop, flipping through news articles that have picked up Lucy's story. Meanwhile, he's been buried as the original source, making his cold hipster heart shrink three sizes too small.

SCOTT

I don't get it. MSNBC, BBC, CBC,  
CNN. Why am I not being credited in  
any of these stories?

He clicks onto one story, "Spy Game: Exploiting the Kindness of a Stranger," that calls him out for monitoring Lucy and publishing a story about it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

Scott slams his laptop closed and kicks over a trash can.

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Lucy is nibbling on a cannoli when her mobile rings. She fumbles the phone with her greasy mitts as she notices the call is from Frank.

LUCY

Hello? Frank?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

FRANK

Hello, Lucy.

LUCY

How are you?

FRANK

I think the bigger question is how  
you are, don't you?

LUCY

(deep breath)

I take it you've seen the news?

FRANK

Yes. Some particularly intriguing  
news, that's for sure. I think we  
should meet. To discuss this in  
person.

LUCY

Alright. Look, Frank, I never meant to...

FRANK

(interrupting)

Let's discuss it in person. Can you meet me at the coffee shop in one hour?

LUCY

Yes, of course. I'll be there.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - SAME DAY

Lucy arrives in a woolen hat with ear flaps and ski goggles. She slinks her way in, attracting more attention than she would have otherwise undisguised.

Frank is situated in a window seat and waves her over. He stands as Lucy approaches to greet her. She hesitates for a moment before crumbling into his arms.

FRANK

Hey, hey now. It's alright. Let's sit down.

LUCY

I'm so glad you called. There's so much to say.

FRANK

There's so much to ask.

LUCY

Before you do, how was Christmas with your family? How are your granddaughters?

FRANK

It was wonderful. They're wonderful.

LUCY

That's so great, Frank.

FRANK

So, pardon me for cutting to the chase, but why me? What made you want to watch me?

LUCY

Honestly, I'm not sure.

FRANK

There had to have been a reason. Like, look at this poor old man living alone. He must be in need of some charity. Or something?

LUCY

No! It wasn't like that. I mean, at first, I started watching you because you looked very alone. But then I saw you in the park and our conversation happened naturally. It felt as though I would have met you anyway. Actually, it felt as though I had known you for years.

FRANK

You're telling me that you would have sat down next to some old crusty soul, and struck up a conversation? Just because?

LUCY

Yes, I would have sat down next to you, and struck up a conversation. Absolutely. I value our friendship, Frank. I'm so grateful that I met you.

Suddenly, Frank fades into the foreground as Lucy locks eyes with Scott, who has just arrived for work.

He immediately realizes whose gaze has met his. Lucy shoots up out of her seat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hey.  
(shouting)  
Hey!

The coffee shop quietens as Lucy's voice projects across the room. Scott stops dead in his tracks.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's you, isn't it?

Scott reluctantly moves towards Lucy. She pulls off her enormous hat and goggles.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How could you? Write about my life like that.

SCOTT

What are you talking about?

LUCY

You know what I'm talking about.  
The article? In The Times?

SCOTT

Look, lady, you made it easy.

LUCY

What do you mean, I made it easy?

SCOTT

Night after night, watching the  
same people. Following them and  
meddling in their lives. Who knew  
this do-gooder shit would resonate  
with so many people? But there it  
is. New York, and the rest of the  
world for that matter, finds some  
sad stalker interesting. I guess I  
lucked out when my binoculars  
randomly hit your window one night.

Patrons across the cafe collectively put down their lattes to  
listen. Frank comes between Lucy and Scott.

FRANK

Don't you dare speak to her that  
way. Who do you think you are?

CAFE MANAGER

Fired, that's who.

Lucy storms out of the cafe.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy marches towards the elevator and notices a young man  
sitting in the lobby. She's unsure at first, but suddenly  
realizes it's Sam.

LUCY

Hello there.

Sam turns to face her, but says nothing.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(extending her hand)

Hi. I'm Lucy

SAM

I know. Sam.

Lucy sits across from him and the two remain in silence for a beat.

SAM (CONT'D)

I remember you from that night.

LUCY

You'll have to be more specific.

SAM

That night outside the drag club.  
You helped me.

LUCY

I'm just happy I happened to be in  
the neighborhood.

SAM

Just happened to be? Really? I know  
I'm one of your charity cases.

LUCY

You are not a charity case, Sam.

SAM

Yeah, well, I think what you're  
doing is weird. And really  
intrusive.

LUCY

I never meant to be intrusive.

SAM

Oh no? You're spying on people  
night after night and meddling in  
their personal lives.

(emotional)

You don't think that's intrusive?

Lucy lowers her head, unable to look Sam in the eye.

SAM (CONT'D)

On the other hand, you may have  
saved my life.

Lucy looks up. Tears well in her eyes.

LUCY

Have you been home lately? I think  
your dad may like to see you. To  
know you're okay.

Sam stands abruptly. Lucy tries to stop him.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Don't leave.  
 (shouting)  
 Sam!

He turns around to face Lucy before slipping through the door.

SAM  
 Thanks, Lucy. Really.

NEW YEARS EVE

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Lucy is en route to work, her first day back in the office after being outed. She reluctantly checks her work email on her phone.

LUCY  
 Oh god, this is gonna sting.

An ELDERLY WOMAN across from her stares as Lucy begins to scroll through dozens of uplifting subject titles.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Wait. I'm not the laughing stock of  
 New York?  
 (shouting)  
 This charity wants to partner with  
 me!

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Big whoop.

The woman gets off at the next stop.

LUCY  
 Tough crowd.

Lucy continues to scroll until she comes across a message from Joy Davidson, thanking her for being her Christmas angel. Lucy holds her phone to her chest and smiles.

INT. LUCY'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Lucy moves through the office and does not go unnoticed.

She arrives at her desk to discover piles of printed emails, letters and sticky notes posted throughout her tiny cubicle. Trevor playfully sneaks up behind her.

TREVOR

Holy mother. Shall we start going through all of these?

LUCY

I suppose we should.

Lucy and Trevor begin sifting through the many messages and letters, as coworkers one by one are drawn into the feel-good frenzy.

TREVOR

This company wants to sponsor Joy's education.

LUCY

An organization out of Seattle wants to set up a veterans fund to host social outings for vets who live alone. Can you believe this?

Enthusiasm grows as an utter outpouring of love is revealed, with each and every message. Until something causes Trevor to take pause.

TREVOR

Hold on, wait. Wait, you guys. Luce, read this.

Lucy scans the email, exhales and looks around at everyone.

LUCY

It's from a human rights attorney. She wants to represent the family to try and reunite them with their father.

Several colleagues are crowded around Lucy's cubicle now. She allows herself to relish in this new found popularity until James walks by and snaps her out of it.

He locks eyes with her, stopping for a moment, before carrying on. Lucy's posture sinks.

EXT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY - NIGHT

Lucy bursts through the door with her arms full of groceries. She opens a can of cat food.



LUCY

Mama bought you the good stuff.

Her mobile rings.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Frank! I'm so sorry about  
yesterday. I should have called.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

FRANK

Don't be sorry. If I still had a  
good arm, I would have slugged that  
guy.

LUCY

I don't doubt that. I shouldn't  
have left you like that, though.  
Things have been so insane this  
past week. Honestly, I'm surprised  
you're still speaking to me.

FRANK

We're friends, aren't we? I don't  
believe in turning your back on a  
friend.

LUCY

I meant what I said yesterday.  
Thank you. For everything.

FRANK

Now then. What are your plans for  
tonight? Big party to go to? Hot  
date with James, perhaps?

LUCY

Nah. We had a disagreement. He's  
pretty angry with me, actually.

FRANK

Why don't you call him?

LUCY

I'm sure I'm the last person he  
wants to hear from.

FRANK

How do you know unless you try?

LUCY

I can't, Frank.

FRANK

Yes, you can. To have faith is to have wings, remember? Life is short, Lucy. Precious moments are fleeting. You deserve to be happy. Don't forget that.

LUCY

I'll try my best. Shoot, Frank, I've got to run. Coffee date soon?

FRANK

I'll see you next year.

LUCY

Happy new year!

INT. LUCY'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Feeling marginally put back together, Lucy clicks onto her "party lewk" playlist and gets ready for the masquerade party.

Freddie is stuffed into an awful new years get-up.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - SAME NIGHT

Lucy zips through the lobby, bumping into Joe.

LUCY

Hey!

JOE

Lucy? Is that you under there?

LUCY

Yes, it's me.

JOE

Where are you off to?

LUCY

Hitting a party in the west village. Running really late.

She grabs him and plants a kiss on Joe's cheek before be-lining it for the door.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Happy new year!

JOE

Good to see you're back to your old self, kid.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - SAME NIGHT

Lucy emerges from a taxi wearing a glittery cat mask and ears.

She sheepishly steps into the throbbing bar and is immediately thrust into the crowd, until Trevor spots her and comes to her rescue.

TREVOR

Luce! So glad you're here! I'm totally into this Macavity the Mystery Cat look, by the way.

Trevor is dressed as a bandit, mostly in leather.

LUCY

Show me to the bar!

TREVOR

This way, madame!

The pair maneuver their way through the crowd and order champagne.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

A toast! To my incomparable cousin, who not only made the top stories of the year, but whose heart is bigger than the empire state building.

LUCY

Love you, bitch.

TREVOR

Love you, bitch.

They skull the bubbles and hit the dance floor, launching into a frenzied routine until Lucy spots someone familiar. Someone wearing no mask at all, but sporting a kind smile and making his way towards her. James.

We transition to slo-mo as the crowd begins to part and glitter floats in the air. The throbbing beat of the music becomes muted as the two are unintentionally pushed together by a mob of moving bodies.

LUCY  
(shouting)  
What are you doing here?

JAMES  
(shouting)  
Trevor told me where you'd be  
tonight. I had to see you.

Lucy looks back at Trevor who winks and disappears.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
I'm sorry I got angry. I was  
shocked. And embarrassed.

LUCY  
(shouting)  
I'm sorry I went behind your back.

JAMES  
(shouting)  
Can we go outside for a minute?

Lucy nods yes and follows James towards the exit of the club.

EXT. STREET - SAME NIGHT

New York is buzzing as midnight looms and people run past in party hats, horns blaring.

JAMES  
It's freezing. Come here.

James wraps his arms around Lucy and removes her mask.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I'm so glad I made it in time.

LUCY  
In time for what?

The count down echoes throughout the streets. 10, 9, 8, 7...

JAMES  
This.

James pulls Lucy in closer and they kiss.

NEW YEARS DAY

EXT. MONTAGE - DAY

Joy and Jan are walking into a movie theatre excitedly, arm-in-arm.

Frank is at a park with his family, playfully building a snowman with his two granddaughters.

Ben anxiously opens his front door to find Sam. The two stare at each other for a moment, before Ben extends his arms and the two embrace.

Lucy's story has been eclipsed by Bassma and his family, as they've been reunited.

Meanwhile, Scott has been cast in a tragic reality TV show.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SAME DAY

James is sitting on a park bench reading the newspaper. A woolen mitt holding a steaming hot coffee comes into frame. He looks up and smiles.

LUCY

Shall we?

JAMES

We shall.

LUCY

I feel like we're a couple in the final scene of a holiday rom-com, setting off into the sunset. Except, in our case, it's thirty degrees and someone is urinating behind that tree over there.

James wraps his arm around Lucy. Ella joins them.

As the trio stroll through the park, it begins to snow.

FADE OUT.