

THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS

by  
Natalie Krinsky

Based on, her own insanity.

May 17, 2011

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

LUCY GULLIVER, 28, sits in her bedroom. Charmingly vulnerable, she curses like a sailor and falls in love easily. Lucy is a Junior Curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. You will come to understand why.

Around the room, shelves line the walls from floor to ceiling. They are crammed, filled to the gills with *things*. But as we move closer we see order, multiples - COLLECTIONS - stamps, shot glasses, spoons, Dr. Seuss Books, lipsticks, condoms, teapots of all shapes and sizes...a cornucopia of oddities and fantasies.

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Lucy Gulliver collected things. At four it was fireflies in a jar. At seven it was stamps. At twelve, Revlon Lipsticks. It wasn't the shades that fascinated her, but rather the names. If one wore Roman Holiday Pink, would she immediately adopt the grace and poise of Audrey Hepburn? At seventeen Lucy collected condoms. On a trip to Amsterdam she procured a bacon flavored condom. It really made her want to have sex with a butcher. Eat. Meat. Fuck.

(Beat.)

But that's all pork fat under the bridge now.

(Beat)

As the years went on, Lucy's collections only grew more bountiful. Perhaps it was this panache for collecting that led Lucy to her most recent collection. One that was more...accidental. A collection borne from habit, rather than purpose. You see, in her adult life, Lucy began collecting bad boyfriends.

Lucy opens a large album. We see photograph after photograph of Lucy kissing various men. A tall handsome model. A short, wiry professor. A hipster. Another hipster. A sheik sitting on top of a camel. A tough L.A Cholo with a Dodgers neck tat. One hipster, two hipster, red hipster, blue hipster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 For each boyfriend that meandered  
 in and out of her life like a  
 scruffy, mal-intentioned Peter  
 Pan, Lucy kept items with which to  
 commemorate them. A break up  
 collection of sorts. And perhaps  
 it was for this reason, that Lucy  
 never quite moved on from  
 heartbreak.

Lucy cultivates her "boyfriend" collection - items  
 devoted and representative of each man-friend. Some might  
 say she's crazy. Others, might choose "sentimental."

She picks up an old violin and begins to play a sad sack  
 melody. Poor me, poor me, pour me another drink.

Her playing is interrupted by her cell phone ringing. Her  
 ring tone is APPLE BOTTOM JEANS (boots with the fur). And  
 we are jolted back into reality...

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Establishing shot of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The  
 stairs, the arches, the grandeur, the opulence. Lucy  
 rushes inside checking her watch. She is late for work,  
 which really isn't out of the ordinary.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - EXHIBITION SPACE - DAY

Lucy pushes a giant statue of Aphrodite across the floor.  
 Her work ally, JULIAN, 30 watches her. He is not always  
 helpful but he's always funny.

JULIAN  
 Use your core, whore.

LUCY  
 You should have an ignore button.  
 Like my blackberry.

JULIAN  
 Are you saying that because I'm  
 black?

LUCY  
 I'm not playing this game with  
 you.

JULIAN  
 What game? Racism?

CONTINUED:

Lucy, finished pushing, stands back to admire her work.

LUCY

Aphrodite is the original gangsta  
of love. And thusly deserves a  
place of original gangsta-ness.  
And that's final.

JULIAN

Look at you - so dominating! I  
should be wearing a dog collar  
under this one of a kind Thom  
Browne.

At this moment their boss MAX FRANK, 37 strides into the room. He is well pressed, well-dressed, Prada Loafers, no socks - you know the type. He uses words like diaphanous and obfuscate. Oh, and he and Lucy are fucking. There is time spent together and flirting but no real commitment.

Lucy looks at Max adoringly, as he surveys their work. She tries, and fails to keep cool.

It is clear that Julian hates Max.

LUCY

I was thinking - perhaps its  
stupid - and if it is, you can say  
hey - that's stupid. But I was  
thinking, what if we exhibited all  
these ancient sculptures and  
paintings salon style - along one  
wall - nothing else adorning any  
of the other surfaces. Tres Paris  
late 1900s?

MAX

Perhaps.

JULIAN

She's brilliant. You know that,  
right?

Lucy elbows him.

MAX

I'm aware Julian. But as we move  
on I do want to emphasize the  
tensions between divine and mortal  
lovers. I want that to be the  
cynosure of the exhibit - that  
inherent tension. Understood?

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

Word.

(Beat.)

I mean, absolutely.

Max squeezes Lucy's shoulder.

MAX

See you tonight.

Lucy nods.

LUCY

I can't wait. Or I mean, I look forward to it - with the appropriate amount of enthusiasm that one reserves for such events.

Lucy smiles awkwardly. Max nods and exits.

JULIAN

Doesn't it bother you that he gives you absolutely no credit and then takes all the credit?

LUCY

Isn't that what a boss is supposed to do?

JULIAN

What did you have for breakfast this morning?

LUCY

Oatmeal.

JULIAN

Quaker? Arrowhead? Max's Cock?

LUCY

Inappropriate. This is your place of employ.

JULIAN

Yours too. But the only thing you've been employing lately are your jaw muscles. So I suggest you pipe down Judge Judy.

LUCY

I like him. And I think he likes me. And by "think" I really mean "hope."

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN

If he likes it then he'll put a  
cock ring on it.

LUCY

Riddle me this - is it a  
relationship if you don't fight?  
Or throw things? Or are together  
but it's a secret? Don't answer  
that. Also what is the definition  
of casual as it pertains to two  
humans having the sex? Don't  
answer that either.

Lucy checks her watch.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We are going to be late for-

JULIAN

The Max Frank self promotion tour  
of 2010.

LUCY

He is about to be the youngest  
director in the history of the  
Met. It's kind of a big deal.

JULIAN

How big exactly.

Lucy extends her arm and motions to the length of her  
forearm.

LUCY

Umm. Like, this big.

Lucy grins and begins heading towards the door. Julian  
calls after her.

JULIAN

I'm surprised all your organs are  
still intact.

Lucy turns to look at him.

LUCY

You and me both, sister.

JULIAN

Touche.

## INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - LADIES LOUNGE - NIGHT

Inside the cramped bathroom, Lucy wiggles out of her jeans and into a very sexy evening gown. She momentarily checks her make up. Reapplies lip gloss. Makes a face at herself in the mirror. She looks fly. There is a knock at the door. Lucy opens it, peaks her head out. It's Max.

LUCY

Can I help you?

MAX

All signs point to yes.

He smiles.

MAX (CONT'D)

Bug, I need to speak to you about something.

LUCY

Professionally or otherwise?

Max clears his throat, unaccustomed to being uncomfortable.

MAX

Otherwise.

(Beat.)

The thing is, that, I feel as if. Well. Hmm. How to put this, exactly...

Lucy grows impatient, pulls him into the bathroom, and kisses him. It's hot and grabby.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wait, I-

LUCY

Cinder-Fella, we've got to be at the ball in 15 minutes. The talking ship has sailed.

She kisses him more. Max succumbs, pulls up her dress and in the words of LL Cool J, makes her earrings jingle.

## INT. CIPRIANI MIDTOWN - FANCY GALA - NIGHT

Everything has a pinkish glow to it. The way fancy things do. Lucy and Julian weave their way through the glittering crowd searching for their table. They grab glasses of wine from a waiter with a passing tray. Julian takes a giant gulp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY  
Slow down crazy.

JULIAN  
Hopefully I'll be taking a long hard piss during our boss' acceptance speech. I prefer the sound of my own urine to his voice. What does that say about me?

Lucy is focused on Max who works the room.

LUCY  
How cute does he look in that tweed blazer by the way? Like T.S. Eliot with a better face.

JULIAN  
Yeah and he has the fake Madonna accent to match. The man is from Pittsburgh and he talks like he just got off the Mayflower.

(Beat.)  
Off the Mayflower and into your bush.

Julian giggles, delighted.

LUCY  
Julian, this is a grown up party!

JULIAN  
Who are you trying to impress?

Lucy looks across the room - her eyes land on AMELIA CARTWRIGHT, 35, shiny blond hair, flawless skin, straight teeth, red lips. She's so glossy. Lucy points.

LUCY  
Her.

Julian clutches Lucy's arm.

JULIAN  
A non-ironic OMG! Amelia Cartwright. AT OUR TABLE! She's perfect. A YSL-wearing, shiny-haired dermatologist. She's my zit popping muse.

LUCY  
She's the kind of girl that makes me want to shower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN  
She's Hitler's wet dream.

LUCY  
Yikes.

Julian grabs Lucy's hand and drags her towards the table.

INT. CIPRIANI MIDTOWN - SAME

Max is sandwiched between Lucy and Amelia. Max looks uncomfortable. Lucy leans over to him.

LUCY  
Do you like my hair? I used this new technique, where you rub the back of your head against the bathroom wall while being violated by your boss. It's all the rage in Europe.

Max smiles wanly.

MAX  
Sure.

Lucy furrows her brow.

LUCY  
You alright?

Max nods.

MAX  
Nerves.

LUCY  
You should shotgun a beer. I find it really takes the edge off.

MAX  
No.

LUCY  
Suit yourself.

Max clears his throat uncomfortably then leans in the opposite direction and whispers something in Amelia's ear. She giggles. Max smiles tightly. Homeboy looks WORRIED.

At a podium at the front of the grand room is EVA WOOLF, age unknown. She is Fabulous (with a capital F).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Married more times than Elizabeth Taylor, Patron of the arts and Leona-Helmsley-rich. Minus the dog. Lucy worships her.

EVA  
Hello. Pay attention to moi.

The crowd quiets.

EVA (CONT'D)  
Good evening. I'm Eva Woolf, and as President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Board, I'd like to welcome you all to this very fancy party celebrating the promotion of our very young director.

Applause, applause, applause.

EVA (CONT'D)  
While Max Frank is practically a fetus, I happen to be very old and thus I make no bones about what I do and don't know. I know about Art. And I know about Men. It so happens that I have been lucky enough to have profited greatly from both of these endeavors.

The crowd laughs. Lucy clasps her hands, delighted.

LUCY  
(Sotto.)  
I love her.

JULIAN  
(Sotto.)  
Hero worship.

They focus their attention back to the podium.

EVA  
As a result I have a great deal in common with Max Frank, a handsome man with an eye for fine art. It is with great pride that the board of the Metropolitan Museum of Art welcomes him as the youngest director in our illustrious history. Ladies and Gentlemen, Max Frank!

Max stands. He weaves his way through the tables shaking hands, kissing babies, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eva gives him an appraising look and smiles at the crowd. The crowd applauds as Eva returns to her seat.

MAX

I'm uncertain if I will be able to live up to such a winning introduction, but I will try. Before I begin, I'd like to take a moment to make an introduction of my own.

(Beat.)

Artists draw inspiration from many sources. Some are captivated by their surroundings. Others propelled by their pain - a great many, actually by their pain. Others by religion. Some are spurred along by other artists. My favorite photographer William Eggleston was of this ilk. As a young man, he was moved by the work of Henri Bresson and knew immediately his metier would be behind a lens.

Julian rolls his eyes at the word "metier."

MAX (CONT'D)

Though I am no Eggleston, or Bresson, for that matter, this is the woman who inspires me.

Lucy nods along, flattered, overwhelmed. Julian raises his brow at her, impressed.

MAX (CONT'D)

Please welcome her both as the newest member of our tireless Board and of course, as the woman who captured my heart, Ms. Amelia Cartwright.

Amelia stands, looks around at the crowd and nods her head, elegantly. Lucy by instinct, stands as well. The crowd stares at her. Julian tries to pull her down. Lucy looks apoplectic.

JULIAN

Sit.

LUCY

Shit.

Max, sensing a problem, continues his speech as Julian tries to pull Lucy down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lucy doesn't know whether to stay or go. She looks like a deer in headlights. Julian pulls her arm to sit, Lucy pulls away - it's a tug of whore.

MAX

My appointment is proof that the Met, though a classic and indelible New York institution, is a forward thinking one. It will be my goal, as curator to make sure that the Met stays relevant - stays fresh - its mission will be to expose the 18th century English milliner, the Lapita-era Potter, Picasso and Dorothea Lange to even newer and more contemporary voices - blending ancient and modern to accommodate and attract visitors-

Lucy, has had enough, she takes off, sprinting out of the ballroom.

EXT. 42ND STREET - LATER

Lucy stands breathless outside of Cipriani Midtown. The tears she's been holding in finally stream down her face, creating a mascara road-map of sadness.

Suddenly a large gust of wind. Lucy's dress flies over her head. She bats it down. She is tangled in her gown. It is woman versus dress.

At that moment Max exits on to the street.

MAX

Lucy!

Lucy turns around - facing him, bitch look crazy.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I tried to tell you earlier - in the bathroom - I just-

LUCY

How? How did you try to tell me?  
With your penis?

MAX

We never quite defined things-

LUCY

Right. The impressionism of relationships. No commitment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Of course, ever since Facebook  
 commitment has really fallen out  
 of favor.

MAX  
 Amelia and I just got serious. I  
 swear it. She just seems  
 more...appropriate.

LUCY  
 Appropriate? Like, like I can't be  
 the Hilary to your Bill? The  
 Connie Chung to your Maury Povich?

MAX  
 What is Maury Povich?

LUCY  
 Oh that's right. I forgot. You're  
 one of those people who doesn't  
 own a television. Which when I  
 found out, I said was bourgeois  
 and cool but what I meant was that  
 it makes you a cockmonger.

Max smiles at the word cockmonger.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Not funny.

MAX  
 Lucy, you and I - we have fun. But  
 with Amelia, it's more serious. We  
 have something...

LUCY  
 Something what?

Max looks away, not wanting to answer.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 Something what?

MAX  
 Something...extraordinary.

Lucy swallows hard, that hurt.

LUCY  
 Extraordinary?

MAX  
 Bug, please. Let's not muddle  
 things more than necessary. Come  
 on, we're both adults here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

First of all I'm not an adult. I'm 28. Secondly fuck you. Thirdly I quit.

MAX

Lucy, please. You're being tempestuous.

LUCY

That is not a word you use in an argument!

Lucy begins stomping down the street - though it is very hard to stomp in heels.

MAX

What about the Art and Love exhibit? This is your first lead exhibit. I need your innovation, your talent.

He touches her arm.

MAX (CONT'D)

Your understanding. Come on Luce, you will regret this decision.

Lucy pulls away.

LUCY

No Max - you will regret this decision.

Max, defeated, turns and walk back inside. Lucy gathers herself, feeling decidedly un-Cinderella-like. She steps out onto the street and lifts her arm to hail a cab.

LUCY (CONT'D)

TAXI!

As she does, across the street NICK FRIEND, 32, attractive, sarcastic, and best of all, unavailable, stumbles out of a bar with his arm around a FLOOZY.

NICK

TAXI!

A taxi halts directly between the two of them. Nick ushers the Floozy into the TAXI. Lucy, enraged swings open the opposite passenger door.

LUCY

Oh no! You do not steal a taxi from a lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICK

Come on, there will be another.  
There's always another.

LUCY

No. There isn't always another.  
Don't you get it? This is the one  
I want. I had my heart set on this  
one. I did a lot for this one.

NICK

I'm pretty sure you just lifted  
your arm to hail it. Again, it's  
just a cab.

LUCY

No! No it's not just a cab. It's  
THE cab. It's supposed to be MY  
cab. We can't SHARE the cab. TWO  
people can't have the same cab.  
It's the cab I wanted. I love this  
cab. So I advise you to Get. The.  
Fuck. Out. Of. My. Cab.

Lucy is practically foaming at the mouth.

FLOOZY

Is this a zombie movie?

Nick, wide-eyed ushers the girl out of the cab, slamming  
the door behind him. Lucy smooths her dress and addresses  
the cabby, calmly.

LUCY

Brooklyn please sir. Thank you.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

AMANDA BAXTER, 28, an accomplished Attorney at Law,  
practical, efficient, loves credentials and NADINE  
HOLLOWAY, 28, still finding herself, most often in  
bedrooms all over town, sit on the couch sipping Pinot  
Noir. These are Lucy's roommates.

NADINE

So I very patiently say, Sam, we  
have worked together for four  
years cultivating our cases of  
assistant ass, and not once have  
you ever gotten up to make copies  
or run an errand for our boss.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE (CONT'D)

Today, I said, I'm wearing very high heels so maybe, just this once, you can tear yourself off your Aero chair, do me a solid and give the Xerox a whirl.

AMANDA

A fair and just request.

NADINE

You would think. Until he pulled up his pant leg, tapped his prosthetic and said, "I'm an amputee."

AMANDA

No!

NADINE

Yes. I didn't even know. I thought he had a gangsta lean or something.

AMANDA

You're telling me you've worked next to this man for four years and you didn't know he was an amputee?

NADINE

It's a job, not my career. At work I function at minimal alertness.

AMANDA

Didn't you have sex with him?

NADINE

Just the one time.

Suddenly, the door to the apartment swings open, Lucy, bursts in, her face streaked with tears, clutching the evening's program. Amanda and Nadine turn to look at her.

LUCY

(Between sobs.)

Hi.

Nadine and Amanda exchange a look and spring into action. They are BREAK UP OPERATIVES, scrambling around the apartment at lightening speed.

Nadine rushes to the fridge and grabs two tubes of COOKIE DOUGH. Amanda dives for KLEENEX and BLANKETS with one hand while she pulls out the COUCH with her foot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lucy collapses onto the couch.

Nadine pops WHEN HARRY MET SALLY into the DVD player and then collects THREE BOTTLES OF WINE from the pantry.

The girls plop down on the couch on either side of Lucy, who lets out a long, painful wail.

TIME LAPSE

AMANDA

You're better off without him. I know it doesn't seem that way now, but, he's just so...

LUCY

So what?

AMANDA

So Prada loafers no socks.

NADINE

Besides, Max Frank - two first names. I don't trust people with two first names - think about it - Woody Allen - child molester. Mike Tyson - wife beater. Jenny Craig - fat...

Nadine pauses.

LUCY

Fat what?

NADINE

That's it.

LUCY

Well, barring your erudite theories on nomenclature, it still sucks.

The girls nod. Lucy holds up the program.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Yet another thing to add to the collection.

She sighs, and gets up from the couch and disappears into her bedroom.

AMANDA

Oh god. Not again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NADINE

This is the program that breaks  
the camel's back. We're the camel.

AMANDA

We can't have another boyfriend  
collection.

NADINE

It's seeping into my bedroom.

AMANDA

There are reality shows about  
this.

NADINE

You gotta tell her.

AMANDA

You tell her.

NADINE

You.

Nadine grabs Amanda's arm and starts pinching her.

AMANDA

OW!

Lucy walks back into the room.

LUCY

What's going on?

Nadine stuffs a huge chunk of cookie dough in her mouth  
and points to Amanda.

AMANDA

We have to talk to you.

Nadine nods in agreement. Mouth still full.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

We understand that break ups are  
painful.

NADINE

(Mouth full.)  
Veffy Painfuth.

AMANDA

But you have to get rid of the  
break up collection. Purge  
yourself. It's bad news. It's  
holding you back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

NADINE

It's clogging your emotional pores. You need a life facial.

Lucy touches her face.

AMANDA

You can't have a good relationship because you're constantly mourning the old relationship. And by the time the mourning period is up - the new relationship has already fallen apart.

NADINE

You're living in the past like Marty McFly.

AMANDA

You're like a modern day Mrs. Havisham.

NADINE

Out with the old Dickens in the with the new Dick.

LUCY

You want me to throw it away?

AMANDA

Or burn it.

NADINE

Or dump it in the east river.

AMANDA

Any of these options seem sensible.

Lucy looks from one roommate to another.

LUCY

But I can't! This is my stuff! I mean - it's a part of me. It means something. It's what's left when two people stop loving each other.

NADINE

(Pointedly.)

Or when just one person stops loving the other person.

Amanda shoots Nadine a look.

CONTINUED: (5)

AMANDA

Lucy, those things aren't who you are - they're the remnants of heartbreak, and the truth is that-

NADINE

The truth is that they're keeping you from moving on.

Nadine and Amanda nod simultaneously.

LUCY

But we collect Mayan pots, and Egyptian funerary gods! What's so different about my collection? They're the historical relics of my life! I can't throw it away. I can't.

AMANDA

Can't? Or won't?

Lucy, exasperated she marches into her room and slams the door.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Lucy lies in her bed, staring at a photo of Max in the program from the Gala. A knock, Lucy quickly shoves the program under her covers. Nadine and Amanda enter.

AMANDA

We're going running in Central Park.

NADINE

Correction. She's running I'm going to walk behind her smoking and thinking of palindromes.

AMANDA

Do you want to come?

LUCY

No. I want to lie here and eat until my body starts to look like an uncooked souffle.

AMANDA

We are not sitting shiva for this relationship. No ripping of clothes. No covering of mirrors. And no break up collections.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

I just got broken up with in a very public forum. I have a right to feel sorry for myself.

Amanda pulls back the covers on Lucy's bed to reveal all of the REMNANTS OF MAX, in bed with Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This is very humiliating.

AMANDA

All the break up stuff needs to go. Everything associated with people who have been inside of you - gone.

NADINE

Kayak.

The girls give her a funny look. She shrugs.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Palindrome.

EXT. EAST RIVER DOCKS - DAY

Lucy drags two huge garbage bags filled with her break up collection. She stands on the dock, peers into river - she sees her reflection in the brown water.

LUCY

Narcissus like, totally died staring at his own reflection.

She takes a deep breath. Suddenly, she sees something. Looks closer - it's a DEAD BODY bopping in the river. Lucy grabs her trash bags and gets out of there.

INT. FREDDY'S BAR - BROOKLYN - DAY

Lucy stands in front of the bar, as the CUTE BARTENDER, BRIAN, 29 wipes down the bar. A few ITEMS sit in front of her; an old t-shirt, a small bear holding a heart that says; "Shit bitch, you is fine."

LUCY

So I mean, I'm just trying to expunge. Rid myself of the painful past. Hello wind. Here's my caution. That sort of thing.

She pushes the items towards the Cute Bartender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)  
So here you go, Brian. I'm returning these ghosts of relationships past. What we had was great, don't get it twisted. But that was in 2001. The year of the snake. Which, ironically you managed to exemplify throughout the relationship. Now I'm moving on.

Lucy smiles awkwardly.

BRIAN  
I'm sorry, do we know each other?  
I'm kinda drawing a blank here.

Lucy looks mortified.

LUCY  
I'll just have a tequila shot. I think they keep the self hatred in the limes.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Lucy sits nervously, on the train, her large garbage bags of things at her feet. Passengers lurch back and forth on the ride. An old woman sitting across from Lucy gives her a funny look. Lucy smiles.

The subway car stops. The doors open. Lucy stands, pushes past a few people and gets off the train, LEAVING HER GARBAGE BAGS BEHIND.

OLD WOMAN  
Terrorist!

Lucy whips around. The old woman points directly at Lucy.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Terrorist That girl is a terrorist!

The entire subway car begins panicking. People begins screaming.

LUCY  
No! No! I'm not a terrorist.

A MAN on the platform yells at the conductor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN  
Stop the train! Stop the train!  
This girl is a terrorist!

OLD WOMAN  
Jihad! Jihad! Jihad!

It's total chaos. All the doors open. People stream out.

LUCY  
No! You don't understand! I don't  
have a bomb. I don't want to hurt  
anyone.

A pregnant woman lunges at Lucy who hits the ground. A siren starts going off.

Lucy looks stricken, other passengers hold her down. A group of NYPD officers in riot gear storm the station.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nadine and Amanda sit on the couch in their workout clothes drinking Pinot Noir.

NADINE  
And so in conclusion, I realized,  
though anal sex is for some  
people, it's just not for me.

Amanda nods, understanding.

A worn out, disheveled Lucy bangs open the door to the apartment. Behind her she drags the two large garbage bags.

AMANDA  
Really Lucy?

NADINE  
Really?

Lucy looks from one roommate to another. They have NO IDEA the sort of day she's had.

LUCY  
Nadine, who gave you the giant  
stuffed bulldog that sits on your  
bed?

NADINE  
I mean, I don't really remember,  
exactly-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Oh I remember. Dan! Freshman Year  
 Big Dick Dan. Hung like a Caribou  
 yet massively co-dependent. And  
 even though you've been broken up  
 for ten years, you've kept the  
 damn dog.

Amanda looks smug, crosses her arms.

AMANDA

Sustained!

NADINE

You're not a judge just because  
 you've been to law school. You  
 went to law school because you  
 didn't know what else to do with  
 your life.

Amanda shrugs.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Dan's penis was unnaturally large!  
 (Beat. Sotto.)  
 He was a dickosaurus rex.

Lucy turns to Amanda.

LUCY

And YOU!

Amanda looks fearful.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You tear up - to this day - every  
 single time you hear a song from  
 "The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill"  
 because that was "your album" with  
 Horatio that summer you two spent  
 in Europe. Even though you're  
 engaged to be married to Jeff!

AMANDA

I have no idea what you're talking  
 about.

LUCY

(Singing.)

"It could all be so simple...but  
 you had to make it hard."

Amanda covers her ears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMANDA

Stop! You're a monster! A pox on  
your house!

LUCY

Every single person who has ever  
been in a relationship *has this*  
*stuff.* It's just that no one knows  
where to put it!

She marches over to the coffee table, grabs the bottle of  
wine and then storms into her room. She slams the door.

AMANDA

That was our last bottle.

Nadine reaches under the couch and pulls out another.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

How did you-?

NADINE

Fuck you, it's classified.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LUCY'S ROOM -  
NIGHT

Lucy drinks wine straight outta the bottle.

LUCY

Everyone has this stuff. Everyone.

Lucy looks around the room. Her eyes taking stock of her  
boyfriend collection. She gets a little misty.

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.)

As Lucy got drunker, and still  
drunkerer, she wondered about  
love. After all, volumes of  
encyclopedic proportion have been  
written about love, that  
indescribable pull that unites  
people's hearts and loins. But  
when its all over - when love  
crumbles like the Roman Empire, we  
are left holding the ruins - in  
the form of songs, letters,  
gifts...Where to put these things  
when the clock strikes break up?  
Lucy knew that if anyone could be  
the emperor of these maladies, it  
was her. What if people brought  
their break up mementos to her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucy drunkenly stumbles over to her laptop and logs onto FACEBOOK and updates her STATUS. Slurs as she types.

LUCY  
The. Museum. Of. Broken.  
Relationships. Is your heartbreak  
memorabilia keeping you from  
moving on? I'll take care of it  
when you can't. Believe yourselves  
of the things that are holding you  
back!

Lucy looks at her computer screen, satisfied with herself. She sits back and continues drinking. And drinking. Soon enough, Lucy is passed out, clutching the bottle of wine, snoring. As she does, we go BACK to her COMPUTER SCREEN and see people on FACEBOOK - LIKING and COMMENTING on her POST...

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LUCY'S ROOM - MORNING

An alarm buzzes, louder and louder. Lucy wakes up with a jolt. Her lips and teeth are wine-stained. She stumbles around the room grabbing clothes off the floor, quickly getting dressed. She glances in the mirror.

LUCY  
Shaiza.

EXT. MET STEPS - DAY

Lucy and Julian sit on the steps of the Museum. Lucy's head is in her hands. A box of her things at her feet.

LUCY  
I thought I was late for work, but  
then I realized I didn't have a  
job.

JULIAN  
The irony is that this is the  
first time in the history of the  
world that you were on time. So  
you have that.

LUCY  
What do I do? I have no marketable  
skills. I have \$77 in my bank  
account. Oh God. Mistake. Big  
mistake. Huge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN  
Reg. Bev. Will!

Lucy frowns at him. Julian shrugs sheepishly.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
I thought you were quoting *Pretty Woman*.

LUCY  
Why would I do that right now? Why would I quote *Pretty Woman*?

JULIAN  
Uh, I think the question is why wouldn't you quote *Pretty Woman*?

Lucy isn't listening to him.

LUCY  
Health insurance. Dental. 401K.  
IRA.

JULIAN  
Lucy, you need to get a grip. You will find another job.

Lucy continues to sob and maybe rock back and forth just a little bit. Julian grabs her and turns her towards him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)  
Lucy! You will be fine. You will find a new job. You will find a new boyfriend type person. Who will admit that they are your boyfriend type person. You are woman. Now roar.

LUCY  
Roar.

A flock of pigeons fly overhead, settling on the steps of the Met. A bird shits on Lucy's head.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Did a bird just shit on my head?

Julian nods his head.

JULIAN  
Absolutely not.

## EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy arrives home carrying the contents of her office her hair is tangled, she is a hot tranny mess. She walks up the steps of her apartment, right by WILLHEMINA REED, 30, a timid, leather clad, daredevil lesbian who sits on the stoop of her building. Lucy attempts to unlock the door.

WILLHEMINA

Lucy? Lucy Gulliver?

Lucy turns, dropping her things. She bends down to pick them up, Willhemina tries to help her.

LUCY

Are you from Visa? Please come back when I'm successful and have money to pay you. That will be in approximately ten years.

Willhemina giggles quietly.

WILLHEMINA

No, Lucy, it's me, Willhemina Reed from Mr. Share's class? Third grade? We reconnected on Facebook through Adam Winograd? The unlawful titty grabber?

LUCY

Oh yes! Of course! Willhemina! Wow. You've changed. I could barely recognize you under all that - leather.

WILLHEMINA

I wore a lot more denim when I was eight. Anyway, I brought something, for your museum?

She reaches into a shopping bag and produces a CAST that looks as if it once belonged on a LEG.

Lucy looks at her quizzically.

WILLHEMINA (CONT'D)  
Of Broken Relationships?

Lucy suddenly remembers the night before.

LUCY

(Mumbles.)

The Museum of Broken Relationships?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLHEMINA

It's a cast. My ex, Gina, was my nurse. I was in the hospital after a nasty motocross accident.

LUCY

You do motocross? I distinctly remember you being afraid of the jungle gym.

WILLHEMINA

Yes. Hard to believe. I used to be very timid. But as it turns out, I'm a bit of an adrenaline junky. I have big...

She motions with her hands.

LUCY

Balls?

WILLHEMINA

Mmhmm. Gina was my nurse. And then she became my girlfriend. And you know the rest.

LUCY

What's the rest?

WILLHEMINA

She left me for a doctor.

Lucy bursts into tears.

WILLHEMINA (CONT'D)

Please stop crying. I'm one of the few lesbians that shies away from tears. And golfing.

Lucy snivels.

WILLHEMINA (CONT'D)

Listen, I have been having the worst time getting over Gina. Every time I close my eyes I see her face. It's like her head is tattooed onto the inside of my eyelids.

LUCY

That's called heartbreak. It's horrible. I get it repeatedly like herpes. Which I don't have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLHEMINA

I haven't been able to sky dive,  
bungee jump, or mountain board.

LUCY

You are an insane person.

WILLHEMINA

Maybe. But, I'm also a chick who  
isn't afraid of anything.  
Heartbreak though, scared the  
living daylights out of me. I've  
climbed Everest, swam with great  
white sharks, I don't even flinch  
at popping a wheelie, but my break  
up? Paralyzed me. Getting rid of  
that cast is terrifying. But here  
you are willing to take care of  
it...I'm just saying. I think I  
can start moving on.

Willhemina fidgets for a moment.

WILLHEMINA (CONT'D)

That's all. It was really nice  
catching up with you, Lucy. Poke  
me sometime.

Lucy watches her walk down the street for a moment.

LUCY

Willhemina! Wait!

Lucy fishes through her box and pulls out a pen and a paper. Willhemina turns. Lucy runs down the street and catches up to her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(Out of breath.)

Everything you just said to me -  
write it down, right here.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy walks around the cast, examining it from all angles.

Finally she begins carefully constructing a little box  
that looks like the CORNELL BOXES (made famous by artist  
Joseph Cornell in the 1930s - google 'em). Inside,  
charmingly presented, Willhemina's story, and her cast -  
colorful, sweet - an ode to a relationship past. A piece  
of art. As we hear;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Thanks to Willhemina, Lucy had the first item for her Museum of Broken Relationships. Though she had no boyfriend, and no job, and very hazy prospects for the future, Lucy was beginning a new collection. And that made her feel a little bit better.

Lucy places the box on the mantle, and takes a photo of it. She immediately CREATES A MUSEUM BLOG - "THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIP'S INAUGURAL ITEM!"

With that, she steps back and admires her work.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LATER

Amanda comes home from a long day of work. She is always carrying one million bags. Gym bag. Laptop bag. Case file bag. Purse bag. She unloads.

She notices the cast in its LUCY BOX on the mantle. She steps forward and takes a closer look, furrows her brow. Then, at the top of her lungs a la Desi Arnaz;

AMANDA  
 Lucy! You got some splainin' to do!!

INT. SPIN, PING PONG BAR - NIGHT

Lucy plays against both Amanda and Nadine in ping pong at the same time. Two on one. She also holds a beer in one hand. She is a very good ping pong player.

AMANDA  
 So let me get this straight. You started a Museum.

LUCY  
 Yes.

AMANDA  
 So other people can put their break up shit in *our* house.

LUCY  
 Yes.

CONTINUED:

NADINE

I don't understand why you can't just go out and fuck a stranger like a normal person.

AMANDA

Or even someone you know.

NADINE

Frennies with bennies.

LUCY

This is helping me get over Max.

AMANDA

No it's not. It's helping you dwell on Max.

NADINE

You need therapy.

LUCY

This is therapy.

Whack. Whack. Whack. Lucy wins.

INT. SPIN - NIGHT

The girls are now having drinks at the bar. There are ping pong tables everywhere. Amanda looks around.

AMANDA

Do you think this is what communist China looked like?

LUCY

No.

Lucy's phone pings. She checks it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Oooh! Four new followers of the Museum of Broken Relationships blog. See? I'm not alone.

AMANDA

Great now break ups are following you.

NADINE

You need to meet someone new.

LUCY

No. I'm in mourning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
Black looks really bad on you.

Nadine looks around, taps the guy next to her on the shoulder.

NADINE  
Excuse me. What is your name?

The CAB GUY, NICK FRIEND, turns around, he is with his friend, BRADY DANELLA, 32. Brady is funny and funny looking but tries hard.

NICK  
I'm Nick.

LUCY  
Ohmygod. You're the taxi stealer.

NICK  
You're bride of Frankenstein!

BRADY  
I'm Brady.

NADINE  
(To Brady.)  
Good for you.

Nadine turns back to Nick as Brady checks out Nadine.

NADINE (CONT'D)  
Seems as if you two already know each other. That's a plus. Nick, do you want to have sex with my friend? I should tell you in advance that you don't have to date her.

LUCY  
Nadine!

Nadine points to Brady.

NADINE  
You - elevator eyes. Come with us.

Nadine grabs Amanda's hand and walks away with Brady trailing behind. Lucy is stuck with Nick.

LUCY  
I'm sorry I threatened your life in the taxi. I was having a bad night. But for the record, you were in the wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

Do over?

LUCY

Do over.

NICK

Why are your friends trying to  
make you have sex with strange  
men?

LUCY

I just got out of a relationship  
and so they're trying to work some  
sort of penis jedi mindtrick on  
me. To make me get over it.

NICK

But you're not over it?

LUCY

No. Relationships require a long  
time to get over. Some people say  
twice as long as the time you  
dated.

NICK

I wouldn't lead with that.

LUCY

I didn't. I'm done trying again.  
I'm gonna go find my former  
friends.

INT. SPIN - NIGHT

Brady and Nick pow wow at the bar.

BRADY

You scared her off. You're a  
vagina repeller. Why are we  
roommates?

NICK

Because you live in my apartment.

BRADY

You're the good looking one. I'm  
the funny one. I get the second  
string. I stand under the tree and  
grab at the low hanging fruit.

NICK

What do you want me to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADY  
Apologize to her.

NICK  
You want me to apologize to her so  
you can eat rotting fruit?

BRADY  
It's not rotting. It's ripe. Tell  
her your name is Ron Pepto, heir  
to the Pepto Bismol fortune.

NICK  
I'm not doing that.

BRADY  
Tell her you were instrumental in  
creating the children's formula,  
Pepto Kids.

NICK  
You're deranged.

BRADY  
Pussy patrol go!

INT. SPIN, A PING PONG BAR - NIGHT

Lucy sits at a table as Nadine and Amanda play one  
another in ping pong (poorly). Nick approaches with a  
beer. He taps Lucy on the shoulder.

NICK  
An olive branch.

Lucy looks at him for a moment.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I mean, it's a beer. If this were  
ancient times, it would be an  
olive branch. And I would be a  
dove.

LUCY  
Thank you.

NICK  
Third time's the charm?

LUCY  
Maybe. What do you do for money?

NICK  
I'd do almost anything for money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY  
I mean what is your job?

NICK  
I give walking tours of the city.  
Like architectural ones.

LUCY  
That sounds fun!

NICK  
I'm a tour guide. That's worse  
than being a stay at home actor.  
My skills include walking  
backwards and talking.

Lucy raises an eyebrow.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What do you do?

LUCY  
I'm between jobs. Well, actually,  
I just quit my job but I don't  
have another job. So really  
there's a job behind me but no job  
ahead of me so the term "between  
jobs" doesn't really apply.  
Anyway, for the moment I am  
working on a little project. A  
plan B.

NICK  
Like the morning after pill? That  
was a great invention by a man who  
was betrayed by the pull out  
method.

LUCY  
No. I've started something called  
The Museum of Broken  
Relationships. Where people can  
bring their break up artifacts.

NICK  
Their what?

LUCY  
You know, like love letters, movie  
stubs, an old watch? Mementos.

NICK  
I dunno, I'm more Sicilian about  
break ups - the you're dead to me  
approach?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK (CONT'D)  
And no offense but why would  
anyone in their right mind go to a  
museum full of other people's old  
shit?

LUCY  
Because that's what museums are -  
full of people's old shit. And  
second of all it's cathartic.

NICK  
For whom?

LUCY  
FOR ME!

NICK  
You want cathartic? Use a  
catheter.

LUCY  
That's disgusting.

NICK  
It's medical.

Nick stands.

NICK (CONT'D)  
It's been real, but I think I  
should walk over there now. Enjoy  
that beer.

Lucy watches him go. She jots something down on her  
napkin quickly.

LUCY  
Hey!

Nick turns around.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You are bitter.

NICK  
Uh. Those in glass houses, lady.

She rolls her eyes and hands him her napkin.

LUCY  
I think we ran into each other  
again for a reason. Plus a cynic  
is merely an idealist  
disappointed. I'm sure you'll come  
across something to bring me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Nick looks at the napkin, on it, Lucy's name, address, e-mail and phone number.

NICK  
Is this a clever way of giving me  
your digits?

LUCY  
I hate you.

Nick stuffs the napkin in his pocket and walks off.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT  
Nadine, Lucy and Amanda arrive home from their night out.

LUCY  
Nick is an asshole.

AMANDA  
Yeah, an asshole you gave our  
address to. What if he comes over  
in the night and cuts you up into  
little pieces and then cuts us up  
into little pieces? And then puts  
those little pieces in cement and  
then puts the cement in garbage  
bags and then puts those garbage  
bags in a body of water?

NADINE  
You worry too much.

Outside their door is a package. It is addressed to Lucy, she picks it up.

LUCY  
Look. It's from hermit Peter next  
door!

NADINE  
(Suggestive.)  
He's not *that* much of a hermit.

Lucy pulls a SEXY BLACK LACE BRA out of the package. Suddenly a NOTE is pushed out from UNDER THE DOOR next door. Lucy picks it up.

LUCY  
He says it belonged to a girl who  
he always thought was out of his  
league. He was constantly trying  
to convince himself that she was  
brilliant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)  
That they had a lot in common. But  
- they really only had her hotness  
in common.

Lucy holds up the bra.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Ironically, she left behind  
evidence to that fact.

Nadine snatches the bra.

NADINE  
This is nice. Can I have it?

LUCY  
First of all it's for the Museum.  
And second of all ewww it belonged  
to someone else.

NADINE  
Yeah. It's vintage.

Lucy snatches it back.

LUCY  
Museum.

She makes eye contact with Amanda who looks pissed.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I'm sure it's just a fluke. I'm  
sure this is the last item I'll  
receive.

AMANDA  
Yeah. Cause Facebook only has oh I  
dunno, 200 million users.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - DAY

A line of 3 people dropping off break up artifacts. A  
woman with a BOTTLE OF PERFUME. A man with a MUG. A girl  
with a LOCK OF HAIR TIED WITH A RIBBON.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Lucy photographs and blogs each item. She has 157  
followers! The mantle is filling up with her fabulous  
Break Up-like boxes.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - DAY

A line of 12 people forms. Each holding more items. A SNOW GLOBE, a BOOK WITH THE PAGES FALLING OUT, a HOTEL KEY CARD.

Amanda gets home from work and has to push past the crowd to get inside.

AMANDA

Excuse you. Excuse you. I live here. Yeah. That's right. This is my *home*. We pay four grand a month for this hovel.

INT. NICK AND BRADY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The apartment is sparse. A stark contrast to Lucy's. There are electronics. And a couch. And some books.

Brady plays Madden or Halo or Call of Duty or one of those lame games that boys play. Nick messes around on his computer.

BRADY

(To the screen.)  
I am going to crush you like Rex  
Ryan crushes a foot long Subway  
Club.

NICK

I would estimate that 30 percent  
of all my meals originate at  
Subway.

BRADY

Double meat, bro.

A mussed, pixie-ish, cute girl exits Nick's bedroom. This is ELLA, 24. She is Nick's last night. She is very short and tiny. Ella stretches.

ELLA

Mornin'.

Nick barely looks up from his computer.

NICK

Mornin'.

ELLA

Soooo...

CONTINUED:

Nick keeps playing on Facebook or whatever. Brady looks uncomfortable but just keeps playing Madden.

ELLA (CONT'D)  
You hungry?

NICK  
Nah. I'm watching my figure.

BRADY  
I'm starving!

ELLA  
What are you doing?

Nick doesn't look up.

NICK  
Facebook.

ELLA  
Cool.

NICK  
I guess.

Ella registers his disinterest.

ELLA  
I better go. Marlene and Rick are probably worried about me.

Nick barely glances up.

NICK  
Who are Marlene and Rick?

ELLA  
My parents.

Nick looks up suddenly.

NICK  
Your parents?

ELLA  
I mean, I'm sixteen. I told them I was sleeping at my friend Dylan's house. Dylan's a girl.

Ella get up off the couch and stretches. Gathers her belongings.

NICK  
WHAT?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ella nods, serious.

ELLA

I can't wait to tell everyone  
about my first time. It was so  
much better than Bieber fever.

Nick is apoplectic.

Ella begins walking away. She reaches the doorknob, grabs the handle and smiles over her shoulder.

ELLA (CONT'D)

Just kidding. But next time you  
see someone's vagina, you should  
work on your morning after  
etiquette. Have a nice day.

With that, she walks out of the apartment. The guys are silent for a moment.

BRADY

Woah. Lesson learned.

NICK

Yeah.

BRADY

That was different. They usually  
like you back.

NICK

So?

BRADY

Well, you haven't liked anyone  
back since Chloe-

Nick gives him a look.

NICK

No one talks about the Murderous  
Whore.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -  
NIGHT

Lucy sits cross legged in the middle of her living room, surrounded by items. She busies herself making boxes and sorting through them. The boxes are stacked on top of each other, lining the walls.

Amanda enters the apartment, sits on the couch, exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
We need more shelves.

LUCY  
Are you just getting home from  
work?

AMANDA  
Yes. You know my mind, body and  
soul belong to the firm of Jew,  
Jewier and Jewiest.

LUCY  
Some of these stories are cray  
cray. Listen to this.

Lucy picks up a bottle of champagne and reads from her laptop - citing the blog entry that goes with it.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
My ex-boyfriend and I met on New  
Year's Eve. Fitting for the  
beginning of a relationship -  
hopeful, exciting. But, Mark and I  
started off all wrong. We stole  
this bottle of champagne. We  
weren't interested in resolutions.  
In fact, we stole three bottles of  
champagne. When we were too drunk  
and barefoot, this one remained.  
We resolved to drink it together,  
the next year. But Mark wasn't  
very good at staying put. And  
though I've often found myself  
drinking alone lately, this  
bottle, is the one I can't bring  
myself to open.

Lucy looks distraught.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I mean. Could you just cry?

AMANDA  
No. But you know there's a big  
empty space where my heart should  
be.

LUCY  
I really proved you wrong. People -  
people other than me - need this  
thing - whatever this thing is.

AMANDA  
Well - what is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

I'm not quite sure yet. But - there's something here. I mean, it isn't just friends and friends of friends anymore - there are strangers lining up to bring me stuff. That's gotta mean something, right? Bring me your poor, your tired, your huddled break up masses! There's something communal about this. Something big.

Amanda smiles, fiddles with her engagement ring.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How's Jeff?

AMANDA

Still in Japan. Still being mogul-like. Still talking on a very tiny cell phone.

LUCY

I don't know how you do it. He's so far away.

AMANDA

I don't mind. This way he can't hold my hand on the street. Which gives me hives.

LUCY

Right.

Lucy goes back to working.

AMANDA

Hey Luce - if Max Frank begged for your forgiveness tomorrow would you take him back?

LUCY

Maybe. If he made a really good case. Is that pathetic?

AMANDA

Absolutely.

LUCY

Yeah. I thought so.

INT. NICK AND BRADY'S APARTMENT - NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nick sits at his desk sketching a BUILDING - beautiful, elegant, cool, interesting. It's very good. Next to him his cell phone begins ringing. The screen reads: MURDEROUS WHORE. Nick hits the IGNORE button.

Crumples up the drawing. Throws it away.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - DAY

A line of thirty-seven people. Each holding their own break up item. A POKER CHIP, A CACTUS, AN ARCHERY SET, AN OLD ROCK SHOW T-SHIRT, A MATCHBOOK COLLECTION, AN UNUSED PLANE TICKET.

Nadine walks up and down the line checking everyone out. She stops in front of a TIMID GUY holding a CHEAP PAINTING OF A BABY SEAL.

NADINE

You're cute. What's your name?

The guy looks frightened. Nadine waits for an answer.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Are you there God? It's me,  
Margaret.

TIMID GUY

I'm just getting over a break up.

NADINE

Yeah. I know. Hence-

She motions to her body and smiles.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE:

A GIRL drops off a PILLOW CASE with a PHOTO of HER AND HER EX on it.

GIRL

(To camera.)

I just can't sleep since the break up.

A LOTHARIO TYPE DUDE drops off FIFTY BEANIE BABIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOTHARIO TYPE DUDE  
 These were taking up a lot of  
 space in my loft. Also, a closet  
 full of creepy stuffed animals is  
 really bad for my game.

(Beat.)  
 As it turns out.

EXT. FLATIRON BUILDING - DAY

Nick leads a tour of people on a beautiful, sunny day.  
 They are old people and young people. Not tourists. New  
 Yorkers who want to know more about their city. He  
 gesticulates towards the Flatiron building.

NICK  
 Great buildings contradict  
 everything else. They make us  
 think. They start conversations.

He looks over to an OLD LADY with glasses.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Rose, seriously. Stop interrupting  
 me. One more time and I will put  
 you in a headlock.

The tour laughs - oh he's charming. Oh they love him.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 The Flatiron building, initially  
 named the Fuller building, is  
 exactly that. Completed in 1902,  
 it was designed by the Chicago  
 school's Daniel Burnham as a  
 vertical Renaissance palazzo with  
 Beaux-Arts styling. When Alfred  
 Stieglitz, the photographer mused  
 on it he said it appeared to be  
 moving toward like the bow of a  
 monster ocean steamer - a picture  
 of a new America still in the  
 making. But I like the building  
 because when a wind comes from the  
 north it whips around the building  
 creating currents on either side,  
 and very unpredictable ones at  
 that. Back in the day, men would  
 try and get peaks of women's  
 skirts that would be blown up by  
 the breeze and the policemen  
 trying to dissuade them would  
 shout - 23 skidoo!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Which later became a very popular  
 expression in the 20s.

Nick smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Hey Rose - 23 skidoo!

Suddenly, his cell vibrates in his pocket. He slyly checks it, "Murderous Whore" pops up on the screen. He silences it. Continues the tour.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A GUY drops off a RETAINER.

GUY  
 (To camera.)  
 I knew my relationship was serious when my girlfriend wore her retainer to bed with me. She wasn't embarrassed that she looked like a fourteen year old. Cause she knew I liked her anyway. Even though sometimes I felt like a pedophile.

A GIRL drops off a stick of RIGHT GUARD DEODORANT.

GIRL  
 (To camera.)  
 My ex left this deodorant in my apartment when we broke up. I wore it for a month so I would smell like him. I can't take a whiff of a teenage wrestler without getting teary-eyed.

INT. DEATH AND COMPANY - NIGHT

A speakeasy type spot with fancy drinks. No umbrellas. Large cubes of ice. Nick leans against the bar next to an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE who is chatting with her friend. She absentmindedly picks up Nick's drink. Takes a sip. Makes a face. Turns to him.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE  
 Did I just drink your drink?

NICK  
 Yes. I think you did. But this is your lucky day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE  
It is?

NICK  
Yes. Because today I was given a highly prestigious national award for being the most understanding person in all of these United States. So in the words of Tupac Shakur, I ain't mad atcha.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE  
Are you hitting on me by quoting Tupac?

NICK  
I can't think of higher honor.

Attractive Blonde laughs. She's in.

Nick's cell phone rings, he looks at the screen - "Murderous Whore" again. Silences it, moves closer to the Attractive Blonde.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

A guy brings a SNAKE to the museum.

GUY 2  
(To camera.)  
I used to date a zoologist. I always hated the snake. But I loved her. Killing it would just be too cruel. Plus, I'm afraid it will bite me.

The snake hisses at the camera.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy, holding the snake in it's cage rushes down the street after Guy 2.

LUCY  
I can't take this! I don't know how to take care of a snake.

Guy 2 rushes away.

## EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Attractive Blonde is now sprawled out naked, sleeping, in Nick's bed, her arm draped across Nick's neck. He lies awake, thinking.

## INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The apartment is covered with people's artifacts. You have to climb over a mountain of heartbreak just to get to the bathroom.

Nadine trips on a pile of stuff on her way to the kitchen and falls flat on her face with a loud crash. Lucy and Amanda emerge from their respective rooms. Lucy holds some DRIED FLOWERS and A GOKU ACTION FIGURE- more items.

Nadine sits on the floor rubbing her injured knee.

AMANDA

You okay?

NADINE

It's Grey Gardens in here.

AMANDA

Like a bad break up rash. It spread.

NADINE

Chicken Cox.

AMANDA

Lucy, what is it you plan on *doing* with all this stuff?

Lucy considers this question, sits down on the couch. The girls look at her expectantly.

LUCY

I mean, people can read the stories and see the items on my blog but - I don't know - it feels like all these things deserve more. People should be able to see all of this - touch the items. Read the stories. Every item just feels like it's so emblematic of the relationship from which it came. I love that part. If people are lining up outside our door, don't you think they'll line up outside of an actual Museum?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucy looks up at the girls.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I think the Museum of Broken  
relationships needs to be a real,  
live, actual Museum. My boxes  
should be displayed in a gallery  
space. It will be part therapy,  
part voyeurism, part art.

Lucy smiles.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
It will be really fucking cool.

Nadine flicks the lights in the apartment on and off.

NADINE  
Lightbulb moment!

AMANDA  
And, if you build it-

NADINE  
They will come.

AMANDA  
They already have.

As if on cue, there is a knock at the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Case and point.

Amanda yanks open the door - Nick stands on their welcome mat.

NICK  
Is this a bad time?

Nadine and Amanda look at each other.

AMANDA  
Perfect time.

NADINE  
Make yourself at home.

Nick enters gingerly and the girls disappear into their rooms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

Excuse the mess. I'm working on  
moving the Museum of Broken  
Relationships out of our  
apartment, at least before my  
roommates skin me alive and leave  
me for dead.

Nick looks around.

NICK

That seems like a good plan.

LUCY

What brings you here?

NICK

I'm not really sure, actually. My  
ex called and - I just...

He trails off.

NICK (CONT'D)

This is dumb. You know what, I  
should go.

Nick turns to leave.

LUCY

Wait!

Lucy can recognize a heartbreak when she sees one.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Do you want to go drink some  
scotch with me?

NICK

Okay.

EXT. HIGH LINE - DUSK

Nick and Lucy sit on one of those Highline lounge chairs  
sharing a flask of scotch.

LUCY

My first collection was tea pots.

NICK

Because you're 75 years old?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY  
 A little bit. I hate social media  
 updates and also cringe at the  
 word "masturbation."

NICK  
 Why tea pots?

LUCY  
 My mother left me hers when she...

Lucy's voice trails off.

NICK  
 I'm sorry.

LUCY  
 Me as well.

An uncomfortable beat. Too much information passing  
 between two people who don't know each other very well.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
 When I was growing up we moved a  
 lot. My father - he was a  
 professor, in search of tenure.  
 But not many people are interested  
 in History of Swiss Military  
 Uniforms. So he and I moved from  
 small mediocre town to small  
 mediocre town. Fayetville,  
 Plymouth, Round Rock, Fort  
 Collins, Irvine, Norman...

NICK  
 Wow.

LUCY  
 Yeah, and that was just 1996.  
 (Beat.)  
 People came and went, but my  
 collections - they traveled well.  
 Inanimate objects are rather  
 loyal.

NICK  
 So I've heard.

LUCY  
 So how did you get into the  
 walking tour business?

Nick pauses for a moment, evaluating whether he's going  
 to tell her the truth or not. Decides yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

This is New York. It's best seen  
on your feet. And I've always  
wanted to be an architect.

LUCY

So you are a romantic.

NICK

What do you mean?

LUCY

There's no such thing as an  
unromantic architect. Architecture  
is a record of humankind's  
greatest ideas. It's totally a  
fact.

NICK

I can't be a romantic. I'm a two  
week guy. I'm in and I'm out like  
Batman.

LUCY

Batman is a hopeless romantic.  
Vicky Vale? Rachel Dawes? Duh.  
Batman is a relationship guy.

NICK

What can really come from a  
relationship? Eventually it all  
boils down to two things - one,  
how was your day? That is the only  
conversation people end up having.  
But most days are just like the  
day before so what's the point.  
Two, someone gets comfortable  
enough to pee in front of me. In  
the game theory model of  
relationships you always arrive at  
boredom. I want girls who wear  
jumpsuits and still laugh at my  
jokes.

LUCY

Did you read that somewhere?

NICK

No I made it up myself.

LUCY

It sounds like some balding guy  
with a mini-golf pencil sized dick  
wrote it in Maxim.

CONTINUED: (3)

NICK

Maybe.

LUCY

Sounds to me like you're afraid of  
the getting hurt part.

NICK

Sounds to me like you're afraid of  
the being alone part.

LUCY

Isn't everyone afraid of being  
alone?

NICK

People tend to like you more if  
you aren't afraid of being alone.  
There's the rub.

LUCY

But if you're alone all you're  
really doing is rubbing yourself.

Nick raises the flask.

NICK

To self-rub.

They each take a swig. Lucy thinks for a moment.

LUCY

Are we friends?

Nick considers this.

NICK

I haven't made a friend that's a  
girl since college. I always end  
up sleeping with them.

LUCY

Me too. Let's not sleep with each  
other. Let's just try friends.

NICK

Now that is a novel idea.

LUCY

Who knows, maybe you'll teach me  
how to be a cold hearted snake.  
And I can teach you how to form  
human attachments.

CONTINUED: (4)

NICK

I'm not interested in forming  
human attachments.

LUCY

Well, you seem to know New York  
and its buildings, maybe you can  
help me find a home for my museum.

Nick takes a sip of his drink.

NICK

Now that, I can do, my friend.

And we leave them sitting side by side.

MONTAGE:

CLOSE ON A KEY; Lucy and Nick enter a horribly crappy looking commercial space with a Real Estate Agent. Lucy looks around disgusted, shakes her head and immediately turns around and walks out.

ANOTHER HOVEL; Nick and Lucy stand outside a horrible space - looking at the building. Lucy shakes her head. Next to them, a lobster roll food truck pulls up. They exchange a look-

CLOSE ON A SCRABBLE PIECE; Nick and Lucy sit at a table in the park eating Lobster Rolls. Nick puts down the piece to spell the word "THRUST" on a Scrabble Board. Lucy gives him a look.

LUCY

Thrust?

NICK

I don't choose the letters, Lucy,  
the letters choose me.

LUCY

Thrust?

Nick stands begins a thrusting motion in the air.

NICK

Bobby Brown taught me this.

LUCY

Bobby Brown did you a great  
disservice.

Lucy cocks her head to the side and puts down a few scrabble pieces spelling out TEABAG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LUCY (CONT'D)  
And I mean that in a dirty way.

NICK  
R-E-S-P-E-C-T

CLOSE ON A BUTCHER CLEAVER; A Chinese butcher in Chinatown cuts off a chicken head. Lucy and Nick and CHEESY REAL ESTATE AGENT TWO walk by the butcher shop and enter another COMMERCIAL SPACE for the MUSEUM. Lucy looks around the tiny, tiny, tiny space. Nick comes up behind her holding a dead chicken. Lucy screams bloody murder.

CLOSE ON LUCY'S BLOG; she has FIVE THOUSAND followers. Lucy posts - GALLERY SPACES ARE PROHIBITIVELY EXPENSIVE - BUT I REMAIN HOPEFUL! The MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS OPENING SOMEWHERE, SOON, SOMEDAY. People respond - they are eager to see the house that Lucy built.

CRAPPY ROACH INFESTED BUILDING; Nick and Lucy exit a real dump. Next door is a roller rink. They exchange a look.

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF ROLLERSKATES; Lucy and Nick are at an old school roller rink, roller-skating. Lucy is clumsy. The disco ball spins.

LUCY  
This is very nineties.

NICK  
I hope they play "I'm too Sexy for my Shirt."

LUCY  
And then maybe you can feel me up by the bathroom while the rest of the kids eat birthday cake.

NICK  
But then you'd want to date me.

LUCY  
I take offense to that.

NICK  
Why? You are a commitment girl.  
Say it strong say it loud. I want a relationship and I'm proud.

LUCY  
I can't just have commitment-less sex. Fuck buddies? The name alone makes me nervous.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (6)

LUCY (CONT'D)

It sounds like - hey let's chest bump and then have sex. Great touchdown champ! Now let's do it doggie style!

NICK

When you put it that way...

LUCY

I'm right.

NICK

So you're saying you've never just fucked someone for a while. Cause it was convenient and available.

Lucy smiles.

LUCY

Not by choice.

NICK

Why?

LUCY

Because I'm just not that girl. Nadine, she's that girl. Not me. I've seen that movie; at approximately 2 a.m. you get a text message and it reads "u out?" The person doesn't even try and spell the whole word. Just the letter "u." And then the next thing you know, you open your eyes and a drunk guy is squatting over you grunting and there's a minimal chance you're even cruising through the orgasm neighborhood. You're not even orgasm adjacent. And once the Clit-Ship has sailed all you can think about is a grilled cheese sandwich and how that last tequila shot made you really hungry. So now you're concentrating on not vomiting and trying to remember where the take-out menus are. But despite all that, there's a little part of you that maybe wants him to take you out to dinner and ask what your hobbies are.

At that moment "I'm Too Sexy for my Shirt" comes on. Lucy smiles and spins in her skates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Lucy gyrates, slowly taking off her shirt - Nick is enraptured - only to reveal - a tank top.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I am so too sexy for my shirt.

With that, she skates off.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy is in bed, sleeping. Nick is standing over her holding a flashlight and a blindfold. Her eyes fly open.

LUCY  
Jesusmaryandjoseph.

Nick smiles.

NICK  
Relax.

LUCY  
Please don't murder me.

NICK  
I won't.

LUCY  
I'm not one of those weird girls  
with a rape fantasy.

NICK  
Good. Because this is a  
kidnapping.

LUCY  
Why?

NICK  
You'll see.

Nick turns on some mysterious sounding music.

LUCY  
What's that for?

NICK  
Kidnapping music. It's necessary  
if this plan is to be airtight and  
unfold with Germanic precision.

Nick puts a blindfold on her.

INT. SPARSE LOWER EAST SIDE BUILDING - NIGHT

The small gallery space is in a slightly rundown but charming building, surrounded by new restaurants and sweet boutiques. Lucy stands in the middle of an empty space, shabby space blindfolded, Nick is next to her.

NICK

You can take off your blind fold.

She does. Looks around.

NICK (CONT'D)

What do you think?

LUCY

It's sparse. Too well lit for you to commit a violent crime.

NICK

It's your Museum.

On the window is etched "THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS." She rushes over to the window. Looks at Nick, looks at the window, can hardly believe her eyes.

LUCY

Nick! I can't afford this! If I couldn't afford any of creeptastic other spots I definitely can't afford this beautiful, bright thing. It's exactly what I envisioned!

NICK

I walk by this place on my tours all the time. No one occupies the space.

LUCY

So?

NICK

So...I tracked down the owner, told him about your predicament - and he said - it's yours, for as long as you need it.

LUCY

That sounds suspiciously sugar-daddyish to me.

NICK

Mr. Pinson is a huge patron of the arts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK (CONT'D)

He's got Klimts and Rothkos and -  
 look, he's a complete recluse -  
 Salinger style. Doesn't even use  
 this building. I think he forgot  
 it even existed. So what I'm  
 actually saying is...

He walks over to Lucy, opens the palm of her hands and drops a set of keys in them.

NICK (CONT'D)

Your museum is no longer a hobo.  
 It's got a home.

LUCY

So I'm a squatter?

NICK

It's on loan to you. So  
 technically no, you're not a  
 squatter.

LUCY

Part of me is still suspicious,  
 but I am choosing to believe this  
 because I want a Museum. I want it  
 now.

NICK

You have it.

Lucy looks at him and suddenly, leaps into his arms. Nick is taken aback.

LUCY

I love you. I mean, I fully and  
 utterly love you.

An awkward moment.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Not love love. I mean like  
 brotherly love. Like Philadelphia.

NICK

Okay. Well, one more thing.

Nick hands Lucy Nick hands her a very dogeared, old, ratty playbill from a college production of "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." Lucy studies it for a moment.

LUCY

Beatrice and Benedick are my  
 favorite fictional couple. They  
 sparred very well. I admire that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

Chloe - uh, my ex - she played  
Beatrice, hence the playbill.

LUCY

This thing is on it's last legs.  
It looks like it did the master  
cleanse.

NICK

Well, it's about eight years old -  
college, to be precise. Chloe was  
the ingenue, I built the sets,  
pined after her from afar. She  
finally noticed. Etcetera.

LUCY

And you fell in love?

NICK

Ok that's enough.

LUCY

Well, you kept this.

NICK

I was very proud of those sets.

LUCY

Did Chloe like the play?

Nick shrugs.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Beauty fades. Dumb is forever.

Nick laughs. Lucy studies his face a moment.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This is a big deal for you sir.

Nick shrugs.

NICK

It was time.

He looks away, embarrassed.

LUCY

We should get drunk.

NICK

Immediately.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nick and Lucy stumble towards his apartment, DRUNK.

LUCY

This is where you bring all your sluts!

NICK

They're so much more than sluts.

LUCY

Okay, special sluts.

He unlocks the door.

NICK

I just need to pee. Two minutes and we're out like a boner in sweatpants.

Nick opens the door to reveal his modern, cold, super empty space. Lucy enters, looks around in awe.

LUCY

You have no...things. No stuff. Where are your photos and your books and your decorative flair.

Lucy is wandering around the apartment, flabbergast.

NICK

I told you. I don't like stuff. Weighs you down.

She wanders into his bedroom. A bed. Made. Pristine. A desk. A pile of papers on his desk.

Lucy gives Nick a devilish grin. She picks up the envelope from the desk and begins removing pages, one at a time, scattering them about the room, tossing them in the air.

NICK (CONT'D)

This doesn't bother me at all.

Lucy jumps into his bed. Messes up his sheets. Nick grabs a pillow and wacks her with it. She squeals with delight. She grabs the other and wacks him hard. Nick lands on the bed. He grabs Lucy's ankles and pulls her down next to him. Pinning her down.

LUCY

Okay! I surrender.

CONTINUED:

They are out of breath, lying next to one another - the moment is charged. Could they, maybe? Make out? Instead;

LUCY (CONT'D)  
But seriously, what's with all the cold hard surfaces?

NICK  
My Mom is essentially a pack rat.

LUCY  
Like me?

NICK  
Way worse than you. I grew up in a house full of things. Every square inch. Covered. But among all that stuff she never really found what she was looking for.

Silence for a moment. Nick clears his throat.

NICK (CONT'D)  
I gotta drain my lizard.

Nick exits. Lucy, inevitably, begins to snoop. She opens his nightstand drawers. Condoms. Lots and lots and lots of condoms. Walks over to his desk. Opens a drawer. A couple of pens, inside a desk organizer. Opens another drawer. She finds a folder. Looks over her shoulder quickly and opens it. Inside is DRAWING UPON DRAWING UPON DRAWING of beautiful buildings - unique and stunning and meticulous. At the back is a blank APPLICATION TO THE YALE SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE. Lucy looks at it thoughtfully for a moment.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy, slightly drunk, but happy, hums a little tune as she walks down the street, approaching her building.

She stops short. Max is sitting on her stoop. He sees her and stands.

LUCY  
Oh god. Is this part where you tell me you have one of the big STDs?

MAX  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Well, if you don't have AIDS what are you doing here?

MAX

I want you back.

LUCY

No.

She turns around, and walks up the steps. We know this is very difficult for her, but she wills herself to go inside.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - SAME

Lucy unlocks the door. Nadine and Amanda are frantically putting dozens and dozens of roses into vases, sinks, anywhere they will fit. This combined with all the break up artifacts has turned the apartment into complete and utter chaos.

Nadine has a rose in her mouth, Amanda wears a bunch of roses on her head like a crown.

LUCY

Rosencrantz! Guildenstern! What are you doing?

AMANDA

They're for you. From Max Frank.

Nadine spits like an old Italian Lady.

NADINE

Fongool!

AMANDA

They keep coming. Every fifteen minutes. They won't stop. Make it stop.

Lucy furrows her brow. Turns around and walks out of the apartment.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - SAME

Lucy comes downstairs holding a rose. Max is still sitting on the stoop.

LUCY

I hate roses.

CONTINUED:

MAX  
You do?

LUCY  
I think they're for dead people  
and prom dates.

MAX  
Okay.

LUCY  
So, why are you sending me this  
vile blossom?

MAX  
Lucy, I...I very much regret the  
way things uh, transpired between  
us. I treated you horribly-

LUCY  
Yes. Yes you did.

MAX  
I'd like to make it up to you.

LUCY  
Do I get to break up with you in a  
crowded room full of fancy  
strangers?

Max looks at her. He's handsome. And she liked him for a reason.

MAX  
I was thinking a bout of intense  
and sincere groveling. Followed by  
dinner. An appetizer. An entree.  
If things go well, an optional  
dessert.

LUCY  
What about Amelia?

Max looks away.

MAX  
It didn't work out. She wasn't -  
she's not.

He pauses, and then very sincerely.

MAX (CONT'D)  
She's not you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY

I think the word you used was  
extraordinary.

MAX

I was wrong. I had extraordinary  
and I gave it up. I had you.

Lucy takes this in.

LUCY

Okay. Fine. Dinner. No dessert.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A TUBE OF LIP GLOSS; Lucy glosses her lips in a hand mirror standing on her bed. Julian sits on the bed, playing chess against himself.

LUCY

I am going to be cool and aloof. I will not succumb to slick lines or flirtatious arm touching. I will have only two glasses of wine. I will remain in platonian.

Julian moves his chess pieces.

JULIAN

You're going to get drunk and have sex with him.

LUCY

No way. Look.

She lifts her skirt revealing granny panties that are yellowed with age, and hole-y.

JULIAN

Are those radioactive? Did you pick them up last time you were doing laundry at a nursing home? Are you wearing dentures right now?

Lucy looks at him firmly.

LUCY

No sex with Max.

JULIAN

Checkmate.

INT. LE BERNADIN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lucy and Max sit across from one another finishing an amazing, expensive, fantastic dinner.

MAX  
So can I interest you in dessert?

LUCY  
You said dessert was optional.

MAX  
And I'm giving you the option. To eat dessert and not desert me.

LUCY  
Very clever.

MAX  
I think they also happen to have your favorite dessert on the menu.

LUCY  
This is a Michellin joint. I highly doubt that they serve Banana Cream Pie.

MAX  
Care to place a wager on that?

LUCY  
What did you do?

At that moment SUPERSTAR CHEF GUY (ERIC RIPERT) approaches carrying two beautiful, towering banana cream pies. Lucy looks at him mouth agape. He places one in front of Max and one in front of Lucy.

ERIC RIPERT  
I don't often make made to order dishes. But my friend Max said this was a - how did you put it?

MAX  
Life or death situation. Highly dramatic. If this goes poorly it could end like a Shakesperean tragedy.

ERIC RIPERT  
Bon Appetit.

Lucy watches him go. She looks down at her pie, delighted.

CONTINUED:

LUCY  
We each get our own?

MAX  
Well, one for you to eat, and the other for you to smash in my face. Because that is after all, what I deserve.

EXT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lucy stands on her stoop, pie leftovers in hand. Max faces her for the goodbye moment.

LUCY  
That was satisfactory. I had next to no fun at all.

Max takes the pie from her hands, places it on the steps next to them. Then he takes her in his arms and gives her the longest, loveliest most weak in the knees making kiss. When they finish, she steadies herself.

MAX  
Good night.

And with that he takes off walking down the street.

LUCY  
(To herself. Sotto.)  
I did not have sex with him! Woop woop! I did not have sex with him!  
I've got the power!

She does a little victory dance, raising her arms in the air. Oblivious to everything.

MAX (O.S.)  
Lucy?

Lucy turns around, caught.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I can hear you.

She blushes a deep red. Unlocks the door and rushes inside, yelling over her shoulder;

LUCY  
Goodnight!

## INT. THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - DAY

Lucy, Nick, Julian, Nadine and Amanda stand in the empty space surrounding by ... Lucy's boxes. All the break up stuff that needs to be shelved and categorized and displayed.

Lucy addresses them.

LUCY

We need categories. Like the Dewey Decimal System of break ups.

She looks at the pile of stuff.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Okay. Stubs. That's a category. Tickets are a big thing. Travel. Mix tapes. Ooh! First Meetings.

AMANDA

Last Hurrahs?

LUCY

Yes.

NADINE

Stolen Goods - like the stuff you take that the other person doesn't know about.

Nadine removes her watch and adds it to the pile.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Like this.

AMANDA

You are a klepto maniac.

JULIAN

What about Love Letters?

AMANDA

And Date One.

Lucy's eyes are shining.

LUCY

Yes! All that stuff.

Nick clears his throat, speaks up.

NICK

What about, like, um, Moment of Truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Meaning?

NICK

Meaning, the first time you knew you were in love with someone. You know, if you kept anything, from like, that particular moment.

LUCY

Ladies and gentlemen, I think Nicholas Friend might have a soul.

And with that, they begin working diligently, categorizing items, placing them on shelves.

INT. THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Take out containers litter the floor. Lucy, Nick, Amanda, Nadine, and Julian all look exhausted. But their work seems done, the Museum's shelves are lined with items and their accompanying stories.

Suddenly Max appears at the door, he's carrying a bag of groceries.

MAX

I came to help, but it seems your work here is done.

Everyone turns to see him.

NICK

Convenient.

MAX

But I come bearing celebratory libations.

He pulls out a bottle of champagne and glasses from the grocery bag.

MAX (CONT'D)

Shall we make a toast?

Nick, feeling confrontational steps up.

NICK

Hey man, I'm Nick.

MAX

Well, Nick, I am Max Frank, I'm Lucy's boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK  
 Didn't know Lucy had one of them.

LUCY  
 Neither did I. Don't I get a say  
 in the matter?

Max pauses, turns to Lucy, dramatically.

MAX  
 Lucy Vaughn Gulliver resident of  
 New York City, of no providence,  
 of much wit, of great beauty, will  
 you be my girlfriend?

Lucy thinks for a moment.

LUCY  
 Maybe.  
 (Beat.)  
 On a trial basis.

MAX  
 That's good enough for me.

Nadine and Amanda give Lucy a look. "Boyfriend?" Amanda mouths. Nick looks uncomfortable. Lucy shrugs and begins distributing glasses and pouring champagne. Max raises his glass.

MAX (CONT'D)  
 Lucy, I would like to make a toast  
 to your first lead exhibit at the  
 Metropolitan Museum of Art.

LUCY  
 What are you talking about?

MAX  
 If you'll have us, the Met would  
 like to sponsor the Museum of  
 Broken Relationships as its first  
 ever satellite exhibit.

LUCY  
 I don't know what to say.

NICK  
 Say no.

NADINE  
 Woah. Burn.

Max ignores Nick. He turns back to Lucy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

Lucy, when you were at the Met, I never gave you the opportunity to be you - in the deepest of senses. Your ideas never got the credit you deserve. And then you left.

LUCY

I left because you were having sex with me and also-

MAX

I know.

JULIAN

We all know.

MAX

Look, Lucy - all of New York deserves to see this place. The whole world even - the Met can help you do that. You have the support of the board, the trustees...me. The Met needs voices like yours. We need you.

Max looks at Lucy. A moment, as she considers this.

LUCY

Can I think about it?

MAX

Don't think too long. The opportunity might pass you by.

Everyone is now standing around with their champagne glasses. Unsure of what to do next. Nick is texting on his phone. Homeboy is checked out.

Max raises his glass, and turns to the group. Nick continues on his phone.

MAX (CONT'D)

To the Museum of Broken Relationships.

Lucy raises hers along with the others, save for Nick.

LUCY

May you be more successful than the sum of your relationship parts.

Nick isn't paying any attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCY (CONT'D)

Nick!

He looks up.

NICK

(Dryly.)

Cheers.

Lucy leans in to him.

LUCY

You okay?

NICK

Totally fine.

Amanda and Nadine exchange a knowing look.

AMANDA

Hip hip-

NADINE

Hooray!

They clink glasses.

JULIAN

You go on with your bad hoarder self!

LUCY

I think we're open for business.

She turns to look at the door, willing someone to enter.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

INT. THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - DAY

Lucy sits behind a desk constructing a BREAK UP BOX. The door to the Museum opens and a little bell rings. Lucy doesn't look up from her work.

LUCY

Be with you in a moment!

EVA (O.S.)

Well I should certainly hope so.

Lucy looks up, startled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Oh my god! You! It's you. Of all the gin joints! What are you doing here?

EVA

Well I brought something for your Museum, of course.

LUCY

How did you hear about me? About this?

EVA

Honey, everyone that hasn't heard about you, is about to hear about you.

Lucy blushes.

LUCY

Thanks.

EVA

I've gathered a few break up items over the years you know. And I carefully considered which to bring. I've got eggs of the Faberge persuasion and diamonds as big as baby fists-

LUCY

But you probably need to hang on to those.

EVA

Precisely. Anyhow, I thought this was more fitting.

Eva opens her hand and reveals an unopened fortune cookie.

LUCY

A fortune cookie!

EVA

There used to be this restaurant on 61st street named Gino's. It isn't there anymore, but it was a gem of spot. All the greats would eat there, Tony Bennett, Frank Sinatra, yours truly...The wallpaper was hideous - bright red with zebras on it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVA (CONT'D)

But the food was divine and there was vodka in the martinis. Gino's was classically New York. Anyhow, they would always give out fortune cookies for desert. Don't ask me why - it was an Italian restaurant. Anyhow, I dated a lovely boy - at that time I was still just a girl so he was a boy - and we would eat there every Sunday night. I would have the linguini with clams and he would feast on the meatballs. I was working in the hosiery department at Wolworth's at the time, and one Sunday evening after a particularly horrific week of sock sorting, our fortunes came. I was just miserable and that night he told me that if I ever needed a little hope I should open up the fortune cookie - but I shouldn't waste it if I didn't need it. His mother hated me, and eventually, mothers always win - so there you have it. I was history, but I kept the cookie.

LUCY

I will display it proudly.

Lucy sets it down on the desk, carefully.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Eva waves a hand, then clears her throat.

EVA

You know, I've fallen in love many times, and each time it seems, heartbreak is just as devastating as the last time. But love, my dear, love is worth it. If you know he's incapable of breaking your heart he isn't worth his weight in salt. The one who can break your heart but doesn't - that's the one.

LUCY

How do you know when you've found him?

CONTINUED: (3)

EVA  
Only time can tell I suppose.

LUCY  
Time is annoying.

EVA  
I know. And the more it passes the  
more well acquainted my breasts  
become with my bellybutton.

Lucy giggles. The bell of the Museum rings again and Max enters with a CHRIS RESOR, 35.

MAX  
Eva! What are you doing here?

EVA  
I was just admiring this little  
place.

She winks at Lucy. Max stands next to Lucy and puts his arm around her.

LUCY  
Thank you again.

EVA  
Anytime. And don't you forget what  
I said.

And with that she walks out of the Museum in a swirl of perfume and diamonds. Max turns to Lucy.

MAX  
Fancy company you keep.

LUCY  
I roll deep.

MAX  
Right.

Max turns to Chris.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Lucy, I want you to meet my friend  
Chris. Chris writes for New York  
Magazine.

LUCY  
Oooh! I love that magazine. My  
lifelong dream is to fall into the  
Lowbrow but Brilliant box of the  
Approval Matrix.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

How about the Highbrow but  
Brilliant box? We'd like to do a  
story about the Museum of Broken  
Relationships. Max has told me all  
about it.

Lucy looks at Max incredulous.

LUCY

I'd like to think I have a  
highbrow but brilliant box.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

Do you also have a card? I'd like  
to be in touch this week.

LUCY

No, but I can write my phone  
number on your hand with a pen.

CHRIS

That's so sixth grade.

Lucy grabs a pen off her desk and writes on Chris hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We've made it official.

LUCY

Very.

CHRIS

Alright. I'm off. I have to go  
follow the Gossip Girl kids  
around. But I will be in touch.

With that Chris exits. Lucy beams at Max.

MAX

Drink?

LUCY

ABSOLUTELY.

EXT. STANDARD GRILL - EVENING

Lucy and Max drink cocktails - it's a gorgeous New York  
evening in that gorgeous New York way. Lucy is wearing a  
fashionable hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX  
So talk to me about your chapeau.

Max takes a drink, his eyes teasing her.

LUCY  
It's very chic. All the chic girls are wearing them.

MAX  
And you are one of said chic girls?

LUCY  
The chic-iest. Look at me. I'm on a rooftop. My drink has an egg white in it and muddled fruits. I should have a yacht. Except I have no money. I am pauvre-chic.

Max looks at Lucy a moment.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
What?

MAX  
I'm just looking at you.

LUCY  
Why?

MAX  
The chic girls don't ask why.

LUCY  
Sorry.

Max laughs, then grows serious.

MAX  
Lucy, when I took on the directorship of the Met, I promised to shake up the Museum. You need money. I need you. Let me help you. Let's make the Museum of Broken Relationships a special exhibit for the Met - I can attract donors. I can attract the money. I can attract press. You just concentrate on doing what you do best.

LUCY  
Which is?

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

Being a visionary. Well, that, and charming the pants off people.

Max pretends to go for his belt buckle and undo his pants. Lucy smiles, but then gets serious.

LUCY

I don't need you to save me. I wanted to do this on my own. This place is my life. I built it out of my own craziness and addiction.

She shrugs.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's me.

MAX

I'm not saving you. I want to be your partner. Haven't I proven myself worthy of that?

Lucy looks away, thinking. Max takes her face in his hands.

MAX (CONT'D)

Bug, let me do this. It's still yours. It will always be yours.

LUCY

Okay. Partners.

Max extends a hand, Lucy puts hers in his to shake it and he pulls her in for a kiss.

MAX

Now you know the first order of Museum business must be an opening. We need a real launch.

LUCY

Claro.

She thinks for a moment.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We should throw a Broken Hearts Ball. It'll be like - the inverse of Valentine's day!

MONTAGE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TWITTER FEED; People TWEETING about THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS.

THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS; Crowds build along the sidewalk outside of the Museum. Visitors abound!

SHEEP'S MEADOW; Lucy and Nick laze on the lawn as he DRAWS an invitation with the MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS on the front.

HUFFINGTON POST; HEADLINE - "The Little Museum That Could"

THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS; Lucy breezes by a shelf with all of her relationship artifacts on it. She barely looks at it.

ARTLOG WEBSITE; Headline - "The Museum of Broken Relationships, Re-Inventing the Art Wheel."

RESURRECTION VINTAGE; LUCY, JULIAN, NADINE and AMANDA go VINTAGE DRESS SHOPPING for the party. JULIAN buys the cutest, sparkliest dress of all.

BEDFORD STREET; Nick and Lucy stand in front of a nondescript door.

NICK

See the greatest thing about architecture, about buildings, are the stories.

LUCY

Oh yeah? Like what.

NICK

Well, like for example, take this door - 86 Bedford street. A relatively unremarkable building. Plain, brick, charming to be sure, but nothing anyone would write home about.

LUCY

Pens down.

NICK

During prohibition there was a speakeasy- right here - whose back door was 86 Bedford Street. And every time a patron got a little too tipsy - the bartender would throw him out the back door. He would 86 him. Hence the term-

CONTINUED: (4)

LUCY  
Eighty-six 'em!

NICK  
Exactly.

LUCY  
Huh.

NICK  
Space, creating a space, shaping  
it, is interesting. But the things  
that go on within the walls -  
that's the stuff of legend.

Lucy touches the door.

LUCY  
Can I ask you a question?

NICK  
Sure.

LUCY  
How come you never became an  
architect?

Nick starts walking down the street. Lucy keeps pace.

NICK  
I'm not good enough.

LUCY  
How do you know?

NICK  
I do.

LUCY  
But how?

Nick stops. Faces Lucy.

NICK  
Chloe and I applied to graduate  
programs at the same time. We  
thought we'd open up a firm  
together. That was the dream. I  
desperately wanted to go to Yale -  
Elliot Stern, my idol taught  
there. Chloe got in everywhere.  
And I got in nowhere.

LUCY  
So? No big whoop. Reapply.

CONTINUED: (5)

NICK

I was. I did. She left for school and I worked on my portfolio in order to try again. Then before I knew it my mentor ended up mentoring her. Specifically, in the vaginal area.

LUCY

She slept with him?

NICK

For almost a year before I found out.

Lucy's eyes fill up with tears.

LUCY

Oh Nick...

NICK

Please don't do that.

She composes herself.

LUCY

What a cooze.

NICK

Much better.

Lucy and Nick walk a couple paces in silence.

LUCY

Hey Nick, can you meet me at the Met tomorrow morning?

NICK

Tomorrow's Monday. Met's closed.

LUCY

I know.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brady sits on the couch, uncomfortably - across from a girl. This is CHLOE, 30, aka. THE MURDEROUS WHORE.

BRADY

So Libya, huh? Shit is crazy over there.

CHLOE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brady picks up the TV remote.

BRADY

Have you ever seen the show  
"Logjammers?" on Discovery. Super  
good.

CHLOE

Can't say that I have.

BRADY

You're really missing out.

The front door opens and Nick enters. As soon as his eyes land on Chloe he stiffens, turns to Brady.

NICK

How did she get in here?

BRADY

She's very stealth. Like a jaguar  
or a hippo. Which is a  
surprisingly fast animal.

CHLOE

Nick, I've tried calling you.

NICK

And I haven't answered, which, in  
case you were wondering is not an  
invitation to just pop by.

CHLOE

How are you?

NICK

Seriously?

CHLOE

I just want to know how you're  
doing.

NICK

When I told you three years ago I  
never wanted to see you again, I  
meant it.

A long pause.

CHLOE

Nick, Elliot and I are engaged. We  
live in the city now, so I wanted  
to tell you myself.

Nicks face reveals no emotion. Chloe clears her throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Before you heard it from someone  
or we ran into you or, you read it  
on Facebook or... something.

NICK  
Facebook is such a dick gossip.

CHLOE  
That's your reaction?

NICK  
I'm really glad you made this  
announcement in person. It shows  
true moral character.

Nick walks into his bedroom and slams the door. A beat.

BRADY  
So? Logjammers?

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Lucy waits outside of the giant front doors. Nick arrives  
breathless, lookin' disheveled. Late.

LUCY  
Everything okay?

Nick nods quickly.

NICK  
Yeah fine. Great.

Lucy gives him a suspicious look.

LUCY  
If you say so.

NICK  
I say so.

One of the doors heaves open. Julian stands on the other  
side.

JULIAN  
Come on in kiddies!

Nick turns to Lucy.

NICK  
So we're going to be the only two  
people in here today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY  
Exactly right.

NICK  
Bitchin'

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Lucy and Nick wander through the huge arches - it is completely empty save for them.

NICK  
This is unbelievable.

LUCY  
I know.

NICK  
It's like from the Mixed Up Files  
of Ms. Basil E. Frankweiler.

They get to an intersection at the Museum in the hallway.

LUCY  
China or Ancient Egypt?

NICK  
Ancient Egypt. Duh.

Lucy takes off running. Nick sprints after her.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Lucy stands with Nick in the roped off section of the Museum where the Art and Love exhibit is to open in a couple of weeks.

EVERYTHING IS EXACTLY HER VISION - against the wall, displayed like a SALON.

LUCY  
Seems like now that I'm gone  
they're finally taking my advice  
around here.

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Weird.

She walks slowly through the exhibit, Nick follows, watching her. Lucy ends up in front of Aphrodite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

Now this is my favorite piece. Aphrodite. The Aphrodite statue by Praxiteles was the first monumental nude in classic sculpture. And since then there have been many more in Aphrodite's image. But that she was the first, it makes me imagine that she was somehow irresistible to men. They would take great risk for her, or something. Because every woman wants to be the exception to the rule. You know?

(Beat.)

See how her hand is placed that way covering her...vag.

Lucy grins. But is quickly serious again.

LUCY (CONT'D)

She's reserved but it also draws your attention towards her. She's the first and ultimate seductress. Its this incredible intersection of power and modesty. I guess that's love's power. The ability to make you feel completely insecure but also totally invincible.

Nick watches Lucy as she speaks.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I sound ridiculous.

NICK

No. You sound brilliant.

Nick takes a step towards her. Lucy takes a deep breath.

LUCY

This is art because it's beautiful and it's historic and it makes us feel things. It provides context. It makes us understand what the world once was. Who people were. That is the downfall of the human condition. We are obsessed with ourselves.

Nick takes another step towards her. Lucy is visibly nervous. They are close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY (CONT'D)

The things that line the shelves of my museum, they are everyday items. But to someone that ticket stub, that old book, that retainer, along the way it became beautiful, it took on meaning and thus it somehow became art. You know what I mean?

Nick nods. Lucy looks up at him. The moment is charged.

And then Nick kisses her. Uncertain at first but then they are stumbling around, knocking into thousand year old statues and artifacts and then they're on the floor and then they're like, *totally* doing it.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - LATER

Nick and Lucy lie on their backs, post coital, in that room with the glass ceiling where you can see out to Central Park and it's so cool. They are covered in a large tarp-cloth type thing that they have in museums to drape over stuff.

NICK

Did that just happen?

LUCY

Yes.

NICK

We broke our cardinal rule.

LUCY

We did.

NICK

And we totally did it at the Met.

LUCY

We did.

Lucy nestles into him and lets her eyes close for just a moment, feeling very happy.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - AN HOUR LATER

Lucy sleeps on the floor of the Met.

MAX (O.S.)

Lucy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stirs.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Lucy! Wake up!

Lucy's eyes flutter open. She's confused for a moment. Looks around. No Nick.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Lucy, what are you doing sleeping on the floor covered in a tarp?

LUCY  
I'm not entirely sure.

MAX  
Well you shouldn't be napping at the Met when the Broken Hearts Ball is in less than forty eight hours.

LUCY  
Right. Yeah.

Max checks his watch.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You took my advice on the display.

MAX  
What?

LUCY  
The salon display - for Art and Love?

MAX  
I guess I did. Alright, I have some things to take care of here. Dinner later, you muskrat?

Lucy nods, clears her throat.

LUCY  
Sure.

Max walks off, leaving a bewildered Lucy in his wake.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - DAY

Nadine and Amanda are at their usual place on the couch, drinkin.' Lucy enters, exhausted from her day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Do you two ever plan on leaving  
the couch? Are you sutured to it?

NADINE

Not if we can help it.

AMANDA

Where did you learn that word?  
Grey's Anatomy?

LUCY

Shut up.

AMANDA

What's your problem? You're acting  
like you just came from getting  
your sass waxed.

LUCY

Nick and I slept together and Max  
is my boyfriend and I'm all kinds  
of confused.

AMANDA

Ooh!

NADINE

Finally! I thought you were  
getting thee to a nunnery.

LUCY

No. Bad. Now I'm riding the whore  
carousel. I'm just another one of  
the girls in the slut parade. We  
slept together and then he  
disappeared. He Houdinied me.

AMANDA

Wanna talk about it?

LUCY

Not really.

Amanda pours a glass of wine and extends it to Lucy. Lucy joins the girls on the couch, very relieved to have her friends in this moment.

INT. THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Lucy and Max are bent over a list of VIP donor types coming to Broken Hearts Ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

So we've got the Astors, the  
Tisches, and the Trainas.

Lucy nods, not really paying attention.

MAX (CONT'D)

Do you think you could muster some  
sort of enthusiasm?

LUCY

I'm sorry. I am. Just distracted.  
Stress.

MAX

Lucy, the enormity of this - I  
understand, it's staggering. The  
Met's first satellite exhibit - in  
it's history. This is monumental -  
for you, for me, for both of us.  
Embrace it.

Lucy feigns enthusiasm. Throws her hands in the air.

LUCY

Woo. Excitement. Woo.

Max laughs. Takes her in his arms.

MAX

That's the kind of spirit I'm  
talking about. Perhaps we can  
rustle up some sort of cheer squad  
uniform. Pom poms, perhaps? Tube  
socks?

LUCY

Gross.

Max kisses her. She lets him. She kisses him back. We  
pull back to reveal;

EXT. THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Outside, we see Nick, standing in front of the Museum,  
the TEAPOT shaped as THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING in his  
hands. He looks stricken.

INT. THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Lucy looks up to see Nick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY  
Oh fuck.

She heads for the door.

EXT. THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Lucy comes outside.

LUCY  
Nick-

Nick hands her the teapot.

NICK  
Just wanted to give you this.  
Found it in an antique shop. I'll  
catch you later.

With that he turns around and leaves.

LUCY  
Nick!

He doesn't turn. Just keeps walking.

EXT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Max joins Lucy. They look at each other for a moment.

MAX  
You don't need him. You have me.

Lucy nods, but she seems unsure.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS

Lucy wanders around New York at dusk, losing herself in the city. *New York I Love You, But You're Bringing me Down* by LCD Soundsystem plays.

INT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - THE NEXT NIGHT

A huge banner hangs over the Museum that says "BROKEN HEARTS BALL" - a giant broken heart sits in the middle of the Museum. It is red and glowing and beautiful. It looks as if it's almost beating.

The Museum is crowded with people. It is a very glittering crowd.

CONTINUED:

EVERYONE who has EVER DONATED to the Museum is also there  
- BEANIE BABY LOTHARIO GUY, RETAINER GUY, WILLHEMINA,  
HERMIT PETE FROM NEXT DOOR - Etc. Etc. Etc.

Max shmooozes with folk. In the corner is an EASEL  
covered with a CLOTH.

Lucy is wearing a gorgeous red dress with a full skirt.  
She is beautiful and in every way, the belle of the ball.

She stands with Nadine and Amanda in a corner, sipping  
drinks and surveying the scene.

NADINE

I can't believe you turned your  
crazy into this.

LUCY

I know. My crazy is beautiful.

AMANDA

It really is.

At that moment Nick approaches. There is a tall, leggy,  
sulky girl on his arm. This is GISELE, 21.

LUCY

Nick! Hi! You came!

Then she notices Gisele.

NICK

This is Gisele.

Gisele extends a limp hand, presumably, to shake. Nick is  
showing her off. Lookin' all smug and shit.

GISELE

Ciao.

LUCY

Pleasure is all mine.

NADINE

And mine.

AMANDA

And mine.

They all stand around for a moment.

GISELE

I'm bored.

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

Let's get you a drink.

Gisele nods. They walk off. Lucy watches them go.

NADINE

Well you can lead a whore to culture but you can't make her think.

AMANDA

Her handshake felt like a bag of limp dicks.

LUCY

Do you think I would be hotter if I just stopped smiling? Why are the hot girls so pouty?

AMANDA

Because they're trying to turn their brains on and they can't figure out how.

NADINE

She wasn't hot. She had legs up to my armpits but a horse face. She looks like Seabiscuit's cousin.

LUCY

Thank you. For that. I'm going to go find Max.

Lucy weaves her way through the crowd.

ACROSS THE ROOM:

Nick watches Lucy for a moment. But then quickly turns his attention back to Gisele.

GISELE

Any time you want a blow job, just tell me.

NICK

Pardon?

GISELE

Should we make up a signal? Like in baseball?

Gisele tugs her ear twice. And then taps herself on the head once.

NEAR THE BROKEN HEART:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lucy watches Nick and Gisele. The moment Max stops schmoozing she wraps her arms around him. He kisses her for a moment. She hopes Nick is watching.

MAX

This is a huge success! Donations are pouring in! I'm going to have a banner year!

LUCY

Congratulations to us.

MAX

Alright - more noses to brown and elbows to rub. I need to make the rounds.

Lucy nods. Shoots another look in Nick's direction.

LUCY

Of course. May I have another kiss first?

MAX

Anything for you, partner.

Lucy plants one on Max like it's the last kiss of her life.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR:

Nick sees the kiss as he and Gisele dance. Gisele is one of those models that dances like she's having an epileptic seizure. She looks like she's in a trance.

NICK

Gisele.

Gisele keeps dancing.

NICK (CONT'D)

GISELE!

She opens her eyes and grins.

GISELE

Are you mad that I took ecstasy before I came here?

NICK

Um. I guess it's a little unconventional.

(Beat.)

Do you wanna get outta here?

CONTINUED: (4)

Gisele tugs her ear twice and pats herself on the head.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I guess I could go for one  
of those.

Gisele grabs his hand and leads him towards the door.

AT A BROKEN RELATIONSHIP DISPLAY:

Lucy stands at the shelves looking at some of the boxes she's made. Its her party and she'll cry if she wants to. She looks across the room to see Nick leaving with Gisele.

JULIAN (O.S.)  
Go talk to him.

Lucy turns.

LUCY  
He's leaving. With the Gazelle  
with the rack.

JULIAN  
Lucy, I told you to roar, you  
roared. All these people, are here  
because of a little idea that you  
had that got bigger and bigger. If  
that doesn't make you grow some  
balls and chase him, I don't know  
what will.

(Beat.)  
P.S., you've never looked better.

LUCY  
You really know how to talk to a  
lady.

JULIAN  
I know.

She heads towards the door.

EXT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Lucy exits the Museum. Nick and Gisele are halfway down the block.

LUCY  
NICK!!

He turns. Gives Gisele the wait a minute sign and walks towards Lucy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

Sorry we gotta go. Congratulations again. Enjoy your party.

LUCY

Really? That's it? You got nothing?

It's starts to rain a little. I know, I know. But this is the part where it has to rain.

NICK

I know what I saw last night. I don't think there's anything else to say.

LUCY

That's insane. Because I've gotta lot of shit to say. You walked out on me. We slept together and then you disappeared. Which also happens to be your move. So I guess I'm the idiot because I convinced myself that I was somehow different.

NICK

Can't a dude just be confused for a second. We've become such a good friends and sex just changes things. And Chloe told me she got engaged and the next thing I knew we were - and things got out of hand. And I bolted.

Lucy lets this information sink in.

LUCY

Ohmygod. Chloe got engaged, you freaked out and needed to stick your dick in something and I was at the wrong place at the right time.

NICK

That's not true.

LUCY

It's completely true. You are a tiny little man.

Lucy turns to walk away.

NICK

I regret ever having helped you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lucy turns back, opens her purse and pulls out an ACCEPTANCE LETTER from the YALE SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE and throws it at Nick.

LUCY

Well, that makes two of us.

With that Lucy turns around and storms back into the Museum.

INT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - NIGHT

Lucy re-enters the Museum, she's wet from the rain. Nadine, Amanda and Julian spot her and begin making their way towards her, flutes of champagne in their hands, Nadine carries two. At the same time, Max makes his way towards her. Max reaches her first.

Max approaches and through clenched teeth;

MAX

Where the hell were you?

LUCY

I'm so sorry.

MAX

Get it together.

Lucy nods.

LUCY

I'm back. I'm in there like swimwear.

MAX

Excellent. It's speech time. Wish me luck.

LUCY

You don't need it.

Max kisses her cheek and grabs a glass of champagne from the bar, and walks off. Lucy smooths her hair.

Nadine, Amanda and Julian arrive. Nadine hands her a glass of champagne. Lucy gulps it down.

JULIAN

So it went well with Nick huh?

Lucy wipes her mouth and shakes her head.

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Don't let him and that lollipop  
head ruin your night.

JULIAN

No way no ho.

NADINE

What's wrong with M. Frank?

LUCY

I think he's just stressed about  
his speech.

AMANDA

Chin up sister. This night is  
about you.

LUCY

Yes. Glass half full, glass half  
full.

Nadine switches glasses with her.

NADINE

Yours was empty.

The girls share a smile.

NEAR THE BROKEN HEART:

Max stands in front of the crowd, next to the easel and  
clinks his flute of champagne. The crowd hushes.

MAX

Hello everyone! Hello! Welcome!

The crowd is quiet, and gathers around Max.

MAX (CONT'D)

I will keep this brief - as  
brevity is the soul of a good  
speech.

The crowd chuckles.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'd like to welcome you all to  
what is a truly exceptional  
exhibit.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX (CONT'D)

I encourage you to take your time as you explore it - - the Met has never done an exhibit of this sort in its history - and this ground breaking idea could not have been possible without all of you.

The crowd applauds.

MAX (CONT'D)

Ordinary items, housed here, have become extraordinary. Simplicity becomes beauty, heartache becomes art. We have brought the Met downtown! Who would have thunk it?

The crowd laughs again.

MAX (CONT'D)

Before you get in your town cars and head back uptown, I'd like to unveil something very special. New York Magazine has recognized this exhibit - this moment where art and real life collide. So without further adieu, I present to you the cover of New York Magazine - featuring the Met's Museum of Broken Relationships!

Max unveils the easel - on it a LARGE cover of NEW YORK MAGAZINE - a photo of the MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS on the front and MAX, alone, standing, arms folded, in front of it.

The crowd applauds.

Max raises his glass.

MAX (CONT'D)

To the Museum of Broken Relationships!

The crowd echoes back;

CROWD

Salut! Cheers!

BACK NEAR THE BAR:

Lucy, dumbfounded, stares at Max. Not a mention of her. Nothing. He took all the credit. Once again. Fool me once... she runs towards the bathroom, Nadine, Amanda and Julian hot on her heels.

INT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - BATHROOM

Nadine, Amanda Julian and Lucy are crowded in the bathroom, like sardines.

Lucy stands over the sink, breathing heavy.

NADINE

I will cut a bitch. I will go over there and cut his face off like a middle eastern dictator would.

AMANDA

I will put his balls in a vice and I will squeeze until they are small, thin johnny cakes.

JULIAN

I will stick a giant dildo in his asshole, against his will.

Lucy, suddenly, very calm, turns to them.

LUCY

Though appreciated, none of that will be necessary. Especially you Julian.

The three of them look at her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I got this.

INT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - MINUTES LATER

The bathroom door opens and Lucy emerges, cool as a cucumber. The party is still in full swing. Max approaches, magazine in hand.

MAX

Bug, how wonderful is this? Look!

He opens the magazine inside, a small picture of Lucy.

MAX (CONT'D)

This is great! For you. For me. For the Met. For the Museum of Broken Relationships. It's all coming together.

LUCY

Are you fucking kidding me?

CONTINUED:

Max looks genuinely taken aback. People begin looking in their direction.

MAX

What?

LUCY

That's you on that cover. It's not me. It's not even us. It's just you.

Now everyone stares at them. Lucy walks over to the shelf where the MAX FRANK BOX - HER BOX is located and pulls it down off the shelf. She faces Max.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(Realizing.)

Max, you can't see beyond your own ambition to realize that you did me wrong. You don't know the first thing about what this place stands for.

MAX

Lucy, please-

LUCY

The thing about heartbreak is that when you go through it, you believe you're the only person in the world who has ever experienced such pain. Who has known such agony. Your suffering feels so utterly singular. But this Museum made people feel like they weren't alone - that heartbreak hurts like hell for everyone. It's universal.

(Beat.)

My entire life I've waited for big love. I've wanted it, and chased it, and sought it out in the most unlikely places. And it's losers like you who have blinded me with your Prada loafers and your no socks and your thesaurus words. You pretended to want me but all you really want is success. Max, you will never, ever find extraordinary. But me? I will.

She turns to everyone in the Museum, holds the box over her head a la Cusack in can't buy me love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm moving on. I'm taking this  
break up box and I'm burning it.  
The final act for this Museum is a  
ring of fire. If you're with me,  
if you want to find big love, if  
you want to move forward let's go.  
I don't want to look at this damn  
break up box for one more second.

She turns back to Max.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Because hear this Max Frank - I am  
so fucking over you.

The crowd stares at her. A moment of silence. Finally, Willhemina steps out of the crowd. Everyone watches her. Her leather and chains make sounds as she walks across the room. She takes her box of the shelf.

WILLHEMINA

I'm with you Lucy.

She stands next to Lucy, defiant.

And then ONE BY ONE everyone who donated to the Museum begins stepping forward and taking down their break up boxes too. SNAKE GUY, BEANIE BABY LOTHARIO, RETAINER DUDE, EVERYONE.

And with that, Lucy turns around and walks out of the Museum followed by all of her donors who carry every last one of their things out of the Museum and away from the Coward Max Frank.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Lucy links arms with Nadine, Amanda and Julian. They lead the crowd THROUGH NEW YORK CITY STREETS and TOWARDS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

JULIAN

Max Frank almost shat himself.

NADINE

There was fecal matter in his  
Dolce and Gabbana.

AMANDA

I want to sue him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

We're about to burn him in effigy.  
 Because homies, out of the ashes,  
 a new love awaits.

JULIAN

Sing it sister.

They keep walking, together and as they do, Chris Resor, Max's NY MAGAZINE friend slips out of the Museum and joins the procession.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The procession continues to UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE with Lucy, Amanda, Nadine and Julian at the forefront.

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.)

And so Lucy led the giant break up parade through the streets of New York City and ended up under the Brooklyn Bridge. There, the denizens of heartbreak committed the ultimate act of catharsis.

Everyone piles their CORNELL-LUCY-BOXES in a giant pile and Lucy is last - she adds her MAX FRANK BOX, and with great pomp and circumstance throws a MATCH IN - the pile ignites - and burns and burns and burns - the fire gets huge. "Ring of Fire" by Johnny Cash plays...

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And as the last remnants of breakups were engulfed in flames, Lucy felt a great wave of relief. Her art installation was complete. This chapter of her collections was over. As the fire burned, Lucy watched as the strangers around her became friends with one another. When she looked closer, she even saw the beginnings of romance ignite right there along with the bonfire. And that gave Lucy, yet another idea.

We see the museum donors, chat, and laugh and meet one another. We also see the glow of the fire on Lucy's content face, and Chris Resor, of New York Magazine SNAP A PHOTO of her in this perfect moment.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Morning rises over Manhattan.

INT. LUCY'S ADORABLE BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LUCY'S ROOM - MORNING

Lucy begins clearing her own collections from her shelves. Time to move on. Nadine sticks her head in.

NADINE

We're about to open a bottle of wine. You want in?

LUCY

It's 10am.

NADINE

Yeah. It's rose.

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

I forgot Eva's fortune cookie box at the Museum. I gotta go back for it.

NADINE

Don't worry about that right now.

LUCY

I have to - I owe it to her.

NADINE

Suit yourself. And don't worry, there's always more wine.

LUCY

I know.

INT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS - MORNING

Lucy unlocks the door of the museum and goes over to the shelf and gets Eva's box. It's the last one. She sits on the floor and looks at it as the sun streams in through the windows. A lovely last scene.

A MAN WITH A CLIP BOARD approaches the door. Knocks.

MAN WITH A CLIP BOARD

Excuse me?

Lucy looks up, stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Oh. God. I'm sorry. I was in my own world. How can I help you?

MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD

Hello miss. I'm an Inspector with the New York City Department of Building. I'm here to see if this building is up to code. Are you the owner?

LUCY

No Sir. I'm just the tenant.

MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD

Okay, well I'm looking for-

He consults his clipboard.

MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD (CONT'D)

The owner, a Mr. Nick Friend, is he around?

LUCY

I'm sorry, what did you say?

MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD

Nick Friend.

LUCY

I'm sorry. I gotta go! Right now.

Lucy takes off running out the door and down the block.

MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD

Miss! Miss! Excuse me!

But Lucy just keeps running.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SAME

Lucy knocks on the door. A disheveled Brady answers it.

LUCY

Is Nick here?

Brady looks at her disapprovingly, shaking his head.

LUCY (CONT'D)

BRADY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADY

He's not here. What the hell  
happened with the two of you? He's  
a shell of a man.

LUCY

Can I just leave him a note?

BRADY

Yeah.

He opens the door wide. The apartment is a mess. Lucy's eyes widen but she doesn't say anything.

BRADY (CONT'D)

I was just about to pop in some  
*Reality Bites*. Care to join?

LUCY

I'm good. Thanks.

BRADY

*"I'm not going to work at the Gap  
for chrissakes!"*

Lucy nods and heads towards Nick's room.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NICK'S ROOM - SAME

Lucy walks into Nick's room. On his desk, a row of items. They are all mementos from his relationship with Lucy.

There is A TICKET STUB from the BROKEN HEARTS BALL, the CARD of a CHEESY REAL ESTATE AGENT that they met with, a FULL COPY of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, the CRUMPLED NAPKIN with her ADDRESS ON IT. A SCRABBLE PIECE. An I'M TOO SEXY RECORD.

Lucy stares at the items for a long moment she sits down at Nick's desk and begins to write.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lucy sprints past Brady, an envelope in hand.

BRADY

How sexy is Troy Dyer?

Lucy slams the door to the apartment.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON ESTATE - DAY

Establishing shot of a breathtaking beach-front mansion in Southampton. Blue and white and expensive all over.

INT. SOUTHAMPTON ESTATE - DAY

Inside said estate every possible square inch of space is adorned with things. Paintings. Knick knacks. Sculptures. Tchochkes. There is not an inch of space uncovered. Not an inch unadorned. A veritable assault on the eyes.

Amidst all of this, on a hugely expensive, antique couch, lies miserable, miserable Nick. He points the remote at the television half-heartedly changing the channels.

Eva Woolf enters the room, dressed in a caftan or whatever type of outfit fabulous, rich, old people wear at home. She pauses, looking at him for a moment.

EVA

Please don't tell me I raised a total fool.

Nick looks up at her.

NICK

You didn't raise a total fool.

EVA

Well that all depends.

NICK

On what, Mom?

EVA

If you let your pride get in the way of your happiness you are much more similar to any of your fathers than I ever could have imagined.

Nick shrugs, indifferent. Eva hands him an envelope.

EVA (CONT'D)

This came for you.

She turns on her heel to go, but before she does;

EVA (CONT'D)

Seriously, don't fuck this one up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eva exits. Nick stares at the envelope for a moment. And then he opens it. It's a letter from Lucy. We hear Lucy's voice reading the letter as we see;

LUCY, NADINE AND AMANDA OPENING the MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS COFFEE SHOP - it's a cafe where people can bring their heartbreak things, but meet new people as they do. The tables are filled with people getting to know one another, new couples sprouting.

NICK ARRIVES AT THE YALE SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE; he shakes the Dean's hand, who ushers him into his office.

NICK DRIVES ALONG THE L.I.E - he's speeding, heading back into the city as quickly as possible.

LUCY (V.O.)

They say love is blind. But sometimes I think, heartbreak is blind. It makes us focus too heavily on the past - on what might have been, instead of what could be. Nick, we are both guilty of this. I was consumed by heartbreak. So consumed, that I was trying to make a relationship work, that never should have worked in the first place. And you tried to push heartbreak away. You couldn't face it, so instead you faced every girl in the Tri-State area, horizontally. And vertically. And diagonally. But my point in writing you isn't to tell you what we both did wrong. It's to tell you what we both did right. When I wasn't looking, I fell in love with you.

(Beat.)

Nick Friend, I love you. And I hope that doesn't scare you. I hope instead, it makes you realize that you love me too. Because you do. Love me. I don't just think it. I know it.

INT. MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS CAFE - DAY

A bright and sunny morning. Lucy, Nadine and Amanda hang out behind the counter of the coffee shop, its bustling and filled with people enjoying themselves. Meeting, talking, looking at the items.

Lucy surveys the scene, satisfied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADINE  
I made out with Sam last night.

AMANDA  
From the office?

NADINE  
Yes.

LUCY  
Made out?

NADINE  
Yeah. Saliva was the only bodily fluid exchanged. Can you believe it?

LUCY  
Hardly.

NADINE  
He only has one leg, but I think I like him.

AMANDA  
That is very good news.  
(Beat.)  
I let Jeff hold my hand in the street. For like ten minutes.

Suddenly the coffee door swings open and a MAN holding a LARGE, VERY HEAVY BOX comes inside. The box obscures his face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Code red break up.

Lucy gives her a look.

LUCY  
Sir? Can I help you with that box?

The man doesn't answer.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Sir?

The man puts the huge box down on the ground. REVEALING Nick. The box is filled with remnants from Lucy and Nick's relationship.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You can't put that stuff here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

Why not?

LUCY

Because I don't want to have a broken relationship with you.

NICK

I don't want to have a broken relationship with you.

They stare at each other for a moment.

LUCY

You know, you are the first person I never collected anything from. I didn't have to hold on to you, because you were never going anywhere. Nick Friend, you are my forever person.

Nick takes a step towards Lucy. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. It is very hot. If I do say so myself.

NADINE

Ohmygod get married!

Amanda elbows Nadine.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Just kidding. The institution of marriage. Blech. So antiquated.

AMANDA

Shut. Up.

NADINE

I can't help it if deep inside my vagina I'm a romantic.

Lucy and Nick look at the two of them and laugh.

NICK

Lucy, you are the girl who can break my heart but won't.

LUCY

Who told you that?

NICKs

A wise old broad.

Lucy's eyes land on the sign in the window; "The Museum of Broken Relationships."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUCY  
There's just one thing missing.

Lucy walks over to the counter and jots something down on a little piece of paper. She attaches a piece of tape and goes outside, and tapes it underneath "THE MUSEUM OF BROKEN RELATIONSHIPS." We pull back to reveal that it says "(AND MENDED HEARTS)."

DEEP MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
And from that day forward, Lucy told the story of how The Museum of Broken Relationships helped her find great, lasting and very unbroken Love.

INT. CIPRIANI MIDTOWN - NIGHT

A large, glittering crowd is gathered - much like at the beginning of our fairy tale. Lucy sits at a table with Julian, Nadine, Amanda, Eva Woolf, and next to Lucy, holding her hand, Nick.

ANDRE LEON TALLEY (of Vogue fame) is at the podium. We realize, HE IS OUR DEEP MALE VOICE.

ANDRE LEON TALLEY  
So that Ladies and Gentlemen, is our very well-earned happy ending. Please join me in welcoming the recipient of this year's Metropolitan Museum of Art's Young Artist Award, the undeniably unique, collector's collector, Miss Lucy Gulliver.

The crowd applauds. Nick and Lucy share a lovely kiss. And Lucy steps up on stage to accept her award. Next to her, is the NEW COVER of New York Magazine - Lucy's face lit up by the burning bonfire.

THE END