

Lucy Grand



The Rise & Fall
of The Trapper Keeper Queen
by Ben Levin

LUCY GRAND:

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TRAPPER KEEPER QUEEN

Written by

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INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY (1993)

A COOL GIRL (11) sits at a desk. Her floppy Blossom hat, denim jacket and notebook are decked out in colorful stickers, buttons and accessories. She talks to camera.

COOL GIRL

So one day my friend Tiffany asked
me-

TIFFANY (11) points at her notebook.

TIFFANY

Where did you get those cool
stickers?

COOL GIRL

And I was like -
(to Tiffany)
Don't you know? It's Lucy Grand!

INT. MALL - DAY

The cool girl drags Tiffany to the Lucy Grand Store!

COOL GIRL (V.O.)

She had to see it all. So I took
her to the mall!

INT. MALL - LUCY GRAND STORE - DAY

It's a rainbow of school supplies and accessories.
Everything has cute animals on it. The cool girl shows off
every product.

COOL GIRL

Lucy Grand has everything:
Stickers, folders, beads,
stationary, bracelets, prescription
strength deodorant!

TIFFANY

That's a thing?

COOL GIRL

I guess!

TIFFANY

Amazing!

A CARTOON PANDA, TIGER and UNICORN hop off the shelves and
give Tiffany a big sparkly hug.

UNICORN
You're safe here.

TIFFANY
I feel the darkness melting away.

The SHOP GIRL jumps over the counter and RAPS at the camera like she's in a Salt n' Pepa video.

SHOP GIRL
(rapping)
We got stickers to stick stick
anywhere! / And pink tiger
barrettes for your hair! / Show it
off at school or in the sand! /
It's Lucy Grand! / Love is our
brand.

Tiffany is overwhelmed to the point of tears.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The cool girl and Tiffany are back at their desks, but now Tiffany is decked out in Lucy Grand products too.

COOL GIRL
Now Tiffany loves Lucy Grand too!
And when girls ask her -

ANOTHER GIRL turns to Tiffany. She is so not cool. Braces and frizzy hair.

ANOTHER GIRL
Where did you get those cool
stickers?

COOL GIRL
She knows what to do.

TIFFANY
Don't you know? It's Lucy Grand!

She shows off a LUCY GRAND PIN. It reads "LOVE" in big bright letters. Words flash across the screen in a Saved by the Bell font - LUCY GRAND: LOVE IS OUR BRAND.

INT. URBAN YOUTH OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

ON TV SCREEN: The Lucy Grand commercial ends.

Out steps TARA THOMPSON - 26, fashionable yet down to earth in an 'I made some of my own clothes' way. She's very nervous.

In front of her, a table of CREATIVE EXECUTIVES - all women. At the head is STEPHANIE DOUGLAS - the discerning CEO of Urban Youth. Everyone looks skeptical.

TARA
The 90s are back.

She taps her phone and the TV shows a slide of hipsters in 90s wear.

TARA (CONT'D)
Nirvana shirts, midriffs, Monica
Lewinsky berets.

She taps through slides of Lucy Grand designs.

TARA (CONT'D)
Lucy Grand is an untapped gold mine
of nostalgia. All of the designs
are so cute and positive and
there's unicorns - who doesn't love
unicorns? Anyway, I think with a
little reimaginationizing...

The slide changes to a T-shirt featuring a very modern,
stylized unicorn.

TARA (CONT'D)
They'd be perfect for today.
Because, the 90s are cool... again.

The room is quiet. A snooty executive, BRIDGET, speaks up.

BRIDGET
Since when do we let interns pitch
ideas?

The other execs CHUCKLE. Tara bites her tongue.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS
Thoughts?

EXECUTIVE #1
It'll never work. Lucy Grand won't
sign over the rights.

EXECUTIVE #2
Yeah, haven't you heard? The woman
is a nutcase now.

EXECUTIVE #3

There's just too much baggage
associated with the brand.
Remember the court case?

EXECUTIVE #4

And the binder burnings?

EXECUTIVE #5

And that secret experiment?

EXECUTIVE #1

That wasn't real.

EXECUTIVE #5

Yes it was! My friend Becky said
her friend at camp's baby-sitter
saw it.

BRIDGET

I just don't like the name Lucy.

Another executive, LUCY SOLOMON, looks very offended.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

No offense, Lucy.

The debate grows louder.

TARA

I could do it!

The room goes quiet. Tara is suddenly nervous.

TARA (CONT'D)

I could try to get the designs.

Stephanie Douglas considers it.

BRIDGET

She's too green. It takes more
than fancy Powerpoints to close a
deal.

TARA

This is actually Google Slides.

BRIDGET

Whatever. It's going to take more
than Gloopy Sloods to close a deal.

TARA

How about this?

She taps her phone.

ON TV: The name TARA THOMPSON lights up the screen in metallic CG letters.

BAD ASS VOICE OVER (V.O.)
THIS HAS BEEN A TARA THOMPSON
PRESENTATION! COPYRIGHT INFINITY!

An explosion blows away the letters.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS
You really think you can convince
the Lucy Grand to license us her
designs?

TARA
Yes. A-absolutely.

The room looks to Stephanie in anticipation.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS
Then this will be your first
project. Talk to David, he'll
schedule a flight.

Bridget rolls her eyes. Tara pumps her fist in celebration.

ON TV: Explosions and GIFS of people getting injured.

BAD ASS VOICE OVER (V.O.)
THIS IS A GOOD THING!

The room files out.

LUCY SOLOMON
I can't believe you don't like my
name.

BRIDGET
Oh, get over it.

Tara stops Stephanie.

TARA
Thank you so much for this
opportunity.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS
I'm taking a chance on you, Tara.
Don't make me look bad.

Stephanie leaves and Tara looks anxious.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tara struggles to yank a suitcase down from a shelf. PULL OUT to reveal she's standing on a toilet, and the shelf is in her bathroom. This is a very tiny apartment.

Tara wrestles the suitcase into her tiny bedroom. Despite its small size and dilapidated condition, the apartment is well decorated, with brightly colored art prints of animals.

QUICK MONTAGE: A plane flies Tara out to Arizona.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

Tara drives a rental car through the desert until...

TARA
Holy shit.

Tara sees the LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - a nearly all glass corporate command post, smack dab in the middle of the Arizona wastelands.

EXT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Tara approaches the building with laptop and luggage in tow. It looks abandoned. No other cars in the lot.

Tara is greeted at the entrance by an ornate UNICORN STATUE. Its finish has been chipped by the wind. Tara is in awe.

TARA
This is truly sacred ground.

She looks down and sees a PENIS spray painted on the Unicorn.

TARA (CONT'D)
That's unfortunate.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

Tara enters the massive atrium. She looks around for any signs of life.

TARA
Hello?

Her voice echoes.

TARA (CONT'D)
Anybody here? Anybody alive?

She hears the SCUTTLE OF HIGH HEELS. Tara whirls around but sees nothing. Frightened, she backs up and walks right into a GIANT SLOTH.

TARA (CONT'D)
OH DEAR GOD!

It's just a statue of a sloth... with a tiara.

Tara looks around and sees other statues of cute animals: a tiger, two hugging koalas, a panda.

TARA (CONT'D)
(to the sloth)
Excuse me, your majesty.

Tara approaches the reception desk which is manned by a PLUSH TIGER TOY. Not knowing what else to do, she presses AN INTERCOM.

TARA (CONT'D)
(into intercom)
Hi, my name is Tara Thompson. I was hoping to speak with Lucy Grand.

The response is BARELY AUDIBLE.

TARA (CONT'D)
(into intercom)
I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you.

More MUMBLY STATIC.

TARA (CONT'D)
Sorry, it's really hard to--

WOMAN (O.S.)
THE TOP FLOOR! COME UP TO THE TOP FLOOR!!!

Tara sees the SHADOWY FIGURE OF A WOMAN on the second floor. The woman awkwardly runs in high heels around the corner.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Tara cautiously enters the room. A big leather chair wheels around revealing LUCY GRAND - late 40s, a little frazzled but impeccably dressed for a day of work in 1995.

TARA
Lucy Grand! It's an honor to meet you. My name is Tara Thompson--

LUCY GRAND
How did you find this place?

TARA
The address was on the Lucy Grand
Geocities page.

LUCY GRAND
You're not another lawyer from the
Sioux Nation, are you? Because I
don't care if this place is built
on a sacred burial ground, and I'll
fight any ghost who tries to kick
me out!

TARA
No, I'm not a lawyer. I'm from
Urban Youth. A clothing company.

Tara pops open her laptop and anxiously hands Lucy a packet.

TARA (CONT'D)
I flew all the way from New York to
pitch you an idea. You see 90s
fashion is sort of en vogue again.
Like the 90s band, En Vogue.
Remember them?
(sings)
No you're never gonna get it. NOT
THIS TIME--
(then)
Anyway, we'd like to reimagine Lucy
Grand for today's girls.

Tara clicks to the first slide of her presentation.

LUCY GRAND
And they just sent you?

TARA
Um. Yes.

LUCY GRAND
Did you have to get a permission
slip signed by your parents to come
here?

TARA
No.

LUCY GRAND
Is there an Amber Alert going on
right now?

TARA

No. I have not been kidnapped.
I'm just here because... you're a
legend.

Lucy cracks a smile.

LUCY GRAND

I get it... This is ironic. I'm a
big joke now.

Lucy rises from her chair.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

So let's parade Lucy around the
mall one last time, like a LADY
JESUS IN A CROWN OF RAINBOW
STICKERS!

TARA

No, that's not what this is about.
I really care about you and your
work--

LUCY GRAND

Nobody has ever cared about me!

Lucy tosses the pitch packet to the ground.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

If your company was serious, they
wouldn't have sent some frightened
little girl scout. Go back to New
York. I'm not interested.

TARA

But, I--

LUCY GRAND

Get out!

Lucy sits in her chair and swivels around. Tara's eyes well
up with tears, but she refuses to break.

TARA

They were right about you. You've
lost it.

Lucy slowly swivels herself back around.

LUCY GRAND

Excuse me?

TARA

The only employees you have left
are stuffed animals. And you're
sleeping in your office!

LUCY GRAND

I am certainly not.

Tara looks to her left at a blow-up mattress and pile of
clothes.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

That's just for naps. Power naps.

TARA

When I was a kid, I was your
biggest fan. But I never would've
bought a single sticker if I knew
the real Lucy Grand was just a...
CRAZY OLD KOOK!

Lucy is appalled. Tara gathers her things and walks to the
door.

LUCY GRAND

How dare you call me crazy! You
don't know who I am. You don't
know what I've been through. I bet
you don't even know my real name!

Tara is surprised by the desperation in Lucy's voice.

TARA

No. I don't. Your authorized
biography was mostly stickers of
horses.

LUCY GRAND

I wasn't always Lucy Grand. I was
born--

CUT TO:

INT. THE OKLAHOMA HOME FOR POOR GIRLS - DAY (1970S)

A rickety wooden house in the back country of Oklahoma.
SISTER MARY, a kindly old nun, smiles brightly.

SISTER MARY

Lucy Poranski.

She gestures outside, to a playground devoid of children,
save LUCY PORANSKI - a scrappy, 8-year-old girl.

She plays hopscotch all by herself. It would be almost cute, if she weren't coughing up dust.

A hearty FARMER and his WIFE look on.

SISTER MARY (CONT'D)

She's the only orphan we have in our facility, but she'd be a wonderful daughter! Lucy is ever so bright. Full of imagination and song.

The couple watches as Lucy moves to a SEESAW. She tries to heave it up and down on her own, but the heavy board is too much. Lucy STRAINS - her face contorts like her head is going to explode.

FARMER'S WIFE

She's very... energetic.

The wife looks to her husband, concerned.

FARMER

(to Sister Mary)

And you don't have any other girls?

SISTER MARY

No, I'm sorry. She's the only one. There haven't been much orphans around since... *the pill*.

Sister Mary makes the sign of the cross.

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA HOME FOR POOR GIRLS - CONTINUOUS

Lucy watches as the couple politely takes their leave.

Sister Mary steps outside and Lucy excitedly stands up, still holding the see saw.

LUCY PORANSKI

Did it work, Sister Mary?!

SISTER MARY

No. I'm afraid they suddenly realized they were pregnant and didn't need to adopt a little girl.

LUCY PORANSKI

Oh...

SISTER MARY
Don't worry, we'll find you a
family. Some day.

LUCY PORANSKI
Of course.

Sister Mary smiles weakly and then walks back inside.

Lucy drops the seesaw and walks over to a fence. She leans
on a post and looks out into the fields, forlorn.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
(singing)
Sometimes I wish I weren't in
Oklahoma.
'Cause it's never felt like home-ah
to me.
Home is where ya get hugs in the
morning.
And kisses for your skinned knees.

Lucy turns back to the playground and plops back down on the
seesaw.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
(singing)
But I'm alone in Oklahoma.
Where dust is my only friend.
Sometimes I wish I could just fly
away.
But who's gotta pair of wings to
lend?

The seesaw begins to GLOW. Lucy is lifted into the air as
the SEESAW TRANSFORMS into a beautiful white horse with
rainbow wings and a horn: A UNICORN!

Lucy belts it out:

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
(singing)
A unicorn!
A unicorn!
Could take me to where I wanted to
be.
A unicorn!
A unicorn!
Is the only pal I'd ever need!

Lucy trots the unicorn around the playground.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 He'd give me love and kisses!
 Because I'd brush him everyday!
 And we'd go on wild adventures!
 Galloping through the clouds.
 Singing out loud!

Lucy and the unicorn jump over the fence and gallop through the field. Lucy's singing picks up pace.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Who needs people anyway?
 All they got is something mean to say!
 "She's small!"
 "She's dirty!"
 "She looks like Pippi Longstocking with a dick."
 Nah, people aren't for me!

The unicorn leaps back over the fence into the playground. Lucy dismounts.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 But have you ever heard of a unicorn being a grump?
 Of a koala being a cheat?

Lucy touches a rusty barrel and it magically becomes a KOALA!

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Has a tiger ever not called you back?

She touches an old tire and magically becomes a COLORFUL TIGER!

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Of course not!
 Mostly 'cause tigers can't speak!

TIGER
 Says who?!

Lucy is delighted.

UNICORN
 Come on, Lucy, I hear there's trouble in the Cloud Kingdom.

LUCY PORANSKI
Oh, no! We have to help.

Lucy hops back on the unicorn and they fly up into the clouds. The music turns into a heroic anthem.

EXT. CLOUD KINGDOM - DAY

Lucy and the unicorn are now in a completely imaginary, and animated, environment. They descend upon the castle of clouds, inhabited by a puffy CLOUD KING and his SUBJECTS.

LUCY PORANSKI
What's the trouble here?

CLOUD KING
I've got a Boo Boo on my leg!

The Cloud King lifts his robe revealing a BOO BOO - a hideous monster gnawing on his leg. The Boo Boo jumps off and SNARLS at Lucy.

Lucy grabs the unicorn's horn and pulls. The horn slowly leaves the unicorn's head revealing it to be a GIANT HAMMER!

Lucy SLAMS the Horn Hammer down on the Boo Boo. It EXPLODES INTO SPARKLES!

The Cloud Subjects rejoice! Lucy puts the horn hammer back in the unicorn's head.

UNICORN
Good job, friend!

LUCY PORANSKI
I love you.

UNICORN
I love you too.

Lucy hugs the unicorn, then jumps on his back and they fly away.

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA HOME FOR POOR GIRLS - DAY

Lucy and the unicorn touch down in the playground. The song slows, becoming a somber tune.

LUCY PORANSKI
(singing)
A unicorn can love you forever.
More than you could ever feel.
(MORE)

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
 But the only thing a unicorn can't
 do...
 Is be real...

The unicorn FADES AWAY and Lucy slowly sinks down to the ground as the magical horse becomes a seesaw once again.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 Sometimes I wish I weren't in
 Oklahoma.
 'Cause it's never felt like home-ah
 to me.
 Sometimes I wish I could just fly
 away.
 But who's kidding?
 That ain't happening...
 To me.

The music fades away. Lucy puts her head in her hands.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
 But then he came to town...

EXT. SMALL RURAL TOWN - DAY

A fancy car zooms down a dusty road.

INT. FANCY CAR - CONTINUOUS

MR. GRAND - a cigar chomping tycoon in his 50s - looks out the window while his nebbish ASSISTANT takes notes. A CHAUFFEUR drives.

ASSISTANT
 The Veterans Hall?

MR. GRAND
 Buy it!

ASSISTANT
 The Good Times Ice Creamery?

MR. GRAND
 Buy it!

ASSISTANT
 The Oklahoma Home for Poor Girls?

MR. GRAND
Buy it! Buy it all! This entire town is going to become another wing of my office supply empire!

ASSISTANT
And what a grand empire it will be, Mr. Grand.

Mr. Grand smiles and LAUGHS.

MR. GRAND
A *grand* empire. Ha! That is *rich*! Like I am! Ha HA! Now, let the fun begin!

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - MR. GRAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Grand is slumped over his desk, bored out of his mind, while his assistant goes through a massive stack of paperwork. It's so boring you can hear the clock ticking.

ASSISTANT
Item number 6783: the Municipal Library.

Behind Mr. Grand hangs a portrait of himself holding various office supplies like they're his children.

MR. GRAND
Demolish it. Turn it into our new paperclip factory.

ASSISTANT
Item number 6784: the Oklahoma Home for Poor Girls?

MR. GRAND
The orphanage? Make it into our secondary crayon division.

ASSISTANT
And what about the orphan?

MR. GRAND
The what?

ASSISTANT
Item number 6748B: one orphan.

MR. GRAND
I bought an orphan?

His assistant double checks his paperwork.

ASSISTANT
Yes.

MR. GRAND
An actual orphan? As in a child?!
I bought a child?!

ASSISTANT
It appears as though when you
bought the orphanage, you also
acquired the sole orphan residing
inside of said orphanage.

MR. GRAND
That's a thing that can happen?

ASSISTANT
In Oklahoma? I suppose so.

MR. GRAND
My god! I don't want a child! I
hate children! This is why I got
that experimental vasectomy!

ASSISTANT
And might I add, your limp has
gotten much better since the
surgery.

Mr. Grand rises on his cane and angrily LIMPS over to his
assistant.

MR. GRAND
If the stockholders found out that
I *bought* a child, they might
think... untoward things.

The assistant gulps.

MR. GRAND (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Maybe it's not too late to return
him. Where is he?

ASSISTANT
She.

MR. GRAND
She?! A girl?! Jesus Christ,
that's even worse! Where is she?!

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mr. Grand and his assistant barrel through the warehouse in a golf cart. They pass by expensive vases, marble statues and other things that a rich person would buy.

The assistant runs down a list of inventory.

ASSISTANT
Chalices. Cheetahs. Ah, children.

They stop in front of a row of marble statues of children. Sitting in between them is Lucy. Much like the statues around her, she has an oversized tag on her foot noting her filing location.

MR. GRAND
Hello, little lady.

LUCY PORANSKI
Hi, I'm Lucy!

She shows off her tag, which also has her name on it.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
You got a lot of fun toys here.

She picks up a Cheetah skin rug.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lucy bites into a very fancy peanut butter and jelly sandwich while Mr. Grand and a CHEF look on.

LUCY PORANSKI
Wow, this is the best sandwich I've
ever had!

MR. GRAND
My apologies for leaving you alone
in that warehouse. Are you feeling
okay?

LUCY PORANSKI
Yeah, I'm alone most of the time so
it was nothing.

MR. GRAND
(distracted)
Good. I'm glad you're used to
being lonely.

LUCY PORANSKI
This place sure is swell. What is
it? A hotel?

MR. GRAND
No, it's my house.

LUCY PORANSKI
You must have a humongous family!

MR. GRAND
No, it's just me here.

Mr. Grand looks up to see his assistant enter with a hastily
packed suitcase.

MR. GRAND (CONT'D)
All right, time to go!

Mr. Grand picks up Lucy, sandwich and all.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - VARIOUS ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Grand carries Lucy like she's a ticking time bomb and
runs through his palatial estate. His assistant trails
behind them.

MR. GRAND
(rushing)
Well, it's been so nice having you
here, but I'm afraid I have to send
you back to Oklahoma.

LUCY PORANSKI
What? Why?

MR. GRAND
Well, you see if anyone found out
that I bought a child they might
stop liking me and my office supply
products. Which would be very bad.

EXT. THE GRAND ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Grand carries Lucy out the door of his expansive estate
to an idling taxi cab.

LUCY PORANSKI
But you got such a big house, you
don't got room for one stinking
little kid?

MR. GRAND
Nope.

Lucy looks at the mansion behind her and then out to the
fields surrounding it. In the distance is a stable with
beautiful WHITE HORSES.

Lucy whips around with a tough as nails look on her face.

LUCY PORANSKI
If you send me back to an orphanage
I'll tell.

MR. GRAND
What?

LUCY PORANSKI
I'll tell everybody that you bought
me like I was a piece of meat!

Mr. Grand sees the TAXI DRIVER raise an eyebrow at this shady
accusation. Mr. Grand is at a loss.

LUCY PORANSKI (CONT'D)
Come on, you got all those statues
of people. What's wrong with one
real one?

MR. GRAND
You're a sly one.
(then)
All right, you can stay.

Mr. Grand LAUGHS NERVOUSLY. Suddenly, his laughter turns
into the LAUGHTER OF TEENAGERS.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - DAY
(PRESENT)

Lucy looks out the window to see a GROUP OF TEENAGERS horsing
around in front of her headquarters. They're spray painting
the unicorn statue and taking pictures of themselves bent
over in front of it, like the Unicorn is fucking them.

LUCY GRAND
Not again!

Lucy runs past Tara and out the door.

Tara gets up from a chair and looks out the window. Outside, she sees Lucy run up to the teenagers.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Get away from Spirit! Leave him
alone!

The teenagers won't listen. Instead they laugh and point.

Tara turns away from the window and walks to a shelf of photographs behind Lucy's desk. She picks up a very formal portrait of Lucy with Mr. Grand.

Tara shakes her head.

TARA
Poor Lucy.

Her moment of pity is broken by the SCREAMS OF TEENAGERS. Tara runs to the window to see Lucy running at the teenagers with a FLAMETHROWER.

TARA (CONT'D)
Jesus.

The teenagers jump into the cars and speed away.

Tara quickly puts the photo back on the shelf and sits down.

Lucy enters.

LUCY GRAND
Damn kids.

Lucy heads to the wet bar at the back of the office.

TARA
I had no idea you were adopted. I
just assumed you had this perfect,
Norman Rockwell life.

Lucy sees Tara's sympathetic eyes staring at her, trying to make an emotional connection.

LUCY GRAND
Well, technically, I was bought.
It's completely different. Legally
speaking, I don't have to pay
income taxes.

She pours herself a V8 and mixes it with brandy.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 Would you like one? It's V8 and
 brandy. I call it a Sloppy Salad
 Bar.

TARA
 I'm fine thank you.

Lucy takes a swig of the strange concoction.

TARA (CONT'D)
 Was it hard for you? Being...
 bought?

Lucy is lost in her glass.

LUCY GRAND
 Growing up wasn't easy. But I
 imagine it's not easy for most
 girls.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUCY'S LOCKER - DAY (EARLY 1980S)

Lucy Grand (16) takes books out of her locker and places them
 in a briefcase.

As she walks down the hallway, she stands out as an affluent
 young girl amongst a sea of middle class, public school
 students.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
 Daddy Grand was too busy with his
 paper mills and staple factories to
 concern himself with the little
 girl who blackmailed him into being
 a father.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ART CLASS - DAY

Lucy is engrossed in painting.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
 I was an awkward teenager and I had
 nobody to shepherd me through my
 greasy adolescence. Nobody to
 teach me all the things that a
 young girl needs to know.

Lucy hears the SNICKERING of some TOUGH GIRLS. The leader, SERENA, holds pipe cleaners up to her eyebrows, mocking Lucy's bushy unibrow.

Lucy turns away, covering her eyebrows in embarrassment.

SFX: BELL RINGS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

Lucy is alone, with her face up against a mirror, desperately plucking her eyebrows with her fingers.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lucy sits down at an empty table.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Some of the students were
relentless.

She unpacks her lunch - a decadent picnic complete with real silverware. She squirts a Capri Sun into a champagne flute and then cuts into a petite roasted game hen.

Serena sits down with her gaggle of tough girl friends.

SERENA
(fancy accent)
Uh, pardon me, but do you have any
Grey Poupon?

LUCY GRAND
Oh, yes.

She produces a bottle of Grey Poupon.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Would you like some?

Serena CRACKS UP.

SERENA
Oh my god! She actually has some!

The other tough girls LAUGH ALONG.

SERENA (CONT'D)
She's just like the commercial!
(leaving)
See ya, Richie Bitch!

Humiliated, Lucy tosses the basket in the trash.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY

Lucy sits down with a tray with the classic school lunch - a greasy square piece of pizza.

Serena singles out Lucy once again.

SERENA
Oh, look at Lucy!
(fancy accent)
She's being a common person like
us! Jeeves, what is this delicacy
called? Pizza, you say? How
common!

The tough girls CACKLE. Lucy trashes her lunch.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
It felt like I couldn't do anything
right.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - NEXT DAY

Lucy huddles against a wall, furiously eating a bag of Doritos.

Serena and her gang finds her.

SERENA
Well, well, well--

Lucy CLOCKS Serena in the face!

Serena topples over and Lucy jumps on top of her - raining down punches until a TEACHER pulls the girls apart.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ART CLASS - NEXT DAY

Lucy paints while Serena fumes. She has two black eyes and a neck brace.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
I didn't have many friends at
school.

EXT. THE GRAND ESTATE - STABLES - DAY

Lucy brushes SPIRIT - the most magnificent white stallion.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
But at home I had Spirit. The most
magnificent white stallion.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

Lucy rides through the golden grasslands atop Spirit. She's
in heaven.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Spirit was my first real friend.

EXT. THE GRAND ESTATE - STABLES - DAY

Lucy takes a bite of a sandwich and then feeds it to Spirit.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
I spent every moment with him.

EXT. THE GRAND ESTATE - STABLES - EVENING

She sketches Spirit in the sunset. The drawings show Lucy
riding Spirit through the Cloud Kingdom and stabbing Serena
with a giant unicorn sword.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy watches a movie and eats Doritos. She lifts the bowl up
to Spirit who stands next to the bed.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Every moment.

Spirit takes a crap on the floor.

WANDA, the maid, comes to scoop up the mess. It's
disgusting, but she can't help but smile at the two friends
having fun.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MATH CLASS - DAY

Lucy takes a test, but she looks stumped. Spirit's head
leans in the window next to her and SNORTS. Lucy smiles and
presses on with the test.

Serena looks up from her test and scowls.

EXT. FIELDS - EVENING

Lucy rides Spirit to the top of a hill and admires the view.

On a nearby road, Serena and her friends sit in an idling car, looking nefarious.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
But that wouldn't do for some
people.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

Serena and her friends dig by the light of the moon.

EXT. THE GRAND ESTATE - STABLES - NEXT DAY

Lucy greets Spirit at the stables.

LUCY GRAND
Hello, friend. What do you say we
ride to the Cloud Kingdom today?

Spirit NEIGHS.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

Lucy races across the fields on Spirit. FANCIFUL MUSIC
begins to play.

They leap over a fence, but when Spirit touches down, the
ground gives way and Lucy and Spirit TUMBLE INTO A PIT.

CUT TO: BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Lucy's eyes open to see a DOCTOR and Wanda standing over her.

DOCTOR
Lucy... Lucy...

LUCY GRAND
(weak)
What's going on?

Lucy realizes she's in a hospital bed with her arm and leg in
traction.

DOCTOR
You've been in an accident.
Medically speaking, you fell into a
big hole.

LUCY GRAND
Spirit. Where's Spirit?

The Doctor looks to Wanda.

WANDA
Spirit did not make it.

LUCY GRAND
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lucy cries to the heavens. Her sorrow ECHOES as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lucy lays in bed weeping. She wears all black, including the
casts on her arm and leg.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
My Spirit was dead. And so was my
other spirit. The one inside my
heart.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside of Lucy's bedroom, Wanda listens to the muffled
sobbing.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
I secluded myself in the bedroom.
Mostly because my shin was broken
in three places. But also because
I was in mourning.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wanda opens the door a crack.

WANDA
Lucy. Would you like dinner? I've
got your favorite Doritos: Cool
Ranch.

LUCY GRAND
Go away!!!

Wanda retreats.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Wait! Leave the Doritos.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lucy munches on Doritos while looking through stacks of school work.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Nothing seemed to ease the loss of
my only friend.

One item from school catches her eye: a set of paints from her art class.

She grabs the brushes and begins to paint on her arm cast.

Through tears she renders A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF SPIRIT IN HEAVEN.

Lucy smiles at work. Then she eats a Dorito.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom has become a makeshift studio. Paintings of Spirit are scattered across the room.

Lucy feverishly works on another rendition of Spirit, making him look like a unicorn.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
I painted all the time. On
anything I could get my hands on.

We see that the canvas she's working on, is actually the back of a large painting of Mr. Grand.

LUCY GRAND
Wanda! I need more paper!

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - HALLWAY - DAY

Wanda scurries around, looking for something else for Lucy to paint on.

She tries to grab another portrait of Mr. Grand, but a BUTLER steps in and stops her with a finger wag.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - BASEMENT - DAY

Wanda sees a box of GRAND OFFICE SUPPLIES.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wanda drops a stack of pocket folders onto Lucy's bed.

LUCY GRAND

Perfect!

Lucy grabs a folder. The brush hits the front, and soon it creates a glorious painting of Spirit on his hind legs.

The Grand logo has been turned into a signature: LUCY GRAND.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MATH CLASS - DAY

Lucy sits in class, drawing more unicorns, while the MATH TEACHER drones on about math.

A finger taps Lucy on the shoulder. It belongs to TIFFANY VAN DUKE, a mysterious and elegant public school beauty. Her movements effortless. Her words are like a summer breeze.

TIFFANY VAN DUKE

Hey. I like your folder.

She points to Lucy's folder, adorned with the portrait of Spirit.

LUCY GRAND

Oh. Really? Uh, thanks, Tiffany.

Every word Tiffany says is the most captivating thing Lucy has ever heard. Like a not-so-sultry Marilyn Monroe whisper.

TIFFANY VAN DUKE

Where did you get it?

LUCY GRAND

I made it.

TIFFANY VAN DUKE

Can you make me one?

Lucy is delighted.

LUCY GRAND
Yeah! Totally!

The Math Teacher turns from the chalkboard.

MATH TEACHER
Ms. Grand! Do you have something
you'd like to share about
polynomials?

LUCY GRAND
No, Mrs. Jaquizzlebaum.

The Math Teacher goes back to the chalkboard.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Here. You can have this one. I've
got plenty.

TIFFANY VAN DUKE
(whispering)
Thank you.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Tiffany Van Duke walks down the hall in SLOW MOTION.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Tiffany was a unique girl. An
enchanted forest elf who had
somehow been enrolled in public
school. Everyone wanted to be her.

The students all stop and stare at Tiffany as she flows past -
even the Math Teacher is captivated.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
And when they saw her with my
folder - they all had to have one.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LUCY'S LOCKER - DAY

Lucy closes her locker and is shocked to see a LINE OF GIRLS
behind her. Even Serena is there. Even the Math Teacher!

Not knowing what else to do, Lucy hands out the few folders
in her possession, but grabbing hands demand more.

The Math Teacher holds out a fistful of dollars.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy paints folder after folder.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NEXT DAY

Lucy hands out folders to students. Every girl has one, even a few boys.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Friends told friends, and soon I
was getting orders from schools
from around the county.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy opens envelopes filled with cash and handwritten letters.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
And even around the country.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MATH CLASS - DAY

Before class begins, Lucy hands out folders to a GROUP OF GIRLS.

Tiffany Van Duke walks in and Lucy leaves her customers.

LUCY GRAND
Oh, Tiffany. I made a special
folder just for you.

She hands Tiffany a folder. On the cover is a painting of TIFFANY RIDING A TIGER.

TIFFANY VAN DUKE
Thank you, Lucy.

LUCY GRAND
It's no problem. So, I was
wondering... would you want to
maybe hang out sometime? You could
come over to my house. We have a
pool! Actually we have three
pools! We wouldn't even have to
swim in the same pool. You could
be in one pool and I could be in
another and we could meet in third
pool for snacks.

Tiffany smiles.

TIFFANY VAN DUKE

Lucy. I just like the folders.
Let's not complicate things.

Tiffany walks to her seat. Lucy is bewildered, lost in Tiffany's flowing hair.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

Three hours later, I realized what that meant. And I was heartbroken.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Lucy sits against her locker - bawling. She wipes tears from her face.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

My friendship wasn't in demand, but my folders were.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the floor is a stack of photocopied mail order catalogues advertising Lucy's products.

Lucy opens envelopes with more orders.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

The letters kept rolling in. And in a way, each order felt like a letter from a new friend. A friend who wanted to exchange money for goods and services. It was thrilling. Every request felt like it validated my very sense of being.

Lucy opens a letter and reads it out loud.

LUCY GRAND

(reading)

Dear folder girl, Can you please paint me riding a unicorn, but make the unicorns face look like Corey Haim. And make sure he looks like he likes it that I'm riding him. If you know what I mean.

(puts down the letter)

Ew.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Well, most of the requests
validated my sense of being.

Lucy falls back into her piles of letters. She holds a folder in the air and smiles at it.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
I wanted more.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - HALLWAY - DAY

Lucy stands outside of Mr. Grand's office clenching a handful of her folders.

She smooths out her dress, adjusts her hair and raises her hand to knock when Mr. Grand BURSTS out of his office!

MR. GRAND
--tear the testicles off every last
one of them!

He zooms past Lucy with his assistant in tow, carrying a stack of papers up to his chin. Lucy chases after them.

LUCY GRAND
Dad, I have a fantastic idea for
you--

MR. GRAND
Not now, Lucy.
(to Assistant)
Reed is on our asses in the printer
paper market. We can't let him
beat us in back to school.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - VARIOUS ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy continues to chase down Mr. Grand and his assistant.

LUCY GRAND
Dad, I've been working really hard
on it. If you just look--

MR. GRAND
I heard Reed's got hanging file
folders with tabs that come in six
colors. I want tabs in sixteen
colors! And polka dots! And they
should smell like fruit!

EXT. THE GRAND ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Grand and his assistant exit the mansion, to a car waiting out front. Lucy catches up to them.

LUCY GRAND

Dad!

He finally turns around.

MR. GRAND

Lucy! I don't have the slightest fraction of a second to even look down at whatever it is you're talking about to me right now in this moment that we are sharing before I leave.

The assistant unloads his stack of papers into Mr. Grand's arms.

ASSISTANT

Your tickets. The numbers. The secret numbers...

Lucy quickly sneaks her folders into the stack.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

And everything else.

The assistant hands everything else to Mr. Grand, including Lucy's folders.

Mr. Grand places the towering stack on top of the car so he can unbutton his suit jacket.

MR. GRAND

Great. I'll review everything on the ride to the airport.

Mr. Grand hops in the car without the papers. The car drives off and the papers are scattered into the air. Lucy's folders fall to the ground.

Lucy and the assistant SIGH.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

My father just didn't have time for little ol' me. So I decided to take matters into my own hands.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Lights FLICKER ON revealing a factory floor of complicated machinery. A FOREMAN, wearing a Grand Supplies jumpsuit, looks on with Lucy.

FOREMAN

You sure your dad said this was okay?

LUCY GRAND

Yep!

FOREMAN

And you got experience working with Industrial Mimeography Printers, right?

LUCY GRAND

Yep!

FOREMAN

Okey dokey!

The Foreman HITS A SWITCH and the machines WHIR TO LIFE.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

A bunch of FRESHMAN GIRLS work the machines in an assembly line. They feed the papers into printers, fold the printed folders and pack them to be shipped.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

I hired some of the underclassmen to work the machines. And soon we were turning out five times the folders.

Lucy stands at the end of the assembly line and looks at finished folder. It's glossy and shiny and perfect.

Lucy breaks out into song.

LUCY GRAND

(singing)

Sometimes ya gotta do it on your own.

Sometimes when you've got it you--

Lucy hears a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM! She whips around to see a FRESHMAN GIRL BEING PULLED INTO A PRINTER BY HER ARM. BLOOD SPRAYS everywhere!

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Shut it down! Shut it down!

Other Freshmen scramble to turn off the switch, but they're too short to reach it!

One hops up on the other's back and they finally SHUT DOWN the machines.

The last folder comes out of the press, dripping in blood.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - MR. GRAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Grand reads a newspaper with the headline: FRESHMAN FRACTURES FOREARM IN FOLDER FACTORY FOIBLE!

He pulls down the newspaper to reveal Lucy sitting nervously in front of his desk.

MR. GRAND
What in the hell were you thinking?! Do you know how many child labor laws you were breaking?! One! The one about children laboring! And now I've got the Department of Labor is on my case, investigating all of my OTHER labor violations. This is a mess!

LUCY GRAND
I'm sorry.

MR. GRAND
What were you even doing in there?

LUCY GRAND
I was making these.

She hands him a unicorn folder.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
I designed them myself. I thought maybe you'd want to sell them.

MR. GRAND
Then why didn't you just ask me instead of sneaking into a factory and putting a little girl's arm through a printing press?!

Mr. Grand throws the folder to the floor.

MR. GRAND (CONT'D)
 You're nothing but trouble, Lucy.
 Trouble since the day I bought you.
 I can see why nobody would adopt
 you from that orphanage.

Lucy eyes well up with tears.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - LUCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy flops down on her bed, sobbing.

After a few moments she sits up - suddenly overcome with
 rage.

She SCREAMS and punches a hole in the wall. Then kicks a
 post on her four post bed. The canopy collapses!

She overturns a pile of her letters and then falls onto the
 floor.

Papers circle about her head as her anger subsides. A letter
 lands nearby. Lucy notices it's been written on REED BRAND
 STATIONARY.

Lucy snatches the letter.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - REED HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A large office building in midtown Manhattan.

INT. REED HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

Lucy marches into the busy headquarters of Reed School
 Supplies, Inc. She approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

LUCY GRAND
 I'd like to speak with Mr. Reed,
 please.

The receptionist smirks.

RECEPTIONIST
 (patronizing)
 Do you have an appointment, *ma'am*?

LUCY GRAND
 No.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, I'm sorry. You can't see Mr. Reed without an appointment. You'll have to reschedule your field trip for another time.

LUCY GRAND

Just tell him Lucy Grand is here.

The receptionist stops dead in her tracks.

RECEPTIONIST

Lucy Grand?

The whole office comes to a standstill. Except for one guy, DAVE HENDERSON, who walks in with a mug of coffee.

DAVE HENDERSON

Does anyone know where the creamer is-- Holy shit, it's Lucy Grand!

The receptionist picks up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Just one moment.

INT. REED HEADQUARTERS - MR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

MURRAY REED - 60s, rotund and in a wheelchair - looks absolutely delighted to have Lucy Grand in his midst.

MR. REED

Well, well, well. Lucy Grand. The daughter of my biggest competitor. What brings you here? Stealing some corporate secrets for daddy? Is he dying to know how we pulled off the six color tabs?

LUCY GRAND

My father doesn't know I'm here.

MR. REED

Oh. Is there some sort of birthday card going around that you want me to sign? Because I won't sign it. He's my biggest competitor.

LUCY GRAND

I came here to tell you that your school supplies are boring.

MR. REED
I beg your pardon?

LUCY GRAND
They're boring. And so are my
dad's.

Mr. Reed is intrigued.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
School is boring. So what do kids
do? They scribble in the margins
of their notebooks. They scrawl on
the covers of their binders. They
make doodle murals on their
folders. In the hope, of seeing a
glimpse of beauty in the midst of
hell. They need to be saved,
Murray. And you can save them.
You can throw them a life line.

Lucy slides several of her beautiful unicorn folders across
the table.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Give them beauty. Sell them
escape. Save them.

Mr. Reed picks up a folder and marvels at its design.

MR. REED
Did you make these yourself?

LUCY GRAND
Yes. I sell them to kids all over
the country. But me and a mailman
can only can do so much. That's
why I need you to help me sell a
folder to every teenage girl, and a
percentage of teenage boys, in
North America.

MR. REED
I'm impressed, Ms. Grand. But if
your folders are the next big
thing, why isn't Daddy Grand
selling them?

LUCY GRAND
Because he doesn't know about them.

MR. REED
Why not?

LUCY GRAND
Because I hate him.

Mr. Reed smiles. It breaks into a CACKLE.

MR. REED
I love it.
(then)
Let's sell some unicorns.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A sign reading: "BACK TO SCHOOL SALE" marks several aisles of school supplies.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
At the end of the summer, I hit the stores.

A MOTHER (40) and her DAUGHTER (11) browse the aisle. The mother examines a school supply list and compares two composition notebooks.

MOTHER
College ruled or wide ruled? Hmmm.
The list doesn't say. You would think it'd be wide ruled because you're obviously not in college, but maybe it'd be best to prepare you for college with college ruled...

The daughter's attention wanders to a colorful display of LUCY GRAND FOLDERS.

The colorful unicorns and tigers beckon her. She slowly walks towards the display, entranced, like a moth drawn to a technicolor flame.

The daughter extends her hand. DRAMATIC MUSIC RISES. The folder is almost in her grasp, when:

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Honey!

The MUSIC DROPS and the Daughter turns to her Mother.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Come on, we've got everything on the list. Let's go to Sbarro's.

DAUGHTER
Ooh, Sbarro's!

The daughter leaves the display, empty handed.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
In Akron, sales didn't do well.
But every where else I was an
instant success!

CUT TO:

INT. OTHER DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A MOB OF LITTLE GIRLS surround a Lucy Grand display. They fight and climb over each other, desperate for folders.

INT. REED HEADQUARTERS - MR. REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A TV set plays news footage of pre-teen girls battling it out for Lucy Grand folders.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
Girls across the nation are in love
with Lucy Grand. In Maryland,
three more girls have been
hospitalized with life threatening
injuries from their back to school
shopping.

Mr. Reed pours soda into two champagne flutes.

MR. REED
That sounds like success to me.

He hands a glass to Lucy.

MR. REED (CONT'D)
Your father would be proud... if
you hadn't completely betrayed him.

Mr. Reed CHORTLES and then clinks glasses with Lucy. She smiles weakly.

INT. THE GRAND ESTATE - MR. GRAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Grand looks at a glossy Lucy Grand folder with contempt.

MR. GRAND
I'll never buy a girl again.

He tosses the folder into the fireplace. The unicorn's smiling face slowly melts as it's engulfed in flames.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - DAY
(PRESENT)

Lucy gazes at the photograph of her and her father with tears in her eyes.

LUCY GRAND
And I never saw my adopted father
slash owner again.

Suddenly, Tara's phone rings, completely breaking mood with its FAMILY MATTERS RING TONE.

TARA
I am so sorry.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tara runs out from the office and quickly answers her phone.

TARA
Hello?

BRIDGET (O.S.)
Damn it!

Tara hears the other Urban Youth Executives SHOUTING IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

TARA
What's going on?

INT. URBAN YOUTH OFFICES - DAY

Bridget, and several other Urban Youth Executives, angrily slap wads of cash into the hands of Lucy Solomon.

BRIDGET
(to Tara)
We got a little office betting
going on. I had money on you being
murdered by hill people in the
desert. So did you find the
Unicorn Queen? Is she still alive?

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY / INT. URBAN YOUTH OFFICES

TARA

Lucy Grand? Yeah, I'm talking to her now.

BRIDGET

Shit!

Bridget hands more money over to Lucy Solomon.

Stephanie Douglas passes by. Lucy Solomon hides the cash.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS

What is going on, ladies?

BRIDGET

Oh, we were just checking in on Tara.

Stephanie yanks the phone from Bridget's hands.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS

Tara, have you gotten Lucy Grand to sign over the designs yet?

TARA

(covering)

Not yet. But I'm learning lots of interesting things about her which could help with client relations--

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS

Tara. I didn't fly you to Phoenix in coach on a discount airline just to chit chat. Get her to sign.

TARA

Don't worry, you can count on me.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS

I hope so.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tara enters.

TARA

Lucy, I was wondering if I could show you something I've been working on. Some of your classic designs - reimagined.

Tara goes to her bag and unfurls several graphic tees. Each shirt features one of Lucy's old characters but with an updated design. They have a minimalist, but warm feeling to them.

Lucy inspect the shirts.

LUCY GRAND

You made these?

TARA

Yeah.

Tara tries to casually slide the contract out of her bag.

LUCY GRAND

Hmmm. What's this one supposed to be?

She points to a shirt with two kissing koalas on it.

TARA

Two Koalas. In love?

LUCY GRAND

Those are supposed to be koalas?
Hah!

Tara is offended.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

Nobody knows how to do koalas right. Come with me.

Lucy takes the shirt and swiftly walks out of the room.

TARA

Shit.

Tara grabs the contract and runs after Lucy.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - BASEMENT LEVEL - DAY

Tara follows Lucy through the underground catacombs of the headquarters. They pass rows of nondescript doors with no windows.

Tara notices one very secure door labeled: PROJECT U.

Tara lingers for a moment, then runs to catch up with Lucy.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - ENTRANCE TO ARCHIVE - DAY

Tara finds Lucy at the end of the hall, in front of a large vault door. It's locked with a high-tech security system.

LUCY GRAND
Would you mind turning around?

Tara turns around.

Lucy unbuttons her shirt and discreetly places one of her breasts into a scanning device next to the vault.

Lasers scan her breast and then BING! A display identifies her as LUCY GRAND. The door unlocks.

Lucy buttons up.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
It can also give you a mammogram if you're due for a screening. I would just give it a wipe first.

Lucy pulls open the heavy door to the archive.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - ARCHIVE - DAY

Lucy and Tara walk past rows of flat file cabinets and display cases featuring prototypes of Lucy Grand merchandise.

Tara notices a section of SPARKLY SEX TOYS - coated in sequins and featuring the smiling faces of furry animals.

LUCY GRAND
Our abandoned 'Adult Line'. I thought "Little girls have to grow up sometime." But market testing showed people didn't like animals on their sex toys. Well, most people. Plus, we couldn't find a way to keep the sequins from rubbing off.

Lucy adjusts the crotch of her pants and they continue onwards.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 Let's see jewelry, kittens... Ah,
 here we are. Koalas.

They stand in front of an aisle marked with a giant koala graphic.

Lucy pulls open a drawer, and carefully removes an airbrushed painting of two koalas hugging.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 This was the first koala design we
 ever made.

She lays it side by side with Tara's design.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 Let me show you how you messed up.
 You see, with koalas, the problem
 is always the eyes. Your instinct
 was to make them big, because big
 eyes are cute. But now it doesn't
 look like a koala, it just looks
 like a bear on acid.

Lucy takes out another design from the archive, flips it over and begins to draw a koala.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 They need
 (tiny voice)
 Wittle tiny eyes. That are
 (low voice)
 Low. As low as you can go. Not
 (high voice)
 High. Because high is
 (old voice)
 Older. But
 (baby voice)
 Low is younger.

Tara looks at the finished drawing - it's undeniably cute.

TARA
 Wow. Can I keep this?

LUCY GRAND
 What's on the back?

Tara turns the paper over. It's a cute baby seal playing a saxophone.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 Meh.

Tara hugs the paper and then double checks to make sure she didn't wrinkle it.

TARA

Wow. I can't believe this is happening! The 8 year-old me would literally be shitting my pants. I was a very late potty trainer. But the 26 year old me is just freaking out!

(grabs Lucy)

I'm getting drawing tips from Lucy Grand!

LUCY GRAND

Okay, you can stop that.

TARA

Sorry, it's just - you're the reason I started drawing. I was a real loner growing up.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY (1997)

Tara (8) sits alone, drawing, while her classmates play outside.

TARA (V.O.)

I had no friends. So every recess I would sit inside and copy your drawings and escape into this happy world. See, my parents were going through a divorce and--

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

Okay! Okay!

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - ARCHIVE - DAY (PRESENT)

Back with Lucy and Tara.

LUCY GRAND

I get the picture. No need to get emotional over a drawing. Especially not a drawing of a koala. They're silly. With those beady little eyes. Eyes that you should know better than to trust.

(MORE)

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Because there's no soul behind that
fur. Just half digested eucalyptus
leaves and darkness.

Lucy's eyes well up with tears.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

Lucy walks over to the next aisle, labeled KLEENEX.

Tara watches as Lucy opens a display case and removes a
unicorn tissue dispenser. Lucy pulls a wad of tissues out of
it's butt and carefully dabs her tears.

TARA
Are you all right... Lucy?

LUCY GRAND
I'm fine.

Lucy slides to the ground like a limp noodle into a spaghetti
bowl of depression.

Tara considers the contract, then puts it in her back pocket
and carefully sits down next to Lucy.

TARA
I didn't realize koalas had such an
affect on you.

LUCY GRAND
They don't. Just one koala.

TARA
Do you wanna talk about it?

LUCY GRAND
No.

There's a long pause.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
The year was 1993.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - DAY (1993)

The headquarters is in its prime. The statue of Spirit looks
shiny and brand new. The windows glisten. Employees walk
the grounds - they also glisten. Everything glistens.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY

The lobby bustles with business. Lucy Grand (30) walks amidst the statues of her creations with her assistant, CHELSEA (32) formal and efficient with her work and words.

LUCY GRAND
We can't print unicorns and tigers forever. We need to expand. We need to find the next cute animal.

CHELSEA
On it, ma'am.

LUCY GRAND
Break!

They run off in different directions.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chelsea lays out a spread of new folder designs.

CHELSEA
Here are some mock ups that the design team mocked up.

Lucy inspects the folders emblazoned with various cute animals.

LUCY GRAND
What's this?

CHELSEA
It's a wombat, ma'am.

LUCY GRAND
Hmmm. Too obscure.

Lucy inspects a folder with a turtle on it.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
No. I don't want to jump on the ninja turtle bandwagon.

She moves to the next folder with a cute ferret on it.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
What did I say about ferrets?

CHELSEA

I know, but ferrets are the sixth most popular pet behind hermit crabs.

LUCY GRAND

They look like weasels. And weasels are gross. They're the pedophiles of the animal kingdom.

CHELSEA

I think they look like cute, furry bank robbers.

Lucy looks skeptical.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - TESTING LAB - DAY

Lucy, Chelsea and the HEAD SCIENTIST walk past rows of laboratories.

HEAD SCIENTIST

We're running a multitude of tests to assess the durability of the new line of school supplies.

They pass a lab where two BURLY SCIENTISTS continually push a A DORKY SCIENTIST into a locker while she clutches a Lucy Grand binder.

In another lab, ANOTHER SCIENTIST dumps Little Hugs Juice Barrels onto a spiral notebook.

Finally, they walk a laboratory set up to look like a bedroom. Sitting on the bed is a SCIENTIST CRYING HER EYES OUT.

CRYING SCIENTIST

I hate you, mom!

She throws the binder against the wall of the room. A SCIENTIST picks it up and hands it back to her.

CRYING SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

I hate you, mom!

She throws the binder and the Scientist picks it up again.

CRYING SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

I hate you, mom!

She throws the binder and the process repeats.

The tour ends and the Head Scientist presents Lucy with a worn out binder.

HEAD SCIENTIST

This binder has been through 6 months worth of extreme teenage conditions. And as you can see, the logo and stickers are still intact.

Lucy inspects it from all angles. The cover is very worn, but intact. She tries to scratch off a sticker with her nails. It doesn't budge.

LUCY GRAND

Is there anyway we can make it nine months? A school year is nine months.

HEAD SCIENTIST

Well, we've been working on that.

The scientist presents Lucy with a shiny, metallic binder bedazzled with precious stones.

HEAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

You see the platinum edition - would last up to three years. An entire middle school tenure. But of course, this model would be considerably more expensive than the standard.

Chelsea hands Lucy a paper with pricing information without missing a beat.

LUCY GRAND

No. The price point is too high. Eighty percent of our customers wouldn't be able to afford it.

CHELSEA

But twenty percent would. Which would still be very profitable.

LUCY GRAND

No. We will not raise our prices. Our product is love. And no child, rich or poor, should be deprived of the ability to buy love for an affordable price.

CHELSEA

Yes, ma'am.

LUCY GRAND
 (to the head scientist)
 See if you can make it work without
 using precious metals.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The stage is made up to look like a middle school classroom. A cool girl sits at her desk. Her floppy Blossom hat, denim jacket and notebook are decked out in colorful stickers, buttons and accessories. Next to her is Tiffany.

COOL GIRL
 So one day my friend Tiffany asked
 me-

Lucy, Chelsea and a DIRECTOR watch from behind a CAMERA CREW.

Tiffany points at the Cool Girl's notebook. Lucy mouths along the words.

TIFFANY
 Where did you get those cool
 stickers?

COOL GIRL
 And I was like -
 (to Tiffany)
 Don't you know? It's Lucy Grand!

DIRECTOR
 Cut!

Tiffany and the Cool Girl head to craft services. Lucy approaches them.

LUCY GRAND
 Girls, can I ask you a question?

Lucy reaches into Chelsea's stack of notebooks and pulls out the ferret folder.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 What does this look like?

TIFFANY
 It looks like a weasel.

LUCY GRAND
 Thank you.

She hands Chelsea the folder with a told-you-so look.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - BASEMENT LEVEL - DAY

Chelsea carefully looks to see nobody is around and then she gives Lucy a nod. They both slip into a door labeled "PROJECT U".

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - EVENING

Lucy sits at her desk going through a stack of fan letters.

LUCY GRAND
(reading aloud)
You are my hero. You are so cool.
I bet you have everything in the
world that you've ever wanted and
that everybody wants to be your
friend...

Lucy smiles halfheartedly in her big lonely office.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
(excited)
Come in!

Chelsea pops in.

CHELSEA
Just checking if there's anything
else you need, ma'am?

LUCY GRAND
No, thank you, Chelsea. You can go
home.

Chelsea starts to leave.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Unless you wanted to hang out and
just... talk.

CHELSEA
Sure.
(looking through papers)
We could talk about the expense
reports for the latest pencil case
campaign-

LUCY GRAND
No, no. I mean talk about...
stuff. You know, like weird dreams
you've had.

CHELSEA
For new products? Sure, we could
blue sky ideas.

LUCY GRAND
No- Never mind. You can go home.

Chelsea leaves.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - SECOND FLOOR - EVENING

Lucy enters as the last few employees head downstairs to leave the building. The Head Scientist walks by her.

LUCY GRAND
Oh, Geena! Any plans for tonight?

HEAD SCIENTIST
(caught off-guard)
Uh. I'll be thinking about the new
ways to make our products durable.
That's for sure.

LUCY GRAND
Sounds very fun.

The Head Scientist exits the building.

Lucy wanders over to the window overlooking the grounds. In the parking lot, the Burly Scientist and the Dorky Scientist kiss each other goodbye.

Lucy looks longingly at them.

Then the Dorky Scientist HOISTS the Burly Scientist up against a car and they immediately start boning.

Lucy turns away from the window in shock.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - NIGHT

It's dark and empty. Lucy walks between the statues - a drink in her hand.

She stops to look at the Panda statue.

LUCY GRAND
I guess it's just you and me. Care
for a drink?

She offers her drink to the statue. Of course, it doesn't move. Lucy pours a little bit onto its mouth.

Lucy squints at its smiling face. She takes a swig of her drink and presses her body against the statue, caressing its face.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 Why, hello there--
 (quickly reconsidering)
 No no no. This is very wrong.

Lucy straightens herself out.

Then she notices a light coming from one of the offices.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - PARKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SWING MUSIC plays on a CD player.

Lucy peeks in and sees PARKER (29) at a drafting table. He's a dapper, quintessential 90s man - dressed in a bowling shirt with perfectly disheveled hair.

Parker is deeply focused on a sketch, but still tapping his toes to the beat.

Lucy glances at the name plate on the door: PARKER LUIS.

LUCY GRAND
 Burning the 8 o'clock oil, Parker
 Lewis?

Parker spins around in his chair, surprised. He pushes a gelled curl of hair back into place.

PARKER
 It's Parker Luis. It's Cuban.

LUCY GRAND
 Luis. How exotic. I'm Lucy Grand.

PARKER
 I know you're name. It's on my
 pencil.
 (holds up pencil)
 It's on - everything.

All of his art supplies are Lucy Grand brand. Lucy LAUGHS.

LUCY GRAND
 Well, I just want to make sure
 everyone knows what's mine. In
 case another Lucy comes to the
 office. Which won't happen because
 I refuse to hire other Lucys.

PARKER
Good thinkin'. Hey, I heard you
were looking for a cute animal.

LUCY GRAND
I might be.

Parker taps his pencil on his desk.

Lucy saunters over to his drawing desk to see his work: a
koala on a tree.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
A koala! That's adorable!

Parker smiles, proud of his work.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
It's perfect. Except, he looks so
lonely.

PARKER
(playful)
Well, maybe he could use another
koala for company.

Parker starts drawing in a second koala.

PARKER (CONT'D)
A female koala, to keep him warm at
night.

He draws eyelashes on the second koala. Lucy leans in
closer.

LUCY GRAND
A *woman* koala to hold onto that big
eucalyptus trunk of his.

Parker stops drawing.

PARKER
(very suggestive)
I think the koala would like that.

LUCY GRAND
I think it looks like the koala has
a boner.

PARKER
Oh, that's just a leaf.

LUCY GRAND
Kiss me, koala!

Lucy flings the drawings off the desk and throws herself onto Parker, kissing him passionately.

As Lucy and Parker TEAR OFF EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES the camera PUSHES IN on the drawing of the two cute koalas laying on the floor.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Parker stands in a line with his fellow DESIGNERS - each displaying their concept for a new cute animal.

Lucy paces in front of them, pretending to think it over while Chelsea takes notes.

Lucy comes to Parker's drawing of the two koalas.

LUCY GRAND

This one.

Parker beams. Lucy gives a very obvious wink at Parker.

The other designers shake their heads. One tears up their drawing.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - CAFETERIA - DAY

Employees take their lunch breaks. Lucy walks through with a giddy excitement.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

It was my first real romance. And
I treated it the same way my
customers would have.

Lucy walks by Parker, and not-so-discreetly slips him a note. Parker is confused. He opens the note: DO YOU WANNA DO IT? CHECK YES OR NO.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lucy passionately kisses Parker behind closed doors. Parker can barely catch his breath, she's so ferocious.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

It was passionate. It was
exhilarating. And nobody knew.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Employees have stopped to stare. They can very clearly see Lucy tearing into Parker through the glass walls of the conference room.

Lucy throws Parker down onto a table and kisses him.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lucy, half-dressed, fixes two Sloppy Salad Bars at the wet bar. Parker lounges in her desk chair wearing his boxers and a mischievous smile.

PARKER

I like you, Lucy Grand. You've got it all.

LUCY GRAND

I don't know about that.

She walks over with drinks for both of them.

PARKER

What else could you want, huh?

LUCY GRAND

You.

PARKER

You just had me. Twice. So what else?

Lucy thinks hard.

LUCY GRAND

A unicorn.

PARKER

(laughing)

Really?

LUCY GRAND

Yeah. Why not? Unicorns are like the most majestic creatures in the world, but with a place to hold donuts.

PARKER

That's a good point.

LUCY GRAND
How about you? What do you wish
for underneath all that pomade?

PARKER
Me? I just wanna be someone.

LUCY GRAND
You are someone, Parker.

Parker walks over to the window and looks out at the night sky.

PARKER
My old man, he thought drawing was
a waste of time. He'd say 'Nobody
ever changed the world by doodling!
Except for that guy who drew Andy
Capp!' He loved Andy Capp. But,
who am I kidding, I'll never be
important enough to have a
character on a bag of Hot Fries. I
just wish I could show him I can be
someone important too.

Lucy sees the pained expression on Parker's face.

LUCY GRAND
I think I can make that dream come
true.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

A name plate is fastened next to a doorway. It reads "PARKER
LUIS: HEAD DESIGNER."

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker, dressed to the nines, takes a seat in his fancy new
office. He throws his feet up on the desk - he's wearing a
shiny pair of black and white wing tips.

PARKER
How do I look?

Lucy leans in the doorway; proud.

LUCY GRAND
Like a very important koala.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Parker, Chelsea and various employees - the Designers and Scientists - have all gathered. In the middle of the room, a sheet covers a very large object.

PARKER
Here she comes!

Lucy walks in.

LUCY GRAND
Is my little koala ready to lick
some--

PARKER
Lucy! We've all gathered here to
congratulate you! The sales from
our partnership with Trapper Keeper
were a huge success! Tell 'em,
Chelsea'.

CHELSEA
We were the number one selling
three ring binder this quarter -
beating out every other three ring
in the market!

The employees APPLAUD. Parker hops up on a table.

PARKER
And to show our gratitude to our
fearless leader.

Parker whips away the sheet, revealing a STATUE OF TWO
KOALAS. Lucy is overwhelmed with emotion.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Three cheers for Lucy!

The employees CHEER.

PARKER (CONT'D)
I said three cheers! Come on!
Like we practiced.

ALL
HIP HIP HOORAY! HIP HIP HOORAY!
HIP HIP HOORAY!

LUCY GRAND
Thank you all! I've never felt
more loved in my entire life.

PARKER

Don't speak so soon, babe. I have
another announcement to make.

Parker hops off of the table and bends down on one knee in
front of Lucy. He opens up a box with an ENGAGEMENT RING.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Lucy Grand, will you marry me?

Lucy is overcome with joy.

LUCY GRAND

Yes!

Parker slides the ring on her finger. They kiss and the
employees applaud again.

PARKER

And now ladies and gentlemen, the
Cherry Poppin' Daddies!

A rolling stage moves in with THE CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES on
top. They play the slow-dance version of ZOOT SUIT RIOT.

Lucy and Parker sway to the music. It's beautiful, but
something is bothering Lucy.

LUCY GRAND

How did you afford all of this?

PARKER

I borrowed your company card. I
hope that's okay.

LUCY GRAND

Of course it is, my cute koala.

They kiss, but Parker makes sure it's a quick, tongue-free
kiss.

PARKER

I've got big plans for us, babe.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - ARCHIVE - DAY (PRESENT)

Lucy and Tara sit against the archives.

TARA

Wow... Who are the Cherry Poppin'
Daddies?

LUCY GRAND

It doesn't really matter for the story.

TARA

So, what happened with Parker? Did he die in a tragic honeymoon accident? I picture a beautiful car crash off the coast of the Mediterranean.

LUCY GRAND

I wish. They say love is blind. Well, my heart had no eyes and a big checking account.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. GRANDADU - DAY (1993)

A palatial estate guarded by a fancy, wrought-iron gate that forms the words "GRANDADU".

Parker throws open his arms and exclaims:

PARKER

Welcome to GRANDADU!

EXT. GRANDADU - POOL - DAY

Parker and Lucy stand before a noisy construction site where bulldozers clear away two large pits.

PARKER

This is where the pools will be!

LUCY GRAND

Pools?

PARKER

His and hers, of course!

EXT. GRANDADU - SCULPTURE GARDEN - DAY

Lucy and Parker walk between expensive looking marble sculptures.

PARKER

Our sculpture garden, where we can walk and think about art and life.

They come to a SCULPTOR chipping away at a statue with a hammer and chisel. He's an old, mustachioed Italian man.

PARKER (CONT'D)
I wanted only the finest marble for this piece. So I bought a Michelangelo and had him carve it down.

The statue is of Lucy holding Parker like the Virgin Mary cradling the limp body of Jesus.

PARKER (CONT'D)
I bet you can't guess what it was before. It was Jesus. I'm Jesus.

SCULPTOR
Quello che sto facendo è sacrilega!

SUBTITLES: What I'm doing is sacreligious!

PARKER
Potrai distruggere quello che ho pagato di distruggere!

SUBTITLES: You'll destroy what I pay you to destroy!

LUCY GRAND
Parker, this all sounds very... extravagant.

PARKER
I know, but I think the last stop will make it all worth it.

EXT. GRANDADU - ZOO - DAY

Lucy clasps her hands over her mouth in awe. Before her is Parker holding TWO ADORABLE KOALAS.

PARKER
They're rescues. They had been abandoned after filming a commercial for Outback Steakhouse. I named them Lucy and Parker.

Lucy is near tears.

LUCY GRAND
(whisper yelling)
They're adorable!!!

The koalas begin SCREECHING and clawing at each other. TWO ZOOKEEPERS rush in and grab the koalas. They place them in separate enclosures.

PARKER

Lucy is actually a male. We have to keep them separated. He's a little territorial. Something disturbing must have happened in that Outback Steakhouse commercial.

Lucy is still caught up in the adorableness of it all.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)

I was so in love. So glad to be loved - that I would do anything for him. But anything started to add up.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chelsea presents Lucy and Parker with mock ups for new Lucy Grand products.

CHELSEA

Orthopedic Shoe Inserts. Because what girl doesn't want arch support?

LUCY GRAND

Girls don't need arch support. They're young! You could crush their arches in a vice and they'd bounce back in a half hour.

CHELSEA

Well, we already have Lucy Grand brand shoes. This is just the logical next step.

Parker slips an insert into his shoe and tests them out with a swing dance move.

PARKER

Hey, these inserts are pretty swell. You can really jump and jive in 'em!

LUCY GRAND

I don't know, Chelsea. Shoe inserts? Chemical peel kits? Prenatal vitamins? A lot of these ideas don't really fit our brand.

CHELSEA

I know, ma'am, but accounting says we need to expand. Especially if you want to keep up with all of your recent... *expenditures*.

She side-eyes Parker.

LUCY GRAND

There must be some other part of the market we haven't touched.

CHELSEA

Well, there's always the high end option.

Chelsea wheels out a table of mannequin busts wearing expensive clip-on earrings.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Tiffany's has shown interest in doing a line of clip-on earrings. This would be far pricier than our other accessories, but projected sales would surely keep us in the black.

Parker yanks off an earring and WHISTLES.

PARKER

They look mighty fine.

He clips one onto his ear.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Ow. That smarts.

LUCY GRAND

No. It will be too pricey. I won't go high end. I refuse to make any of our customers feel poor.

CHELSEA

We have to do something.

Lucy reluctantly squeezes a shoe insert, and gives a lukewarm nod of approval. She takes a sniff.

LUCY GRAND

It smells like strawberry. Nice touch.

Lucy carefully licks it.

CHELSEA
They're not edible.

LUCY GRAND
Of course. Well, they smell very
believable. And it would be nice
to help all of those flat footed
girls out there.
(sighs)
All right. Let's do it.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

The design team sketches an array of packaging concepts for the Lucy Grand Orthopedic Shoe Inserts.

Lucy looks over their shoulders, but doesn't seem thrilled by any of their work.

Parker picks out a sketch of a polar bear racewalking in comfortable shoes. He enthusiastically shows it off to Lucy. She reluctantly approves it.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - TESTING LAB - DAY

A scientist squeezes an insert in a vice while the two burly scientists run on treadmills with Lucy Grand shoes.

In another laboratory set up, the crying Scientist stomps her feet and wails:

CRYING SCIENTIST
I hate you mom! I hate you mom! I
hate you mom!

The head scientist stands before a table of shoe inserts, each labeled with a different scent: STRAWBERRY, BLUEBERRY PIE, TROPICAL TOES, CINNAMON SOCKS, THANKSGIVING BOOTS, FRITO FEET, HOT BRISKET.

Lucy and Parker sniff the inserts. Lucy shows disgust at the "savory" scents, but approves blueberry pie and strawberry.

INT. MALL - DAY

The cool girl and Tiffany drop their shopping bags and sit on a bench.

TIFFANY
Ow, my arches are killing me,
Jessica. I don't think I can shop
anymore.

COOL GIRL
Here, try these!

The cool girl reaches into her bag and pulls out a pair of
LUCY GRAND BRAND ORTHOPEDIC SHOE INSERTS.

COOL GIRL (CONT'D)
Lucy Grand Orthopedic Shoe Inserts!

CARTOON SPARKLES shimmer around the inserts.

TIFFANY
Awesome!

Tiffany takes an insert and takes a deep whiff.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
And they smell like fresh
strawberries!

The cool girl holds up her shoes.

COOL GIRL
Mine are blueberry pie!

Tiffany takes another deep sniff - sticking her nose into the
saddle shoes.

TIFFANY
So good.

She slips the insoles into her shoes and hops back on her
feet.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
My feet feel great! Now we can
shop until we don't drop!

They both GIGGLE.

PARKER (O.S.)
Cut!

Reveal an entire FILM CREW is shooting the commercial. Lucy
and Parker sit in chairs behind a set of monitors.

Parker hops out of his chair and hurries over to the actors.

PARKER (CONT'D)

It's shop until we DON'T drop. You gotta emphasize the don't, cuz it's a play on the phrase, you know? Shop until we drop. Shop until we don't drop. Say it just like this.
(very poor acting)
Shop until we dooon't drop!

TIFFANY

(imitating perfectly)
Shop until we dooon't drop!

PARKER

Right, but say it good.

TIFFANY

Ok...

PARKER

(to crew)
And let's get more light on these inserts! People can't buy what they can't see! First rule of commercials. Mark Twain said that.

A surly LIGHTING TECH shines a BLAZING SPOTLIGHT onto the insoles. Tiffany and the cool girl shield their eyes.

Parker skips back behind the camera, next to Lucy who looks exhausted.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's gonna be great, babe.
(to crew)
Action!

INT. ANOTHER MALL - LUCY GRAND STORE - DAY

ON TV: Tiffany slips the insoles into her shoes and hops back on her feet.

TIFFANY

Now we can shop until we dooon't drop!

They giggle and skip away as the LUCY GRAND LOGO flashes across the screen.

PULL BACK to reveal the TV is above an elaborate store display for Lucy Grand Orthopedic Shoe Inserts.

Girls mill about the store, but none seem interested in the inserts.

Finally, a YOUNG GIRL approaches the display picks up an insert. Curious, she sniffs it. It smells nice. So she opens wide...

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Chelsea stands before Lucy and Parker, holding a folder of data and looking anxious.

LUCY GRAND
They're eating them?!

CHELSEA
Yes, ma'am. In our flagship store,
an employee had to physically
wrestle a Cinnamon Sock insert out
of a girl's mouth.

LUCY GRAND
Damn it! They smell too good!
(then)
How are the sales?

Chelsea nervously flips through her papers.

CHELSEA
Um... Well, we may have
overestimated the demand for arch
support in girls six to eleven.

LUCY GRAND
Argh!

Lucy flings a stack of Orthopedics artwork off of her desk!
Chelsea is shocked.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
We put everything into this!

Lucy falls back into her chair and covers her face, MOANING.

Parker excuses Chelsea with a wave, and she makes a brisk exit.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Ughh. I should've known this would
happen. I tried to eat them. Of
course kids would try to eat them!

Parker kneels by her side, rubbing her back.

PARKER

Don't beat yourself, Luce. Kids eat anything. Heck, they eat lead paint and that doesn't smell like nothing!

LUCY GRAND

I should've followed my gut. I knew this was wrong from the start. Maybe I'm losing touch.

PARKER

Naw, baby doll. You're just tired. You're overworked. You just need to take a break and clear your mind.

LUCY GRAND

But who will run everything?

PARKER

I can do it for ya, babe. I'm practically your shadow these days. I know what to do.

LUCY GRAND

No, I can't. This place can't run without me. I haven't taken a break since this company started.

PARKER

Exactly. Just take it easy for a bit and enjoy the fruits of your labor. You can trust me. Koala's got everything under control.

He kisses her cheek. Lucy smiles.

EXT. GRANDADU - POOL - DAY

Lucy lays down in a very expensive, but heavy, pool chair and cracks open a book.

Half a sentence in and she fidgets. And fidgets again.

She finally gets up and heaves the chair, SCRAPING it against the concrete, so that she's facing away from the sun.

She sits back down and settles in. Then throws down the book.

LUCY GRAND

This is boring!

INT. GRANDADU STABLES - DAY

Lucy wanders into the stables and finds a WHITE HORSE. She pets its head while it eats from a feedbag.

LUCY GRAND

What's your name? Do you have a name?

The horse just chews on oats.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

Well, then I shall call you Spirit II! No, something more original. I shall call you Soul Hoof. And together we will have adventures.

EXT. GRANDADU STABLES - DAY

Lucy rides out on Soul Hoof.

LUCY GRAND

Together we shall ride to the Empire in the Sky - where I hear a prince may be threatened by an Evil Storm Beast! Huzzah!

She clicks her heels and Soul Hoof gallops away.

EXT. GRANDADU - FIELDS - DAY

Together they gallop across a field.

LUCY GRAND

Come, Soul Hoof! The sky awaits!

FANCIFUL MUSIC plays. They leap over a fence, and Lucy closes her eyes.

They land. The MUSIC STOPS. Lucy opens her eyes and looks around. It's nothing.

She catches her breath, and slowly deflates.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

Why look at the clouds! Can you believe it... Sky Hoof. I mean, Soul Hoof... we're... walking on clouds...

(gives up)

This was much more fun when I was eight.

The horse starts to eat grass and FARTS.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Let's get you back to your oatbag.

INT. GRANDADU - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy lays face down on the couch in the ridiculously expansive and expensive living room, watching some old TV show.

The room is so big that the couch is still some 20 feet from the television.

RICKY RICARDO
Honey! I'm home!

LUCY BALL
I wanna be in the show, waaaaah.

PARKER (O.S.)
Honey! I'm home! Honey?!

His voice echoes from somewhere in the mansion.

LUCY GRAND
I'm in the living room!

ECHOING FOOT STEPS and then silence.

PARKER (O.S.)
Which living room?!

LUCY GRAND
The one in the West Wing!

SFX: LAUGH TRACK from the TV.

MORE ECHOING FOOT STEPS and then:

PARKER (O.S.)
Which West Wing?

LUCY GRAND
The North West Wing!

SFX: LAUGH TRACK.

Parker finally appears. Lucy goes for a kiss but he just flops down on the couch.

PARKER
I am exhausted!

LUCY GRAND

You were at work so late! Is everything all right? Do you need my help? Did Chelsea set something on fire? I can be dressed and ready to go in fifteen minutes.

PARKER

No. No work stuff. This is your time to rest and relax.

LUCY GRAND

I've been rested since six o'clock this morning. Tell me what happened today.

PARKER

Everything is absolutely fine. Baby, you've worked seven years straight. You need to relax.

LUCY GRAND

Well, now that you're home. Maybe you can help me relax.

Lucy tries to climb on top of Parker.

SFX: The TV audience goes WOOOOOO.

Parker pulls away and turns off the TV.

PARKER

Not right now.

Parker heads down a hallway.

LUCY GRAND

The bedroom is to the south!

Parker heads down a different hallway.

Lucy sinks down into the couch.

INT. GRANDADU - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

The counters are splattered with flour. Pots bubble on the stove. Lucy is wearing an apron and squinting at a cook book.

On the page is a picture of banana bread. On her cooling rack is what looks like a camel turd.

LUCY GRAND
Ah, screw this.

Lucy throws off the apron.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Lucy busts through the doors. She's a woman on a mission, and she's got Chinese takeout.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - PARKER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy enters. It's empty.

LUCY GRAND
Parker?

She walks over to his desk. A few papers catch her eye.

Lucy examines them - it's concept designs for DIAMOND CLIP-ON EARRINGS.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
What?

She picks up another paper with concepts for a display case in jewelry stores.

She grabs the designs and bolts out.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - CHELSEA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lucy walks in without even looking.

LUCY GRAND
Chelsea, do--

She sees Chelsea RIDING ON TOP of Parker, twisting a pair of diamond clip-on earrings that are clamped onto his nipples.

CHELSEA
I'm the boss now! Take it, sir!

PARKER
Oh god! They're clip-ons but they still hurt so good.

Lucy drops the Chinese food - splattering lo mein everywhere.

LUCY GRAND
What the hell is going on?!

CHELSEA
Ma'am!

Parker throws Chelsea off of him.

PARKER
Ew, gross! What are you doing,
Chelsea?!

LUCY GRAND
I can't believe you!

PARKER
Lucy, I can explain. I have a
condition called narcoleptic
arousal.

LUCY GRAND
THIS is why you wanted me to take a
break? So you could do THIS?!

She rips a clip-on earring off his nipple! Parker YELPS in
pain and then bites his lip from the ecstasy.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
And do THIS!

She RIPS off another earring and throws it at Chelsea.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
After everything I did for you!
After everything I gave you!

Lucy hurls the designs at Parker. Papers fly. Chelsea
instinctively picks them up and organizes them.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Stop it!

Lucy slaps the papers out of her hands.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
You're fired! And divorced! Both
of you! Chelsea, you're just
fired! But Parker, you're both!

Lucy storms out.

INT. GRANDADU - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucy rips Parker's zoot suits and bowling shirts out of the closet.

LUCY GRAND
Screw you and your rock around the
clock crap!

She dumps his WALLET CHAINS into the toilet and flushes them.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Nobody needs a wallet chain! If
anything they make it easier to
steal your wallet. And they're
probably a hazard on escalators!

INT. GRANDADU - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Lucy tears down hallways, ripping down portraits of Parker and her and kicking holes through his face.

She runs out. Moments later she runs back in the other direction.

LUCY GRAND
You need a fucking compass in this
place!

EXT. GRANDADU - SCULPTURE GARDEN - NIGHT

Lucy kicks over expensive flower pots and sculptures. She tries to topple the marble statue of Parker and herself, but of course it won't budge.

EXT. GRANDADU - SCULPTURE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy rides in on a BULLDOZER while chugging a bottle of wine.

She rams into the statue and then rolls over it - crushing Parker's head.

EXT. GRANDADU - ZOO - NIGHT

Lucy goes up the koala cage labeled Lucy and Parker. She flings open the doors and raises a HANDGUN to their faces.

She's ready to squeeze the trigger, but she looks into their cute koala eyes and... she just can't do it.

Lucy drops the gun and collapses in tears. As the koalas escape into the garden, Lucy curls up with the bottle of wine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRANDADU - ZOO - NEXT MORNING

Everything is hazy.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
Mrs. Grand... Mrs. Grand...

Lucy opens her eyes to see BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD, a sweaty Southern gentleman in his sixties. He hands her a packet and with a lazy Southern drawl says:

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD (CONT'D)
You've been served, ma'am.

Beauford leaves. Lucy quickly tears open the packet and skims the contents.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Parker had gotten used to the high life. And he wasn't letting go of it without a fight.

A wave of anger overtakes her face.

LUCY GRAND
Parker...

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - ARCHIVE - DAY (PRESENT)

Lucy and Tara sit against the archives.

TARA
That is a horrible break up. I mean I've had some bad break ups. But I've never been sued afterwards. The worst thing that happened was this one guy cheated on me, and then after I broke up with him, he kept using my Netflix account. And I could see all the movies he was watching with his new girlfriend. It was horrible!
(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
 And all they watched was *Russia's
 Toughest Prisons* over and over
 again!

LUCY GRAND
 What's Netflix?

TARA
 It doesn't matter. Your story is
 way worse.

LUCY GRAND
 It was a mess. And I hate him! I
 hate him! I hate him!

Lucy kicks away the unicorn tissue dispenser in a fit of
 anger.

TARA
 It's been what? Twenty years? And
 you've been cooped up in this
 building all alone? You are in
 need of a serious ladies night.

LUCY GRAND
 (like it's a foreign
 language)
 Ladies... night?

Tara is already typing on her phone.

TARA
 Don't worry. I'm on it.
 (into phone)
 Hi, I'd like to order twenty pizzas
 and all the wine you've got!
 (then, still confident)
 Okay, just the pizzas then!

MONTAGE:

-Tara and Lucy guzzle wine and eat pizzas with the statues in
 the lobby.

-Lucy kicks over the Koalas and they cheer.

-They push each other on swivel chairs through the hallways.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - EVENING

Lucy and Tara dance on the desk to "BITCH" BY MEREDITH
 BROOKS.

LUCY GRAND & TARA
(drunken singing)
I'm a bitch! I'm a lover! I'm a
child! I'm a mother! I'm a
sinner! I'm a saint! I do not
feel ashamed! I'm your--

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lucy and Tara lay on the blow-up mattress, surrounded by
empty bottles and pizza boxes.

LUCY GRAND
I do feel a little better.

Her STOMACH GURGLES, and Lucy rushes behind her desk and
VOMITS.

TARA
Get it out!

Lucy lays back down.

LUCY GRAND
Okay, now I feel better.
(turns to Tara)
Is this what sleepovers are like?

TARA
Sort of. Except I never had a
sleepover in an office building
because my friends were twelve and
didn't own their own companies.

LUCY GRAND
Can we say this is a sleepover?

TARA
Sure.

LUCY GRAND
Let's play truth or dare.

TARA
Okay. Um... dare.

LUCY GRAND
I dare you to run around the
building naked!

TARA

Okay!

Tara drunkenly tries to stand up while pulling her bra out of her shirt and only falls back down onto the mattress.

TARA (CONT'D)

Ugh. I can't stand up. Truth.

LUCY GRAND

Do you still think I'm crazy?

TARA

Yes.

Lucy deflates.

TARA (CONT'D)

But in a good way.

LUCY GRAND

(like a teenager)

Cool.

TARA

Okay, my turn. Truth or dare?

LUCY GRAND

Truth.

TARA

Was it real?

LUCY GRAND

You really want to know?

Tara clasps her hands together in prayer.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll tell you. But first things first.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ARIZONA SUPREME COURT - DAY (1995)

The steps are lined with REPORTERS and FANS GIRLS waving Lucy Grand products and signs in support of their neon pink goddess.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Parker was suing me for wrongful
termination, and all eyes were on
the Arizona State Supreme Court.

Lucy Grand herself walks up the stairs with her TEAM OF
LAWYERS. Flashbulbs fire off. Both the reporters and the
fans SCREAM for her attention.

FAN GIRL
Lucy! Lucy! Can you sign my
notebook!

Lucy passes her by.

REPORTER
Lucy! Lucy! Can you sign my
microphone!

Lucy rushes past the mob.

INT. ARIZONA SUPREME COURT - DAY

Lucy is on the stand. Beauford lackadaisically strolls in
front of THE JURY. Lucy's legal team takes notes on cute
Lucy Grand legal pads with fluffy gel pens.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
Mr. Luis was unjustly fired. Sure,
he had an affair, but who hasn't.
I know I have. I'm having one
right now. With juror 3.

All eyes glance to JUROR #3, a middle aged woman. She
straightens her blouse.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD (CONT'D)
But you don't get a tax deduction
for a good marriage. Because
that's not what's important for
running a business. What's
important for running a business is
that you run the business!
(to Lucy)
Now, Ms. Grand, in the month before
Mr. Luis' departure, how many days
did you come into work?

LUCY GRAND
None.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
 (to the jury)
 Zero days. At a building with her
 name on it.

LUCY GRAND
 I was on vacation. And only
 because Parker insisted!

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
 Are you trying to say you were
forced to take a vacation? Forced
 to lounge around in your fancy
 swimming pool, drinking fancy
 drinks with names that a red-
 blooded American like myself
 probably couldn't even pronounce?
 (to the jury)
 I'm sure it took a lot of arm
 twisting to get you to do that.

The jury laughs.

LUCY GRAND
 He didn't force me, but he thought
 I needed a break.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
 So while you were sipping on
 margarootas and daquookeries - who
 had to pick up the slack? Poor Mr.
 Luis.
 (to the jury)
 He came in and worked the long
 hours that needed to be worked.
 And when he came home, you know
 what happened? His wife refused to
 make love to him.

LUCY'S LAWYER
 Objection.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
 That's what she said.

The court laughs. So does the judge.

JUDGE
 I'll allow it.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
 That's what he wishes she said.

LUCY GRAND

It's not true! He kept saying he was too tired.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD

A man too tired for sex? That literally never happens. No man in the history of the world has ever been too tired for sex. As every stand up comedian says: Men like sex and women hate it.

Lucy rolls her eyes.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD (CONT'D)

So who can blame him for a little infidelity. It's the compensation he deserved for running her company into the ground.

Lucy scowls.

Before taking his seat, Beauford leans over to Juror #3.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD (CONT'D)

I'll see you in the bathroom.

INT. ARIZONA SUPREME COURT - LATER

Parker is on the stand. Lucy's Lawyer wheels in a TV and puts in a VHS tape.

ON SCREEN: Grainy security camera footage of the Lucy Grand Headquarters Lobby. It's empty, save Parker and Chelsea.

Lucy's lawyer hits pause.

LUCY'S LAWYER

Mr. Luis, can you identify for the court the man in that video.

PARKER

That's me.

Lucy's lawyer hits play.

ON SCREEN: Parker and Chelsea tear off each other's clothes and start fucking against the Sloth Statue in the lobby. A portly old JANITOR politely buffs the floor around them.

The jury GASPS. In audience, Chelsea looks absolutely embarrassed.

ON SCREEN: The tape fast forwards through Parker and Chelsea banging against all the statues to footage of the Test Lab. Parker and Chelsea enter the section made to look like a teenager's bedroom.

Lucy's lawyer pauses the video.

LUCY'S LAWYER
And is that you on screen?

PARKER
Yes ma'am.

Lucy's lawyer hits play.

ON SCREEN: Parker and Chelsea have wild sex on top of the bed while the janitor tries to buff the floor.

The video fast forwards to a shot of Lucy's office. Chelsea sits on the desk while Parker kisses her.

LUCY'S LAWYER
And can you identify this office.

PARKER
That's Lucy's office.

LUCY'S LAWYER
And the man is--

PARKER
Yes, it's me!

ON SCREEN: The janitor enters. Chelsea motions for him to join.

Lucy's lawyer fast forwards through a bizarre orgy between Parker, Chelsea, the janitor and his floor buffing machine.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Just shut it off.

Lucy's lawyer pauses on a shot of Parker humping the floor buffer.

LUCY'S LAWYER
You sure were doing a lot of hard
work to save that company.
(to the judge)
Thank you, your honor.

Parker and Beauford look flustered.

INT. BEAUFORD T BEAUREGARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Parker paces about the room while Beauford wipes the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

PARKER

There has to be something you can do. Parker Luis can't lose!

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD

Well, I just don't know. I've done tested the limits of my Southern charm. Are you sure there's nothing else you got on her? Maybe a Nazi grandfather or some sort of PCP addiction? Did she like to get wet, Parker?

PARKER

No! I don't know. She was all about her work. She didn't have any drug addictions or secrets...

Parker sees a photo of his Beauford at the Kentucky Derby.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Except for one.

EXT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the headquarters.

Parker and Beauford quietly unlock the doors.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - BASEMENT LEVEL - NIGHT

Parker leads his lawyer through the dark corridors with a flashlight. They hear a NOISE and whip around to see the janitor buffing the floor.

PARKER

(relieved)

Hey Marco!

JANITOR

You want to use Buffy tonight?

He points to the floor buffer.

PARKER

Uh. No Buffy tonight!

The janitor shrugs and leaves. Beauford gives Parker a look.

The continue down the hallway until they find the door labeled "PROJECT U".

PARKER (CONT'D)
Do you mind turning around for a
sec?

Beauford obliges and Parker unbuttons his shirt and awkwardly presses his nipple against a scanning device.

The device recognizes his man-boob and BING! The door unlocks.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - PROJECT U - CONTINUOUS

Parker opens the door to the dark room and is aghast.
Beauford is aghast.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
Oh my stars and bars...

INT. ARIZONA SUPREME COURT - NEXT DAY

Parker and Lucy are with their legal teams. Lucy and her lawyer are looking confident. Beauford takes the floor.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
Your honor, I'd like to call to the
stand Dr. Carolyn Tannenholtz.

Lucy's eyes widen as DR. TANNENHOLZ, (50) a mousey bespectacled woman, takes the stand.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD (CONT'D)
Dr. Tannenholtz could you tell the
court in what capacity you work for
Mrs. Grand.

DR. TANNENHOLZ
I am the head of Project U.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
And could you enlighten us on what
Project U is all about?

DR. TANNENHOLZ
Our goal is to use transgenic
insertion to alter equine DNA with
the hope of creating an entirely
new species.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD
 I'm sorry, Dr. Tannenholz, but I'm
 sure I speak for the jury when I
 say that you have me as confused as
 a gator in church. Maybe we could
 just forget all the science mumbo
 jumbo and just show everyone
 Project U.
 (then)
 Darrell!

The doors to the courtroom swing open and in walks a
 HELLISHLY DEFORMED HORSE.

It's body looks like a melted candle, with a bird's beak in
 place of a snout and three extra limbs covered in feathers.

The court erupts with SCREAMS OF HORROR. The court's SKETCH
 ARTIST throws up on his easel. Lucy buries her face.

BEAUFORD T. BEAUREGARD (CONT'D)
 This is Project U. Mrs. Grand's
 attempt to create a real life
 unicorn. It wasn't enough for her
 to be the queen of the school
 supply industry. She wanted to be
 GOD.

Project U lets out an AGONIZING SQUAWK.

MONTAGE: Newspapers hit the newstands. On the front page:
 the courtroom sketch of Project U, splattered with the
 artist's vomit.

EXT. ARIZONA SUPREME COURT - DAY

Lucy and her legal team try to escape the courthouse, but are
 mobbed by reporters and angry fans, who are now holding anti-
 Lucy Grand signs.

FAN GIRL
 You're a monster! I hate you!

REPORTER
 Yeah! You're a meanie!

Lucy is pelted with her own merchandise.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
 And that's when the world turned on
 me.

MONTAGE: Across the country, girls and boys toss their Lucy Grand merchandise into piles which are SET ABLAZE.

INT. MALL - DAY

An ANGRY MOB protests outside of the Lucy Grand store. A STORE EMPLOYEE quickly shuts the entrance.

INT. BEAUFORD T BEAUREGARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy and her legal team sit across from Parker and his legal team.

Beauford slides an agreement over to Lucy's side. He instructs her where to sign. Lucy bitterly puts the pen to the page.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
There was no chance of winning
after that. So we settled out of
court.

Lucy signs the last page and throws the papers into Parker's lap. He leans back with a devilish grin.

EXT. GRANDADU - DAY

The GRANDADU sign is torn down and replaced with a sign reading: PARKERLAND.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
Parker got his dream house and a
very generous severance fee.

INT. GRANDADU - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Parker settles in on the couch with Chelsea. They kiss.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
I heard that he built a sex
dungeon.

Chelsea pulls Parker to his feet and produces a RIDING CROP. She WHIPS Parker off screen.

Behind them, the floor buffer hums across the marble floor. It's wearing a gimp mask.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lucy looks out her window in despair. Down in the parking lot, employees file out of the building carrying boxes of their belongings.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
 With no money left to run the
 company, all I could do was watch
 my empire crumble.

Lucy, trying to maintain her composure, sits down behind her desk and stares straight ahead.

LUCY GRAND (V.O.)
 So I sealed myself in this glass
 casket in the desert and wondered
 if it had always been my fate to be
 alone.

TIMELAPSE TO:

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - MORNING
(PRESENT)

Lucy sits solemnly behind her desk in the same position.

LUCY GRAND
 And that's my story.

TARA
 That's so sad. Now I get why your
 autobiography was just stickers of
 horses. I'm so sorry.

LUCY GRAND
 Don't be. I blame myself.

Lucy gets up and wanders the room.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 I was foolish to have believed that
 Parker loved me. I was just buying
 his love. Just like I tried to
 everybody's love. But as the
 saying goes:
 (deadpan/not singing)
 Can't buy me love. Can't buy me lo-
 ove.

Lucy stops by a wall of framed best-selling folders covered in hearts and cute animals.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 And yet I've spent my whole life
 telling children that love is
 something they can have with just a
 week's allowance and a trip to the
 mall. What a sham.

Tara doesn't know what to say.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
 You can have the designs.

TARA
 What?

Lucy pulls the contract out of Tara's pocket.

LUCY GRAND
 I want you to. I trust you'll do
 something better with them.

TARA
 But...

Lucy signs contract.

LUCY GRAND
 That's what you came her for,
 right?

TARA
 Yeah.

Lucy hands back the contract.

INT. AIRPORT - EVENING / INT. URBAN YOUTH OFFICES - DAY

Tara waits in a crowded security check line while talking on
 her phone.

TARA
 She signed.

Stephanie Douglas is in her office on the other line.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS
 Great job, Tara. I admit I wasn't
 sure if you could do it. But you
 really proved yourself.

TARA

Thank you. So, I guess when I get back I could start drawing up some new concepts.

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS

That won't be necessary. Bridget is going to take over from here.

TARA

What?

STEPHANIE DOUGLAS

This is a big undertaking and we need to make sure it's in experienced hands. But you have gone above and beyond on this one. Great work. I'll see you back in New York!

Stephanie hangs up.

Tara's phone rings again.

TARA

Hello?

It's Bridget.

BRIDGET

Well, well, well. You did it. Cost me a lot of money too. I thought for sure you'd become part of some human centipede experiment.

TARA

Well, I'm sorry to let you down.

BRIDGET

Oh, it's fine - you got the designs! Okay, so here's what I'm thinking: Cute little tiger - but we put an edgy spin on it - it's smoking a bong. And maybe another with a couple koalas. What are they doing? Smoking weed. And the shirt says something like 'Pass that Eucalyptus, bitch!' Oh and can't forget a unicorn. But check it out - what's different? Its horn is a bong!

Tara stares at the contract as Bridget rattles off her ideas. She hangs up the phone, and pushes her way out of the security check line.

INT. LUCY GRAND HEADQUARTERS - LUCY GRAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucy is napping on her mattress in the corner when Tara walks in.

TARA

Lucy.

LUCY GRAND

What are you doing here?

TARA

I can't let you do this.

LUCY GRAND

Sleep on the floor. Honestly, I think it's good for my back.

TARA

No, I can't let you give away the last piece of your hard work. My company, they're just going to screw it up.

She gives Lucy back the contract.

LUCY GRAND

I told you, I don't care. I don't want anything to do with this anymore.

TARA

Look, it's true that you can't buy love. But these characters - this world you created - it made me feel happy when everything around me was confusing and scary. That's worth something. Lucy Grand is worth something. You, Lucy Grand, are worth something. Don't give up on you.

Tara leaves. Lucy is in shock looking at the papers.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - EVENING

The sun sets in the west as Tara drives her second rental car of the day. She looks uncertain.

Suddenly something catches Tara's eye in the rear view mirror. She slams on the brakes, skidding off the road.

Tara leaps out of the car and takes off her sunglasses.

TARA
I don't believe it.

Galloping down the highway is a BEAUTIFUL WHITE UNICORN! And riding atop of it is Lucy Grand!

Lucy pulls on the reins, coming to a stop in front of Tara.

TARA (CONT'D)
Holy... Is this real?

LUCY GRAND
Yes.

TARA
But I thought that Project U...

LUCY GRAND
Oh, that was only a beta. We put it out of its misery. You think I don't know how to hire a genetic engineer?

The unicorn NEIGHS.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)
Settle down Spirit II: The Reckoning.

TARA
Amazing.

LUCY GRAND
Come for a ride.

Lucy extends a hand and pulls Tara up onto the unicorn.

The majestic beast rears back and out of its sides spread a pair of WINGS. The unicorn takes off down the highway and opens its wings and they lift off into the sky.

TARA
Wooooo!

Tara holds tight onto Lucy as they soar through the clouds and circle above the Lucy Grand Headquarters.

TARA (CONT'D)
It looks so beautiful from up here.

LUCY GRAND

And I want to make it beautiful again.

(then)

Tara, you're the only person that's ever cared about me when money wasn't on the line. And you're the closest thing I've ever had to a friend.

The unicorn SNORTS.

LUCY GRAND (CONT'D)

A human friend. That's why I wanted ask if you would come work with me. I believe in you and I think we can rebuild this dream together. What do you say?

TARA

Yes! Of course!

LUCY GRAND

All right. Then onward Spirit II: The Reckoning! To the Cloud Kingdom!

FANCIFUL MUSIC PLAYS as the unicorn disappears into the clouds.

EXT. PARKERLAND - DAY

Lucy and Tara soar over what was formerly Grandadu. Parker is poolside, sunbathing. He spots the unicorn and jumps up out of from his pool chair.

PARKER

Will ya get a load of that?

LUCY GRAND

Hey Parker! Get a load of this

The unicorn CRAPS on Parker's head.

PARKER

Hey! What the?!

Lucy and Tara laugh and fly away on the unicorn.

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Lucy and Tara fly over a nursing home on the unicorn. Out front, a NURSE pushes an aging Mr. Grand in a wheelchair.

MR. GRAND
What in the world?

A unicorn crap lands on his face. It extinguishes his cigar.

MR. GRAND (CONT'D)
Lucy!!!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Lucy and Tara fly by offices of Urban Youth.

LUCY GRAND
Horn power, activate!

The unicorn's horn glows.

INT. URBAN YOUTH OFFICES - BRIDGET'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bridget scrolls on her computer. Suddenly, a RAINBOW LASER BEAM shoots through her window! Bridget dives for cover.

EXT. URBAN YOUTH OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Bridget looks out of the hole where her window used to be.

BRIDGET
Tara?!

TARA
Hey Bridget! Tell the boss I quit!

The unicorn flies back into the sky.

LUCY GRAND
All right. Now let's go make some school supplies.

Lucy and Tara fly off into the sunset.

FADE TO BLACK.