

# "LUCKY"

Episode 1

"Green Light"

by

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Born On The Beach Films  
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On Screen: "Based on a true story - kinda"

A classic SoCal day. Sun shines. Birds soar. Boats glide. You can smell the sunscreen in the air. LUCKY (mid-40s, 6'2" , 350+ lbs, bearded, warm smile) pedals an electric beach cruiser with surprising grace. Despite his size, he glides like he owns the path.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Albert Einstein wrote in a letter to his son "Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving". Oh sorry, I should introduce myself, I'm Lucky. Well- it's my nickname. My whole life people have told me how lucky I am. But I got the nickname as a kid. It actually started as an insult. More on that later. But it turned out I am pretty lucky....ish

He cruises past a group of people on paddle boards doing yoga off the Marina Beach.

LUCKY (V.O.)

People think luck is winning a 50/50 raffle at a major sporting event (I did twice last year) or finding a great parking spot (I do every time). But real luck? Real luck is surviving the shitstorm of life with your sense of humor mostly intact. So yeah, I'm Lucky. Not because nothing bad happens - But because when it does, I find poetry in the pain.

Lucky rides down the bike path looking at the giant egrets and blue herons over head.

LUCKY (V.O.)

This is my new neighborhood, I'm pretty lucky to live here, and this is a new bike, some company gave it to me. Lucky!....but also some could say I've been unlucky.

He coasts to a stop and sits on a bench near a floating dock. A gang of CALIFORNIA SEA LIONS bark and flop in the sun. Lucky smiles. Takes out a half-smoked joint from a small container. Lights it and inhales deeply.

Suddenly, the cherry from his joint drops onto his shirt. Lucky jumps up from the bench, brushing away the ember.

SPLAT!

A giant bird poop splashes the bench exactly where he was sitting a second ago.

LUCKY (V.O.)  
See what I mean? Lucky and unlucky.

Lucky relights his joints.

LUCKY (V.O.)  
Look, I don't want to start our relationship off too dark, but there's some things you should know about me moving forward.

Lucky hits his joint again, inhaling smoke. He closes his eyes and everything goes black, then flashes of Lucky sitting bedside to a sick, dying man.

LUCKY (V.O.)  
4 weeks ago my dad died. After waiting years for a liver transplant he got too sick and his body shut down. Luckily I got back to Boston in time to hold his hand as he took his last breathe. More on that later.

He reopens his eyes to the bright California sun.

LUCKY (V.O.)  
Then last week I returned back to L.A. I was actually looking forward to being home alone for a bit to process my grief.

Lucky hits his joint again. Exhales heavy smoke. The cloud of smoke obscures the sun momentarily. The sky darkens and the sun turns bright orange through the heavy smoke. This triggers more of an involuntary flashback. Everything goes black. Lucky sits in a dark room. Suddenly It starts raining glowing ember balls of fire around him. Its beautiful..until it turns scary.

LUCKY (V.O.)  
But the next day a wildfire swept through my neighborhood. I tried to save the house, but barely made it out alive. More on that later...

Lucky opens his eyes as he violently slaps his left arm as if it were on fire. Lucky gathers himself, realizing it wasn't real. The voice over stops. He turns to camera and speaks directly into it.

LUCKY

Alright, we got that out of the way. Now, I live here in the Marina. But luckily something else is about to happen to change the course of my life yet again.

Lucky goes back to watching the sea lions lounge. Suddenly – a tiny CHIHUAHUA charges off a nearby yacht, barking like a maniac. The sea lions SCATTER into the water like bowling pins. A few of the sea lions pop back up onto a dock a few slips down. The dog notices, then begins charging at them, sending them back into the water. This time as he charges closer to the edge, the tiny dog slips off the dock and into the water. Unable to get back onto the high dock, the dog panics and swims around in circles around the slip. Just then a large speed boat with 6 huge outboard engines starts to back down into the slip, unaware of the tiny dog behind it. Lucky springs into action running down the gangway toward the dog. The dogs owners (STEW, 60's wealthy) appears at the top deck of the boat, hearing his dogs cries for help. He sees his dog in danger and screams, he tries to run down from the top of the giant yacht, but he's too far away. Lucky runs down the dock but as he nears the edge, he falls down onto his belly and "slip'n slides" to the edge, where he finally stops. The boats large propellers now just feet from the dog. Lucky, already on his belly on the dock's edge, reaches down and pulls up the dog just in time. The yacht owner, now arriving at the scene, reaches down to hug his dog.

STEW

Oh Bark Wahlberg, You were almost fish food. My sweet little Barky bark. You scared me. I couldn't possibly live without you.

He looks down at Lucky, who is now laying on his back like a beached whale and a wet spot around his crotch.

STEW (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

LUCKY

I think so.  
(looking at his hands)

STEW

My hero! Is that pee?  
(looking at his crotch)

2

EXT. MARINA - STEW'S YACHT - DAY

2

Stew holds Bark Wahlberg, who is wearing a little doggy robe. Lucky sits across from them wearing a matching robe that is way to small, no pants. They sit at the back of the boat with cocktails. The name of the boat says "Studio Sea-e-Ohhhhh"

STEW

So what were you doing before you heroically belly-flopped onto my dock?

LUCKY

Me? Riding my bike. Smoking a little weed. Existential anxiety. Trying not to think about how I've lost everything.

STEW (SOFTENS)

Oh shit, you lose your house in the fire?

LUCKY

Yup. My home, my books, my signed VHS copy of Big Trouble in Little China. All gone.

STEW

Jesus. That's brutal.

LUCKY

Eh. Perspective's weird. Some stuff matters more after you lose it. Other stuff... you realize never mattered at all.

They sit with that. A beat.

STEW

You work in the business?

LUCKY

Yeah. Sort of. Been around. Worked in almost every department on a film set. All low budget indies, nothing major. I actually started acting right before covid and during covid I did some writing. Those were the last 2 jobs I had never done.

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Being a part of film crew, in any capacity, is truly special. And I've loved movies and t.v. since I can remember. and, like everyone else, I have my own ideas on how they could be better.

STEW

Like what?

LUCKY

Once on a shoot I suggested to the director that he set this sniper movie we were working on during Christmas.

STEW

Christmas?

LUCKY (SHRUGS)

Yeah. I mean - you've got a lonely guy stuck in a tower, watching other people live. While the whole world's celebrating joy and connection? Adds tension. Adds heart.

Stew chuckles, surprised.

STEW

That's actually... smart.

LUCKY

He didn't do it. Said it would "confuse marketing." Told me to stay in my lane and then had me fired he next day.

STEW

I know what movie you're talking about. It was good, but the Christmas idea would have made it great and made me a lot more money.

Stew softens a bit, He sees something in Lucky.

STEW (CONT'D)

I actually got fired from one of my first movie sets because I politely pointed out a continuity error before a scene. I thought I was helping, but there are a lot of fragile ego's in this business.

Stew smiles and leans forward in his chair, decides to help.

STEW (CONT'D)

I tell you what, You have good instincts. Tell me more about the script you wrote during covid. This could be your lucky day.

3 EXT. STUDIO LOT - FRONT GATE - DAY

3

Lucky's pulls up in a comically small car to the security gate of a major studio.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Lucky for me, it turns out, saving a rich guy's dog can open a few doors.

Overhead: A massive billboard for a drama series - "WADE WATERS" starring a shirtless, chiseled man.

The guard checks the clipboard and waves him through.

4 INT. STUDIO - EXECUTIVE WAITING ROOM - DAY

4

Lucky sits in a tiny chair that groans under his weight. He fidgets, smooths his shirt - too tight.

The EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT appears.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

Mr. Brown will see you soon.

As Lucky stands, the chair comes with him. The chair is stuck on his hips. He pushes down on the arms and pops himself free- his PHONE flies across the room.

LUCKY

(to the assistant)  
Great. Thanks.

He retrieves it, looks back to the chair, decides to stay standing.

5 INT. STUDIO - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

5

Sleek, modern, buzzing with tension. The men in suits laugh at Lucky, who is on a security monitor showing the waiting room.

EXEC #2

Who is this slob in the waiting room? He's not meeting with us right?

MR. BROWN

He's pitching an episodic.

EXEC #1

How'd he get a meeting?

MR. BROWN

Stew insisted. Said the guy saved Bark Wahlberg's life....and peed himself. I dunno all the details, but Stew made me promise to hear his pitch.

EXEC #2

That's adorable. I'm already a hard pass though.

Suddenly - the STUDIO HEAD'S PHONE rings. Everyone's phones BUZZ.

EXEC #1

Only call this number if it's-  
(picks up, panicked)  
He said what?

He taps speakerphone. They all listen.

VOICE (V.O.)

It's been confirmed. He admitted it all - On a podcast and a live radio interview. Harassment. Assault. Said he's a star and can do whatever he wants. "Grab 'em by the Emmy" It's over, Advertisers are pulling out. The show is dead.

EXEC #2

Wade Waters was our flagship...

EXEC #1

Stew warned us about him.

EXEC #2

He's gonna pin this all on us. We're dead for this fall... unless we green-light something right away, like today.

MR. BROWN

We need to change the narrative.  
How do we make our fall disaster  
into Stew's fault?

Suddenly - the building trembles. A small EARTHQUAKE.

The phones go dead.

The office door SWINGS OPEN -

A florescent light hangs from the ceiling, LUCKY stands  
there. Backlit like an angel, a cartoon messiah.

LUCKY

Is everybody okay?

6

INT. T.V. STUDIO - OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

6

LUCKY walks down a hall looking very out of place.

LUCKY (V.O.)

So after 2 recent, devastating,  
life changing events, I've been  
given my big break. My chance to  
make it in Hollywood...But I have  
to be funny... when I've never been  
sadder.

Lucky reaches a glass conference room door and stops. He  
stands looking a room full of people on the other side. He's  
nervous. He just stands there creepily in the doorway behind  
the closed door, paralyzed with fear.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Right now all those people are  
talking about me. Probably about  
what an imposter I am. This all  
happened fast and I'm not sure I  
deserve this. And let's be honest,  
I just got lucky....

2 people walk by Lucky looking at him curiously.

LUCKY

(pleading to his crotch)  
Ok, Try not to pee yourself

The people look over their shoulder and laugh.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Did I just say that out loud...Shit

Cut to inside the room.

7 INT. STUDIO - WRITERS ROOM - DAY

7

A chaotic space plastered with whiteboards, old show posters, and half-eaten bagels. Diverse writers (trans, LGBTQ+, BIPOC, old, young, visibly neurodivergent) sit around a long table cluttered with laptops and coffees.

At the front of the room, SHAY (40s, head writer, smart, tells it like it is) paces as she wraps up a blunt but inspiring brief on the situation.

SHAY

You're all here because you were the geographically closest unemployed comedy writers to this room this morning - so, congratulations on that very prestigious honor.

(Looks around)

damn, we look a DEI fever dream... loving it. anyways.

Scattered laughs and a few shrugs of agreement.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Here's the deal. The network just lost their big fall hit "Wade Waters". The suits just dropped this pilot on my desk. Apparently Stew, our beloved studio head, owed this guy a favor

COCKY WRITER

I heard he pee'd himself on Stew Yacht or something.

SHAY

Either way, this guy now has his own show. We are going to need scripts. Fast. Like, yesterday.

WRITER #1

What is this show even about?

SHAY

All we have is a poorly written, disjointed, "comedy" pilot, with too much voice over, written by an amateur who also wants to be actor and it's based on his own life.

Whatever enthusiasm anyone had has left the room

SHAY (CONT'D)

His name is Lucky.... and I just  
really hope his life is funny.  
(beat)

Shay looks over and sees Lucky through the window standing awkwardly behind the door. Lucky stands looking down at his crotch, not noticing her. She walks over to open it.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Are you Lucky?

Lucky, surprised by her jumps up, super embarrassed and walks in.

LUCKY

I sure hope so

Nobody laughs. He takes the room in, he's overwhelmed by the amount of people and their attention fixed on him

SHAY

Sit down, I'm Shay, the show-  
runner.

Lucky looks around and inspects the chair before sitting in it.

LUCKY

Are you all writers?

SHAY

Yes. They are all Your writers and  
I'm in charge of them all and this  
show as a whole. We have a lot of  
work to do in a very short amount  
of time. So let's jump in. What can  
you tell us about your life?

LUCKY

Where should I start?

WRITER #1

Well has anything funny happened to  
you lately?

LUCKY

Well to be honest it's been a rough  
couple of weeks..... oh, I do have  
a medical condition where I  
sometimes pee myself. That's  
funny....in the right situation.

SHAY

(dismissive)

We'll work up to the funny. Lets start with your name. Why do they call you Lucky? Are you a lucky person?

LUCKY

My luck is a matter of perspective. I actually got the nickname from some kids on my first day of 6th grade. As an insult. "Look at this fat kid. He's lucky if he make's it up the stairs."

The writers start to feel pity for him.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

But I choose to focus on all the good things that happen in my life, the ways I am lucky. This helps me balance the not so lucky moments.

SHAY

You said the past few weeks have been rough, what's going on and how did you end up in this room today?

LUCKY

Look, I could go into great detail of the tragedies that have recently turned my world upside down. But despite all of it. I need to figure out how to be funny and we are running out of time

SHAY

Sometimes there is funny in tragedy, sometimes you find laughter through the tears. If you're comfortable, tell us what you've been through recently, give us something to work with....beside this pilot script is terrible.

Lucky thinks for a moment. He's never been vulnerable in front of strangers...so many strangers.

LUCKY

Let start a little further back.

Begin Montage

8 EXT. OPEN ROAD - MIDDLE AMERICA - DRIVING - DAY 8

Lucky drives an SUV filled with stuff across the country.

LUCKY (V.O.)

23 years ago I moved from Boston to  
L.A. to chase my dreams of being a  
film director.

9 INT. LOW BUDGET FILM SET - NIGHT 9

Lucky tries to run a movie set in a muddy ranch with goats  
and mini-pigs running around.

LUCKY (V.O.)

I worked as a producer, production  
manager and assistant director on  
over 100 low budget indie films.  
But never as a director.

10 INT. ARCADE - MOVIE SET - DAY 10

Lucky talks to the director and the crew sets up a shot.

LUCKY (V.O.)

One day while producing a movie in  
Ohio, the director asked me to act  
in a few scenes. He said I would be  
perfect for the part. I told him  
I've never acted, I never wanted to  
act and frankly I don't like actors  
very much. I would never, ever do  
it.

11 INT ARCADE - MOVIE SET - NIGHT 11

Lucky now has a silk robe on, carrying a shotgun a cigar.  
He's getting into character

LUCKY (V.O.)

Anyways I did it because we didn't  
have any budget left to hire  
someone else. But it turned out I  
loved it. Getting into my wardrobe  
and pretending to be someone else  
was liberating. I went back to L.A.  
A took up acting as a hobby in  
between producing shitty low budget  
films.

12 INT. STUDIO - WRITERS ROOM - DAY

12

The writers are struggling to pay attention.

SHAY

Ok. We are going to need to pick up the pace here.

LUCKY

Right. So I started booking a lot of acting roles really fast. In the matter of months I starred in a film, got an agent, booked a role on a major t.v. show and acted in a scene with a mega-star. And a year later, in 2019, I finally truly embraced acting as a career. Though I did feel like an imposter. Then came Covid, then the strike, then the studio slowdown. Then the "Survive to 25" and I wasn't working at all.

Everybody in the room is uncomfortable, some wiggle in their seat remembering how awful this time was.

13 INT. PACIFIC PALISADES - MOBILE HOME

13

Lucky sits at his laptop with a covid face mask and rubber gloves as he types.

LUCKY (V.O.)

But during the pandemic I decided to make the most of all the free time. So I decided to write a script about my life. I had been thinking about it for years. My dad always talked about balance being the key to life. And it got me thinking about the balance of lucky and unlucky. So I started to write the Lucky pilot.

14 INT. STUDIO - WRITERS ROOM - DAY

14

The writers are all starting to pay more attention to him.

LUCKY

Then 4 weeks ago a series of terrible events were put into motion that ultimately landed me here.

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)

You see, my Dad had been sick for a couple of years. He had a genetic liver disease. He'd been getting worse lately, but we were hopeful he'd get a liver transplant any day. More on that later.

15 EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES - MOBILE HOME - DECK - DAY 15

On Screen - 4 weeks ago

Tilt down from the sky. Lucky sits on a chair overlooking the ocean. He smokes a joint. He's on his cellphone. He looks concerned.

LUCKY (V.O.)

But a few weeks ago I got a call from his doctors. They told me I should get back to Boston as soon as possible. I flew out the next morning.

16 INT. MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING 16

Lucky sits at his DAD's bedside. He's connected to machines. A team of doctors surround them.

LUCKY (V.O.)

They told me his body was shutting down and the end was near. He was too sick to receive a transplant. My dad told me he didn't wanted to die in the hospital. We moved fast and luckily got him home.

17 INT. LUCKY'S PARENTS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 17

In the middle of the living room is Lucky's dad laying in a hospital bed. Lucky sits next to it, holding his Dad's hand. Time lapse, people come in and out, surrounding him, laughing, crying, and hugging. Lucky hasn't moved though. Holding his dad's hand the whole time. Now everyone has left and Lucky is alone with his Dad.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Luckily he didn't suffer. And after a few days of laughing, crying and tough conversations, he left me.

18 INT. STUDIO - WRITERS ROOM - DAY

18

LUCKY sits there tell the writers his story. All of the writers are paying attention.

LUCKY

I know what you're thinking. Isn't this suppose to be a comedy? This isn't very funny and I don't sound very Lucky... just bare with me, we're almost there. Just one more tragedy to go.

Lucky wipes away a small tear that rolled down his face. Then he stops and smiles

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Wait... actually something funny did happen that week. Let me go back a little.

19 INT. LUCKY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

19

Bright morning sun streams through sheer curtains. A tropical beach video plays on the giant TV. WAVES CRASH gently.

LUCKY sits in a giant lazy boy, phone to his ear. His DAD lies motionless in a hospital bed. Plants and flowers surround the bed.

LUCKY

I know, you said that. But I'm in Massachusetts, not California... I heard you, but I need the prescription now... You said that already-

Lucky glances at his dad, pauses.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I don't know when I'll be back. But if I don't get the pills I will pee myself. Literally. I have a medical condition. Look, I'm back east because... my Dad.. he's,

Lucky stops. Realizing he is going to say out loud what is happening in front of him. He breathes deeply.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

he's dyin...

Then He realizes the time between his dad's breathe is getting longer and longer. LUCKY drops his phone, rushes to the bedside, pulling up a folding chair.

He calls to his mom off-screen.

LUCKY (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)  
Mom... come here.

LUCKY'S MOM (O.S.)  
Did you pee yourself again?

LUCKY  
No, Mom. Come in here. I think it's time...

LUCKY sits by the bed. Shallow focus. His face, clear. everything else - a blur.

His MOM enters, sits on the opposite side of the bed. LUCKY holds his father's frail hand to his face. A quiet, still moment.....

LUCKY (CONT'D)  
Mom... I think he's-

Suddenly, his dad GASPS, barely able to take in air. Lucky is startled. He jolts up and falls backward into the chair. It collapses under his weight. He hits the floor hard.

LUCKY'S MOM doesn't move. She's feeling the inside of his Dad's wrist.

LUCKY'S MOM  
Lucky...

LUCKY stands back into frame.

LUCKY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
He's gone. He's really gone.

LUCKY stares.

LUCKY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
And you pee'd yourself again.

He looks down. Silence.

PHONE VOICE (O.S.)  
Sir, are you still there?

20 INT. LUCKY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 20

Guys come in and removes the body. Now Lucky sits alone in the lazy boy.

LUCKY (V.O.)

In a way I felt lucky to be with him when he passed. Lucky to hold his hand as he took his last breath.

21 INT. STUDIO - WRITERS ROOM 21

Lucky's eyes well up with water. But he's trying to hold them from turning into a tear. The writers are fully engaged.

LUCKY

It had been a crazy couple of weeks. I had stayed with my mom, trying to comfort her and help with arrangements. But after everything had calmed down, I missed my house, and I was ready to focus on my own grieving.

22 EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES - MOBILE HOME - MORNING 22

Aerial shot of a mobile home park resting on a hill overlooking a stunning beach and the sparkling ocean

LUCKY (V.O.)

Luckily I had amazing home in L.A. to retreat to. A mobile home right on the ocean. It wasn't fancy, but it was my paradise.

23 INT. PACIFIC PALISADES - MOBILE HOME - DAY 23

On Screen graphic: "4 Weeks Ago" Turns into "1 Week Ago"

Lucky plops down on his couch, finally relaxing. Glad to be home. He lights up a joint and turns the t.v. on.

LUCKY (V.O.)

My dad always talked about balance... he taught me how to find it, even in chaos, especially in chaos. But I felt very unbalanced and I need to start taking care of myself.

He flips channels to the news. Aerial shots of the Pacific Palisades on fire. Lucky looks at the screen, sniffs the air, then hears and loud plane fly overhead. He gets up off the couch and opens the curtain, his entire neighborhood is on fire.

LUCKY

Fuuuuuuucccc

24 EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES - MOBILE PARK - DAY 24

On Screen graphic: "1 Weeks Ago" Turns into "4 Days ago"

Lucky stands over a smoldering pile of ash and debris where his house once stood.

LUCKY (V.O.)

And then my town, my neighborhood,  
my home and everything I own burned  
down in a wildfire. So grieving  
would have to wait, because I  
needed to find a new place to live,  
and new clothes, and plates and  
forks and well, new everything.

25 INT. STUDIO - WRITERS ROOM - DAY 25

Lucky has finished explaining his last couple of months. Most of the writers are visually upset, a few even crying. The energy has been sucked out of the room.

LUCKY

So the past few week have not been  
very lucky for me. It would almost  
be funny if it wasn't so tragic.

The writers all look around at each other. They are starting to like this guy.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I gotta tell you we are all lucky  
to live in such an amazing city. A  
lot of people lost everything, but  
the people of Los Angeles stepped  
up and helped in every way they  
could.

Lucky looks around the room as if to thank the people of Los Angeles.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Anyways, my dad used to say: "Real happiness doesn't come from stuff. It's made from memories." So yeah - My Dad's death gave me perspective on what's important after the fire, which, I guess, is... lucky?

Everybody is hanging on Lucky's every word.

WRITER #2

That was just like a few days ago.  
So how did you end up here?

26 EXT. MARINA - STEW'S YACHT - DAY

26

Flashback to Lucky pulling out Stews dog out of the water. This time he looks like a hero risking his life, not the reality of him falling and sliding across the dock like a sea lion.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Well, I was at the right place at the right time. I heroically pulled out Barky bark from the clutches of an evil speedboat.

27 INT. STUDIO - WRITERS ROOM - DAY

27

LUCKY

Then Stew got me a meeting with the execs and just like that they green-lit my show.

WRITER #2

So. quick recap of your past 4 weeks. You found out your dad was too sick to get a much needed liver transplant. You rushed back to Boston go get him home. Then you spent his last few days by his bedside and held his hand as he died

LUCKY

Yes.

WRITER #2

Then You spent a few weeks consoling your mom.

LUCKY

Correct.

WRITER #2

Then you returned to L.A to grieve  
and the next day your house burned  
down?

LUCKY

Uh-huh.

WRITER #2

Then you saved Stew's dog.

LUCKY

Yup.

WRITER #2

And now... you have your own TV  
show?

(beat)

Holy sh\*t. Dude, you're like a  
cosmic sitcom arc in real time.

The room goes quiet for a moment. Lucky nods, unsure how to  
respond.

LUCKY

Sorry, it's not very funny.

Lucky spins around in his chair to face everybody. Suddenly  
one of the wheels crack and his chair falls over, sending him  
to the floor. Everyone starts to laugh. He gets up super  
embarrassed. Writer #1 brings him over a sturdy wooden chair

SHAY

Ok relax everyone. Let's all  
pretend to be professionals here.

(turning to Lucky)

STAY

Let's try this. Lucky - can you  
tell us more about some of the  
funny physical things that happened  
to you? Are you comfortable joking  
about what it's like to be your  
size?

LUCKY

(long beat)

Huh. I... ummm.

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Ya some pretty funny stuff happens to me because of this body. Things most people never think about.

Lucky thinks for a minute

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I guess I'm ok leaning into that. I'd like to remove the shame that comes with this body and not be afraid to laugh at my reality. I realized a few years ago that I'll try not to carry around the shame that society puts on people my size.

Suddenly, the door slams open. A whirlwind of fabric, pins, and confidence flies in. Zorn, (60s, Ukrainian, meticulous, speaks softly but firmly, precise costume designer) walks in.

ZORN

Lucky, I'm Zorn, Costume designer. I need you for sizing right away. We are building a wardrobe from scratch and I want it luxurious and precisely tailored to every inch of that glorious geometry you're working with.

LUCKY

(grinning)

Wait, really? I've never had clothes that fit right. Just... big and tall... and sad.

The writers smile. But then-

COCKY WRITER

(to the guy next to him)

He's lucky he's fat, he's gets a handmade wardrobe. Hope we got enough fabric.

The room freezes. A beat.

SHAY

(matter-of-factly)  
Well you're fired.

COCKY WRITER

Wait, what?

SHAY

We punch up jokes, we don't punch down insults. Get your stuff.

He stammers. Everyone watches. He leaves. The room collectively exhales.

LUCKY

(softly, grateful)

Thank you. But it's fine. I hear that shit all the time. You didn't have to fire him

SHAY

No it's not fine. He may have been the most experienced comedy writer in this room. But we don't need those vibes in here. That's not the type of writers room I'm running here. We will respect each other.

(beat, shifting gears)

Now... you said you've never had clothes that fit right. Tell us about that.

LUCKY

Well, as a kid I was pretty athletic for my size. Ironically I was too big to play youth football. Luckily I was good at every other sport, baseball, basketball, soccer, tennis and hockey. But the team jerseys never fit me. Not even close. But my grammy? She was this amazing seamstress. Once she made me a custom soccer goalie shirt... with pads sewn into the elbows and my name stitched on the back.

(beat)

It was perfect.

The room lights up with inspiration.

WRITER #3

Okay wait that's an episode—he shows up to a fancy event and realizes his designer suit is made exactly like that goalie shirt.

WRITER #1

Or the grandma's sewing workshop is like his Bat-cave. She secretly makes all his clothes for every life moment.

WRITER #2

Or it's a flashback scene! Little Lucky trying out for the team and the coach is like "We don't have gear in your size," and BOOM- Grammy saves the day.

SHAY

Yes! Now we're rolling. Keep going.

The room bursts into collaborative chaos as ideas fly. ZORN drags Lucky off with a measuring tape, shouting orders about color palettes and waistlines.

28

INT. STUDIO - WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - LATER

28

Racks of fabric organized by color and texture. ZORN (60s, Ukrainian, meticulous, speaks softly but firmly) works with the precision of a surgeon. He pins, smooths, and measures Lucky in front of a large standing mirror. Lucky stands on a low riser, mid-fitting in a slate-gray blazer.

ZORN

Turn slightly. No, toward the light.

(beat)

Let the shoulder fall naturally. Do not perform it - inhabit it.

Lucky follows instructions, a bit unsure. The jacket shifts - perfectly.

LUCKY

I haven't worn anything tailored to me since Grammy made me stuff. Everything else has just... kind of hung off me.

ZORN

Your grandmother had good instincts. We will honor her precision - and improve upon it.  
(beat - almost to himself)  
The body does not fail the garment. The garment must rise to meet the body.

LUCKY

(grinning)

You sound like Confucius if he ran a fashion school.

Zorn almost smiles - a flicker of it - then continues adjusting the sleeve without comment.

Just then, the door opens and SHAY barrels in with the writers in tow.

SHAY

Zorn. We need Lucky. Five minutes. We're blocking out Grammy's sewing den and he's got the blueprint in his brain.

ZORN

(soft but absolute)  
Take 10 minutes. No rushing his return - I have fabrics to find.

LUCKY

(to SHAY)  
He's intense but I think he might actually like me.

ZORN

(quietly, not looking up)  
I like symmetry. Your posture ruins less than most.

Lucky smirks as he exits.

29

INT. STUDIO - ART DEPARTMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

29

A massive blueprint of set designs is pinned across the table. The PRODUCTION DESIGNER lays out swatches, sketches, and reference photos.

PRODUCTION DESIGNER

Okay, we're going full New England charm - but with secrets. Hidden sewing machines in old cabinets. A drawer just for molasses cookies.

LUCKY

Exactly. There was this old white sewing tape measure she used that had a burn mark on it from when she left it on the iron. Almost totally ruined it, but she still used it every time.

PRODUCTION DESIGNER

That's in. That's the detail that makes it real. Burned sewing tape measure is now sacred.

PROD DESIGNER

Lucky's apartment should feel like him - a place that fits, but also kind of betrays him. Like, the shower's too small... but he's got a grill he treats like a best friend.

LUCKY

That's accurate.

WRITER #2

Can the bed creak when he sighs? Not when he moves - when he sighs. Like even the bed's tired.

LUCKY

Yes!!

PROD DESIGNER

You people are freaks and I love it.

Suddenly-

ZORN (O.S.)

TIME'S UP! GIVE ME BACK MY GUY!

He marches in.

ZORN (CONT'D)

I saw that photo of your dad in suspenders. WE'RE BRINGING THEM BACK AND THEY'RE GONNA SING.

PROD DESIGNER

Suspenders. Suspension. YES - we need a giant cola sign suspended from the ceiling in the garage!

She goes running off. Lucky is literally being pulled away by Zorn.

SHAY

You're not just the lead actor. You're our source code.

He disappears again into the wardrobe vortex as the writers and designers run off in different directions. The energy is kinetic. A show is being born - strange, soulful, and completely itself.

30 INT. STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM

30

Lucky stand in front of a mirror with some wardrobe choices. As he looks at his reflection, the weight of everything, his dad, the house and now the pressures to succeed fall onto his shoulders. Almost like he's being crushed into the ground, his knees buckle and he quickly guides himself into an comfy arm chair. He takes a breathe and tries to compose himself. He reached for his phone and clicks on "Dad". He stops and realizes.... he can't talk to his Dad, can't ask him for wisdom and advice. This releases a dam of emotions. He drops his phone and melts back into the sturdy chair. His eyes are leaking, streaming down his face into his beard. He is more lost than he has ever been. The moment is broken by..

ZORN (O.S.)

Lucky, are you done trying that on?  
Shay wants you in her office.

Lucky slowly brings himself back from that dark place. He uses his shirt to wipe away the tears, takes one last breathe and lifts his large body out of the chair. As he exits, he realizes that chair was put there for him, a comfortable sanctuary for him. He smirks as he wipes his last tear and exits.

31 INT. STUDIO - SHAY'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Shay sits at her desk with FRANKIE, (60's woman, strong willed, smart). Lucky walks in the door.

SHAY

Lucky, This is the director of the  
the pilot, Frankie.

Lucky looks less enthused

LUCKY

You hired a director?

Shay sense his apprehension.

SHAY

Frankie, do you mind giving us a  
moment, We need a chance to get  
back up to speed after a busy day

FRANKIE,

Of course, I'll grab a coffee

Frankie leaves. Lucky looks worried

LUCKY

(a different, serious tone)  
I thought we were going to discuss this. Choosing the right director is a huge thing. We are not even sure what this show is about yet, what's it's tone, how do we know who will be right for the job?

SHAY

I know, it's a bit of a gamble, But I know Frankie, give her a chance. I think she will be the last piece to put in place. Do you trust me?

LUCKY

Trust you? I mean, I just met you a few hours ago. But I need you to understand what this show means to me. This isn't just a writing gig. Or a therapy session. THIS is my shot. Maybe my last one - to do something real in this business. To finally tell the stories that never get told. Not about superheroes or fashion models - but about people like me. People who are barely holding it together, but still keep going. People who are grieving, broke, invisible - but still crack a joke to survive the day. I've been those people. I am those people. And for the first time, someone might actually listen.

Lucky takes a deep breathe and regroups

LUCKY (CONT'D)

So yeah - this show? It matters. Not because I want to be famous. But because I need to believe all this shit I've been through means something and isn't just random and chaotic pain.

SHAY

Lucky..I

LUCKY

Look, I may not have any experience on big shows, but I understand story telling.

He looks down to his crotch.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Damn it, I have to pee

He runs off. Shay hasn't seen this side of Lucky. She takes in everything he said.

32 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - EVENING

32

The massive set is mostly empty - scaffolding, drop cloths, some half-constructed walls. Lucky enters, holding a half-eaten protein bar, looking around for a quiet place to sit.

He spots a tall director's chair.

LUCKY

(to himself)

You're gonna need to figure these chairs out once and for all.

FLASH FORWARD - IMAGINED SCENARIO:

Lucky climbs the tall director's chair with too much effort. The chair wobbles. Lucky topples backward in dramatic slow motion.

SNAP BACK TO REALITY.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Nope, not today.

He turns away fast.

Next: a row of white plastic catering chairs.

He eyes one.

FLASHBACK:

33 EXT. FILM SET - LUNCH TENT - DAY

33

A sunny lunch hour. Lucky sits down - SNAP! The chair disintegrates beneath him.

Everyone at the table freezes mid-bite. One guy drops his sandwich in slow motion.

LUCKY (V.O.)

Not again. Nope. Never again.

BACK TO PRESENT.

34 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - EVENING

34

He turns away again.

Finally: a sturdy-looking wooden chair tucked in the corner.

He gives it a little test tap. Solid. Good.

Lucky sits with a satisfied huff - just as FRANKIE enters with 2 bottles of water. She clocks the scene with a wry smile.

FRANKIE

Lucky.

She hands him a water. He reaches from the chair for it. CRACK. SNAP. WHOOMP. The chair collapses like a trapdoor.

Lucky hits the ground - stunned, sprawled, humiliated and covered in water. Silence.

He groans. A beat. Then from behind a wall-

SET BUILDER

Oh no! That was the breakaway chair for the kitchen scene gag!

(rushing in)

Man, I'm so sorry. That one's rigged to implode.

The guy helps Lucky up, brushing sawdust off him. He returns with a serious-looking padded chair with reinforced legs.

SET BUILDER (CONT'D)

Here. This one could hold a motorcycle.

LUCKY

I identify with that. Thanks.

Lucky sits - finally safe. He exhales. Frankie watches, thoughtful.

FRANKIE

You okay?

LUCKY

I've had worse.

Frankie laughs, then studies him - something just clicked in her mind.

FRANKIE

You know what that was?

LUCKY

Public humiliation?

FRANKIE

Tone. The absurdity. The tension. The humanity. The audience laughed – then they winced – then they felt bad for laughing. That's your show. It's not just about being big. It's about being misunderstood in a world that was never calibrated for you. This show is about balance – between tragedy and comedy, between absurdity and empathy.

LUCKY

Balance. That was my dad's favorite word. He used to say it's the secret to life – how you love, how you work, how you treat people. He wasn't a big guy, but he understood my struggle better than anyone. He taught me how to laugh without hurting anyone... and how to carry pain without handing it to someone else.

FRANKIE

I think that's what this show should feel like. Balanced. Honest. Big-hearted and weird as hell – like life. It's about turning ignorance into insight, pain into perspective and bigotry into empathy – through comedy."

Lucky is quiet. He hadn't thought of it that way. Frankie sits next to him.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You're not here to prove you belong. You're here to invite people in. To say, "This is what it's like to walk around in my shoes." And maybe – they'll look at their own lives a little differently. Not just about size. About all of our differences.

LUCKY

Or at least finally realize airplane seats are a crime.

FRANKIE

Exactly. You make them laugh first.  
Then think. Then laugh again.  
That's how you shift something.

LUCKY

It's a comedy of survival.

FRANKIE

No - it's comedy as survival.  
And if we do this right, they won't  
be laughing at you - they'll be  
laughing with you. While checking  
their own blind spots.

Lucky takes this in. It's the first time someone's framed it  
this clearly.

LUCKY

So we aim for funny...  
but land on empathy?

FRANKIE

If we're lucky.  
(beat)

LUCKY

Hey. That's me.

They both smile - real, wry, and a little battle-worn. Shay  
stands in the corner, she's heard the whole thing.

SMASH CUT TO:

35

INT. EXECUTIVE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

35

The mood is sterile. A long polished table. Floor-to-ceiling  
windows overlook a sleeping city. MR. BROWN sips a whiskey,  
jacket off, sleeves crisp. EXECUTIVE #1 (young, anxious)  
scrolls through emails on a tablet. EXECUTIVE #2 (older,  
exhausted but sharper than he lets on) flips through printed  
dailies.

On a nearby screen: recorded surveillance footage. Lucky has  
just broken the chair from previous scene, sitting in the  
debris.

EXECUTIVE #1

They're moving fast. Script's are  
ahead of schedule. Costume are  
being designed in an inspired pace.

EXECUTIVE #2

The writers are... unusually cohesive. That room should've melted down by now. We literally just pulled unemployed writers from the local coffee shop

MR. BROWN

(sips)

Sometimes chaos attracts order. Just long enough to trick you.

(beat)

But let's not pretend this show's built to last. It's a... placeholder. Something to point at when they ask what we're doing after the Wade disaster.

EXECUTIVE #1

Stew seems pretty invested.

MR. BROWN

Let people feel like they're building something. That's good for morale.

EXECUTIVE #1

And if it accidentally becomes good? That'd be good for the studio.

MR. BROWN

No, Then we recalibrate. Quietly.

(beat)

Till then, no need to overspend. Let's keep the... ambition in check. Pull a few levers. Test the seams.

(leans in)

You don't need to cut the wires. Just shake the table and let gravity work.

EXECUTIVE #2

Smart. Death by scheduling.

They all share a quiet, polished chuckle.

MR. BROWN

Let them dream. We'll be here when they wake up.

He raises his glass. A toast to control. Executive #1 seems apprehensive in buying into all this.

The monitor shows lucky now alone on stage after his meeting with Frankie. He stands there motionless almost like a freeze frame. Then—quietly—Lucky blinks. A freeze-frame that isn't quite frozen. He looks up toward the security camera, his face wavers. Like he senses something.

36

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

36

Lucky isn't actually looking at the security camera, but rather the bright lights that hang from the ceiling. The stage lights are suddenly turned off around him. Though the lights have been turned off, the bulbs glow and turn into bright embers of fire and rain down onto Lucky.

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE.**