

HOLLY WOULDN'T

Written by

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Based on a hyperbolic version of the truth

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HOLLY WOULDN'T - PILOT "HOT TOTTIE-LATES"

FADE IN

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM (LAX AIRPORT) - AFTERNOON

A sharp-tongued Italian/Jew, HOLLY SIEGEL, late 20's, is hurriedly crushing a cigarette butt on her high heel, through automatic doors.

A SUITCASE rounds a creaky conveyor circle. The luggage tag reads Holly Siegel.

An ornery crowd of business singles, arm-in-arm twosomes and fragmented families wait - patiently. Every single person looks down at some device or digital apparatus.

HOLLY

Wait, wa- wait wait wait!

Holly pummels through a linked twosome to retrieve the suitcase. One half of twosome, a young HIPSTER with a poorly-grown mustache waits for her to look at him.

HIPSTER

You do know it goes around again  
right?

HIPSTER'S OTHER HALF

(to Hipster)  
Don't be confrontational

Holly ignores them both. She manhandles her luggage. A PACK OF PARLIAMENT LIGHTS falls to the floor.

HIPSTER

I said you do know it goes around  
again, right?

HOLLY

Listen. I chose to ignore you for  
your own benefit. I just got off a  
red eye knee deep in nicotine  
withdrawal. If I answered you I  
would have told you that when you  
live west of Brooklyn, the mustache  
looks stupid.

Hipster pets his face, like a ferret.

HIPSTER

I live in Bed Stuy.

HOLLY

Then I take it back. No matter  
where you live it looks stupid.

HIPSTER'S OTHER HALF

(to Holly)

You are just so overwrought right  
now. So. Overwrought. So full of  
angst. And "RAWRRR." Oh dear, you  
are in need of some cleansing. DO  
you do Pilates?

Holly chokes on a laugh.

HIPSTER'S OTHER HALF (CONT'D)

Here take my card.

HOLLY

Oh that won't be necessary.

HIPSTER'S OTHER HALF

I insist.

HOLLY

But I won't use it.

HIPSTER'S OTHER HALF

That's okay. No one here does.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD

(o.s.)

Miss?

The three turn from awkward business card peddling. An  
AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD is stomping out a small OPEN FIRE on  
the carpet fringes.

AIRPORT SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Was this your cigarette?

INT. HERTZ RENTAL CAR (LAX AIRPORT) - ONE HOUR LATER

Holly is at the way back of a long line. No one is irritated  
by the line but her.

INT. HERTZ RENTAL CAR - EVEN LATER

Holly has made it to the front of the line. Two associates continue a conversation among themselves as though there are no customers.

HOLLY

Really?

ASSOCIATE ONE

(through continuous smile)

Hi. Will you be getting liability insurance on your vehicle today?

HOLLY

I don't even know what that means. I haven't driven a car in ten years. Do I need it?

ASSOCIATE ONE

Oh I see. We are just doing our due diligence to inform you of your options.

HOLLY

But you didn't.

ASSOCIATE ONE

Didn't what Ma'am?

HOLLY

Inform me of my options.

ASSOCIATE ONE

So you decline?

HOLLY

Yep.

ASSOCIATE ONE

Can we offer you personal automotive insurance?

HOLLY

Are you serious?

EXT. PARKING LOT EXIT BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Holly rolls down the window. A man, late 50s, reads "HUSTLER Magazine" undeterred.

HOLLY  
(to booth attendee)  
Excuse me. Can you tell me how to  
start heading toward the valley?

BOOTH MAN  
On purpose?

Booth Man gets a kick out of his own joke and then turns the  
magazine sideways.

HOLLY  
Yes. (Beat) I'm a pornstar.

BOOTH MAN  
Well look-y here. I haven't seen  
you, that's for sure. You must be  
in categories I don't watch.

HOLLY  
(under breath)  
As if there are any of those.

Booth Man sets the magazine aside and curls his arm on the  
ledge, interested.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
The directions...

BOOTH MAN  
Okay you're gonna wanna take the  
405 past the 10 and the 110 to the  
101. Prob-ly get off on Ventura.

HOLLY  
What's the the's? Why is  
everything a the? What is with all  
the math here? The number this, the  
number that. Is there a direction  
as in East or West, North, South?

Booth man has already lost attention. He pulls the  
centerfold from his magazine.

BOOTH MAN  
You know her?

Booth Man turns the un-accordion-folded magazine to Holly.

HOLLY  
Yes, she slept over last night. We  
had a pillow fight. Thanks for the  
directions.

Holly rolls up the window and lights a cigarette. She flicks her first ash next to the No Smoking sign in the car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - ONE HOUR LATER

Holly bangs her head on her steering wheel. She is stuck in traffic, chain smoking. Her stomach GROWLS. She BLARES her horn.

INT. PIZZA PLACE - LATER

A PIZZA MAN, Mexican-descent, 40's, is shimmying a PIZZA from the stove onto a WOODEN BOARD. He maneuvers it onto a silver circle and turns to tend to the customers.

PIZZA MAN

Yes. What can I get for you?

HOLLY

One small pie.

PIZZA MAN

A what?

HOLLY

A pie.

PIZZA MAN

Do I look like some kind of bakery?

HOLLY

Whatever. Pizza. I want pizza.

**EXT. PIZZA PLACE - MINUTES LATER**

Holly walks out with two boxed slices, bites the first and spits it back into the box.

HOLLY

You can't be serious California.

Three SCIENTOLOGISTS, one MALE and two FEMALE, stand outside the pizza place with CLIPBOARDS and BROCHURES.

MALE SCIENTOLOGIST

Would you like to participate in our free evaluation?

FEMALE SCIENTOLOGIST  
Have you ever heard of Dianetics?

SECOND FEMALE SCIENTOLOGIST  
We can really hone in on your  
reactive mind, any negative  
emotions you might be harboring.

Holly takes the other slice of pizza and face plants it onto  
the clipboard.

HOLLY  
My negative emotions are not  
harbored. I'm very in touch with  
them.

INT. RENTAL CAR (SHERMAN OAKS) - HALF AN HOUR LATER

Holly holds a piece of paper up with an ADDRESS and picture  
of a Spanish-style building on it. She pans the street and  
realizes every building looks exactly the same.

HOLLY  
(to herself)  
Soooo, the one with the stucco,  
balcony and palm trees.

Holly exits the car and pulls her luggage out. She piles  
bags onto suitcases and clumsily pushes them down the block.

EXT. - APARTMENT BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Holly pushes an intercom button. A BUZZ and then LOUD MUSIC  
is heard through the intercom.

HOLLY  
Ha-Hello

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)  
Yea, hey!

Laughter fills the intercom.

HOLLY  
Hi hello? This is Holly. Siegel.  
I was meeting you for the keys to  
the apartment swap. I'm a little  
late but-

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)  
Yea right on.

HOLLY  
Right on what?

Holly looks around. A BUZZER sounds loud and long.

EXT. - APARTMENT COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Holly trudges her bags past a clear pool with adjacent apartments. She is smiling for the first time. It's as though Los Angeles finally did something right.

HOLLY  
(to herself)  
Okay Melrose Place circa 1993. I'm  
with ya.

EXT. - APARTMENT 1B DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Holly KNOCKS and waits. She knocks again. ROCK MUSIC is blasting from inside.

HOLLY  
Hellllooooo

Holly hears MOANING and loud ORGASMIC NOISES.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
Really?

Holly trudges to the pool with her luggage. She props her tote bag like a pillow and lays her head down.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING COURTYARD - DAWN

Holly half wakes, opens one eye and wipes drool from her mouth. She is still sleeping by the pool.

EXT. - APARTMENT 1B DOOR - MORNING

Holly is about to knock on the door when MARC ZANE, 26, opens it instead. Marc is Bohemian-ly attractive, messy and smiles like a kid in trouble.

MARC  
Oh, hello there.

HOLLY  
Hello there?

MARC

That's what I said.

HOLLY

Cmon, how old are you?

MARC

Twenty-six.

HOLLY

(a hard huff)

Yes, well, I'm Holly. The same Holly subletting your apartment. I start a brand new job today. We spoke about this for I don't know, weeks?

MARC

Yes. Hi!

HOLLY

Right. Hi. We also spoke last night. On your intercom. You were buzzing me in, right before you decided to get laid. So, I, your house guest, just spent the night poolside.

MARC

Poolside's nice.

HOLLY

Is there something clinically wrong with you?

MARC

Probably.

HOLLY

Poolside is nice when you're tanning. I was hoping this apartment sublet was for an actual apartment.

MARC

Look, I get it. But for the record, I was like, in the middle, when you buzzed. So then it was like awkward to stop and let you in and then try to figure out how to politely leave the room and then-

HOLLY

Enough. I have to be in suit like twenty minutes ago. A business suit, not a bathing suit in case you are confused. See, because I slept by a pool and that may throw you off.

MARC

See I thought someone was sleeping by the pool, I just thought it was a homeless chick.

HOLLY

And then where did the polite girl on your intercom go?

MARC

Maybe the courtyard bum scared off the polite intercom girl?

HOLLY

Okay. I assume you're leaving soon?

MARC

You're funny! Just relax.

Holly takes a deep breath. Just as she begins to look calmer, a girl walks up behind Marc completely naked.

NAKED GIRL

Marky! Why is the homeless lady at your door?

INT. - COFFEE SHOP - HOURS LATER

Holly is in a tailored suit waiting in line. The baristas move exaggeratedly slow and carry on internal conversation.

BARISTA

Hello! What can I get your morning started with today to make it a good morning?

HOLLY

Um. Yea. I'll just take a large coffee.

BARISTA

Oh my God, are you from New York? Can you say it again?

HOLLY  
Say what?

BARISTA  
Ya know. (Giggles) Caw-fee.

SECOND BARISTA  
(clapping)  
Aaah! I love it! Caw-fee. Cawwww-  
fee. Again again.

BARISTA  
I hear people from New York are  
like so mean. Is that true?

HOLLY  
Look, I need to get to work. I'm  
sure these other fine patrons need  
to get to work as well.

CUSTOMER BEHIND HOLLY  
Nope. Screenwriter.

Holly pans the two-top tables that line the room.

SEATED CUSTOMER 1  
Screenwriter.

SEATED CUSTOMER 2  
Screenwriter.

SEATED CUSTOMER 3  
Screenwriter.

HOLLY  
Does anyone here have a job? That  
they need to be at?

Holly retrieves her change and coffee and walks out.

EXT. - PARKING LOT - "BRIGHT RAINED MEDIA" (STUDIO CITY) -  
DAY

Holly pulls between two cars. One LICENSE PLATE reads  
IMACELEB and the other reads SHOWBIZ1.

HOLLY  
(to herself)  
Oh, you're a celeb alright. You  
and show biz one are quite special.

INT. - "BRIGHT RAINED MEDIA" OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Holly is waiting for a BUSTY BLOND RECEPTIONIST to look at her. The receptionist is ignoring the phone as it rings and reads lines of a script to herself instead.

HOLLY

Excuse me, sorry to er, bother you.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, I'm not the receptionist.

HOLLY

Oh. Sorry. Well, my name is Holly Siegel and I am starting today-

RECEPTIONIST

You'll have to tell the receptionist.

HOLLY

Well, do you know where I might find the receptionist?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh you totally fell for it! See, I AM the receptionist.

HOLLY

Look at that!

RECEPTIONIST

But I'm in character right now. A zombie hooker, so ya know, I can't act like real me.

HOLLY

That's lovely. Okay so how do I explain this? See, real live me, Holly, is real live late. How would I tell zombie hooker, you, to tell the receptionist, (whispers) whomever that might be, to buzz the boss?

RECEPTIONIST

(snorts)

Duh. I can tell myself.

HOLLY

Right.

Holly walks to the lobby couch. The entire lobby is filled with creative art sculptures in glass casings.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Right brained. I getcha.

Holly thumbs through a book.

RECEPTIONIST  
 (in phone)  
 Mr. Simmons? You don't know who  
 this is, but someone named Holly  
 Siegel is-. Yes. Great.

She hangs up. Holly gives her a death stare.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
 (to Holly)  
 You can head back. They're all in  
 the morning meeting. Just around  
 the bend, first room on your right.  
 I think.

HOLLY  
 Thanks.

INT. - MEETING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A LONG WOOD SLAB with mismatched chairs along the perimeter serves as a conference table and seats nine colleagues, all in shorts, Khackis, flip flops, spaghetti strap dresses and tank tops. A salt-and-peppered haired man, JACK SIMMONS, 43, is the only one standing. He enthusiastically uses a WHITEBOARD. A CHIHUAHUA stares from the corner of the room.

JACK SIMMONS  
 Yes that's all fine and well but  
 how do you expect one campaign to  
 pop over the next if they use  
 identical branding?

FEMALE COLLEAGUE  
 You just have to see the trees for  
 the forest.

JACK SIMMONS  
 It's forest for the trees.

FEMALE COLLEAGUE  
 Whatever.

Holly stands awkwardly overdressed in a suit.

HOLLY  
 (clears throat)  
 Sorry, the er, receptionist said-

JACK SIMMONS  
 Ms. Siegel. We're just wrapping up  
 our Monday morning meeting. Have a  
 seat, absorb. Don't mind Widget,  
 she's harmless.

Holly looks at the dog then pulls a chair between two people  
 that look her age: LILA FRANCE and CHRIS VETNOR. Lila is  
 the quintessential California type, holistic. She peels the  
 skin of an UNKNOWN FRUIT during the meeting. A YOGURT  
 PARFAIT is in front of her. Her pencils are sharpened to a  
 point. Chris is half awake and wearing a "Sonic Youth" t-  
 shirt with a bow tie.

LILA  
 (to Holly)  
 Persimmon?

HOLLY  
 What? No.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 (to room)  
 I apologize for being late, I am  
 just-

JACK SIMMONS  
 Noooo worries. It happens.

JACK SIMMONS (CONT'D)  
 (to room)  
 As I was telling everyone, I have  
 hired a replacement for Sue out of  
 New York. Holly here is a spitfire  
 of a copywriter and will make an  
 uber amazing addition to our  
 family. Everyone, behave.

Jack shoots a look at Chris, who is now awake.

CHRIS  
 (to Holly)  
 Hey do you have any friends in New  
 York in need of any green?

HOLLY  
 People still smoke pot?

CHRIS  
 I hope so. Or I don't have a job.

HOLLY

Don't you work here?

Chris laughs. A KNOCK comes at the door. It's the non receptionist receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Simmons, I have to go. I have an audition.

JACK SIMMONS

Jaden. I am thrilled you have an audition. But I need my phones covered until 5 PM. It is almost 10 AM. See where that causes an issue?

JADEN

I know, I know. I feel super bad but this is for a lead and honestly, I really don't want to work here anyway. My mom said I need the benefits.

CHRIS

That woulda been a good time to use your acting chops Jaden!

JACK SIMMONS

Okay, well if you leave, don't bother coming back tomorrow.

JADEN

Because you totally think I'm gonna get it. Like the secret? Are you willing me the part right now?

JACK SIMMONS

Let me rephrase that. You don't have to come back at all.

JADEN

Sweet!

Mr. Simmons continues the meeting without missing a beat.

HOLLY

It's probably not my place, but I think she is really leaving.

JACK SIMMONS

Third one this month.

INT. - "RIGHT BRAINED MEDIA" OFFICE CUBICLES - ONE HOUR LATER

Holly is at Lila's heels, rounding the cubicles and concluding a tour of the office.

LILA

We also have a de-stress room in the back. It promotes a healthier work environment.

HOLLY

Who's hairbrained idea was that?

LILA

Mine.

HOLLY

Oh.

CUT TO:

A MAN IS DOING YOGA IN A TINY ROOM IN THE BACK WHILE A GIRL BEHIND HIM MOVES SLOWLY WITH A SHEER SCARF.

INT. - "RIGHT BRAINED MEDIA" OFFICE CUBICLES - CONTINUOUS

HOLLY

I still don't get it.

LILA

It's quite nice. You can just go in there and just breathe.

HOLLY

Oh I don't breathe.

LILA

Sorry?

HOLLY

Yea I don't like breathing any more than I have to.

Holly and Lila reach the office kitchen. Chris is pouring himself a cup of coffee.

INT. - "RIGHT BRAINED MEDIA" KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

Ladies. Coffee?

Lila walks to a drawer filled with tea varieties instead.  
Chris leans on the wall in no rush to go back to work.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Did you guys know that coffee  
enemas are like super healthy for  
you?

Holly puts the cup down she was about to pour.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm serious! They are dope. Work  
like a charm too.

LILA  
Well I'm not thirsty anymore.  
Holly?

HOLLY  
I'm good.

LILA  
(to Chris)  
You're a jerk.

CHRIS  
(to Lila)  
Did you tell her about the 5  
o'clock game yet?

HOLLY  
What's the 5 o'clock game?

LILA  
That's just Chris's name for people  
who work late.

CHRIS  
Oh my God it is so much more than  
that. So everyone here plays this  
waiting game at 5. No one wants to  
be the first to leave so they out-  
wait each other. It's funny as  
Hell.

LILA  
It's not that bad.

CHRIS  
Not that bad? Holly, people will  
literally get up to go and then  
pretend they were just going to the  
copier instead.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

They grill each other the second a chair moves backwards.

HOLLY

I'm used to working until like 7.

LILA AND CHRIS

(in unison)  
Seven?!

HOLLY

Sometimes later.

CHRIS

Well, then you'll totally win the 5 o'clock game. I lose like everyday.

Lila and Holly exit the kitchen. Chris stays.

INT. - HOLLY'S NEW DESK - LATER

Holly is exhaling vapor from an ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE. No one at "Bright Rained" smokes. Her phone RINGS. She ducks to finish her exhale, then comes back up to answer it.

HOLLY

(with trepidation)  
This is Holly.

LILA

Would you want to come with me tonight to hot yoga? It might help you center.

HOLLY

Center what?

Holly pulls on her fake cigarette.

LILA

Yourself.

HOLLY

No thanks. I feel centered. Front and centered. I don't like yoga. Or yogurt for that matter.

LILA

No worries.

HOLLY

Yea.

Holly hangs up the phone. It rings again immediately.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Hello?

LILA

Is it just yoga?

Holly drops her head down to the desk in frustration. She keeps speaking in this position.

HOLLY

Is what just yoga?

LILA

Because I have hot-tottie-lates on Thursday. It's like Pilates. But hot and with amazing tea.

Holly perks up a bit.

HOLLY

Wait like whiskey? A hot tottie is- Nevermind. No. I'm not really an exerciser.

LILA

No worries.

HOLLY

Great.

LILA

I know I love you too.

HOLLY

Wait what? C'mon. Is that some spiritual LA hang up the phone with peace mambo jambo?

Lila giggles. She has the phone off the extension. Holly rounds the cube to hers. Lila is on VIDEO FACETIME with a MALE.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay. Totally thought you were talkin' to me. I guess this is less weird.

She spins around to leave.

LILA

Oh! Ha, no! This is Stan. Say hi Stan.

STAN  
 (on video)  
 Hiiiiiii

HOLLY  
 Hi?

LILA  
 Stan is my boyfriend. We stay on  
 video chat all day. It really  
 helps strengthen our relationship.  
 He feels like a part of my work  
 environment and vice versa.

HOLLY  
 Wait you're being serious.

Lila is blowing kisses at her screen. Holly takes a drag  
 from the fake cigarette, it is out of fumes. She tosses it  
 in a wastebasket. Another colleague walks by.

OTHER COLLEAGUE  
 (to computer on Lila's  
 desk)  
 Hey Stan.

INT. JACK SIMMONS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack Simmons is putting golf in his office. He has panoramic  
 windows overlooking Studio City. He is mentally willing  
 himself on the green. There is a KNOCK at his door. He  
 throws the club under his desk.

JACK SIMMONS  
 (startled)  
 Come in!

Holly enters his office, charging.

HOLLY  
 Mr. Simmons, I quit. I'm sorry.  
 This place just isn't for me. LA,  
 not the job. I-

JACK SIMMONS  
 No worries.

HOLLY  
 (fuming)  
 See. That's just it. I worries.  
 Holly worries. Doesn't anyone  
 around here worry about anything?

JACK SIMMONS

I beg your pardon.

HOLLY

Doesn't it get old? The whole passive aggressive (uses air quotes) "no worries," yoga and tea land?

JACK SIMMONS

Doesn't your negative, half-empty, over caffeinated, over-analyzed world get old to you Ms. Siegel?

There is a taken aback BEAT.

HOLLY

I-

JACK SIMMONS

Look, if you don't want to be here, I'm not going to stop you. Jaden left this morning. We got our phones covered didn't we? Not everyone can hack it in LA.

HOLLY

With all due respect sir, it isn't that I can't hack it.

JACK SIMMONS

Isn't it?

Holly is frozen.

HOLLY

Fine. I want my job back.

JACK SIMMONS

I can't do that. Company policy.

HOLLY

But-

JACK SIMMONS

Relax! I'm only kidding. Remember how passive aggressive we are?

Jack winks.

HOLLY

I'm a New Yorker. We can hack anything.

JACK SIMMONS  
We shall see Ms. Siegel.

Holly turns and exits the office like a well tantrumed-out child.

JACK SIMMONS (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Well played Jack, well played.

He retrieves his putter from under his desk.

CLOSE UP on COLLEGE DEGREE on JACK SIMMONS' WALL FROM NYU.

INT. - "RIGHT BRAINED MEDIA" OFFICE CUBICLES - (5:00 PM)

Holly is busy reading a pile of papers. She hears whispering. Across the way, she sees TIM THE ACCOUNTANT swirl his chair around and mouth something diagonally over to Chris.

CHRIS  
Nope. Not me. I'm just going to the bathroom. Why you headed out?

TIM  
Nah. I have all this here to do still. You know how that goes. 'Nother late night.

ALEX, the girl in the cube next to Jim, begins to get up from her chair.

CHRIS  
You leaving for the day Alex?

She sits back down.

ALEX  
Me? Oh no I was just fixing my skirt. Why are you outta here?

HOLLY  
Oh for Christ's sake. I'm leaving!  
Have a good night everyone.

EXT. - PARKING LOT OF RIGHT BRAINED MEDIA - DUSK

Holly is sitting in the rental car scribbling on POST IT NOTES. She exits the car and affixes on to the both windows of the vanity-plated vehicles.

CLOSE UP on POST IT NOTES.

Each reads: Vanity Plates are Juvenile

Lila is walking out of the building.

HOLLY

Lila!

Lila turns surprised.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Count me in for hot-tottie-lates.  
I'm interested in this tea they  
have there.

LILA

Oh you are going to love it! The  
tea is magnificent. It really  
makes the whole experience.

HOLLY

I bet it does.

LILA

All that sweat and good energy.

HOLLY

(under her breath)  
And bourbon.

LILA

What?

HOLLY

Oh nothing.

EXT. - APARTMENT 1B DOOR - LATER

Holly is standing at the door of 1B, still having not received her own set of keys. Marc answers in a towel.

HOLLY

So before you leave, I just wanted  
to get my keys and say I'm sorry we  
got off on the wrong foot.

MARC

Yea, about that.

HOLLY

What?

MARC

It's minor really. My project fell through, so I'm not leaving. But you can still stay here. We can be like roomies.

HOLLY

There's no way

MARC

I won't even charge you. I feel terrible.

HOLLY

Do you even have two bedrooms?

MARC

I'll take the couch.

HOLLY

I can't make you sleep on the couch in your own house.

MARC

Why not? I had an ex once that made me do it every night. Besides, I can't very well make you sleep on my couch.

HOLLY

So now what?

MARC

We can share the bed.

HOLLY

No.

Marc laughs.

MARC

It was worth a shot. Why don't you just come in and we'll figure it out as we go. How long can it take you to find a place?

HOLLY

How should I know.

Holly walks inside the apartment.

MARC

Why don't you start by telling me what you do.

HOLLY

Why don't you start by putting clothes on.

MARC

Fair trade.

HOLLY

I'm a copywriter.

Holly is surveying the apartment and doesn't notice that Marc dropped his towel and started dressing right there.

MARC

(o.c.)

A girl who's not an actress! Are you for real?

HOLLY

No really I'm an actress who plays a copywriter.

Holly is looking at pictures in Marc's picture frames, still oblivious.

MARC

I'd believe it!

HOLLY

After today, so would I.

MARC

So you moved here just because of work?

She turns and sees him half naked. Her cell phone is vibrating. She looks at the screen uncomfortably and sees the name KYLE.

HOLLY

Something like that.

THE END

