

FADE IN

TITLE:

"Once upon a time... in Los Angeles"

CUT TO:

EXT. A BUSY SECTION OF WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Opening credits over:

HOLLY SOMERS, 28, charges through a CROWD OF PEDESTRIANS, all dressed professionally. SHE balances a briefcase, a purse, an Evian bottle, a trench coat, and a stack of notecards, which she manages to flip through even as she's walking.

Too bookish to be called beautiful, HOLLY is a girl who never knew she was pretty. SHE walks very quickly, so rapt in the notes she's reviewing that she only looks up in spurts.

Suddenly, AARON SALINGER, a ruggedly handsome movie star, 31 years old, comes charging out of a building, followed by AN AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN in a CIA jacket.

AARON

Damnit, Harris. Let's get this building evacuated!

HOLLY looks up, startled, as SHE SLAMS right into AARON and knocks him over. Everything tumbles from her arms and scatters around them.

WOMAN DIRECTOR

Cut! Damnit!

HOLLY

(helping Aaron up)

Oh, my God, I'm so sorry. I didn't see you.

MOANS and GRUNTS escape from the crowd around HOLLY, as EVERYONE stops walking and MEN IN JEANS AND BASEBALL CAPS start scurrying around.

AARON

Um, that's all right.

AARON looks around questioningly. WHO THE HELL is this woman? Nevertheless, HE starts picking up her stuff.

HOLLY

Oh, my notes! I'm such a klutz. I...

SHE suddenly recognizes him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. You look just like Aaron Salinger.

AARON

(to director)

Sally, who the hell is this?

SALLY

I don't know.

(shouting at Holly through
megaphone)

Lady, who the hell are you?

HOLLY

I'm Holly. Who the hell are you?

HOLLY finally notices CAMERAS and CREW MEMBERS. A fake mailbox next to HOLLY and AARON starts moving, as A MAN picks it up and carries it out of the shot.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(to mailbox)

Oh, my God!

SALLY

(through megaphone)

Get off my set!

AARON hands HOLLY back her coat and several scattered notecards. ALL THE PEOPLE around them, who are actually EXTRAS, have stopped walking. THEY sit down right on the cement and start smoking. One of the lights burns out, changing the color of everything.

HOLLY

Oh, my God!

HOLLY is frozen in bewilderment. Suddenly, nothing is real!

HOLLY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you people doing?

AARON

We're shooting a film.

HOLLY

Oh. Oh, God. I ruined it, didn't I? I ruined the whole thing.

AARON

(handing her more notecards)

Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY

No, it's my fault. I've ruined everything.

AARON

Really, we've been shooting the same scene all day. Once more won't kill anybody.

HOLLY

Oh, you're so nice.
(noticing blood on his chin)
You're hurt!

AARON

It's make-up.

HOLLY

Right. Of course.

SALLY

Who let this psycho on my set?

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry, we thought she was an extra.

SALLY

(approaching with megaphone)
Out! Get out of here!

HOLLY

Okay, I'm going. You don't have to yell.

HOLLY checks herself to see if SHE's got everything. AARON smiles at her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(to Aaron)

Nice to meet you. Sorry I ruined your movie.

AARON

That's all right.

SALLY is getting closer.

SALLY

(still shouting through
megaphone)
Security!

HOLLY

I'm going. I'm going! You're so mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY continues to walk, looking at the buildings. SHE stops, realizing SHE'S in front of the building she was headed to.

SHE turns back and SALLY starts putting the megaphone back up to her lips.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
It's all right. Don't yell! I'm just
going in here.
(to extras in the doorway)
Excuse me, please.

SHE sneaks one last look at AARON, who's still watching her. HE waves goodbye. SHE waves back, dropping her Evian bottle.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry. Excuse me.

SHE picks it back up and smiles at the EXTRAS in the doorway, who are now all watching her like she's a freak show.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Be careful, they're shooting a
movie.

SHE goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL AM RADIO STATION STUDIO - LATER

HOLLY sits in front of BOB, the DJ, an aging hippy in a "Save the whales" T-shirt, and A WOMAN INTERVIEWER in her forties named Marie, who's dressed like a librarian.

HOLLY looks awkward as she adjusts her headset and leans into the microphone.

MARIE
Our guest today is Holly Somers, author
of the new book on Egyptian art and its
influence on Greek culture.

HOLLY
Um, actually, Marie, it's Etruscan art.
And Italian culture.

MARIE
Right. So sorry. And what interested you
in this topic, Holly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

(looking at notes)

Well, I was working on my MFA at Stanford and looking for areas of art history, as it relates to anthropology, which I felt were insufficiently explored in modern criticism...

BOB

Plus those little nudie statues are kinda cute.

BOB laughs at his own joke. MARIE laughs politely.

HOLLY

(unsure how to react)

Um, well, actually, Bob, nude sculptures from the Etruscan era only represented the most basic reproductive elements of the feminine form. They were symbolic, rather than provocative.

BOB stares at her as if to say, "It was a joke, lady."

HOLLY realizes she's being stuffy and starts to squirm. SHE quickly flips through her notes, which are still out of order.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(to herself, but into microphone)

Shit. I mean, um, what?

MARIE

You were telling us, Holly, how you stumbled upon this particular topic.

HOLLY

Yes, well, I had a professor during my undergrad at Harvard, an archeologist, who guided me through the nuances of using sculpture as a barometer of social development.

BOB

(insinuating)

Gave you a personal tour, did he?

HOLLY

Um, that's right. In a purely avuncular capacity, of course.

BOB and MARIE stare at each other. "Avuncular?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

And when I came here to UCLA to further my studies towards a doctorate, I landed upon this particular aspect of Italian history. It's actually a somewhat amusing anecdote...

MARIE

I'm sure it is. Well, I think it's time for a little musical interlude. We'll be back for more stimulating conversation with Holly Somers in just a little while.

BOB starts a jazz record, and the "On the air" sign turns off.

HOLLY sits back and takes a deep breath.

BOB

(to Holly)

You trying to scare off the two listeners we got left?

HOLLY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. It's just the way I talk when I get nervous.

BOB

That's why the good Lord gave us drugs, lady.

MARIE

Oh, Bob, stop teasing her.

BOB

How 'bout I stick to teasing you, huh?

MARIE

(giggling)

Stop it.

BOB is clearly doing something to MARIE under the desk that's making her squirm and giggle. MARIE looks at HOLLY, and becomes serious.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Now, I mean it now, stop it.

BOB

You both just need to get laid, is all.

BOB gets up and starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARIE
(to Holly)
Don't you listen. You're doing just fine.

BOB
I'm going for a smoke.

HOLLY
I'm just a little nervous.

MARIE
No kidding?

HOLLY sighs and rolls her neck.

CUT TO:

INT. GEOFF KLEIN'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a nice but modest Beverly Hills house, clearly needing a woman's touch judging from the lack of furniture and/or art.

HOLLY lets herself in, carrying her briefcase, a plastic bag with a change of clothes, her purse, and a coat. SHE moves frantically throughout this scene.

HOLLY
I'm here!

GEOFF KLEIN is an average looking intelligent guy of about 35 in a tuxedo. When HOLLY enters, HE turns off a Bulls game and stands, ready to leave.

GEOFF
We're late!

HOLLY
We're not late, we're going right now.
I'm ready.

GEOFF
You're not even dressed.

HOLLY
(heading for the guest
bathroom)
I am even dressed. I just need the
dress, the heels, the thong and the
lipstick.

GEOFF
Cool, can I watch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

No.

HOLLY stands in his bathroom with the door open as THEY talk.
SHE strips down to a bra and puts on eye shadow.

GEOFF

What's the matter with you?

HOLLY

I'm a freak. I'm pretentious and hostile
and everybody hates me.

GEOFF

I don't hate you.

HOLLY

You're a freak, too.

GEOFF

(tongue in cheek)
Tough day at the office, honey?

HOLLY

Oh, no, what do you mean? I had a
wonderful day. Let's see, first I ruined
a major motion picture and then, to top
that, I went on the radio and I used the
word "avuncular" in conversation.

GEOFF

Don't be ridiculous. Only pretentious
asses use words like "avuncular" in
conversation.

HOLLY

(putting on blush)
Nobody knew what it meant.

GEOFF

Of course not, it's an archaic word.

HOLLY

(pausing briefly)
You know what it means, right?

GEOFF

Uncle-like.

HOLLY

God bless you. Turn around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEOFF
Come on, I have so few thrills in life.

HOLLY
Geoff.

GEOFF
Turning.

HOLLY
(changing her dress)
Why aren't you taking Sheryl to this thing?

GEOFF
You want the long reason or the short reason?

HOLLY
Short.

GEOFF
She dumped me again.

HOLLY
Shit!

GEOFF
No, I'm okay, really.

HOLLY
I brought two different shoes.

GEOFF
No one will notice.

HOLLY
Why isn't she coming?

GEOFF
She joined a Buddhist cult in Tibet.

HOLLY
(putting on lipstick, dress
still unzipped)
Oh, honey, I'm so sorry.

GEOFF
That's all right, I had it coming. I was
a pretentious ass. Used words like
"avuncular" in conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY
Funny. Zip me.

HE does. SHE starts putting up her hair.

GEOFF
You don't mind coming, do you?

HOLLY
Not if you don't mind being seen with a girl wearing two different shoes, and who can't hold a conversation without being boring and stuffy.

GEOFF
And yet you're strangely charming.

HOLLY
Only to other boring and stuffy people.

GEOFF
Are you calling me boring and stuffy?

HOLLY
You are boring and stuffy.

GEOFF
See, it's comments like that which I find particularly endearing.

HOLLY heads to the living room and grabs her coat. HE follows.

HOLLY
(putting on heels)
No offense. Just do me a favor, okay?
If I say something obnoxious, give me some kind of signal.

GEOFF
Like what?

HOLLY
Like "Pass the salt" or something.

GEOFF
(helping her put coat on)
Very rarely is there salt at these kinds of functions.

HOLLY
Then just kick me under the table, all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GEOFF

Deal.

HOLLY

(ready to go)

See, I told you I was ready to go.

Miraculously, HOLLY looks put together and quite lovely.

GEOFF

Yes, you did. Hold on, I've got something for you.

HE runs into the kitchen.

HOLLY

(shouting after him)

Give it to me later, we're late!

GEOFF returns with a bouquet of yellow roses and hands them to her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(taking them)

What are these?

GEOFF

These are called flowers. Some people like to arrange them in their homes in a decorative fashion.

HOLLY

(quoting Airplane)

But that's not important right now.

GEOFF

You got it.

HOLLY

Why are you handing me flowers?

GEOFF

It's seemed nicer than throwing them at you.

HOLLY

I don't understand.

GEOFF

Jesus, Holly, I saw them in the store and thought they were nice so I thought, Hey, I'll buy Holly some flowers. Won't she be happy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOLLY

Oh. Right. Thank you. They're lovely.

SHE holds them awkwardly. SHE starts to walk to the door, still clutching the flowers.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

It's not my birthday, you know.

GEOFF

Oh, for Pete's sake, would you please stop over-analyzing the flowers? I just thought they were nice.

HOLLY

Right. Let's go.

(laughing)

Gosh. It's like a date or something.

HOLLY suddenly freezes with a terrifying revelation.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(turning to him)

Oh, my God. Is this like a date or something?

GEOFF

Well, you don't have to get quite so disgusted at that thought.

HOLLY

No, I just mean... You know. I just um, wow.

GEOFF

Can we just go?

HOLLY

Yes.

(walking out door)

Oh, you know what. These are gonna die in the car. I'm just gonna throw them in a vase.

GEOFF

Forget it, Holly. Let's just go.

HOLLY

Start the car. I'll be right out!

INT. GEOFF'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

HOLLY enters and quickly reaches for a vase above the fridge, fills it with water and diagonally cuts the stems of the roses with culinary scissors, all at the same time.

SHE sticks the roses in the vase, puts them up by the window, and stares at them.

HOLLY

Shit.

SHE sighs, and runs out to meet GEOFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A NICE HOTEL- NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF THE HOTEL

A sign in front of the ballroom reads:

PETERSON AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE IN FILM

INT. THE BALLROOM

HOLLY AND GEOFF take their seating cards from a table by the door.

HOLLY

When do they do the medals?

GEOFF

Awards.

HOLLY

When do they do the awards?

GEOFF

After dinner.

HOLLY

And which one are you getting?

GEOFF

Biggest shmuck to ever butcher a movie.

HOLLY

No, really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF
(looking for their table)
Excellence in film editing.

HOLLY
Is this the stripper movie?

GEOFF
Mongolian cannibals.

HOLLY
Oh, I liked that one.

GEOFF
Thank you. We're over there.

GEOFF guides HOLLY to a table for eight. TWO OTHER COUPLES are already sitting.

GEOFF knows BOTH THE MEN, but not the WOMEN. THE MEN all greet each other, then introduce their WIVES.

GEOFF
(to a man across the table)
How are you, Mitch?

WOMAN
(to GEOFF)
Nice to meet you.

GEOFF
(to all)
And this is my date, Holly.

HOLLY looks at Geoff, and then at everyone else. "Date?"

HOLLY
Hi, everyone. Nice to meet you.

A MAN and a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE ACTRESS, well-known but not famous, approach the table.

MAN
We're over here, honey.

HOLLY turns to see who it is, and it's AARON SALINGER. HE and his DATE take their seats at her table.

HOLLY gasps as SHE recognizes him.

AARON
Hi, everyone, I'm Aaron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVERYONE
(in unison, as if they didn't
know)
Hi, Aaron.

AARON
You all know Camille, I'm sure.

GEOFF
How are you, Camille?

CAMILLE
Geoff. I didn't know you'd be here.

GEOFF
I'm everywhere you go, Camille.

CAMILLE
(laughing awkwardly)
How funny.

HOLLY is burying her face under a napkin.

GEOFF
This is my date, Holly.

HOLLY pretends to have been sneezing, as a reason for having
the napkin over her face.

HOLLY
(avoiding eye contact)
Hello, nice to meet you.

AARON
Are you...?

HOLLY
Feeling all right? Yes, I'm fine, thank
you.

AARON
I know you.

HOLLY
I doubt it.

AARON
You were on the street today.

HOLLY
No I wasn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AARON
Yes, you were.

HOLLY
That wasn't me.

AARON
What wasn't you?

HOLLY
The woman on the street.

AARON
If you weren't on the street, how did you
know there was a woman?

HOLLY
You just told me there was.

AARON
It was you, I recognize your voice.

HOLLY
This isn't my voice. I have a cold.

GEOFF
Since when?

HOLLY
Just now.

GEOFF
What's the matter with you?

HOLLY
Nothing.

AARON
(to Camille)
She's the one I told you about.

CAMILLE
That was you?

GEOFF
What was you?

HOLLY
Nothing.

GEOFF
What the hell are you all talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WOMAN AT TABLE

I'd like to know. What did she do?

HOLLY

I didn't do anything.

CAMILLE

(to woman)

She disrupted the whole movie set.

GEOFF

You did?

HOLLY

It was an accident.

AARON

It was no big deal.

CAMILLE

It was to Sally.

AARON

Sally's a bitch.

HOLLY

(genuinely touched)

Thank you.

A MASTER OF CEREMONIES taps on the microphone on the stage.

M.C.

Dinner is served. Help yourselves to the buffet.

HOLLY

I'm starved. Let's eat.

SHE grabs her plate WOBBLES to the buffet table on her two different shoes. The OTHERS AT THE TABLE watch her go.

AARON

(to Camille)

Shall we?

HE stands and pulls out her chair, and EVERYONE ELSE follows.

CUT TO:

THE TABLE - LATER

WAITERS clear the plates from the tables and start serving coffee. The table is mid-conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

...He claims it was because he was molested by a priest when he was younger.

HOLLY

He couldn't have thought of something more original?

MITCH

Apparently not.

GEOFF

Perry's an idiot. That's what happens when you drop out of school in the ninth grade.

A FEW OTHERS at the table, including AARON and CAMILLE, freeze. AARON shuffles uncomfortably. It's like a Nazi suddenly sat down at the table.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

What did I say?

AARON

I dropped out of school in the ninth grade.

GEOFF

You did?

MITCH and HIS WIFE both squirm, eyeing GEOFF scornfully.

AARON

Yes, I did.

AARON glances almost unwittingly at HOLLY, who's trying not to look shocked, and then looks back down at the table.

GEOFF

Oh. I'm sorry, Aaron. I had no idea.

AARON

That's all right. I'm very open about it.

GEOFF

Why on earth would you drop out of school in the ninth grade?

AARON

'Cause I come from dirt in Mississippi and it was start working or starve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEOFF

Really?

AARON

Yes, really. There are still people who come from nothing in the world.

GEOFF

Well, I know that.

AARON

I wasn't learning anything, and the teachers made it pretty clear they didn't care if I left, so I did.

HOLLY

Well, hold on, I don't think you can blame teachers for what happened to you.

AARON

Teachers aren't responsible for encouraging children to stay in school?

HOLLY

Do you know how many children most teachers are dealing with? It's a miracle if they can reach one kid a day, you expect them to chase after the ones who aren't even there?

AARON

I expect them to care if those kids are there or not. What are you, a teacher?

HOLLY

I have taught, yes. And my mother's been a grade school teacher for 30 years. And she cares very much what happens to her students, but she can't give individual attention to all of them.

AARON

Look, all I know is the experience I had.

HOLLY

Well, let me ask you this. You're an actor. What if I held you personally responsible for reaching every single person who came to see one of your films?

AARON

I am responsible for every person who sees my films.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY

And so if one person walks out, should I call you a bad actor because you didn't affect that person?

AARON

(for the sake of the others)
Well, the kinds of films I do aren't exactly having profound effects on people.

HOLLY

I disagree. I think you affect people more profoundly than just about anyone. You reach more people with your movies than my mother does in her history class. Or than I ever will with anything I write.

AARON

But like I said, I'm not trying to make people think with my movies.

HOLLY

Well, if you were half as good an actor as my mother is a teacher...

GEOFF

Holly, would you please pass the salt?

HOLLY

There is no salt, Geoff. It's a salt free meal.

(to Aaron)

If you were half as good as she is, then you would care very much about whether or not you're making people think with your films. Maybe you should take a closer look at the material you choose.

Now HOLLY's offended EVERYONE. There's a dull thud as GEOFF kicks her under the table.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Ow!

SHE looks at GEOFF, and HE laughs for EVERYONE ELSE's benefit.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

HOLLY is at the coat check by the door, retrieving hers and Geoff's coats, as GEOFF still talks to SOME PEOPLE by the table.

AARON sneaks away from CAMILLE, who's talking to a very WEALTHY LOOKING OLDER MAN, and approaches HOLLY.

AARON
It's Holly, right?

HOLLY gasps when HE walks up, and then regains her composure.

HOLLY
Yes, hi.

THEY stand quietly for a second, an odd tension between them.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Listen, I am so sorry. I feel like a total asshole.

AARON
No, are you kidding? That was great. You were being honest.

HOLLY
But I did it in a belittling and condescending way, and I embarrassed you in front of everyone.

AARON
Trust me, I'm not embarrassed.

HOLLY
Really?

AARON
I don't get embarrassed.

HOLLY
You're kidding? Can you teach me that trick some time.

AARON
Any time.

HOLLY doesn't know how literally to take this sentence. SHE smiles at him.

AARON (CONT'D)
Would you mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
Would I mind what?

AARON
Um, having dinner with me sometime.

GEOFF looks over from his conversation and nods at HOLLY. HE holds up a finger to indicate "Just a second."

HOLLY
Um...

AARON
(following her gaze)
Or you're with Geoff, aren't you?

HOLLY
No! I mean, no, not... no. We're just friends. Aren't you and Camille...?

AARON
Not really. It's been on and off forever. I just needed a date for tonight.

HOLLY
Right. Um, of cour... Yes, I would love to. Let me give you my number.

HOLLY starts to reach into her purse when SHE is stopped by GEOFF's voice.

GEOFF
You ready to go?

HOLLY
(to Geoff)
Yeah. Um...

SHE looks at AARON, stuck. AARON smiles conspiratorially.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Uh, let me just go to the restroom first.

SHE hands GEOFF his coat.

GEOFF
Sure.
(to Aaron, shaking his hand)
Well, Aaron. Nice to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AARON

You, too. Um, will you excuse me? I'm gonna use the restroom, too.

GEOFF

(catching on)

Oh, I see. Actually, I need to go myself. Why don't I join you?

AARON

Great. Let's all go to the restroom.

HOLLY

Great.

THEY all exit together.

CAMILLE looks around, wondering where AARON went.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY IN FRONT OF RESTROOMS

HOLLY scoots past the MEN and goes into the Ladies' room, while the MEN go in the other door. THEY all LAUGH, awkwardly.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM

HOLLY looks around for something to write on. The hand dryers are all electric. There's no paper towel. SHE starts digging through her purse.

TWO BUSTY ACTRESSES put on make-up at the mirror.

ACTRESS #1

He is so ridiculously hot. I could do him Top Gun style right here on this counter.

ACTRESS #2

Good luck. I didn't know he and Camille got back together.

HOLLY has yanked a piece of toilet paper from a stall. SHE sits on the toilet and tries to write her number on the paper with a lip liner as SHE eavesdrops.

ACTRESS #1

I don't think they did. You know he's just banging her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACTRESS #2
Who isn't? That girl is a regular
McDonalds.

ACTRESS #1
What do you mean?

ACTRESS #2
Billions served.

HOLLY chuckles at the joke, as the lip liner rips right
through the toilet paper.

ACTRESS #2 (CONT'D)
You know she started in porn, right?

ACTRESS #1
No way!

ACTRESS #2
Lily Fandango was her stage name. My ex
told me.

ACTRESS #1
You think he's really back with her?

ACTRESS #2
I don't know. They look pretty cozy. I
think they're together.

The GIRLS stop talking as they put on lipstick.

HOLLY
(from inside stall)
Well, are they or aren't they?!

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY IN FRONT OF RESTROOM

AARON and GEOFF both come out of the restroom.

GEOFF
Well, I'll wait here for Holly.
Goodnight.

AARON
Goodnight.

Looking for a stall tactic:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON (CONT'D)

Hey, um, did you catch the score of the Bulls game by any chance?

GEOFF

Just the first half.

AARON

Oh, yeah? Who was winning?

GEOFF

Bulls, 44- 20.

AARON

Really?

GEOFF

You a Bulls fan?

AARON

Oh, yeah. I mean, not so much since Jordan left, but still...

BOTH MEN look to the Ladies' restroom door, then back to each other.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM

HOLLY comes out of the stall as the ACTRESSES smoke and continue to gossip.

HOLLY

(to the actresses)

Do either of you have a piece of paper?

ACTRESS #1

No, I don't think so.

ACTRESS #2

I have a cigarette.

HOLLY

Anything to write on?

ACTRESS #1

Um, I have a tampon wrapper.

SHE holds up a tampon. HOLLY looks at it, then looks around again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
Anything else.

ACTRESS #1
Can't you use toilet paper?

HOLLY
It keeps ripping.

SHE anxiously looks at the door. Time is running out.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Oh, screw it.
(to Actress #1)
May I please borrow that tampon?

ACTRESS #1
You can just keep it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY IN FRONT OF RESTROOM

GEOFF and AARON are sharing basketball statistics from 1984 when HOLLY comes out.

HOLLY
Well... Oh, look, you're both still here.

GEOFF
Yup, both here. Did you know Aaron was a Bulls fan?

HOLLY
I did not know that, no.

GEOFF
Well, he is.

HOLLY
Fascinating. Well, I'm pretty tired, so...

GEOFF
Yup, let's call it a night. Goodnight, Aaron.

AARON
'Night, Geoff. Holly.

HOLLY shakes AARON's hand, slipping him the tampon wrapper in the process.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

Aaron. It was nice to see you again.

AARON

You, too.

GEOFF puts his arm around HOLLY and leads her away.

AARON looks in his palm and sees that he's holding a tampon wrapper, causing him to flinch involuntarily.

AARON (CONT'D)

(dropping the paper)

Ew!

The paper lands upside down, exposing her number on the other side. HE picks it up, smiling and shaking his head, and heads back in to CAMILLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER

HOLLY and AARON pull into the parking lot in his Porsche Boxster.

CUT TO:

THE GOLF COURSE - LATER

HOLLY and AARON are playing mini golf when TWO YOUNG BOYS rush up, holding a mini-golf brochure and waving it at AARON.

BOYS

(in unison, handing him pen)

Can we have your autograph?

AARON

(taking the pen and brochure)

Sure, sure. Uh, what are your names?

BOY #1

Billy.

BOY #2

Shlomo.

AARON

(laughing involuntarily)

You're kidding?

SHLOMO casts a scornful look at HIS ORTHODOX JEWISH PARENTS, who wave from the next course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHLOMO
(droll)
No, I'm not kidding.

AARON
Oh, okay. Ah, good name.
(writing)
"To Billy and Shl..."

SHLOMO
Shlomo.

AARON
"...Shlomo, here's to a hole in one.
Aaron Salinger." Here you go, guys.

BOYS
(in unison)
Thank you.

THE BOYS run off. AARON smiles at HOLLY and takes his next shot.

HOLLY
You ever get sick of that?

AARON
Are you kidding? That's why I do it.

HOLLY
(taking her shot)
Don't you ever just want to be a normal
guy, playing mini golf?

AARON
Normal's overrated.

HOLLY
That's what they tell me.

AARON
Aren't you normal?

HOLLY
Are you kidding? I'm a freak.

THEY walk to the next course.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I mean, you know, in a good way, of
course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AARON

All right. Let's play a game.

HOLLY

I thought we were playing a game.

AARON

(swinging)

We'll play two games.

HOLLY

What will the second game be?

AARON

We'll play "normal." For the rest of the night, I won't be a movie star. I'll just be a regular guy. In fact, I'll be "Ted."

HOLLY

(swinging)

Okay, "Ted." Well, then, for the rest of the night, I won't be condescending and pedantic.

AARON

What's "pedantic?"

HOLLY

It's a condescending word I use.

AARON

What's it mean?

HOLLY

"Condescending."

AARON

Great. None of that.

HOLLY

Deal.

THEY both putt their balls into the hole and walk to the next course in silence.

AARON (CONT'D)

So, what do normal people talk about?

HOLLY

Um, the weather, I believe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AARON

Really?

HOLLY

Yes, it's a big topic.

AARON

Hot today, wasn't it?

HOLLY

So hot. And sunny, too.

AARON

Yes, well, it's L.A., you know?

HOLLY

Always sunny. It's like paradise on Earth.

AARON

Only not at all.

HOLLY

Only not at all.

AARON

Do normal people tell each other that they look very beautiful?

HOLLY hesitates for a second, not sure if AARON's joking.

HOLLY

Yes, they do. All the time. In fact, it's a ritual dating back to tribal cultures...

AARON gives her a look that says HOLLY's breaking the rules.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Sorry. I didn't... Sorry.

AARON

And do normal people ever make a scene under a Dutch windmill...

HOLLY looks up and sees that they're standing under a miniature Dutch Windmill.

AARON (CONT'D)

...by kissing their date in public?

HOLLY

Um...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HOLLY looks around at the other players, then down at her golf club.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
To be honest, I have no idea what normal people do.

AARON
Would you like to find out?

HOLLY
I would love to. Yes.

AARON leans over and kisses her tenderly. OTHER PLAYERS stop and stare. A few moan. Murmurs of "Oh, that's so sweet," and "She's so lucky."

AARON
You're blushing.

HOLLY
I know. It's very embarrassing. Please don't look.

AARON
It's so cute. You have freckles.

HOLLY
Yes, isn't it adorable?

HOLLY looks away from him, at the course, the other players, anything but him.

AARON
It is. You're so beautiful.

HOLLY
(instinctively)
Shut up.

HOLLY puts her hand over her face, as if to straighten her hair. She's giggling uncontrollably.

AARON
What's so funny?

HOLLY
Nothing.

AARON
Look at me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOLLY

No.

AARON

Are you mad at me?

HOLLY

God, no, I just... It's just funny.

AARON

What's funny?

HOLLY

That you're, you know, you.

AARON

I thought I was Ted.

HOLLY

Oh, okay, Ted.

AARON reaches over and takes her face, turning it toward him.

AARON

Are you crying?

HOLLY

No, I'm laughing. It just looks the same on me.

SHE fumbles in her purse.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

God, I have something in my... I have to go to the bathroom.

SHE hands him her club.

AARON

Are you all right?

HOLLY

Fine. I'm totally fine. I'll be right back.

SHE starts to walk, but quickly adds:

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't disappear or anything, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

AARON
I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF MINI GOLF BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

HOLLY stands behind the building, taking deep breaths, when her cell phone rings.

SHE looks at the caller ID and sees that it's GEOFF. SHE almost doesn't answer it, but the ring tone, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, is annoying passersby.

HOLLY
(answering at the last minute)
Hi.

GEOFF
Can you believe this shmuck?

HOLLY
What?

GEOFF
I haven't heard lines this trite since Reagan was in office.

INTERCUT:

INT. GEOFF'S LIVING ROOM

He's swatting a fly off his pizza.

GEOFF
It's like he's reading them out of a "How to make friends and influence people" book.

RESUME:

EXT. BACK OF MINI GOLF BUILDING

HOLLY
You don't think he's sincere?

GEOFF
Not for a second. That shpiel about America banding together to combat evil forces. Could he be more vague?

HOLLY
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF

State of the Union. What are you talking about?

HOLLY

Nothing. I have to go, I'm in the middle of something.

GEOFF

Oh, you're missing the best part. He's mispronouncing the names of major world leaders.

HOLLY

Really? Which ones? No, actually, you know what, I really have to go.

GEOFF

Call me later.

HOLLY

Fine. Bye.

SHE hangs up and replaces the phone, takes a deep breath, and walks back to meet Aaron.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP NEAR MINI GOLF PLACE- LATER

HOLLY and AARON walk away from the shop and down the street, licking their ice cream cones, in mid-conversation.

AARON

...My real dream is to walk away from it all, buy a house in the south of Spain, and just go fishing every day.

HOLLY

Really? You would just leave everything? What about your career? What about acting?

AARON

Well, let's face it, I'm no Olivier. I mean, you said it yourself, I'm not making great works of art here.

HOLLY

Hey, I didn't mean that. I really didn't. It's important what you do. You make people happy, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON

I'm a grown man playing make-believe. I teach little kids how to blow up cars and fire semi-automatic weapons. How is that important?

HOLLY

Oh, but holing up in a Spanish fishing village for the rest of your life is gonna improve the world? Listen, Charlie Chaplin was just a grown man playing make-believe, and he was considered a genius.

AARON

He was a genius.

HOLLY

The only difference between you and Chaplin is he was using his movies to say something.

AARON

Whereas I just use mine to make money?

HOLLY

You have money. If that's all you wanted, you'd be half-way to Seville by now. I think part of you wants to do more, and I think you should do more. I think it's your social responsibility to do more.

AARON

My social responsibility?

HOLLY

That's right. You know, I could write a thousand books, but they're never gonna reach people the way you do.

AARON

Now, what you write is important.

HOLLY

Oh, please. "The significance of Etruscan art on the formation of ancient Italian society" is important to exactly five white people in New England somewhere, all of whom already knew everything I wrote in that book.

AARON

Then why'd you write it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY

Because that's what you do when you've been in school forever, is you write pretentious books for other overeducated people about things they already know.

AARON

But do you think you're capable of writing something better? Something more original?

HOLLY

I don't know. I mean, yes. Yes, definitely. Always strive to do better.

AARON

So, even though you have a social responsibility to present original ideas to the world, you fall back on what you know you can do easily?

HOLLY is finally, although briefly, speechless.

HOLLY

Did I mention I was a smart ass?

AARON

But a persistent one.

AARON takes HOLLY's ice cream cone wrapper and throws it away for her in a nearby trash can.

HOLLY

You know, you're very well spoken.

AARON

(stiffening)

You mean for someone who dropped out of high school?

HOLLY

No, no I just mean... I'm sorry, that was so rude.

AARON

It's alright. I never said I was stupid. Just didn't finish school. They're not the same thing, you know.

HOLLY

Oh, I know. I didn't mean that. God, shut up, Holly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AARON
And I read a lot.

HOLLY
Me, too.

AARON
Yeah? Hm. You know something?

HOLLY
What?

AARON
I'm glad I ran into you. Twice.

AARON presses a button in his pocket and the Porsche Boxster beeps. HOLLY hadn't realized it, but THEY've made their way back to the parking lot.

THEY get in the car and AARON starts the engine.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - LATER

AARON and HOLLY pull up in the Boxster, stopping in front of the house.

INT. THE CAR

AARON
Well, Freckles... I better get going. I have an early call time. Gotta go blow up some cars, you know.

HOLLY
Right. And I have to go write something pretentious and uninspiring.

AARON
Good. So, that ought to keep us both occupied. Um, I had a great evening.

HOLLY
Me, too.

AARON
You're a real ball-buster, you know that?

HOLLY
Oh, that's just the cover for my vulnerable feminine side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON
I'll call you.

HOLLY
Please do.

HE leans in to kiss her goodnight just as SHE opens her mouth to say something, causing her to accidentally jam her teeth into his nose.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Oh, God, I'm sorry. Sorry.

AARON
It's alright, I'm okay. Goodnight.

SHE gets out of the car, and watches him drive off.

HOLLY
(waving)
Goodnight.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAGAN GIBSON'S HOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT

HOLLY is frantically ringing the doorbell of this nice, Mexican-style West Hollywood house.

Her friend REAGAN GIBSON, a thin woman in her early 30s, is HOLLY's book publisher. SHE answers the door, still sleepy, holding a copy of Anna Karenina.

REAGAN
How was the date?

HOLLY
(letting herself in)
Do you have anything to eat?

REAGAN
You didn't have dinner?

HOLLY
I couldn't eat. I was nervous.

INT. REAGAN'S KITCHEN

HOLLY is digging through the fridge, looking for anything edible. SHE takes out a round container.

HOLLY
What is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAGAN
Organic humus.

HOLLY
For God's sakes, why?

REAGAN
It's good. Dip the pita in it.

HOLLY
(handing the humus back to her)
Please have chocolate.

REAGAN
(reaching into the freezer)
Here.

SHE takes out a container and hands it to HOLLY.

HOLLY
I blew it. I almost bit his nose off.

REAGAN
(handing Holly a spoon)
He didn't like you?

HOLLY
I talk too much. I always talk too much.

HOLLY tries to scoop out some of the brown substance in the container, but it's frozen solid.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(stabbing at the container)
He's being all romantic and sweet, and I'm discussing the social ramifications of Charlie Chaplin's cinema on American society. Why can't I just be a normal person and have a normal conversation?

The stabs at the container have become violent. REAGAN takes it away and puts it in the microwave for ten seconds.

REAGAN
It's good. He's an actor, you expressed an interest in his field.

HOLLY
No, I tried to prove that I know more about his field than he does because I'm a condescending bitch desperate to stroke my own ego.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The microwave BEEPS. REAGAN takes out the container and hands it back to HOLLY.

REAGAN
He said that?

HOLLY
(digging into the soft
chocolate)
No, I say that.

REAGAN
So he didn't like you?

HOLLY
I don't know! I can't tell. He was
either charmed or disgusted. Or
alternately both. What the hell is this?

REAGAN
Fat-free chocolate flavored sorbet.

HOLLY
We really need to get you on solid foods.

REAGAN takes the sorbet back and starts eating it herself.

REAGAN
Did he kiss you, at least?

HOLLY
Twice.

REAGAN
Really? How was it?

HOLLY
Wonderful. And then terrible.

REAGAN
Why, what'd you do?

HOLLY
Nothing. I just got something in my eye
and then I had to go to the bathroom.

REAGAN
You started to cry?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY

No! Just a little bit. Well, he was staring at me with those intense hazel eyes and those stupid white teeth, and I blushed, and there were freckles, and then he said...

HOLLY starts to blush again at the memory of it.

REAGAN

(eating sorbet like she's at the movies)
What?!

HOLLY

He said that I was... beautiful.

REAGAN

(crying)
Oh, God.

HOLLY takes the sorbet back and digs into it.

HOLLY

...which is such an obvious line and I'm sure he's used it on a million girls, and I'm sure it was more true for them than it is for me.

REAGAN

Not true.

HOLLY

Thank you. But the point is...

SHE puts down the sorbet.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Well, it was just really nice for once to hear something other than, "Gosh you're smart."

REAGAN

Hey, there are worse things than smart.

HOLLY

But are there better things than beautiful?

REAGAN

Not in this town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HOLLY
Exactly.

REAGAN
So, are you gonna see him again?

HOLLY
Well, he said he would call.

REAGAN
Oh. Good.

HOLLY
That's good, right?

REAGAN
Yeah, he'll call.

HOLLY
Yeah. Well, whatever. If he calls,
great, and if not I'll just move on, you
know.

REAGAN
Right.

HOLLY
(after a beat)
But do you think he will?

CUT TO:

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER, HOLLYWOOD - THE NEXT DAY

HOLLY is in her element as SHE hands out sandwiches to
HOMELESS PEOPLE waiting in line.

HOLLY
Buenos dias, Sra. Lopez.

SRA. LOPEZ
Buenos dias, Holly.

HOLLY
¿Cómo está su pierna hoy?

SRA. LOPEZ
Mejor, miya. Gracias.

HOLLY
Bueno.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY puts some fruit on Sra. Lopez's plate, as her cell phone, which is clipped to her belt buckle, DOES NOT RING.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Tenemos jamon o pavo. ¿Cual quiere Ud?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

HOLLY reads Anna Karenina and cries. SHE looks to the SILENT CELL PHONE on the table, then back to the book. A cat MEOWS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

HOLLY recites numbers in French, reading from a big blue book, as she slices a tomato.

The phone RINGS. HOLLY yelps, then regains her composure, and picks up the receiver.

HOLLY
(exaggerated casual tone)
Hello?

GEOFF
What are you doing?

HOLLY
Teaching myself French. Guess how the French say "ninety-nine"?

GEOFF
How?

HOLLY
60 plus 20 plus 10 plus 9.

GEOFF
Fascinating.

HOLLY
They have no word for seventy, eighty, or ninety.

GEOFF
Imagine.

HOLLY
This explains so much about French people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF
Very true.

HOLLY
What's wrong?

GEOFF
My father died.

HOLLY
I'll be right there.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

HOLLY and GEOFF sit in the molded plastic chairs, wearing all black, waiting for their plane. HOLLY has a crossword puzzle in her lap.

GEOFF
Thank you for coming with me.

HOLLY
Of course I'm coming with you.

GEOFF
He always liked you.

HOLLY
I never met him.

GEOFF
I mean, in my mind, when I heard his criticisms of everyone and everything in my life, you were the only one he didn't criticize.

HOLLY
How nice.

GEOFF
He thought you were spunky.

HOLLY
I've been called worse.

GEOFF
He also thought you had great tits.

HOLLY
Wise and clairvoyant, was he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF
Not so wise.

Although GEOFF is keeping up with their usual banter, he clearly is not really present.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Where were we?

HOLLY
(regarding the puzzle)
"Casserole for Pierre," Seven letters.

GEOFF
Souffle.

HOLLY
(writing)
Is that two "f"s or two "e"s?

GEOFF
F's. I thought you were studying French?

HOLLY
I haven't gotten to food yet.

The LOUDSPEAKER announces their flight to Chicago, O'Hare.

THEY stand, GEOFF walking in front of HOLLY. HOLLY discreetly takes her cell phone out of her purse, checks it behind her back, and replaces it.

THE LINE FOR THE FLIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

HOLLY
When was the last time you spoke to him?

GEOFF
Four years ago.

HOLLY
And does your mother know I'm coming?

GEOFF is spaced out. HE takes a second to respond.

GEOFF
Hmm?

HOLLY
Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF
(taking her hand)
Thank you for coming.

HOLLY
Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. GEOFF'S PARENTS' HOUSE, MIDWEST SUBURBIA - AFTERNOON

The shiva, or Jewish wake, is already in progress. Dozens of MOURNERS mill about, eating and talking in hushed tones. HOLLY sits on a love seat near a piano, where an ELDERLY MAN plays Chopin, badly.

LEAH, GEOFF's obese younger sister, approaches HOLLY, who is subtly trying to suck a piece of spinach out of her teeth.

LEAH sits on the love seat next to her, forcing her to scootch to the very edge.

LEAH
So, you're dating my brother, huh?

HOLLY
Actually, we're no... Um...

HOLLY looks across the room, to where GEOFF is sitting, miserably, being talked at by TWO ELDERLY WOMEN. HE offers her a feeble smile.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Um, yes, I am.

LEAH
Why?

HOLLY
Excuse me?

LEAH
Why would you date him?

HOLLY
Why wouldn't I?

LEAH
Because he's Geoff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

Well, Leah, you may not realize this, but your brother is an intelligent and wonderful man. And he treats me very well, and he always returns my phone calls. And...

HOLLY looks at GEOFF. HE says something to the TWO WOMEN, and makes his way towards the kitchen like a lost puppy.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

...and he's my best friend.

LEAH

(unmoved by the speech)
But you're not, like, attracted to him, are you?

HOLLY

(looking directly at Leah)
You have food on your shirt.

LEAH

You have spinach in your teeth.

THE two women pick at the offending bits of food.

HOLLY

Excuse me, I'm gonna go help in the kitchen.

SHE stands and walks in the same direction GEOFF had gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

HOLLY escapes out the screen door in back of the kitchen, and discovers GEOFF already outside smoking a cigarette.

HOLLY

Oh, thank God.

GEOFF holds out the cigarette to her, and SHE gratefully takes a long puff.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

So, your sister's a charmer.

GEOFF

Broom Hilda? Welcome to the coven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

How in the hell did you grow up in this town?

GEOFF

Quickly. Wanna see something cool?

HOLLY

Okay.

GEOFF

Come on.

HE takes her hand and leads her away.

CUT TO:

INT. TREEHOUSE ON THE PROPERTY - MOMENTS LATER

THE treehouse has apparently not been touched since the seventies. The posters are still the same. A dust covered mood lamp sits in the corner. It's groovy.

HOLLY and GEOFF enter.

HOLLY

Wow.

GEOFF

Isn't it a trip?

HOLLY

It's so cool.

GEOFF

I used to live up here. They couldn't get me to come down. My brothers and I would stay up here for two, three nights at a time, just camping out, telling ghost stories, reading Playboy. In fact...

HE goes to a trunk in the corner and opens it, exposing a gold mine of Playboys, Penthouses, and Superman comics.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Still here. I was sure the old man would've torched it by now.

HE opens up an old Playboy, dust raining from its pages as the centerfold shot unfolds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Isn't she a beauty?

HOLLY
Gorgeous. You do know, of course, that
nothing on that woman is real?

GEOFF
Sacrilege! This woman is a holy relic.

HOLLY
...and that she's probably O.D.'d on
cocaine by now.

GEOFF
(very sincere)
No, Playboy models don't do cocaine.
They're very innocent, really.

HOLLY
Oh, okay, Geoff.

GEOFF
It's true.

HOLLY
I know.

GEOFF bounces the red ball of a "Jacks" set at her. SHE
tries to catch it as it bounces off the walls.

HOLLY
So, your brothers and you were close?

GEOFF
Believe it or not.

HOLLY
What happened?

GEOFF
Nothing. Got old. Stopped talking. Big
deal.

HOLLY
And what about your dad?

GEOFF is studying a Playboy centerfold.

GEOFF
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY

We don't have to talk about it, Geoff.

GEOFF

No, I just didn't hear you. What'd you say?

HOLLY

I said, why didn't you talk to your father for four years?

GEOFF

Oh, that. Well, you know I meant to. But those damn long-distance rates...

HOLLY

I'm gonna go back in, okay?

GEOFF

What'd I say?

HOLLY

Nothing, I'm just going back in.

SHE heads for the door, but before SHE makes it:

GEOFF

He didn't like what I did for a living.

HOLLY

Editing movies?

GEOFF

Editing sleazy movies. My father was a very religious man, and I think he wanted me to be a rabbi.

HOLLY

Did he say that?

GEOFF

Yes, he said that. He said, "Geoff, I'm a very religious man and I'd like you to be a rabbi."

HOLLY throws the Jacks ball at him and it bounces off his arm.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

He said that every day until I was fourteen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY

At fourteen he stopped?

GEOFF

At fourteen... He came in here one day. I was out, Seth and David were away at school. And he found this trunk. And I guess he thought, 'cause my brothers didn't live here anymore, that it must've been all my stuff. And I guess he thought I was corrupt or something. Like I said, he was very religious. He didn't say anything about it. He just left the trunk open, so I would know he had seen it.

GEOFF is ripping pages out of the magazine in his hand.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

And I got home, and I went in to dinner, and he didn't say anything, and my mother didn't say anything. And we just didn't say much from that point on. I don't know. I guess, maybe my father just figured it was too late for me or something. Or maybe he just didn't know how to talk about anything but God, and he figured I wasn't worth talking about God to.

HOLLY

Why didn't you say something to him?

GEOFF

'Cause I was fourteen fuckin' years old, and I didn't know what to say.

HOLLY twirls a yo-yo in her hand. SHE also doesn't know what to say.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Tried calling him, when I was working on my first film. I sat there with that phone in my hand, and I just thought, Well, what am I gonna say? You know, "Mom, Dad, guess what? I got this great job on a film, and hey, there's only one scene where naked bimbos blow each other up."

HOLLY

That was only a minor sub-plot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GEOFF

I don't think that detail would've impressed my father much. Anyway, I hung up, I didn't call.

HOLLY goes to sit next to him, and takes his hand.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

I really thought that, one day, I'll get to direct a film. A good one, you know? Something with merit. Integrity. And I'll call him, and I'll tell him about it. And he'll be so...

GEOFF can't finish the sentence.

HOLLY

Yeah.

(forced cheeriness)

Hey, guess what I realized today?

GEOFF

What?

HOLLY

You're my best friend.

GEOFF

You didn't know that?

HOLLY

Well, I can be a slow learner at times.

THEY are interrupted by a truck driving by on the dirt road behind the house. The truck is full of over EIGHT FRAT BOYS, screaming and cheering, swerving all over the road.

GEOFF

(sticking his head out the window)

Yeah, that's right! Let's go get drunk and drive off a cliff. Whoo-hoo! Maybe we can run over some small children in the process.

(pulling his head back in)

This fucking town.

GEOFF throws the Playboy back in the trunk.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Wanna go get drunk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOLLY
We're at your father's shipa.

GEOFF
Shiva.

HOLLY
We're at your father's shiva.

GEOFF
Eh, they'll be here all week. Trust me,
they won't miss us. Come on.

HE takes her hand and guides her out of the treehouse.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

At one end of the bar, several FRAT BOYS egg on FOUR YOUNG PLEDGES, who look all of 15 but must be older, as they down tequila shots and suck on limes.

The FRAT BOYS chant:

FRAT BOYS
Drink, drink, drink...!

...as the PLEDGES down another shot. ONE YOUNG PLEDGE, who is absolutely green, looks around, dizzy, and then pukes next to his seat on the bar.

BARTENDER
Oh, man!

THE MANAGER, a stout Italian man in his 40s, comes over when he hears the FRAT BOYS yelling and cheering.

MANAGER
Damnit! Get him out of here!

FRAT BOY #1
Relax, man, we'll take care of it.

MANAGER
Just get out, man! He's pukin' all over
my bar!

TWO FRAT BOYS carry the pledge by the shoulders down the length of the bar towards the door, passing by GEOFF and HOLLY at the end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SICK PLEDGE
I threw up.

FRAT BOY #1
Yes, you did, my friend.

GEOFF and HOLLY, who have been here drinking beer for quite a while, wave to him as he goes.

GEOFF puts his hand over HOLLY's and looks into her eyes.

GEOFF
Holly... I want to tell you... You
are... I'm a little...

HE leans in towards her, woozy. SHE quickly takes her hand away and fumbles in her purse, pulling out a \$5 bill.

HOLLY
Hey, five bucks says the skinny kid's the
next to go.

GEOFF
(leaning away again)
No way. Tall kid, red T-shirt.

HOLLY
You think?

GEOFF
He's weak. He won't last.

HOLLY
Bet?

GEOFF
Bet.

HOLLY slams the money down, and they shake on it.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
(to the frat boys)
Excuse me, gentlemen!

HOLLY
(to Geoff)
What are you doing?

GEOFF
Winning my bet.

GEOFF stumbles to the end of the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

I would just like to say what a pleasure it's been sharing this experience with you tonight. And as a token of my pleasure, I would like to buy you, you in the red shirt, another shot.

GUY IN RED SHIRT

What are you, queer?

GEOFF

No. But I'm open to suggestions. Come on, bottom's up.

GUY IN RED SHIRT

I'm all right, dude. Thanks anyway.

GEOFF

Come on, "dude," it's not a party until someone's passed out, choking on their own vomit. Am I right?

By this point, GEOFF is face to face with the YOUNG MAN, poking him with his finger. The other FRAT BOYS stand up and surround GEOFF.

HOLLY

(to herself)

Oh, shit.

(to the frat boys)

Um, wait a minute, wait a minute.

NOBODY can hear her over the music and commotion. SHE stands up on the bar and shouts:

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Hold on a minute. I've got an announcement!

MANAGER

Lady, get off of my bar!

HOLLY

Stop! Nobody hit anybody. I've got a very important announcement!

Somebody unplugs the juke box and everybody QUIETS DOWN. Suddenly, she really does have the room's attention, but no announcement.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Um...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRAT BOY #2
Well, what is it?

HOLLY
Um, drinks on the house!

MANAGER
Bitch, what the hell are you...?

HOLLY
I mean, me! Drinks on me!

HOLLY gets down on all fours and starts crawling along the bar towards GEOFF and the FRAT BOYS.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Just, nobody hit my friend, okay? He's on lots of medication, and his skin might come off right in your hands.

FRAT BOYS
(in unison, backing off Geoff)
Oh, gross. Jesus! That's disgusting.

HOLLY slowly crawls off the bar and puts her hands gently on GEOFF's shoulders.

GEOFF
(to Holly)
What're you doing? I'm winning my bet.

HOLLY
Later.

SHE starts leading him, backwards, towards the door.

HOLLY
Thank you all for a lovely evening.
We'll be going now.

FRAT BOY #2
What about our drinks?

HOLLY
Rain check. Good night.

SHE's almost got him out the door, when HE turns and says:

GEOFF
Yes, thank you, gentlemen. I hope you all have a lovely evening, sucking each others' cocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

At which point, PANDEMONIUM breaks out in the bar. One FRAT BOY grabs GEOFF, landing a right hook square in his eye. The MUSIC starts up again as the LOCALS take advantage of the opportunity to have a good old-fashioned bar brawl.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOMINICK'S GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - LATE THAT NIGHT

HOLLY and GEOFF sit on the hood of his father's old station wagon in this nearly deserted parking lot. SHE holds a frozen steak to his eye.

HOLLY
(pulling the steak off)
Let me see. Oh, yeah, that's ugly.

HE suddenly pushes the steak away, grabs her and kisses her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(pushing him away)
Whoa, Nelly! Okay, that's enough of that. We should get you home, huh?

GEOFF
Holly, can I ask you something?

HOLLY
(uncomfortable, looking for her keys)
Yeah, what's that?

GEOFF
How long, exactly, did you have to think about it, before deciding to give Aaron Salinger your phone number even though you were on a date with me?

HOLLY stops looking for her keys.

HOLLY
You knew?

GEOFF
Of course I knew. I'm an intelligent and observant kind of guy.

HOLLY
I'm sorry, Geoff. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF

I know why you didn't tell me. I'm not a fucking idiot.

HOLLY

Okay, you're drunk, and we both need to go get some sleep.

HOLLY finds her keys, gets in the car and starts the ignition. GEOFF doesn't budge. HE sits, Indian style, facing away from her on the hood.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(sticking her head out the window)

Geoff, get in this car.

GEOFF

No.

HOLLY

I'm driving you to your mother's house.

GEOFF

Drive.

HOLLY

I mean it, Geoff. I'm not kidding.

GEOFF

I believe you. Drive.

SHE puts the car in gear and drives about 5 feet. HE doesn't budge.

HOLLY

Damnit, Geoff, get in the car! You're being a child!

GEOFF

You're being a bitch.

HOLLY puts the car in park and gets out to face him.

HOLLY

What did you call me?

GEOFF

Let me think. Hm, I called you a bitch.

HOLLY

I saved your ass today!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEOFF

Well, thank you very much, Mother fuckin' Theresa. Excuse me if I don't bow.

HOLLY

Why are you being like this?

GEOFF

Why would you go out with him?

HOLLY

This is about him?

GEOFF

You bet your ass it is.

HOLLY

Guess what, Geoff, I get to go out with whoever I want to, okay?

GEOFF

Not him.

HOLLY

Why not?

GEOFF

He's nothing. He's a selfish, childish, pretty little nothing and he doesn't deserve you.

HOLLY

You don't know anything about him. You're just jealous.

GEOFF

Of him?

HOLLY

Yes, of him!

GEOFF

I couldn't care less about him. He's just an actor. There's a million of him.

HOLLY

There's a million of everybody, Geoff.

GEOFF

Not you! Not you! You're special.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY

Well, he's the only one who makes me feel special! Damnit, Geoff, you don't know how this feels. You don't know what it's like to want somebody, somebody who could have anyone, and know that that person wants you, too. If you did, you would never question why I like him.

GEOFF

You're right, Holly. I have no idea what that would feel like.

HOLLY is too tired to finish this conversation. SHE tosses him the keys to the car.

HOLLY

I'm taking a cab home. Don't get yourself killed.

GEOFF

He's still sleeping with Camille, you know.

HOLLY freezes for a moment, and then starts to walk again into the dark halo surrounding the parking lot.

GEOFF

Holly, come back.

HOLLY

I'll see you tomorrow.

HE watches her leave.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB - THE NEXT MORNING

HOLLY and GEOFF ride side-by-side, not speaking. SHE reads a magazine. HE stares out the window. SHE looks at him out of the corner of her eye, but HE pretends not to notice. SHE covertly takes out her cell phone to check for messages.

CAB DRIVER

Which airline?

BOTH

(in unison)

United.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

HOLLY enters, lugging her suitcase and an arm load of books and magazines. SHE drops everything by the door and makes a bee-line for the answering machine.

SHE presses the flashing button, takes off her shoes and massages her feet as she listens.

ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE

You have...one...new message. BEEP!

MOTHER'S VOICE

Hi, honey, it's Mom. Haven't talked in a while, just checking in. Give me a ring. Love you. BEEP!

ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE

End of messages.

HOLLY sits in the dark for a second, not turning on a light, and starts to sob.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER

HOLLY sits at her vanity mirror, putting on make-up, as REAGAN lies on her bed eating rice crackers.

REAGAN

(spilling crumbs)

Oops.

HOLLY eyes her in the mirror.

REAGAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm wiping them off.

HOLLY

Why did I agree to do this again?

REAGAN

He's a very nice guy. He's a professor of linguistics at USC.

HOLLY

Wonderful. He can be boring in many languages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAGAN

You know, if this is gonna be your attitude, then you can go sit for my sister and I'll go get a free dinner.

HOLLY

You're right. Thank you, I'm very grateful.

HOLLY goes to her closet and starts putting on heels.

REAGAN

Um, you might want to consider flats.

HOLLY

(already knows the answer)
Why?

REAGAN

Well, so he's not so tall.

HOLLY

How not so tall is he?

REAGAN

How tall are you?

HOLLY

Taller than short people.

REAGAN

He's about your height. You'll see when he picks you up.

HOLLY

He's not picking me up. I'm meeting him at the theatre. In fact, what time is it?

REAGAN

6:30.

HOLLY

Shit, I'm late.

HOLLY puts on flats, grabs her purse and shawl.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

How do I look?

REAGAN

Beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY
(kissing her goodbye)
Give my love to your sister.

REAGAN
Will do. Have fun.

HOLLY's almost to the bedroom door when the phone RINGS.

HOLLY
That would be my mother. Will you tell
her I'm just walking out and I'll call
her later?

REAGAN
(answering phone)
Sure.
(into phone)
Hello?... May I ask who's calling?... Um,
hold on please.

HOLLY has come back to the bedroom door. REAGAN holds the receiver away from her mouth, covering it with her hand.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Well, it's not your mother.

HOLLY covers her heart with her hand.

HOLLY
Oh, my God.

SHE walks over and takes the phone from REAGAN.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?... Hi, Aaron. Fine, how are
you?... I know, it's been a while...Um,
tonight?

REAGAN frantically shakes her head, mouthing the word "No."

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Hold on, please.

HOLLY holds the phone away from her mouth, covering the receiver, and whispers loudly to REAGAN:

HOLLY (CONT'D)
What do I do? What do I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REAGAN

You tell him you have a date. He hasn't called you in three weeks. You are not at his beck and call.

HOLLY

Right.

SHE's about to say this into the phone, but stops herself.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

But if I tell him I have a date he'll think I'm not available, and he'll never call me again.

REAGAN

Well, if he gives up after just one call, then you're better off without him.
C'est la vie!

HOLLY

Oh, please, not French!

HOLLY looks at the phone, tortured.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'll just tell him I'm busy, but I won't say doing what, and I'll make it for another night.

REAGAN

Good plan.

HOLLY

(into phone)

Aaron? Um, you know I'm just sitting here with a friend. Do you think we could do it another night?... Uh-huh.... Oh, I see. For how long?... Oh, right. Um, hold on.

SHE holds the phone away again.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

He's going out of town tomorrow. He's going to New Orleans to promote a film.

REAGAN

For how long?

HOLLY

A whole week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REAGAN

That's not that long.

HOLLY

But he'll forget me in a week!

REAGAN

If he forgets you in a week, then he's really not worth the trouble.

HOLLY

Stop saying that! I need to see him.

REAGAN

Well, then, cancel with Frank.

HOLLY

I can't cancel with Frank. He's already at the theatre. I'm already late.

REAGAN

Then don't see Aaron.

HOLLY

But I want to see Aaron. I've got it! I'll make a date with Aaron for late tonight. He never sleeps.

REAGAN

Yeah, that works.

Again, HOLLY is about to talk into the phone, but stops herself.

HOLLY

What am I doing? This is terrible. If I make a date with him for later, then I'll spend the whole night with Frank just wishing it were over so I could get on to my more important date. That's not fair. No, you're right. This guy didn't call me for three weeks. I don't care who he is. He can't treat me that way. Right?

REAGAN

Um, yeah. Yes, absolutely. You're right.

HOLLY

Okay.

SHE takes her hand off the receiver, and AARON's voice can be heard drifting faintly from it:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

AARON

Hello, Holly? Are you still there?

HOLLY

(into phone)

Aaron... um, you know what, tonight's no good. I'm busy... Yeah, it was a little last minute... But, you know, I'd really love to, maybe when you get back... Yeah, definitely. Okay. And, hey, you know, if you gave me your...

AARON has hung up.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

...number....

(to REAGAN:)

He hung up.

SHE hangs up the receiver.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

So, anyway, I'm late and I have to go.

REAGAN

Right. Did he say anything?

HOLLY

Yeah, he said he'd call me when he got back.

REAGAN

Good.

HOLLY

Mm-hmm. I'm gonna go now.

REAGAN

Have a good time.

HOLLY

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILENT MOVIE THEATRE - THAT NIGHT

HOLLY comes rushing up to the theatre, where an ANXIOUS-LOOKING MAN in his late 30s is waiting outside.

HOLLY

Frank?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Holly?

HOLLY
Hi, I'm so sorry I'm late. Traffic. Has
it started?

FRANK
Just a minute ago.

SHE walks up to FRANK and, sure enough, even in flats he only comes up to her nose. After an awkward moment, they decide a kiss on the cheek is the proper greeting.

HOLLY
Nice to meet you.

FRANK
You, too. Wow.

HE hands their tickets to the USHER.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So, I read your book.

HOLLY
Yeah?

THEY walk into the theatre.

FRANK
You're really smart.

HOLLY
Oh, thank you.

Over their heads, a HUGE MARQUEE sign reads: "Chaplin is the Tramp."

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT ON SUNSET BLVD. - MORNING

HOLLY, REAGAN, and THREE OTHER WOMEN are having their monthly book club meeting over omelettes and coffee. Some of the WOMEN have their copies of Anna Karenina with them. REAGAN dabs at a stain on her blouse with seltzer water.

WOMAN #1
What I found particularly interesting was
that Tolstoy felt the need to make Anna
unsympathetically hostile towards Vronsky
in the scenes leading up to her suicide.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)

The fact that he made her delusional and paranoid, as opposed to giving her a sound basis for concern...

WOMAN #2

Oh, I disagree, I didn't think she was unsympathetic. Quite the contrary. I thought her paranoia was justified given the significance she placed on her relationship with him.

REAGAN

So you're saying that a man has every right to draw a female character as being paranoid and delusional in the face of infidelity, as this is her natural state when it comes to men?

WOMAN #2

Not at all. I'm just saying in this case, in which she thought her lover had betrayed her, that he had taken other lovers and turned his back on what, to her, was the most sacred bond, that of love... Well, there was nothing left for her after she had lost that, was there? Of course she went crazy.

REAGAN

What do you think, Holly?

HOLLY

Why do we have to read books about dead Russian people all the time? You know, there's a whole world out there of living, breathing people who are doing real things. Not everybody's dead all the time. And I'll tell you something else. You know why Tolstoy killed Anna Karenina? To spare her. That's right, to spare her from thirty more years of boredom in the Russian tundra, waiting for the shmuck she fell in love with to call her... I mean, come home... and meanwhile freezing her ass off and getting fat and old and losing all her teeth just so she could die alone anyway!

WAITER

More coffee, Miss?

HOLLY

No, thank you. Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY grabs her purse and heads out the front door.

The OTHER WOMEN watch her, then look to REAGAN.

REAGAN
She takes her reading very seriously.
Excuse me, please.

REAGAN follows HOLLY out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT ON SUNSET BLVD.

HOLLY sits on a bench, smoking, as REAGAN comes out and sits next to her.

HOLLY
Am I out of the book of the month club?

REAGAN
Please! It's the best meeting yet.

THEY watch the cars go by for a second.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
When did he say he'd be back?

HOLLY
Four days ago.

REAGAN
Oh.

HOLLY
Forget it, right? I mean, if he wanted to talk to me, he'd have called by now. He hasn't called, so he doesn't want to talk to me. And only a fool would sit here and feel sorry for herself when there's a whole world out there of wonderfulness and people and little animals and things, just waiting for her to go and live in it.

REAGAN
You said it, sister.

HOLLY
Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAGAN

You know, it could just be that he's being a man and thinking about his car or football or money or whatever it is men think about, and it hasn't even occurred to him that he's blowing you off.

HOLLY

So I shouldn't take it personally, you're saying?

REAGAN

Exactly, he'd probably have forgotten to call anybody.

HOLLY

You're telling me that if Giselle was sitting by the phone waiting for his call, he would've forgotten to call her?

REAGAN

Well, he might've remembered in that case.

HOLLY

Exactly.

REAGAN takes a puff of HOLLY's cigarette.

REAGAN

You okay?

HOLLY

Yeah. You know that little 14-year-old girl inside who never got asked to the prom?

REAGAN

Yes, I know her well.

HOLLY

Well, she finally got asked, and he didn't show up.

REAGAN

Maybe she still needs to find out why.

HOLLY

Yeah.

REAGAN

(kissing the top of her head)
See you in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REAGAN goes inside. HOLLY stomps out her cigarette and is about to go in too, when she notices:

An AFRICAN AMERICAN BOY on the corner, waving his arms in front of a sign which reads "Star Maps".

HOLLY hesitates for a moment, then tentatively walks up to him.

HOLLY
Hey, kid.

The BOY looks at her, checks out her outfit, and doesn't stop waving.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
How much?

The BOY looks at her shoes, to determine a price.

BOY
(still waving)
15.

HOLLY
15?! You ever heard of extortion?

HE gives her a dirty look, then looks back at the road.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Well, who's house is in there, anyway?

BOY
\$15.

HOLLY
Do you speak English?

BOY
Yeah, I speak \$15.

HOLLY
Forget it.

SHE starts to walk away.

BOY
Hey, lady. Lady, wait up!

SHE turns back to him.

BOY (CONT'D)
Whose house you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY

I don't "want" anybody's. I'm just doing
a study for a magazine I...

BOY

Whatever.

HOLLY

Aaron Salinger.

The BOY checks her out again, and starts laughing.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

BOY

Nothin'. Just figured you'd be lookin'
for Paul Newman or something.

HOLLY

Is that a comment on my age or my
character?

BOY

You just look a little smart for Aaron,
is all.

HOLLY

Well, I'm not. And he's not dumb. Not
everybody can afford an Ivy League
education.

BOY

No shit?

HOLLY

Sorry. Look, is he in there or isn't he?

BOY

Na, he ain't in here.

HOLLY

(starting to walk again)
Oh, for the love of...

BOY

But I know where he lives.

HOLLY

(stopping again)
You know where he lives?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOY
Everybody know where he lives. It's
party central.

HOLLY
Is that a fact? All right, where does he
live?

BOY
30 dollars.

HOLLY
What? A minute ago it was fifteen!

BOY
15 is for the map. This here is
privilege information.

HOLLY
So you speak "lawyer" too, huh?

Taking cash out of her wallet:

HOLLY (CONT'D)
You're not gonna use this for drugs, are
you?

BOY
Bitch, I don't do drugs. I's saving up
for college.

SHE watches him for a second, waving at the cars. None of
them stop.

HOLLY
You swear you know where he lives?

BOY
Trust me, he lives there. If I'm lyin',
you can come back and arrest me. I ain't
goin' nowhere.

SHE hands him all the money in her wallet.

BOY (CONT'D)
Up Laurel about a quarter mile. Big
white house on the left. Statue of Rocky
in front of it.

HOLLY
That's his house?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOY
That's the one.

HOLLY
Thanks, kid.

SHE walks toward her car as HE counts the money.

BOY
(calling after her)
Hey, lady! This here's eighty bucks!

HOLLY
Good luck in college.

SHE gets in her car and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. AARON SALINGER'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

The STATUE OF ROCKY. SHE stares at. It's unbelievably tacky.

SHE approaches a short pole by the front gate with an intercom at the end of it. SHE's about to press the button on the intercom, but loses her nerve and starts to walk away.

But then SHE comes back and presses it anyway.

MAID'S VOICE
¿Hola?

HOLLY
Hola, ¿el Sr. Salinger está?

MAID'S VOICE
No queremos nada, gracias.

HOLLY
No, I said...um, Quiero dejar un mensaje por el Sr. Salinger. ¿Me entiende?

MAID'S VOICE
No queremos nada, gracias.

HOLLY
(after a moment)
Nuclear winter is killing all the tse-tse flies in Tanzania.

MAID'S VOICE
No queremos nada, gracias.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
Is this a recording?

MAID'S VOICE
Buenos noches.

HOLLY
(to herself)
Great.

HOLLY stands back and looks at the gate, then strains to see movement beyond it. Nothing.

SHE digs through her purse to find a pen and paper, but of course has only a lip liner and a tampon.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(sighing)
What the hell.

SHE unwraps the tampon, (dropping it back in her purse), scrolls open the wrapper and writes something inside it with the lip pencil. When she tucks it into a crease in the intercom, however, the wind immediately blows it away.

SHE retrieves the tampon wrapper, and looks for another place to leave it. There's nothing.

Looking at the gate, the bars seem pretty far apart. SHE tries to squeeze through them, but doesn't fit. SHE's about to give up and walk away when she sees:

AN OAK TREE, much like the one in GEOFF's backyard, with great climbing branches reaching up and over the fence.

HOLLY looks to the left, looks to the right. No one's watching. SHE takes off her shoes, tucks them into her purse, and starts climbing.

SHE makes it to the top beautifully, before losing her balance and falling face-first onto the lawn on the inside of the fence, at which point:

THE LOUDEST ALARM EVER goes off. HOLLY screams! SHE collects her shoes and the tampon wrapper, which spilled out of her purse when she fell, and SHE still has them in her hands, waving them high above her head, about four seconds later when the GAGGLE OF ARMED GUARDS AND POLICE OFFICERS show up.

HOLLY is shouting under the alarm, which suddenly stops.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
...I'm not psycho! I'm not psycho!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wet grass has matted itself to the side of HOLLY's head, as she waves her shoes and the wet lipstick-stained tampon wrapper at the POLICE OFFICERS.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm not psycho. I know him, I'm a friend of his. I was leaving a message.

SHE holds out the wrapper, and immediately realizes that this isn't helping her case. SHE quickly crumbles it and holds it behind her back.

COP #1

(cuffing her)

Sure you were, honey. Come on, let's go.

COP #2

Third time this month. Man, this guy's gotta get taller gates.

THE COPS lead HOLLY out to the squad car and drive her away.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

HOLLY

(pulling blades of grass from her hair)

If you could please just tell him. I'm a friend of his, Holly Somers. I was just leaving a note.

THE COPS ignore her, continuing their conversation.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay, fine. Fine, fine, take me to jail. Fine. I'm not a criminal. There are crack dealers in the streets, but take me to jail.

THE COPS stop talking. THEY heard that comment, but don't reply.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I mean, not to imply that you aren't doing your job. I'm actually a huge proponent of the LAPD. I gave money last year to your Christmas charity auction. Twenty-five bucks. I think you guys are great. You know, when you're not beating up black people and stealing drug money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE COPS squirm, then laugh it off to each other.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I mean, not you! Not you guys. Other cops. Bad cops. Like Denzel Washington. You wouldn't have anything to do with that, of course... Listen, if you could just get a message to Mr. Salinger for me, you'd see that he knows me and this was just a big mistake. I'll pay you, even.

COP #1

Oh, I know you're not that dumb.

COP #2

Ma'am, are you offering to bribe police officers?

HOLLY

Oh, God, no. No, no, no. I would never do that. I don't do anything illegal. I mean, unless you want me to? Not that you would! But if you did...

SHE rifles through her purse.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying I could give you a delivery fee... Oh, shit. I don't have any money.

COP #1

There's a big surprise.

HOLLY

No, I mean I had money but I gave it to a street hustler. Not for anything illegal, of course.

COP #2

Lady, I think you best be shutting up now.

HOLLY

Right. Of course. I'm just a little nervous, sorry. Never been arrested before.

HOLLY stares out the window at the passing world, then suddenly covers her face in case she's recognized.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

In quick succession, HOLLY is booked, photographed, fingerprinted, and then finds herself by a phone.

SHE stares at it, knowing there's only one number she can call. AN ARMED GUARD and SEVERAL BORED PRISONERS sit around, half-listening to her conversation.

SHE dials the number.

GEOFF'S VOICE

Hi, you've reached Geoff. I can't come to the phone right now, but leave me a message. BEEP!

HOLLY

Hi. It's me. Well, I really really hope you get this message soon. Um, okay, I know there's a lot of things that we need to talk about, and I really do want to talk about them. But first, I need to ask you to please come and... and pick me up because I had a little car trouble and...

AN HISPANIC WOMAN, mid 40s, smiles and shakes her head at HOLLY. HOLLY gives her a look and turns away.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

...and so I got a ride to, um, well to the Hollywood police station where these officers have been nice enough to...

The HISPANIC WOMAN laughs, wagging her finger at HOLLY.

HISPANIC WOMAN

I tell you.

HOLLY

Oh, for God's sakes, I've been arrested for breaking into Aaron Salinger's house.

HOLLY now has the attention of the ENTIRE ROOM.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(to her audience)

What?

(into the phone)

And I know it's obnoxious to be calling you about this, but I don't have anyone else to call.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Reagan's at her sister's all day and I don't know the number and I've alienated everyone else in my life by being such a selfish bitch all the time, and I know you're on that list too, but I need you to please, please just get over it and be my friend and come bail me out, okay? I'm in jail and it's really gross here. Please. God, why don't you have a cell phone like a normal person?

The machine BEEPS, and HOLLY hangs up.

THE HISPANIC WOMAN is still laughing at her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

What is so damn funny?

HISPANIC WOMAN

Aaron Salinger? You seem too smart for him.

HOLLY

Well, I'm not, okay? I'm a big dummy. I'm real real real dumb.

(to herself)

I'm an idiot.

SHE follows the FEMALE GUARD back to the holding cell.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOLDING CELL - HOURS LATER

HOLLY is asleep with her head against a urinal when the CRASH of the cell gate opening wakes her.

FEMALE GUARD

Holly Somers?

HOLLY

That's me.

FEMALE GUARD

You're free to go. Friend paid your bail.

HOLLY sighs and follows the GUARD out.

CUT TO:

FRONT OF POLICE STATION

HOLLY comes around the corner, ready to throw herself in GEOFF's arms.

HOLLY
Geoff, I cannot tell you how much...

SHE gasps. The friend is not GEOFF. It's AARON. HOLLY instinctively starts straightening her hair.

AARON
So, you broke into my house, huh?

HOLLY
It was an accident. I was leaving you a note.

AARON
What did it say?

HOLLY
(clearing throat)
Um, "Dear Aaron, don't have your number. How was your trip? Holly."

AARON
It was really good, thanks for asking.

HOLLY
Sure, any time. You had fun?

AARON
Yeah, it was good.

HOLLY
Good.

AARON
You want to get out of here?

HOLLY
Um, okay, yeah, sure. Let me just grab my stuff.

HOLLY signs a paper at the desk and gets her purse and belt back. AARON puts his arm around her waist and leads her out.

AARON
I've got good news. I'm not pressing charges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
Great. Thanks. You know, you might want
to get taller gates.

HOLLY looks back to see COP #1 smiling at her. SHE mouths
the words, "Thank you."

CUT TO:

EXT. 10 FREEWAY, LOS ANGELES - LATER

As AARON's Porsche pulls onto the freeway:

HOLLY (V.O.)
Why are we getting on the freeway?

AARON (V.O.)
Only one thing can cheer somebody up
after a day like you've had.

HOLLY (V.O.)
Hot bath and foot massage?

AARON (V.O.)
Later. This is better than that.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF IN MALIBU - LATE AFTERNOON

AARON and HOLLY pull up alongside this cliff overlooking the
ocean, where SEVERAL YOUNG PEOPLE are hooking themselves up
to hang-gliders. A large faded sign reads, "RAINBOW HANG-
GLIDING. TAKE A TRIP."

AARON
(turning to Holly)
Hang-gliding.

HOLLY
What?

AARON
You're gonna hang-glide.

HOLLY
I am?

AARON
Yes, you are.

HOLLY
No, I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON

Oh, yes you are.

HOLLY

Oh, no, I'm really not.

AARON hops out of the car, which has its convertible top down, and walks around to guide her out.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

No, really, I'm afraid of heights. And what's more, I'm afraid of falling and of dying.

AARON

You're not gonna die. You're just gonna hang.

HOLLY

But I don't hang. I don't know how.

AARON

(leading her to the cliff)

This morning you didn't know how to get arrested either, but you figured that one out.

HOLLY

Touché. Oh, I used a French word.

AARON approaches PAOLO, the Brazilian hang-glide instructor, and addresses him in Portuguese. PAOLO has very dark skin, orange-dyed hair and a goatee. He wears nothing but swim trunks.

HOLLY watches as AARON points to a hang-glider, then points at HOLLY. PAOLO nods and strokes his goatee.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Whatever he's saying is not true. Please, um, no quiero hacerlo.

PAOLO

I no speak Spanish.

HOLLY

I don't want to do it.

PAOLO

(hooking her up to a tandem harness)

I no speak English, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AARON, meanwhile, is hooking himself up to his own harness for a solo glide.

HOLLY
(to Paolo)
You speak no English?!

PAOLO
Little bit. You good time. Just to
jump, don't stop to run.

HOLLY
Don't stop to run... What the hell does
that mean? Aaron, what does this mean?
Please tell him, I don't want to do it.

AARON
It's all right, Holly. It's a tandem
glide. Paolo'll do all the work, you
just have to jump and let the air do the
rest.

HOLLY
That's what I'm afraid of.

PAOLO has got them both attached to the harness now. HE
hands HOLLY a helmet, and SHE clutches it like it's the
earth. AARON walks over, attached to his glider.

AARON
You're gonna love it, I swear.

HOLLY
Aaron, please, I'm really scared. You
have to tell him, I don't think I can...

AARON kisses HOLLY to shut her up.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
...do it. I think.

AARON hands a folded bill to PAOLO, who tucks it into his
shorts.

AARON
Paolo, my man. Obrigado.

PAOLO
You got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AARON

Ciao.

(to Holly)

See you down there.

And then AARON runs, screaming, over the cliff and disappears.

HOLLY

Oh, my God! Oh, my God, he's dead.

PAOLO

Now we go, sim?

HOLLY

(hyperventilating)

We go... But he's dead!

PAOLO starts to walk quickly towards the cliff. HOLLY frantically puts on her helmet and attaches the strap.

PAOLO

Just run, run, don't stop to jump.

HOLLY runs to keep up with him, and as THEY go over the cliff, SHE screams:

HOLLY

What does that mean???!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AIR OVER MALIBU

HOLLY and PAOLO soar over Malibu. Slowly, the look of extreme angst on her face melts away, and is replaced by awe.

HOLLY'S P.O.V. - MALIBU

It's as beautiful as anything could possibly be. The sun is just beginning to set into the ocean, staining the wisps of clouds pink and yellow. Birds soar by, diving into the fresh air that surrounds them. It's magic. It's breathtaking.

HOLLY AND PAOLO - SOARING

He nods his head at something, and she sees it and smiles. SHE closes her eyes to just feel the wind, and opens them again with renewed wonder, giggling with exhilaration.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER

HOLLY and PAOLO land, not so gracefully, in the lip of the ocean.

PAOLO
You not to pull!

HOLLY
Sorry, I thought we were gonna crash!

HOLLY disentangles herself from the harness as PAOLO picks up the glider.

HOLLY looks back up at the air they just soared through.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Oh, my God!

SHE looks around and sees AARON waiting for them on the beach. HOLLY is still beaming. SHE kisses PAOLO on the cheek about five times.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you, thank you. Um,
obrigada! Oh, my God. That was
incredible!

SHE runs to meet AARON on the beach.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Did you see me? Did you see? I was
flying! I flew!

When SHE gets to AARON she throws her arms around him, wraps her legs around his waist, and plants a thousand kisses on his face.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Thank you! Thank you so much! That was
so incredible. I just wanna do it again.

AARON
I told you.

SHE kisses his nose and his forehead and his cheeks, and finally his mouth. Their kiss grows more and more passionate, as they stand at the foot of the ocean, the sun gloriously setting behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POLICE STATION - THAT NIGHT

GEOFF runs frantically into the station and approaches a COP at the front desk.

GEOFF

Hi, Somers. Holly Somers. I'm here to bail out Holly Somers, is she here?

COP

(on phone)

Honey, hold on a second... Just hold on, all right?... No, I am not talking to another woman, I've got someone here... Look, I can't talk about this right now, okay?

GEOFF

(grabbing for the papers in front of the cop)

Look, just tell me if she's here! She called me and said...

COP

(shooing Geoff away)

Hey, don't touch that!

(into phone:)

Lori, I'm gonna have to call you back... I told you why...

GEOFF

Please!

COP

All right!

(holds phone under chin)

What was the name?

GEOFF

Holly Somers.

COP

(looking through paperwork)

Somers, Somers... Oh, is she the one that left with Aaron Salinger?

GEOFF

What?

COP

Oh, maybe I've got the wrong girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEOFF

No, no... No, that was her. Um, so she's gone?

COP

Yeah, hours ago.

GEOFF

I see. Thank you. You can go back to your shrieking wife now. Sorry I bothered you.

GEOFF leaves the building, defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM OF MALIBU HOTEL SUITE - LATE THAT NIGHT

HOLLY lies in the bed next to a sleeping AARON, staring at the ceiling, unable to suppress her grin. SHE keeps looking over to make sure he's real. SHE leans over and smells his hair.

Finally, SHE can't contain her energy. SHE gets up and slips on a white hotel robe. SHE sneaks out into the suite's living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF SUITE

HOLLY goes to the desk by the french windows and picks up the receiver on the phone, dialing REAGAN's number.

REAGAN answers on the third ring, sleepy.

REAGAN'S VOICE

Are you dead?

HOLLY

No, I'm alive. But I'm a complete slut.

INTERCUT:

INT. REAGAN'S BEDROOM

REAGAN sits up in bed and turns on the light. SHE and HOLLY are intercut throughout this scene.

REAGAN

Really?!

HOLLY'S VOICE

I'm in a hotel suite in Malibu with Aaron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REAGAN
I hate you!

INTERCUT:

INT. HOTEL SUITE

HOLLY
I know, me too!

REAGAN
So, he did call?

HOLLY
Not exactly.

REAGAN
How'd you find him?

HOLLY
Long story. Guess what I did today?

REAGAN
Geoff told me you were in jail.

HOLLY
Oh my god Geoff! I forgot to call Geoff back.

REAGAN
He went to pick you up, he said you were arrested...

HOLLY
He's gonna hate me.

REAGAN
...and when he got there, you were gone.

HOLLY
I'll call him in the morning.

REAGAN
So you left with Aaron?

HOLLY
He came and picked me up and then we jumped off a cliff.

REAGAN
Are you on drugs?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

No, I'm on euphoria. I was flying and it was incredible and wonderful and exciting and it actually happened.

REAGAN

That's it, I'm calling your mother.

HOLLY

No, listen to me. This has been the best day of my life.

REAGAN

That's great, Holly.

HOLLY

I jumped off a cliff.

REAGAN

Geoff is really worried about you. You should give him a call.

HOLLY

I know. I will.

REAGAN

I gotta get some sleep.

HOLLY

Okay. I'm sorry I woke you.

REAGAN

That's all right. I'm happy for you, Holly.

HOLLY

Thank you. Goodnight.

REAGAN

'Night.

The phone CLICKS as REAGAN hangs up.

HOLLY rocks back and forth, reliving the momentum of jumping off the cliff. Every time she rocks forward, her face brightens like she's jumping again. SHE giggles softly.

SHE then looks at the phone, and covers her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM OF MALIBU HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

HOLLY enters and goes to the bed, where AARON is passed out. SHE starts to take off the robe.

AARON
What were you doing?

As a force of habit, HOLLY immediately covers herself again with the robe.

HOLLY
Nothing.

AARON has his eyes open, and he's watching her.

From behind, one inch after another of HOLLY's back is exposed as SHE slowly, tentatively, lowers the robe. SHE slips into the bed. AARON pulls her to him and SHE puts her head on his chest.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Thank you for today.

AARON
Of course. You should see the beaches in Spain. I'll show you some day.

HOLLY
Aaron, do me a favor, okay?

AARON
What's that?

HOLLY
Don't make me any promises. I'd like to actually see you again.

HE clutches on to her a little more tightly, as THEY BOTH drift off to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

DING-DONG! GEOFF stumbles to the front door, hung over, wearing a faded robe, boxer shorts and a wife beater, and eating Fruity Pebbles directly from the box.

HE opens the door to discover:

HOLLY, bright and sunny, who smiles at him and holds a bouquet of yellow roses. SHE scans his outfit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
When did you start dressing like Fred
Sanford?

GEOFF SLAMS the door in her face and shuffles back towards
the couch.

Suddenly, there's a DULL THUD against the door and then HOLLY
starts SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER! It's the most terrifying
scream EVER!

HOLLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, Jesus, NO!!

GEOFF drops the Fruity Pebbles, which scatter like ants
across the tile, and runs to open the door where he
discovers:

HOLLY, bright and sunny, holding out a bouquet of yellow
roses.

GEOFF
WHAT?!

HOLLY
Nothing, can I come in?

HOLLY lets herself in. SHE spots the cereal box on the floor
and picks it up to rummage through it.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Oh, breakfast. Come on, let's eat.

SHE heads for the kitchen.

GEOFF
(not leaving the door frame)
I hate you.

HOLLY
(peeking her head back in)
Yes, but I'll explain and we'll eat and
talk and be merry and then you won't.

SHE smiles at him. HE glares at her. SHE gulps and nods her
head, heading into the kitchen.

HE shuts the door and follows her, crunching Fruity Pebbles
all the way.

CUT TO:

INT. GEOFF'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

GEOFF and HOLLY sit at the breakfast table, eating their cereal, the roses in a vase next to them.

THEY don't speak. The CEREAL CRUNCHES in their mouths.

GEOFF

I went to the police station yesterday.

HOLLY

Really? What on earth for?

GEOFF

I thought my friend needed me to bail her out, but turns out she was just using me as a "Get out of Jail Free" card until her boyfriend showed up.

HOLLY

You're kidding? And she didn't even call to tell you she was all right?

GEOFF

No, she didn't.

HOLLY

What a selfish bitch. More coffee?

GEOFF has really had enough this time. HE stands up and talks to her from the doorway.

GEOFF

Holly, I'm really tired. I'd like you to go.

HOLLY

(still playing)

Oops, you're out of cream. Do you mind if I take the last of it?

GEOFF

I mean it.

HOLLY

Okay, fine, you can have the last of it.

GEOFF

Holly, for once, will you please shut up and listen to me. I would like you to leave my house. I cannot talk to you right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY puts down the cream.

HOLLY

I see.

(getting up)

Okay, that's fine. I'm tired, too. Why don't I just call you later?

GEOFF

I don't think that's a good idea.

HOLLY

Well, I'm not gonna stand outside your bedroom and throw rocks through the window, because I've already been arrested once this week.

GEOFF

I just don't think we should talk to each other for a while, okay?

HOLLY

Look, Geoff, I'm sorry I wasn't at the police station. I'm sorry I didn't call. I screwed up. What do you want me to say?

GEOFF

Hey, I understand. Look, Holly, I'm not mad, really I'm not. I just think...

HOLLY

What?

GEOFF

I just think that maybe... our friendship... has run its course.

SILENCE echoes through the kitchen.

HOLLY

Oh. Oh, I see. Well... well, I really don't know what to say to that.

GEOFF

I think you should go.

HOLLY

Fine.

HOLLY leaves the kitchen, but comes back a second later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

You know something? Okay, I was selfish, fine. But I never lied to you. I was your friend. I wasn't hoping someday you'd change your mind and become something else. And I'm sorry you're hurt, but maybe you weren't very honest with me either.

GEOFF

You knew I liked you.

HOLLY

What? With my psychic telepathic abilities? Because you really emote, you know. You just let it all show through.

GEOFF

Well if you weren't thinking about your damn self all the time, maybe you would've noticed.

HOLLY

Okay, but I didn't. So when was this magical transformation, huh? When did you suddenly decide that you liked me?

GEOFF

The second I first saw you.

HOLLY

In the bathroom line at the Yo-Yo Ma concert?

GEOFF

I hate Yo-Yo Ma. I went to the concert because I saw you buying the tickets at Ticketmaster.

HOLLY shuts up. SHE had no idea.

HOLLY

Oh, my God.

GEOFF

Holly, could you please, please go now?

HOLLY

Geoff.

GEOFF

Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEOFF is stone. HOLLY is unable to catch his eyes.

HOLLY
I'm sorry.

SHE leaves. GEOFF takes the flowers from the vase and shoves them down the sink disposal, turning it on without water.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - THAT NIGHT

HOLLY is stuck in traffic on her way home. Her car is creeping its way past the Egyptian Theatre, and HOLLY notices that it's a movie premiere which is slowing things up.

Just as traffic picks up again, SHE looks out her window at all the GLAMOROUS PEOPLE being interviewed for Entertainment Tonight, and sees that AARON and CAMILLE are those glamorous people.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF EGYPTIAN THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

AARON is smiling, his arm around CAMILLE, as he talks to a FEMALE ENTERTAINMENT REPORTER.

AARON
Well, I just wrapped on a picture with Sally Pierce, and in that one I'm a CIA agent with only 30 seconds in which to...

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

HOLLY
What the...?!

HOLLY's head whips to the side, eyes stunned in disbelief, and her arms follow suit. SHE swerves her car off the road and SLAMS directly into one of the poles holding up the canopy above the red carpet, which instantly collapses.

HOLLY, in shock, opens the car door and tries to sneak away unnoticed, as MOVIE STARS and REPORTERS, hair and clothes in disarray, slowly emerge from the fallen canopy. HOLLY doesn't make it very far.

AARON
Holly? Is that you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cameras instantly ZOOM in on HOLLY. Spotlights turn full-force to illuminate her, as SHE freezes mid-step.

HOLLY
(weakly)
No.

EVERYONE turns to watch Holly, as SHE pivots to face them.

AARON
Holly?! What the hell are you doing?

HOLLY
I was just driving home. What the hell are you doing?

CAMILLE
Aaron, let's go inside now.

AARON
Camille, just a second.

CAMILLE
Tell her to leave.

HOLLY
(to Camille)
Do you mind?

CAMILLE
You are such a stupid bitch.

HOLLY
You did direct-to-video porn for four years under the name Lily Fandango.

EVERYONE around them gasps.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD
Like we didn't know.

CAMILLE
Oh, my God!

AARON
(laughing)
My friend is such a kidder.

SECURITY GUARD
(approaching, to Holly)
Alright, lady, come with us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AARON
No, it's okay. It was just an accident.

HOLLY
I'm...I'm sorry.

HOLLY starts to march off.

AARON
Holly, wait!

REPORTER
(nudging the camera man)
Camille, would you like to comment?

THE CAMERA MAN and BOOM MIKE GUY shuffle in closer.

CAMILLE
Get out of my face!

AARON
(calling to Holly)
Come back!

CAMILLE
Aaron?

AARON
Camille, chill out, would you?

AARON goes running after HOLLY.

CAMILLE, all eyes on her, dramatically gasps and sighs,
milking her moment in the spotlight for all it's worth.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

HOLLY is marching away, not going anywhere in particular, but
very determined to get there.

AARON
Holly, would you stop?

HE catches up with her but she doesn't stop walking.

HOLLY
It was an accident.

AARON
I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
I'm sorry, goodnight.

AARON (CONT'D)
Holly, damnit, stop.

SHE slows down.

AARON (CONT'D)
It's for the cameras, all right? The press likes to see us together. Would you please stop walking?

HOLLY
(turning)
Am I a joke to you?

AARON
No, but... God, why do have to take everything so seriously? I mean, I take Camille to a movie and you slam into a building. It doesn't mean anything.

HOLLY
(confronting him)
Really? Tell me something, Aaron. What does mean something to you?

AARON
What?

HOLLY
Well, I mean, Camille doesn't mean anything, and I don't seem to mean anything, and hell, even being an actor seems to take a distant second to fishing in Majorca with your good friends Pablo and Juan. So, is there anything in this world that you can think of which you might actually give a shit about? I'm just curious.

AARON
You know what? I don't owe you anything.

HOLLY
No, you certainly don't.

AARON
I'm just like this, okay? This is who I am. I'm... I'm just a lone wolf, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY

I'm sorry, I think I'm hearing things.
You're a lone wolf, you guess?

AARON

Yes. Jesus, why do you have to repeat
everything all the time?

HOLLY

Because I am shocked and dismayed at the
utter stupidity of what I'm hearing all
the time. What does that mean, you're a
lone wolf? You're a lone wolf, so you
have to shut out everyone who might
actually mean something to you in case,
God forbid, they might prevent you from
crawling off into the woods and, I don't
know, mating with yourself?

AARON

What are you talking about?

HOLLY

I don't know. I did know, and now I
don't remember. And it's your fault.

AARON stares at her for a moment, with no idea how to respond
to this.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Aaron... do you like me at all?

AARON

Yes. Yes, Holly, I like you a lot.

HOLLY

Why?

AARON

What do you mean, why?

HOLLY

I mean, why do you like me? We have
nothing in common. I'm always
hysterical, I overanalyze everything.
I'm no good at parties. Why do you like
me?

AARON

I don't know. Because... because you're
really smart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY
Oh, Jesus.

HOLLY starts to walk away.

AARON
No, wait.

SHE pivots and stares at him.

AARON (CONT'D)
It's good. It's a good thing... You...
You make me feel smart, too. And, I
don't know, nobody else ever made me feel
smart before. Does that make any sense?

HOLLY finally stops moving. SHE gets it.

HOLLY
Yes. Yes, that makes sense.

AARON
Look, why don't we just get out of L.A.,
all right? Come on, I'll take you to
Santa Barbara...

HOLLY
I hate Santa Barbara.

AARON
...or Mexico, or, I don't know, anywhere.
Come on, we'll go somewhere for the
weekend or something. Huh?

HOLLY
I tell you what, Aaron. Call me tomorrow
and ask me to go away with you.

AARON
Why can't you just tell me now?

HOLLY
Just, trust me. If you want me to go
away with you, call me tomorrow. Now,
you better get back to your movie.

HOLLY starts to walk back towards her car.

AARON
You don't think I'm gonna call, do you?

HOLLY
We'll see. Goodnight, Aaron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AARON runs his fingers through his hair as she goes.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Oh, wait, stop!

AARON looks up, excited that she's coming back.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(talking to police officer)
No, no, no, please Mr. Officer, please,
don't tow my car! I'll pay for the
canopy, I swear. I have a friend at the
police department.

AARON walks back into the theatre.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT

HOLLY lies in bed reading Bridget Jones's Diary and giggling in spurts. SHE puts the book down on her chest and looks at the phone, which is not ringing, and then at the alarm clock, which reads "11:32".

SHE grins, nodding her head, and then puts the book down on the night stand and turns out the light.

INSERT:

TITLE:

3 Months Later

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is in a state of commotion as:

HOLLY PACKS a large trunk with clothes she has carefully laid out on the floor in piles.

MOVING MEN PLACE valuables and some furniture into a portable storage closet.

REAGAN SCURRIES about, retrieving objects and handing things to the MOVERS.

MOVING MAN
(to Holly)
Did you want this in storage, too, Miss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY

No, it's too big. Leave it for the subletters.

MOVING MAN #2

(holding up a trench coat)

Are you bringing this with you?

HOLLY

Too bulky. If it doesn't fit in the trunk, it's not going.

MOVING MAN #2 throws the coat in the "reject" pile, which another MOVING MAN is stuffing into the storage closet.

REAGAN

(coming into the room, holding ski boots)

Are these the boots you meant?

HOLLY

Why would I need ski boots in Peru?

REAGAN

You said the ones in the closet.

HOLLY

I meant the galoshes.

REAGAN

Oh.

REAGAN turns back towards the closet.

HOLLY

Hey, Reagan?

REAGAN

Yes?

HOLLY

He's not gonna come, is he?

REAGAN

(unsure)

He'll come. He said he would.

HOLLY

Yeah. If he doesn't, do you think I should go there? Or no, I should leave it alone, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REAGAN

He'll come, Holly. He's... he's here.

REAGAN heads back into the hallway. GEOFF stands in the open doorway, holding an ugly safari hat.

HOLLY

Geoff. You came.

SHE puts down the shirt she's holding and stands to greet him. They both talk AT THE SAME TIME.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

(overlapping)

I didn't think you would come...

GEOFF

(overlapping)

Reagan told me you were going, so...

HOLLY

I'm sorry, you go first.

GEOFF

No, no, you.

HOLLY

I just didn't know if you would...

GEOFF

Well, Reagan told me about your trip, and I just thought, well, I can't let her go all the way to Columbia...

HOLLY

Peru, it's Peru.

GEOFF

Peru, without, um... Well, you know the sun is so strong down there.

GEOFF holds out the hat to HOLLY.

HOLLY

(laughing)

What is this?

GEOFF

It's an ugly safari hat. People wear them on their heads when they're on safari.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLY

But that's not important right now.

GEOFF

And look, there's a veil.

HE lowers the mosquito net veil on the hat.

HOLLY

Oh, Geoff, it's... it's so ugly.

GEOFF

Isn't it terrible?

HOLLY

You must still hate me, huh?

HOLLY was joking, but now that it's out of her mouth, they both feel the awkwardness of it.

GEOFF

No, I...

HOLLY

'Cause I miss you, you know, and, well all the talking that I'm always, you know... never shut up and... with the words, it's just, you know. You know. So, I'm sorry.

GEOFF

I've missed you, too.

HOLLY throws her arms around Geoff.

HOLLY

Okay, good.

SHE sits back down, busying herself with a pile of shirts, and wiping what might be a tear off her cheek.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Listen, stay for dinner, okay? We're having a little *bon voyage*. That's French for "drinking heavily."

GEOFF

Okay.

GEOFF kneels down and picks up a shirt, handing it to HOLLY. SHE smiles at him, punches his arm, and packs the shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

HOLLY, GEOFF and REAGAN are having a "Bon Voyage" dinner.

REAGAN
(holding up glass)
Well, here's to Holly.

GEOFF and HOLLY raise their glasses.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Going off to the jungles of Peru, leaving
us forever...

HOLLY
For one year. You're so dramatic.

REAGAN
...and saving a tribe of indigenous
children from the brink of starvation by
exposing their plight to the world...
(they clink glasses)
...in a book which I can then publish for
her, thereby making myself filthy rich.

GEOFF
To filthy rich!

HOLLY
To starving Peruvian children!

GEOFF
And to friends.

REAGAN
Here, here.

HOLLY
Salud.

GEOFF
L'chaim.

THEY ALL drink. AS HOLLY doles out food, REAGAN spills a drop of wine on her shirt. GEOFF takes his napkin and helps her wipe it off, and SHE smiles at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

HOLLY hugs REAGAN goodbye, and then gets into the car which GEOFF has already started.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
(shouting to Reagan)
Goodbye! I love you!

THEY drive off, as REAGAN waves from the doorway of HOLLY's house.

REAGAN
(shouting after them)
Be careful!

When they've disappeared, REAGAN turns back into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE

A CAT peaks out from under the couch and stares at REAGAN.

REAGAN
Come here, Squeaky. Come on, Sweetheart,
you're gonna come live with Aunty Reagan.
Isn't that wonderful?

The cat SQUEAKS and runs off. REAGAN follows it.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Damn it. Squeaky, come here, angel.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR FRAME makes REAGAN turn around.

Standing at the door, in sunglasses and holding a bouquet of yellow roses, is AARON.

REAGAN (CONT'D)
Oh, my God.

AARON
Is Holly here?

REAGAN
(seeing the roses)
Oh, my God.

AARON
I'm sorry, does Holly Somers still live
here?

REAGAN
Yes. I mean, no. I mean, yes but no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON
(removes sunglasses)
Well, which is it?

REAGAN
Yes, but not now. She went to Peru.

AARON
The country?

REAGAN
That's the one. She went to save the
rain forest children.

AARON
Um, when will she be back?

REAGAN
In a year.

AARON
A year?! When did she leave?

REAGAN
Five minutes ago.

AARON
You're kidding. So, what, she went to
the airport? Which airport? LAX?

REAGAN
Maybe.

AARON
Which airline?

REAGAN
I can't tell you.

AARON
Why not?

REAGAN
Because you'll stop her and then she
won't go and she'll never pursue her
dreams. She'll just sit here and wait
for you to call and it'll be horrible all
over again.

AARON
It won't. I've changed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REAGAN

Oh please.

AARON

No, really. Please, please.

HE gets down on his knees and takes her hand.

AARON (CONT'D)

What is your name?

REAGAN

Reagan.

AARON

Reagan.

(he gives her a puppy dog look)

Reagan, please. Which airline?

REAGAN puts her hand over her heart and sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOLLY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Tires SQUEAL as AARON's Boxster ZOOMS down the street.

REAGAN watches from the doorway, her hand still over her heart.

REAGAN

(to herself)

Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF LAX, DEPARTURES - DAY

GEOFF and HOLLY pull up in front of the international terminal. HE pulls over to the unloading curb.

THEY both get out and GEOFF helps HOLLY remove a large trunk from the back of his SUV. HE leaves it on the curb for her.

GEOFF

Well, don't get malaria.

HOLLY

You, too. Either.

GEOFF

Neither.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY
(pronouncing like "eye")
Neither.

GEOFF
Potato.

HOLLY
(pronouncing like "motto")
Potato.

GEOFF
Would you get the hell out of here?

HOLLY
I'm going.

THEY hug each other, and GEOFF quickly turns to get back in the car. Right before SHE's in the building, though:

GEOFF
(shouting)
Hey, Holly!

HOLLY
Yeah?

GEOFF
I'm proud of you.

HOLLY smiles and nods, finally proud of herself.

HOLLY
I'll write you!

GEOFF
You better!

SHE waves goodbye and then pulls her trunk into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL OF AIRLINE - LATER

HOLLY's flight is announced over the loudspeaker. SHE tucks a crossword puzzle into her briefcase and gets in line to board.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERMINAL OF AIRLINE

AARON leaves his car at the curb with the emergency lights blinking and runs in, holding the flowers.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL OF AIRLINE

HOLLY is at the end of the line to board.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL OF AIRLINE, SECURITY CHECK

AARON tries to walk through the metal detector.

GUARD

Sir, you can't enter without a ticket.

AARON

(taking off sunglasses)

Listen, um, it's an emergency. Do you think maybe you can help me out here?

GUARD

Sure thing.

He turns Aaron around and points.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Ticket counter's right over there.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL OF AIRLINE

HOLLY is ninth in line to board.

CUT TO:

TICKET COUNTER

AARON is frustrated, standing behind an ELDERLY WOMAN at the counter.

WOMAN

(to teller, shouting)

I'm sorry, Miss, you're going to have to speak up. Now, I was told that the senior citizen discount was 237 dollars and 89 cents. I've got it right here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON breaks in.

AARON
I'm sorry, what's the problem here?

WOMAN
Young man, get back in line. It's my turn.

AARON
Where are you trying to go, lady?

WOMAN
Boca.

AARON
(taking out wallet)
Here. Here you go. Put it on my card.
I'd like two tickets to Boca, right away,
please.

MANAGER BEHIND COUNTER
(approaching)
I'm sorry, sir.

AARON
What? What is it?

MANAGER BEHIND COUNTER
Aren't you Aaron Salinger?

AARON
Would that get me through this line any
faster?

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL OF AIRLINE

HOLLY is handing her ticket to the FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

SHE is about to walk on when SHE hears:

AARON
So, Peru, huh?

HOLLY turns and GASPS, seeing AARON approach with flowers in hand.

HOLLY
(to herself)
More flowers.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(to flight attendant)
Excuse me.

SHE leaves the line and walks up to AARON.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
That's so funny. You look just like this
movie star I went out with once.

AARON
Really? Whatever happened to that guy?

HOLLY
Oh, it was very tragic.

AARON
What's that?

HOLLY
He got eaten.

AARON
No kidding.

HOLLY
By a wolf. A lone wolf.

AARON
That's terrible.

HOLLY
And he was so young, too.

AARON
I hate it when that happens.

HOLLY
You have no idea.

HOLLY takes the flowers from AARON and smells them.

AARON
So, um, so this is your flight, huh?

HOLLY
Aaron, was there something you wanted to
say to me, or are you just in the flower
delivery business now?

AARON
No. I mean, yes, I... I've been
thinking. I would like for you to... um.

AARON laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLLY

Yes?

AARON

I think that I'm ready to... ask you to stay.

HOLLY

You do? Really?

AARON

Yes. Holly, please stay.

HOLLY

Wow. Oh, wow. Aaron, that's very romantic. It really is. And it's so sweet. And I think that I'm ready, too...

AARON

Yes?

HOLLY

I'm ready... to turn you down.

SHE hands the flowers back to AARON.

AARON

Oh. I see.

LOUDSPEAKER

This is the final call for flight 243 to Lima. All ticketed passengers, please proceed to the gate.

AARON

Too late, huh?

HOLLY

Too late. But you came really close.

AARON

Not close enough.

The LOUDSPEAKER repeats the announcement in Spanish.

HOLLY

Well... um...

AARON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HE flicks his finger down the freckles on her nose, which SHE wiggles like Sam on Bewitched. SHE kisses his cheek.

HE pulls her to him and kisses her lips. The kiss turns more and more passionate. FLIGHT ATTENDANTS and PASSENGERS stop and stare. HOLLY finally breaks away, staring into his eyes.

SHE kisses him back, dropping her briefcase. HE's won. HE picks her up and twirls her in the air, giddy. When HE puts her back down, SHE kisses him one last time.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Aaron.

SHE turns from him, taking her briefcase and walking confidently into the runway ramp.

INT. THE RUNWAY RAMP

Once inside, HOLLY stops and covers her heart, a pained expression on her face. SHE breathes and tries to regain her composure.

HOLLY
(to herself)
Don't stop to jump, Holly. Don't stop to jump.

MALE AIRLINE ATTENDANT
You okay, Miss?

HOLLY
(to him)
Don't stop to jump. Um, I just...
figured out what something meant.

MALE AIRLINE ATTENDANT
You gonna be all right?

HOLLY
Yes.

SHE straightens herself up and manages to smile at him.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
Yes, I'm going to be fine.

HE nods at her and keeps walking. SHE takes a deep breath and follows him onto the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINAL OF AIRLINE

AARON takes a second while it sinks in that SHE's really gone. HE walks over to the window and stares at the plane.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Excuse me? Are you Aaron Salinger?

AARON looks at her. SHE's very attractive.

AARON

No, sorry. Here, have some flowers.

HE hands her the roses, puts on his sunglasses and walks away.

INSERT:

TITLE:

Denouement- A French Word

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL TENT DEEP IN PERUVIAN RAINFOREST - DAY

HOLLY pulls up in a jeep and gets out, unloading her trunk from the back. SHE looks around to determine if she's in the right place.

Suddenly, A TALL RUGGED LATIN AMERICAN MAN comes out of the tent. He's dressed like Indiana Jones and has a stethoscope around his neck.

MAN

You must be Holly?

HOLLY

And you would be Dr. Mendez?

DR. MENDEZ

(shaking her hand)

Nice to meet you. We've got a tent all set up for you.

HOLLY

Great, thanks. I really appreciate how helpful you've been on the phone.

DR. MENDEZ

Oh, you're doing us a favor.

HE takes her trunk and starts carrying it for her as THEY walk towards her tent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. MENDEZ (CONT'D)

I've been trying to get a writer to come down here and do something on this tribe forever. Figured the exposure might help get donations for medical supplies, food. They don't even have fresh water here.

A YOUNG INDIGENOUS BOY runs up to DR. MENDEZ and shows him his arm. The TRIBE MEMBERS speak a combination of Spanish and an Incan tongue, which DR. MENDEZ speaks fluently.

BOY

(says something in native tongue)

DR. MENDEZ

(in language, with subtitles)

That's good, Josito. It's all cleared up. Now, no more playing in the river bank. Okay?

THE BOY nods and smiles at HOLLY.

DR. MENDEZ (CONT'D)

(in language, with subtitles)

Run along, I'll see you at dinner.

(to Holly)

I think you'll find everything you need in the tent. It's rough, but we like it.

HOLLY

Wow, it must be tough on your wife, you living in such an isolated place.

DR. MENDEZ

Oh, I'm not married. You'll find, I'm afraid, that this environment doesn't lend itself to a normal way of life.

HOLLY

That's okay. Normal's overrated.

DR. MENDEZ leaves her trunk in front of her tent.

DR. MENDEZ

Come on, I'll show you the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF OVERLOOKING RAGING RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

HOLLY trips over a rock as THEY approach the edge, and DR. MENDEZ takes her hand to help her up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. MENDEZ
You all right?

HOLLY
Yeah, I'm a bit of a klutz.

DR. MENDEZ
That's all right, I got you.

HE guides her by the hand to the edge of the cliff, where
THEY stand and stare out over the mist rising from the river
below. Tropical birds swirl past them and dissolve into the
jungle, as THEY stand on the brink, holding hands.

HOLLY
Paradise on earth.

DR. MENDEZ
You have no idea.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY

AARON turns around, dressed like DR. MENDEZ, sweaty and
anxious, with a stethoscope around his neck. On the table in
front of him is a panting YOUNG DARK-SKINNED BOY.

A WOMAN in a Jungle Jim outfit stands next to him, holding
the boy's hand.

WOMAN IN JUNGLE JIM OUTFIT
Doctor, this one looks dehydrated, too.

AARON
It's the damn pollutants in the stream.
I'll have to go into town tonight and
syphon more fresh water from the well.

WOMAN IN JUNGLE JIM OUTFIT
But if they catch you again, the
government will put a bounty on your
head.

AARON
Damnit, Sharon, that's just a chance I'll
have to take. These children's lives
depend on me.

WOMAN IN JUNGLE JIM OUTFIT
Then I'm going with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AARON
No, it's too dangerous.

WOMAN IN JUNGLE JIM OUTFIT
I don't care. I love you.

AARON
I love you, too.

THEY kiss passionately.

GEOFF
Cut!

CUT TO:

INT. FULL SHOT OF SOUNDSTAGE WHICH HOLDS THE TENT
CREW members immediately start milling about.

GEOFF
That's a keeper, folks. Good work today.

AARON
Geoff, can we do it just one more time?

GEOFF
Aaron, that was perfect. I'm telling
you.

AARON
I can do more with it, though. Just once
more, I really want to nail it.

GEOFF is reviewing a schedule an ASSISTANT holds before him.

GEOFF
(to assistant)
Uh-huh.
(to Aaron)
Um, all right, once more. Back to your
marks everyone. One last time.

MALE GRIP
Geoff, we just need one minute for
lights.

GEOFF
You got it, Steve.

A YOUNG P.A. approaches GEOFF, talking into a cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

P.A.
Hold on, Reagan. He's right here.

THE P.A. hands the phone to Geoff.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hi, honey. We're just wrapping the last
shot.... Yeah, it's going well... Is she
asleep?.... Really?... I'll be home in an
hour or so...

GEOFF's voice trails out as CREW MEMBERS scurry around and
AARON runs his lines with THE JUNGLE JIM WOMAN.

INSERT:

TITLE:
"And they all lived happily ever after...
most of the time. The End."

FADE OUT.