

INT. SOHO CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - DAY

The screen shows a metal staircase next to a large white column. Holly's voice can be heard as she and Hannah make their way up the stairs, moving into view. A man carrying a shopping bag walks down the steps; he passes them. Hannah and Holly talk as they climb.

HOLLY

(offscreen)

You know, I just want to look so good, but I don't want to seem, you know, like I'm overdressed.

(onscreen, walking up

the stairs behind Hannah)

You know what I'm saying?

HANNAH

(overlapping, turning  
to look at Holly)

Oh, no, not at all.

HOLLY

(holding up a dress

she's carrying on her arm)

Well, how about this?

HANNAH

(looking at the dress)

Well, I, I really like that. I think that's a pretty color on you.

HOLLY

(overlapping)

Oh, yeah.

(laughing)

Hannah and Holly reach the top of the stairs. They walk onto a cavernous, high-tech floor. Empty bleachers line one wall; the rest of the floor is filled with racks of clothes and empty space.

HOLLY

(continuing, smiling)

Did you ever think you'd be helping me buy something to wear to the opera?

(chuckling)

HANNAH

(playfully hitting

Holly's arm)

Nuh-uh...but I think it's great. I can't wait to meet him.

Holly follows Hannah to a rack of blouses.

HOLLY  
He's married...

HANNAH  
(interrupting,  
looking through the rack)  
Oh-oh.

HOLLY  
(overlapping)  
...and his wife's, uh, in and out  
of institutions. She's  
schizophrenic.

Holly continues to talk as she follows Hannah across the floor to a rack of dresses. Hannah's on one side, flipping through the hangers. Holly, on the other side of the same rack, talks to her sister, not looking at the clothes.

HOLLY  
Sometimes she's terrific...

HANNAH  
(overlapping)  
Oooo.

HOLLY  
...and then she just breaks down.  
(gesturing)  
And he has this sweet daughter...and  
when she goes to college next year,  
he's going to split permanently. I  
mean...

HANNAH  
(overlapping, looking  
up at Holly)  
Oh?

HOLLY  
...he's really paid his dues,  
but...then she helped put him  
through architecture school, you  
know, so...

Hannah takes a jacket on a hanger off the rack and looks at it. She holds it to her.

HANNAH  
(interrupting,  
glancing at her  
sister for a moment  
with amazement)  
You found all this, all this out on  
one date?

HOLLY

(chuckling and nodding)  
Well, I think he was dying to open  
up. It's so sad.  
(finally looking back  
and forth along the rack)  
Now...what should I wear to my  
audition?

Hannah turns to Holly with surprise. She puts the jacket  
back on the rack and stares at her; she inhales.

HOLLY  
(explaining)  
I've got a singing audition for a  
Broadway musical.  
(chuckling)  
Of course, I'll never get it.

HANNAH  
Singing?

HOLLY  
(chuckling)  
Yeah, can you believe it?

HANNAH  
(walking around the  
rack to Holly, still surprised)  
Really?

HOLLY  
(vulnerably)  
Well, I mean, why not? You know,  
wh-what have I got to lose? Uh...

HANNAH  
(overlapping, shaking  
her head)  
Well, no...I-I know, I just, uh...  
No, I-I, eh, you know, I, I didn't,  
I didn't know you sung.

Hannah begins to look at the rack of clothes on Holly's  
side, while her sister stares at her, frowning.

HOLLY  
(defensively)  
Well, you think everybody in m-  
musicals sings so well?

HANNAH  
(gesturing, shaking  
her head)  
No! No, I, eh, it's just that they  
sing.

Holly is silent for a moment. Hannah takes a blouse off the

rack and looks at it.

HOLLY

Well...you know, uh...I sing a  
little, I mean...  
(chuckling self-consciously)

HANNAH

(realizing she's hurt  
Holly, reacting)

Ohh!

HOLLY

(overlapping, shaking  
her head)

You know.

HANNAH

(hanging the blouse  
back on the rack)

I know, no--  
(chuckling)

I know.

HOLLY

(overlapping, still  
chuckling self-  
consciously, gesturing)

I mean, y-you know, don't say it  
that way, you know, because my  
confidence is not my strong point,  
I--

HANNAH

(interrupting,  
touching her sister's shoulder)

No, I'm sorry. No, I didn't mean  
that. No, I didn't mean that.

The two sisters walk away from the rack, Hannah slightly in  
the lead. Behind them are some more racks of clothing and a  
large window with closed venetian blinds.

HOLLY

(gesturing)

Uh, you know, I think I can fake my  
way through a song.

HANNAH

(nodding as she looks  
around the store,  
pulling up her  
shoulder bag strap)

Uh-huh.

HOLLY

Easily.

Holly pauses, looking at her sister. They continue to walk.

HOLLY

(looking at Hannah)  
W-why? You don't think it's  
realistic?

HANNAH

(putting her hand on  
Holly's shoulder)  
No, I didn't, I, that's no. No, I-  
I-I, no, I-I just...  
(gesturing)  
hate to see you put yourself in a  
position where, where you get hurt,  
you know. You know, you know how  
you take...

HOLLY

(overlapping, nodding)  
Yeah.

They walk over to a table laid out with colorful scarves and  
decorated with hurricane lamps bordering its edges.

HANNAH

(continuing, looking  
at some clothes  
hanging beneath the table)  
...every, eh, single rejection as-  
as-as a...a confirmation that you  
have no talent, or something?

HOLLY

(overlapping, nodding)  
Yeah. Well, maybe I'll get it.  
(chuckling and gesturing)

HANNAH

(overlapping, looking  
at the clothes)  
I hope.

Holly looks at her sister for a beat.

HOLLY

(sighing)  
Boy, you really know how to cut me  
down.

HANNAH

(looking at Holly, reacting)  
What? You don't, don't be so  
sensitive. Can't I say anything?

HOLLY  
(gesturing)  
Tch, well, I sing!  
(suddenly shouting)  
For Chrissake, Hannah, you heard me  
sing!

A female customer, who'd come over to the table, browsing through the rack of clothes near Hannah, looks up, reacting. She walks away.

HANNAH  
(overlapping, reacting  
to her sister's outburst)  
Okay!  
(looking at her sister)  
Okay. I-- What happened? You  
know, we were having a really nice  
time, a-and suddenly, everything  
went to bad feeling.

She walks past Holly and briefly looks at a different rack of clothes beneath the table.

HOLLY  
(shaking her head)  
Nobody but you can do that to me.  
I don't know why.

HANNAH  
(gesturing)  
Look, everything's going your way.

She walks offscreen to a nearby rack; the camera remains focused on Holly.

HOLLY  
You're right.  
(pausing)  
I'm happy.  
(shrugging, looking  
at the offscreen Hannah)  
Why must I let my insecurities  
spoil everything?

Holly chuckles and begins to look through the scarves on the table.