

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