

INT. HANNAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hannah, licking her fingers, walks past a memo-cluttered refrigerator to the stove as Holly, behind her, begins to speak. The faint sounds of music are still heard.

HOLLY

Hannah, I have to borrow some more money.

(sipping her drink)

Don't get upset.

HANNAH

(stirring some food
in a saucepan on the stove)

Mmm, I never get upset over that.

Mmm?

HOLLY

This is the last time, I promise.

And I'm keeping strict accounts.

As Holly talks, sipping her drink, Hannah busily works in the kitchen, which contains a large center table stacked with bowls and plates of food, hanging pots and pans, and general party clutter. She walks on-and-offscreen as she talks and listens to her sister.

HANNAH

Holly, please. Don't insult me.

HOLLY

(putting her empty
glass and plate down
on the table)

Someday, I'll pay it all back.

HANNAH

I know. H-how much do you need?

HOLLY

Two thousand dollars.

Hannah, who'd been mashing some food in a bowl on a nearby counter, hesitates momentarily. She turns to Holly.

HANNAH

(trying to nod her
head casually)

Uh-huh.

HOLLY

(gesturing, her back
to the camera)

Hannah, I know it's a lot, but my
friend April and I, we have this
catering idea I think's going to be
great.

Hannah, licking her fingers, walks past Holly.

HOLLY

(turning to face Hannah)

You admit that we're great cooks,
right?

HANNAH

(nodding, back at the
stove now, stirring
in a pot)

Yeah.

HOLLY

(putting her hands in
her pockets)

Well, in order to get started,
there's just a few things I have to
buy...

(gesturing)
and some old debts I have
outstanding.

HANNAH

(looking at her sister)

Will you just tell me one thing?

HOLLY

(nodding)

Okay.

HANNAH

Are we talking about cocaine again?

HOLLY

(shaking her head no)

I swear. I swear. We've already
got some requests to do a few
dinner parties.

A timer goes off. Hannah walks past Holly to attend to some food on a different stove. Holly turns to face her. Only Holly is seen as she talks to the offscreen Hannah, the camera moving in closer on her face. As Holly speaks, she distractedly nibbles an hors d'oeuvre. In the background, her parents can be heard singing in the living room.

HOLLY

I mean, obviously, I'm not going to be a caterer forever, you know. We both still go to auditions. Something could turn up at any moment. But the parties are at night, days are free, I can still take my acting class. I haven't done drugs on a year.

Holly pops another hors d'oeuvre into her mouth as the background singing gets louder and the film cuts to: