

HOLLY'S FOLLY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

A cute woman of 24, HOLLY, pokes her head out of an alley and scopes out the street. The store next to her has a marquee with the name "HOLLY'S THEME PARTIES."

Her phone RINGS and she snatches it out of a pocket.

HOLLY

Holly's Theme Parties. Holly speaking.

(beat)

Hey, Vicky.

As she listens to Vicky, she keeps an eye on the street.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Yeah, there was a fake-news van outside my store an hour ago. I had to sneak out the back door. The street's spooky empty, Vicky.

She turns right and walks quickly down the sidewalk.

WITH HOLLY

Holly constantly looks behind her to check traffic. She stays on the phone with Vicky.

HOLLY

Derek was arrested this morning, and Tom is at his lawyer's office. You keeping a low profile?

She ducks behind a parked car as a SHERIFF'S CAR cruises by, its loudspeaker blaring a RECORDED MESSAGE:

LOUDSPEAKER

Curfew is in effect from sunset to sunrise. During daylight hours, if you must be outdoors, wear a face mask and maintain social distancing.

The sheriff's car disappears when it turns left at the intersection behind her, its MESSAGE REPEATING.

Holly sighs, looks down at her phone as she gets a new call.

HOLLY  
 Gotta go, Vicky. I'm getting a call  
 from my dad. Bye.  
 (beat)  
 Hi, dad.

ON PHONE

DAVID, a graying man of 50, looks out at Holly, a worried  
 frown on his face.

DAVID  
 Hey, baby, how are you holding up?

INTERCUT WITH HOLLY

Smiles weakly, stands up, and continues down the sidewalk.

HOLLY  
 Okay so far, daddy. The cops  
 already arrested my assistant,  
 Derek.

DAVID  
 Jesus! You just threw a frickin'  
 party. What's the big deal?

HOLLY  
 Right? And that was a month ago!

DAVID  
 This damn pandemic. I don't think  
 it's as bad as they say. The deep  
 state is just trying to screw real  
 Americans!

HOLLY  
 Yes, daddy. I'm sure you're right.

Holly dives behind another car as an AMBULANCE, SIREN  
 blaring, shoots past. Once it disappears down the street,  
 Holly stands and resumes her walk.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 That was an ambulance. There've  
 been a lot of them today. The  
 stores are all closed and there  
 aren't any people about.

DAVID

They've scared the people -- or  
should I say sheep. Keep your eyes  
open, baby.

HOLLY

I will. Bye.

She hangs up the phone and pockets it. She reaches the  
intersection, lost in thought, and turns right -

CROSS STREET

- smack into a DEPUTY SHERIFF. He's a severe-looking man of  
30, in a khaki uniform, cowboy boots, stetson hat, and has a  
tooled leather holster holding a six-shooter. The five-  
pointed star pinned to his shirt gleams brightly. And he's  
wearing a face mask. His sheriff's car is angle-parked to the  
curb behind him.

She bounces off him and a horrified expression flits across  
her face, before it settles into a look of dismay.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Good afternoon, ma'am. Or should I  
say Holly Dalton, of Holly's Theme  
Parties?

Holly lets out a panicked gasp and spins around to escape but  
he latches onto her arm with an iron grip.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Some pissed-off people want to talk  
to you, Ms Dalton.

HOLLY

It was just a damn theme party!

DEPUTY SHERIFF

A coronavirus-themed party.

He keeps her locked in his grip, while patting her down  
summarily with his free hand.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Almost two hundred Covid 19  
positives are directly linked to  
your party. And a couple of deaths.  
You're under arrest, ma'am.  
Detectives at the station will  
Mirandize you.

He handcuffs Holly's hands behind her.

HOLLY

I'm sorry about that, but this is Texas! The governor wants us all to get back to work, right?

DEPUTY SHERIFF

True, but it's a bad look when the infection rate suddenly skyrockets under your watch.

HOLLY

I was just trying to promote herd immunity.

He drags her to the car when she tries to dig her heels in.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

In Texas, herds get slaughtered.

HOLLY

You'll have to take my gun from my cold dead hands!

DEPUTY SHERIFF

You don't have a gun.

He opens the rear door and forces a struggling Holly inside.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)

And you're not dead. Yet.

HOLLY

What's that supposed to mean?

The Deputy slams the door shut.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

You're probably spending the night at the county jail. And the jail may or may not be a coronavirus hotspot, depending on which cable news channel you believe.

He steps to the driver's side, gets in, and starts the car.

HOLLY

I was just trying to reopen America!

The car backs up, tires squealing, then blasts off.

FADE OUT.