

Perfectly Imperfect

By

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM. DAY

A spotless room of matching furniture and modern lines.

On the nightstand in front of a lamp and aligned in a column sit a clock - 6:12 am - a Blackberry, two matching gold watches and a worn business card for Janice Craig, Psychiatrist.

HOLLY (25), petite with dark hair in a pixie cut, sleeps on her back in the bed, hands down by her sides.

The Blackberry RINGS. Holly sits up, rubs her face with both hands, checks the caller ID and puts the phone on speaker.

HOLLY

Hi, Craig.

CRAIG (ON THE PHONE)

I just got a call from the judge. We've got an emergency hearing on Monday in the Reilly case. You've got one hour.

CLICK.

Holly glances at the clock - 6:13. She grunts and climbs out of bed.

LATER

Holly, wet hair and a towel wrapped around her, approaches the closet, flips on the light. Bottoms hang to the left, suits and dresses in the middle, tops to the right, all sorted by type then color.

She sighs, glances back at the clock - 6:29. Holly looks into the closet with a worried expression.

She squeezes her eyes shut, shakes both hands and hits off the light.

Eyes closed, she walks into the closet, grabs two random garments, from her left and right.

She dresses, stares up at the ceiling the whole time. She clicks a watch on each wrist and checks them both - 6:32.

Holly slings her backpack on her shoulders, slips on her shoes and heads for the door.

She passes a wardrobe mirror and sighs relief - blue top, black pants, black shoes. She smirks.

EXT. APARTMENT - STAIRS. DAY

An overcast morning. Holly stands on the landing and looks down at the slick steps, the railings - her side is clear but her neighbors' has towels 'drying' on it.

A slight wince and shoves her fists in her pockets, slogs down the middle.

Half-way down, she stops, looks back up at her door knob. Her eyebrows pull together. She bites her bottom lip and checks her watches - 6:39.

Holly shakes her hands out, turns away.

Her eyes glisten and tears well. One escapes her right eye and she cries, slips and catches her railing.

Her eyes widen and Holly stifles a sob.

She creeps down the stairs, hand on her railing and body rigid as she chokes back more cries.

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY

Holly waits with a frown, arms folded and eyes down.

The bus pulls up and the DRIVER, a man in his 40s, opens the door. She stares in.

DRIVER

You coming or what?

HOLLY

You're late.

DRIVER

Your watch is fast, honey. On or off?

INT. BUS. DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Holly steps on the bus, drops her ticket in the machine with one hand, pulls it out with the other.

She walks through the empty bus, sits in the middle seat in the back and glowers at the driver.

LATER

Holly's face is wet, her nose red. She checks her left watch
- 7:07.

She looks out the window and cries as she raises her right
watch, checks the time.

The driver eyes her in the mirror.

Holly steels herself, wipes her face with one hand and
scoots over to sit by the window.

She pulls the business card from her backpack, fiddles with
it.

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY

The bus stops at the curb and Holly steps off, stares
straight ahead as she walks.

Her Blackberry RINGS and Holly pulls it from her bag, holds
it to her left ear.

HOLLY
I'm two minutes away.

Craig YELLS on the phone and she starts, switches ears.

HOLLY
Craig, I - Craig?

Holly shoves the phone back in her bag.

HOLLY
Prick.

She skips over a crack in the pavement. Holly scratches her
left cheek, then her right cheek.

Her arms hang by her sides and her fingers move as if
counting.

Holly's lips move as she whispers:

HOLLY
One, two, three, four. One, two,
three, four. One, two, three, four.
One, two, three, four.

She takes a deep breath and skips over another crack.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY. DAY

Holly approaches the elevators, turns to her right to press the call button.

An elevator opens behind her and she spins awkwardly back around before entering.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Holly waits in silence.

Her lips part. The tip of her tongue touches the roof of her mouth and she clicks it.

Another click. Her eyebrows pull together.

Two more clicks in quick succession. Holly's eyes well.

Four clicks and a pause. Her eyes dart around, frantic.

The elevator DINGS and she bolts.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING. DAY (CONTINUOUS)

She rushes down the hall, passes desks and cubicles, finally reaches...

HER OFFICE

She bursts in, slams the door shut behind her, buries her face in her hands.

MAN

He must be on the warpath.

Holly looks up and sees WILL (28), tall and athletic with Sandy hair. He slouches in her chair, right arm draped over the back, a grin on his lips.

She laughs and tears spill. She rubs her hands across her face, shakes them by her sides.

Will glances at her hands and eyes her. He moves toward her, stands inches away.

He pushes a strand of hair behind her left ear as:

WILL

We've got a short deadline.

She breathes in, holds her breath.

HOLLY

Do you think we'll make it?

Will smiles, kisses her lips, then her right temple. He raises one of her hands to his face, the other to his waist. He pulls her close.

WILL

Of course we will.

Holly beams, a blissful sigh.

FADE TO BLACK.