

Good for you.

ADAM

Yup, I sell candles.

LUKE

Okay, easy now.

ADAM

It's just the first time I've ever really admitted it out loud.

LUKE

And how does it feel?

ADAM

Terrible. I don't care if I ever sell another pumpkin scented anything for as long as I live.

LUKE

I hate pumpkin.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Adam!

HOLLY appears from the party below.

ADAM

Sorry.

HOLLY

It was quirky for like ten minutes, now it's just rude.

ADAM

I said, I was sorry.

HOLLY

Well, get back down there. It's my anniversary.

ADAM

I can't, Holly.

HOLLY

What do you mean you can't?

ADAM

The air. There's like a pall down there.

HOLLY

A pall?

ADAM

A heaviness, yeah. I don't know. Everyone just seems so... hungry.

HOLLY

You done, Shecky?

ADAM

What happened to all those past life regression weirdos you used to hang out with? At least those people knew how to party.

HOLLY sits, as it all comes clear.

HOLLY

It's Belinda, isn't it?

ADAM

Who?

HOLLY

That's what this is all about.

ADAM

Absolutely not.

HOLLY

It's just a book, sweetie.

ADAM

A best selling book. She's making a fortune.

HOLLY

Well, good for her. We should all be so lucky.

ADAM

They're making a movie of it, too.

HOLLY

That's ridiculous.

ADAM

No, it's not. There's a huge bidding war, apparently.

HOLLY

It's a book on breast feeding, Adam.

ADAM

I'd pay to see that.

HOLLY

Okay, I'm leaving now.

She starts off.

ADAM

I'm a candle salesman, Holly.

She stops and turns.

HOLLY

What?

ADAM

I'm a forty year-old candle salesman.

HOLLY  
What are you talking about?

ADAM  
That's just not what I thought I'd be at this point in my  
life.

HOLLY  
Oh, for fuck sake.

ADAM  
When you hired me, it was to help you get through the holiday  
season.

HOLLY  
So?

ADAM  
That was six years ago.

A beat.

ADAM  
I don't want to end up like your friend downstairs.

HOLLY  
Which one?

ADAM  
You know, whats-her-name, the middle aged fat one who sells  
bongs in the smoke shop around the corner.

HOLLY  
Rachel?

ADAM  
The one who looks like she cries in her closet.

HOLLY  
She's nice.

ADAM  
That's not what I want.

Another beat.

HOLLY  
Well, I sell candles, too.

ADAM  
You own the shop, Holly. You're a shop owner. There's a big  
difference. Plus, you're not forty.

HOLLY  
Neither are you.

ADAM  
Yes, I am.

HOLLY  
You're forty?

ADAM  
Uh-huh.

HOLLY  
You've been lying about your age the whole time I've known you?

ADAM  
Yes.

HOLLY  
(processing for a moment)  
Well, you're not fat.

ADAM  
My body may not be, but my soul is.

HOLLY  
Okay, now I'm really leaving.

ADAM stands.

ADAM  
I want more, Holly.

HOLLY  
There is more, Adam. There's cake. And we want to watch you eat it.

ADAM  
I'm serious! I'll give you a couple more weeks.

HOLLY  
(realizing he's serious)  
So, what, you're quitting? Great. Who's gonna help me unload that huge crate of Dyptiques we just got? You're the only one who knows how to pronounce those freakin' things.

ADAM  
You'll find someone else.

HOLLY  
(to LUKE)  
Hey, handsome, wanna sell candles?

LUKE  
Is that better than cater-waitering?

HOLLY  
Way better. Talk to me on your way out. I'll hook you up.

LUKE