

INT. MALL - AFTERNOON

SLOAN (female, late 20's-early 30's) and JACKSON (male, late 20's-early 30's) walk through a busy mall. Sloan is eating a giant soft pretzel.

SLOAN

Are you sure you don't want any?

JACKSON

Nah, I don't eat that crap. Do you know what that does to your body?

SLOAN

Uh, yea, fills me with warm, delicious happiness. Like Christmas used to be before I realized that Santa was a big scam.

JACKSON

Christmas peaked for me at about 10. Got a surfboard and my first complete set of golf clubs.

SLOAN

Nice.

JACKSON

It was good.

SLOAN

My best Christmas was a Barbie dreamhouse, preassembled, and a ventriloquist puppet named Lester. He looked like Jaleel White.

JACKSON

Huh?

SLOAN

I sort of had a thing for Urkel. I spent months learning to throw my voice.

JACKSON

Come on. Let's hear it.

SLOAN

No.

JACKSON

Excuse me, I bought you a free pretzel, so you owe me an Urkel. Come on... Come on!

SLOAN

(in an Urkel voice without moving her lips)  
Did I do that? Did I do that?

JACKSON

Nice! What happened to Lester?

SLOAN

Oh, he sleeps with me every night.

JACKSON

What?

A MALL SANTA is waving eagerly at Sloan from across the mall.

MALL SANTA

Hey Sloan!

SLOAN

Oh God, oh God...

JACKSON

What, is that an ex-boyfriend of yours or something?

SLOAN

No, that is the guy my aunt brought home for Christmas.

JACKSON

That's the cookie licker?

MALL SANTA

Tell your Aunt Susan to call me!

Sloan and Jackson veer away from the Mall Santa and keep walking.

SLOAN

He was her holidate.

JACKSON

Wait, what's a holiday?

SLOAN

Just some guy she picked up at the mall to spend Christmas with.

JACKSON

Wait, just Christmas? Or all holidays?

SLOAN

Easter, New Year's... She's an equal opportunity holidayer.

JACKSON

That's what I need for New Year's Eve! I need a holiday!

SLOAN

Well, you can try, but this late in the game he's probably booked.

JACKSON

No, no, I'm serious. I am done casually dating on the holidays. There's way too much pressure. It's ridiculous. I always end up being the asshole at the end of the day anyway.

SLOAN

Well, try being the only single person left in your family. It's like every time I walk into a room I'm showered with a sea of pity and sad glances. I mean, why is everyone so suspicious of a happy single woman?

JACKSON

Because you're obviously not happy.

SLOAN

Yes, I am.

(pointing to a smile on her face)

Happy.

JACKSON

No, you're not. Human beings aren't meant to be alone on the holidays. We actually need warmth, companionship, and someone to drink mock strangers with at parties.

SLOAN

I do enjoy drunk mocking strangers at parties.

JACKSON

Well then it's perfect. We can be each other's holiday for New Year's Eve.

SLOAN

I don't even know you, so...

JACKSON

Yes! That's what makes it perfect! There's no pressure, there's no expectations, I mean, I don't even think I find you that attractive.

SLOAN

Wow, calm down with the flattery!

JACKSON

Not that you're not attractive, just that maybe you're not that attractive to me.

SLOAN

Goodbye!

JACKSON

Ok, wait a second, you just said that you're tired of all the sad glances and pathetic looks.

SLOAN

I said pity, not pathetic.

JACKSON

Ok, tomāto, tomāto. I've got tickets to the Skyfall Party.

SLOAN

Wait, really? Oh, that's such a fun party.

JACKSON

Ok, come on then, say yes!

SLOAN

Ugh...

JACKSON

I want to go, relax, have a few drinks, and not worry about my date going batshit if I don't drop a knee at midnight.

SLOAN

What makes you sure I'm not batshit?

JACKSON

You had me at Lester.

(goes to shake Sloan's hand)

I'm Jackson, by the way.

SLOAN

(shaking Jackson's hand)

Sloan.

JACKSON

Nice to meet you Sloan. Here are my details.

Jackson hands Sloan a business card.

SLOAN

Golf pro. What's your real job?

JACKSON

Just think about it. Text me.

SLOAN

Not texting you Tiger Woods.

Sloan starts walking away as Jackson calls after her.

JACKSON

Think about it!

SLOAN

Not texting you!

JACKSON

Just send me a text!

FADE OUT: