

HOLLY. I should hang this. You see, my father always used to hang the mistletoe, but he died so he doesn't do it anymore.

BRETT. May I help?

(HOLLY hangs the mistletoe. BRETT and HOLLY have a moment of serious, intense attraction to each other. It's almost like they're falling in love at first sight. In fact, it's a lot like that.)

HOLLY. Oh . . . you have strong hands.

BRETT. Oh these things? They're nothing really.

HOLLY. I'm Holly.

BRETT. Um . . . Brett. Brett um . . . Jones.

HOLLY. Where are you from, Brett um Jones?

BRETT. Um . . . In the middle of America. Midwestern, really. Sort of a salt-of-the-earth handyman type, I expect. Just a poor, salt-of-the-earth, country-music loving bloke who's not at all in disguise.

HOLLY. Well, welcome to my . . . inn. It's warm here. And welcoming. Getting a little older now, but still in great shape, as if it does Pilates every day.

BRETT. The inn looks . . . fabulous.

HOLLY. I'm glad you're a handyman, because there are a lot of things around here that need . . . hands.