

At Rise: Holly stands in the middle, Rachel to her right, Marie to her left.

RACHEL

We met on Tinder.

HOLLY

We met on Cupid dot com.

MARIE

She approached me on Linkedin.

RACHEL

She's hot.

HOLLY

Soooo hot.

MARIE

Mildly attractive.

RACHEL

And my loser girlfriend literally just left me for someone with more "EQ". Like I can't do mathematics!

HOLLY

My therapist says the only way I'll ever get over my ex is by putting myself out there.

MARIE

I'm a married woman.

RACHEL

So I swipe right.

HOLLY

So I return her electronic kiss.

MARIE

So I accept her request and write, "Okay I'll mentor you".

RACHEL

And we begin to text.

HOLLY

She starts messaging me.

MARIE

We engage in a professional e-mail relationship.

RACHEL

Her name is “Fran”.

(Rachel’s face squints with ‘who calls a child Fran’?)

HOLLY

Her name is “Fran”.

(Holly smiles: ‘what a great name’!)

MARIE

I say it’s business. I’ll call you Francine.

RACHEL

Being older than me she’ll have that maturity and sexual experience. Which is perfect for a relationship.

HOLLY

Being the same age as me she’ll have that emotional maturity and spiritual experience. How perfect is that for a relationship!

MARIE

Being much younger than me she’ll have that immaturity and complete lack of experience. Which is ideal for a - mentee.

RACHEL

She suggests we meet at this-

RACHEL & HOLLY & MARIE

Little Italian cafe.

RACHEL

She’s trying to pick me up.

MARIE

She’s trying to pick my brain.

HOLLY

I hope she doesn't try to pick me apart.

RACHEL

We lock in-

RACHEL & HOLLY & MARIE

Four pm on a Saturday.

MARIE

Which obviously means coffee.

RACHEL

Which obviously means drinks.

HOLLY

Which obviously means coffee, dinner and drinks.

RACHEL

I keep my prep simple: Fake tan, mani-pedi, down stairs waxing, upstairs blow dry, a double squirt of botox.

HOLLY

I won't go to much effort. They say that turns dates off right? I don't want to come across as too desperate.

MARIE

I'll wear something academic... And low cut.

RACHEL

I wake up on Saturday feeling wired.

HOLLY

Nauseous.

MARIE

Underwhelmed.

HOLLY

And I wait for her outside the cafe.

RACHEL

I wait for her across the street.

MARIE

I keep her waiting for fifteen minutes.

HOLLY

I put on dark glasses in case someone sees me.

(she pulls sunglasses from her bag and puts them on. They are that large they could be for the seeing impaired)

RACHEL

I post hot selfies on Facebook so everyone can see me.

(snaps selfies on her mobile, posing)

MARIE

I leave just enough to the imagination for her to see...

(unbuttons her top button on her shirt)

HOLLY

I text Fran saying "I'm here, wearing purple polka-dots smiley-face smiley-face smiley-face thumbs up". In case she doesn't recognise me. See I may not possibly, exactly look like my profile photo. It's my sister. She's 23. And a part-time model.

(speaks faster and faster)

Then this other girl in a purple polka-dots randomly arrives. She's waiting too. This could only happen to me. So I sms-"Hi Fran. I'm the Miss purple polka-dots with the yellow carnation in her hair". And then my purple polka-doted doppelgänger just ups and leaves. What-if-she-thinks-I-made-it-all-up? I-frantically-start-texting-explaining-everything-and-just-as-I-go-to-push-send-I-stop-and-I...

(Holly takes a deep breath, exhales, takes off her sunglasses...)

RACHEL

She arrives holding a rose. What is this? The Bachelor.

HOLLY

Oh my God, a red rose, how romantic.

MARIE

She's waiting there looking like a despondent florist whose shop has just been blown away in a hurricane and the only thing she could salvage is the single rose she's left clutching.