

The Unlovables

By

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INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT

MOLLY (late 20s, plain clothes, no make-up) eats a burrito while sitting in bumper-to-bumper traffic. Sauce drips onto her shirt. When she looks down, a HOT BLONDE in a cuter car tries to cut her off.

MOLLY

Oh, no, I do not think so.

Pretending to ignore the Blonde, Molly keeps close to the car in front her, keeping the Blonde out. The Blonde honks and gestures wildly.

Molly's cell phone rings. She unwinds the cord for her phone earpiece. The burrito drops to the floor. Molly answers her phone, the earpiece cord knotted next to her face.

MOLLY

Hello.

(pause)

Yeah, I know, sorry, work was...

(pause)

I'm almost there.

Molly looks up at a scrolling sign above the tollway:
Downtown - 45 minutes.

MOLLY

10 minutes, tops.

INT. MEGACHURCH, BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Molly stands behind a dressing screen. On the other side is her sister (JAMIE, 25) and her best friend (TRISHA, 27). Jamie's attractive and looks nothing like Molly. Trisha's drop dead gorgeous.

Jamie waits anxiously for Molly's big reveal; Trisha sits on a couch vigorously texting on her cell phone.

All we can see of Molly is the back of her head and her bare shoulders. They look annoyed.

MOLLY

I'm not wearing this.

JAMIE

Come on! We're already late.

Molly emerges from behind the screen. She looks ridiculous. Her dress gapes at the top and bunches at her waist. And the burrito she's holding totally clashes with the color. Trisha wears the same dress (sans burrito) and looks ravishing.

JAMIE

You're ruining my wedding.

MOLLY

(eating, mouth full)

It's just the rehearsal.

Jamie tugs on the dress, trying to make it look better.

JAMIE

I don't get it. I got the biggest one.

Molly takes a bite of her burrito. Jamie grabs the burrito and tosses it in the garbage.

MOLLY

Hey! I didn't get lunch.

Jamie squeezes her eyes shut and presses her thumbs and middle fingers together as if meditating.

JAMIE

"Tomorrow will be my perfect day. I deserve a perfect day."

Jamie opens her eyes. Molly's checking in the trash to see if her burrito is still edible. Molly looks up.

MOLLY

I wasn't gonna...

JAMIE

I'm getting Mom.

Jamie leaves. Molly turns to Trisha, who's still transfixed by her phone.

MOLLY

Who are you texting? Everyone you know is here.

Trisha is about to burst.

TRISHA

You can't tell anybody.

Trisha thrusts her arm toward Molly. On her wrist is a charm bracelet with 3 hearts.

MOLLY

Jamie's never gonna let you wear
that tomorrow.

TRISHA

No, not that - this.

Trisha moves the bracelet to reveal a small tattoo on the
inside of her wrist. It says, "The One."

MOLLY

Trisha! What is wrong with you?

TRISHA

Just listen. Remember that guy
from the bachelorette party? Big
watch? Nice shoes?

MOLLY

Add "too much cologne" and you just
described every guy there. How
could you get a tattoo for some
stranger?

TRISHA

He's not a stranger. And he got
one, too. We match.

MOLLY

Why didn't you just get hitched? We
were in Vegas.

TRISHA

That's the thing...he was sort of
there for his bachelor party.

MOLLY

Bad, Trisha. Married?

TRISHA

No, engaged. And having doubts.

MOLLY

Clearly.

TRISHA

I knew you wouldn't understand.

Trisha looks away, embarrassed. Molly gives in and puts her
arm around her.

MOLLY

Tattoos are the kiss of death, you know.

TRISHA

Only if you get his name tattooed on you.

MOLLY

I suppose he's skulking around here somewhere?

Trisha shakes her head and hugs Molly.

TRISHA

I already have a date.

MOLLY

Don't move. If you stay just like that, my dress will stay up.
(yelling toward the door)
Jamie! Cancel the tailor!

INT. RESTAURANT, SMALL BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

THIRTY PEOPLE sit at a long banquet table. Molly sits with Jamie and the rest of the wedding party. Trisha texts. Jamie's fiance, JAMES, stands and raises his glass.

JAMES

To my lovely bride-to-be. Jamie, you are my soulmate, my best friend, and the love of my life. Oh, crap...I just said my vows.

He shoots Jamie a worried look. She smiles tensely. Everyone else claps. The best man, TIM, stands up.

TIM

Jamie, you've done a number on my buddy, here. I wish you both many years of wedded bliss. And Jimbo, I only have one thing to say to you: you only have...
(looking at his watch)
...16 hours to change your mind.
Cheers!

Everyone claps. Molly tries to get Trisha's attention. Trisha is texting. Jamie kicks Molly. Molly gives Jamie a nasty look, then realizes that everyone's looking at her. Molly hops to her feet.

MOLLY

Sorry. So - to Jamie and James. May you have a life full of happiness and bliss? Wait...fuck. Tim just said bliss, right? Well, it's not like anything else about this wedding is original. This time tomorrow night we'll all be doing the chicken dance or some crap like that.

Everyone is silent.

MOLLY

Well, you guys will.

An OLD MAN at the back of the room laughs. Jamie gestures to Molly to sit down. Molly takes a drink of her champagne.

MOLLY

So, I'm not sure if anyone else knows this, but the night Jamie and James met was very special.

JAMIE

(hissing)
Molly.

MOLLY

What? It's funny.
(to the group)
When James walked up to us that night, he asked if he could buy a drink for me, not Jamie.
(to Jamie)
Remember that?

Jamie's mouth drops open. She turns to James and hits him. He raises his hand weakly.

JAMES

I'm pretty sure I asked if I could buy a drink for you and *your friend*.

MOLLY

I remember exactly what happened the night my sister abandoned me in a seedy bar, stuck me with the check, and called me later crying because she'd had unprotected sex with some drunken frat boy.

The old man in the back of the room busts a gut. His WIFE hits him. Everyone starts murmuring. Trisha looks up.

TRISHA

Molly!

MOLLY

Hey, welcome to the party, Trisha!
 (turning back to the group)
 So James says, "Can I buy you a drink?" I say, "Sure, but I have to use the little girl's room first."
 Blah, blah, blah. I come back, and Jamie's wrapped around James like a corn husk on a tamale.

The old man laughs himself into a coughing fit. Everyone else sits in silence. Molly raises her glass.

MOLLY

To the happy couple. Mazel tov!

INT. RESTAURANT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Molly finishes a glass of champagne while holding a second. Jamie stomps in; Trisha follows, texting.

JAMIE

I knew you were going to do this!

MOLLY

I know, I know, we're not Jewish, but it just felt right.

Jamie is about to explode. Instead she grabs the empty glass out of Molly's hand and throws it to the ground.

MOLLY

That's more like it.
 (stomping on the glass)
 L'chaim! It's kind of nice to have religion for a moment, huh?

JAMIE

James did not hit on you first.

MOLLY

I never said he did.

JAMIE

You just gave a whole speech about it.

MOLLY

Look, Jamie, you were there...

JAMIE

He was trying to get to me. He'd never choose someone as ugly as you!

TRISHA

Jamie, no!

(to Molly)

She just means on the inside.

(to Jamie)

You meant on the inside, right?

Jamie stands firm. Molly shrugs.

MOLLY

You're so sensitive when you're getting married.

Jamie lunges for Molly's other glass. Molly holds it out of her reach, chugs it, then offers it to her, empty. Jamie grabs it, smashes it on the ground, then flies out the door.

MOLLY

She was bringing me down anyway.

TRISHA

Molly...

Molly hears the apology in Trisha's voice and looks at her closely.

MOLLY

God damn it. He's here, isn't he? First he ruined our Vegas trip and now he's ruining my opportunity to ruin my sister's wedding. There's no one who laughs at my jokes like you do.

TRISHA

I'm sorry. I told him not to come, but he said it's important.

Molly says nothing.

TRISHA

Molly, I think he's the one.

MOLLY

Big surprise. What guy hasn't been?

TRISHA

That's not fair!

MOLLY

You know what's not fair? Always being the last one left.

TRISHA

So, I can only be your friend if I'm single?

MOLLY

Well, you're not being a very good friend right now.

TRISHA

Please don't make me choose.

MOLLY

I'm not asking you to choose forever, just this weekend.

TRISHA

He came all the way here. I have to see him. I want to.

MOLLY

Fine. I was just looking forward to our slumber party. And I'm battered and bruised by my sister's harsh words.

TRISHA

Faker. You don't care what Jamie thinks.

MOLLY

True. But I *am* pissed that I have to stay at my parents' by myself. You're the worst friend ever.

Trisha playfully pushes Molly.

TRISHA

Don't be sad. I heard they have a full house. It'll be fun. And tomorrow, I'm all yours. Promise.

INT. MOLLY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DEN - NIGHT

Molly lies on a couch, staring at the ceiling. On the floor her cousin DERRICK (20) is illuminated by a laptop. Derrick is nerdy, gawky, not a ladies man.

MOLLY

So, Derrick. Long time no see. You just had a big birthday, right? Fourteen? Fifteen?

DERRICK

Twenty.

MOLLY

Twenty. Wow - that makes this...even more weird.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Trisha's dress drops to the ground, then the bracelet, then a man's wide-banded watch. Trisha kisses a mystery man, SK. His face can't be seen, but his tattoo matches hers.

INT. MOLLY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DEN - NIGHT

Molly's bored. She tries to peek at what Derrick's doing, more to bother him than to actually see.

MOLLY

What're you doin'? Sexting with a special lady-friend?

Derrick tries with effort to ignore her.

MOLLY

Sorry. Right. No time for girlfriends when you're...
 (taken aback by what she sees on his screen)
 ...studying how to butcher people?

Derrick slams his laptop closed and gets up.

MOLLY

Wait! Aunt Katie probably didn't let you drink at dinner, did she?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SK stands behind Trisha, his face unseen. He pulls her hands up over her head, hooks them around his neck, and holds her in front of a mirror. She writhes in pleasure.

SK
Say "I'm beautiful."

Trisha closes her eyes and tries to wiggle away.

TRISHA
I feel shy.

SK pulls her arms up and turns her forcefully back toward the mirror. Trisha's eyes shine.

SK
Don't you wanna have a little fun?

Trisha nods. SK fingers a knife in his pocket.

INT. MOLLY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DEN - NIGHT

Derrick and Molly sit on the couch watching TV. Molly fills a glass with wine from a box. Derrick has a beer.

MOLLY
You know what else pisses me off?
This guy is obviously just having a
fling. Twenty bucks says she'll be
crying on my couch while I google
voodoo curses by the end of the
month.

Derrick burps.

MOLLY
I'm always the one who has to clean
up the mess because I'm always
available. Maybe this time I won't
be.

DERRICK
She's always nice to me.

MOLLY
Just because she passes you the
gravy on Thanksgiving doesn't mean
she likes you.

DERRICK
Why are you talking to me?

MOLLY
I talk to you.

DERRICK
You usually ignore me.

MOLLY
It's not ignoring, per se. I
just...tune you out sometimes.

DERRICK
What?

MOLLY
Sometimes when you're getting ready
to talk you make these little pops
and wheezes. They seem like they're
going to be words, someday, but
after the first few fake outs, I
tune you out.

DERRICK
(with difficulty)
I have a condition.

MOLLY
Yeah, and I have 20/20 hearing, so
seriously, get it fixed.

Derrick attempts to reply but his words get stuck in his
throat. Molly points at him.

MOLLY
That's what I'm talking about.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Trisha cries, a gag in her mouth. SK still holds her in
front of the mirror. His hand envelopes her hand, which
holds the knife.

SK
Say it.

TRISHA
(muffled)
I'm beautiful.

SK moves Trisha's hand and the knife along her arm and
toward the tattoo on her wrist.

SK

Say "I'm beautiful, and my beauty hurts other people."

Trisha shakes her head. SK presses the knife into her wrist, cutting a line below her tattoo.

TRISHA

(muffled)

I hurt other people! I hurt other people!

SK

I'm glad you could finally admit it. And now we'll make sure you never do it again.

INT. MOLLY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DEN - NIGHT

MOLLY

Derrick, I'm going to tell you something that no one's ever told you before.

DERRICK

I get it, I talk funny.

MOLLY

No - there's more. You have oddly thick earlobes. And the dead body stuff you're into - totally creepy.

DERRICK

I'm doing research.
(pausing)
For mortuary school.

MOLLY

Look, Derrick, I don't judge. I'm here with you having the best adult cousin sleepover ever. Perhaps the first. Hopefully the last.

DERRICK

You're only here because Trisha ditched you.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SK picks up the watch and the heart bracelet from the floor.

CUT TO: BATHROOM

Trisha's hand hangs over the edge of the tub, blood dripping on the mat next to the knife.

INT. MOLLY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DEN - MORNING

Molly is passed out half-on, half-off the blow-up mattress. Derrick snores on the couch, hugging the empty box of wine. Molly's mother, CAROL, pops her head in.

CAROL

Upsy-daisy, pretty girl. Upstairs
for make-up in five.

Carol disappears. Neither Molly nor Derrick move.

MOLLY

I'm pretty sure she means you.

INT. MOLLY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, HALLWAY - MORNING

Molly shuffles down the hallway in her ill-fitting dress, on her phone, listening to Trisha's voicemail message. Derrick exits the bathroom, in khakis and a dress shirt, hair slicked down.

MOLLY

(whispering, to Derrick)
Hey, Hangover. How 'bout a bloody
Mary?

Derrick hops back into the bathroom and slams the door. Molly scrutinizes herself in a wall mirror. Her hair and make-up have been done in a style similar to her mother's.

MOLLY

(after the voicemail beep)
Trisha, where the hell are you? My
mom just made me up like her
twin. I look like a 50-year old
Muppet on steroids over here...

Molly's phone beeps. The screen shows an incoming call from Trisha. Molly clicks over...

MOLLY

Thank god, I am gonna kill...

(pause)

Yes, this is Molly Singer.