

The Unlovables

By

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INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT

MOLLY (30s, 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. 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

(continuing)

10 minutes, tops.

EXT. TRISHA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Molly pulls up to the curb next to her best friend, TRISHA. Trisha, on a pink-jeweled cell phone, holds up one finger to Molly and turns away.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Molly watches Trisha, then leans down and strains to reach the fallen burrito. Just as she grabs it, someone raps on the window. Molly jumps and drops the burrito. In the window is her sister, JAMIE, hair piled high.

JAMIE

(muffled)

Open the trunk! I have your dress!

Jamie rushes toward the trunk. Molly points at Trisha, who looks back at her, smiles, and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

I hate you.

CUT TO: A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jamie sits in front with Molly, looking at her hair in the rearview mirror. Trisha texts in the backseat. Molly adjusts the rearview mirror so that she can use it to drive.

JAMIE

Of course, you're making me late to my own wedding.

MOLLY

It's just the rehearsal, Queen Princess. And I don't remember offering you a ride.

JAMIE

What? Was I supposed to have James pick me up? He can't see me with my wedding 'do. Bad luck.

Jamie starts messing up her hair, pulling out bobby pins and pieces of fake hair.

MOLLY

Yeah, wouldn't want to mess with James' lucky streak.

Molly looks in the rearview mirror. Trisha's still texting.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Hello? A little help up here?

TRISHA

(without looking up)

Right, yeah, how was work, Mol?

MOLLY

All of your friends are in this car. Who are you texting?

JAMIE

Try on your dress as soon as we get there. I got the biggest one.

MOLLY

I'm sure you didn't have to get the biggest one.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE  
(eyeing the burrito on the  
floor)  
I'm sure I didn't.

INT. MEGA-CHURCH, BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Molly emerges from behind a dressing screen. The dress is strapless, tight at the hips, and gaping on top.

MOLLY  
I'm not wearing this.

JAMIE  
I'll go get Mom. Maybe she can...

Jamie leaves.

MOLLY  
Yours looks great, right?

TRISHA  
Forget about it. Look!

Trisha holds out her arm. On her wrist is a charm bracelet with 3 hearts on it.

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  
Yikes.

TRISHA  
Remember that guy from the  
bachelorette party? Expensive  
jeans? Big watch? Nice shoes?

MOLLY  
Add "too much cologne" and you just  
described every guy there.

TRISHA  
We talked while you were  
karaoke-ing.

MOLLY

Oh, you mean while I was making a fool of myself singing the song you signed us up for. "Islands in the Stream" is interminable when you're singing it by yourself. I forgot I was mad at you for that.

TRISHA

I already told you I was sorry.

MOLLY

So, you bailed on me for some guy. And then got a tattoo for him.

TRISHA

Not for him. With him. He got one, too.

MOLLY

I'm surprised you didn't just get hitched. We were in Vegas, you know.

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. This is a mess.

TRISHA

If you knew him, you'd get it.

MOLLY

You haven't even mentioned him to me, Trisha. Don't you think that's a bad sign?

TRISHA

I knew you wouldn't understand.

MOLLY

You're right. I don't understand. What could possess you to do something like this? This isn't you.

(CONTINUED)

TRISHA

Well, maybe it is. I'm doing it.  
This is me. Get used to it.

Trisha looks at the floor. Molly goes to her 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! We figured it out!

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. At the other end of the table, 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. Jamie shakes her head and 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  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TIM (cont'd)  
years of wedded bliss. And Jimbo, I  
only have one thing to say to you:  
you only have...  
(looking at his watch)  
...16 hours or so 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  
(continuing)  
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  
(continuing)  
So, I'm not sure if anyone else  
knows this, but the night Jamie and  
James met was very special. When  
James walked up he actually...

JAMIE  
Molly!

MOLLY  
What? It's funny. So when James  
walked up in his dirty jeans and  
college sweatshirt, he asked if he  
could buy me a drink. Before he  
asked Jamie.

Jamie's mouth drops open. She turns to James. James, ashen,  
raises his hand weakly.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

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

MOLLY

No, James, I remember exactly what happened the night my sister abandoned me at a seedy bar, stuck me with the check, and made me take a cab home so she could have 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

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

(continuing)

To the happy couple. Mazel tov!

INT. RESTAURANT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Molly stands at the mirror finishing one glass of champagne, then another. 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

You ruined my wedding.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY  
It's just the rehearsal dinner.

JAMIE  
And you ruined it.

MOLLY  
Everyone knew I was joking.  
(to Trisha)  
You knew.

Trisha, still texting, shakes her head.

JAMIE  
You are so bitter that you can't  
celebrate anyone else's happiness.

MOLLY  
Sure I can. I'm celebrating right  
now.

JAMIE  
You just gave a speech about how  
James hit on your first.

MOLLY  
Jamie, you were there. You know  
how it happened...

JAMIE  
He was trying to get to me! You  
were just in the way, Molly. He'd  
never choose someone as sad,  
miserable, and ugly as you!

TRISHA  
Jamie, no!  
(to Molly)  
She just means on the inside.  
(to Jamie)  
You meant on the inside, right?

Jamie storms out. Molly shrugs.

MOLLY  
She's so sensitive when she's  
getting married. Hey! You stopped  
texting. Maybe we can finally start  
having some fun.

TRISHA  
Molly...

Molly looks at Trisha. Trisha smiles and shrugs.

MOLLY

God damn it. He's here, isn't he?

TRISHA

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

MOLLY

This is not going to end well.

TRISHA

Molly, he might be the one.

MOLLY

The one what? The one who made you get a creepy tattoo to show you that you're the one? You think his wife doesn't have one of those?

TRISHA

Fiance!

MOLLY

Trisha, it doesn't matter. Even if he picks you right now, he's going to pick someone else later. This guy's a cheating scumbag.

TRISHA

He wouldn't do that.

MOLLY

He IS doing that. To his fiance.

TRISHA

You don't understand. I love him.

Trisha crumbles to the floor, crying. Molly crouches next to her and puts her arm around her.

MOLLY

I was just looking forward to our slumber party. Plus, I'm battered and bruised by my sister's harsh words, and you're leaving me for some guy you barely know. I might not get over this.

TRISHA

You big faker. You don't care what Jamie thinks about you.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

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

TRISHA

Don't be sad. I heard they have a full house.

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

Molly lies on a couch, looking up at the ceiling. On the floor her cousin DERRICK is illuminated by a laptop.

MOLLY

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

DERRICK

Twenty.

MOLLY

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Trisha's dress drops to the ground, then her bracelet, then a man's wide-banded watch. Trisha kisses a mystery man, SK, whose face can't be seen, their matching tattoos visible.

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

Derrick's focused on his computer. Molly tries to peek.

MOLLY

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

Derrick glares at her.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Sorry. Right. No time for girlfriends when you're...  
(glancing at his screen)  
...studying how to butcher people?

Derrick slams his laptop closed and gets up.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY  
(continuing)  
Wait - Aunt Katie probably didn't  
let you drink at dinner, did she?

CUT TO: A LITTLE WHILE LATER

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 I don't like  
about Jamie? Selfish! Making us all  
come here to dress up in ugly  
dresses while she plays the pretty,  
pretty princess.

Derrick burps.

MOLLY  
(continuing)  
And you know about her weird flute  
thing, right? Just picked it up one  
day and poof! Perfect. Just like  
some freaky little 3rd grade elf.

DERRICK  
She's always nice to me.

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

SK  
Look at yourself, and say "I'm  
beautiful."

Trisha tries to wiggle away.

TRISHA  
I feel shy.

SK pulls her arms up and turns her back toward the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

SK

Don't you wanna have some fun?

Trisha nods.

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

DERRICK

Why are you talking to me?

MOLLY

What are you talking about?

DERRICK

You usually ignore me.

MOLLY

I do not.

DERRICK

You do, too.

MOLLY

Fine. But it's not ignoring, per se. I just...tune you out sometimes.

DERRICK

What?

MOLLY

Not sure if you know this, but 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

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

(continuing)

That's what I'm talking about.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Trisha cries, a gag in her mouth, still held in front of the mirror by SK. He puts a knife in one of her hands and envelopes her hand in his.

SK  
Say it.

TRISHA  
(muffled)  
I'm beautiful.

SK slides the knife, still in Trisha's hand, down her arm and to 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  
Well, I'm glad you could finally  
admit it. That's the most important  
part.

SK kisses Trisha's neck.

SK  
(continuing)  
And now I'm going to 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 has ever told  
you before.

DERRICK  
I get it, I talk funny.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

No - there's more. Your spine is curved, your breath is rank, and you have oddly thick earlobes. And the dead body stuff you're into - totally creepy.

DERRICK

I'm doing research. I'm going to go to mortuary school.

MOLLY

Look, Derrick - I don't judge. Jamie might not want to hang out with you, but I'm here, having the best adult cousin sleepover ever. Perhaps the first one. Hopefully the last.

DERRICK

You're only down here because my mom took your room.

MOLLY

Possibly. She'd better not touch any of my stuff.

CUT TO: A FEW HOURS LATER

Molly and Derrick are asleep on the couch.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SK picks up his watch and the 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, enters.

CAROL

Upsy-daisy, pretty girl.

Carol leaves. Neither Molly nor Derrick move.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY  
I'm pretty sure she means you.

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

Molly shuffles down the hallway in her 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)  
Hey, hangover. How 'bout a bloody Mary?

Derrick hops back into the bathroom and slams the door. Molly stops and looks at herself in a mirror on the wall.

MOLLY  
(after the voicemail beep)  
Trisha, where the hell are you? I look like a muppet on steroids over here...

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

MOLLY  
I am gonna kill...  
(pause)  
Yes, this is Molly Singer.