

KILLING MOLLY

"TEASER"

Written by

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CINEMATIC OPEN -- FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

BADRIYA, the same woman from the photo, but older, mid-sixties, struggles to get out of bed.

HAMAL

It's going to be okay. Ammi, stop, lie down.

BADRIYA

I want to go home, Beta.
(in Pakistani)
I want to die in peace in my own bed.

HAMAL

You're not going to die. The surgery gives us a chance.

BADRIYA

Too expensive.
(in Pakistani)
I'm already a burden. [Adamant] I won't be a burden when I'm dead too.

HAMAL

You're not a burden. I've figured it out. Please just lie down. For me.

She bursts into tears.

BADRIYA

I'm scared, Beta.

He holds her to him.

BADRIYA (CONT'D)

Do you think the skies are blue in Jannah?

HAMAL

Yes, Ammi. Crystal blue. I promise.

INT/EXT. VAN/PARKING LOT - PRESENT DAY

A white van parks in an empty underground lot. The driver, AUGUST (late twenties, black, looks like he lifts), jumps out.

AUGUST
You comin'?

He looks back at his companion sitting in the passenger's seat. This is HAMAL (also late twenties, Pakistani, could use to a gain a few pounds) who reluctantly tears himself away from his phone.

GAME PLAY BEGINS. PLAYER PLAYS HAMAL.

HAMAL
Yeah, yeah, I'm comin'.

He gets out of the truck while August goes to the back of the van. He opens up the trunk, revealing duffel bags stacked around a massive wooden crate.

AUGUST
Don't even think about getting near that crate. Let's get these out front.

He grabs two duffel bags and hauls them off.

If Hamal tries looking into the bags, VO lines can be triggered:

AUGUST (CONT'D)
Look, don't touch.

If Hamal lingers and tries to interact with the crate, VO line is triggered:

AUGUST (CONT'D)
Yo! Bro. They're gonna be here any minute, let's go!

After Hamal grabs the bags and brings them to the front, Hamal's phone buzzes. It will keep buzzing until Hamal checks it.

IN GAME CINEMATIC:

AUGUST (CONT'D)
Hamal, man, you're killin' me.

HAMAL
I thought it was the hospital.

AUGUST

I get it. Let's do the drop, get the money, and you can be on your way.

Hamal doesn't answer. He looks back at the crate again. August's eyes narrow.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

What?

HAMAL

(hesitates)

It's just not right.

AUGUST

Fuckin' don't start that again.

HAMAL

August, I don't know if I can do this.

AUGUST

You don't have a fuckin' choice.

HAMAL

I took care of her -

AUGUST

Watch it! The bag, it's leaking!

Hamal looks down to see a small puddle of blood pooling under one of the corners of the discarded bag.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I told you to check the bags before. We can't let any contaminants get in. This shit's expensive.

HAMAL

I fucking did!

AUGUST

Well you fucking fucked it up then!

He grabs the bag from Hamal and pulls his jacket off, tying it around the bag to stop the leak.

HAMAL

I've got a lot on my plate.
(then looks back at the
crate)
Molly trusts me.

AUGUST

Who?

(realizing)

Fuck. I trust you, man. But you're gonna fuck me over and fuck you over if you keep this up.

HAMAL

I'm already fucked.

AUGUST

Well I'm not. Yet. You know what, just get back in the van, I don't want you anywhere near this drop.

BACK TO GAMEPLAY:

If Hamal lingers optional AUDIO:

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I'm serious bro. Don't think I won't kick your ass.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Charlie is gonna skin me if we fuck this up. Get in the van!

INT. VAN

Hamal gets into the van. He puts his phone into one of the cup holders. He can interact with it (if he does and flips through his photos it will trigger the cinematic scene below).

He'll see a big crate in the back. If he interacts with it he'll hear something shuffling inside.

There is a one more bag left. If he opens it he'll take out a bloody paper wrapped package. AUDIO TRIGGER:

HAMAL

Never tried it, but it looks the same as lab grown to me.

There's a packet of beef jerky in the other cup holder which he can interact with. The packet is designed with a blue sky and green field, with a happy little dairy cow running through it. It reads: "Power Foods: 100% stem grown."

There's a radio. If he turns it on he'll hear the following AUDIO:

RADIO (V.O.)

Good news today, the latest survey from the WCO says that we have successfully rehabilitated 1% of the rainforest...

This triggers a <LOW MOANS> from the crate.

All of a sudden two other cars drive up, windows blacked out. Hamal can watch as burly men emerge from them. August goes to meet them.

RADIO (V.O.)

This is an exciting prospect for the desert lands. In other news, police have busted another meathouse, just last night...

August opens one of the bags. The ugliest of the men, with buzzed pink hair, points to the bag with the jacket wrapped around it. August waves him off as he takes a brown bloody packet out the bag.

The <LOW MOANS> steadily get louder until they are panicking <MOOING SOUNDS>.

Hamal can now interact with the crate.

HAMAL

Hey, hey Molly, calm down.

The moans keep coming, louder and deeper.

Hamal can place his fingers by an opening between the slats of wood. Immediately a calf's snout presses against his fingers. He scratches her nose gently. She quiets.

HAMAL (CONT'D)

You know, my mom used to tell me stories of a time when the skies and oceans were blue and the lands were green and people could pick stuff right from the ground and eat it. I wish I could have seen it. I wish you could have. But all you've ever seen are the walls of this crate.

During this interaction the player can switch between Hamal and Molly's perspective. The player can try to move her around, but her movement is limited. The player can also make her headbutt and kick. But these movements are weak and do very little (as the game progresses, she will get stronger).

Hamal's phone starts buzzing. He answers it.

HAMAL (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Yes, this is Hamal, her son.

CINEMATIC

EXT. PARKING LOT

A knife slices through a slab of charred beef. It bleeds.

AUGUST
Good bleed right? Doesn't come
close to any of that stem cell
shit.

The ugly pink-haired man stabs a piece on a fork and walks over to one of the cars. The back window goes down, and the man passes the fork over to someone inside. After a second he hands it back, clean.

PINK-HAIRED MAN
It's clean. Let's pack it up.

The men start grabbing the bags, stuffing them in the trunks of the cars. The pink-haired man turns to August -

PINK-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)
Where's the veal?

Head lights flick on. Engines <ROAR>.

BACK TO GAME PLAY SWICTHED TO AUGUST'S PERSPECTIVE:

PINK-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)
(grabbing for his gun)
What the fuck is going on?

But before August can reassure him, Hamal ploughs right at them. The men scatter, throwing themselves out of the way, including August.

BACK TO GAME PLAY SWICTHED TO AUGUST'S PERSPECTIVE:

Combat tutorial begins. August can do hand to hand to hand combat, a knife and also pick up any "weapons" on the ground such as a PIPE.

Cinematic is triggered after beating down pink-haired man.

CINEMATIC

The van halts right before crashing into the cars. Hamal throws open the passenger door, right beside August.

HAMAL

Get in!

AUGUST

Are you fucking crazy?!

Nevertheless, he jumps into the car.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Before August can get an angry word in --

HAMAL

Hospital called. She's dead.

August's temper deflates immediately.

Shots start firing at them. Molly <MOOS>. August ducks. Hamal reverses.

AUGUST

I - fuck... FUCK -- fine. What's the plan, you fuckin' lunatic.

Hamal throws him the jerky packet.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

I don't get it.

HAMAL

We're going there. Where the green fields are.

AUGUST

Dude...

HAMAL

You heard the rumors.

AUGUST

Kids' stories.

HAMAL

You don't know. My mom --

August interjects --

AUGUST

Fine. Let's go. But this is the
last time you get to use the mom
card, got it?

Hamal nods. He knows it's a joke, but he's in too much pain
to smile.

<SMASH>. His window shatters as a bullet hits it.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

And I'm driving. You can't drive
for shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A FEW SECONDS LATER

AUGUST (O.S.)

Hold on, Molly.

The parking garage doors rip open as the van, August now in
the driver's seat, blasts through.

BACK TO GAMEPLAY:

A car chase begins. They need to lose the tail.

TO BE CONTINUED...