

KILLING MOLLY

"TEASER"

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INT/EXT. VAN/PARKING LOT

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's 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.

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. Hamal joins him, looking uneasily at the crate.

AUGUST
Let's get these out front.

He grabs two duffel bags and hauls them off. Hamal makes no move to grab one. He's still staring at the crate.

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

Hamal snaps out of it and grabs two bags, while August carries his bags to the front. Almost immediately Hamal's phone buzzes and he drops a bag to check it.

August runs back to grab more bags and sees him —

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

HAMAL
I thought it was the hospital.

AUGUST
The hospital isn't gonna text you.

HAMAL
Whatever, I had to check. She's in surgery right now.

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

Yo, 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)

You gotta be more careful. This shit is worth a lot of shit.

HAMAL

I didn't do anything. It must have already been ripped.

AUGUST

I asked you to check the bags before. We can't let any contaminants get in.

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 is pulling Hamal's jacket off him now and using that to wipe up the blood.

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, but I will be if this
drop goes wrong and Charlie skins
me. You know what, just get back in
the van, I don't want you anywhere
near this drop.

August chucks his bloody jacket back to him.

Hamal catches it, but doesn't move. He just stands there, looking at his bloody jacket. August shoves him towards the van. Hamal shoves him back.

HAMAL

Don't touch me, bro.

AUGUST

Then stop being a little bitch.

August shoves him again. Hamal grabs onto him and they grapple like two brothers would.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

(strained)
This is for... your... own... good.

Hamal's phone starts buzzing and he stops fighting instantly to check. August backs off, letting him.

After a beat --

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Anything?

HAMAL

Just spam.

AUGUST

(gently)

Have you been sleeping? You look like hell.

Hamal says nothing.

AUGUST (CONT'D)

Get in the van. I'll deal with it. It'll be over before you know it. You'll get your cut and then you can be done with all of this forever. Hey, look at me, it's gonna be okay.

Hamal stiffens at his words but doesn't respond. Instead he backs down and gets in the passenger's seat and watches August haul the rest of the bags up the front.

Hamal absent-mindedly puts on his bloody jacket. He notices a packet of beef jerky in one of the cup holders. 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."*

He grabs it and tears into one, still watching August bring up the last bag. Hamal checks his phone again. Still nothing. He pauses, taking in his phone's lock-screen wallpaper: a Pakistani woman with her arms around a little boy, smiling from ear to ear.

Then, a low moan sounds from the crate behind him. He doesn't turn back. Instead he turns on the radio -

RADIO (V.O.)

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

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

RADIO (V.O.)

This is an exciting prospect for the desert lands.

(MORE)

RADIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 seems to wave him off as he takes a brown bloody packet out the bag.

RADIO (V.O.)

Residents of the condo reported odd
smells coming from the young man's
basement apartment. As it turns
out, he'd been growing a pig in his
bathroo --

Hamal turns off the radio.

One of them burly men brings out a portable stove.

A scared low <MOAN> rumbles from behind Hamal again. He can't ignore it.

HAMAL

It's okay...
(he looks down at his
wallpaper again)
It's going to be okay..

FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

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)
(MORE)

BADRIYA (CONT'D)

I'm already a burden. I refuse to
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.

<MOO.>

FLASHBACK ENDS.

Hamal gets out of his seat and crouches in front of the
crate.

HAMAL (CONT'D)

Hey, hey Molly, calm down.

The moans keep coming, louder and deeper.

HAMAL (CONT'D)

Over here girl. Right here.

He places his fingers by a small opening between the slats of
wood. Immediately he feels her snout press against his
fingers. He scratches her nose gently. She quiets.

HAMAL (CONT'D)

See everything's o...

He can't bring himself to finish his lie.

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.

(MORE)

HAMAL (CONT'D)

But all you've ever seen are the
walls of this crate.

His phones starts buzzing. He answers it immediately. We
can't hear what the person is saying on the other line.

HAMAL (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

I understand. Thank you.

He hangs up, his face unreadable. He leans his head just
above the opening of the crate. After a quiet moment..

HAMAL (CONT'D)

Can you ever forgive me?

All at once tears fall down his cheeks. A snout comes out to
meet his nose. He lets out a <CRY>.

HAMAL (CONT'D)

(begging)

Forgive me. Please forgive me.

EXT. VAN - SIMULTANEOUS

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>.

August turns back to see Hamal sitting in the driver seat.

PINK-HAIRED MAN (CONT'D)

(grabbing for his gun)

What the fuck is going on?

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

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

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 - NIGHT

AUGUST (O.S.)

Hold on, Molly.

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

FREEZE FRAME on the boys cheering; Hamal with a hand
protective hand on Molly's crate.

TO BE CONTINUED...