

* 11/8/11 *

"MOLLY"

INT. OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

{ Cameron crosses to a desk to find MOLLY HUGHES (20s), an attractive, earnest overachiever. She's super smart, super quirky, and SUPER into her job.

Start →

CAMERON
Hey, Molly, there's a padlock on the supply closet.

➤ MOLLY
Yep, I'm the one who put it there.
(taps her clip-on badge)
Office Manager.

CAMERON
(taps his chest)
Guy who needs a pen.

➤ MOLLY
Then I'm your gal.
(then, blurty)
well, not your gal. I'm no one's gal. Not that no one's asked me out -- but if they did I'd say no, because I'm focusing on my career right now. See, I have this ten year plan. Relationships are more year eight.

CAMERON
Any pens in year one?

➤ MOLLY
Sorry, sure, yes.

MOLLY opens a desk drawer and hands him a form.

CAMERON
What's this?

➤ MOLLY
P.R.F.
(off his confused look)
Pen requisition form. They're mandatory here at S.T.S.S. Secure-Tech Security Systems. You really need to learn these acronyms. They're a real time saver. Or, T.S.

CAMERON
(to himself)
More like B.S.
(MORE)

"BREAKING IN"

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Breaking In - "Molly Sides (1)"
Casting Sides 11.8.11

2.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(then)

Okay, look, you're new here. Let me explain how it works at Contra --

► MOLLY

(quickly)

A Division of Secure-Tech Security Systems.

CAMERON

Right. Point is, we're more loosey-goosey here at Contra.

► MOLLY

A division of...?

CAMERON

(begrudging)

Secure-Tech Security systems. See, when we want a pen, we take a pen. That's how we roll.

► MOLLY

Not anymore. Pens are a gateway office supply, Cameron.

CAMERON

A gateway what?

► MOLLY

It all starts pretty innocently -- "Oops, I took an extra pen." Then it's staplers. Then laptops. And before you know it, Capitalism's crumbled and the hellscape that was America is now New China.

She smiles and slides the form across the desk.

► MOLLY (CONT'D)

Help keep America safe. Fill out the form.

CAMERON

I don't have a pen.

► MOLLY

(sweetly)

Oh, you can just borrow mine.

She happily hands over her pen to a shocked Cameron.

END SCENE.

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Scene #2

INT. MOLLY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Cameron approaches Molly at her desk.



CAMERON

Hey Molly, a bunch of us are going out for lunch.

Molly perks up with a smile.

» MOLLY

Lunch? Wow. Okay.

She discreetly pushes her lunch off her desk into the trash can.

CAMERON

So, we'll get you those TPS reports when we get back. Sound good?

» MOLLY

Oh. Yes. That's fine.

{ As Cameron turns to walk away, he hears an odd sound -- like a high-pitched, squelched sneeze as Molly suppresses a SOB.

» MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hurrph.

Cameron turns back around.

CAMERON

What was that?

» MOLLY

Nothing.

(then)

So, just make sure -- hurrph -- you're back by two -- hurrph -- so I don't have to dock you.

CAMERON

Is that... crying?

» MOLLY

(swallowing the emotion)

No. I'm a professional. Work time is not emotion time. Wooo. Centered. Hurrph.

CAMERON

Um, we're just going to Koo Koo Roo. You can come with us if you want.

► MOLLY

No, it's fine. I'm used to being left out. You wouldn't understand. You're Mister Cool Fist Bump Guy, but I've never fit in. High School sucked because everybody was so much stupider than me and I have no idea why they hated me, the idiots. So I graduated at 14. Then college sucked 'cause I was the weird Doogie Howser girl and now Doogie Howser's cool, but I'm still not.

CAMERON

Whoa. Look, you just got here. When I first started, I had to learn to fit in, too. Just give it a little time. Cool?

Cameron holds out his fist for a bump.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Come on. You know you want to.

Molly awkwardly daps him, then gives a sheepish smile.

► MOLLY

That was my first time.

CAMERON

(smiles)
You'd never know.

Cameron turns to go, then stops and turns back:

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Tell you what, screw the Roo. I'll eat lunch here with you.

► MOLLY

(moved)

Really? That's so sweet.

(then)

But unfortunately, you kinda have to now. There's only twenty-five minutes left of your allotted lunch break.

Molly fishes out her lunch bag from the garbage.

► MOLLY (CONT'D)

Carrot stick?

END OF SCENE.

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Scene #3

INT. OCP OFFICE - DAY

Molly opens the supply closet and is shocked to find it completely empty. She storms over to Melanie's desk.



› MOLLY

I should not show anger in the workplace, but someone, and I think we both know who, has defiled the supply closet. And I am ticked.

MELANIE

You wanna call the Post-it police?

› MOLLY

No need. I read your file. I know you come from thief blood.

MELANIE

Slow down, Ann Taylor Loft. Don't get your pleated chinos in a bunch.

› MOLLY

No, you slow down... poop face. And don't get your hot leather pants--

MELANIE

Poop face?

› MOLLY

Yep. Because your face is full of... lies.

MELANIE

Come on, you can do better than that.

› MOLLY

I sure can, you dumb... dummy...

MELANIE

Mm, no. Take your time. Get specific.

› MOLLY

Don't you patronize me with your ugly face...

(catching herself)

No. That's the one thing you're not. You're actually quite beautiful, I wish I had skin like--

(then)

(MORE)

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▶ MOLLY (CONT'D)

You know what? This is unfair. I wasn't prepared for a mean-off.

MELANIE

Well, whenever you're ready.

▶ MOLLY

(angrily pulls out a phone)

How's your afternoon? Because I will totally toast your buns around... two?

MELANIE

Lemme check.

(looks at nothing)

Ooo. My two is brutal.

▶ MOLLY

Well, I'm slammed until 4. How's your 4:30?

MELANIE

How's your never?

Molly stops, realizing she's been strung along.

▶ MOLLY

Never is fine... cause that's the same time we'll be friends.

Molly walks off in a huff, then spins back, surprised.

▶ MOLLY (CONT'D)

Wait, did you hear that? You just got burned -- and I hope you've got some Aloe Vera because you didn't sign up for our health plan which means you're double burned. By me. 'Cause I'm on fiii-yah!

Molly struts off, victorious. Melanie's face: WTF?

END

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