

'Molly'

INT. LLOYD AND MOLLY'S BEDROOM

LLOYD PACES IN SWEATPANTS AND T-SHIRT. HE IS STRESS EATING HIS WAY THROUGH A BAG OF PISTACHIOS. MOLLY LIES IN BED, BILLS AND DOCUMENTS ALL AROUND HER.

Start →

MOLLY

Honestly, Lloyd, does the pacing help?

LLOYD

Excuse me for being stressed after losing three tenths of my income today. (RE: PISTACHIOS) These are disgusting, by the way.

MOLLY

So don't eat them.

IGNORING HER SUGGESTION HE EATS AWAY, HIS MIND RACING.

LLOYD

Okay, okay. Here's what we're gonna do. I'm pretty sure it's our only option. We sell the house.

MOLLY

Not an option.

LLOYD

Molly, we can't say, no, to things just because they're scary.

MOLLY

Can we say no to things because they don't make sense?

30 Percent

1/4

"The Thirty Percent: Molly Sides"

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LLOYD

Why wouldn't...(POPS A NUT INTO HIS MOUTH; NEARLY GAGS) Okay, that's inedible! (BACK TO THE TOPIC) Why wouldn't we sell the house?

MOLLY

Because in this market, we probably owe more than we could get for it. Don't you remember we refied two years ago and pulled out equity? The bank gave us those pistachios as a thank you.

LLOYD

(GROSSED OUT) Uckgh.

HE REFLEXIVELY TOSSES THE PISTACHIO BAG ON THE BED.

LLOYD

(RE: THE BAG) Ah, who am I kidding?

HE GOES BACK TO WORK ON THE NUTS AND RESUMES HIS PACING.

LLOYD

Okay, we can't sell the house. But we can sell one of the cars.

MOLLY

Lloyd, please mix in some thinking with your talking. We lease our cars.

LLOYD

What about the time share?

2/4

"The Thirty Percent: Molly Sides"

MOLLY

Nobody's wants that place, sweetheart.  
It's basically a toxic asset.

LLOYD

Frickin' Orlando! What was I  
thinking?! Are you sorry you married  
me, yet? I know you had other  
options. Mike Stanga. Stanga  
Chevrolet. "Where you can't pick a  
lemon!" Well, let's face it, honey,  
you picked a lemon!

LLOYD CHUGS THE BAG OF NUTS. MOLLY GETS OUT OF BED, PUTS HER  
HANDS ON LLOYD'S SHOULDERS, CALMING HIM SOMEWHAT.

MOLLY

Lloyd, give me the nuts.

HE HANDS THEM OVER.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You know, my grandma Lucy used to talk  
about growing up during the great  
depression. How they scrimped and  
saved. She always said the hardship  
brought their family closer together.

And her era grew up to be the

"greatest generation."

LLOYD

Yeah. They did. (BEAT) Our generation  
is terrible.

3/4

"The Thirty Percent: Molly Sides"

4

MOLLY

We're not terrible. We're just...  
untested. But this will be our test.  
And we'll ace it. You'll see.  
Tomorrow we'll go over our expenses  
line by line. There's fat to trim. I  
know there is. We're gonna be fine.

LLOYD

Do you really believe that or are you  
just saying that to soothe me?

MOLLY

Is there an answer I could give you  
that would prompt a rational response?

LLOYD

Yes! Mike Stanga. I hear he's on the  
skids with wife number three. Walk  
onto the lot in your black cocktail  
dress. Hair up. No bra.

SHE TOSSES HIM THE BAG OF PISTACHIOS.

MOLLY

Eat.

LLOYD

I'm not hungry.

AFTER A BEAT, LLOYD STARTS IN ON THE NUTS AGAIN. HE MAKES A  
DRY WRETCHING SOUND BUT SOLDIERS ON, AS WE:

CUT TO:

1-2nd  
4/4