

\*\*\*\*\*THESE SCENES HAVE BEEN ALTERED A BIT TO BETTER SERVE AS SIDES\*\*\*\*\*

TALKING ON HER CELL, MOLLY SITS ON A BENCH IN THE PARK

MOLLY

Three years and two months.

VOICE (O.S.)

Have you always been faithful to your husband?

MOLLY

Yes, of course.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is there anyone from before the two of you met that you still have feelings for or think about?

MOLLY

No, well, yeah. There's one guy who pops into my head sometimes but not in a good way. I mean, it was great at first but, when it went bad, it got real bad. So, yes, but in a sometimes wondering what if way not a wishful sort of way.

VOICE (O.S.)

Got it. Now for the fun hypothetical part. If you caught your husband cheating, red-handed, in bed with another woman, which one of them would you kill?

MOLLY

Hmm, I wouldn't want to go jail over either one.

VOICE

That's the great thing about hypotheticals, no jail. You are one hundred percent guaranteed to get away with it.

MOLLY

In that case, is both an option?

\*\*\*\*\*After being kidnapped Molly is chained up and terrorized in order to keep her husband in line. This part takes place while his live feed is turned off\*\*\*\*\*

INT. HIDEOUT

Molly's face. Mascara smeared. Eyes puffy. Cried out.

Her hands are bound above her head and attached to a hook hanging from the ceiling.

She leans her head back to drink as Kenneth tilts tilts a water bottle to her lips.

KENNETH

That help?

Finished drinking --

Molly nods, sheepish.

MOLLY

Thank you.

KENNETH

You're welcome, Molly.

She looks into his eyes, hers pleading --

MOLLY

Why are you doing this?

KENNETH

I figured you must be thirsty.

Molly shakes her head.

MOLLY

To me, why me?

KENNETH

You've done some very bad things.

MOLLY

I-It's not my fault. I never wanted...

KENNETH

How could you do those things, Molly?

Consumed with a sudden anger, Molly jerks her head around to glare into Kenneth's eyes.

MOLLY

Worse shit happened to me. I  
survived. I've never knocked anyone  
out and chained them up.

Unfazed, Kenneth turns and walks away.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I've never held a knife to anyone's  
throat.

Kenneth approaches a table, on top of which lies the knife  
from earlier alongside a small can and sponge.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You dickless motherfucker.

He picks up the knife and --

turns back toward Molly.

As he approaches --

MOLLY (CONT'D)

God, no...I'm sorry, I didn't mean  
it.