

SCENE # 1

MOLLY

Awww. He's not a gin & juice, smoke weed everyday, fuck bitches, get money type of guy?

Jared cracks up.

JARED

He likes juicing and skinny jeans, so...naw.

Molly smiles and gives Issa a look. Issa gives her a thumbs up and goes back toward the bar, as she wanders awkwardly, she feels a tap on her shoulder.

START:

DONNELL

Iss?

Issa turns around to find a ridiculously attractive, pictures-didn't-do-him-justice Donnell. Her faux surprise actually seems genuine.

ISSA

Donnell? Heyyy! Whoa! What are you even doing here?

DONNELL

My friend is performing tonight. I produced some of his tracks. What are you doing here?

ISSA

Um, my friend Molly. She suggested here. This place. Where we are.

DONNELL

What a coincidence. How was your birthday?

ISSA

Uh, it was pretty chill. Nothing special.

DONNELL

Well, we're celebrating tonight. Your cup's empty, let me handle it.

Donnell takes Issa's hand and brings her to the bar. Across the room, Molly who is now sitting and talking with Jared, notices Donnell take Issa across the room.

TIME LAPSE

A FREESTYLE RAPPER takes the stage and begins to perform, capturing the attention of Donnell and OTHER PARTYGOERS around him. Issa and Donnell are both pretty tipsy, having a great time people-watching.

ISSA

I just don't understand why these grown ass men are still dressing like Kris-Kross.

DONNELL

I bagged you looking like Kris-Kross.

ISSA

I was in high school. I thought prison jeans were sexy. And you didn't "bag" me until college, fuckyouverymuch.

DONNELL

I'm pretty sure my jeans were still sagging.

ISSA

Well, I'm just glad your pants grew up.

An APPLAUSE as the Freestyle Rapper finishes. Donnell and Issa join in clapping.

DONNELL

Yooo, remember when we used to rap? You still flow?

ISSA

Ha! I've been writing a lot of different thoughts out, actually.

Donnell's mind is blown.

DONNELL

You're LYING.

The MC of the Evening takes the stage.

MC

Alright y'all. Open Mic. Singers, Rappers-- get it off your chest!

Donnell turns to Issa excitedly.

DONNELL

I dare you.

ISSA
Absolutely not.

DONNELL
Come on, Iss! It was just your
birthday. You're never gonna have
this moment again.

STOP.

Issa looks toward the stage. His words obviously have weight. She stares at the microphone, the crowd, and then she's in--

BATHROOM: Issa stands in front of her mirror. This is her safe place. She's not rapping right now. She's just staring at herself. The bathroom door swings open and Issa slowly walks out.

LOUNGE: And then, suddenly she's on stage, tapping the mic.

ISSA
Wh-what up y'all.

Mic feedback. Silence. Stares.

ANGLE ON:

Molly and Jared. Jared points to the stage.

JARED
Isn't that your girl?

Molly turns to see Issa on stage. What the fuck?

ANGLE ON: A 90's instrumental plays as Issa clears her throat and begins. A slightly tipsy lisp accompanies her rap.

ISSA
*Love rookie,
She gives them all her cookies,
By cookies I mean poosie (pussy),
This girl is kinda loosey
Dudes take her off the shelf
And they put her on credit
30 days later
They return it and regret it
Used like a dishrag,
Dumped with a hashtag
I blame it on the pussy
That shit must be bad
Broken pussy.*

*Maybe it's diseased
Maybe it's deformed
Broken pussy.*

ISSA (CONT'D)
Ok, NOW it's technically sent. But
it's Donnell, he disappeared and--

SCENE # 2

MOLLY
Fuck you. And if you fuck Donnell,
you're as much of a dumb bitch as I
am.

Molly slams the door in Issa's face and storms into her apartment building. Issa briefly looks remorseful, then starts her car.

INT. CAR/EXT. DONNELL'S APARTMENT

Issa pulls up to Donnell's apartment and takes a moment in the car. This is it. She could go back home to Lawrence or she can go upstairs and be a "dumb bitch."

Issa thinks about it; laughs at herself and starts the car. She's not doing this. As she starts to pull off, Donnell knocks on her car window. Issa is startled.

DONNELL
Hey! Where you going?

ISSA
Oh. I shouldn't be here.

DONNELL
What? Come on. You're here.

Donnell opens her car door and gets inside. Issa turns off the car. He pulls some wine out of a paper bag.

DONNELL (CONT'D)
I got you this. It's not Moscato,
but this is some shit Drake would
like.

ISSA
Why are you assuming I like Drake?

DONNELL
Every black girl who went to
college likes Drake.

ISSA
(resigning)
He just really gets us!

They both laugh as he leans in for a kiss. Issa is thrown off, but then she kisses him back. This is happening! THEN--

ISSA (CONT'D)
I'm not a dumb bitch!

START:

DONNELL
 (defensive)
 I never said you were...

ISSA
 No. You didn't. It's just, I just got out of a relationship. I think. And I wanted to try being this new, different person. And you seemed like the perfect person to try to be this different person with, because you've always been my "What If" guy, but I don't want to jump from one relationship to another just because--

DONNELL
 Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Easy. Relationship? I'm not looking for a relationship. Maybe I gave you the wrong idea?

A beat. Issa laughs and unlocks his side of the door.

ISSA
 No. You didn't. But, good to know.
 He nods and gets out of her car. She drives off.

END OF
 SIDES.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Molly opens her door to find Issa with some Flamin' Hot Cheetos and Ranch Dip.

ISSA
 Bitch, you still mad?

MOLLY
 Bitch, you still trippin'?

Issa laughs as Molly grabs the Flamin' Hot Cheetos and Ranch Dip from her hands. She gives Molly a hug from behind.

ISSA
 (singing)
 My, girlllllllllfriend!

DISSOLVE TO:

Issa and Molly sitting on her couch in PJ's eating Hot Cheetos and Ranch. Flavor Flav sleeps at Molly's feet while the TV plays in the background, silently.

MOLLY
 I can't believe you freestyled that shit.

(MORE)