

INSECURE: Sides - 'Molly'

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SCENE # 1

Issa listens as Molly vents.

MOLLY

...We were just going with the flow. It came out of nowhere. I thought we were having a good time.

ISSA

Whose idea was it to go with the flow?

MOLLY

It was mutual.

Issa gives a look.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Ok, bitch! It was his. But I was cool with it.

ISSA

Did going with the flow include fucking him?

MOLLY

What the fuck else flow is there?

ISSA

Was he hairy?

MOLLY

He was Arab.

ISSA

So, yes.

MOLLY

So, then he went from calling me everyday to texting me...

ISSA

Aww, damn.

MOLLY

...and THEN this muthafucka TEXTS me, "Sorry, I'm not looking for a relationship right now. Sad face."

ISSA

He did NOT leave a SAD face! I will slap you right now.

Molly holds her the text message up to Issa's face, sad-face Emoji included. Issa can't believe it.

ISSA (CONT'D)

What the fuuuuuuck?

MOLLY

My life.

ISSA

Welp. That's what you get for fucking 9/11.

MOLLY

That sand nigga can go terrorize somebody else's pussy.

They CRACK up in between "Bitch you're racist" accusations, Issa notices a MIDDLE EASTERN COUPLE behind them. She turns back to Molly.

ISSA

Oh shit, what if they heard you say "sand nigga?"

Molly stares at her drink, silent.

ISSA (CONT'D)

You OK?

MEGAN

It's your birthday, I don't want to make it all about me.

ISSA

Girl, stop. What's going on?

And then suddenly, she starts crying. It's a silent, devastated cry more than an outburst.

MOLLY

It doesn't matter what I do. I can be the total girlfriend. If I'm into him: "Too smothering." Then if I'm taking my time or if I try to give them room: "Didn't think you were into me." Sex right away: lose interest. Wait to have sex: lose interest. If I don't have sex...fuck that shit--I'm a grown ass woman, I didn't sign up for that.

ISSA

Yeah.

Issa takes a moment to let Molly collect her tears. She contemplates whether or not she should say what she's about to say. Fuck it--

ISSA (CONT'D)

I think...maybe your pussy's broken.

Molly's head snaps up.

MOLLY

What?!

ISSA

Your pussy is sad. I think it's had enough. If it could talk, it'd make that sad Marge Simpson groan.

Molly knows exactly what she's talking about it.

MOLLY

(Marge Simpson groan)
HMMMMMghhghghhhhhhhh.

Issa bursts out laughing.

ISSA

That's it! That's your pussy!

SCENE # 2

INT. ISSA'S CAR - NIGHT

Issa and Molly sit in silence. Molly stares out of the window, fuming and shaking her head.

ISSA

I'm really sorry. It wasn't even about you. Donnell dared me to do it, and you know how we were talking about this being the last year of my 20's, and feeling like I have to make the most of it. I don't know what came over me, but I just...went up there and DID. THAT. SHIT. And-- I don't know, you tell me-- but I felt like I was actually good up there.

Issa turns to Molly. Nothing. Okay.

They drive for a couple more blocks until Issa pulls up to Molly's apartment and puts the car in park. More silence.

ISSA (CONT'D)

So...am I still spending the night...Or nah...?

MOLLY

Can you shut the FUCK up?

Issa is caught off guard as Molly shakes her head and opens the door to let herself out.

ISSA

What did I say?

MOLLY

The only reason why we came to this hoodrat ass club tonight is because YOU wanted to see Donnell.

ISSA

Huh? No, I didn't even know--

MOLLY

Bitch, stop. You knew. This was always about you.

ISSA

It was about you, too!

MOLLY

Is my life a joke to you? I'm already dealing with trifling niggas and untraditional niggas on a daily basis and now I have to worry about a trifling best friend? You made my heartbreak a joke up there.

ISSA

I didn't mean to. I didn't think about it like that.

MOLLY

Yeah, that's the damn problem. You don't think about how the shit you do affects others.

ISSA

Are you kidding? *My whole life* is about how stuff affects others! My job, my boyfriend--you! I always listen to you! I care about how shit affects you, too!

MOLLY

You only listen to me because I make you feel better about you!

Issa's phone goes off. It's a text from Donnell: "I want to see you right now. Come thru." It takes all of Issa's energy to keep a blank face. She tries to maintain eye contact with Molly while re-reading the message. Eyes darting to the phone, while she nods her head.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

...You should've seen how fast Jared left. What if he was the one? Oh! That's right. I'll never know!

Issa types, responding to the text and simultaneously trying to show Molly that she's paying attention. Just as she presses "SEND" Molly notices.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Bitch, I *know* you didn't just respond to that motherfucking text.

ISSA

I didn't!

MOLLY

You're LYING. Did you send a text?!

ISSA

I swear on my life and my brother's
life I did not send a text!

Issa's phone lets off a "Message Sent" sound. Molly is
enraged.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Ok, NOW it's technically sent. But
it's Donnell, he disappeared and--

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.

END OF SIDES.