

INSECURE

"PILOT"

Written by

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TV Calling - For educational purposes only

OVER BLACK:

We hear a voice say:

VOICE (V.O.)

Today is my 29th birthday. Thanks
to Facebook, I feel like people
actually care.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

ISSA DEE, 29, sits on the kitchen counter in her studio
apartment, dressed for work, laptop in hand. She scrolls
through Facebook wall posts, passively "liking" each birthday
wish. Every 5 posts, she writes a "Thank you."

ISSA (V.O.)

I guess I'm supposed to feel
special, but I don't. I can count
on one hand the number of real
friends I have. And I'm fine with
that. I'm not the life of the
party. I've never been the
adventurous type. I'm not even the
sassy black friend. I can't dance.
When it comes down to it, I'm just
a regular, awkward black girl.

Issa receives a message notification from DONNELL KING. As
she reaches for her mouse, she knocks over a glass of water.

ISSA

FUCK!

ISSA (V.O.)

It's not easy being awkward *and*
black. I feel like I'm constantly
second guessing what it means to be
me. I used to keep a journal to
vent. Now I just write raps.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We JUMP CUT TO: Issa in her bathroom mirror with a notebook
in hand, rapping. This is her place of solitude.

ISSA

*Go shawty, it's my birthday
But noonecaresbecause
I'm not having a party
Because I'm feeling sorry
For myself...*

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Back in the kitchen, Issa clicks on Donnell's message. (We will jump cut between the bathroom and the kitchen.)

DONNELL (O.S.)
 "Happy birthday. I miss you."

Issa smiles. It's one of those schoolgirl crush, "memories of the way we werrrrre" smiles. She clicks on Donnell's Facebook page. He appears to be in the music business. She looks at pics of him in the studio, the club scene and on stage.

She clicks on his Relationship Status, which is set to "Single." Issa is smug.

BATHROOM: Issa transforms into a cocky gangster rapper.

ISSA
*Ohhhh look nigga,
 Guess you still single,
 Couldn't find another bitch,
 To make your toes tingle (NOPE!)*

She smiles. That was good. She writes down her thoughts.

ISSA (V.O.)
 I can't lie, a part of me wishes I
 wasn't so aggressively passive. How
 different would my life be if I
 made decisions based on what I
 wanted instead of wondering "what
 if" all the damn time?

We angle back on Issa's face as she looks intently down at Donnell's message. Just as she starts to reply, "Hey, I --" Suddenly we hear a LOUD SNORE. Across the kitchen, in her small studio apartment, we see A FIGURE in bed, under the covers. Issa quickly closes her computer, grabs her purse and keys and leaves for work.

INT./EXT. COMPANY VAN - DAY

ISSA looks out at the rundown middle school across the street as FRIEDA, white, late 20s, a co-worker Issa tolerates, reads stats off about the school.

FRIEDA
 ...60% African-American, 35% Latino
 and 5% Indian/Other. They've cut on
 Sports, Arts, and After School
 programs. They've had 3 Principals
 in the last 2 years...

Issa puts the car into "Park" and stares at Thomas Jefferson Middle School.

ISSA

Don't all of these schools start to feel the same to you after a while?

FRIEDA

What do you mean?

ISSA

Like, it's the same story, same neglect, same struggle, same Black and Latino kids.

FRIEDA

It's not a color issue, it's a class issue. And that's a really cynical view. I'd think that you of all people would be more sensitive.

Issa bites her tongue. Music plays as we begin --

A MONTAGE OF ISSA'S JOB:

ISSA (V.O.)

Frieda is only one small-bitch part of a large clusterfuck of problems at my job, WE GOT YOU! A non-profit dedicated to helping underprivileged kids explore their career options.

Issa sits in the office with her boss, JOANNE, white, late 40s, who has posters of Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, President Obama and Beyonce in her office.

JOANNE

A part of me is torn between the Booker T. method and the DuBois method. Are we teaching them practical skills or encouraging intellectual thinking? What's most beneficial for people of color?

ISSA

In...2014?

ISSA (V.O.)

I've been here five years, and they still haven't realized that these kids and I have nothing in common except our skin color. Yet and still, I'm the token with all of the answers.

As Issa approaches the coffee pot in the break room, a HUDDLED GROUP of co-workers turns to her.

CO-WORKER #1
Let's just ask Issa. Issa, what's
"on fleek?"

Issa pours her coffee. She's used to this.

ISSA
I don't know what that means.

Her co-workers look disappointed, as Issa takes her coffee
and leaves the break room.

ISSA (V.O.)
I know what that shit means. But
I'm not giving them the
satisfaction. Small victories.

END MONTAGE:

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Issa stands in front of a bored 6th grade classroom as Frieda
hands out brochures for "WE GOT YOU!" the educational non-
profit company they work for. The school's counselor, JUSTIN,
mid-30s, Asian, stands next to her.

ISSA
...WE GOT YOU! offers after-school
tutoring, mentoring programs,
community service, standardized
test coaching, Big Brother/Big
Sister and general filling in the
cracks. Whatever it is you need to
succeed, WE GOT YOU! As the Youth
Liaison, I can assure that we'll
always have your back. Questions?

Silence.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Don't be shy, guys. Fire away.

A 6TH GRADE GIRL raises her hand.

6TH GRADE GIRL #1
Why you talk like a white girl?

Other students snicker. Frieda does, too. Issa is unsure how
to answer that.

ISSA
(with a "BLAC-cent")
Haaa...you caught me. I'm rockin'
Blackface.

She laughs. Nothing. She turns to Frieda for something. Frieda mouths, "That's racist."

ISSA (CONT'D)
Any other questions?

Another 6TH GRADE GIRL raises her hand.

6TH GRADE GIRL #2
What's up with your hair?

ISSA
Um, I don't know what you mean?

6TH GRADE GIRL #2
My cousin can put some tracks in it. Unless you like it like that.

Issa reaches for her hair insecurely.

6TH GRADE GIRL #3
You rude. She African!

ISSA
We're all from Africa, guys.

JUSTIN
Let's stick to questions about the program.
(to Issa)
Sorry.

A 6TH GRADE BOY raises his hand.

6TH GRADE BOY #1
Is this what you always wanted to do?

This question actually catches Issa off guard.

ISSA
Um...No. But...I got this job after college and it fit my interests at the time.

6TH GRADE BOY #2
Are you single?

ISSA
I don't think that's appropriate.

6TH GRADE BOY #2
(to his friend)
She's single.

ISSA

Ok, since you guys are SO interested in my personal life. Here it is: I'm 28-- actually, 29, today's my birthday. I've been with my boyfriend for 4 years. I came from a great family. I have a college degree. I work in the corporate world, but I like to give back. And I did this to my hair on purpose. I hope that covers everything. Does anybody have any questions about WE GOT YOU?

6TH GRADE MIXED GIRL

Why aren't you married?

ISSA

I'm just not. Right now.

6TH GRADE MIXED GIRL

My dad says nobody is checking for bitter ass black women anymore.

Everyone except Justin laughs.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM: Issa lapses into a rap rebuttal:

ISSA

*That's why yo daddy ain't shit
I'm surprised you know him
Old Kanye muthafucka
Bet he found his Kim!*

CLASSROOM: A calm Issa stands as Justin intervenes again.

JUSTIN

Dayniece, that's detention.
Apologize! Now.

6TH GRADE MIXED GIRL

Ugh! Sorry.

ISSA

That's OK. And tell your dad that black women aren't bitter, they're just tired of being expected to settle for less.

A moment of what seems like thoughtful silence turns into an eruption of laughter.

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6TH GRADE BOY #3
HER OUTFIT SETTLED FOR LESS,
THOUGH!

Issa sighs as she watches the kids laugh at her in SLOW MOTION. They don't take her seriously, and why should they?

ISSA (V.O.)
I can't stand the white people at my job and the black kids don't fuck with me. Why couldn't I be more like Molly. She's like the Will Smith of corporate.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF MOLLY'S LAW FIRM:

A) MOLLY, 28, Issa's best friend, stands in the Break Room with the firm's PARTNERS. They are cracking up.

ISSA (V.O.)
White people looooooooooove Molly.

B) Molly plays Dominoes in the parking garage with the black and Latino security guards.

ISSA (V.O.)
Black people also looooooooooove Molly.

Molly slams down her last domino.

MEGAN
DOM-I-NO biiiiiiiiiiiiitch!

The guys laugh and high five Molly.

ISSA (V.O.)
What am I doing wrong?

EXT. THOMAS JEFFERSON MIDDLE SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Justin walks Issa and Frieda outside.

JUSTIN
I am so, so sorry about that.

ISSA
It's totally fine. They're kids. I get crazy questions all the time.

JUSTIN

Well, I'm really looking forward to working with you. We've heard a lot about "WE GOT YOU" here. These kids would really benefit from your help. Thank you.

He reaches to shake Issa's hand.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Oh, and happy birthday, by the way.

ISSA

(smiles)

Thank you.

As their handshake lingers, Frieda observes the spark between the two of them.

INT. MOLLY'S LAW FIRM - DAY

Molly sits at her work desk typing. Across from her sits DIANE, mid-20s, her ultra-homely Asian colleague. Diane's desk has multiple framed photos of her and her BLACK BOYFRIEND.

DIANE

(clicking through emails)

Wait. You got the Lavinci family to settle?

MOLLY

Yup!

DIANE

No freaking way. How?

MOLLY

I convinced their youngest son to testify. His inheritance was already guaranteed.

DIANE

Unbelievable. Can you please teach me your ways?

Molly's phone buzzes with a TEXT: "Hey." Molly grins. Diane notices.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Is that the Arab guy?

MOLLY

Yes. He said, 'Hey.' I love it.

DIANE

What are you going to write back?

MOLLY

I'm just going to call him. 'Hey,' means 'I want to talk, right?'

DIANE

Uh, sure. It could.

Before Diane can completely respond, Molly is dialing. No answer. As soon as Molly hangs up, her phone buzzes with ANOTHER TEXT: "*Can't talk. What's up?*"

DIANE (CONT'D)

What did he say?

MOLLY

He must be texting me from a meeting. He's a Product Engineer. He's probably making shit as we speak.

Molly texts back: "*I just wanted to hear your voice :-).*"

DIANE

It seems like you really like him.

MOLLY

I do. We've only been on three dates, but he's so different. I never thought I'd end up with someone who's not Black, you know?

DIANE

Oh my God, totally. Me and Jamal always talk about how we're not each other's types, but it works.

MOLLY

Haa! Jamal is fronting. Niggas love Asians. And Latinas. And Indians. And White Girls. And Mixed Girls. But look, if they're not checking for me, I'm not checking for them.

Molly's phone buzzes: "*Sorry, I'm not looking for a relationship right now :-)*" Molly stares at her phone like someone died.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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.

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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)
HMMMMMMghhghghhhhhhhh.

Issa bursts out laughing.

ISSA

That's it! That's your pussy!

The Middle Eastern Couple turns around. They definitely heard that. Molly starts laughing, in spite of herself. They both start making the Marge Simpson noise back and forth, as the WAITER approaches the table.

WAITER

You ladies ready?

They both laugh.

ISSA

No, we're still not ready. I promise we will be the next time.

The waiter nods and leaves. They pick up their menus.

ISSA (CONT'D)

So...I'm thinking about ending things with Lawrence.

Molly nearly chokes.

MOLLY

Bitch, what?! Did you not just see me crying tears of singleness? Where did this come from?

ISSA

We don't *do* anything. There's no excitement. I just feel like he's too comfortable.

MOLLY

Are you guys fighting?

ISSA

No! I wish! Sometimes I wish he'd slap the shit out of me, out of angry passion. But, nothing.

MOLLY

You're an idiot.

ISSA

I'm starting to resent him. Like I've wasted my 20's with a dude I'm not even going to end up with.

MOLLY

Well you're still 29. You have one more year.

Molly examines the menu as Issa has an epiphany.

ISSA

You're right. I'm in the last year of my twenties. I don't have time for the bullshit anymore.

MOLLY

What are you saying?

ISSA

I'm breaking up with him tonight.

MOLLY

Don't y'all have birthday plans after this?

ISSA

Oh yeah. Fuck that, I'm breaking up with him **AFTER** his cheap ass spends money on my birthday.

They both laugh and toast.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Issa takes a deep breath and opens the door. Before she can say anything, she finds a depressed LAWRENCE, 32, on the couch in his boxers, watching YouTube videos of people doing Crossfit. He halfway turns his head toward her.

LAWRENCE
Happy birthday, bae.

Issa closes the door behind her, trying to hide her irritation.

ISSA
Thanks. Why aren't you dressed? The show starts at 10, right?

Lawrence pats a spot on the couch. Issa reluctantly walks over and sits.

LAWRENCE
I bombed the interview.

ISSA
Geez.

LAWRENCE
I just got nervous, and started saying stuff that didn't make sense. I didn't talk about anything that I could bring to the table. I just spit words out.

ISSA
I'm sure it wasn't that bad.

LAWRENCE
No, I literally spit on him. Then I spilled hot coffee all over his desk.

ISSA
Nevermind.

LAWRENCE
I'm really sorry for ruining your birthday, but can we please just RedBox a movie or something?

He takes her hand.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
I promise I'll make it up to you.

Issa nods. He gives her a peck on the lips.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Thanks. Let me just finish this video and then we can go to 7/11.

He presses play and the BODYBUILDER on screen shouts at the camera.

BODYBUILDER

You want pecs? You want these abs? It takes fucking discipline! Stop making excuses and do it. Make it happen. It's not gonna happen from sitting on your ass...

Issa pulls out her phone and scrolls to her Facebook messages. She clicks on Donnell's message and responds: *"Thank you. I miss you, too."*

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Molly pours some dog food into a bowl and places it on the couch.

MOLLY

Flavor Flav!

An ancient BLACK TERRIER saunters over to the couch and crawls up to the bowl of food as Molly scrolls through her DVR. She clicks on an episode of "The Real Sidechicks of Boxers." Molly settles into a comfortable position on her couch, cuddled next to Flavor Flav.

INT. WE GOT YOU! - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Issa and Frieda stand at the front of the conference room as Joanne and other EMPLOYEES listen. It is apparent that Issa and another Indian employee, SARAH, are the only faces of color. Frieda is leading the presentation.

FRIEDA

...And these poor, poor children need our guidance more than anything. They were so intent on not acknowledging the burdens that face them every day, that they focused mostly on Issa's love life...which, I must say, served as a great icebreaker.

The employees chuckle. Issa does not.

FRIEDA (CONT'D)

Thomas Jefferson Middle School's statistics state that 40% will not graduate from high school, 20% will be teen parents and 45% will be involved with gang activity. We absolutely have to intervene...

As Frieda speaks, Issa hears differently.

FRIEDA (CONT'D)

Educated Black women are highly unlikely to get married the more education they have. On the bright side, many black women are work-focused and find happiness in their careers. And then there's a small percentage of pathetic women who have neither. They are purposeless.

ISSA

YOU'RE WRONG!

The room gets quiet.

JOANNE

What is she wrong about, Issa? What do you think we can do to help these kids?

Issa is silent as she thinks and reels from her embarrassing outburst.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

How would you get through to them?

Everyone looks to Issa for an answer. Issa focuses.

ISSA

Well, stop treating them like they're all the same, for one. They already get enough of that. Everyone's path is different. I think these kids need permission to explore on their own.

JOANNE

OK. Well, where does WE GOT YOU! fit in?

ISSA

I know our jobs are to bring extracurricular programs to the school. But, I think we're doing it wrong. The environment is the problem. Nothing is going to change for them if they're stuck in the same, shitty place. They need to know that there's more out there, so at least they know they have options.

Joanne nods and the rest of the employees follow suit.

ISSA (CONT'D)

As Youth Liaison, I want to take the lead on building a program for kids outside of the school.

JOANNE

Great! Work with Frieda and have a proposal to me by Tuesday. Alright. Ken and Patricia, tell me about San Pedro Middle School.

Issa and Frieda take their seats as KEN and PATRICIA head to the front of the room. Issa's phone buzzes with a TEXT from Donnell: *"We should hang sometime..."* Issa can barely contain her excitement.

INT. MOLLY'S LAW FIRM - DAY

Molly walks into the office to find a CROWD congregated in the break room, clamoring with excitement. She puts her coat down and walks over.

MOLLY

What did I miss?

The crowd steps aside to reveal Diane, who turns to Molly with elation and flashes the diamond on her ring finger.

DIANE

Molly! I got engaged! He proposed last night!

Molly freezes, then snaps out of it enough to be excited for Diane. She encloses Diane in an accidentally limp hug.

MOLLY

I'm so happy for youuuu! Congrats!

LAWYER

Finish the story, finish the story!

DIANE

So I walk in and my favorite
flowers are everywhere. And then he
has these little notes...

Molly slowly backs away as Diane finishes her story. She
stumbles to the bathroom and starts to hyperventilate. Her
fingers are shaking as she dials Issa.

INT. ISSA'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Issa is e-stalking Donnell's page, when her phone rings.

ISSA

Hey girl!

MOLLY

(heavy breathing)
It's never happening for me.

ISSA

What? You sound like you're
exercising. You don't exercise.

MOLLY

Diane got engaged.

ISSA

To her Black boyfriend?

MOLLY

YES.

ISSA

Damn. They wife "others" up with a
quickness.

Issa sees a post from Donnell that catches her attention.

MOLLY

RIGHT?! And they don't even have to
be that cute! I'm not trying to be
shady, but why does she deserve to
get married and I don't?

She clicks on the post: *"Come see my boy, Shocka perform
tonight at Casey's, 9pm. I'll be there!"*

ISSA

Girl, stop. Who says you don't deserve to be married?

MOLLY

Jesus, apparently! He gave me this broken ass pussy!

ISSA

I promise you Jesus isn't conspiring against you and your pussy. Look, you need to go out tonight.

MOLLY

Nah, I'll be fine--

ISSA

I'm taking you out! Be ready at 8:00p.

Issa hangs up the phone and pulls up the address for Casey's.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Issa stands in the mirror, adding the final touches to her make-up. She's fully dressed in "casually cute" attire. She tries on various shades of lipstick, and with each shade she tries a new persona.

RED: "Hi, I'm sexy." Issa tries various sexy poses, and suggestive lips. "Let's get out of here." Nope. Not her.

PURPLE: "I'm so sophisticated." Issa tries out a British accent, "Well, hello Don-nell. What a surprise it is to see you here."

PINK: "It's so SUPER to see you! Super! " Issa tries to be bubbly and laugh at imaginary jokes, "Hahahaha, oh Donnell, you're so funny!" She rolls her eyes. Terrible.

BLACK: "I don't make love. I fuck. You want this punani or not?...Where you going? Take this nani!" Issa is embarrassed.

ORANGE: "I'm the life of the party!" Issa practices being the center of attention: "Wooooo! Shots! Shots! Shots!" She feels stupid.

Issa wipes the lipstick off entirely. She opts for a neutral lip gloss and tries out a smile. Perfect.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Issa walks out of the bathroom to find Lawrence eating cereal in their kitchen. He reacts to her outfit.

LAWRENCE

Wow. What are you getting dressed up for?

ISSA

I'm taking Molly out tonight.

LAWRENCE

On a date? Should I be jealous?

ISSA

She's just really upset and I want to make her feel better.

LAWRENCE

What's wrong with her?

ISSA

She doesn't think she'll ever get married.

Lawrence almost spits out his cereal laughing so hard. Issa shakes her head and goes to get her purse and keys.

LAWRENCE

She might be onto something.

ISSA

Don't be a dick.

LAWRENCE

(still amused)

Tell me she's not dramatic.

ISSA

You don't even know what she's going through! Dating is hard.

LAWRENCE

Not if she stops taking it so seriously. Plus, her standards are way too high.

ISSA

Yeah, maybe she should lower them, like I did.

Oops. Did she say that out loud? Lawrence looks offended.

LAWRENCE
What the fuck?

ISSA
Nevermind. Sorry.

LAWRENCE
What does that mean?

ISSA
It means, sometimes I wonder what the fuck we're doing.

LAWRENCE
We're together.

ISSA
Yeah, but where are we going? Is this it? Are we already here?

LAWRENCE
Bae--

ISSA
Because maybe I didn't know it before, but I know now that I don't want to just sit on the couch and wait for something to happen for the rest of my life.

LAWRENCE
What are you talking about?
Nobody's just sitting on the couch.
I'm just getting my shit together.

ISSA
You've been "getting your shit together" for four years! I feel like we're both wasting our time, and I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE!

Lawrence is taken aback. So is Issa. She can't believe she's saying this.

LAWRENCE
So what are you saying?

ISSA
I'm saying...maybe we should get our shit together separately and see what happens.

Issa's phone rings. It's Molly. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

LAWRENCE

You want to break up with me?

ISSA

Molly's downstairs. I'm gonna spend the night at her house. We can talk about it tomorrow.

LAWRENCE

Issa.

Issa bolts out of the door, leaving Lawrence bewildered with his bowl of cereal.

INT. CASEY'S - NIGHT

Molly and Issa enter Casey's and survey their surroundings. GROWN ASS THUGS and WANNA-BE RAPPERS crowd the stage and the bar area. Molly turns to Issa, this is not what she expected.

MOLLY

Issa, why are we in 1997 Inglewood?

ISSA

I didn't know! I've never been here before. But I've heard really good things...

MOLLY

From who? Some of your middle school Crips?

Issa turns to Molly.

ISSA

Can you stop being all judgmental? We're supposed to have fun tonight. I could've taken you to some stuck up Hollywood spot with a bunch of assholes, but we're here. Let's just have fun tonight.

Molly glares and gives Issa the Broken Pussy/Marge Simpson groan and nods in agreement.

MOLLY

Fine. You're buying me a drink.

INT. CASEY'S - BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Molly sips her drink as Issa takes a Kamikaze shot and listens to an EMOTIONAL RAPPER on stage.

MOLLY

So are y'all broken up or not?

ISSA

I think so. I told him how I felt and his last words were "You want to break up with me?"

MOLLY

And you said, "Yes?"

ISSA

No, you called. And I told him I was spending the night at your house. But, I'm pretty sure he got the message.

MOLLY

That sounds incomplete.

ISSA

You're incomplete. We need to find you somebody.

Issa's eyes wander as she searches for Donnell in the crowd.

MOLLY

Every dude here has a baby momma. Fact.

Issa sees a GROUP OF GUYS.

ISSA

Listen, bourgeois bitch--half of these guys are cute. Let's just go stand by them so they notice you.

MOLLY

Since when are you Patty McPartyson? I usually have to drag you out?

Issa grabs Molly's hand, and another drink, and drags her to a different section of the party where the guys have congregated. She simultaneously scans the crowd for Donnell. The Emo rapper is still going strong.

EMO RAPPER

*Cryin on my bathroom flo',
Full of tears,
But my baby mama left me,
said I couldn't face my fears...*

Issa and Molly stand by the group of guys, trying to look as casual as possible. Dancing, laughing loudly, toasting...doing the most. A CUTE GUY from the group finally notices and approaches them. Molly perks up.

CUTE GUY
How you ladies doing tonight?

ISSA & MOLLY
Good.

Cute Guy extends his hand to Molly.

CUTE GUY
I'm Jared.

Molly smiles.

MOLLY
Hi. Molly.

Issa extends her hand.

ISSA
I'm Issa.

Jared doesn't notice her hand.

JARED
You ladies performing?

MOLLY
Heck no. We didn't even know it was that kind of party.

JARED
(possibly offended)
Oh, word?

MOLLY
Wait, are you performing?

JARED
Hell no.

Molly laughs.

MOLLY
Thank God.

JARED
My little brother is though. But, I don't think this is his crowd...

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 back to the bar, she feels a tap on her shoulder.

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.

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ISSA
Absolutely not.

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

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,
See this girl she's kinda loosey
Niggas take her off the shelf
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.*

ANGLE ON: Molly looks on horrified and mortified as the crowd laughs. No she did NOT.

MOLLY
Oh my God, she's talking about me.

Jared, who was previously chuckling, turns to her, kind of disturbed and disgusted.

JARED
She's talking about you?

The crowd starts to cheer along.

ISSA
*Nobody wants you,
Cause you've got a broken pussy*

ANGLE ON: Donnell looking at Issa's performance with awe and intrigue as some of his friends laugh.

ISSA (CONT'D)
*Maybe it's diseased
Maybe it's deformed
Broken pussy*

ANGLE ON: Molly, who looks angry and hurt. Jared has left.

When the song is finished. Issa stands before the audience, who cracks up laughing and gives her a big applause. The MC jogs on the stage and grabs the mic like one would grab a used tissue.

MC
Alright. Give it up for...

ISSA
Issa. Issa Dee.

Issa walks off the stage, looking out at the cheering audience, beaming.

MC
Issa Dee and her broken pussy,
y'all.

She looks for Donnell immediately, but doesn't see him. Instead, she sees Molly's glare, but is too shell shocked to notice. Issa is riding on her post performance high.

ISSA
Oh shit, that was amazing. I'm
still shaking! I can't believe I
just did that!

Molly can't either. Issa looks for Donnell once more. Where did he go?
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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?~~ educational purposes only

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

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.

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! ^{TV} Calling - For educational purposes only

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.

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.

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(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I mean, I was pissed, but I was an impressed pissed. You know? Like proudly pissed.

ISSA

I love you. I'm not gonna lie. It felt really good to be up there.

MOLLY

You were a boss bitch on that stage.

ISSA

Well, for what it's worth, I'm really sorry. I didn't meant to embarrass you.

MOLLY

I know.

ISSA

Did you hear from Jerry?

MOLLY

Jared? No. Whatever. I'm glad he found out about my diagnosis now rather than later.

ISSA

(Marge Simpson groan)
Hmnmghhhhhhgmmhggggghh.

MOLLY

Hmnmhghhhghghmmhghhhhhhh.

They crack up laughing, as they talk to each other in "Broken Pussy" voices.

FADE OUT: