

Insecure

"Low-key Pressed"

written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. ISSA'S CAR - NIGHT

ISSA is listening to MEDITATION FOR DUMMIES. The Meditation Lady has a calm, eerily tranquil voice like a cult leader.

MEDITATION LADY V.O.

...You must create a P.I.F.F., a Positive Impervious Force Field around you to block out all of the negativity. Breathe out the negative energy...breathe in the positive energy. Go ahead, try it....

Issa repeats the words while breathing...hard.

MEDITATION LADY V.O. (CONT'D)
Breath out the negative energy, breathe in the positive energy...

ISSA
Breath out the negative energy, breathe in the positive energy...

Issa continues her breathing.

MEDITATION LADY V.O. (CONT'D)

Your positive self should be floating high above the negative forces. They've been blocked, desperately trying to get back in but you won't let them...there you go...breathe...

Issa is breathing and feeling good. She breaks into a rap.

ISSA

That's right negative forces/I'm drivin' ya out like wild horses. I'm on some new shit/Zen-like, serene. PIFF'ing up/blocking shots like Kareem.

Issa's feeling it. She continues breathing and driving. She pulls into the parking lot of her building and whips her car into a spot, totally in a relaxed state.

Her peace is disrupted by a Facetime call. It's MOLLY. Issa answers as she exits the car.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Bitch you just messed up my breathing!

EXT. APARTMENT BLDG PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Issa glides through the lot continuing her Facetime convo.

MOLLY

You can't talk and breathe at the
same time?

Issa waves her off. She's too Zen to engage in silliness.

ISSA

This "Meditation for Dummies" CD is
fire. It got me all PIFF'ed up.

MOLLY

What?

ISSA

I'm pushing out negativity.
Building a force field. Can't
nothing steal my joy.

TWO MASKED MEN race through the parking lot knocking Issa
down in the process.

MASKED MAN 1

Get out the way, bitch!

Issa hits the ground hard. The brut force causes her cell
phone to fly out of her hand.

ISSA

WHAT THE FUCK?!

TITLE: INSECURE

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. ISSA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Issa is at the table eating Fruity Pebbles. The morning news
glares in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR O.S.

*There's been a rash of home
invasions in the Inglewood area.
Police are telling residents to
lock all windows and doors...*

Issa rolls her shoulders. She's sore from the hard fall.

ISSA

Niggas...

Issa pours more cereal. She walks to the frig, opens the door and is stopped by a WEDDING INVITATION magnetically pinned to the door. It reads: *PLEASE JOIN US TO CELEBRATE OUR WEDDING. CONDOLA ♥ LAWRENCE...*

Issa stares at the invitation. Suddenly she's no longer hungry. She slams the door. Mopes away.

INT. THE GYM LA - DAY

LAWRENCE is bench pressing while CHAD spots him.

CHAD
You broke the rule, man.

LAWRENCE
What rule?

CHAD
Never invite your old bitch to your new bitch's wedding.

LAWRENCE
Don't call 'em bitches.

CHAD
Did she not fuck another nigga?

Lawrence gives him the 'you got a point' look as he struggles with the last two reps.

LAWRENCE
But Condola's innocent.

CHAD
We ain't got time for semantics. No used pussy at the reception. Period.

Chad helps Lawrence with the last rep. He racks the bar. Lawrence sits up.

LAWRENCE
It ain't even like that. Me and Issa are cool. We're past all of that drama. It's Black History.

CHAD
Do you see niggas bringing swine to a Muslim cookout?

LAWRENCE
Muslims don't eat pork.

CHAD.

Cuz ain't nobody bringing it to the cookout! Stay woke, nigga. Stay woke the fuck up.

INT. HAYWARD & ASSOCIATES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MALCOLM HAYWARD SENIOR, 70s, portly and distinguished, has made a rare appearance. The room is abuzz. Everyone knows that he only shows up when something special is happening.

MALCOLM, SR.

I'm pleased with the way things have gone since my son took over day-to-day operations at the firm.

MALCOLM JUNIOR beams. His mission in life is getting his dad's approval.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

Our ratios are stellar. Wins over losses percentage is the highest it's ever been in our firm's forty-year history. It's a credit to your talent and dedication.

TAUREAN feels especially accomplished.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

Now I know there are many firms out there and like an airline you could have chosen them for your ride.

Malcolm Senior laughs at his metaphor. The others join.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

But you chose Hayward & Associates. And with hard work comes great rewards...for one of you.

The attorneys are sitting more erect now with anticipation.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

As I'm sure you've guessed it's time for someone to "partner-up."

Again, he's proud of his word play.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

I'll get with Malcolm Junior and the other partners to discuss everyone's individual contributions to the firm's success.

(MORE)

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

We'll take a vote and the
announcement will be made later
this week. Until then conquer and
be great.

The meeting disperses. Taurean shakes Malcolm Senior's hand,
smiling with shameless confidence. MOLLY tempers her
confidence as she glides up to greet the elder Malcolm.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

Molly.

MOLLY

Mr. Hayward.

They shake hands.

MALCOLM, SR.

I've been hearing good things.

MOLLY

Guilty!

Malcolm Senior chuckles. Molly can't smile any harder.

MALCOLM, SR.

Let's meet tonight to discuss your
contributions. Eight P.M. at Sweet
Chick. I can go for some of their
chicken and waffles.

MOLLY

The best in L.A.
(then conspiratorially)
Don't tell Roscoe.

MALCOLM, SR.

Deal.

Taurean is deflated.

INT. ISSA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Issa has built a positive force field of candles and pillows.
Tranquil music softly plays in the background.

She sits crosslegged on a plush pillow, ready to get her
meditation on.

ISSA

(to self)

Let me just make sure my phone is
on silent.

Issa reaches over for her phone and finds it already silent. She positions herself again for meditation. But her mind is flooded with inner thoughts.

ISSA V.O.

I bet Condola's wedding dress is basic as fuck. Probably got a Vera Wang knockoff - Vera Hang.

Issa laughs hard at her corny joke.

ISSA V.O. (CONT'D)

I hope it ain't ready on time. Nah, that's foul. Maybe she gained a little weight and it'll be tight around the middle. She'll look five months pregnant waddling down the aisle. Jezebel! Ok better...

She's satisfied she made some adjustment to her shade. She tries to center herself again, but the thoughts keep coming.

ISSA V.O. (CONT'D)

I wonder if Lawrence's mom is going to the wedding. Girl, you know his mama gon' be there. Wait, did Lawrence tell his parents I fucked another dude? Shit!

Issa attempts to use her meditative tools.

ISSA

(to self)

Breathe in negative energy. Breathe out positive energy. No no no, that ain't it! Ugh.

Issa falls back on the pillows defeated.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Lawrence and Condola are making a final payment for the venue. Lawrence hands the CASHIER his credit card.

LAWRENCE

Hope that ain't the stolen plastic.

He chuckles. The Cashier is in no mood.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Just playing.

Lawrence and CONDOLA exchange looks and snicker.

CASHIER
Bloop, declined!

LAWRENCE
Wait, what?!

CASHIER
(sarcastically)
Just playing...See how that feels?

Condola laughs hard. This time Lawrence is not amused.

LAWRENCE
(to Condola)
You supposed to be on my side.

CONDOLA
I am. But it was funny.

They chuckle. They cute.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Molly's driving, feeling great. Her phone rings with a 'private number.' She hesitates but answers in speaker mode.

MOLLY
Hello.

CALLER
Molly, it's Malcolm Hayward, Sr.

MOLLY
Hi, Mr. Hayward.

MALCOLM, SR.
Listen, something's come up.

Molly's dejected.

MOLLY
Oh...

MALCOLM, SR.
I have some unexpected things that I must attend to.

MOLLY
Ok, if you need to cancel--

MALCOLM, SR.
We can just meet at my home office.
Two birds...one stone.

Molly's unsure of this change in plans. But goes along.

MOLLY
Sure. Sure.

MALCOLM, SR.
I'll text you the address.

EXT./INT. MALCOLM HAYWARD SENIOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Malcolm Senior opens the door looking relaxed and casual.
He's different from the buttoned-up executive we saw earlier.

MOLLY
Hello, Mr. Hayward.

MALCOLM, SR.
Please, call me Malcolm.

He steps aside to let Molly in.

INT. MALCOLM HAYWARD SENIOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Molly takes in what is an incredible house.

MOLLY
Wow, this is gorgeous.

MALCOLM, SR.
All credit to the misses. She's the
one with the eye, the creative one
anyway.

Malcolm Senior ogles Molly. She pretends not to notice or
catch the innuendo. He leads Molly into the...

LIVING ROOM

MOLLY
Where is Mrs. Hayward? I would love
to finally meet her.

MALCOLM, SR.
Junior's baby sister in Chicago had
her first baby. Grandma's on duty.

MOLLY
Oh, Grandpa doesn't get a shift?

MALCOLM, SR.
I have other business...

Malcolm Senior plops on the couch. He motions for Molly to join him. She's visibly uneasy, but obliges.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)
We can have an uninterrupted meeting.

INT. ISSA'S CAR - NIGHT

Issa's Lyft'ing trying to keep her mind off of Lawrence's wedding. She pulls over to let a MALE PASSENGER in.

ISSA
Lawrence?

She's failing.

PASSENGER
Fred.

ISSA
Right. Right...Had a good day?

FRED
It was cool.

Fred clearly doesn't want to be bothered.

ISSA
Yep, my day was cool, too.

Silence.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Cool. Cool. Cool...

Fred rolls his eyes.

INT. MALCOLM HAYWARD SENIOR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Molly cuts the tension with office talk.

MOLLY
I really love working for Hayward & Associates. I felt like my other firm...with those white guys...I was never valued.

MALCOLM, SR.
And you should be valued.

Malcolm Senior is inching closer to Molly. She presses on.

MOLLY

Teaming up with Taurean on cases
has pushed me. He's so driven.
Sometimes it's hard to compete with
all that Morehouse moxy.

MALCOLM, SR.

Don't compete. Just use your ace in
the hole.

Malcolm Senior has gone full blown perv. He's moved so close
to Molly she can count his nose hairs. He strokes her arm.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

Now, let's talk about your
contributions.

Malcolm Senior rakes his fingers across Molly's thigh. She
leaps off the couch.

MOLLY

If you'll excuse me. I need to
freshen up.

Unsure of where the bathroom is she heads toward the door.

MALCOLM, SR.

That way.

He points her down the hall in the opposite direction. Molly
cooly saunters down the hall, running when out of sight.

INT. MALCOLM HAYWARD SENIOR'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Molly frantically fishes the phone out of her purse. She
calls Issa.

Issa answers in speaker mode.

ISSA

Hey...

Molly blurts out...

MOLLY

(strained whisper)

Girl, I think this old crusty
motherfucker is trying to put his
geriatric dick inside of me!

Issa is dropping off an older FEMALE PASSENGER. She eye-scolds Issa. Issa mouths "I'm sorry." The woman slams the door.

ISSA
From the top.

MOLLY
(speaking fast)
Mr. Hayward asked to meet with me. I thought it was about becoming a partner at the firm. But clearly he's thinking about another kind of partnership.

ISSA
Creep!

MOLLY
If I don't do it I can basically kiss partner goodbye. And if I do...

ISSA
Talk about being stuck between a rock and limp place.

MOLLY
Issa!

ISSA
Girl, you know I'm tripping. You need to run up out of there NOW.

Issa pulls over to Lyft another passenger.

MOLLY
But what about--

ISSA
Sorry, Mol. I gotta go. Trust yourself to do the right thing.

Issa hangs up. Turns to greet the passenger who is BLACK, FEMALE and very PREGNANT.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Keisha?

Keisha is breathing heavily. She grunts with mad 'tude.

KEISA
Hm huh.

INT. MALCOLM HAYWARD SENIOR'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Molly stares at herself in the mirror contemplating this crucial decision. To ho' or not to ho'?

Montage of Molly freshening up:

Molly swishes mouthwash and spits it out.

Molly dabs under her arms with a wet paper towel.

Molly dabs her crotch with a wet paper towel.

Molly teases her hair.

She takes one last look in the mirror.

MOLLY
(to self)
Ok...

INT. MALCOLM HAYWARD SENIOR'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Molly tips into the living room to find Malcolm Senior splayed across the couch BUCK NAKED.

MALCOLM, SR.
Welcome back.

MOLLY
I forgot to feed Flava Flav.

Molly breaks for the door.

INT. ISSA'S CAR - NIGHT

Issa pulls over to Lyft a MALE PASSENGER. The man slides in next to Keisha. Issa and Keisha speak simultaneously.

ISSA
Darryl?

KEISHA
Darryl?!

Darryl looks at Issa, then Keisha, then Keisha's pregnant belly and takes off running leaving the door wide open.

ISSA (CONT'D)
(yells out)
You gon' pay a cancelation fee!
(to Keisha)
Baby daddy?

KEISHA
I don't think so.

Keisha smiles mischievously. It's the first time she's taken the edge off. She and Issa break into giggles. Keisha yelps.

KEISHA (CONT'D)
My water broke!

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lawrence and Condola have just finished dinner. The SERVER clears the table and scoots away.

CONDOLA
I can't believe that soon I'll be Mrs. Lawrence Walker.

LAWRENCE
Yeah, that's wild.

CONDOLA
Wild in a good way?

LAWRENCE
Of course.

Lawrence's mouth affirms but his eyes say something else. He's saved by the server.

SERVER
Would you like to hear about our dessert specials?

Lawrence defers to Condola.

CONDOLA
Sure.

SERVER
We have a lemon tart, banana chocolate mousse, dutch apple pie à la mode and a matcha green tea cream cheese cake that will make you slap both yo mamas.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ISSA & LAWRENCE'S OLD APARTMENT - DAY

Lawrence and Issa are on the couch Netflix'n and pigging out.

LAWRENCE
Green tea belongs in tea not cake.

ISSA
You don't know what you're missing.

LAWRENCE
Show me.

Issa leans in for a kiss. At the last second she smashes cake in Lawrence's face and takes off running.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
You know you don' fucked up now,
right?

Lawrence chases Issa around the apartment from the living room to the kitchen to the bedroom where he finally catches her. They play fight. He pushes her onto the bed and they kiss passionately.

END FLASHBACK

INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Lawrence has zoned out.

SERVER
For you, sir?

Lawrence is still in space.

SERVER (CONT'D)
Sir?

CONDOLA
Baby?

Lawrence snaps out of it.

LAWRENCE
Sorry. I'll take the mouse. I mean
the mousse.

The server scurries away.

CONDOLA
Everything ok?

LAWRENCE
I'm good. Just hoping Chad doesn't
lose the ring. He be slippin'.

Lawrence tries to laugh it off. Condola's not convinced.

INT. ISSA'S CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Keisha's contractions are coming fast and furiously. Issa frantically Googles "How to deliver a baby." She finds a video.

ISSA
YouTube be coming through for a
bitch.

She clicks the video. An ad for MIRENA BIRTH CONTROL pops up.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Too late for that.

Keisha is screaming. The contractions are even faster.

Issa skips ahead to the YouTube clip; it starts to play then freezes.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Dammit!

Issa's gonna have to figure this out on her own.

KEISHA
It's coming! Get it out!!!!

ISSA
Ok. Ok. Ok.

Issa cradles herself in between the two front seats. She props Keisha's legs up. She rips Keisha's wet panties off.

ISSA (CONT'D)
First time for everything.

Keisha is screaming bloody murder.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Ok...Push. PUSH.

Keisha screams and grunts and pushes.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Please don't shit on me.

KEISHA
Fuck you!!!!

ISSA
 Yes, use that aggression to push
 this baby out.

Keisha grunts and screams and pushes.

ISSA (CONT'D)
 I see the head. Come on. Push.
 PUSH!

Keisha grunts and screams and pushes until we hear the baby's
 piercing cries.

ISSA (CONT'D)
 It's a girl!

Issa falls back from exhaustion.

KEISHA
 What about the cord?

Issa groans audibly.

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Molly's still in her work/me too clothes. She's lying on her
 bed snuggling with her pooch Flava Flav.

MOLLY
 Flava Flav!

The dog shades her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Sorry, it never gets old.

Molly pops up and reaches for her cell to place a call. After
 three rings and no answer she's about to hang up. Not fast
 enough.

TAUREAN
 Hi, Molly.

MOLLY
 Hey Taurean. You busy?

TAUREAN
 Just pressing my shirt for tomorrow
 you know in case I get invited to a
 personal meeting with the boss.

Molly rolls her eyes.

MOLLY
Yeah about that...

Molly contemplates telling Taurean what happened.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Mr. Hayward...Mr. Hayward said some good things about you. I'm sure you're a shoe-in for partner.

TAUREAN
Yeah, cuz I deliver like FedEx...On time.

Molly is over Taurean's inflated ego.

MOLLY
Goodnight Taurean.

INT. KEISHA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Keisha is holding her precious newborn.

KEISHA
Thank you so much.

ISSA
Thank you. Helping you bring life into this world...that was so dope.

KEISHA
And I didn't shit on you.

ISSA
Yeah, ain't enough stars or tips for that.

They both laugh. A TALL BLACK MAN races into the room and rushes over to Keisha.

BLACK MAN
Babe...I'm so sorry I wasn't there.

He kisses Keisha, picks up the cooing baby girl.

KEISHA
It's ok, bae. I was in good hands.

Keisha and Issa exchange smiles. Issa sticks around a bit longer looking on wistfully at the happy family. She finally backs out of the room.

INT. ISSA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Issa sits crosslegged on a plush pillow surrounded by candles and more pillows. The "Meditation for Dummies" CD hums in the background.

MEDITATION LADY V.O.

Your positive self should be floating high above the negative forces. They've been blocked, desperately trying to get back in but you won't let them...there you go...breathe...

Issa is breathing and blocking. Just when she falls deep into it there's a knock at the door.

INT./EXT. ISSA'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Issa flings the door open.

ISSA

Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

I'm sorry for just dropping by.

ISSA

No, I'm...I'm happy to see you.

Issa steps aside to let Lawrence in. The "Meditation for Dummies" CD is still playing.

MEDITATION LADY V.O.

...that's right....breathe.

INT. ISSA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LAWRENCE

You in here listening to porn?

ISSA

Who listens to porn?

Lawrence looks guilty. They chuckle.

ISSA (CONT'D)

I'm blocking all of the negative energy.

LAWRENCE

Ouch!

More chuckles. Lawrence sits on the couch. Issa slinks over to turn off the CD.

ISSA

I'm just trying to get my meditation thing on.

LAWRENCE

Oh like how I tried to get my church thing on that time?

Issa returns and joins Lawrence.

ISSA

Let's hope not. You dropped out after one visit from the holy ghost.

They laugh. Then awkward silence. Lawrence breaks it.

LAWRENCE

In two days my whole life is gonna change, Eeese. And low-key that shit is scary...I mean Condola is dope. She's smart, pretty, she stans for me hard...but she's not you. I had a terrible thought last night. Am I marrying someone else because of my ego? Like did I allow myself to believe that I would be less of a man if I forgave you?

ISSA

I have no answers for you, Lawrence. I do know my life changed *that* night. I beat myself up for so long. I thought I deserved the punishment. Then I realized that I just made a terrible mistake and I had to forgive myself. They say life is short and it is. But in many ways it's long as fuck. Too long to walk around with guilt. And I have too much to do. Hell, I delivered a baby last night.

LAWRENCE

What?!

ISSA

Yeah, Lyft be poppin'!

They crack up.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Listen, Lawrence. I thought I was over you. Then I realized I'm not. But I remember the hurt in your eyes when you found out I cheated. I can't bear to inflict that kind of pain on another person, Condola included. So if you're looking for my blessing, you have it. Go be happy.

They stare at each other for what seems like an eternity. Finally Lawrence rises.

LAWRENCE

The clock is ticking on happiness.

Issa stands to see Lawrence out. They take a slow crawl to...

THE DOOR

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You be happy, too, Eeese.

Lawrence kisses Issa on the cheek. Life as they know it as Issa and Lawrence has ended.

Lawrence walks out. Issa shuts the door behind him and cries.

INT. HAYWARD & ASSOCIATES CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Decision Day! All of the partners and associates are gathered waiting anxiously to see who'll be elevated to partner.

Taurean is looking extra crispy like a man about to get a pay raise. Molly looks like a woman trying to keep a job.

Malcolm Senior and Malcolm Junior enter to room. Malcolm Senior has returned to his professional posture. He greets everyone without showing his hand. He averts Molly's glare.

MALCOLM, JR.

Thank you all for your dedication. Partner Day is always special at Hayward & Associates. I remember when Dad gave me the nod--

MALCOLM, SR.

That's right and you earned it, son. No handouts given here.

MALCOLM, JR.

None.

MALCOLM, SR.

The person who becomes partner today has proven they know the value of smart work. They know what it means to think outside the box. This person has proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that they can thrive in high-pressured situations that may eat lesser folk alive. They can survive in the jungle, ladies and gentlemen. Our new partner is not simply thirsty. But they're hungry. Hungry to win. Hungry to conquer. Hungry to be great.

The Associates are on the edge of their seats.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

That person is...

Taurean is ready to roar.

MALCOLM, SR. (CONT'D)

Molly Carter!

Molly gasps. Taurean's chest deflates. Everyone congratulates the new partner.

INT. HAYWARD & ASSOCIATES - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Molly catches up with Malcolm Senior.

MOLLY

Talk about a surprise verdict.

MALCOLM, SR.

You earned it. Stay hungry.

He bops away leaving Molly shocked, confused and excited.

INT. RED BIRD - NIGHT

Issa, Molly, KELLI and TIFFANY are having dinner.

KELLI

Wait, so this old motherfucker tried to get the pussy, you didn't give him the pussy, but you still got the promotion?

ISSA
That's some boss shit.

MOLLY
I'm telling you it was like some
Survival of the Fittest, Twilight
Zone, extreme hazing madness.

TIFFANY
You're going to report him, right?

ISSA
Tiffany, black girls don't rock
like that. We save that "me, too"
shit for them white bitches. We
handles ours in-house.

Kelli and Issa hi-five.

TIFFANY
See that's why men like Harvey
Weinstein, R. Kelly and Bill Cosby-

KELLI
Hold up! Leave Bill out of this. I
gotta enjoy my bootleg "Cosby Show"
reruns guilt-free.

Molly, Issa and Kelli giggle. Tiffany is disgusted.

MOLLY
Speaking of Dr. Huxtable, did Issa
tell ya'll she out in these streets
delivering babies?

ISSA
Baby.

What?!

KELLI

What?!!

TIFFANY

ISSA
Yeah it was wild, ya'll. Tiff, I
got mad respect for you now.

TIFFANY
Now?!

ISSA
Relax. You know what I mean. It was
incredible. I literally brought a
life into the world.

KELLI

Bitch, you piqued too soon. You
might as well retire on top!

They crack up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence is in the throes of a wild bachelor party. Chad has organized the perfect last night of freedom...for himself.

Bubbly is popping, music bumping and there are more naked women than food options. Indeed, Chad is in heaven as he receives a lap dance from a VOLUPTUOUS DANCER.

CHAD

Nigga! This ass make me wanna quit
my job.

VOLUPTUOS DANCER

Not before you pay me.

Everybody laughs.

A KIM KARDASHIAN LOOK-A-LIKE saunters up to Lawrence.

FAKE KIM KARDASHIAN

Wanna dance?

Before Lawrence can respond Fake Kim K pushes him onto a chair and slides on his lap. As she gyrates, Lawrence has visions of Issa.

He's not enjoying his last night of freedom.

Damn is he about to make a mistake?

INT. RED BIRD - NIGHT

The ladies are still enjoying dinner.

ISSA

So who's gonna talk about the
elephant in the room.

KELLI

Bitch, I'm doing the Keto diet and
I got a Fitbit strapped to both
ankles. What more do you want?

TIFFANY

You need help.

They all laugh.

MOLLY
(to Issa)
How you feeling?

ISSA
That's the million dollar
question...It's so surreal. I can't
believe he's about to say "I do" to
someone else.

MOLLY
Damn, I'm sorry Eeese.

ISSA
The worst part is I can't even hate
on her.

KELLI
Don't worry, I got enough hate in
my heart to go around.

TIFFANY
Help her, Mother Universe.

ISSA
She's genuinely fucking nice. She
helped me get my block party going
when I didn't even believe in
myself. She's pretty. She's hella
talented.

MOLLY
She's black.

TIFFANY
Yeah, that part.

ISSA
She's about to marry the only guy
I've ever loved. Like for real. For
real. I took it for granted that
Lawrence would always be there.
That WE would always be there. I
mean we got history.

KELLI
Bitch you about to "Whitley and
Dwayne Wayne" this wedding ain't
you?

TIFFANY

Issa would never do that. Wait,
would you?!

MOLLY

Would you?

ISSA

Of course not.

Wait, would she?

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - DAY

Issa and Molly are in the parking lot of the wedding chapel.

MOLLY

You don't have to do this. We can
go to Swinger's and pack on twenty
pounds.

ISSA

Nah, I gotta watch it happen so I
can know it's real...thanks for
being my plus one.

MOLLY

You know I got you.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

The USHER hands Issa and Molly programs and directs them to
their seats. Issa forces a smile.

ISSA

Thank you.

Issa's looking around at the beautiful decorations, the
flowers, the guests...she spots Lawrence's parents.

ISSA (CONT'D)

His mama did come.

MOLLY

What?

ISSA

Nothing. I'll be back.

MOLLY

You ok?

ISSA

I'm good.

Nah, she ain't good.

INT. BRIDE'S ROOM - SAME

Condola's bridal team is fussing over her. The MAKEUP ARTIST applies the finishing touches. She hands Condola a mirror.

CONDOLA

Wow, it doesn't even look like me.

CONDOLA'S MOM

Oh, that's my baby alright. Mama's so proud. I wish your father was here to see you now.

Condola and her mom tear up. The make-up artist blows a baby blue mini handheld fan in her eyes.

MAKEUP ARTIST

I came prepared.

The WEDDING PLANNER pops in.

WEDDING PLANNER

Five minutes.

Condola takes one final look at herself. She's ready.

INT. GROOM'S ROOM - SAME

While Lawrence paces Chad vies for 'Worst Best Man' award.

CHAD

You sure you wanna go to this wedding?

LAWRENCE

It's *my* wedding!

CHAD

Just say the word and we ghost.

LAWRENCE

You just worry about the ring.

CHAD

Oh shit.

Chad fumbles in his pocket looking for the ring. He pulls it out.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Too easy.

Lawrence shakes his head. The wedding planner pops in.

WEDDING PLANNER

Five minutes.

Lawrence looks shook.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

The bathroom clears out. Issa's alone staring in the mirror.

MIRROR BITCH

So that's it? You just gon' let another bitch take our man?

ISSA

What you want me to do?

MIRROR BITCH

Fight!

ISSA

I can't ruin the best day of her life.

MIRROR BITCH

Oh so you're ok with it being the worst day of your life?

ISSA

I gave Lawrence my blessing.

MIRROR BITCH

You the pope now? Don't be a martyr. Dead bitches don't enjoy flowers. Smell yours now.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

Issa takes her seat.

MOLLY

You good?

ISSA

Yeah.

The WEDDING SINGER croons "The Man" by Aloe Blocc. Lawrence, Chad and the PREACHER enter the chapel. Issa catches her breath.

ISSA (CONT'D)
I didn't expect him to look so good.

Molly puts her hand on Issa's.

The groomsmen and bridesmaids enter. This is happening.

The ORGANIST plays the first cord of "Wedding March" and all guests rise. Issa is weak as Condola enters with her BROTHER looking gorgeous. No five-month pregnant belly.

ON LAWRENCE AND CHAD

CHAD
(loud whisper)
Nigga this real as herpes now.

The preacher gives a scolding look.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(to God/ceiling)
He's still working on me.

Rev ain't got time for Chad's tomfoolery.

ON ISSA

Issa has shifted focus from Condola to Lawrence. She's trying to catch his eye. But he's focused on Condola who has reached the altar.

ON PREACHER, LAWRENCE, CONDOLA

PREACHER
Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to witness the union of Lawrence Walker and Condola Archer.

ON ISSA AND MOLLY

Issa squeezes Molly's hand tightly.

ON PREACHER, LAWRENCE, CONDOLA

PREACHER (CONT'D)
If any of you has a reason why these two should not be joined in holy matrimony, speak now or forever hold your peace.

A hush sweeps over the congregation. The bride and groom look around.

ON ISSA AND MOLLY

Issa is clearly having a moment of conflict. Molly senses something's amiss.

MOLLY
Issa, you good?

ISSA
No. No, I'm not.

After a long pause Issa rises from her seat.

ISSA (CONT'D)
Lawrence, I lied.

Issa's voice echos throughout the chapel. The congregation is abuzz. Molly is shocked.

MOLLY
Oh shit...

Issa stands and inches down the aisle.

ON PREACHER, LAWRENCE, CONDOLA, CHAD

CHAD
Nigga I told you...

LAWRENCE
Shut up!

Issa continues her slow walk to the altar.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Issa what are you doing?

Issa is at the altar. Condola is in tears.

CONDOLA
How could you?!

ISSA
I'm sorry Condola. I didn't plan this...

ISSA (CONT'D)
Lawrence I said I didn't have the answers. But I do. And the answer is us.

(MORE)

ISSA (CONT'D)

I thought I could let you go. I can't. Our story isn't finished.

Lawrence releases Condola's hand and pulls Issa to him.

LAWRENCE

Our story is just getting started, baby. I love you. I love us.

Lawrence kisses Issa passionately.

Issa **SNAPS BACK TO REALITY** and what Lawrence actually says.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Issa, you have a permanent place in my heart. But I now know the answer to my question. I'm marrying Condola because I love her. Be happy, Issa.

Lawrence kisses Issa on her tear-stained cheek. Molly is there to walk her back down the aisle and out the door.

ISSA

(whispers)

Did I really just do that?

MOLLY

Yes, you did...with toilet paper on your shoe.

We see a long train of Charmin Ultra Soft rolling with her.

INT. ISSA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Issa's still in her disaster wedding gear. She's curled on the couch eating a pint of Ben & Jerry's. Her phone vibrates. We can't see who it is. She answers.

ISSA

I was just thinking about you...

INT. ISSA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Issa has slipped into a "Free All Political Prisoners" tank top and boy shorts. There's a knock. She saunters over to the door.

INT./EXT. ISSA'S FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Issa swings the door open. NATHAN, green-eyed bae, is on the other side. Issa grabs him and they kiss passionately.

Nathan kicks the door shut, but it barely catches the latch. Issa and Nathan carry their ravenous kissing into the...

LIVING ROOM

Nathan pushes her onto the couch. They rip each other's clothes off. Issa pulls him on top of her. The love making is hot.

There's a noise at the front door. They've got company; they just don't know it yet. They're in the throes of passion.

INTRUDER

Climb up out the pussy, light
skinned muthafuber!!!

TWO MASKED MEN stand over Issa and Nathan pointing guns. Nathan jumps up, Issa covers herself. She recognizes the voice.

ISSA

Thug Yoda?!

MASKED MAN 1

Oh shit, Issa?

Masked Man 1 yanks off his mask. Yep, it's Thug Yoda, Issa's former gang-banging building mate. He ogles Issa's goodies.

THUG YODA

Oh shit, Issa?!!

Issa grabs a pillow from the couch to cover up even more.

ISSA

What the fuck?!

FADE OUT.