

**INSECURE**

S4 EPISODE 1  
Slick or Nah?

Jasmin Benward  
4227 Leimert Blvd  
Apt. 2, Los Angeles, CA 90008  
Writeonjas@gmail.com  
(678)793-1576

1 **EXT. MOLLY'S CAR - MORNING**

1

A sunny morning. Hectic. MOLLY navigates rush hour traffic. Surely affirmations will kick off the day. She's confident and crazed on a type-A mission to nail her presentation at the firm, but first, coffee. She sits at a red light and listens to MOTIV8 PODCAST from CAR SPEAKER.

## MOTIV8 PODCAST

Close your eyes and repeat these words after me: *I exercise patience. I am in control of me. I am the author of my life.*

Molly closes her eyes.

## MOLLY

I am in control.

Molly jumps at the sound of HONKING behind her. So much for zen.

## MOLLY (CONT'D)

(to self)

Oh, shit. I'm in a whole car right now. Sis, pull yourself together. It's only the biggest presentation of the quarter. Are you cool, calm, and collected or nah?

2 **INT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER**

2

A hip cafe. EARLY RISERS (Various) type and note-take. Molly taps her foot while she waits on line. She sifts through emails on her phone. She's up next at the counter. She comes up for air to acknowledge CAFE WORKERS #1 and #2 (late teens).

## MOLLY

Hi, I'm here to pick up a pre-order.

Cafe Worker #1 MUMBLES indistinctly, but obviously about Molly to Cafe Worker #2.

## MOLLY (CONT'D)

Oh no, we're not doing that! Shouldn't y'all be in school? It's too early. The order is under Molly and it's an avocado breakfast wrap, no bacon, and a small green tea-hot.

(CONTINUED)

CAFE WORKER #1

(sucks teeth)

I'm on spring break, thank you. Damn. I can tell you ain't got no kids.

Molly cocks her head and sucks her teeth right back.

MOLLY

Look, I've been up all night...

Cafe Worker #2 makes SUGGESTIVE FACE. Cafe Workers #1 and #2 burst into LAUGHTER. Molly rolls her eyes. Cute. *Very cute.*

MOLLY (CONT'D)

For work--I was up for work. Today's presentation is a big damn deal. I'm hungry and I'm not operating at 100 percent. I just want my tea.

Molly poses no threat to the baristas. Decaffeinated zombies, so typical. Cafe Worker #1 leaves the counter towards the kitchen full of chuckles. Molly scans her phone again. She disregards a new NOTIFICATION from friend, KELLY and clicks on a calendar reminder. We SEE a forgotten DOCTOR'S APPOINTMENT. Cafe Worker #1 reemerges.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(startled)

Fuck.

Molly nearly drops her phone at the barista's sudden presence.

CAFE WORKER #1

It's coming up, I promise. Boy, are you on edge. You need to calm down, sis.

Molly crosses her arms over her chest. *Time is money.* She returns the barista's reassurance with a thought to herself:

MOLLY (V.O.)

I am cool, calm, and collected. I exercise patience. I am in control of me.

*Old habits die hard.*

MOLLY

(frantically)

Are y'all back there making the sachets, too?! C'mon. I just may have a tip for your little asses if y'all can hurry the hell up.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

2 CONTINUED: (2)

Cafe Workers creep around the counter slowly, matrix style. When more customers arrive, they quit their act.

CAFE WORKER #2

Order up for 'Mole'. A little sachet,  
for my little ratchet.

MOLLY

(to Cafe Worker #2)

First of all, you know that's not my name because you heard me right the first time. You don't get a pass because you're Latino. You know how to say "Molly".

Cafe Workers #1 and #2 SNICKER.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Second of all, I'm not your little anything. I'm old enough to be your young mama. How old is your mama?

Molly rethinks the question and PURSES her lips.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Actually, Don't answer that. 'Playing games. Stay in school.

Molly grabs her order and checks her wrap right in the cafe. Sans bacon. *Better be*. She reaches in her purse for cash. The tip jar READS: GOAT: TUPAC OR BIGGIE. She puts a two dollar bill into the Tupac jar and makes her exit.

TITLE CARD.

3 **INT. ISSA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

3

ISSA'S BEDROOM

Alarm sounds. ISSA stretches.

ISSA'S BATHROOM

Issa pays the mirror a visit and takes herself in.

ISSA

(to herself)

Okay, little booties matter. Round of applause.

Issa miserably fails at an ass clap.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

ISSA (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 We're gonna work on that, because  
 practice makes...Issa a stay-at-home mom  
 in the Hills somewhere, okay!

ISSA'S KITCHEN

Issa strolls to her kitchen and opens the fridge. Sad.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 It's hella empty in here.

Avocado and bread are present. She glances at her wall clock and TUNES into the Motiv8 Podcast on her LAPTOP. She toasts her bread, pours coffee.

MOTIV8 PODCAST  
*Thanks for tuning into Motiv8, an urban  
 one-stop listening shop for inspiration.  
 On today's episode, the word is action.  
 Don't talk about it, be about it. It's  
 about time that you do you. What gets  
 y'all hyphy? Let us know. For now, we'll  
 get into the featured underground artist  
 of the segment. Stay with us.*

Issa sticks out her chest and CLAPS her hands- a revelation.

ISSA  
 (to herself)  
 Yeeeeesssss! Action bitch! Time to check  
 your emails, actually listen to  
 voicemails... real put-together-bitch  
 shit. Maybe there's a little something  
 from The Beat Crew.

Issa makes a PRETEND PHONE with her hand.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
 New job, who dis?

No notable emails. A bunch of tenant requests. On to  
 VOICEMAILS. Issa pauses at a familiar voice. It's NATHAN. It  
 READS: *IGNORE* as the contact in her phone.

VOICEMAIL BEGINS:

NATHAN (O.S.)  
 Hey Iss, trying to reach you, but I  
 guess you're busy.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

3 CONTINUED: (2)

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I wanted to see if maybe you wanted to hang, catch up, go see a movie, or get some food. Anyway, hope you're-

VOICEMAIL ENDS.

Issa ROLLS her EYES. The nerve. Unreal!

ISSA

(to herself)

Boy bye, delete.

A charred AROMA interrupts Issa's focus. She SNIFFS. She runs over to the oven and opens it. *Smoke*. Dark bits of a could-be meal. She takes a butter knife and scrapes the bread. She begins chef play:

BEGIN FANTASY SEQUENCE:

ISSA (CONT'D)

(goofy to cynical to  
hopelessness)

It is an honor to cook on Chopped today. I left my boyfriend and my job. I've been dealing with some real fuck niggas and some real fuck shit.-- I have no direction in my life at this time, but I've found myself through cooking. Today, I have prepared for you- crostini avocate.

END FANTASY SEQUENCE.

Issa looks down at the bread again and LAUGHS. *It just won't work.*

ISSA (CONT'D)

Yeah right. This shit is Kodak Black and cancelled. Nope, not eating it.

Issa opens the fridge, closes it, and slowly opens it again. *Maybe it's magic.* She grabs a yogurt nestled in the back of the fridge and examines it.

ISSA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Ooh, key lime! Expired yesterday. I'll live. What's a little extra tang? That's why we have food waste in America now. Uh uh, not me.

Issa checks her emails once more. Still nothing. She opens her draft emails and clicks on an unsent letter addressed to business support, CONDOLA. It READS:

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

3 CONTINUED: (3)

ISSA (V.O.)

*Hi Condola,  
Thank you for taking the time to meet  
with me about the block party. I'd love  
it if we could revisit the idea and meet  
again for next steps and possibly co-  
produce Musiqually together if you have  
the bandwidth. Talk soon.  
Best regards,  
Issa.*

Issa SMILES to herself, satisfied.

ISSA

Yeah, I'ma do me.

4 **EXT. KELLI'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING**

4

A residential driveway. Kelli's shared home with her mom. High tension. Kelli engages in an indistinct SHOUTING MATCH with her mom, DONNA (60s). Kelli loads her car with two overnight bags. She sticks her neck out of the driver's window for last words:

KELLI

Ooh, woman! I swear before **God** if you weren't my mama I'd do bad things to you!

She's too late. The door SHUTS out her words. Kelli CALLS Molly on her PHONE.

KELLI (CONT'D)

(speaks into phone)

Pick up, pick up, pick up...

No answer. She drives to a local gas station and NAPS.

5 **INTERCUT- INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE/ EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

5

Molly sits in her office and gathers notes for her presentation. She's down to the final minutes. It's go time. Molly SPINS in her chair to the RING of her CELL PHONE-it's Kelli. She answers.

CALL BEGINS:

MOLLY

(annoyed)

Is somebody bleeding or dead? I have a meeting in 10 minutes.

Kelli hesitates, but follows through with her ask.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

KELLI

Oh hey, boo! Ok, let's lead with this.  
So, since it's not tax time, technically  
I'm in off-season and-

Molly fidgets with a pen.

MOLLY

(word vomits fast)

Now, I know you're usually long winded  
with dumb funny stories, but you're  
gonna have to be quick right now. Check  
this shit. Ok, I was supposed to be a  
co-counsel with my teammate Tauren and  
present on a case with him. Do you know  
this nigga fucked around, got in his  
feelings, and handed me the entire  
fucking account to debrief by myself. My  
schedule got pushed back from this  
morning to this afternoon because one of  
my superiors had a run-over meeting. I'm  
wiggin'. I know I got this, but I'm also  
trying not to bug out. Sooo...wassup?

Kelli takes a deep breath.

KELLI

Ok, that's a lot. So you know I don't  
like asking for help, but my mama is  
straight up trippin' right now. Long  
story short, I need to catch a breather  
before I end up being a statistic. It's  
about to be a whole 48 hours episode  
if-

MOLLY

Whoa, slow your roll. I'm sure it's not  
that deep. You know y'all go back and  
forth like cats and dogs.

Molly exchanges a fake smile to an ASSOCIATE (40s) who passes  
her doorway. Kelli THUMPS the steering wheel.

KELLI

Well, shit got real this time. I'm  
proposing a little Airbnb type  
situation. You can host my staycation at  
your place and I'll give you rave  
reviews. Say yes, say yes, say yes.  
Please?!

Molly SUCKS her teeth.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MOLLY

(sighs)

You're a whole trip. No pun. Let me think about it. We're gonna have to talk about the specifics later. This is not about to be an extended stay.

Kelli looks around outside of her car. She WAVES her hand to dismiss an OLDER FELLA (50s) who makes a 'call me' GESTURE with his hands.

KELLI

Yes, girl. I know. Hit me back later and let me know asap.

MOLLY

Got you.

**CALL ENDS.**

MOLLY'S OFFICE

Molly quickly BITES a piece of her leftover wrap and straightens up her clothing. She checks her teeth and hair in her PHONE MIRROR.

6 **INT. LAW FIRM- CONTINUOUS**

6

Firm common area. Stiff chairs and abstract art. Phones RING.

Molly EXITS her office and issues rounds of "good afternoon" NODS to office staff. She takes specific care to SMILE at TAUREAN as she walks towards the board room.

TAUREAN

(Heavy on the skepticism)

Good luck. Molly.

Molly WINKS at Taurean.

7 **INT. OFFICE BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

7

Molly enters firm board room to present the Metro case. ADVISORS, ACCOUNT REPS, and STAKEHOLDERS (Various) take note and NOD in confirmation of Molly's findings. The presentation goes off without a glitch. Molly concludes her speech:

MOLLY

Thank you. I'd like to take this time to open up the floor for any questions or feedback on the case.

Silence. The SPECTATORS (Various) gaze around. Taurean begins a round of APPLAUSE and the rest of the room follows.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

7 CONTINUED:

SPECTATORS  
(indistinct voices)  
Well done, Molly! Way to go!

Molly SMILES. She packs her items and heads toward her office to complete her daily tasks. As she sits at her desk, Molly checks her calendar app to see what time her appointment is. The ALERT READS: TOMORROW 9:30 AM. She returns Kelli's CALL. Kelli ANSWERS.

8 INTERCUT- INT. LAW FIRM/ INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - MOMENTS 8  
LATER

DEPARTMENT STORE

A standard department store. SHOPPERS (Various) and CLERKS (Various) hunt for deals.

CALL BEGINS:

MOLLY  
Hey girl, sorry I cut you short earlier,  
but I'm all set at work. I fucked it up.  
-- In a good way. How are things  
looking?

Kelli window shops and paces around the store. A YOUNG SHOPPER (Teens) slips a shirt in her pants.

KELLI  
Yasss, FUCK the corporate system!

Kelli winks to the Young Shopper who puts her index finger to her mouth and walks away-swiftly.

MOLLY'S OFFICE

Molly SCRUNCHES her face with confusion.

MOLLY  
Ke--

KELLI  
Ok, I'm back. I see you, girl! So are we  
going out tonight to celebrate? Do I  
need to hit up Issa and Tiff? What's the  
move?

Molly packs her bag and straightens her desk.

MOLLY  
I mean, I was trying to go home and lay  
it down, but a little happy hour never  
hurt anybody.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

8 CONTINUED:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm taking off tomorrow for an appointment, so I guess it's cool.

Kelli PETS fragile home goods and nearly knocks a planter over. Whew! *Good save.*

KELLI

Ok, boss lady. I'm here for it. Small wins, big wins. I'm not turning down a bev. I'mma celebrate not choking out a bitch today. So, as for me, it's looking like I need like 3 days max- just to chill. Nothing major. We good? I can pick up some stuff from the store for later if you want.

MOLLY

Yeah, that's what's up. I can't really think of anything right now...maybe something for dinner tomorrow if you don't mind. I love you, but I'm not cooking for your ass. So what time you coming through?

Molly stands and SLINGS her bag over her shoulder.

KELLI

Chile, I'll be there when you get home. Are you on the way? I was...out and about already.

Molly ROLLS her eyes. She sees through Kelli's bullshit.

MOLLY

With a bag already made, though? You a real nigga. What if I would have said, "no?"

Kelli RESTS her head against a fluffy pillow that she will not buy.

KELLI

(scoffs)

You ain't my only friend, hoe. One of y'all would've said "yes". I'm gonna do some running around in the meantime until you're free. Let me know about later.

MOLLY

Cool.

CALL ENDS.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

8 CONTINUED: (2)

FIRM OFFICE

Molly walks toward the back of the firm where her SUPERIORS (Various) are.

9 **INT. SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

9

Brown and wood-grain panel. Lots of it. Degrees hang.

Molly knocks on the door of SUPERIOR (60s). Molly's a master code switcher.

MOLLY

Hi there, am I interrupting you at this time?

Superior shuffles papers.

SUPERIOR

No. By all means, come on in, Molly. I'm just wrapping up a conversation and auditing some contracts.

MOLLY

Oh great, I won't take up too much of your time then. I wanted to thank you again for trusting me with the Metro case and to inform you that I need to be out-of-office tomorrow for a medical appointment.

Superior puts down paperwork. Gives Molly his undivided attention.

SUPERIOR

Oh, is everything alright?

MOLLY

Indeed. Everything is fine. -- It's just a routine exam.

SUPERIOR

Not a problem. Health is wealth. I'm glad to see you young folk looking after yourselves..it's critical. They say it's all downhill after 30, but it doesn't have to be.

Superior resumes computer work.

MOLLY

I hope not, 'cause that's right about where I'm at, but I hear you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

9 CONTINUED:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything. Being here with this team is a much better fit for me.

SUPERIOR

You're settling in just fine.

Superior SHIFTS his body more erectly. He adjusts his tone.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

You know Molly, I think I speak on behalf of all the senior advisors at the firm when I say that you are doing an outstanding job. Our review of the Metro account you led today exceeded our expectations. You should be proud of yourself. And...

He sits on the edge of his seat and LEANS IN towards Molly with a hushed voice.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

In full transparency...

Molly SMILES. *Bring on the compliments.*

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Off record, I think Taurean's ego was a little bruised that you two didn't cross the finish line together. I just want you to know that we believe in equity here. I think that the pair of you can really be a force. We have you here because we already know you're solid. It's okay to share the load.

Molly's cheeks FLUSH with equal parts flattery and utter shock. She does her best to keep her composure.

MOLLY

(clears throat)

Thank you, sir. You saying that really means a lot. I appreciate your kind words and your feedback. I accept full responsibility moving forward to improve my collaborative efforts. You enjoy the rest of your day.

SUPERIOR

You do, too now Molly.

Molly CLOSES the door. She's shook. She shakes her head in disbelief at her scolding. She feels her briefcase buzz. We see an INCOMING CALL appear on her PHONE. It's complicated, lover-friend, DRO.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

9 CONTINUED: (2)

LAW FIRM GARAGE

MOLLY

(to herself)

Get outta here with that. Go call your wife or something.

Molly WATCHES her PHONE and waits for the RING to stop. She sends a TEXT MESSAGE in the girls' group chat to Issa and Kelli. IT READS: MEET ME AT THE SPOT- HAPPY HOUR.

10 **INT. BAR - NIGHT**

10

Impromptu ladies night. Upscale-ish, but far from a dive bar. HAPPY-HOUR GOERS (Various) sip and CHAT. Kelli, Issa, and Molly sit at a high top bar table. Molly SIPS her Mojito.

MOLLY

Y'all, I really need this. Thanks for being best bitches and coming out to help me celebrate my bomb-ass presentation. I reached out to Tiff, too, but she claimed she didn't wanna be swayed by the so-called liquid devil since she's breastfeeding. Mad extra.

Kelli nearly spits out her drink. She recollects herself.

KELLI

Well, if that's the case I'll have to double up on her behalf, okurr! I gots to get it in before the specials are done for the night. These here drinks turn into 'wypipo' prices after 8.-- Not here for it.

Issa LAUGHS.

ISSA

You a different kind of fool, but that's real. Gon' and bust down those margaritas.

Kelli HOLDS UP both of her drinks in each hand and takes a sip from each.

KELLI

I play to win. Quitters never prosper.

MOLLY

(cynical)

Yo, speaking of shit that doesn't quit. First of all, work is cool and everything, but can I live?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Tell me why I couldn't even bask in my own joy at work before one of my advisors nice-nastily congratulated me and then turned around and topped me off with the try-to-be-a-team-player card. They want me to stroke Tauren's ego like I didn't bust my ass to finish the case by myself. Like, what the fuck?!

Issa DIPS a chip in salsa, BITES, and joins in:

ISSA

See, that's why you have to big up your damn self sometimes. So, I've been listening to this cool motivational podcast and I've decided that I'm back on with the block party! I've been in touch with 'ol girl from that movie-in-the-park-thing we did for my birthday. She seems pretty chill. I like that she doesn't see me as competition or hold out on information. Each one, teach one, you feel me?! But, of course, y'all know I could use y'all's help. Unlike somebody over here...

Issa POINTS at Molly with a SMILE.

ISSA (CONT'D)

I know that there's no "I" in team.

KELLI

Bloop, got 'emmm! I'm just going to go ahead and excuse myself to go get another round for all of us, cause they're a little slow to come back around and y'all trippin'.

BAR AREA

Kelli excuses herself from the table and walks towards the bar. She orders another round for the table with handsome BARTENDER (20S).

KELLI (CONT'D)

(to Bartender)

Whew! How you doing? Drinks are cool and all, but I see I'm going to have to roll up tonight. There ain't enough kush in the world for the drama. Females. Roll it up, you hear me?! For now I'll have a second round of drinks. The tab name is Molly Carter.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

BAR TABLE

The table is SILENT. Molly takes a SIP of her Mojito. She STIRS the mint around and LOOKS Issa square in her eyes.

MOLLY

Why would she see you as competition?  
You're new to the game.

Issa SCRUNCHES her face. *Really?*

ISSA

(defends herself)

Uh, because I know I have good ideas that could really mean something if they're well executed. I just need help to put the pieces together.

MOLLY

Well, I don't mind pitching in, but operations and all the details need to be tight. I'm not trying to be a part of some ghetto mess.

Issa is puzzled. She NODS in disbelief.

ISSA

*Word, Molly?* Tell me how you really feel. You know how important pulling off this block party is to me. I never called you a mess when you were fucking around with Dro. Bruh, his wife was literally in the next room. -- I didn't say shit to you.

MOLLY

So now we're coming for love lives? Dro is my best-fucking-friend. You just don't want to hear the truth. I'm just saying whatever you put your name on should be polished. That doesn't have shit to do with who I'm fucking.

Issa's stunned and over it.

ISSA

Excuse me, what? No, no, no, no. You always do that. How are you the exception to everything? You sit and judge me like you're not fucking up, too. So what if I'm not as stable as you. You changed firms and it all worked out. We're here celebrating you. Why is what I'm doing any different?

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

Molly's HANDS have a conversation of their own. Her words fly over each other.

MOLLY

Iss, you really just up and left your job for some pie-in-the-sky opportunity without so much as a back-up plan. Have you even heard back from anyone about a replacement since then? Weren't you just fucking Daniel, the help? 'Staying with him because you didn't have anywhere to live? Like, girl. C'mon.

Issa SNICKERS, BREATHES deeply, and SIGHS. *She's not backing down.*

ISSA

At least my 'help' isn't married. When are you going to realize that whatever you and Dro had was just a fling.

(exhausted)

Open relationship or not, he's not going to leave his wife just to be with you, so you're *ab-sol-utely* right. He is your best. fucking. friend--dassit.

Kelli returns with two drinks in her hands and a drink in her mouth. She PLACES the drinks down on the table to address Issa and Molly who have turned their backs to one another.

KELLI

Hey now, damn y'all. I went to the bar for two seconds. What's up?

Issa and Molly remain QUIET. Kelli plays referee.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I know I did not trek through the masses, come back numberless, and juggle these drinks for y'all to be done. Unbelievable!

Molly hesitates then breaks the silence.

MOLLY

Issa of all people seems to think that I need to get my life together.

Issa ROLLS her eyes. She only makes direct contact with Kelli.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

ISSA

(to Kelli)

And I'm getting the impression that Molly thinks that my life is a shit show. Let her tell it, I'm not capable of a damn thing.

Kelli CLUTCHES pretend pearls around her neck.

KELLI

(mumbles to herself)

Ooh, it be your own friends.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Y'all need to-

Molly is on fire and refuses to stop.

MOLLY

(DJ Khaled Voice)

Are you **serious?** How is that the same? Taken or not, at least I know what I have in front of me. You thought you were doing something breaking up with Lawrence, hunh? *Well, congratulations- you played yourself.*

KELLI

Ooh!

ISSA

(shakes her head)

Wow.

MOLLY

(nonchalant)

Like, we can really take it there.

Kelli sits motionless, MOUTH WIDE OPEN. Issa gathers her jacket and retrieves cash from her pocketbook for her share of the drinks. Water GLAZES over her eyes. She BRUSHES over her face before tears fall. She leans in towards Molly. Her voice SHAKES:

ISSA

(Broken speech. Staccato-like)

You're a selfish-ass liar. Giving me advice on what the fuck I should be doing while you do whatever. You're being petty, petty. You're out of order. Like, who are you? I'm good. I don't want your help and I really don't need you.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

KELLI  
(whispers to self)  
Finish her!

Issa and Molly TURN to Kelli at once.

ISSA/MOLLY  
SHUT UP!

Molly SCOOTs out of her chair and stands.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Nobody asked you, damn. Unsolicited-  
advice-having ass. You're trying it like  
you're not coming back to my spot for  
the weekend. Don't act.

Molly GRABS her purse.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
I'm out. I have to be up super early for  
an appointment tomorrow. Don't talk  
about me after I leave, either.

KELLI  
Damn. What happened to the positive  
conversation we started with?

MOLLY  
Yeah, okay, Iyanla. Peace.

Molly exits the bar. Issa waits for Molly to leave before her  
exit. Kelli takes Issa's hand.

KELLI  
No she didn't! All I'm saying is that if  
we're going to be great, that can't  
include tearing each other down. Both of  
y'all did too much. You went on and took  
the happy out of my hour.

PATIENT ROOM

A sterile patient room. Stirrups. The annoying paper goes  
CRUNCH!

Molly sits on an examination chair. Awaits DOCTOR (40s).  
Doctor KNOCKS and enters room.

DOCTOR  
All clear?

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

11 CONTINUED:

MOLLY  
Yep, come on in.

Doctor FLIPS through Molly's chart.

DOCTOR  
Hey Molly, it's good to see you again.  
Does anything in particular bring you in  
today? I didn't see any notes on your  
file.

MOLLY  
Nope, everything seems fine...just a  
routine check-up. I had my last annual  
around this time.

DOCTOR  
Ok, let's have one more look at last  
year's charts and start there. I just  
have a few questions to follow up with  
you about since your last visit. About  
how active would you say you are? Are  
you engaging in any physical activity?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

12 INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

12

The SOUND of breathing and heavy MOANS. Candles. Satin wave  
surfing. Dro SEXES Molly wildly.

END FLASHBACK.

PATIENT ROOM

Doctor WAVES his hands. *Earth to Molly.*

DOCTOR  
Uh, I ask because you're about 9 pounds  
up based on today's weigh-in. Are you  
smoking, drinking...experiencing any  
anxiety or depression?

Molly FROWNS. She's shocked by her weight gain.

MOLLY  
I'm active-ish. Balancing work. Me time  
has been a little tricky lately. I do  
what I can.

DOCTOR  
Alrighty, well you're looking just fine.  
Your rates are in the normal range.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm not concerned, I just want to be aware of your needs.

Doctor TAPS pen against clipboard. He continues questioning:

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay, when was your last menstrual cycle give or take? Are your cycles regular?

MOLLY

Yep, they're on time. It was, let me think. You know what, let me just check my app and I can pull up the exact date for you.

Molly FREEZES with confusion. She LOOKS at her PHONE APP and nervously jokes:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Well, it appears as though my cycle is on cp time.

Doctor is unmoved by Molly's attempt at Molly's chum.

DOCTOR

Well, can you provide me with a ballpark? Is there a chance you may be pregnant?

Molly LAUGHS. A SNORT follows.

MOLLY

Yeah, no.

DOCTOR

I can provide a test. If you don't mind staying put for just a moment we can take care of it here.

Molly RUFFLES in her paper gown. *This is getting weird.*

MOLLY

No, it's fine. I don't think that will be necessary. I have been experiencing a little stress lately.

DOCTOR

(skeptical)

I see. Well, if you change your mind you can stop by as a walk-in. We could get you to a nurse with no wait time. In and out. Other than that, everything else is checking out on my end. You're all set to go. Take care, Molly.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Molly manages a HALF-SMILE and FIDGETS on the tissue paper.

13 INTERCUT- INT. LIBRARY/ INT. OFFICE - DAY

13

Quiet and stuffy. Uptight atmosphere. Issa SCANS aisles for books on event planning, entrepreneurship. She sits and TAKES NOTES. She picks up her phone to send a MESSAGE to Molly, but decides against it. Issa SKIMS through a book when Condola CALLS. Issa ANSWERS:

BEGIN CALL:

CONDOLA

Hey, Issa. Is now a good time?

ISSA

Yeah. Hey how are you?

Issa gets nasty looks, but doesn't notice.

CONDOLA

I'm good, girl. Thank you for being so patient with me. I'm so behind on getting back to people this week it's not even funny. I just wrapped up an exhibit, trying to get back into the dating scene...but that's not why I called. Tell me how you're coming along in the process...what's the latest?

ISSA

I know, right! You caught me at a great time!

SOUND of LOUD THROAT CLEARS from across the room. Issa notices the crooked faces are for her. She WHISPERS:

ISSA (CONT'D)

(soft whisper)

I'm hanging out doing some research and circling back around to different orgs for partnerships. I was looking through some compliance stuff and places to host the block-

Issa notices a librarian getting up from the circulation desk with a brisk walk towards her. She brings the conversation to a close.

ISSA (CONT'D)

(softer whisper)

Sorry, at the library. What do you think about more troubleshooting together over lunch late next week?

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

13 CONTINUED:

Issa SCURRIES out of the library entrance before being hushed.

LIBRARY ENTRANCE

CONDOLA

Don't even sweat it. I'm flexible. Next week is light. Maybe I can even get back to this brotha' I've been seeing here and there. It's nice to feel human that way with all the projects I'm managing.

ISSA

Okaaaay! So you know I'm trying to hear all about him when we link.

CONDOLA

Yes! I'll fill you in on this negro after we've solidified some details for your event. As far as next steps go, I'm in touch with some av techs, a handful of djs, and some friends I could recruit day-of for muscle. I may even be able to get the mister to come and make himself useful, too. He claims to be a techie or whatever. Well anyways, I've gotta get going. Talk soon. Congratulations, Issa.

Issa HANGS up the PHONE. She SMILES to herself.

14 INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

14

MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM

Kelli WATCHES t.v. butt naked on Molly's couch and enjoys a blunt. Kelli gets ash on the couch cushion and panics. She WIPES the cushion. *It only gets worse.*

KELLI

Shit, shit, shit!

Kelli pauses from her cleaning efforts to CHECK her PHONE.  
MOLLY TEXTS: *Stopping by the store real quick, want anything?*

KELLI (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Some upholstery cleaner and a prayer.

Instead, Kelli TEXTS: *club soda, fig bars, coconut oil.*

Slick or Nah?

15

INT. PHARMACY - EARLY EVENING

15

A pharmacy and convenience store. A few PATRONS (Various) shop for essentials.

Stealth-like, Molly TIP-TOES over to the feminine care section. She LOOKS around for witnesses-all clear.

She takes a pregnancy test off the shelf and stares at a store note for Plan B purchases. SHAKES HEAD. Molly waits in line. She CONCEALS her test with snacks and a throw blanket. She COVERS her left hand to address the CASHIER (late-teens).

CASHIER

Next in line. Hi, do you have your rewards card today? If not, I can... Wait, don't I know you from somewhere?

MOLLY

Nope.

Cashier RINGS UP first item.

CASHIER

Yeah, yeah, I know you. Do you go to Sip + Sonder sometimes?

MOLLY

Yep.

CASHIER

Now I know where I know you from!

Molly TAPS the counter with her nails, BITES her LIP. She takes a closer look at Cashier. It's Cashier #2 from the cafe.

MOLLY

That's riiiight. Your little tail worked my nerves the other morning. How many jobs do you have?

CASHIER

I'm out here getting paper and what are you doing, hunh? What's all this stuff ya got?

MOLLY

Yeah? Ok. I see you. You are seen. You mind ringing me up please?

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

CASHIER

Hey to you, too. Be nice to the little people. Remember, it's me who makes your tea.

Cashier SMIRKS.

MOLLY

(disgusted)

Is that a threat? It's nice to run into you again...now ring me up, please.

Cashier SCANS more items. Molly PULLS out her PHONE to CALL Dro. The call goes straight to voicemail. Dro TEXTS back: *Sorry, I can't talk right now, but I'm in town. Can we link tommorrow around 8?*

Molly SMILES at the thought of soon seeing Dro. The line builds behind Molly.

CASHIER

I gets no respect. Don't you know it's rude to be on your phone at the register?

Cashier REMOVES pregnancy test from underneath the blanket, WAVES it around before scanning.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

I hope the daddy has some manners, 'cause you sure don't.

MOLLY

(frantic)

Double bag this, please! And actually, I don't want this blanket. Looks like you have another go-back.

Molly pays for her items, GROWLS at the cashier, and exits the pharmacy.

UNIT ENTRANCE

Molly's hands SHAKE as she tries to unlock her apartment door.

MOLLY

(whispers to herself)

What the fuck? It's cool, it's cool. Breathe Mol- you are a strong, Black, independent woman, and you can handle this. You can do this.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

Molly pulls out the test and puts it in her pants, underneath her blazer. She enters her apartment with bags and her briefcase. She SNIFFS around and SMELLS an odd scent. Heads to the living room.

MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM

Kelli sits on Molly's couch. **BUTT NAKED!**

KELLI

Heeeey.

Molly is in disbelief at Kelli's audacity.

MOLLY

Hey? Um, where are your clothes?

KELLI

You didn't let me know you were on the way. I like to be in the nude at home. Have you ever done yoga naked? Game changer. Anyway, why didn't you call me down, I could have helped you with your stuff.

MOLLY

Yeah right.

Molly walks towards Kelli, takes her BLUNT out of her hand, puts it out on a saucer, takes it with her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You can't be up in here *rolling loud*. What the hell have you been doing all day?

Kelli SHAKES her head, 'no'. She walks backwards in the direction of the couch.

KELLI

Nothing much. Chillin'.

MOLLY

What's wrong? What'd you break?

KELLI

Where is the trust? Everything's all good.

Molly UNLOADS her briefcase on a nearby counter.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

16 CONTINUED: (2)

MOLLY

You sound like a real nigga. Talkin' about you didn't text first. Nigga this is my crib.

Kelli LAUGHS .

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You're in your birthday suit like I don't live here. I told your ass I was going to the store.

Molly feels the urge to pee.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Gotta tinkle. Be back.

17 INT. MOLLY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

17

Molly UNBUTTONS her pants, REMOVES the test, sets it on the counter. She PROTRUDES and RUBS her belly in the mirror. Molly PREPARES the test, READS the label silently. She waits for results on the toilet- unclear. She WRAPS the test up in toilet paper and THROWS it into the garbage along with Kelli's blunt. She WASHES her hands, exits the bathroom.

18 INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

18

LIVING ROOM

MOLLY

So, you're really not going to put clothes on? Bet. Look, about the smoking. My neighbors do the most. I can't have it hot around here. I'm already Black in this uppity-ass-building. You know they already expect me to be ghetto.

KELLI

(sucks teeth)

So much for a staycation, you're about as bad as my mama.

MOLLY

Oh? Well go home then.

Molly LAUGHS, Kelli ROLLS her eyes.

KELLI

Yeah, yeah. Funny. Nope, but at least you'll have the place to yourself most of tomorrow. I got a little jawn that's taking me out to a paint and sip.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

18 CONTINUED:

KELLI (CONT'D)

I'm really just trying to sip on some dick, but you know, experiences are experiences.

MOLLY

Nasty ass. Good. 'Cause you already know ain't nobody coming to my place. I'm going to bed. Oh yeah, I have the stuff you asked for, it's in the kitchen. Goodnight chick.

KELLI

Nighty.

Kelli plays as if she too is tired. She waits for Molly to get settled into her bedroom and turn off the lights. The coast is clear. Kelli TIP-TOES to the bathroom to look for the rest of her smoke. She looks in the cabinets and checks for signs of ash in the toilet.

KELLI (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I know this bitch didn't throw my shit away.

Kelli discovers the trash bin. She SIGHS and takes a deep breath before putting her hand into the garbage. She SQUINTS her eyes. She DIGS to the bottom of the bin and sees a wad of wrapped up toilet paper. She OPENS it and reveals Molly's pregnancy test.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Oh shit! Oh.my.god.

Kelli quickly WRAPS the test back up. She goes back to UNRAVEL the test to see if it's positive or negative-unclear. She DIGS into the bin to look for her blunt once more. *It's there and it's soggy.*

KELLI (CONT'D)

(to herself)

**Motherfucker!**

19 INT. ISSA'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

19

ISSA'S BEDROOM

Issa sleeps in her bed. She's awoken by a TEXT from IGNORE.

IGNORE

(text message)

You up?

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

CONTINUED:

Issa LOOKS around the room and JUMPS UP. She PACES the room back and forth, uncertain of her next move.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Issa prepares for a *sneaky link*:

--Issa JUMPS in the shower, shaves her legs.

--Issa LAYS her edges, BRUSHES her teeth, mouth RINSES,

--Issa APPLIES highlighter, SPRAYS perfume

--Issa DRESSES in trying-not-trying pajamas. She picks up her phone.

END MONTAGE.

ISSA'S LIVING ROOM

Issa plays it cool on the couch in anticipation of her dick appointment. She replies to the TEXT:

ISSA  
(text message)  
Yeah...

IGNORE  
Can I see you?

ISSA  
(text response)  
Alright.

IGNORE  
Cool, see you in 30.

Issa LIGHTS incense and a candle. She TOSSES and TURNS. She gets up once more to MOISTURIZE her lips. She PACES to the front peephole and SITS back on the couch.

ISSA'S BATHROOM

Issa walks to the bathroom, STARES at her reflection. She MOVES and WIGGLES her mouth. Performs SUCKING exercises.

ISSA  
(to herself in the mirror)  
Oh. Hey Nathan- oh you missed this pussy? Yeah, I know daddy.

SOUND of PANTS and WHIMPERS. Issa IMAGINES sexing Nathan.

BEGIN FANTASY:

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

CONTINUED: (2)

VARIOUS-ISSA'S APARTMENT

--Issa rides Nathan on a chair.

--Issa takes back shots from the couch.

--Issa gets good-old missionary in her bed.

END FANTASY.

ISSA'S LIVING ROOM

Issa goes to the door and LOOKS once more-*nothing*. She TURNS AROUND to look again and HEARS a KNOCK.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
(whispers to herself)  
Shit, here goes nothing.

Issa disregards the peephole and SWINGS the door open. Ex-boyfriend, LAWRENCE appears and looks down at her.

ISSA (CONT'D)  
Lawrence? What are you--

Lawrence lets out a nervous LAUGH.

LAWRENCE  
What? Were you expecting someone else?  
Should I leave?

Issa returns the nervous LAUGH.

ISSA  
No, stay.

LAWRENCE  
So let me in.

Passion. History. There's nothing to talk about, not now. Lawrence cups Issa's face, kisses her. He steps inside of Issa's apartment, kicks off his shoes with urgency.

He PINS Issa up against a wall, KISSES her deeply. Neck, chest, cheeks, sucks ear.

He FREEZES to lock eyes with her, PLANTS a soft KISS on her forehead. Lawrence REACHES for Issa's shorts, stops midway.

He leaves a trail of slow KISSES from her lips down to her navel. Lawrence KNEELS down and REMOVES her panties with his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

19 CONTINUED: (3)

Lawrence GRABS Issa's rear with his hands to TASTE Issa. He UNBUCKLES his pants, PULLS them DOWN, and PICKS up Issa to ENTER her.

Issa lets out a long, slow, MOAN. She KISSES Lawrence's mouth and face passionately.

ISSA'S BEDROOM

He CARRIES her to the bedroom. Lawrence uses his back to CLOSE the door shut. WHIMPERS, MOANS, and deep SIGHs FILL the apartment.

20 EXT. ISSA'S STOOP - MORNING

20

Molly approaches Issa's doorstep and almost TRIPS on the stairs in the process, two smoothies in hand.

MOLLY  
(to herself)  
Somebody should fix this, it's not okay.

Molly stands in front of the door to RING the doorbell. She hears indistinct SOUNDS. Molly slowly BACKS AWAY and decides against the pop-up visit.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
I told her ass to stop fucking with  
Nathan- mothafuckas' don't be listening.

Molly SIPS from both cups. SHRUGS

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
More for me.

Molly takes out a pen/napkin and leaves a NOTE and fallen mail in her slot box.

21 INT. ISSA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

21

ISSA'S BEDROOM

Lawrence gets out of bed to the AROMA of breakfast in the kitchen.

ISSA'S KITCHEN

Issa stands in front of the oven, scrambling eggs. Lawrence SNEAKS up from behind and gives Issa a hug and a KISS on the neck.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

ISSA

Alright now. Don't start nothing, won't be nothing.

LAWRENCE

It's a little late for that.

He GRABS for a piece of toast and takes a BITE.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Thanks for doing this, but I can't stay. I've got stuff.

Issa pretends to be unbothered. She decides against adding another plate to the table.

ISSA

Oh. Yeah, of course.

Lawrence puts on his hoodie.

LAWRENCE

Was it just me, or did I hear shuffling outside of the door a little while ago?

Issa WASHES dishes.

ISSA

I didn't hear anything. Probably a tenant or those damn Jehovah's witnesses. I gotta give them credit, though. They really do be in these streets. Pull up for Jesus!

Issa and Lawrence LAUGH.

LAWRENCE

Wow, you wrong for that.

Issa SHRUGS and wraps up breakfast for Lawrence. She POUNDS on her chest in self-approval, GLANCES over at the toast-it's perfect...this time.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

So, uh what--

ISSA

Nope, nope-don't make it weird. Breakfast to go it is. It's a hood bento box with eggs, toast, fruit, and granola.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

21 CONTINUED: (2)

LAWRENCE

What! Look at you. I can't wait to dig in.

ISSA'S LIVING ROOM

Lawrence KISSES Issa on her cheek, GRABS his items, and heads for the door. He TURNS around before his exit.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Issa NODS her head 'yes'. She tries to conceal her disappointment. She STANDS by the door and WAVES goodbye awkwardly.

ISSA

(to herself)

Oh my god, like oh my god. How did that even happen?

22 INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

22

MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM

Molly enters the front door, is greeted by Kelli.

KELLI

Hey, how was your run?

MOLLY

Eh, it was 'aight. I went to go make up with Issa and she was definitely making up with Nathan. Hot mess. Want a smoothie? Disclaimer, I did drink out of both of them, but if you want what's left, go for it.

KELLI

I will take it. Ooh, the raspberry in this is hittin'. Where'd you go, Simply Wholesome? Is it too early to spike this with Patron? I'll just drink it as is. Thanks, boo. I'm going to head out in a little bit. I need to find a cute top to go with my jeans and I can't fit your damn clothes.

MOLLY

Heffa, you been in my closet playing *What Not to Wear*?

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

KELLI

Yep, and all your shit looked like some damn crop tops on me. Had me feeling like Winnie the Pooh or somebody-not a good look.

MOLLY

That's what you get, trifling ass. If any of my stuff is noticeably stretched-we're scrapping.

KELLI

I don't know about all that, but I do know somebody had a little pregnancy test in the trash. Hmm? Wanna tell me what that's all about? Who's the daddy, girl? I want all the smoke.

Molly's mouth nearly DROPS to the floor.

MOLLY

Yo, you violating. Why the fuck were you in the trash?

KELLI

Uh, to get my blunt, bitch. You wasted good shit. You need your ass beat for more reasons than one. Where's my phone at so I can call Mrs. Carter and let her know her daughter is out here being the real Thotiyana...bussin' it down.

Kelli DANCES and taunts Molly.

MOLLY

Relax, I'll give you money for more. What time do you think you'll be back tonight?

KELLI

Deal. And I don't plan to be back tonight, lord willing.

Molly SCRUNCHES her face.

MOLLY

I'm not sure that's what that saying is for. Sounds like we're both rsvp-ing for hell if you ask me. See you later.

Molly SITS to watch t.v. on her couch and CUDDLES up with pillows. She NOTICES an ash stain. She takes a picture and sends it to Kelli. IT READS: You're dead, hoe! Roles switch as the t.v. begins to watch Molly. Molly NAPS.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

She awakens to a BUZZ in her lap. It's a message from Dro that READS: *I'm here*. Molly RUNS into her room to change clothes and SPRITZ on some perfume before she answers the door. She OPENS the door to welcome Dro.

DRO

Hey.

MOLLY

Wassup.

DRO

Sooo...

MOLLY

(bossy)

I mean, you can come in and get settled. You acting like you never been over here before.

DRO

I tried to text you to make sure you were home. You didn't respond, and now I can see why.

Dro takes his finger to TRACE the sleep line across Molly's face. He REMOVES the crust from her eyes.

DRO (CONT'D)

How was your nap, sleeping beauty?

MOLLY

It was all of that. I didn't realize how tired I was.

DRO

I see that. Do you still want company? Once upon a time I could let myself in-

MOLLY

Yeah, well the last time we saw each other it didn't really end well. I haven't heard too much from you. I'm surprised you hit me up.

DRO

Yeah, well my pops isn't doing too good so that's why I'm here. I called you as soon as I knew I was coming, but you never hit me back. I've been in and out of the hospital, but thankfully they discharged him and Candace was able to come up as well.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

MOLLY

Oh. I'm so sorry, D. I was in my own head thinking I knew why you were calling. Is he going to be okay? Is it his liver flaring up again?

DRO

Yeah, and yet, not even 20 minutes into being at the crib before he's asking about a drink. *I can't man.*

Dro's head SINKS.

MOLLY

(word vomit)

I am really so sorry. I should have been around. I've been so out of it lately. I messed up bad with Issa. I didn't respond to you. I'm bossing Kelli around like she's a child. Snatching cases out from underneath people at work just to look like somebody. When did I become this person? With you I was in straight up denial, I can't even lie. Ever since we've crossed that line things have changed. I mean, it's not like I didn't know what I was getting into.

Molly takes a deep SIGH.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

By now I've thought about it. I've had the time- and I'm cool with it. I don't like being away from you.

DRO

Is that right? How do I know you're not going to flake on me as soon as you get back in your feelings?

Dro LEANS in playfully as if he will kiss Molly, instead he shys away. Molly GRABS his mouth and squeezes it lovingly.

MOLLY

Alejandro, I need you to look at me and focus. Whatever happens between us, let's make a pact that we'll always put our friendship first.

Dro PULLS Molly in for a HUG.

DRO

You'll always be my day one. I love you, Molly.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

22 CONTINUED: (4)

Mid-hug, Dro discovers SNACKS on Molly's kitchen counter just behind them and gets distracted. Molly feels her eyes WATER. She WIPES away her eyes before Dro notices.

DRO (CONT'D)

Aye! I can get some of these? I don't have these at home...

MOLLY

Damn, you always hungry. I don't see how y'all eat those little dry-ass cookies anyway. They're not really mine to give you. They're Kelli's, but I don't think she'd mind if you had a couple.

DRO

What! These? Everybody with an advanced palette knows about fig bars-You trippin'. If I only have a few of these right, what else can I eat?

Molly looks over at Dro and SMIRKS. She walks towards the couch and GRABS the remote to turn the tv on. Dro LEANS over and PULLS at Molly's waist.

He PULLS her closer away from the couch and KISSES her on the side of her forehead. Molly KISSES Dro on the lips and REACHES for the tv remote to turn the tv off. Molly TURNS and walks away from Dro to her bedroom.

MOLLY

C'mon.

23 INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

MOLLY'S BEDROOM

Molly WAKES up from nap #2 alone. She STRETCHES, puts TRASH away and PICKS up her clothes off the floor.

MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM

Kelli enters the apartment with Molly's spare key. Molly exits her bedroom into the living area. They catch up.

KELLI

My date was good but the rest of the evening was trash. The nigga couldn't get it up. I'm glad I kept the tags tucked in for that top I bought. It's going back.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

MOLLY

Damn, sorry to hear. I wonder how Issa's doing. We have for real, for real, not spoken since the whole happy hour thing. I called and text. She hasn't returned any of my shit. I tried to pop up on her ass, but something tells me she wasn't alone. Probably getting "stressed dick" from Nathan. I was trying to surprise her with some contract templates for her preferred vendors. I left them in her mail box-still nada.

KELLI

Well, keep trying. She'll come around soon enough.

Molly makes a final effort. She TEXTS Issa.

MOLLY

(texts Issa)

Iss, I'm sorry. Kelli's still here, come through.

ISSA

(responds to Molly via text)

Fuck you.

MOLLY

(texting Issa)

Booze and take-out on me?

ISSA

(responds to Molly)

Be there in 20.

MOLLY

(to Kelli)

Got her!

KELLI

So, before Issa gets here. About this baby business...what's going on?

MOLLY

Not a damn thing, cause a bitch got her period this morning. Periodt! Periodt! Periodt!

KELLI

Whoo! Cause I don't know if I could handle two mamas in our circle. Y'all are already extra as it is.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

A KNOCK at the door interrupts Kelli and Molly's conversation. Issa joins the duo. The girls SIT around the couch snacking on munchies.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Iss, I'm so glad you came. We've missed you girl. Now that we're all here together I know just what will cheer you miserable bitches up. A lot of shit has been jumping off this week. I think we could all use a little wine down, right ladies? I went to a paint and sip yesterday and I just so happen to have leftover bottles of rose. I'm proposing a rose soiree in celebration of Molly getting her period and the divine feminine energy that is our sisterhood.

ISSA

Period? Wait a minute, I thought you were done fucking Dro.

MOLLY

And I thought you were done fucking Nathan.

ISSA

Yeah...that wasn't Nathan.

KELLI

Hell, I wanna be done fucking somebody. Shit. It sounds like y'all are even. Question mark? Who cares. We're grown.

ISSA

Damn, you mean I lay low for a couple of days and I was almost an auntie? Between We Got Y'all and event planning- I know how to deal with these kids. I'd throw hella fun birthday parties. I'm just saying.

Issa SINGS similarly to a Drake song.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Ti ti, do you love me? Are you riding..

They LAUGH.

MOLLY

(mouths words in Kelli's direction)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Slick or Nah?

KELLI

Let's cheers y'all. We gon' be alright.

FADE OUT.