

FYI


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.

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.

START

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.

END