

INSECURE "SUGAR MAMA"

written by

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BELLEVUE
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PREVIOUSLY ON *INSECURE*:

Issa's concentrating on her business plan and enjoying her "hoe faze". She no longer works at the youth center, she now drives for Lyft. Molly's still workin', still single and still searchin'.

My episode "Sugar Mama" slots into season 3, episode 7.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

ISSA lays in bed, knocked out, scarf on her head, sleep mask covering her eyes, Crenshaw t-shirt covering her body.

Her cell VIBRATES. She lifts the mask and reaches for her cell. It drops to the floor.

ISSA
Shit!

Issa stretches out on the bed, leans over and grabs her cell.

INSERT CELL SCREEN: Jerome "Pick you up tonight at 8."

ISSA (CONT'D)
Okay. Bout time this Hinge shit
starts workin' out.

INSERT HINGE PROFILE: JEROME (40, Black, artist). Issa scrolls through his profile: picture of him painting, a black and white profile head shot, a picture of a sparkling orange Tesla, a couple pictures of his paintings, a picture of him in Paris.

Issa lays her cell down, smiles, content.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Issa stares at the mirror, hair brush in hand, begins rapping into the brush...

ISSA
*I met a nigga on hinge yo/ I met a
nigga on hinge so/ If this nigga
want in hoe/ His swag better be on
10 tho/ Don't play no games like
Nintendo/ or I'm grind him up like
indo/ dick best not be trash, if so
- sup wit' yo friend tho?*

Issa drops the brush on the floor.

MIRROR ISSA
Don't look down girl, but I think
we on our period.

EXT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Issa rushes out her apartment. She takes five steps and plants her right foot in dog shit.

Her neighbor, TRINA, one floor up, saw...

TRINA (O.S.)
Issa! You done stepped in some shit
girl!

CLOSE UP on Issa's Converse submerged in shit.

ISSA
I can see that, Trina.

LATER

Issa sprays the bottom of her shoe with a water hose.

TRINA (O.S.)
You missed a spot.

ISSA
Thank you!

TRINA (O.S.)
You welcome girl.

The water runs out before she can get the last spot.

ISSA
Shit.

INT. GYM - MORNING

Molly speed walks on the treadmill. Her iPhone rests horizontally in front of her on the treadmill. She's watching an INSTAGRAM FITNESS MODEL (20's, fit, Black) doing squats. Molly tries to mimic her every move. She's failing badly.

Molly looks in the mirror and notices she wore her "un-cute" workout outfit today - leggings that should have been thrown away months ago.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Issa sits outside, drinking coffee.

She grabs her cell and calls...

INT. GYM - DAY

Molly's cell rings, she picks it up.

INTERCUT

ISSA
Sup bitch.

MOLLY
Who you callin' a bitch?

ISSA
(sings)
U-n-i-t-y. U-n-i-t-y.

MOLLY
Don't Latifah me hoe'--

ISSA
Where you at?

MOLLY
Gym.

ISSA
Why?

MOLLY
Bitch gotta compete, these white
girls is in shape and got more ass
than us girl--

ISSA
(laughing)
Please.

MOLLY
Serious girl, shit gettin' real out
here in L.A. for a sista... Sup?

ISSA
Got me a date girl.

MOLLY
How?

ISSA
Fuck you hoe. He fine too girl, an
artist and chocolate.

MOLLY
What you know about art?

ISSA
I know bas-ket.

MOLLY
(laughing)
It's Basquiat, bitch. Where y'all
meet?

ISSA
(hesitant)
Hinge?

MOLLY
(she heard)
What?

ISSA
You heard me bitch.

MOLLY
Fuck Hinge. Ain't nothin' on Hinge
but catfish and prostitutes.

ISSA
Now you scarin' me. If he a catfish
- girl.

MOLLY
Have him text you a photo holding
up a picture of your name.

ISSA
What?

MOLLY
Have him text you a photo--

ISSA
This ain't my first rodeo.

MOLLY
Last time you was at the rodeo you
broke your back, remember?

ISSA
Don't remind me.

MOLLY
I hate niggahs.

ISSA
You are so evil, but right.

MOLLY

Have him FaceTime you - better to
be sure then waste an hour getting
ready for a catfish.

ISSA

True.

(beat)

He's forty tho?

MOLLY

Damn.

ISSA

I know girl.

MOLLY

I hope his dick work.

ISSA

Fuck you.

MOLLY

They got pills for that.

ISSA

How you know?

MOLLY

I plead the fifth.

Issa laughs.

ISSA

Bye bitch, call you after the date.

Issa hangs up.

INT. GYM - DAY

Molly notices a fine FIT MAN (30's, buff, chocolate) in the corner. He smiles at her, she smiles.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Issa drives, FRIEDA sits in the back. A Lyft sign rests on the dash.

FRIEDA

What are the chances? I'm so
excited!

ISSA
Yep, pretty exciting.

FRIEDA
How long you been driving?

ISSA
About a month or so.

FRIEDA
You must meet so many people. What
an interesting job! You must really
like it?

ISSA
Pays the bills.

FRIEDA
I hear you.
(beat)
Do you miss us... the job?

ISSA
Not really.

FRIEDA
(shocked by her answer)
Okay. You're missed.

ISSA
I'm kidding.

Issa takes a look at her shoe, then rolls down her window.

FRIEDA
Nothing like fresh air.

A beat. Issa smells the air.

FRIEDA (CONT'D)
Is it me, or does it smell like
sewage outside--

ISSA
It's the smog - LA smog is so bad.

Frieda unsure, nods anyway.

Issa turns on the radio. Lizzo's song "Truth Hurts" plays.
Frieda lightly hums along.

FRIEDA
(re: Lizzo)
I love her.

ISSA
Yeah, she dope.

FRIEDA
I relate so much. I feel like she
talks to me and for me.

ISSA
(sarcastically)
Really?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Issa applies the finishing touches to her make up, fire truck red lipstick.

She stares at the mirror, then:

ISSA
(rapping)
*"Niggah you ain't ready/ niggah you
ain't ready/ bad bitch alert/ cut a
niggah like machete/ niggah you
ain't ready/ niggah you ain't
ready/ once you see me - you gone
wanna go steady."*

Issa's cell VIBRATES.

INSERT TEXT: Jerome "I'm outside".

Issa smiles.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nice, chic, upscale Italian restaurant.

Jerome and Issa sit at a dimly lit table.

ISSA
So what got you into art?

JEROME
My dad is an artist. I've been
doing art since Kindergarten--

ISSA
Your finger painting skills musta'
been on point.

A WAITER (40's) brings two glasses of wine. He places them on the table; one in front of Jerome and the other in front of Issa.

JEROME

(to waiter)

Thanks.

(to Issa)

For a minute there, I thought I was going to be a rapper.

ISSA

You and every other black man in the world. What was your rap name?

JEROME

J-hype.

Issa laughs.

ISSA

J-hype? Wow, really?

Jerome leads a toast.

JEROME

Here's to not rapping in your forties.

They clink glasses then drink.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Good Montepulciano, right?

ISSA

Better than that Boone's shit you get from the liquor store on Crenshaw.

Jerome laughs.

JEROME

Clippers or Lakers?

ISSA

Is that a question. Lakers fool!

JEROME

Kobe or Shaq?

ISSA

Kobe.

A beat.

JEROME

Sex on the beach or sex on a plane?

ISSA

I see what you did there. You ain't slick. Plane. Sand is too hard to get out of your clothes.

Jerome nods in agreement.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Heart broke or cheater?

JEROME

Heart broke.

ISSA

How many times?

JEROME

Twice.

ISSA

Damn. You a dog now - huh?

JEROME

Nope, just looking for a unicorn.

ISSA THOUGHTS

I'll be your unicorn niggah, come lick this magical pussy.

ISSA

You're good.

Jerome smiles.

JEROME

Heartbreak or cheater?

ISSA

Both.

JEROME

Wow.

(beat)

Favorite black rom-com?

ISSA

Easy... Best Man.

JEROME

The forehead kiss.

ISSA
(clapping)
Yes, the forehead kiss. What's yours?

JEROME
Love Jones.

ISSA
Brother to the night---

JEROME
I'm the Blues in yo' left thigh--

ISSA
Tryin' to become the funk in yo--

JEROME
Right.

ISSA THOUGHTS
I think I might just let you have this pussy.

ISSA
Right.

A beat.

JEROME
I want to take you somewhere.

ISSA
Where?

JEROME
You trust me?

ISSA
(beat)
No.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A nice, upscale studio, hanging on the wall are several paintings. Some finished, some not. Paint cans and brushes scatter the floor.

Issa notices a KOBE BRYANT JERSEY laying on a chair.

ISSA
(pointing to jersey)
Really niggah?

JEROME

It's dirty. I wear it at the gym.

ISSA

Disrespectful.

Jerome leads Issa to an unfinished painting, resting on an easel, he's been working on.

JEROME

This piece is called "Blues for Issa".

ISSA

Bullshit.

Jerome smiles.

ISSA (CONT'D)

(joking, pointing to
painting)

I think I see Larenz Tate.

Jerome laughs.

JEROME

You like it?

ISSA

I love it.

JEROME

Who's your favorite artist?

ISSA

(pause, thinks)

Bas-ket.

JEROME

Okay.

(off Issa's smile)

You mean Basquiat.

ISSA

Yeah, the one Jay-z rap about.

They laugh.

ISSA (CONT'D)

Let me stop... I don't know shit
about art.

JEROME

I'll teach you.

Jerome picks up a brush.

JEROME (CONT'D)
(dips his brush in paint)
So, you never dated an artist?

ISSA
Does rapper count?

He gives her a look, "No". He gently places the brush in her hand.

JEROME
Feels good right?

ISSA
Yes.

JEROME
This right here is oil paint.

ISSA
(focused on his face)
Pretty.

He leans in close, almost breathing on her neck. She smiles. He puts his hand over hers, and they both paint the canvas.

ISSA (CONT'D)
I like this.

Issa and Jerome lock eyes. Passion. He leans in and kisses her lips, she drops the brush and kisses back.

BEDROOM

Issa rips his shirt off and kisses his chest. Jerome unzips her pants.

ISSA
Wait.

Jerome stops.

JEROME
Everything okay?

ISSA
No! I'm just...

JEROME
Nervous? I'll stop if you want--

ISSA
(embarrassed)
I'm... on my period.

Issa starts to zip her pants.

A beat.

JEROME
Fuck yo' period. I'm a master
painter, I ain't afraid of playing
in the paint.

Jerome pulls her pants off. She smiles.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Issa, Molly, and KELLI, sit at a table filled with food and coffee. Issa is all smiles, Molly notices.

MOLLY
(to Issa)
Why you grinnin' so much bitch?
Spill the beans.

ISSA
Girl, last night... he ran the red
light.

KELLI
No way bitch. Wow. Beep! Beep! You
found a red hornet. You need to
bronze his penis and hang it in the
hall of fame.

MOLLY
Gross.

ISSA
It was so good.

MOLLY
Yuck.

KELLI
(to Molly)
You're so childish. Best sex I ever
had was when a niggah ran the red
light.

MOLLY
What's his name?

KELLI
I can't remember--

MOLLY
Not you, bitch.

ISSA
Jerome.

MOLLY
No, his Instagram bitch.

ISSA
Jart310.

Molly scrolls through her cell.

KELLI
Hoe, how was the penis? We want
details. Intricate details.

ISSA
His dick...
(imitating "Love Jones"
movie)
It just... talked to me.

KELLI
(whispers)
What it say?

ISSA
(whispers)
Issa, Issa, Issa.

KELLI
Girl.

ISSA
I know.

KELLI
Does he have friends?

ISSA
I'll ask.

KELLI
(points to her cell)
Ask now bitch.

Issa laughs.

MOLLY
(looking at cell)
Damn.

ISSA
What?

MOLLY
Hmm, mmm.

KELLI
Don't hate.

ISSA
(to Molly)
What bitch?

Molly hands Issa her cell.

INSERT CELL: An Instagram picture of Jerome hugged up with an OLDER WOMAN (60's).

ISSA (CONT'D)
Where'd you find this?

MOLLY
His Instagram.

ISSA
I combed his Instagram, twice, that pic ain't on there.

MOLLY
You gotta look at the photos he's tagged in.

KELLI
Bang.

ISSA
Wow.

KELLI
(re: Molly)
Hercule Poirot, bitch.

MOLLY
What?

KELLI
It's a BBC show, Agatha Christie, mystery. Do you watch anything other than "Conjugal Visits"?

MOLLY
No. I ain't got time to read
subtitles.

ISSA
Could be his mama?

KELLI
(leaning over, looking at
Issa's cell)
Not the way she hugged up on that
niggah? That's a "this MY dick
bitch" pic.

Issa stares at the photo.

MOLLY
Niggah's ain't shit--

ISSA
He just asked me to go to his art
opening.

KELLI
Go bitch.

MOLLY
Ask him about his bitch too.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Several of Jerome's art pieces cover the space. Issa walks in, wearing her nicest dress, Jerome notices. PEOPLE walk around observing art.

Issa notices Jerome talking to CURATOR (50's, Woman, White). He finishes his conversation then she heads over.

ISSA
Good turnout.

JEROME
I know, right? I was just talking
to a curator--

ISSA
Is that another word for wifey?

JEROME
She's not my type, too old.

ISSA
(sips wine)
Really?

He laughs.

JEROME
(re: Curator)
She finds artists to display in
museums.

ISSA
Dope.

Suddenly a WOMAN, wearing a mink coat, sneaks up from behind
and grabs Jerome.

WOMAN
Jerome. My love.

Jerome turns around and kisses her on the cheek. She kisses
him back. IT'S THE WOMAN FROM THE INSTAGRAM PHOTO.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Amazing turn out darling.

ISSA
(under breath)
Lookin' like Eartha Kitt in
Boomerang.

JEROME
Kitty, Issa. Issa, Kitty.

KITTY
Nice to meet you darling.

ISSA THOUGHTS
I'm not darling, you old bitch! I'm
his woman. Back up! Back all the
way up!

ISSA
Nice to meet you, too.

Kitty grabs her and kisses her on both cheeks.

KITTY
(to Jerome)
I have someone you need to meet.

Kitty pulls Jerome to the opposite side of the room. Jerome
looks back like a kid snatched up by his mother.

ISSA
This bitch.

SERVER
(whispers)
Sugar Mamas.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Issa wipes Kitty's lipstick off her face. She breaks into a rap:

ISSA
*"This old bitch is crazy/ this old
 bitch is crazy/ grabbin on my
 niggah/ this bitch got me crazy/
 what if they got a baby?/ I'm a
 grab a 380/ go bomb on that bitch/
 now she leakin' blood like it's
 gravy"*

A MAN comes out of the bathroom.

MAN
That was nice.

ISSA
Thanks.

Man washes his hands, then:

MAN
You a man?

ISSA
What niggah?

MAN
I don't judge... you in the men's
bathroom.

ISSA
No I'm not.

EXT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Issa walks out, checks the sign on the bathroom, embarrassed - it's very clearly marked MEN.

JEROME
You okay?

ISSA

Yeah, no. I had to pee. When you
got to go, you gotta go.

Jerome laughs.

JEROME

Anything you need, let me know?

ISSA THOUGHTS

Who dat old bitch?

ISSA

Thanks. I'm good.

He kisses Issa on the cheek.

JEROME

I'll be back--

Jerome walks off leaving Issa standing by the bathroom.

INT. GYM - DAY

Molly gets out here car, when she notices FINE MAN getting out of his.

MOLLY

(to herself)

Oh shit girl, relax. Relax. Look
normal.

Fine Man walks by and smiles...

FINE MAN

Beautiful day.

Molly leans against the car, awkwardly.

MOLLY

(under breathe)

Not as fine as you.

Fine Man smiles.

FINE MAN

See you inside.

Fine man walks off.

Molly collapses in the car, sprung.

INT. LOCAL COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Issa sits enjoying her morning coffee. Kitty walks up, with her Gucci purse and red bottom heels clacking...

KITTY
Issa.

ISSA
Kitty?

They fake hug. Kitty pulls up a chair.

ISSA (CONT'D)
I was just about to go--

KITTY
Good, this will be quick.

An "oh really" look flashes across Issa's face.

KITTY (CONT'D)
I didn't get a chance to really
meet you last night.

ISSA THOUGHTS
Fuck that bitch. How did you find
me? They let yo ass out the nursing
home to play Sherlock Holmes.

ISSA
It was packed.

KITTY
I know it was. I set it up.
(beat)
Jerome is my baby... my project,
he's a great artist.

Issa sits up.

KITTY (CONT'D)
I sculpted him like clay, from the
bottom, with that being said... I
know artists have their muses.
Trust me, you're certainly not his
first. I have zero problems with
it, I just want us to be clear.
Honest.

(beat)
When was the last time you were
tested?

ISSA
(offended)
Excuse me?

KITTY
What's your intentions?

ISSA
We just met. I haven't thought that far.

KITTY
I completely understand. Look, I've been here before and always will be here. As long as that is not a problem for you - and you don't become a problem for his work... then we have no issue.

ISSA
Wait. I'm confused. What are you to him again?

Kitty laughs.

KITTY
I'm what you call, a *provider*.

ISSA
Provider? Blue Shield is a provider. You lookin' more like human Medicaid.

KITTY
The Tesla, his apartment, the studio--

ISSA
Okay. I get it, you're his Sugar Mama.

Kitty smiles.

KITTY
Call it what you like.

ISSA
I just might.

KITTY
Do you feel bad for the rich white man who pays a pretty girl's rent. No. New times girl, catch up.

ISSA
Good point.

Kitty puts on a pair of Gucci shades.

KITTY
How do you young girls say... Zaddy
love me.

Kitty gets up from the table.

ISSA
Bye sugar mama.

KITTY
(Beyoncé wave)
Bye darling.

INT. ISSA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Issa sits in her pajamas watching TV, with her hair tied up. A KNOCK at the door. She pauses the TV then gets up to answer it, it's Jerome. He's smiling, holding one red rose.

JEROME
I... I just wanted to thank you.

ISSA
For what?

JEROME
Inspiration, I finished that piece
I was working on.

Jerome hands Issa the rose.

ISSA
Nice. I'm happy for you.

JEROME
Can I come in?

ISSA
(shakes her head)
Not a good time.

Jerome backs up, surprised.

JEROME
My bad, I should have called--

ISSA
I met Kitty--

JEROME

I know.

ISSA

(looking at rose)

That explains this. Nigga you think
we on The Bachelor.

JEROME

I'm sorry.

ISSA

I wanted to hate her, but I kind of
like her.

JEROME

Good.

ISSA

Don't get crazy.

JEROME

She has a good heart, she really
helps me out--

ISSA

No, I get that. I don't know how to
feel about all this. That's why...

Jerome walks up to hug her. Issa backs up...

ISSA (CONT'D)

I don't come in second to no one,
especially not a provider. I'm
sorry.

She hands the rose back to Jerome.

ISSA (CONT'D)

I deserve to have the last rose in
the ceremony.

Issa shuts the door in Jerome's face.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerome lays the rose on Issa's front door, then walks off.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Molly, full make up on, hair did, dressed in her new
"upscale" workout outfit, does butt exercises.

Fine Man walks in, she notices. He walks toward her. She quickly fixes her hair.

FINE MAN
I noticed you.

MOLLY
Really?

FINE MAN
Yes. Don't take this the wrong way... but your form is a little off.

MOLLY
New exercise.

FINE MAN
It's okay. Just be sure to squeeze and clinch those butt cheeks after each rep.

A beautiful HUNK (30's, white) walks up and gives FINE MAN a quick kiss on the lips.

FINE MAN (CONT'D)
(to Hunk)
Hey babe.
(beat)
Doesn't she have a great ass.

HUNK
(starring at Molly's butt)
Totally.
(to Molly)
I want a bubble butt just like you.

MOLLY
(shocked)
Thanks.

HUNK
(to Fine Man)
You ready.

FINE MAN
Hell yes.
(to Molly)
Good to see you. Have a great workout.

MOLLY
Likewise.

Fine Man and Hunk walk off.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(under breathe)
Why does this keep happening to me?

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Molly sits watching an episode of "Conjugal Visits". Her doorbell rings. She pauses the show, gets up and walks to the door...

ISSA (O.S.)
Hurry bitch! My arms getting tired.

MOLLY
You're interrupting my show.

Molly opens the door. Issa is carrying two bags of hot Cheetos and ranch dip.

ISSA
Hot Cheetos bitch!

Molly grabs a bag. They head over to the couch.

ISSA (CONT'D)
I gave Jerome the boot.

MOLLY
(opening a bag)
Niggahs.

ISSA
He gave me a rose and everything.

MOLLY
Wow. Niggah, knew he was on some bullshit--

ISSA
Yep.

MOLLY
I can't knock his style tho. I love roses, plus niggahs act like they allergic to giving flowers nowadays.

ISSA
Right. Fuck that tho. I'm not fit'na be fighting over that niggah.

Molly raises one Cheetos to the air, as if to say "amen".

MOLLY

Preach bitch, preach. I had a crush
on a man at the gym, only to find
out he already got a man... girl.

ISSA

Damn.

MOLLY

Right?

(beat)

It's too many niggahs in the world
for that shit.

ISSA

Really doe.

(beat)

Well, not really.

MOLLY

I know. Fuck. I hate men.

They laugh.

ISSA

I really liked his artsy ass, plus
the dick was bomb.

MOLLY

I need me an art niggah.

ISSA

Make sure he ain't got no sugar
mama.

MOLLY

It's bad enough we got to compete
with bitches with fake ass, now you
mean to tell me - we gotta worry
about sugar mamas too.

Issa drops a Cheetos in the dip...

ISSA

Yep.

(beat)

Shit, I might need to get me a
sugar daddy. Get me out this Lyft.

MOLLY

Hopeless.

ISSA
At least we got each other...

MOLLY
...and Conjugal Visits.

ISSA
Yes girl. I love this show.

MOLLY
(re: Conjugal Visits)
Bitch this girl stole her nigga
draws - and is renting them out to
bitches.

ISSA
Boxers or briefs?

MOLLY
Boxer briefs, duh.
(beat)
Her niggah fine tho'. The whole
jail is masturbating to'em.

ISSA
I stole some shit from Jerome.
(off Molly's look)
I might masturbate to it later.

MOLLY
No you didn't.

ISSA
Yes I did.

Issa reaches in her purse and pulls out the KOBE BRYANT JERSEY.

MOLLY
Trifflin'.

Issa puts the jersey up to her nose...

ISSA
Girl, he smelled so good.

MOLLY
You are sick.
(off her look)
You need help.

END OF EPISODE