



Scripts.com

Girls Trip

By Erica Rivinoja

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Yo, yo, yo, yo...

Every group of friends
has that one song
that, no matter where you are
or what you're doing, it
pulls you out of your seat.

That was me and my
crew, the Flossy Posse.
1990, Chubb Rock jumps up
on the scene with a lean
And a pocket full of green
I know.

Trust me, everything you had,
we had it and did it better.

- Yo, yo, yo, yo
- Treat me right
- Yo, yo, yo, yo
- I'll treat you good
- Yo, yo, yo, yo
- Treat me right
- Yo, yo, yo
- I'll treat you good

Yo, yo...

But those were my
girls, thinking we were
the baddest chicks in the game.
Definitely the baddest
chicks at FAMU.

- Flossy Posse!
- Ah! - Hey!

There was Sasha, a journalism major
with intelligence to shine
on the country's most
respected publications.

Then she ended up doing a, um,
different kind of journalism.

It may not be Pulitzer
Prize-winning,

but she's making it happen.

She's gonna be fine. I don't
even know why... You know.

We've gone through this before.

I already know, you know?

- Here she comes.
- There was Dina.
She was a risk-taker.
It's chlamydia, y'all!
That's shit you can cure! Hey!
- But that's our girl.
- I knew it!
Of course, there's Lisa.
Despite being the sexy party girl,
she was a natural nurturer.
She gave love, even
when it didn't love her.
- Aw, come here, baby. Aw.
- Aw, baby.
Me? I'm Ryan Pierce,
- successful author...
- I like your dress.
You write best-selling
books. You cook on talk shows.
You make appearances
all across the country.
How do you have time for a life?
As women, we're told that we have to choose
between the personal and the professional,
but I control my own destiny.
I am strong,
I am powerful, I am beautiful.
If I will it,
I can have it all.
Married my college sweetheart.
So, I'm a huge fan, Stewart.
- Thank you.
- But I do have a question for you.
How does a former All-Pro
tight end like yourself,
how do you hook up with
the second coming of Oprah?
Ryan's strength has always been
making others their best selves.
And I knew I needed that in my life.
I married my best friend.
Yeah, you got him, girl!
And the Flossy Posse
was there to witness.

We were ride or die.
But sometimes words go unsaid,
disagreements go unresolved.
You still talk on the phone,
keep up on social media, but...
a year goes by where you
don't see each other,
and that year turns to five,
and before you know it,
you're so busy trying
to get what you want,
that one day you
look up and find out
that the thing you love
the most, your crew,
the people who make you feel at
home no matter where you are,
they're gone.

- I know!

- Yeah, I heard you.

Well, no, I've got to go. I got...
Well, I have to ask the question
to get the answer. Okay. Bye.

Hey, sweetheart. Ryan.
Ryan, hey. Earth to Ryan.
Honey, listen, I know
that you are exhausted.
I got you running all over this
planet doing this book, but...
the Essence folks just called, and...
and...
they want you to be the
keynote speaker this year.
Yeah. It's VIP, five-star
treatment all the way.
You just sign some books,
sign some autographs,
shake hands, you have heaps of praise...
And that's when you realize
that the Flossy Posse
needs to ride again.

- Tell them I'd be honored.

- Here we go

Well, I ain't got

nothing but a little soul
- A little tune to play...
- You can purchase Ryan Pierce's
latest New York Times Best Seller,
You Can Have It All
in New Orleans at Essence Fest.
Well, speaking about
You Can Have It All,
when are you two going to start a family?
- Oh, my God.
- Because we know you would make
- beautiful babies.
- Oh, wow.
Trust me, it is on the agenda.
No, I-I need you to bring
me something I can use,
something good.
Let-let me call you back.
Bill, look, I know why you're upset,
but I can't make people click on your ads.
Well, you better do something.
You guaranteed me eyeballs on your site,
and I'm losing money, Sasha.
Well, I'm going to
Essence Fest this weekend.
Me and my girl, Ryan Pierce, will be up
in all the hot VIP spots.
Ryan Pierce. Any dirt on her?
Absolutely not.
Plus, I can't invent scandal.
But I guarantee you, nine months from now,
there's gonna be a lot
of babies named Essence.
Cute, Sasha. Not helpful.
Just-just give me a few
more days to increase views.
Please.
Post something your viewers want to see
this weekend or we're done.
Hold, please.
Yeah, motherfucker! Eat a
bowl of dicks, motherfucker!
You know you need me!
I'm the bitch in these streets!

You put me on FaceTime.

Oh, my God.

Shit.

Oh, no, no, no, no!

That's my car!

Dina, it has come to my attention that you had a bit of a conflict with a fellow employee.

No, not really.

I didn't know it was your lunch!

- Did you not see the label?!

- No!

- Stupid motherfucker!

- Dina...

Don't you run from me!

The point is, physically assaulting a coworker because he accidentally stole your lunch

- from the Fri...

- Accidentally? Is that what he told you?

He knew that was my Go-Gurt.

That motherfucker is crazy for that shit.

Be that as it may, this is not the first time something like this has happened.

I'm gonna need to terminate you.

I'm letting you go.

Word?

Word.

- Ah.

- Yeah.

Good looking out, Ted.

Thanks for letting me go, man.

Appreciate that. Just nothing but water under the bridge.

I'm-a go and get back to work.

No, no. There's no water and no bridge.

You're fired.

Why you making me feel like

I'm on The Apprentice

or something?

Look, I get it. You're upset.

I shouldn't be throwing

things in a "place of work."

Why are you making air quotes?

This is a place of work.

Lesson learned.

Wow, you're so understanding. Oh, oh, oh.

By the way, I'm going to Essence Fest
this weekend with my girls.

We about to turn up.

So I'm-a need Friday off.

Okay. Uh, you can have all days off, Dina,
because you no longer work here.

Do you understand what I'm saying?

Totally. See you bright
and early Tuesday morning,

- plus or minus a few hours,

- All right.

- Depending on traffic.

- We're not...

Dina. Dina, we're not done yet.

- Yes, we are.

- Dina!

Okay, Ted!

Snitches get stitches.

Oh, shit.

- Dina, you need to grow up!

- Mm-hmm.

Bath time, homework

time, snack time.

Seaweed chips, cucumber

rounds without the skin.

Bedtime 8:

Ma.

I need you to focus.

Would you calm down?

I have raised kids before.

And some of 'em turned out okay.

You know what, forget

it. I'm just gonna stay.

I'm gonna stay! Because I can't have

these kids deviate from

their schedule in any way.

It just messes everything up.

- So forget it.

- What up, bitch?

Oh, what's good, Miss Miller?

Hello, Dina.

Have you heard of a doorbell?

Uh, have you heard of locking doors?

There's crazy people out there.

Mm.

- You ready to get turnt?

- No, I'm not going,

- because I-I don't want to leave the kids alone!

- No!

- It's not gonna work!

- No, no.

- Uh-uh. No.

- For once, I agree with Dina
and her foul mouth.

She needs this trip so she
can go off and get some love
so she can stop being
so grouchy all the time.

- Ma!

- Your mama know there's cobwebs on that thing.

- Uh...

- You know what...

Sorry.

Oh. Mm.

- Bye, Mama.

- Oh, my goodness.

- I'm gonna miss you. Oh, I'm gonna miss you so much.

- Mama.

Heifer, you are not going off to war.

Go. Go. I beg of you, go.

We'll be fine.

You are so silly.

Scrubs?

Really? That's what you're doing?

What's wrong with this?

Uh-uh. We are not going nowhere
until we see you with some camel toe, okay?

No, I don't do camel toe.

Okay, well, you can't just show forearm.

- That's not sexy.

- All right, Dina...

Where are you going, to teach first grade?

- Okay...

- Who wears socks this thick in New Orleans?
- All right. I organized everything!
- Nobody.
Girl, we're going to the
Essence... What is this,
- the "Bidi Bidi Bom Bom" Collection?
- Okay, I...
- Is this a Care Bear shirt?
- Don't touch nothing!
Don't touch nothing!
As usual, you guys fucking killed it.
And, and I'm not the
only one who thought so.
Are you gonna tell us who else thought so?
You have no patience
for dramatic revelation!
Fine.
Bethany Marshall, the head
of marketing from Best Mart,
thought so, and...
And what else?
She wants to launch an exclusive Ryan
and Stewart collection
and underwrite a Ryan
and Stewart talk show.
Boom!
Wait, are you serious?
Yes, I'm serious!
That's... amazing!
I know. She said... and I quote...
"they're both just so real."
She's gonna send her
business affair peeps down
to New Orleans this
weekend to make the offer.
They want to launch by end of year.
That's amazing.
- Thank you.
- Honey, thank you.
We're gonna be rich, we're
gonna be rich! And thank you.
Hey, baby, I got to head out
or I'm gonna miss my flight.
- Oh.

- But I will see you
and the Flossy Posse in New Orleans.

- Yes. Mwah.

- All right.

- I love you.

- I love you.

- In love with you.

- I'm in love with you.

I love you. Come here!

- Oh!

- Mm. Thanks.

Mm.

I am so lonely.

Oh!

- Mm.

- Oh, you smell...

- you smell good.

- Yeah, she...

- she bought it for me.

- Sorry. Go before I spank you!

I just did!

- Please go. Bye!

- Mwah!

Oh, gosh, that man
knows how to exit a room.

Mm.

Now, Ryan, honey, don't be mad,
but with so much on the line, are you sure
that you want to get turned
with your girls this weekend?

I promised them a free trip.

And it's "turnt" with a "T."

Okay, got it, got it.

But maybe just wait until the deal closes,
and then, you know, take

'em all to St. Barts,

buy 'em all Birkin bags, something.

Liz, it'll be fine. I promise.

Listen, we're all adults,
and our insane party days are behind us.

- Well, most of us.

- Mm. I don't know.

I just know if I was with
my college girlfriends...

in New Orleans,
there would be pictures of
our tits all over the Internet.
I mean, there's actually
a few of those out there.
I don't know if you saw 'em.
But, anyway, it doesn't matter,
'cause, the point is,
I have civilian titties,
but you have best-selling author titties.
And-and ten percent of
your titties are my titties.
I just... I just want our
titties to have a future.

- Liz.

- Yeah.

What's the name of my book?

You Can Have It All.

Exactly.

Okay, okay, you're right. I'm
gonna defer to your judgment.
So, listen, I'm gonna, um, fly in
before your first appearance.
I'm really excited to
meet the Flossy Posse.
You girls are gonna be
Kiki-ing all weekend.

- Okay, Liz.

- Yeah.

- And I say this out of love...

- Preach, girl.

Mm. Please refrain from
saying things like "preach"
or "go, girl,"
"bye, Felicia," "ratchet,"
or any other colloquialisms
that you may have heard
or looked up on Urban Dictionary.
This weekend,
over half a million black
women of all sizes, shades,
from all different
socioeconomic backgrounds
are descending on the

Crescent City to celebrate
black womanhood in all its glorious forms.
You, my dear friend, are a guest.
Act accordingly.
Wow.
I'm not even offended.
- You're the best.
- Oh! Mm.
Okay.
Have fun on your #BlackGirlMagic weekend.
Girl, bye.
4718 to New Orleans will
commence boarding shortly.
Ooh! Got my hand sanitizer.
Got my anti-nausea medication.
Hold on to that. Ooh!
Hi, earplugs.
Uh, you need to relax, Judge Judy.
You know, I got some bomb-ass Kush,
if you want to take a hit of
it before you get on the plane.
That shit will have you right.
Where did you hide...
You know what? Never mind.
I'm not even gonna ask.
Fine, I ain't gonna tell you.
Okay, I'm-a tell you.
Where the sun don't shine.
You know, a lot of people
think that means the vagina,
but actually it's the butthole.
I got drugs in my booty.
You know what, that can
cause a lot of infection.
Girl, you can't get no
infection in your booty hole.
It's a booty hole.
Okay.
Enough.
You're grown.
On another note, let me ask you a question.
Do you think this situation
with Ryan and Sasha,
think there's still drama

or has it been long enough?
It better be, 'cause I plan
on getting white girl-wasted
this weekend, and I ain't
letting none of you bitches
kill my vibe, okay?

That's hand sanitizer.

It burns.

Well, considering we don't
know where your mouth has been,
it can't hurt.

- Oh, my God.

- You want a cough drop?

- Mm. Yeah.

- Here. Just...

Excuse me. Uh, can you ladies point me

- in the direction of the Flossy Posse?

- Oh, my God!

Oh, my goodness!

- It's so good to see you.

- Oh, wow. - You look great.

I'm so happy to see you two.

- Girl, you're killing it!

- Yeah.

Turn-up time.

Hey, ladies!

Hey, Sasha!

Oh, I've missed you guys so much!

So good to see you!

Flossy Posse, Flossy Posse,

- Flossy Posse, Flossy Posse.

- Yeah, I know you are.

- Hey!

- Hey! - Hey!

She baddie!

Sash!

Hey, Ry.

Hey.

Well, life is treating
you well. I see that.

Please. I see you and Stew
pop up on my feed once a week
going to some fabulous event.

- I love your hair.

- Nice Dr...

It seems like they're getting along.

- Shit.

- Right?

These bitches is plastic.

- That's a great lipstick, too.

- Thank you, right?

Ladies!

- I made something very special for us this weekend.

- Oh.

Bam!

What the fuck?

Look like a Bedazzler
threw up on that thing.

What? This is very fashionable.

It's of today and

yesterday. It's very retro.

How about we save it for the last night?

Of our lives?

Or donate it to the My

Little Pony Motorcycle Club.

Okay. I put a lot of
man-hours into these jackets.

Now, see, that's not the
kind of man-hours we need you

- putting in, Lisa-Lis.

- Mm...

Okay. Et tu, Sasha?

Yes, you need to be bedazzling some dick.

That's what you need to do.

Enough.

Okay, now, here's what I want.

Let me get three shots of
whiskey with a Coke to chase.

Coke Zero, though. I'm watching my figure.

Dina, you know this is only an hour flight.

Oh. Well, then, in that case,
let me go ahead and get those

three shots now and then

bring me a shot of Baileys

- once we get into cruising altitude.

- Oh, she...

- she about to turn up.

- Sure.

Oh, and let me get a Cherry Coke.

- Dina.

- Huh?

Can we just bring it down a notch?

Oh, can we get some dick this weekend?

- Leave her alone.

- You know what?

I need you to use your lady mouth.

I need you to use your lady mouth.

All right, all right.

Let's just use Lisa's
version of lady mouth.

No, seriously, for real, though...

how long has it been since
you got that back blown out?

I don't know. Two years, maybe.

- What?

- Wait.

Si-Since Terrence?

I don't know.

I mean, I take a vigorous spin class,
I read really intense erotica,
and I invested in a very powerful
detachable showerhead,
which has been very good to me, mind you.

Mmm-mmm-mmm.

Okay, that story just
put me into menopause.

You getting some this weekend.

Straight up.

You gonna get at least
two dicks inside of you.

For crying out loud, Dina,
we only gonna be there for three days.

Well, three dicks, then.

Mm-hmm.

You know, Lisa, Dina could be right.

Daily penetration is medicinal.

Oh, my goodness.

Don't be ashamed, girl.

Every sister up in here
is on a mission to be her very best

- and ratchet self.

- Oh...

You, especially.

Who's ready for Essence Fest?

Yes!

See, Lisa? There is no turning down
up in here, only the turn-up.

I love turn-ups.

- Ma'am, excuse me.

- Oh, oh.

Excuse me, uh, I got this.

Can you go ahead and
make some Patrnr shots
for everybody up here?

On me.

- I'm-a take care of everybody in first class.

- I'm sorry.

Because...

I'm every woman

It's all in me

Anything you want done, baby

I do it naturally

Whoa, whoa

- Whoa

- Yeah! Everybody say...

Flossy Posse!

It's all in me...

Let's see

- if we can find this driver.

- And get me a beignet.

- Oh, wait, wait, I see our sign!

- Ooh, ooh!

Yes!

- Hello.

- Oh, my goodness,
thank you so much.

Ooh!

- Ooh...

- Oh, my God!

Oh, God.

Thank you!

- Hey!

- Here you go.

Hey! Hey!

- A lovely day

- Lovely day, lovely day

Lovely day, lovely day

Lovely day, lovely day

Lovely day

- A lovely day

- Lovely day

Lovely day, lovely day

Lovely day, lovely day

- Lovely day, lovely day

- Aah!

Aw...

- Don't touch Elvis. That's Elvis.

- Oh...

Oh, God.

Oh...

Oh, shoot!

Oh, shit!

- Dina! Dina! Run, Dina!

- Dina! Run, Dina! - Dina!

Fuck yeah!

That's some white boy shit right there.

Who's ready for a refill?

- Ooh.

- Dina,

I-I haven't even finished this one yet.

Girl, you used to finish

a super size Slurpee

filled with grain alcohol before noon.

- Mm-hmm. - True.

- That was before two beautiful

little human beings ripped out of my vagina

and sucked all the life out of my breasts.

I don't coochie-pop no more.

- Especially not...

- Ryan! - What...

We are your biggest fans.

Will you take a picture with us?

- Yes. Sure. Of course.

- We are your biggest fans.

- Oh, my God. My friends are over here.

- Damn.

This shit gonna be happening all weekend?

You know, I'm so proud of her.

Look at her.

It's like traveling with Beyonc.

Oh, my God.

Are you guys friends with Ryan?

- Yeah.

- Yeah. - Yeah.

I'm a huge fan!

Here. This is for you.

- Here. Here. Yes.

- Oh, okay, thank you.

- Okay.

- That's so wonderful.

- Enjoy.

- Yes!

This is like traveling with Beyonc!

- Thank you so much. Aw.

- Girl, you so pretty.

Mm-mm, mm-mm. Hey,

hey, sister, sister,

- it's \$50 a pop. \$50 a pop. - \$50?

- Hey,

- uh, Dina?

- Okay?

- I wouldn't do that.

- Who else trying

to take a picture with Ryan? It's \$50.

We take American Express, EBT...

- You trying to go to jail?

- You want to get a picture?

- 'Cause you need a permit for all that.

- Girl...

- I ain't going to nobody's jail, okay?

- What the fuck?

- We good? All right, sister.

- Lisa. Lisa.

Wait a minute, hold up.

- Can you believe this?

- Oh, my God.

What y'all trippin' off of?

Aw, hell no.

That can't really be...

That's definitely Stewart's punk ass,

and that's definitely not

Ryan he's tonguing down.

Where'd you get the picture?

My paparazzi guy sent it to me.

Who is this ratchet-ass bitch?
Simone. Some Instagram ho.
I heard she sucked off A-Rod
- in the bathroom one time.
- Wait a minute,
all this NBA dick, and she's
sucking a baseball player?
You know what I'm saying?
That type of bitch.
Oh, my God. I hate her, but you know what,
that ass is really cute.
Do you get that from squats
or is that injections?
Oh, shit... she here.
That little dirty bitch Simone is here?
Okay, we got to tell Ryan.
So I had to go inwards and do
- to be able to do that.
- Oh, of course.
Handle that, Sasha.
Why I got to be the one?
- It's your picture, ho.
- Okay,
no matter what, we have
to do it delicately,
- because she's having a good time.
- You're welcome.
No, no, fuck that. You got to
do it like a Brazilian wax...
just yank everything out at once.
Now, she gonna feel like
her uterus is on the paper,
and she gonna scream,
but it's way better than
waterboarding the bitch.
Can we at least wait till
we get back to the room?
Can we agree on that?
So, we have the most amazing suite
at the Monteleone,
VIP passes to all the parties,
and great seats at the
Superdome for New Edition,
Maxwell, and Doug E. Fresh!

And we are going to eat!

Damn the calories.

- Yup!

- Oh, yes, yes!

I'm gonna kill somebody.

What?

Now, I do have some obligations,

but the truth is this weekend

is all about the Flossy Posse.

We're gonna be staying up late,

drinking, making memories that we can

laugh about the rest of our lives,

- because that is what a girls trip is for.

- Yeah, word.

- YOLO.

- Ooh, I got to hide a bitch body.

And gossip.

No secrets. I want all the dirt.

Bitch, your man is sleeping

with a Instagram skank.

You just had to say something, didn't you?

That was an opening.

That's God. Recognize.

Come on, Ryan. I need to...

I got to show you something.

Mmm.

Ryan, I don't... I don't

really know what to say.

You know we're here for

you for whatever you need.

Don't worry, boo.

I'm-a put hands on him.

I'm talking hot grits,

extension cords, Timberland boots.

I'm-a fuck up that

bitch's Instagram account,

I'm-a put two Q-tips

in his pee-pee hole

and I'm-a walk 'em

around. I'm-a just wipe...

I'm-a just swipe in that thing

and I'm-a yank 'em out!

And then I'm-a stick

my fingers up in his ass

and tell him I'm checking his prostate,
but really I'm-a yank his balls
out the back of that motherfucker.
And then I'm-a put my fist
so far up his ass,
I'm-a pull his heart out
through that motherfucker and I'm-a
"nabi da Shakti de" that shit.
Just...
And then I'm-a stick my
fingers back up in his ass
and then I'm-a twirl 'em around
and see if that make
him giggle a little bit.
You know, 'cause I like to
make a motherfucker laugh
when I hurt him, you know what I'm saying?
Well, that's not necessary, Dina.
Really, honestly,
I've known about this
for a few months, so...
The fuck? You into that shit?
No. Dina, come on.
Obviously I was very upset, but...
Stewart and I are in counseling,
and we're working through it.
Well, look at Tha... That is fantastic.
I am so glad to hear that. Good for you.
Thank you, Lis. You know,
Stewart and I are a team, you know?
Yeah, he's made some mistakes,
but that's in the past.
No, it's not.
This picture was taken last night.
Mmm...
Well, I don't believe that, Sasha.
And you know what... I really...
I don't want to be judged right now.
I'm the last person to judge you, but...
Guys. Okay, listen.
I really meant what I said earlier.
This weekend is about us.
We haven't hung in five years,
and by the grace of God,

we are here, together.
Come on, let's take advantage of that.
'Cause if we don't... if we waste
this precious time... then shame on us.
Because today is the last day
that we will ever be this young.
She fucked me up with that one.
All right. Now, the Flossy Posse
is back in New Orleans, so let's go.
Let's go. Let's go, bitches.
She's right, let's go.
But I will shit in that nigga's shoe.
Ryan.
You know it's just a matter of time
before the photographer
shops this picture.
Sash, don't worry. I'm-a handle it.
Come on, y'all!
I love this place so much.
Wow. So, listen, I'm gonna go check us in,
get our credentials. You guys should go
check out the Carousel
Bar and have a drink,
and I'll be back in, like, five minutes.
It's really cute.
- All right.
- To the bar.
- I'm ready to rock.
- Looks nice.
Let's see.
Oh, look at that!
Yeah, your kids would like this.
Man, damn. This is the shit, man.
Oh, it's so cool. It's moving around.
Yeah, it's super cute.
Ooh! There goes Stewart.
Oh. Asshole.
- Dina, look at me.
- Don't.
Look at me. Okay, come on, now.
You heard what Ryan
said. Just-just be cool.
I'm gonna be cool, I'm gonna be cool.
I just want to say hi, that's all.

- Why you taking... - Wait...
- I'm-a just say hello.
- No. No, no, don't you say hello.
- No, no, don't...

No, Dina, don't do that. Remember,

- Ryan said this is her life.
- Yes.
- We shouldn't get involved.
- Hold this.
- Dina!
- Dina, no!

No!

- Oh!
- Bitch!

What the hell's wrong with you?

Don't play me, nigga. I will end you.

You and your little
thirsty-ass wannabe MILF...
but not really a MILF.

Nigga, you getting old bitches
from the resting home?

Is that what you're doing to my home girl?

You fuckin' with Gladys Knight, nigga?

Do you got kneepads under
them slacks, Slurpee?

- What?
- Dina, this is my Aunt Marion.

How do you do?

Oh, I'm doing just fine, but you know what?

Your nephew is nasty.

He a nasty nigga.

Oh, yeah, your bloodline is nasty.

Okay, all right, okay,
all right. I'm sorry.

- She-she off her meds today.
- He do people wrong.
- Forgive her.
- You're going to hell!

You so nasty!

In that ugly, tight-ass suit!

- It's ugly!
- It is so very nice to meet you, Miss Auntie.

And that is a lovely blouse

- you have on.

- Why, thank you.
And as for you, Stewart...
I am very disappointed in you... very.
You guys have a lovely afternoon.
Thank you for your time.
Thank you. You have a good day, too.
- What the hell happened?
- Breathe, just breathe.
- Just calm down.
- I was gone for three minutes.
- This shit took one.
- What? Th-The...
Hockey players don't even fight that fast.
Ma'am, I need you to leave
- the premises immediately.
- Oh!
Hello, sir.
Uh, Ryan Pierce, this year's
Essence keynote speaker,
and author of You Can Have It All.
I am sorry.
I'd like to apologize for my friends,
but I can assure you that
everything is fine now.
Ma'am, she's holding a broken
bottle of Chteau Mardaux.
Oh, don't be speaking
French to me, motherfucker!
Dina,
you're lucky my aunt is hard of hearing.
And you lucky TSA took that
straight edge away from me.
- Okay, okay, okay, all right.
- Mr. Pierce,
we're in the process of
removing her right now.
- Thank you. - Dina.
- Oh, Wai-Wai-Wai-Wai-wait.
- Wait. Really, that is not necessary.
- Dina, calm down.
I promise you. We are longtime
friends, since college.
I mean, this is just the
way we greet each other.

Ms. Pierce, I'm sorry,
but that's not the way we do things here.
Okay. Understood.
But we are not pressing charges, okay?
Isn't that right, Stew?
Well... no.
But if that's the hotel's policy,
- then I understand.
- No!
- What? You know what, you're ridiculous.
- Eat a dick.
- I mean that as a sister to a brother.
- You know what?
- You need to stop.
- You know what, it's cool. I'm-a leave.
- Okay, we're leaving. We're gonna leave.
- I'm-a leave.
- Just give me a second.
- It's all gonna be good.
Oh! Dina! Oh, my...
Okay, you know what, Dina, get over here.
Milk Dud head mother...
You look like a ugly, dirty Mr. Clean!
Your girl needs a leash.
Swipe-ass bastard!
Your room. Now.
I don't want to go to my room.
That place is nasty.
It's haunted.
I was there last year... swear to God,
was up in there last year...
a ghost tried to fuck me.
You ever been fucked by a ghost?
Are you kidding me?
You said you ended this shit
and now there's a picture?
Are you not understanding?
And on top of it, the bitch is here.
I didn't invite her.
Well, neither the fuck did I.
You need to call her and you need to send
that genetically enhanced ass home!
Come on, babe. How am
I supposed to do that?

The same way you tell
her to come get some dick.
You tweet, Snapchat, DM,
smoke signals... whatever you do,
I don't give a shit.
You know what? Whatever.
I'm not doing this.
This is stupid.
This isn't a marriage,
but we agreed to at least be a partnership,
and you can't hold up
your end of the bargain,
let alone your pants.
This is against everything
I tell my readers, my followers,
and yet I'm putting up with it?
- No.
- Ry, Ry...
I'm sorry.
- You're always sorry.
- I-I know, but look at...
I won't do it again.
You always ain't gonna do it again.
Baby, I mean it this time.
Okay?
Real talk.
Ryan, baby, listen.
You're right.
You don't deserve this.
But our brand is who we are.
It's... it's who you are.
Giving all that up because I was sloppy
isn't worth all that you have worked
very hard to accomplish.
Why would we give it up?
And for what?
Huh?
To watch it all crumble?
To be alone?
Ryan, baby, I'm not going anywhere.
You know that.
I don't give a damn about her.
Let's just do our dance
and handle our business.

Be that couple who has it all.
No more slipups.
Stick to the plan
and get that ho under control.
And we close this deal.
Done.
Some of us have to find a place to stay.
Damn.
You okay?
Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.
So where we at?
I called... all the four or
five-star hotels are booked.
You know what? Whatever.
Who needs a fancy suite?
I mean, come on.
Let's rough it. It'll be like old times.
I get the feeling there's definitely been
a few chalk outlines on this floor.
Oh, yeah, somebody
was definitely murdered in this room.
This smells like the body is still in here.
Ugh.
The fuck? No mini-bar?
I feel like that one
star was hella generous.
Bitch, you the reason we here.
Classic Dina. You just
had to cause a scene.
Classic Sasha. Can't never let shit go.
- It just happened. Why would I let it go?
- What do you mean
- it just happened? It's in the past.
- Come on. - We told you...
- Please, that was in the past.
- Hey... - In the past?!
- Yes, it's in the past.
- This is your fault. - Hey, hey,
stop arguing!
- Stop it...
- Don't argue!
- Don't argue. - Let it go!
- Hey. Hey. Hey.
- I think I got scabies.

- What?
- I'm itchy.
- Y'all expecting somebody?
Uh-uh.
Fucking foggy peephole.
Who is it?!
- Oh, oh!
- Rochelle here?
Oh!
Uh, no, sir, I am sorry,
you have the wrong room.
- Please leave.
- This is where
I meet Rochelle every night.
Hey, Rochelle ain't here, homeboy.
You need to get on.
It don't have to be Rochelle.
I'll take one of you.
You mean to tell me we staying at a motel
where five-dollar hos do they business?
Five dollars? Shit, I
get two dollars change.
Ooh!
Lisa, you game?
Might as well turn a profit
on dick number one tonight.
Bust that thing open.
Not if she wearing that.
- What?
- I told you that outfit was
ugly as hell. He don't even want to fuck.
Listen, sir, just because
she is not fashionable
doesn't mean that you have to be rude.
Aah!
- Aah! - Oh! Oh!
- Get out of here!
- Aah!
- Get out of here!
Get out!
- Shoot.
- What's wrong with him?
Close this.
- You don't want some of this?

- Aah!
Aah! What is that?
You don't want some of this?
- Aah!
- Oh, oh!
Shit.
You are disgusting!
Go find Rochelle! No, you go find Rochelle.
Y'all are gonna give me a...
heart attack.
Okay. Okay.
I don't find this funny at all.
Yes, girl, you're giving me life!
Oh, hold up, Sash.
Your tag is hanging
out. Let me pull it out.
Oh, no, no, no, don't pull it.
Um, just tuck it in for me.
All right. Okay.
I made a deal with the designer.
I'm gonna, you know,
Instagram it this weekend.
Some tastemaker shit.
Lis, hurry up!
Okay, P. Diddy is not gonna
be waiting for me all night.
He's a busy man.
All right, I'm almost ready.
What the fuck is that?
Wait a minute. Hold on. You...
You got to be kidding me!
I really like this outfit.
I mean, this is hand-stitched embroidery
from an indigenous tribe
in Guatemala that's almost extinct.
So they not fucking in Guatemala?
- Mm.
- You know what?
Intelligent men of academia
- are gonna really appreciate this outfit.
- Huh.
All right, listen, you look beautiful.
- Thank you.
- Now take it off and put this on.

What...?

This dress is a mosquito net.

Then maybe you'll catch something in it.

- Yeah, a man.

- Lisa, you look

- like somebody's Puerto Rican grandmother.

- See?

Now, men'll fuck almost anything,

but not you... in that outfit.

Don't even. I already know.

Tighten that up.

Don't be taking all day back there, either,
making tamales and shit.

Ah, yeah...

New Orleans!

Make some noise for New... Edition!

Ah, yeah

I don't love her

I tried to tell myself

But you can see it in my eyes

So don't deny

I can't fool no one else

Oh, my God!

The truth is in the tears I cry

Sing yourself, y'all.

'Cause if it isn't love,

why do I feel this way?

Why does she stay on my mind?

- Ooh.

- That's right, y'all.

If it isn't love

Why does it hurt so bad?

Oh, oh.

- Make me feel so sad inside?

- Oh, my God.

- Ah, yeah

- If it isn't love

Ah, ah-ah

- Ah, ah

- I have four.

- Ah, yeah, ah, y-yeah...

- Come on. - Yeah!

Party in the VIP!

Hey!

That's for Ryan for getting
us up in the hot VIP spot!
Oh, come on, y'all.
Wait, wait. Before we drink,
we should get hydrated.
Where is the water? Excuse me, miss?
- Lisa? Lisa?!
- Yes.
Okay, this weekend, we gonna
need a little less Mom Lisa,
and a little more Freaknik Lisa.
- Mm.
- Mm.
Like Howard Homecoming Lisa.
Ooh!
- Mm-hmm.
- Ooh, Bayou Classic Lisa.
- Aah! - Ooh!
- That Lisa.
Like NBA All-Star Weekend Lisa.
- Ooh.
- That shut it down. Come on now.
You're a fierce sexual goddess.
I'm a bad bitch goddess.
Oh, yes!
Now go out there and slay.
- That's it.
- Let's do this.
She ready.
So, hey, I don't mean to be intrusive,
but, um, how many sexual
partners have you had?
Are you gay? Straight?
'Cause with the pocket squares and...
I'm not feeling confident about this.
So you're not lactose intolerant?
You give me the smallest bit
of ice cream, and I'm
taking off like a rocket.
It's just a...
Damn, she rusty.
I have both my kids, right?
And I kept their placenta.
And you know what I do every morning

when I make my morning shake?

I take a little bit of that
placenta, plop it right inside.

- Ugh!

- Grind it up, throw it back.

I'm telling you, I'm gonna
live till I'm a hundred.

- I can't watch it.

- She gonna have to Uber.

- I tried, but I can't.

- She ain't riding with us.

- Okay.

- Ooh, ooh, ooh

Everybody.

It happened the moment

When you were revealed...

Oh, Lisa, Lisa.

- Lisa, Lisa, Lisa.

- Sasha Franklin.

Of Sasha's Secrets.

Miss Vanzant, it is such an honor to even

- be in the same...

- So, so, come,

missy, and let me holler

at you for a minute.

Okay.

Do you know who I am?

Yeah. I just said...

- I just said...

- 'Cause either you don't know,
or some strange affliction has altered
the molecular structure of your brain.

If you think that you can trash
my name and reputation just to make...

a name for yourself, missy,
that is not gonna turn out well for you.

N-No. Look, I'm just the messenger.

I thought you looked great in that thong.

Liar!

Try me again,

and I promise you

that you and I are gonna have

a Middle Passage experience,

a fight for survival, and I will win.

Have I made myself clear?

Clear?!

Clear.

Oh. Okay, thank you, beloved.

Blessings to you, and you
enjoy the rest of your evening.

Shoot. Yes, tell me it recorded.

Please tell me I've got that on video.

Come on, please.

Damn it!

Damn it, Sasha.

That was your car and your mortgage.

- Hey, uh, Sasha?

- Yeah.

Listen, do you, uh, mind
not working right now?

Well, what do you call what you're doing?

No. I'm just saying
that I don't want anyone
to feel uncomfortable thinking
that you're spying on them.

- That's all.

- Ryan, I don't spy on people.

Okay. I'm sorry.

I'm just saying that I'm
their guest, you're my guest.

Are you telling me to behave?

Is that what you telling me right now?

No. I'm just saying that
it would be more
appropriate and effective...

- Um, Sasha? Sasha?

- What is appropriate and effective?

These words you're using on me feel real...

I think you should come with
me to the bathroom, please.

Real quick. I got snaps and zippers and...

- But she's...

- all kinds of things that I need help with.

Lisa, I know... Lisa,

I know what you're doing.

What part of England

are you from... Compton, England?

- Come on, Estelle. Darling, yes, look at us.

- No. No.

Two conquerors taking over the world.

Don't be a bugger! Pip, pip, cheerio.

- No.

- I'll tag you.

- Please don't.

- I'll be tagging you in this.

- Oh, please don't.

- What are you doing?

What? I'm taking fun

pictures with celebrities.

I'm talking to celebrities and everything.

- Glad to see some things ain't changed.

- Julian!

- Oh, my God!

- Look at you. You got muscles now.

Ah. What up, D?

What's up, boy?

- Look at you.

- Look, man, you got fine.

Ryan.

- It's good to see you.

- Wow.

I thought that was you.

I cannot believe I'm looking at half
of the Flossy Posse.

- Mm-hmm.

- And the other half is here, too.

- No shit.

- Yes.

- The whole entire FP crew is in the building?

- Mm-hmm.

Okay, it's official now.

Wow, so you playing this weekend?

Yeah, I'm actually sitting in with Ne-Yo
at the House of Blues on Saturday.

Ne-Yo? I

love Ne-Yo.

Well, y'all should come through. Swing by.

I will put you on a list.

- It's nothing.

- Okay, we're there.

- Good.

- Yeah, we there.

Mm.

Okay.

Uh, so what you drinking?

Sash, I just brought you in here, okay,
so that you can have a
little compassion for Ryan
and everything that she's going through.
So, I'm asking you to please be nice.

I'm trying.

I mean, she is the one
giving me grief about doing my job.

You know, we can't all
just smile for the cameras
and sit next to a football player
and make money off of him.

Ooh, now, Sasha,
that's not fair and you know it.

- You know you always do this.

- I always do what?

Ryan can do no wrong in your eyes.

Even when she bailed on all of our plans
to start the first black
Huffington Post.

That was five years ago.

All right?

Can you just let it go?

Okay.

Sash.

Don't look at me with them eyes.

Okay.

All right.

- Thank you. I love you.

- Don't hug on me.

Hug on some of that man meat out there.

I never knew a Luh,
Luh-Luh, a love like this

Gotta be somethin'

for me to write this

Queen, I ain't seen you in a minute

Wrote this letter and

finally decide to send it

Signed, sealed, delivered

for us to grow together...

Mom?

Can you hear me?
Dang it.
Reception is just awful.
Keep moving, come on.
Come on.
Hey.
- Pretty lady from Bourbon Street.
- Hey.
- Yeah, how...
- You know that doesn't work, right?
Oh, well, I mean... you
got to try, you know?
Just in case you get lucky.
I mean, not lucky.
You want to stand on my shoulders and try?
Sing us out.
You know, for height.
So, um, how many baby mamas you got?
Zero.
You got a wifey?
Nope.
You got a husband?
Don't even try to play.
Don't play me, all right?
Dina, Dina, come on, come on.
Now, Julian is a musician.
He play the bass.
What he gonna do with one
piece of pussy-coochie-twat?
There's a lot you can do with just one.
Talk to me. Yes.
I got one you can do a lot with.
Stop.
Dangerous. She's dangerous.
Close them...
Man, you ain't joking.
Look.
Smash alert, two o'clock.
Ooh, ooh, ooh.
You got it? I got you.
- Oh, my God.
- Ooh.
Is that Lisa?
You got to keep twisting like this, right?

- Because that-that helps with the reception.

- All right.

But just a minute ago
she was chasing him off.

Now she got her whole
taco in the dude's face.

Ma, can you hear me yet?

No, she still can't hear me, though.

And it's raw taco.

She ain't got no panties on.

- Oh, it's a good thing we made her shave.

- Hell no, man.

Y'all still wild.

- Yes, we are.

- Yeah, Lisa.

Oh, my God, that's Diddy, baby.

Oh.

How y'all feeling over here tonight?

Y'all ready to have a good
time in this motherfucker?

Ladies, look what your man's got.

Hell nah, I'm about to
get pregnant tonight. Move.

Party people...

You have created a monster.

It's a really good vibe. Come on.

Oh!

Yo, what you know about goin' out?

Head west, red Lex

TV's all up in the headrest

Try and live it up

- Ride true, a bigger truck

- What?

Piece all glittered up,
stick-up kid, nigga, what?

To every state, come
on, bury the hate

Millions the only thing
we in a hurry to make

Whether friend or
ex-friend in a Lex or a Benz

Let's begin, bring
this BS to an end...

Sing the song. Come on, come on.

Bad, bad, bad, bad boy...
Chorus, sing the song.
You make me feel so good
You know you make me feel so good
- You know you make me feel so good.
- Come on.
Hey, hey, sing the song with me, y'all!
I never knew
There was a love like this before
A love like this before
- Love, love
- Never had someone
- To show me a love
- No.
Dina, put your shirt on!
A love like this before
Now that we have come to be...
Ooh!
Girl, your booty's showing. Wait, hold on.
Never thought you'd
be a special part of me
Get up there.
My baby
Hell yeah, Dina!
You go and get that ass!
- That shit works!
- Yes, do it!
I can go on
I see you, baby.
Make some noise.
I can't even take my
mind off loving you
I never knew there was...
Oh, my God!
A love like this before.
I love y'all.
Thank you, New Orleans.
Turn up, turn up, turn up.
- Oh.
- What we doing after this, y'all?
My frat's having a party
at Xavier, up the road.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up
here. How-how old are you?

- 21.
- We are not going to any college frat party.
- 21?!
- What?
- Uh-uh.
- Oh, wait.
Maybe I should wait here
for Diddy to come out
'cause you know once a man lays his eyes
on these Biggie Smalls up on my
chest, it burns in their brain.
It burns right in their brain.
- Come on, for real.
- It burned in mine.
What y'all getting into? I
know y'all doing something.
Uh, wait, wait. Come on, y'all.
I still have to work tomorrow.
I really should get to bed.
- Oh, it ain't even midnight yet.
- Come on. - Boo.
Come on, guys, listen.
I just watched my best
friend grind on Diddy.
What could possibly top that?
Let's do this shit, bitches!
Flossy Posse is in effect!
Yeah!
Here I go!
Oh, shit!
- Yeah!
- Yeah!
That was amazing!
Guess she caught her second wind.
Sasha!
Come on! You have to try it! It's amazing!
Fuck it.
I'm white-boy wasted anyway.
Come on!
Oh, shit! Oh, my God!
Oh, shit!
Oh, my God!
Oh, shit! Catch me.
Oh! Oh, oh, oh, don't let me go.

- Don't let me go.

- Oh!

- Don't let me go!

- You did it!

Sasha!

That was crazy.

- Come on, Lis. Come on, Lis.

- Come on, it's time. Let's go.

No, no, no, no, no.

This is not a good idea.

I have to pee.

Look, the line is shorter over there.

There's a long line in the bathroom here.

Just go for it.

- You can do it!

- It's fun!

All right. All right, all right.

All right.

Lisa! Lisa! Lisa!

Peter Pan that shit!

Lisa! Lisa!

Lisa! Lisa!

Oh, shit.

What?

- What?

- What happened?

Why did I stop?!

What? Why isn't it moving?

- Wait, what's going on?

- Why did it stop?

Hello!

What's wrong?

- Don't worry about it.

- They gon', they gon' fix it.

- Just-just hold tight. Hold on, Lisa.

- Yeah, I see it.

This is not the time, I'm telling you!

You got it!

Squeeze that!

- Oh, God.

- It hit a snag.

- It's right there. Got it?

- Baby Jesus. Oh, Je-Jesus.

Please, don't make me pee on anybody.

Stop taking that picture
of her fucking vagina!

Please don't do it!

Oh!

- Damn.

- How much did she drink?

Why have you forsaken me, Baby Jesus?

Your BFF is on her way.

So sorry. I really tried to hold it.

Don't worry, girl. I got you.

Yeah!

I didn't know you was into golden showers.

Girl, that's my jam.

Watch this.

What the fuck?

- Oh, come on!

- Oh!

Oh, man.

What are you doing?

Y'all didn't even have

to take me to Red Lobster.

Hey, when I said let loose,

I didn't mean it literally.

Ry, what?

- Did you see that?!

- Yeah.

Everybody saw it.

- Damn!

- Oh, I am so happy we ran into you.

I swear, I've not had

this much fun in so long.

You never had a problem with that before.

I miss that girl.

You definitely brought her back tonight.

Well, maybe she needs you

around a little more often.

Uh...

maybe I should get you home.

Didn't you say you have

an appearance or something?

Tomorrow?

With your husband?

Yeah, that nigga.

What?

What? No.

- You just...

- Yeah, no, no, right.

I should, um...

I should probably go.

Yeah. Uh, but where y'all staying?

I'll take you to your hotel.

Where you... at the W?

- Uh...

- The Roosevelt?

I got you.

Come on.

All right. It's all yours.

Are you sure?

There's no way in hell I'll let y'all stay in that filthy dump.

I'm-a crash with the guys in the band.

Y'all get some sleep.

Thank you, Julian, for everything tonight.

For everything.

No sweat.

You sure everything is good with you?

Yes. Absolutely.

All right, then.

- Okay.

- Night.

Can I just touch it?

You can touch it.

Ah...

Oh.

You're shy.

You should move your arm.

That's not my arm.

Uh...

I just... I couldn't do it.

It was unbelievable. I'm telling you guys, you had to see this thing.

Well, why didn't you bring it out and show us?

Were you gonna help me carry it out here?

I'd have slung it over my shoulder.

I... listen,

- I ain't never seen nothing like that.

- Wait. The good Lord

gives you all that meat,
and you just hand it back?
Is that because you a vegan?

No, Dina.

It's because I want to
keep my uterus intact.

Girl, I'm gonna give
you a lecture tomorrow.

But tonight I'm too tired.

I think my liver is broken.

Uh-uh. Y'all not going to sleep.

Come on. Come on, bring it.

Come on!

Get up!

- Mm-mm.

- Oh, God.

Mm-hmm,

mm-hmm.

What?

I'm not going to hell.

Jesus loves me, too.

Better recognize your blessings.

- She got a point.

- Yeah.

Okay.

Here we go.

Heavenly Father, we want to
thank you for this day of life,
and thank you for bringing
the Flossy Posse back together.

It's like you always listen to my prayers,
'cause I missed my girls so much.

- Aw...

- And I can't wait

for us to have all the
most fun in the world!

Oh, I can just feel my heart
filling up with joy now,
just thinking about all the
good things we're gonna do...

Thank you.

Hey, are-are you even up for this?

Don't worry, I have been
pretending to be okay

for two years... I can do
it for a few more minutes.

Honey, honey... whoa!

Somebody got turnt.

It's okay. It's okay.

Uh, yeah, yeah, so we'll, uh...

- Gonna get you some coffee, okay, sweetie?

- Okay.

- Some water?

- Yeah, water, too.

- Yeah.

- Listen,

I've been out the game for a minute,

and I don't know what these

young girls are doing out here

to handle all that,

- but I'm not on that train.

- Come on, now, Lisa,

I ain't never known you to

back down from a challenge.

I know.

Just grapefruit him.

What?

Y'all ain't never grapefruited before?

No.

But I'm listening.

What you want to do is,

- you get a grapefruit, right?

- Okay.

- And you cut both ends off, as so.

- Mm-hmm.

Then you cut...

a hole in the middle, like this.

Like a nice little tunnel.

And then you place that on his penis,

like this.

- Oh.

- Okay?

- Like that? Right?

- Oh.

Now, you want to squeeze

and twist and suck,

so then it feels like he's

getting fucked and sucked

all at the same time.

It's like this.

You want to... choke just a little bit,
'cause that make him feel like a man,
like he killing your shit, just...

Dude, this is tickling my throat.

I got it. Oh.

Mmm.

Now, you never, ever want to do this
with a pineapple.

I almost died.

Oh, here it go...

Sasha, tell me the truth,
do you think this color's too much?

It's barely enough.

It's beautiful.

Ryan and Stewart Pierce.

- What's your name?

- Give it up for Ne-Yo!

It's always a-a beautiful
and energetic crowd
when you come to the Essence Festival...

Miss Terry McMillan.

Beautiful black people...

I mean, people, period...

but beautiful black people,
you know what I mean?

That's what you come
for... you come to celebrate
your blackness.

Morris Chestnut!

Yes! Whoo! Yes!

On your knees...

Ava DuVernay!

What is "black girl magic"?

It feels like a reminder, it
feels like a rallying call,
it feels like a...

- a term of endearment.

- My man, D-Nice!

Make sure to keep stirring,
so this crawfish doesn't overcook.

Oh, yeah, 'cause we
cannot have that, y'all.

- Hi!
- Hi!
I love you! I...
- I'm so sorry. Dina!
- You're kissing the air, girl.
You know, I guess that
chapter in your book is right.
"The couple who cooks
together stays together."
- Yeah! - Yeah!
- So cute. They're so cute.
- Couldn't have said it better myself.
- That's true.
She on some Academy Award shit
- with this performance.
- Oh, Sasha,
you know, marriage is tricky...
she-she still loves Stewart.
They're just going through a rough patch.
And you can see, there are
a lot of different peppers
- and colors...
- Oh, no, this bitch didn't.
- What?
- Aw, this heifer.
Oh, what... Dina, don't.
- I'm just gonna whup her ass.
- Don't, don't, don't.
Why don't we invite
someone from our audience
to come up and have a taste.
- Ooh. I'll do it. - Yeah! Me!
- Oh. You in the red.
- I saw you first.
- Mm, mm, mm.
- Aw, hell, no. - Let's go.
- Oh! No. Wait, wait, wait.
Right here.
- Oh, wow.
- This bitch thinks she can just come up
in here and do what
the fuck she want to do.
All right, looks like we
have a few eager volunteers.

- Uh-huh.
- Come on up, girls.
The more the merrier.
- Are y...
- I got it, Ry.
Mmm, this looks so delicious.
But I could use some extra sausage.
Oh, really? You want to
be careful with that...
you don't want to choke
on too much sausage.
I'm good.
I don't have a gag reflex.
Ooh! This bitch want to get hurt.
Are they still talking about jambalaya?
Um, uh, yeah.
It's colloquial. Um, "Put your foot in it."
"So good it makes you
want to slap your mama."
"Bitch gonna get hurt."
Got it.
You know what, since we've
got a true sausage connoisseur,
why don't we show her, and you guys,
everything you can do with a sausage.
Ah.
- Well, what do we have here?
- Cleaver.
Ah. So, let's take this cleaver...
It's a big cleaver, baby...
you should be careful with that.
Well, you know what, baby?
- I'm always careful.
- Mm-hmm.
Show him who's boss, girl!
Ooh! Ooh!
You don't want any part of this sausage...
not being cut!
Isn't that right, Stew?
Well, what is this?
There's nothing better
than a tender sausage
who knows who's in charge!
- Right, baby?

- She's the boss.
- Yes, girl! Whoo!
- Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
Ooh, girl!
- Mash that meat.
- Girl, put your back into it!
Beat it!
If your arms ain't tired,
you ain't been cookin'.
Who knew?
Kitchen shears... this is
an underutilized utensil
- in the kitchen.
- Well, I am gonna take
this underutilized tool,
and I'm gonna put it on
this over-utilized sausage.
Ooh!
What does that look like,
hanging like that, to you?
I don't know,
but we gonna cut it off today.
Oh, my God.
Ryan's a hoot.
- She's a hoot.
- Yes.
She's a hoot.
What the fuck is going on?
I'm still waiting on my sausage.
Oh. Well, here, have some of mine.
Gaggin'. You gaggin'?
Now, that, my friends,
is the essence of cooking.
That was fucking amazing.
The crowd loved it. Bethany loved it.
Were those your girls? I
thought there was only three.
Who-who was the hottie
with the badunkadunk?
The junk in the trunk. That can had
its own soundtrack, am I right?
- She's nobody.
- I've never seen her before.
Oh, crap. I got to go get her

number, 'cause she was amazing.

- She's worth it.

- No!

Okay, okay. Okay.

You know what, it's better
if it's improvised, anyway.

Stewart, there is a reporter out there
who is a big football fan.

Can I just borrow you for a minute?

Ooh. So tense.

Little tight.

Come on, buddy, loosen it up.

I am...

strong.

I am... powerful.

I am beautiful.

I am... strong.

I am...

powerful.

I am beautiful. I am...

I am...

strong.

I am powerful.

I am beautiful.

I am strong.

I am... powerful. I am beautiful.

I am strong.

You good, Ry?

Yeah, I'm good.

All in a day's work, right?

Thanks for having my back up there.

Of course.

Yeah.

- Ry.

- Hmm?

You can't keep pretending
that this photo doesn't exist.

It's gonna get out there.

It's all fair game in journalism.

Journalism?

Is that what this is?

Fine, you just keep handling your business.

You've been doing such
a great job thus far.

All right.

Fine.

What do you think I should do?

Well...

first of all, let me find out

if anyone else has the photo.

And if not, let me leak it.

Are you crazy?

No. I am in the middle of a deal.

I cannot have pictures of him

kissing another woman on your site. No!

Hear me out.

If I leak it... you can get in front of it,

steer the conversation,

instead of letting TMZ

write their own bullshit spin on it.

You find the right angle,

you minimize the damage.

Okay, just let me think

about it, all right?

And-and let me talk to a few people first.

Let me... let me just run it by 'em.

And can-can you stall them

for a little bit longer?

I got you.

Thank you, Sasha.

Of course.

I got Muslim oils, Christian

oils, I got Buddha oils.

I got ball spray.

Everybody got a drink.

- I need a drink.

- Authentic hurricanes!

- Two for \$25!

- Oh, shoot, there we go, there we go.

I got something for the kids. I... Ooh.

- Two for \$25?

- \$25.

Wait, wait, wait, hey, hey, hey, beautiful.

Right here. Come on.

- Me?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, right here.

Sorry. He called me beautiful.

I'm beautiful now, huh?

Ooh, Lord, Lord!

- Hi.

- Whee!

Got to be careful. Listen, I got... look,
I see you over there
chasing that hurricane.

I got the best thing

- in New Orleans right here.

- What's that?

Uh...

Look at that right there.

What the fuck is that?

Whoo!

This is 200-year-old
wormwood absinthe.

Green Fairy.

- I want it. Give it to me.

- Hey, hey, hey,

calm down, now... you don't
know what you're getting into.

This stuff right here come
with instructions, okay?

Boy, I don't give a fuck...

that shit is green, shiny,
and looks like it'll have
me hella bent. I want it.

Yes, but you're only supposed
to take a splash of this,

- Okay.

- Young lady, because if you drink too much of it,
it's gonna have you hallucinating.

- Ooh!

- All right, that's cool with me.

Now, look, that whole bottle will last you

- for five years, all right?

- Okay, five months. Got it.

No, no. Did you hear what

I just said? Five years.

- You're not listening to what I'm...

- Okay.

- I...

- Five days. This will be used very irresponsibly.

- Thank you. Sasha!

- Young lady,

you about to be a mental
health patient with a fat ass.

Oils! Incense!

I got coochie spray!

Get a homie, lover, friend

A homie, lover, friend

to make you climax...

Ooh! Damn.

Over again and again, I
intend to have you goin'...

Ah, that's a good one.

With the fever, you got the fever

You need a believer

You know what, you guys shouldn't be
in the grass... you know
you're allergic to grass.

Left hand red.

- Okay, I'm about to go see a man sing.

- Oh, have fun.

- Hi, guys!

- Hey, Auntie Ry-Ry.

- Bye, guys!

- I love you.

- Bye, Mama.

- Mwah!

Aw, they're so cute.

- I miss them.

- Mm-hmm.

You know what?

Have you and Stewart thought
about having a family?

I mean...

kids have a way of bringing
people closer together,
and definitely have a way of changing men.

Mm. Yeah, it made your husband
change his address!

We've talked about it, yeah.

I'm just so focused on my career right now.

I get it... but don't wait too long.

'Cause nobody's gonna
love you like your babies.

Hey...!

Is this the Flossy Posse suite?

Yes, it is.

Did you guys get my succulent?

Who is you?

Oh, hi. Liz Davelli... I'm Ryan's agent.

- Nice to meet you.

- Hey! - Hey! - Hi!

- Welcome. You made it.

- Ah, I did, I did. Oh, my lady.

My queen. Real quick.

Bethany wants to spend a little

one-on-one with you and Stewart

- at the Croc party.

- Okay.

I know you're with the "F" to the "P,"

but just give her 15 minutes,

inspire her to add a zero

- to the deal.

- Of course. Yes.

Hey, how about we have a toast?

- Ooh, are these hurricanes?

- Okay. - Mm.

Fuck a hurricane, girl...

these are tsunamis.

- Ooh!

- I'm scared.

To Friday night, Flossy Posse style!

Yeah!

For real, though! Mmm!

What's a little

liquor to a cold heart

What's a little pill but

a little number feeling now

It can never end if it don't start

You can never do it all if

you ain't ever willin', ah

Hold up, I think my phone vibratin'

Slow up, I think the

whole world hatin'

Came up, and now the

whole view changin'

I've been up on game,

I've just been wait...

Whoa.

I feel funny.

Do y'all feel funny?
You feel funny? I-I feel...
I feel fine.
I feel so fine.
Feel me. Y'all feel me.
- You want me to feel you?
- Feel me, yeah, sista.
Ooh, yeah.
Yeah.
Ooh, you feel squishy.
Oh, shit.
We trippin'.
- We trippin'.
- We trippin'.
We trippin'.
Wait a minute, hold it. Stop!
Do it all for the
nights like this...
You.
You put something in
them drinks, didn't you?
Yeah.
We gonna be fucked up.
Y'all, it's not funny.
If we trippin', Ryan's trippin',
and she's with Bethany.
Oh, shit... shit...
- Yeah.
- Ooh...
You know, I have to tell you
that I loved your cooking demo today.
Yeah, the way that you
two play off each other,
it's... it's just...
it's-it's so much fun.
- So much fun.
- Yeah.
Listen, how about this?
Cheers to fun!
She's so funny.
Yeah!
Cheers! Whoo!
Wonder if you've got
someone at home...

Mmm.
Oh.
That's a terrible drink.
Oh, man, I'm gonna have
that taken off the check.
Did you taste that? The Verbena?
It's hot.
It burns.
Okay, look, we got to go save Ryan.
Mommy?
Did y'all hear that?
Oh, shit.
Austin?
Riley?
Your damn kids is here?
Woman, woman
Oh, shit.
You coming to get me, God?
Woman, woman
Those bitches left me.
Build a whole empire
Hey, Mommy.
Hey, Mommy. Hey, Mommy...
Are you having fun...?
I am having fun.
But you have to go to bed.
I'm ready for bed.
Hmm.
Woman, woman
Sasha Franklin.
Sasha's Secrets.
I really...
really love your blog.
Mmm.
Mmm.
Don't play around, baby...
Why won't it come off?
How may I help you?
What is she doing here?
She's here to take your order.
Oh, yeah?
Oh.
What can I get you?
You can get your mouth

off my husband's dick.

Please.

Oh, oh, hey, hey.

Is that a drink? I want one.

Um, actually, let's get

a round for the table.

And, uh...

put it on my card.

Go!

- You got it!

- Coming right up.

Oh, you want to smirk?

- Oh, so you want to get fucked up!

- Uh...

And don't think I don't see that

"Suck Cock" written on your shirt!

Did her shirt say "Suck Cock"?

Boss lady, she's a

- Oh, buddy.

- Go-getter, baby

Go-getter

Ooh, shit, don't choke her too hard.

There we go. Yeah!

Get in those, get in those. Yeah!

Yeah! Yes!

Please, I want to be rough with him.

I want to be rough with him

'cause he's been a bad boy.

Yeah! Yeah!

Bite it! Bite it! Bite it!

What the hell are you doing?!

- Oh, shit!

- What?

Hey.

We got to save Ryan.

Yeah, but she's so far away.

- What are we gonna do?

- Yeah.

We need plan B.

What-What's plan B?

Yeah, what's plan B... B...?

Huh?

What are you guys doing here?

I-I'm not really sure

what's going on here.

Uh, m-my apologies, Bethany.

Uh, Ryan has been taking some new...

uh, allergy medicine,

and it's having some side effects.

- Oh.

- Psst.

Quiet as kept. Ryan,

we got to go right now.

The tsunami has hit.

I repeat:

Please excuse us.

Couch on my head.

- Where's...?

- My date will pay the check.

Walking.

You may settle up with him.

- Oh. Ooh.

- Oh.

That is a beautiful dress.

Is that a dress?

- Bye...!

- Come on, baby.

Please...

join us.

Liz Davelli.

Pretty hair.

I can't believe Bethany

just saw me like this.

We need to hide.

You know she won't find you in there.

Oh, yeah. Let's dance this shit off.

'Cause I got to keep a low profile.

Nigga, I got these

hoes iced up enough

While my li'l B.G.'s on the bus

Puttin' out cigarette butts

But me personally,

playboy, I don't give a fuck

Mmm! It smell like Hennessy

and booty sweat up in here!

We done found our tribe.

Come on, bitches,

let's set it off!
Whoadie, I'm tattooed and barred up
Medallion iced up, Rolex bezel'd up
And my pinky ring is platinum plus
Earrings be trillion cut
And my grill be slugged up
My heart filled with anger
'Cause, nigga, I don't give a fuck
Stack my cheese up, 'cause one day
I'm-a give this street life up
Beef, I don't discuss
A nigga out of line gonna get
his motherfuckin' head bust
Cash Money Millionaires plus
Do that shit, Dina! What?
20 inches TV is a must
Girl, look at these old bitches.
I never weep for a bitch,
never weep for a bitch, nigga
Hey! Oh, hold up! Hold up!
Pinky ring worth
about 50, bling bling
Every time I buy a
new ride, bling bling
Lorenzos on Yokohama
tires, bling bling
Every time I come around
yo' city, bling bling
Pinky ring worth
about 50, bling bling
Every time I buy a
new ride, bling bling.
Bad bitches over there,
get ready to wall off
Get ready to wall off, bad bitches
- So hot, so hot
- Bad bitches
- So hot, so hot
- Where the bad bitches at?
- Spread out and turn around
- Bad bitches
- Y'all, come on!
- Bad, bad, bad, bad bitches
Bad bitches, so hot, so hot

All right!

Come on!

She's a bitch, when you say my name

Talk mo' junk but won't

look my way, she's a bitch

Come on! What you sayin'?! What?!

While I roll up my sleeves, she's a

What? What? What?

What you know about

Timothy? Let me know

Eat an MC like Cease, let me know

If he get drunk, lean

on me, let me know

I'm about to bust

like pee, feel me now

Anybody know my

skills, what the deal?

Anybody got to get the ho

by they pill, she's a bitch

When they say my

name, talk mo' junk

But won't look my

way, she's a bitch

When I do my thing,

got the place on fire

Burn it down to flame

That's real ass!

Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

- Bye!

- Hey! Hey!

- You let 'em have it!

- Yes!

- I slipped.

- You did?

I think I pulled a big toe, though.

That's all right.

Man, you owned that ho.

You owned that ho.

Whew!

- Come here.

- Lady, what?

I'm a bad chick

- Not this.

- You know what?

I'm sure everyone's
expecting me to beat yo' ass.
Please beat her ass.
But I'm coming from a
place of love tonight.
And you have
a hallucinogenic drug to thank for that.
But mine wore off. So what's up?
Yes, sir! You see that shit?!
Ow! Oh! But I got kids!
You get off of her!
Down, down, me, I
get all the way down
All the way down, let me get down
Down, down, me, I
get all the way down
I said I got kids!
Down, down, down, down, can I get
Down, down, down? Let's go
Bitch, I'm about to fuck you up!
Let me get down, down, down
Me, I get all the way down
Here I come!
Me, I get all the way down
All the way down, down, down, down
- Me, I get down, down, down, down
- Cops!
Come on, it's the cops! Come on.
- Dotty get down, down, down, down
- Sorry.
Can I get down,
down, down? Let's go
What I plan to be in
my fantasy is a boss...
Hey, hey, hey, what's going on here?
Officer, it was four
women in multicolored wigs
who started the whole thing,
but they're still in there.
So, please, hurry!
Nobody leave! No, you
can't go anywhere yet!
Ryan!
Julian!

Flossy Posse strikes again, huh?

- Julian!

- Good Lord.

How did you find us?

I have superpowers.

You must.

Yeah.

Or maybe, uh...

maybe it was this text you sent me.

Julian! We're lost in space!

I'm not lost.

Do not be showing my titties to Julian!

He don't need to see these Biggie Smalls!

- Oh, my God.

- Mm-hmm.

I definitely do not remember making that.

I think Dina was right
about her Biggie Smalls.

Burned in the brain.

Thanks, Julian.

That's what all the boys say.

- Julian!

- Julian, have you heard of that record
that go "Bitch, bitch, motherfucker,

- motherfucker, bitch, bitch, bitch, motherfucker"?

- Hi!

That's my shit. That's my new shit!

That's misogynistic! We don't like it!

All right, ladies, you
have a great evening.

Ju-Ju, thank you, baby.

Sash, I got you, babe. You know that.

Take it easy, Lis.

- Yeah.

- Take it easy.

- Thank you, Julian.

- You're welcome.

- Thanks, brah. Thank you.

- My girl.

My boy! All right.

- Ry, you okay?

- Oh, yeah.

Uh, I'll just be pouring my own drinks
for the rest of the weekend... that's all.

- That sounds like a good plan.
- Yeah, I think so.
- Thanks for everything, though.
- Any time.

You know that.

Oh.

Um...

All right, so...

Um...

good night.

Good night.

Good night.

Hmm?

Good night.

- Oh, yes.

- Yep.

Morning-like, you know?

Yeah.

- Pop!

- Hey, look, she had it coming.

- She was trippin'.

- No, she was.

Yeah. I'm just happy Freaknik Lisa is back.

- Hey...

- Mmm, right?

Too bad all that pent-up
energy is going to waste.

Mmm. Mmm.

Mmm. Mmm, mmm.

What?

Yeah.

What was that, Sasha?

What was that you were
saying about pent-up energy?

- You texted him?

- I did.

- Never doubt.

- Girl.

- Never doubt a boss. Yes.

- You gonna get you some, girl.

- 'Cause I slay, I slay

- Ooh, ooh.

- I slay all day

- Ooh, ooh.

All day, all day, all day I slay.

Have a good evening, ladies.

You, too.

Yes, hunty, yes.

Just give in when he starts
smashing them organs up!

Yeah, he gonna knock the cobwebs
off that thing, you understand me?

- Oh.

- Oh. You remember when life was that simple?

All you wanted was just
to like a guy enough
to want to give him some.

Mm-hmm. That's all we worried about.

- That and being broke.

- Mm.

- Those problems are behind us, thank God.

- Mm-hmm.

For real.

I miss you, Sasha.

I really do.

I miss you, too.

We were gonna take over the world together.

Yeah, we didn't quite get
around to that, did we?

I just hate seeing you chasing
that celebrity bullshit.

You are so much better than that.

I'm good.

I'm handling mine.

Yeah.

Okay. Yeah.

No, I know. I know.

You know, Ryan, you don't have
to keep pretending like you have it all.

I mean, I know you want to
help people. You always have.

But maybe you would help
them more if you just...

tell 'em the truth,
that this shit is hard.

If I had your strength, Sash,
maybe I would, but...

I'm not that girl anymore.

Y'all heifers about to kiss now or what?

Jesus, get a room.

The beaver has cut down the tree!

- Wow.

- Yes.

- About time. Mm.

- Mm.

- She needed some.

- Mm-hmm.

All right!

Girl, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

What's she gonna do with a grapefruit?

She about to grapefruit him.

- What is that?

- You've never grapefruited?

- No, Dina.

- Girl... - Dina...

Oh, Lord have mercy.

Oh, my God.

He is a monster with it.

I ain't never used two

grapefruits. But wait.

Let's listen, let's listen, let's listen.

Five,

four,

three,

two, one.

- Oh!

- Lisa!

- Oh, my God, I'm so sorry! I'm gonna get some water.

- Fix it!

I'm gonna get some water.

The water will wash it out

- real quick!

- What'd she do, bite it off?

I got grapefruit juice

in the pee-pee hole,

and I need a first aid kit.

- Lisa! It burns!

- Oh! Oh, my God.

- I think I left it in my bag.

- My dick is on fire!

All I have is eyewash.

- Oh, my God!

- It's in my eye, Lisa!
Okay, just calm down! I
got some cooling cream!
I got some aloe. Oh, my gosh!
- I'm so sorry!
- You got to do something!
- It was my first time!
- You said you were a nurse!
- You said you were a nurse!
- It was an experiment!
- I wanted to try something new!
- Oh, my God!
What happened to a normal blow job?!
Ooh, that's that Shaka Zulu right there.
I got some aloe!
Girl...
What kind of freaky
old-school shit is this?!
I'm working on it.
I will have it to you by
the end of the weekend.
And it's good. It's good.
I'm talking 'bout...
Caitlyn Jenner pregnant by Tyga good.
Photos to come.
Well, guess what, you're
gonna have to do what I say.
- 'Cause I-I didn't.
- I'm too cute. I'm too cute to be...
Sasha!
Let's go!
You don't need no man right now anyway.
You two have built an incredible brand.
We think that Ryan and
Stewart can be to Best Mart
what Martha Stewart is to Kmart but bigger.
Really?
Bottom line is that
you two give people hope
that you can have it all.
And we want in.
That's...
that's fantastic.
It is.

It is, but let's be honest,
it's, uh, all about the offer.

Holy shit.

I...

I mean,

it's a very good start.

I'll convene with, uh, my team,
and we'll-we'll get back to you.

Sounds good.

Gentlemen. Ryan.

- Yes, thank you, Bethany.

- Mm-hmm.

- Stewart.

- Thank you.

Thank you, Best Mart!

Uh-oh. Get it, get it, get it.

Ooh!

- Yes! - Cheers!

- Congrats!

- Yes!

- Hey, uh, Sasha,

you think your paparazzi guy
would sell the photo to me?

We could bury that shit
and just move forward.

Yeah, um, I mean, um,
I can find out.

Why? What's-what's going on?

Well, ladies,

Stew and I talked today, and I really think
our marriage is gonna get back on track.

Oh.

So you're gonna take
that community penis back.

Look, y'all, men have egos.

His was deflated.

Retiring, it screwed him up.

And you know how men are, rudderless,
needing a purpose.

All right.

Used but not broken.

Well, cheers to that.

Cheers, that part, yes.

Yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

Ooh!

Oh, look. There goes Julian.

Ooh...

I see you, Julian!

I see you, boy!

Want to but I can't help it

I love the way it feels

It's got me stuck

Every day knowing that I won't

All because of you

- All because of you

- All

- Because of you

- Oh, oh

It's all because of you

He is so great.

- All because of you

- Because, because

Never get enough

- Never get enough

- She's the

Sweetest drug

Do, do, do, do, do.

I'm serious. You were so good.

- Well, thank you.

- Like, I can't...

- I can't even...

- Stop it,

- stop it, stop it.

- No, I can't believe it.

You know how far you've

come from when you used

to make the slow jam

mixtapes back in the day?

"The J's Slow Jam Mixtape."

"J's Slow Jams."

- Those were legendary!

- They were. I'm not gonna front.

- They were.

- Yes. I'm just,

- you know, working on my craft.

- Wow. I can tell.

Did you see those ladies?

They were going crazy for you.

I can see why you're not married.
Oh. Oh, so now you want
to analyze me, Dr. Pierce?
- Think that's what we doin'?
- No, I am serious, though.
Though, be honest, come
on, come on, what is it,
what is it? You got... commitment issues?
- Come on.
- Restless soul?
A little tortured artist...
- Why I got to be tortured? No.
- Who only has time
for his music?
Or is it just too much ass to pass up?
Truthfully?
Don't lie.
There's a whole lot of ass out there.
No, no, I'm...
No, listen, just be honest, be honest.
What is it?
I haven't found my equal yet.
If the right woman came along,
I'm 100% in.
I mean...
Oh, come on.
That's true, though.
That's not true.
You know what I'm sayin'?
Where you think you're going,
to get your ass kicked again?
I need to talk to Ryan.
That's not gonna happen.
Let's go.
How'd you know she was here, anyway?
Fuck.
I got to get a new line of work.
All right, I'll deliver
your message. What's up?
I just found out I'm pregnant.
And before you even insult
me, yes, it's Stewart's.
Does he know?
I told him, and now this

motherfucker won't return
any of my calls or texts.
Aw, let me go find a tear to shed for you.
I don't need your shade, okay?
That's not why I came here.
Well, why did you come here?
Because I didn't make this baby by myself.
Bottom line, I need Stewart
to call me back within the next
24 hours or I will go public.
And I might be willing to spill
this tea on your little site,
give the exclusive to Sasha's Secrets.
And I have pictures.
Nasty, freaky pictures, too.
Think it over.
What was that about?
- You know, you...
- Oh, you can tell
- you got an eye for...
- I...
- You can tell which ones, which ones.
- Listen, I got a...
- I got a eye for it all. Tru-Trust me.
- All right.
- You do.
- Hey, what up, y'all?
What's wrong?
I tried everything.
I...
I went to all the top specialists.
I...
I tried every fertility
treatment on the market and...
nothing.
She gave him what I couldn't.
Why didn't you...
tell us that you were having
a problem getting pregnant?
Because I was embarrassed.
I didn't want anyone to know.
Look what I did.
That's their baby.
I took a pug and I put that with Stewart

and made this bitch baby.
And they can have that
little bitch-ass baby.
It's gonna have a big ol' booty
- and a ugly-ass face, just like his mama.
- Mm.
And then I made a variety of babies,
in case they decide to have
a litter of bitch babies.
Little pound puppies.
And they gonna make a ugly-ass bitch baby.
You understand me?
I love you.
Look at that baby.
Look like it licks its own ass.
That's how ugly that baby is.
That one.
That's a ugly-ass baby, ain't it?
It's Stewart.
The hell?
Ryan,
please let me in.
The hell he want?
Let him in.
You a piece of shit.
We need to talk.
Alone.
There ain't nothing you need to say to her
that you can't say in front of us.
Mm-hmm.
Uh, it's okay.
It's okay.
We'll wait for you downstairs.
Here, take my stun gun.
Now, this button right here...
it raises the voltage of it.
As a matter of fact,
you know what? Fuck it.
I'm gonna just leave it on high.
All right? And just tag him
right in the balls if he do something.
Both balls.
Dick, too.
I spoke with Simone.

She agreed to sign an NDA
in exchange for a monthly payment
for her and the baby.
I could... kill you.
I am so furious right now.
And you have every right to be.
Do you even...
love me anymore?
Of course I do.
I made a terrible mistake.
I know you can't trust me
as your husband anymore,
but you can trust me as your partner.
This deal will set us up for life.
But we can't do it apart.
Ryan without Stewart...
doesn't have it all.
I just hope she kicked his cheatin' ass out
and tagged his dick skin
till it fried like bacon.
- Mm-hmm.
- Damn, Lis.
I thought you wanted them to work it out.
Yeah, well, I changed my mind
as soon as I saw his arrogant face,
so fuck him and that disaster
of a woman he impregnated.
- Amen.
- Mm-hmm.
Unbelievable.
And she's been up there too long.
Oh, what the hell's going on?
What in the...?
- Fuck?
- Damn.
The fuck?
Why is she doing that?
- Mm.
- Really, though?
- The fuck?
- Damn.
Are you staying with him?
Stew figured out a way to
handle the Simone situation,

so it's gonna be fine.
Oh, wait. No, hold up. Stop. Wait.
So, he dickmatized you that quick?
Dina, he's my husband.
He's not some guy in a bathroom stall.
- Mm?
- I'm not just gonna throw everything away.
You know what? Ry, I get it.
'Cause when I was leaving
Terrence, I was terrified.
I didn't think
I was gonna be able to do it on my own,
but I've been figuring it out.
- You will, too.
- Mm-hmm.
I'll help you.
Lisa, that's sweet, but I'm not like you.
You don't understand. I
can't live with my mother.
Well... well, what is wrong
with living with your
mother? I... I love my mother.
You don't get it. You all can't get it.
You're not in my world.
You don't live my life.
I can't just walk away from that.
I give people hope.
I don't have a choice.
Where is your hope? This is you choosing,
and this choice is diminishing you.
Diminishing me?
Says the woman who chooses
to talk shit about people for a living?
Way to use that journalism degree, Sash.
Look, I got to pay bills.
And for the record, I
have multiple degrees.
- Hey, hey.
- Then use one of 'em.
How you gonna tell me to use 'em?
All right. Let's have a time
- out. Just a little breather.
- And just take a moment.
- Yes! Hello.

- Ryan, have you seen it?
- Oh, they trippin'.
- What? - Oh, shit.
- Fuckin' Simone.
- Is that that bitch from the demo?
- Wait.
Have you been on the
Internet? It's a disaster.
- It's just a shit show. All right, I'm gonna fix it.
- Oh.
- Hell, no.
- All right, I got to fix this.
All right, bye. Bye. Bye.
You conniving...
You are sneaky.
All right, all right,
everybody, let's just...
- How could you do that?
- You think I did this?
I didn't do this. Simone must have.
Simone, who you were huddled
up, talking to in the corner?
Huh? That Simone?
Wait. What did you do? Did you...
Did you sell it to another
site to cover your tracks?
- Are you serious?
- Because you know what?
I know you're broke.
I see you hiding your tags in your shirt.
We all see it. I'm not stupid.
- Yeah.
- It happens.
- You know, I mean...
- Yeah, I mean, we know
- them ain't no real Red Bottoms.
- I shop at Goodwill.
You know, Nordstrom's do take stuff back.
That's what's so cool
about Nordstrom's, you know,
- Nordstrom's takes every...
- Congratulations, Sash.
You know what? I really
hope it was worth it!

You know what? Hey.
Hey! The fucking thought did cross my mind,
but I would never play you
out like that for some money.
The problem is, you never
valued our friendship
as much as I did.
How could you say that?
You are like a sister
to me. I have always...
This how you treat a sister? I
quit my job at The Times
to get our website off the ground.
I hired a designer.
And what did you do? What'd you do, sis?
You left me high and dry.
Because you thought
that you could get more
success with Stewart.
Why you think I'm doing this
bullshit gossip blog anyway?
And not-not once did you apologize.
If you would have told me
no, I wouldn't have done it.
You should have spoken up!
How the fuck do I compete with pillow talk?
Dickmatized, just like she said.
And, well, you could
have said no, though...
- Dina, nobody asked you!
- Sasha, just listen to Ryan
for a second. She's trying to explain!
You know what? Stop
it. Stop it. I should...
I should know better
than to expect y'all two
to have my back anyway.
See, I know how it works in this circle.
We got the queen bee,
and we got her two little worker bees.
- What?!
- Worker bee? Bitch, who you talking about
a worker bee? I'm my own bee.
No, you take that shit back.

- Take that shit back.
- I'm not taking it back.
All right, all right, stop!
Just everybody take a time-out.
So what? Whether I need
'em or not, I like 'em.
Pull it back. Time-out.
Why don't you shut the fuck up
and stop talking to us
like we're one of your kids?
Wait a minute. You'd better pause
and stop acting like one of my kids.
How about that? Put some clothes on.
- What are you doing?
- I'm trying to tell you...
Stop getting trashed every night
and fucking random dick every week.
You just got some random dick
and your ass got real loose.
And let me tell you something, bitch.
Just because he got a big dick
don't make him a grown man
with your pedophile ass.
You know what? Have it. I don't even know
why I'm here with your ass.
You need to change that
stank-ass attitude of yours
- or your ass is gonna end up with the clap.
- Bitch, please.
Clap? Been there, done that,
- had that, and I'm immune to the shit, bitch.
- Excuse me.
I'll clap your ass up out of here.
Fuck you, Lisa!
And fuck both of y'all, too,
with y'all raggedy, fake asses.
Both of y'all bitches is fake.
You don't even know a real
friend when you see one.
You know what? You know what? Here.
Give Lisa back her raggedy-ass phone.
Oh, wait, hold up. Hold up.
Here, 'cause I don't need
you calling the police on me.

Take your card. Oh, and yes,
I maxed that motherfucker
out with your low-ass balance.
Stupid ass... oh, oh, oh.
And I don't need you
talking shit or calling me.
Here. Take your driver's
license so you can get
on the plane with your nasty-ass,
dirty-ass, nasty-ass husband
that fuck Instagram bitches!
You're gonna mess around
and get the clap, bitch.
I can't believe you motherfuckers!
That's why I'm-a fuck me
a motherfucking celebrity,
stupid-ass bitches. I hate y'all!
And I love you, but I hate you, bitch!
You happy, Sash?
Hmm?
You have ruined my life
and 20 years of friendship.
You know what?
Fuck all y'all.
I know I've done a few
foul things in my life,
but I would never do that.
I did not do this.
My friends would know that.
Fucking real friend.
Bombshell, folks. It looks
like America's favorite couple
has got a third party wedging her way
into their house of love.
This recent picture has emerged
of Ryan Pierce's husband, Stewart,
getting cozy with an Instagram model
by the name of Simone.
No last name given.
You know, this is a tough situation,
even for renowned relationship expert Ryan.
If I will it, I can have it all.
Let's hope for the best
for this stunning couple.

Can I get a refill, please?

- Hey.

- Hey.

Look, I'm really...

sorry for what I said.

I-I did not mean any of it.

I know y'all keep me around for laughs.

But I love you heifers.

I would die for every last one of you.

I know you would.

And you know what?

You are one of the most loyal,
fiercest, most honest friend we have.

We are so lucky to have you.

You right.

Y'all very lucky.

Very, very lucky.

Very lucky.

- I love you.

- I love you, too.

- Oh.

- Oh.

For years now

I've been posting unflattering photos
and headlines about anyone who
would get more hits to my site.

I did this without
regard for their privacy,
their dignity...

or their humanity.

Ryan! Any comments?

But when someone close
to you gets hurt,
it forces you to realize that
these are not just photos,
they're not just words...
they affect real people
with real feelings
who feel real pain, just
like everybody else.

Ryan.

When are you gonna talk
about the baby, Ryan?

Ryan, Stewart, just a comment, please!

And the fact that those closest to me
would question my character
has led me to the decision
that I no longer want
to be part of a process
that tears people down for profit.
The photo is doctored.
You refused to give an interview,
they became vindictive...
So from this moment on,
Sasha's Secrets is no more.
Is to help and love a man...
I am strong.
I am... powerful.
I am beautiful. I am...
This will be my final post.
Strong, I am powerful.
I am... beautiful, I...
Ooh, ooh...
And to anyone out there who I've hurt,
I truly am sorry.
Give you all the things I can
If you're tying both
Of my hands...
So you're just gonna
drop the mic on the blog
and bounce like that?
Thought it'd be best that way.
Sasha, how could you ever think that?
Look, I know it may be hard
to believe, but I didn't do it.
Simone hired her own photographer
to take them pictures and sell them to TMZ.
And you don't think we don't know that?
Come on.
- Well, you wasn't acting like it.
- Mm.
Look, I just want things
to be the way they were.
Shit, bitch, we all do.
- Yep.
- Find me a time machine
where we can go back to
living in a dorm together,

eating Top Ramen, drinking Mad Dog 20/20,
and I am there.

But we some grown-ass women now,
and we got shit to do.

So buckle up, bitch, 'cause
we ain't letting you go.

You comin' with us,
you ain't goin' nowhere.

Come on.

Yo, Ryan's speech
is supposed to start
in 20 minutes.

We're not gonna make it.

Oh, yes, we are.

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

Let's go. We're gonna hoof this one.

- Why?

- Let's do this.

Dina, come on.

- Come on!

- Come on!

- I don't want to be running in this heat.

- Dina!

- Come on!

- Come on!

We're running out of time!

- Come on, we got to make it.

- Quit whining. Come on.

This ain't no Woman's March.

I don't want to be walking.

Ladies and gentlemen,

Hall of Fame candidate, Stewart Pierce.

Thank you!

Thank you!

Hello, Essence!

All right!

How much further? Shit!

My bunion is killing me.

- We old as fuck.

- Oh, I ain't old,

I'm just tired as hell.

- Oh, look! Man bun! Man bun!

- Oh! Wait! Wait!

It is my honor and privilege

to introduce this year's
Essence keynote speaker.
Please welcome my rock...
You got this, right?
The woman I am proud to call my wife,
Ryan Pierce.
Okay, baby. Knock 'em dead.
Oh, wow.
Thank you. Thank you.
Make a right right here.
Oh, no, n-no. Actually, make a left.
Oh, my goodness!
Please watch out for that car.
Jesus! That bump!
Sir, faster, faster, faster.
We need to get there.
Ooh! Yes! Yes!
Ooh, slow down, baby. Ooh, slow down, baby.
- Oh, man. You know what?!
- Come on, girl.
Ooh, yeah! You must be a butcher!
You got the meat!
Whew! Thank you, boo. Thank you.
Now, you call me, okay?
- You call.
- Let's go, let's go.
- I might be pregnant right now.
- Okay, let's get Ryan.
Uh...
as most of you know, there
have been many questions
about the status of my marriage.
And I would like to put
those rumors to rest.
The picture that surfaced
this morning isn't real.
All allegations of infidelity are false.
My husband and I remain
in a loving, faithful marriage.
- Yeah!
- In fact...
Yes! Thank you!
Step back, fool!
You... Dina, I don't... What?

Ooh. Oh, God. Oh.
Um... go ahead, Ryan.
Don't... don't mind us.
Um, in fact...
our marriage is...
stronger than ever.
Come on, Ry.
The foun... the foundation...
The foundation of...
I'm sorry, uh...
My agent wrote a very convincing statement
- for me to read to you.
- No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
And I really...
thought that I could go through with it,
because I have done such a...
great job of pretending
so many times before.
But...
there are some people...
when you see them...
you just can't pretend anymore.
Because they know...
you.
The real you.
And maybe that's why you
avoided seeing them...
for so long.
I'm sorry.
Uh...
I'm not perfect.
I do not have it all.
- Okay.
- It's okay, Ryan.
In fact, my life is all kind of screwed up.
All right, maybe we should take...
Sit your ass down.
Now.
Yes! That part!
Finally! Finally!
Mm-hmm!
The picture is real.
My husband is having an affair.
When I first found out, I...

well, I felt a lot of things.
Betrayal, anger,
heartache.
But mostly fear.
Fear that my marriage was ending
and that I would be alone.
And I was... terrified of that.
So terrified that...
I was willing to stay with
someone who betrayed my trust.
So terrified that I...
was willing to accept
being treated as less than I am.
And I know I'm not alone in this.
I know that there are a lot of us who stay
in bad relationships because
we have convinced ourselves
that being disrespected
is better than being alone.
But we shouldn't fear being alone,
because there is power in rediscovering
your own voice.

- Yes!

- And I had forgotten that.
I forgot that years before
I was... Stewart's wife,
I was Ryan.
A girl with her own ambitions
and her own dreams.
But luckily...
my girls...
my girls... reminded me of that.
Flossy Posse.
They reminded me of my own worth...

- Damn right.

- Mm-hmm. - Yep.

And that there was a time
that I didn't fear anything.
No one has the power to shatter your dreams
unless you give it to them.
Ryan, speak.
And I refuse to give
anyone that power again.
If anything,

I hope...
that me revealing my truth
inspires you to realize your own.
Thank you... for listening.
We love you, Ry!
- We love you, Ryan!
- We love you, Ryan!
We love you!
That-a-girl!
Flossy Posse!
Whew!
We love you, girl!
Okay...
I'm so sorry.
I didn't mean any of what I said earlier.
I was... I was just so...
It's okay. It's okay.
You were so wonderful up there, so brave.
That was amazing.
We love you. None of that matters.
I love you, too, Lis.
You my bitch for life!
I'm proud of you, boo.
Ryan...
I would never hurt you.
You have to believe me.
I know.
I know.
Hug it out!
Yeah!
- Hug it out!
- Yeah...!
Flossy Posse!
- Flossy Posse! Flossy Posse!
- So good. So good up there.
And look what I brought you.
Oh!
- Flossy Posse.
- Yeah. Come on, come on. - Oh! Yeah!
Nothing like this ugly-ass
vest to pick up your spirits.
Look at that.
Flossy Posse back in the house
Flossy Posse back in the house

Flossy Posse back in the house
Flossy Posse back in the house
Flossy Posse back in the house...
Liz...
Wait.
There's something I need to tell you.
It's Bethany... she...
Mm.
Oh, God, not this shit again.
Speak, woman.
She still wants to do the deal.
Yes!
What?
But... with just you.
- Oh! Even better. Even better.
- Yes! Yes!
It turns out single women
are an even bigger market.
- Hello? - Damn right!
- It's all about women!
Yeah!
I-I'll do it!
I-I just have one condition.
Hmm, yeah, what?
Hmm?
Sasha, I want you to be my partner.
Are you serious?
I'm so serious.
Don't play with me.
I'm serious as a heart attack.
Yes! I'll be your partner!
- Yes!
- I'm gonna be the assistant!
Bring it in!
We gonna be rich! We gonna be rich!
We're already rich!
Let's go!
Come on, ladies!
Purple taking me higher
Boy, you've got me inspired
Baby, come and get it if
you're really feeling me Why?
- 'Cause it's my night
- It's my night

No stress, no fights
I'm leaving it all behind...
Every group of friends
has that one experience that,
no matter where you are,
you carry it with you for life.
We're a little older,
a little wiser...
and we're still the
baddest chicks in the game.
I don't know what the
future will bring...
Is hip-hop in the building or what?
Love or heartbreak,
joy or pain,
but right now it's bright.
And the one thing
I know for sure is, my
girls will be there.
No matter who else
steps in the picture,
my girls are my constant.
They give me the
permission to be who I am,
and I am going to be me.
We're going to be us...
loving...
laughing...
worthy...
magical...
us.
The Flossy Posse is back.
You took a picture of it?
Girl, let us see it.
That is a beautiful penis.
- Wow.
- I smashed all over that thing.
I just want to make that my wallpaper.
And not on my phone.
I want to be a fly on that wallpaper.
Yay...!
Oh, oh, oh, oh...
Do whatcha wanna
Hang on the corner.

I never said that I
had it all figured out
I never said
I never said that I live
my days without doubt
I swear
All I've ever done was be honest
And stay modest
Oh, oh, oh
So this is a sincere, unscripted
Unwritten for all that you've given
Forgiving, I'm driven
I wanna be
Better than I was
Better than I am
So I say
All I'm trying to
say is I thank you
You, you, you, you
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
I thank you
- You, you, you
- All I'm trying to say is
I thank you
I never said
That I was done with my growth
I never said, I never said
That I was done doing the most
And I swear
All I've ever done
Was stay honest
Keep my promise
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...
So here goes my
real life, unscripted
Unwritten for all that you've given
Forgiving, I'm driven
I wanna be
Better than I was
Greater than I am
So I say
All I gotta say is
I thank you
- You, you

- Oh, oh, oh, oh
I thank you, oh, oh
You, you
All I gotta say is
I thank you
- You, you
- Oh, oh, oh, oh
Ooh, ooh, ooh
I thank you
- Boy...
- You, you
Hey, thank you for watching
me walk across the stage
For walking me
through my heartbreaks
Thanks for the love
every step of the way
With no support, this
wouldn't be as great
Thank you for making
me stronger than most
For taking it beyond my coast
Thank you for raising
your glass when I toast
All I gotta say is
I thank you
Yeah, yeah
Thank you, whoa, oh
All I got to say is
I thank you...
Thank you.
Really.
All I got to say is
I thank you.