

Girl Trip

by

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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK WE HEAR THE VOICE OF RYAN PIERCE:

RYAN (V.O.)
Every group of friends has that one
song --

Off this, Mary J Blige's "Real Love (Remix) drops.

1 INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 1

SMASH INTO: A 90's college party in full swing. We find FOUR BLACK GIRLS pushing and shoving their way to the dance floor.

RYAN (V.O.)
That no matter where you are or
what you're doing, pulls you out
your seat. That was me and my crew:
The Flossy Posse.

The Flossy Posse tear it down with dance that's all their own. No guys. Just them. PARTY-GOERS stare and point, but these girls don't give a shit.

RYAN (V.O.)
I know. Trust me: what you swore
was fly back in the day probably
wasn't either. But those were --
and still are -- my girls, thinking
we were the baddest chicks in the
game...

2 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - FLASHBACK 2

Graduation Day. Our girls take photos in their caps and gowns, which have been bedazzled with 'FLOSSY POSSE' logos.

RYAN (V.O.)
Definitely the baddest chicks at
Spelman. After college, we were
with each other through everything.

3 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - NIGHT 3

SASHA shows off her byline on the cover of Time Magazine. The other ladies toast.

RYAN (V.O.)
Successes...

4 INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY - FLASHBACK 4

Sasha, Ryan and Lisa sit in the waiting room -- ominous STD posters are on the wall.

RYAN (V.O.)
Mistakes...

Dina bursts out of the door of the doctor's office giddy, arms in the air, signalling victory.

DINA
It's chlamydia! I got the shit you
can cure!

They all cheer.

5 EXT. BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY - FLASHBACK 5

RYAN, gorgeous in her wedding gown, says her vows to STEWART in a story-book perfect wedding ceremony.

RYAN (V.O.)
Weddings...

The girls wear bridesmaids gowns and necklaces shaped like "FP." They all dab their eyes as Ryan and Stewart kiss.

6 EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK 6

Lisa's baby shower. The Flossy Posse watch a very pregnant Lisa opens gifts. Her man looks disinterested as he drinks a beer in the background. Lisa clocks it, but plays it off.

RYAN (V.O.)
Babies...

7 INT. COURTROOM LOBBY - DAY 7

The ladies wait, somber. Lisa exits the courtroom, wiping away tears. They embrace her and walk out.

RYAN (V.O.)
Divorces... We were ride or die.

8 INSERT: A PHOTO MONTAGE 8

The Flossy Posse at Essence Fest over the years with a Chyron indicating each passing year.

RYAN (V.O.)

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.
That year turns into five. Life
doesn't feel right without them.
And that's when you realize the
Flossy Posse needs to ride again.

We end on the last Essence photo, dated 2012 and CUT TO:

9 INT. WAREHOUSE PHOTO SHOOT - DAY - PRESENT DAY 9

RYAN PIERCE, 30s, beautiful, poised, and perfectly put
together, strikes poses as a Photographer snaps pictures and
a FEMALE PRINT REPORTER interviews her.

RYAN

Relationships take work. Our
biggest challenge as women is
finding the balance of marriage,
career, kids, life in general --

FEMALE PRINT REPORTER

I agree!

RYAN

We're told we have to choose
between the personal and the
professional. But I never believed
that. I control my own destiny. I
am strong, I am powerful, I am
beautiful. If I will it, I can have
it all.

FEMALE PRINT REPORTER

And it appears you do.

Reveal Ryan's handsome husband STEWART PIERCE, 30s, her equal
in every way. He steps in with a loving embrace for his wife.

10 INT. RADIO STATION - DAY 10

A DJ is in mid-interview with Ryan and Stewart.

DJ

Stewart, how does a former all-pro
tight-end link up with the second
coming of Oprah?

STEWART

Ryan's strength has always been making others their best selves. I knew I needed that in my life.

(looking at her)

So, I pursued her and I got lucky.

RYAN

He sure did.

Everyone laughs. She looks at him with love.

RYAN

No. I'd say we both did.

11 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

11

A national news show -- Ryan and Stewart are being interviewed by TAMRON HALL.

TAMRON

So Ryan, how did he propose?

RYAN

With barbecue.

TAMRON

(surprised)

Excuse me?

STEWART

It was this little hole in the wall spot off campus with some serious pulled pork. Our favorite spot when we didn't have any money.

RYAN

He told me he didn't know where his football career would take him, but that it wouldn't mean anything if I wasn't along for the ride.

TAMRON HALL

Wow. Tell us -- what is the secret to making this marriage work?

STEWART

That's easy. I married my best friend. Ryan is my equal. My partner.

RYAN

He told me -- and I'll never forget
-- he wanted me to soar as high as
I could.

On Tamron's face, swooning as she gestures to their book:
"You Can Have It All". A photo of Stewart kissing Ryan's
cheek is the cover.

TAMRON HALL

And soar you have. A best-selling
author for the second time. Now for
our viewers at home, you can
purchase Ryan's latest New York
Times best seller, "You Can Have It
All," online or catch them on tour--
what's your next stop?

RYAN

New Orleans. We'll be signing
copies down at Essence Fest.

STEWART

And Ryan will be giving this year's
keynote address. That alone is
worth the trip. Guaranteed!

TAMRON HALL

Speaking of having it all -- when
are you two starting a family?
You'd make such beautiful babies
and be fantastic parents.

RYAN

Trust me, Tamron, it's on the
agenda.

Ryan smiles at Stewart. He winks back. It's adorable.

12

INT. LOFT - DAY

12

We're on Ryan and Stewart's smiling faces on a flat screen.
Journalism awards adorn the walls. Reveal SASHA FRANKLIN,
30's, whip smart and in charge. Her desk is covered in past
due bills. She watches the Ryan and Stewart interview on one
laptop and TMZ on another, phone to her ear.

SASHA

You don't have anything for me? Not
even some Nicki Minaj or Kardashian
foolishness?

Another PHONE rings. She knocks over the framed photo of her holding up her Time Magazine cover as she reaches for it.

SASHA

I'll call you back.
(then; into second phone)
Bill, hey... I know why you're calling.

She puts the call on speaker.

ADVERTISING REP (O.S.)

We're pulling our ads unless you up your views, Sasha.

On her laptop we see her blog -- SASHA'S SECRETS. A headline reading STEVE HARVEY -- ILLITERATE OR JUST IGNORANT? is above a PHOTO of STEVE HARVEY looking confounded as he reads his note cards at the Miss USA pageant.

She scrolls through the site as we see gossip tidbits about black celebs, none of them flattering.

SASHA

I have it on the DL that Drake is smashing Oprah. It's not something that I can publish right now...

Sasha knows she's bullshitting and so does the Ad Rep.

ADVERTISING REP (O.C.)

Unless you have proof -- we can't spend any more money on a dying gossip blog, Sasha.

SASHA

I can't invent scandal, but I'm going to Essence Fest this weekend. Someone's bound to do something crazy.

ADVERTISING REP (O.S.)

Increase views by the end of the weekend or we pull out.

SASHA

Come on, Bill. Don't be premature!

The line goes dead. Sasha hangs up, frustrated. Out the corner of her eye, she sees her BMW being hooked up to a tow truck outside.

SASHA

No! No, no, no, no!!!

13 EXT. LOFT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

13

An out of breath Sasha runs up to a gross, sweaty TOW TRUCK DRIVER, hooking up her car to his truck.

SASHA
That's my car!

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Not anymore, bae bae.

SASHA
Dude, come on, I need my car!

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Yeah, I feel you, but the bank
'needs' their money. Sooo, you
know.

The Tow Truck Driver continues hooking up Sasha's car. Sasha is desperate.

SASHA
What if we could work something
out? You look like a man who
appreciates a woman with curves.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Oh, I do... If you let me tie you
up, strip you down, and then take a
shit on your titties, I'm one
hundred percent in.

SASHA
(stunned)
Who thinks that? Let alone says it.
Fuck that, your nasty ass is out of
control. I'll take Uber.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Suit your self. Good luck gettin
your whip back, bae-bae.

He hops in his truck. As he drives off, Sasha screams--

SASHA
Wait, what if I whip out a titty?
Will you settle for a titty?!

Sasha watches, frustrated, as he pulls off with her car. A 12-YEAR-OLD BOY rides by on his bike, stopping.

12-YEAR-OLD BOY
Whatever you're selling? I'm buyin.

14 INT. TOTAL PAPER - TED'S OFFICE - DAY

14

DINA, 30s, hot tempered and always looking for a cause to fight (justified or not), sits across from her boss, TED, 50s, stern-faced and full of disappointment.

TED

Dina, throwing staplers at co-workers is not only frowned upon here at Total Paper, it's also illegal. It's a form of assault.

DINA

That's why I aimed for his lower body and not his face.

TED

Not the point. You're lucky Vikram decided not to press charges.

DINA

And he's lucky I aimed low. So we're both lucky. All good.

TED

(sighing)

Dina, I'm going to have to let you go. For everyone's safety. I hope you understand.

Dina shrugs this off. She does not understand.

DINA

Totally. Won't happen again. We're all cool.

TED

Dina, listen to me. We're not all cool. I'm letting you go.

DINA

Okay, okay, I feel you, Big Ted. It's water under the bridge. Gonna get back to work.

TED

Dina. There's no bridge and you should not get back to work. Now, please acknowledge you understand that you're fired.

DINA

Ted, I get it. You're upset. I shouldn't thrown things in a...

(MORE)

DINA (CONT'D)
 (using air quotes)
 "place of work".

TED
 Why are you making air quotes? This is a place of work.

Dina stands.

DINA
 Lesson learned. By the way? I'm going to Essence Fest with my girls this weekend. So I'm gonna need Friday off.

TED
 Dina, you can have all the days off. You're fired. As in you don't have a job. Do you understand me?

DINA
 Yep, see you bright and early Tuesday. So glad we did this, Ted. I feel like this is progress.

Dina exits. A banged-up Vikram spots her in the hallway and runs in the other direction. Flustered, Ted calls after her.

TED
 Dina! Don't make me call security!

15

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DAY

15

LISA COOPER, 30s, Type A, no nonsense, wearing nurse's scrubs, reviews a very detailed list.

LISA
 Here's their schedule: bath time, snack time, homework time, ten minutes of TV, bed time.

DELORES, 60s, watches Family Feud, barely listening to Lisa.

DELORES
 Steve Harvey could get it on the Lord's day. While I was at church.

LISA
 Mom! Focus!

DELORES
 Will you calm down?! I have raised kids before.

(MORE)

DELORES (CONT'D)
(then, re: Lisa)
Although not without their issues.

LISA
You know what? Forget it. I'm
staying. I can't take a chance on
them deviating from their bed time.

Before Delores can protest in walks Dina, shades and Mardi
Gras beads on, blasting Lil Wayne from her phone.

LISA
How'd you get in here?

DINA
Fuck a locked door. You ready to
get turnt?

LISA
I can't go. There's just too much
going on --

DINA
Nope. Nope. Nope.

DELORES
For once I agree with Dina.

Delores calls out into the hallway.

DELORES
Austin! Riley! Come say goodbye to
your Mom! She's going off to have
fun so she won't be so grouchy all
the time.

Lisa gives her mom a look as AUSTIN, 6, and RILEY, 4, run in.
Lisa kneels down, pulls them into a tight, dramatic hug.

LISA
Do not let Meemaw let you stay up
late. And do not forget how much I
love you.

DINA
Bitch, you ain't going off to war.

Dina grabs Lisa's bag and walks out. Lisa still hugs them.

DELORES
Go! I beg you! We'll be fine.

Lisa reluctantly releases them, starts toward the door. Dina
waits on the porch.

DINA

Are you seriously wearing scrubs?
You got on granny panties too?
(looking at her feet)
Oh, shit! Clogs?? Is that your new
birth control?

16

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

16

Ryan and Stewart gather their belongings. Their agent,
ELIZABETH DAVELLI, 40s, crude and ballsy as hell, walks in.

ELIZABETH

As usual, you guys fucking killed
it! And I'm not the only one who
thought so...

STEWART

Are you going to tell us who else
thought so?

ELIZABETH

Jesus, you have no patience for
dramatic revelations, do you? Fine.
Bethany Marshall, the head of
marketing at Calmart thought so!
And...

Ryan hangs on her words. Excited.

RYAN

Just tell us!

ELIZABETH

They want to launch an exclusive
"Ryan and Stewart" collection and
underwrite a "Ryan and Stewart"
talk show.

Ryan screams, hugging Elizabeth.

RYAN

Are you kidding me?

STEWART

(stunned)
That's -- amazing!

ELIZABETH

She said, and I quote, "They're
just so real." She and her biz
affairs team are flying down to New
Orleans this weekend to make the

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
offer. They want to launch the line
by the end of the year--

Ryan looks at Stewart, over the moon.

RYAN
Stewart, this is --

STEWART
-- Incredible! Everything we've
talked about.

He kisses her lovingly. Then checks his watch.

STEWART (CONT'D)
Damn -- better head out if I'm
going to make my flight. I'll catch
you and the ladies later.

RYAN
Yes, you will!

ELIZABETH
Bye, big guy.

Elizabeth hugs Stewart. A little too long. It's awkward, but
you can't blame her. He exudes sexuality and manliness.

As he goes, Elizabeth looks at Ryan.

ELIZABETH
Don't hate me, but -- are you sure
you still want to have a wild
weekend with your girls, when so
much is hanging on the line? Can't
you just close the deal and take
them to St. Bart's next month? Buy
them all Birkin bags?

RYAN
Elizabeth, it'll be fine -- we're
all adults. Our wild days are
behind us. Most of us...

ELIZABETH
You're sure? Because if I went to
New Orleans for a weekend with my
college friends, there'd be
pictures of our tits all over the
internet. If I'm being honest,
there's a few of those already, but
YOUR tits are best-selling author
tits...

RYAN

What's the title of my book,
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

(rotely)

"You Can Have It All".

RYAN

That's right.

ELIZABETH

Fine -- I trust your judgement. And
I can't wait to meet "The Flossy
Posse." You guys are going to be
keekee-ing all weekend. Girl, bye.

RYAN

Liz -- and I say this out of love --
do yourself a favor this weekend
and refrain from saying "sistas",
"bye, Felicia", "ratchet" or any
other urban colloquialisms you may
think are appropriate. They're not.

ELIZABETH

(beat)

Wow. I'm not even offended. That's
why you are Ryan-fucking-Pierce and
you're going to be RICH. Go have
your hashtag Black Girl Magic
weekend. PS. Which one's Felicia?

Ryan shakes her head, smiling, and walks out.

ELIZABETH

(calling after)

Am I allowed to say "hello" to her?

17

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL GATE - DAY

17

Lisa and Dina sit at the gate as Lisa digs through her
KNAPSACK.

LISA

I've got us covered for the plane
ride: anti-nausea medication, hand-
santizer, hazmat masks, earplugs.
Only have one blanket though. You
know how many germs are in an
airline blanket?

Dina frowns at her scrubs.

DINA

Aren't nurses supposed to be sexy?
Fishnets and cleavage and sponge
baths and whatnot?

LISA

Yes, in porn. Not in the real
world. This might be why you have
trouble keeping a job.

DINA

I stay employed, Judge Judy.

Lisa pops an anti-nausea pill and puts her mask in place.

DINA

You need to relax. I got some bomb
ass cush if you wanna take a hit
before we board. Shit will get you
right.

LISA

Wait, how did you-- actually,
nevermind, I don't want to know.

DINA

Good, 'cause I ain't telling. But
I'll give you a hint: where the sun
don't shine.

LISA

Definite pass then. You think there
will be any drama with Ryan and
Sasha. It's been long enough,
right?

DINA

Better be. I came here to get white
girl wasted. I'm not letting any of
you bitches kill my vibe.

A smiling Ryan rolls up behind them.

RYAN

Excuse me... can you ladies point
me to the "Flossy Posse"?

LISA

Ryan!

My nigga.

DINA

Ryan gives Lisa and Dina big hugs.

RYAN

I'm so happy to see you two!!

SASHA (O.S.)

Hey ladies!

They all turn to see Sasha roll up, expensive outfit. The picture of confidence and success. Sasha hugs Lisa and Dina, full of love and excitement.

SASHA

I've missed you guys!

They pull apart. Sasha turns to Ryan. An awkward beat. Then they hug, the barely touching kind.

RYAN

Look at you, girl! Life is treating you well.

SASHA

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

Lisa and Dina pick up on the "nice-nasty" vibe.

LISA

(sotto)

This isn't weird, right?

DINA

(sotto)

Shiiit. These bitches plastic.

Lisa pulls out four bedazzled Flossy Posse vests from her bag to break the tension.

LISA

Okay, check it out. I made these just for the occasion!

The vests look like something old ladies in Atlantic City would wear to keep track of each other in the casino.

DINA

Bitch, I thought I told you to push that sewing machine off your roof.

LISA

What? They're fashionable...

SASHA

...in a Kanye sorta way, sure.

RYAN

How 'bout we save them for the last night?

SASHA

Or the flight home?

DINA

Or this recycle bin over here.

LISA

You know what? Y'all don't deserve them...

The girls laugh. Lisa pouts, puts the vests away. As they hug her in good fun.

18

INT. PLANE - DAY

18

Our ladies sit in first class, which is all black except for a terrified ELDERLY WHITE COUPLE, 70's.

ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN

I don't understand. I thought this was first class.

Sasha, sits next to a masked and blanket covered Lisa sprays her arms with insect repellent. Sasha gives her a look.

LISA

I'm just saying. We all have to be mindful. When that Zika swarm hits you want to prepared.

SASHA

Don't make me trade seats.

LISA

You want half my sandwich?

SASHA

You still vegan?

LISA

Uh-huh.

SASHA

Then no.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT tends to Ryan and Dina.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What can I get you, Ms Pierce?

RYAN

Vodka tonic, splash of cranberry.

DINA

Oh shit, I see you Ryan! Getting the party started! This shit is free, right?

Ryan nods, embarrassed. Dina snaps her fingers, excited.

DINA (CONT'D)

Heyyy. In that case, let me holler at three whiskey shots and a coke to chase that shit. Coke zero, though, I'm watching my figure. Actually, do you have Cherry Coke?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ma'am, you know this flight is only an hour, right?

DINA

Oh, right. Good lookin' out. So let me get those three shots now. Then hit me with a shot of Bailey's when we reach our cruising altitude...

The Flight Attendant scurries off.

DINA (CONT'D)

And don't forget my Cherry Coke!

RYAN

Dina, can we turn it down a notch?

DINA

Girl, please. We about to descend on the Crescent City to celebrate Black womanhood in all its forms. From the elegant to the ratchet.

(she gets up)

Who here going to Essence fest?!

Nearly all of the plane affirms.

ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN

We are not.

Her husband, slightly deaf, is confused.

ELDERLY WHITE MAN
Are we being hijacked?

DINA
Ladies, we ain't turning down
shit!! Am I right?

The plane full of women affirms it. Sasha laughs. Dina's crazy but that's their girl.

LISA
Dina! Sit down!

Dina grabs the tray of shots from the FLIGHT ATTENDANT

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Ma'am--

DINA
It's alright, girl. I got this. Get
us some more Patron shots next. I
got everyone in here.

The Flight Attendant is miffed but goes back. Dina passes out shots to Sasha, Lisa and the rest plane singing "I'm Every Woman." The rest of the plane joins in.

Ryan exchanges smiles with Sasha and Lisa who sing and clap along. Sasha whips out her selfie stick.

SASHA
Alright, ladies! On three...

Sasha counts down as the girls lean in and snap their first trip pic. Right then Lisa projectile vomits.

DINA
Told you to get that kush.

A brass band version of Bill Withers' "Lovely Day" drops kicking off a MONTAGE of photos and handheld video:

19 EXT. NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT - DAY 19

A plane lands.

20 INT. NEW ORLEANS AIRPORT UPPER LEVEL - DAY 20

The ladies rolling through the airport with their LUGGAGE, Essence signage and a JAZZ BAND greet them.

DINA

The Flossy Posse is back, N'Awlins!

A LIMO DRIVER with an Ipad that says "FLOSSY POSSE" on it greets them as well.

21 EXT. AIRPORT CURBSIDE - DAY 21

The ladies ceremoniously enter the limo, like royalty, acting silly and having fun.

22 INT. LIMO/SUBURBAN SUV - DAY 22

The ladies toast with champagne as they drive past the Superdome, heading downtown to the French Quarter.

23 EXT. BOURBON STREET - DAY 23

Public drunkenness. Hurricanes and Hand Grenades in hand. Drove of fine-ass MEN and beautiful, shapely WOMEN in all shades of brown.

Their limo pulls up and they hop out to join other revelers dancing to the brass band that plays "Lovely Day".

The ladies strike a pose. Sasha snaps a picture and posts it to social media, #EssenceFest #FlossyPosse #SashasSecrets.

Dina dry-humping a human statue who stays in character and doesn't move.

They wave to men on wrought-iron balconies who dangle beads.

Ryan listens to a sweet elderly man playing a washboard with spoons.

24 EXT. BOURBON STREET - DAY 24

Sasha gets distracted from her social media trolling on her phone and looks up to see a Zip-Line strung up between balconies on opposite sides of the street. A White Frat Guy whoops and hollers as he soars above them.

SASHA

Now that is some white boy shit right there. They need to keep that for Mardi Gras and let us have ours.

Dina walks up with four HAND GRENADES.

DINA

Four extra large hand grenades!

LISA

Dina, I asked for wine.

DINA

Bitch, I've seen you put grain alcohol in a Slurpee. Before noon.

SASHA

For real. If G-string Daytona-Beach Lisa met Granny-Big-Draws Lisa --

RYAN

Right? Girl, you used to shut clubs down back in college.

LISA

That was before two tiny humans ripped through my vagina and sucked the life from my tits. My 'booty poppin on a handstand' days are over.

DINA

How long's it been since you got that back blew out?

Lisa shrugs.

LISA

Two years, maybe?

They all GASP, stunned.

RYAN

Since Terrence?

LISA

Honestly, I don't even think about it. I take a vigorous spin class, read some erotica and I manage.

SASHA

This is unacceptable. You are getting some this weekend.

DINA

Straight up, you're not leaving here without at least two dicks inside you.

RYAN

Okay, let's not go crazy -- but as your therapist -- I prescribe penis.

A group of women fans spot Ryan and rush up.

WOMEN FANS

Can we take a picture with you?

RYAN

Sure!

They each get their autograph and selfie as the Flossy Posse stands off to the side. Sasha is noticeably envious.

DINA

Damn, this shit gonna happen all weekend? It's like travelling with Beyonce.

LISA

Aww, leave her alone. Ryan is doing her thing. Proud of her.

Sasha grumbles as an email alert comes up on her phone. Subject: EXCLUSIVE SCOOP. Sasha opens it, excited, then --

SASHA

The fuck --

LISA

What's the matter -- ?
(seeing the alert)
Oh my God!

DINA

What y'all tripping about?
(taking a look)
Ahhh hell naw --

On Sasha's phone: a photo of STEWART KISSING ANOTHER WOMAN.

LISA

That can't be --

Sasha enlarges the photo. It's undeniably Stewart.

DINA

I'ma Beat. This. Nigga's. ASS!

SASHA

That's definitely Stewart's punk
ass. And that is definitely NOT
Ryan he's tonguing down.

LISA

Oh my God, poor Ryan --

DINA

Where'd you get this?!

SASHA

My paparazzi guy sent it to me.

DINA

Who is this bitch?

SASHA

(recognizing her)

Simone. No last name. Some
Instagram ho. I heard she sucked
off A-Rod in a bathroom stall once.

Sasha shows Simone's latest Instagram photos. SIMONE, 20s, is
Amber Rose-salacious and sexy.

LISA

I hate her! But damn -- look at
that ass! Is that real? You don't
get that with just squats, do you?

DINA

Your ass-envy is about on my last
nerve.

SASHA

Oh shit -- the bitch is here!

The photos are tagged at Essence Fest.

DINA

Eat a Dick Simone is here?

LISA

We have to tell Ryan.

DINA

Sasha, go handle that.

SASHA

Why do I have to be the one?

DINA

It's your picture, ho!

The women look over at Ryan who poses with some little girls.

LISA

She's having such a great time!
We've got to be really delicate
about how we tell her.

SASHA

Agreed.

DINA

Fuck that. Do it like a Brazilian
wax. It'll sting, shock and maybe
make her scream, but it'll be
better than waterboarding the
bitch.

LISA

No. Wait until we get to the room.

RYAN

(walking up)

Wooo. Oh my God. I forgot how hot
it is here. Please tell me y'all
ready to head to the hotel?

Sasha stashes her phone. Lisa gives Dina "not now" eyes.

SASHA/DINA/LISA

Sure/Yeah/Let's go.

25

EXT. BOURBON STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

25

Ryan is all smiles as they walk Bourbon Street linking arms
with Sasha and Lisa who look like deer in headlights. Dina is
intense.

RYAN

We've got a great suite at The
Monteleone, VIP passes to all the
parties, great seats at the
Superdome for New Edition, Maxwell,
Babyface... and we are going to
EAT! Damn the calories.

SASHA/LISA/DINA

Yup/Sounds great/Be some happy, fat
bitches...

RYAN

Now, I've got some obligations, but
this weekend is all about the
Flossy Posse re-connection. That's

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

what a girls trip is all about:
staying up late, drinking and
making memories that we can laugh
about the rest of our lives.

SASHA/LISA/DINA

Yolo!/Amen/Might kill somebody.

RYAN

(did she hear correctly?)
And gossip! I want to catch up on
everything you three haven't been
sharing on the phone. No secrets. I
want all the dirt--!

Dina can't take it anymore, blurting out --

DINA

Bitch, your man's fucking an
Instagram skank!

Ryan stops walking, stunned. Sasha and Lisa give Dina a look.

LISA

You had to say something?

DINA

That was an opening. That's God at
work! Recognize.

RYAN

What's going on?

SASHA

Come on --

Sasha and Lisa pull Ryan into the nearest bar. Dina follows.

DINA

(muttering)

Shit. You don't want me telling
something, don't tell me...

26

INT. BOURBON STREET BAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

26

A crowded bar full of day-drinkers. Sasha shows Ryan the
photo. Ryan silently swallows.

SASHA

Ryan, I don't know what to say...

LISA

We're all here for you, Ry.

DINA

Don't worry Boo, I'ma lay hands on him for you. Hot grits, extension cords, Timberland heel. I'ma go in!

The ladies brace for an insane reaction. Ryan looks up from the photo. She's surprisingly calm.

RYAN

I've known about this for a few months now.

The ladies' jaws drop. The fuck?!

RYAN

Obviously, I was upset when I found out, but we're in counseling and we're working through it.

LISA

Oh. Well, that's great. You're working it out.

RYAN

Stewart and I are a team. He made some mistakes, but that's in the past.

SASHA

No, it's not, this picture was taken two days ago!

RYAN

Sasha. I'm done talking about it.

SASHA

But --

RYAN

Guys, I meant what I said out there: this weekend is about us. We haven't hung in five years. And by the grace of God we're here. Together. Let's make the most of it because if we don't take advantage of this precious time, shame on us. Today is the last day we'll be this young.

DINA

She just fucked me up with that.

RYAN

Now, let's get out of here! Flossy Posse's back in N'awlins! Let's go!

DINA

Let's roll, bitches.

As Lisa and Dina head out, Sasha pulls Ryan back.

SASHA

Hold on. I hear everything you're saying. And I'm down. But you can't just pretend this picture doesn't exist. It's only a matter of time before the photographer shops it. It's all fair game in journalism.

RYAN

Journalism? Is that what this is?

Sasha gives her a look. Ryan concedes.

RYAN

What do you think I should do?

SASHA

Let me find out if anyone else has it. And if not, you let me leak the photo.

RYAN

Are you crazy?! Calmart wants to make a deal for a Ryan and Stewart BRAND. I can't have pictures of him kissing another woman on your site!

SASHA

Hear me out. If I leak it, we can get in front of the story. We can steer the conversation instead of TMZ. This way, you and I find an angle to minimize the damage.

Ryan hates that this is what her life has become.

RYAN

The deal should close this weekend. Can it wait until Monday?

SASHA

I'll look into it, but probably.

RYAN

Okay. Thanks, Sash.

SASHA

Sure.

Ryan exits. After a beat, Sasha follows.

27 INT. THE MONTELEONE - LOBBY & FRONT DESK - DAY 27

The ladies enter a classy hotel lobby thoroughly impressed.

RYAN

I'll go check us in. Go check out
the Carousel Bar, it's so cute.

Ryan goes to check in while Lisa, Sasha, and Dina head for
the Carousel Bar.

28 INT. CAROUSEL BAR & LOUNGE - DAY 28

Lisa, Sasha, and Dina enters the Carousel Bar, which rotates
like an actual carousel.

DINA

Damn. This is the shit.

LISA

Wow...

SASHA

It's aight. Little stuffy for my
tastes. If I had known I could have
gotten us a suite at the W.

Before they can question Sasha's haterade Lisa notices
Stewart in the restaurant eating with MARION, late 50s.

LISA

Oh, hey there's Stewart.
(then, remembering)
Oh. Asshole.

Dina can barely contain her anger. Sasha takes notice.

SASHA

Dina, look at me. Do not make a
scene. You heard Ryan. Be cool.

DINA

Oh, I'm gone be real cool. Just
gonna say hey, that's all --

Dina takes off her earrings.

LISA

Dina, it's not our business. We need to respect Ryan's wishes.

DINA

Mmmhmmm. Hold these.

She hands the earrings to Lisa and plows toward Stewart. Lisa and Sasha run after her.

LISA/SASHA

Dina, no!!!

Drake's "0 to 100" drops. The ladies watch, horrified, as Dina clears the entire table. Food and drinks spill everywhere. Stewart stands, pissed, glares at Dina.

STEWART

What the hell is wrong with you?

DINA

You KNOW, nigga! Don't play me!

Dina grabs an empty bottle off an adjacent table, breaks it, and moves to hit him, but Sasha pulls her back.

SASHA

Dina, no!

DINA

I will END YOU. You and your little thirsty ass, wannabe MILF, hood rat, side tossup ho!

(to Marian)

You got on knee-pads under them slacks, Slurpee?

STEWART

Dina, this is my Aunt Marion!

DINA

Yeah? Well, listen up, Auntie: yo nephew is NASTY.

Sasha grabs Dina, pulling her away. The entire lounge eyes them. Lisa awkwardly stands with Stewart and Marian.

LISA

(to Marian)

That's a beautiful suit. Navy is such a beautiful color on you. Really brings out your eyes.

MARIAN

Uh... thank you. I guess.

LISA

Well, nice meeting you. Please resume your meal.

(beat)

And for what it's worth, I'm very disappointed in you Stewart. Very.

Lisa crosses back to Sasha who has calmed Dina down. The entire lounge eyes them.

29

INT. MONTELEONE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

29

A SECURITY GUARD approaches Dina.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm gonna need you to leave the premises immediately.

LISA

It's fine. We've got everything under control now.

SECURITY GUARD

(re Dina)

She's holding a broken Pellegrino bottle.

Lisa carefully takes the broken bottle from Dina's hand. Ryan runs up to them, at a loss to what just happened.

RYAN

What the hell happened?! I was gone for three minutes!

SASHA

It happened really quickly.

LISA

Like a summer sunset. It was bright and beautiful, then suddenly got very, very dark.

Ryan turns to the guard.

RYAN

Sir, I apologize for my friends, but I can assure you everything's fine now.

Right then, Stewart approaches. He points at Dina, speaking only to the guard--

STEWART

Dina, you're lucky my aunt is hard of hearing.

DINA

And you lucky I don't carry a straight edge anymore.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr Pierce, we're in the process of removing this woman right now.

STEWART

If that's your policy then I understand.

Ryan is incredulous at Stewart. The security guard moves in.

DINA

Okay, okay, I'm going. Just give me one second.

The security waits a beat. Dina reels back and OPEN HAND SLAPS THE DOG SHIT OUT OF STEWART.

DINA (CONT'D)

Alright, now I'm ready.

The guard escorts Dina outside. Lisa and Sasha follow.

STEWART

Your girl needs a leash.

Stewart begins to exit. Ryan wants to reply badly, but considering the eyes on them now she thinks differently, grabbing his arm and interlocking it to walk with him

RYAN

(with a smile)

Your room. Now.

They head toward the elevator.

Stewart exits the bedroom putting on a crisp new shirt. He's casual cool like this discussion is routine. Ryan is also very matter of fact in her tone.

RYAN

Are you kidding me? You said you ended this shit. Now there's a picture?

STEWART

My bad, babe.

RYAN

My bad? You didn't burn dinner. Your sloppy ass got caught sucking face with some Instagram ho. And the bitch is here?

STEWART

I didn't invite her.

RYAN

So? You need to send that genetically enhanced ass home.

STEWART

Come on, babe. How am I supposed to do that?

RYAN

The same way you tell her to come get dick: text, dm, call, tweet.

STEWART

(pulling out his phone)
Done.

RYAN

You're really going to do it right in front of me?

STEWART

Trying to be pro-active.

RYAN

You know what? I can't do this. This is bullshit. This hasn't been a marriage in awhile, but we agreed to at least be a partnership. Your trifling ass can't hold up your end of the bargain. Let alone your pants. This is against everything I tell my readers and followers-- yet I'm putting up with it.

STEWART

Ryan, I'm sorry. I messed up. It won't happen again. Real talk.

(MORE)

STEWART (CONT'D)

You're right: you don't deserve this. But our brand is who we are. 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. And for what? To have that crumble? To be alone?

Ryan looks at him with disdain, but what he says resonates.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Ry, I'm not going anywhere. You know that. Let's just keep doing our dance and handle our business. Be that couple who has it all. You know you love me...

RYAN

No more slip-ups. Stick to the plan. And keep your ho under control.

STEWART

Done.

Stewart reaches his hand out to shake hers. Ryan eyes him and reluctantly reciprocates.

31 INT. MONTELEONE - LOBBY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

31

Ryan walks up to Sasha and Lisa, holding her head high.

LISA

You okay?

RYAN

I'm fine. So where are we?

SASHA

Dina's not allowed back in. She's out front, waiting for us.

32 EXT. MONTELEONE - DAY

32

Dina sulks talking to passers by.

DINA

Don't even go in. They tripping.

33 INT. MONTELEONE - LOBBY - DAY

33

RYAN

Then we'll just get another hotel.

SASHA

I've called. All the four and five stars are booked.

RYAN

You know what? I came here to have fun with my girls, not hang out in the hotel. Let's do this!

34 INT. EMPRESS STAR HOTEL - LATER

34

The dirtiest, shittiest motel room ever.

SASHA

I'm thinking there's been a few chalk outlines on this floor.

RYAN

Oh, someone's definitely been murdered here.

Lisa pulls Clorox wipes from her bag and wipes everything.

LISA

Just don't let your bare skin touch anything.

DINA

No mini-bar? The fuck? I feel like that one-star was mad generous.

SASHA

You just had to cause a scene, huh? Classic Dina. Can't go anywhere without some drama.

DINA

Classic Sasha. Can't let shit go.

LISA

(itching)

Stop fighting! I think I have scabies.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

DINA

We expecting anyone?

The others shake their head no. Dina opens the door. A drunken HOBO stands there.

HOBO
Rochelle here?

DINA
Nah, man. You got the wrong room.

She starts to shut the door.

HOBO
This where I meet Rochelle every
night.

DINA
Rochelle ain't here. You got to go.

HOBO
It don't have to be Rochelle. I'll
take one of you.

He holds up a five dollar bill. The ladies look at each other, horrified.

SASHA
Are we staying at a motel where
five dollar hookers do their
business?

DINA
(kidding)
Lisa, you game? Might as well turn
a profit on dick number one
tonight.

The Hobo eyes Lisa's scrubs.

HOBO
Not if she wearing that --

Lisa slams the door and puts on the chain.

LISA
We are done talking to this fool.

Just then the Hobo SLAMS HIS NAKED JUNK up against the window.

HOBO
(through the window)
You don't want some of this?

The women shriek as Sasha quickly closes the curtain. They all look at each other -- then CRACK UP.

SASHA

Did anyone else just flash back to Ft. Lauderdale? Senior year?

RYAN

Come to think of it, this room may be an exact replica.

DINA

Except the junk smashed against the glass belonged to some fine ass Omegas, not some crackhead with cole slaw in his pubes.

RYAN

Wow, you really took a good look, didn't you?

DINA

I'm don't miss shit.

35

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - LATER

35

Music blasts from Dina's phone. The women model their party outfits for the each other like they're on a runway. Ryan looks stunning in a hot dress. Dina models her short dress. Sasha shows off her designer outfit.

Ryan notices Sasha has a tag sticking out of her dress.

RYAN

Sash, hold up, you got a tag hanging out.

She goes to pull it out and Sasha jumps away.

SASHA

No!

(off Ryan's look)

Just tuck it in. I made a deal with the designer that I'd Instagram it this weekend. Taste-maker shit.

DINA

Lis, hurry up! Maxwell ain't gonna wait all night to meet me, the man's got shit to do!

Lisa emerges from the bathroom wearing a boxy cotton blouse, a long skirt and loafers. The ladies stare at her in disbelief.

SASHA

What the hell are you wearing?

LISA

(defensive)

What? I love this outfit.

RYAN

It's nice, Lis. But I think what Sasha's trying to say is --

DINA

Bitch, fuck your feelings. You ain't getting no dick dressed like that.

Ryan reaches into her bag. Pulls out a bandage dress.

RYAN

Go put this on.

LISA

Are you crazy?! That's not a dress! That's what I wrap around people with head wounds.

Ryan hands Lisa some sexy heels.

RYAN

Pair it with these heels.

LISA

I'm not putting any of this on.

DINA

Lisa, hear me now. Men will fuck anything. Except you in that outfit.

Lisa sighs, walks back to the bathroom, and we HARD CUT TO:

36

INT. MERCEDES SUPERDOME - FLOOR - NIGHT

36

NEW EDITION is on stage and everyone is feeling the groove.

The "New" Lisa walks into the Superdome. HEADS turn. She's hot. Ryan, Sasha and Dina walk up with her.

Dudes greet Lisa with a chorus of "Goddamns" by the men she passes but it's been so long since she felt goddamn-worthy, she looks down, not meeting eyes with any of her admirers, struggling to get used to walking in heels again.

37 INT. MERCEDES SUPERDOME - VIP AREA - LATER 37

CELEBS and other VIPs pepper the dimly lit, posh VIP Bunker sponsored by Ciroc.

Ryan poses on the red carpet. Then she waves over her girls who gladly join her and get the paparazzi treatment.

38 INT. MERCEDES SUPERDOME - VIP AREA - LATER 38

Later Ryan conducts an interview in a media bungalow

Later Sasha works the room, smiling and greeting celebs and taste-makers.

Lisa struggles in her heels as she crosses the room.

39 ON A COUCH -- LATER 39

Sasha scans the crowd, looking for gossip.

LISA

This party is hot!

DINA

(spotting someone)

Ooh! There's my dry-cleaner!

SASHA

That's Arsenio.

DINA

Yeah.... I knew he looked familiar.

RYAN

Lisa, there's a LOT of guys checking you out, in case you haven't noticed.

LISA

The drinks are already free, what's it matter?

SASHA

Lis, I know you love the maternal role and taking care of everyone

(MORE)

SASHA (CONT'D)
and we love you for it, but
tonight? You need to be a MILF.

LISA
You know how long it's been since I
had to flirt with anyone? I
wouldn't even know how.

SASHA
You got tits and a pussy. That's
95% of the work right there. Make a
little chit chat, determine who's
worthy, then get some. You are a
fierce, sexual goddess who's been
hiding in mom jeans. Get out there
and slay!

Lisa takes this in.

LISA
You're right. Let's do this.

40 INT. SUPERDOME - VIP AREA - NIGHT

40

We see a MONTAGE of Lisa awkwardly trying to chat up men as
Sasha stands nearby, playing wingwoman.

LISA
My week was good... Got the smog
inspection on the car... Used some
reward points to buy a humidifier.

He walks off as Sasha shakes her head, having heard.

CUT TO:

41 INT. SUPERDOME - VIP AREA - NIGHT

41

SUITOR #2

LISA
You're not lactose intolerant?
Damn! Lucky you. Seven out of ten
people are. Both my kids and my
mom.

Suitor #2 walks off.

ACROSS THE PARTY

Ryan and Dina spot this.

RYAN

What's she doing? Telling them she
voted for Trump? Go save her!

Dina heads over.

DINA

Stick your titties out and put your
straw in your mouth.

SASHA

Can't hurt.

Lisa readjusts and it's the unsexiest display ever.

DINA

I can't watch this.

Dina walks off. Then TYLER PERRY spots Sasha, approaches.

TYLER PERRY

Sasha Franklin? From Sasha's
Secrets?

Sasha smiles at him.

SASHA

Mr. Perry... it's an honor.

TYLER PERRY

Really? Honor is the last thing I'd
think of coming out of your mouth.

SASHA

Now, hold on --

TYLER PERRY

No, heifer, YOU hold on! The filthy
lies you spread on that digital
bathroom wall of yours are
disgusting. You know damn well I
didn't "canoodle" with Shonda
Rhimes.

SASHA

I'm just the messenger--

TYLER PERRY

Really? Well get this message -- if
I see you in a dark alley, dark
room or in your nightmares I will
Fuck. You. Up.

Sasha's mouth hangs open. As he goes --

TYLER PERRY (CONT'D)
God bless you. Praise Jesus.

He pushes past Sasha and walks on. Sasha looks down at her phone. She's video recorded the whole encounter.

SASHA
Thank you, Madea.

Ryan walks up to Sasha.

RYAN
I thought we agreed to make this a girl's weekend. Not a work session.

SASHA
What do you call what you're doing?

RYAN
I'm just saying I don't want anyone being uncomfortable thinking you're spying on them.

SASHA
I don't "spy" on people, Ry--

Across the room Lisa can see the tension brewing.

RYAN
I just, look you're my girl and this is business. I'm their guest. And you're my guests.

SASHA
So you're telling me to behave?

RYAN
I'm saying we agreed to keep this about our weekend.

SASHA
No, you agreed that. Without me. Which is how you usually do things.

Ohhh shit... Ryan takes a breath, refrains from saying anything. Lisa approaches and deflects it.

LISA
Hey, I need to go to the ladies room. Sasha, come with me.

She drags Sasha off. Meanwhile Dina has TYRA BANKS in a headlock for a selfie.

DINA
It's like that movie where you
played twins!

TYRA BANKS
Okay...

Tyra walks off.

DINA
I'll tag you!

JULIAN (O.S.)
Glad to see some things never
change.

Ryan turns to see JULIAN, late 30s, charming with an infectious smile. She lights up.

RYAN
Julian?!

JULIAN
I thought that was you --

They hug. Dina notices.

DINA
Julian? Damn, nigga! You got cute!

Julian smiles, taking the backhanded compliment in stride.

JULIAN
I can't believe I'm looking at half
of the Flossy Posse again. Don't
think we've all been together since
what... Homecoming '05?

RYAN
Those were fun times. You playing
this weekend?

JULIAN
Yeah, sitting in with Solange at
the House of Blues on Saturday
night... you should swing by, I'll
put you all on the list.

RYAN
We'll be there.

JULIAN

In the meantime, what can I get you to drink? Wait, vodka tonic, splash of cranberry?

RYAN

You remembered.

DINA

What about me?

JULIAN

Any top shelf dark liquor with cherry coke?

DINA

My nigga.

Julian walks off, Ryan watches him admiringly.

42

INT. MERCEDES SUPERDOME - MEZZANINE MOMENTS LATER

42

Lisa and Sasha head toward the restroom. Sasha pulls crap off the duct tape she's put on the soles of her shoes to keep them from scuffing.

SASHA

Lisa, I'm not one of your kids. You can't just drag me to the bathroom to lecture me --

(re her shoe)

Oh hell, that's a condom wrapper.

43

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

43

Lisa and Sasha enter.

LISA

Ryan's going through a lot right now, please just be nice.

SASHA

I'm trying! *She's* the one giving me grief for doing my job. Not all of us can smile for the camera, sit next to a football player and make a living.

LISA

That's not fair and you know it.

SASHA

You always do this. Ryan can do no wrong in your eyes. Even when she bailed on all the plans we made to go start an empire with Stewart. She and I could've been the black Huffington Post...

LISA

It's been five years, Sasha! Five years! This trip was supposed to bring us all back together again...

SASHA

Fine ...

LISA

(hugs)

Thank you. Love you.

Sasha smiles.

SASHA

Hug on some of that man meat out there.

LISA

(sigh)

Please. Who am I kidding? I gonna call my kids and then invest in a good vibrator.

44 INT. VIP AREA - NIGHT

44

Lisa is on the phone with her kids in the corner.

LISA

Are you being good for Meemaw?... Austin? Where'd you go?

Her signal died.

LISA (CONT'D)

Dammit!

She waves her phone above her head, trying to get the signal.

A waiter, MALIK, 21, very tall and hot as balls, walks by, tray in hand.

MALIK

You know that doesn't work, right?

LISA

Yes, but I always do it anyway just
in case.

MALIK

You wanna sit on my shoulders and
try it?

Lisa can't tell if he's serious or not, but goes for it.

LISA

Uh, sure.

45 INT. VIP AREA - NIGHT

45

Dina takes a selfie with Estelle.

DINA

I wanna . . . Thank You, Estelle.
See what I did there?

ESTELLE

Yeah. Never heard that before.

Estelle gives her side-eye and exits. Sasha talks to Julian.

SASHA

Julian, I know you know: what was
the elevator fight about with Jay,
Bey and baby sis?

JULIAN

Even if I knew, Sash I wouldn't do
that. I wouldn't do that to you
either.

SASHA

That's why it's an anonymous source-

DINA

Hold on, y'all -- we've got smash
time at two-o'clock.

They look -- Lisa's on Malik's shoulders, giggling and
embarrassed. He turns her so that he's facing her crotch and
now she's even more embarrassed. And hella turned on.

SASHA

A minute ago she had them running
and now she's got her snatch in
someone's face?

JULIAN

Glad to see things haven't changed.
Y'all still wild.

Then THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE from the main stage as Diddy takes the stage. The live feed streams into every bunker, on every flat screen. Dina bounces like a giddy teenager. Sasha dances. Ryan sits, plays it cool.

JULIAN

Damn, the Ryan I remember couldn't hear Diddy without moving. You're at Essence Fest with your girls. You gotta turn up.

DINA

Tell her, J!

Ryan still plays it cool.

JULIAN

Maybe you're just not close enough...

Julian flashes backstage passes. Dina grabs one.

DINA

Hell yeah. I'mma get pregnant tonight!!

46 INT. MERCEDES SUPERDOME - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

46

The ladies have a blast. Ryan dances to the music, finally loosening up. Julian eyes her, smiling. She catches his eye. Everyone sings along as the music plays.

DINA

I love you!

Dina flashes her boobs at Diddy, who gives her side-eye from the stage.

DINA (CONT'D)

Don't act like you don't want this!
You know I made your pucker feel good!

47 EXT. MERCEDES SUPERDOME - STREET - LATER

47

The concert's ended. The ladies stumble out. Lisa's arm in arm with Malik.

DINA

Turn up, turn up, turn up! Where we going next?

MALIK

My fraternity's having a party at Xavier.

LISA

How old are you?

MALIK

Twenty-one.

SASHA

We are not going to a college frat party.

DINA

I should probably wait out here for Diddy.

(off their look)

Once you see these big brown jump-offs, they burned in your brain.

A black SUV pulls up. A tinted window drops, it's Julian.

JULIAN

What y'all getting into?

RYAN

We should probably just get to bed.

SASHA/DINA

Hell no!/It's only midnight.

JULIAN

I know a spot.

RYAN

I don't know you, guys... I just don't have any energy left.

48

INT. NEW ORLEANS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

48

Ryan and the Flossy Posse dances on the DJ stage in a packed nightclub. Drunk and having a blast. Julian dances her with a smile.

JULIAN

Now that's the Ryan I remember.

The other girls are happy to see her happy.

SASHA

This is exactly what Ryan needed to forget about the whole Stewart mess.

DINA

A little alcohol, a little bootie poppin' -- cure for everything.

She looks at Lisa pointedly. Malik is still beside her.

The DJ drops the intro of Mary J Blige's "Real Love".

LISA

Oh shit! They're playing our song!

Dina shoves people to the side.

DINA

Move bitches! Flossy Posse coming through...

Dina, Sasha and Lisa climb on top of the table with Ryan and pop their booties in unison as the hook comes in. Malik is beside himself.

As the song PLAYS:

the ladies smoke a joint in the stairwell,

Dina does a jello shot off of some guy's abs,

Ryan pulls Julian up on the table with them.

RYAN

I'm so glad we ran into you. It's been a long time since I had fun like this.

JULIAN

The Ryan I remember from Spelman never had a problem with that.

RYAN

I miss that Ryan.

JULIAN

Well, you brought her back tonight.

RYAN

Maybe she needs you around more often...

She's definitely flirting -- but Julian remains a gentleman.

JULIAN

I should probably get you home.
It's 3 AM, didn't you say you have
an appearance tomorrow? With your
husband?

RYAN

(reality sobering her)
Yeah, that nigga--

JULIAN

What?

RYAN

What? No. Yes. You're right. I
should get back.

She leans down to take a shot from a tray that's being
offered and spots something on the balcony --

RYAN (CONT'D)

But not before I try some white boy
shit!

She jumps off the table. Julian follows, concerned.

49 EXT. BOURBON STREET - BALCONIES - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 49

Ryan is now on the zipline, soaring over the street packed
with people.

ON THE NIGHTCLUB BALCONY

The girls cheer her on.

DINA

Our girl is unleashed!

ON THE ZIPLINE

Ryan's loving it. Feeling free.

RYAN

Wooooo!

ON THE STREET BALCONY ACROSS THE STREET

RYAN

That was amazing! Come on Sasha!!

She's flush with adrenaline.

ON THE NIGHT CLUB BALCONY

Sasha shrugs.

SASHA
It does look fun.

ON THE ZIPLINE

Sasha now soars over the street.

SASHA
Hell yes!

ON THE NIGHTCLUB BALCONY

Lisa is next. Doing an "I have to pee" dance.

LISA
Damn, I hope that club across the
way has shorter bathroom lines.

ON THE ZIPLINE

Lisa soars along until -- she stops moving. Stuck in the
middle of the zipline.

LISA
What's happening? Why am I stuck?

ON THE NIGHTCLUB BALCONY

Malik looks worried.

MALIK
Why'd she stop?

DINA
I don't think she did it on
purpose.

ON THE ZIPLINE

Lisa tries to inch it along. Nothing works.

LISA
(to herself)
Dammit... Now's not a good time for
this!

She crosses her legs. Really needing to pee.

LISA
Just had to break the damn seal,
didn't I?

ON THE BALCONY ACROSS THE STREET

The Zipline Operator tries to reel in the slack on the line.
Julian has appeared next to Ryan.

JULIAN
(calling out)
They're gonna fix it, hold on.

LISA
Tell them to hurry!

ON THE ZIPLINE

Lisa starts to look worried.

LISA
C'mon, Lisa, you can hold it...
please Lord Baby Jesus, do not let
me --

But it's too late. She starts to PEE all over the crowd
below.

LISA
(mortified)
NO!!

ON THE BALCONY ACROSS THE STREET

SASHA
Oh, shit --

RYAN
I can't watch!

ON THE STREET

As people wipe their heads, angry, Lisa wants to die.

CROWD MEMBERS
What the fuck?/No, that bitch
didn't!

LISA
(calling down)
I'm so sorry! I just couldn't hold
it any longer!

ON THE NIGHTCLUB BALCONY

Dina springs into rescue mode, hopping on the zipline.

DINA
Girl, I got you!

ON THE ZIPLINE

Dina soars up behind Lisa, bumping into her. The momentum pushes them both across.

DINA
Bitch, you never told me you give
golden showers! That's my jam!

Dina spreads her legs, PURPOSEFULLY PISSING on the crowd below.

As they react --

DINA
Y'all didn't even have to take me
to Red Lobster!

ON THE BALCONY ACROSS THE STREET

Julian catches Lisa and Dina as they make it across.

JULIAN
When I said turn up -- I didn't
know y'all were gonna listen quite
so hard.

Lisa wants to die.

LISA
Oh my God, I just peed on Bourbon
Street!

DINA
Fuck yeah! We just peed on Bourbon
Street!

JULIAN
(laughing)
Come on. Let me take y'all back to
your hotel. Where you staying? The
W? The Ritz?

Off Ryan's embarrassed look, we CUT TO:

50

INT. JULIAN'S SUITE - NIGHT

50

Julian wheels his bag out of the bedroom, giving his suite to the girls. Ryan, now in her pajamas, feels bad.

RYAN

Are you sure?

JULIAN

There's no way in hell I'd let y'all stay in that dump. I'll crash with the guys in the band. Get some sleep.

RYAN

Thank you, Julian. For everything tonight.

He turns at the door. Concerned about her.

JULIAN

You sure everything's good with you?

RYAN

Absolutely.

She smiles at him and he nods.

JULIAN

Okay then.

Ryan shuts the door and walks into --

51 INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRLS' SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 51

Dina and Sasha now listen at the bathroom door. It's silent.

DINA

He either fucked her speechless, or they stabbed each other and they're bleeding out.

52 INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRLS' SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Lisa and Malik kiss. Hot and heavy. He lifts her on the sink. She reaches for his zipper, reaches in and grabs hold --

LISA

(giggling)

Shy, huh? Don't worry I just want to touch it. Move your arm.

MALIK

Uhh, that's not my arm.

Lisa pauses, stops kissing, looks down at what's in her hands, looks back at him, back at his junk, gasps and releases him.

LISA

Does it have a name? Or a driver's license? Or a cage?

MALIK

(laughing)

Don't let the size scare you.

LISA

Why not? I'm scared.

(staring)

I'm terrified.

LISA (VO) (CONT'D)

Y'all should've seen this thing --

CUT TO:

53

INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRL'S SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

53

Lisa is now on the couch in the living room, as are the other ladies who are dog-ass tired and half-asleep. Except for Dina, who scarfs down some room service.

DINA

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

LISA

Y'all, it was like tree trunk.

DINA

Good thing you got a beaver! Take it down!

LISA

Mmm mmm... I couldn't do it.

DINA

What?! The good Lord gave you ass like that and you just handed it back?

SASHA

(half asleep)

I'm gonna give you a lecture in the morning, but right now, I'm too tired.

Ryan is passing out as well.

RYAN

I think my liver is broken.

DINA

Oh, no y'all don't. Come on.

She gets down on her knees and prays while the other look at her like she's nuts.

DINA

(eyes closed)

What? I'm not going to hell. Jesus loves me. And I'ma pray for y'all too. Recognize your blessing.

The others look at each other then join Dina in her prayers.

FADE TO BLACK.

54

INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRLS' SUITE - NEXT MORNING

54

The ladies are piled on the king bed, arms and limbs criss-crossed, passed out. Ryan's cell RINGS. She looks at her watch and jumps out of bed, answering the phone.

RYAN

(into phone)

Elizabeth, hi, be right there!

Ryan hangs up in a panic.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit! Shit! I don't even have time to shower!

Ryan tries to pull herself together as the girls wake up.

DINA

(half-asleep)

Take a ho's bath. Pits, pussy and ass. Nothin' else smells. Have some goddamn sense, woman.

As Ryan rushes into the bathroom --

DINA

And she's the one writing self-help books...

She goes back to sleep.

55 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - LOADING DOCK - DAY 55

Ryan rides in a golf-cart being driven by a festival assistant. Bouncing up and down, sunglasses on, hungover AF. She burps loudly. A hot mess.

56 INT. SUGAR MILL (CONVENTION CENTER EXTENSION) - DAY 56

Ryan pulls up in the golf cart. A bit disheveled and frazzled. Maybe still a little drunk. Stewart shakes his head.

STEWART

Nice of you to show up. You want to maybe comb your hair?

RYAN

What? I don't look pretty? How's my breath?

She breathes on him. We can tell by his reaction that it's toxic.

STEWART

What's wrong with you?

Elizabeth walks up.

ELIZABETH

Whoa -- Somebody had some adult beverages...

(worried)

Let's get you some coffee... And hair and makeup.

A GLAM SQUAD TEAM of HAIR, MAKE-UP, and WARDROBE set up.

ELIZABETH

Just so you know -- Bethany from Calmart will be in the audience. She wants to get your vibe before the meeting.

Ryan's vibe right now is hungover as fuck. She puts on a smile.

RYAN

Then I guess I should brush my teeth --

She makes a face at Stewart who gives her a "will you quit playing now?" look.

57 INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRL'S SUITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

57

Lisa, Sasha and Dina eat breakfast, hungover.

LISA

Look, you guys, I've been out of the game for too long. He's been with girls who know tricks I don't.

SASHA

Please... there's no tricks you don't know.

DINA

You ever grapefruited?

Sasha looks just as confused as Lisa.

DINA

Neither of you tricks have grapefruited?

LISA

Okay, explain.

Dina picks up a grapefruit from the fruit basket.

DINA

(demonstrating)

You cut a hole in each end of the grapefruit and make a tunnel -- then put the grapefruit on his dick while you suck it.

Sasha sets down her forkful of grapefruit.

SASHA/LISA

What???

Dina picks up a banana to use in place of a dick.

DINA

But you gotta make sure you twist and squeeze -- that way your man feels like he's getting sucked and fucked at the same time.

She twists it up and down the base of the banana while she sucks on the top. Slurping noises included.

Sasha and Lisa's mouths are agape as she demonstrates.

Dina raises her head from the banana.

LISA

Where'd you even learn that?

DINA

The Internet. You want a trick?
There you go. You're doing your man
and getting your Vitamin C.

SASHA

And a protein shot --

They all laugh hysterically.

58

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - LATER

58

Dina, Lisa and Sasha walk down the street where people are already drinking. Lisa and Sasha stop to linger in a funky clothing store as Dina is lured by two street VENDORS who vie for her attention.

VENDOR #1

Hurricanes! Two for twenty-five!

VENDOR #2

Extra special, authentic
Hurricanes. Two for twenty
over here!

Dina heads for Vendor #2, when Vendor #1 calls out.

VENDOR #1

Don't go to him, beautiful. I've got something special for you.

DINA

Oh, now I'm beautiful...? Do tell...

VENDOR #1

Baby, you can get Hurricanes anywhere. But I'm the only place in New Orleans you can get this...

He pulls out a shiny bottle of ABSINTHE. Dina's eyes light up like a kid. He's got her.

DINA

The fuck is that?

VENDOR #1

It's two hundred year old pure wormwood absinthe. Green Fairy.

DINA

I want it!

Excited, Dina reaches for the bottle, but he pulls away.

VENDOR #1

I just want to make sure you know
what you're getting--

DINA

I don't give a fuck. That shit is
green and shiny and looks like it
will get us hella bent!

VENDOR #1

It will. A tiny splash will have
you seeing in 3-D.

Dina stares at the bottle, transfixed, not listening.

VENDOR #1 (CONT'D)

Just a splash, got it? Any more
than that--

DINA

Nigga, just give it to me.

VENDOR #1

This bottle should probably last
you four or five years--

DINA

Yep, got it. Five weeks.

VENDOR #1

No. Five years.

DINA

Five days. Understood.

VENDOR #1

I feel like you're not listening.
This has hallucinogenic properties--

Dina hands over some cash, grabs the bottle, cuts him off.

DINA

Thank you. This will be used very
ignorantly.

As Dina walks away, the Vendor shakes his head, knowingly.

"THE *ESSENCE* OF COOKING" banner hangs above Ryan and Stewart
as they cook in a mock kitchen in front of a few hundred

FANS. BETHANY, 40s, the conservative Calmart exec, sits in the front row next to Elizabeth, beaming.

RYAN

And now Stew is going to add rice so it can get coated with all that savory flavor.

STEWART

And keep stirring so it doesn't get burned.

RYAN

Can't have that, y'all.

They laugh together as everyone in the audience enjoys the wonder couple.

ON SASHA/LISA/DINA - INTERCUT

The ladies sit in the crowd watching Ryan and Stewart.

SASHA

Ryan is on some Academy Award shit right now for that performance.

LISA

Maybe it's not all put on. I think she still really loves him and there's nothing wrong with that.

DINA

You think we gonna get to taste what they making? I love jambalaya.

ON STAGE

SHAUN ROBINSON

You two look like you're having so much fun! I guess that chapter in your book is right: "The Couple Who Cooks Together Stays Together".

Everyone applauds as Ryan catches a glimpse of Simone in the audience! Her demeanor shifts.

RYAN

So true. You see Shaun, when cooking it is vital to remain faithful to the recipe so it can turn out right. The shared experience should bring you closer because you're invested in the

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)
final result. Isn't that right,
honey?

STEWART
Sure is. Ryan is very neat, orderly
and follows the recipe to the t-

RYAN
And Stewart is a messy cook.
Doesn't clean after himself and
improvs. A lot.

STEWART
(sensing a shift)
Well, there is no one way to be in
the kitchen. Sometimes you want to
switch it up, sometimes a little
extra spice give you a little kick
and maybe surprises you.

Ryan grunts a sarcastic utterance. Then--

SIMONE
(shouting)
That's what I'm talking about.

Lisa, Dina and Sasha see Simone as does Stewart.

SASHA
No, this bitch didn't.

ON STAGE

SHAUN ROBINSON
Now this meal comes with some fresh
jalapeno cornbread . . .

RYAN
No Shaun! No bread. No side dishes!

Shaun is taken aback.

RYAN (CONT'D)
One pot meals like this have
everything you need for a hearty,
savory, meal. But some folks just
aren't satisfied. I say put it in a
bowl and keep it moving.

ON BETHANY AND ELIZABETH

Elizabeth doesn't know what's going on as Bethany laughs.

BETHANY

Oh wow, she is a hoot.

ELIZABETH

Ha. Yeah. That's my girl.

(sotto)

What the fuck--?

ON STAGE

SHAUN ROBINSON

Why don't we invite a lucky audience member to come and sample?

STEWART

Great idea.

Simone is up out of her chair and heads toward the stage. The ladies notice and leap into action.

DINA

Oh hell no...

SASHA

Let's go...

The ladies and Simone scurry, converging toward the stage.

SHAUN ROBINSON

Looks like we have a few hungry volunteers.

ELIZABETH

Who the fuck are these chicks?

Ryan silently fumes as Simone approaches and gets a sample from a VOLUNTEER. Lisa cuts her off and takes it instead.

SIMONE

Oh, sorry. I just wanted a taste.

LISA

I think you've tasted enough. Ryan made this meal with Stew. Not you.

DINA

(tasting it)

For real. And it's good than a motherfucker. Ryan you can cook!

SIMONE

It's really good, but I'd really love more sausage in mine.

RYAN
(maintaining composure)
Really? How about it Stew: you
gonna give her some more sausage?

STEWART
(throat clear)
Well, the customer is always right.

RYAN
Oh. Apparently there's an abundance
of sausage to go around. Stewart
just loves to dole it out---

SASHA
(intervening)
Ryan. Just how much sausage should
be added?

RYAN
When it comes to sausage it all
depends on how greedy you want to
be before stuffing it in your bowl.

Ryan grabs a MEAT CLEAVER swinging it dangerously close to
Stewart who has to weave out of the way.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You can chop it . . .

Whack whack whack goes the cleaver into the sausage.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You can slice it sideways---

Ryan slices with a CHEF'S KNIFE splitting the sausage in
half, then methodically slicing it in little pieces.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You can even grind it.

Ryan grabs two sausages, tosses them in a meat grinder and
goes to work making mincemeat.

SHAUN ROBINSON
Isn't sausage ground up already?

RYAN
Yes, but one might choke on chunky
bits of sausage.

Ryan tosses a bowl of jambalaya with extra sausage to Simone.

SIMONE

Only if you have a gag-reflex.

DINA

Oooh, this bitch gonna get hurt.

BETHANY AND ELIZABETH

BETHANY

Are they still talking about jambalaya?

ELIZABETH

Uh-huh. Yeah. It's colloquial: "put your foot in it", "so good make ya wanna slap ya mamma" "bitch gonna get hurt" Same etymology.

SHAUN ROBINSON

SHAUN ROBINSON

This ladies and gentlemen this may be the epitome of too many cooks in the kitchen.

SIMONE

Thanks for the sample. I'll be sure to try it again.

Simone saunters off. Ryan calls after her.

RYAN

You should move on from this one--

SASHA

(cutting)

Uhhh because there's plenty of more delicious food ...

LISA

Out here at Essence eats . . .

DINA

So get your own, ho!

SHAUN

And *that* is the Essence of Cooking!

APPLAUSE from the audience. Lisa/Sasha/Dina/Ryan and Stewart all bow. Bethany beams.

60 INT. SUGAR MILL - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

60

Ryan and Stewart walk backstage.

STEWART

What the hell was that, Ry?

RYAN

You're asking me? You were supposed to keep the sausage gobbler in check. What happened to that?

STEWART

That was not my fault --

RYAN

Oh, so your penis ended up in her mouth how exactly? Because let's be clear: that's how this started.

STEWART

You're gonna have to figure out how to get yourself under control . . .

Elizabeth enters.

ELIZABETH

That was fucking amazing! The crowd loved it. Bethany loved it. Were those your girls? I thought there were only three? Who's the hottie with the badonkadonk?

STEWART

She's nobody. Never seen her before.

ELIZABETH

Crap. I should get her number --

RYAN & STEWART

No!

ELIZABETH

No worries. It's better improvised. Stewart, can I steal you for a minute? There's a reporter who's a football fan.

He walks off with Elizabeth. Ryan takes a deep breath.

RYAN

I am strong, I am powerful... I am...

She stops as her eyes mist. The mask is off. She breathes in deeply, trying to find inner strength. Sasha walks up.

SASHA
You good, Ry?

Ryan pulls herself together. Turns around, smiling.

RYAN
Yeah, girl. All good! That was kinda crazy, huh?

SASHA
Little bit.

RYAN
Thanks for having my back up there.

SASHA
Of course. You sure you're good?

RYAN
Yup. All in a day's work. I've got a fan meet and greet -- I'll catch up with y'all later, okay?

She walks off, holding it together. Sasha is concerned.

61 INT. ESSENCE FEST CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

61

Thousands of people walk through the center as sponsors hold panels on everything from beauty and style to business to empowerment and music. Celebrities including Tyrese and Morris Chestnut wave to and interact with fans. Dina screams.

DINA
Oh my God! 'Rese! Tyrese! Be my baby-boy, puleeeeeezeee!!

She goes to pull up her shirt and Lisa stops her.

LISA
Dina, I swear to God if don't control yourself . . .

DINA
I'm just saying I'd leave Diddy for Tyrese.

Lisa rolls her eyes. Sasha is busy checking her email on her phone. She has an OVERDRAFT NOTICE from her bank and an EVICTION NOTICE from her landlord.

SASHA
What the hell--?

LISA
Everything okay?

SASHA
Yeah... it will be.

62 INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRLS' SUITE BAR AREA - AFTERNOON 62

Dina's behind the bar mixing drinks like a pro, discreetly pouring a generous amount of ABSINTHE in each glass. Music blasts through the TV's iTunes connection and iPhotos of the Flossy Posse from past Essence Fests rotate on screen.

DINA
You've got the Crabwalk, the Butter Churner, the Organ Grinder... sometimes they cry during that one.

SASHA
Why would you want them to cry?

DINA
Power.

LISA
(popping head in)
Can you turn that down? I'm on the phone!

Sasha turns down the music. Sasha and Dina exchange looks.

DINA
Oooh, she need some dick.

63 INT. SUITE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 63

Lisa resumes FaceTime with Riley and Austin.

LISA
I've gotta go, we're gonna go listen to a man sing some songs. Make sure Meemaw puts you to bed now.

Ryan walks by and waves to the kids.

RYAN
Hi guys! Bye guys!
(to Lisa)
So cute!

As Lisa hangs up --

LISA
You and Stewart ever talk about it?
Maybe a baby will help bring you
closer. Kids change men. Didn't
change Terrence... but hell, maybe
you'll get lucky. And no one will
ever love you like your babies.

RYAN
Oh yeah. We talk about it -- I've
just been so focused on career.

LISA
Well don't wait too long. No one
will ever love you like your
babies.

DINA (O.S.)
Until they become ungrateful
fucking teenagers

LISA
Don't listen to her.

Before Ryan can respond the sound of a door knock is heard.

64

INT. GIRLS SUITE - LIVING ROOM/LOUGE - CONTINUOUS

64

Elizabeth enters the open door, smiling.

ELIZABETH
Is this the Flossy Posse suite?

DINA
Who's asking?

ELIZABETH
Ryan's agent, Elizabeth. Saw you
guys at the demo. "That bitch gonna
get hurt." So fun.

Ryan walks out of the bedroom, nervous at seeing Dina and
Elizabeth in the same proximity.

RYAN
Hey...

ELIZABETH

Bethany wants to meet you and Stewart tonight at the White party. I know you're with the F to the P, just hang out with her for fifteen minutes. Inspire her to add another zero to the deal...

RYAN

Y'all cool to hang out at a party for a little bit before we go to the concert?

DINA

Who's Bethany?

RYAN

She's the Calmart exec giving me and Stewart our own BRAND.

DINA

Oh, THAT Bethany! We love that bitch! Let's make a toast.

SASHA

Ooh, did you make us hurricanes?

DINA

Fuck a hurricane. This is a tsunami.

LISA

I was thinking maybe just wine tonight...

DINA

Did you put on your granny panties again? We got drinking to do!

Dina hands one to Elizabeth.

DINA

Welcome to Saturday night Flossy Posse style...

Ryan shoots Elizabeth a look like, "Don't worry, it's just one drink." Dina raises her glass, as do the others.

DINA

To Bethany. And the shit-ton of money she's going to give Ryan.

ELIZABETH

And Stewart...

DINA

Yeah, that motherfucker, too.

Ryan shoots Dina a "shut-up" look as they all down their drinks.

ELIZABETH

So, I'll see you there? And don't forget we've got the signing meeting tomorrow. Let's be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

She eyes Dina, worried.

RYAN

You have my word. Tonight I'm taking it easy.

ELIZABETH

Dass mah gurrll...

They all look at Elizabeth crazy. Then--

DINA

Okay, she's cut off.

65

INT. SWANKY LOUNGE - NIGHT

65

Super exclusive, VIP Essence-sponsored party. Sasha, Lisa and Dina get busy to a NEW HIP-HOP JAM.

Sasha looks out into the crowd.

SASHA

Is that Pharrell? I can't tell. Why does he look so blurry?

The music changes and the crowd looks like they're slowing down. The girls start to sway a bit.

LISA

I feel a little funny. Do you feel funny?

DINA

Feel funny?
(feeling herself)
I feel fine. See? Feel me?

Lisa rubs her.

SASHA

Why are you feeling her?

LISA

Because she axed did she feel
funny?

(giggling)

I said axed.

DINA

You did.

(looking)

Oo, baller-alert. Bye, bitches.

Dina takes off out of frame.

SASHA

Is she moving in slow motion or am
I hearing in slow motion?

Sasha looks up at the stars painted on the ceiling.

SASHA

Oh shit -- do not look up!

MONTAGE of the ladies tripping:

-In Sasha's POV she's hurling through space

-Dina dances with a model-looking type guy and she is into
him, grinding her ass all over his crotch as the camera moves
to reveal a hideous dude who can't believe his luck.

-Lisa looks toward a myriad of statues of Jazz Musicians that
suddenly animate and come to life. Lisa is mesmerized.

66 INT. SWANKY LOUNGE - NIGHT

66

Dina steps up to the bar.

DINA

One grapefruit please. And a knife.

She has a devilish look on her face.

67 INT. SWANKY LOUNGE - WOMEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

67

Dina and her "model" go into a a women's room stall with the
grapefruit and shut the door while Lisa is in the mirror re-
applying her make-up like a 6-year-old would.

LISA

Pretty!

Meanwhile, outside the stall--

DINA'S "DATE" (O.S.)
Damn, girl! Ooooh. That's some
freaky shit!

68 INT. SWANKY LOUNGE - NIGHT

68

- Sasha tries to walk through the crowd, despite the fact that all the party-goers look upside down. She finds Lisa, now in crazy make-up.

SASHA
There's a bear in here! Plus, I
figured out time travel.

Dina walks up, bent at a 70 degree angle, clothes now on backwards.

DINA
I just burped and a rainbow came
out.

The rest of the party-goers stare at them, shaking their heads.

LISA
What're they looking at?

Dina looks at Sasha, her face is an undulating Mardi Gras mask.

DINA
Oh shit how you do that? That's
dope...

Dina grabs Sasha's face. Sasha pushes her hands away.

SASHA
Stop playing! I told you there's
bear in here.

LISA
You know what? I think we might be
trippin'.

SASHA
Where's Ryan?

LISA
She can't trip in front of Bethany!

69 INT. SWANKY LOUNGE - NIGHT

69

ACROSS THE PARTY

Ryan, now sweaty and dizzy is in a VIP booth with Stewart, Elizabeth and Bethany trying her best to focus.

BETHANY

I just loved your cooking demo today. The way you two played off of each other was fantastic. So much fun.

RYAN

We're all about fun. Funnn Funnn!

Ryan starts rubbing ice cubes on her face.

BETHANY

Are you feeling okay?

RYAN

I'm just so thirsty --

Ryan takes a sip of water and completely misses her mouth.

STEWART

Let me get you a napkin.

He dabs her forehead with it. Whispering to her --

STEWART

What the hell are you on?!

RYAN

What?! Nigga chill out --

Bethany is taken aback as is Stewart, but then his attention is caught by --

ACROSS THE ROOM

Dina walking across the room taking off her clothes.

DINA

Why it so damn hot?

ON RYAN

She looks up at the WAITRESS, who now appears to be Simone, but only to Ryan.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything?

RYAN
(to Stewart)
What the hell she doing here?

STEWART
She's here to take our order.

WAITRESS/SIMONE
I can come back--

RYAN
Don't. You. Dare.

The waitress scurries off. Stewart leans into Ryan.

STEWART
What the hell's gotten into you?

RYAN
The devil--?

STEWART
(to Bethany)
So, tell me more about the Calmart
philosophy.

BETHANY
Well--

Suddenly, Elizabeth starts laughing hysterically. Ryan tries to step in and address a confused Bethany.

RYAN
So you were saying, Bethanyyyyyiii!!!

Bethany's eyes begin to BUG OUT like they're animated.

RYAN
Oh, shit!

Elizabeth continues laughing then starts pecking at Stewart's shoulder like a chicken. He shrugs her off and she starts doing it to Bethany.

BETHANY
I'm not sure what's happening
here...

Ryan looks around the party. There's SIMONE. She blinks her eyes. And there she is dancing, then by the bar drinking, in a booth eating, chatting on a couch -- everywhere Ryan looks, Simone is there.

RYAN

Excuse me. I need some fresh air.

Ryan takes off, leaving Stewart there to cover on the fly.

STEWART

My apologies, Bethany. Ryan's been taking a new allergy medicine and it's had some side effects.

BETHANY

(referring to Elizabeth)
What's her excuse?

Elizabeth is on the ground in fetus position laughing hard.

ACROSS THE PARTY

Sasha, Dina and Lisa are trying to get to Ryan. But they're moving in slow motion. Barely covering ground.

SASHA

We've gotta save Ry! If we're trippin, she's trippin.

DINA

I'm not tripping, but I'm feeling niiiiice

Ryan spots them.

RYAN

We need to leave! Now! The tsunami has hit! The tsunami has hit!

70

EXT. FRENCHMEN STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

70

On the street, the Flossy Posse are all clearly still on the absinthe high. Guzzling water from a street vendor. Ryan turns to Dina, pissed.

RYAN

What the hell did you put in those drinks?!

DINA

Love.

RYAN

Dina, I'm not playing!

DINA
... and a little absinthe. I may
have over poured.

SASHA
None of y'all saw the bear?

RYAN
Fuck! Bethany just saw me like
this. We need to hide but I'm too
fucked up to find the hotel.

LISA
(like a child)
Look! Pretty hair!

She points at a booth on the street where someone is selling
WIGS and SUNGLASSES.

Cash Money's "Bling-Bling", pours out from the open door of a
ratchet bar next door.

DINA
You know Bethany won't find you in
there... Let's go set it off.

Lisa and Sasha look at each other like WTF this bitch talking
about, before they follow her. Ryan does the same.

71 INT. RATCHET BAR - MOMENTS LATER

71

The ladies burst into the bar -- WIGS AND SUNGLASSES ON.
Still amped. Throwback southern hip hop blasts. This crowd is
ratchet as hell. Ryan goes unrecognized.

DINA
Booty sweat and Hennessy in the
air. We have found our tribe!

All of a sudden Q-Tip's "Vivrant Thing" comes on.

RYAN
Oh hell yeah. Let's dance this shit
off.

The ladies hit the floor, doing their old sorority step
dances. The crowd goes wild. The Flossy Posse owns the floor.
Until...

A group of YOUNG CHICKS, 20s, trashy as fuck, answer the
call. They bring the noise.

YOUNG CHICK

Y'all might wanna sit down and
rest.

DINA

Keep talkin, Keshia.

The DJ alternates newer and older songs as the crews battle.

He reaches into his 1997 arsenal and hits them with Master
P's "Make 'Em Say Uhhh" and the Flossy Posse brings the heat.
Ryan is having a blast -- no inhibitions. In disguise. Free.

Then, Fetty Wap's "Trap Queen" drops and the Young Chicks
tear it up. But the Flossy Posse will not be outdone. "Lose
Control" by Missy Elliot comes on and they kill it.

72

INT. RATCHET BAR - NIGHT

72

Four shot glasses toast. The Flossy Posse is unstoppable.
Before they can knock it back-- Simone walking by bumps into
Dina. Record scratch moment.

Oh shit.

Simone pales, realizing who they are. And they recognize her.

DINA

You know what? Everyone expects me
to beat your ass right now -- but
I'm all about love tonight. You
have hallucinogens to thank for
that.

Lisa CLOCKS SIMONE IN THE FACE. Hard.

LISA

Mine wore off.

Now it's on. One of Simone's Crew goes after Lisa.

DINA

Well, shit, if Lisa starts a party,
I will fucking attend!!

She smacks Simone hard. But Simone is trash. She's got moves.
She punches Dina in the face. Hard. Dina smiles.

DINA

Thank you. Now I can beat your ass
with no remorse whatsoever.

An all out brawl ensues. Dina unloads on Simone. Sasha jumps on Simone's back. Lisa punches all of Simone's friends. Letting out years of repressed divorced anger.

Ryan is in the perfect position to clock Simone like a motherfucker until --

Blue lights flash outside and a CLUB PATRON yells.

CLUB PATRON
Five-oh, y'all!

Ryan settles for grabbing Simone's fake tit and wrenching it--

RYAN
Titty Twister!

73

EXT. RATCHET BAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

73

Ryan gets her head slammed on the hood of car, outside of the bar, cuffed. Wigs crooked, sunglasses broken.

RYAN
I'm gonna kill you, Lis!

Slam down goes Lisa into frame

LISA
I don't know what got into me.

A couple POLICE OFFICERS sit Lisa and Ryan next to Sasha and Dina on an outdoor bench. Other COPS interview witnesses.

RYAN
We are so FUCKED!

DINA
Relax! I've been here before. It's just a misdemeanor. Once we post bail --

RYAN
Bail?! Do you hear yourself? I am not a rapper! I'm a therapist! I write self-help books! I can not go to jail!

SASHA
Martha Stewart went to jail. People still listen to her advice about cranberry centerpieces or whatever the fuck it is she talks about.

Ryan starts panic breathing.

DINA
Ry, relax! It was self-defense.

LISA
(as if)
I threw the first punch.

DINA
Yeah, and you clocked the shit out
that bitch.

SASHA
Straight knuckles.

RYAN
(chuckling in spite of)
You did, Lis. "Mine wore off." Pow!

They all laugh about it. Ad-libbing about what they did. Then
reality starts to set in on Lisa.

LISA
Wait a minute. This could end me.
I'll lose my license. I could lose
my kids over this.

DINA
Aww shot she about to blow.

She looks over at a FAT COP.

LISA
No, I'm not. I got this.

She walks over to the Fat Cop. On a mission.

ON THE FAT COP

He writes out a ticket as Lisa walks up.

LISA
(helpless)
Officer, these cuffs are so tight.
Is there any way you can take them
off?

The cop doesn't even look up.

FAT COP
Nope.

Lisa tries a different tactic.

LISA

But I'm afraid the interstitial pressure on my radial nerve could lead to arterial ischemia or necrosis.

The cop looks up, impressed.

FAT COP

You a doctor?

LISA

Just a registered nurse.

FAT COP

How'd a woman like you end up in a bar fight?

He removes her cuffs.

LISA

To be honest, my friends and I were roofied tonight and it caused us to act really out of character.

FAT COP

(concerned)

You know who did it?

LISA

(eyeing Dina)

Hard to say.

FAT COP

Lucky you didn't get hurt in there. Little thing like you could barely even throw a punch, I bet.

LISA

Not one you'd feel...

LISA

Thank you for taking those cuffs off. Feels so good to be free!

She waves her hands in the air, really sexing it up as she dances. The Fat Cop is smitten.

ON THE LADIES

The other ladies watch from the bench as Lisa makes small talk, giggles at the COP's jokes..

DINA

Here we go -- take it home, Daytona
Beach Lisa. Take it home.

ON THE FAT COP AND LISA

She's flirting up a storm.

LISA

Is there any way my friends and I
could just go back to our hotel?
You really want to write up all
that paperwork over little me?

The Fat Cop looks around to make sure none of the other cops
are watching.

FAT COP

I'mma make an exception. For you.

74

INT. RITZ CARLTON - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

74

Our ladies come up the escalator giddy with laughter.

RYAN

Lis, you have my undying gratitude.

DINA

That was some Jedi voodoo sex magic
is what that was.

SASHA

Yeah, too bad it's going to waste.

As they round the corner, Malik awaits holding a flower.
Wearing a tie. Lisa cups her hand to her ear.

LISA

Sorry, Sash, what was that?

SASHA

(surprised)

Okay. Get it, bitch. Get it.

LISA

Oh I'm going to. Tonight -- I slay.

Her sexual confidence is now fully restored. She gives Malik
a smile as she takes the flower from him.

DINA

Yassssss hunty. Yassssss!

Lisa takes his hand and practically skips to the elevator.

DINA

He better fuck the shit outta her.

RYAN

Remember when life was that simple?
Just wanting a boy to like us
enough to want to give 'em some.

SASHA

That's all we cared about. That and
having no money. Those problems are
in the past thank God.

Ryan looks at her, sincere.

RYAN

I miss you, Sash. I really do.

SASHA

I miss you, too.

RYAN

We were gonna take over the world
back then.

SASHA

Never got around to that, did we?

RYAN

I hate to see you chasing after
celebrity bullshit. It's beneath
you. You're so much better than
that.

Sasha realizes Ryan didn't mean it to sound condescending.

SASHA

I'm good. I'm handling mine.

Ryan smiles and nods. Not wanting to fight.

RYAN

Okay.

SASHA

(beat)

Ry, you don't need the bullshit
either. Don't be afraid to step out
your comfort zone. You can do it.

Ryan knows what she means. The elevator doors open and
several drunken late 50s Essence Fest attendees are inside --

singing "Booty Poppin" by Ludacris and doing the accompanying dance moves.

DINA

That's us in twenty years, y'all.

RYAN

God, I hope so.

75 INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRL'S SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATE~~R~~S

Dina, Sasha and Ryan are on the couch, giggling as they scarf down food.

SASHA

Dina, you did not go in a bathroom stall with Jason Momoa! He wasn't even at the party!

DINA

Bitch, I got pictures!

She pulls out her phone and pulls up a photo. We see a quick flash of a man's balls on her forehead with his limp dick hanging down her nose -- like a Roman Helmet.

Dina frowns when she sees the face of the dick's owner.

DINA

Who the fuck is that?

SASHA

And why is his business on your face?

RYAN

(laughing)

I think they call that a Roman Helmet.

Dina flips through the pictures and there's one of SASHA getting Roman Helmeted too.

DINA

Look, you got one, too!

SASHA

What?! Erase that!

As Sasha reels from this -- they hear a moan from the bedroom.

DINA

The beaver took down the tree!

The bedroom door opens and a disheveled, recently fucked Lisa steps out, wrapped in a towel.

LISA

Just gonna grab this --

She grabs a grapefruit out of the fruit basket on the table and goes back into the bedroom with a smile.

DINA

Ohhh... it's on! Prepare yourselves, ladies. Five, four, three, two...

Malik's MOANS tell us that Dina is right.

SASHA

Damn! I've gotta try this!

Suddenly, Malik SCREAMS so loud the windows rattle.

RYAN

Oh my God, did she just bite it off?

Lisa yanks open the bedroom door.

LISA

Grapefruit juice just shot in his eye! Where's my Visine!

Lisa digs through her bag. Malik comes staggering out, grapefruit still on his dick (covering it). One hand over his eye, one hand over his balls.

MALIK

(wailing)

Why, Jesus? Why?

76

INT. GIRLS SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

76

All four girls are in the king bed. Dina pours some mini-bar champagne.

SASHA

I don't care how late it is, we are toasting that Lisa got ten inches tonight.

DINA
I wish we could've seen it without
the grapefruit on it.

LISA
Hand me my phone --

DINA
Good girl!

Lisa pulls up a picture. They all stare at it in silent awe.

RYAN
That is a beautiful penis.

SASHA
It's a work of art.

Dina sends the picture to herself.

DINA
I'm taking this to Walgreens and
having it printed out to put on my
desk at work.

The ladies laugh.

77 INT. GIRLS SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 77

The ladies all kneel beside the bed praying in unison as we

FADE TO BLACK.

78 EXT. RIVER WALK - DAWN 78

The sun rises over the Mississippi.

79 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - ESSENCE POP-UP BOOKSTORE - DAY 79

Ryan and Stewart sign books for fans. Doing their "Happy
Couple" show. Smiling, taking pictures. People love them. And
the line is lengthy.

80 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NEAR FOOD BOOTHS - DAY 80

Lisa and Dina explore the food booths, feeding their
hangovers.

DINA

What you mean there ain't no etoufee left? I waited all this damn time. What you got then? Red beans and rice? Aight.

LISA

Excuse me is that cooked in animal fat?

DINA

Hell no. It's just some hamhock.

A few hundred feet away, Sasha's on her phone.

SASHA

(desperate)

Wait! Don't pull your ads! I've got audio of Tyler Perry cussing me out like a sailor... What d'you mean that's not news?... Fine. I'll get something good. 'Jay-Z and Solange elevator' good. By tomorrow.

Sasha hangs up. Against the wall and out of options. She looks at the picture of Simone and Stewart on her phone and shakes her head. The sound of applause is heard, then --

IYANLA VANZANT (O.S.)

The question is not "if" but "when"?

Sasha looks over to a healthy crowd gathered around Essence's Center Stage where beloved guest, IYANLA VANZANT speaks to an attentive crowd.

81

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NEAR POP-UP BOOKSTORE - DAY

81

Ryan and Stewart are being escorted toward the exit, but Ryan pauses to take a listen.

IYANLA VANZANT

When will you realize the power for change is in your hands? You can't wait for someone else to make the decision that will affect you in your life. Only you can do that? You want better? You deserve better? Then do better. Demand it of yourself. Even if it means change. And beloved, change takes time, takes effort, takes bravery.

Listening in the crowd is Sasha. Two hundred yards away Ryan also listens.

IYANLA VANZANT (CONT'D)

Don't you dare ask anyone to change
unless you put in the work
yourself. Fight the good fight. The
bad fight has enough soldiers.

The message has resonated with both Ryan and Sasha. Elizabeth catches Ryan's attention to take her to the back.

82

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

82

Ryan and Stewart are at a table with Elizabeth, Bethany and some guys in Suits.

BETHANY

You two have built an incredible
brand. And we want in. We think the
Ryan Stewart brand can be to
Calmart what Martha Stewart is to K-
Mart. But bigger.

RYAN

Really?

BETHANY

Bottom line you two give people
hope of having it all. And we want
in.

STEWART

Sounds fantastic.

ELIZABETH

Yes it does. But let's be honest,
it's all about the offer.

Bethany scribbles down a number and slides it across the table. Elizabeth, ever the negotiator intercepts the paper.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Holy fuck--!

Ryan and Stewart read it, stunned. More money than they ever expected. Bethany stands and shakes Ryan and Stewart's respective hands.

BETHANY

Look forward to working with you.

She and her team head out.

ELIZABETH

I'll see you out . . .

Elizabeth gives Ryan and Stewart fist pump before exiting. After a beat. Ryan and Stewart look at each other.

RYAN

Looks like we did it.

Stewart is too stunned to respond as Ryan heads off camera.

83 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - LATER

83

Ryan and Stewart head to their SUV as many screaming fans cheer them. Ryan half-heartedly waves. Stewart is pensive before pulling the driver to the side a beat before joining Ryan.

84 INT. SUV - DAY

84

Ryan sips on water and checks her phone as Stewart climbs in and shuts the door. Other than the hum of the motor, the AC and the screaming fans it is silent. Ryan notices.

RYAN

Where's the driver?

STEWART

Ryan, I'm sorry.

Ryan turns to Stewart, eyes glistening. Ryan looks concerned.

RYAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?

STEWART

I been wrong.

RYAN

Uhhh okay--?

STEWART

"I been wrong." I been saying it without any real consequence. It's just been words. And I've been wrong for that.

RYAN

Alright, you been wrong, you've been going through the motions. I get it. Can we go? I have a little bit of a headache--

STEWART

This deal is incredible. The possibilities are limitless. I'm amped. I'm energized.

RYAN

Yeah, it's a lot of money . . .

STEWART

No. You don't understand: This is the kick in the ass I needed.

(off her look)

When I retired from football I was messed up. I didn't what my purpose was. Who was I without this game? Dumb male ego shit. As much as you tried to show me and encourage me I couldn't hear. I didn't want to hear it.

RYAN

Kind of like how I feel right now-?

STEWART

Ry, I don't blame you for wanting to shut me out. I wouldn't want to hear me either. But we did it. We did this together. We're back. And now everything can be the way you want it. We can be Ryan and Stewart again. And I don't mean some public persona "us". I mean "us." You and me: the man you fell in love with.

Ryan looks at the sincerity in his eyes, still unsure. He takes her hands and kneels on the car floor.

STEWART (CONT'D)

I promise you if you give us another chance I'm in this for real. No more show. No more bullshit.

Stewart is as vulnerable as ever. Ryan is torn.

85

INT. HOUSE OF BLUES - VIP SEATING - NIGHT

85

A magnum of champagne is popped and poured.

RYAN

Thank you, Calmart!!!

Sasha snaps a selfie of the ladies, champagne flutes in hand. She tags everyone and posts it on social media. #EssenceFest #HOBNOOLA. Ping! Dina looks down at her phone.

DINA

Damn, bitch! I could never be C.I.A. with you posting my business everywhere.

RYAN

(to Sasha)

Then you need to quit that, because if anyone's taking out Isis, it's this bitch --

She clinks glasses with Dina. Then addresses Sasha

RYAN

Hey, do you think your paparazzi guy would sell the photo to me? We could bury this shit and move forward.

SASHA

(nodding, skeptical)

I could find out. What's going on?

RYAN

Well, ladies Stew and I had a real talk today and I really think our marriage is going to get back on track.

LISA

Really? Oh my God that's great, Ry.

DINA

You taking dirty-dick back?

RYAN

Look, y'all men have egos... his was deflated. Retiring fucked him up. That's how men are: rudderless, needing a purpose.

DINA

Well, alright. It's used, not broke.

RYAN

You should have seen it: he practically begged me to stick with us. I saw the sincerity in his eyes. I've haven't seen that since--

SASHA
His last big contract.

RYAN
Sasha, I have faith--

SASHA
Faith that fame and money are worth
your dignity and self-respect?

RYAN
(beat)
Why can't you be happy for me?

DINA
Yeah, don't hate, Sash.

SASHA
I'm not hating. I'll just be happy
when she's happy. Truly happy. I
know what Ryan happy looks like. I
ain't seen it in a minute.

Ryan is taken aback.

LISA
Come on, you guys, this is a good
thing. Let's celebrate this, okay?

The band strikes up from the main room and the CROWD starts
to cheer.

86 INT. HOUSE OF BLUES - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

86

Solange commands the stage. Julian's sexy on bass.

RYAN
There he is!

DINA
Aw shit. Look who grew up and grew
a pair. Alright, Julian. I see you!

LISA
He's working that bass!

SASHA
Yeah, he is --

Julian performs a gripping solo. Everyone cheers. Julian eyes the crowd, his eyes landing on Ryan and the girls. Giving them a wink.

DISSOLVE TO:

87 INT. HOUSE OF BLUES - FOUNDATION ROOM - NIGHT

87

Ryan and Julian sit on a couch.

JULIAN

So, I know you've got your professional life on lock, but how you doing otherwise?

RYAN

I'm good! Really, really blessed.

JULIAN

You and Stewart doing okay?

RYAN

Better than ever.

Julian studies her. Knows something's up.

JULIAN

You don't have to do that with me, Ry. I know you. Ain't no bluff in you.

RYAN

So my sincerity is a curse?

JULIAN

I wouldn't have you any other way. You just can't be my spades partner.

RYAN

(laughing)

It's like that? I see where I stand. But seriously, we are fine. I'm just nervous about the speech tomorrow.

JULIAN

Why? You've always been one of the most self-assured people I've ever known.

RYAN

I don't know about that--

JULIAN

Bullshit. You do know about it. From the moment you walked on campus, you owned it. Not cocky, just matter of fact: "I'm the shit, y'all. Recognize."

They share a laugh.

RYAN

Didn't know then how challenging it would be to get here now.

JULIAN

Clearly that didn't matter 'cuz you got everything you could ever want.

RYAN

(nodding)

Yeah. I guess that's true.

Julian holds up his drink to toast. Ryan clinks with him.

88

INT. HOUSE OF BLUES - FOUNDATION ROOM - NIGHT

88

Sasha comes out of the ladies room and spots -- Simone making a beeline for the Ryan. Sasha intercepts her.

SASHA

Where the hell do you think you're going?

SIMONE

I need to talk to Ryan.

Sasha steps to Simone.

SASHA

That's not gonna happen. Let's go--

ACROSS THE CLUB

Ryan spots Sasha with Simone and frowns. Sasha backs Simone out of sight.

ON SASHA AND SIMONE

SASHA

How'd you even know she was here?

Simone pulls up her SMART PHONE to display Sasha's Instagram.

SASHA

I gotta get a new line of work.
Look, I'll relay the message.
What's up?

SIMONE

I'm pregnant. And before you even
insult me, yes, it's Stewart's.

Sasha's jaw drops. Not at all expecting this.

SASHA

Does he know?

SIMONE

I left him a message. He won't call
me back.

SASHA

I'll try to find some tears to shed
for you.

SIMONE

Look, I don't need your shade.
That's not why I came here--

SASHA

Then why did you?

SIMONE

I didn't know who else to tell. I
need Stewart to call me back within
the next twenty-four hours or I
will go public. I have pictures.
Nasty-freaky ones too. You wanna be
the one to break the story? Be my
guest.

SASHA

You must be high. And ya ass is
fake.

Simone walks off. Lisa walks up to Sasha.

LISA

What was that about?

SASHA

She's pregnant.

LISA

What?

SASHA

Yup. The biggest damn story of the year and I can't even run it. Come on.

Sasha heads toward Ryan. Lisa gives pause before following.

89 INT. HOUSE OF BLUES - FOUNDATION ROOM - NIGHT 89

Julian and Ryan reminisce. Ryan laughs loudly as Lisa, Sasha and Dina approach with serious faces. Julian notices.

JULIAN

Everything alright?

Ryan spins around, senses the gravity of the situation.

RYAN

What... what is it?

90 INT. RITZ CARLTON - GIRLS' SUITE - NIGHT 90

Ryan, tear-stained eyes, sits in a robe on the couch. Her girls surround her. Lisa rubs her back.

RYAN

I tried everything. I went to all the top specialists, tried every fertility treatment on the market... She gave him what I couldn't. That's why he did it.

LISA

Ry, why didn't you tell us you were having trouble getting pregnant?

RYAN

Because I was embarrassed! I didn't want anyone to know --

DINA

We're not just "anyone". We're your girls. You have a problem, you tell us!

There's a KNOCK at the door. Lisa looks through the peephole.

LISA

It's Stewart.

DINA/SASHA

Oh, hell no./The fuck does he want?

STEWART (O.C.)

Ryan, please. We need to talk.

Ryan gestures to let him in. The ladies all glare at him.

STEWART

Alone.

Ryan hesitates, then, to the girls --

RYAN

Can you give us a minute?

The ladies exchange looks, but do as their told.

SASHA

We'll wait for you downstairs.

Dina removes something from her purse and hands it to Ryan.

DINA

Take my taser. Just in case. You can turn up the voltage with that dial on the side... Fuck it, I'll just leave it on high.

Dina mouths "I'm watching you" to Stewart, then leaves. Ryan and Stewart sit down across from each other.

RYAN

I could kill you. That's how furious I am right now.

STEWART

I talked to Simone. She's agreed to sign an NDA in exchange for a monthly payment for her and the baby--

RYAN

So that makes everything okay?! You got her pregnant, when I can't?

STEWART

We can still do this, Ry. No one will know. You don't have to believe me, but we can make it all work. The deal, all of it.

Ryan glares at him in disbelief.

RYAN

It's not just about the money,
Stew! Do you have any idea how much
(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)
you've hurt me? You've ruined
everything! How can I trust you?

STEWART
I know you can't trust me as your
husband anymore. But you can trust
me as your business partner. This
deal will set us up for life. We
can't do it if we're apart.

RYAN
Do you even love me?

STEWART
Of course I do, babe. But this is
bigger than love. It's marriage.

Ryan stares at him, knowing she's selling her soul if she
stays.

STEWART
Ryan without Stewart doesn't have
it all...

91 INT. RITZ CARLTON - MEZZANINE - NIGHT

91

Dina, Lisa and Sasha sit in lounge chairs.

LISA
I hope she kicked his cheating ass
out and tased his dickskin until it
smelled like bacon.

DINA
Damn, Lis. You were the one talking
"work it out" --

LISA
Changed my mind the minute I saw
that look on his face. Fuck him and
the ho he rode in on.

SASHA
Amen!

Ryan walks up, game face on.

LISA
How'd it go?

RYAN
Stew's figured out a way to handle
the Simone situation.

Their jaws drop.

SASHA

So, you're staying with him?

RYAN

Yes, we both made mistakes. But we've had some good times together.

DINA

Did he dickmatize you that quick?!

RYAN

Dina, he's my husband. Not some guy in a bathroom stall. I'm not going to just throw everything away.

Ryan's phone RINGS. She ignores it.

LISA

I get it, Ryan. You're scared. When I left Terrence, I was terrified. I didn't think I could make it on my own. But I'm figuring it out. You will too. I'll help.

RYAN

So I can live with my mother like you?

LISA

Wow. Shots fired.

RYAN

I'm sorry, but everything I have is dependent on us staying together! My career, my brand -- I can't do it alone. If I give all this up -- I have nothing.

SASHA

Bullshit. You don't need him! The Ryan we met freshman year was already a star way before Stewart sashayed his ass into the picture. And by the way, we all know that proposal story is bullshit. We were there!

DINA

Yeah, he was so drunk he didn't even remember he proposed until you told him the next day.

LISA

He gave you a ring made out of a gum wrapper.

SASHA

Is there even anything real left with you two?

RYAN

I don't expect you to get it. You're all single! You don't have any clue about how a relationship works!

Whoa. This smacks them hard.

DINA

The only reason I'm single is because there's no such thing as too many dicks.

RYAN

You're gonna get herpes with that attitude.

SASHA

Where the hell do you get off judging our personal lives?

RYAN

Says the woman who talks shit about people for a living! Way to use that journalism degree --

SASHA

Who's talking shit now? I got advanced degrees, bitch. You the one with the bullshit MRS.

LISA

Everybody breathe, dammit! Time the fuck out!

Silence.

DINA

(to Ryan)

That herpes shit was low.

Ryan's phone RINGS again. She finally answers the call. It's Elizabeth. Ryan walks off to talk to her.

RYAN

Hello.

Sasha's phone begins BLOWING UP with alerts. "Ryan and Stewart Pierce Mistress Scandal."

SASHA

Oh shit...

Lisa and Dina look at Sasha, alarmed by her tone.

LISA

What's wrong?

Ryan walks back up, pissed. Going right for Sasha's throat.

RYAN

You conniving bitch!

Dina jumps in to keep them separated.

DINA

Damn! You bitches got strong!

SASHA

I didn't leak it, I swear -- Simone must have.

RYAN

I saw you all huddled up with her. What'd you sell it to another site to cover your tracks? I know you're broke. Don't think I didn't notice all the tags hanging off your clothes. We all did.

Sasha looks guilty that she's exposed.

LISA/DINA

Yeah/those aren't red bottoms/I've done it before

RYAN

How much did you get for ruining my life?

LISA

Oh shit. It's gone viral!
#YouCantHaveItAll is trending.

RYAN

Congratulations, Sash. Whatever you got, I hope it was worth it.

SASHA

You know what, Ryan? Truth is, I did consider releasing it, but I

(MORE)

SASHA (CONT'D)

didn't because you mean more to me than money. But you never valued our friendship as much as you value your own success.

RYAN

How can you say that? I've always been a friend to you!

SASHA

No, you haven't! I worked my ass off getting our website off the ground. I quit my job at The Times, hired a designer... And what did you do? Left me high and dry! Because you thought you'd have a better chance at fame with Stewart. And NOT ONCE have you apologized!

RYAN

If you had said no, I wouldn't have! You should've spoken up.

SASHA

You should have never put me in that position in the first place!

DINA

I mean... you could've said no.

SASHA

Dina, nobody asked you--

LISA

Sasha, I don't think Ryan --

SASHA

Just stop. I should've known better than to expect you two to back me. In this circle, we all know there's a queen... and her two worker bees.

DINA

Bitch, who you calling a worker bee? Better take that shit back.

SASHA

You know why we never hang out at home? Because we don't like getting banned from restaurants.

DINA

It was The Olive Garden! Who gives a fuck?

LISA

Okay! Everybody, TIME OUT!

SASHA

Lisa! Shut up. We're not your kids!

LISA

Then stop acting like it! You know what? I don't need this. I'm going back home where I'm appreciated!

Lisa walks off.

DINA

Fuck it. Me, too. I'll hitchhike if I have to. Better than being around a bunch of phony-ass bitches who forget how to be friends.

(to Ryan)

You owe me a taser.

She leaves. Sasha and Ryan are left standing there.

RYAN

You satisfied, Sasha?! You ruined my life and twenty years of friendship.

She walks off.

SASHA

Are all you bitches still on absinthe? I didn't do anything!

92 EXT. NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT CITY CONNECTION BRIDGE - SUNRISE 92

The sun rises over the Crescent City.

93 INT. NEW ORLEANS DIVE BAR - DAWN

93

Dina swirls her straw in a drink. Not drinking it.

BARTENDER

You want me to make you something else instead?

Dina shakes her head-- no cocktail's going to fix this.

The Hobo who flashed his junk to them at the shitty motel enters. Drunk, not recognizing her.

HOBO
You got any change?

DINA
You don't remember me?

He squints at her.

HOBO
You Rochelle?

DINA
Yeah, I'm Rochelle. You ready for
our date?

She pulls out a purple strap-on-head-dildo from her purse.
The Hobo hesitates for a moment, then --

HOBO
Where we gonna go?

Dina's had enough.

DINA
Freak. Pull up a chair.

94 EXT. JACKSON SQUARE FOUNTAIN - DAY

94

Lisa sits on a bench FaceTiming with her mom, who's playing
Twister with her grand-kids, tangled up like a pretzel.

LISA
I need you to get me from the
airport-- I'm coming home early.

DELORES
What? I don't get it. You were
having such a good time!

LISA
I know! And now the weekend's
ruined. So I'm coming home.

DELORES
Lis? Take it from me... We're lucky
if we get one really good friend in
this lifetime. You have three.

On Lisa contemplating her mother's words.

95 INT. THE RITZ CARLTON - GIRL'S SUITE BAR AREA - DAY 95

Ryan gets dressed for the keynote speech, trying to keep it together. The TV's on in the background.

WENDY WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Hot Topics! So this picture of
Stewart Pierce slobbering down this
Instagram skank has me floored!
Who'da thought there was trouble in
paradise? Poor Ryan, right?

Ryan snatches up the remote, pressing a button. The screensaver comes on. Past Essence Fest photos of the girls pop up on screen. Pictures of them in much happier times.

Ryan watches for a beat, then powers it off.

96 EXT. RITZ CARLTON - POOL - DAY 96

Sasha stares at her laptop screen.

WENDY WILLIAMS
...Honestly, I don't know how
Ryan's gonna survive this.
Especially as a quote-unquote
relationship expert.

Sasha turns it off.

Andra Day's "Rise Up" plays as we see a MONTAGE OF THE GIRLS:

97 EXT. CAFE DU MONDE - DAY 97

Lisa watches GROUPS OF FRIENDS laughing and pass her. She sobs and drowns her sorrows by eating BEIGNETS. Finally, she pulls out her phone. Texts Dina: "Where are you?"

98 INT. RITZ CARLTON HOTEL ELEVATOR 98

Ryan and Stewart meet in the elevator, staring straight ahead, no words. Ryan tries to keep her head high.

99 INT. NEW ORLEANS DIVE BAR - DAY 99

Lisa enters, sees Dina sitting at the bar sharing a pitcher of beer with the Hobo.

LISA
Now I know you're as upset as I am.

DINA

I know y'all probably only keep me around for laughs, but I love you bitches and would die for each one of you.

Lisa tears up.

LISA

I know you would and that's why we keep you around. You're the most fiercely loyal friend we'll ever know and we're lucky to have you. Laughs or not.

They hug.

DINA

We need to go see Ry's speech. She's hurting right now and she needs us.

LISA

Let's go --

DINA

And guess what we're wearing?

100 INT. RITZ CARLTON - POOL - DAY 100

Sasha records a video for her blog.

SASHA (V.O.)

This morning I decided I no longer want to be part of a process that tears people down in order to profit.

101 INT. LIMO - DAY 101

Ryan looks flawless despite everything. She rides in silence next to Stewart, who looks equally stylish.

The limo stops. Ryan puts her game face on, then exits.

102 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 102

Ryan flashes her million dollar smile to the crowd like a pro as REPORTERS and PAPARAZZI surround her and Stewart.

REPORTER #1

Ryan, is it true that you've
already filed for divorce?

REPORTER #2

Stewart, how many mistresses do you
have?

Ryan and Stewart, hand in hand, walk through, poised.

103 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - DAY 103

Lisa and Dina's phones PING. They stop to listen to Sasha's
video post.

104 INT. ESSENCE VENUE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY 104

Alone, Ryan stares at herself in the mirror, misty-eyed,
repeating her mantra for strength. At her lowest point.

RYAN

I am strong, I am powerful, I am
beautiful...

She sees a bottle of champagne with a card from Bethany that
reads "Congratulations to the woman who 'has it all!'"

Ryan's phone BUZZES. She picks it up, sees Sasha's tagged her
in a post. Ryan listens.

SASHA (V.O.)

Effective immediately, "Sasha's
Secrets" is no more.

105 INT. RITZ CARLTON - MEZZANINE LEVEL - DAY 105

Sasha crosses the lobby with her bags in town, a plain outfit-
* not trying to floss- and what's left of her dignity. As she
* rounds the corner -- Sasha looks up, surprised. Lisa and
Dina walks toward her. Wearing their Flossy Posse vests that
Lisa made.

DINA

So you was going to drop the mic on
your blog and jet?

SASHA

Though it might've been best that
way.

LISA
(hugging her)
You thought wrong.

SASHA
Look, y'all. I know it might be
hard to believe, but I didn't do
it.

LISA
We know.

She hands Sasha her Flossy Posse vest.

SASHA
I just want to go back to the way
things were...

DINA
Shit, we all do! You find me a time
machine where we can all live in
the same dorm eating Top Ramen and
Mad Dog 20/20 for dinner, I'm
there... But we're grown-ass women
now and we got to make this shit
work, so buckle up, bitch. We're
not letting you out.

SASHA
(putting on the vest)
Damn! Look at you! All giving pep
talks --

Lisa looks at her watch.

LISA
Shit! Ryan's speech. We gotta move!
It starts in twenty minutes!

106 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - GREEN ROOM/DRESSING ROOM - DAY 106

Elizabeth walks Ryan and Stewart through the plan.

ELIZABETH
Here's our strategy: deny, deny,
deny. It's a doctored photo. We
could spin it as a TMZ/National
Enquirer hoax. Say you refused an
interview and they were being
vindictive. Bottom line, they're
assholes, you're golden.

Ryan nods, breathes in, trying to pull herself together.

107 EXT./INT. CAB - DAY 107

Gridlock. Cars are honking. Drivers yelling. Horses crapping. The ladies survey the traffic, panicking.

LISA

We're not going to make it!

Sasha pulls cash from her wallet and hands it to the driver.

SASHA

Yes, we are. We're just going to have to do it on foot.

DINA

I'm not running in this heat.

SASHA/LISA

Dina, let's go!

Dina sighs, then climbs out, pissed.

108 EXT. STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 108

The ladies run. Pooping out after two blocks.

LISA

(breathless)

Fuck, we're old.

They see NEW ORLEANS' signature mode of transpo: A PEDI-BIKE riding by.

SASHA

Hey! Wait up!

109 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER 109

Sasha and Lisa in the canopy. We reveal Dina straddling the driver's lap as he looks over her shoulder to navigate.

LISA

Step on it, man! Stop bullshitting!

He pumps his legs harder.

DINA

Yes, yasssss. Slower, baby. Slower.

110 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MAIN AUDITORIUM - DAY 110

Every seat is filled. Julian sits down in the back. Ryan and Stewart walk out hand in hand. Ryan surveys the crowd for her girls. They're not there. Ryan sighs, disappointed, as Stewart walks on stage.

111 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER DRIVE - DAY 111

The pedicab weaves in and out traffic as the ladies draw nearer to the convention center.

112 EXT. ERNEST MORIAL CONVENTION CENTER -- CONTINUOUS 112

They climb out the cab and run through throngs of people to push inside.

113 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MAIN AUDITORIUM - DAY 113

A very composed Stewart begins speaking into the mic.

STEWART

It's my honor and privilege to introduce this year's Essence Keynote Speaker. Together, we've weathered many storms and overcome some of the toughest challenges.

(then)

Please welcome my rock, the woman I'm proud to call my wife... Ryan Pierce!

The crowd cheers as Ryan walks on stage. Stewart plants a kiss on her cheek, then takes a seat.

RYAN

Thank you, Stew, for that wonderful introduction. Thank you Essence for the honor of speaking today. And last but not least, thank you all for coming out to support me...

Ryan reads Elizabeth's prepared statement from a Teleprompter.

RYAN (CONT'D)

As most of you know, there've been many questions about the status of my marriage. And I'd like to put those rumors to rest... The picture that surfaced this morning isn't

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

real. All allegations of infidelity
are false. My husband and I are in
a loving, faithful marriage.

114 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

114

The ladies, sweaty and out of breath, run down the hall.
Sasha spots the main auditorium doors. They're closed.

SASHA

Oh no, it's already started...

Dina reaches for the handle. A VOLUNTEER halts them.

VOLUNTEER

Sorry, ladies. No late entries.

Lisa and Sasha look to Dina, knowingly.

115 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - MAIN AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER 115

With a loud BANG the back doors open abruptly as Dina kicks
them in, the ladies tumble inside, causing a scene.

VOLUNTEER (O.C.)

I'm calling security!

DINA

I said step back, fool!

Ryan stops. EVERYONE turns and looks toward the commotion.
Dina straightens her clothing. Lisa smiles politely.

LISA

Please... Continue.

Ryan smiles, taking in the sight of her girls. She looks into
the audience, sees VARIOUS WOMEN she's encountered over the
weekend. Women who look up to her. Ryan tries to continue.

RYAN

In fact, my husband and I are
stronger than ever...

Ryan pauses for a long beat. Her emotions catching up.

SASHA

(sotto)

Come on, Ry...

The crowd waits. Ryan wrestles with her conscience. Then
looks at her girls, her support system, the Flossy Posse.

RYAN (CONT'D)

My agent wrote a very convincing statement for me to read to you. And I really thought I could go through with it... because I've done a really great job of pretending so many times before. But sometimes you reach a point when you just can't anymore. And I can't. I'm tired of all the lies...

Stewart looks nervous as hell. He stands, trying to stop her.

STEWART

Ry, let's take a minute here--

RYAN (CONT'D)

Stewart, sit down. Please.

STEWART

Ryan, baby. Be careful--

RYAN

Sit your ass down. Now.

(to the audience)

The picture is real. My husband is having an affair. When I found out, I felt a lot of things: Anger. Heartache. Betrayal. But mostly, *fear*. Fear that my marriage was ending and that I would be alone. And I was terrified of that... So terrified I was willing to stay with someone who betrayed my trust. So terrified I was willing to accept being treated as less than I am...

Stewart hangs his head. Humiliated. People are shocked.

RYAN (CONT'D)

And I know that I'm not alone in this. I know a lot of us stay in bad relationships because we've convinced ourselves that being disrespected is better than being alone. But we shouldn't fear being alone. Because there's power in re-discovering our own voice.

Julian, in the audience, smiles.

RYAN (CONT'D)

And I'd forgotten that. I forgot that years before I was Stewart's wife, I was Ryan. A woman with her own ambitions. Her own dreams.

She makes eye contact with Sasha, Lisa and Dina.

RYAN (CONT'D)

But luckily, my girls reminded me of that... reminded me of my own worth. And that there was a time when I didn't fear anything.

Their eyes well with pride.

RYAN (CONT'D)

No one has the power to shatter your dreams unless you give it to them. And I refuse to give anyone that power again.

Ryan looks out at her fans in the crowd.

RYAN (CONT'D)

If anything, I hope that me revealing my truth inspires you to realize your own. Thank you for listening.

Ryan makes a swift exit, fighting off tears. As the door closes, an ERUPTION OF APPLAUSE. Stewart sits there, stunned.

116

INT. ESSENCE VENUE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

116

All three ladies rush in. Ryan looks at them, says genuinely--

RYAN

I'm so sorry, I didn't mean any of what I said earlier. I was just--

LISA

We know. We're so proud of you, Ry. That was beautiful... Really brave.

DINA

(fighting back tears)
You my nigga for real.

Sasha hangs back, tries to find the right words.

SASHA

Ryan, I would never hurt you, you
have to --

RYAN

I believe you.

Sasha smiles, breathes a huge sigh of relief.

LISA

Yes! Now hug it out!

Sasha rolls her eyes at Lisa, then pulls Ryan into a hug.
Then Elizabeth walks in. Ryan looks at her apologetically.

RYAN

Liz, don't hate me, I--

ELIZABETH

Bethany still wants to do the deal--

RYAN

But how--

ELIZABETH

With just you.

Ryan takes this in, stunned.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Turns out single women are an even
bigger market.

RYAN

Seriously?!

Ecstatic, Ryan hugs Elizabeth.

DINA

Well y'all know what that means...
it's a celebration, bitches!

Dina pops the champagne bottle. The ladies all cheer.

117 INT. MERCEDES SUPERDOME - NIGHT

117

The ladies watch Mariah Carey sing "Fly Like a Bird." Swaying
to the music. Having fun.

LISA

You okay?

Ryan shakes her head. Decides to keep it real.

RYAN

Not yet. But I will be.

Sasha whips out her selfie stick.

SASHA

Selfie time!

DINA

This bitch...

The ladies all gather and pose for an iconic selfie. A FREEZE FRAME captures it and dates it 2017.

On Ryan, finding strength in this moment with her girls.

RYAN (PRELAP)

In the end, I had to redefine what "having it all" really means...

118 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CENTER STAGE - DAY

118

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER AT ESSENCE 2018

Tamron Hall sits across from Ryan, mid-interview.

RYAN

...so often, we've used that phrase to describe a woman who has a relationship and a successful career. I used to define it that way, too, but I've since evolved.

TAMRON HALL

What does it mean to you now?

RYAN

Having it all means having people in your life who elevate you.

119 INT. LISA'S HOUSE - DAY

119

Lisa is on a date. Confidence restored.

RYAN (V.O.)

Friends who are nurturing...

Lisa gets a call from her kids and we see the wallpaper on her phone is the photo of our ladies at Essence Fest.

120 INT. ATLANTA CLUB - VIP AREA - NIGHT 120

Club PATRONS laugh, drink and have a good time. Dina walks around, checking on the CIROC GIRLS. Running the show. She sees Diddy across the club and gives him a nod.

RYAN (V.O.)
...who are fearless.

Dina pulls out her Essence Fest Photo on her smart phone and admires it.

121 INT. RYAN AND SASHA'S OFFICE - DAY 121

Empty office. Boxes everywhere. Sasha hangs up a framed, blown up VARIETY article that reads: "OWN picks up Ryan Pierce and Sasha Franklin's Women's Empowerment series."

RYAN (V.O.)
...who share your goal to
contribute to the world...

Sasha sets the Essence Fest photo prominently on her desk.

122 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - CENTER STAGE - DAY 122

Ryan sits, thoughtful and introspective.

RYAN
...Having it all means surrounding
yourself with people who love and
support you. And who won't let you
be afraid to go after the life you
want.

TAMRON HALL
Well put. But I do have to ask, now
that the divorce is final, are you
dating anyone special?

RYAN
I learned my lesson the first time--
I'm not talking about my love life!
I will say this though, I'm the
happiest I've been in a long time.

She gives a genuine smile as we CUT TO:

In the Convention Center Audience we see Julian waits all smiles.

123 CONVENTION CENTER - CENTER STAGE BACKSTAGE 123

Ryan approaches Julian standing with Sasha, Dina and Lisa.

RYAN (CONT'D)
So... how was I?

JULIAN
You're still the shit.

He kisses her as Lisa, Sasha and Dina walk up together.

LISA/SASHA/DINA
There she is!/Bring it in, girl/You
one brilliant bitch!

As they hug, we know the Flossy Posse will always ride.

FADE OUT.

124 CREDITS ROLL OVER: 124

The Pinettes, an all-female brass band leads a second line march and our ladies down Bourbon Street as they play a brass band version of I'm Every Woman .