

Queen Latifah, Regina Hall, Jada Pinket Smith and Tiffany Haddish, *Girls Trip*
Preview this scene here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CYQXYJIN3Jw>

[Sasha]: You know what? Hey, hey! The thought did cross my mind, but I would never play you out like that for some money. The problem is you never valued our friendship as much as I did.

[Ryan]: Could you say that? You are like a sister to me. I have always...

[Sasha]: That's how you treat a sister? I quit my job at the Times to get our website off the ground. I hired a designer. And what did you do? What'd you do, sis? You left me high and dry because you thought that you could get more success with Stuart. Why do you think I'm doing this damn gossip blog anyway? Not once did you apologize.

[Ryan]: If you would have told me no, I wouldn't have done it. You should have spoken up.

[Sasha]: How the hell do I compete with Pillow Talk? Hypnotized, just like she said.

[Dina]: Well, you could have said no, though.

[Sasha]: Dina, nobody asked you.

[Lisa]: Sasha, just listen to Ryan for a second. She's trying to explain.

[Sasha]: You know what? Stop it. Stop it. I should know better than expect y'all two to have my back anyway. See, I know how it works in this circle. We got the queen bee, and we got her two little worker bees.

[Dina]: What? What are you talking about a worker bee? I'm my own bee. You take that back, you take that back. Take that back.

[Lisa]: Just everybody take a time out. Pull it back. Time out.

[Dina]: Why don't you shut the hell up and stop talking to us like we one of your kids?

[Lisa]: Wait a minute. You better pause and stop acting like one of my kids. How about that? Put some clothes on. Stop getting trashed every night and kissing random guys every week.

[Dina]: You just got some random guy and you got real loose. And let me tell you something, chick. Just because he got a big car don't make him a grown man with your pedophile ass.

[Lisa]: You know what? Have it. I don't even know why I'm here with you. You need to change that stink attitude of yours or you're gonna end up with a clap. *(Lisa storms off)*

[Dina]: Chick, please, clap. Been there, done that, had that, and immune to it, trick. I clapped you up out of here. F you, Lisa. And f both of y'all, too, with y'all raggedy fake selves. Both of y'all chicks is fake. Y'all don't even know a real friend when you see one

(storms off then turns back around)

[Dina]: You know what, you know what here give lisa back her raggedy phone (puts phone in hand and then turns to storm off...comes back)

[Dina]: oh wait hold up hold up here because i don't need you calling the police on me. Take your card. Oh, and yes, I maxed that out with your low balance loser

(storms off...comes back again)

[Dina]: Oh, oh, oh, I don't need you talking mess or calling me. Here, take your driver's license so you can get on the plane with your nasty, dirty, nasty, husband that DM Instagram chicks. *(still ranting as she storms off)* You gonna mess around and get the clap, trick. I can't believe you tricks. I'm gonna get me a mother-efin' celebrity, stupid tricks. I hate y'all! And I love you, but I hate you, trick!

[Lisa]: You happy, Sash?

[Sasha]: Hm?

[Lisa]: You have ruined my life and 20 years of friendship.