

How Stella Got Her Groove Back

Knock knock knock knock...knock knock knock knock

Delilah:Stella...Stella open the door. I know you in there, I seen your little boyfriend downstairs suckin down cheeseburgers wid his posse, open the door.

Stella: Acchh..what do you want...slut?

Delilah:Who you calling the slut trawling the kindergarten yards for a date. They gonna put your behind in jail for that.

Stella: He's almost 21

Delilah: Well then it's almost not a felony. What's his name?

Stella: Winston.

Delilah:Winston.

Stella: (Laughs)

Delilah:Yeah. You knew all day you was going to see that boy tonight didn't you?

Stella: And buddy bear's poor heart is broken huh

Delilah:IT IS!! He is bro.. he's a broken man because of you.

Stella: Yeah right (simultaneously)

Delilah:But honey dat boy is cute.

Stella: Who? Mr. Jailbait hiphop?

Delilah:Mmhmm. I watched him dance for about 2 hours. Girl, if he moves that good with his clothes on..whoa..and you'all make a cute couple.

Stella: Girl, all I did was dance with him.

Delilah:All night long.

Stella: So is that a problem?

Delilah:Well it must be cause I'm here and he ain't.

Stella: Oh please, I just unpacked

Delilah: That and you are chicken shit.

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Stella: Oh come don't be ridiculous, what in the world would I do with a 20 year old kid?

Delilah: Fuck him. Do the humpy hump, do the bumpty bump..fuck him..yeah!

Stella: Wha...(sim)

Stella: I'm old enough to be that boys mamma.

Delilah: Dat boy wasn't looking at you like you was old enough to be his mother girl. Look Stella, we in Jamaica girl, we are in Jamaica (sim).. have an affair, have a fling. I'm not gonna tell if you don't.

Stella: I don't care (sim)

Stella: You know what, you need to get up and go to your room right now cause you a bad influence

Delilah: (sim) I'm not, I'm not going to my room, no, you know what, I'm going, I'm taking me and my big behind and I'm laying down on the bed just like this.

Stella: OH no you ain't, honey you going to your room

Delilah: (sim) Oh Winnie. Winnie, winnie winnie..

Stella: Awww..move your butt over..and you better hush, I don't wanna hear no more about that

Delilah: (sim) (laughing) I'm not sayin a word..oh Winston..ooh sorry (laughing)

Stella: I know he is fine but uh uh..I can't..he's still a child

Delilah: Liar..

Stella: (Sigh...)