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# King 's Ransom

By Wayne Conley

Wake up, Chicago.  
This is your morning man...  
getting you up  
and on your way...

**at 8:**

on WPJW, 98.5  
Now listen up.  
Do you need some money?  
Well, you just might win it  
with the lottery.  
It's up to \$7 1 million.  
Tell you something--  
I got my ticket. How about you?  
On the serious tip--  
you heard about Mark Wilson...  
the little 10-year-old boy  
that was kidnapped?  
Well, we've got no news yet...  
but when we know something,  
you'll know something.  
Updates coming later on at noon.  
So keep it right here  
on WPJW, 98.5.  
Damn, I'm pretty.  
Malcolm King's office.  
Ha ha ha ha!  
Miss Gladys...  
I'm pulling into the office  
in two minutes, all right?  
Have my messages  
and my coffee ready!  
Malcolm,  
turn that music down!  
No, I'm not gonna  
turn down my music!  
Miss Gladys, this is my song!  
Malcolm--  
Mr. King, sir.  
How are we feeling today, sir?  
Rich. Hey, Andre,  
Benz is a little dusty, man.  
Wash it for me.  
Your car is

in perfectly good hands.  
Make sure you don't scratch it.  
Jackass.  
-Hey, Mr. King.  
-Yes, that's me.  
King Enterprises Limited.  
Please hold.  
Mr. King--  
Hey, Charles.  
Give me a half hour, OK?  
OK.  
Good morning, Mr. King.  
Hey, how's my poor little  
rich girl today?  
Tell me, how does it feel...  
to have to work  
for a living now, huh?  
Mr. King, working here  
isn't like working at all!  
Ladies.  
Good morning, ladies.  
Jackass.  
I have some feedback  
from the photo shoot today.  
OK, one minute. One minute.  
Two words--bikini wax.  
Looked like you had a midget  
holding a fistful of twigs.  
-He's not talking about me.  
-Oh!  
Morning, Miss Gladys.  
Morning, Malcolm.  
Mmm. Thank you.  
Miss Gladys...  
I need you to transfer 1 35,000  
to my personal account.  
I'm taking delivery  
of that Ferrari today.  
What did I tell you, Malcolm?  
No way.  
But it's my money!  
And it's because of me  
keeping my eye on it...  
that you have any left.

You're just gonna have to drive  
one of your other five cars.  
Here are your messages.  
Thank you.  
Oh. Peaches,  
who's on line two?  
Peaches?  
Peaches, who is on line two?  
-Pea--  
-Ange, I forget.  
Oh! Great. They hung up.  
So, nothing  
from Andrew Ross, huh?  
Ahem. No.  
Damn it.  
Look, if we don't close  
this deal now...  
I'm gonna have to wait  
another six weeks.  
He's about to go on  
this stupid hot-air balloon...  
around-the-world expedition.  
You know, white folks is crazy.  
But their money is sane.  
Whoo! Their money is sane.  
You are about to give  
a big old party...  
celebrating the tenth  
anniversary of your company.  
Why would you want to sell it  
off to some spoiled rich kid...  
looking to cash in  
on what you've built?  
Because  
that spoiled rich kid...  
is about to give me  
25 million for my company...  
so you damn well better  
start warming up to him.  
'Damn well'?!  
What did I tell you  
about your mouth, boy?  
You know I don't like  
no cussin' up in here.

Cuss again,  
I'll hit you upside your head.  
-Mm-hmm.  
-Oh.  
Your wife's lawyer agreed  
to have the meeting...  
in the conference room  
here tomorrow.  
So...you finally decided  
to divorce the bitch, huh?  
The bitch...is history.  
Ow! What?!  
What did I tell you  
about your mouth?  
But you just said  
the same thing, Miss Gladys!  
Well, if I jump off a bridge,  
you gonna jump off one, too?  
It's not going so good  
with Peaches, huh?  
Ohh...  
If this were a strip club  
or an airhead convention.  
The last time I checked,  
we were a marketing firm.  
This is a place of business.  
We got work to do.  
Angela, all God's children  
deserve a chance.  
Her dumb ass deserves the boot!  
OK, that's not nice.  
'Not nice'? Get--  
I'm gonna tell you  
what's not nice.  
It's Malcolm King forcing me  
to hire another one...  
of his incompetent little  
hoochies as my assistant.  
I know.  
I can't stand Malcolm King...  
and King Enterprises.  
But if I wasn't a lock  
for that V.P. position...  
I would be out of here so fast.

-Oh, I know.  
-I deserve the promotion anyway.  
I've been doing the damn job  
for the past few months.  
I've got a master's degree  
from Yale.  
-Yale.  
-And 10 years of experience.  
I just got  
the car of my dreams...  
I closed escrow  
on a pretty three-bedroom.  
I mean, my apartment  
is packed up already.  
I've got to get that promotion.  
Do you want me  
to say a prayer for you?  
Not now.  
I don't want you to take this  
the wrong way...  
Yeah?  
But ever since you got saved...  
you've been a little...  
extra with the God stuff.  
Extra?  
Extra.  
-My Jesus piece?  
-Yeah.  
I just got it.  
It's great, right?  
Why is this happening?  
Guys, scram!  
Peaches, don't you have  
some work to do?  
I finished my coloring.  
Marco, take my coat.  
Take my coat.  
Yeah, you did  
a good job on this, man...  
but I think  
you need to get the back.  
-Ahem.  
-Yeah.  
That's a nice ride

you got there.  
What does the 'King' stand for?  
That's my last name.  
Ah, really?  
So, what's your first name?  
Malcolm.  
Mmm.  
Corey, get up here!  
Coming, Granny.  
\$300, and you got  
all those wonderful things.  
And I'm going to show you...  
Make yourself useful.  
Go pick me up a pack of smokes.  
Hand me my massage pillow,  
will you?  
Right now, tonight.  
But now we've got  
to get two traders...  
who will risk what  
they've already won...  
Here you go. OK?  
...sofa and color TV  
worth 2,190...  
and they're ready to go.  
Unh!  
What's the matter, big brother?  
Ain't you glad to see me?  
Yeah. No!  
What are you doing, Raven?  
I thought you were still  
in prison for armed robbery.  
Yeah, well, I was until  
I broke out this morning.  
-Ahh! Ahh! Hey!  
-Listen.  
I need you to get me money.  
Enough to buy me  
a Mexican vacation.  
I don't have any money, Raven.  
I know that, loser.  
I got a plan,  
and I need your help.  
Well, whatever your plan is,

I don't want any part of it.  
Shut up. You're gonna do  
exactly what I tell you to do.  
You been hearing about this  
little boy who got kidnapped?  
-Yeah.  
-Well, that's the plan.  
You're gonna help me  
kidnap some--  
No, no,  
I'm not kidnapping anybody.  
Then you better figure out a way  
to turn no dollars into \$10,000.  
I--\$10,000?  
There's no way I can do that.  
Look, if I get caught again,  
you're going down with me...  
and we both know you won't last  
one second in prison.  
Raven...  
Ten grand, Corey.  
I'll be in touch.  
Give me Malcolm.  
Hold on.  
The bitch is on line one.  
Damn it! OK.  
You want me to stop?  
Oh, no, baby, keep going.  
Uh, Renee, what's up?  
What do you want?  
Miss Gladys?  
Miss Gladys,  
there is nobody on line one!  
I think I accidentally  
hung up on her.  
Mmm! Oh, get back to work, baby.  
Mmm! Hot damn! Whoo!  
Malcolm King's office.  
You hung up on me,  
you old witch.  
Call me that again,  
and I will snatch...  
every bit of fake hair  
out of your nappy head.



Just do your job  
and get Malcolm.  
Gold-digger. Hold on!  
Oh!  
She's on line one.  
What do you want, Renee?  
Ah, there you are.  
Must you cancel  
all of my credit cards?  
What am I supposed  
to do for money?  
Hell if I care.  
Ha ha ha ha ha!  
That sounds embarrassing.  
Where were you  
when they canceled...  
all of your credit cards?  
Ha ha ha ha ha!  
Ha ha ha.  
Laugh all you want to now...  
but we'll see who's laughing  
after the divorce...  
because my lawyer assured me  
that I will be getting...  
a very lucrative  
divorce settlement--  
very lucrative.  
At least half, maybe more.  
And just like sex with you  
after two minutes...  
this conversation is over.  
Ah!  
Uh-oh.  
I know he's gonna  
try something slick...  
to get out of paying me.  
Don't you have some work to do?  
I'm...  
finished with the pool.  
I wasn't talking about...  
the pool.  
You must think that I have  
very poor eyesight, Counselor.  
Your list of marital assets

has several glaring omissions...  
most notably,  
King Enterprises.  
And its holdings.  
For the one hundredth time,  
Anita...  
King Enterprises Limited...  
is the sole ownership  
of Malcolm King...  
and I will not--  
we will not stand by...  
and watch it be broken up  
out of spite.  
-Your food's here.  
-Oh, thank you.  
Oh, let me guess--  
kung pao chicken  
without vegetables...  
not too spicy,  
all white meat...  
with extra fortune cookies.  
He gets the same thing  
all of the time.  
Bo...ring.  
Can we offer  
you ladies anything?  
No, thank you.  
I'm not hungry.  
Oh, hell.  
Why don't I just take half  
of Malcolm's food anyway?  
Note that.  
Look, Counselor,  
Renee has been with Malcolm...  
since the very beginning  
of King Enterprises...  
and deserves a half a share  
of the company.  
-What?  
-Hell, I deserve all of it.  
-You said so yourself.  
-When?  
Find that little thing.  
Please.

Ah, here is it.  
'My dearest Renee...  
'everything I have built,  
I built for you.  
'Love always, Malcolm.'  
Ooh. Poetry.  
It's a greeting card, man.  
I was drunk when I wrote it...  
and she was butt-naked  
on the floor. What?  
We are seeking  
the primary residence...  
as well as  
one of the vacation homes.  
I've already gone ahead and  
had the lake house appraised.  
The details are inside.  
Now, as far as  
preliminary meetings go...  
it wasn't so bad.  
I need that money, Anita.  
This hair does not grow  
on trees.  
Hello?  
Hi. Hi, Mrs. King.  
Looks like we're gonna have  
to do this the hard way.  
You know, I'm just gonna  
call you Renee.  
No, you won't.  
What?  
Well, this is disastrous.  
What's wrong?  
Another divorce case that I've  
been working on for months...  
but my client  
neglected to tell me...  
that she has been having  
an affair.  
Mm-hmm.  
And guess what?  
The judge found out.  
I sure hope  
the sex was worth it...

because she just cost  
herself millions.  
Ooh.  
So, you just gonna let them  
waltz outta here like that, huh?  
I can't make them  
take our offer, Malcolm.  
Listen--listen to me.  
There is a very real chance...  
Renee could walk out of this  
with half of King Enterprises.  
That--that valentine  
was brilliant, man.  
David. David!  
I will handle it myself.  
Malcolm, I know that look.  
I know that--  
Do not do anything crazy.  
Do not.  
Thanks for nothing, David.  
See yourself out.  
Malcolm.  
Malcolm.  
Malcolm!  
One, two, three, shoot.  
Sorry.  
-Oh.  
-Oh, thank you.  
-Andre, right?  
-Yeah.  
Oh, good.  
I need to ask you a favor.  
Whassup, whassup, whassup?  
Oh, well, oh...  
I was hoping you could wax this  
real good for me...  
and try not  
to leave any scratches.  
Hey, well, you know,  
whatever you're into, baby.  
So, you're gonna hook me up?  
Hell, yes.  
Oh! Ha ha ha!  
You're so sweet.

Um, I'll call and set up  
a time with you later.  
And don't worry.  
I'll definitely  
make it worth your while.  
Oh. Mwah.  
Thank you.  
Hee hee hee hee!  
Keys, keys.  
Oh!  
I forgot.  
Yo!  
-Oh, Andre?  
-Yes.  
Are my stripes crooked?

**9:**

Oh! Thank you.  
Whoo! Ha ha ha ha!  
Somebody park the car.  
Good morning, Miss Gladys.  
Good morning.  
Oh, you made the front page.  
What?  
Mm-hmm.  
That little punk.  
He told me  
this wasn't supposed to run...  
until a week from Sunday.  
This is just gonna give  
Renee more ammo...  
and my black ass is the target.  
Malcolm King.  
Cha-ching, cha-ching,  
cha-ching.  
Good-bye.  
Heh heh heh heh.  
Ohh.  
Oh, my God. What'd she say?  
Oh, my God!  
Malcolm, Malcolm, stop that!  
Malcolm!  
Pull yourself together now.  
Straighten up.

I'll be in my office.  
Be the burger.  
What's up, bro?  
Get a real job!  
Think fast.  
Corey, buddy.  
Mind if I join you?  
You know, son,  
they say with great power...  
comes great responsibility.  
Oh, sure, everyone thinks being  
shift manager is all glory.  
And it is.  
But there are also times...  
when I'm forced to make  
the tough calls...  
times like these.  
You're firing me?  
Yeah, I'm firing you.  
You see, your energy level is  
just not where it used to be...  
and as the team leader...  
I need everyone to be  
really into their jobs.  
Take Pablo here.  
Now, here's a guy...  
that's taking the world  
by the buns, you know?  
Right, Pablo?  
Because you're no longer  
an employee here...  
I can't comp your shift meal.  
Hey, Pablo, you're up.  
Be the burger.  
All right, everyone,  
back to work.  
Let's go. Come on.  
Keep it rolling.  
I have a very important  
announcement to make.  
As all of you know,  
for the past few months...  
Angela Drake has stood in...  
as acting vice-president

of marketing...  
while I've had to decide...  
who's going to fill  
that position permanently.  
Well...  
as of today  
she's no longer acting.  
Mmm!  
My recipe  
for a successful company?  
Use the best ingredients.  
Hire the best people  
for the job...  
and allow them to do  
what they do best.  
This woman has continually  
helped me rise to the occasion.  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
our new vice-president  
of marketing...  
Miss...  
Angela, could you step  
to the side, please?  
What?  
Step to the side, please.  
Please.  
Miss Peaches Clarke.  
Round of applause, everyone.  
Miss Peaches Clarke.  
Me?  
Oh!  
Congratulations.  
You deserve it.  
Oh, you guys! This is amazing!  
Why are you clapping?  
Stop clapping.  
Sit down!  
This is totally ridiculous!  
You're out of your mind!  
I can't believe this!  
-Peaches? What?  
-Angela--  
You have lost your mind.  
-What?

-Peaches?

What kind of name is Peaches?

It's a bushel of fruit.

Angela, you need to calm down.

What seems to be the problem?

Me, 10 years.

Is there something

you'd like to say?

Peaches? I can't believe--

Yes, Mr. King, I got--

I got something to say.

Yeah. I have a recipe for you.

OK? It's called

kiss my ass sandwich.

And you know what

the ingredients are? Huh?

It's your crusty lips...

and my black ass.

-Damn.

-Oh, my goodness.

There is something else

I'd like to say.

I quit!

Well, somebody must be

on their rag today.

Oh, I'm early! I--I--

Oh, no, no, no. No, baby.

Let's go to my office...

and talk about

your new V.P. job.

I'm a V.P.! Look at me!

I'm excited!

Hey! Mr. King, hey.

I read in the newspaper...

how you turned \$1

into \$15 million.

You can help me do that,

turn \$1--

You know what? You could help me

turn \$1 into \$10,000.

And I know you could do it,

because you're a genius.

I inspire people a lot.

Thank you.



Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.  
You know what?  
There's a spot for me  
in King Enterprises.  
It's OK. There's a spot for me  
in King Enterprises.  
High--highly motivated,  
grab life by the horns.  
Just like you did. That's me.  
And I have vocational skills  
that could benefit you greatly.  
You know, son,  
they say you can tell...  
everything about a man  
by the shoes that he wears...  
And your shoes suck.  
And this right here...  
is the closest that  
you'll ever be to \$15 million.  
Now, that was funny.  
Yes, it was.  
Ha ha ha ha!  
Where you going? Hey. Ho.  
What?  
May I help you?  
Yes, I hope you can.  
I was wondering...  
how much you could give me  
for all these tools.  
I give you 200 for everything.  
Oh. Is there any way  
you can go a little higher?  
I'm--I'm kind of in a jam.  
So, you pretty desperate?  
I am so desperate.  
-You just said 200.  
No, I didn't.  
Give me the hundred.  
Billionaire Andrew Ross...  
said good-bye  
to solid ground today...  
when his hot-air balloon  
took off for the Arctic Circle.  
Amy Russell

has footage at 10:00.  
And now the winning numbers...  
Shh. She's about  
to pick the numbers.  
Gambling is sinful, ladies.  
Get your tickets ready.  
Ooh, ooh, here it is, baby.  
It's number time.  
Tonight's winning  
lottery numbers are...  
Three...  
-Three.  
-Seven...  
-Seven.  
-Eleven...  
-Eleven.  
-Nineteen...  
-Twenty-two...  
-Twenty-two.  
And forty-one.  
Hope this was your lucky night.  
No!  
And this just in.  
Finally, a happy ending  
to the kidnapping saga...  
of little Mark Wilson.  
He was safely returned  
to his parents...  
Oh, shut up.  
After they conceded  
to the kidnappers' demands...  
and paid  
a \$5-million ransom.  
Still, the kidnappers  
remain at large...  
and authorities have few leads.  
You know, Bill,  
that's a lot of money.  
Huh. Damn right, it is.  
That's it. That's it.  
I know what we're gonna do.  
I know what we're gonna do.  
I know what we're gonna do.  
Oh! Oh!

I want you to kidnap him.  
K-k-kidnapping?  
That's right.  
I want you to kidnap his ass.  
But why would you  
kidnap yourself?  
To keep Renee  
from getting my money.  
Just in case  
this divorce settlement...  
does not work out in my favor...  
I want to make sure  
that I get some money.  
And you know  
what the best part is?  
-What?  
-I won't be in any real danger.  
-You want to know why?  
-Why?  
Because I'm gonna hire  
the man to kidnap me myself.  
Oh. Ooh, Malcolm,  
you're a genius.  
Have you lost your mind?  
-No.  
-Angela Drake...  
Someone has got to teach  
Malcolm King a lesson.  
I mean, he can't keep  
treating people like dirt.  
In fact,  
we'll do it tomorrow night.  
T-t-t...  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Tomorrow night at the party.  
Damn.  
There'll be witnesses there.  
But what if they see  
everything?  
That way, it will look real.  
Oh. I think I got it.  
I'm gonna draw you  
some pictures.  
What if you get caught?

Caught?

We're not getting caught.

I mean, these fools that  
kidnapped this little boy...

didn't get caught,  
and I don't think any of them...

had a master's degree  
from Harvard.

Yeah, well, mayb--

Wait.

I thought you went to Yale.

I did undergrad at Yale.

Do you know how humiliated  
my parents would be...

if I was implicated in  
a kidnapping?

-You can't think about them.

-Exactly.

I'd be like Patty Hearst,  
but with way better hair.

Yes. Now you're talking.

You two are seriously talking  
about kidnapping someone?

-We'll tape his mouth.

-No.

Malcolm King can't talk.

We'll tie him up.

We'll tie his hands,  
we'll tie his feet...

and we'll jiggle him.

We'll just shake  
all that blubber...

and we'll just make him beg.

Tomorrow...

Malcolm King...

is getting kidnapped.

Capisce?

I'll see you tomorrow night,  
Malcolm King.

Ha ha ha! Fun.

Oh! Aah!

Malcolm, baby, come to bed.

Uh-uh. Not right now, baby.

I'm almost finished.

I'm almost finished.  
Ah. Not for nothing, baby...  
this has got to be  
the best kidnapping plan ever.  
Hmm. Look at this.  
I'll be last seen

**at around 11 :**

Mmm.  
OK, I'll be back  
in a minute. Ha ha ha!  
Oh, and then I'm grabbed  
outside the benefit at 11 :00.  
Look, you see that? Boom, right?  
And then I'm taken  
to the secret location.  
Now, just to throw people off...  
a ransom note will be sent  
to my gold-digging wife...  
demanding \$10 million  
for my safe return.  
Uh-huh. And it's gonna contain  
all the usual stuff.  
You know,  
don't contact the police...  
or the media--  
blah, blah, blah--  
because if you do,  
we're gonna kill him.  
Hmm. Yes. Now look at Renee.  
When she hears this...  
she probably  
gonna start celebrating.  
Then she'll remember  
that I cut her out of my will.  
Ooh!  
And then it sinks in.  
No Malcolm, no money.  
-Ha ha!  
-Wow.  
So now she has  
to call the only person...  
that has access to my money.  
Bam! Miss Gladys.

And you know Miss Gladys  
would never let...  
a hair on my pretty little  
head be harmed. Ha ha!  
So, Miss Gladys makes the drop.  
Ooh. Ooh. Hmm.  
This is my favorite part, baby.  
Renee--how she lives afterwards.  
She slides into  
a soul-deadening spiral...  
into the bottom of  
the deep bowels of the earth.  
Look, and then  
she livin' in Tent City...  
by the freeway in L.A.  
by the Staples Center.  
That's her living in a tent.  
Look at her.  
Look at her, look at her.  
Look at her.  
It's flawless, baby.  
It's--it's amazing.  
-Except...  
-Except what?  
Except...  
I need somebody to actually  
grab me outside of the benefit.  
Somebody that the police  
could never connect me to.  
Mmm.  
A disposable dumb-ass  
to take the dive.  
But who?  
What about my brother?  
Huh?  
I'm picking him up tomorrow.  
He could use the work.  
He's had trouble  
holding down jobs in the past.  
Heh. Your brother.  
What's he like?  
Oh, he's--he's super-smart.  
He's a real sweetheart.  
Everyone loves him.

Heh.

Ahh.

Oh! Guess what?

I got a way

you can make some big money...

but it's a top-secret plan...

which means

you can't tell anyone.

So, it's too bad

your Mercedes got stolen...

and we had

to take a cab tonight.

I know, right?

Thanks for paying for it.

Appreciate that.

Look, when

we're in this party...

a lot of people in there

gonna be calling me Andre...

and that's because, you know...

I tell my employees,

'Call me Andre.'

I don't like my employees

calling me Malcolm.

I understand.

You can't let your employees

get too familiar.

-You are so smart.

-Thank you very much.

-Andre, hi.

-Hi. Hi.

-Hi.

-Hi.

Well, do you remember what

we talked about earlier?

Hell, yeah.

Oh, good. Well, I know

we already set up a time...

but I was hoping we could do it

a little bit sooner.

You just tell me when,

and I'll be ready.

Oh! I love him!

Yeah.

I guess I'll see you then.  
-Yeah.  
-Thank you.  
You're so welcome.  
-OK.  
-See you later.  
-Bye.  
-Bye.  
Over here, baby.  
Damn.  
Ohh.  
Ahem.  
Hello?  
Malcolm.  
Malcolm! What's your problem?  
You disrespect me like that,  
staring at her booty?  
I'm standing right beside you.  
How could you do that?  
Why you trippin'?  
Ain't nobody starin'...  
at that fine, apple-bottom,  
jelly-shakin'--  
-I'm trippin'.  
-Just want to bite it.  
Am I crazy? Huh?  
Am I some crazy lady  
standing out here, crazy?  
Seeing things  
that didn't really happen?  
Is that the problem?  
You know what?  
Don't even say anything.  
You know why?  
I've had enough of this.  
You can't handle this anyway.  
-I'm out.  
-OK, be on out, then.  
Ain't nobody tryin' to mess...  
with Miss Hand Signals  
in the first place.  
Keep it movin'!  
Excuse me, baby. Um...  
That your man over there?



Oh, hell, no.  
Malcolm King is not my man.  
Oh, Malcolm--Malcolm King?  
That's who you was talking to?  
That's what I said.  
Excuse me.  
You're excused, baby. Yeah.  
Well, Malcolm King, uh...  
it's time for you to take a nap.  
Nighty-night, Malcolm.  
Ha ha ha ha!  
Welcome!  
Welcome and thank you  
for coming out...  
to King Enterprise's  
tenth anniversary celebration!  
Come on!  
Everybody, let's eat,  
celebrate, and have fun!  
Good to see you.  
Good to see you.  
Good to see you.  
All right, all right.  
Thank you, thank you.  
Excuse me, excuse me.  
Coming through here.  
You guys enjoy, all right?  
Drinks on me!  
Ohh. I'm--I'm feeling  
kind of tired right now...  
so I think I'm just  
gonna call it a night...  
and, uh...go home  
and get some sleep.  
All right.  
Well, I'll call around...  
for the limo driver  
to bring your car around front.  
-OK?  
-All right.  
-You get some rest.  
-Good night.  
-All right, baby. Good night.  
-All right.

Hey, thanks for  
coming out tonight, man.  
Excuse me.  
All right, enjoy.  
Is your brother outside?  
Oh. He was when I last checked.  
Uh, well,  
ladies and gentlemen...  
I'm leaving. Uhh! Mmm! Whoo!

**It's 11 :**

and, uh, boy, am I tired.  
So, uh, ladies and gentlemen,  
just enjoy the party.  
I'm just gonna go home  
and take a nap...  
escorted by no one.  
Have a good night. Bye. Enjoy!  
What's up, man?  
Thanks for coming out.  
All right, ladies. Let's go.  
All right, let's go! Now!  
Adios!  
Um...oh, it's 11 :02!  
-Byron.  
-Uh...  
Don't screw this up, Byron.  
Listen to me.  
All right.  
Enjoy the party, ladies.  
Enjoy the party.  
All right.  
Hey, brother, have fun, man.  
Byron!  
You better stop that limo.  
He called for a limo.  
I am not playing with you.  
Mmm.  
Uhh!  
Where the hell is the limo?  
Hey, you all right?  
You OK?  
D-d-d-d-don't m-m-m-move.  
Ow!

Ah ha ha ha ha ha!

OK.

-You all set?

-Yep.

Whatever!

OK, I'm ready.

-OK. You all set?

-Yeah.

What is that?

Oh, I brought this

because I thought...

we could maybe use it  
for something.

No. What in the hell  
are you wearing?!

Angela, you told me  
to wear all black.

You did say that.

No. Everybody knows  
she loves Jesus.

Put this on.

He's gonna know it's you.

-There he is.

-Oh. There's the limo.

Bring your ass here.

Enjoy the party, ladies.

Enjoy. All right.

Where the hell you been, man?!

Uh...

Excuse me.

Pardon me.

Where the hell you been, man?

I've been standing out here  
freezin' my ass off.

l--l--l--

'l--l--l--'

Spit it out!

Sh-shut up and g-g-get in.

Oh. Oh, I see.

That's a good touch, man.

You want people

to see me get kidnapped.

OK, hold on, hold on, hold on.

Help! Help!

I'm being kidnapped!  
Open the door.  
Open the door, stupid.  
Ha ha. Help me!  
Help me!  
OK, now push me in.  
Push me--push me in!  
Uhh!  
OK, they're on the move.  
They're on the move, ladies.  
This is it.  
Here we go, here we go,  
here we go!  
Man, what happened  
out there, huh?  
You almost blew it.  
And what happened  
to the chloroform?!  
Mm--  
But the gun...  
Ahh, the gun was a nice touch.  
Ha ha ha ha ha!  
Now take me to the hotel.  
My black ass is tired.  
D-d-d--  
' 'D-d-d-d-d-d,  
d-d-d-d-d-d-d--''  
Just shut up  
and take me to the hotel!  
Jerk.  
Heh heh.  
Hello, 9-1-1?  
Help!  
Please help me!  
Oh, help me, help me!  
I'm being kidnapped...  
Ha ha ha ha ha!  
Ah ha ha ha ha!  
Whoo!  
I love it when  
a plan comes together.  
Ahh!  
That's what  
I'm talkin' about. Mmm!

What the--  
N-n-n-no!  
Hey, s-s-stutter box!  
What the hell  
are we stopping here for, huh?  
Perfect. Everything's  
going according to plan.  
You did that?  
Yeah. I tinkered  
with the engine a little bit.  
Hey! Hey! Look, man,  
I ain't got all night...  
to be sittin' out here on  
the side of the road with you!  
Get me to the Terrance Hotel!  
Didn't want to do this...  
Huh?  
Stop what you're doing.  
Get in the trunk.  
Get in the trunk!  
But--but--but--but--  
No, no!  
Hey, what's the holdup?  
Are you deaf?  
What's the holdup?  
Get out of the car, jackass!  
Ain't gonna be too many more of  
those jackasses, all right?  
And what's up with this mask  
all of a sudden?  
Oh, I get it.  
I see.  
We're switching vehicles...  
just in case  
we were being followed.  
And the mask is  
so nobody can identify you.  
Oh! Smart. That's smart!  
Damn, y'all planned  
this out good!  
OK, who the hell are they, huh?  
Let me make something clear,  
all right?  
I don't care

what y'all talked about...  
but I ain't payin' y'all  
no more money.  
So whatever  
y'all gettin' right now...  
y'all just gonna have  
to split three ways.  
Hey.  
Hey. Come on, give me this.  
Oh!  
Now, come on,  
everybody get in the car.  
I got to go.  
Move your asses! I got to go!  
Help! He-help!  
Oh! Ooh!  
Aaaaaah!  
Aaah!  
Aaah!  
Ohh.  
Ohh.  
Oh! Ooh.  
Are you all right, Mr. King?  
Nighty-night.  
Hey, what's going on here?  
One second. There you go. Ohh!  
What in God's name  
is going on here?  
You've made a mistake, sir.  
That's our property.  
Look. All right?  
-Aah!  
-Oh! OK.  
I don't want  
to hurt anybody, honest.  
I just want him.  
-Yeah.  
-OK.  
Go around, hop in.  
Oh, we're going to hell.  
Ooh!  
Hello?  
Condoleezza,  
J-Jesse Jackson...

Colin Powell  
showed up and--and...  
I lost him.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
What do you mean,  
you I-lost him?  
-I--I--  
-How did you I-lose him?  
B-b-b-but I'm sorry,  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
Where are you?  
I-locked in the limo trunk.  
Where the hell is he?!  
Come on. It's OK.  
It's all right.  
Watch your knees. All right.  
There you go. Come on. Whoa.  
Careful. There you go.  
Come on. OK. All right.  
Where am I, man, huh?  
You're at my house.  
Hey, hey. Who--who are you?  
Whew. Oh, what am I doing?  
I don't have the heart for this.  
Man, I'm no kidnapper.  
Well, hell, man...  
I don't have experience  
in kidnapping, either.  
And your sister never told me  
you were so reckless.  
Oh, wait a minute.  
You know my sister?  
Wait, wait. Know her?  
-I'm sleeping with her.  
-Eww.  
She was the one  
that helped me...  
come up with this plan  
for you to kidnap me.  
You're the dude  
with the jacked-up shoes.  
Ha ha ha ha!  
Ha ha.  
Oh, my God.

You took my plan  
to a whole 'nother level, man.  
-I did?  
-Yeah.  
Hey, the way you came  
to my job and cased it.  
Right.  
And the masks.  
And the--and the--  
and the switching of the cars.  
Ohh.  
Oh, man!  
And then bringing me...  
to this hole-in-the-wall  
crackhouse.  
Yeah, man. 'cause  
they would've recognized me...  
down at the Terrance Hotel.  
Man, this was smart  
bringing me here.  
'Cause, hell, nobody's gonna  
recognize me here.  
Well...  
Ha ha ha ha ha!  
Heh heh.  
Your sister was right, man.  
You are smart.  
My sister said that about me?  
Wait, wait. Hold it.  
-You're white.  
-Yeah.  
-But your sister is--  
-She's adopted.  
My grandmother adopted her  
when I was two years old.  
Oh.  
Shh. That's my grandma.  
I'll handle this.  
Stay there.  
You're gonna  
burn this place down...  
you deaf old hag.  
She's deaf.  
I unplug this,



she doesn't hear a thing.  
Raaaaar!  
Raaah! Ha ha ha!  
It's kind of funny.  
And sad.  
I'll show you my spot.  
Ah.  
You live down here?  
Yeah.  
Tch. Pathetic.  
You're a grown man...  
and you live in  
your grandmother's basement?  
I'm saving up  
for my own place, you know?  
What the hell is this?  
It's my birdhouse.  
-You made this yourself?  
-Yes, I did.  
-On purpose?  
-Yeah.  
What, you did it  
drunk and blindfolded?  
No.  
Damn. Hey, you know what?  
Don't even worry about that...  
because with the money  
I'm paying you for this...  
you'll be able to afford  
your own place.  
Your sister did tell you  
you're getting paid for this?  
No, not exact--  
Not exactly, you know?  
We didn't--we didn't  
really discuss it.  
Uh...  
I have to be honest with you.  
I'm really confused.  
Heh. Yeah, I can see that.  
I'm surprised  
you even know my sister.  
My sister came up  
with this plan?

How do you guys even know  
each other again?  
Look, I know it's hard  
for you to believe, man...  
especially considering  
how dumb your sister really is.  
-Yeah.  
-Ha ha ha!  
Hey, hey,  
but every once in a while...  
she'll say something  
that's not dipped in stupid.  
Right.  
And coming up  
with this plan with me...  
was one of those times.  
This where I sleep?  
Uhh.  
Ooh.  
Whassup?  
Whassup?  
Uhh.  
Whassup?  
Aaaaah!  
-Hey, hey.  
-Oh! No!  
-Who are you, and what are you--  
-Calm down.  
Just tell me where I am!  
No, no!  
-Hey, hey, hey!  
-Hey, hey, hey!  
Calm down.  
I'm calm.  
Now, you don't want me  
to get upset.  
I must've used  
too much chloroform.  
You're in the Terrance Hotel.  
Behind you over there  
is some lobster.  
Some fill-ett mig-non  
over there...  
some champagne.

Right here we got  
some Cuban cigars rolled up...  
just like  
my sister Peaches told me.  
Peaches with the round bottom  
that's like an apple?  
You got the two...and...  
That's my bad. I'm sorry.  
Hmm.  
Tss.  
Say, man, you seen my pants?  
Malcolm King's office.  
Miss Gladys,  
please don't hang up.  
It's me, Renee.  
I just need--  
Hello? Are you there?  
What do you want, Renee?  
Please listen very carefully.  
Malcolm's been what?  
Excuse me. Excuse me.  
I need to report a crime.  
Fill out a report.  
They'll help you over there.  
I ain't about to hear  
about no paperwork.  
Listen,  
you need to listen to me.  
Lady, the faster  
you fill out the report...  
the faster  
somebody can help you.  
To hell with paperwork!  
Malcolm King...  
has been kidnapped. Hmm.  
Water warm enough for you?  
What?  
I said...  
is the water  
warm enough for you?  
Yeah, man, the water's fine.  
Look...  
Wow. Herb...  
we're gonna have

to talk about...  
your invasion  
of my personal space.  
See, where I'm from,  
a grown man can't sit in no tub  
while another grown man  
sit and watch him, OK?  
What?!

Lookie here, punk...  
don't go out mistaking  
my kindness for weakness.  
See, up on 'D' block,  
where I come from...  
'D' block  
didn't have no bathtubs.  
We only took showers--  
once a week.  
Now I'm sitting here  
looking at you...  
with all them bubbles on you.  
It only mean  
you're more slippery to me.  
I tell you...  
if you wasn't  
Peaches' boyfriend...  
Ooh!  
Enjoy the grapes.  
He's on the down low.  
Malcolm loves his money  
more than life itself.  
Those kidnappers  
aren't seeing a cent.  
All right,  
we got some leads here--  
A 9-1-1 call  
from Malcolm King...  
came through our switchboard

**at 11 :**  
and a limousine registered  
to King Enterprises...  
found abandoned on the highway.  
Look, hey,  
we're in good shape here.

You leave this  
in our hands, ma'am.  
We pulled a partial footprint  
from the scene.  
It's being analyzed  
in forensics.  
Those boys down at C.S.I...  
I'm telling you,  
they take one little thread...  
and they just scan--  
I don't know why  
you two are wasting time...  
with all this Top Cop,  
Inspector Gadget bullsh--  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, lady.  
A little respect.  
This is our job.  
We know what we're doing.  
If you knew  
what you were doing...  
you wouldn't be sitting here  
talking to me.  
You'd be out tracking down  
your primary suspects.  
And who might that be?  
Hello. May I help you?  
Renee King?  
Yes.  
Do you mind if we come in?  
Yes?  
Angela Drake, I presume?  
Hey, hey, where the hell  
have you been, huh?  
Did you forget that you were  
supposed to follow up...  
with Renee about the ransom?  
And you've got nothing  
to eat down here but crap.  
Where's the real food?  
You know what, Mr. King?  
I will make you a TV dinner.  
For lunch?  
That's the dumbest thing  
I've ever heard.

Hey...remember  
when I said you were smart?  
-Yeah.  
-Heh heh!  
I was lying, all right?  
You're just as dumb  
as your dumb-ass sister.  
Call Renee.  
Hello?  
Say something.  
Hello? Who is this?  
Let's not play on my phone.  
Hello. How are you today?  
Lousy. I've got cramps.  
Who is this?  
She wants to know who I am.  
Tell her you got her husband...  
and not to worry about  
who the hell you are.  
I got your husband.  
Don't worry about  
who the hell I am.  
-And call her a bitch.  
-What?  
-Excuse me?  
-No, not you.  
You. What?  
-Call her a bitch.  
-Why?  
Look, I don't have time  
for games. What is this?  
What?  
Just call her a bitch.  
Listen up, bitch!  
-Yes!  
-Yeah!  
-What'd you just call me?  
-No! No, not you, Granny.  
Excuse me. Is this a joke,  
or is this--  
-Who is that?  
-I don't have time for this.  
No one. Granny, please,  
hang up the phone, OK?

You got a girl down there?  
I don't have a girl down here.  
Yeah. I know the rules.  
-Choke her. I'll choke her.  
-A boy down there?  
I don't have anyone down here!  
Please hang up!  
-So she'll die quickly.  
-Don't tell me what to do.  
-Get back to the money.  
-You are working my nerves.  
What is this,  
and what do you want?  
Get back to the money.  
-What do I want?  
-Hey, hey!  
-What do I want?  
-Shh!  
Demand the ransom.  
Demand the ransom.  
I demand the ransom.  
-The--  
-Of...  
Ten thousand dol--  
\$10,000?  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
-\$10,000?  
-Yeah, yeah, 10.  
-You kidnapped Malcolm King...  
not Bobby Brown. 10 million.  
\$10 million.  
-You understand that?  
-Really?  
Yes, really.  
-Do we have it?  
-Yeah.  
OK.  
I demand a ransom  
of \$10 million.  
Yeah.  
Oh, now it's 10 million?  
For what?  
Or you will never see your big,  
fat, obnoxious husband alive...

sweating and ordering  
people around ever again.  
-Call her a bitch.  
-Bitch!  
-What?  
-No, l...  
These chips are good. Yeah.  
Bears stink!  
l got it.  
Yeah, you get it.  
Holla.  
Baby? l just--  
l wanted to let you know  
that l miss you.  
Watch it! Oh, my God!  
Sorry! l didn't see you.  
Anyway...l'll see you,  
and l love you.  
-Hey!  
-You're so rude!  
l'm making a call!  
Get off of your phone!  
l have to go, baby. l love you.  
l'm gonna work it.  
Oh, l'm gonna work it.  
l'm gonna work that!  
Ha ha! l'm gonna work that!  
Ha ha ha!  
Hey!  
What's goin' on back there?!  
Noth-noth-nothin', man!  
Straight up, man.  
l wonder who did that ad.  
Ooh! l did! Ha ha ha!  
Straight up. Thanks, man.  
Oh, hey, l can't get  
to the phone right now...  
because l'm busy building  
my bird house.  
Hey, hey, get up here!  
Jesus, Granny,  
l'm doing something right now!  
Hurry up--  
You know who it is



and you know why I'm calling.  
You better be getting me  
that money soon...  
or I might just have  
to go tell the police...  
how you masterminded  
a recent outbreak...  
of semi-violent  
convenience store robberies.  
You're running out of time.  
Damn.  
All right.  
I guess I got the right one.  
Billionaire Andrew Ross...  
is in critical condition  
after his hot-air balloon...  
plummeted to the ground  
in the jungles of Africa.  
He was then attacked  
by a wild rhinoceros.  
White folks.  
Hey, it took you  
long enough, man.  
I'm starving.  
Where's my change?  
Ohh.  
Oh, man,  
they put mustard on this.  
I told the guy no mustard.  
Well, take it back, man.  
Aw, it's no big deal.  
Come on, man, you let people  
take advantage of you.  
You paid for it.  
You should get what you want.  
It's no biggie, really.  
You know what?  
You ain't got no balls.  
You see me? I don't take  
nothin' from nobody.  
You want to know why?  
'Cause I got big balls.  
I got big manly balls.  
Big manly, hairy,

shark-infested swimmin'--  
My balls are so--They hang  
to the back of my knee...  
when I wear shorts.  
And you know what?  
I ain't afraid to let 'em  
hang for nobody.  
It must be hard for you  
to buy underpants.  
Ha ha ha ha!  
Shut up, stupid.  
You've got to stop letting  
people take advantage of you.  
Look, it's just a sandwich.  
Let me show you what I'd do  
if it was my sandwich.  
Be the man at the counter.  
I'm gonna be me.  
-Yeah, get at the counter.  
-OK.  
-Greet me.  
-What?  
-Greet me.  
-Uh, greetings.  
Yes, look at this, man!  
I asked for no mustard!  
What's this look like to you?  
-Mustard.  
-Yes!  
And since you obviously do not  
know what 'no mustard' means--  
Here, hold that for me.  
Thank you.  
OK, that's mustard. All right?  
That's mustard right there.  
Uh-huh, yeah. Now,  
I guarantee if you do that...  
they'll never mess  
your order up again.  
You get any winners yet?  
Do you hear me screaming?  
You guys follow up  
on the leads I gave you?  
Yes, we did.

And?  
And nothing.  
Look, lady,  
I've just about had it with you.  
Go home. When we have  
something to tell you...  
we'll let you know.  
This case is all about...  
official police business.  
We don't need you--  
I don't give a damn  
about official police business.  
Malcolm King is my business.  
I'm gonna leave now,  
not because you told me to...  
but because  
if I don't leave now...  
I won't be able to get  
my numbers in.  
But I'll be back.  
And until you find him...  
I'm gonna stay on y'all  
like white girls on NBA players.  
Who is it?  
-It's us--Brooke and Kim.  
-Hi!  
Come in. The door's open.  
What took you guys so long?  
Huh? The police were here.  
They were asking questions  
about Mr. King.  
You guys, I think  
we should go to the police...  
and tell them everything  
that we know.  
I mean, it's not like  
we actually kidnapped anybody.  
-Yes, we did.  
-Well, mostly we didn't.  
That's a great idea, Kim.  
Unbelievable!  
I believe the charge  
is conspiracy to kidnapping.  
-OK?

-Yeah.

I learned a thing or two  
about the criminal code...  
when I was at Cornell.

-Cornell?

-Cornell?

I thought you said you went to--  
Didn't she go to Harvard?

-Right, but she did--

-No, it was...

Undergrad at Yale.

And then when she went  
to Princeton, she was--

No, it was Harvard,  
and then she went--

-Where'd she do her doctorate?

-I lied!

What?

I went to DeVry Institute.

-Ooh.

-Ooh.

And I didn't finish.

And for whatever reason,  
the King Enterprises...

didn't check that pack of lies  
I called a resume.

Oh, my God.

Look, I got a G.E.D.

-Ohh!

-Ohh!

And an Ivy League  
mortgage payment.

So that makes me  
one desperate, dangerous woman.

So until this thing  
blows over...

I'm not letting either  
one of you aspiring snitches...  
out of my sight.

Is that clear?

-Yeah, but, like--

-Yeah, you know--

I said...is that clear?

-Crystal.

-Crystal.  
Dinner is served.  
Ha ha.  
I wouldn't feed  
that garbage to a dog.  
You know what?  
I need you to go down  
to Peking Palace for me, man...  
get me something to eat.  
Get me  
some kung pao chicken...  
no vegetables, not too spicy...  
all white meat,  
extra fortune cookies.  
Hey! Hurry up, I'm starving.  
That took me  
six to eight minutes to make.  
It should take you that long  
to get it out of my face.  
Well...  
What'd you say?  
I called in an order for Renee.  
Oh, yes. Order for Renee.  
It is almost ready.  
It just be one second.  
Why don't you have a seat?  
I will bring it  
right for you. OK?  
Maybe you will have  
a seat right there...  
and you can maybe  
sing some karaoke, OK?  
You have some fun.  
I don't think so.  
It should be OK.  
What is taking so long?  
What the hell's  
going on down there?  
If I gotta come back there  
and kick someone's ass--  
Come on. Now get this one.  
OK, for you, sir,  
your order is now ready.  
See? There is one order

of kung pao chicken...  
no vegetable, not too spicy,  
with all-white meat...  
and extra fortune cookie,  
just like you ask, OK?  
-Good. Good night.  
-OK, you have a good night.  
We see you again.  
You come back, OK?  
OK, you guys ready  
to sing some kara--?  
Uh, lady. Lady.  
Are you awake? Grandma.  
Ooh. Hey.  
Mm. Where's my change?  
All right.  
' 'Tony's Tool Shop.' '  
This guy sat the tub in place,  
then built a framing around it.  
Damn it, they didn't put  
any silverware in the bag.  
No, here.  
I got you chopsticks.  
Do I look  
like Jackie Chan to you?  
Huh? Huh?  
I'm a black man.  
I eat with a fork.  
OK. I'll go upstairs  
and I'll get you a fork.  
I swear, man,  
adopted or not...  
you and Peaches are the dumbest  
brother and sister on earth.  
Who's Peaches?  
Hey, let's not play games  
with me, all right, Herb?  
Just hurry your ass upstairs  
and get me a fork.  
Herb? Who's Herb?  
Ha ha, very funny.  
Your name's not Herb...  
and your sister's name  
isn't Peaches.

Look, stop playing with me, man.  
I'm not playing games.  
My name's not Herb.  
It's Corey, and my sister's  
name isn't Peaches.  
It's Raven.  
Watch, I'll show you a picture.  
Look, that's my sister.  
That's Raven.  
If you're not  
Peaches' brother...  
then I've been kidnapped  
for real.  
Oh!  
Ow!  
-Whoa!  
-Aha!  
-The hell?  
-Yes, I knew it!  
I knew it!  
Kung pao chicken--  
Renee, what the hell  
are you doing here?  
The better question is,  
what are you doing here?  
Whoa!  
-Aaah!  
-Aaah!  
What is this?  
Uhh! Uhh!  
Damn it!  
Untie us right now, man.  
I'm not gonna say it again.  
I'm sorry. I can't do that.  
Why not?  
'Cause I just need some time  
to think things out, you guys.  
Look, Mr. King, I didn't  
want to kidnap you ever.  
Really. I really didn't.  
I even tried to let you go.  
You know that, but you insisted  
on going through...  
with your plan

of having yourself kidnapped...  
so you wouldn't have to give her  
a divorce settlement.  
Hold on.  
His what to do what?  
He was planning  
to have himself kidnapped...  
so he wouldn't have to pay you  
a big divorce settlement.  
Shut up!  
Ooh. I knew you were  
gonna try something slick...  
to get out of paying me.  
But kidnapping yourself?!  
Malcolm, this is really low,  
even for you.  
What about you?  
You said yourself...  
you wanted to have him  
kidnapped.  
I did not.  
What are you talking about?  
I don't even know you.  
Right after  
you fell down the stairs.  
You were all delirious  
and mumbling.  
'I was gonna kidnap you,  
too, Malcolm.'  
I--Shut--Shut it up!  
-Uhh!  
-Ohh! Hey!  
What kind of woman wants  
to kidnap her own husband?  
The kind that would marry a man  
who'd fake his own kidnapping...  
to get out of  
a divorce settlement.  
Just shut it, Renee!  
-You shut it!  
-Shut it up!  
Be quiet, please.  
My granny is sleeping.  
To hell with your grandmother!



What's wrong with you?  
Don't be--  
First of all,  
don't be yelling at me.  
I'm the only friend  
you got right now.  
You know,  
for a married couple...  
you guys sure don't seem  
to love each other.  
-We don't!  
-We don't!  
Room service!  
Peach--Peaches,  
what you doing here?  
I have to see Malcolm.  
I miss him too much.  
Hey, now, the plan was that  
you wasn't gonna see him...  
until after we get finished.  
I know, I know,  
and I won't see him.  
Look, I'll turn off the lights  
and I'll even wear this.  
-Blindfold.  
-See? We won't see each other.  
-Please, Herbie!  
-Peaches.  
Baby. Ohh.  
Mmm.  
Don't be mad at me.  
Please!  
And don't say anything.  
I just missed you too much.  
Aw, baby.  
You lost so much weight.  
Hey, where did that come from?  
Oh ho ho! Wow!  
Ohh. Ha ha!  
Damn! Y'all was in there  
for a long time.  
Malcolm never did that before.  
Bye, Herbie.  
Aah! Ow!

Disgrace to the whole family.  
...is all it takes.  
You start out  
with the scissor crunch...  
Whoo!  
Whew.  
I ain't felt like this  
in a long time, Herb.  
Long time. Whoo!  
I worked it.  
Had to work it out  
on your sister.  
She a freak.  
She worked--Whoa, man!  
Stop playin'! Sit down!  
Corey, I said get up here!  
Yes, Granny?  
Can't find the remote.  
Turn the channel for me.  
You called me all the way  
up here for that?  
Yeah. Don't give me no lip.  
Just, uh, do what I say.  
I can see the remote  
from here, Granny.  
You do it.  
Uhh...OK?  
No. No.  
No!  
After weeks  
of an intensive...  
Hey, what happened to Monty?  
...captured  
the men responsible...  
for the kidnapping  
of little Mark Wilson.  
If convicted of kidnapping...  
the men  
face life imprisonment...  
without the possibility  
of parole.  
Bad news. I can't let you go.  
OK, when you say 'you,'  
you mean her, right?

No, I mean the both of you.  
I can't let you go.  
What do you mean,  
you can't let me go?  
Man, what are you  
talking about?  
I'm talking about  
if you guys told on me...  
I could go to jail  
for the rest of my life!  
Man, that's not that long!  
W-what?  
Hey, hey, hey,  
we won't tell. I swear.  
We promise.  
'You promise.' People break  
their promises all the time.  
Not us.  
You guys got married  
and you promised...  
that you would obey and cherish  
and love each other.  
Now you're getting a divorce.  
You broke those promises!  
That's different.  
How is it different?  
Look, I don't know how  
it's different.  
It's just different,  
OK, stupid?  
-Oh, hey, way to go.  
-What?  
You have such a way with people.  
Why don't you fuss at him  
some more?  
I'm sure he'll let us  
go now, dummy.  
Did you just call me dummy?  
I just called you dummy, dummy.  
Oh, I got your dummy right here.  
Shut up! By the way,  
it's time for a cigarette.  
Can I get a smoke?  
No. No, she don't need no smoke.

Don't tell me what I don't need.  
You know what, Renee?  
Shut up!  
Just shut it up, Renee!  
I will not take that!  
You're mad 'cause  
the truth finally came out!  
-What truth?!  
-We're tied up because of you!  
Turn to ''106 and Park.''  
OK.  
Actually, I don't want  
to watch ''106 and Park.''  
I would like to watch  
''Dr. Phil,'' please.  
You and big-head Dr. Phil  
both can kiss my black ass.  
We're watching ''106 and Park.''  
We should watch something that  
elevates our consciousness.  
-We need to watch--  
-Hey!  
-What?  
-Listen to me.  
Maybe when I'm done playing  
my video game...  
maybe we can watch  
the first half of ''106 and Park''  
and the second half  
of ''Dr. Phil''...  
if I feel like it.  
Hey, hey, hey, what kind  
of nonsense is that, huh?  
Who watches half a show?  
Yeah, and everybody knows  
the best part of ''Dr. Phil''...  
is in the beginning.  
Huh. If you watch him.  
Well, I do.  
That's why I know...  
and you don't know what to say  
sometimes, do you?  
I'm just trying to help.  
-Corey, hurry up!

-Ooh.  
Well, I see why  
you're still a virgin.  
Whoo! Ha ha ha ha!  
That's a good one.  
Hey, hey!  
I'm not a virgin, OK?  
Not entirely.  
You're still a virgin.  
I'm not!  
Hey, Renee,  
did he say 'not entirely'?'  
-Well...  
-Ha ha!  
Hey, look here, player,  
either you are, or you aren't.  
Which one is it?  
Have you touched it yet?  
Aah!  
Oh. Oh, no, he didn't.  
Man, what's your problem?  
You! You're my problem.  
And her and her  
and Raven and Timmy...  
and Miss Ho  
and that stupid sandwich!  
Hey, hey, hey, hey.  
You need to bring some of  
that bass out of your voice...  
when you're talking to me.  
Shut up!  
You don't know--Oh, come on!  
You know what?  
You're not the boss of me.  
-What?  
-You know what?  
Because I could kill you  
right now.  
I could bash your head in  
like a melon if I felt like it!  
And nobody would even care.  
You want to know why?  
Because you are a jackass!  
A jackass!

You're a jackass,  
and you're a super-size jackass.  
No wonder everybody hates you!  
I've known you a day...  
and I want to rip off my head  
and throw it in the trash...  
just so I don't have to listen  
to you anymore!  
You two deserve each other.  
Corey, I said get up here!  
Listen up.  
I'm going upstairs to take  
care of that deaf old bag...  
and then I'm going for a drive.  
And when I come back...  
I'm gonna deal with you two.  
And you can scream all you want  
because no one can hear you.  
Baby, let's try  
to get out of these ropes.  
OK, exactly what part  
of life in prison...  
don't you understand?  
Angela, don't worry.  
We're good-looking.  
We'll be fine.  
Wait. No. Hey, hey. Listen.  
Angela, Mr. King could be  
in real danger right now.  
We have no idea what  
those maniacs are doing to him.  
He's not in any real danger.  
Listen,  
I know you're scared...  
but we all have to have  
a little faith.  
We're going to jail, man.  
The Lord will protect us.  
OK, OK. All right?  
When we're being passed  
around the 'C' block...  
bought and sold for  
a pack of Newport King 100s...  
remember...

it was the Lord  
that put us there.

Ohh.

-OK?

-OK.

Can we make a quick stop  
before we turn ourselves in?  
Just--it'll be really quick.

Now, listen,

I'm going to jail, OK?

And I need this money  
to pay for protection.

I don't really want to be  
turned out by lesbians...

so, please,

just do what you can.

So, you pretty desperate, huh?

Yeah.

'...if we ask Him for anything  
that is according to His will.

'He hears us whenever we ask...'

Two hundred.

Wung tung tai.

Watch out.

Ooh!

-Guess who's in the store?

-Who?

Just guess.

It's my favorite game.

Um, I don't know. Who?

No. That guy who took

Mr. King from us.

Back so soon?

Yeah. Hi.

You have

something else for me?

Yes, I do. I forgot to show you  
one of my tools.

Is it a nice one, your tool?

Miss Ho, you tell me.

Aah!

There he is, there he is.

OK, quick. Great.

Oh, my God, that is him.

Oh, my God!  
He could keep us  
from going to jail.  
Whoa! Look out!  
Aah!  
-Malcolm...  
-What?  
-I'm scared.  
-Shh.  
Did you see  
the look in his eyes?  
He looks deranged.  
He looks like he's gone crazy.  
Relax. He's not crazy.  
What's he doing?  
Aah!  
Oh!  
Oh! Yes!  
Hey. Hey!  
Uhh!  
Stop whaling on my sandwich!  
Aah!  
Ooh!  
Corey.  
My man. What's up, Corey?  
Lookin' good.  
I miss you, man.  
Aah!  
Ohh! Ohh!  
Oh, my God!  
Ahh! Uhh!  
Hey, how's  
my energy level now, Timmy?  
Yaah!  
God, please don't let me  
die a virgin!  
Ohh!  
Oh! That was good!  
-Ha ha ha ha!  
-Aah!  
Uhh!  
And I'm taking my shift drink!  
Hello, police?  
Yeah, I'd like to report...



an assault at the Happy Snack  
on Main Street.

OK, Angela, do not lose him.

I'm not going to lose him.

This guy makes mincemeat

out of the hamburger...

then he goes inside and

starts beating up on this man.

And he's just taking off

in this gray beat-up Jeep.

Uhh. These ropes aren't

getting any looser.

It's OK.

We can work it loose.

This is useless.

Aah!

Hey, hey, hey. Renee? Renee?

Keep it together, OK, baby?

I need you here with me,

all right?

Come on, Mama. Come on.

-Malcolm...

-What?

If we don't get out of here

alive, I just--

Renee. Renee!

Renee, baby. Whoo.

Look, don't talk like that, OK?

We're getting out of here alive.

Just help me with the ropes,

all right?

Come on, Mama,

just work with me.

OK, baby? Come on, I don't

feel your fingers moving.

Oh, wait, listen, listen.

-What?

-That's our song.

Oh, we're going to die

for real now.

Renee, Renee, Renee, Renee, hey.

Hey, hey, baby. Hey.

That was playing

the night we met, huh?

Tch. You don't remember.  
Hmm. Remember?  
Hey, you gave me some  
that night.  
It always helps  
to give you a little.  
Hey, what happened to us, Renee?  
We were happy once, right?  
There's no way  
I am losing him now.  
Right there!  
Uh, uh, red light.  
-Aah! Stop!  
-Aah!  
' 'Forgive us our trespasses...'  
' 'As we forgive those  
that trespass against us''!  
I think we're all right.  
No, we're not all right.  
Thank you, Renee.  
Uh, yeah. For what?  
For being a no-good,  
gold-digging...  
whatever you going  
to call me now?  
No, no, no, no, baby.  
Thank you.  
You deserve it.  
You know, I've never  
given you the credit...  
for always having my back  
and keeping me focused.  
You know, I always thought  
it was me...  
but it was you who gave me  
that strength.  
Thank you.  
Oh, Malcolm.  
Hey...  
I have a confession.  
If it's about you sleeping  
with some woman...  
in your company,  
I figured as much.

Can you forgive me?  
Yeah. It's in the past.  
I have a confession  
to make, too.  
Look, if it's about  
you having an affair...  
I know that, too.  
How?  
Come on, Renee.  
We're separated...  
which means you haven't been  
getting any from me...  
and we both know how  
you like to get you some.  
True, true.  
You know, I just figured...  
you'd be getting it  
from someplace else.  
And I forgive you.  
I have another confession.  
Damn. Another affair?  
I pooted. Sorry.  
I'm sorry. It was--  
No, you're not.  
You can't even smell it.  
Shut up. Ha ha!  
That's the thing  
about going inside...  
rather than taking  
the drive-through.  
I know, I know.  
But just don't touch the glazed.  
Don't touch the glazed.  
We've only got two,  
and I don't think that--  
What's going on  
with Malcolm's case?  
Holy Malloley.  
I thought I told you to st--  
Attention all units.  
Looking for a white male  
driving a gray Jeep...  
wanted for assault  
at the Happy Snack.

There they go! Hit it!  
Scoot! Scoot! Scoot!  
I ain't finished  
talkin' to y'all yet!  
Hmph!  
Granny.  
Granny.  
Aah!  
Aah!  
-Whoa! Officer!  
-Whoa! OK...  
You in the car, do not move.  
No talking!  
Shit.  
OK, we're almost there, baby.  
I got one.  
Oh, I got it. Whoo!  
Ohh! Who blew ass  
in my basement?!  
Ohh, man!  
You guys are disgusting.  
What did you do?  
I had to go  
teach someone a lesson.  
Oh...oh, my God!  
Malcolm, save me!  
Hey, Corey.  
Come here, man. Come here.  
Hey, don't be crazy, man.  
Hey, don't be crazy,  
all right?  
Just go easy. OK?  
Just go easy.  
Let--let my wife go.  
You can keep me, man...  
but just let my wife go,  
all right?  
-Listen to me!  
-Just let my wife go.  
Hey! This isn't  
Malcolm King Enterprises...  
and you're not the boss!  
It's Corey Enterprises...  
and I'm runnin' the show!

And nobody's goin' nowhere!  
OK, OK. OK, shh.  
Hold on, baby.  
I almost got it. OK.  
I almost got it.  
What are you guys  
whispering about?!

Oh! Baseball trivia.  
OK. Hey, hey.  
OK, no matter what happens...  
when I get up,  
you run for the steps.  
-OK. I love you.  
-Hey, hey...  
What did you just say?  
Heh...  
I said, uh...  
Don't drop the soap in jail.  
-Beeyotch!  
-Aah!  
Get him, Malcolm! Get him!  
Come on, Malcolm!  
Malcolm, kick him!  
Malcolm, get him! Aah!  
Uhh!  
-Come on!  
-Go! Go!  
All right.  
Why didn't you stop?  
Because Malcolm King's kidnapper  
is in that house.  
What?  
Oh! Oh!  
I go to jail if you leave!  
Aah!  
Jefferson, on them.  
Everyone else, on me!  
-Are you crazy?!  
-That was cool.  
Two months away  
from my retirement...  
you're trying to kill me?  
What do we got?  
King kidnapping.

Possible suspects inside.  
Get off of...  
Ohh!  
Hey.  
Oh, sorry.  
-Aaaah!  
-Ohh!  
Aaah!  
All right, let's move in!  
Follow me!  
Whoa!  
Ah ha ha ha ha!  
Who's the beeyotch now?  
You are!  
Uhhh.  
Come on, honey, get him!  
Get him!  
Freeze! Nobody move!  
-Hey.  
-Don't shoot!  
Quiet! Settle down!  
-Ooh.  
-Uhh.  
Well, well, well.  
The infamous Malcolm King  
and the little woman.  
Hey, Officer,  
this psycho right here--  
-Hey, hey!  
-What?  
Before you tell them anything,  
let me remind you  
that you tried  
to kidnap yourself...  
and she tried to kidnap you.  
Both are federal offenses...  
and you could go to jail  
for the rest of your life.  
-You were saying?  
-I was--  
Get up, Malcolm.  
I'm saying this psycho  
right here--  
No! No!

This psycho here--  
This psycho--  
This psychotherapist  
saved our marriage.  
-What?  
-What?  
Ha ha!  
Yeah, Detective Conley. Wow.  
You know, the next day,  
after you left...  
my husband called me...  
to this unconventional  
couples' therapy...  
where he locks the couples up  
in the basement...  
and doesn't let them go  
until they resolve their issues.  
Yes, yes.  
Uh, so we've been here...  
you know, uh, resolving  
our marital issues.  
No, me, me. On one knee.  
Resolving our marital issues.  
Uh, see?  
So it's--it's all cool.  
We've just been  
trying to find the love.  
-Ooh. Oh, baby, I love you.  
-Oh, baby.  
See? Look, it worked.  
So--so you were  
never kidnapped, then?  
No! No, no, no.  
Ahem! Uh...  
I've just been here chillin'.  
I've had enough.  
I'm retiring in two months.  
I don't need this.  
And you...sunshine boy.  
Guess what?  
You're going downtown.  
What? Downtown? Hey!  
-Ha ha!  
-Why?

For the assault  
at the Happy Snack.  
Or is that just another one of  
your breakthrough therapies?  
Yeah. Yes, it is one of  
my breakthrough therapies.  
It's a motivational therapy.  
We don't know nothin'  
about that.  
We were just here  
for the marriage counseling.  
-Thank you.  
-Yeah.  
I showed you guys the--  
Mmm. Mmph. Mmm!  
Whew!  
All right, let's back it up,  
everybody. Show's over.  
Pat him down  
and put him in the cruiser.  
This way, sir. Any comment?  
Sir, please!  
This has been  
one hell of a week, baby.  
Ooh, tell me about it.  
-You know what?  
-Let's go.  
I'm about to get me a drink.  
Hold the fuck up, big boy.  
-What?  
-Yeah, you!  
Ohh! Ah!  
Oh! Renee! Renee,  
get this old woman off me!  
Ooh. That looks like  
a camera crew out there.  
Honey, you OK?  
Ah, yeah, you're OK.  
I'll meet you outside.  
I'm gonna freshen up.  
Mr. King!  
Were you treated fairly,  
Mr. King?  
Did they sexually abuse you,



Mr. King?  
Hey, hey, hey. What's this?  
What's going on here?  
Mr. King,  
I can explain everything.  
Um, see, what happened was...  
I got...and then...  
'Get out of the car, jackass!'  
Condoleezza?  
You kidnapped me?  
Well, I tried.  
That's exactly the cold-blooded,  
no-mercy tactics...  
that I need in a vice-president.  
Hell, if you acted like this  
months ago...  
we would've never had  
any problems.  
You know what?  
Don't worry about this.  
I'll make sure  
all this is handled.  
You just come see me on Monday.  
All right? All right.  
Thank you, Mr. King.  
You got it. Hey, hey, hey.  
This is my vice-president,  
all right?  
You be easy with her.  
Wow, you're a vice-president.  
That's really cool.  
Yeah, I don't have  
a degree, either.  
Just stay back. Hey!  
Hold it, lady.  
Get out of my way!  
Malcolm! Oh!  
Are you all right?  
Oh, my God, baby.  
-What'd they do? Oh, my--  
-No, no. It's OK.  
-Ohh. I've got good news.  
-What?  
Andrew Ross

is out of intensive care.

He called

about closing the deal.

What should I tell him?

Tell him the company's

no longer for sale.

What?

Too many people

have worked too hard...

to put King Enterprises

on the map...

for me just to give it away

to some playboy...

looking to cash in.

You tell him that.

OK.

Hi, Miss Gladys. Mwah!

Hey, honey. Ohh.

-Hey, baby. Ah!

-Oh, I'm sorry.

-Oh, baby, my lip.

-I'm sorry, honey. You ready?

Yeah, let's go. All right?

Did they give you something?

See ya.

Miss Gladys? I'll call you

in a few days, all right?

Take care of the office.

You like sushi?

Do I like sushi?

Yeah, I like sushi all right.

You take it home and fry it,

it tastes just like fish.

You know what, baby?

What, honey?

The first thing

in the morning...

I'm gonna call the lawyers...

and have them rip up

the divorce papers.

Oh, honey. I was thinking

the same thing.

Mmm.

Heh heh heh.

Your crusty lips...  
and my black ass.  
Andre?  
Was that you in there?  
-Mm-hmm.  
-In the dark?  
Mm-hmm. Girl, you better  
act like you know.  
Oh, my God. I know.  
-I know!  
-Ha ha ha!  
Oh! I'm your Peach!  
And I'm your Andre!  
-Oh!  
-Couldn't help it.  
Oh, baby, look at that.  
Look at that.  
Look at that, look at that!  
Ha ha ha ha!  
Straight up!  
You know, I got to admit...  
that's some of  
my best work right there.  
Ooh, honey.  
You mean some of our best work.  
Heh. Just because  
you were in the house...  
when I thought it up  
doesn't mean it's yours, Renee.  
Not only was I in the house,  
I'm the one...  
that was instrumental  
in launching this campaign.  
Are you even listening  
to what you're saying?  
-Go around!  
-Go around!  
By FrOzOnE