



Scripts.com

Madea 's Family Reunion

By Tyler Perry

Good morning, baby girl.
Now, baby, I got|to go to work.
So, I thought|that this salt bath...
would help with|your soreness.
I love you.
Enjoy your bath.
I know, mom.
Yeah.
Soon.
OK.
OK, bye.
- Hey! Hi.|- Hey, guys.
Let's go.
Where are we going?
It's a surprise.
I'm afraid.
Oh, wait, I have to|get my purse.
We got you covered.|Come on, girl.
No, I can't leave|without my phone.
I am so glad you came.
What do you mean?|You guys kidnapped me.
Well, you deserve it...
and so do I.
All that running around|with my 2 kids.
How are my niece|and my nephew anyway?
They are wonderful...
but you know we had|to move in with Madea.
Neither one of these|baby daddies...
is paying child support.
Triflin'. You know.
It's OK. I'm doing|what I gotta do.
That's a black|woman's motto.
We don't always do|what we want to do...
but we always do|what we have to do.
You should've let me|bring my purse.
You guys can't|afford all this.
Lisa, we wanted to do|something special for you.
Will you relax?|We got it.
Hi.
Hey.
I'm Frankie Henderson.
You ride my bus|all the time.
The number 9.
Right.

Is this your gym?
No, I just|dropped off a painting.
Well, it was good|to see you again.
Look, I was|just wondering...
would you like to go|out with me sometime?
I wrote my number down...
and I know|this place maybe...
You are bold.
You're gonna ask her out|right in front of us?
You know we're gonna|talk about you, right?
Yeah, well...
now that I'm|officially embarrassed...
Excuse me.|I'm her sister.
She'll be calling you.
Good.
All right, bye.
Bye.
Lisa!
Looks like somebody's|got a secret admirer.
Oh, please. You are|taking this number.
No, you didn't!
Yes, I did.
What did he say?
What could he say?|He had to come clean.
He was married.
I am so sick of dating.
And ya'll want me|to go on a date.
'Cause you need to.
You haven't been|out in two years.
Don't worry about me.
Let's talk about you.
In less than ninety days...
you're gonna be marrying...
one of the most eligible|bachelors in Atlanta.
And he's rich?
What did you say he do again?
He's an investment banker.
Yeah, my mom introduced|me to him last year.
I don't even know what|an investment banker does...
but he must be|doing it very well.
Living here|on the 30th floor.
I gotta check my phone.
Just a second.
Who can that be?

I don't know. | You better get it.
Oh.
Are you | Miss Lisa Breaux?
Yes, I am.
May I come in?
Yeah, sure.
What's going on?
You...
are under arrest.
Oh...
No, no, no. | Stop, stop, stop.
No, no. Just stop.
- Just enjoy it. | - Really!
No, really, | you have to go.
No, no, no, no, no, | you have to...
- Girl... | - Please stop that!
I should've cashed my check.
You have to stop | this right now.
OK, OK. Just stop!
Hi, honey.
Hi. I am so sorry. | This was...
this was our idea.
It was all your idea.
Oh, don't be silly.
- Don't be silly. | - I'm Vanessa.
I'm Lisa's sister. | It's really good to meet you.
- This is your sister? | - Yeah.
Come here. So you're | family, family, family.
Come here.
Well, hey, hey. | You guys carry on.
Do your thing, brother.
All right.
Have a good time.
OK. Put the music back on.
No, no, no. | You guys have to go.
Why? He said it was OK.
Donna, look what | she got back there.
She don't need this. Come on!
Whatever.
I paid you | for a full dance...
so we gonna finish | at my house.
It was really good | spending time with you.
Thank you.
Love you. Love you too.

OK, bye. See you guys! Bye!
- Call us!|- I will! OK.
What you doing|bringing him in my house?
And I've been calling you.
I've been|calling you all day.
I left my phone here.
You love making|me angry, don't you?
I think you do this|on purpose.
You see how nice|your life could be...
if you just do what I say?
Fix your hair.
Mrs. Breaux.
Victor.
You look fantastic.
Thank you.
Hello. Hi.
- You look wonderful.|- Thanks.
Sweetie, my darling.
Thank you.
Well, I just came...
from my mother-of-|the-bride dress fitting...
and the gown is gorgeous!
That B. Michael is a genius.
Sit up straight, dear.
What is wrong with you?
You're so mopey when|you should be so excited.
Well, I'm not, Mom.
I know. You just have|cold feet, that's all.
That's normal.
He hits me.
When?
Often.
Well, you must stop|doing what you're doing...
to make him angry.
What?
Women sometimes have|to deal with things...
to be comfortable.
Mom, listen...
You listen.
Now it's time|for you to grow up.
Of course|you're gonna marry him.
What else are you|gonna do...
work in a bridal shop|like your sister?
Now, just be a good wife.

Do what the man says...
and you won't|have any problems.
Waiter!
Yes, ma'am?
I will have the salad|with bleu cheese...
and no bacon, please.
What would you|like, darling?
Now, why were you stealing?
'Cause I was hungry.
What happened to your|other foster parents?
They don't care.
They didn't even know|that I was gone.
Have a seat|until I can get...
a representative|here from child welfare.
Call the next case.
City of Atlanta|versus Mabel Simmons.
Madea!
What are you up to now?
She took off her|house arrest bracelet.
You better have a good|reason for taking it off...
because I have a good mind|to send you to jail right now.
Actually, she does.
She takes care|of my elderly father...
and, he was sick,|and she needed to get...
Oh, I don't|believe that crap.
You don't know how to lie.
What kind of lawyer|don't know how to lie?
Lie and lawyer go together.
Lie-awyer, lie-awyer.
Do you take care|of his father?
Yes, I have to though...
'cause ain't nobody else|gonna take care of him.
That's my only brother,|and I take care...
of his kids|when he has court...
and I take care|of my great-niece...
and her children.
They at my house too...
'cause I open my house|up to anybody in need.
They can|come to my house...
get a good meal, everything.
That's why|I can't be tied down.
I have to be going|to the store and stuff.
I feed the homeless|and help the hungry.
I'm going out in|the highways and by-ways

and doing what|the lord told me to do.
Praise him.|Thank you, Jesus.
Does she watch your kids?
She's actually really good.
She's a big|disciplinarian though...
but they have a lot|of respect for her.
Really?
Stand up, Nikki.
Mabel Simmons...
since you can't seem to act|like you have any sense...
except if you're|caring for somebody...
meet Nikki Grady.
You're her new foster mother.
The hell I am.
Hell, no!
It's a reason why God put|a woman through menopause.
I'm past 60, honey.|You know what that mean?
Madea, calm down.
Ain't supposed to be|bothered with no bad kids.
I will kill|that little girl.
I don't know her.
She might be one of them|Sandinistas or something.
She might be...
So? You ugly anyway, old lady.
She trying to get me the|electric chair already.
Either you're|her foster mother...
or you're a prison mother.
I'll take the prison|for 200, Alex.
Lock me up. I'd rather be...
in Martha Stewart's|old cell...
fighting for my virginity...
than to be sitting there|dealing with this.
She'll be a great|foster mother, your honor.
This a Benz.|What kind of drugs you sell?
I don't sell drugs.
I'm a lawyer.
You get the drug dealers off.
That ain't no way to|talk to no grown person...
and stop poppin' that gum.
Don't tell me what to do.
Madea.
You better get her.
She don't know who|she's talking to.
You better|ask somebody, honey.

You know, the kids|are doing well.
Yeah, and Deborah...|how's she doing?
She's doing good,|15 months clean.
Good. I thought I was|gonna have to hide my purse...
at the family reunion,|'cause she used to steal.
No, you won't|have to do that.
So, where's it|gonna be this year?
Gonna be|at Aunt Ruby's.
Little girl, I'm gonna|ask you one more time...
to stop popping that gum.
Whatever.
You going|to Lisa's wedding?
Yeah, I'm going.
I tell you, that Vanessa's|been wearing me out...
asking me about I'm going.
Little girl, if you don't|stop popping that gum...
Look! If you touch me...
I'm gonna call 911.
My daughter tried that.|I hit her so hard...
she dialed 9-9-10.
You don't know me.|I'll whip an old woman.
What? Who the hell|you talking to?
I'm talking to you.
You think I'm playing?
You ain't got no sense!|Calm down!
- Calm down!|- Shut up! Shut up!
Now sit in that seat|and put the seat belt on.
You better put that|seat belt on right now!
What the hell is wrong|with these children today...
but, I set 'em straight.
I'm from the old school,|and I will beat...
the hell out of you first|and ask questions later.
If you don't know how|to get in line...
I will get you in line.
Remind me to never|leave my kids with you again.
Are you ready?
Welcome to your|wedding, darling.
I thought since he|proposed to you in Paris...
we'd give it|a Parisian theme.
The Eiffel tower...
an orchestra...
flowers flown in from Paris.
The only wedding...
Wow, you can do all this?

Oh, yes, darling, |I can get it done.
I like that one.
Well, this is |Tomojio's design.
He's my favorite, as well.
Now, his bid is a little |on the expensive side...
but he is worth it.
We want him.
Good.
This will be the wedding |to rival all weddings.
I'll get Tomojio |on the line...
and let him know you're |going with his design.
Madea is having |a family reunion...
and we're going.
I know. I heard.
You know we don't |fraternize, darling.
Mom, this is our family...
and it'll be good for you |to see your grandkids.
I don't want to see |those little bastards.
Mom! You will not talk about |my children that way.
I swear, Vanessa...
all the opportunities |we afforded you...
you have managed to throw |every one of them away.
You're just like your father.
Because Lisa's father |had money...
he was better than mine?
Your father was a musician...
who tried to ruin my life...
is what I meant.
Now, he threw |his life away...
and you are doing the same.
You took the easy way out |and married that evil...
All you wanted was his money.
You will watch your mouth.
That man did |everything he could...
for you and your sister...
and it wasn't easy, |asking him to take you in...
and you tried |with all your might...
to destroy my marriage.
And now you will |not talk about...
my late husband |in that manner.
You are so wicked.
You're gonna rot in hell.
I vacation there.
Who told you you know how |to fix a lawnmower?

Uncle Joe, I know what I'm doing, all right?
I've fixed lawnmowers before.
That ain't right. You got to look here, boy.
Get on out of the way.
You got to work on the auxiliary carburetor.
This is the spark plug.
You need the auxiliary...
This is the auxiliary carburetor...
and everything run through the auxiliary carburetor...
going on down to the engine.
You see? All you need to do...
is tap that to get it in line.
See?
I'm 'a tell Mabel you broke it.
Wait now, Mr. Jones.
I'm tell her you did it.
Hey, Isaac broke your lawnmower.
- I did not. - Yeah, you did.
You did. He broke it.
How you doin', Isaac? Good to see you.
How you doin', Madea?
What's going on, man? How you doin'?
Hey, Brian.
- How are you? - Good, good.
I was sure hoping they would lock you the hell up.
Only thing locked up 'round here is your bowels.
Now shut the hell up.
How you doin', Daddy?
Hey, Brian. Hey, uh, Tiffany...
How you doin'?
Daddy, this is not my daughter.
They all look alike to me.
Who it's for?
Madea is her new foster mother.
You're gonna have a house guest.
That child ain't staying here.
You can't stay here.
Go back to where you came from.
You can't stay in this house.
Bad enough you let that gal...
move in here with them two babies...
making all that racket...
all day long, now you brought her.
Every time I send you somewhere...

you come back|with somethin'.
Take it back.|We don't want it.
Return to sender.
I remember I sent you|somewhere too...
and you came back|with somethin'.
You still itchin'?
Yo' mama.
Hell. That's my|mama too, ain't it?
Don't say that|in front of this child.
Come in the house.
I'll show you where|you're sleeping.
Daddy, you gotta stop|being so mean.
I wish I had been|mean to your mama.
Then I wouldn't be|sitting here...
Looking at you right now.
That's crazy as hell, all|these people in this house.
I'm gonna call|the fire marshal.
That is against the law!
I'm gonna|need some weed...
to be dealing with|all these people in here.
Babies crying|every five minutes.
Hell!
How you doin'?
Why, thanks, I'm fine.
My heart's all better...
from you shooting me|down the other day.
You still haven't|called a brother.
You still have my number?
Yes? No?
Maybe?
What do you keep|writing in that pad?
Why?
I'm just wondering.
Poetry.
Poetry, wow.
You're a poet?
Will you just drive|this bus, please, man?
You know,|I like poetry too.
Check this out.
Roses are red...
violets are blue.
If you go out with me...
you will like me too.
A smile!

Ladies and gentlemen, |hallelujah, I see a smile.
You are so...
You should |go out with me.
I know this |great spot... poets.
Lady, please say yes |so he can shut up.
What do you say?
I've had a really |long day...
my feet hurt, these |pantyhose are too tight...
and I got two kids at home |waiting for me.
Two?
Yeah, two.
I bet he don't want to |go out now. Two kids?
Dude, she said "two kids." |Think about it.
- You need to shut up. | - Don't start, Tyreka.
I got a son.
Maybe we could make this |a family thing...
if you say yes.
Miss? Miss!
He really is a nice guy.
I take my son to the park |every Saturday.
You should |bring your kids.
You call me, |and I'll tell you where.
What do you say?
I'll think about it.
Good morning.
That baby's speaking to you. |Say good morning.
And?
Oh, I'm sorry. |Natural reaction.
I was getting ready to |jump over this table here.
You ain't got time |to eat that.
Bus'll be here any minute.
You should've |been down earlier.
Take it to school |with you.
I don't want |to go to school.
You ain't got no choice.
Why you don't want to go?
I don't want to |ride the bus.
Why?
Little girl, |you better answer me.
Kids be mean to me.
They say all kind |of stuff about me.
And what you say to them?
Nothin'.
Honey, folk gonna |talk about you...

'til the day you die.
Ain't nothin' you can do.
Let folks talk.|People talk about me.
Yeah. They used|to call her "wide load."
Wide load. Beep.
That's what|they used to say...
when she be comin'.
Honey, listen to me.
It ain't what|people call you...
it's what you answer to.
You hear me?|You remember that.
Come on.
Where you goin'?
To the bus. Come on.
I'll be right back.|Ya'll sit there and eat.
Only way to deal|with a bully is...
to confront them|face to face.
You understand?
Hold on, bus driver.
I need to talk to some of|these children on the bus.
Come on, little girl.
Get on the bus.
Listen up!
This here is|a friend of mine...
and she been tellin' me|that a few of ya'll...
been saying some|stuff about her.
If I catch any one|of ya'll saying something...
it's gonna be me|and you, you hear me?
Shut up, old lady!
All my life I had to fight.
I loves Harpo...
but I'll kill him dead|'fore I let him beat me.
Who's Harpo?
Go on. Go to school.
Go on, sit down.
I'll be waiting for you|when you get off.
Ain't nobody gonna|mess with you.
Nobody.
I ain't.
I'll be waiting|for you at 3:00.
Let me see|if you can do that.
Oh, not bad.
Let me check.
They're still open.|Hey, what happened?

Just do it!

Chicken.

- Hey.|- Hi, guys. Hi.

What's going on?|Hold on.

This is Nima.

- Hey, Nima.|- And this is Jonathan.

Hi, Jonathan. This is|my son Tre. Say hi.

- Hello, Tre.

Yes, you can.|Let me tie your shoes.

Hold up. Just wait|right here, all right?

Yeah, but you gotta be|careful though, OK?

Go ahead. You can|go with them.

Watch your brother,|OK, Nima? OK.

- All right.|- All right.

Your kids are beautiful.

Thank you.

So is your son.

Yeah. He's funny.

They are a blessing,|aren't they?

Yep.

Definitely.

So where's his mother?

She's married.

Doesn't have|much time for him.

What about their fathers?

One's in jail...

and Nima's dad,|he was...

is married.

He won't even see her.

Tell me about you.|Your mother, father?

Mother and father|are both dead.

I was an only child.

Like my job. Love to paint.

I'm a Christian.

Try to do the right thing.

OK.

So, you seem to be|this great guy...

terrific dad...

and no woman|snatched you?

OK, so what's|the real problem?

Well...

Come on.

I guess|I'm old-fashioned.

You know?

I like to be the chaser.
Oh, really?
Is that you, Penny?
Well, it's about time.
That's a shame.
That is a shame,
Gonna burn|that little girl.
Lord have mercy.
What make people be|so mean to children?
They like to|make up stories.
Sure. OK. Bye-bye.
Didn't I tell you...
to come straight|home from school?
Come here.
Where you been?
I had to go|to my friend's house.
What friend?
You don't know her.
I want you in this house...
before the streetlights|come on.
Do you hear me?
- Yeah.|- Yes, what?
Yes, ma'am.
How was school?
Good.
Got any homework?
I did it already.
In what?
Algebra.
Algebra, huh?
Don't do it.
Don't whup the girl.|Don't do it, Mabel.
I done|told you, you...
Hey, come here!
OK, OK, OK!
Mabel, you jiggling|like jell-o.
Turn around here.
You stop that!|You better...
Girl, look at me!|Look at me.
Why wasn't you|at school today?
I went to the park.
She lyin'.
What was you doin'|in the park?
You supposed to be|at the schoolhouse.

Little girl, I'm not|gonna ask you no more.
I'm not smart|like the other kids.
I can't do that stuff.
Who told you that?
My last foster mother.
She told me|the only thing...
I'm gonna be smart enough|to do is lay on my back.
Was your foster|mother Jennifer?
I know Jennifer. I know her.|That's all she used to do.
Shut up, Joe. I'm trying|to talk to this child.
The best revenge you|can have on somebody...
that told you|something like that...
is to prove them wrong.
Best revenge you can have...
is to kick they butt.
That's the best revenge.
I went to that school,|and I got your homework.
Talked to your teacher.
She said this is what you|have to do in the morning...
so go up there|and get it done.
Can you help me with it?
It's algebra.
Honey, I don't know|nothing about that algebra.
When I was in school,|we had 3 R's.
Read, write, 'rithmetic.
I don't know nothing|about algeroe.
'Cause she dumb as hell.|If it ain't got no food...
or sugar on it...
she can't figure out|what it is.
All she do is eat.
Go upstairs. I'm gonna|get you Tiffany's number.
That's Brian's daughter.|She'll be able to help you.
She's a little older than you.|She can help you.
Better be at school when|I tell you to go to school.
I look in the mirror
I don't know
Who's staring back at me
A soul gets lost
Controlled
By his lovin'|in the mirror
The reflection
From your eyes
I didn't know that.
I didn't know that.|Did you?

No. That is hilarious.
Lisa, this man is a riot.
Yes, he is.
So you have to tell me|the rest of the story, Carlos.
How is the wedding|planning coming?
Great.
You must be so excited.
Over the moon.
Excuse me.
Sorry.
Long nights.
You want|to dance, honey?
Yes.
You sure?
- Yeah.|- OK.
All right, y'all|excuse us please?
Excuse me.
She'll love it.
They are such|a lovely couple.
Why do you insist on|embarrassing me?
I'm sorry.|I'm a little tired...
that's all.
When I get you|outta here...
I don't understand.
Shut up.
Can't take you anywhere.
Just wait.
Just wait.
Let's not wait, Carlos.
Just do it now.
Just hit me...
so all your friends|can see...
what kind of a man|you really are.
You love to provoke me,|don't you?
Why do you insist on|doing things the hard way?
You love it when|I'm not myself?
You like the highs|and lows of me?
But you always|play the victim, baby.
I'm leaving.
No, you're not.
Baby, this dance|ain't over.
And if you think you're|talking about leaving me...
well...
I love you to death...

and I mean that.
Excuse me. Excuse me.
I'm old. Hell, I can't|hold it no more.
All ya'll be knowin'|I got to fart.
Sometimes it|just run on out.
Gotta do what|you gotta do.
That's right.
When you get to be|this age, you'll know.
Farts come free.
You be tryin'|to hold it...
you mess around...
blow your eyes out|tryin' to hold it.
I'm just playing|with you here.
I tried to hold it|one time, man...
I just started|crampin' up...
'cause I was around|a bunch of people...
on the aeroplane.
I had to let it go.|You got to let it go!
When it's time|to let it go...
you gotta let it go.
- Let it go and let God.|- Go ahead.
That's nature.|Yep, nature.
I'm fixin' to let go.|Let it go.
Good job.
That was beautiful.
Music to my ears.
I hear you're gonna|take her out somewhere.
You gonna get some?
Nah, we're just...
We're just|going to dinner.
Dinner? That's all|that means.
When you ask a woman|to dinner...
that means|you're fixin' to get some.
Nasty bastard!|Always in my house!
Passing gas!
Oh. How you doing?|I'm Mabel. Hello.
Yeah.
- Nice to meet you.|- Good to meet you.
Have a seat. She'll|be down in a minute.
- Want something to drink?|- I'm OK. Thank you.
Sit down. Sit down.|Rest yourself.
You know she's got|two kids, don't ya?
Yes, I do. I know.
And you still want|to go out with her?

I got a son, too.
You must be desperate.
Joe, shut up.
Be careful now, |she's fertile.
Fertile. She gets |pregnant easy.
Shut the hell up.
Hey! Hey!
Don't you look |beautiful, honey?
Hi.
You ready?
Yeah.
You go on. |I got these kids.
Thanks a lot.
All right, baby.
- Nice to meet you guys. | - Good night.
All right. |See you later, Rocky.
Frankie.
Whatever. Rocky, |Rocko, whatever.
Do the rocka-wear.
You know she coming back |here pregnant, don't ya?
The sunlight danced |across her body...
as lightning flashed.
I knew God had to be angry.
Of course she was mine |and I was hers...
but only for that moment...
because just as the sun...
interrupted the moon...
I knew that evening |would end.
And so would we...
because we both were...
a part of another family.
Thank you.
I knew you were |gonna like it.
Tonight's poets |and painters' night.
The poet speaks |and the painter paints.
But the catch is |you only have two minutes.
It's fun.
What I want you to do |right now, crowd...
is put your hands together |for Frankie and Vanessa.
I'm a little nervous |about this.
I didn't know that he |signed us up.
We're all family here.
You all show 'em |some love, please.
This is called...

"The courage to love."
It takes courage...
to love again...
when you've been hurt.
It takes pain...
and strength again...
To pack it all away.
Somewhere|in all the pain...
somebody has to have|the courage...
to be OK.
Pain...
gives...
me...
courage...
to love.
Thank you.
I don't know why|I keep doing this.
I mean, things are good.
When they're good,|they're good, right?
I'm sorry, Lisa.
I love you so much,|and I... and I... I can't...
I'm gonna go to counseling.
Just don't leave me.
OK? I'm gonna|get help, just...
Everybody I love leaves me.
I can't do this anymore.
I just said I was sorry.
That's not enough.
Wha...
You want to leave me?
Do you want to leave me?!
OK.
That's the only way|you're gonna leave me.
Stop!
- No! Stop!|- You want to go?
Stop it! Please!
OK! OK!
I'll stay!
What?!
I'll stay! What?
Say it louder.|Say it louder.
I'll stay!|I'll stay!
I'll stay.
Tell me that you love me.

I love you.
Tell me that you|love me again.
I love you.
Say it again.
I love you. I love you.
OK. OK.
It's gonna be OK.
I have never, in all my life,|had such a good time.
You should have called me|a long time ago.
When my son was born...
I turned my life|over to God...
and I've been celibate|since then...
and I will be until|I get married.
It's just easier|not to date.
Is that what you think|I wanted from you, sex?
Let's be honest.|All men come for something.
Some men come to restore.
I had a really|good time tonight.
Thank you.
So...
Donna tells me that you|have been out every night...
with a certain bus driver.
He's a great guy.
He loves kids.
Just when I thought...
that every man|was gonna be the same...
here he comes.
I think you're in love.
I'm... in strong like.
Besides, you're the one|getting married.
You're the one in love.
I don't love him...
the way he loves me.
Then why are you|marrying him?
Mom says love will come.
Mom.
Don't do that.
You listen to me.
Don't blame her.
She has had you|under her thumb...
since you were born.
She lives her life|through you.
Don't you wanna just make|a decision on your own?
Just once?

Lisa, you gotta|learn to fight.
Fight?
I've never had|to fight before.
Somebody has always|fought for me.
And I can't...|I can't fight him.
He just gets so angry.
Is he hitting you?
Yeah.
Hell, no! Madea!
You are staying here tonight!
Do you understand me?
Promise me you will|not say anything.
What's going on?
We have a friend...
and her husband|is beating her...
and we would just|like to know...
what we should do.
Before or after|his funeral?
Does she want to get out?
Does she?
Yes.
But he won't let her.
Sit down. Let me|tell you a story.
Sit down.
I'm 'a tell you this.
Can't nobody help your friend|until she wanna get help.
You can want all your life|to help somebody...
but if they don't|want to get help...
it ain't gonna happen.
You listen to me.
When you get tired of a man|hittin' on you, honey...
ain't nothing you can do|but cook breakfast for him.
Cook breakfast.
Bring him into the kitchen...
and get you a big old pot|of hot grits...
and when it start to boil|like lava...
and after he got good|and comfortable...
you say, "good morning."
Throw it right on him.
Get you a pot like this...
Take it and throw it.
You need you a skillet...
with a nice good|balanced weight on it.
You understand?

And as you throw it, |you swat.
Throw it and swat, |you hear me?
Throw it and swat.
Venus and Serena.
That's called grit ball.
So the third-quarter profit |should be up 17%.
Beautiful work, everyone.
I will see you all tomorrow.
Thank you.
Kevin, don't forget that |wire transfer, all right?
Mr. Armstrong...
a Victoria Breaux |is here to see you.
Send her in.
Hello, Carlos.
I rushed right over.
She hasn't been home |in 3 days.
My patience is wearing thin.
How can I convince her |what a great man you are...
if you insist on acting |like such a savage?
Savage?
I'm a collector of |beautiful things.
Now, would I scratch my Monet?
Would I deface my Picasso?
I won't keep bringing |my child back to you...
if you continue to put |your hands on her.
Your child? You almost |sound like her mother.
Let's not get |this thing twisted.
I've been your banker |for the last 4 years.
I know better than anyone |why you want this.
I am not the only one |benefiting here.
If she found out...
that I have had access |to her trust fund...
through you, |Mr. Investment banker...
you are on the line as well.
Now here are the rules |of engagement.
You will not hit her again.
And I will tell her that |you're getting counseling...
which may not be |such a bad idea.
I read about women like you.
Women who live their lives |through their daughters...
entering them into pageants |and acting classes.
'Cause you really want |to be her, don't you?
I've read about men |like you, too.
Overachievers.

Trying to make up|for what they lack.
Controlling because|they really are insecure...
and they think...
that when|they're in public...
everyone can see|their little secret.
You want me, don't you?
Don't flatter yourself.
You see, I like men.
Real men...
and not little boys|who throw temper tantrums...
'cause they can't|control little girls.
Your horns are showing.
Are you upset|because mine are bigger?
And...
for the record...
if I wanted you...
I could have you.
I think the saddest thing|I've ever seen...
Was Ali...
fighting past his prime.
Or Sinatra singing|after his voice was shot.
Now, what I love|about Lena Horne...
see, Lena Horne was a lady...
and a lady always knows|when to leave.
So, what are you?
I'm a lady who's|got you by the balls.
I want your daughter|in my house... tonight!
I better go.
No, no, no.
Come here.
I'm gonna show you|something.
What is it?
I call it|"Vanessa's rain."
The passion in your eyes.
This red line|represents...
the pain...
that you're trying|to hide from me...
and this is your heart.
That's where I wanna be.
What?
No one's ever done|anything like this...
for me before.
It's so special.
You're special.

You already ate yours. | This is mommy's.
Hey!
What are you doing | with my kids?!
He bought us ice cream.
You OK?
- Yeah? | - Yeah!
Come here. Come here.
I'm 'a go play with cars.
Come here. | Let me see you.
OK. OK.
I want you to go | pack your things...
'cause we're | gonna go, OK?
Did I do something wrong?
I don't know you | well enough...
for you to be | taking my kids...
and I don't know | where you're going!
All right. | I'll take you home.
No, we're gonna be fine.
Nima, come on, now! | Right now! Right now!
Kids, look, | mommy's gonna talk...
to Uncle Frankie for | a second, all right?
We'll be right back.
Look, I'm sorry, all right?
You were sleeping so peacefully, | and I know you're tired.
Now, the kids were up...
and I didn't want | them to wake you...
so I took 'em out | for some ice cream.
I just wanted you to rest.
Nobody is gonna hurt my kids.
I love you.
Don't you know I would | never, ever hurt your kids...
or you?
I think that...
"You think that."
Don't tell me what you think.
Hey, tell me...
Tell me what you feel.
I feel that...
that you won't hurt them.
Or you.
Or me.
Oh, God.
You almost knocked | me down here.
You know I don't allow | no running in this house.

Look.

Ah, you got a "B."

Go ahead, honey, you smart.

I am.

Yes, that's wonderful.

I never would have been able|to figure out that algeroe...
and you done figured it out.

That is good.

You did prove you can be|anything you want to be.

Go ahead on.

I look at all|the kids at school...

and they have parents|to help them.

Well, that make you|smarter than them...

'cause you figured it out|all by yourself.

Where your folks at anyway?

When is they coming to get you?

That's what I want to know.

I never knew my daddy,|and my mama's in jail.

I got a bunch of kids|I never knew.

I might be your daddy.

Joe, this baby can stay here|long as she want to.

The hell she can.

Can I?

Yes, till you go|off to college.

College?

Smart as you is, you better go.

It ain't where you|come from, honey...

it's where you going.

No matter what your mama|was or who your daddy was...

you can be anything|you want to be.

Look at Brian.

He turned out|to be a lawyer.

Look at his daddy...

a big old lump of nothing.

Better a lump of nothing|than a lump of cow manu-der.

What you want to be|when you grow up?

A lawyer.

Oh, a lawyer. That's good...

'cause I might need|you to get me off...

after I kill him... Murder One.

I'm gonna be a lawyer.

I'm gonna go call Tiffany.

OK, go call Tiffany.

Gonna be a lawyer.|Go ahead, baby.

You know how much college cost|for that child to be a lawyer?
Who gonna pay for it?
Well, I figure if you|do us a favor and die...
we can use your insurance money.
I wouldn't give you|the satisfaction.
You could sell milk...|"got milk?"
Go straight to hell, Joe.
I'm already talking|about somebody.
Just shut up.
Knock-knock.
Oh, Uncle Joe.
Hi, Madea.
Where is Lisa?
She upstairs somewhere.
Go on, turn around|so I can watch you walk out.
Knock-knock-knock.
Honey, I came to get you.
I brought you|a little something.
She doesn't want|to marry this man.
I'm not gonna argue|with you about this.
Then don't.
Is this how you want to live?
Pathetic like your sister?
Look how she lives.
Is this what you want?
Why are you trying to make|her think this is about her?
You've been living off her|trust fund all these years...
and now that it's almost gone,|you need a new source.
My dad left her money.
He didn't leave her a dime.
He left it all for his|first wife. She's broke.
Stop lying to your sister.
What?
Lisa, you remember|all those trips...
that you took to the museum|with Mother on the weekends...
when I was left at home...
and she would tell you|I was being punished?
I came here to try to smooth|things out with you...
but if you want to continue|telling these lies, I'm leaving.
No, you're not.
You're gonna sit right there.|You're gonna listen.
Lisa, one day, I was sitting|at the bottom of the stairs...
and I heard Mom and your dad|arguing about me.
You're too young to remember,|but he was gonna leave.

Oh, my God.
And I heard Mom say, "No."
"Don't. Please."
"I'll do it. I'll do it."
And I didn't know what|she was talking about.
When she came in,|she found me.
Then she put me|in the bathtub...
and she combed my hair...
and she put make-up on me...
and perfume.
And she said...
"Just relax."
And then she let him|come in and rape me.
That is not true.
Yes, it is true,|and you're gonna tell her.
You are gonna tell her!
He asked me for you.
I had done everything|I could in our family...
everything I could|to please him.
If we were gonna|be comfortable...
I had to make|some hard, hard decisions.
He would have walked out|and left us destitute.
You should be happy...
you were able|to save our family.
Are you insane?
No. I'm a realist.
I worked...
worked two jobs.
When your low-down father|walked out on me...
and I was tired,|and I deserved better.
And when I snatched|my little bit of happiness...
I was not gonna let you|take that away from me.
Sweetheart...
you were my only option.
Mom...
"Mom."
Just stop that whining.|Just stop it.
I have taken care of you|like a little princess...
the best schools,|go in designer clothes...
all of that.
Now it is time for you|to take care of me!
You hear me?
My mother was a real whore...
and a junkie...

and she traded me...
for ten dollars and a fix.
There are many things|in my life that I regret...
including having you|for a daughter...
because that man|was your father.
But I will not...
apologize for|the decisions I made.
I am not your tragedy.
Lisa, I thought that she|was just controlling you...
but she's been|controlling me, too.
I worry about my children...
about what somebody's|gonna do to them...
every second|they're out of my sight.
I have a man...
who wants to love me...
but I won't let him|because of you.
I refuse to let you|hold me back anymore.
I'm gonna love hard.
I'm gonna|be a better mother.
You don't win...
because your hand-me-downs|stop here.
I forgive you...
with all my might...
and I'm gonna pray...
that God has mercy|on your soul.
Get your things.
I'll wait for you in the car.
I'm so sorry.
No, I'm sorry.
I told you to get|off the phone.
If you roll your|eyes at me again...
I'll take 'em out|and turn 'em around...
and have 'em looking at you.
Lord have mercy.
It's so good to see|the whole family together.
Thank you, Madea.
I try. I use my pistol|for some of 'em...
'cause that's|all they understood.
I had to threaten|half of 'em here.
Aunt Ruby ninety-six.
She needed to see|all her family.
I'm thirsty.
Baby, get us some lemonade|out the house, please.
Yes, ma'am.

They told me she was a handful.
How you get her to be so polite?
I been tearing that ass up.
I look at all these|foster parents...
taking these children in,|just trying to get money...
but you know what I found out?
Ain't nothing wrong|with these children.
All they need is|some love and support...
and somebody be|patient with them...
and they'll be all right.
That's what I found out|about these kids.
Didn't I tell you to get|the hell off that telephone?
What is your problem?
I told you to hang up|Aunt Ruby's phone.
I'll shove it|so far down your throat...
all you gonna be able to do|is dial 911 with your navel.
Do you hear me?
Get the hell in the house|and hang up the phone!
Put it on the hook.
Gotta be patient|with these babies, you know?
Is that Victoria?
Lord have mercy.
Who wears heels|to a family reunion?
Hello.
Hello, ladies.
It's warm out today, isn't it?
Be cooler if you had on|some regular clothes.
That's a nice dress, Victoria.
Thank you.
It's kind of haute, isn't it?
It's all the rave in Paris.
Well, this is hot Georgier.
It is not Paree...
so we don't wear|dressie like that.
You look silly.
Trying to be so bougie,|oui-oui, pee-pee.
Where is everyone?
She's going|to need some deodorie.
For her bootie!
Girl, I already told them,|"I'm not going down..."
Good Lord. Who they kin to?
Who them is?
That's Henry Lee's daughter.
That's Henry Lee little girl?

She got her daddy face,|but her mama everything...
Hey, hey, wait.|Come here, baby.
Come to Uncle Joe.
How you doing, baby?
Listen, I'm a little thirsty.
Reach down in that barrel,|and get me a drink.
But lookit, I need it cold,|'cause I'm parched...
so reach down deep|in the bottom.
Good Lord almighty.
Deep, baby, deeper...
Thank you so much.
Grover, you want a drink?
No.
Oh, yeah. Me, too.
Me, too, honey.
Way down in there.
They ain't got no more.
Lord have mercy.
If I wasn't|on that heart medication...
and didn't have|this blood pressure problem...
and waiting on|the kidney transplant...
and was on dialysis...
I might take that Viagra.
I might go and take|a chance with it.
I got him, I got him.
Back door. Beat him up.
Ball up!
Get over there.
Watch the switch.
Good game, man.
Nice time. Very good.
I got next up.
You got to let me rest, man.|I'm tired.
Don't tell me|you're getting old.
I ain't gonna tell you, then.
I'm gonna get some food.
How's Deborah doing?
She's good.|She's in the house.
Is she?
I'm gonna say hi to her.
You don't want|to go in there now.
The women in there.
You do not want to|go in the kitchen.
Oh, my goodness.

Baby, we were just|talking about you.
It's good to see you, baby.
How are you?
I'm good. I haven't|seen this side of my family...
in a long time, though.
I feel so much love here.
Whenever you|come around family...
you can find love.
You can sense it.
And a bride-to-be|will wear it as a garment.
Oh, yes, darling.
And what about your garment?
Where is it?
I'm sorry.|I don't understand...
I guess my question really is...
when are we going to get|to meet this mystery man?
Indeed.
He'll be here soon.
And I'm sure you're all|going to love him.
You all should be|so happy for her.
Yes, of course.
Of course, and we want|to be happy for her...
except that the jury|is still out on that.
I mean, tell me, baby...
are you really ready|to marry this man?
I've thought about it.
Of course she is.
She loves him.
She loves him.
That's|a very important factor...
and I can tell you about love.
William...
that's my husband's name...
we had a love so strong...
that it just seemed|like we were one.
I would get ready|to tell him something...
and he would open his mouth|and say the very thing...
that I was fixing to tell him.
You know how frustrating|that was sometimes?
Oh, Lord, I couldn't stand it.
And then...
there were those moments|when I would just...
lay my head on his chest...
just to listen|to his heart beat.

And then one night...
I realized that his heartbeat|matched mine.
Lord have mercy.
Rhythm's off, now he's gone.
I'm so sorry, Aunt Myrtle.
Oh, don't fret|for me, sweetheart.
I have had an opportunity...
that few people|ever get on this earth.
God has blessed me to share|time and space with a man...
that he designed himself|just for me.
I've not only been blessed...
I have been divinely favored.
It's so true.
You know, Myrtle, I weep|for these young women today.
Some of them will|never know that.
In fact, never know|even a portion...
of what you're talking about.
Darlings, love is many things.
It's varied.
One thing it is not|and can never be...
is unsure.
Take me outside.
I want to be with my family.
Oh, Ruby.
Almost hit it.
You must be Carlos.
Is it that obvious?
Yeah, a little bit.
I'm Brian, Lisa's cousin.|How you doing?
Come on, I'll introduce|you to everybody.
So pleased you were|able to join us.
I want you to meet Mabel.
And Calvin.
How you doing?
This is Carlos, Lisa's fiance.
I'm Frankie.
I know who you are.
Mom, I was hoping that we|could talk for a minute.
I can't talk to you now.
I'm talking to your sister|about something more important.
I want you to take Carlos|around and introduce him...
make him feel|more comfortable.
We're talking.
And be happy about it.

How can she be|happy about it?
What would you know|about being happy...
coming in here|with some bus driver?
Can you not do this right now?
I'm tired of her in your ear...
about to ruin the best thing|that ever happened to you.
Don't you mean the best thing|that ever happened to you?
You can't listen to her...
'cause she has nothing,|never will have anything...
and she's jealous of you|because you're so beautiful...
Jealous?
You've always been jealous|of our relationship, because...
You know I've always|loved her more.
You just hate the idea|that anybody might love me.
If that man loves you,|he's a damn fool!
You are such a bitch.
Stop that fighting, I say!
"Girls Gone Wild,|Senior Edition."
Stop that fighting!
I don't know|where you came from!
You are so damn evil!
I am my mother's daughter!
Pray on
Just a little while longer
Pray on
Just a little while
Longer
Pray on
Just a little while longer
And everything, yes
Is gonna be all right
Is this what we paid for?
What is she talking about?
I'll tell you what|she's talking about.
This is|the first family reunion...
we have had in five years.
Aunt Ruby...
she's ninety-six years old.
Ninety-six.
Family reunions...
are about uniting the family...
bringing together|the young and the old.
Singing and dancing...
and thanking God,|giving him the glory.

Thanking him|for getting us over.
As we marched up the road...
this afternoon...
what we saw|were young men gambling...
fighting, cussing...
women with no clothes on...
gyrating all over on this land.
Do you see this shack?
The man and woman|who were born here...
gave birth to this generation.
They were slaves.
They worked this ground...
but they bought it...
from the widow|of the slave owner...
and that's the kind|of blood we have...
running through our veins.
That's the stock|that we are made of.
What happened to us?
Who are you?
Do you know who you are?
What happened to the pride|and the dignity...
and the love and respect|that we had for one another?
Where did it go?
And how...
How do we get it back?
I'm 'a tell you.
Young black men,|take your place.
We need you!
Your sons and daughters|need you.
Did you understand|what I just said?
You were sold off|and had no choice, yes...
but now it's time to stay.
Take your place!
Now! Starting now!
Young black women...
you are more than|your thighs and your hips.
You are beautiful,|strong, powerful.
I want more from you!
Take your place.
I want every single|one of you...
young man, young woman...
turn to the next person...
standing alongside of you.
Grab them and hug them...

and tell them|that you love 'em.
Tell them, "If you need|anything, come to me."
"If you need somebody|to talk to, come to me."
I love you, girl.
Thank you, girl.
"I'll give you the shoulder.
"I'll give you the hug.
"I'll feed you,|I'll clothe you
"if you need it."
That's how you start...
from this moment.
When you leave|this reunion today...
you take that with you.
God bless y'all.
God bless you.
God bless you, Grandma.
Vanessa just went to church|looking for you.
What you doing here?
You two look lovely.
Looking like a big ol' pig|wrapped in a purple blanket...
what you look like.
Shut up and put your shoes on.
Help that thing find his shoes|so we can get out of here.
You all right?
Who is it?
You running from him?
It's time to stop running,|honey, and fight.
Come in.
Madea, you look lovely.
You ready for my wedding?
I only go to church|for two reasons...
weddings and funerals.
Wonder what I'm|dressed for today.
Don't you know it's bad luck...
for the groom to see the bride|before the wedding?
In your case,|it might be real bad luck.
You know I couldn't resist|the love of my life.
You know she tried to sneak|away from me last night?
She did, Madea.
Can we just|have a moment alone?
In my house? Hell, no.
It's OK, Madea.
It's OK, just go.
Carlos, you look|like you're hungry.

I got some hot grits|over there on the stove.
Lisa, why don't you|give Carlos some?
They hot.
Yeah, Carlos, you casket sharp.
Come on, y'all, let's go.
You must be out your mind.
You got me all over|this city, walking around.
Y'all didn't even see where...
Is everything all right?
It's fine. I'd know|that scream anywhere.
Come on,|let's go to the church.
Praise the Lord.|God is good.
She in there playing grit ball.
This place is nice.
Hey, all these bougie people.
- Hello.|- Hi.
I don't like no stuck-up|people like this.
When are we|going to be able to go in?
That's what I want to know.
Where is she? She's late?
Oh, my God. Excuse me.
Excuse me.|Calm down, everybody!
We're about to begin.
We're about to begin.
Hey, sweet thing.|Don't I know you?
Excuse me? As if you could.
Now move, old man. Step aside.
Did that thang|just push you, Joe?
Yeah, she did.|She don't know us.
We're Baptists.|We'll tear this church up.
You don't know me.|I will set it off in here.
I will do a drive-by|in this church.
You better be glad|you're at church.
Jesus just saved|your life. Hallelu-yer.
OK, listen now.
You old people getting|on my nerves now.
I'm trying to make this event|as professional as possible.
That's why I can hardly|work with black people now...
always late and ignorant.
Y'all better tell someone.|She don't know me.
She don't know me.|She don't know I'm a thug.
I'm a real thug.|I shot Tupac.
I did, the first time.
We was arguing|over a parking spot.

I didn't kill him though. | That wasn't me.
Just a minute. | Where are your dresses?
What is the problem?
Not quite what you expected.
I'm not getting married today.
I've been beaten every day | since we got engaged.
And I've tried to | make excuses for him...
over and over and over again.
But it's time for me to start | making my own decisions...
and live for Lisa.
That's right.
I feel sorry for you. | One day you'll see.
Ah, Victoria, shut up! | We feel sorry for you.
That child got her | own life to live.
You need to go get one | and stop trying to live hers.
I just hate that all | my hard work has gone to waste.
It doesn't have to.
What are you doing?
Do you love me?
I love you.
Prove it.
Marry me.
You want me to marry you?
Right now. Right here.
All right, all right.
Get them to the holding area.
Get a tux on him.
Go, move, people!
Come back over here, people.
There will be a wedding | here today.
All is not lost.
Ladies and gentlemen...
I give you...
Paris in springtime.
Come right in.
This is so gorgeous.
The sun has come. | The mists have gone.
We see in the distance | our long way home.
I was always yours to have.
You were always mine.
We have loved each other...
in and out of time.
When the first stone...
looked up at | the blazing sun...

and the first tree|struggled up...
from the forest floor...
I had always loved you more.
You freed your braids,|gave your hair to the breeze.
It hummed like a hive|of honeybees.
I reached in the mass|for the sweet honeycomb there.
God, how I loved your hair.
You saw me bludgeoned|by circumstance...
Iost, injured, hurt by chance.
I screamed to the heavens...
Ioudly screamed...
trying to change our|nightmares into dreams.
The sun has come.|The mists have gone.
We see in the distance|our long way home.
I was yours to have...
and you were always mine.
We loved each other|in and out...
in and out,|in and out of time.
It seems like forever
That I have waited for you
In a world of disappointment
One thing is true
God has blessed me
And he's blessed you, too
In a world of lonely people
I found you
Just take my hand
And hold me close
And don't
Let me go
You for me
And me for you
Together we'll make
One
We were once strangers
All by ourselves
Living, living alone
With no one else
But here you are
And it's so, so sweet
God must have done this
Frankie.
Made you for me
Today, this is special.

I was prepared to speak|for Lisa and Carlos...
but since I'm|a little ill-prepared...
maybe you should just|say what's on your heart.
I never...
thought that I could meet|someone like you.
You are my friend...
you are my smile...
you are my everything.
You are|a breath-taking reflection...
of God's heart for me...
of how he pursued me...
and loved me...
even when I didn't love myself.
You held my hand|in the darkness...
and you pulled me out|into the light.
I love you,|Frankie Henderson.
You are my light...
and it doesn't|matter what happens...
in this life...
as long as you're with me.
When I look at you...
I know that there's a God...
and that he loved me so much...
that he took the time|to create you...
just for me.
I love you...
past my mind...
beyond my heart.
I love you for my soul...
and that's the space...
where only you and God dwell.
After that...
there is nothing to say.
Kiss your bride.
You really are|a beautiful couple.
Really beautiful.
Yeah, you're on the mark.
You must be Carlos, man.
- Yes.|- How you doin'?
- I'm good.|- Good to meet you.
Is it that obvious?
What, that you're Carlos?
- I'm Carlos.|- Yeah, it is.
- I'm Carlos.|- I can tell.

Maybe we can|get this take again.
- Yeah.|- Ok. All right.
And, action.
Excuse me.
I'm a little old.|I can't hold it.
That's OK.
They tell me you're gonna|take her out somewhere.
Yep. I'm gonna take her out.
Oh. Where you goin'?
Just this place|around the corner.
It's a nice Italian place.
That ain't where you goin'.|You're going to a poetry bar.
That's true.|We're going to a poetry bar.
- Let's start over.|- Ok.
Read the script next time.
Excuse me. Excuse me.
I don't even know|where you at.
Am I loose enough?
The year is 2045...
and I am Michael Jackson...
and we're on tour|with my brothers.
Here's my brother, Jermaine.
Do you remember him?
This is my brother Tito.
And you gotta|remember little Janet.
Ya'll still here at the movies?|It's over.
You can go home now.|You enjoy yourself?
Lord have mercy.
Honey, don't bring your|baby to the movie no more.
That is rude as hell.
People trying to watch|this movie and you bring...
that crying child in here|through the whole movie.
What is your problem?|I hate that.
Why they sell popcorn|at a movie theater?
That is the loudest|food you can have.
Why don't ya'll get|something else?
Get something that|don't cause no noise.
And look at Junebug|back in the back...
with a video camera|trying to bootleg it.
You know they waiting on|to get something.
You see her over there?
You see her?
That dress is too small.
Pull your pants up, honey.|Them ain't lowriders.

Her butt just too big.

She couldn't get 'em up.

Lord have mercy. | All right, go on.

The movie over. | I'll see you later.