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The Best Man

By Malcolm D. Lee

It's what you want, boy
It's what you need, babe
We got to give you more
Of what you really want
It's a secret that's
been Pent up inside for years
Exclusive type
Only for your eyes and ears
You held it in for so long
You burstin' into tears
The letters spill slowly across
the page like a world premier
Well, all right, the bullshit
begins here
The obvious cause
the effects is unclear
The punishment for crimes of
the heart could be severe
Though to keep it on the low
is a heavy cross to bear
You deep now, submerged
With no signs of air
Still your sunken heart Thumpin'
like the kick in the snare
When on the surface
It's all turnin' to a circus
That's why you're nervous
And you got a right to be
It's what you want, boy
It's what you need, babe
We got to give you more
- Thanks a lot, man.
- You bet.
- Cool. Take care.
- You, too.
Harp,
how's it going, brother?
Robin, baby,
I got some good news.
Try this.
Tell me what you think.
Come on, girl.
You know...
Grilled ginger shrimp with

cranberry-orange-mango chutney.

Damn, that's good.

Yeah, man, 'tis good.

Thanks for letting
me use your kitchen.

That's cool.

I almost died
when my stove broke.

No problem, baby.

But then I remembered what
a loving boyfriend I have.

Uh-huh.

Sorry about the mess.

I have three jobs
going on at once here.

It's so crazy.

So I see.

So, hey!

What's the news?

What's the dealio?

Oh! Uh...

Oprah Winfrey wants my new
book, *Unfinished Business*,
for her January
Book of the Month Club show.

Harper, you're kidding.

Uh-uh, I ain't kidding.

Oh, my God!

Your first novel?

I was a little nervous
when I heard

that she wanted
to read a preview copy.

But she read it and loved it.

When's the release date?

We go into print next month.

Oh. baby!

"m \$0 happy for you.

I'm so happy for you!

That is so great.

So great.

I'm on my way, girl.

The callaloo.

I missed you.

Hmm.

I'm so glad you
decided to come back
to town before
heading to New York.

Mmm. Yeah. Me, too, baby.

Oh, did I tell you about the
20-city book tour I got going?
I'm psyched. I gotta make sure
my shit's on point, though.

Harper, come on.

"Harper, come on,"
what?

You never
live enough for today.

For once,
just enjoy the moment.
At least for a little while?

Robin,
I got to stay focused.
All work and no play
makes Harper a very dull boy.

Yeah, whatever, man.

"Yeah, whatever, man."

You're not feeling me, huh?

I felt you
getting your freak on
a couple minutes ago.

That's what I felt.

Only with you.

That's what

I like to hear.

Oh, girl.

I could be like this
with you forever, Harper.

Hmm-mmm.

What?

Relax.

All I mean is that

I love being with you.

You said yourself that I was the
best girlfriend you ever had.

You've never been with
somebody this long

or had this much fun.
Face it. We fit together.
Yeah, but...
You love me, don't you?
Of course I do,
but it's not that simple.
It is to me.
Wow.
Dead silence.
Nice. Excuse me.
What's "Excuse me"? Wait.
No.
I think I'll get some sleep.
Wait, Robin.
Honey, about last night.
I didn't...
Harper, it's okay.
I know you love me.
I do, you know.
I'm not insecure.
I just have doubts sometimes.
About what?
Like this wedding reunion
with your friends.
I don't know
what I'm really walking into.
Oh, baby!
They are gonna love you.
Don't worry. They are gonna love you.
You'll be fine.
Really?
Yes, really.
Even Kendall?
I can't believe
that you're jealous
of a character
that I wrote in my book.
Not just a character.
An icon. An ideal.
Your soul mate.
Jackson's soul mate.
She's nothing like me.
Honey, she's not like anybody.
She is a combination of a bunch

of women that I knew in college.
Why would I lie to you about
something like that, girl?
I don't know.
That's what scares me.
Okay, here it is.
Here is the drama.
Okay. See, I thought I had finally
avoided it in this relationship.
I'm not perfect, Harper.
Could we stop
talking about this, please?
I had to let you
know how I feel.
Yeah. Are you still
coming to the wedding?
Of course I am.
Nothing has changed
about that.
I want you to have fun.
Hang out with your boys,
reminisce.
I'll still be there on Sunday.
That's great. Fine. Good.
Atlantic Airlines welcomes you
to New York City's
La Guardia Airport.
I'm coming!
Harper!
Murch! My man!
Hey, New York.
It's the Doug Banks Show
with DeDe McGuire.
Can you believe those Giants?
Unbelievable!
Lance Sullivan, my man!
That man really is. He's fine.
Big old chocolate thing...
No, DeDe,
he's a good football player.
I know that.
I'm a fan.
Right. All right,
here's Lauryn Hill.

What do you say about that?
So, they're fine.
They're young, that's all.
And I had to take a gun away
from one kid last week.
Oh, hell, no! A gun?
Damn it, Murch!
Didn't that firm
you worked at last summer,
did they not offer you
a six-figure salary?
Yes, they did.
So what's up?
I have to
pass the bar first.
Whatever, man.
All right, listen, brother,
all I'm saying is
that if you're
gonna be stressed,
get paid for it, man.
Now you sound like Shelby.
Shelby.
Lockdown!
You are lucky I love you
like an adopted brother.
I'm playing. She's cool.
Shelby's cool.
You certainly didn't make her sound
any kind of cool in your book.
Uh, I mean,
not that I read your book.
You read my book?
No.
How did you get
ahold of my book?
I don't have your book,
Harper. Jordan does.
Jordan has my book?
All right, camera two, I need
a close-up on Dr. Gayle.
Zoom in slowly, slowly.
All right, great.
Hold it right there.

Camera one, stand by
for audience reaction.
Give me audience reaction,
camera one.
Jordan Armstrong.
She's already running
things, ain't she?
You should not be surprised.
She's the only one
more driven than you are.
That's all right.
When's the last time
you saw Jordan?
Oh, last March,
actually.
We didn't really
have much time to hang,
though, 'cause
she had a deadline.
And I had to move...
What, nigger?
You, my brother,
are withholding information.
Here we go.
You and Jordan got busy
in undergrad, didn't you?
No, we didn't.
What about the book? What about the book?
Jackson and Kendall.
That's you two.
I know it!
They picked the prime opportunity
to make grass sandwiches.
"A passionate night
of lovemaking so intense..."
I know my words.
Embellishment sells books.
Oh, so,
then what really happened?
Nothing.
You are lying!
I know it.
Out with it.
What?

Tell me. Tell me.

Nothing.

All right, it was
senior year during finals.

The year-end issue was
off to the printer
and the staff had left
for the night.

We both had studying to do,
but we were mad tired.

Only Stevie Wonder was
gonna help us that night.

Doo-doo-doo-do

Mmm-mmm

Doo-doo-doo-do

Mmm-mmm

As around the sun the earth
knows she's revolving
And the rosebuds know
to bloom in early May
Just as hate knows love's the cure,

you can rest your mind assured
That I'll be loving you always

Until the rainbow burns
the stars down in the sky
Always Until the ocean
covers every mountain high

Always

Until the dolphin flies
and parrots live at sea

Always

Until we dream of life
and life becomes a dream
Did you know that true love
asks for nothin'

Her acceptance

Is the way we pay

Did you know that life
has given love a guarantee
To last through forever
and another day

Just as time knew to move on
since the beginning

And the seasons know exactly

when to change
Just as kindness knows no shame,
know through all your joy and pain
That I'll be loving you always
As today I know I'm living
but tomorrow...
And you didn't tell any of us?
There really wasn't
much to tell, really.
And, you know,
you can't keep a secret.
What? What do you mean
I can't keep a secret?
Were you supposed to tell me
that you had my book? Or...
Just finish the story.
Until the earth just
for the sun denies itself
I'll be loving you forever
Until dear mother nature
says her work is through
Until the day that you are me
And I am you
I guess, in retrospect,
it was one of those moments
you wish
you could have back.
But at the time,
it just wasn't right.
Wasn't right?
No.
You two are ridiculous.
Why?
You forget. She was off to
LA to do that internship
I was headed
straight to grad school.
In other words,
the two control freaks
couldn't lose control
and get freaky, right?
Wow.
I almost forgot
how corny you could be.

Almost.

I thought it was
a pretty good play on words.

Um,
it was kind of corny.

Okay.

Jordan, stop it.

This is business.

This is your boy.

This is strictly business.

It's all good.

You don't have...

Good job, Jordan.

Great. Thanks, Anita. I think it was
good, but I think we could've...

Is that him?

Yes. Yes, indeed. That is Harper
Stewart, Lance Sullivan's best man.

You sure we can't get a camera at that wedding?

It could be huge.

I know. I've actually
been working on that,
but they're very
adamant about it.

Keep trying.

Right.

You ready?

Ready.

Here she is.

Hey. Harper Stewart.

Jordan Armstrong.

Harper, I've always
enjoyed your writing.

But that book of yours?

Wow, you nailed it.

And your girl here,
talk about a fan.

She's got her nose in that preview
copy every free moment she's got.

It's my job to keep up
with what's current.

Of course you do.

Harper, can we get
you on Teen Summit,

or profile you on
Tonight With Tavis?
Absolutely. Sure.
I would like that.
Great.
We'll even get Jordan to produce it.
What do you think, J?
Absolutely.
We've got the inside track.
This is gonna be fabulous. It was
a pleasure meeting you both.
I've got to run.
Take care, Harper.
All right.
Bye-bye.
That's gonna be Jordan
in a little while.
She's well on her way.
True. True.
Come on, now.
Give me love.
Yeah, of course.
Urn...
Okay. Yeah. So, you know...
Like Anita was saying, we want
to get you in the studio.
You know me.
I'm all yours.
Right.
Yeah.
So, you guys ready to go?
All right, I'll talk to you later.
Bye.
Damn, this wedding shit,
it never ends.
Who wants ham hocks?
Lance's uncles.
And Mia's cousins
have the nerve
to be calling me,
driving me nuts,
asking me to hook them
up with guys and shit.
You should

introduce them to Quentin.
Oh, well, I did.
Big mistake.
He's got the poor girls open.
Charming motherfucker.
That's what he's good at.
If they gave college credit for
that, he'd have his PhD by now.
You know, Dr. Feel Good
has your book.
Quentin has my book?
Go on, baby.
Quentin Spivey!
Quentin Spivey from
our nation's capital.
Wow, I'm gonna have
to do a little story on him.
I'll be right back.
All right, cool.
You want a drink?
No.
What's wrong with you?
You talk too much.
See you later. Peace.
Why would you
tell him everything?
So, Q, what's up
with the guitar?
This? Just a little something
to add to the repertoire.
You know a nigger got gifts.
The nigger's
scatterbrained.
I had to pull
some serious strings
to get you that photography
gig at the Post.
What happened?
Don't get all bent.
You know I read your book.
I heard. So?
So you got skills, Joe.
I ain't gonna front.
You about to blow the fuck up.

Got me wanting to
be a writer and shit.
See, man, that's
what I'm talking about.
First it was photography. Then you
got this little music thing going.
Back in January, you wanted
to direct music videos.
Now you want
to be a writer, man.
Don't sweat none
of that shit, Joe.
Seriously though,
that book is like that.
I still think you might
have exaggerated
a brother's character
a little bit.
My mama not being
around ain't got shit
to do with how I treat
these bitches.
How do you know
it's you I'm talking about?
Oh, come on, now. Give a
nigger some credit, all right?
I ain't stupid.
I was a lot more focused
than that
when I was in school.
Quentin, you're still
in school, brother.
But I'm saying...
Couldn't you have embellished
a nigger a little bit?
Ain't that that buttery shit
about being a writer?
You know,
rewriting history?
Tailoring shit to fit
your own little ideal self?
I know where you're going,
so just chill with that.
The frontal lobe, shorty?

Hey, man, ain't nothing there.
Just leave it be.
Look, all I'm saying is it
brought back some wild memories.
You know, shit I ain't
thought about in years.
Know what I'm saying?
Yeah, man.
Where's the book now?
Running back!
Ah.
You know what?
You play too much.
You're spilling
all your stuff.
That was a great show.
Thank you.
Can you imagine?
Look at him.
L-Boogie!
They love him
in the Big Apple.
You know they're
talking Super Bowl, right?
What are they now?
6 and 0?
He's been carrying them
all the way to the bye week.
We gotta move back here.
I got you all set up back here.
I'm gonna go get the superstar.
What you up to, man?
I'm not up to anything.
Still got your
mama's jacket on.
Will you stop, you two?
Excuse me.
Mr. Lance Sullivan?
Thank you.
Oh-ho, Harper, man! What's up?
How you feeling?
I'm all right, man,
but I am stressed.
You ought to be.

What are you doing planning a wedding
in the middle of the season?
You got Dallas next week.
I wasn't even thinking.
It's what the little lady wanted.
The little lady.
The best man is here.
I'm gonna hook you up.
I'll get you over that
broom if it kills me.
Good to see you, man.
How are you?
Sorry I missed your show.
Congratulations again,
big man.
You doing all right?
Yes, sir.
Congratulations.
Thanks.
Julian!
Hi, Shel.
Hello, honey.
Well, well, well. The gang's
all here, back in effect.
Break out the '40s.
Hey, Shelby.
It's nice to see
all of you, too.
Ah.
Harper Stewart.
Richard Wrong,
Langston Snooze.
Hi, Shelby.
I heard about your book, and I
don't think it's cute, Harper.
Listen,
the next time you want to
characterize me in one
of your little projects,
do me a favor.
What would that be, Shelby?
Don't.
Julian, honey, drive
me to Saks, would you?

I can't decide on what I
should wear for the wedding.
I thought
you were wearing...
No, no.
I decided against that.
Urn...
I thought I told you
I had plans.
Plans?
What kind of plans?
I told you I'm hanging out
with the guys tonight.
Oh, honey, that can wait.
You have all weekend for that.
This'll only take a few hours.
Come on.
Urn...
Oh. I see.
It's "Gang up on Shelby" day.
Fine.
If you'd rather be with
them than me, that's fine.
Here it comes.
Am I being that unreasonable?
No.
Honey, no.
No, no. I'm sorry.
Murch, we'll catch up
with you later, man.
Yeah,
I'll see you guys later.
Baby, you're the best.
She be giving him drama.
Seven years
of the same old shit.
She makes it
hard for sisters.
I know she gotta
have a LoJack on him.
Harper!
I'm watching you.
Damn, Lance.
That contract is fat, huh?

Obese, player.
Hey, now.
Hey!
Hey, mama.
Come here.
Oh, it's so good to see you.
How are you? I'm good. You
look really great, girl.
So do you. Damn, baby,
how can you tell?
You got the boy all
hemmed up and shit.
Lance, shut up. Don't pay
him any mind, Harper.
I won't.
I don't see why you
love this fool so much.
He ain't shit.
You ain't shit, dawg.
Aw, it's because
he's a true friend.
And he dedicated
his first novel to us.
Hmm, so you read my book, too.
No,
but I heard great things.
Oh, that's good.
When's that girlfriend of yours coming?
I can't wait to meet her.
You've been keeping
this one under wraps.
And for good reason.
Bringing her around y'all
might taint her image of me.
She's coming on Sunday.
You're always so secretive,
Harper.
Oh, no! Look at
the size of this rock, girl!
I'm gonna go blind
just looking at it.
She's got to do finger curls
just to hold that mug up.
Stop it, y'all.

Don't be jelly.
Nothing's too good
for my little Mia.
I love you, baby.
I love you, too.
Aw, damn. Would you cut it out
with that Leave It To Beaver shit?
What happened, Mia? You called me earlier.
What happened?
Oh, girl,
the caterer's tripping,
the florist screwed up
the order
and Mama still hasn't
found a dress.
Girlfriend, don't worry about it.
Superwoman is here.
All right.
Let's go.
Y'all hurry. We ain't got all night.
Got men stuff to do, right?
Lance, go away. Show Harper
the rest of the house.
Come on, cat.
All right, man.
It's great to see you,
Harper.
You, too, sweetie.
This is where we're gonna put
the big screen with that DVD system.
Yeah, front page, kid.
We were gonna use the one with
you dragging those five dudes
over the goal line, but we
thought this told it all.
I'm surprised you
took the holy road, bro.
You're not the most
spiritual person I know.
You know I'm not into that mess.
It's just about the story.
Someday you're gonna believe
in my God, bro. Our God.
Whatever, man.

What's up?

You got to tell me, man.

What happened in Pittsburgh?

Dawg, twins. Two sets.

Shut up.

Oh, yes. They were waiting for me in the hotel room, right?

This agent sent them. They had these big-ass titties, like punching bags.

Four of them?

Four was nice.

It was nice.

Praise the Lord

and pass the panties.

Words to live by, dawg.

Harper?

I'm sorry. I don't mean to interrupt, but here are the ads.

And I even convinced

Friday's to place one,

provided that they get the one

next to Lance Sullivan's photo.

You got Friday's. Cool. Okay.

Thank you. Thank you, Mia.

Oh, pardon me.

I'm Mia Morgan.

The pleasure's all mine,

baby.

How nice.

But what is your name?

This is Lance Sullivan.

Oh, you're Lance Sullivan!

I apologize.

I didn't recognize you.

You look much bigger

on television.

Um, Harper,

I gotta get to Econ,

but I can take those deposits

to the bank if you want.

Thank you, Mia.

Oh, that was

a great game on Saturday.

Okay.

So, you've seen me play.
I love the game.
She's seen me play.
I think that
you'd get more yardage
if you used
your offensive line more.
And you would want to stop
planting so hard on turf.
Your knees won't last through
junior year if you keep that up.
Uh...
Just think about it.
- Okay. See you.
- Bye, Mia.
Uh-uh-uh. Who is that?
Is that you, player?
No, man.
We're just friends.
Word has it,
she's saving it.
A virgin?
Yeah, man.
Really, man?
You got to hook me!
Oh, hell, no.
Oh, hell, yes.
She's a good girl. She comes to
work on time, she's dependable. No.
Come on, Harper.
She could be Mrs. Sullivan.
So could those four
freaks from Pittsburgh
with the saddle-back titties,
bionic dick.
I got you. I got you.
You gonna pay for that though.
Mmm-mmm-mmm.
There you go.
We'll let the station
buy us lunch tomorrow.
I'll pick you up

around 11:

Splendid, Ms. Armstrong. That fits very well into my schedule. I'll call to confirm.

So, what, a sister can't be professional?

Here we go. I guess some things just never change. Change is overrated, Harper. All you had to do was ask me for a copy of my book. What for? You wouldn't have given it to me. True. But at least I would have known that you were interested. Don't play yourself, Harper. I want the exclusive, okay? You can save the sloppy seconds for Oprah. If that's the case, how come you can't look at me in my face? Harper, Why'd you really leave your girl at home this weekend? 'Cause I wanted to hang out with the guys. You know, cut up with the boys before she came, that's all. It's been a while. You know? Mmm-hmm.

Good night, Harper.

Damn.

Come on, Harp! Let's go!

I'm about to run a Boston on you niggers. Y'all about to be set. Do you always have to talk trash? Come on. It's just a game. That's what all punk-ass losers say. Easy, Mojo, leave the boy alone. "Mojo." I haven't heard that in a clip. "Mo" to the "jo." That's what I'll be putting on my ladies when I do my thing. Got them turned the hell out.

They be making breakfast for
this fool, buying him jewelry.
Then they try
to figure out why,
'cause they really
hate his yellow ass.
Then he drops them
like a bad habit.
Hold up, man.
I know damn well
you ain't talking
about a nigger
leaving a ho strung out.
Yeah, that is true, player.
You are the serial monogamist.
What? Serial what?
Yes.
Nigger, you be
having these girlfriends.
Better yet, these jive-ass
public relationships.
Talking about,
"This is my queen" and shit.
And the first moment
that she steps out
of your little boundary,
she's gone.
Dismissed with the quicks.
That's because none of them have
ever measured up to Jordan.
Oh!
Excellent point,
Counsel Murchison.
There it is right there.
Sustained.
- Get out of here!
- You know that's true.
Jordan's the best girlfriend
you never had.
Wait. Did you guys know
that they kissed in undergrad?
Up in the newsroom.
I remember that shit.
You knew about that?

Yeah, we knew about that shit.
Nigger, you know damn well
you can't keep a secret.
That is so messed up.
Come on, man.
Is that the case there, bro?
You waiting for Jordan to slow
down from that career path
for the Harper Stewart
rest stop?
You're tripping.
Let's play the game.
I still can't believe
you ain't never hit that.
Ah, me, neither.
Hey, y'all, I'm in a very
fulfilling relationship, okay?
A virtually drama-free
two years tomorrow. Okay?
That's right. She's a
stand-up comic, right?
No, no. She makes jewelry.
No, she is a teacher.
She is a caterer,
God damn it!
For the last time.
It took her a while to find her creative niche.
She found it. She's a caterer.
I can definitely
relate to that one.
But she still don't
sound like Jordan.
That's 'cause she ain't Jordan.
She's Robin.
Man,
I'm glad she ain't Jordan.
Why you say that?
Jordan's too damn sassy
and independent.
And she might make more cheese
than you someday, bro.
Yeah? And?
I love Jordan.
You know that, right?

But let's face it, dawg. A woman
like that don't need no man.
She's one step from lesbian.
Ooh!
No, hold on.
That's a nice thought.
All I'm saying is that the
only way a relationship works
is if the man
provides the loot
and the woman
takes care of the home.
You're talking like you're from the Stone Age.
You're a caveman.
- Just admit it, man.
- Isn't that ironic though?
Brothers are always talking
about gold diggers,
yet you can't take an educated
sister who makes more money?
No, I can't.
Murch,
we know you don't care.
Your woman gonna run
your ass regardless.
Bite it, Spivey.
Okay? Bite it.
Grow it, Murchie.
When me and Mia get married,
man, her only job's gonna be
being my wife and
raising our kids.
She's gonna be content with that?
Are you kidding?
Mia's straight-up old school.
She can't wait to drop
this mandingo's babies.
Consummate mother-whore.
Word is bond, dawg.
Word is bond.
Every man wants one.
Right.
Let me ask
you a question, man.

What's that?
What made you decide to just
up and get married now?
'Cause you been dipping out on
Mia, no offense, for a while.
- And with the new contract...
- Oh, yes.
You're gonna need
a catcher's mitt to catch
all that new pussy
coming your way.
I done had all the ass 10 men can have.
My wild oats are sown.
Besides, how much ass
can one man have anyway?
A lot.
It's just time.
Marriage is sacred. My folks
have been together 35 years.
It means something to me.
I hear that.
Besides, marriage is gonna curb
that appetite for more women.
In case y'all didn't know, marriage
is the cure to promiscuity.
In what world?
I can't believe
you said that, man.
God damn, Lance.
You would have never known that
you graduated summa cum laude.
You say some dumb-ass shit.
Ah, there's a time
for everything, players.
We're in the real world now,
man.
The real world.
Real things.
Bang.
I don't give a damn
what y'all say.
Ain't nothing natural
about no monogamy.
God did not intend for us

to be with just one person.
If he had, he wouldn't have
given us all this sperm.
These bitches would not outnumber
us the way that they do.
Okay, okay.
Are you
a philosophy major now?
He is a bullshit artist.
Thank you.
What, nigger?
Fuck y'all, man.
Y'all know as well as I do,
ain't nothing better
than some pussy,
except some new pussy.
He's got a point there.
Plus, you can't trust
these bitches anyway.
They just as scandalous
as us niggers.
Oh, not all women, player.
Not all women.
Oh, so, you don't think that
Mia's ever got with other dudes?
I'm the first,
the last and the only.
Really?
Really.
How do you know this?
'Cause the pussy curves to my dick.
That's how I know.
Besides,
I know my little angel, man.
You mean to tell me
with all the sticking
and moving
that you've done,
you don't think that Mia's ever
tippy-toed out the door on you once?
No.
Quentin, just play.
If she did go out and
get a little swerve on,

don't you think she'd be
well within her rights?
It's karma, baby.
Gotta take a piss.
Why did you
have to do that?
Whose hand is it?
Honestly, have you
ever fooled around with a girl?
What do you mean?
Yes, you have.
That night I met you,
you was talking...
Hold on a second.
What's up?
The book. I don't know, man.
I'm talking.
Go on, man.
It's in there.
Yeah, I'm back.
You didn't mess
around with a girl.
Ever mess around
with two guys at once?
Not even in high school?
Phew. Here we go.
Yo! You best get
your own copy, player.
I was just feeling a little
overprotective of my stuff.
It's too late for that. I
cannot wait to read this mug.
I know it's gonna be tight.
Well, you know...
Help yourself, man.
Look at you, man. You know
you're blessed, right?
The Lord is
smiling on you, bro.
Lance, dead that, man.
I make it happen.
Not some heavenly being
in the clouds possessing me.
Know what I'm saying? Me.

You're ignorant.
You know that, dawg?
How do you think we're as
fortunate as we are, man?
Any one of us.
We could be poor,
homeless, out on
the street with nothing.
Lance, tuxedo fitting tomorrow?
Yeah, man. We gotta
push it back till 5:00
'cause Mia's got a laundry list
of things for this brother.
Actually that's cool, 'cause I'm
supposed to link up with Jordan.
That's right. Jordan.
I saw how she was
looking at you tonight, bro.
What, man? What did you see?
I saw that she wants
to get with you, player.
Whatever, man.
Yeah. "Whatever, man." You'll be
smacking bellies this weekend.
What happened to
that talk about fidelity
and putting an end
to promiscuity?
Come on, man. I was talking about me.
That don't apply to you.
Look here, man.
You got your girl,
and y'all doing
that relationship thing,
and that's cool.
Bu? Harp, YOU my boy, right?
MY man. my ace!
Jordan is fine, dawg.
So for once in your life
go ahead on and
be a dog, dawg.
I'm getting a headache. Oh, now
you're getting a headache.
Later, man.

All right.
All right, Murch, man.
Coming, dear.
Hmm, that's not the
worst thing in the world.
They were gonna
read it anyway, right?
Yeah, yeah.
I just didn't think that they
would take it so literally.
I'm sure it'll be fine, baby.
Hey. I'm glad you called me.
Yeah.
Yeah, you're right. You're right.
It'll be okay.
Listen, did you
figure out what you're
gonna be wearing
to the wedding?
Not yet.
How about that little
beige number you got?
Strapless?
Harper, I know how to
dress for a wedding.
It's under control.
Okay. That's cool.
I'm not trying to...
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God,
look at the time.
I gotta get out of here.
Okay. I love you.
What?
I said, "I love you."
Uh...
I gotta go.
So, I'll see you, baby. Okay?
Morning.
Good morning.
I'm gonna be a second.
I'm gonna be a second.
Chop-chop. Time is money.

Okay.

Nice boxers.

I thought you were
strictly a briefs man.
They were a gift from Robin.

The girl's got taste, huh?

What about you? You got
any social life going on?

No, not really.

My professional
and personal life,
they cross over so much
I don't know where
to draw the line anymore.
But I'm fine with that, because
sacrifice is the name of the game.

You can't let
work consume you.

What?

Please, Harper. That doesn't
even sound like you.

Maybe I'm maturing.

No. Maybe you're
full of shit.

I know how badly you want
that limelight. I see it.
I recognize it in myself.

And besides,
you made that
painfully obvious
in your depiction
of Kendall.

I call it like I see it.

Then you must not
see yourself too well,
Jackson, because you
are exactly the same.

Two peas in a pod, huh?

Mmm-hmm.

You know, your girl, she must
be real patient or real dumb.
Robin deals with it.

She understands
that I had dreams

in my life way before
I had thoughts of her.
She is starting
to get that itch though.
Ooh.
The "M" word, huh?
Yeah, yeah.
You got a problem
with that?
I mean, yeah!
Marriage, you know.
Moving in together.
The last person you
ever have sex with. Ever.
That's pretty deep.
At least you're getting
some on the regular.
What?
You ain't getting none?
Jordan!
Listen,
six months and counting.
And longer than that, if
you're talking about good sex.
You know what they say,
all work and no play makes...
Jordan a horny nut basket.
Okay. I'm gonna go with the pasta
bowls with the serving utensils.
Okay.
Thank you. Right?
Good choice.
Have you ever had Mia's shrimp
scampi with the linguini?
Yes, it is a bomb.
She used to cook at the drop of a
hat, and good stuff, too. Remember?
Oh, hell, yeah.
Girlfriend can throw it out.
Oh, that she does.
Little Mia.
Yeah, that
girl's got talent.
Oh, my God!

What's wrong with you?
You scandalous dog.
Jordan.
Oh, Harper,
don't walk away from me.
This whole thing,
it makes perfect sense.
Do you take Visa?
Yes, sir.
We just switched places.
Mia's Kacey, you're
Jackson and I'm Kendall.
You're bugging
the fuck out.
I'm Kendall.
Jackson sexes me crazy. Except you
and I, we never actually had sex.
And all Kacey and Jackson do is
sleep in the same bed together,
like you and I used
to do all the time.
The pressures of this wedding
are getting to you.
Oh, my God! The forehead kiss.
That is a dead giveaway.
What are you talking about,
forehead kiss?
The forehead kiss!
It's endearing.
Shit, it's damn near erotic!
You almost got me with it.
It's...
It's bullshit, okay?
We're talking about
fictitious accounts
of experiences that
I've gone through,
friends that I've known.
Ooh!
What? Now what?
You actually dedicated
that book to them?
Harper, are you crazy?
Do you want to be found out?

Harper, that is sick!
You're right, okay?
Because what you're suggesting to
me is sick and ludicrous. Okay?
So take a step back,
use your head and think.
If Lance finds out
what went down,
you better use
your feet and run.
That's cute. First off,
you need a sedative.
All right?
Secondly, Lance has got
a million important
things to do
to keep his mind
from wandering
on outlandish flights of fancy
from my little book.
As a matter of fact,
he won't have time to read it.
"White boys admired his
prowess on the hardwood
"and his reputation
with the ladies.
"They secretly deemed him
'The Ebony Humper."'
This joint is hilarious, boy!
Whoo! Oh, man.
I'm gonna see you
at the church.
I see you've been reading.
Yeah, man, I've been reading.
That's funny. I figured you
wouldn't have enough time.
Me neither, man.
I had insomnia last night
and, player,
I am on edge, man.
Quentin's right. It's a
page-turner like a mug, man.
Quentin said that?
Yeah. You know what?

It's a good thing you changed
this dude to a hoop star, man.
I'll have to disassociate myself from this shit.
This dude banged many ho's.
You know what?
I'm flattered, right,
but was I really that bad?
Yeah, you were.
You're right. I can't deny it.
Oh, man!
Harp, open up, man!
What's up, man? I need your help, man.
I need your help.
I've called her, man. I haven't
talked to her in a week.
I went by her house,
she wasn't there.
Lance, Lance, Lance.
Okay, she's just upset.
I know she's upset.
Especially when she found out about
those honeys at the Cotton Bowl.
I know! I know! Damn it!
Lord, please forgive me
and my wayward dick.
What the fuck is
wrong with you?
I got to make
this right, Harp.
I cannot lose her over
this foolishness, man.
I love her, and I am so sorry
for what happened, man.
I'm sorry.
Then just say that, man.
Say it. Tell her.
Just tell her, "I'm sorry."
Yeah.

Isaiah 1:

Oh, Lance, man, you know I can't
get down with the religion.
All right.

1:

1:

Okay. "'Come, let's talk
this over,' says the Lord."
Ow, ow. My hand.
Uh. "No matter how deep
the strain of your sins
"I can take it out and
make you as clean as..."
"The freshly fallen snow." Yes,
Lord, please take it away, Lord.

41:

Quentin, look, I think if you
just try to read some of it...
I'm reading right now. Quentin.
I'm reading.
Quentin.
I'm reading,
baby.
- Thank you so much.
- Bye. See you.
I know what
you're gonna say, man.
They were throwing their panties
at you Teddy Pendergrass style.
You better take notes,
player.
You're gonna have to beat random
honeys off with a stick soon.
Who, Harp?
Hell, no.
Hell, yeah. Once he does
Oprah, man, it's gonna be on.
Harp ain't gonna never have to
work for the quality ass again.
Panties gonna drop without coercion,
cuddling, caressing, or...
Or what?
Or kissing them on the
forehead to get them moist.
What?
Harp be kissing the babes on the forehead.

Panties drop with the quicks.
Is that true?
No, man.
It doesn't work that way.
I never did it to get ass.
Bullshit, nigger.
You ain't slick.
Yeah, nigger, you ain't slick.
Another secret,
huh, Harper?
Honeys love that sensitive, paternal tender stuff.
Mia's the same way.
Oh, Mia, too, huh?
Here it is,
right here.
I tried that shit one time.
It didn't work for me.
I guess I ain't as authentic
as old Harp here.
So?
So, what?
"So, what?" Mia.
Jordan,
good girls never tell.
Bitch, don't make me hurt you.
What?
What we shared was
as sweet and as endearing
as a forehead kiss.
It was what I needed.
It was what I wanted.
He was a gentleman
and a friend.
And I will always
love him for that.
It's just tight.
That's cause bohos
like you was never
meant to wear fine
European tuxedos.
Now, a handsome gentleman
player like myself,
I'm gonna pimp
this baby right here.

You know, I have my own style.
Never mind.
Yeah.
What's up, dude?
Mojo's on the prowl again, huh?
Yeah, see, you don't stop till
the panties come tumbling down.
You know how many single
honeys be at weddings?
There's about to be a
"hoasis" in that baby, honey.
That's funny. If you put half the
effort into your future as you do...
Nigger, I am a pimp.
So my future looks mighty
bright, thank you very much.
That's cool. Everything straight
for the bachelor party?
Oh, hell, yeah.
Pops gave me the key to the
penthouse suite tonight.
I'm talking about this shit is about
to be ignorant, off the hook.
Luke dancers.
Luke dancers.
That's cool. That's cool.
Is your pop still
trying to groom you
for the hotel
management business?
Yeah, for the last 20 years.
I'm just trying not to
hear none of that stuff.
Dealing with
complaining-ass guests
and unions and payrolls
and all that.
Too much like a real job, huh?
Nigger, fuck you.
All right?
You're my judge, right? That's your job.
You judge me.
I'm only playing.
No, nigger.

It's just amazing how you've always analyzed everybody else's shit and you don't do the same thing for your own self. Will you chill? No, 'cause you've done dirt, too. And you're doing more dirt. That's right. You're fucking Jordan tonight, remember? Jordan. You ain't no better than the rest of us. Got it? Your shit just ain't caught you yet. Everything okay here, fellas? Cool as a fucking fan, cat. Harp, what's going on? Man, nothing. Just, you know, Q. Oh. Yeah, I know. You can't change that fool. No. What you see is what you get. At least he's honest, which is more than I can say for most brothers. You look nice, man. Thanks. You are so bad. You got a nice smile. Here's my card. Hey, Quentin. May I use your phone? Who you calling? Shelby. Oh, hell, no. Excuse me? I said no, man. You can't be letting her know your every move. That's played. Sometimes you are such an a-hole.

Yeah, well, she's...
Don't you dare.
Oh, come on. You know you don't
like the way she be carrying you.
None of us like it. It's time for
you to just stand up, you know.
Grow some balls and be
a man or something.
Look, all I'm trying
to say is
I don't want to see you walking
around moping tonight.
It's a bachelor party.
I want to see you have fun.
I want to
see you get loose.
Get you a little.. Rub you
a little booty or something.
Then don't even
go home to her.
Now you're talking crazy.
Trust me.
It works.
You are a family man.
The press loves you. They're
gonna be dying to see this.
No, Jordan. Listen, this is
not a media event. Okay?
It's our wedding day.
Can you understand?
It's one camera...
Jordan!
One.
Jordan!
Okay, some things
are just sacred,
like between
a man and a woman...
I'm sorry. You wouldn't know
nothing about that, now would you?
Easy, you two.
My mind's made up.
It ain't happening.
I'm sorry, Jordan.

He's just stressed.
It's all...
Baby.
Hey.
What?
Hey, you.
Come here.
You okay? Oh, yeah, I'm fine.
Everything's great.
Okay. Look at these two.
Ain't they disgusting?
Yeah.
Um, listen, can I talk to
you for a second? Yeah.
Quentin,
can I have a little time?
Yes, you can.
Ugh.
Why didn't you call me and
tell me how the tuxedos fit?
Uh, Quentin's phone
wasn't working, so...
You guys are wearing Boss, right?
Yes.
You could not
wear an American cut.
It does nothing for your frame.
Shelby!
While we're on the subject, are
you taking the job at the firm?
How was that
on the subject?
Hugo Boss.
Prestigious law firm.
Need I say more?
Urn...
Shelby,
I just don't know.
Okay, honey, you cannot keep babysitting
these ghetto children forever.
You've got to
get a real job.
I do not want to talk
about this right now.

I am not going to talk
about this right now.

Nice.

Nice.

Why did you have to say
anything to her at all?

Because I...

I was curious.

You were curious?

That's cute. You were curious.

Jesus Christ.

Sorry.

There's something
else I want to tell you.

What? Just a little less dramatic,
please, this time. For me.

I wanna make
love to you tonight.

I, um...

I feel like our opportunity
has presented itself again.

And I don't want us
to miss out on it twice.

Look, I know that
this is a bit much,
but I was just hoping
that you would say yes.

Wow. Urn...

How do you expect me to react
to something like this?

I know.

I don't even really know
what I expect
right now, but...

I know what I want.

And what I need.

Let's just have our
night and we'll see.

You know?

Urn...

Robin is coming tomorrow.

You know,
you don't have to...

To, um...

You don't have to
decide right now. You...
Think about it.
Smack that ass!
I'd like to thank you all for
coming to share this time with us.
We are so overjoyed
that so many of you
have come from all over
to be here this weekend.
I am so in love
with this man.
Aw.
I wish I could take sole credit
for being swept off my feet,
but Lance certainly played
a major part in that.
And that new contract
didn't hurt, either.
No. Just kidding.
Yeah, right.
Seriously, none of this would
be possible if it wasn't for
our friend,
our counselor,
the best man,
Harper Stewart.
We love you,
Harper.
Love you.
L-Boogie, what's up, baby?
You know, Harp,
I've been thinking.
Listening to Mia just now,
and reading your book, man, has
really made me think, you know.
Yeah?
Yeah. I realized something.
I owe you a lot, man.
Mia's right.
You kept us together, dawg.
Man,
there ain't no need to...
No, you could have easily

dogged me out to Mia, man.
I know how close you and
your little sister are.
And I know that
there were times
you felt that
I didn't deserve her.
Lance, who am I to judge?
Harp, you're everything, man.
I just want to thank you.
And I promise you, I'm gonna make her happy.
I'm gonna be faithful to her.
Well, good.
Man, I can't believe it.
You are getting married.
You know, the ultimate step.
How do you...
Harp, I have to, man.
I may be strong
in mind and body,
but emotionally
I'm weak, dawg.
I need Mia in my life. She's
the one who makes me whole.
She's my Earth.
She's my queen.
Man, I am so far from that.
I mean, Robin is great,
but is she the woman
I'm supposed to grow old with?
Here I am. I'm just starting
to come into my own.
And I'm just supposed to commit to her?
Do I even know how to commit?
You committed to that book.
Man, no. No.
Those were on my own terms. All right?
I had sole control.
Lance, you don't understand.
No, I do understand.
Let me tell you something.
And I'm not afraid.
I made God a promise
that if he ever

gave me another
chance with Mia,
I would do right by her.
She has forgiven me for all my
indiscretions, man. It's amazing.
So if she ever slept
with somebody else...
What?
I'd just have to deal with it.
I wouldn't even
question her about it.
All because
of your faith in God?
Lance, I have to say
something to you, man.
What's up, dawg?
Damn! Who locked...
Open the door!
Uncle Skeeter,
what's happening, man?
Man, there are some
fine gals in there.
Lord have mercy!
Why do you want
to get married, boy?
Man, I'm getting
married once. Okay?
I'm not gonna have five alimony
payments like your broke ass.
I ain't too old to
whip your butt, boy.
Did I ever tell you
about Vietnam?
I'm gonna go eat, man.
I don't blame you.
Get your grub on, man.
Uncle Skeeter.
Oh, yo, you! What was that
you wanted to tell me, man?
Oh, nothing.
Just congratulations.
Thanks.
I love you, man.
Look here, man.

I don't want you talking,
looking...

Nothing with the women.

So, are you gonna
come over after
all that lap dancing
and drinking and stuff?

Sorry.

Urn...

Yeah, I'm gonna call you
when I get back to my crib.

Harper! Look, don't have me
waiting all night, okay?

Because this is our night, and I feel it.

And I know you feel it, too.

Jordan, girl, come on.

I'm coming.

And I hope you wore
those boxers I like.

You have no idea
the amount of ignorant mess
we're about
to get into right now.

Lead the way, dawg.

He got the key.

Don't you?

That's right, yeah.

Good.

You don't care how I feel.

Of course I care.

Are you going to this
juvenile bachelor party?

Of course I am.

And it's not juvenile.

Come on. You know your "boys from
the hood" would fit right in.

Shelby, you really need to stop
talking about my kids like that.

You really need to stay
with me tonight, Julian.

There's some unresolved
issues between us,

and I think

we should tackle them now

rather than give
them time to fester.
I'm not gonna do that, Shelby.
What am I
supposed to do, Julian?
While you're out
doing God knows what
with some low-class
hoochie mamas?
That's not really my problem.
Oh.
It's not your problem?
All right, fine. Go.
Go to your stupid,
little boys only,
bachelor,
"rauncherama" shindig.
I don't care. Just go.
Go!
All right.
Fine.
See you in the morning.
Murch! Murch! Murch!
Let's get our freak on!
Gentlemen.
Welcome to paradise. Have fun.
Come here, dawg.
I gotta give you something.
Damn. What a view.
What's up, man?
In all the madness,
I almost forgot.
Best man's gotta carry the
rings and the vows. Right?
Check that out, dawg.
5K platinum.
It's nice, man.
Gold is played.
Put that away for me.
Yeah.
All right, dawg, let's
get our drink on. Cool.
I gotta go
drain the main vein.

Cool. Hurry up, all right?
Catch up with you.
Let's get our drink on!
You're being irrational.
I know it's loud.
There's not one
hoochie mama...
No, Shelby, there's not!
Shelby, don't hang up again.
What are you doing?
I'm in this...
Just drink.
Hit me one more time.
So you about to do your
thing tonight? Man.
Go ahead on,
be a dog, dawg.
To that fat-ass
contract I just got.
And that phat-ass
bride-to-be I got!
Money and phat-asses,
all right!
Whoa!
I like you.
It's on like popcorn!
We've got some high-paid
niggers up in here tonight.
Let me be your cowboy, girl!
Let's get the party started.
Oh, wait, this my seat?
All this for me?
Oh, it's all for you.
They all zestily clean
so get ready to do something
fresh and exciting.
Is this
the unlucky man?
The one
they call L-Boogie?
That would be me, ladies.
Yup, that's him.
Murch! Wake up, Murch.
You're missing a good show.

Whoa, whoa, whoo.
Ass soft
as drugstore cotton.
Motherfucker going
ape for that shit.
Oh!
You like this, Harp?
Yeah!
Damn! I found this girl working
in the post office licking stamps.
Come here, girl.
That's my girl!
Whoo! Damn.
So little time, so much ass!
Chomp that
chocolate ass, Lance.
They're really nice, but I have
someone I want you to meet.
That is my best man,
Mr. Harper Stewart.
Right here. WOMAN 1: Mr. Harper,
are you ready for this?
Oh!
Bite that ass.
Who's next?
Oh, yeah, baby!
He's mine, girl.
Get that money, girl.
Ah!
The party's not over!
We got more for you.
Fandango, that's me,
and Sweet Cheeks are about to bring
you something luscious and sugary.
So allow me to introduce
the flavor we call Candy!
Whoo!
Okay, she's with it.
It's like candy
I can feel it when you walk
Even when you talk
It takes over me
You're so dandy
I wanna know

can you feel it, too
Watch out now, Wayne.
Oh, man!
Good thing boy's got his shirt
pulled out of his pants right now.
Oh, my God.
Go get him, Candy!
Don't be scared, Murch!
Calm down!
Bite it, Murch!
Come on, daddy.
Pump Candy.
Don't be afraid, Murch! Let it go, Murch!
What's up, dawg?
Yo, Murch, we got Shelby
on the phone for you.
Do you love me?
Oh, yeah, daddy.
Candy loves you.
Shelby who?
Go get him, girl.
Man!
Oh, man. I'm jealous.
But what about
your boy, Murch?
Grabbed the old girl like a
5-year-old grabs his mama.
Yeah. He overdid it tonight.
Why don't you order up some
coffee and make him drink it?
I got your back, man.
All right, man.
Candy, come on, girl! It's time
to go get our eat on at IHOP.
I'm coming! Hold on.
Would you hurry up? Damn!
I told you about
hiring those college girls.
What? I told you
to shut up, didn't I?
Sit your ass in the back... Girl,
I'll bite it, as hungry as I am.
I don't mean to bother you.
I really don't.

I just thought we had a
connection back there, is all.
Look, baby, it just kind of
goes with the job, you know.
Provide the fantasy.
That's the business.
But I keep my personal life
very separate.
Oh, right. You have to.
You have to. Uh...
Please forgive me. Your show was great.
Thank you.
" 'Cause if you didn't define
yourself for yourself
"you'd be crunched into other
people's fantasies of you
"and eaten alive."
What did you say?
It's just a quote I use
to inspire my students.
Audre Lorde.
I know.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Me?
No.
You just don't go to sleep.
Yeah,
I'm gonna wake your ass up.
All right, I'm coming.
Peace.
"Kacey had cried a river
"on Jackson's shoulder
that night.
"Not only were the rumored
exploits of The Ebony Humper
"becoming too commonplace
for her to handle,
"but she'd also had her fill
of false paternity suits
"and the groupies'
crank phone calls.
"Sure,
Brian meant the world to her,

"but she wasn't gonna
play the fool any longer.
She wanted revenge.
"The sweetest payback
for his random indiscretions
"would be a personal one
of her own.
"But how could
Jackson be a part of that?
"What did he have
to gain from that
"other than the guilt
of betraying
"the brotherhood that
he shared with Brian?
"But he was responsible
for bringing them together
"and thus accountable
for her misery.
"Nevertheless,
Jackson resisted temptation
"and ignored the
desire screaming within."
L? I'm about to be out.
Oh, L.
L, I'm about
to blow her back out!
She don't even know.
She does not know. God.
Where's that book?
"Kacey just wanted to be held,
"and Jackson had to oblige her.
So they cuddled,
"and though this boundary probably
shouldn't have been crossed,
"their bond was made
stronger that night.
"He was there for her,
and she was comforted.
"As she slept in his arms,
beautiful and angelic,
"Jackson sealed
the innocent evening
"with a kiss

to her frontal lobe."
Book? Negative.
Smile, daddy,
it's a bachelor party.
You fucked Mia!
Holy shit!
Yo, yo, yo!
What the fuck you doing, man?
It's a fight!
What you doing, man? Shit!
It's just a book! Chill, man.
No, no, no!
Watch out, watch out.
Man, you gonna hurt that kid.
"Kissed on the frontal lobe"? I
know what that fucking shit means!
You're supposed to be my boy,
motherfucker!
Get up, bro.
Oh, my God!
What's the matter?
Oh, my God!
Oh, that fool about to fall.
Oh, my God!
Oh, um...
Don't leave, okay?
I'll get you home. I'll pay for your time.
Just don't leave.
You're reading too far...
I know how to read
between the lines.
Oh, my God!
Now you want God, huh?
Ain't that a bitch?
Yo, L, baby.
Tell him.
What you want, man?
Please.
You really
gonna do this?
Hell, yeah,
I'm gonna do this shit.
No, you ain't.
You're gonna marry you a

beautiful woman tomorrow.
A girl that loves you,
that has only loved you.
Oh, my God.
You ain't throwing all that away.
Listen to him. He's right.
Listen to Q, Lance.
Shut the fuck up!
Okay.
Listen, man. We know that
Harper's a bitch-ass.
But this cat is your man,
100 grand.
He wouldn't do
that to you, man.
Karma don't come
back that strong.
He's right.
Q wouldn't lie.
Even about you
being a bitch-ass?
Especially about me being a bitch-ass.
Especially that.
God don't want this, L.
He don't want this. Pull him up.
Please.
Pull him up.
Damn.
The motherfucking
wedding is off.
Get the fuck out of here.
Please, please, Lance...
Go to hell, man.
Go to fucking hell.
Lance.
Lance.
Lance.
Harper, what happened?
Harp!
Damn!
Just a second.
Jordan, Jordan.
All right, girlfriend,
get it together.

You are really destroying
the groove up in here.
Sorry.
You look nice.
Gee, thanks.
So Lance figured it out, didn't he?
Yeah.
He figured it out,
promptly beat my ass
and called off the wedding.
What?
Yeah.
Was he serious?
I don't know.
Well, he was drunk.
I don't know.
Do you want me
to get you anything?
You've done enough.
You've done enough. You don't
seem to understand something.
They would be in marital
bliss by the time
the book was supposed
to have come out.
But thanks to you,
"Miss I Want An Exclusive,"
I got my ass whapped.
I almost got thrown from a fucking
building because of your ass.
So thank you, Jordan.
Thank you!
And what the fuck
is that smell?
Whoo!
You got some nerve, blaming me
for your skeletons, mister.
Jordan...
No, I'm not done, Harper.
You wrote the book.
You aired your dirty laundry.
No matter how hard you tried
to disguise it, it was you!
You got me all fired up

saying that my life was empty
and that we could've
been great together.
That was you, okay?
Not me. You.
Okay.
Okay. I'm sorry.
I know we're both
a little emotional here.
I'm sorry.
We're peas in a pod, remember?
You know, maybe if I had the
luxury of getting my ass whapped,
I could be calm right now.
But I have been
drinking tequila shots.
My hormones are
raging out of control.
I'm emotional! I'm horny!
And I don't want to hear
about no goddamn peas!
Fuck you! Good night!
How about that?
Can we at least
hold each other?
Ouch.
Welcome to
New York La Guardia Airport.
Baggage claim
and ground transportation
are located on
the lower level.
Morning!
You look so handsome.
Don't worry.
I'm not wearing this.
I just didn't want to get my
dress wrinkled on the plane.
You think I can
change at the church?
Yeah. Of course. Yeah.
Are you all right?
Yeah, I'm cool.
Come on, let's get going.

I sat next to the cutest
little girl on the plane.
She was just
talking my ear off.
And she sang me this song.
I can't...
Harper, come on.
Harper,
what's wrong with you?
What's wrong, baby?
Harper.
Urn...
Oh.
It's okay.
Come on, baby.
Come on, get up.
Tell me what happened.
It's all right.
Did you sleep with her?
No.
But you were going to.
You wanted to.
I am so disappointed in you.
I know you feel like shit now,
but I'm not gonna lie to you.
You compromised yourself, our
relationship and Lance and Mia's.
I know.
I know.
I'm glad you told me.
At least now I know
where I stand with you.
No, baby. You know that is not true.
Don't!
I may not be perfect,
but I'm strong.
I hope you can make this right.
The wedding starts soon.
How?
I've been looking all over for
Lance, and I cannot find him.
And even if I was to find him,
how am I supposed to
convince him to get married?

I don't know. That's your bag.
I have a plane to catch.
Wait, Robin.
What are you doing?
Robin.
Robin.
Robin.
Get off me!
I need you!
I cannot do this alone.
Please don't leave me now.
Okay, I'll go with you.
I owe it to myself
to see what's been
holding you back
from me all this time.
Thank you.
You're welcome. Come on.
Oh, man.
Uh-Oh.
Handle your business, baby.
Handle it.
Shelby, I have something...
Julian,
before you say anything,
I just want you
to know that I forgive you.
You do?
Yes.
I know now that you
were just succumbing
to that testosterone
peer pressure.
You wanted to be
with me last night
and it ate you up
that you couldn't.
It just made sense that you
should continue to suffer
and think about the jeopardy that
you put our relationship through
rather than let you
have your way.
Shel, I have...

We're out of time.

Whatever it is, I'm sure it
can wait until the reception.

You better get inside.

Oh.

Candace, I'm so glad
you could make it!

You look great.

Oh. Uh...

Candace, this is Shelby.

Shelby, Candace.

It's nice to meet you.

How are you doing?

I'm so sure.

So, um,

shall I just sit anywhere?

Uh, sure, yeah.

Okay.

Okay.

Thanks, Julian.

No, thank you.

Who was that pop tart?

Shelby, it's over.

I am not the man for you and
you are not the woman for me,
so let's just stop
fooling ourselves.

I hope you find what
you're looking for,
because that's
exactly what I plan to do.

I have to go. Bye, Shelby.

Don't you think you
ought to pick that up?

What?

Your bottom jaw.

Q. Oh, morning, Shelby.

Oh, go to hell!

I'll probably
see you there.

Where's Lance?

Oh! I was just gonna ask
you the same thing.

I'm sorry.

Robin, Quentin.

How you doing?

Hi.

Quentin, Robin.

Hi. You must be Robin.

Hi. My pleasure.

This is Murch.

This idiot don't know

where Lance is. What?

Uh, that's not good. Not good at all.

What are we gonna do?

- I don't know.

- Something?

You're not helping.

You need to figure

something out.

I'm under stress here.

It's your fault that

all this stuff happened.

What have you

been doing?

Lance. Lance! Hey!

I told you fools

the wedding is off.

I just came to tell my parents

face to face that I'm out.

You ain't doing that.

Shut the fuck up.

That bullshit ain't

working today.

Lance, brother. This isn't...

Why are you even here, man?

You got nothing

to say to me.

Yo, L.

Yo, L.

He wouldn't even look at me.

Yeah, but you have

to make him!

How am I gonna make him?

How am I gonna make him?

I don't know. Divine intervention.

I don't know!

Just get in there.

Be creative.
Divine intervention.
Hey, you can do this.
You have to.
Go.
Lance, please, don't do this.
You don't wanna do this. You
just need to breathe, relax.
Lance, hold on, man.
Will you hold up?
Please don't do this.
Ooh.
Mama, Daddy, I got something
I gotta tell you guys.
Wait! Lance, wait.
I gotta tell you something.
Lance! Pray!
...for one second.
What'd you say?
Pray.
You want me to beat
you down again, man?
Pray with me, brother.
What? What?
What is it? What is it?
I should've worn
my diamonds.
No, the pearls are perfect.
You look beautiful.
Lord, did I order
the right food? Yes.
Something's gonna
go wrong.
Hi.
Oh.
Uh...
Hi, Mia.
I'm, uh...
I'm Robin,
Harper's girlfriend.
Oh, Robin, yes! Hi!
How are you, my sister?
I'm fine,
but are you all right?

Because you
really look beautiful.
Oh, thank you. I'm fine.
I got jitters.
I mean, I know it sounds silly
but if this day isn't perfect...
Mia!
Honey, I have something
that I need to tell you.
And I think that
you might want
to sit down for this one.
I'm not...
Jordan, what is it?
I know that sometimes I'm really
nosy and I let my job consume me,
and I don't think sometimes.
And I know that this whole thing
is probably really my fault.
J, baby, you are scaring me.
Right. It's Lance.
The thing is...
He's running late, Mia.
I'm Robin.
Nice to meet you.
Oh, hi. Yeah.
Running late?
Great.
Uh, yeah. That's what
I came in here to tell you,
that he's just
running a little late.
But he's here now.
Right, Kendall?
I mean, Jordan.
He's here. We're just
trying to make sure...
And he knows how important
this day is for you.
Harper told me
all about last night.
The boys got a little wild
at the bachelor party.
Girl, please,

spare me the details.
I'm sure that they were on their
best behavior, Mia. I'm sure of it.
So we just have
a little CP time for now.
Yeah. CP.
Okay.
But they'll wait for you.
Yeah, they'll wait for me.
It's my day.
It's all good.
What scripture, man?
How about Exodus 20:14?

Exodus 20:

"Thou shalt not...
"Thou shalt not
commit adultery."
Damn.
What's he reading?
Look, man,
I'm just trying to stop you
from making
a really big mistake.
By running up in my woman?
Is that what you want to hear?
I wanna hear the truth.
You don't want the...
All you want to hear is that
you're an amazing running back,
and that your
wife-to-be is perfect.
When the truth is
you could actually use
some work on
your lateral moves
and your short yardage.
And a long, long,
long time ago,
Mia slept with your best man.
I could've
killed you last night.
You know that, right?
I still could right now.

You could, man, but it
wouldn't change anything.
I made a terrible,
terrible mistake.
And I'm sorry, man.
I would give you my right arm...
Fuck that.
You said yesterday, you said
yourself that you would forgive her.
So you calling me
a hypocrite now?
You're just not
being realistic.
This isn't the Bible.
This is the real world.
And Mia is as close to
perfection as you're gonna get.
So I guess you got
all the answers then, huh?
Everything is so
fucking logical to you.
Lance, come on, man.
You're in a church.
The answers are fucked wherever you are!
You can't control me, Harper.
I'm not one of
your little characters
in one of your
little stories, man!
You can't control
this outcome, Harper.
You know why?
Because you are not God.
That's reality, motherfucker!
That's fucking reality.
Lance, listen to reason.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
I knew.
I always knew in
the back of my mind
that she had been
with somebody else.
But never in a million lifetimes
would I think that you...

That you was gonna be that
self-serving, back-stabbing bastard.
You can hate me forever,
man.
But not Mia.
She loves you so much.
Man, you're staring your
ideal woman in the face.
You two were
made for each other.
You two fit together.
She's my Earth.
She's my queen.
I know.
Okay,
I'm gonna go get your tux.
Wait a minute, Harp.
I'm a Christian
so I have to forgive you,
but that doesn't mean
I have to like it.
Okay.
You better find a way to deal
with your issues, too, man.
Writing is not gonna
purge you completely,
so I suggest that you
acknowledge him, Harper.
Him who?
Oh, okay. Uh...
I feel you, but if I don't
get you into this tux...
You said that you would get me
over that broom no matter what.
Do you remember that?
I remember.
Then don't back your monkey
ass out on me right now.
You recognize his strength.
You respect it.
Recognize.
Ow, respect.
Okay.
Okay.

Here I am
Looking in the mirror
An open face
The pain erased
Now the sky is clearer
I can see the sun
Now that all is
All is said and done
There you are
Always strong when
I need you
You let me give
And now I live
Fearless and protected
With the one I will love
After all is
All is said and done
After all is
All is said and done
Dearly beloved, we are gathered
here today in the sight of God
to join this man and this
woman in holy matrimony.
The couple have written
their own wedding vows
that they will speak to each
other, and in front of you,
their family
and dear friends.
Mia?
"Lance, my friend
"my love, my hero.
"Loving you is my heart's joy.
"It teaches me to be faithful
to my personal truths.
"As I stand
beside you this day,
"I offer you
the very heart of me
"filled with sacred love
"pure, unconditional
and everlasting.
"For love bears all things,
"endures all things

and believes all things.
"Love never fails.
"And I do love you, Lance.
"Mind, body and soul."
"Mia,
"my darling, my love.
"As I stand here
beside you this day,
"know that there is
nothing greater than love.
"For God is love.
"And having faith in you
"and belief in our love
"makes life worth living.
"And as I stare...
"As I stare upon
your angelic face,
"I am made whole today,
a man with a higher purpose.
"For a woman's virtue
is a man's greatest glory.
"From this day forth,
"we should love one another
as God loves us."
The rings, please.
By the power vested in me,
I now pronounce you
husband and wife.
Please, kiss your bride.
Mia gave me too much credit
for this union.
I have learned from them
what it means to be truly
committed to another person.
I have learned the importance
of seizing the moment.
Because you can't go back.
You can never go back.
You have to live for today.
Not for what was
or could have been.
And what will be,
no one can say.
But sometimes,

you just have
to step out on faith.
And believe that
what you have built together
is worth preserving.
Because when you're
made for each other as much
as these two are,
it's definitely,
definitely worth preserving.
So to the bride and groom.
Lance and Mia,
I love you.
And may God bless this union.
Cheers.
Bravo, baby.
Okay, ladies,
who's ready to catch the bouquet?
Single females on the floor.
Let's go.
Mia, are you ready?
Okay, here we go.
Oops.
Bitch.
Thanks, Mia.
All right.
You know what comes next.
Go get your girl.
Come on out, y'all.
Q, you know you want to.
What?
Uncle Skeeter,
you know you don't
need to try and
catch this garter, man.
Sit your butt down.
Let's see what happens.
Just throw. You never know.
Whoa!
I did not!
I'm getting you.
Ooh!
Cut it out.
Quit acting like

you don't like it.
You like it.
Say you like it.
Say you like it.
Stop it!
Don't let her get away.
Don't let her get away, dawg.
Go get her, Q.
Oh, that's scary.
I think we have to dance.
Care to dance?
Yes, I'd love to.
Quentin better be careful before
Shelby puts a hurting on him.
Yeah.
Dance with me?
You know...
I just want to
talk to you.
Cut a rug with
a war vet, darling?
Sure, Uncle Skeeter.
Come on.
It's been one crazy-ass,
emotional weekend, hasn't it?
Damn rollercoaster ride.
Urn...
Listen,
about last night, Jordan...
I don't want to hear
about last night.
And if I hear you
mention last night,
I'm gonna call the Enquirer and
tell them everything that I know.
So it's like that?
Okay, I hear you loud and clear,
Ms. Armstrong. Thank you.
You're welcome.
Hmm, I saw you
grabbing for that garter.
You know what?
I don't blame you.
She's a beautiful woman.

She's the one.
Just don't blow it.
I love you, Harper.
Excuse me, Robin,
I don't mean to interrupt
but Uncle Skeeter
did promise me a dance.
And seeing that he's
the only available man
in the whole wedding party,
I was just...
Come on, baby girl. You don't
mind, do you, darling?
No, not at all.
Um, and besides, I think that
best man over there needs you.
Come on now, Uncle Skeeter. Don't
be trying to touch my booty.
No, no.
Hey.
Hey.
Thank you for
helping me today.
You're welcome.
Great speech.
I was, um...
I was moved.
You know, I meant every word.
Every word I said about
preserving what we have and...
Harper, I don't think
that this is the right time.
We have a lot to talk about and
it's not gonna be solved overnight.
We have to
figure out some...
You know what your problem is?
You don't live
enough for today.
What?
For once,
just live in the moment.
Uh, Harper,
what are you doing?

At least
for a little while.
Robin.
Will you marry me?
I love you.
Please.
Yeah.
Whatever, man.
Come and get it
going on, y'all.
Five, six, seven, eight.
Housekeeping.
Damn!
I shouldn't have drank!
What did I do?
I ain't drinking no more liquor!
Oh, did you touch me?