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# The Brothers

By Gary Hardwick

What do you think  
your dreams mean, Jackson?  
They're about relationships,  
commitments.  
Do you think a commitment  
with a woman is death?  
Yeah, right. See,  
you meet somebody, right?  
You are having a good time,  
vibing together...  
...then love drags its ass up into it.  
- What do women want from you?  
- That's easy.  
They want money, multiple orgasms...  
...and beautiful shoes  
that don't hurt like hell.  
That's really sexist.  
Except for the part about the shoes.  
I'll be 29 on my next birthday.  
- Why does that bother you?  
- It's one step from the big 3-0.  
I can't keep blaming my lack of  
a relationship on being a kid anymore.  
I broke up with three women  
in the last two months.  
Maybe you should become celibate.  
Put the physical behind  
your spiritual self.  
Sorry, doc, but my spiritual self  
needs a booty.  
I have an assignment for you.  
I want you to get out there  
and date some more.  
In fact, try to meet a woman tonight.  
I'm shooting hoops with the fellas.  
Then we hang.  
It's a weekly tradition.  
Then do it whenever.  
The next time, open up  
your heart to her.  
Try being a friend,  
before you become her lover.  
I can handle that.  
Motion to suppress, denied.

Motion for evidentiary hearing,  
denied.  
Motion for continuance, denied.  
All of my motions denied?  
May I ask why?  
Your affidavit wasn't based  
on credible facts.  
This court will not tolerate that.  
Motions denied.  
Thank you, Your Honour.  
- Bitch.  
- What did you say?  
Come on, Shawshank, let's go.  
The judge is springing you.  
It's about goddamn time.  
That woman is crazy.  
Come on. You're lucky you ain't  
working for her cranky ass.  
Yes, Sheila, I am meeting the brothers  
after work for our game.  
Yes, we are going  
to the club afterwards.  
Now, how is my baby gonna miss me  
when she's gonna be asleep?  
What if I ran the streets?  
I have a job too.  
You shouldn't talk like that.  
You need Jesus.  
The European earnings report  
just came in.  
Lovely. I'll look at them tonight.  
Is there anything else  
I can do for you?  
- No, Sandra, thank you. I'm straight.  
- Nothing?  
- No, I'm straight.  
- Nothing at all?  
I'm cool. I'm cool.  
Take care of yourself, okay?  
Yes, Terry White.  
Hey, baby. Yeah, I'm packing up  
right now to get out of here.  
Yeah, it's all set for tonight.  
Baby, you got nothing to worry about...

Oh, shit. Baby, I gotta go.  
She's gonna need to take her medicine  
and keep her throat warm.  
Thanks. So, doctor, would  
you like to meet my sister?  
She's really great.  
I'm kind of off the market right now.  
Hey! You ain't got time for me now?  
You had time when you wanted to have  
sex with me, but now you're busy.  
Yo, Derrick,  
I did not think you saw me.  
I do what I can, baby.  
- That was luck.  
- It won't happen again.  
You want to hear  
what happened to me today?  
I'm packing up my stuff.  
I turn around and a temp's  
in front of me.  
I'm not gonna lie. She was banging.  
This girl jumps on my shit, man.  
I think you're lying!  
Hey, D. How long you known me, baby?  
I don't lie about my shit.  
That shit always happens to me.  
How was it, Terry?  
- I didn't do it.  
- Shit.  
What, you A.C. Green now?  
I lectured her about compromising  
a brother at work...  
...then I left.  
I would've waxed that ass  
all over the office.  
There would've been X eroxes  
of my nuts on everybody's desk.  
You see the problem is,  
you need help, bro.  
Me and my girl, BeBe,  
got something solid.  
I'll make a declaration  
right here, right now.  
From this moment forward,

I'm a one-woman man.  
After two months of dating? That's  
gotta be a record for being whipped.  
You're not talking  
about being whipped.  
Terry, we know you. You can't change.  
What about when you talked  
to the girl and her mom...  
...and then they both found out?  
- I remember that.  
That was a long time ago.  
I'm not like that anymore.  
If you're changing, Terry,  
I'm changing too.  
- It's about time.  
- As of now, I'm through with sisters.  
That's a broken record, D.  
I'm serious this time, man.  
You know Carla, the judge?  
She locked me up because  
she's an evil, bitter, black woman.  
Did you forget that you had sex  
with her...  
...dumped her and called her  
a "bitch" in the courtroom?  
What's your point, man?  
Maybe she had other reasons  
to do that.  
The boy's ignorant.  
All sisters bring drama. No matter  
what you do, it ain't good enough.  
I'm tired of the fake hair.  
The "that's my baby's father."  
The excess weight.  
They're giving out government cheese  
sandwiches with the fake hair.  
- What does that tell you?  
- That you're a dumb-ass.  
You give up on sisters,  
you give up on yourself.  
Word!  
- I think Brian may have a point.  
- Thank you.  
It's not colour,

but what's inside that counts.  
Did your wife tell you that before  
or after she unscrewed your dick.  
Don't listen to him, D.  
We're here, Jack.  
No, we're not there. I'm not going  
out on the sisters like you.  
I haven't found the right one.  
Gotta look harder.  
See, now I can dig that.  
Let's keep it real.  
We're single, black, professional men.  
- We're the cream of the crop.  
- I'll keep it real for you.  
We're the cream of the crop. You're  
the shit on the bottom of the barrel.  
We deserve the best, and now,  
the sisters ain't up to the job.  
You're wrong. When I met Sheila,  
I snapped her up.  
That and she got pregnant.  
No, it didn't have nothing  
to do with that.  
We were gonna get married.  
We were in love.  
Love, there's a word to look up  
in the dictionary.  
It's after "ignorant"  
and just before "stupid," stupid.  
- We'll be at the bar.  
- Where's Terry? He's missing.  
Went back to work on that temp  
if he's smart.  
No, he will be here, trust me.  
He will be here.  
- Oh, damn.  
- Come on, B, now why'd you do that?  
- I told you, I'm done with them.  
- She looks cool.  
Go and work  
your brown magic, man.  
- You want me to?  
- Work it.  
All right, all right. Check it out.

Excuse me. I'm sorry about that little thing over there. I had the worst day in court.

- So you're a lawyer?

- Yeah.

- I used to work for a lawyer.

- Really?

- Hey, I'm Brian.

- I'm Lamuzindah.

- La moo what?

- Lamuzindah.

"Goddess of light."

Okay. Cool. Do your thing. You know what? You just look so, so nurturing to me. Do you have any kids, you know? Actually, I do. You want to see some pictures of Tanesha and Tenaka? I got them right here.

No. Slow down with the kids. Have a nice evening. Tanesha and Tenaka. The defence rests. Forget you then. Fellas, fellas, fellas. Sorry I'm late. Bartender, I need some of your best champagne and five glasses.

- Champagne?

- It's always so crowded in here.

- Nice of you to bring a date.

- Right, well, listen up. Tonight is a little different. You ready to do this? BeBe and I, we're getting married. Hey, Terry. Congratulations, baby.

- Hey, good luck.

- That's nice.

- Congratulations, T.

- Thank you.

- There goes my buzz.

- What is your problem?

Now, hold on, baby. Let me get this. I'll slide out of your way.

Look, Brian, you and I,  
we have never liked each other.  
Okay, that's cool.  
But understand this. I will  
not take any shit off of you.  
I'm at the gun range twice a week,  
and I'm licensed to correct a nigga.  
Come on, now, baby.  
I'm going to the ladies' room.  
- Did she take my drink?  
- You dis my girl in front of me?  
Yo, Terry, I'm sorry. I was shocked.  
Me too, that you didn't get  
your ass whipped.  
Terry, you said you'd get married  
two minutes before you dropped dead.  
Yeah, but that was  
a long time ago, man.  
I have changed.  
I'll be 29 years old. I think  
it's about time I settle down.  
Twenty-nine's not old, though.  
No, but how long are  
you supposed to wait?  
Wait, I thought that's what we wanted.  
You know, love, happiness.  
Look, Al Green, love and happiness is  
one thing, but this is marriage.  
Marriage is not something  
you jump into, Terry.  
Eighty. I mean, you know,  
you're wearing a diaper...  
Jack, man, you are not old.  
Will you shut your old ass up?  
Two months isn't enough time  
to know if the booty's right.  
Stop this nonsense.  
Is this, "piss on Terry" night?  
Terry, look, we're your friends.  
We just want what's best for you.  
Check this out. BeBe is a good woman.  
I love this girl.  
- I'm sorry, but, man...  
- She does her own thing.



She makes good money  
at the phone company.  
- She's got a job.  
- At least, she's got a job.  
- She's fine as hell.  
- Hey.  
Ain't nobody said anything about that.  
Thank you. Shit!  
T, you're my boy. I'm happy for you.  
Congratulations.  
That's right. Thank you.  
Hey, me too.  
Best of luck, baby boy.  
I appreciate that.  
Yo, Terry. You know this is fucked up,  
right? But you're my man.  
Congratulations.  
Congratulations, man.  
I don't know why, but I'll accept that.  
Now, I see the champagne has arrived.  
We do need to be drinking it.  
I got the toast.  
To our boy, Terry, here.  
And his beautiful girl, wearing  
the hell out of that red dress.  
And may they have love, happiness,  
and all that other shit.  
All right!  
Dr. Smith?  
- Dr. Smith?  
- Hey.  
- How you doing?  
- I went down the slide by myself.  
Do you want a lollipop?  
- Is she better?  
- She's much better.  
- How've you been?  
- I've been all right.  
I was just wondering if maybe...  
Don't stand there.  
Do something.  
That's good.  
That's perfect.  
I like that.

- Jackson Smith. How you doing?

- I'm Denise.

Do I have potential or what?

You know that little girl?

Yeah, she's one of my patients.

I'm a doctor.

Why do you say it like that?

Like, "I'm a doctor."

Like I'm Zeus, king of the gods.

- No, I didn't mean it that way.

- No, I know you didn't.

I'm a freelance photographer,  
but I guess you could see that.

An artist?

I like that.

What does your boyfriend think  
about that?

That's smooth.

But I don't have a boyfriend,  
and I'm not looking for one.

Good. Because I don't  
have a girlfriend.

And I'm not looking for one.

Good.

Oh, my God. Girl, you are gonna wear  
me out. Don't you ever get tired?

Nope.

I shouldn't even be doing this until  
after we're married. I'm a good girl.

Okay, "good girl," that's real cute  
and everything but trust me...

...if you weren't,

we might not get married.

- Shut up!

- I'm keeping it real.

- I got needs.

- Yeah, needs.

You know Daddy's just playing with you.

We need to get those  
invitations out soon.

And my parents are flying  
in a few weeks before.

- And the wedding planner, he's...

- Hey, hey, hey. Will you hush?

Can we stay in the moment?  
I know all of that.  
Who got this party started?  
Girl, I cannot wait  
to make you Mrs. Terry White.  
Hey, whoa. Okay, now wait a minute.  
You promised me that gun  
would never be here.  
I know. I'm sorry, baby.  
I forgot to take it back.  
- You know I hate that damn thing.  
- I know. Don't be mad.  
- I got something to make it up to you.  
- Oh, yeah, what you got?  
As much as I'd like to,  
unless you got some Viagra...  
...Mr. Chubby needs a few minutes.  
- He doesn't.  
- Why not?  
- I got skills.  
Hey. Come on. Oh, okay.  
Hey, girl, we gotta get  
Janel some new books.  
I got Dr. Seuss coming out of my ass.  
I know, she does the same thing to me.  
I suppose Terry's having a bachelor  
party with lots of naked hos.  
Yes, he is. You know,  
I never thought Terry would fall.  
He's got me feeling  
like an old married man.  
All this excitement over Terry  
is a bunch of trouble for nothing.  
First of all, he is not  
the husband type.  
He and that Brian have bed-hopped  
ever since we've known them.  
Terry ain't shit.  
He's gonna give that up? Please!  
A crackhead has a better chance  
in a weightlifting contest.  
You are funny. Boy, that was  
a good one. Crackhead, weights.  
You crack me up.

- It sounds like the coast is clear.

- Yeah.

You go on, express yourself.

Let me get that for you.

- Oh, no! No!

- No?! No!

- Baby, what is wrong now?

- I'm just not ready.

You're not ready?! You promised!

But, but I've been thinking,  
and I just can't do it right now.

Sheila, come on, now. We've been  
married for three long years.

- I know, but...

- But what?

- It's nasty.

- What the...?!

Hell, I'm all calmed down.

Come on, now. Come here.

Yes, I know.

You're all tense.

Lookit, relax. Relax.

Relax your jaws too. Relax.

Yes, yes. You see?

Speak into the mike. That's good.

See? See?

- Oh, no!

- No? Damn it!

You got me hard as Chinese arithmetic  
in here and you bullshitting me.

Derrick, why did you come in here?

Why are you drinking now?

I am a grown man, and I cannot  
get head from my wife!

Why don't you just go tell  
our daughter?

Look, Sheila,

we have talked about this.

We went to the counsellor.

You said you were ready.

I know, but I was eating  
a banana earlier today...

...and I gagged on it.

Don't gag on my banana,

and we can get going.  
Derrick, honey, I can't.  
- I do it to you.  
- I don't ask you to.  
You do not stop me either.  
Okay, well, fine, you don't have  
to do it anymore.  
That's the difference between us.  
I don't mind doing it.  
I even like it.  
So, if I had a dick,  
would you suck it?  
What kind of question is that?  
You ain't no man.  
Just answer the question.  
If I had a dick, would you suck it?  
Yes, I would, wearing a Viking hat  
and a Little League chest protector!  
- Derrick, baby!  
- I paid my dues.  
Baby, Derrick, Derrick.  
All my life I was taught that  
good girls just don't do that.  
My mother told me that  
if I did that, I would get cancer.  
I am dealing with some serious  
psychological barriers here.  
Your mama sucked so much dick,  
she walks around on her knees.  
- My mother is a saint!  
- She must be Saint Suck-a-Dick.  
- Your mama is senile.  
- See, my mama got an excuse.  
Your mama's fucked up for no reason.  
- You hit me with that again...  
- You gonna hit me?  
Go ahead, beat me, lke, beat me!  
I'm gonna watch TV. I don't want  
to talk about this.  
Have a banana. Get freaky  
with a peach for all I care.  
Derrick, we have a daughter.  
Will you advise her to go down  
on her boyfriend?

Yes, right after I tell her  
that it don't cause cancer.  
Nasty little thing!  
Suck my dick, suck my dick,  
suck my dick.  
It's good for your skin!  
You've known me for a while,  
and all of a sudden, you ask me out.  
What took you so long?  
Well, you could say I went looking  
for love in all the wrong damn places.  
Listen...  
- Jesse.  
- Jesse, right.  
Right. Right. I got some work  
to do, baby. So...  
Sure, I can go.  
I have an early class tomorrow.  
Right. What is it you teach?  
Self-defence classes. Karate.  
Karate. Right, yeah.  
I remember. I remember.  
Brian, I know this was  
spur-of-the-moment...  
...but if you ever want to hook up  
again, just call me.  
Hey, hey, hold up, hold up,  
hold up. Stay, relax.  
- You know, just relax.  
- Okay.  
I have this amazing bottle of wine.  
Would you like some?  
- Sure. Where is it?  
- In the kitchen. Let me get...  
Oh, no, I got it.  
Can you make me a sandwich  
while you in there?  
Okay.  
"Okay." That's what  
I'm talking about.  
You know, Denise,  
I hope you don't feel nervous...  
...about us, you know, doing  
it like this on the first date.

Why would I be nervous?

I picked you up and I got you into bed like this.

- Women tend to feel self-conscious.

- Really?

Oh, okay. How about this?

I picked you up and got you in bed.

That would make you

a slut puppy, wouldn't it?

I like that, but you can't

call a man a slut.

- And why is that?

- It's redundant.

The only reason why

I brought that up is...

...because I kind of have this issue.

What's that?

Well, it's like...

You know, it's...

Forget I even brought that up.

Jackson, you okay?

I can't talk about this.

Do you know why I became

a photographer?

You get to capture

all of life's moments...

...all of the turning points

and freeze them.

Well, think of us as a picture.

If you tell me your problem, we'd be making a turning point together.

- You crazy, you know?

- Yeah, everybody says that.

But I like it. I like that.

Okay, it's like this:

Once I meet a woman, right?

And I get to know her a little bit and we become intimate.

When I get into the relationship and we start talking about commitment...

...I just freeze up.

The only way I know how to save myself is to...

...cut the woman out of my life.

Damn. Well, I see  
how that's a problem.  
But we all have problems, Jackson.  
If life were simple, we'd all  
be doing something else.  
So wait, you're not just gonna get  
your clothes on and run out of here?  
No, no.  
There's a lot of interesting things  
I could do with a man like you.  
I thought you were crazy before,  
but I know you're crazy now.  
I'm just a sucker for a naked man.  
- When do you start, Cherie?  
- June.  
I gotta find a place to live.  
Oh, I envy you. There are  
so many fine men in college.  
- Excuse me?  
- Not that I care, at all.  
Public intimacy?  
I've never seen him like this.  
Girl, you must have kryptonite  
in your pu...  
Possession.  
Hey, my beautiful children.  
How you doing, sweetie?  
- Where's the rest of your outfit?  
- You would be talking to?  
To you.  
You shouldn't dress like that.  
How very Freudian of you.  
Now I know I look good.  
- You look fine, Ms. Smith.  
- Thank you, baby.  
Yes, you do, Mother.  
- I was only 18 when I had Jackson.  
- Not this story.  
I was nothing but a baby myself.  
It took me 10 months and 20 hours  
of labour.  
He's been nothing but trouble...  
Trouble ever since.  
Yes, for the 100th time, we know.



It's not about me.  
Cherie's starting school.  
Did you have your female  
conversation about men?  
Oops! I'll do it right now. Sorry.  
Come here, baby.  
Cherie, a man only needs three things.  
Well, two of them's money.  
That's cute. That's cute.  
Denise, you're nicer than the  
other women Jackson usually dates.  
Mama, please.  
Don't fight the truth.  
It'll make you grow old fast.  
Not that I would know.  
I know not to argue with women...  
...so I'll go. You guys can talk  
about me behind my back.  
Ain't nobody talking about you.  
We're talking about me.  
Damn. Come on, y'all.  
Can you believe Jack, Mama?  
Asking you to tell me about men  
as if there's a secret.  
- Well, there is.  
- Really?  
And I know what it is.  
Wait, wait, not that I need to know  
or anything, but what is it?  
Well, it's really very simple.  
There's one sure way to tell  
if a man really loves you.  
Come here.  
When it's late and you're all  
hugged up on the sofa...  
...and you're eating food  
and watching TV...  
...and you're just, you're just  
all over each other.  
Well, if he will give you  
his last piece of food...  
...the very last bite...  
...baby, that's love.  
I like that. I like that.

Me too. It's got sacrifice,  
protection, the sensuality of eating.

- I learned that in psych class.

- Well, I learned it the hard way.

Look what the wind blew in.

- Congratulations, baby.

- Thank you, Daddy.

And this is my girl, Denise.

Hi, Denise. Fred Smith.

Glad to meet you.

- Where've you been?

- I'm sorry, baby.

I was busy. I had to make  
a few stops before I got here.

You look good, Fred.

Almost as good as me.

Maybe I'll clear the dance floor  
and teach you something.

Well, I'll be around.

Everybody, this is my date, Ursula.

Ursula don't speak no English.

Now, we got to do something  
about our weak-ass immigration laws.

I need another drink. Excuse me.

So you don't speak no English?

So "stank ho" wouldn't  
mean nothing to you?

No, not "stanque hou," "stank ho."

Dead ho. Ignorant ho.

French ho.

Have a good time. Enjoy yourself.

Bringing that bitch up in here.

- This ain't my car.

- Look at it. Look at it!

This is my man's car.

I'm watching it.

Tyrel said you kicked his boys  
out, Ma. Why?

I did what I had to do.

He had them fools in my house  
drinking and smoking.

And you know that ain't right.

See what I mean? Issues.

Brian, my boys want to steal

your car. I can hook it up.  
No insurance scams, T-Boy.  
Get out of here!  
Don't shoot the messenger.  
Tyrel, I want you to tell your  
friends that this house is off limits.  
- Let's talk about this.  
- Ain't nothing to talk about.  
That boy is 17 years old.  
He had some women  
in this house having sex.  
Ma, I told you.  
We weren't having sex.  
We was just watching TV.  
- I guess it was raining condoms.  
- What condoms?  
Maybe two squirrels  
was freaking with it.  
- Yo, Brian.  
- What, motherfucker?!  
They gonna give you 40 percent.  
Get out of here, man. Can't you see...  
I'm sensing some hesitation  
on your part. I'll go for 50-50.  
- I don't like him outside my house.  
- He's watching my car, Mama.  
She don't like nobody here except  
for them old ladies from church...  
...who be coming here smelling  
like old cheese and garbage.  
Oh, no, you did not say that.  
He did not say that. I'm...  
Tyrel, just go outside.  
Just go outside, all right?  
Watch my car.  
- It's good to see you.  
- I don't know how good it is.  
- What do you think we should do?  
- Nothing.  
We won't do anything.  
He doesn't have one picture of you.  
It's too late for regrets.  
You and I can't change  
what happened between us.

- I think we should just tell him.

- No.

No, I'll do it.

I'll do it in my own time.

Fine.

You trying to steal my girl?

I'll go before your mama

kills that girl.

I'll take Ursula her drink.

Nice meeting you.

Nice to meet you.

Can I talk to you?

Yeah.

- Why'd you bring another woman over?

- Hey, son.

I have my own life now.

You know what I'm saying?

- What do you think about Denise?

- She seems nice.

- Are you guys serious?

- Yeah, it's going good.

That's good. I'm happy for you.

Mama's gonna be upset

about this for a week.

Come on, son.

Your mother and I are divorced.

She understands that.

Yeah, but I still don't get it.

How can two people live and stay

together for 25 years and leave?

You know why your mother

and I split, son.

Terry's getting married.

- Little Terry?

- Yeah, well, he's big Terry now.

That's good news. I'm happy for him.

Come on, now, tell me.

You're not taking that fall?

Oh, hell, no.

No, marriage, it's not for me.

Come on, you can't judge

by looking at me and your mother.

Your mother and I

had some great years together, son.

Who knows, your luck might be better than mine.  
They say talent skips a generation.  
I'll remember that.  
Hey, why don't you come down and visit your old man sometimes?  
I'm always at the dealerships.  
Yeah, I'll do that.  
I'm looking forward to it.  
- Hey, baby.  
- Dad, where is it?  
In the driveway.  
- Come on, let's go.  
- Come on, check this out.  
Daddy!  
You guys, get in, get in.  
Whoa, back it up, man. Back it up.  
I don't want to see you around here.  
I don't want any boys in here.  
Understand?  
Stay on the main street,  
don't drive down to the hood.  
- Okay.  
- I worry about you.  
Mama, let Tyrel come live with me.  
No.  
I told you, I'm not letting him go.  
- Why not? He's my brother.  
- Half-brother.  
All I'm saying is that the boy is not happy here.  
It not like his daddy's around.  
Don't even bring up that fool to me.  
Left me for some white woman.  
- Hawaiian.  
- Lf she ain't black, she's white.  
That's what I mean.  
That's ridiculous.  
Fact of life.  
That's crazy! Latino women?  
A white woman with a taco.  
Oh, so I guess Asian women...  
A white woman who  
"no speak the goddamn English."

You know what? The both of you are  
just like your daddies, full of it.  
I heard that my whole life.  
How long will you see them in us?  
What they did is wrong,  
but me and Tyrel, we didn't do it.  
Can we get a little love?  
I raised you.  
That's love.  
Oh, really.  
Then, prove it, Mama.  
Can you give your son  
a kiss and a hug?  
You too old for that now.  
You can't do it...  
...can you?  
You're acting crazy, just stop it.  
Mama, when was the last time  
you gave me a hug?  
What was it? 10 years ago?  
Right after Tyrel's father left?  
Mama, 10 years is a long time.  
Come on, Mama, I'm waiting.  
Give me love, Mama.  
Get out of my house  
with this nonsense.  
When Tyrel gets old enough, Mama...  
...he's gonna come live  
with his big brother.  
He can get love from me.  
You can believe that.  
Mama?  
Hey, now, how are you doing?  
Oh, hey, son.  
Look how pretty you look today.  
I don't look dead.  
That's all I care about.  
Come on, Mama,  
don't say stuff like that.  
You gonna live forever.  
What are you talking about, Derrick?  
Everybody dies.  
I drank too much when I carried you.  
You drank when you were pregnant?

Well, yeah. It's not like I was operating heavy machinery or nothing. Look...  
...Mama...  
...I want you to come live with me and my family.  
When did you get married?  
Three years ago.  
You were there, remember?  
Yeah, that's right. We ate chicken.  
Yes, we did.  
How's my grandbaby?  
Janel? Oh, Janel is wonderful.  
Hey, James and Amber and I...  
James and Amber,  
those are your other children.  
I know who they are!  
Boy, are you high or something?  
No, ma'am, no.  
Look, we just don't think you belong here anymore.  
I like it here.  
I know, Mama, but I miss you.  
And you know what?  
Janel, she'd love having her grandmother around.  
- And your wife?  
- I'm working on that.  
I'll bet you are.  
- We don't like each other.  
- Mama...  
Evil witch.  
No, I think I'm gonna stay right here.  
That was fine when you and Daddy were here together.  
But now, Daddy's gone, and when you...  
Mama, I'm sorry.  
Yeah, things were a lot different when your father was alive.  
Hey, look, I am supposed to be taking you to lunch.  
You come over here with your fine brown frame.  
I know you run numbers out of here.

This ain't fooling nobody.

- Come on.

- Who's collecting my money?

No idea who flattened your car tires?

No, and you know,  
it could be anybody.

Lawyers make a lot of enemies.

I bet it was a woman.

That's how we get back at men.

A car is just  
a big old dick with wheels.

Counsellor?

Hi, judge. I'm having my lunch here.

You filed a motion to have me  
permanently barred from your cases.

Yes, and I think you'd agree  
I'm right, after what happened.

Hi, I'm Judge Carla Williams.

Hi. I'm Jesse.

Are you a lawyer too?

No, I'm sort of a teacher.

Teacher.

What's the pay these days  
for teachers?

Carla, there is no reason for this.

- Right, sorry. Have a nice lunch.

- Thank you.

- What's her problem?

- No idea.

Excuse me, what did you say?

Carla, why are you making a scene?

I'm not making a scene.

I'm merely having girl talk.

Now, what did you say?

- I said...

- Oh, shit.

...what's your problem?

My problem is tired-ass men  
like this.

And women who get the world...

...given to them,

but you have to have our men too.

- Get that finger out of my face.

- Or else what?



What are you gonna do?

What're you gonna do?

- Damn!

- What is going on?

Bro, take Buffy the Negro Slayer  
and get out of my spot!

I was just trying...

Come on, Jesse. Let's just go.

I can't believe you.

Just get in the car.

Why are you mad at me?

You just assaulted a judge, Jesse.

She curses us both out,  
jabs her finger into my face...

...and you yell at me?

You had no right to hit her.

That was childish.

I got a reputation,  
and you made me look stupid in there.

You ain't no different.

- What do you mean, "different"?

- Nothing, let's just go.

You thought I'd be different  
because I'm white?

- Didn't say that.

- You know what?

You are a self-centred,  
arrogant fool.

Let me tell you something...

...women have one thing in common:

We don't like bullshit men.

And that's you, the bullshit man.

Get out of my face.

Hey, you want some too?

I got one ass-kicking left  
with your name.

I don't have time. I don't  
need the drama, Miss Jackie Chan.

I'll kick your ass  
in this parking lot.

This white girl's got something  
for you. Come get it.

- Hello?

- Hey.

Hey, baby, you still working?  
No, no, I'm not at work.  
Listen...  
...why don't you come over?  
Derrick.  
Derrick.  
We have been mad at each other  
for too long.  
It's time for some serious making up.  
Yeah.  
Hi.  
Derrick.  
Come on, baby. I'm really  
gonna give it to you this time.  
Give me what, Sheila?  
Oh, well...  
...first, let's do it  
the regular way...  
- Oh, no, not interested.  
- We can talk about...  
What the hell is this?  
You haven't touched me for weeks!  
Because I'm tired.  
I don't believe this shit.  
Is that what's important?  
Somebody going down on you?  
You just don't get it, do you?  
We are married.  
This is not just about sex.  
It's about how we feel  
about each other.  
You mean everything to me.  
What do I mean to you?  
No, this is about sex.  
See, that's all you men care about.  
No, this is about the way I've let you  
control this relationship and family.  
That's over now.  
My mama's coming to live with us.  
No, she's not!  
I told them  
I am terminating her lease.  
She's coming as soon as I can get her.  
You didn't consult with me.

I didn't agree.  
I didn't have to.  
I consulted my damn self.  
You are doing this to spite me...  
...because I won't give you  
the sex you want.  
You are nothing but  
a nasty, freaky freak...  
You know, I married you  
because you were pregnant...  
...and I never  
questioned your motives.  
We agreed it was the best thing to do.  
Oh, did we?  
Or did you come to me crying, saying:  
"My life is over."  
What are we gonna do?"  
Are you trying to say I got  
pregnant intentionally to hook you?  
What I am saying is that my mama  
is coming to live with us.  
Get used to it.  
You hit me, it'll take  
NATO Peacekeepers...  
...to pull my foot out your ass.  
Fine, Derrick.  
Do we have any more triple-A batteries?  
I think I used them all  
the last time this happened.  
Don't play, woman.  
I quit school because of recess!  
My cousin says his place in Florida  
is empty next month.  
You trying to shack up with me?  
Oh, hell, yes. Then we can do it  
all over South Beach.  
We can christen every single pier.  
Jack, there's something  
that's been on my mind.  
Something I need to tell you.  
What?  
I don't even know how to start.  
Let me help you this time.  
There's something I want to tell you.

- Remember telling me about pictures?

- I remember.

At first I didn't understand

what you meant.

But I understand now, what you meant.

How a person can make a turning point  
to where it changes everything.

And I've changed like that, Denise.

I've changed like that because of you.

I want you to know, Denise,

I'm not afraid of a good woman...

...and all that she can

bring to a man.

And I'm not afraid to tell you

I love you, Denise.

Now, did that make it a little easier  
to say what you wanted to say?

Yeah.

It did. Actually, it's...

...not even important anymore.

I love you too, Jackson.

Good.

Really good.

You gonna eat that?

Yeah.

This shit right here, it's blazing.

The spices and shit was just right.

Hi, baby.

Louise, thank you for

letting me have my shower here.

Louise, thank you for

letting me have my shower here.

Terry's mother loved it.

No problem. Freddie throws

Terry's bachelor party...

...and I'm not about to be outdone.

Hey.

Denise, you okay?

Oh, God, I'm sorry.

I was thinking, Jackson has been

saying the right things...

...but I don't know if he means it.

Why do you say that?

He told me that he loved me.

- Sweet!  
- And he ate the last chicken piece.  
- Stop.  
- Not good. Not good.  
I can get Terry to talk to him,  
find out what he thinks.  
He's got his head on straight.  
Yes, Terry's gonna make  
a fine husband.  
You know the brothers  
are not going for that.  
I was probably overreacting.  
It happens.  
Maybe Jackson was just hungry.  
Not likely, baby.  
It's a subconscious thing.  
Why do we always pay  
for men's emotional failures?  
We do do that. We do.  
Don't we?  
- I know one reason.  
- What?  
Damn, if we gonna get deep,  
let's sit down.  
Bring the strawberries.  
- I need to learn this.  
- Grab that champagne.  
All right.  
Denise, I love my brother  
but if he gives you mixed messages...  
...tell him to get his shit together.  
That was my baby that said that.  
Right. That's what I do to Derrick.  
That's why we're happy.  
- You gotta stand up to him.  
- Oh, I know. I know.  
Jackson is a good man,  
I give him that.  
But I have worked too hard to shape  
him into the man I've grown to love.  
And I'm not doing that shit again.  
I'm not limiting myself to brothers.  
I'll consider all men,  
even those who aren't black.

Like hell you will!

- But, Mama...

- Who taught you that?

Life!

Brothers date all kinds of women.

Why should we wait for them

to bestow their favours upon us?

Screw that. A white man has all  
the equipment and twice the cash.

Okay, I heard you.

Oh, I wouldn't know  
anything about that.

While we're on the subject  
of other men, Mama...

...you need a man.

Stop pining away for Daddy.

Okay, that's enough,  
you've been drinking too much.

This is a new century.

Women are saying goodbye  
to dependency.

I don't need a man. I have myself.

I wasn't sure till this very second,  
but my baby's still a virgin.

You know what you have to do?

You need to reject your pussy.

- Oh, my God!

- No, she didn't.

That's a little bit  
too much me in you.

Now, sit down somewhere.

That word was created by men in order  
to objectify women's sexuality...

...and turn us into property.

If you accept that you have one,  
they own you.

I don't. I reject my pussy.

She said the "P" word.

If that's the case...

...why don't you give me yours  
because I could use an extra one.

Fine. But you know what?

Don't say I didn't try to educate you.

No, we hear you, Cherie.

Denise, I think you need to sit down  
and really tell him how you feel.  
The direct approach is the best one.  
I'm not trying to scare him...  
...and you know I have a tendency  
to come across a little strong.  
A woman is strength.  
Not just the giver of life  
and all that, but more.  
Men don't even know who they are  
until they find the right woman.  
Or, for that matter,  
if they even want a woman.  
But whatever he chooses,  
it starts with us.  
So be fearless with my son.  
Don't be timid with love,  
because we invented the shit.  
- All right.  
- Thank you. Now...  
...ladies, to the sisters.  
- To the sisters!  
- Yes!  
Miracles and blessings, ladies.  
Miracles and blessings.  
Okay, don't wait up, Mama.  
Bye-bye.  
Louise, can I ask you something?  
More about Jackson?  
No, this is about me.  
Okay, come on.  
Well, well, the husband-to-be.  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Why are you sitting here  
by yourself?  
- Drinking.  
- I can see, but...  
...you need to come by the pool.  
As you see, here is a boob.  
I need to talk to you.  
Bro, what's up?  
Without her. Excuse me?  
All right, don't you go too far  
with my two little friends.

Did you see? She can breathe.  
So, what's up, B? Speak.  
Why are you doing this?  
How many times  
we got to talk about this?  
I told you, because I think  
it's about time I grew up.  
Don't do it. Don't do it, Terry.  
The brothers, we got  
a friendship, a bond!  
And you, under the guise of growing  
up, are about to throw it away.  
And I'm looking out for us.  
I'm protecting the brothers.  
You know what your problem is?  
You never could hold liquor,  
and you talk too much.  
You want to look out for me?  
Put the drink down and bring your...  
...ass. And let's go look  
at some titties.  
All right, man. When it all blows up  
in your face, don't come calling me.  
I don't want to hear about it.  
Hey, baby.  
All right, that's enough.  
You're my boy and I love you,  
but this is real.  
You jealous, man.  
Yeah, you jealous.  
You wish you had  
somebody to care about.  
Don't try to tell me different.  
I'll tell you what I discovered.  
It's why I'm doing what I'm doing.  
This world is full of women waiting  
for guys like us who got it together.  
But it takes courage  
to step up like that.  
Courage.  
Look at you.  
You don't know nothing about that.  
You can't seem  
to see past your raggedy dick.



Maybe for you this is all there is.  
Oh, goddamn. If that's the truth,  
then I feel even worse for you.  
You drunk. There's a party  
going on here for me.  
Half-butt-naked women  
running all over the place.  
I'm trying to enjoy myself. I'm out.  
My dick is not raggedy!  
It's big.  
Don't be shy.  
I'm very flattered that you picked me.  
Some nice-looking women out there.  
I just wanted to...  
...you know?  
Yeah, I know. What kind do you want?  
I do everything.  
Everything, what a wonderful word.  
I can get a friend if you  
want to have fun.  
No, no, that...  
That won't be necessary.  
You know what?  
How about some head?  
I guess you do know what you want.  
Yeah. It ain't for me, it's for him.  
He only got one eye.  
Oh, Lord, he give me  
such trouble sometimes.  
Be careful now. He kind of  
swell up when you make him mad...  
...poke you in the forehead.  
Hard to work with a dick scuff mark  
on your head, so you be cool.  
You know, wait. Wait.  
You changed your mind?  
Something different?  
Oh, no, no.  
Look, I can't do this.  
You're a beautiful girl...  
...but I'm here with you  
and all I'm thinking is that...  
...I wish you were my wife.  
A man can't make his dick do

what his heart can't handle.  
That is very profound.  
That'll be \$50.  
Fifty dollars for almost doing  
something? You must be a Republican.  
- I like your style.  
- Thanks.  
Oh, shut up.  
Whoa! Wait.  
What's up, D? Did you do it?  
No, I couldn't do it.  
Couldn't do what?  
Nothing.  
I'll go hang out in front.  
Tell me he couldn't do it with  
that thing that walked out of here.  
This is what I'm talking about.  
This is nice of your dad  
to let us use his place.  
A party man after my own heart.  
Damn, he's still freaky, huh?  
He got the women for the party too.  
Dirty old bastard.  
Did your girl get on your case  
about coming here?  
Brian, you know I haven't...  
Don't lie to me.  
I ain't talk about it.  
I will beat your drunk ass, man.  
This is Italian.  
I've had a little bit to drink...  
Bro, you're drunk!  
Hey, I'm nice. I'm nice.  
I've been thinking.  
- What about this one?  
- That's good.  
If we didn't need sex,  
we really wouldn't want women.  
You got issues, you know?  
You just gotta think about it.  
Just think about what I'm saying.  
You have to stop  
this cynical attitude.  
I mean, look at me.

I was a lost cause, man.  
I was having nightmares  
and shit about commitment.  
Denise turned my life around.  
No, she turned your ass out.  
Hey, call it what you like,  
but I'm happy.  
What about you, Brian?  
I'm drinking, man. I'm cool.  
I want to have fun here.  
We've only been here a few hours,  
know what I mean?  
I'll meet you downstairs.  
Hey, this is Fred. State your case.  
Hi, Fred, it's Denise.  
Thanks for being understanding.  
I've decided to tell Jackson about us.  
Call me when you get this message.  
Bye.  
Hey, baby.  
I was hungry. I thought we  
could get something...  
I heard the message  
you left at my father's place.  
- Jackson, I was gonna tell you.  
- You were gonna tell me?  
When were you gonna tell me?  
On our honeymoon?  
What about Father's Day?  
That sound right?  
- Let me explain.  
- No need, I know why it happened.  
It happened because you're a woman  
with no discretion about herself...  
...personally, emotionally,  
and sexually.  
- Did you just call me a ho?  
- I did not say that word.  
But it does seem to be floating  
around somewhere.  
Okay.  
Look, you have every right  
to be angry, Jackson.  
But your father and I got

together long before we met.

- It doesn't matter when.

- Is that what you think?

We slept together on the first date.

My dad's old school.

I know he hit it.

- You don't know what you're saying.

- You saying he didn't hit it?

Okay, Jackson, let's not do this.

- Don't let this come between us.

- Come on, Denise.

It's simple. Just say, " No, Jackson, he didn't hit it," or, "Yes, he did."

You dislike Fred so much,

you wouldn't believe me anyway.

"Fred?" Well, I think I just got my answer about you and "Fred."

- You want an answer?

- I want an answer.

We met a long time ago,

dated a little but didn't have sex.

You didn't have sex?

Did you kiss?

Yes.

So now we're getting somewhere.

So, did...

I'm won't be interrogated about this.

Yeah, that's what I thought.

You made a commitment for the first time in your life.

You're gonna walk away from all that?

I'm walking away from a woman who lied.

Who deceived and hurt me.

I won't give you what you want.

- I'm not gonna let you just dump me.

- You're gonna dump me? Is that it?

No. I'm gonna make you do what's really in your heart.

I'm gonna make you love me.

That's cute...

...that reverse psychology trick.

Try it on a brother with a GED.

Because it gets none right here.

It's no trick to it. It's the truth.  
You need me as much as I need you.  
So you can take me  
with all of my flaws...  
...or we can both be miserable.  
I know that you're scared.  
Every time someone's said  
"I love you" it's turned bad.  
You don't know  
what you're talking about.  
It's your mother, all your old  
girlfriends, your father.  
I know I should've told you  
about this a long time ago.  
But don't use it as an excuse to  
go back to how you were.  
Come on.  
Please.  
Let yourself out.  
What the fuck?  
Hey, Sheila, open the door!  
Hey, my key don't work.  
I changed the locks.  
When you're the man that I married,  
then you can come back.  
Open the door, woman. I live here too!  
Okay, how about you stay here  
and I'll call L.A.P.D.  
They're real sympathetic to  
black men in domestic situations.  
I'm not scared of no police!  
Open the...  
Woman, you lucky I just got saved.  
Shut the fuck up!  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
Why you all dolled up?  
Well, you know how I am.  
I wine them, I dine them...  
...and bam, it's all over.  
What you doing here?  
I just stopped by for a minute.  
Who you got coming over?  
Instead of being in my business,

why ain't you out looking for Denise?  
You don't want to know.  
Because she's definitely not the one.  
You looked just like your daddy  
when you said that.  
You just found a way to make me leave.  
Your father's coming by here tonight.  
How long has this been going on?  
Since your sister's party.  
He apologized for bringing that girl.  
And you know I was looking good.  
Let me tell you about Daddy  
and your golden girl, Denise.  
They had a thing together.  
I know.  
You know? And you don't care?  
No.  
Because nothing happened between them.  
It was before she met you.  
Your father is charming and  
handsome and all those things.  
Did it occur to you that she might've  
seen those qualities in you?  
I can't believe she sucked you in.  
She's not the one who told me.  
She tried. But I didn't let her.  
Your father told me everything.  
Nobody cared enough to tell me?  
What makes you think you  
can trust him?  
He didn't have to tell me, Jackson.  
And I know him.  
You have to stop seeing Daddy.  
And do what?  
Huh?  
You're gone, your sister's leaving.  
I throw parties here  
just to have people around.  
Your father and I are comfortable  
with each other, Jackson.  
And I have my needs.  
Mama, not the needs.  
I know that you still love him.  
But you have to let him go.

No.  
I won't let him go.  
We had a marriage...  
...love and children.  
Nothing is stronger than that.  
Okay. And then what?  
He'll get you excited about  
getting back together.  
Then he's just gonna run  
and break your heart again.  
Maybe.  
But I can handle that.  
That girl loves you.  
What you gonna do about it?  
I gotta go.  
Do you still think about her?  
Yeah, every day.  
Do you still think that she and your  
father were sexually intimate?  
I don't know.  
Probably not.  
If that's the case,  
why don't you go back to her?  
Talk it out.  
I just don't have it in me, you know?  
I get too mad. Too scared.  
Let's explore that.  
No offense,  
but this will be my last session.  
You're giving up?  
Love's supposed to be  
beautiful, but I can't get it.  
I'm up, love's down.  
I'm left, love's right.  
I'm ready, love says, " Not yet,  
she dated your father."  
Maybe there is love out there,  
but it's running from me.  
I can't keep chasing it.  
Jackson?  
That's the kind of existence you want?  
Life without love in it?  
A girl just beat you for game.  
My bad, man.

You need a dress  
the way you've been playing.  
Yo, kid, I'm sorry to hear  
about you and Sheila.  
Yeah, I was too, but that's life.  
No, that's just women.  
Oh, come on. Shut up!  
They always trying to  
jam up a brother.  
And they always complain  
like we're the bad guys.  
Writing man-hating books  
like, Waiting to Exhale.  
Check this out. I'm gonna write  
a book called, "Breathe, Bitch."  
Boy, you are retarded.  
You always gotta use that word?  
I use the word because it applies.  
You need to check yourself.  
You better start  
showing the ladies some love.  
Come on, all the shit you be doing?  
You can't call women names.  
- Oh, really?  
- Really.  
"Bitches" by Terry White.  
No, no, no, not the poem.  
That was when I was 10 years old.  
I would trade my life  
And all its riches  
To rid my life of all the bitches  
To watch a game  
Just eating and drinking  
To say, "Yo, get out my face"  
When she asks  
"Baby, what you thinking?"  
To hang with my boys  
And not worry a bit  
To get me a little ass  
And get on with my shit  
To have a good life, baby  
Free from affliction, pregnant  
And in the motherfucking kitchen  
You are stupid.



But they got the booty,  
Now that's the hitch  
And us without them  
Now ain't that a bitch?  
- There's issues.  
- Thank you.  
I know y'all feeling me right now.  
You will never work  
for Hallmark that way.  
Where have you been?  
I'm going crazy.  
Calm down and tell me what's up.  
She's having some kind of a fit.  
- I think it's about Daddy.  
- I'm gonna put an end to this.  
Surprise!  
I'm sorry, big brother.  
God, it was so easy to fool you.  
That's because you getting  
old, baby boy.  
Your mind is first to go.  
You know what goes after that.  
- Happy birthday, baby.  
- Thank you.  
Happy birthday, son.  
Hey, J, where's your walker, man?  
Happy birthday, man. Oh, wait...  
...something done fell out.  
Get you some of them blue slacks  
that's tight in the front.  
Hey, you okay, son?  
You been moping around all night.  
If I didn't know better, I'd think  
this was an early midlife crisis.  
Something like that.  
Hell, I'd trade places  
with you in a heartbeat.  
Shit.  
Wait till you get to be my age.  
That's when your body goes crazy.  
You lose the hair on your head  
and grow it in your nose.  
Why didn't you tell me  
you dated Denise?

She asked me not to.  
I mean, you seem to like Denise...  
...and I saw no reason  
to stand in the way.  
I believe you young guys  
call that, "player hating."  
Why don't we talk later?  
After everybody's gone.  
Okay?  
Let's talk about why you're  
sleeping with my mother.  
Louise and I have an arrangement.  
That's all.  
Damn it, son, I'm sorry. Okay?  
That's the first thing I agree with.  
You know what I realized?  
I'm just like you.  
I can't do right by a woman either.  
Okay. Okay.  
I deserved that.  
I haven't been much of a friend  
or a father lately.  
See, I hate it when you do that.  
- When I do what?  
- Rationalize your faults.  
Can't you have one moment of shame  
about your shit?  
- What's gotten into you?  
- You.  
I inherited your eyes, your nose,  
and your ugly contempt for women.  
- You don't mean that.  
- Oh, yes, I do.  
You broke up the family with your  
arrogance and selfishness.  
Somehow it's gotten into me.  
It's been a long night. I think  
you've had too much to drink...  
- I don't want to talk to your ass.  
- No, son. I'm talking to you.  
Because you've been drinking,  
I'll pretend I didn't hear that.  
- Really?  
- Really.

Stay the fuck out my life.  
Did you hear that?  
Let me tell you something.  
- I'm still your father! You do not...  
- Fred. Hey, Fred.  
Come on, dance with me, baby.  
Come on, now.  
Terry's not coming?  
Nah, he hooked up with BeBe.  
They're meeting a wedding planner.  
See, it's starting already.  
You put your boys on the back burner  
and more and more you just don't care.  
Next, you're wearing an apron  
and got a feather duster up your ass.  
Why do all your stories end with  
a feather duster up somebody's ass?  
This guy...  
Damn. Hey, look, Jack.  
Turn around slowly,  
and look who just walked in.  
Hi, guys.  
Denise.  
Hey...  
...you want to go talk?  
I don't really think that's  
gonna be a good idea.  
This is Zeno. Zeno, that's Jackson...  
...Derrick and that's Brian.  
- Denise.  
I see our people, honey.  
That's right.  
Nice to see you guys again.  
He's not her type.  
Is he white?  
She's trying to get me mad.  
I'm not stressing.  
No, I think he's Asian.  
It's the oldest trick in the book.  
She brings some cat  
to make it look like she don't care.  
I don't buy it.  
Maybe he's Latino or Indian.  
- What difference does race make?

- So Jack will know how pissed to be.  
But Jackson is not mad. All right?  
I'm gonna go talk to her.  
Whoa, scooter. Come on, now.  
That's what she wants you to do.  
- He might know karate. Right, Brian?  
- Very funny, Derrick.  
There's a lot of ladies up in here.  
- Let's get our little party on.  
- You're right.  
You know...  
...it's an epidemic here.  
Check this out.  
What?  
I know she ain't just  
dis me like that.  
- Coming up in here with Amistad.  
- "Give us free."  
- This joint is hot tonight.  
- Could we get this check?  
Okay, it's coming.  
I ain't leaving.  
She ain't running me out.  
Know what I realized?  
I'm separated from my wife,  
and yet, doing better than both of you.  
- Shut the fuck up, all right?  
- Don't be mad at me.  
Well, all right.  
The separation agreement is complete.  
What's up? You all right?  
No, I'm not all right.  
What's going on, man?  
Talk to me.  
Hey, have a drink.  
Terry, no, man, no.  
J, man, I can't do it.  
I can't do it.  
I was cool until a few days ago.  
But, man, I looked at the calendar.  
This wedding is two weeks away.  
Two weeks!  
I'm making a big mistake  
marrying BeBe.

It's just cold feet, man.  
It's not cold feet. I'm telling you.  
I'm not ready.  
- You're supposed to have it together.  
- I know.  
I did, man. I did.  
I thought it was time, you know?  
I think I was trying to make myself  
believe I could move on with my life.  
But every time I looked in the mirror,  
I realized it wasn't true.  
So how did BeBe take it?  
- You didn't tell her?  
- No, I told her, J. I told her.  
I left her a message.  
On her machine?  
- On her machine?  
- Yeah, I left a message.  
- Why don't you back off?  
- Don't scream. It's your shit.  
All right, my bad, man.  
She already heard the message.  
She called me 10 times today.  
You got anything stronger?  
I'm calling the fellas.  
No, don't call nobody, man.  
You need to be with your boys.  
Don't call Brian.  
I already know what he's gonna say.  
I knew it, I knew it, I knew it!  
Brian...  
...fuck you.  
Sorry, Terry, but I did. I know you.  
You don't want to get married.  
The way you dropped her on  
the machine, that was brilliant.  
Come on, Brian.  
Have some sympathy for the man.  
Hey, hey, Terry? I know how you feel.  
Look...  
...I haven't told you fellas this...  
...but I married Sheila  
because she was pregnant.  
Oh, we knew that. Come on, man.

All right, the point is, we fell  
in love later and shit was good.  
Yeah, I had second thoughts,  
thirds and fourths too.  
You've got to find a reason  
to go back to that girl.  
Derrick, how can you even say  
that after what Sheila did?  
All right, so I made a mistake.  
But I made it like a man.  
I stood up for what was right,  
and Terry should do the same.  
Then he'd cheat BeBe and himself.  
You think about this, D.  
Jack, what kind of friends  
are you two?  
He's gotta do the right thing.  
Terry needs to run like hell.  
You need to shut your ass up!  
- Why I gotta shut up, Derrick?  
- Shut up!  
I'm just telling the truth.  
- Brian?  
- My bad, my bad.  
I'm gonna do this for Jack, all right?  
I apologize.  
Yeah, me too. Sorry.  
Denise dated my father before me.  
Goddamn! Oh, shit!  
- Get out. For real?  
- Yeah.  
Denise boned your father?  
No, she said it was just a date,  
but she kept that shit from me.  
When I found out,  
I had to cut her loose.  
Yo, man, I don't blame you for that.  
But I thought we had  
something special, you know?  
I lost it.  
Ain't no loss.  
If she boned your father, she's a ho.  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
- What you talking about?

- He's your boy, show respect.  
Why I can't speak my mind?  
I got shit to say tonight.  
You ignorant.  
Forget it. You know what, Jack?  
I apologize, all right?  
Anybody else got some revelations?  
My wife wouldn't go down on me.  
- Shut up.  
- You might keep that to yourself.  
Either we weren't strong or she didn't  
care. Either way, I got dry dick.  
I'm scared to zip my pants.  
I'll go off like a firecracker.  
Yo, that's irreconcilable  
differences for your ass.  
They gotta put that in wedding vows.  
Love, honour, obey, and slob the knob.  
For sure.  
Fellas, I been doing some thinking.  
We talk a whole lot of shit.  
Complaining about the honeys,  
what they want, what they don't want.  
Maybe the ladies ain't the problem.  
Maybe we are.  
- What type of shit are you talking?  
- Just feel me on this.  
Maybe we need to check our own shit.  
Come your shabbado-for-  
electric-boogaloo ass, home.  
You go home and spank your monkey.  
That's some lonely shit.  
That's why you got desert dick.  
So how's BeBe doing, man?  
Shit, terrible.  
She came by this morning,  
crying, screaming, and carrying on.  
I had to run out the back door.  
She was acting all crazy.  
I can't blame her, Mr. Telephone Man.  
- You probably called her ass collect.  
- You ain't funny, man.  
She followed me to work.  
Had me hiding in the janitor's closet.

You have to stop doing that.  
You owe that woman the respect  
of telling her face to face.  
I know, but you're not hearing me.  
BeBe was on some different shit, J.  
We'll talk, but she needs to chill.  
- I just need more time.  
- More time, all right.  
We're gonna get carjacked.  
Where you taking me?  
- We got to get Brian's issued ass.  
- For what?  
Man, his car is all jacked up.  
I told his punk ass  
to move up out this neighbourhood.  
No, some woman is stalking him.  
- Shut the fuck up.  
- No, I'm serious.  
And he's messed over so many women,  
he don't even know which one it is.  
Ugly! Ugly! Ugly!  
These don't go in my magazine.  
I don't know where you got these from.  
I hire a good photographer...  
Could you excuse me for a minute?  
Thank you.  
I just thought I'd come by and say hi.  
No reason we can't be civil.  
For what it's worth, I'm sorry  
about all those nasty things I said.  
We gotta be around each other  
for the baby...  
...so I was hoping we could be  
adults about it.  
All right.  
I went out last weekend  
with my girlfriends.  
Kind of a  
freedom-celebration-type thing.  
Freedom?  
I shouldn't hear this.  
- And this guy asked me to dance.  
- What guy?  
Just some guy that asked me to dance.



And I just started crying.  
It freaked him out.  
Then my girlfriends told me  
it was natural to feel that way.  
They started talking about their ex's.  
And these women have been disrespected  
in ways you couldn't imagine.  
And I'm sitting there,  
thinking to myself...  
...my husband just wanted to make love  
to me and care for his mother.  
And I just felt so stupid.  
What are you saying?  
I'm saying, I was wrong, Derrick.  
I love you so much.  
You mean the world to me, and I didn't  
realize how much that was worth.  
I tried to hurt you by bringing Mama  
without talking it over.  
- Yes, you did.  
- Hey, I apologize.  
Okay.  
If it's okay with you,  
can I be your husband again?  
Oh, baby, I forgot how cute you are...  
...when you get mushy.  
Okay, wait, go lock the door.  
Lock the door.  
Don't threaten me with a good time.  
Oh, Sheila.  
Hell, no.  
Jack.  
- Goddamn!  
- Hey, what's up, fellas?  
- Like your paint job.  
- That is sweet.  
- You're in your drawers. Get dressed.  
- Let me get out this suit.  
You know, you gotta get a maid.  
She didn't work out.  
- You had sex with her, didn't you?  
- She was fine.  
Get down! Get down!  
- I told you to move!

- Why you yelling at me?  
I ain't out there shooting!  
You need to stop arguing  
and call the cops.  
Terry! I want to talk to you, honey!  
That's your bitch!  
That is BeBe, man.  
- She's trying to kill us.  
- Go and talk to her.  
What will I say,  
how many bullets to put in my ass?  
I ain't going out like a punk.  
I'll tell her how I feel.  
It's better here.  
I told you she won first place  
in a marksman contest.  
You gotta piss off  
the bitch from The Matrix.  
Terry, come on, baby, I...  
...love...  
...you.  
- What's going on?  
- We're gonna be here all day.  
Somebody will call the police.  
In this neighbourhood?  
A gunshot's like a doorbell.  
- Okay, wait. I'll go talk to her.  
- What?  
If she wanted to shoot us, she would  
have by now. I'll talk her down.  
- Are you sure?  
- Yeah, I'm sure.  
J, wait a minute. Wait a minute.  
I got us in this mess.  
I'll get us out.  
No, no, Terry.  
She is mad at you. I'll do it.  
Cool.  
What?  
Be careful, J.  
Terry, baby!  
- What's she doing here?  
- She's been following me around.  
BeBe?

BeBe?

It's me, Jackson.

I don't want you, Jackson.

I want Terry!

All right, BeBe, listen to me  
for a minute, okay?

Terry, get out here before  
I shoot his dick off!

Hey, wait. You don't want to do  
something you're gonna regret.

Now listen, BeBe, I know how you feel.  
Men don't know shit!

No, I do know. See, right now,  
you're feeling like you're nothing.

Oh, okay.

You look out to the world and all you  
can see is the person that you want...

...the love that you thought  
was yours.

I know, because I've made women  
feel that way, BeBe.

For the first time,  
it's come back on me.

I made Denise leave me.

I let my problems blind me for what  
I've been looking for my entire life.

I feel like somebody dropped  
a mountain on my heart.

What're you talking about, Jack?

I'm talking about love, BeBe.

Now, if you really love

Terry, and I know you do...

...then losing you will hurt him more  
than anything.

But he's got to find that out  
for himself.

Okay?

It's okay. It's okay.

All right? Just give me the gun.

It's gonna be okay.

It's gonna be okay, all right?

BeBe, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

Who's gonna fix this shit?

Man, I thought I'd never see this day.

Me neither. But I'm loving it.

Yeah, me too.

Well, I'm gonna go meet some men.

No use wasting the dress.

No, wait, wait. Hey...

Hey, son.

I just wanted to say thank you  
before it got all crazy around here.

Thank me for what?

Let's just say you...

...woke me up.

Helped me to turn my eyes back  
to what's important in life.

You know, they say a father  
should be wiser than his son.

I'm glad this time  
it turned out not to be true.

Look at this. Look at this.

I love when my men are affectionate.

- I love you, Ma.

- I love you too.

- Hey, man, your brother's getting big.

- Yeah, yeah.

I finally talked my mom into letting  
him stay with me too.

J, you're the man of the hour.

Moms and Pops are doing their thing.

- You gotta be feeling good.

- Yeah, man.

Congratulations.

I'm looking at your dad and your mom.

I can't believe he's doing it again.

He looks happy, don't he?

I'm just saying.

Just like me and mine.

I don't want to brag, but a young  
brother is getting all he can stand.

- Back up off me.

- That's my man.

- Let's have a toast on that.

- I gotta hold out.

I gotta make sure BeBe's  
not having flashbacks.

Give her some love.

Sheila, get away from BeBe.

I see a little something special  
right there that I want to talk to.

- I got it, man.

- Talk to you later.

All right.

Excuse me.

- May I fill your glass?

- You may.

On that note, I'm gonna get a drink.

Get me another champagne.

Honey, if had I had a gun  
the time I married Derrick...

Denise.

I need to talk to you.

I don't want to do this, Jackson.

I'm only here because  
your mom asked me to come.

Wait, wait. I have to tell  
you what's been happening to me.

It took a while to get it, but  
I found out where we both went wrong.

It's your turn to give me a chance.

I'm sorry, I can't.

You said you'd make me love you.

Remember? You were right.

No. No, Jackson, I was wrong.

You know, I was wrong about the whole  
thing, and it's too late anyway.

Look, I gotta go and there's no more  
cake left anyway.

You can have mine.

It's good?

It's maybe the best thing

I've ever eaten.

Maybe we can talk...

- Like we ain't right here.

- Hello?

Do you need a minute?

Yeah.

- Don't go too far, okay?

- Never.

Oh, there they go.

- Here we go.  
- Love sprung!  
Hello, hello. Hey, Jackson,  
what the hell was that, brother?  
Brian, you wouldn't understand.  
What you want to drink to?  
- To love. No question.  
- Hell, no. Do something else.  
Here it is. I got it.  
To us, fellas.  
- Yeah, to the brothers.  
- To the brothers!  
So if I had a dick would you suck it?  
Yes, I would suck your dick  
with a midget attached to my ass!  
You know what? I'm gonna go.  
I gotta go, shit.  
You gotta go shit.  
It's all that messing with them  
gold-digging booger bastards.  
Try for big daddy.  
Come on, now.  
Just bob and weave  
on the baldhead shaft.  
I would suck it  
till your head caved in!  
- I reject my pussy.  
- Again.  
- I reject my pussy.  
- The pussy?  
Say, "Hi, Barnabas."  
That's it. Mark it.  
Sheila, you got me hard  
as three Jaguar payments.  
Yeah, early for a fuck,  
late for everything else!  
It's good for your complexion.  
Your mama's skin isn't good  
because she got Indian in her.  
- I'll show you my technique.  
- Okay, do it.  
Give me that bottle.  
I can't!  
That ain't firewood.

Stop when you smell smoke.  
Misery is a motherfucker.  
Your mama sucks so much dick, she  
has kneepads sewn in her dresses.  
You could do it. Come on.  
Don't be scared  
of the one-eyed serpent.  
I'd suck your dick wearing  
a seventh-grade jockstrap...  
...doing the hambone to the theme  
from Green Acres.  
You wouldn't have to use Noxzema  
if you do it right!  
What?  
You getting some muscles.  
Drawing a picture of the queen  
and a sparkler in my ass!  
I'll be right back.  
I'd be your daddy,  
but the line was too long.  
- Dead ho, question mark ho.  
- Have a good time.  
No, not French. English!  
You didn't understand none of that?  
I ought to kick that bitch's ass!  
Eating a half a bag of Pop Rocks  
and watching Dusty's Treehouse.  
Hey, don't be scared.  
That ain't no eclipse.  
It's just me.  
Oh, sucky, sucky now.  
Anybody else got some...  
Anybody got some revelations?  
I'm scared to zip my pants.  
I'll fuck around...  
Oh, thanks for coming.  
Oh, that was lovely.