Two Can Play That Game

By Mark Brown
He didn't think you'd fall for that line.
Girl, I don't believe him.
Oh, he's a dog. Mm-hm.
Tail-having, anything-that-moves-humping-ass dog.
You need to kick him to the curb.
Oh, no, no. Don't cry, Karen.
Karen. Don't move, sweetie.
I'll be right there.
Men are so full of it.
Give a brother a break,
treat him with trust,
and he'll screw you around.
Sorry I'm pissed off now,
but my best friend is having man trouble.
Miss Smith, Tracye Johnson's on line 2.
I'm in a meeting,
but I'll be there in an hour.
Tracye. Another one of my girlfriends. Man trouble too.
Seems like every woman I know has man trouble.
Have you noticed around spring men start to act up a bit?
Mm-hm. They do.
They don't act up in the winter.
They want that indoor activity. Mm-hm.
But as soon as the season breaks, they show their asses.
It's true. It happens every year around spring, the breakup season.
The time when women wear miniskirts and skimpy clothes,
letting their stuff hang out, causing men to lose their mind.
Spring is when I have to counsel all my girlfriends on how to keep their no-good, unable-to-say-no men in line.
Amazing what a little warm weather can do.
Jason, sweetie,
clear my schedule for today.
Oh, hello, yellow.
That's stunning, girl.
Any emergencies, call my cell.
I always will.
Nice.
Men are so predictable.
Hey, girl.
Jason knows where to find me.
Morning, Miss Smith.
What is it about men
and big booties?
Thanks, Jose.
Like my house? Not bad
for a girl from Compton, huh?
By the way, I'm Shant Smith,
senior ad executive
at Parker and Long.
And if you haven't noticed,
I'm a sister.
An educated, strong sister
who knows where she's from
and where she's going.
Why can't men act right? Hm?
Don't they know that
women would gladly give them
the respect they needed?
But because they show their
asses, we gots to check them.
Take my girlfriend Karen
for instance.
She's been staying with me
for a few days.
Hopeless case.
There's nothing to it if we don't.
Forget about invitations.
Let's get married tonight!
See what I mean?
Are you still in your p.j.'s?

**Baby, it's 11:**
I know.
You feeling better?
A little.
Good. How about this? Bam!
Oh! Chrysanthemums.
Your favorite.
You know you're my girl.
I got your back.
What's the matter?
Michael used to give me
chrysanthemums.
I miss him.
Oh, no. Now, come here.
Come here.
This really saddens me.
Karen's a top executive
at a big engineering firm.
Michael! Oh, Lord Jesus.
The youngest executive
in the company.
Black, white, male, female,
she's the youngest.
Strong, sharp, very impressive.
One day after lunch,
she meets this
scary-curl, Uncle Tom-looking,
bucktooth brother.
So can you fix my car?
Shit, I can fix anything.
She cut his hair,
even straightened out his teeth.
You need anything else fixed up?
She's a down sister.
She'll work with a brother.
Mike.
Big Mike.
Big Mike?
What's your name?
Karen.
Yes.
Damn, you beautiful.
You make a brother wanna
sing to you.
Ooh, ooh, ooh, Karen
I want you
Brother was looking good.
He treated her like a queen.
She gave him everything.
Begging her to...
Marry me.
Really?
Really. Marry me.
Everything was fine.
Peachy-keen.
Then one day, he saw a mirror.
Trouble.
He started thinking, "Hey..."
Looking kind of good.
Come on.
Next thing you know
he's acting up.
Acting like he's running things.
He moved in,
the flowers stopped coming.
He started to show his ass.
Though he's not cheating,
it's been two years,
and he hasn't mentioned marriage.
Suddenly, he's afraid
of commitment,
giving her that old line.
I've been hurt,
so I'm careful with my heart.
Please.
He was broke, with a Jheri-curl
and crooked teeth.
Look. Can I get another beer?
Yeah.
She's got choices.
You know what I told her to do.
Right.
Kick him to the curb.
It is time to move on, Karen.
Time to find a new man,
learn how to cook.
I can cook.
You can microwave.
Shant.
It's time to learn
a bit about sports too.
The way to a man's heart is through
stomach and sports. Not your wallet. 
All I tried to do 
was fix him up a little. 
I know. 
Now, no more Michael. Eat. 
A man is like a stray dog. 
You feed a stray dog one day 
and if he comes back, 
you got him hooked. 
Plus, a man's loving 
is better on a full stomach. 
When's the last time you showered? 
Ooh. 
Tracye's situation is different. 
Her man? Definitely cheating on her. 
A sure sign of that is the constant 
roaming eyes. 

Then he says: 
Come on. I'm just looking. 
Nothing wrong with just looking. 
Then comes that line: 
I'm a man, ain't I? 
No, you're a dog. 
You know what I told her to do? 
Check him. 
Finally, there's Diedre. 
Ghetto fabulous. 
Her man, double negative. 
He has no job and no money, 
talking about... 
Baby, lend me a C-note. 
Hell no! 
Come on, baby. 
You know I love you, girl. 
No! I'm sick about that shit now. No! 
Somebody please tell her 
what she should do. 
That's right. 
Kick his broke ass to the curb. 
Miss Smith. How are you? 
Fine, Cynthia. 
Is Keith in his meeting? 
I'll let him know that you're here.
Thanks.
Mr. Fenton, Miss Smith is here
to see you. I will send her in.
He's just finishing.
You can go in.
Thanks, Cynthia.
Is everybody clear
what our agenda is?
Absolutely.
Let's reconvene about 4:00?
This is a big deal, let's not
leave anything to chance.
Me? I don't have a problem with my man.
He behaves very well.
Hey, baby.
Damn!
Don't be alarmed.
Keith's my man. Oh!
This ain't none of your business.
I'll be back.
Nothing like love
in the afternoon.
You may be surprised I just did
a little freaky drive-by.
But let me explain something.
Keith is my man
and has been for a while.
It was a typical night out for us.
We were looking good and acting bad.
There were lots of
good-looking men.
Then he looked at me.
And for a second,
everyone in the place disappeared.
He was fine.
But there was something else.
That something that makes
your head light.
Excuse me.
Yes.
I'm gonna ask you
some questions.
Ooh. Questions?
Yeah, questions. All right.
If I'm right, all answers to these questions will be yes.
You think so?
I think so.
Well, let's see.
Do you like chocolate?
Yes.
Yes.
Do you think I find you attractive?
Yeah.
If I were to kiss you right now, would you slap me?
Yes.
Don't you find me attractive?
Yes.
You look all right.
I'm all right?
Would you like to dance?
Yes.
Excuse me.
So you see? Keith is special.
You don't do that for everybody.
Just your man.
If you forget everything,

**remember this:**
Men want a woman in public and a freak in private.
If you disagree with that, then you don't know.
You better ask somebody.
Dog.
Keith!
What? What?
What are you doing in here?
Open up the window, stuff flew all over my desk.
You opened the window?
Hey. You hit it, didn't you?
Oh, you's a dog!
I ain't say I hit it.
I don't think I said that.
You got the look in your eyes.
Yeah, but I will say this.
Mm-hm.
There's nothing you can ever say to
make me leave that woman of mine.
She do got a fat ass.
Did you smack it?
Conny Spalding.
Vice president of marketing
and a bona fide ho. Hey, Conny!
Hey, how you been?
Fine. Where you headed?
To see your man. Is he there?
He's there.
Let me go holler at that Negro.
Okay. Bye, sweetie.
Bitch.
Every girl's got a bit of ho in them,
but Conny's different.
She's a do-whatever-it-takes-
to-get-your-man
kind of ho.
I don't know how she got that job.
But after she got hired, her boss
got a divorce. You make the call.
I'm here to see Keith.
Why am I not afraid of her
hanging around him?
I trust him.
I'll see him for dinner. He knows
what he's got. That's my man.
Oh, did I mention
how accomplished he is?
Gotta love that man.
Ooh.
Time to see Tracye. It's spring.
She'll be fighting with her man.
Who are you messing with?
I won't get mad or yell.
Just tell me who you're messing with.
Because I know you
messing with somebody.
So who's the bitch
that you messing with?
What are you talking about?
I only mess with you.
You's a liar.
I ain't lying.
You's a liar.
Because you smelled some perfume
on me the other day?
I hugged my mother.
Her perfume must've got on me.
I know you're lying, Dwain.
I know because I found these
drawers underneath the couch!
So who do they belong to?
They damn sure ain't mine.
That's right.
Sit down and think up a good lie.
I wanna see how you'll
get out of this one.
If you're not sure your man
is cheating, this is what you do.
Plant underwear at his house.
Too big or too small,
so it's clear they're not yours.
Pull them out in front of him
and see what he has to say.
Tracye, that's your problem.
You're too jealous.
Who do the underwear belong to?!
I'll tell you.
Go ahead and tell me!
Relax, okay?
The underwear belong to
my sister.
Your sister.
Her machine broke.
She came to wash her clothes
and left them over here.
Matter of fact, she called me
about them. Let me see.
With the glitter. That's them.
That's them? You sure?
Yeah.
What?
Liar! I'm sick of your lying ass!
You ain't nothing but a liar!
Damn, they're loud.
Good Lord.
Why must black people cause ruckus
in a white man's building?
I hate that I had to say that.
But admit it, minorities do seem
to get louder than white folks.
- Stupid-ass motherfucker!
- Stop yelling! Shit!
People are outside.
I'm so sick of your lying ass!
How you gonna talk about
your sister...
Trace?
Where you been today?
- Tracye?
What's up, Dwain?
Stop. I ain't playing with you.
I ain't playing either!
Bitch. Excuse us.
Get ahold of that. Relax.
Let me ask you.
Why do men let women come over
their house and break shit?
That don't make sense.
When you do your dirt,
go over her house
so when she gets mad,
she can bust up all of her shit.
That's it. I'm through with you.
It's over. I'm going home.
Let's go.
I'm sick of you anyway.
I'm sick of you!
Just get out.
Don't you tell me what to do.
Where you going? Get back in here.
Son of a bitch!
Tracye?
My mother bought me that vase.
I'll catch you later. Okay?
I'm coming.
I just got some shit I got to handle.
Now we can go.
No, you gonna pay for that.
I ain't paying for shit.
I bet you'll pay for that.
I won't.
Lord have mercy.
- You're gonna pay.
I ain't paying.
I'll take the jacket.
Give it back.
You gonna take it? Stop.
Before a man cheats on you,
there are signs.
I was working late.
What's wrong with a brother
buying some new underwear?
I mean, yeah,
I wear Fruit of the Looms,
but I wanna try Calvin Kleins.
I was working late.
My ring?
It's right here.
It was itching my finger.
I was working late.
I know I ain't worked out in years.
But I'm trying to get back
into shape for you.
The number 1 excuse

of a cheater is:
I was working late.
That's right.
"I was working late."
- There you go.
- Ready to go, Shant?
I can't. I gotta do dinner
with Keith.
Oh, Keith.
Oh, Keith.
Don't hate.
I'm not.
Let's go. A sister trying
to get something to eat.
You can't have a drink?
No, I'm hungry.
My man and my food.
Either one, I have to cut you.
That's ghetto.
Yes, honey.
Ghetto fabulous and proud.
Ooh.
I heard about you redecorating
Dwain's apartment.
Yes, with a baseball bat.
Jacked all his shit up.
That's what he get for lying.
At least he got a job.
He better than my sorry-ass man.
Know what I don't understand?
How a man can have a mouthful
of gold teeth and be broke.
I don't get that shit.
Grill just loaded. A grand.
Michael has great teeth.
He should for what they cost you.
Don't start.
They did set you back a bit.
I don't know what you saw in him.
Get out of here!
That's what she saw.
That'll do it every time.
And was sprung. Okay? Sprung.
The brother knows how
to handle his business.
That's important.
I can testify to that.
I'll tell you, Tyrone may be broke,
and have a mouthful of gold,
but he's a pipe-laying fool.
My baby can lay the pipe.
Oh! Oh!
Shant, what about Keith
with his fine self?
He's a professional man too.
Yummy.
A lawyer.
Treats her like a queen.
Baby got big feet.
I'm sorry for noticing his feet.
He can hang a suit too.
Go ahead, Diedre.
There she go.
Get the phone. That's my baby.
Hello?
Shake that ass.
Shant?
That was Keith.
He said he can't do dinner.
He's working late. Work it out.
He's working late?
I don't know why
we had to come here.
Shant likes to clear
her head here.
How do you know everything
she says is true?
Because nobody knows more
about men than Shant.
She's right.
Sorry, ladies.
Tell Miss Thing who has
the 411 on the fellas?
I don't wanna toot my own horn,
but beep.
She didn't say yes.
She didn't say no.
Will you two quit it?
When I have a problem,
I call Shant. She keeps it real.
Ladies, can I get some
on keeping it real?
Keeping it real!
Shant.
Isn't that Keith on the dance floor?
I thought you said
he's working late.
Damn, girl.
What you gonna do?
Go over and say hey.
I'll be right back.
Hey?
Lying, no-good son of a bitch!
I can't believe he lied to me.
What kind of bull is that?
No, she'll handle business.
Get it together, Shant.
Get it together. Get it together.
Okay, this is where the rules begin.
If you find yourself
in a situation like this:
Never panic.
Stay cool.
Act like it doesn't bother
you one bit
and address the issue head-on.
Hey, Keith. I thought that was you.
What's up?
Shant, look, this is...
I'm Shant. I'm sorry.
Is that DKNY?
Yes, it sure is.
Girl, cute outfit.
Nice to see you, Keith.
Talk to you soon.
She was nice. Who's she?
Don't cause a scene. Don't go off.
Less is always best. Right now
he doesn't know what to think.
Let's get our stuff
and go.
We haven't eaten yet.
The food's not good.
What did you say? He's leaving.
I said hey.
Why do men do that shit?
I'll slap him and that little ho
he was with.
She's not a ho.
She's a hooker.
She works with him.
They had a drink.
You allow him to go out?
You have to have trust.
Exactly.
I have reached a new level
of respect for you.
See what I mean?
My girl got skills.
I see.
So I lied. Like you ain't never lied to your friends before.
Never let your girlfriends know the whole situation.
They'll give you bad advice and ruin your confidence.
And confidence is key.
Ready to order?
I'll have spaghetti Parmesan with olives, basil and sun-dried tomatoes.
When you're in a spot, your friends are watching. Show no emotion.
If you panic, your girlfriends will panic.
Anything to drink?
A martini. Shaken not stirred.
Smith. Shant Smith.
Nothing happened. I was hungry.
She asked me join her.
That's it.
Nonsense, Keith.
That's the truth.
You took this woman to a club and didn't want a hit?
Correction, she invited me.
I didn't wanna hit.
Semantics, dog.
That is Shant's favorite spot.
How would I take a girl I wanna hit to her spot?
Hold on one second, dog.
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I intend to prove that Keith Fenton has perjured himself in the court of law.
Brother, sit down.
May I approach the witness, Your Honor?
May I treat the witness as a hostile witness?
Thank you.
Keith, I'm a tad bit confused.
Maybe you can help me understand.
You took this 26-year-old supple-breasted, tight-assed, skin so smooth it look like buttermilk to a secluded restaurant and danced with that. Then when you got caught, you acted guilty! Why? You wanted to hit it. No.
You wanted to hit it.
I did not wanna hit it.
You wanted to bend it up in her, to tap that ass!
Down in your loins!
All right.
You lusted for her!
Okay!
Maybe a bit I lusted for her.
She fine.
Good, now we getting somewhere.
See, Keith, you're guilty, dog.
Guilty of lust.
All right?
Okay.
You wanted to hit it.
Whatever you say.
What do we do right now?
We wait.
This boy's just ignorant.
Who's taking me home?
I got you.
You don't give no gas money.
Shut up!
It's true.
See you guys later.
All right. Y'all be careful.
Okay. The girls are gone.
Now it's time to implement the 10-day program.
Now pay attention, it's gonna go fast.
Check your answering machine.
If he hasn't called yet,
he just hasn't figured out
an approach.
Do not call him.
Whoever calls first loses ground.
She hasn't called.
How come she ain't calling?
She's playing it cool.
How can she play it cool
at a time like this?
Look here, dog.
She calls, she gives you
the upper hand. She don't want that.
Go on. Make the call.
No, then I'll lose ground.
You won't. Technically
you're the one that messed up.
The person who messes up
calls first.
That's the rules. You can call today
or be a player and call tomorrow.
That way she's had time
to calm down.
Right. And then when I do call,
she'll know
I know I was wrong.
And that I cared enough
to be that vulnerable.
You're right,
women love that shit.
Vulnerability's
the big dick of emotions.
They like the big dick.
They do.
Hm.
He didn't call tonight.
I didn't think it would
happen this way.
Or that my life'd be the example
for today's lesson.
Anyways,
y'all ready?
Here it goes. Day one.
He'll call, unless he's a fool.
If he is, you don't want him.
If he's a good man,
you'll get a call.
Miss Smith's office.
Oh, hi, Mr. Fenton. Can you hold on?
I'll see if she is available.
Guess what. Miss Smith,
I have Keith on line one.
Never take the first call.
Everything must be done
on your time. Make him wait.
Tell him I just got out of a meeting
and to call back in 10 minutes.
She told me to call back.
Ah, don't even worry about that.
She stalling for time. She disheveled.
She don't know what to do.
Mm-hm. Okay, 10 minutes.
Play the game with her, you know?
Does the back of my neck
look like this?
It's now nine minutes.
If he's late, be in another meeting.
Miss Smith, Keith on line one.
Hello?
Fine.
Discuss nothing over the phone.
Be brief. Your job is to just listen.
Now, remember, dog.
Don't rush in. Take your time.
I got this, bro.
So how's your day been so far?
Fine.
If he takes time
to feel you out, rush him.
So how's that new...
I got a client coming.
Why don't we meet tonight
at the bistro?
Okay, but...
The client's coming in.

Tonight, 7:
No, wait, hold on. I just...
She rushed me off the phone.
Mm-hm.
She rushed me off the phone.
You know what?
I think she did that deliberately.
Did she set a date?
How'd you know?
That's the mack move.
That's definitely the mack move.
Mack move.
That lets me know one thing.
What?
She ain't no amateur.
Yeah, well, neither am I.
Thank you.
Sure.
Arrive 15 minutes late.
Keep him waiting.
Waiting builds anxiety,
and that's a good thing.
Your objective is to listen.
Be polite and charming.
This confuses them.
Hey, Keith.
Hey.
Hey, hey, hey. Calm down, man.
Look, let me ask you something first.
Was she talking a lot?
If she was, she's covering.
No, she didn't.
She was talking, right?
Yeah. She seemed normal.
If that's talking, yes.
She seemed normal?
Yeah, she did.
She got an angle.
- Admit you're wrong.
Let's see what she's got.
You sure?
Have I steered you wrong?
Yeah.
One time,
but you got your hair back.
All right, Shant, I was wrong. I shouldn't have been with Julie. But we were working late, I got hungry, she asked me if I wanted to go eat, and I was... It doesn't matter what his ass says. He should've known better. But now that he's offered some form of an explanation, you step to the plate, girl. Be a woman. Do the right thing. Gut-punch that ass. After two drinks we were dancing, and that's when you came in. Keith, it's okay. You don't need to explain. I understand. Cool. All right. Good. You know what? I think we need some time apart. See what else is out there. Test the waters. "Test the waters"? What the hell? Keith, calm down, bro. I am calm! You getting swollen up in the chest. Sit down, relax. Test the waters? I don't want you to feel restricted. Restricted? And lately, I've been feeling a little trapped myself, so maybe it's the best thing. Is that cool with you? Yeah, I was gonna suggest the same thing. Cool. Good. Waiter, check, please. Would you like me to take care of this? No, I'll pick this one up. Are you sure? I'm sure. Thanks for dinner.
Yeah.
Break up with him
before he breaks up with you.
Whoever breaks up with
the person first wins.
She broke up with me.
See, that's interesting.
She sat there and let me
humiliate myself
by making me go through
how sorry I was.
Then she broke up with me.
I should've made her pay.
She offered to pay?
Why?
She's good.
Because she picked up a check?
No, it's about a
psychological advantage.
But I paid, bro.
Ah! But she offered.
She has before.
But never after breaking up.
Look, in order to grasp this,
you got to think like them,
to read between the lines.
You got to ask yourself,
"When she offered to pay
did she want to come up
out of the pocket?" Think about it.
On a date, what woman
wants to pay for the meal?
None! Zero. I'm 29 years old.
I haven't met a woman who does.
So you can safely conclude
this is not about the money.
So, what is this about?
She wants you to know she could
come out of pocket if she wanted to.
This is a demonstration
of her independence to you.
She's trying to tell you
that you can't do nothing for her.
You can't even buy
her damn dinner!
Ha-ha!
She'd starve before
you come out the pocket.
That's deep. That's some really
deep shit right there.
Now we know his crime.
He went out to dinner
with a coworker
after working late,
had dinner, did a little dancing,
got caught
and now he feels bad.
Actually, that's not too bad.
However,
if your case is worse, determine
if you want your man back.
If you don't, to hell with him.
Keep on stepping.
But if you want him back,
punish him.
Cardinal rule no. 2:
When your man messes up,
no matter how small it is,
you gots to punish him.
Punish him hard.
Day two.
What you all think?
Mmm...
Prommy.
Yeah, too prommy.
No, too prommy.
Hated it.
Yeah.
All right, okay. What we thinking?
Better.
You need something
with a little green.
Like a money-green.
And spandex.
Karen.
She know I'm playing with her.
Stop it.
All right. What about this one?
Better.
What? Now, see, this is a size 12.
Why did you bring me
in this skinny-ass store?
What you gonna do?
Bow! You see that there?
I'll sew them together,
and pack all this up in there.
This the front, this the back.
Work it.
I'm big, beautiful and loving it.
Day two and three for you
are a breeze. For him, it's hell.
Keith! Are you watching the game?
I'm hearing, and what God says is,
"When I show you the truth..."
If I stay out late Saturday, I attend church
via TV Sunday morning.
I keep up with my religion.
What up? This is Shant.
At the beep, do your thing.
This is Keith.
I called you yesterday.
You didn't return my call.
If you're there, pick up.
If you're there, pick up.
Cool. Call me when you get in.
In love and war,
maintain military silence.
Don't speak or consort with
the enemy. Silence is golden.
You can do more with silence
than speaking.
What up? This is Shant.
At the beep, do your thing.
I'm picking up some tickets
to the Lauryn Hill concert.
So just let me know
if you wanna go.
See? He think he's slick.
You know I love Lauryn Hill.
That's okay.
I'm going to church anyway.
Like Mama said, better to get
there late than not at all.
Lauryn Hill. No, you didn't.
No, I can't call. I'm not gonna call.
Called twice already.
Can't be desperate.
Okay. Oh, no.
Okay, all right. No.
Aww. It's you, man.
Who else are you expecting, dog?
Come on, you're not even ready.
I forgot I had these briefs
to prepare, so I can't make it today.
You're not thinking about Shant?
Come on, man. No, man.
Keith.
I'm not thinking about that girl.
All right. I see you later, man.
Tell them I'm sorry
I couldn't make it.
I'm about to be Tiger Woods.
He's still playing it cool.
He's upset,
but he has things under control.
His ego won't let him go far.
So, what do you do?
You break him. Push his buttons.
To do this, you need a PR agent
and a flunky.
Okay, who's the PR agent,
and who's the flunky?
Hey, sister, how you...?
Hey, Trent.
Shant.
How you doing?
Good.
Oh, my brother. My brother.
Good to see you.
What's all this?
Your PR agent should be
watching you.
He must be a friend of your man's.
Don't do anything sleazy.
Just be a little too friendly.
You do this by holding your
flunky too long
and hugging him too tight.
Damn! That sure was
one hell of a hug.
I'm just happy to see
a Christian brother.
It's good to see you.
I can't wait to holler out.
Have a blessed week.
I sure will.
My brother.
Bless on, baby.
Bless.
Contrary to popular belief,
men are big gossipers too.
They love to talk about something
they done seen or know.
You won't believe what
we saw at church.
What y'all see?
Trent and Shant was
all hugged up.
Keith's Shant?
Hell, yeah.
What are you talking about?
I know what I saw.
They was basically grinding up
in the lobby. Tight.
That was just a Christian hug.
Sometime she just feels the spirit,
and she wanna spread the word.
I know what a Christian hug is.
When girls give you a little hug
with their asses out
so you got that space in case
you get a little excited.
You don't want them to feel
your man-man in church.
But there was no gap.
They was hugged up tight.
Why she hugged up on him
like that anyway
knowing he's the major player?
Trent's a player? He go to church.
All the players go to church.
Why? Because all the freaks
go to church.
I ain't lying. Patrick, am I lying?
Am I lying?
Go to a club Saturday night.
Go to church Sunday morning.
I guarantee you the same ho's
you see on the dance floor,
you see Sunday morning
singing in the choir.
That's real.
You got the deaconess,
you got the usher board.
Please!
Why wouldn't a player
hang out in church?
Club on Saturday,
how much is it to get in?
Fifteen dollars.
Fifteen dollars.
You go to church Sunday,
how much?
Nigga, that shit is free!
Trust me, bro. A whole gang
of players be going to church.
You might be right.
I'm right.
Tell you right now,
Trent fixing to wax that ass.
When you're gossiped about,
there's always backlash involved.
But trust me,
the tradeoff is worth it.
Shant, pick up. It's Keith.
Give me a call, okay?
You're still not in,
so just give me a call.
It's me again.
I've called you eight times.
I don't know where you are.
Where you at? Where you be?
What's up? It's me again. It's 6:00.
Yeah, yeah, 6:
Just waiting for your call.
I know you're not still in church,
so give me a call.
Yeah, yeah, it's 6:00.
This is the last time
I'm calling your ass. Peace.
What does she think
this is? Please.
Okay, I decided to call you back.
Don't know where you are.
Just call me, all right?

Shant, it's 11:
All right. Bye-bye.
It's called tough love.
Day four.
The buying power
of African-Americans
is up 12 percent in groceries.
It's tapering off in alcohol largely
due to special interest groups.
I think we can improve
if we limit our marketing
and focus on
after-school projects,
thereby helping the community.
People will see us still targeting
African-Americans
and providing
a community service.
So we're redirecting our energies.
Exactly, Bill.
We're turning it into
a positive relationship.
That's very good.
Thanks.
Well done.
Look at these people.
Notice anything different?
Moi. I'm 28 years old,
a sister and still made partner.
Keith should be calling
any second now.
Hello?
Keith is on line two.
Good. Tell him I'm busy.
You've been waiting for his call.
Tell him I'm busy.
Women.
I'm a stinker, ain't I?
I'm sorry. Mr. Fenton,
she's still busy.
Come on, Keith!
I know you're in there, man.
Keith!
I know you can see me,
because I can see you!
Come on, man.
Don't give me that look.
Look into the light, Keith!
Look into the light!
I'm coming around!
I must admit I feel sorry for Keith.
I hate to see people suffer.
But you know what?
You can't show weakness.
Men only understand strength.
If they don't feel pain, there'll be
no gain. No pain, no gain.
What the hell is wrong with you?
You ain't come to work today.
Don't look like
you washed your ass.
Keith, what's wrong?
No, man. I'm...
I think I'm sick.
You ain't sick, man.
No, man. I mean, I'm sick, bro.
You wanna feel my head?
I think I got the flu.
You ain't got
no damn flu.
No, I got... I'm telling you.
I feel woozy.
Woozy?
No, dog. You whipped.
She got you laid out
like a $2 crack ho.
You look like you waiting on a hit.
It's sad, bro.
This sad.
Look at you.
I'll go call your mama.
They'll take your player card
for this. I'll see to it.
You have 11 messages.
That's what I'm talking about.
By this time, he gets advice
from his boys, which can get sticky.
So whatever you do,
don't talk to him.
Phone, two-way, pager.
Nothing, nada.
But be careful, he might pull
a fast one on you and just come over.
And then you're in trouble.
Keith.
What's going on?
Doing all right? Okay.
I heard you were sick.
You know better.
How you feeling?
I'm feeling real good right now.
Did you do what I said?
Relax.
Did you do what I said?
Have a seat. I'll break it down.
I won't until you tell me
if you did what I told you.
I did exactly what you said.
Exactly what you told me.
Damn.
I got over there about 10:00,
all dressed up,
looking good and suave
and debonair.
Like Denzel?
Better than Denzel.
Shit, let me sit down then.
Come in.
So she invited me in.
Walked in there all calm,
cool and collected.
Uh-oh.
Started to dim the lights all over.
Got some soft music playing.
She knew I was there
to make a move.
Sat down on the couch,
looking all good
like chocolate Hagen-Dazs
ice cream.
With the nuts.
With the nuts.
Looking all luscious and lickety.
I was there to seduce.
Gave her that Denzel eye thing,
then a little L.L. Lip action.
It was about to be on.
- So did you hit?
Relax, relax.
No, did you hit?
Relax, all right?
Come on. You hit it, right?
- Started moving in for the kill.
- And then?
She too smart for that.
Told you that.
But plan B.
So you had plan B?
Started an argument.
Didn't matter about what.
I got her yelling at me.
I drew her into me emotionally.
After it was over, I just...
I felt so good, like jogging.
- See, that's it.
The transference of frustration
from one party to the next.
You right about that.
Of course.
You take physics?
Oh, yeah.
What's the law of thermodynamic
energy by Newton?
Energy is neither lost nor destroyed.
I remember.
It is transferred from one party
to the next.
Right.
We all experience it.
Feeling good?
Feeling real good now.
Somebody full of negative energy
leaves you feeling
completely drained.
Sucks it out of you.
Transference of energy.
That's what you did.
You transferred your negative energy
and emotions onto her.
You flipped the script.
Was I flipping it?
You flipped it.
Women, they emotional creatures.
Preach.
Once you tap into their emotions,
you're halfway there.
Testify!
It doesn't matter what type of emotion.
I'll beat a drum.
Once those emotional floodgates
are open,
you're home free.
Home free!
They get confused.
Confused.
Bewildered.
Bewildered!
Lethargic.
Lethargic!
Whoo!
Amen, amen!
Amen, baby!
Yeah, amen!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Whoo!
Will somebody please
cut that damn music?
Day five is a bad day.
That's all I gotta say.
Day six is a bad day,
but not as bad as five.
So he turned the tables on you
with the transfer-of-emotion shit.
I ain't gonna lie.
That shit does work.
So now you got to turn
the tables back on him.
But until you do that,
what must you do? Hm?
Occupy your damn time.
Stay busy.
Y'all know what I mean.
So in times like these,
this is what I do, ladies.
I break out the old black book.
While you're thinking about him,
he's having a good time
not thinking about you.
Tyrone.
Call Tyrone.
Come down low.
Put it in my face.
I want it to be funky.
Ow! Ooh!
How you doing?
You were right, man.
I feel like my old self again.
Told you.
You didn't know a big man
could move like this.
How do you like that?
Whoa, whoa!
What's going on?
Spin it around on me, baby.
Spin it. Whoo! You my own
little spinning top.
Hey, whoa. What's going on?
I'm enjoying myself.
I see you.
You see me?
What's going on down there?
Turn around.
I'm glad you made it
to my promotion.
It's nice to mix
business with pleasure.
Hey! That's the nipple.
I know.
Business with pleasure.
Always like the pleasure of business.
I hear it.
At events like this,
it's nice to have your lawyer
Whoa, hey!
Close to you.
I'm a little tired. I'm gonna go rest.
Tony, can I see you?
In a minute, baby.
Bring your ass over here.
I'll be right back.
What's up, dog?
She's trying to rape me.
You say that
like that's a bad thing.
Look at that. Look at her.
She is fine.
- I know she's fine, man.
But putting her titties on my back,
grabbing my stuff?
Do you know how much I'd pay
to have her grab my stuff?
Plus, dog, if she was ugly,
I would've told you to step off.
But look at that.
Dog, she bad!
Look at them titties.
Nice, big old breastices.
They're just wanting you
to suck on them.
They're staring.
That small waist leading down
to that plump ass.
She shaking that ass for you,
saying, "Keith, come eat me."
Put it on your chin.
Plus, she got a good job,
and on top of that, she a freak.
You can hit that
from the back. Oh, shit.
Look at her.
What more do you want, man?
I don't know, man.
I don't know.
If you want to completely
get over Shant,
you have to date other people.
Why not start with that?
I'm gonna go smack ass.
I suggest you let her
smack your ass.
Shant, I really thought you forgot
about me. I'm glad you called.
Day six is a real drag.
You're on a date and start to think,
"What the hell am I doing here?"
Stick through it.
Go on many dates.
It's all part of the 10-day process.
I thought you weren't
concerned about me.
I thought...
- you avoided me.
But now I know you can't...
- do without Big Papa.
Ray-Ray.
Your Pooh Bear.
Day seven.
I got an announcement.
What, baby?
I finished my 10-day program.
Oh, Lord.
Bam!
It works! Michael proposed, guys!
I'm so happy for you.
Congratulations!
You worked it out.
It's not that I'm not happy for her.
I've got my own problems.
You can't be happy until you get your stuff together.
So on day seven there are a few things you must do.
Pay a visit to Victoria's Secret.
Get your nails and hair done.
Take a long, hot bubble bath.
Pull out that dress that hugs and accentuates your curves.
All women are beautiful and have something that works.
Oh, and don't forget about these.
There'll be no pantylines tonight.
After you've applied your makeup, then you do the unthinkable:
You take an unannounced trip to your man's house.
Without trust you don't have anything.
Your objective is to get in the house.
Make up some excuse to bait him.
Keith.
Hey.
Here's the rest of your stuff.
I've had it in my car and wanted to drop it off.
I'm sorry it's so late.
I just needed some closure.
Yeah, um...
Wanna come in so we can talk?
That's not a good idea.
I won't hurt you.
I mean, just a second.
I'm gonna go.
Shant.
Just for a second, all right?
Just... Please.
Got him.
Before you know it, you'll be with him on the couch.
Allow him to caress your soft body and kiss you.
Do not resist when his strong hands
grab your ample behind
and squeeze tight.
Anything to get him where
he has to have you.
Then make up an excuse and leave.
I gotta go.
No, no, no.
Really. I gotta go. I gotta go.
No. Hell, no.
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to lead
you on. I'm not ready for this.
Shant! Shant!
Oh, shit.
And that's day seven.
You've turned the tables.
Never let a woman come over
your house unannounced, dog.
And if you not sure you'll hit it,
don't start nothing.
Everybody know that if a woman
let you hit it, and you hit it,
you got the power.
Mm-hm.
But if you start, and she says no,
then she got the power.
Power.
Power? It's about power?
You set us back.
She flipped the script.
I don't care about this
"flipping the script."
I'll call her, have a conversation,
start making up.
No, no, no, dog.
You can't call her.
This is getting personal now.
She beginning to piss me off.
Piss you off?
This is not about a mental game
between you and her.
It's about my relationship,
my life.
Will you stop thinking
about yourself for once?
You think this is about you.
It's not?
Oh, no, this stopped being
about you a long time ago.
You're doing this for all men
in the country.
You're doing this for men
around the world.
Around the world?
Oh, yeah.
You tripping.
Bro,
if you fail now,
every woman will think
they can pull this trick.
You know how women talk.
How?
Women are gonna be pulling
these head trips.
We'll be the ones cooking dinner.
We'll be the ones changing
the diapers, washing the dishes.
You know what they'll do?
Sit on our couch watching football.
That's what's gonna happen.
Whoo-hoo-hoo!
This is much bigger than you.
Way bigger than you.
You make it sound like women
are like the CIA.
That's funny, though.
Funny.
The CIA
ain't got shit on a woman
with a plan. Remember that.
A turning point was actually
on day seven.
I went over to his house,
turned him on, then left.
Left him in the bed
with a hard-on.
You left your man with a hard-on?
Dick was hard as a rock. Just, phoo.
Poing!
Damn, I don't know
if I could've did that.
See, I love dick far too much
to let a hard one go to waste.
See, you don't do it all the time.
I have a policy.
As many times as he can get it up,
you get it back down.
Girl, can I keep it real?
Teach.
But there is a "but."
When your man's been bad,
you give him two options.
Blue balls or choke that chicken.
She know. She know.
Crab cakes were a hit.
Crab cakes were, weren't they?
I gotta say this.
Hold up.
Showing up unannounced is a risk.
True.
What if his boys were there?
Or another girl?
You want me to handle it?
Come on,
Shant, Jr.
All right.
You must know your man's cycle.
All men have a sex cycle.
Most men need to have sex
at least once every seven days.
What man she fucking?
My man is two, three, four times a day.
So if his boys are over there
and you looking fine,
he'll tell them to leave
because he'll wanna get busy.
But you've got to get him
the day before
he thinks about another girl.
And if he's a good man, hello,
he'll wait a week
before seeing somebody else.
Right?
Right.
How did I do?
My car. I gotta run a few errands before work.
See you later.
Call me.
A week?
- What kind...
I'm talking about maybe a day or two.
Your man is weak. He's a punk.
On day eight, stock up on groceries.
Pick out a bottle of wine.
Once you make up with your man, you may be inside for a few days.
Listen up, everyone.
New development.
Our competitor is launching new events for their clients.
Last Wednesday they had a hump day for Coca-Cola.
This weekend, a pool party for Miller Genuine Draft.
Normally I don't impose weekend work, but I think this is an exception.
Don't you?
Yes! This is the break that we needed.
Conny invited you as her escort, right?
Go.
No.
No, go.
This will be your chance to shine, your chance to emerge as the true player you really are.
No, I don't like playing games, man. I don't...
Hey, bro.
Can I ask you something? Has Shant even called you today?
No.
Has she even thought to say, "Just calling to see if you alive."
No.
You think she's moping after she walked out on you?
What are you waiting for?
I don't know.
Pick up this phone, call Conny.
Call her. Tell her you wanna go to that party.
Because Shant, she half-stepping.
And you got other options.
It's time for a man to do what a man's got to do.
Stop pining over this woman.
Show her who's the man!
Show her who's wearing the big drawers.
You right. I've been pining over her for too long.
Way too long.
I need get back to being the player.
Play on.
I need to break out my old mack moves and show her who she dealing with.
Time to show her who wears the drawers.
Oh, suki-suki now. Call her.
What? What?
This is Lala. We're partying at the Miller Draft extravaganza.
How you ladies doing?
Hey! Oh, my God, this is so nice.
Thanks for inviting us.
Looks like it may be worth my while.
Please be on your best behavior.
My boss is here.
We won't embarrass you.
I didn't mean that. This is work.
Gotta check out the competition.
Let's get some drinks.
Free drinks.
Come on. Uh-huh.
That's right, y'all.
Here we go now.
This extravaganza thing
is quite a success.
It's not a bad tool.
We should've thought of it.
Meet the representative
of the man who did.
Miss Spalding,
how are you?
Bill Parker.
How are you?
Hi, Shant.
Tell Jim I send my congratulations
on this success.
Will do.
Oh, no, he didn't.
He didn't just walk in and act
like he doesn't know me.
This is wrong. On day nine,
you're supposed to be kicking back,
waiting for him to beg
for forgiveness.
I didn't know you knew Conny Spalding.
She's lovely.
She reminds me of you.
She does. Bill, could you
excuse me for a second?
Sure.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Enjoy.
So can't speak?
What's happening?
What's happening?
What are you doing here
with Conny?
I hadn't heard from you,
so I took matters into my own hands.
You said test the waters.
Let's just say
brother's swimming tonight.
So you showed up with her
knowing that I would be here?
I didn't know you'd be here.
The truth is
I'm tired of your bullshit.
I'm a good man. It's time for me
to explore my options.
Keith, hon, let's dance.
Option no. 1.
"Hon"? Uh-uh.
Conny, may I speak
to you for a second?
Sure.
Thanks.
What are you doing?
What do you mean?
What are you doing with Keith?
He's my man.
Oh! He's not acting like your man.
He would if he didn't have a little hooch
running behind him.
I don't appreciate that.
Why are you calling me names?
It's a little junior high.
Keith is here because he wants to be.
I didn't force him.
It's his decision,
so don't take your man frustrations
out on me. Okay?
"Okay?"
No, she didn't. No, this trick-ass bitch
did not just go there.
But you know what? She's right.
When your man messes up,
deal with him, not the woman.
There's nothing worse than two women
fighting over a man. Not ladylike.
But you know what?
I don't like this bitch.
That's what I'm talking about.
Work it out.
Okay, I admit.
That's not how you handle it.
Back it up.
This is how you really handle it.
Keith is here because he wants to be.
I didn't force him.  
It's his decision,  
so don't take your man frustrations  
out on me. Okay?  
Get it together.  
We need you over here.  
I'll be right there.  
Come here for a minute.  
Can you keep him occupied  
till I get back?  
How you ladies doing?  
- Fine.  
Uh, Tony?  
Yeah?  
Give me a hand with this.  
- Yeah.  
These are Miller girls.  
My man, Tony.  
Which one you want?  
Give me Snowflake.  
Then I'm Frosty.  
Snowflake, don't get too close.  
You might melt.  
Because it's hot.  
Why didn't you tell us  
you were having problems?  
You let him act a fool  
in front of you like that?  
Yo, Keith.  
Spotlight's on you, dog.  
She looking?  
Mm-hm. Check it out.  
You want me to handle this?  
Breaking it down.  
I'm breaking her down?  
Why let him do that?  
Want me to handle this for you?  
I'd just break down and cry.  
You want me to yank his ass?  
I don't care. I'll straight  
yank his ass. You want me to?  
What are you gonna do?  
What you doing, bitch?  
See why you don't tell
your girlfriends?
They'll heighten the situation
by panicking, and you will too.
You want me to yank his ass?
No, Diedre. It's okay.
I will pull jack moves on that fool.
I done fought fools way bigger.
No, Diedre, it's okay. I'll handle it.
I got the situation under control.
He's just venting now.
Let him have his fun.
No. No. No.
No, we'll have none of that.
No! Uh-uh-uh!
They don't know
Diedre fear.
Once again, if you don't want
your man back,
to hell with him. Keep on stepping.
But if you want him back
and behaved,
you must do some strange things.
Excuse me, ladies. I'll be right back.
Pay attention, this'll go fast.
Intensify your game
by finding a man.
A fine one. But you need
to recruit him quickly.
Where is it?
Oh, right here. Great.
Desperate times call
for desperate measures.
Yes. Ha-ha-ha!
The old damsel-in-distress trick.
Works every time.
Need some help?
No, I'm fine. Thank you.
Not cute enough.
Hey, need some help?
No, my boyfriend should
be coming any second.
Okay.
Not smooth enough.
Everything all right?
That's our man.
I've seem to have gotten a flat tire.
That's easy.
Do you have a spare?
That little old thing in the back?
Yeah.
It is? I got one of those.
All right. Let me pull over.
Yes.
After you've recruited
your man, get him a drink.
Yeah, she got him a drink.
Don't worry about that, dog.
You just do your thing.
She wanna
play hardball, huh?
I'm about to turn up
the heat up in here.
Hey, hey, baby.
Would you like to dance?
I'd love to.
Take off, man.
That's a sexy style you got.
Don't worry about him.
He's like a child, begging
for attention. Ignore him.
That little performance over there
is just to get your attention.
 Doesn't matter what he's doing.
Direct your attention to him.
Doesn't matter what he says.
Be attentive.
Laugh at his jokes.
Act like you are having a ball.
I said, "Who do you
think I am? Jim Carrey?"
So sexy
the way you did that.
I'll set it off in here if they don't
bring me some wings.
Well, what is this?
Oh, no.
That's white people shit.
We need some meat.
Hey, man.
All right, sweetie.
She hasn't moved.
- You're in trouble.
Why?
If she was dancing, that'd be fine.
You can dance with anybody.
But she's talking to him.
That's personal.
She trying to get to know him.
Raise the stakes
by going to a quiet corner.
Would you like to go inside?
Sure.
Great.
Where did they go?
She went in the house.
In the house?
With the old boy.
No, man.
You are so funny.
Ahem. Ahem.
Can I talk to you
for a minute, please?
Sure. Would you excuse me,
Calvin?
Sure. I'll go get us drinks.
Yeah, get drinks.
What's with talking to him?
Trying to make me jealous?
I am not.
I want to talk to him.
I'm not into playing games.
You're not?
You are the queen of games.
You play more games
than the damn NBA.
He is mad at you.
It's getting hot.
Time for the coup de grce.
That's the French term
for "fuck him up."
Keith, I gotta go.
Oh, no. Hold on.
What's this for?
No reason.
What do you mean?
I'm carrying it just in case.
Just in case what?
I know she'll sleep with him.
Everybody has
condoms nowadays.
Why does she have it in her purse?
Decoration.
She won't use it.
She sleep with you on the first date?
Yes.
Oh.
It's a lot, but if you do this right,
you'll never have to again.
So stick it out.
You know what? We need to talk.
Excuse me, Calvin.
You're not leaving.
Don't control me.
I just don't want you to go.
This isn't about that.
You don't care about me or you wouldn't
have been getting your groove on.
And to add insult to injury,
you're here with Conny.
So excuse me. I'm leaving.
Shant.
Keith, I want to go.
If you walk out that door
with him,
I'm going home with Conny.
If you feel you have to control me
by going home with Conny,
go right ahead.
Do what you gotta do.
But no matter what you decide,
I'm walking out that door.
Gotta go.
You're taking a gamble.
He might sleep with Conny.
But my guess is he won't.
He'll be at your house,
waiting before you get there.  
So take your time.  
Well, good night, Calvin.  
Sure you don't want me to come up?  
I'm tired.  
But thanks for following me home.  
No problem.  
Take care.  
Okay, this is it.  
Prepare for a night of heat.  
When you open the door,  
your man should  
be waiting on the couch for you.  
With flowers.  
Keith?  
Keith.  
Hello, this Miller residence?  
Food delivery. Miller residence.  
No, um, next door.  
Oh, next door. Next door, okay.  
I know what you're thinking.  
The shit didn't work, right?  
Well, maybe you're right.  
I just thought that  
you followed certain rules  
when a brother messes up  
to get him back.  
But I guess I didn't consider that  
when it comes to love,  
there are no rules.  
Hook me up a martini.  
What's up, girl?  
Not a damn thing, girl.  
This place is so tired.  
I was just putting the moves  
on this fine-ass man.  
And he did not even bite.  
That shit just does not  
happen to me.  
He just kept going on about his  
ex-girlfriend. She was so perfect.  
Excuse me.  
Can I ask you some questions?  
Sure.
Now, if I'm right about you, all the answers will be yes.
You think so?
Yes.
Do you like basketball?
Yes.
Do you find me attractive?
Yes.
Do you think I find you attractive?
Yes.
Can I just ask you one more?
Think a woman who thought she'd control her man with rules could get him to come back?
No.
Unless...
Unless he really loves her.
Like to dance?
You didn't answer my question.
I had to cut loose for a second.
Gonna tear it up.
Come on, cheer up!
Call. Damn!
Work the chocolate.
Ah!
Michael!
Holler.
You like that.
That's right.
Loser.
Memories!
Can you smack ass on film?
She sleep with you the first night?
Yes.
Oh.
That was different, dog.
You got a big dick.
Sorry.
Don't think God gave me this gap for nothing.
Why you stare at my face?
I know about women.
I got a mama, nine sisters, and a cat.
I got that man.
The plan works.
You can't even put the finger in the ass, make her holler.
You can't make her drop it.
- And cut!
- Cut.