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Why Did I Get Married Too

By Tyler Perry

I'll get you. I'll get you!

You're playing with your ball, |is that what you're doing?

How's my little baby doing? You good?

-Hey!|-Look, Dad, it's Uncle Marcus.

Yeah, I see that.

You guys, you guys are coddled|ever since high school.

-Is that live?|-Yeah.

And if he doesn't get out of there soon,|he's gonna miss our flight.

Which may not be a bad idea, honey.

Angela and him,|all that drama all the way on the plane,

-I'm not for that today.|-Stop.

...before he got hurt,|Marcus Williams was doing his thing.

I'm so proud of him. Look how good he is!

I'm talking about cheerleaders!|I mean, you got to love them!

-Same old Marcus.|-Yeah. Yeah.

Come on, baby, we got to hurry up,|get out of here.

We don't need the food, Mom. |There's food on the plane.

This is not for you. It's for the kids.

-We gotta go.|-Where are you going?

They're going on their annual vacation,|called the marriage retreat.

-I wanna go!|-It's for grown-ups only.

That's right. Remember we went|to Disney World and I told you,

"Not this time. It's gonna be me|and your mom." Remember?

-Okay.|-And what do you know about it, Kenya?

It's you, Aunt Pat and Uncle Gavin,

Aunt Angela and Uncle Marcus

and Aunt Sheila and Uncle Mike.

Yeah, but this time,|it's Aunt Sheila and Uncle Troy.

What happened to Uncle Mike?

-They got divorced.|-What's a divorce?

-Who's taking that one?|-No.

Mom. Mom?

That's something you don't|have to worry about, baby,

because your mother and father|are never gonna get one.

Okay?

-Okay.|-You are so good.

It's when two married people break up|because they hate each other.

They split up their children, house,|and their money.

They fight over everything,|and whoever has the best lawyer wins.

Kenya!

You wanted her in the private school.

That's exactly like you at that age. |Exactly, honey.

See, I got two of them. |Come on, baby. We gotta go.

You guys behave while we're gone, okay?

-We will.|-Be good. Be good. Have a good time.
If you need anything,|you know the numbers are all on the fridge.
I love you, too. Kiss Mama.
-You guys be good.|-We will.
I'll see you later, okay?|Take care of yourself.
-See you later.|-Bye!
Okay, here's your decaf.
-Thanks, baby.|-The flight's a little delayed.
I know, I saw that.
Babe, what is it?
-What?|-Come on, tell me.
-What?|-I have watched you bounce up and down
this hall to go get the coffee|and come back.
You're just so happy.
-What's going on. What am I missing?|-No. I'm just so happy to see
everybody.
It's gonna be so nice.
And without Mike, I'm sure it's gonna be|drama-free. It's gonna be great.
Yeah. Yeah, hopefully.
Why couldn't you just get my luggage?
I mean, what are you working out for?
-Is that them?|-That's not them.
That is them.
-Oh, my...|-Oh, please!
You better shut up, okay?
-It's always the same damn thing with you.|-You shut up.
No, you know what?|You really getting on my nerves.
Some rope and some duct tape and three|bags of concrete don't cost all that
much.
I will bust a cap in that ass!
\$49.95.
-Hi, Di!|-Hi!
Hi, how you doing?
-I'm good.|-What's up, T?
He gets on my nerves.
-Hey!|-Hey!
Hey, Terry! Excuse me.
That hat, man!
This is my vacation hat!
Either that or it'll cut you!
Okay, y'all keep it down.
We're not trying to get|kicked out of the airport, okay?
Tell that to the pirate.
You know what, Marcus?|Say one more thing and we ain't boarding.

The flight's a little delayed, so...

Yes, it's delayed.

Come on, man. | Let's go see what's going on with the flight.

Good to see you, Angela.

Make me sick! | I'm telling you, I could kill him sometimes!

What is going on now?

Girl, ever since he got the little | hosting job, he thinks he's Mr. Big Shot.

Listen. We're gonna have | a nice, relaxing week, all right?

-Yes. | -No fighting, just peace.

-Yes, just peace. | -Okay.

I need some peace!

Wait a second, | I thought you stopped drinking.

Girl, please. With that Negro?

You better be glad I ain't on crack, okay? | Let me have this drink.

We have a flight to the Bahamas,

-and we're gonna connect to Nassau. | -All the flights are delayed.

Ma'am, I understand that. | I'm trying to get the information on...

Hi!

I'm Kelly. I love you on Sports Shuffle.

That's Kelly. She loves you.

Ma'am, we're both married.

Is this your bodyguard or something?

Yes, it is. This is my bodyguard, Rufus.

You watch my show, huh?

-All the time. | -Oh, my God.

-Me and my dad, we watch it together. | -Kelly...

You two are actually the same age.

You look good, girl!

I feel good!

Terry must be knocking it out the box

-for you to be smiling like that! | -Will you stop that?

You glowing, girl!

What, you pregnant again? | He knocked that up again?

No, no. After the surgery | and untying my tubes,

I'm just happy he has his son.

He's happy, I'm happy. It's good.

He's so good with the kids. | He's the best father.

Hey, hey, sister.

When things fall into place, | you just got to be grateful to God.

That is too bad.

Are you even listening to me?

Give me a minute.

Can I just get an autograph?

This is like a movie. Are you serious?

Marcus, you don't have time for this, |it's 10 o'clock.

It's 9:

Twelve, 11, 10 o'clock.

What's wrong with you, Ruf?

What's wrong with your neck, man? |It's 9:00.

No, no, y'all got time, y'all got time. |Yeah, go ahead, get her number, Marcus.

You wanna write her number down? |Go ahead, write her number down.

Terry, Marcus wants to get the ho's number.

No, no, no, Marcus! |Marcus, come back here!

Everybody, my husband, Marcus, |wanna get a ho's number!

Calling all hos!

It's a brother over there, named Marcus, |that wants her number.

Come get the ho's number, Marcus!

Boy, this is beautiful.

I love it. I love it.

-Hi! | -How y'all doing?

-Welcome to the Bahamas! | -Welcome to the Bahamas!

Thank you! Oh, this is great.

Oh, word. Thank you.

Baby, look.

-Wow. | -I love it.

Oh, I love it!

This is better than the brochure!

Check it out.

Stunning. I love it! I love it.

Come on, let's go outside.

This is paradise!

-Yo, Jet Skis! What? What? | -Oh, this is paradise. Paradise!

I love it. How beautiful.

Honey, if you ever had a question...

Watch your step.

If you ever had a question | about if there is a God, I mean, you can't deny this!

Stunning!

So this is where all our money went, huh?

Don't look at it that way, please.

This is what we need.

I need a job.

Okay, I don't want you | all worked up this week.

Just relax.

But, babe, I mean, the move to Atlanta,

the new baby,|and me still not having work, I mean,
maybe we should have waited|a couple years to do this.
Stop stressing, please.
I don't wanna waste this week.
Look around you. Come on!
Yeah, you're right. You're right.|You're right, you're right, you're right.
-Welcome to Bahamas!|-Welcome to Bahamas!
This is amazing!
-It looks better than it did online.|-Look at this! This is fabulous!
This is beautiful! This is gorgeous!
-Hey!|-Beautiful.
-Hi!|-How are you?
Good to see you!
You don't even look like|you had a kid, baby.
-Shut up!|-You look amazing!
-Where's Troy?|-He's out there on the Jet Ski.
That sounds like a lot of fun.
Go on and go. You know you want to.
-I can go? Thank you.|-Just be careful, okay?
This is gonna be amazing for us.
-See you.|-So, how are you?
-I'm good! I'm so glad to see you!|-Good. You, too. How's the baby?
He's wonderful. He's wonderful.
I got some pictures.|You know I'm gonna show you.
When you gonna have another baby, Pat?
That's not gonna happen.
-No.|-Come on, you should!
How's the house?
It's good. It's good.
And how is Troy adjusting to the South?
He's having trouble finding a job.
Girl, I feel terrible.|I wanted us to leave Colorado,
you know, just to be closer to my mom
-and you guys.|-Yes.
I don't know.
It'll work itself out.|It's just gonna take some time, that's all.
I know. I know.
You hear that?
-Hey!|-Hey!
-Hi!|-How are you?
Come on in!
-Nice to see you!|-Hey, guys!
Hey, baby. How are you?
-It's good to see you.|-Good to see you. How are you?

-Hi, sweetheart!|-Hi, Terry.
-You look beautiful!|-Thank you.
-What's up?|-How was your flight?
What?
We flew over here with Angela and Marcus.
Yes, we flew over the cuckoo's nest.
See, this is why we came early.|Just for that.
I told Dianne, I said,|"Let's get up and go with Pat and Gav."
She said, "No, I wanna make sure|the kids are okay."
-I should have listened.|-You should have listened.
-Now I've got a headache, man.|-So, where are they?
They're in the car, still arguing!
-You don't hear them?|-I need a glass of wine!
Yeah, I need some crack.
Oh, man, is that Troy out there?
-You know it is.|-And Gavin's upstairs changing.
-Can I go?|-Yes, you can go!
Okay, I'm gonna go. I'm gonna go.|Good to see you!
I'll send Marcus out there|when he comes in.
Hell no! Don't do us any favors,|we're all right!
-Excuse us!|-What?
What's up, Ms. Thing!
You look gorgeous, you are glowing!
Why is everybody saying that?
You are, that's why!
I haven't seen you look like this since|you and Terry first started dating.
I don't know...
-See? Always! Always!|-Just get ready. Get ready.
-What about the money thing?|-I tipped the man!
Why'd you have to give him so much?
I didn't give him that...|What are you talking about?
It's my money, anyway.
You know you act like you're rich|because you're on TV, you know that,
right?
And did you really have to talk football|the whole way with that guy?
This is the Bahamas!|They don't have football here.
That man don't know you!|I mean, really, don't nobody know you.
As a matter of fact, do y'all know this guy?|Do you know him?
I'll give you \$20 if you know him.
I'll give you \$100 if you know him.
Just because one ho at the airport|recognized you, you think you're famous.
You ain't famous.
What the hell are y'all standing here for?|Go put the bags up.
Y'all didn't know him,|I ain't giving you no money.

You ain't getting a tip, either.

Ask her why everybody at the airport|know who she is.

-You know what? Why don't you just...|-Hello, people?

-Say hi.|-You get on my...

Hi, guys!

-Hi! Finally!|-Come here, baby.

How you doing?

Hi! Hi, Shi-Shi!

-Hi, Marcus.|-Hi, baby.

How you doing, Pat?

Oh, man!

Look at this! This cabana is hot!|Now we're talking!

It's not a cabana, baby. It's a beach house.

Beach houses are bigger than a cabana.

Oh, really? Okay. |How would you know what's bigger?

What's that supposed to mean?

Sometimes I wonder, why did I get married?

Why did I get married, too?

Marcus, the guys are getting changed, |and Troy's out on the Jet Ski.

Oh, yeah?

Bye!

But I got to tell you, this is paradise.

Come on, let's go out to the beach, |it's incredible!

Oh, no, Pattie! No, honey! |We about to check out a margarita, okay?

Come on, Pat! I came here to drink, okay?

Can you make some of those |famous margaritas, Pat?

Margaritas. Margaritas.

Margarita! Yes!

Okey-dokey.

Oh, man! You dudes are crazy, man, crazy!

I ain't never seen water that clear!

What are you talking about?

-This your first time here?|-Yeah.

The Bahamas are great, man. |It's paradise down here, I'm telling you.

Man, I needed this break.

-Beer?|-Thanks.

You know, I've been watching your show. |Sure looking good, baby!

Thanks, brother. Yeah. You know...

But for every good day I have at work, |I've got to go home and go through hell.

-That's Angela.|-See, why?

She hates the fact that I'm working,

which is crazy, because she was the one |that was always on me about working and making money.

And now that I am, now she got a problem with what I'm doing.
No, sir, I do not believe that.
There ain't no black woman complaining about her man having a job.
I don't care what you say!
-Are you kidding me, man?|-You met Angela.
Well, there's women, and then there's Angela.
You know something?|I think Angela's got a problem.
-You think?|-You just figuring that out?
Y'all should have seen her|in the airport, man.
I'm telling you, Troy,|it was the most insane thing.
It took us 45 minutes...
Oh, no, two-and-a-half hours to let them|know that she wasn't a terrorist.
Well, the fact is, she was a terrorist.|But the point...
She terrorizes your black ass,|that's what she does!
No, no. I mean... Seriously.
I think Angela argues with me on purpose
just so we can have make-up sex later.
-What's wrong with that?|-Get out of here with that bull!
-On purpose.|-Get out of here with that bull.
No, I'm dead serious. I'm dead serious.
She enjoys being mad at me,
because later the sex is just kind of crazy,|rough, but better.
I bet your ghetto ass be like, "Beat me,|daddy, punch this nipple, punch
it!"
And?
He says, "And"!
Let me tell you, I might be able|to help you with that, man.
You let me slap Dianne, Dianne would|knock the hell out of me, man!
She'd call the cops.|"What the hell wrong with you?"
You got to work her into that.
-No, man! No, no, I'm telling you.|-You got to start out with this.
-No, no.|-Just a little bit...
My wife is half-Asian,|she ain't having that, sorry.
The black half might have it,|but the Asian half would lock my ass up.
You know what I've figured out. |After all these years of being married,
I've searched and searched for reasons|and understanding of these women,
I got nothing. Nothing!
You don't even have to look for the|answers sometimes, and you'll find
them.
So I don't necessarily agree with|Mr. Man over here.
So, how's it been with you, T?
You been crossing the goal line lately?
What are you talking about?
End zone?

What the hell are you talking about, man?
Yes, man! Will you cut it out|with all the football talk, please?
I don't know what the hell|you're saying most of the time!
I'm still doing it?
Yes!
Y'all fellas are crazy, man.
Yeah, we all nuts, man, we all nuts.|Nuts to be married.
Like you and Sheila,|how's it going with you two?
Good. And the baby's good.
Yeah, man. And it was Mike that led us|to believe that Sheila couldn't
conceive.
That she couldn't have the baby.
And when all the while,
it was his players on the sideline,|not being able to make the draft.
There you go again!
Marcus, are we gonna need an NFL|dictionary to hang with you this weekend?
Dude, will you cut it out?|You got to stop, man. You got to stop!
Look, I told Dianne, I said, "Listen,|call Sheila, make sure she's
straight."
When Dianne was pregnant|with our last baby, man,
I was scared to come home!
I had this time when Patricia was pregnant,
I'd come home,|she's watching a dog food commercial
and starts crying,
and then curses me out!
What's wrong with that? It's your fault.
You don't get it?
Don't you know all women are crazy?
They "twazy"!
Patricia doesn't even cuss!
-Yeah. Well, you know what?|-Please.
There's sides of that woman|you've never seen, trust me.
I saw it.
-When?|-College.
Martina Jimenez,|you and her in the back seat.
-You told Patricia you was at work.|-Oh, right.
I remember that!
Yeah, I remember that.
I mean, she was worse than Angela.
No.
Ain't nobody worse than Angela.
Wait a minute, young man.|What you trying to say?
Hey, you're going to fit in right around here!|I'm telling you now!
I mean, no disrespect.

She's out there, man. | She's somewhere else.

My little muffin?

-Here you go, Pat. | -Thank you.

Okay. You know you start | all of my arguments.

-Me? | -Yes!

Why?

-Your book? He Cheated, So Now What? | -Okay.

-Can I quote you? | -Please!

Y'all ready for this? Here we go.

- "In relationships, you must... | -Wait a minute!

- "...respect each other's privacy..." | -I do not talk like that!

I don't sound like that, do I?

-Yes, you do! Yes, you do! | -No, I don't!

Let me tell you a little secret.

Okay, never mind!

All right, "In relationships, | you should trust each other's privacy.

"Case in point, I don't have the password | to my husband's cell phone.

"I trust him."

So, when I read that, I asked Marcus | for the password to his cell phone!

Angela, why would you do that?

Because you told me to!

How did I tell you to?

Because you said that | you don't have the password
to his cell phone because you trust him.

So, I took that to mean that | if I don't trust him, then I should have it!

-What? | -Angela!

-What did he say? | -Girl, please, you know Marcus.

Every time he lies, he says, | "Know what I'm saying?"

"I lost it, you know what I'm saying? | I forgot it, you know what I'm
saying?"

I don't have Troy's. I trust that man.

I trust Terry, but I do have his.

You have it? How?

He gave it to me.

What, you didn't have to do no tricks?

What's going on in here?

Oh, hell, no! Oh, hell, no, Mike! | What are you doing here?

I was hoping Marcus divorced your ass
and married a nicer, kinder, sexier woman.

Mike, don't play with me. | What are you doing here?

Look, I own part of a timeshare. I'm here | to have a good time, have a great
vacation.

This Negro got some nerve!

And you're getting on the last one.

Now where are the fellas at?
Down on the Jet Skis.
Jet Skis, now that's a plan.
Hello, Sheila.
I hear you had a baby. Congratulations.
And what are these bags?
It's called luggage. As in baggage.
As in when you look in the mirror,|you see an old bag.
You are such a queen.
You know something? I'm not gonna|let your insults hurt me, Cruella.
I'm gonna see the fellas.
I don't believe this.
I told you, man.|Why are you trying to get something?
Ain't nothing there.|She's happier than she's ever been.
For the last three months,|I've been real happy.
-A happy woman...|-Makes a happy home.
Happy home, that's right.
I wouldn't know anything about that.
What the hell is he doing here?
-Who?|-Hey, fellas!
Are you serious?
What's up, fellas?
What are you doing here, Mike?
My part of the timeshare.|So, I'm here, sharing my time.
Okay, did you come through the house?
-Yeah.|-Did the women see you?
-Yeah, they saw me.|-What did they say?
Angela said, "Oh, hell, no, no!|Hell, no! What you gonna be..."
She was patting her weave?
Your wife, man...
Man, I feel so sorry for you.|I don't know how you do it. I just don't...
Hello, Sheriff.
What's up?
Congratulations on the baby.
So, you name him Mike Junior?
What? It's a joke! Man, come on, y'all!
No, man.|But you might have been able to do that
had you taken care of your business|the first time.
All right! So, Sheriff, it's like that now?
-Cut it out, man. Cut it out.|-What?
Please tell me, number one,|you're not staying here,
and number two, you didn't bring...|What was that girl's name?
-Tricka?|-Holetta.
-Trina. Trina.|-So, you're staying here?

Yeah, as long as you put a muzzle on Angela.
-Come on, now. That's my wife.|-I know. I'm so sorry.
But, Sheriff, don't you worry, man.
-It's all good.|-I ain't worried.
Okay.
Where are you going?
Gonna check on my wife.
He's gonna check on his wife!
-This is gonna be fun!|-We're going in the house, man.
All right, come on, Marcus.
No, man, the wake effect has got me sitting on the sidelines, brother.
-What?|-Don't even ask!
All right, I'm out.
-Enjoy yourself.|-All right.
We know, we know.
He's not staying.
He can't stay, he can't.
Terry, there is no way.
Hey, you're a lawyer. He paid his money, we can't tell him that he can't be here.
-Maybe we should leave then.|-I'm with you.
No, guys. We spent our last to be here. We're not leaving.
Guys, guys, come on. Let's everybody calm down.
We're all adults here, right?
Sheila, we can try to control him.
Yeah... No. We all remember Colorado and the dinner table, okay?
So, I don't know about controlling him, but he's right.
We are adults, we can handle this. Come on.
We can run interference to keep Mike from scoring any points against the opposing team.
Marcus, what the hell are you talking about, man?
Sorry, I've been hosting too long.
Negro, you only work on the weekends.
You can't get nobody off the 50-yard line 'cause you can't get your little sliders out of the dugout.
That doesn't make any sense at all! What are you talking...
-Why you always gotta start?|-Hold on, you guys. Hold on!
Gavin's got a point. We really need to be rational about this.
Rational?
Oh, no. No, no, no, no. Don't...
My wife agrees with me.
Rational.
Y'all be rational, okay?
But if this fool gets out of line, I'm taking this straight to the streets.

Y'all know I'm from Camden. | Got no time for "rational."
You all be rational, she's gonna be ghetto.
All right, come on, let's go and unpack, | so we can finish having our
discussion.
Come on, Marcus.
Did she just grab his nipple?
Probably.
See what I mean? Make-up sex.
-What'd he say? | -Don't worry about it, honey.
So, I guess he's staying.
Okay, look, | we're not gonna give him any power.
We are gonna enjoy ourselves,
and we're not gonna waste our time | even thinking about him.
-That's right. That's right. | -Okay.
A deal's a deal.
Sheila,
can I talk to you for a minute?
See? It's crazy that he's even here.
I cannot believe that Mike is...
It's so like him!
I don't care nothing about that.
Why'd you have to tell them that?
-Say what? | -That we spent our last.
I didn't think about it.
Baby, I don't want them to know that.
Have you told them how hard it is | for us right now?
They're our friends.
They're your friends, all right?
I barely know them.
And I don't want them all in our business.
I definitely don't want | that damn fool to know!
I know you don't know them like I do, babe.
But trust me, they're really good people...
I don't want them in our business.
Okay. It won't happen again.
I'm serious.
We are on vacation.
Shoot, last time I was here,
I caught a fish that was 13-feet long, | know what I'm saying?
-Yeah, we hear you! | -We know what you're saying!
I even had to have help bringing | that boy in, you know what I'm saying?
I helped you, know what I'm saying?
What?
Nothing, Marcus. Nothing.

Why didn't Troy come?
What, you got to ask?
You're sitting next|to our house guest over there,
so that's why the hell he didn't come!
So, Mike, how'd you guys make out|in the market?
My firm held, man.|But it was crazy seeing other guys.
In fact, one guy committed suicide.
He was a trust fund baby.
In fact, I got to tell Sheila about that
'cause we had dinner with him|a couple times,
and she always said he was unstable.
That girl, I tell you,|she could always read people.
Almost.
Watch it.
-We're just kidding around, baby.|-Watch it!
I ain't that bad, so you need to stop.
Okay. No, you ain't that bad!
You're right, you're worse!
Mike, why are you so sensitive?
Sensitive.
Whatever! Whatever!|I don't care what y'all say, Sheila miss me.
Look, we had some good times.|What, you don't think Sheila misses me?
-No!|-Not at all?
-Like, no, not at all.|-Why are you asking?
-Exactly, man, what does it matter?|-You know, I miss her.
Say what?
Look, I miss her, okay? I miss her.
Hold up a second, Mike, who are you?
I just don't know what the hell|I was thinking letting her go.
We came on vacation, we came to have|a good time. Don't start nothing, man.
All right, I'm just looking back at my life.
When you look back at your life,
you find that old girl that you dogged out
and you wish you knew then|what you know now.
That's all, all right? Sheila's a good woman.
You know she's happily married.
Exactly, happily married.
Does she talk to Dianne or to Pat about me?
She never talks about you, man, honestly.
Sheila told Pat that she's happily married.
Please fast forward that.
Happily married, in spite of the fact|that he hasn't found a job yet.
-Troy's jobless?|-Why, why?
-He got no job?|-That's important!

-Don't tell him that!|-He don't got no job?
What, he laying on the couch?|He's jobless?
No, he's not jobless, they just moved|from Colorado to Atlanta, right?
So he's trying to find a job.
-There's a difference.|-Fine, fine.
Yo, we're about to kill all this.
Marcus, does Sheila talk to Angela|about me?
No, like, never.
I know you're lying.
I'm not lying. I'm telling you the truth!|What you talking about lying?
If he was lying, you would know he's lying.
Hold on, hold on.
Wait, wait.|This how you find out if he's lying.
-How big was that fish, again?|-What? Why?
How big was the fish?
-Thirteen feet, know what I'm saying?|-There you have it.
Oh, wait, wait, wait!
And Sheila never talks to Angela about me?
No.
Know what I'm saying! It isn't happening.
Why would Mike just show up like that?
'Cause he's a damn fool.
Sometimes, when we haven't dealt with|things in our lives, they tend to
show up.
Yeah, but I dealt with that.
How's Troy dealing with it?
He's okay with Mike being here,
but he got mad because I said|we spent our last.
-Yeah, I felt that.|-Was I wrong?
-Did you spend your last?|-Yeah.
Well, then you weren't wrong.
No, she wasn't wrong, but it is different|than when you were married to
Mike.
Oh, I know that.
This man has so much on his mind,|and he probably feels
really bad that he can't give you|what you're used to.
But I never made him feel bad about that.
I don't care about that stuff, anyway.
Yeah, but see, that doesn't matter.
This is what he thinks|and the best thing for you to do
is really to just try to make him|feel at ease with the situation.
I thought I was doing that.
Child, please, all that man needs is a job.
And then when he gets a job,|he's gonna start talking back to you

and staying out late all the time,
and telling you how much money he's making
and how much he's making more than you,
and how he could be doing better than you and how he's tired of all your
bull crap...

-What?|-You sound so jealous!

I'm not jealous! I just don't like his job!

You dogged that man out for not having a job,
then he got one and now you're unhappy. What?

You just wanna be in control of the relationship.

And now that you feel that you don't have so much control,
you're just taking all your frustrations out on the man, Angie.

Pat, I am not trying to control this man.

I don't wanna control him, I just want him to do what I say.

You see? There it is, right there!

Listen, when people tend to change in relationships, it causes us to be
afraid.

And then we panic, and that panic makes it worsen our fears.

So you have all the answers, don't you?

No, I don't have all the answers,

but I do suggest that you loosen up your grip a little bit on the man.

You might see a difference.

This is Marcus we are talking about.

I loosen up my grip, he's gonna run like a wild dog.

She might be right about that.

But it is absolutely amazing to me

how you can look at everybody else and see their problems.

Angela, I'm a doctor. This is what I do.

Yeah. Well, you know what? I don't wanna talk about me anymore.

Let me get a few drinks up in y'all and then we'll see what's really going
on.

You know, you all act like I'm the problem child.

Matter of fact, bartender, can I get a few shots over here?

-Yes, ma'am.|-We'll see!

-...nice looking.|-I hope you look good over there, baby.

Baby, I hope you look good over there.

-We got next. Careful.|-Y'all need to stop talking across the board.

-They gonna lose.|-Who's winning?

We are. We're about to win.

Okay, Marcus, what've you got?

-I got five and a possible.|-Give us board, man.

Come on, baby, you got to have more than that.

No, I don't.

I'm looking at at least three books in your hand, right there, Sheriff.

Mike!

What? The man ain't playing his hand,|that's all I'm saying.

Look, you got a hand like that,|you got to know what to do with it.

I guess if anybody knows what to do|with a good hand, it would be you.

What? I like this guy, Sheila.

Hey, you're quick on your feet, buddy!|That's right.

Play your card, baby.

Don't rush me.

Mike, why don't we go take a walk?

Why would we do that?

Because you're a third wheel.

Right.

I'm enjoying myself, thank you.

So, Troy, how's life in Atlanta?

-Life is good, thank you.|-I was talking to him.

-And she was talking to you...|-You know what? Angela, I got it.

Life is good there, okay?

Please, let's play cards. Come on.

He can't speak for himself?

When Sheila and I first moved there,|she was still in school
and I was looking for a job,|couldn't find one.

It was rough. How's the job search?

What?

Wow.

Let me tell you something, my man.

I'm not the kind of cat that's gonna sit here|and act like I like you,
'cause I don't.

Matter of fact, I don't even like|the fact that you're here.

But since you are here, do yourself a favor,
sit there, nurse your little fruit juice
and leave me and mine the hell alone.

Cool?

All right, got that? Appreciate it.

-Yeah.|-Yeah, I had enough. All right? I'm out.

-Whose phone is that?|-Goodness gracious.

Isn't that your ring?

Yeah, it's a voicemail. |It's probably the kids.

-Okay. I'll check it. Yeah. Be right back.|-It's video or something. Can
you check it?

Dianne can check the messages|of Terry's cell phone?

Wow. So she has his password, too.

-Hey, you reneged.|-No, he didn't.

Yes, he did. That's four books for us,|thank you very much.

So we won!

I'm just tired, know what I'm saying?|I got to get some sleep.
Wait a minute. Marcus, no!|That is not right.
How you gonna just renege like that|and get all tired when we mention
the...
Terry, that's not right.|Marcus, how you gonna do that...
Baby, you know I didn't say anything|to him, right?
Think that makes me feel good?
I'm sorry, babe.
Look, I know you've been trying. I do.
And we're gonna be all right, okay?
Just don't be mad, okay?|Come on, babe, don't be mad.
I'm not. I just wanna go to sleep.
Yep, I agree. I agree with that, Pat.
Marcus, what you got to hide?
I don't know how many times|I got to tell you, nothing.
Why don't you just drop it?
Because your name is spelled S-N-E-A-K-Y,|Sneaky.
Look, I'm not giving you my password.
-Why?|-Because you ought to trust me.
Marcus, you remember Keisha?|And the penicillin shot?
Why the hell should I trust you?
Baby, that's been over three years.
Have I given you any reason|to doubt me since?
Yes, since you won't give me|the password to your cell phone!
Okay. The password to my cell phone
is G-O, the number two, H-E-L-L.
Babe.
Did you notice that Pat and Gavin|were a little distant tonight?
I really didn't notice that, no.
I don't think you were paying attention.
I noticed it.
I spoke to her, she said they're doing great.
That's Pat, honey. She's always...|They're always great, "We're great!"
You're right. She does say that a lot.
Well, I'll talk to her.
Yeah, talk to her after you talk to me.
You wanna talk to me?|You wanna talk to me. Will you do that?
Phil.
Who's Phil?
You're funny, "Who's Phil?"|No, I meant to say...
What I was about to say was,|I'm gonna go fill the tub
so we can take a bath.
Do you wanna take a bath together?
Yeah. Yeah, let's do that.

Okay.

I am not
going through|what I went through with Mike.
I'm not gonna do that with you, all right?
I ain't Mike.

Well, you know what?|You're sure acting like him.
Not talking to me,|not touching me, not looking at me?
You are putting me|in a bad head space, baby,
and it is not good. Trust me.

-Can you please let this go?|-No.

Now, I know I wanted us to move.

But you agreed.

And I know you haven't found a job,|but we are in this together.

So we're gonna make it together, okay?

I don't wanna talk about this right now.

You know what? If this is too much|for you to deal with, go, Troy. Go!

Because I'm not gonna do this with you.

I'm not gonna do this with you|or anybody else, you got me?

What are you saying?|What the hell are you talking about?

I'm not going anywhere, Sheila.

Then why aren't you looking at me?|Why aren't you touching me?

Why aren't you acting like my husband?

Goodness! I'm just trying...

You know what? Let me find out|you're messing with some chick!

Look, I'm not talking to you|about this anymore

because you're crazy.

-I'm crazy?|-Yes.

But every time we go to dinner,
you lay your cell phone|face-down on the table.

And then when you get text messages,
you read them away from me|like you just did.

And you come home late from work|all the time.

I have late games. I'm in locker rooms late.

You know what? Then them must be|some real feminine football players,
'cause you come home|smelling like cheap perfume
with lipstick on your collar.

You know what? I'm going to sleep.|Forget this.

Marcus. No, you're not going to sleep.

I want the password to your cell phone.

Marcus, I want that password.

Do you know that Dianne has|the password to Terry's cell phone?

And Patricia, she even gives an acronym|in her book for trust,
which is what every relationship|needs in order to make it,
and I'm trying to work that trust.

T, talk,
communicate, which is what I'm trying to do with you right now.
R, release,
which means I should be cussing your ass out about this cell phone.
U is for understanding, which means you should be understanding
why I want the password to your cell phone.
S is for submit, I ain't doing that.
T stands for talk to that bastard
till he gives you the damn cell phone number.
Give me the password number to your cell phone, Marcus!
-You want it?|-Yes, give it to me, Marcus.
-I know what you want.|-Give it to me.
-You want it?|-Give it to me!
-Yeah, I know what you want.|-Come on, Marcus!
I want that password to that cell phone.
Marcus, stop it! I want that password.
I said I want the password.
No, I want the password to the cell phone.
I want the password! Give me the password.
Give me the...
Marcus, I want the password.
Come here.
Stop fighting me. Come here. Come here.
I don't think you understand what this is like for a man like me.
I've always been able to provide.
It's been months.
And the money from the sale of the store, it just ain't cutting it.
I'm just stressed, man.
It doesn't have anything to do with you, okay?
I just need some time. It's just...
You have to communicate that with me.
I am not the same woman I used to be.
I am not the kind of woman that can deal with that disconnect.
Baby, the hardest thing in the world
is to have a good man when you've had a bad one.
I think it's harder to have a good woman
after she's had a bad man.
Then when you punish me
for loving you or wanting to talk to you,
you make me wanna do something worth the punishment.
Can you feel me on that?
I've been a bad boy.
I think I need to be punished.
-What is the problem?|-I know people have problems.

You can't understand me.
I'm not gonna do this with you right now.
No, listen to me. | You tell me what's the problem.
Marcus and Angela.
I'm not gonna go through this.
Sounds like Patricia.
-I'll go, babe. | -No, no, no. I'll go.
Keep your voice down.
Hey, Pat. Are you okay?
I'm fine.
Did I just hear you guys arguing in there?
No, we're fine.
Pat,
you can't spend your entire life | just holding everything inside.
Dianne, I know that.
If you know that, okay, well, then tell me.
'Cause you never tell anybody | your problems.
I'm fine, really.
You wanna go get some warm milk | or something?
No, but I was gonna go get some water.
-I'll go with you. | -No!
Honey, you're gonna lose your mind | keeping all that stuff in.
Please go back to bed, okay?
We're fine.
Good morning, Sheila.
You know, there's stuff that does that.
It's part of the package.
Troy likes my cooking.
Troy. I used to love your cooking.
Yeah. That's why I ate so much of it alone.
How are you?
Okay, Mike.
What the hell are you doing here?
Are you here trying to start some mess?
If you're trying to start some mess, | it's not gonna work, okay?
I'm over it, and I am over you.
Is it really that easy to get over someone?
Especially after all the time we shared?
Look, do you remember the night | we broke into the clothing store?
It was storming out. | What were we, what, 18?
I remember you were scared to death.
It was fun.
But I remember you cried all the way home,
'cause you thought | we were gonna get caught.

It was the first time we made love.
It was the best.
I've been sitting at home,
thinking about all the good times we had.
Do you remember the first apartment|we rented off of Auburn?
The green carpet in the bedroom?
The out-of-date, pink tile in the bathroom?|Come on.
And the kitchen, you loved the kitchen.
You painted the kitchen orange,|remember that?
-It was yellow.|-No, it was orange. It was orange.
It was yellow.
I remember it because
of that hole in the wall,
the one when you pushed me into it.
And I remember the pink tile.|My nose bled on it.
And for the life of me, I couldn't...
I couldn't get that blood up.
And I remember the bedroom.
It was cold,
very cold.
And there was no light.
None.
And I was so depressed.
That's what I remember|about that apartment.
-Look, Sheila...|-Hey!
I don't know what came over me, okay?|Just... I was a fool.
I am so sorry. And, look, I miss you...
Please, stop!
You are my past,
and there ain't no future in it, okay?
I know.
Get your ass out of this kitchen. Go!
Hi, you guys! Oh, God.|The water is so warm out there.
I feel so relaxed.
-Could you stay that way?|-I'll try.
Come in, it's so warm out there.
Nope. I've already been in,|I'm not getting wet again.
-Come on, Dianne!|-A little later.
What is this?
I'm so sorry, it's the wind.|The wind just took it away.
Did the voodoo king and queen|drop chicken dust in my hair?
-Angela!|-No, what is this?
What did y'all just do?|Did you just put a spell on me?
No, we had a friend|who just recently passed.

-What?|-This wind,
it's a little unpredictable here. I'm so sorry.
Please forgive us, but these are her ashes.
-Calm down, Angela.|-Angela, relax!
Just relax!
Calm down, Angela!
Is there anything we can do?
Just ignore her. She'll be totally fine!
That's befitting, 'cause our friend|was equally as dramatic!
Her name was Bertha Monroe,|if that gives you any clue.
And she was a character,|just as animated as your friend.
-How long ago did she pass?|-A week.
I'm sorry to hear that.
How old was she?
I don't know, she'd never tell us.
Well, she never told us the truth. |Somewhere between 28 and 80.
I'm so sorry, I'm Patricia Agnew.
-Hello.|-Hi, Dianne Bob.
Hi, Sheila.
All right, my name is Porter Jones,|and this is my wife, Ola.
-Nice to meet you.|-Hi.
And once again, forgive us, we're sorry.
We're just going down the beach|to get a seat for the fireworks tonight.
Fireworks!
It's the annual carnival. |You got a great view here.
Wait...
-We should invite them to dinner.|-Yes.
Mr. and Mrs. Jones,|would you join us for dinner?
Yeah, it's our last night here.
It's when we share our|"Why did I get married" stories.
It would only be befitting|if you would join us.
We would absolutely love it.
I don't think everybody would love it.
Fourteen years, we're still in love. |Two beautiful kids.
Life is good.
And I knew that I didn't wanna
spend the rest of my life|without this woman.
So I married her.
And I'm so glad I did. |I wouldn't change a thing.
You are so sweet. |You know I love you, right?
I love you, too, baby.
Wait. Watch your step.
Sheila, Troy, your turn.
Yes.

Okay. I can't hold that.
Here we go. We're always up.
Why I got married is simple. | 'Cause I love this woman.
Behind her eyes was
so much pain and truth and love
that I wanted to help her, heal her.
I wanted to be her hero.
Little did I know that
she'd be all that for me, and then some.
She's my queen.
Why did I get married?
When I met Troy, it was his eyes.
They said that I could marry him, | and that I could trust him.
I needed to trust and to love
because I've been through a lot of pain
in my past relationship and in my life.
I believed that there had to be an opposite
to the misery, the loneliness,
and I found that exact opposite
in this man.
Marcus, Angela?
I pass.
Y'all know she ain't got | nothing positive to say.
All right, you two, stop!
Why don't you leave me a message,
and I'll check it | once I get a password, okay?
How about that?
Here we go.
Pat and Gavin, you wanna go?
I think we should allow | our guests to go first.
I agree with what she said, yeah.
So be it.
All you do is go up | and you say why you got married.
Okay.
It's been so long, | I don't think I can remember.
Oh, stop it.
Mademoiselle, please.
I didn't know we was gonna be on exhibit.
We've been married 53 years, right?
-Fifty-five. | -Fifty-five?
Yes.
I just said that to see | if she would remember.
Right.
I married this sweet little soul | when I was 25 years old.

She was the only woman for me.
That's not how I remember it.
He asked me to wait because|he was going off to the war. I did.
And when he came back home,|I just knew that we were gonna marry.
But he wanted Edna Rankins.
No, let bygones be bygones.
-I'm gonna spill it.|-No!
He married this little hussy, you see?
And in three years time, she run off.
-So you waited for him.|-I did not.
I married Washington Freeman.
He was the countriest man I ever met.
-Three times her age.|-Stop it.
He was so old,|his social security number was three.
Shut up!
He worked in the fields, with the cows.
He always smelled like cow chips.
Just stop it.
Well, his marriage ended|when she ran off with the milkman.
Literally! The milkman!
Leaving him with two children to raise.
You know, I went to the market one day,
and I saw him there|wrestling with these children.
-I laughed so hard! He got mad at me!|-Yeah.
She was very rude!
There I am, trying to get the children|in the car, she's over there
laughing!
I said to him,
"The grass wasn't so green after all!"
I swore that I would never|speak to her again.
Of course, you know, I did.
Next winter, Washington took ill.
By the summer,|he could barely get out of bed.
I buried him,
and then we had to leave the farm|because we didn't own it.
I went to church, and I prayed for a miracle,
a place for me|and my three children to stay.
I looked up and I saw an angel!
It was the finest,|most handsome man I ever saw.
He said,
"Hello, Ola."
It was him.
It was the way he said my name.
It was the kindest, sweetest

sound I had ever heard.
And I knew then
that I wanted to marry him.
Sweet little angel.
We love each other.
There's no fear.
There's no ego, no attitude.
I look at these young people today, |my heart bleeds.
Looking and wanting love so bad,
not knowing how to find it. |Not knowing anybody
to show them what it is and how to get it.
If you don't remember anything |from us tonight, remember this.
Love, pure love,
will never return to you void.
See why I love this man?
Okay, your turn, Pat and Gavin.
So, y'all want us to go after that?
Come on.
Okay.
That was so beautiful.
Well, you all know |that we love you very much
and we love each other.
Gavin and I have decided to get a divorce.
Patricia...
We love each other very, very much.
And we've just grown apart.
I'm sorry.
I'm so sorry.
We're still gonna be very good friends.
Gavin...
Everything's gonna be okay, watch. |You'll see, we'll be fine.
We're gonna be best of friends.
Gavin was telling me |how beautiful it was in the Bahamas.
I think I should make it down |there sometime.
Yeah, Phil, you definitely should. |It's beautiful there. Really.
All right.
I was talking to Dianne about this divorce.
We think it's great how civil |you two are being about this.
Well, we told you we would be.
Gavin and I love each other very much.
Right, sweetie?
And we just think it's better |that we're apart.
Okay. Well, we took your direction
and divided everything down the middle.

Okay.

Yeah, all the real property comes to|\$700,750,
to be sold and split, 50-50.

Yeah.

All the bank accounts|divided down the middle,
we're showing that between|investments, savings,
IRA retirements and 401 Ks.

You two will be splitting \$970,000.

Yeah, that sounds about right. Yeah.

Don't forget about the other account.

Gavin was telling me that
there was another account|that's not listed here.
It has about \$800,000 in it.

Yeah, that's the money from my book.

That's not included?

We're not offering that.

Well, I didn't know that.

But why would I, Gavin?

-It's ours.|-Ours?

Gavin, that's the money I made|from my book sales.

Why would I include that in the settlement?

It's what we built together, Patricia.

-We?|-We.

"We"? What page did you write, Gavin?

What book tour lecture were you on?

Patricia, how many nights|did I stay up all night
listening to you and your ideas|and giving you some of mine?

Yeah, but, Gavin,|I didn't use not one of your ideas.

Yes, you have. You always do,|I've always been your case study.

-Are you serious?|-Are you serious?

All right, Gavin,|let's be reasonable about this.

It's my money. I earned it.

So, can we move on, please?

No, we're not just gonna move on.

Okay? You wanna be reasonable?|You include that.

-Are you really trying to do this?|-Absolutely.

All right, fine.

So, you wanna include it?

No, I'm not including it, Dianne.

-No?|-You know what, Gavin?

This ain't about the money.

-This is about greed. Your greed.|-You're right.

-Yeah.|-Thank you.

I should be greedy,

'cause I've been starving|in this relationship.
Can we talk about this in private, please?
Now you wanna talk about things in private.
You didn't feel that way|in the Bahamas, did you?
When you announced that|we were getting divorced
in front of all our friends,|you never ran that by me.
Patricia, that is the problem, okay?
Everything is always private with us.
That is why we're here.
Oh, my God, where is this coming from?
You look in the mirror and you tell me
how you kept up|this farce of a marriage for 14 years
when I could've been out there|enjoying my life.
Instead, I've been waiting for you|to learn how to love me.
You know I love you, Gavin.
You tolerate me.
-You tolerate, there's a difference.|-Tolerate.
And ever since Noah died,|you have been impossible.
All right.
You're trying to hurt me.|I ain't gonna do this.
-You're not gonna do what?|-No, I'm not standing for this.
I'm not doing this.
No, you're gonna sit here and listen to this.
-Not today, I'm not.|-Yes, you are, Patricia.
-Yes, you are.|-Gavin!
-You're gonna listen to this.|-Gavin, move.
Get out of my way.
Go ahead. Go run. Play your little game.
Go play hide and seek, Pattie.
Dianne, it is on.
You tell her to prepare for a fight.
Excuse me.
All right. Come on.
-You good, babe?|-Yeah.
All right. Come on, baby.
Go on in the house.
Hello!
Angela.
-Hi!|-Hi!
Could I talk to you for... No, no.
Could I talk to you for just a second?
Ms. Tan, I have to go|make dinner for the kids.
It'll just be a minute.
I really need to talk to you.|It's so important.

-Did you have a good vacation?|-I did, thank you.
-Oh, great.|-Thank you so much.
So, come closer, please. I really...|It's private.
Okay. What is it?
I don't like the way he looks at me.
You called me all the way over here|for this?
No, no, no. Well, you know I work at night.
I volunteer at the hospital,|so I need to sleep in the daytime.
-What's wrong?|-It's the noise.
-Is it my kids?|-No, no, no. I love your kids.
It's not that kind of noise.
Well, Ms. Tannenbaum,|what kind of noise are you talking about?
Well, it's from your bedroom.
Tuesdays and Thursdays at noon,
the noise coming from your bedroom,|it's embarrassing.
It's...
You know...
Sexual noises.
Are you sure about that?
Yeah, I do know a little bit about sex.
Ms. Tannenbaum,|I work all day during the week, so...
Well, if you're at work,|who is making all that... Oh, my...
Can you watch the kids for me,|for about an hour?
-Hey.|-Hey.
How did it go?
I didn't get it.
I'm sorry.
Over-qualified.
There.
Did anybody call?
No.
I don't know what we're gonna do.
The mortgage is due here and back home.
I don't have the money.
I've been thinking about that.
I'm gonna borrow the money|from Pat or Angela.
No, you're not.
We borrow money from each other|all the time. It's not a big deal.
-Sheila.|-It'll give us breathing room
-and we need that.|-Sheila!
You must not have heard|what I said in the Bahamas. No.
I'm gonna get the money, okay?
You really need to get your pride|out of this.
I'll handle this.

I've never seen you like this!
You know, |we should've never left Colorado.
I should have followed my first mind.
Okay.
So, you're blaming me for this?
I'm gonna make some calls.
-Troy...|-Damn it, Sheila!
Give me some space!
Don't you ever talk to me like that again!
This book is about a little boy. |And everything he tried to do,
people would tell him, "You can't do that!"
And when he'd ask, he'd say, "Why?" |And they'd say, "Because they say."
-Did anybody ever tell you "they"?|-Yes.
-Who's "they"?|-The other people.
Other people, right. |Let nobody stop you from what you want.
This is a great book.
Hello!
-Hey!|-Hi, Mommy!
-Hey, Mommy!|-Hi!
-You need some help, babe?|-No, I think I got it.
I picked up this magazine for you.
There's this great article on kids' health.
-Thanks. Hey.|-Yeah.
So, how was your day?
It was good. |Do you wanna read to your brother?
-Okay.|-Yeah, go ahead and read to him.
It was really good. How was yours?
-I had a great day. I did.|-Yeah?
Yeah, I mean, it was a heavy workload
-but it was still a great day.|-Okay.
You know what I wanna know, right?
What are you talking about?
Pat and Gavin, honey. What happened?
You know I can't talk about it, right? |You know that.
But I will say that |you probably should go see him.
-Yeah.|-I bought these flowers.
-Don't they smell great?|-Yeah.
Yeah, they smell good.
Mom, Dad taught me how to do fractions.
He did? Well, that's fantastic!
Terry. Terry. Terry!
-Feel like chicken?|-Yeah, chicken.
-Yeah?|-Yeah.
Chicken it is. Great.

You must've had a really great day at work.

You're so happy, honey.

-It was a good day. Yeah!|-Yeah?

-These come with a card?|-No.

-No?|-No...

There's a stick for a card.

Right. Well, you know,|the florist must've made a mistake.

The florist made a mistake, huh?

Okay. I'm gonna get started on the chicken.

I hope you kids are hungry,|'cause I'm making chicken!

There you go. And what about you?

-I'm all right.|-All right, okay!

-I wanna watch my dad.|-Okey-doke.

-There he is!|-...he's gonna throw into
that much traffic? What was he thinking?

I don't know what he was thinking...

-Hey, where's Marcus at?|-Excuse me, ma'am.

-Marcus!|-Ma'am, you can't go out there.

-Wait a minute. What's this?|-Angela?

-Marcus.|-Lady, we're live.

I don't give a damn about you being live!

How you doing, Rodney?

Marcus, who the hell|have you had at my house?

On Tuesdays and Thursdays|at noon, Marcus?

Maybe we should watch something else.

You are a nasty...

Wow.

Marcus' nasty behind|has the nerve to have some hos
with them little wide receivers,|with them tight ends,
having touchdowns up in my bed!

Your nasty ass... I'm so sick of this!

Marcus! Who'd you have in my bed?

Well, evidently we have some|late-breaking Marcus news.

And we'll have that for you|when Sports Shuffle comes back.

Don't go anywhere.

What is this, Springer?

And we're out. Let's go to commercial.

You are like three crazy people!

Oh, yeah? You know what, Marcus?|You ain't seen crazy.

Who did you have at my house in my bed?

How many times I got to tell you? Nobody!

You are such a liar.

-You trying to make me lose my job?|-I don't give a damn about this job!

You're about to lose your wife|and your kids!

You're so damn evil!
Yeah? You ain't seen evil.
What do you want?|You want the cell phone? Is that what it is?
All right, I'll give you the cell phone.
I'll give you the cell phone. Here you go.
Take the damn cell phone. All right?
The password to my cell phone|and the e-mail is your damn birthday.
Now, just get to stepping,|so I can keep my job.
'Cause you know good and damn well|we need the money,
because your damn salon|ain't bringing in jack!
That's what you think this is?
Because I'm going through a recession?
That that justifies you to bring|somebody into my bed, Marcus?
Are you listening to anything|that I'm saying,
or just the crazy people in your own head?
Get your ass out of here,|so I can make us some money.
Yeah, I'm leaving, but this ain't over with.
Where is my damn purse? I'll see you later.
What y'all doing, you little nosy-ass...
Just going over notes.
-...Sports Shuffle people?|-Just doing notes.
-Yeah.|-Wow.
I'm done with this, Marcus!|I'm not taking this from you no more!
-I'm about to dump you...|-Are we back?
And we're back in five, four, three...
No, I can't...
Listen, I'll talk to you later.|He just got in, okay? Bye.
You know, I think it's best if I move out.
It's a good idea.
How do you do that?
Always have to be in control,|never show any emotion?
You've been drinking again,|haven't you, Gavin?
What do you want me to do? My wife
doesn't love me.
You know who does love me?
Your co-worker.
What's her name? Denise.|She's been calling me. She's...
"Gavin, I love you."
You know what you are right now?|Pathetic!
Be an adult, okay? Settle this, Gavin.
Give me the money!
Stop drinking, okay?
You know what?|You need to have a drink, okay?
Gavin, you're not taking our pictures.

-You're not taking those pictures!|-What do you...
What do you care about, okay?
You didn't shed one tear|when our son died.
-That's enough. That's enough.|-Okay?
Don't talk to me about no damn pictures.
No. You know what?
Gavin, stop!
No, you're gonna sit here...
You're gonna sit here|and you're gonna listen to me, okay?
-I'm gonna tell you...|-Stop it!
...what I've been holding on to|this whole marriage.
You're drunk. Look, you're...
-How about it? You want to join me?|-Stop it!
Let's drink together.
-Gavin, stop it!|-Nope.
-Stop it!|-Cheers, baby.
You're drunk.
I'm gonna tell you.
You say purge, right? No, no, no...
No, get off of me! Get off of me!
Baby, listen.
-Now, isn't this what you tell your readers?|-Get off of me!
You tell your readers to purge, right?|To purge?
I'm gonna purge. Now, listen to me. |I'm gonna purge.
-I'm gonna purge... No, listen...|-Don't touch me. You're hurting me!
-Doctor, doctor, listen to your patient.|-Don't touch me.
Listen to your patient.
I'm gonna purge. I'm gonna dump.
No, no. This is what you tell them?
-I'm gonna purge. I'm gonna dump.|-Get off of me.
No, listen. Just tell me. Tell me something.
Baby, listen, no, no. Listen, tell me.
Why... Why do you always have to...
Why do you always have to be right?|Why do you have to be in control?
Just tell me something. |What happened to you?
What happened to you?|What makes you like that, huh?
No, no, just tell me. |Tell me what makes you like that.
-You...|-Leave me, Gavin.
-You got all this advice for everybody...|-Get off of me.
-No, no...|-Get off of me...
-You got advice for everybody...|-Get off. You're hurting me!
-...but you don't want to help yourself!|-Get off of me.
-You don't want to...|-Let go!
You're sick! You're psychotic!

-Baby, listen...|-You've gone crazy!
Hey! Baby!
No. No, Gavin.
Not the baby's pictures!|Those are the only ones we have!
Gavin, don't!
-You like that? You like that?|-No! No! No!
I love you.
I love you. I love you.
Okay.
Okay. Okay.
-Hey, babe.|-Hey.
I'm glad you called me.
-How are you?|-I'm fine.
I can't lie, I was...|I was shocked when I got your call.
I really was.
I knew you missed me.
Stop.
Joke.
I'm just here because I need a favor.
What is it?
I cannot believe I'm asking you this.
What is it?
Are you still friends with|the chief of police?
Do you still play golf with him?
Yeah, why?
Troy's been trying to get a job and|they've been giving him the run-around.
Can you help him?
Sheila.
Just a yes or a no.
Sure.
Sure, I'll give him a call.
Thank you.
Is that the only reason you came?
Yeah.
But, Mike,|Troy cannot know about this, okay?
Yeah, I won't say a word.
It's really good seeing you. You look great.
Thank you.
What's wrong with you?
-Why are you being so nice?|-I've always been nice.
Who do you think you're talking to?
I know you.
Okay.
Look, I...

I've made some bad decisions in my life
and I just want to fix them, that's all.

That's good.

I'm glad for you.

I do miss you.

Oh, God.

I'm gonna go and meet with the girls. | They're waiting for me around the
corner.

Tell them hi.

Noises? From the bedroom? | And you heard this from your neighbor?

Yeah, can you believe that? | She caught me at my car and told me that,
and I'm gonna find out the truth.

What the hell are you looking at?

Was that you on Sports Shuffle?

You know what? | Shuffle that food down your fat-ass throat
and leave me the hell alone, okay? | And mind your business.

-Shuffle that! Thank you very much! | -What's he talking about?

Absolutely nothing. | Dianne, nothing, trust me.

Can you believe, | Tuesdays and Thursdays in my house?

-In my bed. | -No, I really can't.

-Has he lost his mind? | -Yes.

Hi, Sheila.

Hi, how are you?

Sorry, I'm late.

Where's Pat?

I tried to call her. | She's not answering her phone. So...

Oh, my God, Dianne. Is she okay?

-You guys, I can't talk about the case. | -Yes, you can.

Please, don't... Don't ask me. No.

Come on. She's not okay.

It's gonna get ugly. I know it.

Divorces are born to be ugly. | But Pat and Gavin...

-I know. | -They were like a template for us.

I know. Me, too.

I mean, whenever I got into it with Terry, | I would just say,
"What would Patricia do?" | Now, I don't know what to say.

He's cheating on her, ain't he?

-Gavin? No. | -Yes. Didn't he?

-Come on, give up the goods, Dianne. | -No. She didn't say that he did,
but...

How do you really know that your spouse | is cheating, anyway? I mean,
really.

If you think he's cheating, | then he's cheating.

Wait a second, just because you suspect,

that doesn't mean that it's the truth. | It just doesn't.

I disagree with that.

Dianne, every time | I caught Marcus cheating,

I knew it before I found out.

I know because I know how to listen | to that voice on the inside of me that tells me when a man is cheating.

The voice?

Yeah, but you smoked | so much weed in college!

Baby, you might not want to listen | to that voice in your head.

It's probably still high.

Seriously, if you're always | in a chemically induced state, you might want to reconsider everything that you're doing.

And thinking, too.

What is this, an intervention?

That has absolutely nothing to do with it.

I know how to tell.

If your man, if he goes to work all day long and then comes home | smelling like a fresh bar of soap, something's up. I ain't got time | to be sitting around all day guessing.

Relationships are supposed to be about

-trust. | -No, I'm an old-school fool.

I'm checking his bank statements, | I'm checking his credit card statements, I'm checking his timecard at work | and I'm comparing it to the hours that he said he was working and it better match the money | he has coming home.

I'm checking his cell phone bill,

I'm checking the numbers that | he was calling on his cell phone bill.

I'm checking his mileage in the car.

His job is 10.5 miles.

The kids' school is 2.1 miles.

I checked the mileage when he goes | to Terry and Dianne's house.

That is 6.7 miles.

And when any of those miles come back | 2.2, or 5.6, or 7.9, or 10.7...

If he comes back

and I see 4.8 and a half of a mile,

that means he came from Keisha's house,

he rode to the store | to get some breath spray...

Do you check his pulse | when he walks through the door?

His resting heart rate is 42 beats a minute.

If Marcus comes home to the house | and he claims he was at work all day, if that resting heart beat is 58 beats | a minute, he's been cheating.

I'm not doing all that. That's a full-time job.

-Exactly. | -The bottom line

is that I have to check him.

All that time I spent training that man|on how to be right for me,
you think that I'm really gonna let|some other woman
take all that on-the-job training?

-What is he, a man or a puppy? 'Cause...|-He ain't either one.

That's why I got his cell phone right here,|and I'm waiting for it to ring.

I just hate that Gavin and Patricia|are going through this.

It's unbelievable, really.

Dianne, what happened?

They want a divorce, that's all I can tell you.

-I can't say anything. Stop asking me.|-Ring the doorbell.

Patricia!

Her car is out there. |I don't know why she's not answering.

Hey, babe, it's us.

Come on, let us in.

We're worried about you, baby, please.

Hey.

-Hey, where you been?|-I went out with the girls.

Where's our son?

I put him down about an hour ago.

-Okay.|-Babe...

I'm sorry.

You know, I thought you'd left me.

Why would you think that?

Because every time we get into it,|you threaten to leave me.

I'm not gonna leave you.

Good.

'Cause I don't want you to leave.

Baby, married people argue,|even in a good marriage.

-I know.|-We got a good marriage.

I don't know what I'd do without you.

I cooked.

Smells good.

You want some?

I got a job.

-I got a job!|-Oh, babe, that's great!

I start tomorrow.

I mean, it... It just came out of nowhere. |It was the craziest thing.

-Told you.|-Oh, man.

Sorry, man. I saw that, though.

I'm sitting at home watching it going,|"This is crazy!"

What's up, Gavin?

-Hey, hey!|-Hey.

You good, buddy?

Yeah.

What's up, man?

What's happening, Gavin?

Are you all right?

Yeah, yeah.

You ready to move?

Yeah.

Are you gonna open the door?

Yeah.

Gavin!

She changed the locks.

Are you crazy?

Gavin! Man, did you just throw a...

Gavin, man, what are you...|What are you doing?

We came to help you move. I don't want|to be a part of no crap with y'all.

No, that's fine. Okay, I have some suitcases|and boxes over there,

-some other stuff in this.|-Where's Patricia? Is she at work?

I don't know. I waited across the street|for her to leave. So...

This dude just threw a ficus|through the window!

Waiting for her... What... Man, this is not|healthy. Come on, Gavin, I mean, come on!

Stop this, okay? Please, stop it.

-She cheated on you, didn't she?|-No.

-You cheated?|-No.

Damn, everybody ain't cheating, okay...

Look, guys, please. Hurry up and help me|get my stuff before she comes back.

Gavin, she don't know about this?

-No.|-Okay, wait, wait, wait, okay, this is...

Okay, wait, listen.|Listen to me, okay. Really.

Fourteen years|you've been with this woman.

There's got to be something|in them 14 years somewhere that's worth fighting for. This is not cool.

You can only fight with a person when|they're willing to get in the ring with you.

She doesn't love me anymore.

That's what she said. She said|she doesn't want to be with me, okay?

I don't love my wife all the time.|She don't love me all the time, okay?

It's marriage. It goes in cycles.

Sometimes you love them, sometimes|you don't, right? You and Angela...

See? See? It goes around...

That is the problem when you're married|to a psychologist, okay?

They think they know every damn thing.

Now, please,|help me get my stuff before she comes.

Man, why do I feel like|we're breaking and entering?
'Cause we're going to jail.
This is why|people don't want to get married.
The only people who want to get married|are gay people.
Is this a game you want to play with me?
What do you want me to do?|You changed the locks.
I want you to be a man, all right?
Leave this marriage|with what you came in with, Gavin.
Look, I am a man, first of all. Okay?
Second of all, you go down to the bank|and see what this man did.
I got it all now.
What makes you think you deserve a dime|of my hard-earned money?
You want to fight?
Patricia, Patricia, wait.
-You want to be crazy?|-Wait, wait, wait...
I'll show you crazy! Come on!
-I'll show you! I'll give you crazy!|-Patricia, wait a minute.
Patricia, wait a minute. What are you...
I'll show you crazy!
Wait a minute! What are you doing?
Married for 14 years!
For 14 years!
Patricia, hold on a second. Patricia!
I thought you were somebody!
I gave you all my 14 years!
Who's the one who put the down payment|on this house?
You greedy, selfish son of a bitch!
Who gave you the money|for this architect firm?
Greedy, selfish son of a bitch!
Patricia, wait...
Selfish bastard!
Selfish bastard!
Get out of my house.
Get out of my house!
Get out! This is my house! Get out!
-Hey, Sheila.|-Don't "hey" me.
-What'd I do?|-Don't call my house again!
If you think you got me over a barrel|because you helped Troy get this job,
-you are wrong!|-That's not it.
I will tell my husband myself|before I let you call me any time of night.
Do you understand that?|What kind of woman do you think I am?
-That's not what I'm trying to do.|-What is it? What?
I just... I need your help.
-Angela! You scared me.|-I thought you'd be asleep.

-I can't. The noise.|-Yeah, well, I came here 'cause it's Tuesday.
And I want to see what noises|you've been hearing.
I'm so sorry. I'm sorry.
Sorry, I brought it up.
I'm so sorry.
Sounds like he's really giving it to her.
Yeah, and I'm about to give it|to both of them.
What the hell is wrong with you!
With your ho up in here! I'll kill you!
I'm gonna kill you!|Bust a cap in your behind!
Marcus, my bed!
What the hell is wrong with you, Marcus?
You got some ho in my bed,|I could kill you! I could kill...
Alex?
Alex, what the hell|are you doing in my bed?
How dare you be having sex|with some ho in my bed.
And with my maid? Oh, hell, no!
You're supposed to be cleaning up|this damn house!
Not sleeping in my bed!|Get your asses out of my bed
and wash my damn sheets!
I'm sick of this!|No, don't clean up a damn thing!
Get out of here!
Get the hell out!
You stupid ass!
I'm really worried about them.
I've never seen her like this.
You need to at least call her or something.
We did, we called her.
Well, you need to go over there.
We did go over there.|You know, she didn't open the door.
I'm worried about her, and him, too.
Well, me, too. Trust me.
But, you know, I'll tell you what.|We'll go over there tomorrow
and we'll refuse to leave|until she opens the door.
Okay?
We'll figure everything out.
Are you wearing that to work?
Yeah.
Sexy.
Oh, yeah?
I'm glad you think it's sexy.
Have you slept with him?
Slept with who? What...|What are you talking about?
Sixty-three days ago, honey,|you came home and you were different.

You were happier than I've ever seen you.
From that day to this one,
you started taking a whole lot of care|with the clothes you wear.
Your makeup in the morning|takes a little longer,
your perfumes are different,|the panties you wear.
From that day to this one,|you just get happier and happier.
Honey, it's you that makes me...
Dianne, don't make me think I'm crazy|when I know.
I know, tell me. Dianne.
Honey, I love your heartbeat, I know.
I'm in tune with you.
You can't be this arrogant|to think that I wasn't paying attention.
Is his name Philip?
I'm trying to fix this, okay?|I'm trying to save our "us."
I'm trying to fix this,|but you keep lying to me.
You're just gonna piss me off,|and we won't be able to fix this.
Dianne, just tell me the truth.
Is it Philip?
We haven't done anything, I promise.
He's funny, he makes me laugh and he...|He's an attorney.
He works at another firm.|Do you really want to hear this? I...
Well, we worked on a case together|and then, he invited me to dinner.
February 17th.
You must have sat really close to him|that night, because
I could smell him|when you walked through the door.
We did not do anything.
After the dinner,|I spoke to him on the phone
and I talked to him through e-mail.|It was harmless.
What happened on March the 8th?
How do you mean?
That night you came into this house,|and you made love to me like
I was the only person in the world.
Were you with him that night?
I saw him that day, yes.
Terry, I love you.
I love you.
So...
When we were having sex,|you were thinking about him?
Yeah.
If you thought about it, then you should.
Terry, please, I'm sorry!
I'm sorry, please!|I won't ever see him again!
I'll never speak to him.|It's not worth this to me.
You have to know that I love you, baby!

Terry!

So you working late again, Marcus?

-Yeah.|-You couldn't even call me to tell me that?

You have my phone.

Yeah, and somebody's been calling|your phone all day long and hanging up.

Baby, please don't start.

Oh, and look at it, it's ringing again.

Look at that!

Hello!

Hello?

Hey, you know what, ho?|I'm sick of y'all calling this phone.

Stop ringing this damn phone!

And I hear you breathing.|When are you gonna say something, ho?

Yeah. All right. You know what?|You're gonna get punched in the face.

-You ain't got nothing to say.|-Give me the phone.

Here. Go on and call your little ho back.

Angela, these are text messages.

You cannot answer a text message|by picking up the phone.

Nobody has been calling all day.

That is ridiculous! Some old stupid phone|that can't nobody work.

Maybe it ain't the phone that's...

Look. Just read the text messages.

No. I ain't reading nothing, Marcus. No.

Good night.

Just give me the damn phone.

How do you work this thing?

Whatever.

Wow, that's all from work?

You still don't trust me.

Honey, I'm so sorry!

Honey, come here. Wait a minute.|Come here, baby. Just...

Come here. Honey, I'm so sorry! Sit...

Honey, I'm sorry I didn't trust you.

It's okay, Angela.|Look, I've got to get some sleep, all right?

No, let's talk!

It's a good time to talk,|the kids are upstairs.

I'm so sorry.

I don't know why I act so crazy.

Sometimes I feel like you might end up|leaving me one day for some cheerleader...

Is that what you been thinking about?

Baby, I am so past that age.

Those days are over for me.

Believe me. Trust me.

Honey, sometimes, I just... I don't know.
I just wonder, like, |why do you want to stay with me?
Baby, I love you!
That's why I'm here.
And one day, you are gonna know that.
And one day, |you're gonna be able to trust me again.
But right now, I got to get some sleep.
-Honey, I love you so much. | -I love you, too.
And the kids are asleep.
And maybe me and you |can have some time...
-Come on now. We got... | -You know...
I'm tired.
What's that?
I don't know.
-Hey, yeah, since the kids are asleep... | -Wait a minute, hold up.
What is that?
Marcus!
What are you doing |with another cell phone, Marcus?
-You had mine! | -Marcus, do you know what?
-I don't give a damn if I had the cell phone! | -I've got to work!
Every time I try to trust you, Marcus, |you always do something...
Then everybody try to make me out |like I'm crazy,
and I ain't crazy!
-Good job today there, rookie. | -Thanks.
Looks like they trained you well |up there in Colorado.
Yeah, they did.
I got to be honest with you.
Anytime the boss tells us |you come highly recommended,
you never know.
Highly recommended by who?
One of his golfing buddies, |Mike, I don't know, somebody.
The guy's a jerk.
Anyway, he said that your wife asked him |to hook you up.
You know where he lives?
What the hell are you doing here? |Are you kidding me?
Are you trying to play me |for some kind of fool or something?
-I am not... | -What the hell are you doing here, Sheila?
-You are not supposed to be here! | -Wait. Wait.
Where is he? Where is he? Don't touch me!
Listen to me. Listen to me.
-Wait! Wait! Wait! | -Where's Mike? Where's Mike?
Don't touch me. |Don't put your hands on me.
-Let me just talk to you! | -You got... You know what?
You can't explain this! Where is he?

Oh, my God!

Get up!

Yo, get up! Get up!

I'm talking to you. Get up!

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Wait, wait, Troy!

-What? How could you be here?|-Baby, I'm helping him.

You think I need him to get a job?

He's got cancer. |I'm just taking him to chemo.

I don't care. I don't care!

-That's how you do me?|-No!

I'm sorry.

It's a mess in here.

Why won't this light come on?

-Open the drapes.|-No.

I'm okay.

Can you please leave?

Pattie, we're not leaving.

Angela... I have...

I have no more fight left in me. Please.

-Please.|-Do you really want us to go?

Please leave.

Okay, listen, can we make a deal with you?

What if we just sit here?

Then can we stay?

Gavin, man, it's irrelevant. |I don't even blame this guy.

He don't know me, I don't know him.

But it's her. |She should know better than that.

At least she didn't do nothing with him.

Marcus, man, come on.

It don't matter if she slept with him or not. |Women are different from men.

Men can have sex with this one and |that one and have no connection at all,

get up and go on about their business,

leave \$200 on the dresser. |You know what I'm saying?

Women are emotional creatures, and |when they have an affair emotionally,

it's way worse than sex. |I don't even want to hear that.

She vowed not to talk to him again, |so, you know, keep that.

-I don't want to hear that.|-Well, then you should state it.

Terry, trust me, |you don't want to go through a divorce.

Why, because |of what you're going through?

You don't want to be like him. |You ain't the divorcing kind.

That's what I'm trying to say, trust me.

Hey, Sheriff.

I'm sorry if I hurt you. I didn't know.

We're good.

Look, I know we don't know each other.
But you should know your wife|and she ain't that way.
I know my wife.
There you go.
The best man won.
Now, y'all listen up, every one of you.
Man, life is too short.
Trust me.
So, you all need to make this right.|All right? Fix it.
So, why didn't you tell us|that you were sick?
That's what I want to know, man.|What's up with that? We're your friends.
What good would that have done?
You guys are still at each other's throats.
Yeah, but we'd have looked out for you.
Look, I'll be fine, all right?
You know I'm a fighter.|I'm gonna beat this thing.
I'll beat it.
All right. I'm gonna get some work done.
-All right, man.|-All right.
Yo, O'Malley.
Come on, Sheriff.|Come on, man, sit down. Have a drink.
O'Malley, give him a drink.
-Hey, Ross, good to see you.|-Oh, hey, Patricia...
-Is Gavin here?|-Yeah, he's in his office.
Bring it in, guys.
Yeah, I did...
-I didn't know it was your birthday!|-It's not my birthday.
Patricia, what are you doing?
Can I get everyone's attention, please?|Can you gather around?
Patricia, what are you doing?
I would like for all of us to sing|Happy Birthday today to my husband.
It's his birthday today.
Patricia, I'm warning you.
Patricia.
Now, everyone, count to three.
-One, two, three!|-Patricia...
Surprise!
You think this is funny?
-All this is for you.|-Yeah?
In front of all your associates,|this is my gift to you.
If you want to be a bitch,|then there's your man, Gavin.
This is the last time I tell you,|you need to leave here now.
What you got, huh?
You leave here right now...

Don't put your finger in my face!

-Patricia!|-What are you gonna do? Do what?

What you... Huh?

I'm sick of your selfish ass, Gavin!|I'm tired of this!

Go ahead.

Run. Run, Gavin. Run.

Run like a little girl!

-Yeah. You really have issues.|-Run like the little bitch you are!

-You need to handle that.|-At least you look like a little girl!

-You need to handle that, woman.|-Turn around!

-And face me like a man!|-You need to handle your issues!

You know what? You are a bitch. |You know that?

You ingrate!

-How dare you...|-You're gonna come by my job and...

How dare you try to take all my money?

You know what?|I've got nothing to say to you!

-I've got nothing to say to you!|-How dare you try to take all my money?

Go ahead, look at you run!

Come on, face me. Face me!

You ingrate! You selfish ingrate!|How dare you try to take all my money?

How dare you? Run! Run, you little bitch!

You are not gonna touch|a dime of what I have, Gavin!

Oh, my God!

What did I do?

I didn't mean it! What did I do?

-Hey, hey, hey, hey, it's okay.|-Listen, Patricia, it's gonna be all right.

-He's gonna be okay.|-All right?

It's stupid!

Just stupid! Fighting, fighting for what?

I don't care about any of that. |He can have it all!

We know that.

I just want him to be okay.

Look at me.

You don't want to end up like this.

Love one another. Please, fix it!

Fix it! Fix it!

Tonight, we

say goodbye to a friend,

someone we love

and we'll miss.

Truly a

great brother,

husband.

We say goodbye to you, Gavin.

May your soul rest in eternal peace.

-Excuse me, Professor Agnew.|-Yes, Professor.

You left out so quickly,|I was trying to catch you.

I'm sorry. |Is there something that I can help you with?

That was a great lecture|on grieving and healing.

Thank you. |It's something I know all too well.

I know it's been only a year|since your husband died.

This may be really inappropriate

but in your lecture,|you talk about moving on.

Okay, what's going on?

There's someone who wants to meet you.

-Professor...|-Just hear me out.

He's a philanthropist. |He gives a lot of money to the college.

He reads your books, |and he came to hear you speak today.

Lillian, with all due respect, you...

Can you please just say hi?

We need his funding.

All right, all right. Fine, where is he?

Hi. I'm so sorry to bombard you this way.

I'm Daniel Franklin. |And I just want you to know, Professor,
your lecture today was really amazing.

And I also wanted to let you know|that your books helped me get through
a pretty tough divorce.

And I was also wondering if you thought|it would be too forward
if I asked you out to get some coffee?