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# Big Momma 's House 2

By Don Rhymer

Hello?

That leak we had has been fixed.

So now that we've dealt with the situation,  
we can keep moving forward, right?

Yes, of course.

I thought so.

What was that about?

Nothing.

Go back to sleep.

You gotta get out there.

They're starting to get fidgety.

What were you so nervous about? I mean,  
you set this up, right? You vouched for us?

Yes, but you don't

know them the way I do.

If they think for one second you're  
not legit, they will turn on you.

And God help you if that happens.

That's it. We can't risk  
it. I'm pulling the plug.

No, no.

I've never turned down an assignment,  
and I'm not gonna start now.

Just tell me one thing.

Have they had their snack?

No, just juice boxes.

You gotta be kiddin me.

All right. Okay.

And now lets give a great big Gold  
Coast Elementary School welcome to, uh...

Goldie the Safety Eagle!

I say, there's an eagle in the house.

I say, there's an eagle-

Pa-cow,

pa-cow.

So what brings us here  
today, O great Safety Eagle?

Yeah, well, I'm, uh, here to  
recruit some junior investigators.

Me!

Ah, now, I'm not talking about  
investigating your parents.

Although, if your daddy got no job...  
...and wearing a \$20,000

Rolex, give us a call.  
Hey, Trent. Watching television sure is fun...  
That guy in the chicken suit?  
Isn't that your step dad?  
...make sure the cord  
is not torn or frayed.  
If the Safety Eagle  
were to plug that in...  
...he would get a nasty shock.  
Plug it in! Plug it in!  
Damn demon kids.  
Space heaters keep us  
warm in the winter...  
...but they, too, can  
be very dangerous if-  
What-  
Oh!  
Oh. Oh. Whoo!  
Oh!  
Couldn't you have at least  
taken off that chicken suit?  
First of all, its an eagle suit.  
And unfortunately, I had no  
choice. The zipper melted.  
- What's wrong with you anyway?  
- Ryan and the guys saw you.  
- So?  
- So its embarrassing.  
Ryan's dad sells shrimp  
out the trunk of his car.  
He's the one that should be embarrassed.  
- Well, at least he doesn't have to do it dressed like a chicken.  
- Eagle.  
I'm an eagle.  
An eagles a majestic  
bird. It deserves respect.  
So those stories you used to tell me- The  
things you did, all those guys you put in jail-  
- You gave it up for this?  
- No.  
I gave it up for her.  
Hi, honey. Hi, baby!  
What happened to my little birdie?  
Eagle too proud to talk about it.

Well, come on inside  
and let me take a look.

- Hey, baby.

- Hi, honey.

- What's up?

- Oh, I almost forgot.

The broker called today and  
upped the offer on the Porsche.

Malcolm, with what he's offering...

...we can remodel the garage into a playroom  
and still have enough left over for a minivan.

Whoa. Uh, now, a playrooms one thing.

But I am not drivin no minivan.

- Well, where are we gonna put a baby in that Porsche?

- It's got a trunk.

Malcolm, all the talks we  
had about having the baby...

...and how it was gonna change things?

You promised me you were up for this.

Yeah, baby, but to be fair...

...you were naked when most  
of those promises were made.

Look, I'm just kiddin'... Okay?

She wants a minivan.

Me driving a minivan? I  
ain't gonna be able to do it.

Next thing you know, I'll be asking  
if I look fat in these jeans.

This is my stuff?

Kick me out of my office?

Hell, no. Crawford.

It was my call. Field agents  
have priority over P.R.

- You gotta be kidding me, Crawford.

- Malcolm. Malcolm!

Last night Doug Hudson  
was killed in the line.

Yeah.

- I want in.

- I'm sure you do, but you're not a field agent anymore.

Reinstate me. You know  
what the man meant to me.

He was my first partner. Hudson taught  
me everything I know about this job.

I know that. You think  
I don't know that?  
But the Orange County  
office has jurisdiction.  
They already have  
their best people on it.  
You know full well the  
best people for this is me.  
Not anymore. The fact is,  
we don't need you, Malcolm.  
Look.  
You're gonna have a baby. You

**wanted a desk:**

Now, I know P.R.  
isn't exactly what you-  
Did you really set  
yourself on fire yesterday?  
Well, actually, it was  
more of a controlled burn.  
The flames weren't that big.  
Uh-huh.  
Go home. Be with your wife.  
Get your head on straight.  
I don't wanna see you anywhere  
near this. And that's an order.  
- I find you sniffing  
around, so... I heard you.  
Lets get started, people.  
Hey, Erskine, Crawford  
wants you in there.  
- Really?  
- Yeah, really.  
The United States government  
operates the most sophisticated...  
...intelligence-gathering  
operations in the world.  
A few months ago, we  
received anonymous intel...  
...that someone was designing a worm-  
...a backdoor hack into that system.  
So, terrorists, North Korea-  
...whoever gets their hands on this  
will know everything we know?

N.S.A., C.I.A., D.O.D.  
All their databases  
will be an open book.  
Military intelligence, launch codes.  
They'll have access to  
everything we've got.  
Now, our chief suspect is Tom Fuller.  
As you can see, he spent a stint  
in the army, military intelligence.  
He's now head of development of software at  
a company called National Agenda Software.  
Agent Doug Hudson was working  
undercover on Fullers technical team.  
I guess he got too close.  
Now, we've I.D.'d the  
10 most likely buyers...  
...and we have em under full surveillance.  
...into Fullers house as a nanny.  
...and well give 'em all  
the bodies they need.  
- Now lets get to work.  
- A nanny?  
Honey, look what I picked out  
for the baby today. Isn't he cute?  
Wh-Why are you packing, Malcolm?  
Um, well, I'm just packing because, uh-  
Guess what?  
- Huh?  
Um, There's this  
- This convention. A safety convention.  
Seasoned professionals sharing  
ideas. You know, a think tank.  
A think tank? Really? Well, who's going?  
- Uh, McGruff the  
Crime Dog... - Uh-huh.  
...uh, Smokey the Bear gonna be there.  
- Wow.  
- Baby, all the heavy hitters.  
Now that I think about it,  
like, they all comin out.  
So McGruff the Crime Dog and Goldie  
the Safety Eagle? Honey, this is great!  
Well, its not like we sharing  
a room or anything like that.

- I don't get down like that.  
- No, baby, I didn't mean it like that.  
I just  
- I meant that I'm really proud of you.  
And I know you're working really  
hard to make this new job work.  
And I know that you're  
doing it for me...  
And for Trent and for the baby.  
And for all the babies to come.  
Malcolm, I love you.  
- All the babies to  
come? - Yeah. Mm- Hmm.  
- You wanna give me  
a number? - Mm-hmm.  
You understand you need  
to get this job, right?  
All right. Well, we didn't have  
time to cover all the angles...  
...but with this rsum, you  
shouldn't have any trouble at all.  
- Piece of cake.  
- Okay, go.  
Go get em.  
She is an excellent  
agent. Very professional.  
Oh, Mrs. Gallagher, you're here.  
- I'm sorry I was so late.  
- Hi.  
They're here. Can I  
talk to you for a second?  
I want you to know things are gonna  
be different this time, I promise.  
What? I don't know what you mean.  
Look, I know that I am particular.  
But I am gonna work on it.  
I'm gonna be more flexible.  
Probably not about  
everything, but I think that...  
...there is some wiggle room,  
in some areas, probably.  
Lets just jump right  
into the interviews.  
Great. Whatever you want.

I have three amazing candidates.  
Ladies, Id like you to  
meet Mrs. Leah Fuller.  
Mrs. Fuller, this is-  
Ooh, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord.  
Big Mommas in the house.  
Ooh, hello.  
Oh, I'm sorry I'm late...  
...but there was an incident on the bus.  
- Oh, my gosh. Are you okay?  
- Well, lets just say there's one pervert...  
...who wont playing the flute no time soon.  
Huh? Ooh, give me a second, please.  
Ooh, got my pressure all  
up and my nerves goin. Ooh.  
Who the hell is that?  
Hey, uh, Constance, give me a close-up.  
Ooh, hi. I'm Hattie Mae Pierce.  
But you can call me Big Momma.  
Everybody calls me Big Momma.  
Miss... Big Momma?  
Um, I'm not sure how you found out about  
this job opening, but unfortunately-  
- Well, has the position been filled?  
- Uh, no.  
Now, that's good equal opportunity.  
You should know I got Al  
Sharpton on speed dial. Mm- Hmm.  
Need me to call? Wanna make a call? Hmm?  
- Want a  
rally? - Mm-mmm.  
First, we have Petra.  
- She studied art in Paris.  
- Oh. Bonjour.  
- Hmm.  
- She speaks four languages, and recently worked...  
...for one of Orange County's  
most respected families.  
Unfortunately, they divorced.  
Oh, child, that divorce  
wasn't your fault.  
So what if men like to look  
at you in your birthday suit?  
Excuse me?



Well, the only way you get a tan like that is by layin' out butt naked.

Butterball naked. Hmm?

Mrs. Fuller, I can assure you-

No, its all right that you wanna be a nudist. Do your nudie thing.

All right? It's okay.

I'm sure Mrs. Fuller is not intimidated...

...by a pair of perky Ds.

Hmm, Ds. Hmm? Hmm?

Oh.

Where you goin? Did I say somethin'?

Ooh. You don't need nobody like that around your husband anyway.

Okay. Um, our next candidate is Isabella.

Isabella spent the last few years in the Peace Corps.

Wow. That explains it.

You-You chasing the dragon?

- What? - You firing

the 'aack- Ack' gun?

Child smoking the cheeba?

**I got two words:**

So you don't burn your fingers.

- Can you see that? - I should-

I should probably really go.

Who is this woman?

Well, if anyone is beyond reproach, its Constance.

Hello, Constance. It's awfully nice to meet you.

Now, I assume you are completely 'aack-ack' free?

Oh, yes, ma'am. Of course.

She has impeccable references.

She even studied child psychology.

Ooh, that's impressive. Ooh.

Well, children are my passion.

- Oh. Oh, really?

Well, would you say...

...that you're a follower of Bouch?

Or do you side more  
with Kreiter's theory?

Um, Kreiter.

- Definitely Kreiter.

- Well, child, Kreiter's my butcher.

And he can cook the hell out of a ham hock,  
but he don't know nothin' about children.

So what else are you lyin' about?

What?

Maybe you can forgive her lyin' ways...

...but I'm sure you don't  
want a nanny who's packin'...

Packing?

Oh, tell me this is not happening.

Should we discuss compensation?

Oh, Big Momma, I am so glad you came by.

I mean, can you imagine if I had  
hired one of those other ladies?

Oh, Big Momma, are you okay?

Oh. Oh, what a lovely stool.

And so comfortable.

Well, let me tell you a  
little bit about the Fullers.

I own my own marketing business...  
...and my husband, Tom, is in software.

- Oh, my God! Big Momma, are you okay?

- Ooh. Ooh.

Ooh. Excuse me.

Uh, maybe I'll just stand.

So your husbands out on a new  
project? I can't wait to meet him.

Yeah, well.

- Uh, do you wanna know about the children?

- Well, that depends.

- Will they be around a lot?

- Well, they live here...

...so pretty much all the time.

Oh. Well...

...in that case, Big Momma loves taking care of the kids.

- Oh, good.

Unless, of course, you think they'd be  
better off in a nice military academy.

No.

That's funny. I will warn you though...

...their schedules are pretty hectic...

...so I've come up with something  
to help you keep it straight.

Damn. How many kids you got?

I know. I have to remind myself  
sometimes that its only three.

But its not as bad as it looks,  
once you get used to the system.

Okay, for example,

sports are white pegs...

...music are yellow, um...

...tutoring is blue, and  
household chores are red.

Well, which peg says its time for  
me to drink a 40 and watch Dr. Phil?

You're funny.

Um, my husband, Tom, seems to think that  
I'm a little too obsessive about this...

...but, you know, the world is changing.

And I want my kids to be able to  
take advantage of it in every way.

Oh, rats!

Oh, I'll handle it. Uh, all  
I need is a hammer and a mop.

Oh, that's actually our dog, Poncho.

He hasn't really been himself lately.

We had this other dog named Carla.

She was Ponchos girlfriend.

And she was out playing with a ball,  
and there was this, um, wood chipper.

- Wood chipper?

- Oh, he saw the whole thing.

- He blames himself.

It's a tragedy, really.

Anyway, lets go meet the children.

First, we have Andrew. He's three.

Oh, my goodness.

I know. He does that all day long.

And you would think that he would  
get hurt, but he never seems to.

Boy, you are two kinds of crazy.

You cant be throwing

yourself around like that.

Oh, he doesn't speak, at all.

We've taken him to a bunch of specialists. They insist nothing's wrong...  
...that hell talk when he's ready.  
So until then-  
Well, I hope he's wearing a cup.  
Boy just-  
This is Carrie. She's our little cheerleader.  
Hey, Carrie, I wanna introduce you to someone.  
This is Big Momma. She's gonna be our new nanny.  
Hi. Mommy...  
...can you please help me with my routine?  
Why, babe? You're doing great.  
Id get everything pointy out of the room.  
...is going through a bit of a phase.  
Well, like this, for example.  
She never used to lock her door.  
- Well, I could bust it down if you want.  
- Oh, no. That's all right.  
A couple of months ago, she started hanging out with this new group of friends...  
...including this boy, Chad, who, lets just say...  
...would not be our favorite.  
Damn.  
- Molly now prefers a... A free- Flow living environment.  
Well, at some point, this flow backed up.  
This is Big Momma. She's gonna be our new nanny. Big Momma...  
- This used to be Molly.  
- Molly, yes.  
Did somethin die in here?  
Yeah, probably. Listen, Mom, I was studying.  
- So if you guys could please go... Anything to get rid of me.  
Mom, you always do this. I swear to God I was on my bed with my history book.  
- I was studying.

- Okay, okay. I'm gonna go.

- Bye.

- Okay.

You weren't studyin'... And  
you weren't on that bed.

- I totally was.

- No.

You were sitting at the computer.

And your history book is over there...

...by that nasty egg salad sandwich,  
which explains the smell.

Watch it, girl. There's  
a new sheriff in town.

Here we are.

Ooh!

This is my room? Oh, Big Momma done died  
and gone to the Ritz- Carlton.

Oh, I am so glad you like it.

Okay, well, why don't  
you just settle in...

- And well get started first thing in the morning?

- All right.

I'm so happy you're here, Big Momma. And  
I know Mr. Fuller's gonna like you too.

- Oh, he's gonna love me.

- Let me know if you need anything.

Yes!

Time to go to work.

Copying files.

Hey, baby.

I got worried when you  
didn't call. How's Phoenix?

Oh, Phoenix? The convention.

Well, what else did you think I was talking  
about-Why are you whispering, Malcolm?

Oh, no, no. We just, uh...

...doing a lot of, you know,  
safety chanting, baby.

You know, uh, 'Stop, drop  
and roll. ' You know.

That McGruff is a freak.

Dog don't know when to quit.

Baby, this is kind of late.

Maybe you should get some sleep.

Oh, I know. I know, but I just  
needed to hear your voice. I miss you.  
Trent and I had dinner tonight, and I  
must have eaten something too spicy...

- Because the baby's been kicking  
like... Yeah, baby, I love you too.

Bye.

Ugh.

Oh. Where's everybody?

Oh.

Oh, climbing on the cabinets  
is his latest accomplishment.

You okay, Andrew? Whoo.

Mr. Fuller, so nice to meet you.

I'm Hattie Mae Pierce, but  
you can call me Big Momma.

It's great to meet you. My wife  
has an early-morning meeting...

...and I am so late.

You leaving me alone with the kids?

Mr. Fuller! Mi-

Big Momma, I think Andrew  
just ate a Brillo pad.

Andrew, no! Well, that's  
one way to get your roughage.

- That means if we don't leave  
right now, we're gonna be late.

Why don't your daddy take you to school?

Daddy says he has an important job  
where important things happen...

...so he cant waste his  
time with our nonsense.

Molly! We gotta go!

But, Big Momma, Mommy  
didn't get me any breakfast.

Breakfast?

Okay, uh

- Oh. Oh.

Yeah. Yeah, there you go.

Oh.

All righty. Yes, indeedy.

Right. Like that there.

A hearty helping-All right?

Oh. Looks like somebody

got a note on the red peg.  
Ooh, notes on red pegs  
are really important.  
You kiddin? This peg stuff is for real?  
She wants me to do all this?  
It is your job, Sheriff.  
Girl, you got a mean streak in you...  
...and God don't like ugly.  
Now get in the car and  
take your sister with you.  
Sorry about that, Poncho!  
You sure these aren't yours?  
- How big do you think  
I am? I'm just playin'...  
But how in the hell did  
these get under your bed?  
I don't know. I don't know. But  
Malcolm would never cheat on me.  
Especially not with-  
This is like four yards of lace.  
Well, regardless, you cant just sit  
back and hope nothin' is going on.  
You gotta take action.  
For a hundred dollars, I know  
somebody that'll bug his phone.  
No. No, absolutely not.  
I would never bug Malcolm's phone.  
- I completely trust my husband.  
- Sherri, you are so naive.  
You married an F.B.I. Agent.  
I bet on your wedding night, he drugged you  
and embedded a tracking device in your ass.  
I don't have a tracking device.  
Danielle, there's gotta be a perfectly  
logical explanation for these.  
A woman this big, wearing a thong?  
That cant be comfortable.  
Can it?  
Ooh. Uh-oh. Ooh.  
Big Momma got to be careful.  
I lose control of this thong,  
it could disappear for days.  
Hi there. I'm Hattie Mae Pierce,  
but you can call me Big Momma.

Everybody calls me Big Momma.  
You wanna say hello, Andrew?  
This here is Tom Fullers boy.  
Fine. This is a secure facility, and I-  
- Um- Uh, whoa, whoa, whoa,  
whoa, whoa, whoa. - Ooh. Uh-  
Please, you don't know me like  
that. You better ask somebody.  
Let me set the baby down.  
I don't wanna get him upset.  
- Hold on.  
- I'm, uh, gonna have to wand you.  
Wand me? Well, wand on.  
Find what you're lookin' for?  
It-That-That's  
under wire. Yeah.  
Keepin' these fun bags off  
the floor is a full-time job.  
- You wanna see? I'll show you, yeah.  
- No, ma'am.  
- It's all right. You can take a little peeky peek.  
- No, you can stop.  
- No, ma'am. You can stop.  
- But I'm not responsible for the damages.  
- It might poke your eyes out. -  
Please, stop it. Don't- Don't unbutton!  
Eighteenth floor.  
Ooh, thank you.  
Ooh, all these guards and locked doors.  
This must be what its like to get  
in one of Oprah's private parties.  
Yeah.  
You know what, Ms. Pierce? Um, I'm afraid Mr.  
Fuller has a meeting in the conference room...  
...and I'm not allowed to disturb him.  
- Okay, well, I'll  
just wait in... Yeah.  
Ooh. We got a gusher.  
Oh, my goodness. Oh, this is the last  
time I feed this boy pickled pigs feet.  
You're going to change  
his diaper right here?  
Ah, yes, but don't worry.  
I'll contain the seepage, okay?



I just hope your hard drives are backed up.  
Mr. Fuller has a bathroom in his office.  
Okay, Andrew. That programs gotta be hidin' up in here somewhere.  
A remote, but no TV.  
Open sesame.  
We did an extensive check on Mr. Fuller and didn't find anything.  
Basically, we've got a small army of agents working out there.  
And because Agent Stone blew a nanny interview...  
...we got nothin:  
Look, we gotta get somebody on the inside.  
Now, isn't there anybody close to Fuller that we can turn?  
No. We have tried everybody who has any contact with anyone inside that house.  
- We have exhausted the list.  
- Wait a minute.  
I know someone we haven't tried yet.  
Because were coming up on our deadline, and I need to know your status.  
- Ooh, look. There's your daddy.  
- I need to know if you're ready.  
Look, I wouldn't have flown out here if I wasn't ready. Now where's my money?  
Don't worry about the money. Where do we meet?  
That's right. Give me somethin'...

**Tonight, 7:**

- Where?  
- The surf shop, dude.  
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.  
- Someone in the building is logged on to our conference.  
- You gotta be kidding me!  
You guys are amateurs, dude. I'm outta here.  
- What happened?  
- Someone was watching.  
Wed better find out who that someone is.

Ooh, ooh. Comin through. 'Scuse me.  
Comin through. Ooh.  
I cleaned up in there  
as much as possible.  
Ooh. Mr. Fuller.  
Andrew and I thought wed come  
down and pay you a little visit.  
Ain't that right, Andrew?  
Hi, Son.  
Ooh, well, were workin' on that  
talkin' thing. Can you say Tupac?  
Oh, hell get it. He'll get it.  
Tom, is there a problem?  
- No, this is, um...  
Uh, Hattie Mae Pierce.  
Hi. I take care of Tom Fullers babies.  
Tom?  
Ooh, look at the time. We gotta go.  
Oh, yes, there we go.  
Ooh, do me a favor, will  
you? Hold that for me.  
Thank you.  
Get rid of that.  
Did you have a good time today?  
Huh?  
Big Mommas tryin' to fix this.  
F.B.I.  
Sorry, ma'am. I'm gonna have to ask  
you to step inside the van, please.  
Don't push me. You don't  
know me, monkey mouth.  
I- I-I'll  
kick you.  
Look, I-I can explain.  
Ms. Pierce, I am so sorry  
for the inconvenience.  
Can I get you anything?  
Look, if this is about...  
...those butt-ball naked  
pictures of Billy Dee...  
...you gotta understand, that's Billy.  
I just checked my e-mail. There he was.  
I go, 'Ooh! Oooh!'  
And all I could say to myself was, 'll

got Billy! I got Billy! I got Billy!'  
No. No, I, uh-  
I can assure you-  
Ms. Pierce, the F.B.I. is  
investigating Tom Fuller.  
Mr. Fuller? Have mercy.  
Yes. And since you seem to have  
such close access to the family...  
...the fact is, we could  
really use your help.  
Well, what could Big Momma possibly-  
I get it. You want me to take him out.  
- No. No. -  
Yeah. Uh- Uh?  
- No. We just want you to keep an eye on him.  
- Ah?  
You know, have you seen or heard  
anything out of the ordinary?  
Uh, wait.  
He seems to be getting outside help  
on that big project he's working on.  
But what's really important is...  
...we need to find out  
who he's working with.  
Now, ma'am, do you think you  
could find out that information?  
Well, um.  
Well, my m. O. would be  
to stay close to the perps.  
That way, I wont  
compromise the assets...  
...and I'll wait for the  
intel to fall in my hands.  
- Excuse me?  
- Well, I mean...  
...you watch enough Kojak,  
you pick up a few things.  
Don't worry. Big Momma  
got that. I got it.  
Good Lord, help em all.  
Now, I know you got  
somethin to say to that.  
Nothin?  
Well, well work on it.

- I think we should show em the sprinkler.  
- Let's swing.  
All right, from the top. Ready? Five, six...  
Hey, you've reached  
Malcolm, Sherri and Trent.  
We cant take your call, but leave a  
message, and we'll get back with you.  
Hey, Sherri. It's me, baby.  
You know, just thinkin about you-  
Wanna give you a call from, uh  
- From Phoenix.  
Ow!  
Okay, loser.  
Wait  
- Carrie! I gotta go, baby.  
Oh.  
...give you a call from, uh  
- From Phoenix.  
Wait. Carrie!  
- Carrie?  
- I gotta go, baby.  
Carrie?  
You  
- You know, those girls got no room to talk.  
- That ain't dancin'... -  
And chass. And pump. And-  
That's getting Tasered by the police.  
Big Momma, I don't care about that.  
I just  
- I wanna be good, you know?  
If I was good, then my  
dad would come watch me...  
...cause then it wouldn't be  
nonsense and a waste of his time.  
Child, you could dance like  
all those skinny girls on MTV.  
That wouldn't make your daddy stay home.  
Now, he loves you. He just has  
a helluva fine way of showin' it.  
Now, you can do this little  
cheerleading dance thing. I know you can.  
But you need to do it for  
yourself, not anybody else.  
Stand up. Let me show you somethin.

Watch Big Momma. See?  
Rock with it, baby. Rock with it.  
Just feel it.  
All try? All right.  
Ready, now. To the right.  
You gotta go right, baby. There you go.  
No, no, not your leg. Bring your hip.  
Bring your hip and  
then you dip. Hip, dip.  
Hip, dip. There you go,  
Carrie! That's it, Carrie!  
There go  
- Now rock with it. Rock with it, Carrie.  
Rock with it. Now dip, baby. Whoo!  
Dip, dip, dip, baby.  
- Whoo  
- Hoo! There you go, Carrie.  
- There you go, Carrie. Ooh.  
- Okay, guys.  
Um, girls, keep working. You look  
great. Well be right back. Keep going.  
- Ooh. Ooh.  
- Um, excuse me?  
- Can I help you?  
- You can dance.  
- So?  
- We suck.  
- Aw, come on. Were not that bad.  
- Lisa, are you kidding?  
We are flailing around like  
a couple of stroke victims.  
Okay, so maybe we could use a  
little help with the dancing part...  
...but I've got the stunts covered.  
I was a gymnast.  
Look, we really need your help.  
We've got this competition coming up.  
You want the girls to go  
up on stage doing... That?  
Ooh.  
Well, as scary as that  
is, I'm gonna have to pass.  
- But, Big Momma.  
- Don't you Big Momma me.

Now, I didn't cry during  
Waiting to Exhale...  
...and I'm certainly not gonna  
fall for your puppy-dog eyes.  
Now, this day is gettin' away  
from me. We got to go, Carrie.  
What do you say we practice at  
your house tomorrow morning, Carrie?  
- Good idea.  
- Mmm.  
Carrie?  
He doesn't even know any-  
F.B.I., Los Angeles.  
Tassie?  
- Sherri?  
- Hey, girl. How you feeling?  
- Oh, large.  
Then I bet it feels good havin'  
Malcolm home takin' care of you.  
Putting in for two weeks off  
to wait on you hand and foot?  
I hope you know what  
kind of man you got there.  
I'm starting to get the picture.  
Take your little brother in  
there for me. I'll be right there.  
What the hell you doing  
sneaking around in bushes?  
You cant take-  
Chad? 19?  
This girl up in here is 15.  
Boy, you must be stuck on  
stupid. This stops today.  
- Oh, hey, Big Momma. I'm  
just gonna check the mail.  
That package you ordered  
has just been sent back.  
What? Oh, no. You've  
gotta be kidding me.  
Molly, boys that age  
only want one thing...  
...and it ain't meaningful conversation.  
I don't have to listen to you.  
Don't get snatched up. Now get

upstairs and finish your homework.

I got Mace.

What is going on? Did you just threaten my daughter?

- Oh, that's no threat. I do carry Mace.

Hey. Big Momma, I think we need to talk.

Good, Id love to. How

**about 9:**

- That's when I watch Regis.

- I don't think that it can wait.

If you had checked the peg board, you would've seen...

...that Carrie had a violin lesson and Andrew had tutoring.

Tutoring? The boys only two years old.

I want my children to be able to seize every opportunity that they can.

And they might want to go to Harvard. And if they do...

I want to make sure that that is a possibility.

Andrew is jumpin' off the cabinets, eatin' Brillo pads.

He's not goin' to Harvard. You can get that out your head right now.

And besides, if you had noticed, there was quite a bit of housework for you to do.

Yeah, I

- I been meanin' to talk to you about that.

Those red pegs, you might wanna go easy on em, all right?

Now, if you'll excuse me, Big Momma has an appointment.

- Well, what about dinner?

- I already ate, but thank you.

Uh, okay, this is Agent Keneally.

Please advise. I just made B.M. in the back of a cab.

Uh, you did what in the back of the cab?

Big Momma! I just made B

- I saw Big Momma in the back of a cab.

And now I'm going to get V.D.

Visual data. I'm going

- Never mind.

This is where I need you to carry me and make it snappy.

Yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am.

If you favor those eyes, I suggest you keep em on the road.

Yes, ma'am.

- On the road.

- Yes, ma'am. Yeah.

Hello, Bob.

Sherri. You-You shouldn't even be back here.

- Where is he?

- How could I possibly know?

Oh, come on, Bob. He's got a locator. Every agent has one implanted in their phone.

That is a silly, outrageous-

- How did you know that?

- Bob...

I am eight-and-a-half-months pregnant.

My feet are swollen, and my back is killing me.

I have peed 52 times today, and you don't even wanna know what's going on with my nipples.

- Can I at least guess?

- Bob, if you don't tell me where he is...

- Right

now... Okay.

Agent location, West Hills Mall.

- Agent location, West Hills Mall.

- Thanks, Bob.

- What's, um-What's a good place to go surfing around here? - Oh, Huntington Beach.

- Really?

- Beautiful.

It's so gorgeous. Hey.

I'm sorry. I gotta go.

I've been walking around

for an hour looking for you.

I was busy, if you hadn't noticed.

Very, very specific encrypted notation.

I'm not concerned about encryption.



Ooh.

Wife?

Been there.

Ooh.

Ooh!

Sherri? Baby-

- Where is she?

- Who?

Who's Carrie, Malcolm? No.

- Where is the Carrie girl?

- Baby, you got that all-

- No... Which one

of you is Carrie?

Baby.

Baby. Sherri.

- Is your name Carrie?

- No, baby. That's not no Carrie.

- You got it all wrong.

- Malcolm Turner, F.B.I.?

F.B.I.?

You're on a case. Malcolm, you promised.

Wanna explain these?

And you drag my Big Momma into this?

- I didn't drag no Big Momma into this.

- No, no. Just her breasts.

I don't think nobody's talkin' to you.

- Sherri. Come... Let her go. Now

we got something to talk about.

- I got Bishop.

- Where is he?

Right over-

He's right over-

- Wait-Where-

- Lets go.

Lets go. Knock it off.

- Aw.

- Um, Malcolm, what are these made off? Like a buckwheat husk?

This is him, right?

- Yeah.

He's a hacker. Goes

by the name of Bishop.

He's about as good as they get. There's no question he could've pulled this off.

Are you sure you can

find this guy Bishop?  
Cause right now he's our only lead.  
Well, he was checkin' out board  
shops. He's a surfer, all right.  
There's no way he'd come to  
Cali and not check out the waves.  
I'm gonna find him. I'm  
telling you. I'm gonna find him.  
- Agent Keneally stays with you the whole time.  
- Aw.  
- He's your new partner.  
- You've got to be kiddin'...  
And, Turner, you blow your  
cover and this worm gets out...  
...you'll not only lose your job  
- You're goin' to jail.  
Oh, and do not blow  
your cover as Big Momma.  
- Ooh.  
- Big Momma?  
Mrs. Fuller, can we do  
this some other time?  
No, we cant.  
I came home tonight, and  
you were nowhere to be found.  
The kids had not done their homework. I looked  
around. There were dirty dishes everywhere.  
And then I found this.  
You threw our laundry in the garbage.  
Big Momma, you don't wanna  
cook, you don't wanna clean...  
...and you obviously don't respect what  
I'm trying to do with my children.  
You mean keep em so busy that they don't realize  
that you and your husband are never around?  
Ooh. I didn't mean to say that.  
I want you out of the house  
first thing in the morning.  
Mrs. Fuller?  
But Mrs. Fuller?  
Hey, baby. Just wanted  
to leave you a message...  
...tell you I'm sorry I lied...  
...and I love you.

I hope you still want to hear that.

Oh. This feels good.

Huh?

Oh, Ponch, that's no way for a dog to act.

I got somethin for you.

This'll help you get over the wood chipper.

All right? Here's a little sippy-sip for you.

Yeah. I'd have a drink with you...

...but I gotta go to work.

Yeah. Go on and get your tilt on, all right?

- I know that you're busy.

- Yeah.

All I'm saying is I could use a little bit of help.

If you could use a little bit of help, why did you fire her?

Because I had to. I'm gonna call Mrs. Gallagher first thing and get a new nanny.

Wow.

The muffins are fat-free, the eggs are free-range...

...and the bacon is extra crispy.

- This is fantastic.

- Yeah, it looks like something out of a magazine.

I just couldn't leave y'all with a bad taste in your mouth about Big Momma.

But if there's nothin' else...

I guess-

I guess I'll be movin' on.

Look, Big Momma even made Poncho happy!

Lord, that dogs higher than a Georgia pine.

I gotta run. Great spread, Big Momma.

Oh, Mr. Fuller. Oh,

bye. I'll see you around.

You're a good man, Mr.

Fuller. You're a good man!

- Thank you. Thanks, Big Momma. Thank you. Thanks.

- Bye.

It's so hard to say good-bye.

Who is that at the door this early?  
Mom, don't you remember? Allison  
and Emily's mom had to go to work.  
Oh, my gosh. Are all those  
girls coming here today?  
Look at em.  
I was at their last practice.  
I could stay and help.  
It's no trouble.  
Okay, we gotta work this  
out. I need a volunteer.  
Mrs. Fuller.  
- Yes?  
- You can be my volunteer.  
Oh, gosh, Big Momma, there are  
- There are things that I'm doing today.  
Well, this'll only take a second.  
Little ladies, where do you  
think real dancing begins?  
Your heart?  
Well, good answer. But you  
don't dance with your heart.  
You dance with your butt!  
Now, lets try this again.  
What do we want, Mrs. Fuller?  
Uh, more butt?  
That's right. Try it with me.  
Sway with your butt.  
Groove with the butt.  
Now, become one with the butt.  
Don't be afraid to touch it  
and become one with it! Yes!  
All right! Whoo! Got butt movement  
all back there. I like that.  
All right. There you go, little ladies.  
Now, lets put some music on, all right?  
Ooh! Ooh!  
That's my jam! Ooh!  
There you go with it. I  
like that. Groovin' with it.  
Do your thing. That's right.  
Do your thing, Mrs. Fuller!  
Yes! Come on, Mrs. Fuller.  
Whoo! Yes, indeedy! Just like that.

That's puttin' stank on  
it. That's all that is.  
Ooh. Ooh. Y'all wrap it up.  
Wrap it up.  
Ohh.  
Oh, Big Momma, these girls  
are having such a good time.  
Look at Carrie. She's always so  
quiet. She can't stop laughing.  
Well, I always say, laughter is  
Gods hand on a troubled world.  
You know, Big Momma, I was hoping  
that we could mend our fences.  
I just wanted to say that  
I'm very sorry. I was wrong.  
And I was hoping you would  
please consider staying here.  
Well, of course I will.  
Yes. Sure enough. Id love that.  
Big Momma, the girls and I  
want to go over the dance again.  
Ooh, give me a second, all right?  
Big Momma got to catch her breath.  
Okay.  
Oh, hey, when were done with this...  
I have the perfect place to take you.  
A spa! Look at this!  
Victoria's Secret models. They shoot the  
catalog in a studio right down the street.  
They'll usually parade around naked.  
If you think about it too much,  
it can get a little depressing.  
Some people just ruin it for everybody.  
What time does the paradin' begin?  
...and you can just take off all  
your clothes and put this on.  
I think you'll be very comfortable.  
And then you just put  
your things in this locker.  
There's nothing else in  
there but your things.  
There's my friend Crystal. Excuse  
me one second. Hey, Crystal.  
- Hey.

- Hello. Hi.  
Tryin' to find my locker.  
Ooh. Around here somewhere.  
Ooh. Oh. Ooh.  
Excuse me. Could you give me  
a hand, please, with my bra?  
I just got my nails done, and I cant-  
Here. It unhooks in  
the front right here.  
Here. Will this help?  
Ooh! Ooh!  
Ooh! This is lovely!  
A room full of beautiful  
women in towels and mud.  
Hey, everybody, this is Big Momma.  
- Hi.  
- Oh, hello.  
Ooh, don't let me disturb you. Y'all  
just keep walkin' around naked...  
...and massagin' each other  
in exotic oils or whatever.  
Oh, a snack.  
- No, no, no, no.  
- No, Big Momma. Those are for your eyes.  
They're covered in eucalyptus sap.  
Got it.  
Oh. Hey, listen, I was  
wondering. How about a massage?  
Ahhh. I would like you to  
work on my lower back here...  
...because sometimes I-  
Oh, my damn! No, I wanted  
the girl with the perky-  
The one with the perky  
- You ain't got to push me.  
Ooh! Oh! Yes!  
I need you to get all in  
the crevices, all right?  
Work that lower back like  
I was telling you. Ooh!  
You know, while we've got her here,  
we should get Big Momma's advice.  
That is a great idea.  
Big Momma, you were married for a

really long time. What was your secret?

Y'all want my advice?

Well, all right. Um-

My advice to you lovely ladies...

...on keepin' a long-lasting,

happy marriage...

...is to give it up.

That's right. Give it up

morning, noon and night.

- And twice on Saturday.

- What?

I did. Shoot, before he went to work...

...in a parkin' lot down

at the Dairy Queen...

...ooh, and one time I rocked

his world at a Popeye's.

Had him droolin' on the biscuits.

Oh, yeah. We got us a bangy-bang on.

- Really?

- Oh, yeah.

Ooh.

Ooh, that's hot. Oh,

that's hot, hot, hot.

Oh, no, that's damn hot. Hot!

Oh, that's way too hot.

Back burnin'! Back burnin'!

Ah! Oh, Lord! Back

burnin! Comin' through!

No! No! No! No!

Hmm.

Thank you, Mrs. Fuller.

- I had a good time,

except for those hot rocks.

Now, Big Momma got some

errands to run. I'll be back.

Oh, gosh, Big Momma. I've gotta go to the office, and the carpet cleaners are coming.

I was hoping you could get the kids out of the house for a few hours.

But I got things I got-

Who wants to go to the beach?

Mom'll never believe this.

Damn, man! Put on some drawers!

This is a family beach,

not Chippendales!  
What's wrong with you?  
Eagle One, this is Hungry Like the Wolf.  
- Come in, Eagle One.  
- Kevin? Kevin!  
Yes? Yes, what?  
Cop-Copy. Copy, Eagle One.  
Man, stop with the damn code  
names. He ain't out here.  
Affirmative. Stopping with  
the code names, Eagle One.  
Ooh, hi, babies!  
Ooh, the waters so warm.  
Big Momma, if you're done with your  
walk, Andrew's eating sand again.  
You got something you  
wanna say to Big Momma?  
Come on. Talk for me.  
Can you say 'ocean'?  
Why don't you take him down  
and get his feet wet, all right?  
Shoo, go play. Have a good time.  
Enjoy the beach. Get sand  
all in between your toes.  
Everything. I don't care. Ooh!  
Let me cop a squat here.  
Ooh!  
Ooh! I feel sexy.  
I don't want to be here.  
Really? But you look so comfortable.  
Yeah, well, this is who I am,  
okay? So just get used to it.  
Ooh. Well, it might be. It  
might be exactly who you are.  
Or maybe its just something  
you're tryin' to be...  
...to impress some boy you got  
no business tryin to impress.  
Yeah, well, Chad loves me  
just like this, so whatever.  
Child, you're only 15 years old.  
Truth be told, you cant spell love.  
Now, that Chad boy  
- He's playin' you.



What? Pla  
- No. You don't know anything about him.  
Oh, really? Well, lets see.  
You probably met him out  
with a group of friends.  
He never said anything to you.  
He just stood in the back,  
lookin all mysterious.  
And he likes to call  
you late at night...  
...because he says you're the  
last voice he wants to hear.  
How did you know that?  
Child, the players change,  
but the game remains the same.  
And one day you're gonna wake up,  
and you're gonna realize, Molly...  
...that Big Momma got your back.  
Now, look, if you need me...  
I don't care when it is, day or  
night, you just call me, okay?  
And I'll come runnin'  
quick, fast and in a hurry.  
Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm, I got him!  
I got him! I got him!  
Malcolm, Malcolm, I got him!  
Molly, why don't you take your brother  
and sister down to the concession stand...  
...and get em some ice cream?  
Big Momma go to stretch  
one more again, okay?  
Uh-  
Freeze! F.B.I.! Hold  
it right there! Hold it!  
Come here! Don't make me run after you!  
I don't like chasin' people!  
Give me that!  
Move! Get out the way! Move! Move!  
Lord have mercy! Police  
business! Get out the way!  
Ohhh!  
Oh! No!  
Oh!  
Hold it!

Stop!

Right there! Hold it right there!

Freeze! F.B.I.! All

right, Anthony Bishop...

I got a warrant for your arrest.

F.B.I.? What's with the, you know?

You're the one bein' chased. You don't get to ask questions. Now, get off the railing.

You don't know these guys. I roll over on them, they'll kill me.

- Don't worry. I can help you.

- No, you can't!

Yes, I can. Now, don't make me come up-

Listen, we did a full search- Bishop's hotel room, everything. There was no disk.

Damn.

We assume Bishop already delivered his disk...

...which means the programs have merged, and the worm is operational, ready for delivery.

- We gotta get into Fullers office computer.

- I got in once. I'll do it again.

The problem is, even if we did that, were talking multiple levels of encryption.

- We cant hack that.

- Way ahead of you. I'm bringin' in an outside consultant.

He can give you the password. You can use that to break into the system.

My office will give you an address.

Oh, this here is a good read.

It got a chapter in here that will blow your mind.

You're losing it.

Andrew, don't you even think ab-Harvard, here we come.

Trent, I'm home!

So, uh, his name is Stewart Nybo.

Computer Crimes Division nailed him hacking into a D.O.D. System...

...and then they cut him a deal to come work for us.

Mr. Nybo, were pretty anxious to get started.

- Well brief you

on the... Stewart!

- Yo.

- Stewart?

Are you kidding? If I were that little nerd, I'd kill myself.

- That's Stewart.

- Are we gonna be gone long?

Because if so, I'll need to bring my retainer.

Wait a minute. You're Stewart?

Duh.

- Uh, this has gotta be some kind of mistake.

- Yeah, right.

The mistake was thinking that two morons like you can do the job in the first place.

I'll be waiting in the car. And

if you get lost on the way...

...it's the big metal

thing with four wheels.

Did you bring the car seat?

Uh, so, Malcolm, with this earpiece...

...we will hear everything that you hear.

So you just get Fuller to talk, well feed everything into the computer...

...and then hopefully well come up with the password.

Most people are idiots

and choose sappy passwords.

You know, family crap- Hometowns,

college stories, old girlfriends, old guy stuff.

Eh. I'll never get them to open up

in the house. Too many distractions.

Okay. Okay. Well, then,

you get em out of the house.

You get them off their game...

...and then you take them to a place

where Big Momma would be in control.

Hi.

B-2.

B-2.

Bingo! Bingo! Bingo!

Carrie, baby.

No, you don't yell out

'bingo' if you don't have it.

Bingo people get a little testy.  
She's just a child, and  
it won't happen again.  
Damn right it wont happen again!  
Come on, baby.  
- Get it.  
- What do you mean, get it?  
She needs a flea rinse. Turbo dry.  
Oh, and can you shave her pads for me?  
Were supposed to be  
dog groomers, you idiot.  
Yes. Yes. She's in excellent hands, sir.  
You have a great day. Bye-bye now.  
Um...  
...okay, okay.  
You've gotta be kidding me.  
Come here. Okay, clip the  
nails. Flush the ears. Bye- Bye.  
B-14.  
B-1-4. - Ooh.  
Ask him where he was born, Malcolm.  
Oh, so, Mr. Fuller, where  
did you say you were from?  
- Shhh!  
- G-55.  
- Long Island.  
- Long Island, New York.  
Birthplace of Mariah Carey.  
Long Island. Try Long Island.  
Nothing.  
Oh! Oh, Malcolm, he went to  
Princeton. Get him to talk about that.  
So I hear you was a Princeton Tiger.  
What activities were you in?  
- Shhh! Do you  
mind? - B-9.  
All these people up in here  
screamin', and you're gonna shush me?  
I should stomp a mud hole  
in your little bald head.  
'Hattie Mae Pierce! But  
you can call me Big Momma.  
Everybody calls me Big Momma. '  
- N-42. - Big Momma, do

you even know this lady?

- No.

- Oh, you know me, Hattie Mae.

- You know

me. - Uh-oh.

She knows you. I mean,

she knows Big Momma.

Uh, sure.

As in, uh, old friend?

A uncle? Aunt?

I swore on the lives

of my grandbabies...

...that if I ever saw you again,

I would beat you like a drum.

- N

- 40.

- How does she know Big Momma?

- Malcolm, do not let her blow your cover. Do you hear me?

I repeat

- Do not let her blow your cover.

Now, do you want that beatin'

here or out in the street?

It don't make me no never mind. Come on.

Maybe you should go

have a few more drinks.

You got somethin that belongs to

me, Hattie Mae, and I want it back.

- What does she want back?

- I have no idea.

You stole my man.

- Your man?

- That's right. My man.

- She stole her man.

- Big Momma stole your man?

Is that true, Big Momma?

Uh, maybe. Um, but I

know I gave him back.

I clare, I never knew what

Ben Rawley saw in you anyway.

You cant help it if you're ugly...

...but that don't mean you gotta go out.

And besides, you look like you

packed on a few pounds over the years.

- You watch your mouth when you talkin to me!

- Ladies, ladies.  
- You don't know me!  
- Please! Would you take your seat over there, please?  
Malcolm, Malcolm, listen to  
me. You are not Big Momma, okay?  
You are a highly trained field operative, and you  
do not throw down with a 65- Year-old woman!  
- That would be cool to watch.  
- You know what? My momma raised a lady.  
Oh, no, she didn't. She raised a heifer!  
- Now,  
wa... Oh!  
- Damn!  
- Ow!  
- Oh!  
- Oh!  
Oh, no. I'm goin' down.  
- Oh, shit.  
- Oh, man.  
Big Momma. Big Momma.  
Ohhh, he said 'Big Momma. '  
His first words, and  
he said 'Big Momma. '  
Hey, the kid talked! Excellent!  
- I am so proud of you.  
- Stake out.  
- What did you say?  
- Stake out.  
- What?  
- Investigate.  
- This is really not good.  
- Turner.  
Oh, my God. This is not good.  
- F.B.-  
- Oh!  
We don't want him to use up  
all his words on the first day.  
Wait, Big Momma. I wanna hear what  
he has to say. What did you say?  
Bingo!  
Bingo!  
Yes! Yes! Were back in.  
Were back in.  
- Oh.

- Wow. Great.

- Uh

- Yeah?

Yeah, I'll be right down.

What? Tom, no. Your son  
just spoke his first words.

- Tell your boss you cant come in.

- I don't have a choice.

Well, fine. Were gonna stay  
here and keep playing though.

- Suit yourself.

- Malcolm, we still don't have the password.  
You've gotta get it,  
and you gotta get it now.

Mr. Fuller, wait. Can you  
carry me to prayer meetin'?

It's at that church right by your office.  
Church by my office? Are you sure?

I think I know my own church!

No, no, no. Hey, we  
gotta follow in the van.

- What are we gonna do about all these dogs?

- Well bring 'em back in an hour.  
Just tie em down or  
something, and let's go.

- Oh, God.

- Oh! Ew!

Who was that? Was that?

Mona? Mona, was that you?

Oooh.

- That's a nice family you got back there.

- Yeah.

The reason I point it out- Because I'm not  
sure you're around enough to notice.

Okay, I deserve that.

My dad worked all the time  
too. Hardly ever saw the man.

I swore that I was gonna be different,  
but, uh, its easier than I thought.

- What?

- Working.

I'm good at what I do. Real good.

I know all the answers.

Well, at least I used to.

- Used to? - You think you have all the bases covered- ...that you're invulnerable. Then one day someone comes along who knows where to lean. Are you sure this is your church? I know my own- Of course it is. I'm half Jewish. You got a problem with that? You anti- Semitic- Hey, hey, hey. No, no. Of course not. Everything's cool. That's some nice bling you got on there. Oh, its a class ring. Oklahoma. But I thought you said you went to Princeton. It was my fathers. For all that work, this is all that's left.

- Well, thanks for the ride.

- Yeah.

All right. Bye-bye.

- L chaim.

- Shalom.

L chaim.

Uh, yeah.

- Where you at? - Thank God. Thank God you're alive. Where-

- I got it. Sooners.

- What?

His dad, his ring. Just tell Stewart to try it. Try 'Sooners. '

S- O- O-N-E-R- S.

I'm in!

- Oh, no.

- 'Oh, no'?

The password got us in the door, and then the walls came down. It's like a booby trap. We're stuck.

- How about the satellite?

- That'll work.

Call Morales. Tell her well need tech support and a full tactical package.

- Pick me up on the way.



- Where you at?

I'm at temple.

Oh, temple. Well, Shabbat shalom.

Lets go.

- What's happening?

- We've got access to all Agenda security camera feeds.

- Were in.

- Okay. Where's Fuller?

He and Casal are still in Fullers office.

We're hooked into the surveillance cameras.

- So if he moves, well know about it.

- Good.

Hey, Stewart! I thought you were some kind of genius. How long is this gonna take?

What do you think I'm tryin'

to do here? Get free HBO?

This stuff s hard. Give me some room.

- Hello?

- Big Momma, is that you?

Oh, course it is. Where are you?

Listen. I'm at this

club called The Zone.

And I'm really scared right now.

Can you please come and help me?

- Molly?

- What's wrong?

- She's in some kind of trouble.

- What? Who?

- Wait. What are you doing?

- I gotta go.

- What the hell are you talkin about?

- Look.

I promised that child that

I would be there for her.

You're not going anywhere,

and that's an order!

Well, that's an order I can't follow.

Turner! Turner, you are on thin ice!

We are in the middle

of this investigation!

What do you care about

some bratty teenager anyway?

Don't nobody mess with

Big Momma's babies. Nobody!

Excuse me. Pardon me.

Um, excuse me. Pardon me.

Excuse me. Thank you. Pardon me. Molly?

Excuse me, darlin', but

that's my leg you're humpin'...

Ooh, young people just so nasty today!

You wanna back up off this girl...

...fore I knock the taste out your mouth.

Molly, what are you doin here anyway?

This is not the way you were raised.

I know. I know. But I got

a text message from Chad.

- Chad? Oh, Lord! - He

said to meet him here-

You know what? You and Chad are

gonna run my blood pressure up.

- Molly!

- Hey, where have you been? I got really scared.

Molly, I came here as soon as you called.

I swear I didn't send you a message.

I mean, I've never even

heard of this place.

- What?

- Wait a minute.

If you didn't send the

message, then who did?

Oh, wow. That's

- That guy works for my dad.

What's he doing here?

Molly, he's after you.

- Chad, I need you to run and get some help.

- All right.

Molly, I gotta get you out of here as fast

as possible. Come on, Molly. Excuse me.

Comin through.

Oh, God!

Is this what you do? Beat up

on children and old ladies?

Mmm. Go.

I don't understand. What's

happening? What did I do?

Look, I'll explain everything to you later.

But for right now, watch out. I'm rollin'!

No! Ugh!

- I cant feel my legs.  
- Oh, sorry. Oh!  
Oh, no! Oh!  
Ooh!  
Oh, God, this is not  
how I imagined my death.  
- Oh! Oh!  
- Oh, God!  
So get this. He's not really 19.  
- Hmm?  
- Chad.  
It's a fake I.D. He told me last night.  
He said he didn't want  
any more lies between us.  
Like his earring? Fake.  
The three months he said he spent  
in juvie, he was at math camp.  
I guess people aren't always what  
- what you think they are.  
- Yeah, like you.  
- Me?  
Yeah. I didn't think you'd turn  
out to be such a good friend.  
Oh.  
They're gone. Now I need your help.  
Um, I got a  
- I got a blade in my girdle.  
Wait. Okay, you carry a gun?  
And you keep a blade in your  
girdle? What's that about?  
Um, to protect my virtue.  
Does it really need  
that much protecting?  
Would you just get over here? Come on.  
Ah, that would be our  
buyer. Right on time.  
Since you never really bought into our  
little project, precautions had to be taken.  
- What do you mean?  
- We have your daughter, Molly.  
Bastard!  
Call the F.B.I. Ask for a woman  
by the name of Morales, okay?  
And stay on the line so

they can trace the call. Go.

Very nice.

But, uh, were not through, are we?

No, were not.

I'm afraid his contract had

a 'no loose ends' clause.

No. No, no, no. Please listen.

Please. Look, I promise I wont say anything. I swear. I won't say anything.

What is that?

Is that your nanny?

- You okay?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

- How did you learn to do that?

- I took a class at the Y.M.C.A.

Look, lets go. Come on.

That must be some 'Y'.

Sorry. Sorry.

That was,

uh- I mean-

- You just need to stay out of sight.

- Yeah.

- Stay out of sight!

- I will. Yeah. Yeah.

Wow. She's like the best nanny ever.

Oh, my God.

I knew that thong would come in handy.

Whoa!

Big Momma? Big Momma, you okay?

Tom, no loose ends.

Lets go. Secure the area!

- Big Momma? Big Momma?

- Go to the left. Up! Up!

Stand back. Stand back.

I'm going to have to

perform... Mouth-to-mouth.

The hell you are! What, are you crazy?

Whoa. Whoa! Oh!

Okay, this explains so much.

I believe this was meant for you.

- So you're,

uh... F.B.I.

Before you guys get too

comfortable over here, cuff him.

Whoa, whoa. Um, they  
forced him to do it.  
They told him if he didn't  
do it, they'd kill his family.  
So, in your report-  
I'll say he was an unwilling  
participant to the whole thing.  
So no charges should be filed.  
No charges?  
Okay. I guess I owe you that much.  
- All right.  
- Good job, Turner.  
Thank you.  
She said good job.  
Um, thank you. Thank you  
for standing up for me.  
What makes you think  
- Look.  
I didn't do it for you, okay?  
I did it so your kids wouldn't  
spend the next 20 years...  
- Talking to you through a prison phone.  
- I know.  
I know I've got a lot of ground to  
make up with them, and I swear I will.  
Good.  
So, looks like were gonna have  
to find ourselves a new nanny.  
Not quite yet.  
I got one more promise to keep.  
Dad!  
Well! Well, I hope  
you girls are ready...  
...cause I came to see a show.  
Big Momma, we got a problem!  
Miss Lisa was our base. Without  
a base, we cant do any stunts.  
What did you do to  
yourself? Lord, have-  
Well, no worries. No worries.  
Were gonna turn it out. Come on.  
And now, the junior cheer  
squad from the Newport District.  
Lets give it up for Emerson!

Whoo!

- Whoo!

- Whoo!

- What?

- Andrew, no!

Hi, Big Momma.

- Ooh.

- That was fun!

Lets do it again.

It hurts me to leave

without saying good-bye...

...but I best be movin' on.

...when I came to you, my heart was heavy.

It's a loud, noisy world we live in...

...and sometimes we lose our way.

But if were lucky...

...the good Lord sends

someone to bring us home.

Make no never mind about it.

Loving people is hard work.

And families-

With all those lives mixin' together...

...it gets kinda scary.

But if we grab hold of

each other and hold on-

There's nothin' more

beautiful in the world.

You angels are my heart,

and I'll never forget you.

And keep a lookout.

You never know when

Big Momma might be back.