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# Bringing Down the House

By Jason Filardi

Are you there?

I'm here.

Help me. | My client is going to jail.

Oh, no, she's not.

I think I've got it.

Really?

Look up Hasson v. Conrad.

Similar circumstantial | evidence...

case was thrown out.

Legaleagle, thank you.

You are by far | the most brilliant mind  
in this chat room.

Thank you, Lawyer-girl.

I realize we have | certain anonymity here,  
but do you, by any chance, | have a name?

It's Charlene.

I missed you yesterday.

How was your day?

Uneventful.

I exercised for an hour | in the morning,  
poked around in the yard | in the afternoon,  
and visited with a girlfriend | down the block in the evening.  
Sounds innocent enough.

Don't let my humdrum day | fool you, now.

I also have a very dark side.

Well, I'm 31

with long, flowing locks | and an athletic body.

Peter, what do you look like?

I'm... a little older... | 6'2".

My hair is... | it's light.

Uh, it's boyishly light.

And good night to you, | Lawyer-girl.

Gendler.

- Good morning, Mr. Sanderson. | - Hi.

Morning, Peter.

How are you?

Gentlemen.

Oh, good. Peter's here. | We can begin.

Okay. | On to pressing business.

Word has come to us

that coffee heiress | Mrs. Virginia Arness  
has dismissed | her current tax lawyers.

Virginia Arness.

74 years old, born and raised | in Athens, Georgia.

At the age of 13,  
she was shipped off to|boarding school in England,  
where she's been residing|until just recently.  
That was only two days ago.  
Impressive.  
Now, we've all heard  
that Mrs. Arness has|a penchant for thriftiness.  
And that she brings new meaning|to the term "conservative."  
It's not going to be easy.  
She's paranoid|and suspicious. Peter...  
I'm her guy.  
I'm single.|I'll give her nights, weekends.  
Aren't you getting married|on Sunday, Todd?  
That's flexible.  
And, Peter, I wouldn't|want this to interfere  
with your family's|Hawaiian vacation.  
You go on.  
I got it all taken care of.  
Mahalo.  
Well, that's very admirable|of you, Todd.  
I mean, your youth|definitely makes you an ass...  
...et to the company,  
especially at the annual|softball game.  
But to an archconservative,|74-year-old woman?  
What will we do is not charge|Mrs. Arness one single red cent  
for her estate planning.  
Why?  
Because we don't care|about that measly fee.  
We use it as a loss leader|to get her corporate business,  
the multibillion-dollar|Arness coffee conglomerate.  
How may I help you, Howie?  
Just thought I'd congratulate|you on turning it around.  
Turning what around?  
You snaked Gendler.  
Please.|Gendler doesn't bother me.  
Oh, that's right.|He doesn't bother you.  
What the heck was I thinking?  
Listen, I thought|maybe after work  
you and me go tie one on,  
maybe check out|some of the local talent.  
Can't. I'm meeting|Mrs. Arness at 6:00.  
And by the way,|it's "You and I go tie one on,"  
not "You and me go."  
Somebody messaging you here.

Who's Lawyer-girl?

Nobody.

Whoa. Did someone make|a blind Internet date?

No. I mean, you know,|well, technically, but no.

I met her|in a legal chat room.

She's, uh, very classy|and smart.

When do you nail her?

I'm courting her tonight|at 7:00.

Oh, jeez. You're courting her.|Sounds like a hot one.

And this is her?

Yeah, she's attractive,|isn't she?

I suppose.|It's not my cup of tea.

What do you...|she is universally cute.

Eh, she's a little too|anemic-looking, Petey.

I like my jello to jiggle,|if I'm not being too subtle.

You're not being too subtle.

All right, as long as she spins|your knobs, I'm happy for you.

Have you nailed anyone|since Kate?

Nail... I was|supposed to call her.

Sofia, can you get my wife|on the phone?

- Ex-wife.|- Ex-wife on the phone?

Right away.

Can't help you with this one,|pal. See you later.

Peter, you cannot break|another promise to these kids.

You just can't.

I said I couldn't take them|to Hawaii.

I didn't say|I couldn't take them.

They can spend the week|with me.

They are gonna be|so disappointed.

I can't talk to you right now.

Um... Daddy can't take you|to Hawaii.

Oh, darn.

He always does this.

Sanderson, party of two.

Oh, you're the last|to arrive.

How long has she been here?

Mmm, about 20 minutes.

Was she trouble?

Thank you.

Hello.|I'm Peter Sanderson.

Well, I'm glad|they didn't send a child.

I told them I specifically|wanted someone my own age.

What a wonderful|French bulldog.

My mother had one.|They make great companions.

- What's her name?

His name is|William Shakespeare.

Well, of course.

Now, I've heard about|your unfortunate escapade.

I don't have escapades.

Fiasco with your|previous attorney.

The man was|a thieving criminal.

Just because I have|a lot of money

doesn't give people|the right to overcharge.

I do not enjoy|being taken advantage of.

Which is why our service|is free of charge.

After all, you worked hard|for your money.

I'm an heiress.

An heiress who worked hard|to keep her money.

Now, shall we get down|to business?

Fine.

So, now you may hand over|your proposal.

I'll take it with me.

Proposal?

Well, I was expecting|to meet with you tomorrow.

I was assured|the proposal would be ready

for this afternoon.

I see no point|in our meeting tomorrow.

Excuse me.|Madam, I'm sorry.

We have a no-dog policy|in the lounge.

Unfortunately, I'm gonna have|to ask you to remove the dog.

Excuse me.|I am Mrs. Arness' attorney,

and because there is no sign|posted regarding dogs,

that means there is|no policy toward dogs.

Now, if you want to avoid|a legal situation,

I would suggest|you run to the kitchen

and get some tuna tartare|for William Shakespeare

on the house.

Yes, sir.

I'm terribly sorry, ma'am.

Where and when tomorrow?

Hello, Mr. Sanderson.

Oh, Mrs. Kline.|Always a pleasure.

And when am I going to|get to babysit

with your charming|little Georgey again?

Oh, uh, well, uh, soon,

because he just loves|coming over to your place.

Uh, Mr. Sanderson?

Those Latin people|who were skulking around...

Oh. They were looking|at the Aruda house.  
Casing it?  
No, uh, to buy it.  
Oh, please.  
If they're in this block and not|carrying a leaf blower...  
Well, I'd love to discuss this|with you further,  
but I'm expecting someone.  
Hey.  
Hi.  
I hope you like cham...  
...poo.  
What's up, baby?  
Ooh, champagne.|I love champagne.  
This for me?  
Oh, I'm sorry. I think|you have the wrong house.  
It is damn good|to finally connect.  
Pardon me?  
It's me, fool... Charlene.  
Ooh, food.  
What?  
It's me, honey.|Your date... Lawyer-girl.  
You can't be.  
Hey, hey, hey.|Leave that alone.  
Well, why can't I?  
Because you're not a blonde.  
Can't get nothing past you.  
You must be|a bomb-ass lawyer.  
Oh, look at all|of these pretty candles...  
all romantic and shit.  
Somebody was planning|on getting some booty tonight.  
Hey! Leave that alone.|There are settings.  
And you can't be Charlene,|because Charlene is more of...  
Skinny white broad?  
Yeah.  
You know, I get that a lot.  
But that's your fault|you're thinking that, bro.  
You must have not have took|a good look at that picture.  
I have looked|at that picture a lot,  
and trust me,|you are not in it.  
Move, move, move.|Let me do it.  
See?  
There I am.  
Sorry you got it|twisted, dog.  
I don't get a lot of|photo ops where I been.

Where exactly have you been?

I got a rumble in the jungle. | We still having dinner or what?

I asked you a question.

Rolex.

Rolex?

I did time, baby, | but I ain't do the crime.

You're a convict?

Bump that.

Shoot, | Roscoe cracked that door.

I kicked it off the heezy | and bounced.

For real, though.

What did you just say?

What, don't you hear good?

All right.

Let's see. | How can I put this?

I was recently liberated | from a correctional facility...

All right. I get it.

You're in the big house, and | you get someone to type for you,  
and you get on the Internet, | and you misrepresent yourself.

It happens, and I'm a sucker,

but now you have to go, | because this is over.

Unh-unh. No, no, no.

Biscuit, | you misrepresented yourself.

Boyishly light... please.

Gray.

You said you was | a criminal lawyer.

I pulled your file.

You're just some sorry-ass | tax attorney.

A tax lawyer is | a criminal lawyer.

Oh, yeah?

Well, good, | 'cause that's why I'm here.

Well, do tell.

Well, | I want to reopen my case.

And what did you do, smoke | some homies on a drive-by?

Smoke? Homies?

Well, you a regular | gangster, huh?

No, man. I was in for armed | robbery, but I didn't do it.

Yeah, nobody did it.

I can't be having | this conversation

because you're a criminal-type.

If I was a criminal, | I would have shanked you

when I had | that knife in my hand.

The fact that you even said that | is a problem for me.

- But I didn't think that. | - It's just time to go.

Please, just listen to me. | Just give me one second.

No, I don't have a second.

Okay, can I just | say something, please?

What?

I didn't do the crime.

You rude mother...

I ain't goin'.

It's your baby, | Peter, and don't you deny it!

That DNA test told on you!

You lie, Peter!

You know lil' Kareem is yours!

Why?!

How you gonna do me | like that, Peter?!

You told me I was your | beautiful African Queen.

And I loved you | for that, Peter!

I didn't care if your | little thing was curved.

And lil' Kareem don't want | your child support.

He just want a relationship | with his white daddy.

A little | chocolate/vanilla swirl

from that magical night | at the crackhouse.

Oh!

Come on. | Just be quiet!

Wait just a second. | My shoes.

- Mr. Sanderson? | - Whoa!

Is everything okay?

I thought I heard Negro.

- No. No Negro spoken here.

Oh.

Well... good night, then.

Oh, uh...

good night.

Come on!

Come on, come on!

You stay. You stay. | You wait right there.

Who you callin'?

- The police.

Police department. | Sergeant Panella. Please hold.

What's that?

It's all of our e-mails.

You think anybody at Tobias, | Kline, and Barnes

would be interested | in hearing

about you looking for Boom-boom | in the federal pen?

And I'll send a photo.

Thanks for holding. | Can I help you?



Now, this is just|for tonight, understand?

A'ight.

I can work with this.

But, uh, look,|don't be gettin' no ideas  
about sneakin' up in here|and hittin' this ass,  
'cause you blew your chance|with this fine sister.

Dare to dream.

Please.

Oh, my God! A bed!

Oh, a nice, big, cushy bed.

Ohh, no roommates,|no cellmates.

Charlene?

Charlene.

Charlene! Come on,|you're not fooling anybody.

Who that? Who there?

Who want it with Lene?

I put some bagels outside.

I thought|we could discuss your case.

Ahh!

What up, dog?|Where 'em bagels at?

Hey, guess what, girlfriend?|Your game is up.

Because I burned|all those e-mails,  
including the second set hidden|in the lining of your coat.

And I deleted everything|off my computer.

So I never met you,|and you never met me.

Don't even try, girlfriend,|because it's locked.

And now I am going to go|get my kids,  
as in innocent young persons  
who will never even know|you were here.

So now just go.

Go, go, go, go,|go, go, go, go!

And locky locky!

So ta-ta.

And watch out.|The gate closes automatically.

Well, what about my stuff?

Oh, it's right there|on the street.

You put my stuff|on the trash?

Oh Well, you know what?

I wish you well.|I really do.

And you know what?|I had a great, great time.

It was really fun.

So, oh, well.

I guess I'll just see you|in my next life.

Bye!

I'll see you|when you get home.  
So I said to him,  
"Just 'cause you whisked me|to Paris on your private jet  
doesn't mean|I'm gonna sleep with you."  
What does he think I am?|A hooker?  
Can Aunt Ashley|edit herself, please?  
You stayed in|the same room with him.  
What did you expect?  
Hello. It was a suite...|plenty of floor space.  
Sweetiepie, have a wonderful|time. I love you.  
Please be good to your brother|and help him with his reading.  
- I will.|- Thank you.  
Is he still having problems?  
Oh, he struggles every day,|but he's improving.  
- Dad's here.  
Thank you, sweetiepie.  
Don't worry, sweetie.  
Daddy's stupid, too,|and he became a lawyer.  
Ashley!  
I'm not stupid.  
- That's right.|- No, no, no. Of course not.  
Hey, Dad's here.  
Speak of the dummy.  
Hey, how's my little girl|doin', huh?  
Hi, Dad.  
Hey, how's it goin', big guy?  
Ahhh, here you go.  
Hi, Kate.  
Hi.  
Oh, Ashley, I didn't realize|you were gonna be here.  
What a pleasant surprise.  
Peter,|you're almost aging well.  
Okay, I thought we'd go down|to the club and take a swim.  
Ooh, that sounds|much more fun than Maui.  
You know, Ashley,|not all of us earn our living  
by milking rich geriatrics|out of their money.  
Some of us have to work|for a living.  
You sound much more intelligent|with your mouth shut.  
Let's not start this.|I don't have time.  
Kids, go get your stuff.  
All right, fine.  
But I warned you  
about marrying the first|jerk-off you met out of college.  
Now, if you'll excuse me,|I have a date.

Don't be good.  
What morgue did you find|this one at?  
Stop being so childish.  
Hey.  
Wow.|You look beautiful.  
Thank you.  
Uh, hi.  
Uh, Peter, this is Glen.  
Hey.  
Hey, Mr. Sanderson.|Nice to see you.  
Yeah, nice to meet you.  
Uh, what do you say|we get this road on the show?  
Okay.  
I will meet you outside.  
Okay.  
Road on the show.  
Just don't.  
How old is he?  
Younger.  
- What does he do?|- Golf instructor.  
- How do you know that?|- What?  
Well, you think|you know somebody,  
and then one day you wake up|in Thailand missing a kidney.  
He could have made up|this whole golf identity.  
He caddied for you|when he was 14.  
That's little Glenny?  
Does that bother you?  
Not at all.  
Go have fun|on your statutory weekend.  
This does too bother you.|I know you.  
Do you want to talk|about it?  
Well, it just looks|a little silly.  
- Hang on.  
Hello?  
Some things never change.  
I can't talk right now.  
Well, put him on.  
Hi.  
You promised us|you'd take us snorkeling.  
Things come up.|That's life.  
I know.|I'm really, really sorry.  
But now it's over. It's new.|We're gonna have a lot of fun.  
Now, what's new?|What's new with you?  
Well, I got the female lead|in the school play "Oklahoma!"

Hey, that's great. | Congratulations.  
And how 'bout you, big guy? | How's school?  
I don't like school.  
Well, nobody likes school,  
but there must be something | you like about it.  
He got into a fight | the other day.  
Why? | Why'd you get in a fight?  
Some kids called me a baby | 'cause of the way I read.  
Some of the greatest minds of | all time had trouble learning,  
like Edgar Allan Poe | and Albert Einstein  
and, uh, Ozzy Osbourne.  
Ozzy rules.  
Ozzy rules. Okay.  
Dad, what's goin' on?  
You two wait here. | I'll be right back.  
Hey!  
Whoa, whoa. Where you think | you're goin', milk?  
This here's | a charitable event.  
You wants to get in, | you gots to make a donation.  
Trust me, it is | off the hook in there.  
Off the what? | I live here.  
I don't care | if you're Halle Berry, man.  
No donation, no entry.  
How 'bout | if I call the police?  
Have a nice time.  
Oh, yeah.  
Yeah, baby, show me.  
Hey! What the hell | is going on here?  
Oh, yo, P., it's cool.  
See, I hit up my homegirl  
'cause I had to get my hair | done, as we both know.  
And then she called a friend. | They holler to other friends.  
Before you know it, | we got us a house par-ty.  
I want everyone | out of here now!  
People!  
People!  
Loosen your panties, Grandma.  
Look, you lock me out, | no money, no place to go.  
I mean, a girl got to get | her cheese on.  
- Seven.  
This is insane!  
My boss' sister lives | across the street.  
I can't have all these peop...  
Hey!

Give me a hard seven, baby.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey.  
She doesn't even have|her driver's permit.  
Dad.  
Do not go...  
Roll! Uh!  
Come on.  
Don't inhale.  
All right, now. Go on|and toss them bones, lil' man.  
Hey! Give me...  
I'm on a roll, Dad.  
- Get out.  
I want you and your dogs|to go back to the pound now.  
What?  
Well, it was the dogs?  
Because she said dogs,|and then I said dogs,  
so I assumed|that would be okay.  
Huh?  
- Whoo!  
Tsk.  
Ohh.  
Bye, Tamika.|Y'all be good, now.  
Bye.  
Hey, hey.|Y'all got to go.  
- A'ight.|- That's a'ight.  
Hey, baby, gonna go.  
Oh, bye, Bear.|Thank you so much.  
Party's over.|Okay. Thanks for coming.  
But that's it. It's over.  
If I see Widow around,|I'm gonna tell him you're out.  
You know|he wants to know that.  
I don't know about that.|I'll see you.  
- Okay. Bye, baby.|- Bye-bye.  
It's like this.  
Hey.  
- How you doin', neighbor?|- What's up?  
What are you still doing here?  
- What was all that, Dad?|- Dad, who's this?  
This is no one.  
Tsk! What's up, lil' Romeo?  
My name is Charlene.|What's your name?  
I'm Georgey.  
You cannot meet|a nonexistent person.  
Can Charlene come to the club?

Club? What club?

We're not going to a club,|remember?

We're going to Hawaii,|remember?

Okay, you know the routine.|Outski!

- Out! Let's go.|- Come on, man!

Sarah, get the door.|Come on. Out.

Out, out, out!

- Wait!|- What?

Give me my money, lil' boy.

That money should go|to charity!

Ohh!

What did...

Hey, I live here.

Yeah!

What?

Okay, you guys.

You know, you order hot dogs,|and you splash and frolic  
and just put everything on|my account and just have fun.

Didn't you bring|your bathing suit?

Oh, no.|I'm having tea with a client.

But I will be right back.

Whatever you say.

Want to go swimming?

With you?

Forget you.

Ow!

How's it looking?

Well, I was up all night|proofing.

It's absolutely brilliant.

And you've got the cleanest|background check I've ever seen.

That background check|cost me a lot of fun in my life.

- I don't know, honey.

Don't say anything.|She could hear you.

What's crackin', ma?

I'm lookin'|for the Sanderson table.

We old college buddies.

O-O-Okay.|He's i-in the dining room.

L-I'll show you.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

I tell you what...|I'll surprise him.

No, you're in great shape.|I'm gonna take off.

All right, you're right.|Nothing could go wrong.

I've done this a million times|with important clients,  
so I'm fine.

- Shazam. | - What?  
Oh, no.  
Oh, swing it, | you cocoa goddess.  
Cocoa Goddess? That's the rude | shock I was telling you about.  
That's Charlene?  
Did she see me?  
Okay, okay, okay, police.  
Uh, no. | Won't get here fast enough.  
Uh, security.  
No, she could probably | take him.  
Uh, money.  
She'll take money.  
Hi, hi. Here, just... | Here's whatever.  
And there's more where that came | from if you just leave now.  
No. Unh-unh, boyfriend. | We got business.  
Boyfriend?  
Oh, didn't I tell you? | We're dating now.  
It's some kind of street talk.  
It's street for | "I'm not going nowhere  
until you help my problem | go away."  
Look, Mrs. Arness, | a very important client,  
is due here any minute.  
Good afternoon.  
Good afternoon. | Mr. Sanderson?  
Oh, yes. | He's in the dining room.  
Thank you.  
Charlene, how 'bout you and I  
havin' a smart cocktail | down by the pool?  
Who is this fool?  
That's a good idea. | Just put it on my bill.  
I don't want no smart cocktail. | I need your help.  
Miss.  
Another martini.  
Oh, hell, no. | I know she ain't talkin' to me.  
Ashley, | she doesn't work here.  
If she isn't here to work, | then what is she here for?  
Oh, hells no, Miss Thing. | You best pump your brakes.  
She's my ex-wife's sister.  
I would have killed her | myself years ago.  
It's Mrs. Arness!  
Mmm. Old Iron Ass | be lookin' mean.  
Yes. You have to go.  
You like raw oysters, | Charlene?  
Yeah. I guess | I can hang out for a bit.

They got any hot wings|around here?  
All right.|Whatever you want. Yes.  
- You give me a place to stay?|- Yes.  
- And you work on my case?|- Around the clock.  
I'll leave|when you expunge my record.  
Consider it expunged.  
All right.|I'd like a key, please.  
Mr. Sanderson?  
Mrs. Arness.  
Who is your associate?  
This is Howie Rottman,|the attorney I told you about.  
A great pleasure|to meet you, Mrs. Arness.  
I meant her.  
Oh.  
Her?  
Her?  
Her is... her...  
She is our... our nanny.  
Dad, I'm bored.  
Kids, how good to see you.  
Don't we just love|our nanny, Charlene?  
Uh... um...  
Y-yeah.  
Don't you just love being|our nanny, Charlene?  
Yessir.  
Now I'm gonna go on down|to the pool with the child'n.  
Maybe we make fun of the white|folks again, huh, kids?  
Ooh-hoo!  
Oh, the kids just love her.  
- What a sense of humor.|- Yeah.  
Peter, I'm going to hang|by the pool.  
If you need me,|that's where I'll be.  
Mrs. Arness.  
Uh, right this way,|Mrs. Arness.  
Come, William.  
You have the papers?  
Oh, yes, yes, I do.  
Strange clothes for a nanny.  
Well, it's a fashion to kids.  
- Ow!|- William, mind.  
Hello, Sanderson family!  
Georgey,|don't forget poker night!  
I won't.  
How could I forget|poker night?



I propose a toast.

Okay.

To us.

May we always...

- Sorry. It's mine.

Oh, you're not gonna answer that, are you?

Well, it might be...|might be one of my kids.

Just one minute.

Sorry.

Hello?

Hey, it's me.

Oh, hi, Ashley.|Everything okay?

I don't know.

I saw Peter hanging out|at the club today.

He was mingling with|a large black woman.

What? What are you|talking about?

He said it was his nanny.

She didn't look like any nanny|I'd ever seen.

She was all...|tattooed and welfarish.

- It was...

Oh, is that funny to you?|Is that funny?

Am I funny to you?

No, no.|That's not funny.

Were you laughing at me?

Oh, I wasn't...

Stop. Get away.

No, I wasn't|laughing at you.

Just... hang on.

Um, you know, look,|I know Peter. I know him.

He's not gonna spend all his|time taking care of the kids.

He went and hired somebody!

Seriously, Kate!|This woman was no nanny.

You need to do something.

I saw this woman.|I was there.

Shouldn't you at least|be looking at references?

Thank you. Thank you.

Listen, Peter is nothing|if not responsible.

It's not like he's gonna|hire a convicted felon.

Oh, I wouldn't be too sure|about that.

Ohh!

Let's see... we got resisting|arrest, assaulting an officer,  
repeated attempts|at eye-gouging,  
and... scrotum crushing.

Well, I was a little riled up,|being framed and all.

And your clothes and I.D. | Were found at the scene.  
All plants. | I never robbed nobody!  
Okay.  
I know my rights. | I get an appeal.  
I get an appeal!  
You only get an appeal if you | were convicted and incarcerated.  
You were released.  
Look, why don't you just | start over?  
Go back to school and get | at least a passing familiarity  
- With the English language.  
It's no end | to what you can accomplish  
with a little commitment.  
My daughter Sarah | is fully committed,  
and she's going places.  
Oh, she's goin' places, | all right.

**HOWIE:**

That way, the old tightwad gets | a huge deduction every year.  
Uh, no more calls, Sofia.  
It's not a call. | There's someone here...  
Girl, get out!  
I do not know who you are...  
Send her in.  
Bet you know me now, huh?  
This couldn't wait | until tonight?  
Well, well, well!  
Come in, have a seat, | spend some time.  
Thanks, homeboy, | and, no, it can't wait.  
You gotta check this out.  
- What is it? | - I found the deposition.  
The prosecution interviewed | an eyewitness,  
and she told them | that the perpetrator  
didn't have a tattoo | on the chest.  
They never told my lawyer | about this shit.  
That's withholding exculp...  
Exculpatory evidence. | People vs. Stanley, I know.  
How do you know that?  
Why wouldn't she know that? | She's got it goin' on.  
Damn, Pete, all I did in there | was read law books.  
And with comprehension.  
Made you think I was a lawyer.  
I mean, you obviously have | pockets of intelligence.  
So, why do you walk and talk | and act the way you do?  
Because it's sexy.

It ain't actin'!  
This is who I am.  
I mean, you think I can't talk like you?  
Oh, Peter,  
I absolutely love what you've done with the place!  
It's so sterile, so... so bland, so wonderful!  
See? You can do it.  
Oh, you like that, huh?  
Well, you can kiss my natural black ass,  
because I don't need your approval.  
No, she don't need your approval.  
Hey, you don't think I compromise the way I act?  
You think I like walking around like an uptight... honky?  
Yes. I know your lingo.  
Peter, Mr. Tobias is coming to see you.  
Oh, God.  
Well, this should be interesting.  
Uh-oh. What we gotta do, play "hide the sister"?  
Or do I gotta do that slave thing again?  
Just... just act natural.  
- Let's get her out of here. - Why don't we get her out?  
Um, um, um, um, um...  
Peter... Howie.  
Ed.  
Who is this?  
- Uh, this is the... - Well, we were just having...  
Well, Mr. Sanderson, I can see you are very busy.  
That's why I really appreciate you  
offering your services free of charge.  
Oh, I... well, I just... gosh.  
- Peter...  
She is...  
Well, see, Mr. Sanderson here,  
being the heavenly man that he is...  
God bless you!  
Oh, you got that anointing on you...  
...has offered to do the taxes for the Compton Evangelistic  
Episcopal Baptist church of South Central.  
You know, just anything to help  
Reverend Shack... tillfont.  
Just call him Shack.  
Shack.  
Well, I'll let you guys go.  
I'll see you at choir rehearsal on Thursday.

**7:**

I'll escort Mrs. Shacktill... font  
to the elevator.

Gentlemen.

Uh, Peter, we're really in a crunch.

I just got word that another firm's in the running  
for the R&S account.

We need to close this deal.

Look...

I have no problem being Peter's wingman on this one.

Oh, well, thanks anyway, but I really have it under control,  
so, you don't have to worry about a thing, Ed.

Good. Then I'll expect you to wrap it up in a day or two.

- That's the plan, certainly.

Well.

Could you...

- Sure. - Thank you.

Thank you.

She can't tee up her own ball?

I've been playing this game for many years...

That's what it feels like.

...and it's all about patience.

**PETER:**

**MRS. ARNESS:**

All right.

Mrs. Arness, I was wondering  
if you'd like to come over to my house on Thursday  
and possibly look over the contract.

I'll have to check with my secretary, Julia.

Mrs. Arness, would you excuse me for a minute?

I just have to check on my children.

Oh, of course. You do that.

I'd like to dip you in Cheez Whiz  
and spread you over a Ritz Cracker,  
if I'm not being too subtle.

Boy, you are some kind of freaky.

Oh, you have no idea.

You got me straight trippin', boo.

Hey, hey, hey! Hey, what are you doing here?

What does it look like? I'm on a date.

On a date.

She's on a date?|She's a felon.  
- I am not a felon.|- Hey, what is she doing here?  
Get used to it, Twiggy.  
You're gonna be seeing|a lot more of me around here.  
Not without a broom|in your hand.  
If I have, it's 'cause I'm here|to sweep up the white trash.  
Save it for the YMCA, Jemima.  
Bitch! I'm gonna kick|the bulimia out of your ass!  
Have you ever had|a tempered moment?  
Why don't you go back to the|vodka bottle you crawled out of?  
Mrs. Arness is here.  
I am sheltering you.|I'm helping you.  
Remember, I helped you...  
All right!|I'll let it ride.  
Thank you for letting it ride.|That is wise and mature.  
Now, just get her walking|that way.  
Let me show you the place,|Charlene.  
Looking good, Lois!  
Hey, freak boy...  
I'm gonna make myself a little|more luscious for you, okay?  
I'll be right back.  
Okay, precious.  
What are you doin' in here?  
I told you you was gonna be|seein' more of me, right?  
Look, I came here to warn you.  
You keep disrespecting me,  
and it's gonna get rough|around here.  
Back off, Shaniqua.  
You don't scare me.  
You know what? That's it.  
You must need a little more|eye shadow, right? Come on!  
You've messed with|the wrong W.A.S.P., bitch.  
Compliments of Tae-Bo,  
two hours a day,|five days a week.  
Compliments of the 'hood,|24 hours a day, all my life.  
You know, for a skinny white ho,|you're pretty tough.  
And I don't ever want to have|this conversation again!  
"The girl had dou..."  
"...ble..."  
"...double D-cups."  
There you go. You got it,|lil' man.  
"I put my mouth|on her nip..."  
"...ples."  
What is that?

What are you doing|letting him read th...  
He read. You read.  
Georgey, you read.  
I'm gonna kill you!  
I am so proud of you.  
I'm turning you in!  
Pfft.|I found it in your drawer.  
Well, I am a grown man|of 54... 41... 49 years old,  
and he's 8, and what I read|in the privacy of my...  
How'd you do it?  
Oh, God,|I'm never gonna get this done.  
Look,|the boy don't look carefully  
at the details in a word,  
so most of the time,|he's just guessin'.  
What you got to do|is just slow it down  
and give him somethin'|stimulatin' to read.  
Dad?  
What's a rack?  
It's a country.  
Well...  
I was just doin' it|'cause he was botherin' me.  
Well, either way...  
Can you get rid of this?  
Just put it back in my room,  
'cause I'll get rid of it,|'cause I have a special...  
Well, Mrs. Kline,|how wonderful to see you.  
Come in!  
It's girls poker night|at the house.  
Where's my little dealer?  
Well, just wait right here,|and I will just go get him.  
Georgey, Mrs. Kline is here!  
Hi, Mrs. Kline.  
Come on, Georgey!  
Tonight, I'm gonna|teach you to bluff.  
And I think we need to|comb your hair differently.  
You look like a fag.  
- I'm not a fag!|- I didn't say you were.  
- Hello.|- Hi. How are you?  
Oh, good evening, sir.  
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait.  
Dad, I don't want you|to freak out, okay?  
Why would I freak out?  
Well...  
Dad, this is Aaron.

Hi.

- Hello.|- How do you do, sir?

L-l-I'm so glad|to actually meet you.

L-l-I told Sarah|that it was very important  
that you feel comfortable|with me  
taking her to|my parents' for dinner.

So, this is a date?

Oh, um, I'll have her home|by 11:00 at the latest, sir?

I guess that'd be all right.

All right. Did it work?

Yeah,|like a charm, my friend.

All right. Let's party.

Hey, watch the seats.

- All right...|- Oh, shut up.

No, I'm serious.|It's leather.

Hmm.

Well, look at you,|all grewed up.

There's nothing to eat|in the house.

Yeah.|You comin' to a point?

Well, I'm hungry.|Are you?

You askin' me out?

Well, no, I'm not.

Yes, I am.

Okay.

Oh, look at the legs|on this wine.

I'm telling you,|this place is bangin'.

Don't you just mean,|"This is nice"?

Why the word "bangin'"|make you so uptight?

You're smart... if you'd just|deign to speak English  
with what you learned|on the Internet and in prison,  
you could be|a paralegal tomorrow.

Like they gonna be beatin' down|my door to let me in school.

You're exactly|the kind of person they want.

Well, why would I want|to do that, anyway?

I've been to your office.

Everybody's all uptight,|overworked,  
tired, stressed-out,|don't see their family.

"Ooh, Ed is comin'."|"Ooh, Tobias."

I get a wedgie|just walking in your office.

Hey, it's what people do.|They work.

Look, all I'm sayin' is|I did the confinement thing  
for four years.

If you're so concerned|with my future,  
just help me clear my name.

I got it from there.  
I got my own dreams, |my own goals.  
- Hey, give it to me.  
Hey! |What'd you do that for?!  
- 'Cause you work too much. | - This is my phone!  
That's probably why your wife |left your sorry ass.  
Okay, Oprah, if you're so good |at relationships,  
how come you don't |have a boyfriend?  
I had one.  
It's just I haven't seen |or heard from him  
since I went in |four years ago.  
Were you in love with him?  
Come on, let's go dance.  
Ha ha ha ha... no.  
Come on. When is |the last time you danced?  
At my wedding.  
Don't worry, I can dance. |It's just that I don't wanna.  
Come on, smooth. Show me |what you're workin' with.  
I can dance. |I just don't want to dance.  
Man, you can't dance.  
- Well, I got moves. | - Let me see.  
All right, all right.  
Okay, one last |little drink here.  
What, you got to pee?  
This was big in high school.  
Man, look, you can't dance |from your brain.  
You gotta feel it. |Now, come on.  
Show me how |you made them kids.  
- What the hell... | - How's this?  
That's great for an epileptic. |Come on, now.  
You gotta move your pelvis |with it.  
More hips. |There you go.  
Get smooth with it.  
Well, I'm sorry. |I can't help it. I miss him.  
Oh, snap out of it, already.  
I'm snapped. I'm snappy.  
Oh, God, Ash.  
I still can't believe |you were hit by a car.  
Did you call a lawyer?  
Oh, I can't talk to a lawyer. |I was jaywalking.  
So, can we just stop...  
- What? | - Oh, my God.  
What?  
Look at that!



Oh, my God, it's true. | Look at that! Look at that!  
He never danced like that | with me.  
I'm gonna go talk to him.  
No! Sit!  
Why?  
I can't tell you.  
If I talk about it,  
gangster people will come | to my house and cut me.  
Oh.  
Oh, he almost looks | like a fun person.  
Must've been me.  
Was it me?  
No. Stop beating yourself up. | It's him.  
Can we just | get out of here? Now?  
You know what they say...  
once you go black, | you never go back.  
Can we get the check, please?  
And that's why | I worked so hard,  
so I could give Kate a good | life, then it backfired!  
Man, bitches don't care | nothin' about that shit.  
Oh, bitches do too care.  
I'm gonna | tell you a secret...  
sometimes I drive by our old | house, and I just look at it,  
and I just remember our life, | and it just hurts!  
Man, that is so pathetic, | P. Diddy.  
But you know what? | I'm gonna help you get her back.  
How?  
Well, first, | we gotta create a mood.  
Just like at | the restaurant, baby.  
I'm already there.  
Yeah. | Now, feel the Barry.  
Feel Barry White. | Talk like Barry.  
- Okay, that's Barry. | - Yeah.  
This is Kate.  
Hey, Kate. Yeah.  
I want you to talk nasty | to her!  
Talk nasty!  
I'd like to kiss you a lot.  
Cut that sensitive shit, | Nancy Boy!  
What?  
- You gotta be a beast! | - A beast!  
Yeah!  
In the bedroom, | a woman wants a man  
that knows how to ride her | when she bucks.

Ride 'em when she bucks!|Ride 'em!  
It's just... I can't.|It's a sculpture. I just can't.  
All right, okay.  
Use me, then.  
Damn it, grab these.  
- What?!|- Grab 'em!  
Oh, I get it, yeah.  
- Hey, Kate.|- Uh-huh.  
Yeah, you've been waitin'|for this for a while, huh?  
That's right. Now,|what you gonna do to her?  
I'll tell you|what I'm gonna do!  
I'm gonna give you|an aromatherapy massage  
with incense!  
No! Come on, now!  
Wimps give|aromatherapy massages!  
Tell her again!  
All right!  
I'm gonna have...  
sexual intercourse, baby!  
No, you... you a beast!|You need some of these.  
- Yeah.|- Cojones grande!  
Yeah! I'm gonna put 'em|in my pants!  
- Get in there, boys!|- Now, grab 'em!  
- Grab 'em. Yeah, hey, baby!|- Grab 'em!  
Now, what you gonna do?|What you gonna do?!  
Yeah, Mama! You gonna be|my tawdry little woman?  
Damn right!|Now get to humpin'!  
- Ya-hoo!|- Whoa!  
- How 'bout that, huh?!|- Yeah!  
How would you like me|to pounce on you  
- like a lion from above?|- I like it! I like it!  
- Yo!|- That's what I'm talkin'!  
You ain't just|no king of the jungle,  
you own that jungle!  
That's your pride!  
You own that jungle,|and ain't no one  
gonna come around|and mess with your pride!  
That's right!|I like that.  
Yeah! You ain't ready|for that shit! Come on, now!  
Be a beast! What you gonna do|when she starts ridin', huh?  
Take care of her!|That's what I'm gonna do!  
- Uh-huh! Uh-huh!|- You're mine, Kate!  
- Ride that lighting rod!|- You don't need these no more.  
You got your own!|You found your balls!

Yeah, I don't need those balls!|I got my own balls!

Mandingo!

What goes on in your personal|life is none of our business,  
but if it begins|to affect the firm,  
we need to call attention|to it.

Guys, we were moving a statue,  
and we lost our footing,|and we fell.

My sister's|under the impression  
that you were|humping your nanny.

I was not humping my nanny!

Peter, surely you understand|that if Mrs. Arness  
were to suspect any instability|on your part...

There is no instability|in my home.

**WIDOW:**

Well, hey,|he's helping me reopen my case.

Y'all got any leads?

Well, a still from|the bank surveillance camera  
is on its way here,

and we found a deposition|that could help.

Well, that's cool, baby.

If there's anything|I can do to help,  
anything...|you just holler.

I gotta run.

Hey, Widow, if you meant|what you just said,  
it's not gonna be an easy job.

**WIDOW:**

I just gotta know|that if things get rough,  
you're not gonna run out|on me.

**WIDOW:**

I ain't gonna mess up.

Mmm.

Ooh!

Planning another heist?

No.|Why would you say that?

I don't know.

Maybe it was hearing|the words "job" and "hot"  
bandied between|two tattooed people?

That was just my old boyfriend|I told you about... Widow.

He's just tryin'|to get back with me.

Mm-hmm.

I'm tellin' you the truth!

Look, I just didn't|want you to see him,  
because Widow, he ain't been|the best boyfriend,  
and I knew|he'd be all over me.

Now you suddenly care|what I think?

No.

Maybe.

A little bit.

No more late visits?

Word.

Convicted felon's honor?

Innocent convicted felon's|honor.

Now, give me some dap,|right there on the edge.

Right there, and then|come up here like that.

- Pow, like that.

Hello?

**SARAH:**

Hey, sweetie.

Is Charlene there?

Yeah, she's here.|Do you want to talk to her?

- You okay?|- Yeah, I'm...

All right.

- Sarah? Okay.|- Girl talk.

What up, dog?

I need you to come pick me up.|I can't talk about it right now.

Where you at?

I'm on the corner|of Venice and Canal,  
and there's a whole lot|of people out front.

- Please don't tell my dad!|- All right.

No, just calm down.|I'm comin' to get you.

I'm sorry.|I didn't know who else to call.

It's cool.|What's goin' on?

Hey, Sarah, what have|you been up to? Hee hee!

Is that your boyfriend?

No, he's not my boyfriend.

I liked his friend, Mike,

and we hung out a few times,|and he was always really nice,  
but then... all he wanted to|do tonight was have sex,

I mean, he moved in|kind of rough, and...

He got rough with you?|Where he at?

He went back there|with that group.

Go wait downstairs.

Yo, Mike!

Please, don't kill me!

Oh, God!  
What are you? Crazy?!  
Pull me up!|What do you want?!  
Sarah!  
Mike has somethin'|to say to you.  
Say "sorry"!  
L-I'm sorry! I'm sorry!|God, I am sorry!  
Say "No means no."  
No means no!  
She was where?!  
Calm down. It's just...  
- She is 14!|- She's 15! Wait!  
G... well... oh!  
Look...  
Sarah don't need a warden.  
She needs her father...|you...  
so you can't get mad,|all right?  
You do it, she'll never|tell you anything again.  
All right.|I get it. I get it.  
Just be cool. Just play it cool,|you know what I mean?  
Just listen to her.|Let her do the talkin'.  
I am listening to you!  
Thank you.  
Don't trip.  
Don't trip.  
So...  
you went out with a boy...  
and he took you to a party,  
where kids were... drinking  
and "trippin' on E."...  
and then he took you|up to a room  
where he tried to...  
"get all up in that..."  
which he... didn't?  
And then Charlene came...  
in my new car...|and brought you home  
after first...|"bitchslapping" him.  
Well...  
...that was some night.  
Oh, Dad!  
I can't believe|you're not killing me!  
Oh! This is so great! I want|everything out in the open!  
Oh, I have so much more|to tell you!  
Kate, what are you doing here?

W-What are you doing here?

It's my shortcut home|from work.

No, it's not.

- Yes, it is.|- Is not.

I thought you were|in the mountains.

Well, yeah,|l-I came back early.

There were bears that were|mauling the campers  
and eating them.

Wow.

But other than that...|nothing went wrong with your...

Oh, no, no.|He's great.

Yeah, I liked him.

So, how's your...

My what?

Your life?

Anything hip and new?

No.

I'm having a good time|with the kids.

Good. Glad you're having|fun with her.

Them.

What?

You look, um...

Yeah.

Rested.

Nice. You look nice.

So, um, I guess I'll come by|later and pick up the kids.

Oh, I was wondering if I could|keep them through Friday.

Really?|You're not too busy?

No.

Well, yes, it's okay.

It's wonderful, Peter.

You know, if you wanted|to come ov...

- Go ahead.

Sorry.

- Hello?

Yo, get your butt home, dog.

I will be home in my own|sweet time, girlfriend.

You gotta come now. Arness said|she on her way over here.

Oh, I forgot all about that.

Oh, I'm sorry.|L-l-I have to go.

I just forgot|about something,

but I want to continue|this conversation,

so I will call you, or you can|call me on my cell.

Bye!

- Is she here yet?|- No!

The place is a mess!

- We gotta clean this place up!

Hey, get upstairs|and get ready!

And what are you reading?!

Get up there!|Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

Hey, yo, P.,|while we got this minute...

there's somethin' I really|been meanin' to tell you...

Well, you'll have to wait.

Kids! She's here!

Mrs. Arness?

Oh!

I'll get right to the point,|Mr. Sanderson.

There are rumors circulating

that your personal life|and your home are in disarray,

and this makes me feel|very unsettled.

I don't know who misinformed|you, but please, come in.

I'd hate to think you're|under any misapprehension

about me or my family.

Sarah? Georgey?

You remember Mrs. Arness?

So lovely to see you again.

Um, Father,|when you have a moment,

would you mind helping me with|my report on Queen Victoria?

Sure, kitten.

And don't forget, Pop, tomorrow|you have to come to school

and help hand out the food|to the poor kids.

Have I ever forgotten|to help the poor kids?

No, Pop. Never.

In truth, Mr. Sanderson,|you have a lovely home.

Thank you.

And your children|are very well-behaved.

- They're angels.

- Oh, William.

Oh, look!

He's even taken a fancy|to your boy.

That's so sweet.

Anyway, we can go to the den|and get the contracts...

What is that heavenly smell?

Ah, that would be|Charlene preparing dinner.

Anyway, the contracts...

I haven't smelled home cooking|like that since I was a child.

Really? Anyway...

Brings back|such happy memories.

Does it? Anyway, actually, |the den is closer...  
Your table looks so inviting.  
Yes. It's too bad |it's so small.  
Small?  
Well, actually, |it's big, isn't it?  
It's a big table, so...  
there would be room |for one more.  
Oh, well, if it's not |an imposition...  
Oh... oh.  
Well, let me just go check |if there's enough food.  
I'm not... I'm not sure,  
because, uh, actually, |this is the night of, uh,  
Yimum, the, uh... |the holiday where  
white people eat |very little portions  
because that was the night |the Lord came down,  
and he was given food,  
and there was just too much, |and he said, "No."  
And so, he had |a smaller portion,  
and that's why we might not |have enough.  
So, I'll just go check on, uh, |what the Lord would say.  
Just one second.

**SARAH:**

Hey, come here. |Are you hungry?  
Charlene...  
If there was ever a time |I needed a favor, it's now.  
You got it, baby. |Anything.  
Oh, thank you!  
Oh. Mrs. Arness?  
Yes? Oh, yes.  
My family and I are pleased |to invite you for dinner.  
Yeah, oh.  
Well, very well. |I wasn't expecting this.  
Uh, but if you insist.  
And then afterwards, |we can sign the contracts.  
Of course.  
Dinner is served.  
I was raised |in the South, you know.  
That smells just like |our Ivy's jambalaya.  
She was so wonderful.  
We paid her nothing, |of course, you know.  
But, then, people had standards |of service in those days.  
And, of course, Ivy did know  
that you serve from the left |and collect from the right.



Don't...  
stop at that story, because|I love hearing about your past.  
That is fascinating.  
Oh, yes.  
Well, anyway,|as I was saying...  
Yeah. Fast-actin'.  
Fast-actin'.  
Ooh, I'm gonna get you.  
I'm gonna get you.  
Uh-huh.|I'll serve your food right.  
Was it the left?|Was it the right?  
Father's work with the|Pasadena Republican Youth Group  
has truly been invaluable.  
I hope y'all brought|y'all appetites.  
Oh, yes.  
I brought mine.  
Oh, my goodness.  
This is much too much for me.  
I'll never get through|all that.  
I have a little less here.|I'll trade with you.  
Thank you.  
What, Charlene?  
Nothing, sir.  
Oh, this food|is so delicious.  
Serves him right, anyway,  
makin' me wear|this stinkin' outfit.  
You're very lucky to have found|such talented help.  
Well, our Ivy was with us|for so long,  
we really thought of her|as one of the family.  
And after every meal,  
my mother would scrape|all the food we hadn't eaten  
and put it on one big plate|and give it to Ivy.  
Charlene...  
what is that|particular taste?  
It's familiar, yet...  
Is it some kind of herb|like sage?  
No, it's sort of more|like a milk of mint.  
Milk of... whatever it is,|the taste is explosive.  
Well, good, then.  
Enjoy.  
Oh, just one moment.  
Uh, you know, uh,  
there's a lovely,|sad Negro spiritual...  
...that Ivy's brother used...

Are you all right?

Anyway, Ivy's brother|used to sing this  
when he came in|from the tobacco fields.

Now, there's a second verse  
if you'd like to join|in the chorus.

That's an unusual feeling.

- Dad?

Are you okay?

I hope your father's|all right.

Does this happen often?

Well, If you'll excuse us.

Georgey, let's go watch that|biography on Francis Drake.

We... I mean,

he seemed to be|so moved by that song.

Oh, he movin', all right.

- And tonight's top story...|- William?

The FBI needs your help

in finding fugitive at large|Charlene Morton.

Charlene is an African-American|female, 31 years of age...

What is it?

...and 5'6", 175 pounds,

with a tattoo|on her left breast.

Convicted of armed robbery,

Charlene is considered|cunning and highly dangerous.

Having escaped from the Women's|Correctional Facility

outside Los Angeles|a mere six days ago,

Morton is suspected|to be armed.

This bank surveillance tape|shows Charlene wielding a gun  
and holding a customer hostage.

Charlene is considered dangerous|and may be armed.

If you have any information|concerning Charlene Morton,  
please contact|your local FBI office.

That's it for tonight's edition|of "Criminals at Large."

Good night and be safe.

**PETER:**

Pete, before you lose it,|just let me explain.

There's nothing to say.

But I didn't do it, Pete.

You have to get out.

All right.|I'll get my stuff.

I don't understand.|You saw her and where is she?

I don't know where she is.

Don't drop the soap.

What the hell does that mean?  
I just don't believe this. | I'm worried about her.  
I hate the fact that | she's out there all alone.  
You're worried about the poor, | innocent, frail creature  
who can hardly take care | of herself on the street?  
What about me? | Tobias is gonna fire me!  
And another goody...  
if Arness calls the cops, | I could go to jail!  
Here's the local number | for the Bureau.  
The FBI takes harboring | a fugitive very seriously.  
You, gentlemen, will be | the first to hear from me.  
Arness didn't call the cops, | she called the FBI.  
- Now, you haven't seen me. | - I have seen you.  
No, I mean, | you haven't seen me.  
I'm looking right at you. | What are you...  
If you do hear from her,  
please tell her the cool points | are out the window and...  
she's got me all twisted up | in the game.  
Why you messin' with Lene?  
I'm not messing with her, | I'm helping her.  
Bullshit!  
Uh! I'm telling you | the truth!  
Listen up. | You do not reopen this case.  
From now on, | I'm handlin' it for her.  
I'm not gonna reopen the case. | The case is closed.  
Stay out of her life.  
If I got to come back here, | things are gonna get bloody.  
Maybe I should | just finish this now.  
We have to find Charlene.  
I thought you hated Charlene.  
I found out she's innocent.  
I knew it. I knew it.  
Where am I gonna find her?  
Well, you can call her.  
How can I call her | if I don't know where she is?  
I gave her your phone, | in case you might...  
You gave her my new | \$600 titanium cellphone?  
Good idea. Come on.  
W-What happened to your head?  
Metropolitan Museum of Art. | How may I help you?  
I know who set you up.  
What?! Who?  
Get in.  
So, what's up?

The guy points a gun to my head  
and tells me|not to reopen the case.  
I'm thinking,|"Why is he doing this?"  
And then it dawns on me...|it's because he was involved.  
God damn him.  
I can't believe|Widow did this to me.  
Where do you think he is?  
I don't know.  
Probably downtown|at this club he hang out at  
called the Down Low.  
Got to get a confession.  
You can't go there.  
Eh, man, I'm serious.  
A white man at the Down Low  
is either a cop, a corpse,|or a crackhead.  
You can't even talk 'hood.  
I'll figure out something.  
Oh, and Howie told me|to tell you  
that "The cool points|are out the window,  
and you got him|all twisted up in the game."  
Really?  
That's the nicest thing|anybody's ever said to me.  
I'm gonna drop you off here  
because I got to get to the|office for a conference call.  
So, I'll see you|in a little bit.  
All right. Okay, cool.  
Yeah, freak boy,|I need a ride.  
Can you come now?  
Damn.|A straight, cold pimp.  
Looks like Gendler|beat us to her.  
I can assure you, Mrs. Arness,  
Peter Sanderson|is no longer affiliated  
with Tobias, Kline, and Barnes.  
Good.  
You have great ankles.  
What?!  
Were you a dancer?  
Yeah... well, yes.|I was.  
I bet you had great presence.  
Oh. How you two doin'?  
I hope I'm not interruptin'|anything.  
You're nasty.  
W-What are you doing here?  
Please, Mrs. Arness, I'm not|here to cause any trouble.

Well, that would be a first.

Julia? Julia?

Julia a little tied up|right now.

I just need you|to hear me out.

Peter is not responsible|for any of this. I am.

I mean,|the guy is a great lawyer.

And he's one of the most|decent men I've ever known.

- I doubt that's saying much.|- Shut up, fool.

If only you knew the lengths|he's willing to go to  
to help a friend.

Listen... sister...

"Sister"?

Why don't you go back|to Sanderson,

and the "Jungle Fever" thing|the two of you got goin' on,  
before I call the cops?

That's it, pretty boy.

You ever met the big hurt?

The who?

I wouldn't do that|if I were you!

And why not?

You'll be instantly returned|to prison, where you belong.

All right. That's it.

- How dare you!

To hell|with what I just said.

You obviously|one of them hard learners.

Howie?

This is my house! I will not|be told to do what I...

William.

I'm Kate Sanderson.|Have you seen my kids?

- Over there.|- Oh!

Hey!

Oh, God!

What is going on?

It's just the FBI, Mom.

Yeah, they're just doing|a, like, search.

For what?

Well, for Charlene.|But she's not...

The FBI is looking|for your nanny?

Man, take your hands off me!

I said, back off me, punk!

That's what I mean.|You know what I'm sayin'?

You don't want|none of this, now.

Excuse me...

Homeboys...

Say, yo. | You got a bathroom in there?  
Say, yo, what's the dealio?  
Mmm. Who's your daddy?  
Back that booty up | and put it on the glass.  
Anybody here | dig what I'm sayin'?  
So...  
your nanny was doing time...  
for armed robbery.  
And then she broke out | of prison...  
...and then she came here.  
But she's innocent...  
and now your dad | has gone off to...  
help her.

**SARAH:**

He's not the same guy anymore.  
Yeah, he's really cool.  
Say, any of you homies | holdin' extra Jimmy High?  
'Cause I'm all about crunchin' | some of that boofanny tonight.  
If you harm one hair | on that dog's head...  
Yeah, "Harm a hair on the head." | You got me all nervous.  
- Hello?  
- Sarah? | - Oh, hey, Charlene.  
Put your daddy on the phone.  
No, he's not here. | He went out to find you.  
He went to find me?!  
All right.  
Howie, flip a "U." | We headed downtown.  
Downtown's where I live, | precious.  
- No! No!  
What's on your mind, player?  
What's with you? You been | drinkin' some "Hatorade"?  
What's up, Flavor? | Where you from?  
From the 'hood | and misunderstood.  
- How's your pimp hand, dog? | - Strong, baby, strong.  
Can you swerve, snowman?  
Do I got "honky" | spray-painted on my forehead?  
Of course I can. | I'm tryin' to peep a bowwow.  
If you so at home, man, | then dance with the woman.  
I can't. I got b'ness.  
Go on out there | and get your groove on.  
No, I can't. I got important | b'ness to take care of.  
I tell you, but...  
You'll get a life sentence | for this.

You're a kidnapper|and a whore!  
Hey.|Keep talkin', tea bag.  
Ooh?! Tea bag!  
Yeah, you'll be gummin'|your bubbles.  
Yeah, oh! Terrible.  
Damn, boy, you lookin'|all kind of stupid.  
Really?  
'Cause I got this outfit|from your mama.  
Yo, Eminem,|cut the wigger shit.  
I don't think you know|how much trouble you in.  
Fine, fine, fine.  
I'm here to talk business...  
private business.  
What fresh air is this?  
I don't see him anywhere.  
I think he's in that back room|over there.  
What do we do|with Her Majesty?  
Sit down.  
What?  
Sit it on down.  
Now, look, if you move,  
your little Willy|gonna be bridged down.  
- You dig?|- Dig.  
All right. Come on.  
Is that real?  
Uh, Seven and Seven, double.  
How you doin'?  
What?!  
I said, "How you doin'?"  
Oh, fantastic.  
You either the dumbest cracker|I ever met or you straight up...  
Hold that thought.|I love this song.  
Turn that off.  
- Get everybody up out of here.  
I'm telling you,|he is definitely in there.  
Okay, all right,|so he's in there,  
and then you go in,|and then what happens?  
Three seconds.  
- Why you here?  
I got a feeling you're sitting|on a hefty sum of stolen cash.  
You want to hide it,|you need a lawyer.  
What's with the phone?  
I'm calling in the cavalry.  
You'll go back to prison.

So you wanna help me|launder my money?  
I can hide it|in an untraceable account  
in the Cayman Islands.  
All I want is \$100,000.  
We both walk out of here|wealthier men.  
And I tell you where|Charlene is... that simple.  
You wearin' a wire?  
Me?  
No. Are you?  
Then...|then they kidnapped me.  
And they took my dog,|William.  
That's a damn shame.  
Oh, you don't care.  
You smokin', Grandma?  
Why not?  
- To hell with your proposition.  
Hold it. Charlene is ready|to roll over on you.  
She knows|who your accomplice was.  
- Oh, that's pretty funny.|- I'm not kidding.  
They're out in the parking lot|waiting for my signal and...  
and... and...|and the signal is...  
if I don't come back,|they call the FBI.  
There was no accomplice, fool.  
There was a girl in the photo.  
No, there was somebody|in a wig and a dress.  
You...  
You left her clothes,|the gun, and the money.  
See?  
You just too damn smart|for your own good.  
Look, we can't wait no more.  
Wait, wait. Charlene!  
Open up.|Widow wanna see me.  
Says who?  
Says Lene.  
Pete.  
Well, ain't this|a psychic moment?  
I was just comin' to see you.  
Come on, Widow.|This is between me and you.  
Let him go.  
No problem.  
Oh, shit.  
What... come on, now.|What are you doin'?  
Ugh!  
I got it.



- Aim it, aim it, Howie!|- Yeah!  
Uh-huh!|Who got the gun now, huh?  
Who got that gun now?|Homie, that's right.  
Get y'all asses|on the ground!  
Asses on the ground|where I can see 'em, huh?  
Take him out!  
Ugh!  
Pussies.  
Ooh!  
- Ugh!|- Ooh.  
Ugh!  
Wasn't that fun?  
I'm just gonna roll up|on out of here.  
Thank you.  
- Aah!|- FBI!  
Everybody, freeze!  
Charlene! Charlene!|Oh, baby!  
Oh, oh, baby.  
Charlene.  
Son of a...  
Drop it!  
Oh, Charlene.  
What?  
Damn, dog.  
Hey, Howie, she's all right.  
Charlene...  
I...  
Do me a favor, precious.  
Don't ever scare me|like that again,  
or I'm gonna have to give you|a nasty spanking,  
if I'm not being too subtle.  
He's such a damn freak.  
Are you Sanderson?  
Yeah.  
Wait, wait.|She's innocent.  
Save it.  
I can prove it.  
Mr. Sanderson...|that was pretty ballsy.  
You'd make a hell of an agent.  
Oh, thank you very much,|but I don't think I did anything  
- an ordinary man wouldn't do...|- Thanks again.  
Mr. Sanderson...  
There you are.  
You have behaved abonidably.

Aboni...

Abomidably.

- Abodi...|- Abominably.

I know.

- Shakespeare.|- Shakespeare.

No, wait. |This is serious.

And I'll have you dis...

disboweled.

Oh!

Uh, disballed.

Dis...

Disbarred?

Disbarred.

Oh, to hell with it.

I do believe I'm stoned.

Just don't tell anybody|you ever saw me like this.

Mrs. Arness...

William.

Oh, God,|you are an ugly dog...

and heavy.

Here, I got him.

Thank you.

Is there a 24-hour diner|around here?

I know where one is. |I'll take you there.

I'm dreadfully hungry.

You guys okay?

What do you think?

Yo, be cool, G-mo.

Yo, out back, G-mo.

Full cheesy, homey.

Well, |that's not good enough.

You'll just have to keep|trying, won't you?

I called Arness four times. |She'll only talk to Peter.

Well, we're just gonna|have to keep him around.

Oh, hey, guys.

Peter.

Did I mention|I'm going out on my own?

You don't have the resources.

Well, I have one|multibillion-dollar client.

It's a start.

And a partner.

I'm all over it, G.

Let's go.

Excuse me.

Peter, |we can talk about this.  
Ed, you can |kiss my natural black ass.  
Peter...  
Ashley, |who are you doing here?  
Oh, I was, uh, meeting, |uh, uh...  
- for my aunt's estate. | - About her aunt's estate.  
There was a codicil.  
Well, say goodbye |to half your stuff.  
I'll call you.  
Lookin' good, kids. |Almost there.

**Peter, your 4:**

I don't have |any meetings today.  
I'm sorry. I didn't realize |I had an appointment.  
Hey.  
So, this is how a big-time |tax attorney lives, huh?  
This place is big pimpin', |P. Diddy.  
- How you doin'? | - I'm a'ight.  
I really wanted |to tell you again  
how much I appreciate |what you did for me.  
If I could only give you back |half of what you've given me.  
Please. We'll call it even. |Now give me a hug.  
Hey, white people don't hug.  
You ain't white.  
Well, I'm off-white.  
Good to see you.  
Kate...  
Hi.  
Um, oh, well, I'm, uh...  
I got to finish up |some things with Howie.  
Oh, Kate, this is Charlene. |Charlene, this is Kate.  
Hi. You've certainly been |shaking things up around here.  
Well, shakin' |is what I do best.  
It's a pleasure |to meet you, Kate.  
Thank you.  
And take care of him for me.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
So...  
what... |what brings you down?  
I mean, you know, |not what brings you down,  
but, I mean, |what brings you down here?  
Well, I was |just wondering, um...  
how often do you take |that shortcut past my house?

Technically?  
Uh, well...  
uh, pretty much every day.  
Well, you know,|technically...  
That's stalking.  
It's kind of cute.  
Kate...  
There's something|I want to say to you.  
The cool points|are out the window,  
and I'm all twisted up|in the game.  
What does that mean?  
It means I love you.  
- Ohh!|- Ohh!  
Rastaman, hold still,|or you're gonna have  
these Jamaican beads|all over the floor.  
Yeah, here we go.  
All right, halfway done.  
What you think?  
Holler at your boy.  
- Hey.|- Nothin' is nothin'.  
Who's your daddy now?  
Boy, you are some kind|of freaky.