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Fifty Shades

By Marlon Wayans

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Give me that!

Move!

Hey, sir! Sir! Come back!

I've gotta get outta here.

Boo, boo, boo, hey, hey, hey.

Girl, you got that

list of questions?

Yes.

I think I have

everything that I need.

Be happy you ain't got

this chlamydia, all right?

Ooh, girl, I tried

to take a piss earlier,

it was like there was an angry

dragon inside my snatch,

you know, like some

Game of Thrones shit!

That's terrible, Kateesha.

I can't help it when

a tall, athletic brother

come pushing up

on this thickness.

Ooh, yeah...

Oh, shit!

Oh, God, girl, I thank God

every motherfucking day

that the SuperSonics

moved to Oklahoma. Shit.

Okay, I'm gonna go so I won't

be late for your interview.

What the fuck are

you wearing, girl?

There ain't no camouflage, no

fishnets and no fluorescent colors.

How they gonna see you in the dark, bitch?

How they gonna see you?

I gotta go.

Wow, so big.

Oh, I'm sorry.

If you're looking for the homeless

shelter, it's two doors down.

Oh, no, I'm...

I'm Hannah Steam.
I'm here to see Mr. Black.
The college bitch.
May I take your coat?
Yes, please.
Thank you.
Ew...
Follow me.
In case you're wondering,
I'm the hot secretary
who's fucking the boss,
which means there's no
room for the dopey intern
with the damaged
hair and the cankles.
Come here.
Ugh!
That's the smell of his balls
after lunch and two
games of racquetball.
Mmm...
Have a nice day,
Ms. Steale.
Plain-ass bitch.
Ow! My neck.
Ow. Ooh.
You...
Oh, shit!
I guess I should've
tried pulling.
Ms. Kavahellnah.
Christian Black.
Are you okay?
I think so, yeah.
Good, 'cause you got fucked up!
I mean, you hit that statue
like a hard-charging rhino,
and I say rhino because you're
a lot fatter than I thought,
and you got this
bump on your nose
that resembles a small horn.
Um...
Maybe you wanna get that squeezed.

Okay.
A little Proactiv on it.
I'm not
Ms. Kavahellnah.
You ain't
Ms. Kavahellnah?
Who the fuck are you?
My name is Hannah Steale.
I'm studying literature
with Kateesha at the university.
Oh.
Please, have a seat.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
No.
No. So, what do you want?
Jesus Christ!
Just spit it out!
A pencil.
A pencil... You
should've just said that in the beginning!
Gosh! Here, take 'em!
Jesus!
Thank you.
You gotta get your shit together, Ms.
Steale.
Shit.
These are Kateesha's
questions, okay?
"You have mad stacks of cash.
"How'd you get it,
and can I get some?"
Oh...
Ms. Steale.
I got my money
the way most black
entrepreneurs got theirs.
Real estate?
Drug dealing.
See, you have to know your
business inside and out.
I smoked crack.
Not for long,
but just long enough to know

what a penis tastes like.
Tastes like raw rump roast.
Mmm.
Ew!
I got all ashy, like E.T. when
he was sick in the river.
I lost six essential teeth.
Have you ever tried to eat
steak with one molar?
No. Why would
I do that?
Gnaw and suck.
Gnaw and suck.
It's hard.
Could be that you're lucky. No.
Keanu Reeves is lucky.
Flo Rida is lucky.
Iggy Azalea is lucky.
Yeah, he's lucky.
Next question.
"Is you gay, or is you
gay as a motherfucker?"
Just because you touch a penis
doesn't mean you're gay.
Especially if it's
for money or crack.
You're only gay if you
enjoy touching penis.
You touch a penis with attitude, like...
"I don't really like this."
That ain't gay.
It's just exploratory.
You said you're
an English major.
Was it Chaucer, Shelley or Keats
that first made you fall
in love with literature?
It was Seuss.
Seuss!
Cat in the Hat, Thing 1 and Thing 2.
and Thing 2!
I mean, who doesn't
wanna be them?
Well, you know, me and my

brother were Thing 1
and Thing 2 for
Halloween this year.
Really?
Yeah. Check this out.
Oh, my God, look at both of you!
We called 'em
Thang 1 and Thang 2.
That's amazing.
What if I wanted to hire you?
I don't know. I see the way
the women dress around here.
I don't exactly fit in.
You know, despite the
Salvation Army sweater,
the greasy weaves,
and your big ol' Usher nose,
there's something oddly
attractive about you.
Yeah, you're like
the little ugly runt
in a litter full
of pretty puppies.
You know, the little ugly one
that nobody wants to touch.
You're, all hairless and
big-eyed and wild-looking.
But you just wanna take you
home and give you love,
or stuff you in a sack
with a bunch of rocks
and just toss
your little ugly ass
at the bottom of the ocean.
Just put you out your misery.
Oh. Okay.
Thank you, Mr. Black.
Please, call me Christian.
Christian. I hope I answered
all your questions.
You certainly did.
Hannah.
Christian.
Ooh, shit!

Oh, God!
Oh!
Jesus Christ!
Oh, God, make it stop!
White girls,
get that elevator fixed.
Ooh, Hannah!
So, how was he?
He was all right, I guess.
Oh, shit! You fucked him,
girl! I knew that shit!
Yeah, girl, get that
dick, girl, get that dick.
What? Uh! Get that dick!
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
Take it to town, motherfucker.
Get that dick.
Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!
Shit, girl, yeah! Ooh!
So, did he have a big dick?
What? Ooh, girl, was it
like real skinny, girl,
or was it like real long,
like skinny long?
'Cause that's fucking weird.
But, like, short
and thick, girl?
I can get down with
that short, fat dick.
No, there is... There's no...
There's no dick.
Remember what I told you, okay?
If it's got like little red zit-like
things on the head of that shit,
you put that in your butt, okay?
He gonna be like, "Oh, girl,
no, it's just skin tags."
"Bitch, you got 47
skin tags on your dick?
"I ain't falling for that shit.
"Again!" Okay?
Mmm, but you gotta admit,
girl, he is bangin"! Mmm!
Yeah, I guess if you're

into the wildly-successful,
super-handsome,
possibly-dangerous thing,
then Christian
Black is your guy.
Bitch, I'm talkin'
'bout Lil Weezy!
Ooh, girl, he got
tats on his tats.
And he ain't afraid
to get a bitch pregnant.
Let you keep
the baby and everythin'.
Mmm.
You gonna eat that?
Ooh, I wish I could find a man
the size of this to satisfy me.
This shit
better be gluten-free.
Hmm, Mr. Black.
Oh, God.
Mmm... God, Christian.
Mmm...
Oh, my God, you know
what I wanna do.
Hi.
What the fuck?
What a pleasant
surprise, Ms. Steale.
Please, call me Hannah.
Okay, Ms. Steale.
I was just in the area and
wanted to pick up a few items.
Are you stalking me, Mr. Black?
Yes.
I mean, unless you
don't want me to.
You do want me to, don't you?
Just something to think about.
Can I help you with something?
Yes.
I would like to pick up some
cable ties and some tape.
Well, you're in luck, we got

some cable ties right here.
What color do you want? Red.
The color of passion.
The tape is this way.
Follow me.
If I didn't know better,
I might mistake you
for a serial killer.
Don't be ridiculous.
If I was a serial killer,
I'd need rope, ax, lye, ammonia,
chlorophyll, wood
chipper, plastic sheets
and three large
boxes of space Pampers.
And a shovel.
Second thought...
I think I need to
pick up a few more items.
Well, looks like
you're all set now.
Thank you, Ms. Steale.
Hey, if your roommate needs a
photo to go with the story,
I'll be around tomorrow.
And the next day.
And the day after that.
I'm actually around
all of next week.
Here. Just contact me.
"Christian Black.
"I'm not a bidness man,
I'm a bidness... man."
Thank you so much for your help, Ms.
Steale.
Let me know when those space
Pampers come in, okay?
Save me three boxes!
Got a long drive ahead of me.
Bye!
I'm gonna call you.
Jesse!
Hey.
Thank you so much

for doing this last minute.
Hannah, listen, you are
my best friend, okay?
You know I'd do
anything for you, right?
Oh!
Yeah. I'd really love a
handjob, though. What?
I said I really love this job.
It's amazing.
Oh, my God.
Get in here.
Later I wanna hit it.
Uh... Um...
I didn't catch the last thing.
I said later
I wanna hit the bar.
Oh.
Come on, Hannah,
it's what platonic friends do.
You know?
You grab a beer, right?
Then you make out and have sex
until we question the status of our
friendship or whatever, you know?
I guess. Come on.
Yeah. Come here.
Whoa!
Whoa!
Hannah! Did you just
kiss me on my lips?
Wait, I thought that... No. Listen.
Okay, let's get one thing clear.
We are just friends. Don't make it weird.
Oh, no, I thought...
It's okay, I'll fuck you later.
Wait. What?
I said I'll see you later.
Jeez, Hannah.
Oh.
Just go.
Pow! Pow!
Girl, he's staring at you like
some real

Fear-type
shit right now, girl.
He look like Marky Mark
after he left the Funky Bunch
and started acting, girl.
All right, give me a smile.
Cheese.
All right, don't ever
fucking smile again, okay?
He asked me to go to coffee
with him after the shoot.
Oh, girl, that's cute!
Last time I went to coffee,
I got eaten out
outside of McDonald's.
That McCaf menu
got a girl gushin'.
All right, let's break the Internet.
Eat.
I'm not your dog, you
can't tell me what to do.
You're right. If you were
my dog, I would do this.
Bad girl! Bad,
bad, bad girl!
So, tell me about your family.
Well...
My dad left me when
I was two years old,
so I was mostly
raised by my stepdad, Ron.
That's painfully uninteresting.
How about your mother?
She's been married eight times.
Yeah.
She's an incurable romantic.
Are you a romantic?
I guess.
I mean, I like long
walks on the beach.
I like baby talk,
I like to cuddle.
Ooh, and I love
Nicholas Sparks movies.

Even the one with Miley Cyrus?
That's my favorite one!
Bitch, I'm out!
Cheers.
Yeah.
Ooh, that tastes like a
white boy on spring break.
I hate him.
I'm gonna call him.
You want another drink?
Yes. Drink to forget.
Yeah.
Oh, yeah.
That tastes horrible.
The Molly must not be
crushed up all the way.
Let me fix it for you.
I gotta go to the bathroom.
You gotta what?
I gotta go to the ladies' room.
Huh? I have to take a shit!
Hannah... Hannah, you feeling all right?
A little woozy perhaps?
Whoa! Huh? Unable to
make good decisions?
We should take it
to the next level
and you, like, suck my dick.
Huh?
Baby, you take it
to the next level,
you stop feelin' sick, okay?
Oh, my God. You are
my bestest friend.
Yes. With benefits.
Ah... Fuck my mouth
with your fingers.
Fuck!
I'm never gonna get none.
I'll fuck you. I ain't gonna
like it, but I'll do it.
Listen, I don't
fuck white girls, okay?
Nigga, who you callin' white?

She just call me the N word?
Kind of turned me on.
Call me "nigga" again.
Mmm-hmm.
Well, hello there.
Yeah, this is Hannah.
Hannah, are you wasted?
Yes, I am wasted.
You're a hole-ass,
you're might on the roney,
you penis suck of yours.
You sound like Yoda. Listen, I
want you to go home right now.
Don't tell me what to do,
Mr. "Oh,
let's go for coffee.
"No, stay away
from me!"
Let me put this in words
you can understand.
Now, right home you go!
No!
I told him.
Mmm-hmm. Bitch, you
smell like shit.
Ugh!
Oh, Hannah! Hannah!
Hey, it's cold out here.
You can't come out like that.
Oh, thank you.
How you feelin'?
Just a little bit drunk.
Are you, like, Donald-Trump-running-
for-president drunk
or, like, Donald-Trump-saying-
he-don't-like-Mexicans drunk?
'Cause that's
some crazy shit, man.
A lot of Mexicans out there just
crossing the border and shit!
And you show them niggas love!
Show them niggas love!
Can I show you some love?
What? No!

Come on. Come on!
Just one kiss, man!
I don't know when you gonna
be this drunk again!
Come on, gimme that kiss!
Ow! Stop!
Hey! Hey! She said no! Stop!
Christian!
You just push me, nigga?
Oh, you got some crazy
shit coming, boy.
Wait. Hold up.
This nigga comin' back?
Comin' to you, nigga.
He comin' back!
Damn!
Christian, stay down!
Okay. Okay.
The nigga's a ninja!
This nigga's a ninja.
Worldstar!
He had such a beautiful face.
Did he leave?
You better run!
Oh, I don't feel
so good, Christian.
Come on, let's get you home.
Oh, no, I can't with you,
because my roommate is in there.
Don't worry. She's being
well taken care of.
What's your name again?
My name is Eli.
My friends call me Weekday.
I'm Christian's brother.
Ooh... Mmm...
The poor one.
Mmm-mmm...
I know what you're saying,
"Oh, he's financially poor,
yet spiritually rich."
Mmm...
Nah, that don't count.
What do you feel?

What do you feel?
Oh, my God.
When does that end?
Oh, my God!
The weight of my penis makes my
money too heavy to carry around!
Yes!
I'll see you later, woman.
Until we meet again.
How can I touch you?
I mean, get in touch with you!
My number
is seven.
Oh!
That's a good number.
Oh, God.
I'mma call you!
Good morning.
I've been staring
at you all night.
I haven't blinked once.
Gosh, my eyes are hurting.
How did I get here? I
brought you here, Hannah.
Did you undress me?
I sure did. Mmm...
My God, we didn't...
No, we didn't.
And I have the blue
balls to prove it.
Look at these things.
Ugh!
What are those?
What the fuck are those?
Oh... it hurts so much.
I don't know what to do!
Why are you showing me this?
I ordered you some breakfast.
Here. Eat. You'll
need your strength.
But you licked this one, and did all
sorts of other weird stuff to it.
Can I get a fresh one?
Maybe some jam.

No, eat it.
Why don't you just
leave me alone, Christian?
Because I'm incapable
of leaving you alone.
I'm a certified stalker.
I have four restraining orders,
and I'm currently
working on a fifth.
Listen to me.
I don't do the romance thing.
Anal, yes.
Fisting, sure.
Two in the pink,
one in the stink, yeah.
I do that.
But I don't do romance.
You know, I'd like
to bite that lip.
I wish you would.
Ow!
Ow! Mmm...
Oh, my God!
(SIGHING)
Come on, let's get
you outta here.
God, that made me wet. Oh!
Oh, love it.
Fuck the bullshit.
How you doin'?
Open your eyes.
Lizard kisses, come on.
Vampire bite!
I love it! More!
Yes! Yes!
Oh, my God!
You shut up and watch.
Get outta here!
Excuse me.
I have to warn you,
elevators make me horny.
Ooh, Daddy, I want you to
write a song about me.
I wanna be your muse.

Oh, this is a great time.
I'm inspired to write a song
about you right now.
Ooh, that feels so good.
'Cause I love
havin' sex unprotected
Ooh.
And I love when my
dick's in you naked
Deeper, Daddy,
deeper! Yeah!
Goin' raw in you, you, you...
Yes! Yes!
Goin' raw in you, you, you, you
Ooh, I think you going platinum
in about two minutes! Oh!
You're infected, yeah
Need antiseptic, yeah
'Cause, girl, you burned it
Ooh, that like an E
minor or something?
Oh, you burned it!
Oh, you burned
Ah... You...
Ooh, shit.
Motherfucker!
You done?
I gotta get to church.
Hey!
Oh.
You two are fucking.
Ooh.
Hey, bro.
How you doin'?
My brother.
My brother, peace and blessings.
Hannah, this is my
little brother, Eli.
- Little?
- Yes.
I'm Eli, like the
movie about the book,
because I'm deep.
He is deep.

Balls deep.
Yeah.
Kateesha told me
a lot about you.
Yeah, you're like...
You're, like, a lot
plainer than
I thought you would be.
Well, she plain but pretty.
You're like a brick wall, just
boring and rigid... CHRISTIAN: Okay.
And 'gust ashy 'm some phases.
Okay, okay, okay, okay,
enough with the small talk.
We have a long
drive ahead of us.
We do. Great pleasure.
It's been a pleasure.
The moon shall rise again.
Ooh, that so romantic, boo.
What that mean?
Deuces, bitch. Okay, I got you!
I see you later!
Nice meeting you.
Bye.
All right, so listen.
Meet me at the office later.
I have something
special planned for you.
Okay? Deuces, bitch.
Mmm-hmm.
Who you calling a bitch?
Oh, shit!
Damn, girl.
I was just saying.
He said it to her,
and I thought it was cute.
Mmm.
Damn, bitch...
I mean, girl.
Are you ready for
the ride of your life?
Oh, my God! Are we gonna
go in your helicopter?

I can't believe you thought I was
gonna take you on the chopper.
We haven't even fucked yet.
After you.
Holy shit!
You live here?
What, a black man can't have
a nice place like this?
No, a black man cannot have a
beautiful place like this.
You know, Wesley Snipes
had a place like this,
before he stopped
doing his own taxes.
How about some wine?
Yes, please.
Okay-
Do you know why I brought
you here, Hannah?
I'm assuming to make sweet love.
I don't make love.
I fuck.
Hard and quick.
Really quick.
It's like a Ronda Rousey fight.
You blink and it's over.
Okay.
But first you're
gonna have to sign
a nondisclosure agreement.
What's that?
It's basically lawyer talk
for "shut the fuck up."
Come with me.
I'll explain.
A nondisclosure agreement
protects both you and me,
but mostly me.
Behind this door is my playroom.
You mean, like, for your
PlayStation and stuff?
Ooh. That's a nice key.
So tight.
Keyhole don't wanna open!

You ready to get opened?
Reload, man! Reload!
I told you to reload!
I'm an Xbox man myself.
Oh, you next, Black!
You don't want none of this.
Yo, when you done with
Wendy Williams over there,
jump on this game so I can
shoot you in the face!
I'm gonna be honest with you, Christian.
She's not attractive.
Like, the bitch look
like she got lupus.
Well, you look like a thumb
that's been yanked out
of somebody's asshole.
On!
Slam dunk!
That's crazy.
That's crazy.
Yeah, well,
how about... Ha!
I got nothing. 'Cause
I'm better than you.
Okay, well, I got something
I really wanna show you.
Oh, my God. It's not more
broke niggas, is it?
No more broke niggas.
No offense.
And don't worry about those
ingrown hairs on your penis.
We can't see them through your pants.
Don't give her
all the dick, bro.
She don't deserve it.
Half the dick.
Over there fucking
Charles Barkley.
Fuck this shit!
I'm out!
Please, Ms. Steale.
Just keep an open mind.

Tantalizing.
Got these from my grandma.
You're a sick motherfucker.
No, Bill Cosby's
a sick motherfucker.
I'm just a dominant.
What does that
have to do with me?
I want you to give
yourself to me sexually.
Hence all the whips, chains
and freaky sex toys.
And what would I get out of it?
Me.
Oh, my God!
Ooh. Let me get this straight.
Mmm-hmm.
So, you wanna beat me
with these paddles...
Whip.
Whips.
You wanna chain
me to this rack...
Eh... Handcuff.
And humiliate me in
unimaginable ways,
and in exchange
for all this torture,
I get you?
Yeah, that's correct.
And women go for this?
Some women.
Wow. It's like Disneyland
for grown-ups. Yeah.
So, what do you think?
I'm pretty much
cool with anything,
as long as you promise you won't
tell my dad I fucked a black guy.
So, what do you think?
Two things.
Where's the cup,
and when do we eat shit?
What we supposed to do in here?

Well, I thought we'd start with
a little bit of rope play.

No!

Okay, well, how about

I just mount you
to that rack over
there and spank you?

Hell to the no!

Perhaps a little
bit of flogging?

I don't even know what
the hell flogging means,
so fuck to the no!

Okay, well, what are
we supposed to do then?

You need to find Jesus!

That's what you can do.

Okay, here's how it goes.

I've drafted a standard contract
that lays out the terms.

Lots of sex, we have more sex.

Yadda-yadda,
we end with sex.

You look it over, and you negotiate
what you're willing to do.

I hate to throw a monkey wrench
into the whole works here,
but I...

You have
low self-esteem?

No. I...

You have daddy issues.

No.

What I'm trying to
tell you is, I'm a...

A virgin?

Yeah.

Man! I can't believe this!

I don't understand!

Okay, tell me
you've done something.

Blowjob?

Where does the blowing come in?

Finger pop?

No.
Angry panda?
Why is it angry?
Why did you ask that?
Oh, my God! Okay,
tell me you've done anal.
I know how it goes.
You let guys put it in your
little rusty bullet hole
so you can tell your
mama and your pastor
that you're still a virgin.
I've just been waiting.
For what?
Girl, you are
20-something years old!
It don't get no better.
It's going to spoil!
It's fermenting down there.
Just fermenting. Okay?
You gonna tell me
nobody wanted the pussy?
Well, I just am very selective
about who I've wanted to...
Oh, selective?
Oh, that sound like
something somebody
with a pussy that
nobody wanted would say.
Hey.
Don't get me wrong.
I don't want it all worn out
like an old washing machine belt
or hanging like
wet straps in a car wash
or flapping around like an inflatable
figure outside of a mattress store.
But I want it to
have some experience.
Okay, look.
We're gonna fix this
situation. Right now.
I've been waiting my
whole life for this.

Come on.
Yes!
Oh... Very...
Very Sasquatch of you.
Have you never had sex
with a virgin before?
Not a hairy one.
Ow! You nicked me!
Shh...
What the hell?
Oh, yeah, I have an outie.
Oh, WOW!
Whoa!
That got flavor!
What? You're the first
person who's seen it.
Little Eskimo kisses?
Ooh, I never had anyone
do that to it before.
Ooh! Watch the teeth!
Sorry.
Got him.
Okay-
Sorry. I didn't have
time to shower.
Shit!
Thank you.
Ooh!
Okay. You ready?
I'm gonna take you
to a whole 'nother galaxy!
Oh, my God, I'm coming!
Oh, God!
God! God! God! God!
Whoo!
Already?
Oh, that was amazing.
Really? I guess I was
expecting something
different.
Don't worry about it. It's your first time.
Don't sweat it.
You'll get better with experience.
Just keep working on it.

Oh, you know, it's
customary for a woman
to make a man
an oversized sandwich
to help him regain his strength.
Either that or some leftover
pizza, or maybe a Hot Pocket.
You want me to make you
a Hot Pocket now?
I don't make the rules,
I'm just telling you.
You got a lot to learn, kid.
Mmm...
Are you asleep already?
Nigga!
Ugh!
Christian?
Christian!
Oh, shit!
Who the fuck is that?
My mother.
On!
Great.
Now I gotta get rid of
two crazy bitches. Fuck.
Mother!
Ah, Christian.
Hello.
Oh, you better get dressed, or we're
gonna be late for the regatta.
I forgot that was today.
You're not doing
crack again, are you?
No, Mother. I never
raised you that way.
However, it is a prominent trait
in your genealogical pool.
Hello.
I'm standing my ground!
I'm standing my ground!
Oh, shit!
Mother, what're you doing?
That's Hannah Steale!
How many times I gotta tell you?

Black lives matter.
Come on, let's get you up.
Hannah, this is my mother, Claire.
Oh.
I am so sorry, Hannah.
Oh, my, you have
beautiful breasts.
I would've thought
they'd be more droopy,
like a sock with
a rock in the toe,
like in those National
Geographic magazines.
You're gonna have to forgive
my mother's behavior.
Sometimes she can be factually
inaccurate and quite racist.
Do not apologize
for me, Christian.
I am your mother, and I love you
like you were my
own white child.
But I still hide my wallet
at night, just in case.
As you should, Mother.
It is awesome to meet you.
Are you two dating? Oh, no,
Mother, we're not dating.
We're just fucking. Hard.
And quick. Apparently,
it's the best way.
Well, I just can't tell you how
pleased I am to meet you, Hannah.
I mean, you're the first woman
I've seen Christian with.
I assumed that he was...
What would Oprah say?
"On the DL?"
Christian, you can
do so much better.
Oh, Mother.
You're one of the richest, most
handsome men in the world.
You could date white women.

Like Tiger Woods and Seal.
Okay, it's time for
you to go, Mother.
Or like Taye Diggs or Quincy Jones.
Or even Ice-T.
Hannah, Christian's Chinese
sister, Mai, has come to town,
so we're gonna hide the cats
and have the family
over for dinner.
You should come.
I'd be delighted.
It was really nice to meet you.
Okay, great.
Time to go, Mom.
Oh...
Now, where is my wallet?
Still there.
You just never know.
Yeah.
Mmm...
They're delicious. Mmm.
All right.
We had breakfast.
Time to go.
Ooh, look,
your Uber's here. All right.
Okay, what?
Spit it out.
Well, how did you
get into this whole
dominant-submissive thing?
It was one of my mother's
really close friends,
and my music teacher.
I was 16.
She was older.
Don't look
so nervous, Christian.
All I ask is that
you do your very best.
I thought I was supposed to
be here for music lessons.
Baby, you are.

And your lesson
starts right here.
Hey, hey. Ooh. Snap.
We got a regular
John Holmes here,
without the big
dick and the stamina!
Okay! Again!
One, two, three!
(GRUNTS
Ow! '
Do you know why
I hit you in the head
with that tambourine, Black?
I have no idea.
Well, were you rushing
or were you dragging?
I... I thought
I was fucking.
Oh! That wasn't fucking!
Now, count off.
One, two...
Was I rushing or was I dragging?
Answer the question!
You were rushing!
Is that a tear?
Oh! Poor little guy.
Are you upset?
I'm upset.
You worthless, adopted,
unloved little piece of shit!
Weeping and slobbering over my
vagina like a 9-year-old girl!
Now, for the last
father-fucking time,
say it louder so I can hear it!
I'm upset!
Oh, Black, get off the bed!
You make me sick.
But I'm upset.
Get off the bed!
You're not ready for this!
I'm ready!
Ugh!

Willy? Willy,
you're up next.
Willy?
You better get your
shit together, Black!
You're not gonna amount to
anything, sexually or musically.
And you know what the biggest
disappointment of all is to me?
I thought all you black men
had rhythm and a big dick!
Boy, was I mistaken!
I have rhythm!
You're all set, Ms. Steale.
Courtesy of Mr. Black.
What the heck?
What is that?
Is that a drone?
All right, just sign here.
Thank you very much.
Ooh, girl, another gift?
Damn, you must be
giving that bomb head!
Wait a minute, is that a
Retina display MacBook Pro?
Bitch, you lickin'
that butthole!
I didn't lick a butthole!
Shit, you lucky, girl.
Like, I licked six buttholes last week!
I got a Dell!
Desktop!
I can't take that
shit anywhere, girl.
Hey, the mail come already?
No.
It's just a weird sex contract
Christian wants me to sign.
You sign that, but then you get
that paper, boo, all right?
A bitch gotta get hers. You
keep licking that bootie, okay?
We're done?
Wha...

Yeah, I read your text.
Wow face, sparkly diamond, poop?
Like, what does that even mean?
You got me all fucked up
with your emojis, like...
Hey, how did you get in here?
Does it matter?
Yes, actually it does matter,
because you don't live here
and you don't have a key.
You don't need a key
to get in a hamper, Hannah.
Here, now, help me outta here.
You're lucky I wasn't in
your medicine cabinet,
or your jewelry box.
I tried to hide
in your nightstand,
but you had this Gideon Bible
in there and I couldn't fit.
Wait a minute, did you break
in through that window?
This one?
Oh, no, that could've
been anybody.
The brick on the ground says
"Property of Christian Black."
"Christian..."
Yeah, yeah, it does.
But, I mean, that could belong
to any black Christian, right?
I mean, okay, shh...
Enough with the interrogation.
Come here.
Do not move,
or I'll be forced to punish you.
I said don't move!
Okay-
Ooh!
That feels weird. What is that?
It's so hairy.
Yeah! Yes!
Wait, wait, wait, don't move.
Don't, don't...

(GRUN Damn it, that shit was cold!

Are you ready,

Ms. Steale?

Yes, Christian.

Ooh!

You brought a condom, right?

A condom?

Yeah.

Oh... Okay.

Yeah, of course!

Of course I got a condom.

Hold on one second.

God damn it!

Just knowing you care enough
to use protection excites me.

Aha! Old trusty dusty!

"March, 1982?"

Aw, hell no.

Yeah, I got one
right here! Found it!
Here, let me open it
up so you can hear it.

Okay-

I'm just gonna scoot these
little bad boys to the side.

Oh! And then I'm gonna park this
right there.

Oh, my God, it feels so natural.

It's like you're not
wearing anything at all!

It's lambskin foreskin.

Oh! Just relax.

What?

No, not you. Now I'm
talking to myself.

Okay? Oh... Ready?

That was like two strokes!

This nigga's back
here settin' records!

They gonna put me
on a Wheaties box! Oh!

Thank God you're
wearing a condom.

I know, 'cause, boy,

we wouldn't want to
get you pregnant, right?
I know. I'm not even taking any
birth control and I'm ovulating.
Did I tell you that
twins run in my family?
Twins?
My sister had sextuplets.
Sextu...
Oh, really? Let me just
get an after-sex mint.
Here, Hannah, here.
Have one of these.
Here you go.
Yeah.
Ugh! it tastes weird.
All done?
Ah!
Good girl. Phew!
Shall we begin,
Ms. Steale?
Page one, paragraph one.
This must change!
There's a typo in the header.
That's it?
Mr. Black, I will end this
negotiation right now!
My apologies.
Page four,
section 13-20.
With regards to anal fisting.
Is there a problem?
Absolutely not.
And strike out vaginal fisting.
I mean, if you're gonna do anal,
you're obviously gonna have vaginal
fisting. I mean, it's a given.
Oh, for sure.
I will put that...
I'm putting that
in there in bold.
Next page, sex toys. "Are they
acceptable to the submissive?"
Dildos, I guess.

Butt plugs, fine.
Fuck yeah!
Whoa, whoa, whoa...
How did this slip
through the cracks?
What's with the genital clamps?
Sorry, Ms. Steale, I...
I can't seem to
find those in my...
Because you forgot
to put them in there.
Rookie move,
Mr. Black.
Silly me.
Let's be clear. I will not
share you with another woman.
I require at least two or three.
Five.
Seven.
Seven it is.
You're not gonna shortchange me, Mr.
Black.
You drive a hard
bargain, Ms. Steale.
Thank you. You know, Ms. Steale,
I'd like to fuck you into
the middle of next month.
Silly. You couldn't
fuck me
into the middle
of the next minute.
I'll fuck you into
a different galaxy.
You'll be like, "Oh, shit,
it's cold in Pluto!"
Yeah, well, I'm gonna fuck you
at the Stephen Hawking exhibit.
And I'm gonna ram
your ass so hard
that I cause a tear in
the time-space continuum.
I'll fuck you
through slavery times,
and you'll get

your freedom papers.
Yeah, well, I'm gonna
rent me a DeLorean
and fuck you back to the future.
I'll fuck you into
a whole 'nother planet,
where that insect
is from Men in Black.
You'll be like, "Oh, shit!
How many times you fuck me?"
Three million, 746
hundred million times.
And you'd
be like, "Why?"
And I'd be like, "Shut up," and I
hit you with the neuron, like...
You'd be like,
"Oh, my God, why is
my vagina so sore?"
And I'd be like,
"You fell."
Well played, Mr. Black.
I've done this before.
And he's a major beneficiary
of our university.
Interestingly enough,
he donates all cash.
Usually in ones,
fives, twenties,
the odd rolled-up \$100 bill that's
got a little bit of powder on it.
Please welcome
Mr. Christian Black.
What you talkin' 'bout my business, huh?
Don't get cut.
Thank you. Let's talk about
life and your purpose.
You all spent four hard years in
this school getting your diploma,
putting your parents in debt,
for what?
Between global warming and
the world economy crashing,
I don't even know why you're

trying to better yourselves.
Give up hope!
Think about it.
You are wasting time.
You. You're a drug addict
waiting to happen.
Look at you. You can't wait to get
outta here and smoke some weed.
And you!
You are a stripper!
Your ass is twerkin'
as I'm sitting here talking.
You can find
the rhythm in anything.
And you, sir.
Well, you're white.
You'll be fine.
So, in closing,
I would like to say,
"Thank God I'm not you."
Kateesha! Oh, my God, we did it!
Girl!
I'm so proud of you.
Who you telling?
I was close, girl.
I was one handjob away from losing
valedictorian to that bitch,
Lindsey Hung, right?
What are you talking...
Shut up.
I see that bitch,
she talkin' shit.
She gonna need a gynecologist
when I'm done fucking
that bitch up! All right!
Girl, I'll see you later.
I'mma go punch
a bitch in the throat.
Lindsey!
You bilingual bitch!
So proud of you.
Hannah!
Dad!
I'm so happy to see you.

Oh! I'm so
proud of you.
You know, I thought you'd
turn out not to be shit.
But you ended up
looking real good,
being that you
from a drunken whore.
Oh, yeah. Yeah, your
mama's over at the rehab.
Twenty-seven times
is the fucking charm.
Isn't it? Yeah, it's
the fucking charm.
Hey, where are
my other stepdads?
Right over there.
Jonny Quest, B.B. King.
I don't know who that nigga
is with his shirt off.
That must be your birth daddy.
Yeah, it's all good. What a
great bunch of guys.
And you know the old saying,
"it takes a village."
And it's true.
Especially when it comes
to your mom being a gutter slut
and the village is a gangbang.
The village is a gangbang.
Hannah!
Hi!
Hey, hey, hey, hold up, player!
Shit, how you gonna walk up and
kiss the girl that I raised?
What kind of shit is this?
Ron, this is my boyfriend,
Christian Black.
Boyfriend!
Ron, to be honest with you,
I just fucked her a few times.
"Boyfriend" makes it sound
serious, like I went raw.
I mean, I might've

dipped, but...
Are you thinkin'
about marrying her?
No.
What if she get pregnant?
Still no, but hell no.
I like this fella!
I like this nigga right here.
I fucks with your stepdad.
You know what,
from player to player,
Black, I really like you, man.
You can fuck anybody you wanna fuck.
Thank you.
Yeah, just don't pass her
around like we did her mama.
That's all I ask you to do.
Yes, sir, out of respect.
We passed her mama
around like a baton, man.
Yeah.
You never told me
that about your mother.
Your mother fucked everybody
in the neighborhood,
and then wanted to settle down
with me, and I went for it.
You know what, I gotta
hang out with you, man,
get your knowledge, man, 'cause
you got a lot of wisdom.
I got a lot of wisdom
and I been through a lot,
and I done been
with a lot of hos
and the smells
that's on my fingers
over all the years...
Oh, shit! What!
Still there. Never went away.
Oh! Damn!
Wow, sir! I smelled every
last single one of them!
Yes, man.

It was like beautiful and
horrible at the same time.
I've stuck my hands in some of
the nastiest bitches'
pants all over the world.
Really?
Asia, Malaysia, Congo.
Hmm.
That's Dubai right there.
Wow, I smell the hair.
Touched a bitch's booty hole
in Dubai at the airport.
I bet you could probably spit a
lot of game to me, my nigga.
Let's take a picture,
let me get a picture
of me and you.
Make it a selfie.
No, no, baby.
Just me and him.
Ready? One, two, three. Nigga!
Where are we going?
Congratulations, Hannah.
That's a car.
With a broken window?
Do you like it?
Yeah. It's nice.
You know what I went
through to steal this car?
I mean...
The car was a steal.
Did you just roll your eyes at me?
No.
Listen, there's only
two things I hate,
when you roll your
eyes at me and Craisins.
Like, what is a Craisin? It's not
a cranberry, it's not a raisin.
Like, it doesn't
even make sense.
Look, you just rolled your eyes
at me again! No, I didn't.
Yes, you did.

I have it on tape.
Check this out.
Look at this.
Oh, what's she doing? She's
rolling her eye. Look at that.
How did you do that? Come
on, you, with me, now.
But...
Teach you a little lesson about
rolling your eyes. Come on.
Oh.
Now, do you know
why I'm gonna punish you?
Because you're a sicko
who likes abusing women.
While there may be some truth
to that, that's not the reason.
Because I rolled my eyes.
Bingo.
Oh!
This is gonna hurt you a whole lot
more than it's gonna hurt me.
Ha!
Welcome to my world.
Oh, God! Fuck!
Ooh, that hurt! Oh!
Did you do it?
Ow.
Okay, 15 across,
"winter beverage."
Nothing? You don't
feel nothing?
I love knitting.
Are you gonna spank me? All this
build-up is getting boring.
Okay, okay, you wanna play?
Oh, I got something for you.
Excuse me.
Enough of your games. It's about
to get real dark in here.
Sure.
Are you gonna find something
that actually works?
Big brother almighty!

Whooh!

That was my sorority paddle!

Oh!

You know, Hannah,
I didn't wanna have
to do this to you,
but you've been a naughty girl.
Did you break my fucking stool?
No.
I think I'm pretty good at this.
Oh...
I don't...
I don't understand.
I fucking hit you with everything.
I don't get it.
Don't feel bad.
I haven't really felt
anything down there
since I got my butt implants.
I'll just... I'll see you back
at my place tomorrow. Yeah.
When you're in this room,
you do as I say.
Is that understood?
Yes.
Yes, who?
Yes, sir.
Good girl.
Hands up.
Turn around.
On your knees.
Stay.
Don't look at me!
Raise your hand.
Did that hurt?
No.
Sometimes the pain
is in your mind.
God damn it! Motherfuck!
And sometimes the pain
is not in your mind!
Jerk!
I have a very important
question to ask you, Ms. Steale.

Where is bin Laden?
What?
Where is bin Laden? When was the
last time you saw bin Laden?
Where is he?
I don't know!
He's been dead for five years!
I don't keep up
on current events!
And now the real torture begins.
Where were we?
I can't remember the safe word.
Chapter 23.
"it was a cold,
gloomy day in Seattle."
Oh, God, this book is 50
shades of fucking terrible.
Who wrote this,
a third-grader?
Please go back to
the water-torture thing!
What's the safe word?
Stop it!
What's your safe word?
I don't know.
Please just... Are you
gonna let me down now?
Yes, Ms. Steale.
If I could just find these keys.
You didn't see the keys... No, I
know where they are. I just...
God, my arms are
really starting to hurt.
I got an idea.
See, most people use a universal
lock key in their sex dungeons
for reasons just like this. Hmm.
But what you got here is
an over-molded swivel key.
All right, that's a custom job.
You're gonna need somebody else
to take a look at this.
Yeah, I don't know
what to tell you.

Next time, I'd put one of those
tracker app things on the key
so you don't lose it.
What are they called?
Oh, I know the name.
It's on the tip of my tongue.
It starts with a
Ta...
Maybe Ten?
Telepathy?
Hey, dipshits,
it's called a Tile.
Tile!
Holy shit, you're good!
You went to college!
Hell yeah!
Come on!
I've picked a lot
of locks in my day,
but I've never seen
anything like this.
Man, it's impressive.
Thank you.
Yeah. I got nothing.
Who's next?
Who's next? What are you
guys, Ocean's Eleven?
How many more fuckups
are you gonna bring in here?
- Stand back!
- Oh.
On the count of three,
the Great Mysterio
shall command these
shackles unlocked!
One! Do not
divert your gaze.
Two! Illusion!
Three! Mysterio!
Thank you.
Um...
Uh...
Yeah, that didn't work. All
the locks are still there.

Nothing happened!
Oh. I got nothing, guys.
Jesus Christ.
Oh, speaking of disappearing, I have
a bar mitzvah in one hour. Mysterio!
Oh, damn!
Oh, my God.
This was not in the contract!
Where we going?
To my parents' house for dinner.
You look lovely.
Thank you.
Where'd you learn to dance?
At this little club in Tampa.
Dance!
Yeah!
Ooh, wow.
Ah! Fuck!
What's that?
Oh, my God,
he's got a baby dick!
It's just the lighting! It's bad lighting!
It's creating shadow!
It's not little!
You're just little people!
Hi.
Oh, you made it.
Hannah! It's so
good to see you.
Hi.
Hannah, this is my dad, Gary.
Are we ever happy
to meet you, Hannah.
Really?
Oh, yes.
I was sure that
Christian was gay.
He's well-groomed,
loves Lady Gaga.
Can't take his eyes
off of Anderson Cooper.
What kind of
Republican watches CNN?
Hi! I'm Mai!

It's so nice to meet you!
I can't believe
you're a Republican.
That's his deep, dark secret.
Shall we?
I can't believe you're a Republican.
Sorry.
Ah...
Mrs. Black, this
food looks amazing.
Oh, thank you, Hannah.
Well, it was important to me
that our adopted children were
exposed to their native cultures.
So, for Eli, I have
prepared Balangu.
It's a spicy goat
dish from Nigeria.
And for Mai, of course,
we have Peking Duck
from the Mandarin
province of China.
I'm Korean!
Don't be fresh, Mai!
There are billions of
starving Chinese children
who need their energy
to make sneakers for Nike,
and they would
kill for this meal.
For Christian, of course, we
have fried chicken and Kool-Aid.
It's a very popular
dish in Detroit, Michigan.
And your favorite,
of course, hot sauce!
Oh, Mom.
So, Hannah, are you interested
in having children?
Yes, I would,
if I met the right person.
Oh, you have no idea what joy we
have had from having our kids.
Mai's the one that I

worried about the most.
I mean, she was so sweet.
I mean, it seemed
almost inevitable
that she'd grow up one day
and run off with Gary.
Like that little
director fellow, you know,
the one that married Mia Farrow?
Oh, sweetheart, please stop.
She's our daughter.
She's a hot
little number, though.
Hannah, I would really recommend
adopting underprivileged
children.
Wow, that's really just so
sweet of you, Mrs. Black.
It is a great conversation
starter at charities,
it helps your social standing...
Give it to me.
and your vag
doesn't get stretched out
like an elastic band
at Cirque du Soleil.
Okay, Mom.
Mom, please.
There was just nothing I
wouldn't do for my children. Hot, hot...
I even learned to
speak Mandarin for Mai.
That's not even a real language.
KATEESHA Hit that bottom!
Hannah, where is
your family from?
Oh...
My mom lives in Georgia.
Oh, Atlanta!
Oh, then your mom
must be a stripper.
She actually lives in Savannah,
and she's just a housewife.
Sure she is, dear.

I'm gonna go and visit her,
actually, in a few days.
Drinks anyone?
Drinkies?
I'll have two.
I'd love to, Mom,
but I promised Hannah
I'd show her the estate.
Home stretch! Yes!
Excuse us, please.
It's grocery time.
It's like I'm on air right now!
How come you didn't
tell me about her?
Who, my mom?
My God, she has a nickname?
Do you love her?
Of course, she's my mother.
God, how long has
this been going on?
Since birth.
Oh, come on, I can't
compete with that!
Hey, you don't have
to compete with it!
You're my boyfriend,
she's my mom.
They're two totally
different relationships!
No, they're not! Okay,
Hannah, you're mine, okay?
There's no mother, no brother, no
cousins, no second cousin removed,
no friends that you call cousin
'cause your parents are close!
There's none of that.
No play cousins?
No play cousins.
Christian, what do you want?
I want Kevin Hart not
to be in every movie!
Why? He's hilarious.
Come on, there's
other black actors!

How about them?
Like who?
It could've been Sam
Jackson in Ride Along.
Who knows what kind of crazy wig
he would have been wearing?
I thought you wanted me!
What do you want, love letters?
Hickies? Edible Arrangements?
Mmm.
You know, that's not even real flowers.
It's fucking fruit.
Yeah, but it's delicious.
And it's a start, okay?
And maybe we could advance to
a Tiffany's engagement ring,
and a wedding where we invite
500 of our closest friends,
and then we have seven kids,
and we live in a big house...
Whoa. You had this whole
thing planned out, huh?
You know, is it me or
is it hot in here? Shit.
You want me to be
somebody that I'm not.
No, no, it's not me
that's changing you.
It's you that's changing me!
Wait a minute.
That's a line
from the movie Radio.
No, it's not.
Yeah, yeah, the movie
with Cuba Gooding, Jr.,
where he played this
mentally disabled athlete.
"It's not us
that's teaching Radio,
"it's Radio
that's teaching us."
Nah, mine is way different.
It's the same premise.
You complete me?

Jerry Maguire, also
starring Cuba Gooding, Jr.
I don't understand
your whole fixation on him.
You know, all this time I thought
I wasn't in the right place,
but I was!
That's Snow Dogs.
God damn it!
I gotta stop binging on Netflix.
Hannah!
That song sounds so sad.
Not as sad as Luther Vandross'
Dance With My Father.
Oh, God, that song tears me up.
Every time I hear it, I just
wanna go, "Where's my daddy?"
Christian, we have to talk.
You mean like white people?
What's wrong with that?
Well, they just
talk a lot, you know?
They do it differently
than black people do it.
White people don't like to
argue, they like to discuss.
Then they start throwing
around all these big SAT words
and putting a lot of emotional
guilt on each other.
It's just too much to deal with.
I like it the black way, you know,
where we curse each other out,
we may fight, and then
we get cool again,
but we talk about each other
behind each other's back, like,
"Oh, nah, I ain't
fucking with that bitch."
But what you not gonna do...
But what you not gonna do...
You not gonna do...
You not about to "not" me!
Uh-uh...

Don't let me get
to clappin', boo.
Oh, hell no.
See, that's...
That's communication.
I feel better already.
Christian.
Hey!
You're not upset
because I haven't signed
the contract yet, are you?
I mean, it's not even legally enforceable.
You know that, right?
What's important
here are the rules.
And if you break them,
you should be punished.
How are you gonna punish me?
First off, you'll get grounded.
I'll make you stand in
the corner for an hour.
And then I will
send you to your room
without no supper, young lady.
Christian, this is crazy.
Why do you need to punish me?
Because I'm 51
shades of fucked up!
You know I'm five-four
seconds from wildin'.
I got three fillets for fryin'.
I got 99 problems,
but now a bitch is one!
That's 100 problems, Hannah!
I can only deal with so much.
99's fine.
A hundred jus... I can't
even count that far.
Okay-
Then you show me the worst.
I wanna see how bad it can get.
No more of this
pussy-ass punishment
you've been doling out thus far.

I wanna go all the way.
Is that something that
you think you can do?
Thank you.
Yes.
Bend over.
Hmm.
Mmm-mmm.
Hmm.
Aha.
Nothin' says ass-whuppin'
like good ol' Joe Jackson.
Hannah.
I'm gonna spank you six times.
I need you to count with me.
God damn it, motherfucker!
I said count with me!
One! Two!
Jesus! it hurts so bad I can't
keep count! Where were we?
I don't know!
God damn it, Hannah!
I don't know how to count, okay?
My crackhead mother
never taught me.
How about this?
Let's try in Spanish.
Spanish?
Si.
Tres. Cuatro.
I'm not too sure, but I think
cinco comes after tres.
Are you kidding me?
Cuatro comes after tres.
Well, don't get mad at me.
I don't know Spanish.
Look, my crackhead
mother never taught me
how to count or
how to speak Spanish.
Now we gotta start from scratch!
No!
Whoo!
I am tired. Oh, God,

that is exhausting.
Oh, I'm gonna be sore tomorrow.
Oh. Come on, let's get you up.
Don't touch me!
Hey!
Does it make you
happy to see me like this?
I mean, not really.
You look like a sad Gollum.
Like you's all bent over, and you're
crying. You look a little crazy.
Come on, don't hate me.
Hate you?
I loathe you.
Whoa. That's a thesaurus
word right there.
I hate you the way
black people hate cops.
Wow.
I hate you the way
Republicans hate ObamaCare!
Baby, come on now.
I hate you the way
Kanye West hates everybody else!
Well, I'm kind of
with him on Taylor Swift.
What is that
bitch singing about?
You will never do
that to me again.
You said it was cool.
I know niggas, grimy niggas
who do not value themselves,
and they will have no
problem coming down here
to fuck your little ass up!
Whoa. Slow it up now.
Just one "Cuckoo!"
And they will swoop down on you
like pigeons on
old garlic bread!
You can't be cuckooin'
on this mo'fuck!
You gotta calm them niggas down.

You know what?
Let's try something else.
Aw, this is cute.
I get it, a little role-play.
It's cute.
Handcuffs. All right.
You thought you were gonna
do this shit to me?
You messed with the wrong bitch.
You sound angry.
This is for Kerry Washington
from De-jango Unchained!
It's fucking... That is Django!
The "D" is silent!
This is for Lupita Nyong'o
in 12 Years a Slave!
God damn it!
It stings so bad!
All she wanted was some soap!
Even the antibacterial soap!
This is for Denzel Washington.
Wait, he's not even a woman.
You're just getting crazy.
But they made him cry in Glory.
Who makes Denzel
Washington cry? Nobody!
You talkin' 'bout like this?
See, look, I have a Glory tear.
If it wasn't for
Denzel Washington,
Flight would've been
a fucking Soul Plane!
Shit!
Why the fuck did they
make Soul Plane anyway?
And this is for the little white
girl in Fifty Shades of Grey!
Johnson.
Dakota Johnson.
She had to be naked
the whole fucking movie!
That shit was just gratuitous!
Whoo! Ah!
It burns! it burns! It feels

like someone lit a...
My ass on fire!
Oh, God, it hurts!
We done?
Oh, no, nigga.
No, we not finished yet!
We not finished
with you yet, nigga!
What? Where you
goin' with this?
I'm about to get
medieval on your ass.
Welcome to my world,
motherfucker.
On, God!
Oh, God!
This hurts so much.
I Wish I'd died.
Don't touch it!
Don't touch it!
Oh, it's tickling.
Christian, I thought
you'd like it.
What's there to like!
What kind of sick pervert beats
you for their own enjoyment?
Christian, you don't
want somebody like me.
You're exactly what I want.
A broke college graduate
with a liberal arts degree
and no future prospects.
It's exactly what I want.
Christian, I've fallen head
over heels in love with you.
Uh... Whoa!
Slow it up. That is
not in the contract.
Like, it specifically
says, and I quote,
"Bitch don't love a nigga."
Okay? And I
double-bolded that.
I knew I should have had

you sign this contract.
Christian, I think
it'd be best if you leave.
Get out!
Fine, you want me to leave? You want
me to leave? Fine, I will leave!
Okay? Wait, time-out.
Um...
I live here.
Shouldn't you be the one leaving?
Am I wrong?
Take an umbrella 'cause...
Bitch, it's raining.
I need my car back.
I already sold
that piece of shit.
I'll send you a check for \$37.
That is way below Blue Book!
Hannah!
Christian, you have
to let me go.
Please, listen to me!
No, you listen to me.
You'll find someone. Somebody
who wants to be open
to all the demeaning things
that you wanna do to them.
Hannah!
Christian.
Ooh.
Ah!
God!
How is he gonna love you?
He doesn't even love himself.
Did you see his haircut, girl?
How could you think
this was gonna end well?
Never look back.
Christian.
Hannah.
While running down
47 flights of stairs,
I had plenty of time to think.
And when I passed

out on the 23rd floor,
I realized I owed
you an apology.
I just want to say I'm sorry
for the way I treated you.
Especially for the whole
waterboarding thing.
Turns out you were
right about bin Laden.
Who knew?
Everyone.
Hmm?
You hurt me, Christian.
I know. But I have
softer whips.
You know the kind
with the pink fur on it?
It takes the sting off.
That's not what
I'm talking about.
You want romance.
I deserve it.
Well, what's more romantic
than running down
47 flights of stairs?
You know I pulled a hamstring?
Did you die?
No, but that's gonna keep me out of
the Red Room for at least a week.
Bye, bitch.
Okay, okay, okay. Hannah, wait, wait.
Hannah!
No, Christian.
You are incapable
of having a normal relationship.
I know, but I'm trying, okay?
I want to be like that old man
whose wife has Alzheimer's,
and he wakes up every day
and he tells her the story
about their lives together.
And then they take a nap,
but they don't wake up.
Because they're dead.

That's The Notebook.
That's the one with Ryan Gosling
and the girl with
the big-ass forehead?
Oh.
He never forgot her.
You don't even like
Nicholas Sparks movies.
I used to hate them,
but now I love 'em.
Even The Last Song.
Why was that even a movie?
You know that
wasn't even a book?
Well, if I'm gonna
give you another chance,
things have to be different.
I know.
I have something very
important I wanna tell you.
I lo...
I lo...
I...
What I'm trying
to say is, I love
Empire.
That Cookie just says
the craziest things.
Okay-
I love you.
I knew you loved me.
I have one last
surprise for you.
But you're gonna have to pack a bag.
Are we gonna go on
your private jet?
Oh, my God,
what kind of jet is it?
No, no, no. Don't tell me.
I want to be surprised.
Ah!
I can't believe you thought I'd
take you on a private jet.
I love you and all, but you

don't even have a ring yet.