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Guess Who

By David Ronn

"Girl, I love..." No.

"Girl, I love your..."

No, that ain't it.

"Girl, I love your style.

"I love when you get that smile.

"You should be in a magazine,
because you're a queen.

"Our love is everything."

- Percy?

- Not right now. I'm busy.

You got a girl in there?

What kind of question is that,

"You got a woman in here?"

I didn't know. I heard you talking.

- I'm in here doing my vows.

- Vows?

For this ridiculous party

my wife is losing her mind over!

This extravaganza is costing a lot of money.

Now she wants us to renew our vows.

What was wrong with what I said
the first time?

- What's wrong with "I do"? I did, didn't I?

- Yes, you did.

- Women, boy.

- I know. Women, it's just a whole other...

You know what? I think it's cool

you're just doing the lyrics from that song.

I wrote this on the way to work
this morning.

- You wrote that on the way to work?

- Yeah.

Were you listening to the radio

when you wrote it? 'Cause I think it's B2K.

Okay, then. If this is to a song,
tell me what the next line is.

Baby, turn around

And let me see that sexy body

go bump, bump, bump

That's it.

Go.

Reggie.

See your sexy smile and bump, bump?

- Three bumps.

- Three bumps.

See your sexy smile and you bump, bump

See your sexy smile and you

Hey, boss. Did I hear Theresa's bringing
a new boyfriend to your anniversary party?

Yes.

What? I'm fine with it.

- So, you met him?

- Nope. I pulled his credit report.

- You didn't.

- I sure as hell did.

Fred, this young brother is a stockbroker
for J.P. Oliver.

- Theresa? I don't believe it.

- Marilyn said she's crazy about him.

And this boy's credit report, I'm telling you,
is a thing of beauty.

I almost cried.

Wow, this guy sounds too good to be true.

He probably is. But the brother has a job.

- I'm glad you think that way...

- That's right, my friend. A J-O-B!

...but I quit.

- I quit!

- Simon, calm down.

I'm just trying to explain to you
how the world works.

It's the clients, I'm just explaining...

None of my clients seem to care.

This guy didn't seem to care, did he?

Come on. Don't be so sensitive.

That's not how the world works.

It's how your world works.

Simon, sit down. Simon!

Jerk.

I don't need you, Nathan!

I don't need J.P. Oliver.

My rsum is good enough. I can get a job
anywhere I want. I'm out of here.

I'm not going to freak out!

What am I going to tell Theresa?

What am I going to tell her?

"Baby, you know how you're always
saying I'm at the office too much?"

"Well, great news!"
I'll meet my future father-in-law and
tell him I'm unemployed. That'll be great.
Okay. I'll get the next one.
I can't quit my job!
I'm not gonna beg for this job!
- I got \$20 says he goes up again.
- I'll take some of that.
Oh, my God! I just quit my job!
I don't need this job! No.
Here he comes.
- Hi.
- Have a good one.
Hello, Liz. Simon Green here.
Simon! What's up?
Every investment I've made
in the last six months.
Listen. That job you offered me.
Tell me it's still open.
Why? What happened?
I'll tell you about it later.
Can you talk to Bartlett for me?
Are you kidding?
I'm e-mailing him right now.
When he finds out you asked about this...
he will go nuts!
Liz, thank you.
Theresa? Baby?
You're home early.
Really early. Hi.
- Got out of there quick.
- Good. Then come on, help me with these.
What have we got?
Tumi.
- That's nice. When did we get this?
- Got them today.
Combined incomes. Bling bling, baby!
Yeah. Bling bling.
Baby?
God. You should have heard Dad's voice
on the phone...
when I told him you work for J.P. Oliver.
I feel like he's more in love with you
than I am.

- Really?

- Yeah. You don't understand.

Ever since I can remember,
his whole thing has been about:

"Theresa, does that boy have a job?"

- It's a good thing I do then, huh?

- I know.

I'm so excited! Aren't you excited?

Theresa, a man is never excited
about meeting his future father-in-law.

You know, I was thinking.

Maybe we should postpone telling them.

What?

- It was your idea.

- I know.

But I'm thinking now
that maybe it was a bad idea.
No, I think it's a great idea.

Announcing our engagement
at my parents' party...

is gonna be the best present
we can give them.

Babe, Mom's gonna flip.

See, I'm not worried about your mom.

I was thinking about...

him.

See, he's about ready
to pop a blood vessel...
in his head, because you guys
are losing a basketball game.

No, we were winning that game. Yeah.

We're bringing in a canopy here.

Swags of tulle with festoons.

Sprays of roses.

Parquet dance floor here.

Guests will be seated at tables
in Chiavari chairs.

Very clean, very simple, very elegant.

And rose petals on the lawn.

And not just a few...

oodles.

At my wedding, we had oodles of petals.

It was fabulous.

At that wedding, was a woman involved?

Of course it involved a woman.

If she's not a woman, it's gonna be a surprise to both of us. Hello!

- Look.

- I'll tell you, this is going to be some party.

Twenty-five years of marriage.

- More power to you, pal.

- Thank you.

- Hey, baby.

- Sorry I'm late.

My vice principal called in sick today...

so it was just me

against 208 middle-schoolers.

I swear half of them

ate pure sugar for breakfast.

Hi, Dante.

- So, Percy, which one do you like best?

- I like that...

Is your name Percy?

Which one costs the most?

- They cost the same.

- They don't cost the same.

This one's from Saks.

This one's from Macy's.

Saks!

Thank you.

And now I can give my honest opinion.

- I'm digging that one, baby.

- Really?

Well, that's too bad,

'cause I'm wearing this one.

Hallelujah.

Sweetheart.

- Yeah?

- Listen.

Why do you even bother asking me?

'Cause it's a big day for us

and I wanted you to feel included.

Why couldn't you include

Martha Superfreak out there?

Dante is a nice man.

A nice man.

A nice man that part of the time

likes to sleep with other nice men.

Will you stop it?

Would you open your mind, Percy Jones?

Dante is a metrosexual.

- A what?

- He's a straight man with taste.

No such thing. You might as well tell me
he rode over here on a unicorn.

Look, serious face, serious moment.

I need to talk to you.

I know, baby. I'm working on my vows.

Almost got them perfect.

- That's sweet, but that's not it.

- What is it?

This boy that Theresa's bringing home?

I don't know who his people are,
where he's from...

I don't know anything about him.

But what I do know is that

I need you to be nice.

I'm always nice.

Let's be nice long enough
to find out who the boy is.

I already know who he is.

- You pulled his credit report?

- I did not.

You pulled his credit report, Percy?

I mean, I glanced at it.

But a credit report don't tell you
the character of a man.

But being a loan officer for 22 years...

I can size that boy up in an instant.

And you know I got a knack for it.

You know that.

Five seconds. That's all I need.

That's all I need.

- Nobody knows that better than me.

- Say what?

I didn't stutter.

I'm not so good with dads, baby.

I'm good with moms. I'm better with moms.

He's a big guy, right?

Scary big. He also has these...

piercing eyes that just burn
right into your soul.

Don't maintain eye contact for
a long period of time. At least today, okay?

Babe, I'm kidding.

Just relax. It's gonna be fun.

Okay?

- Did you tell them?

- What? Tell them what?

- Babe, don't... The...

- What?

- Did you... I'm...

- Cute? Clean-shaven? What?

Pigment-challenged?

Did you tell them that I'm white?

You're white?

You're white?

Stop the car!

Oh, my God! Look at what you...

Oh, my God.

Simon, I'm so sorry.

- It was a joke, sir. I was kidding.

- Yeah, sister. You're funny.

Simon, are you okay?

- Who are you?

- Are you serious?

Why am I in Jersey?

- Don't worry. It's gonna be great, okay?

- All right.

I'm very sorry. It was a bad joke.

- So, did you tell them?

- No. I only told them the important things.

That I love you.

That you're an amazing man.

That you have a very cute birthmark

on your left butt cheek.

You just didn't feel the need to mention

it's a Caucasian butt cheek. That was...

Simon, look. I didn't mention it

because I don't think it's gonna matter.

It's gonna matter.

We're fine, sir.

Dad!

Look at this here. Oh, my God.

Give your daddy a hug.

How are you?

Mom!

- Hey, my man. Percy Jones, baby.

- Pleasure to meet you.

Man, look at this here. I like this, man.

Nice, solid, strong grip.

Wow. That's something else.

Listen. You doing everything you can
to make my daughter happy?

- No, Dad, it's...

- Hey, sweetheart.

You can take that to the front door for me.

- Thank you.

- No, you see, this...

Don't interrupt.

I'm giving your friend a once-over here.

Sir? Don't stand like a statue.

Take it to the front door.

That's that square with the hole.

Look inside, you see furniture.

- Thank you.

- Yes, sir.

You doing everything in your power
to make her happy?

I'm not sure if I am,

but I'd sure like a crack at it.

- Boy, I ought to drill you, man. I like him.

- Okay, all right, listen.

Young man, don't worry about it. Relax.

I figure, what, \$30?

Get yourself some candy or something.

Dad, this is Simon.

Simon?

- That's her boyfriend's name.

- That's right.

- Well, who are you?

- Wesley Thompson. That's my cab.

But if you're still down with me
making your girl happy...

I'm good to go.

- Why don't you just go?

- Just...

I wish Theresa would have told me
you guys were black.

That would have saved an awkward moment.

- Kind of like this one.

- Yeah.

- Welcome home, sweetheart.

- Thanks, Mom.

- Baby, let me get that.

- I got it.

Lemonade.

Damn!

Ain't no need, us standing out here.

Why don't we go on inside and talk?

Come on, we going on inside

with a quickness. No use standing out here.

Just come on.

That boy's white.

Nothing gets past you.

I guess it's those 22 years as a loan officer.

- You knew about this.

- I didn't know a thing, I promise you.

But I did figure it out

after the second "Daddy!"

Why she just didn't say nothing?

Give us a warning, you know?

We taught our girls

to see only people, not color.

- I know that but...

- So, what's the problem?

I guess the problem is

she just didn't tell us.

I'm expecting Denzel Washington

to come walking through the door...

and I get Whitey McWhiteman instead.

- Hi, you guys.

- Hi!

I'm just showing Simon the house.

You've a very beautiful home, Mrs. Jones.

- Why, thank you. You can call me Marilyn.

- Will do.

You, too, Mr. Jones.

Thank you. You can call me Mr. Jones.

I'm just kidding.

You got me. That was funny.

I'm making lemonade.

You want to sit down?

- Yes, thank you. Sit down, babe.

- Great.

So, Simon, they tell me
you work at J.P. Oliver?

Yes, sir.

- You like it there? You been there long?

- Well, it's a couple of years, I suppose.

- You moving up?

- There's been some recent movement, yes.

- You a hard worker? You work hard?

- The hardest.

- J.P. Oliver has a huge IPO coming up...

- He doesn't want to hear about this.

But he's asking you about your work.

- I know, but you go into details...

- He likes to be modest. Shut up.

Anyway, they made Simon their IPO...

Wait, what is it? Point man?

And they're flying him

to San Francisco on Monday.

I'm not going to see him for three days.

- So, Simon, what do your parents do?

- Yeah.

- My mother is a realtor.

- Mom, let me help you with that.

And she sells mini-blinds
and teaches dance.

Damn. How many jobs your mama got?

She's a single parent.

She's always been a hard worker.

What happened to your father?

He left when I was two

and I haven't seen much of him since.

- I'm sorry to hear that.

- It happens.

You play any sports?

I played some foosball in college.

- That's the table with the soccer guys...

- I know what foosball is.

- Stupid joke.

- It's not a sport.

Dad, stop badgering him.

I'm not badgering him.

I'm just taking an interest.

I don't understand why you don't

play sports? It don't make sense.
A man who don't play sports
isn't a real man, as far as I'm concerned.
- I used to run a little.
- What? Like track?
I mean, you don't look like a sprinter.
- What'd you run? Did you steeplechase?
- Dad!
Come on, man. What was your race?
- Cars.
- Cars.
- NASCAR.
- NASCAR!
That was the one.
I had some hopes and some dreams and...
it all ended on a hot August day
on a speedway in Charlotte.
It was a crash. Just...
They said I should've been killed.
Actually, I got out without a scratch.
I figured that was a sign.
NASCAR?
Mostly I just worked in the pit.
I mean, I test drove
for one of the drivers some, but...
What was his name?
Jay Gordon.
You drove for Jeff Gordon?
We called him Jay or J.G.
It was like a pet name.
A pit name, actually.
NASCAR?
I believe I said I don't like to talk
about that time in my life.
NASCAR?
What was I supposed to do?
He was staring at me
with those piercing eyes.
- He was not.
- It was like...
filled with piercing disappointment
'cause I don't play sports?
"A man who don't play sports
isn't really a man now, is he?"

I had to give him something! He's big.
He's like... You said he was big,
but he's big-big.
But why did you lie about NASCAR?
My father loves NASCAR.
It's NASCAR, baby. That's, like,
the whitest sport on the planet.
Not anymore, Simon.
There's, like, NASCAR and hockey.
Hockey. I should have went with hockey.
Don't worry. He'll forget about it.
He's like this with everyone.
It always takes him some time
to warm up to new people. That's all.
- What are we talking about here?
- By Sunday, you'll be a part of this family.
I can tell he really likes you.
I don't like him.
And I really don't think
the whole racial thing matters to him.
- It's not that he's white.
- It's not?
- Is this yours or mine?
- That's mine and that's for later.
No. I think it's for now.
- Lf memory serves me right, I think it's mine.
- No, Simon.
Take it off!
- Take it off right now.
- It's perfect on me.
- What are you doing?
- Look at it. Red is my color.
- Always has been. Look at it. My goodness!
- Simon, take it off.
But it fits me so perfectly.
Look, you're stretching it!
- Take it off right now.
- It's not ruined.
It's nice. You take it off.
- I'm not joking.
- You want some of this?
Stop it, Simon.
- Take it off.
- You take it off.

Coming in.

Mom!

- I'm going to tell her right now.

- Go and tell.

- What?

- He's taking Simon to a hotel!

I'm paying for it. What's the problem?

- Can I speak to you?

- You sure can.

Why are you taking him to a hotel?

You didn't see

what they were about to do upstairs.

- Mom, we were just playing.

- Well, playtime is over.

Mr. Jones, I'm not a cross-dresser.

Just for the record.

- A cross-dresser?

- No.

What are you... It's lingerie.

- You shouldn't even be having any.

- I'm a grown woman, Percy!

- It is not covering up the grown parts!

- What!

Why does the young man

have to go to a hotel?

Don't start with me.

This is my house and my rules.

Your rules?

This house can't handle

no more testosterone.

We cannot exceed the testosterone level.

We gotta keep it like that until the girls
get married. Maybe even beyond that.

And I'm not suggesting anyone get married!

Why can't he stay in the basement,
in your room?

Because that's my room!

That's my stuff down there.

- How selfish.

- That doesn't make sense.

It got mold, anyway.

Could be black mold. I wouldn't

feel comfortable putting him at risk.

Do you have any idea

how ridiculous that sounds?

No, it's okay.

No, it's not okay!

What are you talking about?

Look, this is your father's house.

We're gonna play it by his rules.

Now, he's obviously set
a testosterone standard.

And I'm going to abide by that.

- You falling for that? I'm going with you.

- No, you're not gonna do that.

- You don't want me to go with you?

- Of course I want you to!

But what?

- You need to stay here.

- Hello?

You need to stay here.

- No. I want to be with you!

- We're still here!

Are you two gonna be done soon,
or maybe we should have a seat?

Come on, honey. Let's sit...

You need to help your mom
with the party arrangements.

We don't want to stress them out, do we?

No.

- All right?

- Yes.

- All right. We're all set.

- I'm glad you all decided. Come on, let's go.

- Come on, get your stuff. Let's go.

- Yeah. All right.

Where is he? Girl!

Oh, my God. Are we being audited?

- No, Keisha.

- What's happening?

This is Simon. This is Theresa's boyfriend.

This is Keisha, her little sister.

Go.

- Nice to meet you.

- Oh, this... Yes. Nice to meet you, too.

Good, you all met. Take it to the car.

I'll meet you out there.

- Dad, Theresa's boyfriend is white.

- I know.

I know you know.

I just wanted to see your face
when you heard it again.

Not now.

- Don't forget we have dinner reservations.

- We'll meet you over there.

She was black as the night
Louie was whiter than white
Danger

Take a walk on the wild side

And the colored girls go

doo do doo do doo

Looks like rain.

Nope.

- Those clouds look pretty threatening.

- I live here. I know the weather.

So, Theresa tells me you're in charge
of the loan department at the bank.

That must be a rewarding job.

I'm thinking about making a switch
to a smaller company.

I just think there's less political garbage.

You think I don't deal
with political garbage?

I got political garbage coming out my ass.

If I give a guy a loan,

I'm married to him for 30 years.

If I deny him, I have to deal with him
in church on Sunday.

- I know that feeling.

- Don't try to act like our jobs are alike.

Good thing it isn't raining.

That's not rain. It's sprinkling.

You might want to turn on
the windshield wipers.

I will once it starts raining.

Come on, you two, let's go.

- I don't want to be late. Keisha!

- Coming!

Why you always got to knock
on my door first?

'Cause you still live here.

Let's go. It's raining. I don't wanna be late.

Come on.

Okay, tell me what's it like?

- What's what like?

- Being with a white guy.

- Come on, Keisha, what's the sex like?

- Yeah.

Where's Mom?

She's downstairs, girl. Come on! Bring it.

Okay. You know that thing they say about the size? Completely the opposite.

- Really?

- They're huge.

And not only are their penises big, but they can sing.

When they get excited, they sing up a storm.

They know a million tunes.

They're like big iPods.

Cut it out. Stop it.

Keisha, seriously, is he nice?

- Yeah, and he's cute, too.

- I know.

- What about Mom and Dad?

- Mom is cool with it.

I mean, Dad, he seems, you know, a little on edge, but not more than usual.

Isn't he ever?

- Girls!

- Coming!

But can I just say,

I love you so much right now because...

- Why?

...from now on, no matter what I do, if I...

- crash Dad's car, or if I...

- What's wrong?

...rob a bank...

- if I burn this house down...

- Keisha.

...I won't be the one who brought home the white boy!

Thank you!

Mom!

- Can I help you with your bag, sir?

- I'm okay. I got it.

You don't trust a working man

with your bag?

No, I just... It's just one bag.

What do you think,

he'll rifle through your luggage...

and steal your toothbrush

and your fancy conditioner?

- No, that's not it at all.

- Let me tell you something.

Theresa's grandfather was a bellman for
over 60 years and he never stole nothing.

Could you get my bag?

What, he's your slave now?

No.

Did you want me to take your bag, sir?

I don't know.

- Next, please.

- Okay.

Hi. Reservation for Percy Jones.

And that's Jones with a "J"?

No, Jones with a "P."

I made the reservation last week.

You knew you were gonna kick me out
a week ago?

Son, I knew I was gonna kick you out
when the doctor announced it was a girl.

- Here you are.

- Good.

- We gave your room away.

- What?

Check-in was at 4:00.

It's Thursday night. I'm quite sure
you got another room available.

I'm sorry, we're completely booked
and so is everyone else.

There's a Shriners convention
in town, actually.

May I help you with anything else,
Mr. Pjones?

I guess I'll have to stay at your house, then.

No, there's a crack hotel downtown.

You'll be just fine. Come on.

Next.

Hi. Welcome to Cranford.

- I don't know what your basement's like...

- It's damp. You'd hate it.
I don't think dampness is really an issue
at this point.
You can't think about anything but getting
back in the house with my daughter.
Mr. Jones, I'm in your house.
I'll obey your rules.
Yeah, right. You'll obey Mr. Jones now...
but when you're up at 3:00 in the morning...
all hot and horny, you'll obey Mr. Johnson.
You heard the lady. There's no available
hotel rooms in the whole town.
- I'm not gonna do anything. I swear.
- Put your stuff in there. Come on.
You know, dinner's in about 10 minutes.
I don't know what Marilyn is like
about schedule, but I know Theresa is...
Stay out of that storm.
All right. You can stay in my basement.
But you remember one thing.
These eyes, they see everything.
Now get in the car. Come on, let's go.
Ebony, ivory
living in perfect harmony
Ivory, ebony
So, how long have you two been together?
- Five months.
- Six months.
Which one is it?
Well, see, Theresa counts
from the first day that we met.
And I count from the first...
- How's the chicken here?
- It's really good.
Did I tell you two girls...
that for the first dance,
your father and I are gonna do the tango?
- The tango?
- You and Dad?
You know what? Your father and I used to
dance all the time when we were younger.
Sweetheart, I told you
we're not doing a tango.
We're already saying our vows.

That's enough.
We're doing the tango.
Sorry. I forgot to turn it off.
Know what? This is an important call.
I'm just gonna...
No, you can take your call here.
Sit down and take your call.
It's a business call. It's boring stuff.
Business is not boring.
Simon, sit down and take your call.
Sit down.
- Hello.
- Simon?
- Yeah, this is Simon.
- Sorry I didn't get back to you earlier.
I hope Theresa makes good money
as a photographer.
Someone started a rumor
that you're being investigated...
by the Securities
and Exchange Commission.
That is so Nathan to do something like that.
I think it's Nathan, too...
'cause this is the last thing he wants to see,
is his best employee going to another firm.
You know me.
- I'm always up for a new challenge.
- Are you listening to me?
- You've been blackballed.
- Great!
Guy, it's not my fault.
I'm just telling you what they told me.
I'll call you next week.
Did Nathan put you up for another award?
Nothing. It's embarrassing.
- Hello. Can I start you off with some drinks?
- Vodka tonic.
Celebrating a great phone call.
Okay. Bring him his liquor,
and bring the rest of us our usual.
They have iced tea and I have my lemonade.
Actually, I think I'm gonna have
a glass of Pinot Grigio.
- And I'll have a Cosmo.

- Me, too.

Okay. Bring them their alcohol
and I'll have my usual lemonade.
Someone has to act responsibly
around here.

So, Simon, I hear that you're a singer.
What are you, a soprano, an alto, or...
No? Maybe bass?

I don't really sing.

How long can you hold a note?

He can hold a note.

- Really?

- For a very long time.

Sing something for me, baby.

Are you okay? Drink some water.

Jerry, Nathan's got my ankles
to my earlobes right now. I'm gonna need...

Jerry, Nathan's got my ankles
to my earlobes right now. I'm gonna need...

I'm gonna need some cash.

Call me back as soon as you get this.

I need a favor, okay?

You've got to be kidding me.

"Let me see your sexy body go..."

I knew you'd be down here sooner or later.

Did you bring some of that
sexy lingerie for me to try?

What is wrong with you, boy?

Don't you have your own underwear?

You like my space?

Yeah. It's very homey. Interesting odor.

I told you it had mold.

Did you come down here for this?

Having a little trouble writing your vows?

That's none of your damn business.

I'm just saying, I could maybe help you
come up with something romantic.

Don't start thinking that you know more
about romance than I do.

With your hand-holding
and feeding each other food...

and wiping off each other's faces.

That's bullshit.

Being married 25 years, that's real romance.

And believe me, it's a war.

Brutal. Exhausting.

Sounds like someone
just finished their vows.

- Ready for lights out?

- Looks that way.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- What are you doing?

- Getting ready to go to sleep.

- Here? You're sleeping here?

- Right here.

- Don't you have a bed upstairs?

- Sure do. So does Theresa.

By me sleeping here assures me
that she'll get a good night's sleep...
all alone. Good night.

Sorry.

- What are you doing under there?

- It's just a pillow.

- We might need a barrier.

- A barrier for what?

I tend to move around a lot in my sleep.

How do you know you move around
if you're asleep?

Theresa mentioned once that...

I mentioned it to her...

after someone else told me...

that wasn't Theresa.

Okay. We can talk about this, right?

Theresa and I have a...

- No, you can't talk about it.

...healthy relationship...

- Stop!

- We can't talk about this?

I don't wanna hear you talking
about sleeping with my daughter.

You're sleeping with me now.

Now, good night!

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

You're up early.

Or late, depending on how you look at it.

- Coffee?

- Yes. Bless you.

I don't know how you sleep with that man.

- Did he get in your space?

- A little bit.

Did he spoon you?

It was more of a wedge maneuver.

Big man likes to cuddle in his sleep.

I just wish he were a little bit more cuddly when he was awake.

You know, when my father first met Percy Jones, he could not stand him.

Really?

But eventually they got along, right?

No.

- Good morning!

- Good morning.

Good morning, babe.

- I missed you.

- I missed you.

- Did you sleep well?

- Yeah.

- Who's going with me to get some flowers?

- I'll go.

Me, too, if we go early, because I have to work this afternoon.

Good morning!

You're looking awfully chipper this morning.

Something about knowing your daughter's not being violated relaxes a man.

I thought you said that mattress hurts your back.

No, not me.

I could sleep on that mattress every night.

Every single night.

Good morning, boss. Got you some coffee.

- So, what's the verdict?

- What are you talking about?

I'm talking about Theresa's new boyfriend.

What is he, a painter? Poet?

Did he ask you to borrow some money?

My daughter's got great taste in men.

That new guy, he's really something.

- Tell me a little bit about the brother.

- Oh, man, thank you.

I'll tell you about the brother.

He's a big guy. Nice looking.

- What's his name?

- Jamal.

- Graduated Howard University.

- Howard?

Played basketball.

He almost went pro.

Till he changed his career to medicine.

There was a big write-up on him in Jet
four years ago.

No shit.

Parents from Atlanta.

Friends with Mrs. King,

Dr. Cosby, Rev. Jackson.

Come on now.

- Go down towards the middle.

- Go down? Sit up a little bit.

- That's it?

- Man, yeah.

I'm telling you, Reggie.

I'm the luckiest man in Jersey.

My daughter's dating the great black hope.

- You got it.

- That's it.

- Hold it right there.

- I'm not gonna move.

Excuse me? Boss?

Simon Green here to see you.

Lifting, you know.

Cut that off, Reggie. Go on, take it out.

Come on, Reggie.

Get on the ball around the...

I'll be right there.

I'll be right out. Give me... Sign something.

- Fred, who is Simon?

- A friend of Theresa's, he says.

Oh, shit.

He better hope Jamal don't find out.

- Be right with you, sir.

- Great.

- Jerry? Hey.

- Simon, what's up?
Listen. I need you to get me into that nanotech IPO. I want 10 blocks.
That's \$50,000!
Did you inherit a boatload or something?
The initial public offering comes out on Tuesday. What do you expect me to do?
I know when it comes out.
I set the damn date, okay?
Just buy it for me on margin.
Dude, you don't work here anymore.
I need this IPO to hold me over until I get another job.
I know you're really screwed right now... but do you even have \$50,000?
I'm gonna sell off my IRAs, okay?
I'll have it in 10 days.
I can't do margin.
I need cash.
I'm in Jersey right now.
Where am I gonna get cash?
I'm sure one of those chemical plants has an ATM machine.
All right, look. I'll get the cash.
Just put in the order.
Cash by Tuesday.
I'll bring it to you personally on Monday.
Don't punk out on me.
- Hey.
- Hey.
What are you doing here?
I feel like we didn't get off on the right foot yesterday... so I thought maybe...
I'd come here and take you to lunch.
Maybe we could bond a little.
I think we bonded just fine around 3:10 this morning when your knee was in my crotch.
Right.
I'll buy.
- You want to buy me lunch?
- Yeah.
I figured it's the proper thing to do after sleeping with each other.

Okay.

- So, nice bank.

- I'm glad you like it.

I like the small-town feel.

It's less complicated.

Somebody needs money,

they just come in and say:

"Percy, I need a loan."

Right?

And then, of course, you say,

"Well, yeah. How much?"

They say, "I don't know.

You tell me. \$50,000?"

What, you need \$50,000?

- Do I need \$50,000?

- Yeah.

No. I most assuredly do not.

I was just admiring the process.

How many cylinders does a NASCAR engine have, six or eight?

- How...

- Yeah.

Six... or eight...

depending on the gas mileage consumption of the automobile.

You never worked in the pit at NASCAR.

You might as well admit it.

All right, you know, fine.

I never really had an aptitude for engines.

Jay... Jeff...

Jeff Gordon didn't really trust me in the pit that much.

But you did drive the cars.

- Drive?

- Yeah.

- Absolutely.

- Good.

All right! Fine! I never drove NASCAR!

But I was nervous

and I wanted to impress you.

You shouldn't have lied.

All right. This is the deal.

We go one lap around.

If you beat me, I'll loan you the money.

- Really?
- I knew it! I knew you needed the money.
I don't need the money!
Move over!
Yeah. Fool!
Sucker!
Move it, man!
What the hell are you doing?
- I think it's obvious who came in first.
- You're doggone right. You know I won.
- I was through the bushes before...
- I was through first. I had more speed.
I was through the bushes
and on the asphalt...
- before you even were at the bushes.
- Look.
Dispatch, this is 53 Charlie.
Brian, we got a problem.
Two cars have jumped...
License and registration.
- Poppy!
- There's my beautiful girl.
Simon, I want you to meet my granddad.
- Hi, there. Howard Jones.
- Simon Green. Good to meet you, sir.
Nice to meet you.
- Hey, Speed Racer.
- Hey!
- What's with the white kid?
- That's Simon. He's my boyfriend.
Your boyfriend?
You didn't tell me he was white.
- Yes, I did.
- When?
- Back at the home.
- I thought you was kidding.
Okay. Well, I think that's it.
I think you're forgetting about the vodka.
Say grace, Percy.
Thank you, Lord. Amen.
- That was fast.
- The Lord knows I'm busy.
- Simon, pass on the broccoli, please.
- Yes, sir.

So, what, they don't have any available young black men in New York anymore? They just ran out last week, Grandpa. I'm just trying to figure out why you chose to go this way.

- Don't mind him.

- It's okay.

My grandmother loved you when she first met you.

But later she said some things.

I was like, "Wow, Grandma."

- What kind of things?

- Yeah, what kind of things?

Nothing. Just things.

- Such as?

- Yeah, such as?

- Daddy? I got it.

- I know.

You know what?

You're gonna laugh when you hear this.

She said that Theresa was a very pretty girl.

- That's so nice.

- Good taste.

So I ask her

what she liked about you the most, right?

She said...

She says, "I just love

her cute, little, nappy little head."

- Your grandmother, where does she live?

- Brooklyn. Why?

I just wanna know how far I'd have to travel to kick her old white ass, that's why!

Grandpa.

You don't call my grandchild

no nappy head!

Did she say that while putting on a sheet for the Klan rally?

Settle down, now! Hand me the butter.

- My grandmother's not a malicious woman.

- No, she's not.

She's 82. She comes from a different time.

I'm 74 and I come from a different time.

You don't hear me calling white folks honky and flat-ass!

- Casper.
- Cracker.
- Ofay.
- Peckerwood.
- Wonder bread.
- Bird shit.

Bird shit?

It's almost white.

That's pretty good.

Howard. Percy!

It's okay.

I'm really sorry

about what my grandmother said...

but there are some people

you're just never gonna change...

- as much as you'd like to.

- Yep.

I can tell you this. Last Thanksgiving...

my Uncle Dave said a black joke

at the table, right?

So I said, right in front of the whole family,

"Look, that's inappropriate.

"We're not gonna have it."

I think that's how you change people.

You just gotta attack it one at a time.

Exactly.

What was the joke?

Excuse me?

Tell the joke.

- I don't remember it.

- Sure you do. Tell the joke.

- Really, I don't remember it. It was...

- Dad.

Chicken.

- Excuse me?

- I didn't stutter.

Okay, you know what? I'll tell the joke.

- No, Simon. You don't...

- Baby, it's okay.

I'll tell you why.

Because by not telling the joke,

I'm empowering it. Right? So I'll just...

tell the joke and expose

how simple-minded...

and crude and unfunny it actually is.

What do you call...

What do you call 100 black men...

buried in the ground up to their neck?

- What?

- Afro-Turf.

- That's cute.

- What are you laughing at?

- It's cute.

- Cute don't make it funny.

Tell another.

- Dad, no.

- Let the man tell a joke!

I don't know any other ones.

Obviously, I've heard other black jokes,
but I think I've proven my point.

So it's okay to empower the other ones?

Okay. I see what you're doing here,
you're putting me on the spot.

It's okay. Look, it's fine.

'Cause I'm not gonna back down.

Back down, Simon.

The only way to break down barriers
is to have everything out in the open.

- Right?

- Exactly.

So, what do you call...

one black man being chased
by 300 white men?

- What?

- The PGA Tour.

I get it.

Tiger Woods. There it is.

That's good.

Tell another one.

How do we know that Adam and Eve
weren't black?

How?

You ever try to take a rib away
from a black man?

That's pretty good.

- That's pretty good.

- I wouldn't take one from you, I know that!

- You chewing it down to the bone.

- That's a good one.
- He's a rib fan.
- Don't try.
- Tell more.
- Okay.
- Why don't black people like country music?
- Why?
'Cause every time they say "hoe-down,"
they think someone shot their sister.
You gonna be all right?
That is so true.
- That's a tailored joke for you.
- Why I gotta be a ho?
Ain't nobody talking about you.
- It's a sister joke!
- You're sisters.
I'm not the "ho sister."
Come on now. Can't stop now, baby.
What are three things
that a black man can't get?
What is that he can't he get?
A black eye, a fat lip, and a job.
I tell you I'm going to kick this boy's ass!
- Grandpa.
- No, it's...
We know you can take him,
but just sit down. Be nice. Come on.
- Come on, now. It's a joke.
- That's right, Daddy.
Sit down. It's just a joke.
Come on. Hee-hee, ha-ha. That's all it is.
Now if you'll excuse me...
all of a sudden, I lost my appetite.
Think I'll take a walk.
- I should have stopped at "hoe-down."
- You should have never started.
This isn't like us at home,
laughing about this bullshit.
It's my father's house, Simon.
What do you want me to do,
go upstairs and apologize to him again?
No.
Let the storm pass. It'll be fine.
Besides, he dared you!

- He double-dared! He called me chicken.
- I heard!
- I can't be called chicken.
- You have to watch him on those.
You know? I'm fresh out of ideas
as to how to impress your father.
Telling black jokes is never a good idea,
but that's just me.
You think?
I'll talk to him.
Say nice things about me.
No, I'm not going to say nice things
about you. You are still punished.
Baby, I'm a good guy.
I like ribs, too. I don't...
Why are you being so mean to me?
- My grandfather's out there.
- He's not going to come in.
- This is my mom's kitchen!
- She's not going to come in.
You're still gonna do the dishes.
- Get off me.
- Fine, I'll do the dishes.
Here, do the broccoli one.
- Dad, I have to talk to you.
- What?
- Why did you do that?
- I didn't start it. Mr. Nappy Head did.
Dad, Simon's a good man.
He has a good heart.
- A good man?
- You put him on the spot.
You really think so?
What is your problem with him anyways?
Besides the fact, of course, that he's white.
You gonna get in a heap of trouble
talking to me like that.
Don't care nothing about that man
being white. He's hiding something.
What? NASCAR?
You thought I didn't know?
Of course I knew.
We talk about everything, Simon and I.
Daddy, I love him,

and you need to start respecting that.

Then you respect me enough to tell me
in advance who you're bringing home.

- I didn't think you'd care.

- But you weren't sure.

- So you decided to test me.

- No, of course not.

- So you're looking for a reaction?

- No.

So what are you looking for?

I'm looking for you to tell me
that it's okay for me to be with him.

I'm scared.

Okay?

I'm really scared, Dad.

I know things are different now
and times have changed...

but you should really hear the kind of things
that people say to us sometimes.

And the way they look at us.

I need you to tell me

that it's okay to be with him.

Baby, me telling you it's okay
is not gonna change the world.

Dad. But it would change my world.

It will change my world

if I know that you're behind us.

I'm always behind you, sweetheart.

And I love you.

It's my job to keep you safe.

And I don't trust that kid.

- Hey, baby.

- Yes.

I'm trying to figure out where he got
all those doggone black jokes.

What do white people do, take a class...

sit around and think of new jokes
about the black man?

I don't know, Percy.

You need to let that one go.

Come on, sweetheart.

We need to practice the tango.

I told you. I ain't doing no doggone tango.

Why? You think you can't dance anymore?

No. I think the tango's a stupid dance
and I ain't doing it.

Marilyn...

why can't we do the hustle?

What's wrong with the hustle?

Because the hustle is a stupid dance...

and I want to do the tango.

Look here, woman,

can't we do this some other time?

I gotta take Dad back to the home.

- I'll be back.

- Okay.

Shut up!

All right, stop.

Okay, move a little to your left.

- Okay.

- All right, kiss me.

This is the exact spot

where I had my first kiss.

No! I'm not going to kiss you in the spot

that you had your first kiss.

- No.

- Why not?

It's some other guy's spot.

Fine.

- What was his name?

- Curtis Booker.

He had these big old Bucky Beaver teeth.

But he was such a nice boy.

He was a good kisser, too.

- Better than me?

- Way better.

- Way better?

- Yeah.

- Did he grab your ass?

- No.

- Squeeze it?

- No. We were 13.

- Grab you down here?

- No. Come on!

- Slow down.

- Come on.

- There's a car! Get out of the way!

- Come on! Yeah!

Okay, be careful.
So, this is my favorite spot.
It's pretty amazing, huh?
All right, so it's not...
the top of the world, but it's nice.
It's a fort.
It's a gun placement.
When I was little, I would sneak
out of the house in the middle of the night...
and just come out here and just dream.
Yeah?
Weren't you afraid of sneaking
out of your house?
Please. I'm not afraid of Percy Jones.
Well, that makes you and... you.
Okay, so this is just Cranford.
But it's a great place to grow up.
It's a good place to raise a family, too.
You know, maybe we shouldn't do this.
What? Live in the suburbs?
No. Tell your parents
about our engagement this weekend.
Simon, I told you not to look at him
straight in the eye.
I don't think Percy Jones is ready.
I think Percy Jones needs more time.
A lot more time for Percy Jones.
- Are you getting cold feet, Simon?
- No.
No, I'm not getting cold feet.
I can't wait to marry you.
Make babies with you.
Give me a daughter that looks just like you.
I can work on that.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
And hopefully, I can be a good dad.
I think you'll be a great dad.
You're never gonna be
like your father, Simon.
Maybe I can be like yours.
- Like Percy?
- Yeah.
- No.

- Baby, Percy Jones is a good dad.
He's there for you.
He cares about you. He loves you so much.
He does.
We just have to get him to love you.
Maybe we can start by getting him to take
the padlock off the basement door.
It's not going to happen.
Why don't you give me
a little Curtis Booker?
I can't believe I told you that.
- Come on, baby, a little Bucky Beaver?
- No.
No. How about some Simon Green?
Marilyn, you cut off the porch light?
That's my girl.
Very stylish.
I need to take a quarter inch off the pants.
I can do it here. Let me have them.
What, you mean take the pants off?
I could do with you in them
but I don't want to poke you with my needle.
You keep your eyes on the pants,
you hear me?
Mr. Jones, do you know
where the extra chairs are?
What are you, blind?
They're against the wall.
- When you go out, close the door.
- Right.
Percy, put some pants on.
We got people in the house.
- Thank you.
- Thank you, sweetheart. I didn't realize.
How long's it gonna take?
- Two shakes of a lamb's tail.
- Whatever the hell that means.
Mercy, Percy! Keep your shirt on!
Or take it off. Whatever.
Could someone answer
that damn phone? Thank you!
- Jones residence.
- This is Reggie. Who's this?
- This is Theresa's boyfriend.

- Jamal! What's up, man?
- Percy told me all about you.
- What's that?
My name is Reggie.
Percy told me all about you, man.
He did?
You know what we should do?
Get together and play some hoops, man.
I don't really play hoops.
Come on, man. Don't be shy.
Why are you being shy?
Percy told me that you went to Howard.
He said you almost went pro.
- He said that?
- Yeah.
He was bragging all about you, Jamal.
But listen...
two things.

One:

of Jet for me? And the other thing is,
I would love to meet the Cosbys.
When I say love to meet them,
I mean I love to meet them.
- I'll see what I can do.
- I feel like I grew up with them.
Let me get Percy for you.
You know, in the '80s and whatnot and...
- It's for you. It's Reggie.
- We were talking about the Cosbys.
- May I have some privacy, please?
- But, yeah, you know what I mean?
- And shut the door.
- I'd still love to meet them.
Theo...
Reggie. What did you find out?
You were right about Simon Green.
He is no longer at J.P. Oliver.
Come on. Give me my pants.
- Jamal, huh?
- Don't start.
This isn't about me. It's about you
and your job, that you don't have anymore.
- What?

- Yeah. Move out of my way.
Hey, baby!
Theresa! Come here, sweetheart.
Daddy needs to talk to you.
- Don't listen to him.
- What are you talking about?
Your boyfriend's unemployed, lost his job.
He got fired a couple days ago.
I did not get fired! I quit!
You quit? Why didn't you tell me this?
- It's complicated.
- It's complicated when you're a liar.
I'm a liar?
What about the lies you told Reggie?
- Jamal?
- Who's Jamal?
- He's good friends with the Cosbys.
- What about NASCAR?
That was nothing, and I admitted it.
- You admitted that you lied.
- You tried to kill me with a go-kart.
At least I can drive.
This crazy ass almost got us arrested.
Now we both got court dates.
I can't believe you checked up on me.
- You kept asking me for money.
- I never asked you for money.
- You asked my father for money?
- \$50,000 loan, baby.
- I did not. He trapped me into it.
- You're a liar.
You were checking up on him?
He forced my hand.
You're my daughter and he's not worthy!
- That's not for you to decide.
- Right!
And what about you, lying to me?
You said you would never lie.
You ain't gotta go over there.
I thought I could get another job.
I was gonna tell you,
but I didn't want to ruin the big weekend.
You said we would
always tell each other the truth.

Like how you told your parents
about me being white?

- I knew they wouldn't care about that.

- I don't care. I care that you're a liar.
That's bullshit! You care.

He has to care. It's human nature.

That means that you care that I'm black?

- Do you?

- Dad!

No. It doesn't matter what I say.

You people are gonna think I'm a racist.

- You hear that? "You people."

- I know. I heard. What people?

The people in the yard.

That's what I'm... See?

I say one thing and I'm a racist!

- No, Simon, you're a liar.

- And a racist.

Where do you get off calling me a racist?

I have a black girlfriend!

- You had a black girlfriend!

- Have.

Past tense! Had!

And let me tell you something else, son...

- What the hell is going on?

- I'll tell you what's going on.

- He got fired from J.P. Oliver!

- I did not get fired! I quit!

- I told you to stay out of Theresa's life.

- Thank you.

He can't just walk in our house,
telling our baby lies.

- I'm not lying!

- I don't think so!

- The party's off, Percy.

- Woman, you must be crazy.

I don't want to say my vows with you.

It would be a lie before God.

Marilyn, we're saying

some goddamn vows tomorrow.

- Yeah, he got a book and everything.

- Would you shut up?

You got your vows out of a book?

No. Don't listen to him! I got a book.

I'm using it for inspiration.

- He wrote it down word for word.

- You're going to get hurt.

- That is so pathetic!

- Come on, Marilyn!

Because if memory serves me correctly,

I used to be inspiration enough.

You still are!

You'd be inspiration to me. He neglects you.

Marilyn, get your ass back here!

I got a \$200 cake coming tomorrow!

Sixty pounds of shrimp!

Sixty pounds of shrimp, woman!

I had to take a second on the house!

- She looked angry.

- Marilyn, don't let me raise my voice now!

You gonna force me to use the muscle!

Hope you like seafood.

Theresa! Wait!

Come on!

- They'll be back.

- No, they're not coming back.

They gotta come back.

Sixty pounds of shrimp!

Come on, baby. Pick it up.

Answer that phone, sweetheart,
and it will be your last.

Let me borrow your car.

What? You can't go chasing behind
no women. Have some dignity!

Besides, you can't even drive
a damn go-kart!

Trouble in paradise?

Baby, we need to talk about this.

You should call me

and we should talk about it like adults...

because adults communicate

when they have problems.

I'm looking at your photos on the wall
and they're beautiful.

Beautiful photos. I don't think that

I compliment you on your work enough.

You know what? You're being rude.

That's what you're being. So call me back.

Baby, I'm sorry. You're not being rude.
You have all the reason in the world
to be upset with me right now.
You shouldn't be calling me back.
If I was you, I wouldn't call me back.
Baby, call me back.
Call me back, baby.
I'm looking at your bulletin board
and there's a picture of you...
sitting next to a guy and I think
that that guy might be Curtis Booker.
He looks like he's got Bucky Beaver teeth.
He looks a lot older than 13!
So I don't know how you feel about it,
but it's gone!
Old Curtis Booker can go bye-bye!
Baby, do you have any Scotch Tape?
You're acting like I cheated on you,
and I've never cheated on you...
except for that one time with myself,
and you caught me.
Hello.
Darlene! How you doing?
This is Percy Jones.
I'm looking for Marilyn. She left a little
earlier. I thought she'd be back by now.
- I'm sorry. Now, who is this?
- Percy Jones.
I'm sorry, Percy.
I must have fell asleep on the couch.
Baby, you say you looking for Marilyn?
- Have you seen her?
- Well, now, what happened?
What'd you say to my sister, Percy Jones?
Nothing.
Listen, if you hear from her,
can you let me know?
Will do. And I look forward to seeing you
tomorrow at the party, right?
- Yeah, it should be a lot of fun.
- Goodbye.
Girl!
You will never guess
who was just on the phone!

- Who?
- A Mr. Percy A. Jones.
Percy A. Who?
Yeah, well, baby, he is feeling the pain now!
Mom. Is that gonna be your last one?
It might be, baby. And it might not.
You should be over there
trying to work this out with Dad.
I should be over there trying to work it out
with Simon. Mom, please.
Child, leave your mom alone.
They ain't going nowhere.
Your man quit his job and didn't tell you.
- Got to nip that shit in the bud.
- Yes.
No. But... Look, I have 15 missed calls.
- Fifteen, Mom. Fifteen!
- Fifteen?
Your baby got 15 missed calls!
- Bullshit. Let him wait!
- That's true.
I'm gonna call him now.
- No, you're not!
- No. Don't you dare!
Child, you take your finger off that trigger!
Did he lie to you, Theresa?
Did he lie to you?
Yes, he did.
So, if you don't want him to do it again,
let him feel the pain!
Look, honey, and if you want him
that bad, you've got to train him.
My God, if what he's giving you
is that good...
and then you still don't want him,
send his pasty ass to me!
- All right, one more!
- Two!
There you go, baby!
Here's to you, baby.
I gotta go to work in the morning. Hello?
- Sorry, Marcus.
- I'm sorry, baby.
You want a taste?

Thank you, Marcus.

This is my house.

- She won't answer the phone.
- She don't want to talk to you.
- Can I get something to drink?
- What, vodka?

Yes. Vodka. I would like some vodka.

Sorry, Charlie. No vodka.

There's gotta be something around here.

Marilyn was throwing an anniversary party.

Is throwing a party.

- Was.
- Is.
- Party's off, dude.
- The party is on, dude.

You won't find no liquor in here.

This is a Christian home.

Bingo.

With a house full of sinners.

Marilyn's got good taste in vodka.

This is, like, a \$50 bottle.

Give me that. Give it here.

- Can I at least have a little bit?
- No.

Just a taste.

Come around here and get those
two glasses over there. Hurry up.

Who's playing?

Played. That's history.

New York Giants' first Super Bowl win.

Talking about Phil Simms. L.T.

You ever play?

- I told you before, no.
- Pitiful.

All right, let's do it.

Do what?

- Fumble!
- You said you weren't gonna hit me!

Touchdown! Yeah, baby.

- This is where your hands go.
- Where am I gonna be?
- You're on the bottom. I'm on the top.
- All right.

Okay, so you hold this frame.

One and step. Right.

- I'm leading.

- Okay.

Back. Nice. Step.

Left. Good. Double-time.

- Okay, no. See? This is...

- What was wrong with that?

- You're screwing around.

- I'm not.

You're getting crazy here,
not holding your frame.

There must be space between us.

Not like when we're sleeping.

You can't be, like, up here.

You're not holding your frame.

It's a structured dance.

- Okay, so back up.

- Your mama taught you this?

Yes, I used to help her in the dance studio
on the weekends.

- Step. Two.

- You get fired from there, too?

No. I didn't get fired from this job. I quit.

Was it over money? Because if it wasn't,
this doesn't make any sense.

I had a difference of opinion
with the management.

They weren't ready for a guy like me.

I don't get it.

And heads. No, you're doing great.

I ain't talking about this.

I'm talking about you and Theresa.

You ain't got nothing in common.

For example:

You don't like sports. Theresa loves sports.

You're a businessman. She's an artist.

You're white. She's black.

Did I miss anything?

No. That's just it. She's everything I'm not.

You know, she's my other half.

Without her, I'm not whole.

You know, the thing

about meeting your other half is...

you're walking around,
you think you're happy...
you think that you're whole.
Then you realize you ain't shit without her.
Then you can't go back to being a half...
'cause now you know what it's like
to be a whole.

You know what I mean?

Yeah, I do.

And I still got it.

- That was nice.

- Real nice.

- I liked the snap.

- You like that?

- I think you hurt me.

- Percy Jones, boy.

Good morning.

Looks like I missed a fun night.

- Just sitting up here, watching football.

- That's how it always starts.

- Where's Marilyn?

- She stayed all night at Darlene's house.

She must be really mad.

Wait. You knew where they were
the whole time?

Yeah. I thought they'd be back by now.

- Did you apologize?

- I didn't do anything.

Exactly!

Dante, please. Don't try to play
that metrosexual mind game on me, okay?

Okay. All right.

Let's go get them.

You don't understand.

They done called all their friends
and sat up all night ragging on men.

They've worked themselves up
into a man-hating frenzy.

- How many women?

- I guarantee you, large numbers.

Sisters.

You can't just walk in on a bunch
of angry black women. You'll die.

Well, we'll just have to go out like men.

- He's right, Percy.

- I know he's right.

But I'm still scared.

- Keep talking. What are you saying?

- Like that, a little.

- I'm liking it.

- Thank you.

You gonna share your colors?

You're one of them sisters

who don't share colors.

No, I'm not.

Give up your secrets, honey.

This is gorgeous. Pink Passion.

Every woman needs this.

A little Pink Passion?

You know what I always say?

A little bit of makeup, a little bit of hair
ain't never hurt nobody.

How did I know

she would be wearing Pink Passion?

- Yes, they're in there.

- Maybe I should go first.

Are you crazy? I'm the one

that got experience in this sort of thing.

You just pay attention.

I'll show you how it's done.

Here, straighten yourself up.

If you go up in there,

you go in looking like a man.

- Wipe this off.

- You got something.

Thank you. Yeah.

- Man, I'm not gonna...

- No. We gotta do this.

Well, well, well.

- Lf it isn't Mr. Percy Jones.

- It is I.

It's about time you showed up.

- What's up?

- I'm well.

- Percy.

- Marilyn.

Marilyn, may I speak to you in private
over there, please...

so the ladies can continue eating?
Oh, no! You go on home with that.
- It's not going down like that, my brother.
- No way, no how.
You know better than that, Percy.
You got something to say, say it here.
In front of everybody.
Step up to the chalk line and be a man.
I married you, didn't I?
Don't that count for something?
- Hell, no!
- What does he want, an award?
That don't count for nothing!
It really doesn't count.
- Come on, man.
- I know, I'm just...
Oh, hell.
I was wrong, okay?
- It's a good start, Percy.
- Keep going!
I've been wrong for a long time.
Ever since I forgot...
that you are my better half.
Hell, Marilyn, you're everything I'm not.
Without you, I'm not whole.
Look. Let...
Baby, before I met you,
I thought I was all that.
And then you came into my life,
and I realized that I wasn't all that.
Wasn't even half of that.
I might have been a quarter of that.
But then you left me last night!
And, baby, I remembered
how it felt to be without you.
And let me tell you something.
I ain't shit without you!
- Dad.
- Man.
And I forgot about that.
And I'm sorry.
Baby, marry me.
Make me whole again.
- I love you, Percy.

- I love you, too.
- That's what I'm talking about, baby.
- You go, Marilyn, bad girl!
Kiss your baby.
- I missed you so much.
- I missed you.
I couldn't sleep at all last night.
I'm sorry, baby.
I feel so much better!
- Isn't that lovely?
- Get off that.
I guess it's my turn.
All right.
That's going to be a tough speech to follow.
- It was a great speech, Perce.
- Thank you.
- I had something similar in mind.
- Great minds think alike.
Admitting you were wrong
would be a great start.
Yes, it would.
Right.
Go ahead, man.
Baby, I was wrong!
What are you doing?
I want to see your sexy body
go bump, bump, bump.
We have to talk in private.
I don't wanna hear it. No. Mom?
Just stay here and talk about it
in front of everybody!
Ladies, please.
Take your man
and go work out your business.
That's right.
Go on.
Thank you.
- Don't let him work on you.
- That ain't right.
- Did he say "bump, bump, bump"?
- Yeah, and it's Percy's fault.
It's all your fault!
Those kids are in love and they finally
liked each other and you all interfere.

My love right here.

Don't tell me how to define my love!

Lord have mercy.

Baby.

Come on.

I was trying to impress your father.

I didn't want to show up here
and be the unemployed fianc.

I've never lied to you before
and I'll never lie to you again, ever.

You lied about asking my father for a loan.

That was an omission that was tied
to a previous lie. That doesn't...

And I look like an idiot to you.

No. You look a little bit
like Percy Jones, though.

I can't believe you're trying to be funny.

- Baby, come on.

- Why do you have to be funny right now?

Don't touch me!

You need to calm down.

You made me look like an asshole in there.

Don't tell me to calm down.

I think you were doing
a pretty good job of that yourself.

Not telling them about me?

And then I pitched in and I blew it, okay?

I panicked when I found out
that Nathan was blackballing me.

I thought if I could score this IPO, I'd have
enough money until I got another job.

- But I was doing that for you.

- What am I, your mother?

I don't need you to take care of me.

I want you to do things with me,
not for me, Simon!

- Will you just talk to me?

- I am talking to you.

- You're talking at me.

- I am talking to you.

But you need to talk to me and tell me
how am I supposed to believe in you...

when you don't trust me enough
to tell me the truth?

How do we get past this, with this skin,
if we don't have each other's back?

- Okay, I'm always gonna be the white boy.

- And I'll always be the black girl.

But at least I'm here and willing to deal
with it, and I don't know about you.

I don't know. And eventually, if you're
gonna quit on me, just do it and don't...

I'm standing right here!

What more do you want from me?

What do you want from the white boy?

I've been here busting my ass
to make you happy!

Then let me make this easy for you!

The engagement is off!

Fine.

- Good.

- Great.

Great.

I'm in Jersey!

- Okay, stand still now.

- I'm still.

You all right?

I'm fine.

I'm great. It's going to be a great day, Dad.

- It sure is.

- Yes. I'm gonna take lots of pictures.

- So you better smile big for me, okay?

- I will.

And no crying.

Mom said you cried last time.

I was not crying, I was sweating...
from my eyeballs.

Hell, I was nervous.

I knew I was making a big mistake.

A 25-year mistake.

And going for 25 more.

Sweetheart?

Why don't you call that man?

You know he got his cell phone on.

You know he does.

He's probably waiting on the 5:15 train.

We got a party going on.

You get his ass back here!

How many missed calls you have last night?

Thirty-three.

- Thirty-three?

- Yeah.

- Thirty-three?

- Yeah.

Thirty-three missed calls?

Sweetheart, that's major.

And you know the man is unemployed, yes,
but he calls you. So give him that.

Thirty-three missed calls?

And you can't call him once?

- Girl, don't be so proud.

- No. Daddy, it's not...

Pride ain't nothing

when it comes to matters of the heart.

It's not that.

- It's not?

- No.

- I was going to marry him.

- What?

We were going to announce
our engagement this weekend.

So, you see?

I have you to thank...

because you saved me from a big heartache.

Sweetheart, I just don't
understand something.

- Why did Simon quit his job?

- I don't know. He didn't say.

Why would a man quit his job on the day
he's gonna meet his future father-in-law?

Maybe he got tired of waiting
for that promotion that never happened.

Simon's a rising star, Dad.

- He really is.

- I believe that.

But that boss of his is just not a nice man.

- You ever met him?

- A couple of times.

He was always friendly, kind of.

But he always had

this look in his eyes, you know?

Just not a nice man.

But he was Simon's mentor, so...

Whatever.

Let it go.

Today is about you and Mom.

Now, first picture of the night.

- Let me get my... On my good side.

- Smile.

I don't want Mom to see me like this.

- I love you, Dad.

- I love you, too.

Damn!

No.

Do not do this to me, Percy Jones!

We have a schedule! Tick-tock.

Everything works. Timing.

I'll be right back.

- Timing!

- I'll be right back.

- In 10 minutes?

- Or so, okay?

How so?

I'm sorry.

Percy, have you met my wife, Diane?

I certainly have heard

a lot about you, Percy Jones.

Nice to meet you.

- Does Marilyn know you're going AWOL?

- Of course.

She does not.

So you missed your train, huh?

- There's another one at 6:00.

- You gonna be on it?

I should have been on that one.

What are you doing here?

I know why you quit your job.

You told your boss you was coming here
to meet me and he said:

"Don't marry that black girl."

Those weren't exactly the words.

How did you know we were getting married?

I told you, son.

Don't nothing get past Percy Jones.

- Theresa told you.

- That, too.

Come on, man. Let's get real.
What you did with your boss
was honorable, impressive...
and stupid.
You can't quit your job every time
somebody rolls their eyes at the two of you.
You'll never make any money.
- How do you do 25 years?
- Painfully.
No, seriously.
If you're gonna marry one of these women,
sometimes it's gonna hurt like hell.
All you can do is admit that you're wrong
and know that she's always right.
- She's right?
- That's right.
- Always?
- Right.
- Right.
- That's right.
All right.
Okay, what about all the talk
about my dignity?
Do you love her? Do you want her?
Then she's always right.
Look, I know I didn't give you a fair shake.
And I was wrong.
And my daughter,
she'd be lucky to have you.
I'm not a quitter, Mr. Jones.
I think I know that about you.
Theresa doesn't.
You just have to show her
what you're made of.
You know she's hot-headed.
She's just like her mama.
Every man gets to choose his destiny, son.
No matter what his father did.
And, Percy, you are not perfect.
But that works for me because
two perfect people in one relationship...
might be too much.
And sometimes you bark
and bluff and bluster...

but I always see the boy I married
And I only wish I loved him
as much as I did back then, but I don't.
I love him more.

Thank you, Marilyn. That was lovely.

Percy? Your vows?

Marilyn Jones.

Everyone knows I didn't write my vows.

Everyone knows because you kept
beating me up about it for weeks...

crying to all your friends. You know?

Now, look here, woman. I love you.

But you didn't have to do me like that
about my vows.

You know I don't like writing.

She knows that.

I'm not a wordsmith.

I do numbers. That's me. I don't do words.

Damn it, I do money.

And after 25 years, all I've asked you...

is to let me be me.

You'll never find

As long as you shall live

Oh, Lord.

Someone to love you

Love you, love you

Tender like I do

Tender like I do

You know that about me, woman.

You'll never find

No matter where you search

I'm not looking.

Someone to care about you

Care about you, care about you

The way I do

Oh, I'm not bragging on myself, baby

But I'm the only one that loves you

I think I forgot what love is

until you and Simon showed up.

Give that man another chance, daughter.

You'll never find

Simon!

Yes, Simon.

It'll take the end of all time

Someone who understands you
Like I do
That's not Jamal.
I could probably find a million reasons
why we shouldn't be together.
But you know what? I don't care.
I don't care, either.
I love you.
And I'm sorry that I lied to you.
I'm sorry, too.
You're sorry?
- Can you say that again?
- I'm sorry, Simon.
You're sorry? She said she was sorry.
I believe she's...
I'm sorry, Simon.
- Get your man, girl!
- Go ahead, sweetie!
Ladies and gentlemen,
it gives me great pleasure...
to introduce to you all
my future son-in-law, Simon Green.
He's broke, unemployed, and he's white.
But he loves my Theresa
and that's all right with us.
That's right.
Welcome to the family, son.
Welcome to the family.
And cue the magic.
Look at this.
Will you look at that shit?
Drink up! Enjoy!
Welcome, man.
- Let's watch the tango.
- No, let's watch the party.
- All right. Get your feet off the table.
- Sorry, sir.
- I look pretty good out there.
- You do, Mom.
Baby, you look so good
because you're twirling around me.
Oh, yeah, there you go, there you go.
All right, you blew that part.
- That was perfect.

- There was hesitation there.
- You did it better the night before.
- The night before?
- What happened?
- We had a little dry run the night before.
- Really?
- You didn't tell me that, Percy!
You're hallucinating, Simon.
I ain't never danced with no man in my life.
Taught him everything he knows.
Percy Jones was born
knowing how to tango.
And let me tell you something
about the tango.
- It's a structured dance.
- I told you that.
What was that, Mom?
You know what that is, Theresa.
You're a grown-ass woman.
- Damn, Mama, you still got it.
- I know it, Keisha.
All right now, watch this.
This is when I got funky.
- Go, Percy! It's your birthday!
- Go, Percy.
- Let's watch the vows.
- No!
- Watch the party.
- Okay, fine, whatever.
- There you are.
- I got her, that girl is mine!
I was just shocked you didn't fall down.
That is cold.
Look. Check me out. I am doing the hustle.
I'm doing the hustle in your honor,
Percy Jones.
That ain't no damn hustle.
That's the white man overbite.
- You ain't even doing that right.
- Why's it gotta be a white thing?
Blacks have overbites, too.
- He's doing a great hustle!
- He's turning it up.
- Why is my man looking at your ass?

- No, he's not.

Why is your man Samoan?

- Where is Manu these days?

- We broke up last week.

- Thank you, Jesus.

- What happened?

I only started going out with him
to mess with Daddy.

And, girl, please. He is too big.

He is a bone crusher.

- Watch your mouth!

- What?

Do not use the word "bone" in my house.

- Where were you all going?

- Let's see that again.

Your mother and I

got a sudden thirst for punch.

No. You're old enough to know.

We going to shake some sheets.

Is that all right with you?

I thought you said no bone in the house!

No!

If everyone wants to see the lift,
we do the lift.

We're doing the lift!

This is good.

No. I was so sure

you were going to drop me there.

I love you!

This is Dirty Dancing.

I've been doing this since high school.

Look at that.

- Who's the man?

- You did it with other girls?

No, I only do that with you.

I know that hurt.

See that move right there.

That's why you're not getting any grandkids.

Let me call your mama right now

and thank her for those dance lessons.

- That's a low blow.

- It's just a joke.

- Simon!

- Come on. I'll catch your big ass.

We're down!

Good thing is, she didn't break that dress.

No, she didn't,

but she felt bad about it all week.

They gotta go deep.

- I knew better.

- Oh, my God.

- That was a great party.

- It was, Mom.

Yeah, I guess a party not a party

till something get broke.