

[DOOR CLOSSES]

-Hmm.

[MADEA MAKES FRUSTRATED NOISES]

Are you OK?

-Girl, I don't know why I let you talk me into coming and doing this job. I ain't take my medicine this morning.

-What medicine?

-5 milligrams of don't-choke-that-ho. These customers getting ready-- ooh whoo. I'm feeling too good to get ready to maybe catch a case.

-I could spit.

-What's wrong with you?

-Lacey's not coming for Christmas.

-Pfft. Child, that ain't no problem. Children grow up. They don't want to come home sometimes.

-Something's wrong. Mm-mm.

-Eileen.

-What?

-I know that look in your eye. Don't go jumping to no conclusion.

-I don't jump to conclusions.

-Last time you went to the doctor, you had a rash. Walked up in there, told the man you had cancer and you was dying.

-Madea, many people in my family have died of cancer.

-I know your family.

-Yes, my grandmother.

-Got hit by a bus.

-But she had cancer. My Uncle Bayrod.

-Drowned.

-Because he had cancer.

-Eileen.

-What? Uh-uh. No, no, no, no, no. Something is wrong. Something is wrong with my child, and I'm going to find out what it is. She's down in that country, and I don't know what's going on. I haven't seen where she works, where she lives. It's just awful!

-Your daughter is grown. Leave her alone, honey. If she want to come home, she would come home. What you planning on doing?

-I'm going to go down there.

-I'd like to see that because you don't drive.

-You do.

-Child, I ain't going to no Alabama. Last time I was in Alabama, I was chained to Andy Young and Jesse Jackson.

-You marched?

-We weren't upright when we was marching. [LAUGHS]