

The Proposal

Movie Script 2009

SANDRA BULLOCK
Margaret Tate

Andrew Paxton

RYAN REYNOLDS

Contents

SCENE 1	It Is Here	-----	6
SCENE 2	You Are Fired	-----	11
SCENE 3	You Are Going to be Deported	-----	14
SCENE 4	We Are Gonna Get Married	-----	17
SCENE 5	What Is Happening?	-----	20
SCENE 6	The Immigration Office	---	22
SCENE 7	Will You Marry Me?	----	27
SCENE 8	I Know Everything about You		30
SCENE 9	The Paxtons	-----	32
SCENE 10	A Little Welcoming Party	--	36
SCENE 11	An Announcement	-----	40
SCENE 12	The Story	-----	43
SCENE 13	Sweet Dreams	-----	46
SCENE 14	Take the Doggy	-----	49
SCENE 15	Hug Time	-----	52



The Proposal

SCENE 16	Apology not Accepted	-----	55
SCENE 17	Are You Ready for Your Surprise?	-----	56
SCENE 18	Explain Yourself	-----	60
SCENE 19	Time to Study Me	-----	64
SCENE 20	How about Getting Married Tomorrow?	--	67
SCENE 21	Giving Thanks	-----	72
SCENE 22	In the Town	-----	76
SCENE 23	The Wedding Dress	-----	80
SCENE 24	I Got You	-----	83
SCENE 25	Here Is Your Statement	-----	86
SCENE 26	The Wedding	-----	88
SCENE 27	You Are Just Gonna Let Her Go?	-----	91
SCENE 28	Take Us to the Airport	-----	93
SCENE 29	I Got to Talk to Her	-----	96
SCENE 30	Marry Me	-----	98
SCENE 31	The Epilogue	-----	102

|| Scene 1. It Is Here

INT. Coffee Shop

Jillian: Andrew, hey. Here you go. Your regular lattes.

Andrew: Literally you saved my life. Thank you. Thank you.

EXT. Streets

Margaret is talking on the phone.

Margaret: *(on the phone)* Hello, Frank? How's my favorite writer? Of course you've been thinking about our talk because you know I'm right. Frank, people in this country are busy, broke, and they hate to read. And they need someone they can trust to say, "Hey! Don't watch *CSI*: Indianapolis tonight. Read a book! Read Frank's book." And that person is Oprah.

6

INT. Office, Colden Books

Receptionist: **Cuttin' it close.**

Andrew: One of those mornings. Thank you, Captain Obvious.

*Andrew runs **against** a mail clerk, and the coffee spills.*

Andrew: Sweet! Jesus!

Mail Clerk: Sorry.

Colleague: Rub some dirt on it, brother.

INT. Elevator, Lobby

Margaret: *(on the phone)* Frank, the truth is all A-plus novelists do publicity. Roth, McCourt, Russo and... Frank! Can I tell you what else they have in common? A Pulitzer.

INT. Office, Colden Books

Andrew: I need the shirt off your back. Literally.

Jordan: You're kidding, right?

Andrew: Yankees, Boston, this Tuesday, two company seats for your shirt. You have five seconds to decide. Five, four, three, two, one.

Margaret is walking into the office.

Jocelyn: I know. Shh!

Colleague: Later.

Jocelyn: *(typing into the Instant Message)* IT'S HERE!

INT. Margaret's Office

Andrew: Morning, boss. You have a conference call in 30 minutes.

Margaret: Yes. About the marketing of the spring books. I know.

Andrew: Staff meeting at 9:00.

Margaret: Did you call... uhm... What's her name? The one with the ugly hands.

Andrew: Janet.

Margaret: Yes, Janet.

Andrew: Yes. I did call her. I told her that if she doesn't get her manuscript in on time, you won't give her a release date. Your immigration lawyer called. He said it's **imperative**...

8 **Margaret:** Cancel the call, push the meeting to tomorrow, and keep the lawyer on the sheets. Oh, and get a hold of PR, have them start drafting a press release. 'Frank is doing Oprah.'

Andrew: Wow. Nicely done.

Margaret: If I want your praise, I will ask for it. Who is, uh, who is Jillian? And why does she want me to call her?

Andrew: Well, that was originally my cup.

Margaret: And I'm drinking your coffee why?

Andrew: Because your coffee spilled.

Margaret: So, you drink unsweetened cinnamon light soy lattes?

Andrew: I do. It's like Christmas in a cup.

Margaret: Is that a coincidence?

Andrew: Incredibly, it is. I mean I wouldn't possibly drink the same coffee that you drink just in case yours spilled. That would be pathetic. *(answering the phone)* Morning. Miss Tate's office. Hey, Bob. Actually, we're headed to your office right now. Yeah. *(hanging up the phone and to Margaret)* Why are we headed to Bob's office?

He runs out of Margaret's office and types into the Instant Message.

Andrew: "THE WITCH IS ON HER BROOM"

|| Scene 2. You Are Fired

Andrew: Have you finished the manuscript I gave you?

Margaret: Uh, I read a few pages. I wasn't that impressed.

Andrew: Can I say something?

Margaret: No.

Andrew: I've read thousands of manuscripts, and this is the only one I've given you. There's an incredible novel in there. The kind of novel you used to publish.

Margaret: Uh, wrong. And I do think you order the same coffee as I do just in case you spill, which is, in fact, pathetic.

Andrew: Or impressive.

Margaret: I'd be impressed if you didn't spill in the first place. Now remember, you're just a prop in here.

Andrew: Won't say a word.

INT. Bob's Office

Bob: Ah! Our fearless leader and her liege. Please, do come in.

Margaret: Oh, beautiful breakfront. Is it new?

Bob: It is English **Regency** Egyptian Revival, built in the 1800's but yes, it is new to my office.

Margaret: Witty. Bob, I'm letting you go.

Bob: Pardon?

Margaret: I asked you over a dozen times to get Frank to do Oprah, and you didn't do it. You're fired.

Bob: I have told you that is impossible. Frank hasn't done an interview in 20 years.

Margaret: Well that is interesting because I just got off the phone with him, and he is in.

Bob: Excuse me?

Margaret: You didn't even call him, did you?

Bob: But...

11

Margaret: I know, I know. Frank can be a little scary to deal with. For you. Now, I will give you two months to find another job. And then you can tell everyone you resigned, OK?

Margaret and Andrew walk out of Bob's office.

Margaret: What's his twenty?

Andrew: He's moving. He has crazy eyes.

Margaret: Don't do it, Bob. Don't do it.

Bob: You, poisonous bitch! You can't fire me! You don't think I see what you're doing here? Sandbagging me on this Oprah thing just so that you can look good to the board? Because you are **threatened** by me! And you are a monster.

Margaret: Bob, stop.

Bob: Just because you have no **semblance** of a life outside of this office, you think that you can treat all of us like your own personal slaves. You know what? I feel sorry for you. Because you know what you're gonna have on your deathbed? Nothing and no one.

12

Margaret: Listen carefully, Bob. I didn't fire you because I feel threatened. No. I fired you because you're lazy, entitled, incompetent and you spend more time cheating on your wife than you do in your office. And if you say another word, Andrew here is gonna have you thrown out on your ass, OK? Another word and you're going out of here with an armed escort. Andrew will film it with his little camera phone and he will put it on that Internet site. What was it?

Andrew: YouTube?

Margaret: Exactly. Is that what you want? Didn't think so. I have work to do. *(to Andrew)* Have security take his breakfront out of his office and put it in my conference room.

Andrew: Will do.

Margaret: And I need you around this weekend to help review his files and his manuscript.

Andrew: This weekend?

Margaret: You have a problem with that?

Andrew: No. I... just my grandmother's goth birthday, so I was gonna go home and... it's fine. I'll cancel it. You're actually saving me from a weekend of misery anyway, so it's... good talk, yeah.

|| Scene 3. You Are Going to be Deported

Andrew: *(talking on the phone)* I know, I know. OK, tell Gammy I'm sorry. OK? What... Mom. What do you want me to tell you? She's making me work the weekend. No, I'm not... no. Listen, I've worked too hard for this promotion to throw it all away, OK? I'm sure that Dad is pissed, but we take all of our submissions around here very seriously. We'll get back to you as soon as we can.

Margaret: Was that your family?

Andrew: Yes.

Margaret: They tell you to quit?

Andrew: Every single day. *(answering the phone)* Miss Tate's office. Oh... Yeah. OK. All right. *(to Margaret)* Bergen and Malloy want to see you upstairs immediately.

Margaret: OK. Come get me in ten minutes. We've got a lot to do.

Andrew: Okey-doke.

INT. Chairman Jack Bergen's Office

Secretary: Good morning, Miss Tate.

Margaret: Jack, Edwin.

Jack: Margaret, congratulations on the Oprah thing. That's terrific news.

Margaret: Thank you, thank you, thank you. This isn't about my second raise, is it? Just kidding.

Jack: Margaret, do you remember when we agreed that you wouldn't go to the Frankfurt Book Fair because you weren't allowed out of the country while your visa application was being processed?

Margaret: Yes. I do.

Jack: And... you went to Frankfurt.

Margaret: Yes, I did. We were going to lose DeLillo to Viking. So... I really didn't have a choice, did I?

Jack: Well, it seems that the United States Government doesn't care much who publishes Don DeLillo.

Edwin: We, uh, just spoke to your immigration attorney.

Margaret: Great. So, so... we're all good? Everything good?

Jack: Margaret, your visa application has been denied. And you are being deported.

Margaret: Deported?

Jack: And apparently there was also some paperwork that you didn't fill out in time.

Margaret: Come on. Come on! It's not like I'm even an immigrant! I'm from Canada, for Christ's sake. There's gotta be... there's gotta be something we can do.

Edwin: We can reapply, but unfortunately you have to leave the country for at least a year.

Margaret: OK. OK, well, that's not ideal, but, uh... I can, uh... I can manage everything from Toronto with videoconferencing and Internet.

Edwin: Unfortunately, Margaret, if you're deported, you can't work for an American company.

Jack: Until this is resolved I'm going to turn operations over to Bob Spaulding.

Margaret: Bob Spaulding? The guy I just fired?

Jack: We need an editor in chief. He is the only person in the building who has enough experience.

Margaret: You cannot be serious. I beg of you.

Jack: Margaret. We are desperate to have you stay. If there was any way, any way at all that we could make this work, we'd be doing it.

Margaret: There is no way! I am begging you.

Knocks at the door and Andrew opens the door.

Jack: No, Margaret. *(to Andrew)* Excuse me, we're in a meeting.

|| Scene 4. We Are Gonna Get Married

Andrew: Sorry to interrupt.

Margaret: What? What!

Andrew: Mary from Miss Winfrey's office called. She's on the line.

Margaret: I know.

Andrew: She's on hold. She needs to speak with you right away. I told her you were otherwise engaged. She insisted, so... sorry. So...

Margaret: Uh...(to Andrew) Come here. (to Bergen and Malloy)
Uh... Gentlemen, I understand. I understand the predicament that we are in. And, um... And there's, uh... well... I think there's something that you should know. Uh... we're, uh... we're getting married. We are getting married.

Andrew: Who... who is getting married?

Margaret: You and I. You and I are getting married! Yes.

Andrew: We are...

Margaret: Getting married. Yes.

Edwin: Isn't he your secretary?

Andrew: Assistant.

Margaret: Executive, uh... assistant secretary. But titles. But wouldn't be the first time one of us fell for our secretaries. Would it, Edwin? With Laquisha. Remember? So, yeah... The truth is, you know, Andrew and I were... we're... we are just two people who weren't meant to fall in love, but we did.

Andrew: No.

Margaret: We did. Yeah, all those late nights at the office and weekend book fairs. You know.

Andrew: No.

Margaret: Something... something happened.

Andrew: Something?

Margaret: Yeah. Tried to fight it and... Can't, can't fight a... Can't fight a love like ours, so, uh... Uh... Are we good with this? Are you happy? Because well... we are happy. So happy.

Jack: Margaret.

Margaret: Yes?

Jack: It's terrific. Just make it legal. Mmm?

Margaret: Oh! Legal. Yeah, well, then... then that means we... we need to get ourselves to the immigration office. So we can work this whole mess out. Right? Thank you very much, gentlemen. We will do that right away. Thank you very much, gentlemen. Thank you.

19

Andrew: Gentlemen.

Margaret: Thank you.

|| Scene 5. What Is Happening?

Brown: *(on the Instant Message)* MARGARET AND ANDREW
ARE GETTING MARRIED?!?!

Worker 1: Margaret and Andrew are getting married!

Worker 2: What is that about?

Worker 3: Dragon Lady! Here they come.

Worker 4: What is he thinking?

Jordan: Dude, for real? Her?

Worker 5: Married? I didn't even know they were dating.

INT. Margaret's Office

Margaret: What?

Andrew: I don't understand what's happening.

Margaret: Relax. This is for you, too.

Andrew: Do explain.

Margaret: They were going to make Bob chief.

Andrew: So naturally I would have to marry you.

Margaret: And what's the problem? Like you were saving yourself for someone special?

Andrew: I like to think so. Besides, it's illegal.

Margaret: They're looking for terrorists, not for book publishers.

Andrew: Margaret.

Margaret: Yes?

Andrew: I'm not gonna marry you.

Margaret: Sure you are. Because if you don't marry me, your dreams of touching the lives of millions with the written word are dead. Bob is gonna fire you the second I'm gone. Guaranteed. That means you're out on the street alone looking for a job. That means all the time that we spent together, all the lattes, all the canceled dates, all the midnight Tampax runs, were all for nothing and all your dreams of being an editor are gone. But don't worry, after the required allotment of time, we'll get a quickie divorce and you'll be done with me. But until then, like it or not, your wagon is hitched to mine. OK? Phone.

|| Scene 6. The Immigration Office

INT. Immigration Office, USCIS

Margaret: This way.

Andrew: Margaret.

Margaret: Come.

Andrew: The line...

INS Clerk: Next, please.

Margaret: Sorry, I just need to ask him something. I need for you to file this fiance visa for me, please.

INS Clerk: Miss Tate?

Margaret: Yes.

INS Clerk: Please, come with me.

INT. Gilbertson's Office, INS

Andrew: I have a bad feeling about this.

Gilbertson: Hi. Hello. Hi. I'm Mr. Gilbertson. And you must be Andrew, and you must be...

Margaret: Margaret.

Gilbertson: Margaret. Oh! Sorry about the wait. It's a, uh, crazy day today.

Margaret: Oh, of course, of course. We understand. And I can't tell you how much we appreciate you seeing us on such short notice.

Gilbertson: OK. (*skimming over a document*) Buh, buh, buh, buh, buh, buh, buh, buh, buh, buuuh. So, I have one question for you. Are you both committing fraud to avoid her deportation so she can keep her position as editor in chief at Colden Books?

Andrew: That's ridiculous.

Margaret: Where did you hear that?

Gilbertson: We had a phone tip this afternoon from a man named...

Margaret: Would it be Bob Spaulding?

Gilbertson: Bob Spaulding.

Margaret: Bob. Poor Bob. I am so sorry. Bob is nothing but a disgruntled former employee. And I apologize. But we know you're incredibly busy with a room full of gardeners and delivery boys to tend to. If you just

give us our next step, we will be out of your hair and on our way.

Gilbertson: Miss Tate, please. Let me explain to you the process that's about to unfold. Step one will be a scheduled interview. I'll put you each in a room, and I'll ask you every little question that a real couple would know about each other. Step two, I dig deeper. I look at your phone records, I talk to your neighbors, I interview your coworkers. If your answers don't match up at every point, (*pointing to Margaret*) YOU will be deported indefinitely. (*pointing to Andrew*) And you, young man, will have committed a felony punishable by a fine of \$250,000 and a stay of five years in federal prison. So, Andrew. You wanna... you want to talk to me? No? Yes?

Andrew: Uh... The truth is... Mr. Gilbertson, the truth is... uh... Margaret and I... are just two people who weren't supposed to fall in love. But did. We couldn't tell anyone we work with because of my big promotion that I had coming up.

Gilbertson: Promotion?

Andrew: We... we both felt, uh... that it would be deeply inappropriate if I were to be promoted to editor.

Margaret: Editor.

Andrew: while we were...

Margaret: Mmm-hmm.

Gilbertson: So... Have the two of you told your parents about your secret love?

Margaret: Oh, I... I... impossible. My parents are dead. No brothers or sisters either. So...

Andrew: Gone.

Gilbertson: (to Andrew) Are your parents dead?

Margaret: Oh, no. His are very much alive.

Andrew: No... very much.

Margaret: Very much. They're, ah... Well, we were gonna tell them this weekend. Gammy's goth birthday, and the whole family's coming together. And we thought it'd be a nice surprise.

25

Gilbertson: And where is this surprise gonna take place?

Margaret: At Andrew's parents' house.

Gilbertson: Where is that located again?

Margaret: Um... Why am I doing all the talking? It's your parents' house. Why don't you tell him where it is. Jump in.

Andrew: Sitka.

Margaret: Sitka.

Andrew: Alaska.

Margaret: Alaska?

Gilbertson: You're gonna go to Alaska this weekend?

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: Yes, yes. We are going to Alaska. Alaska, that's where... That's where my little... that's where my Andrew's from.

Gilbertson: OK. Fine. I see how this is gonna go. I will see you both at 11:00 Monday morning for your scheduled interview, and your answers better match up on every account.

Andrew: Thank you.

Margaret: (*answering the phone*) Hello? Oh, darling.

Gilbertson: I'm looking forward to this one.

Andrew: We're looking forward to this one.

Margaret: (*to Gilbertson*) Thank you.

Gilbertson: Gonna be fun. I'll be checking up on you.

Andrew: You got it.

|| Scene 7. Will You Marry Me?

EXT. Street

Margaret: OK... so, what's gonna happen is we will go up there. We will pretend like we're boyfriend and girlfriend, tell your parents we're engaged. Uh, use the miles for the tickets. I guess I will pop for you to fly first class. But make sure you use the miles. If we don't get the miles, we're not doing it. Oh, and please confirm the vegan meal, OK? 'Cause last time they actually gave it to a vegan, and they, uh, forced me to eat this clammy, warm, creamy salad thing, which was... Hey, I'm... Why aren't you taking notes?

27

Andrew: I'm sorry, were you not in that room?

Margaret: What? What? Oh! The thing you said about being promoted? Genius! Genius. He completely fell for it.

Andrew: I was serious. I'm looking at a \$250,000 fine and five years in jail. That changes things.

Margaret: Promote you to editor? No, no way.

Andrew: Then I quit, and you're screwed. Bye-bye, Margaret.

Margaret: Andrew!

Andrew: It really has been a little slice of heaven.

Margaret: Andrew, Andrew! Fine, fine. I'll make you editor. Fine. If you do the Alaska weekend and the immigration interview, I will make you... I'll make you editor. Happy?

Andrew: And not in two years. Right away.

Margaret: Fine.

Andrew: And you'll publish my manuscript.

Margaret: Ten thousand copy, first...

Andrew: Twenty thousand copies, first run. And we'll tell my family about our engagement when I want and how I want. Now, ask me nicely.

Margaret: "Ask you nicely" what?

Andrew: Ask me nicely to marry you, Margaret.

Margaret: What does that mean?

Andrew: You heard me. On your knee.

Margaret: Fine. (*kneeling*) Does this work for you?

Andrew: Oh, I like this. Yeah.

Margaret: Ok. Will you marry me?

Andrew: No. Say it like you mean it.

Margaret: Andrew?

Andrew: Yes, Margaret?

Margaret: Sweet Andrew?

Andrew: I'm listening.

Margaret: Would you please, with cherries on top, marry me?

Andrew: OK. I don't appreciate the sarcasm, but I'll do it. See you at the airport tomorrow.

Margaret: Good.

|| Scene 8. I Know Everything about You

INT. Airplane

Andrew: So, these are the questions that INS is gonna ask us. Now, the good news is I know everything about you, but the bad news is that you have four days to learn all this about me. So, you should... probably get studying.

Margaret: You know all the answers to these questions about me?

Andrew: Scary, isn't it?

Margaret: A little bit. What am I allergic to?

Andrew: Pine nuts. And the full spectrum of human emotion.

Margaret: Oh, that's... that was funny. Umm... Here's a good one. Do I have any scars?

30

Andrew: I'm pretty sure that you have a tattoo.

Margaret: Oh, you're pretty sure?

Andrew: I'm pretty sure. Two years ago, your dermatologist called and asked about a Q-switched laser. I, of course, Googled a Q-switched laser and found that they, in fact, do remove tattoos. But you canceled your appointment. So what is it? Tribal ink? Japanese

calligraphy? Barbed wire?

Margaret: You know, it's exciting for me to experience you like this.

Andrew: Thank you. You're gonna have to tell me where it is, though.

Margaret: No, I'm not.

Andrew: They're gonna ask. Because it uh...

Margaret: We're done with that question. We're done with that question. On to another question. Let me see, let me see, let me see. Oh, here's one. Whose place do we stay at, yours or mine? That's easy. Mine.

Andrew: And why wouldn't we stay at mine?

Margaret: Because I live at Central Park West. And you probably live at some squalid little studio apartment with stacks of yellowed Penguin Classics.

31

Airline Crew: Ladies and gentlemen, please fasten your seat belts. We are beginning our descent into Juneau.

Margaret: Juneau? I thought we were going to Sitka.

Andrew: We are.

Margaret: How are we getting to Sitka?

|| Scene 9. The Paxtons

Andrew: All right. Here we go.

EXT. Sitka Airport

Annie: Oh, there he is!

Grace: Andrew!

Andrew: Hi!

Grace: Oh! It's so good to see you!

Annie: You're suffocating him, Grace. *(to Andrew)* Come here.

Andrew: Ah, Gammy. How are you doing? *(to Grace)* Where's Dad?

Grace: Oh, you know your father. He's always working.

Annie: Never mind about him. Where's your girl?

Andrew: Uh, she's... right there. There she is.

Annie: I guess the word "girl" is inappropriate.

Grace: Annie.

Margaret: Hi!

Grace: Hello.

Andrew: Margaret, this is my mom.

Margaret: Oh, hello.

Andrew: Yeah, great. This is my gammy, Annie.

Margaret: Pleasure.

Annie: Well, hello there. Now, do you prefer being called Margaret or Satan's Mistress? We've heard it both ways. Actually we've heard it lots of ways.

Grace: She's kidding.

Margaret: Oh! Oh... OK. Thank you so much for... allowing me to be a part of this weekend.

Annie: Oh, you're welcome. We're thrilled to have you. Come on. Let's get you two back to the fort.

Margaret: OK.

33

Annie: (to Andrew) Oh! It's so good to see you.

Andrew: There we are.

INT. Car, Town

Margaret: Andrew... Andrew. Andrew!

Andrew: Please, don't do that.

Margaret: You didn't tell me about all the family businesses, honey.

Annie: He was probably just being modest, dear.

Margaret: Oh.

EXT. Parking Lot, Dock

Margaret: What are we doing? Shouldn't we check into our hotel right now?

Grace: Oh, we canceled your reservation. Family doesn't stay at a hotel. You're gonna stay in our home.

Margaret: Oh, great! Great. *(to Andrew)* What?

Andrew: Oh, God. You're gonna wanna use your legs to lift that one.

34

Annie: Andrew! Help her with those.

Andrew: I'd love to, but she won't let me do anything. She insists on doing it all herself. She's one of those... uh... She's a feminist. Come on, sweetie.

Annie: Did you see the shoes that broad was wearing?

Andrew throws Margaret's luggage bag down to the boat.

Andrew: (to Grace) This is the last of 'em. Ooh. Five second rule.

Grace: Got it! Got it!

Andrew: That will dry right off.

Margaret: I'm not getting on that boat.

Andrew: You don't have to. See you in a few days.

Margaret: Psst! You know I can't swim.

Andrew: Hence, the boat. Come on. Come on. Here we go. Looking good, boss. Take your time, though.

Annie: She comes with a lot of baggage.

Margaret: Hand off ass! Off ass!

Andrew: There you go. You're there. Congratulations. I'm a hundred years old now.

35

EXT. Boat

The Paxtons' house comes into view.

Grace: Here we are. We're home.

Margaret: That is your home? Who are you people?

|| Scene 10. A Little Welcoming Party

EXT. Dock, Paxtons' House

Margaret: Why did you tell me you were poor?

Andrew: I never said I was poor.

Margaret: But you never told me you were rich.

Andrew: I'm not rich. My parents are rich.

Margaret: OK, you know what? That's something only rich people say.

Neighbor: Hey, Andrew! Welcome home!

Andrew: Hi! Mom, what is this?

Grace: Nothing. It's just a little welcoming party. Is that a crime?

Annie: Just 50 of our closest friends and neighbors. And all excited to meet you. Come on. Come on.

Margaret: Oh, good. Good. A party?

Andrew: Yeah, I guess so. Come on. Let's go. My grandma's moving faster than you. Put your back into it.

INT. Hall, Paxtons' House

Jill: So nice to meet you, Margaret. Welcome to Sitka.

Margaret: Jill? Hi. Nice to meet you. My pleasure. *(to Andrew)*
Why didn't you tell me you were some kind of Alaskan Kennedy?

Andrew: How could I? We were in the middle of talking about YOU for the last three years.

Margaret: OK, you know what? Timeout, OK? This bickering Bickerson thing has got to stop. People need to think that we are in love. So let's just...

Andrew: That, that's no problem. I can do that. I can pretend to be the doting fiance. That's easy. But for you, it's going to require that you stop snacking on children while they dream.

Margaret: Very funny. Very funny. When are you going to tell them we're engaged?

37

Andrew: I'll pick the right moment.

Louise: Hey, Andrew. Hi!

Andrew: Mrs. McKittrick. How are you? Nice to see you. Nice to see you, Mr. McKittrick. This is Margaret.

Margaret: Hi. Pleasure.

Jim: Margaret!

Margaret: Hi, how are you? Pleasure.

Louise: So I always wanted to know, what does a book editor do?

Joe: That's a great question, Louise. I'm curious to know the answer myself.

Andrew: Hello, Dad.

Joe: Son. This must be Maggie.

Margaret: Uh, Margaret.

Joe: Joe. Pleasure to meet you.

Margaret: Pleasure's mine.

Joe: So why don't you tell us exactly what a book editor does? I mean, besides taking writers out to lunch and getting bombed.

Louise: Now that sounds like fun. No wonder you like being an editor.

Joe: No, Louise. Andrew's not an editor. He's an editor's assistant. Maggie here is the editor.

Margaret: Margaret.

Jim: So you're actually...

Joe: Andrew's boss. Yeah.

Jim: Well. How about that.

Joe: I think I'll get a refill.

Margaret: Charming.

INT. Dining Room, Paxtons' House

Andrew: That's a hell of a first impression, Dad.

Joe: What the hell, Andrew? You show up here after all this time with this woman you hated, and now she's your girlfriend?

Andrew: We just got here. Can we wait two seconds before we throw the kitchen sink at each other?

Joe: Just never figured you for a guy who slept his way to the middle.

Andrew: Actually, I'll have you know that that woman in there is one of the most respected editors in town.

39

Joe: She's your meal ticket, and you brought her home to meet your mother.

Andrew: No, she's not my meal ticket, Dad. She's my fiancée.

Joe: What'd you say?

Andrew: You heard me. I'm getting married.

|| Scene 11. I Have an Announcement to Make

INT. Hall

Ramone: How are you?

Margaret: Good, good. Thank you.

Ramone: Would you care for some hors d'oeuvres?

Margaret: No, I'm fine. Thank you very much.

Ramone: It's a tradition.

Margaret: Oh, it's the texture. I'm not a fish person.

Ramone: You'll like it.

Margaret: You're very sweet.

Ramone: I think if you'll just taste it.

Margaret: Thank you so much.

Andrew: (V.O.) Ladies and gentlemen. I have a very important announcement to make. Margaret and I are getting married.

Ramone: It's the paprika.

Margaret: So sorry.

Ramone: That's OK. It's wash-and-wear.

INT. Living Room

Andrew: Honey? Where you at? Here it is. Come on down here, pumpkin. All right.

Margaret: Ok.

Andrew: Oh, look at her. Look at her. Right there, ladies and gentlemen. There she is.

Guest 1: Congratulations, Andrew.

Andrew: Thank you. Thank you very much.

Guest 2: Time to celebrate. Let's get the champagne.

Margaret: So that was your idea of the perfect time to tell them we're engaged? 'Cause it was brilliant. Brilliant timing.

Gertrude: Andrew. Hi.

Andrew: Gert? Oh, my God. Hey, hi. Wow. How you doing? I didn't know that you were gonna be here.

41

Gertrude: Oh, well... Your mom probably wanted it to be a surprise. So... surprise.

Andrew: Right.

Gertrude: And... We're being completely rude. *(to Margaret)* Hi.

Andrew: Oh, God. This is my ex... uhm...

Gertrude: Hi. I'm Gertrude. You can call me Gert.

Margaret: Oh! Oh, wow. Wow!

Gertrude: Well, congratulations, you guys.

Margaret: Thank you.

Andrew: Thank you.

Gertrude: So did I miss the story?

Margaret: What story?

Andrew: What story?

Gertrude: About how you proposed.

Annie: Oh! How a man proposes says a lot about his character.

42

Margaret: Yes.

Andrew: Yes, guys.

Grace: I actually would love to hear the story, Andrew. Would you tell us?

Andrew: You know what? Actually, Margaret loves telling this story, so I'm just gonna let her go ahead and do that. 'Cause I think we should just sit in rapture.

|| Scene 12. The Story

Margaret: Huh! Wow, OK. Wow, where to begin... this story. Well... um, wow. Mmm... yeah. OK, well, um, Andrew and I... Andrew and I were about to celebrate our first anniversary together. And I knew that he'd been itching to ask me to marry him. And he was scared. Like a little tiny bird. So I started leaving him little hints here and there because I knew he wouldn't have the guts to ask, but...

Andrew: That's not exactly how it happened.

Margaret: No? Hmm.

Andrew: No. No. I mean, I picked up on all her little hints. This woman's about as subtle as a gun. Yeah. What I was worried about was that she might find this little box...

Margaret: Oh! The decoupage box that he made where he'd taken the time to cut out tiny, little pictures of himself. Yes. Just pasted all over the box. Oh! So beautiful. So I opened that beautiful, little decoupage and out fluttered these tiny, little hand-cut heart confettis. And once they cleared, I looked down, and I saw the most beautiful, big...

Andrew: ... fat nothing. No ring.

Annie: No ring?

Grace: What?

Andrew: No. But inside that box underneath all that crap, there was a little handwritten note with the address to a hotel, date, and time. Real Humphrey Bogart-type stuff. Masculine. Anyway, naturally, Margaret, she thought...

Margaret: I thought he was seeing someone else. It was a terrible time for me, but I went to that hotel anyway. I went there and I pounded on the door, but the door was already unlocked. And as swung open that door, there he was...

Andrew: Standing.

Margaret: Kneeling.

44

Andrew: Like a man.

Margaret: On a bed of rose petals, in a tuxedo. Your son. Your son. And he was choking back soft, soft sobs. And when he held back the tears and finally caught his breath, he said to me...

Andrew: "Margaret, will you marry me?" And she said, "Yep."
The end. Who's hungry?

Grace: That is quite a story.

Andrew: Gorgeous.

Grace: Oh, Andy! You are so sensitive.

Annie: Hand-cut confetti?

Chuck: Hey! Let's see a kiss from you two cuties. Give her a kiss!

Andrew: No. Come on.

Grace: Oh, yeah.

Guests: Come on.

Andrew: OK, all right. OK. Here we go. Ready?

Chuck: What is this? Kiss her on the mouth like you mean it. Kiss her. Kiss her!

Guests: Kiss her! Kiss her! Kiss her! Kiss her!

Andrew: OK! OK. All right. Here we go.

Annie: Andy! Give her a real kiss!

Margaret: Gammy.

Guest 3: A real one!

Guest 4: You can do it!

Margaret: Why don't we just do it? Let's just do it really fast.

Annie: I'm so happy for you two! So happy! So happy!

Guest 5: (V.O.) Let's get the champagne!

|| Scene 13. Sweet Dreams

INT. Guest Bedroom, Paxtons' House

Grace: So, here we are. This is your bedroom.

Margaret: Wow. Wow, this is, um... beautiful. And the view.

Annie: And here's the bed.

Margaret: Wow! Exquisite bed. Exquisite. So, uh... where is Andrew's room?

Grace: Oh, sweetie, we're not under any illusions that you two don't sleep in the same bed. So, he'll sleep in here with you.

Margaret: Oh, great, 'cause we love to snuggle. Don't we, honey?

Andrew: We're huge snugglers.

Margaret: Oh, my God. What is, what is it?

Grace: Calm down, Kevin.

Andrew: Whoa! You are cute. Who is this?

Grace: That's Kevin. I'm sorry, Margaret.

Andrew: So cute.

Grace: We just rescued him from the pound, and he's still in training. Sorry.

Annie: Just be sure you don't let him outside, or the eagles will snatch him.

Andrew: No, don't you listen to her. She's just pulling your leg, isn't she?

Grace: By the way, there are extra towels and linens and things in here if you need them.

Annie: And if you get chilly tonight, use this. It has special powers.

Margaret: Oh, what kind of special powers?

Annie: I call it the Baby Maker.

Margaret: OK, well. Then I guess we gonna be super careful with that one.

Andrew: Yeah, I'm just gonna...

Margaret: Don't throw it on the bed.

Grace: We'd better turn in. It's been quite an evening. So good night, everybody.

Margaret: Good night.

Annie: Good night.

Andrew: Good night, Gammy. Good night.

Annie: Good night.

Margaret: Good night.

Annie: Good night.

Margaret: Good night, Gammy.

Andrew: Uh, good night, Gammy.

Margaret: Thank you so much. Sweet dreams.

48

Andrew: Bye-bye, now.

Margaret: So, uh... you haven't been home in a while.

Andrew: I haven't had a lot of vacation time the last three years.

Margaret: Stop complaining. Um... Don't look, OK?

Andrew: OK.

Margaret: Are your eyes closed?

Andrew: Completely.

Margaret: Are you sure?

Andrew: Yes, I'm sure. Those are the pajamas you decided to bring to Alaska.

Margaret: Yes, because I was supposed to be in a hotel alone. Remember?

Andrew: Can we just go to sleep? Fine.

Margaret: Well, looks like I won't be getting much sleep with the sun streaming in. Thank you.

|| Scene 14. Take the Doggy

49

Margaret: Andrew. Phone. Andrew! Crap. Andrew, Andrew, phone. Andrew!

Andrew: Yeah... right.

Margaret: Andrew, where is it?

Andrew: Purse, side pocket.

Margaret: (*answering the phone*) Hello. Hello? Hello. Frank! Frank, darling. Darling, Frank. Are you there? Hello? Hello? Oh, crap. I have horrible service, Frank. Give me just... just one minute.

Andrew: Oh, my God! Margaret!

Margaret: (*talking on the phone*) One... one minute. Frank, hold on just a second. Frank, hold on. No, no, no, no. Frank. Frank, I'm sorry you feel I pressured you into doing Oprah, but... Of course I want you to be happy. Yes, yes. Frank. Frank. Frank, darling. Frank? It's going to be fine. I can just call them and I can cancel.

EXT. Garden

Margaret: (*on the phone*) You are... you are so right, Frank. Yes, Frank, of course I'm listening to you. Yeah... yes. I love listening to you, Frank. (*to the dog*) Shh! Sit. Sit. No, no. Not you, Frank. No, no. Well, Frank, if I may get down to it, OK... I think it would be a mistake to back out. Because, Frank, for so many years... you have inspired me with your beautiful words, and I feel that... Shh! Dog, I'm on the phone. I think it's time that the world get to enjoy your words as well. They are just so rich with passion... And I think that we should all be privy to and... Frank, I just, I just, uh, want you to be happy, Frank.

An eagle santches the dog.

Margaret: Give me that dog! Frank, hold on a second. Frank, can you hold a second? Give me that dog! Come on! Come on, come on, come on. Come on! Come on! Oh, oh... Oh, oh! Oh, oh. OK! OK, gotcha.

Frank, Frank. Frank? So sorry, so sorry. So sorry. I dropped the phone. Now, listen, Frank. I don't want to... uh... I don't want to sell you on anything, but this is your legacy, this book. And I think it's up to you to present your legacy to the world. And... and... call me tomorrow with your decision. And my phone is on all the time! OK, bye-bye.

The eagle santches Margaret's cellphone instead.

Margaret: No! Wait! No! Wait! No! No! N-n-n... no. No! Take the doggy. Take the doggy. I need that phone. Take the dog. Take the dog. I need that phone! Here. Take the dog. Take the dog. Take it. Take it.

51

INT. Hall

Annie: Look at this. Is that cute or what?

Grace: I know.

Andrew: Morning, guys. Have you seen... daah.

Grace: She's playing with Kevin. We thought she didn't like him.

Annie: Will you go get her, Andy? We have a whole day planned for her, and she needs to get ready.

Grace: Yeah. Tell her we have a big surprise for her.

|| Scene 15. Hug Time

EXT. Garden

Margaret: Look! Give me my phone. Come on. Please, just give me my phone. Come on. Right here.

Andrew: What the hell are you doing?

52 **Margaret:** Oh, my God. Your grandmother was completely right. The eagle came and tried to take the dog. But then I saved him. Then it came back, and it took my phone.

Andrew: Are you drunk?

Margaret: What? No! I'm serious. He's got my phone, and Frank's calling me on that phone.

Andrew: Relax, all right? We'll order another phone, same number. We'll go into town tomorrow and get it.

Margaret: Really?

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: Oh, OK. All right. *(to Kevin)* Well, you go then.

Andrew: You have to get ready.

Margaret: For what?

Andrew: You're going out with Mom and the girls.

Margaret: I don't want to go out.

Andrew: Shopping, sightseeing. And a surprise.

Margaret: I hate shopping.

Andrew: Ah, you'll love it.

Margaret: I hate sightseeing.

Andrew: You're going.

Margaret: No, I don't want to go.

Andrew: You're going.

Margaret: I'm not going. I'm not going.

Andrew: Yes, you are. Now give me a nice big hug. We don't want them to think we're fighting.

Margaret: I don't want to touch you.

Andrew: Come on. Hug time.

Margaret: No, I don't want to...

Andrew: Hug time.

Margaret: I don't want to...

Andrew: There we go. Yeah. That's nice. There we go. Isn't that nice?

Margaret: Mmm-hmm. Mmm. Yeah.

Andrew: Boop boop boop.

Margaret: If you touch my ass one more time, I will cut your balls off in your sleep. OK?

54

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: There you go. All righty now. So, uh... We're clear on that?

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: Yeah. Such a good fiance.

|| Scene 16. Apology not Accepted

EXT. Waterfront, Paxtons' House

Andrew: You want to see me?

Joe: Your mom found these eco-balls. They dissolve in water. I don't know how she comes up with this stuff. Anyway, she, uh... is a little peeved. Apparently, I wasn't the most gracious of hosts last night. It was a little bit of a shock to find out that you're getting married especially when none of us even knew you were dating. The point is... I owe you an apology.

Andrew: Accepted.

Joe: There's something else. I've been going over my retirement plans recently, and it got me thinking. I've done a lot of things in my life. Practically built an empire with your mother from the ground up. It doesn't mean anything unless...

Andrew: Unless you have someone to leave it to. We already discussed this.

Joe: I'd like to discuss it again. You have responsibilities here. I think I've been more than understanding about your goofing off in New York. I need you to quit playing around and come home.

Andrew: Here we go again. When are you going to start taking what I do seriously?

Joe: Well, when you start acting seriously.

Andrew: I'm sorry. I feel sorry for you, Dad. I wish you had another son. I really do. One who wanted to stay here. One who wanted to take over the family business. One who wanted to marry someone that you approve of, but it's not me. Now, it must seem strange to you, my life in New York, sitting in an office, reading books. But it makes me happy. You understand?

Joe: If that's what makes you happy, son, I got nothing to say.

Andrew: Well, that's a first. You know what? Apology not accepted. Have fun out here.

|| Scene 17. Are You Ready for Your Surprise?

INT. Pub, Town

Grace: There is no way you could leave her at home. She had to be here. Absolutely.

Gertrude: No. Of course not. She's been coming here forever.

Grace: I hope you are ready for your big surprise because this is one of Sitka's greatest treasures. Right?

Gertrude: Oh, yes. Oh, yeah.

Grace: OK, this is the big surprise I was telling you about. You ready?

Annie: Oh, Margaret, you're gonna love it!

Gertrude: Ramone's the only exotic dancer on the island.

Annie: But we're lucky to have him. Work it, Ramone!

Margaret: Wow!

Annie: Over here, Ramone! Over here. Over here, honey. Show her what she's gonna be missing.

Ramone: Come, my sexy princess.

Margaret: Oh, no. N-n- not necessary. It's a really nice gesture, but I-I-I really need to just...

57

Annie: Go on, Margaret. Get up there!

Ramone: You come dance.

Margaret: OK, pluck my eyes out. OK. All right. Here we go.

All: Go, Margaret! Go, Margaret!

Annie: Give it to her, Ramone!

Woman 1: Go on, Ramone! Give it to her!

Annie: Ooh, that's a move I haven't seen. Look at her face!

Ramone: Guess who? For you. For you. For you. Enjoy!

Margaret: I don't want to touch it. No. OK, OK. Very sweet.
No, no, no, no, no.

Annie: Smack him!

Margaret: I'm sorry?

Annie: Smack his ass.

Margaret: Smack it. Oh.. OK.

Grace: Smack him, Margaret!

Woman 2: Give it to him!

Margaret: Can I get down now?

58

EXT. Pub

Gertrude: Hey! There you are. How are you holding up?

Margaret: Oh, fine. Fine. Just working on my tan.

Gertrude: Yeah, the Paxtons can be a bit overwhelming at times.

Margaret: Yes, yes.

Gertrude: It's a little different than New York, huh?

Margaret: Little bit. Little bit. You ever been?

Gertrude: No. That was always Andrew's dream, not mine.

Margaret: You guys were pretty serious, huh?

Gertrude: Well, I mean, we dated in high school and all through college, but we were kids.

Margaret: And you guys called it off because of...

Gertrude: Well, um... the night before we graduated school, he proposed... and said he wanted to elope and run away to New York with me. And...

Margaret: You said "No."

Gertrude: And I said "No," yeah. I've never been anywhere but here. This is home. But anyway... you're a lucky girl. He really is the best, which you obviously already know.

Margaret: Oh, yep. Yep, very much so, yeah.

Gertrude: Well, cheers to you guys.

Margaret: Oh... Thank you.

Gertrude: Looks like Ramone's wrappin' it up. Go, Annie!

|| Scene 18. Explain Yourself

EXT. Dock, Paxtons' House

Grace: I've never seen him so... out there. I mean...

Annie: No, he really got down.

Grace: He was wonderful. Oh, no! Andrew! Andrew, honey, is everything OK?

Margaret: What... What's... what's he doing?

Annie: Uh... Something's up. It's best to leave him alone. Come on, honey.

INT. Living Room, Paxtons' House

Joe: Hey, hey, hey. What are you doing? I'm watching that.

Grace: Why is Andrew out there hollowing out that old stupid canoe again?

Joe: Well, maybe he's planning to escape. What?

Margaret: Uh... I am so tired. I think I'm gonna go upstairs, take a shower, wash off Ramone's coconut body oil.

Grace: Sure.

Margaret: I had a great day today. Thank you.

Grace: (to Joe) What did you do?

Joe: I didn't do anything, I mean... I just had a frank conversation with him about his future.

Grace: Oh... Well, yeah. That's a good idea. That's a good idea, Joe, because he will never come back home now. He is my son. I only get to see him every three years because of you. Because of you. I've had enough. You are gonna be supportive of him marrying Margaret, and that is that. You know, if we're not careful, we are gonna end up in this great big house just you and me alone, you and me and everything that we're angry about, and God forbid that they should have a grandchild that we never get to see. You are going to fix this, Joe. I mean it. Fix it now.

61

INT. Bathroom, Guest Bedroom

Margaret: Where's a towel? Towel... Towel, towel, towel... towel, towel. This is all they have for a towel? It's ridiculous. I can't get dry. Hello. Hello?

She finds towels in the closet outside. When she is about to get out of the bathroom, Kevin, the dog runs toward her.

Margaret: Oh! Oh. Oh, oh, oh. No, no, no, no, no. J- j-just... I'm sorry. L-I-let me just, let me just get a towel. Let me just get a towel. Just... look. You need to just... I'm sorry. OK, I'm sorry for feeding you to the eagle. I'm sorry. Go away. Go away. Go, go. Just let me get a towel. Go, go, go... Hold on.

She turns on a hair dryer and blows the air to Kevin.

Margaret: Yeah. Huh? How you like that? Huh? Take it, take it. That's right. That's what I'm talking about. You like that? Oh. You like it. Come here. Come to Mama. That's right. Get on the carpet. That's a good boy. Yes! That's good, boy! Come on. Come on! Oh, oh!

She locks him up in the bathroom and closes the door. At the moment she turns around, Margaret bumps into Andrew who is also naked and walking into the room. They fall down on the floor.

62

Andrew: What the? Oh, my God!

Margaret: Why are you naked? My God!

Andrew: Oh, God. Why are you wet?

Margaret: Don't look at me. Don't look at me.

Andrew: I don't understand. Why are you wet?

Margaret: Don't look at me. Oh, God! You're showing everything. Cover it up, for the love of God! Oh, God, not the Baby Maker. Explain yourself please.

Andrew: Explain myself?

Margaret: Yes, explain yourself.

Andrew: I was outside.

Margaret: Oh, really? You didn't hear me?

Andrew: I was listening to... What are you even doing home? Then you just jump me out of nowhere? What's that?

Margaret: I di... I didn't mean to jump you. Your dog was attacking me, and I got to run, and I ran into you.

Andrew: What is it with you and this dog?

Margaret: Just, you know, just... go. Go!

Andrew: Fine.

Margaret: Go take a shower. You stink.

Andrew: Fine. Nice tattoo, by the way.

Margaret: What?

Andrew opens the bathroom door, and the dog runs out of it.

Margaret: See? See? Exactly. You see that?

Andrew: Oh... barely made it out with my life there. See the size of the teeth on that thing?

Margaret: I didn't...

Andrew shuts the door.

|| Scene 19. Time to Study Me

Andrew: So... So naked.

Margaret: Can we, uh, not talk about that, please?

Andrew: Just sayin'.

64 **Margaret:** So, uh, what's the deal with you and your father?

Andrew: Ooh, I'm sorry. That question is not in the binder.

Margaret: Oh, really? Well, I thought you were the one that said we needed to learn all this...

Andrew: Not about that, I didn't.

Margaret: But if the guy asks us...

Andrew: Not about that, Margaret. Good night.

Margaret: I like the Psychic Network.

Andrew: What?

Margaret: Not in the "ha-ha, isn't that funny, she likes that trash" kind of way. I actually quite enjoy it. Umm... I took disco lessons in the sixth grade. My first concert was Rob Base & D.J. E-Z Rock. I think Brian Dennehy is sexy. Don't like flowers in the house 'cause they remind me of funerals. Never played a video game. I read Wuthering Heights every Christmas. It's my favorite book. Haven't slept with a man in over a year and a half. And, uh... I went to the bathroom and cried after Bob called me a poisonous bitch. And the, uh, bird tattoo? They're swallows. I got them when I was 16... after my parents died. Stupid. I'm sure there's many many other things, but that's all I can come up with right now. You, uh, there?

65

Andrew: I'm here. Just processing. You really haven't slept with anyone in 18 months?

Margaret: Oh, my God. Out of all that, that's all you got?

Andrew: That's a long time.

Margaret: Yeah, well, I've been a little busy.

Andrew: Yeah... Who's, uh... Rob Base and D. J...

Margaret: E-Z Rock?

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: You know. (*singing*) ♪ "It takes two to make a thing go right. It takes two to make it outta sight. Turn around." No. They were good. What?

Andrew: Nothing. I know who they are. I just wanted to hear you sing it. Margaret?

Margaret: Yes?

Andrew: Don't take this the wrong way.

Margaret: 'K.

Andrew: You are a very... very beautiful woman. ♪ "I wanna rock right now. I'm Rob Base and I came to get down. I'm not internationally known. (*Margaret joins*) But I'm known to rock the microphone Because I get stoopid. It takes two to make a thing go right. It takes two to make it outta sight. It takes two to make a thing go right."

Margaret: Feel it deep, feel it low.

Andrew: Mmm-hmm. ♪ "It takes two to make it ..." God, I can't sing that high.

|| Scene 20. How about Getting Married tomorrow?

Margaret: Huh? Where am I? What time is it? What time is it?

Grace: (*knocks at the door*) Room service. Breakfast for the happy couple.

Margaret: Andrew! Andrew! Your mother's at the door. Get up! Get up here! Your mother's...

Andrew: Oh, God.

Margaret: Just a second! (*to Andrew*) Not the baby blanket. Get it off, get it off, get it off. OK, all right.

Andrew: Wait a second. Hold on.

Margaret: What? What?

Andrew: Are you wearing makeup?

Margaret: What? No, of course not.

Andrew: OK, what do we do?

Margaret: Just spoon me, spoon me...

Andrew: All right.

Margaret: Oh, my God! What is that?

Andrew: I'm sorry. It's morning.

Margaret: What do you mean, "It's morning"?

Grace: Are you OK?

Andrew: Yep! Coming. One second. Come on in. Everything's fine.

Margaret: Disgusting. Ow, you're on my hair. OK, just...

Grace comes into the room with a tray.

Margaret: Oh, wow.

Andrew: Ooh, smells good. Cinnamon rolls.

Margaret: Oh, you shouldn't have gone to that trouble. That's...

Grace: Oh, you're family now. It's no trouble.

Joe: Hey, you have room for one more?

68 **Andrew:** Wow. Could we not do the Brady family meeting right now? We just... just got up if you don't mind.

Joe: Your mother and I have come up with a proposition and I happen to think it's a terrific idea...

Grace: We want you to get married here tomorrow.

Joe: Tomorrow.

Margaret: What? What? What?

Andrew: Mmm-mmm. No.

Grace: Well, you're gonna get married anyway, so why don't you get married here... where we can be all together, and that way Grandma Annie can be a part of it.

Andrew: No.

Margaret: Oh. Oh, No. No, it's it's it's Gammy's big birthday tomorrow night.

Andrew: Big day for her.

Margaret: We don't want to ruin it. That's you know...

Annie: I've had 89 birthday parties, I don't need another one.

Margaret: Oh, Gammy.

Annie: Oh! It would be a dream come true for me to see my one grandchild's wedding. A dream come true! So you'll do it? Before I'm dead?

Margaret: OK. OK. All right.

Andrew: OK.

Grace: OK, we will do everything. And you can get married like we did in the barn.

Annie: It's a Paxton family tradition.

Margaret: Oh, wow! Wow! Uh! I've always wanted to get married in a... in a barn.

Andrew: I have.

Annie: It's a sign. A sign from the universe that you're meant to be together. Oh, we must give thanks, I tell you. Come, come. We must give thanks.

Grace: OK, I know I should leave you alone now. But we're just so excited! I know you're excited, too.

Margaret: It's the craziest.

Andrew: Get out of here!

Grace: Really excited.

Andrew: Yeah! Go. Go. Go. (*the door closes*) Oh, my God. When my mom finds out that this whole thing is a sham, she's gonna... she's gonna be crushed, and my grandmother's gonna die.

Margaret: Your mom's not going to find out.

Andrew: I... my father. What the hell's with that? The whole wedding thing? Where did that come from?

Margaret: She probably... she probably got him worked up into it. It's fine. She's not gonna find out. They're not going to find out.

Andrew: Oh, God. Margaret!

Margaret: Andrew, they're not gonna find out, OK? Just relax. It's gonna be OK. It's not like we're gonna be married forever. We'll be happily divorced before you know it. It will be fine. It will be fine. You OK?

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: Get us some coffee.

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: So, would you like a cinnamon soy latte?

Andrew: A- ha. You're right, you know. Get a quickie divorce, we'll be fine.

Margaret: Absolutely.

Andrew: It's gonna be fine.

Margaret: Everything is going to be great. But this little missus better learn how to cook... so she can take care of her husband. Keep my man happy. I don't want him leaving me for another woman.

Andrew: Come on... I haven't left you yet, Margaret. I got it. Let go. You all right?

Margaret: Yeah, um... You know what? I'm gonna go.

Andrew: Where?

Margaret: I just kinda feel like going outside.

Andrew: All right. That's the bathroom.

Margaret: Oh, yeah. I know. I'm just, uh... I'm gonna go to... go to the bathroom, and then I'm gonna go out, outside.

Andrew: All right. *(sighing)* All right.

|| Scene 21. Giving Thanks

EXT. Woods

Margaret: *(talking to herself)* OK, you just have to focus, Margaret. Just focus. This is a business deal. This is

just a business deal. Everything's gonna be just fine. OK, this is a little rough. I can do this. Oh, my God. God, I hate nature! I hate it. Not stopping. Not stopping. Oh! Oh... Why are you not stopping? Stop, stop, stop it, stop! I just wanted... some air. (*a drum*) What is that? What now? What is that? What is that? What is that? What is that?

Annie: Come to me, Margaret of New York. It is I, Grandma Annie. I see you are a curious one. Come. See how I give thanks to Mother Earth.

Margaret: You know, actually, I'm not that curious. I'll just...

Annie: Look around you. Mother Earth has provided all this... just as she brought you and Andrew together to be joined. We must give thanks and ask that your loins be abundantly fertile. Come. Dance with me in celebration.

Margaret: You know, can I, can I just thank her from here?

73

Annie: I insist!

Margaret: OK, OK, OK. I will come down and dance with you.

Annie: Follow and learn. Come on, Margaret! Feel the rhythm of the drums. Now you.

Margaret: Me what?

Annie: Chant.

Margaret: Chant what?

Annie: Whatever comes to you. It is the way.

Margaret: But I don't know any chants.

Annie: To the trees. Use your vowels. Eee. Ooo. Ooo. Eee.

Margaret: Ooo. Eee.

Annie: Yes. Chant.

Margaret: Yes. Chant, chant. Eee. To the trees.

Annie: To the universe!

Margaret: The universe. Ah. Universe. To the crazy. To the window, the window. To the wall, to the wall. To the sweat drip down my balls. To all you bitches...

Annie: Louder!

Margaret: To the window, to the window, To the walls, to the walls
 To the sweat drip down my balls, Now all you bitches crawl
 All skeet, skeet, mother, All skeet, skeet, goddamn
 To the window, to the window, To the wall, to the wall
 To the sweat drip down my balls, To all you bitches crawl
 All skeet, skeet, mother, All skeet, skeet goddamn
 To the window, to the window, To the wall, to the wall
 To the sweat drip down my oh~, All you bitches go

Margaret: Gammy! Let's take it to the bridge! Woo!

♪
Let me see you get low, You scared, you scared
Drop your ass to the flo', You scared, you scared
Let me see you get low ,You scared, you scared
Drop your ass to the floor, You scared, you scared
See you get low You scared, you scared
Your butt to the flo', You scared, you scared
Now stop, woo Now wiggle it
Now stop, woo Jiggle it, just jiggle it Just wiggle it

Andrew: Whatcha doing?

Margaret: Oh, uh. Uh... You know, your Gammy wanted me to, you know, chant. Chant from the heart.

Andrew: Balls? That's what came to your heart?

Margaret: You know, it went with the beat.

Andrew: Your phone arrived. I'm gonna go into town to pick it up. Wanna come?

75

Margaret: Oh, yes, I want to go. I want to go. Oh, hold on. (to Annie) Is it, uh, OK if I go with him?

Annie: Whatever you do is what shall be.

Margaret: But you're OK if I go?

Annie: Fine. Go on.

Margaret: Bye, Gammy.

Andrew: You're a freak!

Margaret: Shut up. Would you, please?

|| Scene 22. In the Town

INT. Paxton General Store, Town

Andrew: Hey, buddy.

Ramone: Andrew, hey!

Andrew: You got that phone I ordered?

Ramone: Yes, it came in. How are you?

Andrew: Great. You?

Ramone: Good. (to Margaret) Hola.

Margaret: Hey, hi.

Ramone: Remember this?

Margaret: Yes, yes. Wonderful. Wonderful. Yes.

Ramone: Remember that?

Margaret: Yes. Yes. I know.

Andrew: I think you made quite an impression on Ramone.

Margaret: Mmm-hmm, I think the part where I burst into tears just really brought us together.

Andrew: Yeah. Oh, guess what. Fun fact about Andrew number 11: I like Pringles.

Margaret: Mm-hmm. OK.

Andrew: They're delicious. All Hostess products. Coke, never Pepsi, and beef jerky.

Margaret: What are you, like 13?

Ramone: Here we go. It's all charged up, Andrew.

Andrew: Thanks, buddy.

Ramone: And I put your lady's number in, too.

Margaret: Thank you, thank you very much. Just... thank you. Oh, my God. I have 37 messages. Shit. I need a computer. Is there, is there a computer in this godforsaken town?

INT. Sitka Internet Cafe, Town

Andrew: OK. So when it runs out, it gives you a warning. Just put in more dimes. Here you go.

Margaret: What? You're kidding. Dimes? You're not kidding?

Andrew: I'll be outside. Yell if you need me.

Margaret: But what am I supposed to...

Andrew: You'll be fine.

Margaret: OK, I can figure this out. I'm an intelligent woman. Block 'em out, block 'em out, block 'em out. There you go. OK. Now. What is that? What is it? Um, uh, excuse me? Excuse... OK. OK.

EXT. Street, Town

Margaret: So, it was nice to see Gertrude, huh?

Andrew: Yeah.

Margaret: She looked really pretty today.

Andrew: Yeah, she did.

Margaret: Must be nice to see each other again and just catch up.

Andrew: It's definitely good to see her. It's... definitely. It's been a long time.

Grace: Oh, there they are. There they are. Margaret! We need Margaret.

Annie: Afraid we're going to have to steal you away, young lady.

Margaret: Oh, no, no, no, no. I'm just gonna keep...

Annie: No, not to worry. No strippers, no chanting in the woods. Promise.

Margaret: Oh, well...

Grace: Yeah. Come on. *(to Andrew)* But not you. It's girl stuff. You'd hate it.

Margaret: But...

Grace: Come on.

Margaret: Um, OK. Will I, uh... are these shoes OK for what we're gonna do?

|| Scene 23. The Wedding Dress

INT. Dress Shop, Town

Annie: I can't believe this is happening. My mother made this dress by hand. In this very shop. In 1929. It's funny how things come back in style.

Margaret: (V.O.) Just... just finishing up the buttons.

Grace: Yeah, and don't worry about the fit because Annie is the best tailor in southeast Alaska.

Annie: Oh... Pssh.

Margaret: Wow, incredible. Maybe a tad loose in certain areas, but otherwise...

Annie: Oh, sorry. I'm a bit chesty to begin with and I happened to be knocked up when I wore this. Oh, let's see if we can find your boobs. They're in there somewhere.

Margaret: Yes. Yes, they are.

Annie: This is like an Easter egg hunt.

Margaret: Maybe they shrunk up in the cold Alaskan air.

Annie: Oh! There they are.

Margaret: That... yes. That would be...

Annie: There, let's see.

Grace: I was thinking, if you'd like, maybe... we could head down your way for the holidays this year.

Margaret: Oh, that would, uh... that would be nice. That'd be nice. Or maybe we could come to you, too.

Grace: Well, that would be lovely. I would like that very much.

Annie: Oh, Grace, for God's sake. We've got work to do.

Grace: I know. I'm sorry.

Annie: Go make yourself a cup of tea. I'll finish this. Go. Now, let's make this absolute perfection.

After finishing a fitting, Annie picks up a necklace.

Annie: Now, just one special touch and you're ready. It's been in the family for more than 150 years.

81

Margaret: Oh, Annie, it's beautiful, but I don't really think...

Annie: Shh. I'm not finished.

Margaret: Oh, sorry.

Annie: My great-grandfather gave it to my great-grandmother when they got married. They were quite a scandal, you know. He was Russian and she was Tlingit, and back then, you had to get approval from every member of the tribe before you got married. Almost broke them up.

Margaret: Well... how did they stay together then?

Annie: She was a lot like you. Tough. Wouldn't take "no" for an answer. She was good for him. I want you to have it.

Margaret: I can't. Can't take this.

Annie: I don't want to hear it. Grandmothers love to give their stuff to their grandchildren. It makes us feel like we'll still be part of your lives even after we're gone. Take it. Are... are you all right, dear?

Margaret: I, uh... Uh... Well, I, um... I, uh... I just, uh, I just wanted to... make sure there was enough time to get all the sewing done.

Annie: Don't you worry about that. You're gonna be beautiful. Now let's get you out of those pins.

|| Scene 24. I Got You

EXT. Dock, Boat

Andrew: All right. This is untied. Hop on in. Hey, hey, hey. Hey! Hey, hey, hey, hey! Whoa! What... Mind telling me what the hell's wrong?

Margaret: I just needed to get away from everybody.

Andrew: What's wrong?

Margaret: Nothing! Just stop talking, please!

Andrew: Would you mind telling me what's happening now?
Margaret. Margaret!

Margaret: I forgot, OK?

Andrew: You forgot what?

Margaret: I forgot what it was like to have a family! I've been on my own since I was 16 and I forgot what it felt like to have people love you and make you breakfast and say "Hey! We'd love to come down for the holidays." And I say "Well, why don't we come up and see you instead?" And give you necklaces! And you have all that here, and you have Gertrude, and I'm... I'm just screwing it up!

Andrew: You're not screwing it up! I agreed to this! You were there, remember?

Margaret: Your family loves you. Do you know that?

Andrew: I know that! Yes!

Margaret: You know that? And you're still willing to put them through this?

Andrew: They're not gonna find out!

Margaret: How do you know they won't find out?

Andrew: Because you said so yourself, Margaret.

Margaret: I know, but what if your mother...

Andrew: You said so yourself!

Margaret: Oh, my God, if your mother found out... Oh, my God! What if Gammy finds out?

Andrew: Whoa! Whoa! The boat is moving!

Margaret: If Gammy finds out, she's gonna have a heart attack!

Andrew: Stop! It's gonna be fine!

Margaret: She's gonna have a heart attack!

Andrew: Will you calm down? Hold on!

Margaret falls into the sea.

Andrew: Whoa! I don't think that hijacking a boat is a proper way to express your frustration! Now... Oh, great. Now you decide to shut up! Margaret?

Margaret: Andrew!

Andrew: Margaret?

Margaret: I can't swim!

Andrew: Margaret! To the buoy!

Margaret: What?

Andrew: To the buoy!

Margaret: OK.

Andrew: All right, come on! Give me your hand! Hey! Give me your hand! Margaret! Give me... Come on, give me your hand! Come on, come on. I got you. I got you. I got you. Come on. What the hell were you thinking? Could've gotten yourself killed.

Margaret: You turned the boat and made me fall in, you jackass.

Andrew: You let go of the steering wheel, Ahab.

Margaret: I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Andrew: All right, come here. You've got to get warm. Come on. Come on. It's OK. That's OK. It's OK.

|| Scene 25. Here Is Your Statement

EXT. Barn, Paxtons' House

Joe: I want to talk to both of you. Your mother is never to hear about any of this.

Gilbertson: Told you I'd check up on you.

Andrew: What did you do?

Joe: I got a phone call from Mr. Gilbertson here, who told me that if you were lying, and he strongly believes that you are, he would send you to prison. So I flew him up here.

Andrew: Dad.

Gilbertson: Luckily for you, your father negotiated a deal on your behalf. Now, this offer's gonna last for 20 seconds, so listen closely. You're gonna make a statement admitting this marriage is a sham... or you're gonna go to prison. You tell the truth, you're off the hook, and she is going to go back to Canada.

Joe: Take the deal.

Andrew: I don't think so.

Joe: Don't be stupid, Andrew.

Andrew: You want a statement? Here's your statement. I've been working for Margaret Tate for three years. Six months ago we started dating, we fell in love. I asked her to marry me, she said "yes." I'll see you at the wedding.

INT. Guest Bedroom, Paxtons' House

Margaret: So... you sure about this?

Andrew: Not really.

Margaret: I mean, I am very appreciative of what you've done, but I think that...

Andrew: You'd do the same for me. Right?

Annie: Hope everyone is decent. You need to come with me. Now, tomorrow is your wedding day. You have to give the Baby Maker a rest tonight. It's tradition.

Andrew: (*mouths*) We're not gonna use the Baby Maker.

Annie: And now, give your bride a kiss good night. And you've got your whole lives to be together.

Andrew: OK.

Annie: Now, come on. Come on.

Andrew: If I don't go with her, she's just gonna...

Margaret: Come right back.

Andrew: Yeah. See you in the morning?

Margaret: Yeah.

|| Scene 26. The Wedding

INT. Barn, Paxtons' House

Andrew: Hey, Gammy. Thanks, Gammy.

Ramone: Everyone, please be seated.

Margaret: Ramone.

Ramone: Mi amor. We are gathered here today to give thanks and to celebrate one of life's greatest moments. To give recognition to the beauty, honesty, and unselfish ways of Andrew and Margaret's true love in front of family and friends. For it is their family and friends who taught Andrew and Margaret to love. So it is only right that family and friends are all...

Margaret raises her finger.

Ramone: Mi amor. Do you have a question?

Margaret: Uh, no...

Ramone: Your hand is up.

Margaret: Oh, it, it's, uh, not a question, but I do have something I need to say.

Andrew: Margaret.

89

Ramone: Can it wait till after?

Margaret: Uh... No. No. (*turns toward the guests*) Hi, there. Thank you all so much for coming out. I, uh... I have a bit of an announcement to make about the wedding. A confession, actually.

Andrew: What are you doing?

Margaret: Uh... I'm a Canadian. Yes, Canadian. With an expired visa who was about to be deported. And because I didn't want to leave this wonderful country of yours, I forced Andrew here to marry me.

Andrew: Margaret, stop it.

Margaret: See, Andrew has always had this extraordinary work ethic. Something I think he learned from you. And for three years, I watched him work harder than anyone else at our company. And I knew that if I threatened to destroy his career... he would, he would do just about anything. So I blackmailed him to come up here and to lie to you. All of you. And I thought it would be easy to watch him do it. But it wasn't. Turns out it's not easy to ruin someone's life once you find out how wonderful they are. You have a beautiful family. Don't let this come between you. This was my fault.

90

Andrew: Margaret...

Margaret: Andrew, this was a business deal, and you held up your end, but now the deal is off. *(to Annie)* I'm sorry. *(to Gilbertson)* And, you, meet me at the dock. You're giving me a ride to the airport.

Grace: What were you thinking?

Andrew: I don't, I don't know.

Annie: Andrew, you lied to us.

Andrew: Just, just gimme... Let me get my head on straight, OK? I'll explain everything later. I'm sorry.

|| Scene 27. You Are Just Gonna Let Her Go?

INT. Guest Bedroom, Paxtons' House

Andrew reads a note Margaret left.

Margaret: (V.O.) You were right. This book is special. I lied because I knew publishing meant I'd lose you as an assistant but you have an extraordinary eye, and I'll make sure we buy this before I leave. Have an amazing life. You deserve it. - Margaret -

91

Gertrude: Well, that was, uh... crazy. You know, people are gonna be talking about this forever.

Andrew: Yeah. Yeah.

Gertrude: Are you OK?

Andrew: Yeah. No. Uh... I just feel... You know what the problem is? The problem is that this woman... is a gigantic pain in my ass. First, there's the whole leaving thing. I understand that. It's a sham wedding. It's kind of stressful. But then, she goes ahead and she leaves this note. Because she doesn't have the decency, the humanity to do it to my face. Three years. Three years I work with this... this terrorist. Never once has she had a nice thing to say, and then she goes ahead and she writes this crap!

Gertrude: Andrew. Andrew.

Andrew: But none of that matters because we had a deal!

Gertrude: Andrew.

Andrew: Sorry. I'm sorry. I just... She just makes me a little crazy.

92

Gertrude: Yeah. I can see that. So you're just gonna let her go?

EXT. Water Taxi

Margaret: So, what now?

Gilbertson: Well... now that you're leaving voluntarily, it all becomes very civilized. Once we land in New York, you have 24 hours to head back to Canada.

|| Scene 28. Take Us to the Airport

EXT. Garden, Paxtons' House

Grace: Andrew, Andrew, what's happening?

Andrew: I got to talk to her.

Joe: Why would you do that?

Annie: Boys!

Andrew: This has nothing to do with you.

Joe: Wait a minute!

Annie: Boys, stop it! Stop it!

Joe: I'm not gonna let you do this. I mean it.

Andrew: I'm not asking your permission here.

Grace: Annie? Joe! Joe! Annie! Joe!

Joe: Mom?

Annie: I think I'm having a heart attack.

Guest: Easy. Easy.

Andrew: Somebody get a doctor!

Guest: Easy. Easy.

Andrew: Get a doctor!

Paramedic: I got it.

INT. Medevac Plane

Joe: Andrew.

Annie: You two need to stop fighting. You'll never see eye to eye. But you're family. *(to Joe)* Promise me you'll stand by Andrew. Even if... if you don't agree with him.

Joe: I promise.

Annie: Andrew. Promise me you'll work harder to be a part of this family.

Andrew: I will. I will, Gammy.

Annie: Well, then... the spirits can take me.

Grace: Oh, Annie.

Andrew: Gammy?

Annie: I guess they're not ready for me. I'm feeling much better, sonny. No need to take us to the hospital. Take us to the airport, please.

Joe: Mom, what? Are you faking the heart attack?

Andrew: Oh, come on!

Joe: Come on!

Annie: Well, it was the only way I could get you two to shut up and get us to the airport!

Pilot: Ma'am, we're not authorized to take you to the airport.

Annie: Larry Ferris, don't make me call your mother.

Pilot: You got it.

Andrew: You scared the hell out of me.

|| Scene 29. I Got to Talk to Her

INT. Airplane, Sitka Airport

Gilbertson: Yep. You should've given up back in New York. See, I'm like Eliot Ness. I always get my man. I'm that good.

INT. Control Tower, Sitka Airport

Chuck: Flight 1601, as soon as you're in position, you're cleared for takeoff.

Captain: Roger that, Chuck.

EXT. Airstrip, Sitka Airport

Andrew: OK. Come on, come on, come on, come on.

96

Chuck: *(answering the phone)* Tower. Talk to me.

Andrew: Chuck! It's Drew Paxton.

Chuck: Hey, dude.

Andrew: *(on the phone)* Hey, uh... I have a little favor I need from you, buddy. Margaret's on that plane. I got to talk to her. Can you stop it?

Chuck: Oh, yeah! I heard about your lady bailin'. Drag-ola.

Andrew: Chuck! I need you to stop the plane. Please.

Chuck: I can't do that.

The Plane which Margaret is on takes off.

Andrew: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! Come on!

Annie: Oh, no.

Andrew: No!

Joe: What's wrong?

Grace: Margaret's on that plane.

Annie: And he didn't get to tell her.

Joe: Tell her what?

Grace: That he loves her.

Annie: So she could tell him that she loves him, too.

Joe: OK, but how does he...

Grace: If she didn't love him, she wouldn't have left.

Annie: Of course not.

Joe: Am I the only one not getting this?

Grace: Oh, Joe!

Andrew: Chuck! Chuck! Look down.

Chuck: Oh, there you are! Sorry, man. There was nothing I could do.

Andrew: Thanks, Chuck.

Joe: I'm sorry, son. I didn't know how you felt about her.

Grace: Honey, it's gonna be OK.

|| Scene 30. Marry Me

INT. Office, Colden Books

Margaret: Jordan? Jordan. Jordan! I need for you to send the boxes in my office to... to this address, please. This one right here. This address right here. OK? Can you do that?

Jordan: Uh, yes. Sure.

Margaret: Good, all right. Thank you.

Jordan: Miss Tate.

Margaret: Yes. What? What?

Andrew: Hey.

Margaret: Andrew. Why are, why are you panting?

Andrew: Because I've been running.

Margaret: Really. From Alaska?

Andrew: I need to talk to you.

Margaret: Yeah? Well, I don't have time to talk. I need to catch a 5:45 to Toronto. So...

Andrew: Margaret.

Margaret: (to Jordan) I need the boxes to go out today. I want to make sure everything is...

Andrew: Margaret! Stop talking! Gotta say something.

Margaret: OK.

Andrew: This will just take a sec.

Margaret: Fine. What?

Andrew: Three days ago, I loathed you. I used to dream about you getting hit by a cab. Or poisoned.

Margaret: Oh, that's... that's nice.

Andrew: I told you to stop talking. Then we had our little adventure up in Alaska and things started to change. Things changed when we kissed. And when you told me about your tattoo. Even when you checked me out when we were naked.

Margaret: Well, I didn't see anything...

Andrew: Yeah, you did. But I didn't realize any of this until I was standing alone. In a barn... wife-less. Now, you can imagine my disappointment when it suddenly dawned on me that the woman I love is about to be kicked out of the country. So, Margaret. Marry me. Because I'd like to date you.

Margaret: Trust me. You don't really want to be with me.

Andrew: Yes, I do.

Margaret: See, the thing is, there is a reason why I've been alone all this time. I'm comfortable that way. And I think it would just be a lot easier if we forgot everything that happened and I just left.

Andrew: You're right. That would be easier.

Margaret: I'm scared.

Andrew: Me, too.

Margaret: Aren't you supposed to get down on your knee or something?

Andrew: I'm gonna take that as a "yes."

Margaret: Oh, OK.

Colleague: Yeah! Show her who's boss, Andrew!

|| Scene 31. The Epilogue

INT. Gilbertson's Office, INS

Gilbertson: So, let me see if I've got this right. You two are engaged again.

Margaret: Yes.

Andrew: Yes.

Gilbertson: For real?

Margaret: Yes.

Andrew: Yeah.

Gilbertson: You're sure you want to go through with this? Because one wrong answer... I'm gonna take you down.

Margaret: OK.

Andrew: OK.

Gilbertson: Let's do it.

Cut to the Andrew's Interview

Gilbertson: When did you first start to date?

Andrew: Last week.

Gilbertson: That going well?

Andrew: So far it's great. Thank you.

Cut to the Margaret's Interview

Gilbertson: What kind of deodorant does Andrew use?

Margaret: Men's Speed Stick?

Gilbertson: What flavor? Musk? Alpine?

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Gilbertson: Was it love at first sight?

Andrew: No.

Cut to the Interview of Joe and Grace

Joe: I loved her from the beginning.

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Gilbertson: What side of the bed does Margaret sleep on?

Andrew: She sleeps on the left.

Gilbertson: What side of the bed do you sleep on?

Cut to the Ramone's Interview

Ramone: Look, are they soul mates? Eeeh. Uh... Will they kill each other? No.

Cut back to the Margaret's Interview

Gilbertson: Are you a good driver?

Margaret: Oh, excellent driver. Excellent.

Cut back to the Ramone's Interview

Ramone: In my mind I see her with someone perhaps... more swarthy, darker.

Cut to the Annie's Interview

Annie: We don't use the word "Margaret" around Kevin. He still hasn't warmed up to her. Margaret. (*Kevin barks*) Margaret. See? It's the damndest thing.

Cut back to the Margaret's Interview

Margaret: I have never farted in front of him. Nor will I ever fart in front of him.

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Andrew: She farts in her sleep.

Cut back to the Ramone's Interview

Gilbertson: Would you consider Margaret a good dancer?

Ramone: You can tell by the way she drinks her soda pop that she's a good dancer.

Gilbertson: Uh-huh. How, how... How is the soda pop relevant to the dancing?

Ramone: I don't understand this.

105

Margaret's and Andrew's interviews are cross-cut

Margaret: I call him... puppy.

Andrew: Pumpkin.

Margaret: Monkey.

Andrew: Daisy.

Margaret: Kiddo.

Andrew: Uh... Bird.

Margaret: Sometimes I call him Rick.

Cut back to the Ramone's Interview

Gilbertson: How do you spell "Ramone?"

Ramone: R- A- M- O- N- E.

Gilbertson: Could you do that again in English, please?

Cut back to the Margaret's Interview

Margaret: When you say, you know, the position in the relationship...

106 **Gilbertson:** Top or bottom?

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Andrew: You're asking me a question about who's on top?

Gilbertson: You took an oath when you walked in this office.

Andrew: I did not take an oath. When did I take an oath?

Gilbertson: Laura should've done that, but she didn't. That's OK.

Andrew: Who's Laura?

Gilbertson: She's the girl behind you. Don't look around.

Cut back to the Ramone's Interview

Gilbertson: Which of the following numbers is not a prime?

Ramone: Seventeen.

Gilbertson: I'm sorry. Let me say the list, please.

Cut back to the Margaret's Interview

Margaret: I'm sorry?

Gilbertson: He knew your favorite color.

Margaret: Blue?

Gilbertson: Wrong!

Margaret: Red?

Gilbertson: No!

Margaret: Dark... Maybe like a hunter green?

Gilbertson: No. White.

Margaret: White... White?

Gilbertson: OK, moving on.

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Andrew: Favorite color is blue.

Gilbertson: What's her favorite color when she's not at home?

Andrew: I don't know.

Cut back to the Ramone's Interview

Gilbertson: Are you a citizen of this country, Ramone?

Ramone: Yes, I'm a citizen! Are you crazy?

108

Cut back to the Margaret's Interview

Margaret: What relevance a ball in a net or a Fruit Roll-Up or a Pop-Tart has to do with my relationship with Andrew?

Gilbertson: If you're getting excited... Who are you engaged to?

Margaret: Andrew.

Gilbertson: Very good. Got one right.

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Gilbertson: Who are you engaged to?

Andrew: I'm engaged to Margaret Tate.

Cut back to the Margaret's Interview

Gilbertson: And on the wedding day, who will be next to you?

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Andrew: I'm going to marry Margaret Tate.

Cut back to the Margaret's Interview

Gilbertson: Final answer?

Margaret: That work? Yeah, final answer.

109

Cut back to the Andrew's Interview

Andrew: Is this a game show? I don't understand what...

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by *May*