

RUNAWAY BRIDE

Screenplay

by

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RUNAWAY BRIDE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. AN IMPOSSIBLE EXPANSE OF OHIO FARMLAND - DAY 1

The wind rustles the endless field of corn, blows over the freshly mown meadow of clover, and magically sways a copse of trees. It's a hot summer afternoon.

A SUDDEN POUNDING OF GALLOPING HOOVES breaks the peace and...

A HORSE AND RIDER burst out between the rows of corn into the meadow. They are running for their lives.

CLOSE ON

The rider is a bride - a beautiful woman dressed in a now torn and disheveled wedding gown; its train tattered and flying like a knight's banner out behind her. This is MAGGIE CARPENTER.

The horse is frothing and wild-eyed - like the bride, who turns to look behind her in terror. The horse's labored breathing mingles with Maggie's panicked gasps.

QUICK CUT

A WEDDING BOUQUET is discarded into a ditch as the horse thunders on.

NEW ANGLE

Maggie clings to the reins. She looks as though she is running from the devil himself.

TO BLACK.

2 INT. CLUTTERED DEN - DAY 2

THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS the room, lingering over the stacks of books, periodicals, newspapers, drifting past quirky collected objects: anatomy diagrams, Mexican death dolls, etc. All chosen by a careful eye that enjoys the odd things in life.

OVER THIS we hear a man on the phone, IKE GRAHAM.

IKE'S VOICE

It's coming. You'll have it in an hour, just like I said...No, I said that yesterday. This morning I said noon...Relax, Ellie, my column is sitting right here in front of me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

IKE'S VOICE (cont'd)
 As soon as the fax is fixed, I'll
 send it over. He's fixing it right
 now - I'm looking at the guy.

THE CAMERA PANS THE FAX. Nobody's fixing it.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES until we finally meet...

Ike Graham sits, draped loosely over the chair, feet up on the desk. His sweat socks are dirty from shuffling around without shoes - his clothes rumpled and comfortable. Ike is fortyish, good-looking in a shaggy sort of way.

The window is open and Ike is peering through a telescope towards the street below. He appears to be signaling someone on the ground - a thumb up or a thumb down - as he continues his phone conversation.

IKE
 (into the phone)
 No, don't send a messenger. I'm
 telling you, the guy's almost
 done...No, Mark can't bring it.
 He's busy.

IKE'S POV - THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

On the street in front of a vast newsstand MARK, a kid who just hit twenty, holds up a newspaper - the L.A. Times. It gets the thumbs down from Ike and Mark tosses it back. He picks up another - the Toledo Blade.

ANGLE ON IKE

Thumbs up.

IKE
 (into the phone)
 What's to edit; you know my
 style...Too well? I'm sorry if my
 stuff is consistently witty and on
 the edge of social urban thinking.
 You want something different; I
 don't think my readers do-
 (he's interrupted)
 I have other facets. You want
 facets; I'll give you facets in
 spades.
 (chuckles mirthlessly)
 Then a single new facet it is...An
 hour...I'm tired of these
 conversations, too, kid.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

He hangs up but continues to peer through the telescope. He waves for Mark to come in.

THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

Mark pays the man and trots across the street with a stack of papers. The telescope leaves him and begins to track A MAN IN ARMANI as he browses the stand.

IKE'S VOICE

(to himself)

Architectural Digest, Spy, Times.

Sure enough, the man picks up Architectural Digest, Spy, and the Times. Ike lets out a victorious "Hah."

ANGLE ON

Ike spins away from the telescope with amused dismay.

IKE

Hey, somebody surprise me.

MARK enters out of breath, hauling the stack of papers. He drops them on the desk in front of Ike.

The two of them start to tear through the papers voraciously, Mark calling out periodically as he spots something.

MARK

Singles Pet Show.

No response from Ike, who continues to scan expertly.

MARK

Singles Diet Center.

(no response)

Singles recipe exchange.

IKE

Mark, turn the page.

ANGLE ON

Ike has found something. He reads with bemused interest as Mark continues to call out.

MARK

Surrogate grandparents. Norman
Rockwell Collection Watches. Male
Pattern Baldness.

Ike, ignoring him, tosses his paper on the desk and swivels to his computer, flicking it on. He begins to type rapidly.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 3

2

Mark, disappointed, drops his page. He leans over to see what Ike found.

MARK

These are engagement announcements.

Ike reaches over and taps the page. Mike begins to read the announcement indicated.

MARK

"Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Carpenter are pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter Maggie--

IKE

(tearing the paper away)
At the bottom. "This is his first engagement and her fourth. Miss Carpenter, has become a local Findlay celebrity known as 'The Runaway Bride' for her three previous flights from the altar."

MARK

The woman is twisted.

IKE

As they all are. But this one has just zoomed to the head of the class.

(shaking head in wonder)

Her fiance must have been a lemming in last life. I mean, what does he think - that she's not going to do it again? This is male masochism at its most pathetic.

He whips back to his computer and bangs away.

MARK

So it's an column on male masochism?

IKE

I've done that. Female sadism.

MARK

Haven't you--

He thinks better of finishing the question.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 4

2

IKE
Listen to the Master. Modern women, feminists, if you will, point with righteous indignation to the passive heroines in the classic fairy tales. Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Snow White, Rapunzel: these gals just stand there, lie there, sit there, squat there until the active, mobile, choice-filled man (i.e. "enemy") rescues them from their slumber, squalor, casket, tower.

MARK
But Maggie Carpenter is like the man, right?

IKE
If you interrupt you'll never learn. No. What our sisters of the species neglect to divine is the true source of power in these archetypal tales--am I going too fast for you?

MARK
(unsure)
The King?

IKE
Do I pay you a salary?

Mark shakes his head.

IKE
Good. Not the King--

MARK
The Queen!

IKE
The other side of the female coin. Of whom we've seen a lot more than the helpless heroines. Meet the Woman of the Nineties. The Queen, the Stepmother, the Witch. The Really Mean Lady. And how do you get from one side of that coin to the other? When the prince fails to transform the life of the princess. He disappoints her and she gets mad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 5

2

IKE (cont'd)
 Which is where our dear Maggie comes in. She's made revenge her personal religion and she likes to see them squirm at the sacrificial alter. She's Our Really Mean Lady of Our Nuptial Perversions.

Ike begins to write with renewed fervor. Mark watches in awe.

IKE
 No doubt our Medusa works at the local Dairy Queen.

MARK
 Should I get their phone numbers?

Mark reaches for the phone and starts dialing. Ike takes it from his hand and hangs it up. Mark looks at him questioningly.

MARK
 But wouldn't it be richer with quotes?

IKE
 Good quotes. I'm going for something particular here. A new facet of insight, if you will. I don't think the people in Findlay have the subtlety I need. I'll make up the right ones. Now scram.

Ike waves him away.

Mark exits. Ike is burning up the keys like a man possessed.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The title reads "Hit and Run."

3 INT. BEAUTY SHOP - THE FOLLOWING WEEK

3

CLOSE ON A PAGE OF THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE SECTION

The magazine has been folded open to Ike's column - his picture next to his byline. The title is "Hit and Run." A well manicured nail with a slightly garish pink polish runs quickly over the column.

CLOSE ON

Maggie Carpenter's face as she reads. It betrays her mounting anger. Suddenly, she glances up.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

NEW ANGLE

Maggie stands at her station in her tidy and successful looking shop. Maggie looks into the mirror to find herself surrounded by very curious faces: PEGGY, pretty but ordinary - a hair stylist, peers at Maggie, ready with a compassionate remark; Peggy's client still in curlers and a smock (MRS. PRESSMAN) is eager for the fireworks to begin; one young man (PETE), freshly barbered, openly smirks. Behind them the rest of the full beauty shop watches - some in open pity, tsking and shaking their heads.

Maggie, bright and offbeat in her pink mini-dress that matches her nails, pulls herself up proudly, masking her anger with a smile. This is a woman who under the hot eyes of a small town has built a resilient shell of wit and eccentricity.

MAGGIE

(lightly)

Well, I guess I have now claimed my fifteen minutes of fame.

(to her audience)

Everybody get a chance to read this?

Everybody guiltily shakes their heads "no", some stashing their own Xerox copies.

Maggie sighs knowingly.

MAGGIE

No? I'll just stick it up here on my mirror. It's pretty funny actually.

Maggie takes her haircutting shears and jabs them into the paper. The dam broken, everybody stumbles over themselves to get a word in.

PEGGY

Hardly anybody reads the New York Times. At least in Findlay they don't.

MRS. PRESSMAN

Nobody thinks you castrated your hamster when you were a kid.

PEGGY

Yeah, and if you did, why would you tell your Mom?

Maggie fumes silently. She takes the hastily clipped article and tapes it to her mirror.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

CLOSE ON

Maggie turns and strides resolutely towards the back of the shop. She passes between the clients and workers, their remarks bouncing off of her. Her eyes flash with fury.

PETE

This is great. Now that the story's gone nation-wide, maybe I can get someone to take my bet.

WOMAN #1

I won thirty bucks the last time.

PETE

No suckers this go round.

They all laugh.

PEGGY

Maggie? You all right, honey?

Maggie escapes into the back room and with effort closes the door quietly.

4 INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUING

4

Maggie, muttering under her breath, goes to a small desk and yanks open its drawer. She pulls out a piece of bright yellow stationery and a pen. She begins to write.

MAGGIE (VO)

"Dear Editor"....

5 EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

5

As Maggie's VOICE OVER continues to read her letter, we take in Manhattan at night. It is big, loud, anonymous, and the center of the universe. All the pedestrians, sleek and hurried, seem to understand that they are major players.

MAGGIE (VO)

"Greetings from the sticks!
Perhaps you believe that a rural education is focused mainly on hog calling and tractor maintenance rather than reading. Why else would you print a piece of fiction about me and call it fact?"

The camera finds Ike, who is not exactly helping and not exactly not helping a woman, DINA SPRINTS, out of a cab.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Dina is a striking New York, early thirties, career woman. Long hair, artful make-up, black clothes which are hip yet serious. She is subtly more attentive to Ike than he is to her - which wouldn't be hard.

MAGGIE (VO)

"If Mr. Graham was going to make up a job for me it seems he could have come up with something a little less obvious than a waitress at the Dairy Queen. How about an inspector at the sugar beet factory?"

Ike and Dina enter The Four Seasons restaurant. He doesn't exactly hold the door open for her and he doesn't exactly not. He has perfected the art of inattentive attention.

6 INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUING

6

Ike and Dina work their way through the crowded tables. They greet other patrons. This is obviously one of his hangouts and tonight his entrance attracts a lot of attention. Ike seems a little surprised, but he's pleased.

MAGGIE (VO)

I guess he was too busy wringing tortured theories from old fairy tales. I don't suppose as he was dividing women up into princesses and evil queens, he recognized himself as the eighth dwarf, Sleazy.

A WOMAN stops him cold with a malicious stare. Dina glares her down and they move on.

MAGGIE (VO)

We all know the type. One of those men who is so self-involved that any request, no matter how slight - When can I expect you?, Could you call first?, Please try not to sleep with my sister, and Could you check your facts? - is considered an outrageous attempt to dominate and entrap them.

Ike and Dina find their table. A very preened and successful couple is already seated, FISHER and his wife, ELLIE. Ike rests his hand on the back of Dina's chair, but instead of pulling it out for her, he gives his drink order to the waiter. She seats herself.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

MAGGIE (VO)
 "I was surprised, though, to find
 his editor was a woman.

CLOSE ON

Ellie is that woman. She's not pleased. Ike smiles at her. She
 does not smile back.

MAGGIE (VO)
 "Couldn't the space be filled by
 someone with something enlightening
 to say? If not, how about a
 cigarette ad? Yours truly, Maggie
 Carpenter."

The sounds of the restaurant come up and we settle into this
 scene as Ike settles into his chair.

NEW ANGLE

Ike's gaze shifts back and forth between Ellie and Fisher, who
 also wears a strange expression. Something is up and it's not
 forthcoming.

IKE
 Let me guess. You two are getting
 a divorce.

FISHER
 (shakes his head)
 We'd be smiling.

ELLIE
 You don't return my calls. I left
 four messages.

IKE
 It's coming. You don't need the
 column for three days. Ellie,
 you're turning into such an old
 lady.

ELLIE
 (stiffening)
 And what's wrong with being an old
 lady?

She levels Ike with another icy gaze. Fisher barks out a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

FISHER

You see those?

(indicates Ellie's
breasts)You think they're breasts. They're
not. They're two big buttons:
Ellie's age and Ellie's feminism.
You just pushed both of them.

Ellie pulls out the Sunday Magazine folded open. She slaps it
down in front of Ike.

ELLIE

Tomorrow's paper. I tried to call,
but since you're such a master of
the printed word, you can just read
it.

Ike and Dina skim the page. Dina's face registers growing
dismay, but Ike's face is as impassive as stone.

DINA

You're firing him. And you put it
in the paper no less. That's
pretty damn cold.

ELLIE

I could have had him indicted. A
journalist doesn't make his story
up.

DINA

He's a satirist.

Ike is still reading. He chuckles and looks up, amused.

IKE

"Sleazy." That's pretty good.
(off Dina's look)

Relax. From where I'm sitting I can
see four other magazine editors.

Ike waves to a DINER a few tables away.

IKE

Hi Max!

Max, unfortunately, doesn't respond.

ELLIE

Yeah? Well, I can see one hundred
and sixty-seven writers. Most of
them younger and fresher.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 3

6

ELLIE (cont'd)
 (waves to someone)
 Hi Jay!

ANGLE ON

JAY waves back at Ellie. He's a natty looking boy of twenty-five, surrounded by admiring intelligentsia. The new hot property.

ANGLE ON

If Ellie has struck a direct hit, Ike isn't letting on.

ELLIE
 He's got your column now. He's southern, gay, and has something to contribute besides hate served up as lukewarm satire.

IKE
 I merely write the stuff. You're the one that serves it up.

ELLIE
 Not any more. I have to draw the line.

IKE
 All right. Consider my wrist slapped. Call me when you feel I've served my time.

ELLIE
 This is permanent.

For the briefest of moments Ike is without words. And then the waiter places Ike's martini in front of him and breezes off. Ike looks at it, mildly annoyed.

IKE
 Damn. A twist. I'll be right back.

Ike jumps up from the table with his drink and a smile, leaving the group to carry on. Dina smiles at him as he goes, but the moment he's left she turns to Ellie defensively.

DINA
 He just got an offer from the L.A. Times.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 4

6

FISHER

It's down to that, is it?
Personally, I'd rather crush my own
kneecaps.

They laugh. Except for Dina, who watches Ike across the room.

ANGLE ON

Ike stands in front of the WAITER.

WAITER

(real snotty)
I brought you a martini.

IKE

I said two olives, not one
twist. Can't you even count?

He slams it down on the bar and storms off into the restroom.

ANGLE ON

Ellie watches Dina watch Ike.

ELLIE

He'll get over it.

DINA

Do you think he'll want company
tonight? Normally I'd go home with
him, but he might want a little
space. Or maybe he needs a
distraction. What do you think?

FISHER

Why don't you ask him?

Dina looks at Fisher as though he's crazy. Ellie explains.

ELLIE

She trying not to scare Ike off,
honey.

7 INT. RESTROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

7

Ike splashes some cold water on his face. He looks into his no
longer young and fresh eyes.

From out of one of the stalls comes Jay. He slaps Ike on the
back and shakes his hand.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

JAY
 Sorry about your job, Sleazy.
 (phoney concern)
 You've got other stuff going on,
 right?

IKE
 You'll be seeing my name.

JAY
 (patronizing)
 Sure we will.

He exits whistling "Whistle While You Work."

Ike grimly goes to the paper towel dispenser. When the crank doesn't work properly Ike attacks it with released frustration.

8 INT. IKE'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

8

Dina is dressed and gathering her things, obviously ready to go out into a busy day.

Ike is staring morosely out of his window in his sweat pants and t-shirt, the day stretching empty before him.

DINA
 (tentatively)
 Why don't I pick up some food and
 come by after my interview?

Ike gives her a look. Dina backs off.

DINA
 I'll call first.

The look remains the same. Dina takes another giant step back.

DINA
 You call me if you want.

IKE
 Whatever.

The phone starts to ring. They both ignore it, though Dina is very aware of it. Ike's machine picks it up with a brief message. The caller's VOICE comes over the machine.

VOICE
 Hi. It's Randy from L.A.

Dina raises her eyebrows at Ike - Don't you want to get this?
 Ike drips contempt.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

VOICE

Look, um, it seems I was wrong. We don't have room for another column. Maybe I'll give you a call in a couple of months. Bye.

Dina turns away embarrassed. The phone immediately rings again. She turns down the volume. Ike pretends not to notice.

Dina takes one last look at the back of Ike's head.

DINA

See you later.

Ike lifts his hand, not turning around.

9 EXT. FINDLAY RESIDENTIAL STREET - THAT SAME MORNING

9

ANGLE ON MAGGIE'S HOUSE

A modest clapboard house with a porch.

The front door opens and Maggie appears fresh out of bed, wearing only a tank undershirt and panties.

Heedless of being seen this way, she scampers out to the sidewalk to pick up her two delivered Sunday papers: The Toledo Blade and The New York Times.

She kneels by the New York paper, pulling off the blue plastic bag and ripping into it, looking for the magazine section. She finds it. She opens it to the front, looking for her letter...

MAN (V.O.)

Maggie!

She looks up at BOB KELLY, Fiance #4, framed in her doorway. He's an attractive man in his thirties with an air of authority and confidence. He's solid as a rock and something of a stuffed shirt. He clutches his robe tightly around him.

BOB

Put something on!

She smiles at him winningly.

MAGGIE

I did.

(finding her letter)

YES!

She stands up and starts to read it out loud to Bob, reading much too quickly for the ear to understand.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

He looks up and down the street for neighbors, his face a mask of consternation.

She gives a loud yelp of delight as she reaches the editor's response. Her voice rises in excitement.

MAGGIE

Dear Ms. Carpenter, I apologize to you for this unfortunate matter. Ike Graham's column will no longer be appearing in this paper. Best of luck in your upcoming marriage!

She looks at Bob with triumph.

OLD LADY NEIGHBOR comes out for her paper. She rolls her eyes at the sight of her scantily clad neighbor, though believe me, she's the far more frightful sight in her garish housedress and spit curls.

Bob braves the public eye and goes to fetch Maggie.

BOB

(taking her in the house)
Honey, it's not nice to crow at others' misfortunes.

10 INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

10

BOB

You're better than that.

MAGGIE

No I'm not.

She starts dancing around, singing:

MAGGIE

She canned him, she canned him...

Her house is a cozy place, creatively furnished on a shoestring. Bookcases and tables overflow with a variety of fiction, biographies, nature books. She has framed pictures of birds and fish and small animals taken from old books. She has a large beautiful globe.

Bob has sat down on the couch to read Maggie's entire letter. Maggie bounds over and straddles his lap, facing him as he reads.

He looks up at her seriously.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BOB

Listen to me. I want you to put this episode in a box today. I want you to wrap it carefully, seal it, put it on a train and watch it go down a tunnel.

Maggie grabs the magazine and tosses it aside. She pulls herself closer to Bob and opens the top of his robe. He looks at her with a growing smile (that's a nice way of putting it).

MAGGIE

Now that I've used my anger to effect closure, there are a couple of other emotions...

BOB

(playing along)

Will you be requiring more stationery?

MAGGIE

No. But a little "Special Handling" might be nice.

They kiss.

11 INT. IKE'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT SAME MORNING

11

Ike hasn't moved. He still stares out the window morosely. There is a LOUD POUNDING on his door. Ike has to answer it if only to shut it up.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

12

Ike opens the door to Fisher. Fisher looks at him - not a pretty sight.

FISHER

What were you doing?

IKE

Writing.

FISHER

(low blow)

What?

IKE

Nice. Come on in.

Fisher follows Ike into the room.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

IKE

Work dries up now and then.
Southern, gay is in--

FISHER

(interrupting)
Old and bitter is out.

IKE

Experienced and biting.

FISHER

I'm on your side. In fact I liked
that runaway bride piece. Of
course I work for Playboy and
degrading women is our bread and
butter.

IKE

You only keep that job to annoy
Ellie.

FISHER

Pretty much. Which brings me to
why I am here. How would you like
vindication? A chance to prove
that, though your facts weren't
exactly straight, your theory was
correct.

IKE

(hiding his hope)
The real story on Miss Carpenter.

FISHER

In a real magazine. No offense,
but you haven't been in a major
publication for--
(thinks hard)

IKE

The New York Times?

FISHER

Well, you don't have that job
anymore, do you? Come on, Ike, I'm
here to help.

IKE

You're here because I'm backed into
a corner and ready to rip off some
heads. And blood sells.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

FISHER

Pretty much. You'd have to go there, you know. Get it right this time. Take it through the wedding.
(dramatic beat)

And there might be a column in the future if it goes over.

Fisher looks pleased with himself.

IKE

I'm not going to drool and whine for you.

FISHER

But you're going to jump at it.

IKE

(maintaining his pride)
Paid vindication. That's a start, I suppose.

Fisher shifts uncomfortably.

FISHER

Ah, well, we're over budget as it is--

IKE

Playboy?

FISHER

(continuing on)
Write it while it's hot. I'm sure when they see how good it is, they'll find the money.

Ike has fallen about as far as he can.

IKE

My normal fee, though, right?

FISHER

Right. Of course.

We'll see.

13 EXT. MAIN STREET FINDLAY OHIO - DAY

13

Flags hang on all the storefronts and the place sparkles with wholesome attitudes as people greet each other familiarly. Everybody looks corn-fed and completely oblivious to having their own "look."

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Ike strolls down the street with the "look" of casual urban journalist. A few people check him out curiously.

ANGLE ON

Nestled between Prince Furniture and Lasalle's Department Store sits Maggie's salon, "Scissor Happy." Sure enough, the scissors on its logo look happy.

Ike checks through its window past the "HAPPY FLAG DAY" banner. Business appears to be brisk. A flag hangs from a pole above the door. Ike enters.

14 INT. STORE - CONTINUING

14

Its chairs are full and an "Oldies" station plays in the background.

Ike checks around. Peggy walks over.

PEGGY

Have an appointment?

IKE

No, I was just hoping Maggie had--

PEGGY

You a reporter?

It's a little early in the game for Ike to be thrown off guard.

IKE

What?

PEGGY

(eying his tassled loafers)

It's been our experience that anyone with some sort of gewgaw on his loafers ends up being a reporter wanting to interview Maggie.

IKE

About her upcoming wedding and all.

PEGGY

No, about her getting that asshole from New York fired.

Ike smiles down at his loafers and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

IKE

I am just such a reporter.

PEGGY

Then I'll tell you what she has me
tell all the others.

Ike waits.

PEGGY

One: she'll only talk to you if
she's cutting your hair, and Two:
tipping the owner is permitted.

(yelling)

Maggie, you got time for a clip and
ship?

ANGLE ON

Maggie turns as her customer leaves. She's got on a red
miniskirt, blue tights, white sweat socks - no shoes, and an
Uncle Sam party hat.

She gives Ike the once-over, focusing on the shoes.

MAGGIE

(yelling to Peggy)

Reporter?

PEGGY

Yup!

Maggie meets Ike's gaze and waves him over. For a moment, he is
thrown by her beauty and intelligent eyes.

MAGGIE

Sit down.

She sits him down, tying a towel around his neck.

MAGGIE

(gesturing to her mirror)

I hope you have a different angle.
It's pretty much all been covered.

ANGLE ON MIRROR

Along with the usual array of personal snapshots, Maggie has a
half dozen clipped articles about her exploits with the New York
City Columnist. Headlines play with the "David and Goliath"
aspect of the victory.

ANGLE ON

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

Ike tries to hide his annoyance with the articles on display.

IKE

I'll try to come up with something new.

MAGGIE

So what do you want from me?

Christmas has come early for Ike. He goes for it - casually.

IKE

Let's start with some sort of personality profile. You know, likes, dislikes. What you look for in a man. That sort of thing.

She starts to wet down his hair with a spray bottle.

MAGGIE

I mean with your hair. I'll dole out the other stuff when I feel like it.

She gives Ike a level gaze in the mirror. No sweat, he can get with the program.

IKE

Short in the back, but not too short, just a little above the collar.

(he gets into it a little more)

And I like it parted like this but a little more feathered back on the sides. And I've got a bit a whorl back here you have to watch out for. You know how to do all that?

MAGGIE

(affecting the hick)

Gee, no, out here we jest put the bowl on top of the head and cut.

Touche. Ike smiles and points to a clipping of her engagement announcement - going for some neutral territory.

IKE

When's the big day?

MAGGIE

A week from Saturday.

FRAN, a client, two chairs down lifts her head.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 3

14

FRAN

Do you have the dress yet?

MAGGIE

There's one on hold. But the one I really want I don't have the cash for. Two thousand dollars. It's gorgeous, it fits, it's romantic but sexy.

(to Ike)

Peggy told you you can tip the owner?

Ike nods. Mrs. Pressman pipes up cheerfully.

MRS. PRESSMAN

(to Ike)

It's her fourth time to the altar.

IKE

What do you think? She going to make it this time?

ANGLE ON

Maggie returns the spray bottle to her stand. In order to make room, she has to move the jar with the sterilized combs.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER CLIPPING ON THE MIRROR

now revealed. It's Ike's column "Hit and Run." A goatee and glasses have been scrawled on his byline picture.

ANGLE ON

Maggie stares at the picture and back over to Ike, who is angled away from the mirror and catches none of this.

MRS. PRESSMAN

Well, my sister and I have had quite a few arguments about it.

Maggie looks at Ike's hair and her scissors. She smiles.

IKE

And?

MRS. PRESSMAN

I don't think she will...and she's sure she won't.

She laughs at her own good joke.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 4

14

Maggie rotates Ike's chair a little more so his back is to the mirror and starts to talk a mile a minute.

MAGGIE
I've got it all figured out. The first wedding was just too big.

CLOSE ON

She pulls up some hair in the normal fashion but hacks it at odd angles. She just pretends to snip one hank and chops another.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
The Findlay streets were empty that day. I'm not doing that again. No more than seventy-five people.

NEW ANGLE

Maggie is beaming as she screws around with his hair. Talk about scissor happy.

The Shampoo Girl nods her approval, but takes a second look at the job that Maggie's doing. Her eyes go wide and she taps her customer. Soon the whole room is watching the haircut.

Ike is enjoying this. He smugly believes he's already got Maggie talking about herself. Piece of cake. He relaxes under her ministrations.

MAGGIE
My second wedding was on some cliff.
(snip snip snip)
We practically had to haul the old ladies up on burros. My grandmother was furious.

MRS. PRESSMAN
Is she coming to this one?

MAGGIE
I hope not - she's been dead for three years now. God rest her soul.

Mrs. Pressman crosses herself.

Maggie puts the finishing touches on Ike's hair. Like the artist she is, she scrutinizes and snips for maximum ridicule. Ike is completely relaxed.

MAGGIE
I want this wedding to be perfect.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 5

14

She comes around to stare steadily into Ike's eyes.

Ike stares back at her, the tickle of suspicion creeping up his spine.

PEGGY

It'll be perfect.

MRS. PRESSMAN

Well, there's always the next time.

MAGGIE

(to Ike)

So what do you think?

IKE

I don't know. Do you love him?

MAGGIE

No, about your hair.

She turns the chair so Ike can see. She fluffs out his temples to emphasize the disparate lengths.

MAGGIE

Like it? Or maybe you'd prefer a mohawk, Mr. Graham.

Ike stares at his hair in total confusion. Then he sees his defaced clipping and all becomes clear.

Maggie starts to laugh, encouraging everyone to appreciate Ike's new do. Her laughter is infectious. Everyone laughs. Ike does a slow burn.

With icy calm Ike rises from his chair and removes the towel.

IKE

I may have gotten some of the details wrongs. But, you know, I think I nailed the personality profile.

He takes another look at his hair and smooths it down. He searches the room and spots what he's looking for - another man.

IKE

(to Pete)

Recommend a good barber?

PETE

Manny's. Third and Elm. Tell him Pete sent you.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 6

14

Maggie flashes Pete a look of surprise.

PETE

(defensively)

A guy can't walk around like that!

Ike smiles at Maggie. He knows his audience.

MAGGIE

A "guy," Pete? A "guy" is someone who likes his pay on time and a plateful of chicken. You think Ike Graham can be happy with that? No, he's got to make sure everyone else feels so bad he's happy by comparison.

IKE

A "guy," Pete, is someone who likes his bride on his honeymoon.

Pete laughs - that's a good one.

MAGGIE

If you came down here in the pursuit of happiness, you might as well go back. Because you can't make me feel bad.

IKE

Yeah, sure. You still have your job.

Ike looks around for some sympathy and gets a little. Maggie moans.

IKE

Look, I'll be honest with you--

MAGGIE

That'll be a stretch.

IKE

(continuing)
I am down here for something. In my heart--

MAGGIE

You have one?

IKE

I feel I'm right about you. You got me fired.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 7

14

IKE (cont'd)

You screwed up my hair. You chew
men up, spit them out and love it.
And I'm down here to satisfy myself
on that point.

MAGGIE

Did something happen to make you
care about reality?

IKE

Yes. Conviction. Conviction that
I'm on to the truth.

(laying it on)

It's become my personal quest. I
don't think I can rest until I see
it through.

MAGGIE

What a burden.

(waves her hand
expansively)

You all have my blessings to talk
with Mr. Graham. Let's get him out
of town quickly.

IKE

I'm not leaving until you run.
That will round out the perfect
vacation.

MRS. PRESSMAN

(helpfully)

Wouldn't golf be more fun?

MAGGIE

No, it has to be a blood sport.

IKE

(to Pete)

Third and Elm?

PETE

Next to the gas station.

Ike starts towards the exit.

MAGGIE

(calling after him)

Hey, Ike!

He turns.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 8

14

MAGGIE

That'll be twenty-five dollars.

He returns and pulls out the bills to pay her (no doubt to the surprise of the locals).

IKE

And here's your tip.

He leans in close to her and whispers.

IKE

Watch your back.

15 EXT. LILA AND WALTER CARPENTER'S HOUSE - DUSK

It's a white clapboard with a picket fence. The street is pretty, tree-lined, the American dream. Kids chase fireflies, ride bikes - the whole summer laid out before them.

Maggie pulls into the driveway in her convertible Rabbit. She jumps out of the car and walks to the front door, waving to her mother through the kitchen window. She's in a fine mood as she walks right in.

16 INT. FOYER - CONTINUING

16

She checks herself out in the hall mirror and is pleased.

MAGGIE

Happy Flag Day, everybody!

She turns to find Bob.

BOB

Hi, honey. How was your day?

MAGGIE

You're here already. And still awake. Mom must still be in the kitchen.

She pulls one of her flag pins off her T-shirt and pins it on Bob. She lovingly links her arm through his and walks him into the living room.

MAGGIE

You'll never guess who came crawling into town with his tail between his legs.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

IKE (VO)
Who?

ANGLE ON

Ike smiles evilly from his seat on the couch. His hair has been fixed.

IKE
(innocently)
Hello, Maggie. I came over to
apologize to your parents.
(looks to Walter)
When I'm wrong. I'm wrong. I
pushed a story. I made a mistake.

WALTER, Maggie's father, brings Ike a drink. He is a large man, some would call him jovial, but his smile has an edge of bitterness to it.

WALTER
In other words - he's only human.
And he brought a bottle of wine.

Walter indicates the bottle on the coffee table. Ike picks it up and waggles it, still smiling. The wolf is in the door and has made friends.

Maggie stares at them both. Bob smiles apologetically.

BOB
I came later.

Maggie gives him a look that says "You are not absolved." She smiles stiffly, looking back at Ike.

MAGGIE
So the forces of good and evil have
already met.

IKE
Walter's been showing me your
wedding albums.

WALTER
You mean, her not-wedding albums!

Walter sees the flash of hurt on Maggie's face. He gives her a hug.

WALTER
Aw, sweetheart, you know I'm
teasing.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

Maggie melts a little. Ike is enjoying this.

IKE
I especially liked the one on
horseback. Very elaborate.

WALTER
That's why there's an empty space
in the driveway instead of a power
boat.

The two men laugh, even Bob chuckles. Maggie breaks from her
dad.

IKE
Truth is truly stranger than
fiction.

Maggie rips the wine from Ike's hand.

MAGGIE
I'll take this into the kitchen.

She snaps a look to Bob, who stops smiling.

17 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUING

17

LILA is a pleasant woman - too pleasant. She hums as she sticks
little china placards (where you write in the type of cheese you
are serving) into the cheese - gouda, brie, and smoked cheddar.

Maggie comes in. She stifles her anger and walks over to her
mom.

LILA
Hi, dear.

MAGGIE
Hi.

Maggie leans against the counter and carefully watches her mom as
she lays out the crackers in neat rows.

LILA
Did you see your friend?

MAGGIE
Please mean Bob.

LILA
Sweetheart, he lost his job. Don't
you think you should feel a little
sorry for him?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MAGGIE

He lied about me. Us!

LILA

He explained all that. He's a satirist.

MAGGIE

So you think he's funny.

LILA

I have to admit most of his jokes go over my head, but Walter seems to enjoy him.

Maggie takes her mom by the shoulders and looks into her eyes, searching them for a spark that will take her side.

MAGGIE

He's down here to screw up my wedding. Can't you see that?

LILA

I hope you're not going to use this as an excuse to run from Bob. I really like Bob.

Maggie turns away in exasperation and dumps out the rest of the crackers onto the neat rows.

MAGGIE

You like everybody.

Maggie starts ripping out the little cheese signs. Now this alarms Lila.

LILA

How will we know what cheese is what?

MAGGIE

By the taste, Mom.

Maggie picks up the tray to take it into the living room.

Ike pops in and smiles to see the tray.

IKE

I was just coming to get that. We're getting hungry in there.

LILA

You're staying for dinner, aren't you?

CUT TO:

18 INT. LILA AND WALTER'S DINING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

It is mid-meal. Ike is being the perfect guest. Walter and Lila cater to him. Bob keeps an artfully neutral pose. And Maggie is carefully hiding her anger, hurt and betrayal.

LILA

You know, Walter and I were only blessed with one child, not for lack of trying.

MAGGIE

This is good, Mom, don't leave anything out.

Lila is encouraged.

LILA

So I've come to see it as a bonus, really, that we've been able to plan--

WALTER

(interrupting)
--and pay for--

LILA

--so many weddings.

MAGGIE

Not this one. This one's on me.

BOB

I wish you'd change your mind about that. I'd really like to invite the Chicago clan. I mean, it's going to be my only wedding.

WALTER

Maybe.

MAGGIE

(to Bob - ignoring
Walter)

It's going to be nice. I can charge the flowers and I've worked something out with the caterers--

WALTER

(rubbing his fingers -
cash)

They love her.

((to Maggie, sweetly)

Who can blame them?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Maggie is about to go on, but remembers their visitor. She glances at Ike and shuts up. He looks at her thoughtfully.

IKE

That seems sporting of you.

MAGGIE

Despite what you think, I don't do it on purpose. And I have no intention of doing it again.

BOB

Maggie is working with a therapist.

Ike looks at Maggie intently.

IKE

You are? Freudian, Jungian?

MAGGIE

It's behavior modification. I have a phobia. That's all. He's helping me walk down an aisle and stand there for ten minutes.

IKE

Oh. Does he feed you little fishes or lumps of sugar?

BOB

I have Maggie doing imaging exercises. I believe that between hypnosis and traditional therapy there's an area that can tap into the subconscious in a more conscious way.

Ike takes a new look at Bob.

IKE

Do you have any patients who aren't your fiancée?

MAGGIE

He went to Stanford.

BOB

(to Ike)

Yes I do.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2

18

IKE

There's a lot of unattractive
press, you know, about therapists
becoming involved with their
patients.

MAGGIE

There's a lot of unattractive
press, period.

She smiles at Ike sweetly.

BOB

That's a valid area to discuss.

MAGGIE

(interrupting)

Let me put your mind at ease. Bob
and I were hitting home runs well
before the shrinking began.

There's an awkward silence. Walter shoots a hostile look at Bob.
Maggie looks defiantly at Ike.

LILA

(brightly changing the
subject)

Mrs. Hippensteel used to be
agoraphobic. Now she can make it
out to her garage, thanks to Bob.

19 INT. CARPENTER FOYER - LATER

19

Ike is leaving with a covered plate.

IKE

Thanks for the cookies, Mrs.
Carpenter.

Maggie steps forward and ushers Ike out the door.

20 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUING

She follows him down the walk.

MAGGIE

Do you take real pride in duping a
simple friendly family?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

IKE

(ingenuously)

Maggie, I really like your family.
I genuinely enjoyed myself this evening.

MAGGIE

(studying him)

Let me guess. Your parents used
your head as an ashtray. Or no.
Your mother sent you to school for
the first five years dressed as a
girl.

IKE

No. Is that common around here?

MAGGIE

You weren't just born like this.
Nature doesn't make that many
mistakes.

Ike laughs.

IKE

You're scared, aren't you? You've
got a pretty good act going and
everyone here seems to buy it. I
mean, flag pins, Maggie? You're
a caricature!

Bob comes out.

IKE

(lowering his voice)

But you and I know the real you,
don't we?

MAGGIE

Stop whispering things at me! You
don't know the real me; there is no
real me --

Bob places a finger to her lips and "shhhs." She quiets and
glares at Ike.

BOB

You've both hurt each other. Now
I'm not going to patronize you and
tell you the form that hurt usually
takes--

(yes, he is)

Anger.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

BOB (cont'd)

(to Ike)
Excuse us.

Bob pulls Maggie over to the side of the house out of Ike's earshot.

ANGLE ON

Bob steps between Maggie and Ike to intercept their stare. He strokes her hair soothingly.

BOB

Don't lose your focus. Our wedding is in less than two weeks. You and I are what's important.

MAGGIE

You and I. Right.

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

BOB

Where are we?

MAGGIE

We're in our hotel room in Mexico. It's our honeymoon. I'm brushing my hair and I see the reflection of my ring in the mirror.

BOB

What am I doing?

MAGGIE

You're taking your contacts out.

BOB

(smiling)
Very good - nice detail.

She opens her eyes and looks back over to Ike.

MAGGIE'S POV

Ike smiles confidently, eating a cookie.

ANGLE ON

MAGGIE

(to Bob)
Kiss me.

ANGLE ON

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 3

20

Ike watches them with disgust as they steal a few kisses. They finally break and walk towards him hand in hand.

MAGGIE

(to Ike)

I've got a doctor's appointment later this week. I suppose I'll be seeing you there.

21 INT. IKE'S HOTEL ROOM - THAT NIGHT

21

It's actually more like a motel room. Ike is on the phone. He's pretty revved.

IKE

(into the phone)

Fisher, her-fiance is her therapist. The parents showed me the wedding albums!

22 INT. FISHER'S OFFICE

22

Fisher likes what he's hearing.

FISHER

(into the phone)

I'm excited.

23 INT. IKE'S ROOM

23

IKE

(into the phone)

I'll send you the notes. It'll be a good weekend read. Bye.

Ike hangs up happy.

24 INT. CONTINENTAL BAKERY - THE NEXT DAY

24

CLOSE ON

A four-inch plastic groom.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

No, he's no good. Too blond.

NEW ANGLE

Maggie is behind the counter with MRS. TROUT, the well-fed owner.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

A selection of grooms for her wedding cake are spread out on the counter near the wall.

All sizes and colors, some attached to brides, some solo, some in tuxes, some in dinner jackets.

Maggie puts the blond one in her discard pile.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THROUGH THE BAKERY WINDOW

Ike is walking past. His eyes light up when he sees Maggie and he enters.

He comes up behind her as she discards another groom.

MAGGIE

Too dark.

IKE

He's got Bob's eyes.

Maggie jumps at the sound of Ike's voice.

IKE

No. Bob's eyes are closer set.

She ignores him and continues the search.

MRS. TROUT

Are you that Mr. Graham fellow?

IKE

The one. And you are?

MRS. TROUT

Betty Trout.

Ike shakes her hand. He gives her a big smile. (Did we say this guy has a great smile?)

IKE

So Betty, are you going to be making the cake?

MRS. TROUT

I sure am.

IKE

Think it'll get eaten this time?

MRS. TROUT

Well, if doesn't, it freezes for a year.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

Ike and Mrs. Trout share a good laugh.

Mrs. Trout goes back to helping Maggie. It seems understood now that Ike will be watching.

IKE

(to Maggie)
You're fighting an urge to bite
their heads off, aren't you?

Mrs. Trout hands Maggie another groom from the pile.

MAGGIE

Too short.

Ike looks at the four inch figure and back at Maggie.

IKE

They're all too short.

Mrs. Trout waits for Maggie to explain, but Maggie is ignoring Ike. Mrs. Trout holds up a miniature bride.

MRS. TROUT

This is probably Maggie.

It's taller than the little groom. Ike takes it.

IKE

No, this is probably Maggie.

He makes like the figure kicks the little groom in the head and then runs wildly away, screaming.

Mrs. Trout just about busts a gut laughing.

Maggie takes the bride from Ike coldly and continues to match it up with other grooms.

MRS. TROUT

Looks like we're going to have good
weather for the luau.

MAGGIE

(all smiles and warmth
for Mrs. Trout)
I ordered Bob and me these Hawaiian
royalty costumes. I'm really
looking forward to it.

IKE

(cynical delight)
A pre-wedding luau?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 3

24

MAGGIE

Yes. Mrs. Trout is throwing it for us.

MRS. TROUT

Won't it be fun?

Maggie watches Ike critically, waiting for his reaction.

IKE

Fun?

(beat)

Fun isn't the word.

Mrs. Trout beams. Maggie understands his answer a little better.

MRS. TROUT

You're welcome to come if you're still in town.

MAGGIE

I'm sure he doesn't--

IKE

I'm sure I'd love to.

Maggie's face falls.

25 EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

25

CLOSE ON

The slow loopy pitch of a soft ball. A bat connects with a crack.

NEW ANGLE

A big wholesome man, CORY, runs for first base. He just beats out the throw. Happy, he turns to the stands and waves.

ANGLE ON

Maggie, Bob and Peggy cheer loudly. Peggy tries to whoop harder than Maggie, but that would be tough. Bob is enthusiastic but sedate.

From first base, Cory waves back to them.

The three sit back down and Maggie takes up with their conversation.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MAGGIE

He was talking to my mailman this morning. He must think I'm an idiot. He's not down here for personal satisfaction. He's writing another article.

PEGGY

Look! Cory's going for second!

ANGLE ON

Cory dives for second base and slides in for a steal.

The threesome jump up and cheer, Maggie, again, the most boisterous.

ANGLE ON

Ike walks next to the fence holding a beer and a hot dog. He watches Cory wave delightedly to the bleachers. Ike follows his sight line and the noise to see Maggie and her friends. He starts in their direction with a smile.

ANGLE ON

Maggie spots Ike as they sit back down. She nudges Peggy.

PEGGY

He must have spotted your car.

MAGGIE

He's like a dog chasing a meat wagon.

BOB

I'll tell him we're on to him.

MAGGIE

No, don't. There's no reason I can't have a little fun with this.

BOB

As long as you don't put too much energy into it.

MAGGIE

I promise I'll pace myself.

She waves for Ike to join them. As if he wasn't already.

MAGGIE

I'd have thought you'd be going through my trash.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

IKE

Is that where you stash the bodies?
Hi, Bob.

MAGGIE

You remember Peggy. She's married
to my first fiance.
(slaps her forehead)
Damn! I shouldn't have let that
slip. I'm going to have to get
smarter about this.

Ike notes the sarcasm and turns to Peggy with a charming smile.

IKE

Hello, Peggy. Your husband's seat?

He indicates the empty seat next to Peggy. Peggy flusters a
bit - he's pretty cute.

PEGGY

He's on second.

Ike sits down smoothly.

IKE

Who's on first?

MAGGIE

Nobody of interest. Come on, Bob.
Let's go get a beer and give him a
little room to maneuver.

Maggie gets up and pulls Bob with her. Peggy looks up at her,
confused by this bravado. Maggie pats her.

MAGGIE

Don't worry; he won't bite.

IKE

I can't guarantee that.

ANGLE ON

Peggy watches them go and then stares off to second base. Ike
stares off too. After a moment, he offers his beer.

IKE

Want to share?

Peggy glances at him and takes a small sip. She's not going to
give him an inch. Ike indicates for her to drink up.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 3

25

IKE
That was a nice move out there.

PEGGY
He made the allstars in high school.

IKE
That must have made you proud.

She hands back the beer. She stares back at the game.

PEGGY
He was going with Maggie back then.

IKE
Right. But you have him now.

PEGGY
Right.
(jumps up)
He's going for third!

Sure enough. Cory dives in for third and makes it.

The crowd goes wild. Peggy yells.

But Maggie's whoop sails out above it all.

ANGLE ON

Cory waves. But not at Peggy. He directs his delight at Maggie, who jumps up and down at the fence.

ANGLE ON

Ike looks between Cory, Maggie, and, finally, Peggy. Peggy jerks her waving hand back down to her side and sits down. Ike pretends not to have noticed.

IKE
Amazing.

PEGGY
Yeah.

The two watch as Maggie and Cory exchange a little salute - a leftover from high school days no doubt.

IKE
It's nice that they're still friends.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 4

25

PEGGY

Cory never could stay mad at
Maggie.

IKE

So it would seem.

Ike sits there and lets the silence do its work. Peggy holds
back hot tears and, finally, stands.

PEGGY

(angrily)
I'm not going to say anything more,
okay?

She pushes past him and runs down the steps, passing Maggie and
Bob.

Maggie looks between Ike and the retreating Peggy. She sidles up
to him.

MAGGIE

We were gone for three minutes.
What did you do to her?

IKE

You can turn that finger around.

Ike does the salute and an on the button version of Maggie's
whoop.

IKE

You like rubbing Peggy's nose into
the fact she's second best? Or is
it for Cory? Look what you lost.

MAGGIE

We've all been friends our whole
lives. But that's the type of
relationship you wouldn't
understand.

IKE

Obviously, I'm not the only one
that doesn't understand it. Maybe
you don't realize what you're
doing, but let me tell you, you
leave quite a wake.

Bob steps in.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 5

25

BOB

Anyone with a history of relationships leaves a wake, as you call it. That's not the key to Maggie's psyche.

IKE

What is the key, Bob? I'd be pretty interested in hearing it.

BOB

Why don't you come by my office in the morning; we can talk.

IKE

Professional to professional.

BOB

Yes.

MAGGIE

No.

BOB

(to Maggie)

A better understanding of phobias and their cures could redirect his thought process.

IKE

I feel sure it could.

Both men smile at Maggie.

MAGGIE

Just don't report back to me. I'm going to bed.

She walks off. Bob realizes he's been left. He trots after her.

INT. SCISSOR HAPPY BACK ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Maggie is doing the books at her table. She hears the noise of someone coming in and looks up expectantly.

MAGGIE'S POV

Peggy is showing up for work.

Maggie goes to her.

26 INT. SCISSOR HAPPY FRONT ROOM - CONTINUING

26

MAGGIE

Do you think I flirt with Cory?

PEGGY

Good morning to you too.

MAGGIE

Good morning. Do you think I flirt with Cory?

PEGGY

Yes.

Maggie looks miserable.

MAGGIE

I don't do it on purpose.

PEGGY

Well I know that. You're beautiful, friendly, and available. What are you supposed to do? Live in a box?

Maggie slumps into the barber chair and stares at herself in the mirror.

MAGGIE

Probably.

PEGGY

Stop it. Cory and I have three children and a mortgage. We've been staring at each other across the breakfast table for nine years. So he's carrying a sneaker for you. I've had a crush on Glenn Embrey since I was ten. So what? I'm not going anywhere.

MAGGIE

(slowly)

Staring across the breakfast table. That's what it's all about.

It's an image that clearly haunts her.

PEGGY

Hey, don't let me give you cold feet. I'd be in big trouble with the other wives.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MAGGIE

I don't flirt with everybody's
husband, do I?

PEGGY

You're always talking with the men.

MAGGIE

But all the women talk about is
their kids! I'd love to be part of
that, but I don't have anything to
say when you're all comparing
humidifiers. What do I know about
humidifiers? I just breathe the
air.

Peggy lays a calming hand on Maggie's arm.

PEGGY

Don't worry about it, okay? Just
marry Bob.

(beat)

And at the next barbecue, wear
those bermudas with the horizontal
stripes. They look awful on you.

Maggie smiles at her friend.

MAGGIE

Done.

27 INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

27

Ike walks down the hall, checking the nameplates on the office
doors.

ANGLE ON

"ROBERT KELLY, PhD."

Ike enters.

28 INT. WAITING ROOM AREA - CONTINUING

28

Nondescript is the word. The last thing Bob evidently wants is
for his patients to be offended by his decor. However, he
clearly is doing all right for himself.

Bob opens the door from the inner office and silently beckons Ike
to enter.

29 INT. BOB'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

29

The shades are drawn and it's quite dark. MRS. KAYE, a middle-aged woman, is lying on a brown leather sofa. She is eerily illuminated by a single dim lamp. Mrs. Kaye is "imaging."

Bob sits back down behind his desk.

MRS. KAYE

I see the scarf. It's pretty.

Ike watches in fascination. Bob gestures for him to sit down.

BOB

(to Mrs. Kaye)

Do you want it?

MRS. KAYE

(childlike)

Yes.

BOB

What do you do now?

MRS. KAYE

I pick it up. I...I...

BOB

Go on.

MRS. KAYE

(triumphantly)

I give it to the salesgirl and I say, "WRAP IT UP. I'M BUYING IT!"

BOB

Very good! Excellent! "Wrap it up. I'm buying it." Excellent! We'll start there next week.

Bob turns on the overhead light. He smiles at Ike as if to say, "Pretty impressive, eh?"

The lady stands up, squinting, pleased with herself. She sees Ike and smiles proudly.

IKE

Terrific. "Wrap it up. I'm buying it."

Mrs. Kaye nods happily. She removes a home-wrapped gift from her purse and hands it to Bob.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MRS. KAYE

For you and Maggie. It's a door-knocker.

(to Ike)

Bye.

She exits.

BOB

Mrs. Kaye is a kleptomaniac.

(more to himself)

I better check with the hardware store later.

(to Ike)

Sometimes we have a slight setback.

Ike looks properly impressed and uses it to slide into Bob's confidence.

IKE

You're a smart guy. Why do you think that this time is going to be any different?

BOB

The difference between the other men and me is that I'm able to ground Maggie.

IKE

You don't let her drive the car if she cuts school?

BOB

I just rein her in a little.

IKE

What does she do when you disappoint her? Like when you show up late or forget to call?

BOB

I don't do those things.

IKE

(friendly)

You neglected to mention that the difference between you and the other men is that you're not human.

Bob chuckles but strikes his best lecturing pose.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I know what you're getting at. You're still harboring ideas that Maggie would slash your tires if you didn't compliment her new dress. But you couldn't be more wrong. The person she's toughest on is herself.

IKE

I'd have to disagree with you.

BOB

She's made some rash and inappropriate choices. She's not proud of that. But that's behind her. Now the only thing left is to cure the symptom.

IKE

Running like hell when she sees a guy in a tux.

BOB

Exactly.

Ike assesses Bob and decides he's an easy mark.

IKE

You seem pretty confident in your methods.

BOB

I have an impressive success rate.

IKE

You wouldn't be able to document that, would you?

Bob proudly starts opening file drawers and pulling out reams of files.

BOB

Jan Bernstein, claustrophobic.
Penny Little, fear of heights.
John Bruno, couldn't say words with "l" in them.

IKE

And now?

BOB

(proudly)
John named his first daughter Lily.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 3

29

Ike nods his head seriously.

IKE

You know Bob, this is incredibly impressive. I know a lot of psychotherapists in New York and they can't begin to claim these kinds of results. I mean this is quite extraordinary.

A new idea seems to strike Ike.

IKE

You know, the health editor at Esquire is a friend of mine and he'd be fascinated by this. Have you ever thought of publishing?

BOB

Not in a mainstream magazine.

IKE

Why not? This stuff is fascinating to the lay person. You've even got a great angle - a young doctor who uses his own innovative techniques to cure his fiancée. I can't help but think it would be an important move for you.

BOB

But I don't write articles like that. The papers I write are pretty dry.

IKE

I could take a shot at it, if you'd let me.

BOB

Sorry. I hardly think this is the stuff of satire.

IKE

That's okay; I lost that gig, remember?

(all buddy-buddy)

I do any good story. I see it; I write it. It won't go to print until you approve every word.

Bob's just about won over.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 4

29

IKE
I'd be happy to put that in
writing.

BOB
I'd be a fool to say no.

They shake hands.

BOB
(thoughtfully)
You're going to need to come to the
wedding, aren't you? I mean, if
that's our angle, you're going to
have to see the results.

IKE
Makes sense.
(frowns)
I don't think Maggie will go for
this.

Bob waves Ike's objections away.

BOB
You don't know Maggie.

30 INT. MILLER'S COFFEE SHOP - THE NEXT MORNING

30

CLOSE UP ON MAGGIE'S FACE

MAGGIE
(hissing)
How shall I put this, Bob? He
doesn't wish us well. He's not
doing an article about you. He's
doing an article about me.

NEW ANGLE

Maggie and Bob are sitting in a booth having lunch.

This is a great old place - a major hub of social life in Findlay. The food is greasy and good, the waitresses an institution, and the crowd the essence of what is wonderful about a small town: friends from babies through high school, farmers sit with business men, the filling station attendant sits with the golf pro, the house painter with the banker.

BOB
Do you think you're the only one
journalists could be interested in?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BOB (cont'd)

Okay, maybe he came out here just to get you back. Maybe you're even right that he was planning on writing another article about you.

MAGGIE

Maybe?

BOB

But I say it doesn't matter. Embrace the enemy. Treat him like a friend and he'll be a lot less likely to stab you in the back. Let him come to the wedding. You're not running.
(waits for response)
Say it: "I'm not--"

MAGGIE

(irritably)
I'm not running.

BOB

Good. So if you're not running and Ike Graham is there to see it, then whichever article he's writing is going to have a happy ending, isn't it? All we're doing is turning lemons into lemonade.

MAGGIE

I've got news for you. No amount of sugar and water is going to turn Ike Graham into something you want to take on a picnic.

ANGLE ON

Ike enters with a paper folded under his arm. He spots Maggie and Bob and gives a friendly wave.

MAGGIE

(muttering)
I don't want him sitting with us.

Apparently he has no such intention. He finds himself a seat at another table.

Maggie looks surprised. Bob gives her a look of "see what a worrier you are?"

ANGLE ON

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 2

30

A WAITRESS is on the spot, pouring Ike a cup of coffee. It surprises and pleases Ike. He smiles up at her.

IKE
Just a bagel and lox. Do you have
capers?

The waitress gives him a look and yells out to the SHORT ORDER
COOK.

WAITRESS
How are we doing on capers?

The cook looks over to the waitress and Ike and laughs, deeply
amused.

WAITRESS
(dryly to Ike)
Guess again.

IKE
Tuna melt on white?

She winks sagely and walks off.

Ike snaps open his paper and begins to peruse the headlines of
the Findlay Courier.

Walter Carpenter, unnoticed before, turns in his seat at the next
table. He is wearing a jacket and tie and is sitting with a
contemporary, TIM BROWN, who wears bermuda shorts and a t-shirt.

WALTER
Thought that was you.

IKE
Thanks for the other night. I
enjoyed it.

WALTER
(surprised)
Really? You got blinders on your
taste buds?

Ike laughs and slides his chair over to join them.

ANGLE ON

Maggie, hearing the laughter, looks over to see Ike pulling his
chair up to her father's table.

ANGLE ON

Ike is shaking Tim's hand.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 3

30

TIM

Tim Brown. A pleasure to meet you.

ANGLE ON

Maggie is watching Ike.

MAGGIE

Bob, did I ever tell you about my tenth grade English class? Had a test once on British poets, you know, the usual, fill in the blank, multiple choice, who wrote this, who wrote that. Only test I ever cheated on. Got caught too. Remember who my teacher was?

BOB

Mr. Brown.

MAGGIE

(nodding towards Ike)
What has he got, radar?

ANGLE ON

TIM

(quoting something)
"I learned to read at my mother's knee but remarkably I have no memory of her face."

Ike's jaw drops.

WALTER

What are you talking about? Your mother lives on Franklin!

IKE

It's the first line of my only novel.

WALTER

(to Tim)
You memorized it?

TIM

Not all of it.

IKE

I'm very flattered.

TIM

I didn't say I liked it.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 4

30

Ike laughs, embarrassed.

TIM

I'm kidding. It was good. I've been waiting ten years to read your next one.

IKE

Some people only have one in them.

TIM

I don't believe that. You just don't have a lot of patience. If it doesn't come fast, it doesn't come. That's how you do your column, isn't it? Pull an all-nighter? Turn it in at the last minute?

Tim has a genuine air of wisdom and warm humor - you want to crawl right up into his lap and listen to him.

Ike nods, smiling.

TIM

It reads that way. Let me ask you something. Did you pound out your novel like that?

IKE

No. It was a bitch.

But Ike smiles at the memory - it is the first real smile of pleasure that we've seen.

TIM

Why exactly? That stuff interests me.

Ike leans forward with - what's that? - excitement.

IKE

Though it had a narrative line, all the movement depended on the writing itself. It was a matter of the sound of the sentence. The balance.

TIM

Not a bad thing to apply to reportage.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 5

30

IKE
I guarantee it would be a waste of
time.

TIM
I'll tell you what I tell my kids.
If it came easily, it's not your
best work.

WALTER
And let me tell you what I tell my
kid - Don't throw with your wrist;
throw with your whole arm.

He chuckles, amused by himself.

TIM
(continuing with Ike)
Don't you think you should always
approach writing as a challenge?

IKE
I've been at it too long.

TIM
Come on, you're better than that.

IKE
(wryly)
I am?

Walter rises.

WALTER
I guess I know where I stand. He's
never said that to me. I'll leave
you two intellectuals now. I'm
going to go finish an honest day's
work.

The men say their goodbyes and Walter exits.

ANGLE ON

Maggie hasn't taken her eyes off of the men.

MAGGIE
What are they talking about? I
mean it's a little late to expel
me.

NEW ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 6

30

IKE

(re Walter)
Maggie's cost that poor guy a
bundle.

TIM

He's cost her more.

Ike looks questioningly at Tim. Tim stares back. He's not saying any more.

TIM

You need a change. Maybe you
should teach.

IKE

I don't think I'm cut out for that.

TIM

Why not? I'll tell you what. I'm
teaching summer session. Drop by
and tell us about writing in the
real world.

Ike shrugs. He's sort of flattered.

CLOSE ON

Maggie stands above them.

MAGGIE

All right. I'm a liar and a cheat.
I'm sorry, I'll never remember who
wrote "Do Not Go Gentle Into That
Good Night."

IKE

Dylan Thomas.
(to Tim)
You were Maggie's teacher?

Maggie realizes her mistake. She groans.

IKE

I love small towns.

31 INT. FINDLAY HOTEL - THAT AFTERNOON

31

Hotel is probably too grand a word. It's a small place - a
little more than a motel.

Maggie drops a bag of chips into the lap of the clerk, LEE, a
teenager with a cushy after school job.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MAGGIE

Give me the key to the reporter's room. I want to snoop around.

LEE

Sure.

He lowers his "Motor Trend Magazine" and reaches back to retrieve the key. He tosses it to her.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

LEE

Don't take anything big.

32 INT. IKE'S ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

32

Maggie lets herself into the modest room.

MAGGIE'S POV

If Ike has never bothered with his facts before, he is bothering now. The room is filled with evidence of a work in progress.

He's taken down a picture, leaving an entire wall for a bulletin board. Post-it notes lay out the information he has gathered under headings and subheadings. "PARENTS" is sub-headed by "LILA" and "WALTER" and under these are quotes. There is one for "BOB". One heading, "REJECTS," has notes for "CORY AND PENNY" but the other two, "BRIAN" and "HANK," are still empty.

ANGLE ON

Maggie smiles and shakes her head.

MAGGIE

My, my. You've been busy.

She takes a note pad off of the nightstand, peruses it, and picks up the metal trash can. She tosses the pad in with a smile.

Maggie gleefully begins to dispose of his bulletin board. The many, many quotes under WALTER are ripped off with particular vehemence.

She starts to rip down the BOB notes and stops.

One note makes a direct hit.

CLOSE ON

The note reads "Doesn't love him."

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Maggie crumples it - more information than she really wanted. She jams the note into the trash and tries not to read any others as she disposes of them.

Maggie finishes quickly, trying hard to put the joy back into this job.

She searches the desk drawers and finds a BOOK OF MATCHES sitting next to a LAPTOP COMPUTER. The joy is back.

She takes them both out.

She puts the computer on the desk. She lights a match and drops it in the trash basket.

She brings over the motel ice bucket filled with last night's melted ice.

She flips on the computer as Ike's research burns merrily in the can. By the flicker of the fire, Maggie adroitly taps out the needed information to bring up Ike's article in progress.

CLOSE ON

The computer screen reads "Untitled Runaway Bride Piece." An organizational outline follows.

ANGLE ON

MAGGIE

Whee.

She glances at the fire that burns a little too heartily and casually dumps the bucket of water into it. She turns back to the computer.

She taps her finger again and again on the keyboard - the erase command.

MAGGIE

Bye. Bye.

She begins to type rapidly.

THE SOUND OF A KEY IN THE DOOR sends Maggie fleeing to the bathroom.

She shuts and locks the door.

Just as Ike enters. Ike sniffs and looks around the room.

IKE'S POV

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 2 32

The bare wall, the empty nightstand, the smoldering trash, and the computer on his desk.

IKE
Son of a bitch!

33 INT. BATHROOM - AT THE SAME TIME 33

Maggie is quietly opening the window. She stands on the toilet and starts to climb out feet first.

34 INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME 34

CLOSE ON

The computer screen reads "Blah blahblah blah blahblah blah blah blahblah. Blah blah blah."

ANGLE ON

Ike is steaming. A BUMP sounds from the bathroom.

Ike tries the door knob. It's locked.

35 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUING 35

Maggie hangs half in and half out, looking down at the top of the toilet, as Ike batters the door. Something has caught her eye.

CLOSE ON

Ike's bathroom reading - a "New Woman" magazine with a handwritten note. The note reads "My article on page 57. xxx Dina."

NEW ANGLE

Maggie reads this coolly. The door bangs and almost gives as Ike's body heaves against it.

She snatches up the magazine and disappears out the window just as Ike bursts through.

He flies to the window and looks out.

IKE'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

Maggie agilely regains her balance and laughs in his face.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

IKE
That's breaking and entering. I'll
call the sheriff.

MAGGIE
You do that. And tell him he's
bringing the wine Thursday.
(laughs again)
I love small towns.

She runs off lightly.

36 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUING

36

Ike pulls his head back in. He's smiling.

37 INT. SCISSOR HAPPY - LATE AFTERNOON

37

Maggie's working on the last CUSTOMER of the day as Peggy sweeps
up. Maggie sings along with the radio.

The phone rings. Peggy answers it.

PEGGY
For you, Maggie. Dina Something
from New York.

Maggie waves Peggy over and hands her the blow dryer.

MAGGIE
(to her customer)
I'm going to let Peggy finish you
up here.

Maggie goes to her back office.

38 INT. BACK OFFICE - CONTINUING

38

Maggie picks up the phone.

MAGGIE
Hello?

39 INT. DINA'S "NEW WOMAN" OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

39

Dina's at her desk on the phone. She looks concerned.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

DINA
Hi, Ms. Carpenter? This is Dina Sprints from New Woman. I just got out of a meeting with my editor and I understand you want me to come out and do your story. How did you get my name?

40 INT. MAGGIE'S BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME

40

MAGGIE
I read your "Harassment in the Courtroom" and I was just blown away. I had no idea even the bailiffs were involved! Anyway, it hit me you and your magazine were the right choice for my story.

41 INT. DINA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

41

DINA
That's very flattering. There's just something I don't think you're aware of...

42 INT. MAGGIE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

42

MAGGIE
(innocently)
Which is?

DINA (V.O.)
I'm sort of involved with Ike Graham.

MAGGIE
(feigned surprise)
Really?

43 INT. DINA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

43

DINA
I know. It's a weird coincidence. So I'll understand if you want someone else. In fact I'd be happy to recommend--

44 INT. MAGGIE'S BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME 44

MAGGIE
I didn't know he was involved. You
wouldn't know it from watching him,
but that's not really a problem for
me if it isn't for you.

45 INT. DINA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 45

Maggie's hit her mark. Dina looks alarmed.

DINA
I don't want you to think there
would be some sort of conflict...

MAGGIE (V.O.)
No, it's really okay with me. I
assume you don't share all of his
opinions.

DINA
(rubbing her head)
No... no we don't.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Okay then. Looking forward to
meeting you.

DINA
Me too.

She hangs up. "Troubled" is her middle name.

46 INT. MAGGIE'S BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME 46

Maggie grins, very pleased with herself.

47 INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - THE NEXT MORNING 47

CLOSE ON

Maggie has her head resting on the booth's grate. She's mid-
confession.

MAGGIE
I didn't break in, but I entered.
I stole, I set fire to his things
and worst of all...I liked it. May
I ask you a philosophical question?
If you have murder in your heart
but don't act on it, is it a sin?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Or do you get like extra credit for
not acting on it?

The FATHER is a shadow behind the grate. His voice is gentle and wise.

FATHER
These are very strong feelings.
Petition the Father that He might
help you transfer this energy to
your fiance instead.

MAGGIE
Why would I want to kill Bob?

FATHER
Child, some things are diffi--

MAGGIE
(impatient)
The name's Maggie. It wasn't five
years ago you had your tongue down
my throat. So don't call me
"child", Brian.

FATHER/BRIAN
Now don't get upset.

Maggie sighs and collects herself.

MAGGIE
I can't help it. He's going to
come see you.

BRIAN
(quoting)
"Do not be anxious about anything,
but in everything, by prayer and
petition, with thanksgiving,
present your requests to God."

MAGGIE
God, please kill him. Thank you.

Brian laughs and slides down the partition - confession over.

48 INT. CHURCH - CONTINUING

48

Maggie and Father Brian exit the booth. He's a nice-looking and
terribly gentle man. Maggie and he seem very fond of each other.

He walks her towards the front door.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BRIAN

You're not Catholic; you really shouldn't come to confession.

MAGGIE

It's like balancing my checkbook - it just makes me feel set for a while. Brian, don't talk to him.

BRIAN

I didn't.

MAGGIE

When?

BRIAN

This morning.

MAGGIE

What did you say?

BRIAN

I didn't talk about you. I told him to look to himself. I told him he shouldn't be looking for dirt, he should be looking for spiritual guidance.

Maggie laughs in delight.

MAGGIE

I bet he hated that!

BRIAN

That wasn't the idea.

MAGGIE

I know, I'm sorry. It's just nice to find someone with a little loyalty. I had this vision of you telling him how much I hurt you.

They stop at the door. Maggie looks at him seriously.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry I hurt you, Brian.

BRIAN

I know. I'm happier in the church. I'm where I'm supposed to be. But may I ask you a favor, Maggie?

MAGGIE

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 2

48

BRIAN
 Could you confess to Father Patrick
 from now on?
 (lightly)
 I hate to hear what I'm missing.

MAGGIE
 Done.

49 EXT. CORRAL - LATE AFTERNOON

49

CLOSE ON

A fabulous set of biceps drop a bale of hay.

NEW ANGLE

HANK, was Maggie's third, and it's easy to see the attraction - a big, gorgeous bad boy. His shirt is off and when he bends to clip the baling wire it's a nice sight.

Maggie hangs on the rail outside the corral. He smiles at her.

HANK
 Don't worry, hon. I won't tell him
 a thing. I'll send him packing.

Hank walks to the fence and vaults over to Maggie's side. He's one beautiful self-assured son of a bitch.

MAGGIE
 You don't come into town much. I
 haven't seen you around.

HANK
 I've been showing out of state a
 lot.
 (beat)
 How's Bob been treating you?

MAGGIE
 Pretty good.

HANK
 Must be a nice change.

Maggie gives him a nice smile.

MAGGIE
 You weren't so bad.

HANK
 I wasn't, was I?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

His smile says he might be talking about something else.

HANK

How's it with Bob? As good? You ever miss me like that?

MAGGIE

That was a long time ago.

HANK

That's true.

(beat)

So where's my invitation? Lost in the mail?

MAGGIE

(shaking her head)

It's going to be pretty small.

HANK

(charmingly)

So can I kiss the bride? I never did get to.

Maggie laughs a little and nods. She gives him a peck on his lips, but he tries to kiss her longer.

She tries to move away.

MAGGIE

Let go, Hank.

HANK

For old times' sake.

MAGGIE

Stop.

Hank pulls her closer to him.

HANK

Why? You going to tell me your little doctor puts out all that fire?

MAGGIE

Yeah, I am. Now let go.

She tries to wrench away but his other hand goes up to stop her. He kisses her more forcefully.

She shoves him away. And he is about to go in for another when--

CLOSE ON

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 2

49

A hand slaps down on Hank's shoulder.

NEW ANGLE

Ike smiles at Hank in a friendly way.

IKE

Ike Graham. Maybe I should have called first.

Hank turns towards Ike, keeping one hand on Maggie. He pulls his body up to its impressive height - a threat.

HANK

Maybe you should have gotten bigger first.

He doesn't expect a challenge. Wrong.

Ike coldcocks him in one blow! Surprising them both.

Hank crumples to the ground. Maggie and Ike follow his progress. After a moment of stunned silence--

MAGGIE

I may be wrong, but I don't believe he'll agree to an interview when he wakes up.

IKE

No. And I don't think I could do that again.

MAGGIE

Let's get out of here.

They trot away quickly - both smiling as their speed picks up.

They tag up to her car with a laugh of relief.

MAGGIE

(still laughing)
Don't ask me why I chose him.

IKE

So you wouldn't feel so bad when you ran?

They both laugh again - they're a little giddy.

IKE

Can I buy you a beer? I always have a powerful thirst after a brawl.

50 INT. BAR - A LITTLE LATER

50

Maggie and Ike are having a beer. They're the only patrons there. The BARTENDER reads behind the bar.

Maggie and Ike are laughing at something on TV.

MAGGIE

I can't stand it!

IKE

You'd think one of her friends would call.

ANGLE ON TV

Two women, HOSTESS and GUEST, sit on either side of a silent phone on a table, looking awkwardly at the phone, each other, and the camera.

The GUEST holds a variety of sock dolls in her lap - one's a princess, one's an old man, one's a pig. A local phone number is written across the bottom of the screen.

HOSTESS

As I said, Carolyn Reese's work will be available and on sale at next weekend's outdoor art fair in Tiffen.

(beat)

Come on callers, this is your chance to talk to a fine local artisan.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Maggie grabs the phone from behind the bar and starts dialing.

IKE

You're not.

MAGGIE

I've always wanted to talk to a fine local artisan.

The phone on the TV rings. Both women are incredibly relieved.

Ike's getting a big kick out of this.

Hostess punches a button.

HOSTESS

Hello, you're on the air.

There's no delay in this production. As Maggie talks it can be heard simultaneously on the TV.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

MAGGIE

Mine is a three part question.

(the women beam)

Do you buy new socks for the dolls?

And if so, what are the best kind?

And can you recommend a good sock store in the Findlay area?

Guest takes a deep breath.

GUEST

Of course I buy new socks. I don't want anyone to think that these sock dolls have ever been in any way, shape or form worn on a human foot.

IKE

Why do you suppose she said "human?"

MAGGIE

(into the phone)

But are they brand new? Do socks have much of a shelf life?

IKE

Sounds like a fourth question.

GUEST

As long as you store your socks in a clean and dry place and away from moths, they should last indefinitely. Now for the best socks, I find fifty percent cotton to be an excellent medium.

We can all see that Guest is on a roll. Satisfied, Maggie puts the receiver down and turns down the volume of the TV.

IKE

That was a nice thing you did.

MAGGIE

It's called compassion. That's your new word for today. Tomorrow we'll talk about mercy.

They both take sips of their beers.

IKE

So Maggie, how do you pick these guys?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 2

50

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

IKE

A priest? A rapist? Bob?

MAGGIE

Bob is a wonderful man. He's considerate, industrious. He's solid.

IKE

Right. The man has no spark. He has the personality of lead.

MAGGIE

That's not true.

IKE

If his spirit were a bird it would drop like a stone.

MAGGIE

It would soar!

IKE

Drop.

MAGGIE

Soar!

IKE

Thud.

Maggie gives him a long stare that has a knowing gleam.

MAGGIE

I'd love to meet your girlfriend.

IKE

Well, there's not much chance of that.

51 INT. IKE'S HOTEL ROOM - THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

51

Ike is sleeping soundly when his door opens slowly. The figure bumps into something.

Ike sits up.

IKE

Maggie?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

The light snaps on.

Dina gives him a questioning look.

DINA
Dina.

IKE
(flustered)
She broke in once already--what are
you doing here?

Dina drops her bag and sits on the bed.

DINA
(uncomfortably)
A story.

IKE
What story? Findlay doesn't have
two stories.
(it hits him)
How did she get your name?

DINA
She called Christy up and requested
me. Wild, isn't it?

IKE
There's nothing wild about it.

DINA
Are you upset?

IKE
About what?

DINA
I mean, I tried to get out of it,
but I could try harder if you want.

IKE
Do whatever's right for you.

DINA
But if you think it will be a
strain to be on opposite sides of
an issue just, uh...

She fades away. Ike gives her that look.

IKE
Strain on what?

DINA
Nothing.

52 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

52

Ike steps from the blasting shower, quickly dries off, shuts off the water, and drops the towel on the floor.

Naked, he yanks open the bathroom door.

SHOT FROM BEHIND IKE

Maggie and Dina, on the bed uncovering two cups of take-out coffee, look towards Ike. Ike shuts the door again.

Ike yanks a clean towel from the rack and wraps it around his waist, before exiting again.

53 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUING

53

Life goes on as if nothing happened.

IKE

Good morning.

He strides over to the closet and pulls out some clothes.

MAGGIE

(cheerily)

Good morning.

Dina is trying to figure out if Ike's upset.

DINA

I'm sorry. I should have warned you. She brought us coffee.

Maggie proffers a styrofoam cup.

Ike holding his clothes and holding up the towel, nods towards the night stand. Maggie sets the coffee there.

IKE

Thank you.

MAGGIE

(breaking)

No. Thank you.

She chokes back a snicker. Ike slams into the bathroom.

NEW ANGLE

Maggie turns back to Dina, ready to get the good laugh, but Dina looks worried.

MAGGIE

So you got an angle on this thing?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Dina pulls herself back to business.

DINA

As I see it, the issue is about a woman's right to choose pitted against a white male Euro-centric society.

MAGGIE

Yeah.

DINA

Men miss the point. It's never been whether you run or not, it's that you've exercised your option to choose. That is what's making them so mad.

MAGGIE

That--

(glancing at the door)

And not having a bride on their honeymoon.

Ike exits, dressed and combed. He goes to the dresser and scrounges through for something with his back to them. Artful ignoring.

Dina takes an envelope from her purse and hands it to Maggie.

DINA

I'm sorry it's only two thousand, but since Playboy is already involved, the rights are nonexclusive.

MAGGIE

Playboy?

Dina looks at Ike again, almost fearfully.

DINA

Sorry. I thought she knew.

MAGGIE

(derisively)

You're with "Playboy" now?

IKE

Yes, the white male Euro-centric bible.

He turns around. Dina flushes.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 2

53

MAGGIE

How come she's paying me and you're not?

IKE

Because I'm doing a story on the lives you've ravaged, not your life.

Maggie looks at the envelope and makes a decision.

MAGGIE

For two thousand bucks you can have both. I want a big wedding and a killer dress for two thousand bucks I'll answer any question you want. I don't care what you write.

IKE

I don't think you'd like it. I have a way of twisting people's words and taking them out of context.

MAGGIE

And I have way of throwing people out of weddings so that their arms break.

IKE

Lest you forget; I'm invited.

MAGGIE

I'm pretty sure I can convince Bob it's you or me. You want to come to the wedding? Pay me.

Ike sighs. Dina shrugs apologetically. Maggie stands up.

MAGGIE

Look, Dina is having dinner with Bob and me. If it's a deal, show up with a check.

She pulls Dina up and leads her chummily to the door.

MAGGIE

(to Dina but throwing a glance to Ike)
You want to see my love letters?

Maggie pulls the door shut behind them.

Ike wanders around the room. Finally, he lights in front of his computer. He sits for a moment, but then cans it. He gets up and leaves.

54 INT. CLASSROOM - LATER THAT DAY

54

ANGLE ON

A sea of apathetic high school faces - kids who are daydreaming of missed summer fun.

NEW ANGLE

Tim, off to one side, smiles at Ike, who stands before the class. He, too, is surprised to find himself there.

Ike smiles a little to himself before proceeding.

IKE

How many of you want to be here?

One hand goes up. The GIRL smiles shyly at Ike and shrugs to the kids around her.

IKE

Good. Then I'll direct my discussion to you. The rest of you can go back to sleep.

The class rustles with surprise and protest. He's got their attention.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

55

The class is laughing. Ike is enjoying himself.

IKE

I'm a satirist.
 (mocking himself)
 We're trained to plow callously into other people's lives. We've got to be willing to say and do things that would shame a normal person. And I'm like one of the best. Which makes me, I'd say, almost artfully insensitive.

Ike laughs along with the class.

A KID raises his hand. Ike points to him.

KID

I tried writing something for Spy Magazine once but they sent it back. Would you look at it?

56 INT. MELVILLE'S - EVENING

56

This is the Findlay equivalent of the big night out. It's a steak joint with leatherette banquettes, mood lighting (but not so dark that you couldn't take out a splinter) and plenty of vinyl booster seats and high chairs for Findlay's younger gourmands.

Maggie, Bob, and Dina are seated, drinking wine and chatting. Dina has a microphone from a little tape recorder aimed at Bob.

BOB

We'll have the rehearsal on Saturday. You'll definitely want to come to that. It's more of a therapeutic run-through. The culmination of the treatment.

DINA

God, imagine therapy having an end to it.

BOB

(warming to her)
I don't think it's successful if it doesn't. I want to say goodbye to my patients.

MAGGIE

I beg your pardon.

He covers Maggie's hand and laughs.

BOB

Except for this one, of course.

Ike enters the restaurant and is directed to their booth. He slides in next to Dina.

IKE

This is cosy.

MAGGIE

Not if you don't have the price of admission.

Ike snaps a check out of his jacket pocket and hands it to her. Maggie looks it over with scrutiny.

MAGGIE

This is a personal check.

IKE

I couldn't get the funds from the magazine that quickly. Don't worry. It's good.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MAGGIE
 Could I see two forms of
 identification?

Ike ignores her and gestures to the WAITRESS (JENNY) for another wine glass.

MAGGIE
 (calling to the waitress)
 Jenny, not yet; we're not sure he's
 staying.

Maggie puts out her hand to Ike waiting.

DINA
 Maggie, you know who he is.

Ike pulls out his wallet and tosses it to Maggie. She opens it and giggles. She shows the license picture to Bob. He laughs. She studies it another moment.

MAGGIE
 Getting old, Ike.

She hands the wallet back to him and waves an okay to the waitress to bring him his wine glass.

IKE
 (pulling out a note pad)
 Well Miss Carpenter, it's a
 pleasure finally to interview you.

MAGGIE
 How come you didn't kiss Dina when
 you sat down?

DINA
 Ike's not big on public affection.

Ike shoots her a look of annoyance.

DINA
 (defensively)
 There's nothing wrong with that.

BOB
 Very normal.

The Waitress arrives with the wine glass for Ike and pours him some wine from the carafe on the table.

WAITRESS
 You folks ready?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 2

56

BOB

We'll have the usual.

IKE

Sounds fine. Blood rare, whatever it is.

MAGGIE

We could just throw it in your cave.

DINA

Could I just have a large green salad, oil and vinegar on the side?

The Waitress nods and leaves.

MAGGIE

Ike, you haven't been telling this girl she has to lose weight, have you? She's been eating like a bird all day.

IKE

Call me crazy, but I believe that check entitles me to ask the questions for a while.

MAGGIE

You don't even have to. I'm five foot ten, I wear a 34D bra, that should please your readers, and my pet peeve is men who are afraid of showing affection in public. Oh yes, my favorite place to make love is in the kitchen.

BOB

Maggie!

MAGGIE

My kitchen, not just any kitchen.

IKE

Thanks, but I don't think that's going to help sell this story.

MAGGIE

Sell the story? You haven't sold the story yet?

Ike looks decidedly uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 3

56

IKE

It's more complicated than that.
You wouldn't understand.

MAGGIE

(to Dina)

Does he often patronize you instead
of answering a perfectly reasonable
question?

DINA

(eyes down)

No.

IKE

All right, if you want to know, the
next issue is already over budget
so though it's just a formality,
the article won't be officially
sold until they see it.

MAGGIE

What was complicated about that?

Ike takes a breath, trying to collect himself. Maggie refills
Dina's wine glass.

IKE

How long into the relationship with
Bob did you start thinking about
marriage?

MAGGIE

Bob brought it up on our first
date.

DINA

(wistfully)

He did?

MAGGIE

(to Dina)

Come on, I've bet you've been
proposed to a time or two.

Dina shakes her head.

BOB

An attractive woman like you?

MAGGIE

But you guys have at least
discussed it, right?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 4

56

IKE
It's hardly the point--

MAGGIE
(tsking)
A four year relationship and no
one's even mentioned it?

IKE
It hasn't been four years.

MAGGIE
Well it'll be four this Labor Day,
Ike; I think you're kind of
splitting hairs.

Ike looks at Dina, betrayed.

MAGGIE
Girls get together, they talk. So
what are your intentions, Ike?

Maggie, Bob, and Dina regard him with interest. Dina's is avid.

IKE
(picking his words
carefully)
I've been straight with Dina.
She's a terrific person. I like to
be with her ... but not all the
time. I don't want to see anyone
else but the idea of moving in
together feels far off.

MAGGIE
That passes for being straight in
New York?

57 EXT. MELVILLE'S - NIGHT

57

The foursome have exited the restaurant. The town looks closed
for the night. Ike looks like he's been put through the ringer.

DINA
I don't suppose there's a place to
get a cappucino around here.

Maggie smiles.

58 INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN

58

On the counter is every kind of coffee maker, still in their boxes. Dina is admiring them all.

MAGGIE

No one's ever taken their gift back.

She opens the kitchen cupboard to reveal shelves full of cheese boards, fondue sets, and ice buckets.

Ike looks around the crowded kitchen.

IKE

Where do you have sex?

DISSOLVE TO:

59 INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

59

The foursome is sitting around, drinking cappuccinos.

BOB

First I had him read "Charlotte's Web" because that humanizes spiders better than I ever could.

Dina is interested. Maggie's trying to look interested. Ike's not trying.

BOB

(chuckling)

But I'm a psychologist, not a librarian. Soon I had him imaging spiders with funny hats, and spiders singing Beatles songs and finally spiders with the faces of his family members. Now he can kill a spider without missing a beat.

Dina and Bob share a laugh.

Maggie involuntarily looks over at Ike. He mouths the word "THUD" to her. She looks away sharply.

IKE

You know what I'm thinking? Would it be possible for us to watch you work with Maggie right here?

BOB

Don't see why not.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

MAGGIE

I don't think so. The coffee's got me a little wired.

DINA

Oh please, Maggie. It's all so fascinating.

Bob pats the couch and Maggie reluctantly lies down.

MAGGIE'S POV

Ike grinning at her. It's the last thing she sees as she closes her eyes.

DINA

What should we do?

BOB

You just sit there and listen. Maggie's going to visualize herself through our wedding. If she comes to any rough spots, I'll encourage her through them.

(beat)

Okay Sweetheart. Begin.

Maggie takes a deep breath and begins to talk. She looks lovely, desirable.

MAGGIE

The organ begins to play. I turn and smile at my father. He smiles back and I take his arm. We step into the chapel and start slowly down the aisle. I smile radiantly at my friends. There's Uncle Joe. I give a discreet wave. There's Irma in that awful old hat. I'm halfway there. I look up and see Bob--

Bob looks over at Ike. Ike smiles politely.

MAGGIE

--handsome in his grey mourning suit with the teal cummerbund and dyed-to-match boutonniere. My step quickens to meet him.

MAGGIE'S MENTAL FLASH

60 INT. CHURCH - DAY 60

Bob, as pictured, smiles. Maggie, instead of quickening her pace, is frozen at the back of the aisle - hyperventilating. Ike is in the pew nearest to her, dressed as he is in her living room right now, grinning that same grin at her.

61 INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM 61

CLOSE ON MAGGIE'S FACE

Her eyes flicker frantically beneath her lids. Ike has pulled his chair up closer and is watching intently.

MAGGIE

(mouth dry)

The pastor begins the vows. Bob and I can't stop grinning at each other. I hear my mother crying. I begin to cry.

ANOTHER FLASH

62 INT. CHURCH 62

Maggie hasn't budged - she trembles with the inability to move forward. She's locked stares with Ike.

63 INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM 63

Little beads of sweat form on Maggie's forehead.

MAGGIE

He slips a gold ring upon my finger. I slip one on his. We exchange our vows, choking up with happiness. And at last we kiss - man and wife.

Bob likes what he hears.

ANOTHER FLASH

64 INT. CHURCH 64

Two ushers pick Maggie up by the elbows and remove her from the church like a mannequin from a window. Ike is waving goodbye.

65 INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM 65

Maggie sits up and smiles benignly.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

MAGGIE

It just keeps getting easier and easier.

Ike stands, slapping Bob on the back.

DINA

(rising)

Remember, it's about the choice.

Maggie gives her a one-fisted salute.

Ike goes to shake Maggie's hand.

IKE

(quietly to her)

I hope you don't sweat that much on your wedding day.

66 INT. FLORIST SHOP - DAY

66

Pete, the guy from Maggie's salon, is the florist. He's watching as Maggie and Dina go through a photo album of the weddings he's done. Ike is bored, looking through greeting cards.

MAGGIE

Wow! Whose wedding was this?

PETE

Susan Carmel.

MAGGIE

Oh right. She had a great band too. I should find out their name.

PETE

Band?

(suppressing a laugh)

Like, for the reception?

MAGGIE

Yes. It's customary for a bride and groom to have a party after they get married.

PETE

What's that got to do with you?

He laughs and looks to Ike for company. Ike is looking at Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MAGGIE

I want exactly what Sue Carmel had.

PETE

Okay, okay.

He starts to write up the order. Dina continues to flip through the pages.

DINA

(showing a page to Ike)

What do you think of orchids?

IKE

I don't think of orchids.

67 INT. MELVILLE'S - LATER THAT DAY

67

Maggie, Dina and Ike are seated with MR. ROTH, the manager of the restaurant. The place is closed otherwise.

MR. ROTH

That's it except for the entree.

MAGGIE

I know. I can't decide.

DINA

(looking at Ike)

I like a cold salmon.

IKE

It doesn't matter what you choose, it only matters that you choose.

Dina punches him. But he's not looking at Dina.

MAGGIE

Prime rib.

MR. ROTH

(writing it down)

Fine. You can have steak the next time.

Maggie flinches.

68 EXT. SPECIAL DAY BRIDAL SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

68

CLOSE ON THE WINDOW

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

A spectacular dress fills the small window. It's beautiful, romantic, sexy. Maggie, Dina, and Ike can be seen in the reflection.

MAGGIE

Isn't it unbelievable?

NEW ANGLE

MAGGIE

Even with everything that's happened I've still never been married and I deserve a beautiful dress.

DINA

(gazing longingly at the dress)

Of course you do.

Both women turn to Ike for a response.

IKE

It's beautiful.

Maggie gives Ike a smile that lights up the sky.

69 INT. BRIDAL SHOP - CONTINUING

69

Maggie, Dina, and Ike enter the store. The place is fairly large and prosperous, probably the place to go in the tri-county area. Another bride is being fitted on the pedestal in the middle of the room under the expert eye of a motherly looking woman, MRS. WHITTENMEYER.

MAGGIE

Hi, Mrs. Whittenmeyer!

Mrs. Whittenmeyer smiles and comes forward to greet them.

MRS. WHITTENMEYER

You've come for your dress. Good!
I'll get it from the back.

MAGGIE

(happily)
Not that old thing. I'm buying
this one now.

She points to the dress in the window. She smiles back to Mrs. Whittenmeyer, expecting her to share her joy.

Mrs. Whittenmeyer darkens.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

MRS. WHITTENMEYER
But the one you have on hold is
lovely.

Maggie sighs. Ike intercedes.

IKE
(pleasantly)
But she wants this one.

MRS. WHITTENMEYER
It's two thousand dollars.

IKE
She has two thousand dollars.

MRS. WHITTENMEYER
The other one is only three
hundred.

DINA
(to Maggie)
Are you sure you want to spend one
whole check on the dress?

Maggie's bravado is taking a beating.

IKE
Have you sold the one in the
window?

MRS. WHITTENMEYER
No, but--

IKE
(interrupting)
Then we'll take it.
(to Maggie)
Hard to buy things around here.

Mrs. Whittenmeyer moves a little closer to Ike and gives him
a significant look.

MRS. WHITTENMEYER
(quietly)
It seems an awful lot of money to
spend on one of Maggie's dresses.

The comment is not missed by Maggie; her mood is crushed.
Ike looks from Maggie back to Mrs. Whittenmeyer.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 2

69

IKE

(quietly)
That's not really your decision, is
it?

Mrs. Whittenmeyer turns from Ike, somewhat ruffled.

MRS. WHITTENMEYER

(to Maggie)
Why don't you pick out some shoes
while I get this thing down.

MAGGIE'S BUYING MONTAGE

Maggie, surrounded by boxes, picks out the best shoes.

Maggie passing over the measly veils and going for the
extravagant one. Behind her, Dina surreptitiously tries a
veil on and whips right off.

Maggie choosing gloves.

Earrings.

Stockings.

Garter.

END MONTAGE

Ike and Dina sit on the couch.

DINA

Do you still hope she runs?

IKE

(thoughtfully)
Yeah.

Maggie has stepped out of the dressing room, wearing it all,
and has mounted the pedestal. She is unbelievably gorgeous.
She glows.

MAGGIE

What do you think?

ANGLE ON

Ike and Dina stare at her. Dina looks as though she's about
to cry. Ike just looks and looks and looks.

70 INT. IKE'S CAR - NIGHT

70

Ike drives through Findlay gobbling french fries from the fast food bag in his lap.

Ike passes THE BRIGHT SPOT, a dump of a tavern.

ANGLE ON

MAGGIE'S CAR parked a few cars down.

He pulls over and parks.

71 EXT. THE BRIGHT SPOT - CONTINUING

71

Ike gets out of his car and approaches the door of the bar.

IKE'S POV

The door opens, practically into Ike's face. As it swings shut we see two figures from the back, arms around each other. One is definitely Maggie. The other is definitely not Bob.

MAGGIE

(coaxing)

C'mon. Let's go.

They stumble and lurch towards Maggie's car.

ANGLE ON

Ike ducks in the shadows to watch.

They reach her car and the man leans heavily against it as Maggie tries to unlock the passenger door. He turns...

CLOSE ON

It's Walter, Maggie's father - dead drunk.

WALTER

(belligerently)

I haven't had any fun since you got your driver's license.

Maggie's having trouble keeping him steady as she opens the car door. He starts to slide to the ground. Maggie makes a futile grab for him, but he hits the pavement and sits there like a useless rag doll.

WALTER

You can run everyone's life but your own.

(CONTINUED)

71 Continued:

71

She kneels beside him, pressing back her tears with the palms of her hands.

Ike is there in a flash to help her.

Maggie looks up and moans.

MAGGIE

Oh no.

Ike hoists Walter into the car.

WALTER

Good daughters let their fathers pass out.

She swings the car door shut, and Walter seems to do just that.

MAGGIE

(with difficulty)

Ike...please don't put this in--

IKE

Forget about it. I will.

Maggie looks at him with real gratitude. She looks back at her dad.

MAGGIE

I'm so sick of this.

IKE

Then don't do it.

(off Maggie's look)

Let him sleep it off in the car.

I'll take you home.

Maggie thinks about this for a moment. She takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE

You're on.

72 INT. IKE'S CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

72

Ike and Maggie stare forward. Both seem in melancholy moods. They're beginning to sense they're in trouble here.

Suddenly the car falters and jerks. It slows to a stop on the shoulder of the road. Ike slaps the dash in exasperation

73. EXT. CAR - NIGHT

73

Ike is studying what's under the hood.

IKE
I don't know why it stopped.
The engine is still here.

MAGGIE
You don't drive much do you.

She gets out of the car and they start down the road.

ANGLE ON

A big beautiful farmhouse, just a few yards away.

IKE
Let's see if we can use the phone.

MAGGIE
I think we'd have to buy the house
first and install our own.

She points to the FOR SALE sign out front.

IKE
Kind of isolated.

MAGGIE
(looking at it wistfully)
Yeah. Isn't it wonderful?

They look at the house together for a moment. Ike abruptly alters the mood.

IKE
There's one thing we New Yorkers know
how to do and that's walk.

He starts off down the road and then turns to let Maggie catch up.

MAGGIE
But you're not in New York. You don't have to
follow a street. You can cut across the field.

Maggie points diagonally across a field to where a gas station sign glows and the lights from the outer houses twinkle. The fields are empty and expansive.

Ike smiles and follows her into the field.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

IKE

So is this why you stay in Ohio?
So you don't have to follow a
street?

Maggie stops and puts her fingers to her lips. They listen to the sounds around them: the birds, the wind rustling through the corn - the call of the wild, as it were. She closes her eyes and inhales deeply. Ike does the same. They open their eyes at the same time and smile.

MAGGIE

Do you think there's only one right
person for everybody?

Ike chooses his words carefully.

IKE

No. But I think attraction is too
often mistaken for rightness.
Attraction is very misleading. And
if it's mutual it's well, terribly
distracting.

MAGGIE

Yes it is. And it doesn't mean
anything.

IKE

Right.

They come to a wooden fence. Ike puts his hands around her waist to give her a boost over the top. We see the flicker of misunderstanding cross Maggie's face at the initial contact. She misses her footing and slips back towards Ike. Their faces are inches apart. Neither of them moves - forwards or back, but the electricity is obvious.

ANGLE ON

Ike. His conflicted feelings are apparent. With difficulty he pulls away.

Maggie immediately follows suit, straightening up and smoothing her clothes.

MAGGIE

(lightly)
Can't take me anywhere.

She climbs over the fence on her own and Ike follows.

They pass a border of trees. They're now across the street from the gas station.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 2

73

IKE
I'll take care of this. Your house
is just a couple blocks, right?

Maggie nods.

MAGGIE
See you tomorrow night?

IKE
I've never been known to miss a
luau.

74 EXT. THE TROUTS' BACK YARD - NIGHT

74

A lot of Hawaii has been crammed into a little bit of Findlay. Maggie's family, Mrs. Trout (from the bakery) and most of the people we've already met and more are here, milling around with drinks garnished with umbrellas. Leis abound, and most people have managed to find their old Hawaiian shirts.

Maggie is spectacular in her authentic looking Hawaiian Princess get-up. But her face reflects none of the festivities around her. She glances towards the house, looking for Ike and hating herself for it.

Bob comes up to Maggie and hands her a drink. He's wearing a Hawaiian shirt and beige slacks. Oh well.

MAGGIE
I wish you'd worn the costume. It
would've been fun.

BOB
I'm having fun; aren't you?

She smiles.

ANGLE ON

Ike is just entering the party. At least he tried. He's got a tropical sheet wrapped around his shorts and shirt. Dina is wearing black linen.

ANGLE ON

Maggie spots him, but waves to Dina. Dina splits off and goes to greet her.

As Ike walks to the bar he is greeted warmly by the guests - the various faces of Findlay that we've seen and met before. It's kind of nice.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

The short order cook from the coffee shop, LOU TROUT, tends bar such as it is - a blender and a row of scooped out pineapples.

Lou pours the thick sweet looking concoction into the pineapples. He glances up at Ike.

IKE

Hi.

Ike looks down at the drinks doubtfully. Lou gives him a dry look reaches under the table and pulls out a bottle of Jack Daniels. He fills one of the "glasses."

IKE

(truly grateful)

You are a man of mercy.

LOU

You want some capers in that?

IKE

I take it back.

They share a laugh at Ike's expense.

A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON

A pair of expressive hands pantomiming "A Little Grass Shack".

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Mrs. Trout is teaching a group of tipsy ladies the art of Hawaiian dancing.

The party is at full tilt - a little wild, a little goofy.

Just like our Ike, who is in a trio of plastic ukulele players (with Tim and Lou). They twang madly for the line of dancers, having a great old time. Ike's shirt is open and he's tied a plastic grass skirt over the sheet - yeah, he's had a few too many.

ANGLE ON

Maggie watches from her tame group. Bob and Dina chat intently next to her.

(CONTINUED)

DINA

But with society's gender roles so deeply ingrained, I'm not sure if communication between a man and a woman is possible.

BOB

Agreed. That's why every couple needs to invent their own language.

DINA

(nodding)
A psychological bonding.

Maggie rolls her eyes.

Ike breaks from his band and flops down in the chair next to Maggie.

MAGGIE

(indicates Dina to Ike)
Thud.

Ike has got to laugh and nod about that. Their own language.

A TAPPING OF GLASSES and clumping of pineapples starts quietly and then fills the air.

MAGGIE

(muttering)
Damn.

ANGLE ON

Walter rises unsteadily, lifting his pineapple.

WALTER

In the tradition that has grown through the years it is now Toast Time!

Mr. Roth stands with his glass raised.

MR. ROTH

May the groom's heart be filled with hope and the bride's feet be filled with lead!

There are shouts of "Hear hear!" Walter roars. Another MAN rises.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 3

74

PETE

May the gifts be returnable!

MAN

May the pitter-patter of little feet not be Maggie's.

MRS. PRESSMAN

May the back of the dress be as pretty as the front!

The laughter swells and swells led by Walter.

ANGLE ON

Ike watches as Maggie takes the heat, raising her glass along with the others. Bob puts his arm around her and raises his glass like the good sport he is.

Ike can't believe it.

WALTER

You know the old saying, "You're not losing a daughter..." Well I'd like to!

Ike pushes himself to his feet amid the laughter.

Walter is thrilled. He shushes the crowd to defer to the master.

Ike gazes around with a benign smile.

IKE

May you all know shame. May you find yourself the bull's-eye on an easy target.

(lifting his glass to Walter)

And you. May your grandchildren enjoy love where your daughter did not.

He sits down in the silence and turns to Maggie. She holds back tears.

MAGGIE

(to Ike)

You bastard.

Maggie runs through the crowd and into the house. Ike tears after her.

75 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUING

75

Ike grabs Maggie's arm and turns her to him.

IKE

I'm the only goddamn person in there pulling for you.

MAGGIE

You humiliated me!

IKE

No Maggie, I defended you. Humiliating you is what everyone else is doing. It's the theme of this party.

MAGGIE

I had it under control. Now they feel sorry for me.

IKE

Well, they should. Because you have a father who lives for humiliating you. And what do you do? You call me a bastard. How many men are you going to take this out on, Maggie? How many men are you going to punish for what your father's done to you?

MAGGIE

You have no right to talk to me about relationships! Your idea of a relationship is pure torture. Years of pulling the strings and jerking some poor girl around.

IKE

Don't change the subject. How many men?

MAGGIE

You're bitter, controlling, and you've got a hell of a mouth on you. Don't talk about my father. You're a not much younger version of him.

BOB (V.O.)

Maggie?

ANGLE ON

Bob comes to the door.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Maggie walks to him.

MAGGIE

Take me home.

Bob walks her past Ike and out the front door.

76 INT. FINDLAY METHODIST CHURCH - THE NEXT DAY

76

It's the "therapeutic rehearsal."

Maggie paces. She seems to be awaiting her execution.

NEW ANGLE

Peggy enters.

PEGGY

Jenny can't come, she's stuck at work.

BOB

No problem. Ike and Dina should be here; I told them what time.

MAGGIE

I told you I don't want to see that man.

BOB

Well it's too late; they're already coming.

The door opens again and Ike and Dina enter.

BOB

(agreeably)
Great, we could use you. Dina, you'll be filling in for a bridesmaid. You go on out with Maggie and Peggy; Ike, I could use you up front.

As Ike passes Maggie they practically snarl at each other.

MAGGIE

(to Bob)
Let's just get this thing over with.

The ladies exit.

Bob pulls Ike to the head of the aisle and places him.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

BOB
You be the pastor.

IKE
I'd rather not.

BOB
Come on, it'll give you a great
view.

77 INT. FOYER - DAY

77

Peggy efficiently lines the women up: Peggy first, Dina second and Maggie last.

PEGGY
There. All ready to go.

Maggie stares at the chapel door as if she could see through it - she jiggles with agitation.

DINA
(to Maggie)
How do you do it? Is it
geographical? Do people just get
married in Ohio? Don't people ever
have long drawn out relationships?

PEGGY
Yeah. After they're married.

MAGGIE
Have you really been direct?

DINA
Is that what you do?

MAGGIE
If I'm in a relationship, I tell
the man what I'm thinking.

Except for this time. Maggie thinks over her own words.

Dina chews it over - not quite ready to accept such a radical idea.

Peggy takes a bright green scarf off herself and puts it around Dina's neck.

PEGGY
Well I think you just need some
color.

Peggy nods her approval and Dina looks a bit hopeful.

78 INT. CHAPEL - AT THE SAME TIME

78

Ike is at the head of the aisle. Bob stands in the groom's position. Ike holds a cassette player.

BOB
I think that the ladies have had
time to prepare.

Bob signals Ike, who dutifully switches on the cassette player. "Here Comes the Bride" fills the chapel.

IKE'S POV

Peggy emerges and begins her slow march down the aisle. After a moment Dina steps into the aisle.

ANGLE ON

Dina, draped in the green scarf, stares at Ike significantly, milking the moment - trying to look bride-like.

NEW ANGLE

Ike is oblivious, staring around in agitation until both women have taken their places.

It is Maggie's turn to enter. They all turn expectantly. Too much time passes.

BOB
Honey, are you okay?

MAGGIE (OC)
(quietly)
I'm coming.

She walks into the aisle looking a little shaky. She takes a few tremulous steps.

BOB
Hold it! Hold it!

Bob takes the cassette player from Ike and turns it off.

BOB
I think we're taking this too fast.

He begins to pace.

BOB
We need to ease into this. Bite
off a smaller chunk.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

BOB (cont'd)
 (thinks a moment)
 Let me step aside here, in fact...
 (he moves Ike)
 I'll be the pastor.
 (to Maggie)
 You just get to the front of the
 aisle and get the feel of it.
 (to Ike, moving him to
 the groom's spot)
 You stand here so she'll know when
 she's far enough. Try it again.

He turns on the music.

ANGLE ON

Maggie wavers under this turn of events, but then steels herself. Keeping her eyes resolutely on the floor she proceeds down the aisle.

ANGLE ON

Ike, too, averts his eyes. Beyond him, Dina furtively tries to catch Ike's glance - forever the aspiring bride.

ANGLE ON

Maggie can't help herself. She raises her eyes for a moment...

And is hooked.

Ike and Maggie lock gazes. If they had to they couldn't look away. All the things unspoken are now communicated - the love, the longing.

Maggie's pace quickens.

ANGLE ON

Bob beams to see Maggie's eager arrival at Ike's side. He switches off the music and proceeds like a proud peacock.

Dina is not quite so oblivious to the vibes. She watches with growing apprehension as Ike stares into another woman's eyes.

BOB
 Dearly beloved, blah, blah, blah.
 So on and so forth. Ra ta ta ta.
 Yabada dabada. I now pronounce you
 man and wife. Kiss the bride,
 badum dum.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 2

78

And Ike does. It is a world class, Olympic kiss. It is a kiss that changes everything and can never be taken back. It is a kiss you only get once in your life and it seals your fate.

NEW ANGLE .

Bob's smile dies. Dina starts to hyperventilate as the kiss goes on and on. She loses control and shrieks.

Like a bucket of water thrown on two dogs, Ike and Maggie are startled out of their kiss.

They pull apart and smile at each other.

DINA

I'll tell you what I want, Ike
Graham! I want to get married!

ANGLE ON

Ike sighs, giving Maggie an apologetic look.

Maggie gives him a smile of understanding and encouragement. Ike slowly turns and walks to Dina.

THE CAMERA STAYS with Maggie. She follows Ike with her eyes as he takes Dina to the back of the chapel, and then she looks up to Bob. Bob gives a weak smile.

BOB

If you were imagining me you did
great.

MAGGIE

Some wonderful woman is going to
want to marry you.

BOB

I failed you. As a fiance and a
therapist.

MAGGIE

No you didn't. Look at it this
way: the fact that I was able to
back out before the wedding is
amazing progress.

BOB

(fondly)
And to think I was trying to teach
you about positive thinking.

ANGLE ON THE BACK OF THE CHAPEL

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 3

78

Ike is calm and full of reason - the type of attitude you get from your boss right before he gives you the axe. Dina is a desperate mess.

DINA

It just came out - I didn't mean it. It's something I want eventually, but not now. Everything is just fine as it is. Just fine. Let's go home.

IKE

Dina, you don't need to do this - you have a lot to offer some man.

There's the axe. Dina jerks away from Ike.

DINA

Hah.

IKE

You're smart--

DINA

So smart, I passed up the job in Paris because of you!

IKE

You're sophisticated--

DINA

I'm groveling!

Dina sits down with a defeated thump. Ike sits next to her.

IKE

(gently)

That's my point. I make you grovel and you make me an uncommunicative asshole. We don't bring out the best in each other.

(beat)

You deserve someone who does.

Ike stands, giving her a gentle kiss on the forehead. Dina gets up and walks out the back.

DINA

I deserve someone who doesn't ditch me in Ohio.

Dina exits.

IKE'S POV

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 4

78

Maggie stands alone at the front of the chapel. He goes to her.

He kisses her again.

IKE
I guess we're in love.

MAGGIE
I guess so.

IKE
How do you want to do this?

He puts his arm around her and they begin to walk slowly down the aisle - comfortable and happy.

MAGGIE
I'll come to New York and move in?

IKE
I'd love that. What about your shop?

MAGGIE
Hair grows in New York, doesn't it?
I'll open one there.

She hugs him. They walk away silently.

MAGGIE
I think this moving in together is the right thing. I've never tried it this way, but it's probably the way meant for me.

IKE
It's going to be great.

MAGGIE
We can come back for holidays, right?

IKE
Of course! God, of course!

They have reached the foyer doors. Maggie turns and takes a long look at the aisle, the alter, the chapel. She turns back to Ike with such a wistful smile and sigh that it breaks your heart.

MAGGIE
Funny about the dress, huh?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 5

78

Ike looks at her loving, trusting, and ever so slightly disappointed face. Time stops.

CLOSE ON

Ike swallows.

He breaks a sweat as he wrestles with all the solutions until he is forced to the only one that will bring a smile to Maggie's face. He heaves a sigh of doom.

IKE

Do you want to get married?

In answer, Maggie flings herself into his arms with a joyous yelp. Ike doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

After a moment of hugging, Maggie breaks away.

MAGGIE

You know what the best thing is?

IKE

How Fisher will eat this up and die laughing?

MAGGIE

No. The wedding is planned already!

Maggie takes his hand and leads him out the door.

79 EXT. CHURCH STEPS - CONTINUING

79

Bob and Dina are sitting on the steps. Dina's eyes are closed - imaging.

BOB

You are walking down a street. You are beautiful, intelligent, powerful. Men look at you. You have your pick.

Maggie and Ike come out holding hands. Dina and Bob look up.

MAGGIE

About the wedding, Bob--

BOB

I know, I'll start making the calls tonight.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

MAGGIE

Just cancel your side.

Dina looks at them sharply, examining Ike's sheepish face.

DINA

So in three days you're going to be number five?

IKE

I prefer to think of it as number one.

Dina claps her hands in delight.

DINA

This I've got to see. God, wait till I call Fisher.

IKE

Don't call Fisher.

DINA

Are you kidding? This is a major media event. The paparazzi will love it.

Ike turns to Maggie desperately.

IKE

Can we elope?

MAGGIE

Don't worry. This time - with you - it'll be different.

BOB

(to Ike)

Perhaps you'd like to employ my services.

Ike rubs his temples - roped, tied, and about to be branded.

HARD CUT TO:

THE PHONE WIRES ARE CRACKLING MONTAGE

80 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

80

Dina is on the bed looking like she's settled down for a long siege of phone calls. She is talking to--

81 INT. FISHER'S OFFICE - DAY 81

Fisher is staring out of the window. As he hears the news a big grin grows. He hangs up and dials.

82 INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - DAY 82

Ellie laughs wickedly into the phone. She hangs up and dials.

83 INT. JAY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY 83

The up and coming writer is on the phone, laughing.

84 INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 84

CLOSE ON

Ike and Maggie finish a long tender kiss. They are lit by the warmth of candles. Ike leans back on his hand so that he can take in her face. He brushes a strand of hair from her lips.

She kisses his fingers and captures his hand. They look at each other, knowing how wonderful it is going to be. Savoring it, making the moment last. Building the sexual tension until it is unbearable.

Finally, she pulls him down and the dam breaks. It promises to be the one you never forget.

Maggie starts to unbuckle Ike's belt.

Ike pushes her hand away.

IKE

(hoarsely)

No.

They kiss some more, Ike just as urgently as Maggie. She starts to remove her blouse. Ike breaks away.

IKE

Not yet.

MAGGIE

I want you.

IKE

Hold that thought.

He stands and starts to smooth his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

MAGGIE
(dawning awareness)
You're holding out on me!

IKE
Just till after the wedding.

She bursts out laughing.

MAGGIE
Is this your idea of an incentive
program?

IKE
I love you.

He blows her a kiss and goes to the front door.

MAGGIE
I am going to marry you.

IKE
I know.

He exits.

85 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

85

Ike enters and goes to Lee at the front desk.

IKE
Any messages?

LEE
Well, you're not in room 207
anymore. Miss Sprints had your
things moved to another room.

Ike registers his dismay that Dina is still here.

LEE
(reading from a handful
of message slips)
Howard Temkin from the New York
Post, he's covering the wedding for
the paper; he says to call him back
anytime tonight, you know the
number. Fisher and Ellie will be
here with bells on.

Ike shakes his head in dismay.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

LEE

Lola Topiol called, she'll be in Findlay tomorrow and will be in touch. Is that the photographer?

IKE

Oh God.

LEE

You know some pretty important people.

(takes another look at the slips)

Actually, a lot of important people.

Ike takes the slips from his hand.

LEE

So you're going to try to marry Maggie on Saturday?

Ike nods.

Lee bursts out laughing.

86 INT. TUXEDO SHOP - DAY

86

The laughter continues through into this scene.

Ike is being fitted for his tux. The tailor, a mid-forties man named STEVE, is howling with laughter.

STEVE

I'm sorry. I like Maggie. And any fiance of Maggie's...

(wiping a tear of merriment away)

...is a customer of ours!

He bursts out laughing.

IKE

It's nice to see a man who enjoys his work.

IKE'S POV

Through the storefront window. It's Jay, accompanied by a WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER, LOLA.

ANGLE ON

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Ike's reaction.

Jay and Lola saunter into the shop. Lola is already snapping pictures. Steve tries to get into them. Ike tries to get out of them.

IKE

(sickened)
What's your angle?

JAY

Are you kidding?

Jay cracks up, sending Steve into another peal of laughter.

Ike's beginning to panic.

JAY

You'll be glad to know your analyst
won't release your tapes.

Ike groans as Lola snaps away.

87 EXT. CHURCH - THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

87

It is a circus. Everyone is there who was invited and everyone who wasn't invited is there. The press gathers and clamors. Kids are on their fathers' shoulders as if waiting for the parade to pass by. There aren't street vendors, but there should be.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS OVER the crowd and finds a small window off to the side of the church. In the window a pair of eyes peers out at the carnival scene.

88 INT. CHURCH POWDER ROOM - CONTINUING

88

Maggie, resplendent in her magnificent get-up, stands on a chair looking out of the window. She turns back inside, putting a crumpled paper bag to her lips. She pants desperately into it.

PULL BACK

Peggy stands below her in a teal bridesmaid's dress. She reaches up to help Maggie down.

MAGGIE

I'm just fine. Get up there and
tell me when he comes.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

Peggy replaces her on the chair. She gasps when she sees what's out there.

PEGGY

How many people did you invite?

MAGGIE

Forty on my side.

PEGGY

Ike sure has a big family.

MAGGIE

Watch. He'll stand me up. I just know it.

Lila bursts into the room carrying the veil. She is bright-eyed and excited.

LILA

You look beautiful! That's the best dress yet.

Maggie stands still as her mother pins on the veil. Maggie looks up at Peggy hopefully. Peggy shakes her head - he's not here yet. Lila clears her throat awkwardly.

LILA

Honey--

MAGGIE

(snapping)
I know about the wedding night.
We've been over it before.

LILA

Just checking.

PEGGY

He's here! He's here!

Maggie sighs in relief.

89 INT. IKE'S CAR - DAY

89

Ike pulls up slowly. Guests peer through the window and wave. Ike rubs his headache.

IKE'S POV

He moans as he takes it all in: a family eats a fast food picnic on a neighbor's lawn, invited guests flock by in their party best, a local news station van spews a reporter.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

A large group of reporters, including Lola and Jay, head up the church's stairs hauling their equipment. They enter the flood of people streaming inside the church.

Ike snaps.

90 EXT. CAR - CONTINUING

90

Ike stops the car where it is and jumps out, slamming the door in anger.

He charges up the stairs and grabs Jay before he makes it inside.

IKE

You're not invited!

He grabs a nearby usher and plants him at the door.

IKE

They need invitations to get in. No exceptions.

(yelling out to the crowd)

And no cameras! If you brought a camera you leave it at the door!
You - hear me? All cameras at the door!

Before you can blink, thirty Camcorders, Instamatics, and Polaroids are piled next to him.

Mrs. Pressman lays her maxed-out video recorder on the pile, giving Ike a sour look.

MRS. PRESSMAN

You're no fun.

IKE

No, I'm not.

Ike retreats into the church's foyer.

91 INT. FOYER - CONTINUING

91

Ike walks into the foyer and immediately collars a MAN WITH A CAMERA and starts to move him out.

IKE

Get out of here, you piranha!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

MAN WITH A CAMERA
 But she hired me. I'm the official
 wedding photographer! You know,
 four eight by tens and an album
 pictorial?

Ike gets a hold of himself, taking a deep breath.

IKE
 All right, but no pictures until
 after we're married.

MAN WITH A CAMERA
 (despondently)
 Great. Now I'll never get paid.

He walks off, packing up his camera as if the job was over.

Ike sighs and turns away, running smack into Fisher and
 Ellie.

FISHER
 Piranha? Is that how you refer to
 your peers?

IKE
 If I'm feeling charitable.
 (looking at Fisher)
 We're friends, right?

FISHER
 I'd like to think so.

IKE
 Then why does my stomach turn over
 when I see your face?

ELLIE
 Everyone's stomach does.

IKE
 And you, Ellie, can anything nice
 come out of your mouth? Like
 "Congratulations." "Glad you
 finally found her."

THE CAMERA STAYS WITH Ike as he walks away still talking.

IKE
 "So happy for you." "Have a
 wonderful life."

BOB (VO)
 Ike, over here.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 2

91

ANGLE ON

Bob waves Ike up to the entrance to the front of the chapel. He holds out a rose boutonniere.

BOB

Here, put this on. You look awful.

Ike takes the flower from Bob. We see that the petals quiver slightly. Ike is shaking.

Bob catches this and looks up to Ike. It is a moment of clean honesty between the men.

BOB

I'm glad it's not me.

IKE

Got any last minute advice?

BOB

Keep eye contact.

Bob slaps him on the shoulder.

BOB

I hope you don't mind, but I came with Dina.

Bob takes Dina's arm. She's dressed in a palette of colors. They join the last guests as they take their seats.

ANGLE ON

One of the ushers opens the door into the chapel and Ike finds himself at the beginning of his wedding.

He looks up to a cross on the wall by the door.

IKE

Cover me.

He walks into the chapel and takes his place.

92 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING

92

Ike acknowledges the benevolent looking PASTOR, who gives him a soothing smile.

PASTOR

(quietly)
Remember, son, all things work for good.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Ike turns away and looks out over the guests.

IKE'S POV

On Maggie's side of the church there are most of the townspeople we've come to know, with expressions of well meaning skepticism, and not a little pity for Ike.

On his side are New York's finest - up to the minute, little pony tails, Armani wire rims, Donna Karran body suits. There's a lot of smirking, checking out the hicks, forming their stories for cocktail hour.

THE ORGAN BEGINS TO PLAY.

ANGLE ON

Peggy enters with the confident air of someone who has done this before. She's followed by the other bridesmaid (Jenny from Melville's). They make it to the head of the aisle all too quickly. Peggy gives Ike an encouraging smile.

93 INT. FOYER - DAY

93

Maggie is still breathing into the sack. Her father pulls it away and forcefully takes her elbow and propels her out into the aisle.

WALTER

(quietly to Maggie)

I'm really rooting for this one and not just because you'll be moving to New York.

Maggie and her father exchange a sweet smile.

94 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUING

94

MAGGIE'S POV

The aisle stretches before her into infinity. Faces goggle at her from every direction. The tiny figure of Ike stands like a beacon a long way off.

NEW ANGLE

She plunges forward with a sped up hesitation step.

ANGLE ON

Ike rocks imperceptibly, urging her on. Peggy and Jenny make little come on motions.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

It seems to be working, Maggie approaches rapidly.

Maggie's side has turned from skepticism to looks and noises of encouragement.

Ike's side is all budding disappointment.

ANGLE ON

But then her feet gradually begin to slow. A moan goes up from the Maggie's side and an "ahh" goes up from Ike's guests as she comes to a stop.

ANGLE ON

Ike's side of the church starts to gloat. Fisher gives a little "darn, so close" look.

ANGLE ON

But Ike is too busy maintaining eye contact. His eyes urge Maggie closer - loving her, willing her on.

CLOSE ON

Maggie stares back at Ike. She wants to come to him.

His face.

Her face.

His face.

Her face.

CLOSE ON

Her foot inches forward. The other follows.

NEW ANGLE

A sigh now rises from the guests as Maggie closes in on Ike.

He smiles at her. She smiles at him. She is almost there...

ANGLE ON

Ike blinks.

AND SHE BOLTS LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL!

In a flurry of white she is halfway down the aisle before Ike knows what hits him.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 2

94

A spontaneous cheer goes up from Ike's side.

Walter's face falls.

ANGLE ON

Ike stands there dazed. For a second. Then he springs into action, charging after her.

IKE
(yelling out)
BLOCK THE DOORS!

Like a general, he points to TWO MEN in the back and sends them into action.

The two men slam the doors shut in Maggie's face.

But she's a wild animal cornered.

Like a gazelle, she leaps to the side aisle and scampers up.

Ike, halfway down the aisle, charges into one of the full pews to cut her off.

The townspeople lift and hurry him on through the pew.

But she slides past Ike. He snatches at her veil and is left with it.

Maggie disappears out the door.

95 INT. CHURCH HALL - CONTINUING

95

Maggie slams against a line of locked doors. She finally finds one that is open. The Bridal Powder Room.

96 INT. POWDER ROOM - CONTINUING

96

Maggie locks the door behind her and runs to the window. The door rattles and through it we hear Ike.

IKE (VO)
Maggie! Maggie!

The door thuds as he tries to break it down.

Maggie jumps on the chair and shimmies through the window.

Halfway. The bustle on her gown makes it impossible to go through. She forces it and wedges herself in completely.

97 EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUING

97

Maggie pants, crying with exertion as she tries to wriggle free.

A cry goes up!

FISHER

There she is!

ANGLE ON

The herd of media and townspeople rush en mass to Maggie's window.

98 INT. POWDER ROOM - CONTINUING

98

Ike bursts through the door just as Maggie wrenches free and is disappearing out the window.

Ike makes a dive for her foot and manages to catch hold of her train. He throws himself through the window after her.

99 EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUING

99

Maggie yanks on her train, trying to pull free. Ike is halfway through the window, trying to maintain his grip. The crowd watches as if it was a tennis match.

IKE

Come back! What's the matter?

MAGGIE

Leave me alone; I'm running now!

She jerks the train with all her might, but only succeeds in pulling Ike through the window. He tumbles to the ground.

IKE

Tell me what it is!

He scrambles to his feet. Maggie takes this opportunity to yank herself free.

MAGGIE

I don't want to live in New York.

She bolts through the crowd towards the street.

Ike takes off after her.

IKE

Fine! We'll live here. I love it here.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

That only makes Maggie lift her skirts and run faster.

Ike cranks it and eats the distance between them. He pulls up next to her.

MAGGIE

Stop following me! You're not supposed to follow me!

IKE

Yes, I am.

But she settles into her pace like a practiced marathoner. Ike matches her stride for stride.

Suddenly, she dashes between two houses.

THE CAMERA STAYS WITH IKE as he pivots and follows her. He dodges through a mass of overgrown hedges. Flash of green leaves slashing his face.

He bursts into the clear only to see...

IKE'S POV

A BARBECUE being shoved down the hill at him.

NEW ANGLE

Ike deflects the barbecue as Maggie vaults the fence. He's up the hill and over the fence in a flash.

100 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUING

100

Ike's Oxfords scramble on the gravel. Maggie must be wearing cleats. But Ike isn't hampered by two pounds of satin. He catches up to her and pulls abreast.

IKE

Look, Maggie, I'm still here.

ANGLE ON

The crowd stampedes up a street and is about to pass the alley, when Lila spots the two.

LILA

There they are!

A cry goes up as Maggie and Ike merge with the crowd into the street.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

Maggie is oblivious to anything except that she can't shake this man.

MAGGIE

I don't even know you. You're probably the exact wrong person for me to marry.

IKE

I'm chasing you, aren't I? The other guys just gave you up!

She slows and looks at him. He's made a point...but it's not enough. She picks up speed. Both are running on empty by now.

IKE

What else Maggie, what else?

Ike looks at the crowd, at the street, and back at Maggie.

IKE

Where are you going anyway? Your house is that way!

She looks around in confusion and slows to a stop. She leans on her knees, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Ike catches up and stops. His wind isn't any better.

IKE

What else is it?

MAGGIE

You were right about me. I'm so screwed up.

Ike takes her by the shoulders.

IKE

I'm screwed up! My God, if everyone who was screwed up didn't get married the race would die out! We'll grow up together.

(off of her doubtful look)

Or we won't. But we'll be together.

MAGGIE

No we won't!

She pushes away his hands and makes another break. Ike moans and rouses himself for another rally.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 2

100

LONG SHOT

The crowd keeps leisurely pace around the struggling runners.

ANGLE ON

MAGGIE

There are no guarantees. We love each other now, but there are no guarantees.

IKE

Yes there are. I guarantee that we'll have tough times. I guarantee that at some point one of us or both of us will want to get out of the marriage. But I assume you take marriage seriously. I mean if you didn't, you'd be married four times by now. Well, I take it seriously too. I'm scared to death.

He grabs her and stops her, taking both of her hands. Pleading for her to listen.

IKE

But I'm more scared that you're going to keep going. Because I guarantee that if you walk away from me now I'll regret it the rest of my life. I guarantee I'll never find anyone better than you.

Maggie is moved. She is trying as hard as he is, but still can't make it. Ike sighs.

IKE

C'mon Maggie. That was a great speech.

ANGLE ON

The crowd agrees. To the last man, they're urging Ike on.

PEGGY

I'm ready to marry him.

Ike glances around at his audience. He protectively ushers Maggie to the front porch of some house.

The crowd begins to follow.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 3

100

Walter steps out in front of them, holding up his hand.

WALTER
Let's all leave them alone.

Walter and Ike exchange understanding and thanks.

ANGLE ON

Ike sits Maggie on the steps and kneels in front of her.

IKE
What is, Maggie? What's the thing
that's keeping you back? Tell me.

Maggie is crying now. She looks at Ike with incredible love
and fear.

MAGGIE
What if you stop loving me?

Ike's heart breaks for her. He reaches out and pulls her to
him. He holds her tenderly.

IKE
Oh my love. Is that what you think
marriage is - one long tap dance?
You don't understand. I'm going to
spend the next fifty years proving
to you how worth loving you are.
You don't have to prove it to me.

MAGGIE
I don't?

IKE
No Maggie. I'm not a younger
version of your father. I'm Ike.
For better or worse.

Maggie looks up at Ike and smiles. Hope and happiness
replace the tears. Ike returns her smile. He lifts her to
her feet and the two walk slowly towards the crowd.

Ike looks into the crowd - searching.

IKE
Someone get the pastor.

There is a bit of a scrum and then someone locates him. The
pastor steps forward.

PASTOR
Right here.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 4

100

Ike looks to Maggie.

MAGGIE
(to the pastor)
Do it.

IKE
Fast.

PASTOR
Do you, Maggie Carpenter, take this
man to be your lawfully wedded
husband?

MAGGIE
I do.

PASTOR
Do you, Ike Graham, take this woman
to be your lawfully wedded wife?

IKE
I do.

PASTOR
By the power vested in me I now
pronounce you man and wife. You
may kiss the bride.

Maggie and Ike kiss. The crowd roars and the cameras flash.

CUT TO:

THE FINDLAY COURIER FRONT PAGE

A picture of Ike carrying Maggie into their new home. It is
the farmhouse next to the field.

The headline reads: "RUNAWAY BRIDE CAPTURED AT LAST!"

FADE OUT:

THE END