

## Runaway Bride

### **INT. IKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Ike opens the door to his apartment and flicks on the lights. He crosses to hang his coat in the closet. In the closet mirror, he sees and is stunned to find: MAGGIE, sitting on the couch holding *Italics*, the cat.

**MAGGIE**

Hello, Ike.

He closes the closet and crosses to his desk.

**IKE**

Don't tell me. My doorman is one of your many admirers... I knew I should have given him a better Christmas gift.

Maggie smiles tenuously. She's more than a little terrified.

**MAGGIE**

I've been making friends with your cat.  
(then)

Is it okay that I'm here?

**IKE**

I don't have much choice in the matter now, do I? But I can't speak for *Italics*.  
(to Cat)  
Traitor!

He moves to the kitchen.

**MAGGIE**

I don't blame you for being mad...

Ike looks at her. Apparently the word "mad" is an understatement.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

... Or... furious.

Ike looks at her again.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

... Irate? Livid? How's that?

He starts putting cat food in a bowl. The cat leaves Maggie's side and starts to east.

**IKE**

Livid is good. So what is it, Maggie?

You here on business? I saw your lamps.  
They're terrific.

**MAGGIE**

It's something I've always wanted to do.

Ike leaves the kitchen, turns on the balcony lights and re-enters the living room from the balcony.

**IKE**

You actually could make breaking and  
entering into a new career.

(after opening  
the glass doors)

So, what are you doing here?

**MAGGIE**

I wanted to talk to you about why I run  
or ride away from things.

Ike moves away from her and sits on the steps near the balcony window, listening.

**IKE**

(after sitting)  
Does it matter?

**MAGGIE**

I think so... When I was walking down  
the aisle? I was walking toward  
somebody who didn't have any idea who I  
really was. And it was only half the  
other person's fault, because I had  
done everything to convince him that I  
was exactly what he wanted. So it was  
good that I didn't go through with it  
because it would have been a lie, but  
you -- you knew the real me.

**IKE**

Yes, I did.

**MAGGIE**

I didn't. And you being the one at the  
end of the aisle didn't just fix that.

Ike takes this in. She's reaching him -- but then the defenses go back up. He turns to her.

**IKE**

No, I couldn't fix anything...  
(as he gets up)

But I still ended up chasing a truck.

Ike moves out to the balcony. After a moment, Maggie follows him.

**EXT. BALCONY/IKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The balcony overlooks Central Park. The twinkling lights of the city stretch out across the beautiful night. Ike looks out at the view with his back to Maggie as she speaks.

**MAGGIE**

I understand why you bring up the truck.  
Let me explain something. The fact is,  
you've seen me at my worst, most  
embarrassing, deviously plotting,  
potentially but not certifiably,  
psychotic state. And if you liked me  
then, I mean, now... I can't imagine...  
(crosses to him)  
Benedict.

Ike has no response.

**MAGGIE (cont'd)**

I love eggs Benedict. I hate all the  
other kinds.

She hesitates.

**MAGGIE (cont'd)**

... I hate big weddings with everybody  
staring. I would like to get married  
on a weekday while everybody is at work.  
If I ride off into the sunset, I want  
my own horse.

**IKE**

Should I be writing this down?

She returns to the balcony and hands him the box.

**IKE (cont'd)**

What's this?

**MAGGIE**

These are for you.

He opens it. It's her running shoes.

**IKE**

Used?

**MAGGIE**

They're mine. I'm turning in my  
running shoes to you.

**IKE**

This is getting serious.

Now she is glowing at him, shining with the full force of her.

**MAGGIE**

And one more thing. I know it's hard  
to believe there could be more. Um...

Maggie glances around and spots a DECK CHAIR, which she turns so  
it is facing the city lights. Then she softly says:

**MAGGIE (cont'd)**

If you could have a seat, please.

Ike sits. Maggie takes the box from him and puts it aside. And  
then she gets down on one knee.

**IKE**

(laughing)

Oh my God. No.

Maggie smiles up at him. Ike tips his head back and covers his  
eyes with his hand.

**MAGGIE**

No, no -- don't hide your face, this  
only happens once in a lifetime. It's  
definitely a first to me, and you're  
not going to want to miss it.

He smiles as he looks at Maggie.

**MAGGIE (cont'd)**

I love you, Homer Eisenhower Graham.  
Will you marry me?

Ike swallows, overwhelmed, overjoyed, and scared shitless.

**IKE**

Maggie, I gotta think about this a  
little bit.

Maggie hops cheerfully back to her feet.

**MAGGIE**  
(cheerful)  
Good.

She gets off her knees and stands.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
I was hoping you'd say that.

**IKE**  
(laughing)  
You were not.

**MAGGIE**  
I was, because if you said "yes" right  
away, I wouldn't get to say this next  
part. And I've been practicing it.  
(pulling up a chair  
and sitting)  
Ready?

**IKE**  
I'm listening.

**MAGGIE**  
(tenderly)  
"I guarantee that we'll have tough  
times. I guarantee that at some point  
one or both of us will want to get out.  
But I also guarantee that if I don't  
ask you to be mine, I'll regret it for  
the rest of my life. Because I know in  
my heart -- you're the only one for me".

Ike takes her hands affectionately.

**IKE**  
Pretty good speech, Maggie.

**MAGGIE**  
I borrowed it from this guy I know.  
So?

Ike looks into Maggie's shining face and pauses. He gets up and motions with his hand for her to stay seated. He goes inside and turns on some music. The cat is sitting by the radio. He returns to the balcony and takes Maggie's hand.

**IKE**  
Dance with me.

They start to dance a slow dance.