

"Major Dad"

Polly & Mac

CASTING

POLLY PEEKS AROUND THE CORNER. WISELY CAUTIOUS:

POLLY

Hellooo...

MAC IMMEDIATELY STANDS AND COMES ROUND THE DESK,
OFFERING HER A HAND.

MAC

Major John P. MacGillis, at your
service.

POLLY REACTS TO THE OLD-FASHIONED GREETING.
THEIR EYES MEET.

POLLY

Polly Cooper, at your mercy.

SHE TAKES AN OFFERED SEAT ON THE COUCH AND
PRODUCES A PAD AND PEN. HE SITS ON A
STRAIGHT-BACKED CHAIR.

MAC

Gee, did I sound that bad?

POLLY

I'm glad it wasn't me in here.

(LOOKING AROUND; GIDDILY

APPREHENSIVE) And now it is. To
be honest, the Register usually
sends me to cover cat shows, Santa
Claus Parades, grunyon runs.
Sitting with a man who can snap my
neck like a chicken... it's
different.

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MAC

God, is that still the way the
public sees us? Loose cannons?
Gungyho wild men? Killers without a
conscience?

POLLY

Well, old stereotypes die hard.
How would you characterize
yourselves?

MAC

(A LITTLE SHRUG) "Warrior Gods..?"

KNOWING A GREAT QUOTE WHEN SHE HEARS ONE, SHE
JOTS IT DOWN, THEN LOOKS UP TO DOUBLE-CHECK HIS
ATTITUDE. HE CRINKLES HIS NOSE IMPISHLY. SHE
SMILES.

POLLY

OK, down to business. You're
expanding this Combat Training
School...

MAC

Yup. Where do you want to start?

POLLY

How about "Why?" I mean you put
six thousand Marines through last
year. Suddenly the enrollment
jumps to 26,000. I mean, if it's
not top secret, is there some big
war coming up we haven't

(MORE)

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POLLY (cont'd)

been told about? (OFF MAC'S
IMPASSIVE REACTION) Am I in
trouble?

MAC

(HEAD SHAKE) No, that's exactly
the kind of question I'd expect you
to ask....

POLLY STARTS TO RELAX...

MAC

Naive, uninformed, simple-minded...
Can't you understand the concept of
military preparedness as an
integral component of our strategic
peace offensive?

POLLY

"Peace offensive." (REPEATS,
PONDERING) Peace... Offensive.
Peace. Offensive. Isn't that a
contradiction in terms?

MAC

(SMILES) Yeah. Contradiction in
terms. Kinda like "Military
Intelligence."

POLLY

Right. (JOTTING EAGERLY) "Peace
offensive... military

(MORE)

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POLLY (cont'd)

intelligence..."

MAC

(STILL SMILING) "Objective
journalism."

POLLY STOPS, LOOKS UP INTO THE GRIN HE HAS FIXED
ON HER. SHE PUTS DOWN HER PEN, ROLLS UP HER
SLEEVES...

POLLY

Oh-Kay...

DISSOLVE TO: