

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

The Identification of the Kinds of Conversational Maxims being Observed,
Flouted, or Violated in Each Sample

Table 1 [Continued]

Kinds of Conversational Maxims Observed or Violated in Bridget Jones's Diary

Sample	Kinds of Conversational Maxims											
	Quality			Quantity			Relation			Manner		
	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated
11		✓										
12		✓			✓			✓				
13												
14		✓										✓
15		✓						✓				
16												
17												✓

Table 2 [Continued]

Kinds of Conversational Maxims Observed or Violated in Sweet Home Alabama

Sample	Kinds of Conversational Maxims											
	Quality			Quantity			Relation			Manner		
	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated
28				✓								
29		✓									✓	
30		✓										
31		✓										
32				✓						✓		
33						✓						
34		✓										
35										✓		
36		✓										✓
37										✓		

Table 3 [Continued]

Kinds of Conversational Maxims Observed or Violated in Two Weeks Notice

Sample	Kinds of Conversational Maxims											
	Quality			Quantity			Relation			Manner		
	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated	Observed	Flouted	Violated
66		✓							✓			
67											✓	
68		✓										
69		✓										
70		✓										
71						✓						
72				✓								
73						✓						✓
74		✓								✓		
75	✓					✓						

APPENDIX B

Excerpts from Dialogues of the Three Films

Bridget Jones's Diary

Excerpt 1

Uncle Geoffrey: There she is. My little Bridget

Bridget: Hi, Uncle Geoffrey. Ha ha.

Uncle Geoffrey: Hmm. Had a drink?

Bridget: No.

Uncle Geoffrey: No? Come on, then. So...How's your love life?

Bridget: Super. Thanks, Uncle G.

Uncle Geoffrey: Still no fellow, then, eh?

Bridget: I don't know.

Una: You career girls. Can't put it off forever. **Tick-tock, tick-tock.** [1]

Excerpt 2

Pamela: Mark? You remember Bridget. She's used to run around your lawn...with no clothes on, remember?

Mark: Uh, no, not as such.

Una: **Come and look at your gravy, Pam. I think it's going to need sieving.** [2]

Pamela: Of course it doesn't need sieving. Just stir it, Una. Yes, of course. I'll be right there. Sorry. Lumpy gravy calls.

Excerpt 3

Mrs. Darcy: Apparently... she lives just 'round the corner from you.

Mark: **Mother, I do not need a blind date. Particularly not with some verbally incontinent spinster...who smokes like a chimney, drinks like a fish...and dresses like her mother. [3]**

Excerpt 4

[Telephone rings]

[Bridget picks up the phone]

Bridget: Publicity.

Jude: All I asked-- I only asked...if he wanted to come on a mini-break to Paris...I'm too needy. Am I codependent?

Bridget: No, you're not. It's not you. You're lovely. It's Vile Richard.

Ugh. He's just a big knobhead with no knob.

Is some people's opinion of Kafka...but they couldn't be more wrong. This book is a searing vision...of the wounds our century has inflicted on--on traditional masculinity. It's positively Vonnegut-esque. Thank you for calling, Professor Leavis. [4]

Daniel: Guest list for launch party. Ah. Was that...F.R. Leavis?

Bridget: Mm-hmm.

Daniel: Wow. Huh. The F.R. Leavis...who wrote "Mass Civilization and Minority Culture"?

Bridget: Mm-hmm.

Daniel: The F.R. Leavis who died in 1978? Amazing.

Excerpt 5

Bridget: What are you doing here?

Mark: I've been asking myself the same question. I came with a colleague. So how are you?

Bridget: **Well, apart from being very disappointed...not to see my favorite reindeer jumper again...I'm well. [5]**

Excerpt 6

Perpetua: Anyone going to introduce me?

Bridget: Ah, Perpetua. Uh, this is Mark Darcy. Mark's a top barrister. Oh, he comes from Garth and Underwood. Perpetua is one of my work colleagues.

Perpetua: Why, Mark, I know you by reputation, of course.

Mark: Ah, Natasha. This is Bridget Jones. Bridget, this is Natasha. Natasha is a top attorney and specializes in family law. Bridget works in publishing...and used to play naked in my paddling pool.

Natasha: How odd. -Ha ha. Perpetua, how's the house hunt going?

Perpetua: Disaster. I oughtn't go into it with you. By the way, that man is gorgeous.

Natasha: **Ah, yes, Mark. Just give me time. Give me time. [6]**

Excerpt 7

Pamela: **Darling, if I came in with my knickers on my head...he wouldn't notice. I spent thirty-five years cleaning his house...washing his clothes, bringing up his children. [7]**

Bridget: I'm your child, too.

Pamela: To be honest, darling, having children...isn't all it's cracked up to be. Given my chance again, I'm not sure I'd have any. And now it's the winter of my life...and I haven't actually got anything of my own. I've got no power, no real career...no--no sex life. I've got no life at all. I'm like the grasshopper who sang all summer. I'm like Germaine sodding Geer. Greer. Well, anyway, I'm not having it. And I've been talent spotted. Julian thinks I've got great potential.

**Excerpt 8**

Bridget: Hello!

Bridget's father: Look at this [Julian and Pamela are on the TV]

[Bridget's father turns off sound of the TV]

Bridget: Well. Has she actually moved out then?

Bridget's father: **Apparently, she and this tangerine-tinted buffoon...are suddenly an item.** [8] Half our friends have had them around to bloody dinner. She's even taking Jaundice Julian... to Una Alconbury's Tarts and Vicars party. That's not the Pamela I knew. That's cruel.

Bridget: Well, still, could be a golden opportunity. If you spent the entire party flirting with other women... it would drive Mum wild with jealousy.

Bridget's father: What?

Bridget: That's how I got my man.

Bridget's father: Have you got a boyfriend? A real one?

Bridget: I have, Father. I have. And he's perfect.

Excerpt 9

Una: Bridget

Bridget: Where are all the other tarts and vicars?

UNA: Oh, dear. Didn't Geoffrey call you? [Turns her face and talk to Geoffrey] Didn't you telephone Colin and Bridget?

Geoffrey: How's my little Bridget? Bop, bop. [Grasp Bridget's bunny tail at her bottom]

Bridget: Oh

Una: Geoffrey

Geoffrey: So, where's this chap of yours, then, eh?

Bridget: Ah, yes, well, he had to work, so...

Geoffrey: **Ha! A likely tale. Off they run. Whee! [9]**

[Bridget laughs weakly]

Excerpt 10

Interviewer 2: So, why do you want to work in television?

Bridget: **Because I'm passionately committed...to communicating with children. They are the future.**
[10]

Interviewer 2: Do you have any children of your own?

Bridget: Oh, Christ, no. Yuck! [Laughs] Ah. Sorry.

Excerpt 11

Cosmo: Hey, Bridge, how's your love life?

Bridget: Oh...

Cosmo: Still going out with that publishing chappie?

Bridget: Uh, no, no.

Natasha: Terribly brill.

Cosmo: **Never dip your nib in the office ink.** [11]

Bridget: Right.

Cosmo: You really ought to hurry up...and get sprugged up, you know, old girl? Time's a-running out. Tick-tock.

Bridget: Yes, yes. Uh, tell me, is it one in four marriages...that ends in divorce now or one in three?

Mark: One in three.

Cosmo: Seriously, though. Offices full of single girls in their thirties--fine physical specimens...but they just can't seem to hold down a chap.

Woney: Yes. Why is it...there are so many unmarried women in their thirties...these days, Bridget?

[Mark sets down silverware]

[Laughs]

Bridget: **Oh, I don't know. Suppose it doesn't help that underneath our clothes...our entire bodies are covered in scales.** [12] [Faint laughter]

Excerpt 12

Mark: I very much enjoyed...your Lewisham fire report, by the way

Bridget: Thank you.

Mark: I just...yeah, well. So. It didn't work out with Daniel Cleaver?

Bridget: No, it didn't.

Mark: I'm delighted to hear it.

Bridget: Look, are you and Cosmo in this together? I mean, you seem to go out of your way...to try to make me feel like a complete idiot...every time I see you, and you really needn't bother. I already feel like an idiot most of the time anyway--with or without a fireman's pole.

[Doorbell buzzes]

Bridget: That'll be my taxi. Good night.

Mark: Look, um...I'm sorry if I've been...

Bridget: What?

Mark: **I don't think you're an idiot at all. I mean, there are elements of the ridiculous about you. Your mother's pretty interesting. And you really are...an appallingly bad public speaker. And you tend to let whatever's in your head...come out of your mouth...without much consideration of the consequences.**

I realize that when I met you at the turkey curry buffet...that I was unforgivably rude and wearing a reindeer jumper...that my mother had given me the day before. But

the thing is, um... what I'm trying to say very inarticulately is... that, um...infact...perhaps, despite appearances...I like you very much. [13]

Bridget: Ah. A part from the smoking and the drinking...and the vulgar mother and the verbal diarrhea.

Mark: No. I like you very much-- just as you are.

Natasha: Mark, we really are making progress on the case in here.

Jeremy's had the most brilliant idea.

[Natasha snaps fingers]

Mark: Right. Right. I must go, because...well...bye.

Excerpt 13

Richard: OK, Bridget, see if you can get it right this time. The verdict in the Aghani-Heaney case is expected today.

Get yourself down to the high court. I want a hardheaded interview. You do know the Aghani-Heaney case?

Bridget: Yes, of course. Big case...featuring someone called Aghanihini.

Richard: Or two people called Kafir Aghani and Eleanor Heaney.

Bridget: That's the one.

Richard: She's a British aid worker. He's a Kurdish freedom fighter. The government wants to extradite him home...where he'll certainly be executed. She's married to him...and they fought five years to keep him here. Today is the decision.

Bridget: Oh, that's exciting.

Richard: **Yes, it is... so what are you waiting for?** [14]

Excerpt 14

- Bridget: What are we going to do about this dinner, then?
- Mark: We can have blue soup to start, orange pudding to end, and... well, for main course, we have... uh, congealed green gunge.
- Bridget: That is caper berry gravy.
- Mark: Oh, yes. Yeah. Do you have eggs?
- Bridget: Yes.
- Mark: Right. Omelet it is, then.
- Bridget: Ah.
- Mark: With caper berry gravy. You wouldn't by any chance have any beet root cubes? A mini-gherkin, stuffed olive?
- Bridget: **No, Pam, and besides, I'm busy. The gravy needs sieving. [15]**
- Mark: Surely not. Just stir it, Una.

Excerpt 15

- Mark: Excellent.
- Tom: Mmm. Yeah. Delicious. Really special.
- Mark: It's really--really very good.
- Shazzer: Really. It's very nice.
- [Laughter]
- Shazzer: Say... Mmm. Mark, why did your wife leave you?
- Bridget: **Mmm. Eat up. Eat up. Two more lovely courses to go. [16]**

Excerpt 16

Bridget: What is your problem?

Mark: My problem?

Bridget: Yes. You give the impression of being all moral and noble...and normal...and helpful in the kitchen...but you're just as bad as the rest of them.

Mark: Well, I can see that I've been laboring...under a misapprehension. **A very, very foolish mistake. Forgive me.**

[17]

Sweet Home Alabama

Excerpt 17

Frederick: Ooh, Miss Vixen, I'm scared of you.

Melanie: Frederick, what are you doing here? You're the competition.

Frederick: Competition? Please! Our design's for plumes and pearls,...and nothing is going to come between me and my protege. And this is, after all, all about me. **Oh, I love this. Stella Cartney's gonna kill herself.** [18]

Melanie: **Then why do I feel like I'm in Times Square buck naked?**
[19]

Frederick: Baby doll, you're gonna be just fine. Seven years ago, you were this debutante off the plantation...and now you're my steel magnolia with her very own show.

Melanie: Okay, get out of here before you make me cry.

Frederick: Bonne chance!

Excerpt 18

Tabatha: Please tell me he has a flaw somewhere.

Melanie: **He asked me to go to Ireland for Christmas.** [20]

Tabatha: **He's gonna ask you a lot more than that.** [21]

Melanie: You think so?

Tabatha: Mm-Hmm.

Excerpt 19

Melanie: Ohh! Honey!

Andrew: Oh, congratulations.

Melanie: You're amazing. Those flowers were insane.

Andrew: Oh, well, I just want this day to be perfect.

Melanie: Oh, God, honey, what if they hate me?

Andrew: Oh, they're critics, Mel. They hate themselves.

Melanie: That's easy for you to say. **I wasn't born with that thick Hennings skin.** [22]

Andrew: No, you weren't, and that is what I love about you. Ah, honey, I'm sorry, I got a meeting in the Bronx. But you go and enjoy, and I'll see you later. Okay? Oh, and, hey, we've got that thing tonight at Lincoln Center.

Excerpt 20

Andrew: So... have you made a decision?

Melanie: About what?

Andrew: Ireland.

Melanie: Ireland, honey, that's four months from now.

Andrew: I was thinking maybe 2--300 guests, tops.

Melanie: For Christmas? Andrew, are you on some sort of medication?

Melanie: What's going on? Where are we? Oh, my God. O-oh, my God.

[Andrew was kneeling down] Oh, my God.

Andrew: Melanie Carmichael... will you marry me?

Melanie: **Are you sure? I mean, a-a-are you really sure? Because if you're not sure, we could just go back to the car. [23]**

Andrew: Mel, Mel Mel, Mel...

Melanie: It's only been 8 month.

Andrew: You know I never do anything rash. And I usually never ask a question I don't already know the answer to,... so... at the risk of being rejected twice, I'm gonna ask you again. Will you marry me?

Melanie: Yes! ..Yes! Yes!

Andrew: Pick one.

Excerpt 21

Mayor Kate: Where is he?

Barry: **He's running late** [24]

Mayor Kate: **No doubt thanks to that Carbuncle girl.** [25]

Barry: Carmichael...designer, Southern

Mayor Kate: Right, whatever.

Excerpt 22

Reporter: Please, Mayor!

Reporter: Miss Mayor, over here!

Reporter: Your Honor, how do you answer those...who are opposed to the street-improvement project you put before the city council today?

Mayor Kate: I suggest they take a drive on some of the streets in Brooklyn. Maybe they'll disappear into a pothole.

Reporter: Your son's relationship with Melanie Carmichael--sources say they're engaged.

Do you have a comment?

Mayor Kate: **Trust me, if my son were engaged, I'd have a comment.** [26]

Excerpt 23

Andrew: I'm sorry we're late.

Mayor Kate: **That shade of lipstick does nothing for you.** [27] What kept you?

Andrew: Oh, it's none of your business.

Mayor Kate: Ah, you know I hate surprises. What's going on?

Excerpt 24

Tabatha: Bloody hell, Mel, I'm your first New York friend, and I have to read about it with 12 million other people!

Melanie: Sorry, honey, she just grabbed my hand. What was I supposed to do?

Tabatha: I know...we read all about it. So, did you cry?

Melanie: **Wouldn't you?** [28]

Tabatha: One man for the rest of my life? I'd bawl my bloody eyes out. So why don't you meet us? We're just around the corner.

Melanie: Can't. I'm in Alabama.

Tabatha: Oh... my God.

Melanie: Yeah.

Excerpt 25

Jake: Aw, he's loud, but he don't bite. Come on, shut up, hound! Lie down. Go on, stay. Now, how can I help you?

Melanie: Well, for starters, you can get your stubborn ass down here...and give me a divorce.

[Jake dropped an his equipment on the floor]

Melanie: Come on, Jake, I mean it. The joke's over. Let's just finish this. I've got a plane to catch.

Jake: **You're shittin' me, right?** [29]

Melanie: You know, I've never actually understood that expression, but, no, I'm not "shitting" you. Look, it's even got these idiot proof tabs to make it easy. There's one copy for me, one copy for you... and one copy for the lawyers. What? Speak!

Jake: You show up here after 7 years without so much as a "Hey, there, Jake, remember me... your wife?" Or a "Hi, honey. Lookin' good. How's the family?"

Melanie: **You expect me to tell you look good? Did they run out of soap down at the Piggly Wiggly since I left?** [30]

Jake: They laugh at that up north or wherever it is you been?

Melanie: You knew where I was. And don't even pretend you spent all this time missing me.

Jake: Oh, I missed you, alright. But at this range, my aim is bound to improve.

Melanie: Is that a threat? I've got a lawyer who charges \$ 350 an hour. He billed me every time you sent these papers back.

Jake: Well, I'm glad to see you finally got the message.

Melanie: Shut up, Bear!

Jake: Shut up, Bryant!

Melanie: What happened to Bear?

Jake: He died. You weren't here.

Melanie: What are you doing?!

Jake: Leavin'. You done it. You should recognize the gesture

Melanie: Could we just try to keep this as civilized as possible? Please sign these papers so I can go home.

Jake: What do you know from home? Hell, I bet your folks don't even know you're in town.

Melanie: That's my business.

Jake: Honey, those people are the only family you got.

Melanie: **Don't you "honey" me, honey!** [31]

Jake: Get your butt back in that car, you drive over and see 'em,... and then maybe we'll talk.

Melanie: Jake! You dumb, stubborn, redneck hick! The only reason you won't sign these papers is 'cause I want you to!

Jake: Wrong! The only reason I ain't signin'... is 'cause you've turned into some hoity-toity Yankee bitch... and I'd like nothin' better right now than to piss you off!

Excerpt 26

Mayor Kate: "Born into one of the wealthiest families of Greenville, Alabama, her daddy's in cotton and all that that implies."

Barry: There's no listing for an Earl Carmichael in Greenville.

Mayor Kate: How about her local high school?

Barry: No record of a Melanie Carmichael attending... ever.

Mayor Kate: Jesus! Whatever happened to responsible journalism? There's something wrong here. Why would my son do this to me?

Barry: Maybe he, um, loves her.

Mayor Kate: Oh, please! This is classic rebound. He's still wounded from...who was his last girlfriend?

Barry: **Whitney Truesdale, lawyer, San Francisco.** [32]

Mayor Kate: Yeah, well, there was a match made in Heaven... society, political family, California... all those electoral votes. Get Andrew on the phone.

Excerpt 27

Andrew: Hello?

Mayor Kate: So, have you two lovebirds set a date?

Andrew: I'm pleading the Fifth.

Mayor Kate: Okay, fine, just try to keep your secrets. I dare you.

Andrew: Oh, at least you sound like you're in a better mood.

Mayor Kate: My approval rating went up points. It seems the public likes being reminded I am a mother.

Andrew: God, always running for office.

Mayor Kate: I'm only thinking of you. Say, um...do you happen to have the Carmichaels' number down there in Greenville? **I thought perhaps I should introduce myself.** [33]

Andrew: I would like to meet them first, if you don't mind.

Mayor Kate: You do realize the press is going to be all over this. Happy couples don't sell. **So if there are any skeletons in her closet, Andrew, we need to know about them.** [34]

Excerpt 28

Jake: You make clothes, right?

Melanie: I design them. There's a big difference.

Jake: **Did you design anything with stripes?** [35]

Melanie: You called the sheriff?! You know that old bastard hates me!

Jake: For good reason!

Excerpt 29

Sheriff Wade: Well, if you two are still married, it's her house, too. This here ain't nothin' but a domestic dispute. He didn't hit you, did he? If he took a swing at you, I'll take him in right now. We take that stuff pretty serious nowadays.

Melanie: No, Wade, Jake's never hit me.

Sheriff Wade: You know what. I don't have a single childhood memory that doesn't have you two in it. And that includes the night I lit my ass on fire. Remember?

Jake: **Wade...Memory Lane is closed.** [36]

Sheriff Wade: Ah, boy, you two got a whole lot of catchin' up to do...so I'm just gonna leave you to it. Man,

Jake: **I set you up with your wife. You owe me one!** [37]

Sheriff Wade: Why won't you just sign the papers?! There is nothin' I can do. The law is the law, and she has done nothin' wrong.

Excerpt 30

- Earl: So, what put you in jail this time?
- Melanie: Jake and his big, fat mouth. It's just a misunderstanding, that's all.
- Earl: Yeah, kinda like that weddin' I paid for, huh?
- Melanie: I would hardly call that a wedding.
- Earl: Boy was nervous.
- Melanie: He was still drunk from the night before.
- Earl: Can you blame him?
- Earl: Yes, I can! I went to the reception by myself with puke...all down my dress while he slept it off in the Travelodge,...and you're still siding with that...
- Earl: I'm not sidin' with anybody. The boy's changed, is all.
- Melanie: Can we just not talk about Jake, okay? **I know he's the son you never had, but I'm your only daughter...and maybe you want to know what's new with me. [38]**
- Earl: Okay, shoot.

Excerpt 31

Pearl: Come to Mama, sugar!

Melanie: Hey, Mama.

Pearl: **Oh, good land of the livin', you are skin and bones.** [39]

Well, don't I get a smile? I know you got one in there somewhere.

Earl: Come on, come on, let's not let all the bought air out.

Melanie: Ahh! Oh! Oh!

Earl: I mean, isn't that quite the deal?

Melanie: There are hardly words. Now, how do I get out of this thing?

Oh, my God!

Earl: Jake tell you he's thinkin' of gettin' one?

Pearl: Oh, I see your priorities...Jake, jail, and then home.

Melanie: Mama, it was just unfinished business, is all.

Earl: Jake's doin' all right. Boy's goin' places.

Pearl: Once upon a time, you were goin' places, too. Here are your tickets.

Melanie: These were a gift. I'd rather you guys just use them. You know what I can't understand is how y'all will visit...every stupid battlefield in the continental U.S.,...but you can't manage to visit your only daughter.

Pearl: **Well, the door swings both ways, sweetie.** [40] Anyway, don't get me started on the things I don't understand

Earl: Here we go.

- Melanie: Your dream for me was to get out of this place and be somebody. You shoved me in every beauty pageant in the state.
- Pearl: I'm just sayin', is all.
- Melanie: What?! What are you trying to say?! I mean, just tell me what I can do to make you happy!
- Pearl: Just make yourself happy, darlin'.
- Melanie: Done. We're there, all right? You know, I've really made something of myself. I have a career. People actually want to be me. And somebody loves me, and I love him.
- Earl: **Pearl, why don't you get us that baloney cake out the icebox?** [41] Your mama's a complex woman.
- Melanie: I'm going to bed.
- Earl: Good night, darlin'.

Excerpt 32

Dorothea: Wade said you and Jake had quite the reunion. But that's just pillow talk talkin'.

Melanie: A-Are you and Wade...

Dorothea: **Goin' on three years. 'Course, it ain't Tiffany's. But then again, you can't believe everything you hear on TV. [42]**

Excerpt 33

Jake: Holy shit! What happened to the stove?! And where are them little magnets I had over here, huh?! What the hell is this...chick food?

Melanie: Light beer... less calories. I tried to pick out a new bed,...but have you been to the Sit 'n Sleep lately? Yuck. I'll just have to order something from New York.

Jake: **Whatever blows your dress up, darlin'.** [43] You go right ahead and spend your money.

Melanie: Oh, but, darlin'...I thought you said we should think of it as...our money. Just a guess, but I'm thinking the words "joint checking"... are flashing in your head right now.

Jake: How much did you take?

Melanie: All of it.

Jake: Son of a bitch!

Melanie: You want a wife, you got a wife. And what are you doing with all that cash? Why don't you invest it? Don't you know anything?!

Jake: I know if you don't get out of this house right now...

Melanie: Sign the papers, and I'll give it all back.

Jake: Fine!

Melanie: Fine!

Jake: Give me the pen.

Melanie: Hold on. What are you doing with all that cash saved up? And since when did you quit the tire factory? You're not doing anything illegal, are you, Jake?!

Jake: **Maybe I am. So what?** [44] I don't ask you about your boyfriend, ...you keep your nose out of my life... deal?

Melanie: Who told you?

Jake: **Honey, just 'cause I talk slow doesn't mean I'm stupid.** [45]

Melanie: Look, Jake...

Jake: Nobody finds their soul mate when they're 10 years old.

Melanie: Yeah, I guess.

Jake: I mean, where's the fun in that, right?

Melanie: I can't believe you kept this thing all these years. Most people don't know that lightning does that to sand.

Jake: Oh, hey, Mel, you know what? I just remembered I got myself a hot date. You don't mind if I have my lawyer take a look at these.

Melanie: What?!

Jake: Hell, I'm just a simple country boy. **There's words in there I can't even pronounce. You might be takin' me to the cleaners for all I know.** [46]

Melanie: The cleaners? You?

Excerpt 34

Stella: Batten down the hatches, boys! Trouble done just walked back into my life,...disguised as my favorite daughter-in-law! Honey, drive that pretty face over here and give me a hug!

Melanie: **Soon-to-be ex-daughter-in-law.** [47]

Stella: Who's the lucky guy?

Melanie: His name is Andrew. He's in politics.

Stella: Well, you got my vote. Good to see you, baby girl. Hey, you give this lady whatever she wants. I'll catch up with you later.

Melanie: All right. I'll have a Gray Goose martini, two olives, dirty.
Thanks.

Excerpt 35

Lurlynn: Oh... my... God! Melanie?!

Melanie: Lurlynn?

Lurlynn : Yes! Oh, my God! Look at you, all fancy. **You look like you just stepped out of a magazine.** [48]

Melanie: Oh, well, thank you. Um, look at you. You have a baby...in a bar.

Lurlynn Hell, I got three more at home. This one's still on the tit, so I can cart him anywhere.

Melanie: Right.

Excerpt 36

Starr: Mind if I join you?

Melanie: Actually, we do. You must be Jake's hot date.

Starr: I'm Starr.

Melanie: **Hi, I'm Melanie, Jake's snotty Yankee-bitch wife,...whom he refuses to divorce, even though I'm engaged to another man.**

[49]

Excerpt 37

Lurlynn: You know, he went up there.

Melanie: Who? Jake? When?

Lurylynn: About a year after you left. He doesn't know I know, but Clinton let it slip once.

Melanie: Jake was in New York?

Lurylynn: **He told Clinton he'd never seen anything like it. He realized straight off...he'd need more than an apology to win you back. He needed to conquer the world first. He's been tryin' ever since. [50]**

Melanie: That's why he kept sending the papers back.

Excerpt 38

Lurlynn: Oh, honey, you...you drink that from the top.

Melanie: I'm just lookin' to see who makes this Deep South Glass. I wonder if you can get it in New York. It's beautiful.

Eldon: **Hey, Jake, Mel would like to know...where she can find some of that snooty-faulty glass. [51]**

Jake: **Why ask me? [52]**

Oh, I don't know. Maybe because you're...

You're all spiffed up and... and all.

Melaine: Am I missin' somethin'?

Excerpt 39

- Pearl: Well, I'm just sayin', is all. I mean, I... I saw the way you two were lookin' at each other.
- Melanie: Will you just shut up about it, Mama?! I can't help the way Jake feels about me! He hasn't done anything wrong!
- Pearl: He hasn't done anything right either!
- Melanie: I can't believe I'm even having this argument! I'm leaving! I'm gone! I'm marrying another man!
- Pearl: Yes, that's right, you get a second chance, so please don't mess it up!
- Melanie: For who? For me or for you?
- Pearl: Don't sass me, okay? Don't you dare sass me, 'cause I have put up with an awful lot from you over the years.
- Melanie: Like what?! Like me quitting your precious pageants?
- Pearl: I didn't want you to end up like me! Damn it! Now, you need to stay as far away from here as you can. **That boy is quicksand.**
- [53]
- Melanie: What's so wrong with being you, Mama?
- Pearl: I just think that you deserve better, that's all.

Excerpt 40

Mr. Buford: Melanie? You are one hard woman to get in touch with.

Melanie: Mr. Buford, he signed the papers. What are you doing here?

Mr. Buford: He did... you didn't.

Melanie: What? You mean I'm still married?

Mr. Buford: Well, not unless you want to be.

Andrew: Oh, for God's sakes, Melanie. I thought you took care of this.

Melanie: It's an honest mistake, Andrew.

Mayor Kate: Well, then, can we fix it before we all get soaked?

Melanie: Does anybody have a pen?

Andrew: Mom?

Mayor Kate: Oh, yeah, sure.

Unidentified person: Go on, check your purse.

Stella: These things don't just happen, you know.

Earl: **Can't ride two horses with one ass, sugar bean. [54]**

Melanie: Andrew... You don't want to marry me.

Andrew: I don't? No.

Melanie: No, you don't...

Andrew: not really.

Melanie: You see, the truth is...I gave my heart away a long time ago...My whole heart...and I never really got it back. And I don't even know what else to say, but I'm sorry. I can't marry you. And you shouldn't want to marry me. So this is what this feels like. That's it?!

Mayor Kate: That's it?! You're just gonna let her humiliate you...with some bullshit about an old husband?!

Andrew Yeah, I think I am.

Mayor Kate: Excuse me. In my entire life...I have never met anyone so manipulative, so deceitful! And I'm in politics!

Melanie: I'm just trying to be honest.

Mayor Kate: I will not allow the future President of the United States... to be dumped at the altar by some psycho Daisy Mae! You go after him, you little bitch!

Pearl: Wait just a minute, missy. Uh, there... there's no need for name-callin', now. Now, she spoke her piece, and that's all there is to it.

Mayor Kate: **Oh, go back to your double-wide and fry something.**

[55]

Melanie: Nobody talks to my mama like that!

Two Weeks Notice

Excerpt 41

Lucy: I'll pay you back this time, guys. I promise.

Larry: What are parents for, if not to bail their daughter and her friends out of jail?

Lucy: So did they knock it down? I'm not getting through to people. Why don't people respond to me?

Ruth: **Honey, Wade Corporation is not people. It's a heartless profit machine.** [56] And it's getting worse all the time.

Larry: They're bidding on the Surf Avenue lot. They wanna put up condos and tear down the community center.

Lucy: Wait a minute, our community center? My community center?

Larry: Come on, honey, let's discuss it over dinner.

Lucy: No, Dad, you know what? I'm just tired. I think I'LL just go home.

Excerpt 42

Tony: Hey, your brother wants to see you.

George: What? Now? Tonight?

Tony: Yeah, that's what he said. Although sometimes it's hard to tell with the accent.

Melanie: This is Elaine.

George: Oh, hello.

Elaine: Hi. Would you sign my GO?

George: Oh, GO! I see what you mean. Sorry, I thought it was a medical term. You had me all excited. "To Elaine, George Wade."

Elaine: Thank you.

George: Hang on just one second. There's no way I'm running up to Westchester just because he calls. It's absurd. He'll just have to wait.

Tony: Right on. Hey, man, forget him.

George: Yeah.

Tony: **Should I get the car?** [57]

George: Yes, get the car.

Excerpt 43

- Lucy: I can't believe how much I ate.
- Larry: I'm proud of you. The whole left side of the menu.
- Lucy: You know when I get tense, I just start to eat.
- Ruth: Honey, you cannot work for that man.
- Larry: Hey, we can use the bail money. Remember what Sun Tzu said?
- Lucy: Yes.
- Larry: "Keep your friends close and your enemies closer."
- Ruth: **Sun Tzu didn't have a daughter.** [58]
- Lucy: What's this? Oh, dessert. Thank you. It's the only way to save the community center. It is. And if I work for him.....I have huge resources at my disposal for charities and shelters....
- Ruth: Yes, but--
- Lucy: Mom, I promise. I will still be your daughter. I will still be a lawyer. And I will still have all the same ideals.

Excerpt 44

Lucy: I'm sure he'll be here any minute. Is there any more Diet Coke?

George: Sorry, everybody. Did I miss the blessed event?

Lucy: Check with me before you talk.

Mrs. Wade's lawyer: Now that we're all here, I'd like to discuss the settlement terms.

Lucy: The terms have been set. It's called a prenup. We both know...

Mrs. Wade's lawyer:...that a prenup doesn't preclude certain recompensatory--

Lucy: **In plain English, although I can follow you in German and Japanese if you prefer. [59]**

Lawyer: She wants double the alimony.

Lucy: No way.

Excerpt 45

Lucy: Why did you give her the money?

George: She'd never have stopped till she got what she wanted. You always say I have a responsibility towards those less fortunate.

Lucy: Everybody is less fortunate than you.....**so just give the money to someone who's not gonna spend it on collagen. [60]**

George: You only want me to be generous to those you approve of.

Lucy: No. I only want you to finally allow me to do my job.

George: You did your job. This morning I was married, now I'm not. You did it superbly.

Excerpt 46

George: Okay, now, what do you think? Too ornate?

Lucy: **I don't care about the belt.** [61]

George: You're upset. Look, from now on, I'll get someone else to handle my divorces. It's not like I enjoy them. Maybe I should go somewhere where no one knows how much money I have. Where is Staten Island? Why don't we go there?

Lucy: Thanks, but Harvard doesn't give a degree in yenta. I'm not here to find you a wife or to pick out your clothes. My heroes are Clarence Darrow, Thurgood Marshall....Who's another non-scummy lawyer? My parents! My father worked for Martin Luther King. My mother is a law professor. They taught me that lawyers should be treated with respect.

George: **I have complete respect for you. R-E-S-P-E-C-T.** [62] [Lucy walks away after hearing this] Luce, wait. Wait!

Excerpt 47

Lucy: You got Island Towers, I got Coney Island. Why don't we just call it quits, okay. I can't take it anymore.

George: What, are you serious?

Lucy: Yes. Please, consider this my two weeks' notice.

George: I find you ungrateful.

Lucy: Ungrateful?

George: Yes, ungrateful.

Lucy: Ungrateful?!

George: Yes. I hire you with no corporate experience. I give you an apartment, a great office, the nonfat muffin basket every morning.

Lucy: George!

George: Why do you keep your phone on? You crave the excitement. This is entirely my thing.....because I've managed to turn myself into this....It's not like I'm enjoying it either. Now I can't. I'm addicted. I have to know what you think. What do you think?

Lucy: **I think you are the most selfish human being on the planet.**

[63]

George: That's just silly. Have you met everyone on the planet?

Lucy: Goodbye, George.

George: I don't have a shirt.

Excerpt 48

- Larry: Honey, this contract is excellent work. I'm very proud of you.
- Lucy: Dad, I'm trying to get out of it.
- Ruth: **I don't know why you went to work for that philandering robber baron.** [64] You usually have impeccable instincts. Look at your boyfriend, Ansel. He's a dedicated environmental warrior.
- Larry: This is ironclad. Houdini couldn't get out of this contract. You should've stayed at the Legal aid job.
- Lucy: If I do pro bono work with a company with these resources.....I can so much

Excerpt 49

Lucy: Good morning, boys. Sorry, I am so late.

George: **That's fine. We only just got here.** [65]

Howard: Forty-five minutes ago.

Lucy: **Howie, are these your kids? You know, I've never actually met them. They are good-looking boys.** [66]

George: That's a girl. That's Sue and Paul.

Lucy: Yes, so it is. You know what? She is gonna be a heartbreaker, huh.

George: That's Paul.

Lucy: Yeah. Thank you. Sorry.

Howard: So we've got the Coney Island project. I'd like to stir up some publicity if we could.

Yes, very nice.

[Lucy splits gum out on the floor and Howard steps on it]

Howard: I'm—[trying to pull gum off his shoes] I'm working on endorsements from local merchants. Any thoughts, George? We were working on some ideas there.

Excerpt 50

Lucy: I thought that was terrific meeting.

George: Pathetic.

Lucy: What's pathetic?

George: You. You're pathetic. I know what you're doing.

Lucy: I am not doing anything.

George: You think if you come in late and spit on the boss that will get you fired? Not in this company.

Chris.

Lucy: **George, I have an ulcer. I don't sleep well, mostly because you keep calling me at night. If you don't call me, I dream you're gonna call me. I think about you in the shower, not in a good way.....but in an I'm-so distracted I can't-remember if I washed-my-hair way. So I wash my hair twice. So I have a hole in my stomach, I am running out of shampoo.....and today is the first time in my life did not give a percent on the job.....and I hate that feeling. [67]**

Excerpt 51

George: And you up here on your own.

Lucy: It's hard to find a quiet place in Brooklyn to think. Or to replay whatever argument I just had with my mother.

George: Yes.

Lucy: **Yeah, she's terrifying. I thought she was gonna kill me and feed me to the poor.** [68]

Lucy: Yeah, she's a piece of work. But for better or worse, she's the voice in my head pushing me to do better. Challenge the accepted wisdom. Never settle for a B instead of an A on a test.

Excerpt 52

Lucy: Here's somebody interesting, Polly St. Clair.

George: **Well, it's a terrific resume, Polly. Congratulations on the baby.** [69]

Polly: What baby?

Lucy: Maybe you should check with me before you talk.

Excerpt 53

- Lucy: Harry Raskin, Richard Beck. Interesting prospects for my replacement. Let's see.
- George: No, it's gotta be a woman.
- Lucy: **What a surprise. I suppose a certain bust size would help. Maybe some bathing-suit shots? [70]**
- George: It will annoy Howard if it's a woman.

Excerpt 54

- Norman: This is June Carver.
- June: Hi. It's a pleasure to meet you.
- Lucy: You too.
- June: I don't have an appointment, so feel free to throw me out.
- Lucy: Well, I have security on standby. Have a seat, please.
- June: Thanks.
- Lucy: Did you have Criminal with Professor Rappaport?
- June: **Oh, my God. I'm still shaking. Yeah. But I have to tell you, Miss Kelson, you are a legend there. [71]**
- Lucy: Me?
- June: Editor of the Law Review. The articles you wrote on the Richmond case. You're an inspiration.
- Lucy: Well, yeah, I--
- June: I don't have a strong background in property, but neither did you.....and look what you've accomplished.

Excerpt 55

Norman: They're calling from the Zoning Commission, Lucy.

Lucy: June, why don't we set up a proper interview for tomorrow.

George: It's all right. It's all right. I could finish up with June.

Lucy: You're not coming to the meeting?

George: **Have I ever come to the meeting?** [72]

Lucy: Good point.

Excerpt 56

Howard: We need this built. You're our closer and you will help me close this deal.....or I will fire you and take all your stock options.

And I can't bear to see you like that, George. You will help me close this deal, George, won't you?

George: **I'm surprised you have to ask.** [73]

Howard: I wasn't really asking.

Excerpt 57

- Larry: Your mom is teaching today.....so we'd better grab a bite to eat and be on our way. We have some protesting to do at the community center.
- Lucy: I'm not going.
- Larry: What are you talking about?
- Lucy: I cannot watch.....another building get knocked down.
- Larry: **Hey. We didn't raise you to sit on the sidelines.** [74] Ever since you were a little girl, you fought for what you believed in. You were on the White House Enemies list at.
- Lucy: Dad, I'm not sitting on the sidelines. I'm going to work. What's the point? The man's not gonna listen to me. Besides, you know, he said some things to me that were just so....True.

Excerpt 58

Well, hello.

Hi.

Polly: You don't remember me, do you?

George: Polly St. Clair?

Polly: You interviewed me? You thought I was having a baby? Oh, yes. Yes, Polly. Wow. So you work here now. Terrific. How are you?

Polly: Pregnant.

George: I'm not falling for that one again.

No, I'm really pregnant. You can congratulate me now.

George: **Polly, I was not born yesterday.** [75]

REFERENCES

- Abrams, M. H. (1971). *A glossary of literary terms* (3rd ed.). New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston.
- Achara Pengpanich. (2008). *Pragmatics II*. Bangkok: Ramkhamhaeng University Press.
- Bridget Jones's diary*. (2001). Retrieved February 28, 2010, from <http://movies.yahoo.com/movie/1804536438/details>
- Brown, G., & Yule, G. (1983). *Discourse analysis*. Cambridge, United Kingdom: Cambridge University Press.
- Cambridge Dictionaries Online. (n.d.). *Pun*. Retrieved May 27, 2010, from http://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/british/pun_1
- Charunee Charokram. (2004). *A study of speech acts in a play dialogue*. Unpublished thematic paper, Ramkhamhaeng University, Bangkok.
- Darane Jaiyen. (2008). *Analysis of character dialogue in Sam Gok literature by Chaoprayapraklang (HON) pragmatics approach*. Unpublished thesis, Kasetsart University, Bangkok.
- Gazdar, G. (1979). *Pragmatics: Implicature, presupposition, and logical form*. New York: Academic.
- Gerfen, C. (2002). *Pragmatics*. Retrieved May 27, 2010, from <http://www.unc.edu/~gerfen/Ling30Sp2002/pragmatics.htm>

- Kanyaruck Devakul na Ayudhaya. (2005). *Conversational maxims and their violations in comics: A case study of "Beetle Bailey" comic strips*. Unpublished thesis, Ramkhamhaeng University, Bangkok.
- Levinson, S. C. (1983). *Pragmatics*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Maloney, M., & Rubenstein, P. M. (1980). *Writing for the media*. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall.
- McEdwards, M. G. (1968). *Introduction to style*. Belmont, CA: Dickenson.
- Peccei, J. S. (1999). *Pragmatics*. London: Routledge.
- Poetry Archive*. (n.d.). Retrieved May 27, 2010, from <http://www.poetryarchive.org/poetryarchive/glossaryItem.do?id=8067>
- Pratt, M. L. (1977). *Toward a speech act theory of literary discourse*. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.
- Pridham, F. (2001). *The language of conversation*. New York: Routledge.
- Schiffrin, D. (1994). *Approaches to discourse*. Oxford, United Kingdom: Blackwell.
- Suchada Sarabanchong. (2005). *An analysis of speech acts in drama dialogues*. Unpublished thematic paper, Ramkhamhaeng University, Bangkok.
- Sweet home Alabama*. (2002). Retrieved February 28, 2010, from <http://movies.yahoo.com/movie/1807776045/details>
- Tubbs, S. L., & Moss, S. (1994). *Human communication*. New York: McGraw-Hill.

Tukijan, C. (2007). *A study of conversational implicature as found in TAXI movie*. Retrieved March 25, 2010, from http://dewey.petra.ac.id/jiunkpe_dg_4043.html

Two weeks notice. (2002). Retrieved February 28, 2010, from <http://movies.yahoo.com/movie/1808396013/details>

Willis, H. (1973). *Structure, style, and usage: Rhetoric and reasoning* (3rd ed.). New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

Yule, G. (1996). *Pragmatics*. Oxford, United Kingdom: Oxford University Press.

VITAE



Student's Name	Miss Sattamon Sudlapa
Date of Birth	April 2, 1973
Place of Birth	Ayutthaya
Previous Study	1988-1991 Chomsurang Upatham School
	1991-1996 Bachelor of Business Administration (Money and Banking) Ramkhamhaeng University
Present Position	Self-employed

