Jose B + Michaela

MICHAELA. Oh? That would be lovely!

DEVON. Then it's a date! We'll put some bullet-proof vests on and go to Watervliet for a picnic.

MICHAELA. That *literally* could not sound better! Simone, where's Jos-B?!

SIMONE. Jos-B!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Jos-B!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(ear shattering)

JOS!!!BE EEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

START

JOS-B. *(off at first, then entering)* WHAT?! JESUS FUCKING CHRIST WHAT THE FU –

(no idea she was there, big greeting)

Oooooo so happy!!!! Michaela!!!! Big surprise! Michaela in the guest house?!?!?

MICHAELA. Hi, Jos-B, you sweet thing.

JOS-B. I thought you were gone, my love! All day I cry – big tears. Now, tears of joy. Why are you back so soon?

MICHAELA. Peter and I decided we'd enjoy one more night on the island. Just for kicks.

JOS-B. O! So Excellent.

(I better not have to open up the fucking Main House)

And you will be staying here in the Guest House my love, or? –

MICHAELA. No, the Main House, so you can take the boards off and open it back up, please.

(noticing, ew)

Why are you all wet, pumpkin pie?

JOS-B. I was fix the outdoor shower for the girls. *(to* **SIMONE***)* The water pressure is now like blast of little dumdum bullets.

MICHAELA. You are *amazing, B! (to girls)* Jos-B can fix anything; he's my *life blood. (baby voice)* Aren't you my little Cuban *life blood?*

MICHAELA. I love this man. And this man loves me. Don't you, B? Tell them how much you love me.

JOS-B. Way much. Big, lots and lots.

MICHAELA. Lots more than who?

JOS-B. The first wife.

MICHAELA. And?

JOS-B. And the first wife get liposuction and pop laxatives like Tic Tacs.

MICHAELA. Yes! Now say that Spanish love poem thing.

JOS-B. *(sounds like I love you) Metete en la piscina "Infiniti" esa y sigue nadando, gringa de mierda,* Michaela.

MICHAELA. YES! Love this man. You know just what to say to put a smile on my face! End.

(boss)

Now, listen Jos-B: Peter's out for a spin with the Jaguar, but I expect him shortly, so we need to do a few things around here. I want you to turn on all the lanterns outside, so the driveway looks welcoming for him.

JOS-B. The lanterns I just turn off for the season? Yes, my love.

MICHAELA. Then I want you to put the Lemon Verbena soaps out in the Main House.

JOS-B. Soaps, yes.

MICHAELA. Then I want you to text Peter and tell him I've planned a lobster bake this evening on the veranda with Ethan and Simone, and we expect him.

Patrice can cook for us over here while you get the Main House ready for us.

(pointing to the grill)

That thing cooks stuff, right?

JOS-B. *(jab at* **SIMONE***)* Yes but unfortunately Patrice is gone now for the season – like *most* of the help.

MICHAELA. Well what about my sweet, sweet buttercup?