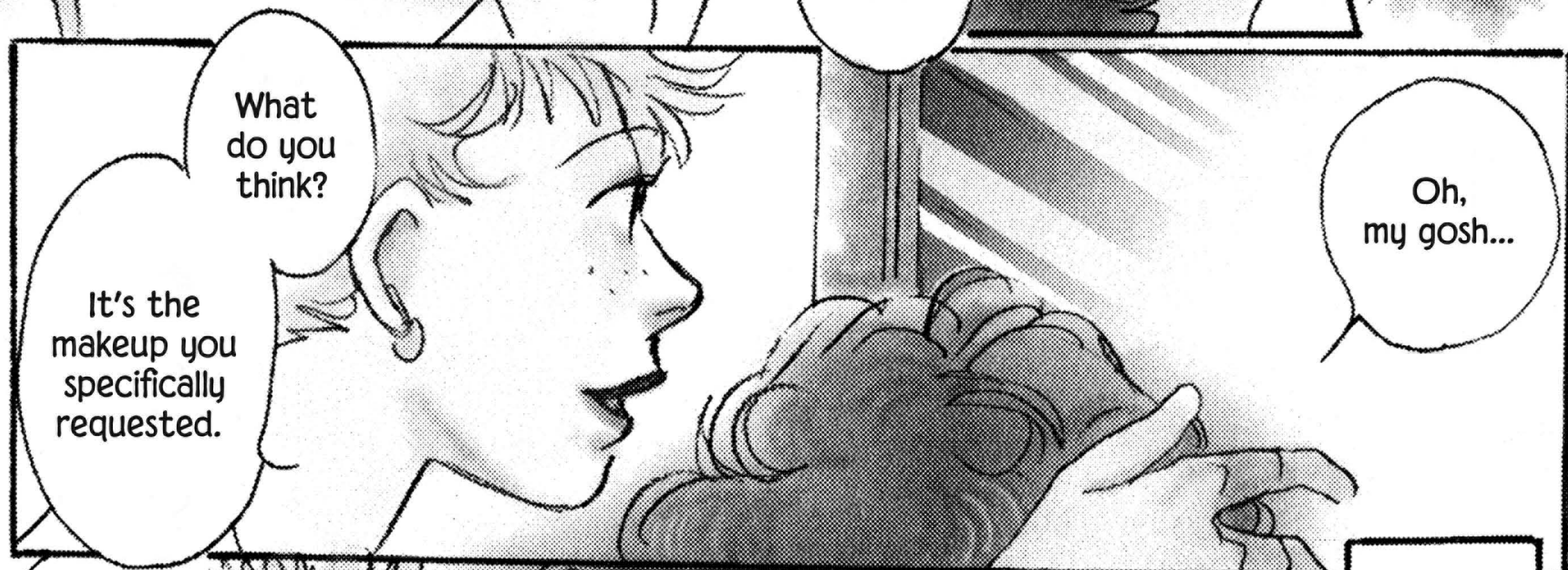




Wow...

Maddy,
come
and
take a
look.

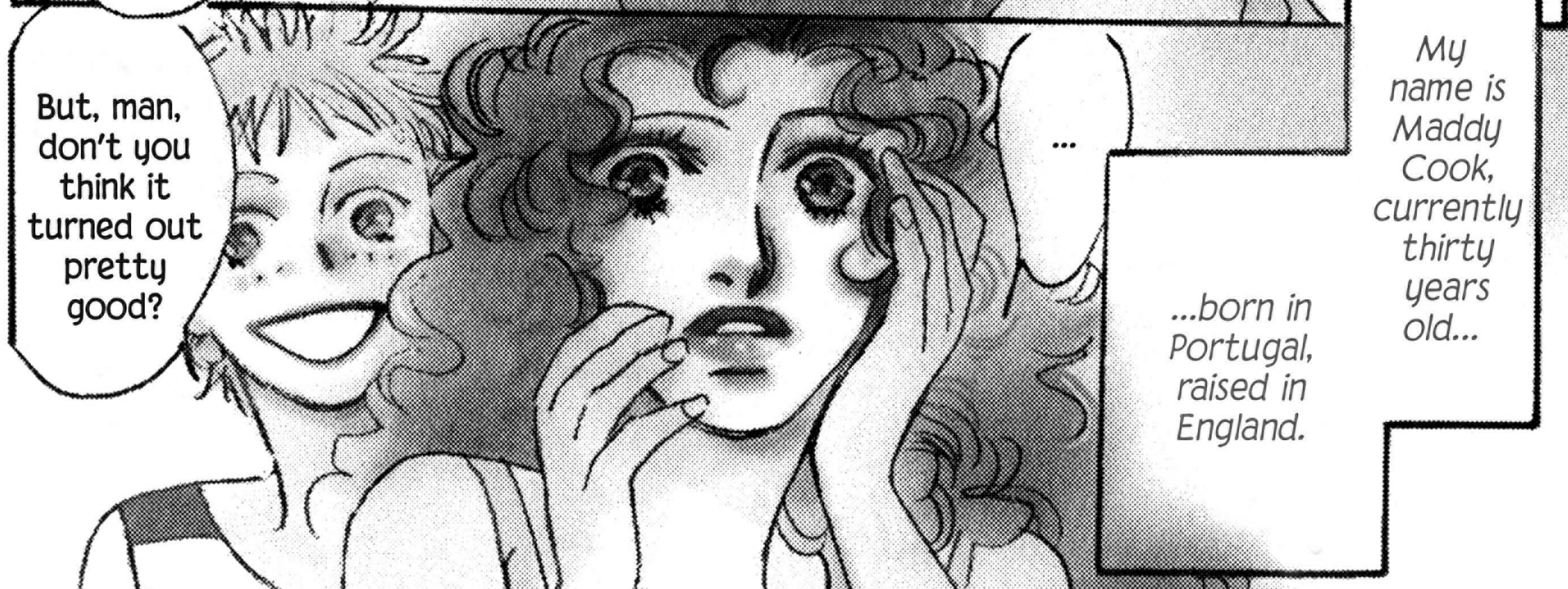
Come
on!



What
do you
think?

It's the
makeup you
specifically
requested.

Oh,
my gosh...

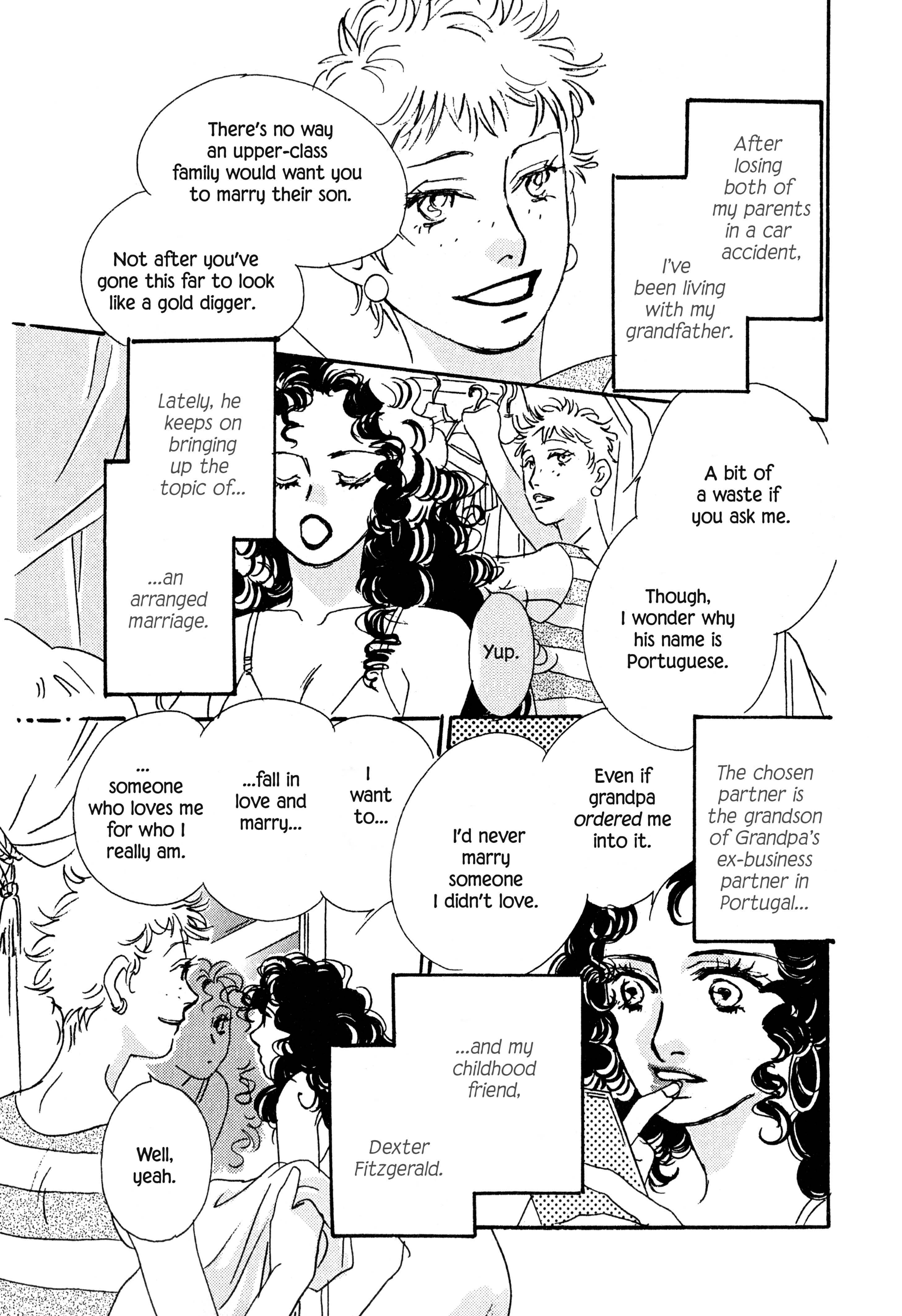


But, man,
don't you
think it
turned out
pretty
good?

...

My
name is
Maddy
Cook,
currently
thirty
years
old...

...born in
Portugal,
raised in
England.



There's no way
an upper-class
family would want you
to marry their son.

Not after you've
gone this far to look
like a gold digger.

After
losing
both of
my parents
in a car
accident,

I've
been living
with my
grandfather.

Lately, he
keeps on
bringing
up the
topic of...

...an
arranged
marriage.

A bit of
a waste if
you ask me.

Yup.

Though,
I wonder why
his name is
Portuguese.

...
someone
who loves me
for who I
really am.

...fall in
love and
marry...

I
want
to...

I'd never
marry
someone
I didn't love.

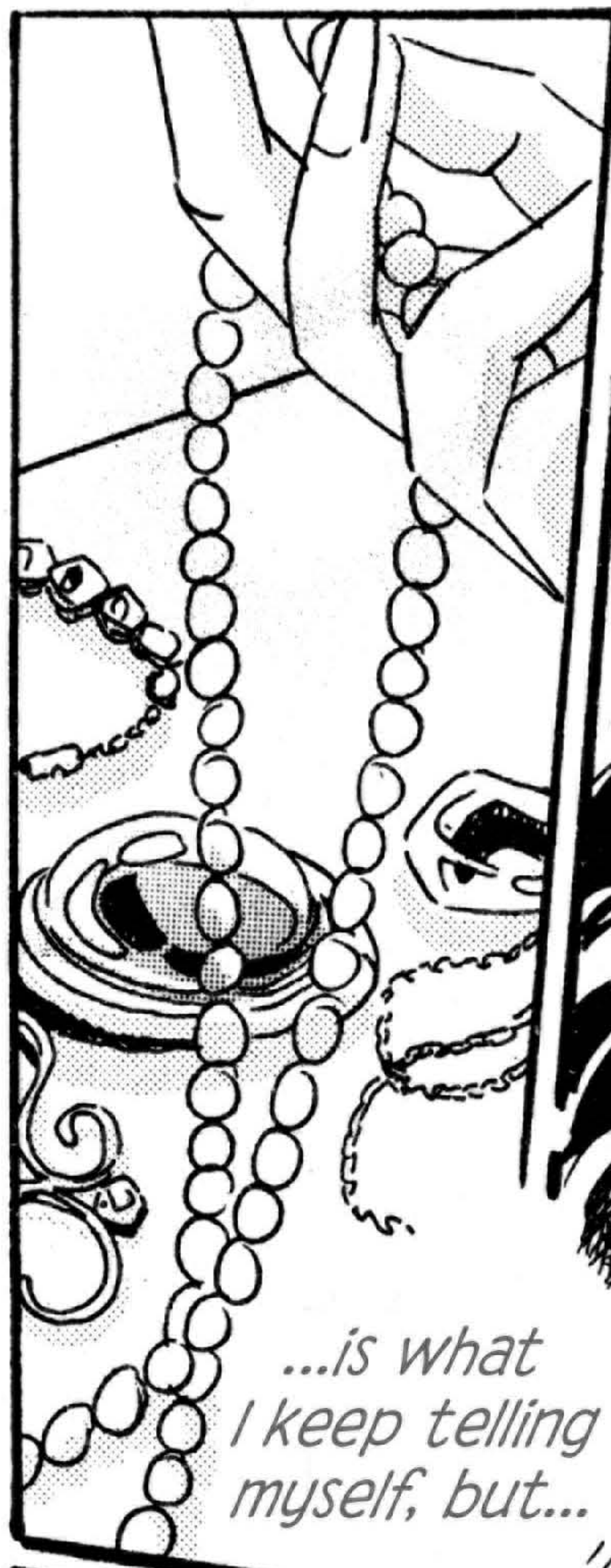
Even if
grandpa
ordered me
into it.

The chosen
partner is
the grandson
of Grandpa's
ex-business
partner in
Portugal...

Well,
yeah.

Dexter
Fitzgerald.

...and my
childhood
friend,



*...is what
I keep telling
myself, but...*

Well, if it
can't come
true, then I'd
rather not
get married.

Isn't that
every girl's
dream?

You have to
practice acting
like a party girl.

Let's do a
test to see if
people are
fooled or not!

Hey, Maddy,
once you finish
dressing,

wanna go
out for a
bit?

Got it?

The key is
to be bold.

There's
no time
to be
nervous!

W-what!
But...

Your flight
is booked for
tomorrow.



Ten years ago,
I contracted
an infection.

The
truth is
...

After losing
his only son
to a fatal
car accident,

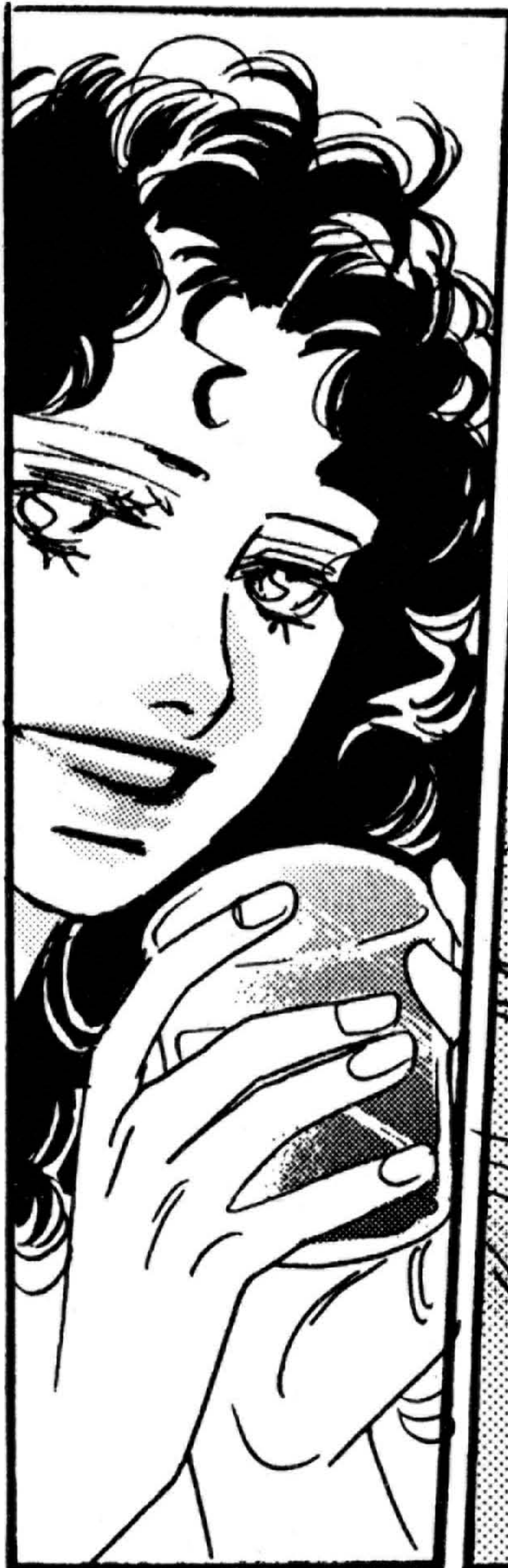
Grandpa moved us
to England to try
a new business.
Sadly, all his
ventures failed
horribly.

Not to
mention
we had no
money to
consult with
a doctor.

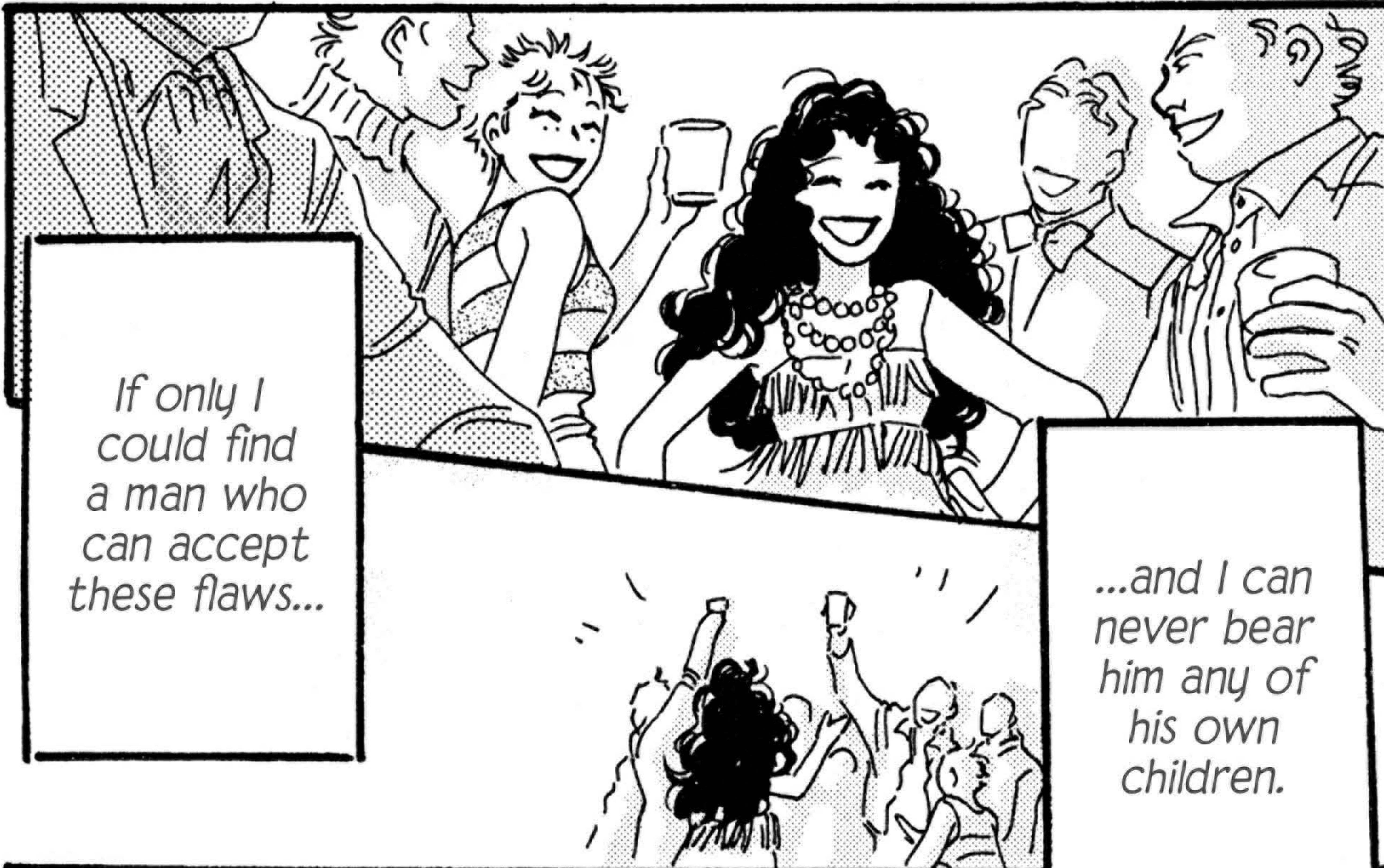
Let's
go!

With
our debt
continually
collecting,

I couldn't
afford to pay
attention to
my deteriorating
health.



In the end,
the untreated
infection left
me infertile.



If only I
could find
a man who
can accept
these flaws...

I will
never know
mother-
hood...

...and I can
never bear
him any of
his own
children.





I just have to know what really caused my parents' car accident.

But there is another reason that I have to go this far.

In search of the truth, I need to go back to our homeland, Portugal.

PORTUGAL, ALGARVE FARO AIRPORT

