

John Bqin



HAPPY DAYS

"NOSE FOR NEWS"

#60535-098

Return to Script Department
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
5451 Marathon Street
Hollywood, California 90038

A MILLER-MILKIS PRODUCTION
In Association with Garry Marshall

SHOOTING SCRIPT

September 29, 1977

HAPPY DAYS
"NOSE FOR NEWS"
#60535-098

Written by
Walter Kempley

Produced by
Tony Marshall
Bob Brunner
Jerry Paris

THIS SCRIPT IS NOT FOR PUBLICATION
OR REPRODUCTION
NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO DISPOSE OF SAME
IF LOST OR DESTROYED, PLEASE
NOTIFY SCRIPT DEPARTMENT

Return to Script Department
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
5451 Marathon Street
Hollywood, California 90038

A MILLER-MILKIS PRODUCTION
In Association with Garry Marshall

SHOOTING SCRIPT

September 29, 1977

HAPPY DAYS
"NOSE FOR NEWS"

CAST

RICHIE CUNNINGHAM	RON HOWARD
FONZIE	HENRY WINKLER
HOWARD CUNNINGHAM	TOM BOSLEY
MARION CUNNINGHAM	MARION ROSS
POTSIE	ANSON WILLIAMS
RALPH	DONNY MOST
JOANIE	ERIN MORAN
AL	AL MOLINARO
CHACHI	SCOTT BAIO
PROFESSOR GARRITY	HENRY BECKMAN
LORI BETH	LINDA GOODFRIEND
MILLIE	LAURA FROMER
HARRIET	TITA BELL
CLARICE	

SETS

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE
CUNNINGHAM LIVING ROOM
ARNOLD'S
RALPH'S AND POTSIE'S APARTMENT

HAPPY DAYS
"A NOSE FOR NEWS"

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPUS UWM - DAY (STOCK)

STUDENTS ARE WALKING IN FRONT OF AN IVY COVERED BUILDING,
CARRYING BOOKS, ETC.

EXT. OFFICE DOOR - DAY

A SIGN ON THE DOOR READS: PROFESSOR GARRITY JOURNALISM DEPT.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

THIS IS THE OFFICE OF PROFESSOR GARRITY, RICHIE'S JOURNALISM
PROFESSOR. IT'S A SMALL CLUTTERED OFFICE WITH STACKS OF
PAPERS AND BOOKS PILED ON AN OLD DESK. FRAMED FRONT PAGES
OF VARIOUS YELLOWED PAPERS DOT THE WALLS. PROFESSOR GARRITY,
A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, HAS HIS COAT OFF AND HE'S ON THE TELEPHONE.

GARRITY

(INTO PHONE) These pencils you sent
me. They're number three pencils. I
can't edit the students' news stories
with skinny lead.

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

GARRITY (CONT'D)

(CALLS) Come in.

RICHIE ENTERS. GARRITY SIGNALS FOR HIM TO SIT DOWN.

GARRITY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE; ANNOYED) Well, I'll
tell you what you can do with your
number three pencils... Number one,
you can...

HE SLAMS DOWN THE RECEIVER.

GARRITY (CONT'D)

(TO RICHIE) He hung up on me.

RICHIE

Maybe I'd better come back.

GARRITY

(VERY GRUFF) No. (BEAT) You got
a number one pencil?

RICHIE

(PROUD) Never use anything else.

RICHIE REACHES INTO SHIRT POCKET AND HANDS GARRITY A PENCIL.
GARRITY LOOKS AT IT.

GARRITY

It's a number two.

HE BREAKS IT AND THROWS IT AWAY.

RICHIE

I'll go get a number one.

RICHIE TURNS TOWARD THE DOOR.

GARRITY

Hold it, Cunningham, why are you
here?

RICHIE

(DEEP BREATH) Well, uh... Professor Garrity, my grade on my last assignment. This is my first college journalism course and you gave me a 'D'. I've never questioned a grade before but I honestly think I deserved better than a 'D'.

GARRITY

Oh, is that a fact. I suggest you read it over again.

RICHIE

(BROWBEATEN; TAKES OUT PAPER) I did. It's got who, what, why, where, when and how... I got all the facts in the first paragraph... It's colorful and it sort of deserves a better...

GARRITY SNATCHES THE PAPER FROM RICHIE. HE LOOKS AT IT.

GARRITY

I remember. Colorful. Good sentence structure.

RICHIE

Then why did I get a 'D'?

GARRITY

Cunningham, your story was for Good Housekeeping... What's the name of this course?

RICHIE

Name? Investigative Reporting 101.

GARRITY

Right. That's investigative. This story deals with a stoplight that's been burned out for over a month.

RICHIE

Right. Good subject. Hasn't been fixed. There's traffic jams... people late for work. City with no heart.

GARRITY

Uh-huh. Where's a quote from the Traffic Commissioner?

RICHIE

Well, I tried. But...

GARRITY

What do the people in the neighborhood think?

RICHIE

People. Well, I...

GARRITY

How about the police covering the area? The school guard? A motorist who's had a close call?

RICHIE

But how about my colorful description of the light itself? What was wrong with... (READS) ... "the fiery, red glow, which once flashed like a one-eyed giant, now stands like a lonely, silenced sentinel."

GARRITY

(YELLS) Who cares about a one-eyed giant? Investigative reporting. You want to write about ore-eyed giants, write for television.

RICHIE

I see your point.

GARRITY

Congratulations.

RICHIE

I didn't dig enough.

GARRITY

Right, Cunningham. Dig. (DOES DIGGING MOTION) Dig. Dig.

RICHIE

Dig. (COPIES DIGGING MOTION)

GARRITY

Get down in the muck and wallow.
Hunt. Root around. Ferret out.

RICHIE

(GETTING UP) Dig.

GARRITY HEADS RICHIE TOWARD DOOR.

GARRITY

That's right. Dig. My door is
always open.

RICHIE CROSSES TO DOOR. HE TRIES TO OPEN. IT'S STUCK.

RICHIE

(FORCED LAUGH) Just from the
outside.

GARRITY

(YELLS) Kick.

RICHIE

You said dig.

GARRITY

No, the door.

RICHIE KICKS THE DOOR AND EXITS. HE LOOKS IN THE DOOR WINDOW
AND MAKES DIGGING MOTIONS TO GARRITY. HE RETURNS THEM.

DISSOLVE TO:

B

INT. CUNNINGHAM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RICHIE, MARION AND JOANIE ARE ALL READING VARIOUS NEWSPAPERS. THEY'RE ALL HUNTING FOR A STORY FOR RICHIE. MARION AND JOANIE ARE UP AND HAPPY. RICHIE IS GLUM.

RICHIE

I'll never get a story. I've read
eight papers and the best I've got
is (READING PAPER) 'After the wedding,
Zsa Zsa said, this time it's forever...'
Aw, it's no use.

JOANIE

Here's something for you to
investigate, Rich.

RICHIE

What?

JOANIE

It says here that 'Desi and Lucy
are heading for splitsville'.

MARION

It's a wonder the marriage lasted
that long, she's so silly. I mean,
a grown woman who gets her head
stuck in a loving cup.

RICHIE

(INTERRUPTS) Mom, I'm digging for
news, not gossip.

MARION

(SUDDENLY) Oh, look!

RICHIE

You got something, Mom?

MARION

Here's a delicious recipe (SHE LOOKS
AT RICHIE) ... If I was looking for
recipes. Right now I'm looking for
news. Helping my son. I love it.

THE BACK DOOR FLIES OPEN AND FONZIE RUSHES IN.

FONZIE

Okay, Cunningham. Stop the presses,
I've got your story. The United
States Post Office is crooked.

RICHIE

(EXCITED) Hey, Fonz, that is big.
A Federal case. What'd they do?

FONZIE

The postman snatched my 'HANDLE
BARS ILLUSTRATED'.

RICHIE DIGS INTO THE PILE OF NEWSPAPERS.

RICHIE

I'm sorry, Fonz. It was me. I took
it out of your mailbox.

FONZIE

That's a relief. It wasn't the
postman, it was my best friend.

JOANIE

There's your story... 'Journalism
student gets sent up for mail
tampering.'

MARION

(TO FONZIE) You'll have to excuse
Richard. He's looking so hard for
a story.

FONZIE

Cunningham, I see you're desperate.
You really need big. (CONFIDENTIALLY)
There was that time Paula Petralunga
spent three days in the tunnel of
love.

RICHIE

Fonz, it's for the school paper,
not the World Book of Records.

JOANIE

Three days in the tunnel of love?
I'd better tell Jenny Piccalo that
somebody broke her record.

JOANIE STARTS TO EXIT.

MARION

Have a good time, dear, and don't...

JOANIE EXITS. THE DOOR SLAMS.

MARION (CONT'D)

... slam the door. (THEN) Arthur,
maybe you know something Richard
can investigate. Something exciting
... something different.

FONZIE

(SUDDENLY) Exciting? Different?

That reminds me, Holly's upstairs.

FONZIE PICKS UP HIS MAGAZINE AND EXITS OUT BACK. HOWARD NOW
ENTERS, ANGRILY, THROUGH FRONT.

MARION

(GETS UP) Good evening, dear. And
how was your day?

HOWARD

I had a lousy day, Marion.

MARION

Oh, that's too bad... but cheer up,
I'm having pot roast for dinner. Now
doesn't that make you feel better?

HOWARD

No. (BEAT) With little carrots in
the gravy?

MARION

Yes.

HOWARD

It's a start.

MARION

(WARMLY) What's the trouble, dear?
Are your feather dusters molting
again?

HOWARD

It's the garbage men. They're
demanding a surcharge.

MARION

A surcharge? How dare they! (THEN)
What exactly does that mean?

HOWARD IS PACING BACK AND FORTH. RICHIE LOOKS UP AND STARTS TO
PAY ATTENTION.

HOWARD

They want extra money every week to
pick up the trash. (TO RICHIE) They
call it a surcharge. I call it
bullying me... extortion!

MARION

Like they say, dear. You can't
fight City Hall.

RICHIE

(ENTHUSIASTIC) City Hall? Fight
City Hall? That's it. My story. I
got it. Dig. He wants me to dig.
What's better to dig in than garbage?
I'm really cooking now. I'm cooking
with gas.

HOWARD

What's he talking about, Marion?

RICHIE

Sit down, Dad. It's 'Scoop' Cunningham. I'm doing a big investigative story for school and you can help me. Dad, who told you about the surcharge?

HOWARD

The regular garbage men.

RICHIE

What are their names?

HOWARD

Names? I don't know their names.

RICHIE

What do you call them?

HOWARD

Hey, Mac.

RICHIE

Well, what can you tell me about them?

HOWARD

(ANNOYED) They pick up my trash cans; they dump my trash in the truck and then run over my lids.

RICHIE

What a story!

HOWARD

Running over lids? What's going on?

RICHIE STARTS UPSTAIRS.

RICHIE

(EXCITED) Assignment... surcharge...

City Hall... garbage...

RICHIE EXITS UPSTAIRS.

HOWARD

Marion, what's going on?

MARION

It's like Richie said, assignment...

surcharge... City Hall... garbage.

HOWARD LOOKS AT MARION A BEAT. THEN:

HOWARD

Good. Marion... dinner... fast...

small carrots.

DISSOLVE TO:

CINT. ARNOLD'S - A FEW DAYS LATER

WHILE THE GANG DANCES, RALPH AND POTSIE SIT AT A BOOTH COMPARING CLASS NOTES. POTSIE IS DRESSED IN HIS NAVY R.O.T.C. UNIFORM. AL IS TALKING ON THE PHONE.

RALPH

Boy, this college stuff is hard.

POTSIE

You're telling me. I'm doing so bad in R.O.T.C., they're talking firing squad.

RALPH

They won't do that. In the Navy they walk the plank. (THEN) Look, I missed some of the notes in biology. Can I see yours?

POTSIE

I think I missed a few, too, but I'll read you what I got.

(MORE)

POTSIE (CONT'D)

(READS) The digestive system of the
earthworm is...

POTSIE STOPS, LOOKS UP.

RALPH

(AFTER A BEAT) That's it?

POTSIE

Yeah, that's when Linda Shanley
crossed her legs.

RALPH GETS UP.

RALPH

C'mon, we better find somebody we
can get the notes from.

POTSIE GETS UP. RICHIE RUSHES IN. RALPH STOPS HIM.

RICHIE

Hi, guys.

RALPH

Hey, Rich, we need the notes...

RICHIE

I haven't got time for kid stuff.

I'm on to something big.

RALPH AND POTSIE LOOK AT EACH OTHER. RICHIE CROSSES TO AL.
HE IS TALKING ON THE PHONE AND HOLDS A COKE IN HIS HAND.

POTSIE

He didn't get them, either.

RALPH

Right. Let's go find Linda Shanley.

POTSIE

What if she didn't get the notes?

RALPH

Then we'll look at her legs.

RALPH AND POTSIE EXIT.

RICHIE

Al, please hurry. I'm expecting a
call from the Sanitation Department.

AL PUTS HIS HAND OVER THE MOUTHPIECE ON THE PHONE.

AL

(TO RICHIE) Yes, I know. This is
it... Mrs. Miller... Did you know
we're from the same parish?

RICHIE

Al, can I have the phone?

AL

(INTO PHONE) You know, my brother's
a priest.

RICHIE

(IMPATIENT) Al...

AL

(INTO PHONE) I've gotta go.

AL HANDS PHONE AND COKE TO RICHIE. AL SHRUGS AND EXITS TO
KITCHEN.

RICHIE

(INTO PHONE) Hello, this is Richie
Cunningham... Yes, Al is a nice man
... About the Commissioner... All
right, the Commissioner doesn't want
to see me...

FONZIE ENTERS FROM MENS' ROOM.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Couldn't you and I get
together, Mrs. Miller...? Wait,
Mrs. Miller...

A DISAPPOINTED AND FRUSTRATED RICHIE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(TO FONZIE) She hung up.

FONZIE

She should have. You shouldn't
fool around with married women.

RICHIE

That wasn't a married woman. Well,
it was a married woman... She's from
Al's parish... Look, forget her.
I'm really on to a big story... an
expose of the Sanitation Department...
but I can't get anywhere. I keep
hitting a stone wall. I've got some
good leads, but nobody will confirm
them.

FONZIE

I got it. Everybody's put a tick-a-lock
on their mouths.

RICHIE

Yeah, they really locked those ticks.
(THEN) Hey, Fonz, you know people
down at City Hall.

FONZIE

City Hall. Yeah, let's see. There's
Valarie, Julie, Jackie...

RICHIE LOOKS AROUND FURTIVELY, MOTIONS FONZIE OVER TO THE
PINBALL MACHINE.

RICHIE

(SOTTO) Fonz, come over here for a
second, please.

FONZIE GOES TO THE PINBALL MACHINE.

FONZIE

Sharon, Lois, Eileen.

RICHIE AND FONZIE TALK OUT OF THE SIDES OF THEIR MOUTHS.

RICHIE

(SOTTO) Not so loud.

FONZIE

(SOTTO) Lorraine, Bunny...

RICHIE

(SOTTO) Okay, Fonz, that's enough.
Boy, it's great to know somebody
with friends in the right places.

FONZIE

Sally, Rachael...

RICHIE

Fonz, I need somebody on the inside,
somebody in the know, with all the
info. (STILL OUT OF THE SIDE OF HIS
MOUTH, EXCITED) I'm gonna rip the
lid off City Hall, Fonz. Rip, rip,
rip...

FONZIE

Rip, I get your drift. You need a
chatty garbage man.

RICHIE

Yeah, yeah, come on, let's go chat.

FONZIE

(INTERRUPTS -- HUSHED) Hold it,
Cunningham, these things take time.

RICHIE

(SIDE OF MOUTH) But, Fonz, I have to
turn this in tomorrow morning.

FONZIE

(HUSHED) I'll see what I can do.
(STILL TALKING OUT OF SIDE OF HIS
MOUTH; THEN) You know something,
Red, this is nice. I can blow in
a girl's ear without turning my head.

RICHIE REACTS.

DISSOLVE TO:

D

INT. CUNNINGHAM LIVING ROOM - EVENING

RICHIE AND LORI BETH ARE SEATED ON THE COUCH. RICHIE IS REALLY UP. HE'S ON THE ROAD TO CRACKING THE GARBAGE RACKET. LORI BETH IS A TOUCH FRISKY.

LORI BETH

Well, here we are... We got the house
to ourselves. Want to put on some
records?... Romantic records?

RICHIE

Records. Records. Maybe that's
what I need. A copy of the Sanitation
Department records. I could really
naïl them.

LORI BETH

Do you know what it's like playing
second fiddle to garbage?

RICHIE

I'm sorry... My mind wandered. It's not you... Oh, what's the use.

LORI BETH

Oh, that's all right. But I liked it better when we necked in the car. At least you couldn't get up and pace.

RICHIE

There'll be time for that later. Right now I'm wrapped up in this story.

LORI BETH

Well, I guess that's what a relationship is. One person helps the other. What can I do?

RICHIE

Kiss me.

LORI BETH

But you just said...

RICHIE

I know. I'm crazy.

LORI BETH

Richie, isn't there something I can do?

RICHIE

Better stay out of it. This looks like big trouble, people refusing to talk. Extortion... it's dirty business.

LORI BETH

Richie, you're so dedicated...
dedicated and sweet.

RICHIE

I'm really going to crack it tonight
and... (IT SINKS IN WHAT LORI BETH
SAID) ... sweet?

LORI BETH

And sexy.

RICHIE

You really know how to take a man's
mind off his work.

HE STARTS TO EMBRACE HER. THERE'S A CRASH AGAINST THE DOOR.

LORI BETH

(SCARED) What's that?

RICHIE

I don't know. Stay where you are.

RICHIE GETS UP AND GOES TO THE DOOR.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(CROSSING) And hold that pucker.

RICHIE LISTENS AT THE DOOR, THEN JERKS IT OPEN. HE OPENS THE
DOOR. HE LOOKS OUT. THERE'S NO ONE THERE. THEN HE SEES
WHAT'S ON THE FRONT PORCH. A GARBAGE LID FILLED WITH GARBAGE.
HE PICKS IT UP, PUSHES THE DOOR CLOSED AND RETURNS TO LORI BETH.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Look. A lid full of garbage.

LORI BETH

(POINTS) There on top.

RICHIE

The coffee grounds?

LORI BETH

No, the note.

RICHIE PUTS DOWN THE LID AND PICKS UP THE NOTE.

RICHIE

It is a note. Listen to this. (READS)

'Cunningham. If your nosey son
doesn't stop poking in our business,
we'll kick your can.'

LORI BETH

Oh, your poor father. Sounds like a
threat.

RICHIE

Sounds more like a promise.

THEY LOOK WORRIED AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOE

FADE IN:

INT. CUNNINGHAM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RICHIE IS PACING BACK AND FORTH. HOWARD IS THERE IN HIS BATH-ROBE. THEY'RE BOTH WORRIED. THE GARBAGE LID IS THERE.

RICHIE

And that's the whole story, Dad.

HOWARD

What do you think, Richard?

RICHIE

Me? Well, I suppose I'd better drop
the whole matter.

HOWARD

So we'd better just let it die, is
that it?

RICHIE

That's it. Dad, I don't want you
to get hurt.

HOWARD

Wrong, Richard. Exposing an extortionist is more important than kicking. Besides, young man, nobody kicks Howard Cunningham's can without getting kicked back.

RICHIE

But, Dad... That note was a threat.

HOWARD

First, it was the tea tax in Boston. Now it's the garbage tax in Milwaukee. And another thing, are you digging into this mess for a grade in school or are you trying for justice?

RICHIE

Justice. Truth and justice. It is better to light one candle than to...

FONZIE ENTERS, QUICKLY.

FONZIE

Psssst. Red.

RICHIE

Hi, Fonz... than to curse the...

FONZIE

I got the informant.

RICHIE

... the darkness. (BEAT) Informant?

FONZIE

(SOTTO) Can we trust him? (INDICATES HOWARD)

RICHIE

It's all right. He knows. As a
matter of fact, look at that. (HE
POINTS AT LID OF GARBAGE)

FONZIE

Somebody really missed the garbage
can? (LAUGHS)

RICHIE

Fonz, they threw it at us. They
threatened my father.

HOWARD

But Richie's going to crack the story.

RICHIE

Can your informant give it to me?

FONZIE

Why would I get an informant who
wouldn't inform?

RICHIE

He outside?

FONZIE

Whoa. He's a man on the inside. How
can he be inside if he's outside. An
outside man is never on the inside.
Then he'd be inside out. Never mind.
You just don't understand undercover.
Just be at Ralph and Potsie's apartment
tonight at eleven. Alone. I'll bring
him there.

RICHIE

Suppose Ralph and Potsie are doing
something?

FONZIE

What could those two be doing?

You just be there.

FONZIE EXITS.

RICHIE

I'm gonna rip the lid off this
inside outside business. Dig.
Dig. Sneak. Snoop. Muck and
wallow.

HOWARD

Richard. Keep on your toes. This
is a dangerous business. My can
is on the line.

RICHIE

Don't worry, Dad, your can is safe
with me.

DISSOLVE TO:

H

INT. RALPH AND POTSIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WE SEE MILLIE AND HARRIET, RALPH AND POTSIE'S DATES, SEATED ALONE ON THE COUCH, WAITING. RALPH POPS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE BEDROOM.

RALPH

Ready for the show?

THE GIRLS SMILE AT HIM. AS SOON AS HE DUCKS HIS HEAD BACK INTO THE BEDROOM, THEIR SMILES FADE. THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER, NOD AND START TO TIPTOE OUT OF THE ROOM. RALPH NOW COMES INTO THE ROOM, POTSIE TUCKED UNDER HIS ARM. POTSIE WALKS FUNNY AND HIS BODY IS VERY LIMP. POTSIE IS WEARING A FUNNY WIG WITH A STRAP UNDER HIS CHIN. POTSIE IS THE VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY. RALPH THE VENTRILOQUIST.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Girls, you don't have to move. You
can see from where you are.

GIRLS

Caught.

THE GIRLS SIT DOWN ON THE COUCH. RALPH GOES TO A CHAIR SET UP FOR THE PURPOSE AND SITS. HE PUTS POTSIE ON HIS LAP. RALPH PUTS HIS HAND BEHIND POTSIE LIKE HE'S WORKING STRINGS. POTSIE PLAYS THE DUMMY WITH JERKY HEAD MOVEMENTS AND A STRAIGHT FACE.

RALPH

It's Ralph Malp, "Ventriloquist
Extraordinaire" and "Senor Potsie."

(BEAT) Well, hello there, Senor
Potsie.

POTSIE

(IN DUMMY VOICE) Hello, Ralph Malp.
Hello, girls.

THE GIRLS RAISE THEIR EYES TO HEAVEN.

RALPH

(TO GIRLS) Now, isn't this better
than working at a switchboard all
day? Watch closely. Senor Potsie
will sing while I, the Ventriloquist
Extraordinaire, drink a glass of
water. (LAUGHS)

RALPH PICKS UP A PRE-SET GLASS OF WATER. AS RALPH PICKS UP
GLASS, POTSIE STARTS SINGING "TEA FOR TWO" IN DUMMY VOICE.
RALPH NOW DRINKS THE WATER. POTSIE GARGLES IN TUNE.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(TO POTSIE) You're supposed to keep
singing.

THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

POTSIE

Oh right. Singing. Someone's at
the door.

MILLIE

(CALLS) Come in.

HARRIET

(PLEADS) Please!

RICHIE ENTERS. HE CARRIES A CAMERA WITH A FLASH ATTACHMENT,
AND A TAPE RECORDER.

RICHIE

Hi, everybody. Sorry to interrupt,
but I need to use... What are you
guys doing? (LOOKS AT POTSIE) No,
don't tell me. Listen, c'mere I've
got to talk to you.

RALPH AND POTSIE STAND.

RALPH

Sure, Rich. Talk away. Don't go
away girls. We've got a big finish.

RICHIE LOOKS AND THE GIRLS ARE WATCHING. HE SIGNALS RALPH
AND POTSIE WITH HIS HEAD TO COME AWAY SO THEY CAN TALK. THEY
ALL MOVE AWAY FROM THE GIRLS.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(QUIETLY) Rich, telephone operators.
Ring-a ding-ding. (INDICATES GIRLS)

RICHIE

Yeah, ring-a-ding-ding. (QUIETLY)
Look, I need your apartment.

RICHIE STARTS UNPACKING, SETTING UP HIS EQUIPMENT.

RALPH

(LAUGHS) Got a hot one, Rich?
(SOTTO TO POTSIE) Lets him take
pictures?

RICHIE

Yeah. Yeah, a hot one. I tape
record it, too.

RALPH

Nooo!

RICHIE

But I've got to be alone with her.

THE GIRLS POP UP TO LEAVE. RICHIE HELPS THEM ON WITH THEIR COATS.

HARRIET

That sounds good to us.

RALPH

But you haven't seen the end of the act.

MILLIE

Oh, yes we have.

HARRIET

We'll see you. Don't call us, we'll call you.

RALPH

But, girls, you're missing the best part. I was gonna turn Senor Potsie's head completely around.

POTSIE

(TO RALPH) Completely around?

GIRLS LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

HARRIET

Might be worth it. You can show us on the way home.

THE GIRLS EXIT.

POTSIE

(TO RALPH) Completely around?

RALPH

We'll fake it.

POTSIE EXITS.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(WINKS AT RICHIE) Camera... sound...

Who'd have thought it. My best friend
a weirdo.

RALPH EXITS. AS RICHIE IS CLOSING THE DOOR, CHACHI ENTERS
IMMEDIATELY, CARRYING HIS "CHACHI, INC." BAG.

CHACHI

Weirdo?

RICHIE

Chachi, what are you doing here?

CHACHI

I live in the building. Remember?

What are you doing here?

RICHIE

Listen, Chachi. I need the apartment.

I'm expecting someone.

CHACHI

Say no more. I'm a man of the world.

Good thing I got here before she did.

I've got just what you need. Chachi's

"You Can Make Out On The First Date

Kit".

RICHIE

Chachi, my company's due any second.

CHACHI

(IGNORING RICHIE, CONTINUING WITH

HIS PITCH) The kit contains an

empty wine bottle with a candle in

it. (BEAT) Very romantic...

RICHIE

(IMPATIENT) She's not the candle in the bottle type, Chachi. Please...

CHACHI

(CONTINUES) It also contains Chachi's special "Books of Sweet Nothings to Whisper In Her Ears" -- Two volumes, one for each ear...

RICHIE

(STILL IMPATIENT) Chachi, she's hard of hearing. Now will you get out?

CHACHI

... And the kit also contains a dime.

RICHIE

Chachi, will you... a dime?

CHACHI

Yeah, if you get tired, call me.

RICHIE PUSHES CHACHI TO DOOR.

RICHIE

Sounds great. I know Ralph would love it. But not now.

FONZIE ENTERS WITH CLARICE, WHO IS BUILT LIKE TWO RAQUEL WELCHES. RICHIE AND CHACHI REACT.

CHACHI

Hi, Fonz. (TO CLARICE) Waa...

Waa... Waa...

FONZIE

Chachi, what're you doing here?
What are you selling now?

CHACHI

Me, For a dollar.

FONZIE

Out.

CHACHI

Do I hear a quarter?

FONZIE

Do I hear a door close?

FONZIE GIVES CHACHI A LOOK.

CHACHI

I can't sell anything tonight. It
must be the recession.

CHACHI EXITS.

RICHIE

Fonzie... this is the... (OUT OF THE
SIDE OF MOUTH) ... informant? Boy,
I'm glad I brought the camera.

FONZIE

She's no informant. (BEAT) But come
to think of it, she informed me of a
couple of interesting things. Whoa.

RICHIE

Fonzie.

FONZIE

Right. Now here's the plan. And
don't write nothin' down. And will
you get rid of that junk? Don't
you know nothing about informing?

RICHIE PUTS DOWN HIS CAMERA AND TAPE RECORDER. FONZIE WALKS TO THE ALLEY WINDOW. HE PULLS DOWN THE SHADE. RICHIE FOLLOWS. CLARICE STANDS AND BREATHE HEAVILY.

FONZIE (CONT'D)

Your... (OUT OF SIDE OF MOUTH) ...
informant... (BACK TO REGULAR TALKING)
... will be in the alley. You won't
see him. Only his silhouette.

RICHIE

Great idea, Fonzie.

FONZIE

(SOTTO) I got the notion from
Clarice over there. I was walkin'
along the street and I look up at
this shade and... there she was.

RICHIE

Yeah. She must cast some shadow.

FONZIE

It barely fit on the shade.

RICHIE

Okay. So I talk to him through the
window.

FONZIE

Wrong. He won't talk. He'll kick
the can once for yes, twice for no.
Dig?

RICHIE

Good. Good, Fonz. That way I won't
be able to testify in court about
his voice. Clever. Gotta protect...

FONZIE

(REACTS) Cunningham.

RICHIE

Right, Fonz.

FONZIE

All right. Ready?

RICHIE

Ready.

FONZIE RAPS ON THE WINDOW. AFTER A BEAT, THE OUTLINE OF AL APPEARS ON THE SHADE. RICHIE REACTS.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(TO OUTLINE) Be with you in a minute.

HE DRAGS FONZIE AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(SOTTO) Fonz, that's Al.

FONZIE

You wanted somebody who knows the inside story. He knows.

RICHIE

Al? But, how?

FONZIE STARES AT HIM.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Gotcha. Don't ask.

FONZIE

Right. I'm goin' now, Red.

HE CROSSES TO CLARICE.

FONZIE (CONT'D)

Go get 'em. (TO CLARICE) Come on, Clarice, let's go shadow box.

THEY EXIT.

RICHIE

Thanks, Fonz.

RICHIE WALKS TO THE WINDOW. SUDDENLY WE SEE CHACHI'S SHADOW APPEAR HOLDING THE SHOPPING BAG UP TO AL. RICHIE REACTS WITH EXASPERATION. AL SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO" TO CHACHI AND WAVES HIM AWAY.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Okay, once for yes, twice for no.

Right?

KICKS ONCE.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Can you hear me all right?

KICKS ONCE.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I can hear you fine, too. First question. Is it someone higher up in the Sanitation Department taking kickbacks from the garbage men?

ONE KICK.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

... And everybody's afraid to talk, right?

ONE KICK.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(EXCITED) Is it the mob? What a scoop!... Al Capone, Frank Costello, Lucky Luciano. I'm hot now...

TWO KICKS.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) I'm not so hot. (TO AL)
One man keeps cropping up. The
dispatcher. Is he the one?

ONE KICK.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(EXCITED) I knew it. But how can
I prove it, Al?

AL (O.S.)

There's only one way, Richie.

THERE'S A BEAT AS THEY BOTH REALIZE THEY'VE REVEALED THE
INSIDER.

RICHIE, AND AL (O.S.)

(TOGETHER) Ooops.

AL SLOWLY RAISES THE SHADE. HE'S EMBARRASSED.

AL

You knew it was me, didn't you?

RICHIE

Right, Al.

AL

But... now... my cousin the garbageman
... he'll get... you can't... big
trouble...

RICHIE

A reporter's sources are sacred, Al.

AL

That's good. (LOOKS BOTH WAYS) The
dispatcher is new on your father's
route but he's worked this racket
before.

(MORE)

AL (CONT'D)

Ask him... (LOOKS BOTH WAYS AGAIN)
... where he got his motor boat.

RICHIE

Motor boat.

AL

His summer house.

RICHIE

Yeah... yeah

AL

And a dishwasher.

RICHIE

Al, lots of people have dishwashers.

AL

That also makes beds and cooks?

RICHIE

He's got a maid?

AL

Sssh.

RICHIE

Al, you've done it. I've got him.

AL HEARS A NOISE.

AL

Rich, someone's coming. I gotta go.

RICHIE

Okay, thanks.

AL QUICKLY STEPS AWAY FROM THE WINDOW. FONZIE ENTERS THE APARTMENT.

FONZIE

I figured you'd be through with Al
by now.

RICHIE

Yeah, Fonz, thanks. I've got the
goods on them now.

FONZIE GOES OVER TO WINDOW AND PULLS DOWN THE SHADE. HE
STANDS LOOKING TOWARDS IT.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(EXCITED) ... Boats... dishwashers...
maids... I've gotta go write this
story right now.

CLARICE'S SHADOW APPEARS ON THE SHADE. FONZIE STANDS LOOKING.
RICHIE STOPS HIS RUSH TO LEAVE. HE LOOKS OVER AT FONZIE,
THEN AT THE SHADOW.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Well... the story could wait...

RICHIE STANDS WITH FONZIE AND LOOKS AT SHADE A BEAT.

FONZIE

That's what I call 'made in the shade'.

DISSOLVE TO:

J

INT. GARRITY OFFICE - DAY

GARRITY IS BUSY CORRECTING PAPERS. THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

GARRITY

(GRUFFLY) Come in.

RICHIE ENTERS.

RICHIE

You wanted to see me, Professor
Garrity?

GARRITY

(YELLS) Wanted to see you? I'll
tell the world I wanted to see you.
Come over here. Do you know what's
happening? I've been on the phone
for a half an hour with the
Sanitation Commissioner.

RICHIE

Well, I don't know why he'd call you.
He had no business...

GARRITY

The District Attorney's office has
been yelling at me. The Better
Business Bureau, the Mayor's office
... all yelling.

RICHIE

(GLUM) I'm really sorry.

GARRITY

(YELLS LOUDER) Sorry? I love it.
That's newspapering.

RICHIE

You love it? Really?

GARRITY

You murdered them, Cunningham. You
nailed them to the wall. The
dispatcher has resigned to avoid
prosecution. Cunningham, you both
took the stink out of Milwaukee's
garbage. I love it.

RICHIE

(REALLY HIGH NOW) Yeah. We got 'em.
And... think of the grade I'm going
to get.

GARRITY

(QUIET) You got a 'B'.

RICHIE

(SHOCKED) A 'B'? For taking the
stink out of Milwaukee's garbage?

GARRITY

Cunningham, you did a great job.
But I know you can do better. I
don't ever want you to sit back and
relax. Keep at it and one day
you'll be something there's darn
few of... a real newspaperman.

GARRITY HOLDS OUT HIS HAND AND RICHIE TAKES IT. THEY SHAKE
HANDS.

RICHIE

A newspaperman. Yeah. Thanks.

THERE IS A QUIET MOMENT, THEN:

GARRITY

(PICKS UP PAPER) Now, what is this
junk about 'dancing silhouettes
flickering on the shade'? That's
sissy talk. (BEAT) Now, what's the
name of this course...?

RICHIE SMILES CONFIDENTLY.

RICHIE

Investigative Reporting 101.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

K

FADE IN:

INT. CUNNINGHAM LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HOWARD IS STANDING NEAR RICHIE, PUTTING ON HIS COAT. LORI BETH IS SITTING ON THE COUCH.

HOWARD

Rich, your mother told me about the great job you did on the story. I'm proud of you.

RICHIE

I'm the one who's proud. It's not many fathers who'd put their can on the line for their son's newspaper story. Dad, you're pretty special.

RICHIE EMBRACES HOWARD.

LORI BETH

Aww...

HOWARD

Thanks, son.

MARION COMES DOWN THE STAIRS. SHE AD LIBS GREETINGS WITH RICHIE AND LORI BETH.

MARION

Come on, Howard, I don't want to be late. We're seeing 'Gigi'.

Frenchmen are so romantic.

HOWARD SINGS A FEW LINES OF "THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS" WITH A FRENCH ACCENT.

MARION (CONT'D)

Who was that?

HOWARD

Maurice Chevalier.

MARION

Not even close. Maybe in a straw hat...

AS THEY ARE EXITING:

HOWARD

What do you mean a straw hat...?

THEY CONTINUE THIS DISCUSSION AS THEY EXIT. RICHIE SITS DOWN ON THE COUCH WITH LORI BETH.

RICHIE

Howdy, Ma'am. Come into my arms, sweet thing.

THEY KISS.

LORI BETH

Who was that?

RICHIE

Nobody, Ma'am. But it worked.

THEY KISS AGAIN.

FADE OUT.

THE END

