

D I C K V A N D Y K E S H O W

"Coast to Coast Big Mouth"

Written by

Bill Persky & Sam Denoff

D I C K V A N D Y K E S H O W

"Coast to Coast Big Mouth"

CAST

ROB PETRIE.....DICK VAN DYKE
LAURA PETRIE.....MARY TYLER MOORE
SALLY ROGERS.....ROSE MARIE
BUDDY SORRELL.....MOREY AMSTERDAM
ALAN BRADY.....CARL REINER
MEL COOLEY.....RICHARD DEACON
MILLIE HELPER.....ANN MORGAN GUILBERT
JOHNNY PATRICK.....DICK CURTIS

SETS

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO
INT. ALAN BRADY'S OFFICE
INT. PETRIE KITCHEN
INT. ROB'S OFFICE

THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW

DVD#5-1

Subtitle: "Coast to Coast Big Mouth"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

THIS IS THE SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE AND THE STAGE. THE AUDIENCE IS FILLED WITH PEOPLE... MOSTLY WOMEN. MILLIE AND LAURA ARE SEATED ON THE SIDE. THE STAGE AREA IS SET UP FOR A TYPICAL DAYTIME GAME PARTICIPATION SHOW. A LECTERN FOR THE EMCEE... PLUS MIKES AND TABLES FOR THE CONTESTANTS. THE SHOW IS NOT YET ON THE AIR. THE JOVIAL, CLEVER, WITTY, HANDSOME EMCEE, JOHNNY PATRICK, IS STAGE CENTER. UPSTAGE WALL OF STAGE IS A MAP OF THE U.S., PLUS A SIGN: "PAY AS YOU GO."

PATRICK

(READS CARD) Okay. Now for our final contestant. Where is Miss Carol Hackett? Miss Hackett from Sacramento, California. Miss Hackett?

LADY WAVES HAND.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AT WATCH) Gals... we go on the air in a little while... it's exactly ten minutes to one... in case anyone has to take a pill.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Come on, Miss Hackett... meet our
producer... (WINKS) And watch out for
him.

THEY GO OFF... AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

MILLIE

(WATCHING MISS HACKETT GO) You see...
another sexy one. I didn't stand a
chance.

LAURA

Sure you did. They pick them out of
that bowl.

MILLIE

Yeah, but the only thing that comes
out of that bowl is sexy out-of-
towners.

LAURA

Millie... you are so phony!

MILLIE

(INDIGNANTLY) What do you mean phony?

LAURA

If they ever picked you to go on,
you'd die!

MILLIE

Well, I'd live long enough to win a
dishwasher. I know Rob could have used
his influence to get me on.

LAURA

Mille... it took him half a day to get
us the tickets. (SIGHS)

MILLIE

(APOLOGETICALLY) I already thanked you
for that.

JOHNNY PATRICK ENTERS WITH MISS HACKETT.

PATRICK

Girls... girls...

THEY QUIET DOWN.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

There's still a chance for one lucky
lady. We had to disqualify Miss
Hackett. She doesn't speak English,
right?

HACKETT

Gracias... gracias...

SHE WALKS OFF STAGE AND GOES BACK TO HER SEAT.

PATRICK

You don't have to apologize... we'll
have to pick another contestant. Let's
see... (LEAFS THROUGH CARDS)

AUDIENCE BRIGHTENS WITH EXPECTATION. MILLIE STIFFENS ... AND
WRINGS HANDS.

MILLIE

Laura... did you ever have a sudden
flash of blind intuition hit you?

LAURA

What???

MILLIE

He's gonna call me...

PATRICK

Uh... Mrs. Mildred Helper.

LAURA

(TURNING IN EXCITEMENT) Oooh!

SHE TURNS IN TIME TO SEE MILLIE FREEZE IN HER CHAIR.

PATRICK

(LOOKING AROUND) Mildred Helper.

LAURA

(RAISES HER HAND TO TELL HIM WHERE
MILLIE IS) Uh... Mr. Patrick.

PATRICK

There she is.

LAURA

(POINTS TO MILLIE) Here she is... I'm
her friend...

PATRICK

What's wrong with her?

LAURA

Oh... nothing... she, uh...

PATRICK

Nothing? She always look like that?

LAURA

Well, no... (TO MILLIE) Mil... come
on...

MILLIE

I'll die... Laura... I'll die...

PATRICK

We'll have to pick someone else.

LAURA

Millie, they'll have to pick someone
else.

MILLIE NODS HER APPROVAL.

MILLIE

Pick! Pick!

LAURA

(NOW COMPOSED) Mr. Patrick... I think
you'd better call someone else... I'm
afraid she's a little nervous.

PATRICK

All right. Thank you very much. Say,
how about you?

LAURA

(NOW NERVOUS) Me?

PATRICK

Yes. Don't be nervous.

LAURA

Well... I... well...

MILLIE

(NOW THAT THE SPOTLIGHT IS OFF HER) Go ahead, Laura.

LAURA

What do you mean, go ahead?

MILLIE

I mean go ahead. If you win something we'll split it... don't be a baby.

OTHER WOMEN REACT TO THEIR CONVERSATION.

LAURA

When did you get so brave?

MILLIE

Laura... we can't lose... you're smart... you're sexy...

LAURA

Millie!

PATRICK

(LOOKING AT HIS WATCH) I'm afraid we'll have to choose...

MILLIE

She'll do it. (THEN PLEADING TO LAURA)
Laura... do it.

LAURA

(ANGRY GLANCE AT MILLIE) Well... okay... I'll do it.

PATRICK

How about a little encouragement for
the lady?

WOMEN APPLAUD. MILLIE STARTS OUT OF THE STUDIO. LAURA IS ON
HER WAY UP TO STAGE.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Wonderful... wonderful...

LAURA

(TO MILLIE) Where are you going?

MILLIE

To call Jerry to tell him to watch me.

LAURA

You're not on.

MILLIE

It's the same thing... (MEANINGFULLY)

Partner!

LAURA REACTS.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ALAN BRADY'S OFFICE - DAY

BUDDY AND SALLY ARE ON SOFA. MEL IS STANDING NEAR ALAN'S DESK. ALAN IS SEATED BEHIND DESK. ROB IS PACING AND TALKING... REFERRING TO PAPER IN HAND.

ROB

And... uh... We think that in the new format we should do the second dance number before the big sketch.

SALLY

I'm not sure.

ALAN

I like it.

SALLY

Now I like it.

BUDDY

I like it.

MEL

I like it.

ALAN

What do you know - look at that tie you're wearing.

ROB LOOKS AT MEL'S TIE, THEN AT HIS OWN, THEIR TIES ARE IDENTICAL. ROB TRIES TO COVER HIS UP.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Let's not waste time - what else have you got there?

ROB

(HANDING HIM PAPER) A list of guest stars we'd like to get on the show.

SALLY

You'll notice they're mostly men...

ALAN

You made up the list, huh?

SALLY

Who else?

ALAN

Okay. Now listen. Remember, these advertising guys gotta be romanced, so I'll do all the talking.

SALLY

I'll do the romancing.

ALAN

If I need any help, I'll ask for it.

MEL

Right, if Alan needs any help, he'll -

ALAN

(TO MEL) Shut up, Mel.

MEL

Yessir.

ALAN

(LOOKING AT WATCH) Okay... we'll grab
a quick bite and then get over there.

THE PHONE RINGS... MEL ANSWERS IT.

BUDDY

I'm not too hungry.

ALAN

I'm treating.

BUDDY

I'm starving.

MEL

(TO PHONE) Hello?

ALAN

Shut up, Mel...

MEL

(WHISPERS) Rob, it's for you.

ALAN

Speak up, Mel.

MEL

It's for... (LOUDER) The phone is for
Rob.

ALAN

So shut up and give it to him. Come
on, dress me. (HANDS HIS JACKET TO
MEL)

MEL

Yessir.

ROB CROSSES TO PHONE.

ALAN

Make it snappy, Rob.

ROB

(CROSSING) Thanks, Mel. Hello...

Ritch? Is anything wrong?

OTHERS DIRECT ATTENTION TO ROB.

ROB (CONT'D)

Huh? Ritch... (TO GROUP) My son. (BACK INTO PHONE) Yes... I'm working... I'm in an important meeting. Ritch, what... (SIGHS) Uncle Alan, Uncle Mel, and Uncle Buddy.

SALLY GETS HIS ATTENTION.

ROB (CONT'D)

And Uncle Sally. Ritch... what do you want?

BUDDY

He calls once a day with a new riddle he heard in school.

SALLY

Then we use them on the show.

ROB

(SURPRISED) Uncle Jerry said that Millie said Mommy's on what?

SALLY

This one's tougher than usual.

ROB

What television show? Oh...those dumb tickets I got her. (LOOKS AT WATCH)
Yeah...okay, Ritch...okay...(TRIES TO HANG UP) Okay, boy...yeah...yeah.
(THINKS) Uh...I give up...an unlisted banana. (SMILES) Right...okay...see you tonight, pal. (HANGS UP)

BUDDY

What's an unlisted banana?

ALAN

Rob... what was that?

ROB

Laura is a contestant on the Johnny Patrick show.

SALLY

When?

BUDDY

Who cares... what's an unlisted banana?

ROB

Today... now!

BUDDY

What's an unlisted banana?

ROB

I got the tickets for her and Millie...

BUDDY

Rob...

ROB

(TO BUDDY) What's long and yellow and seldom rings?

BUDDY

(LIKE HE GOT IT) An unlisted banana!

ROB

(LOOKS AT WATCH) Listen... why don't you all go on ahead to lunch. I'd like to stay here and watch her. Okay, Alan?

ALAN

Okay, Rob. We'll be at the Purple Peacock.

SALLY

Hey, I'd rather watch the Johnny Patrick show. It's not as fattening as lunch.

ALAN

Johnny Patrick... he's the one who's so rough on the contestants.

BUDDY

Yeah. One day I saw him get an airline pilot so confused he admitted he was afraid to fly.

SALLY

And he made a mother admit she hated
her own kid.

ALAN

My kind of guy. Let's stay and see
what he gets Laura to admit. Mel, tune
the set... make it clearer. We'll all
stay.

MEL

Yessir.

ROB

Oh, you don't have to stay.

BUDDY

Yeah, I'm starved.

ALAN

We'll all stay!

BUDDY

That's what I said. (SITS) Why don't
we all stay.

SALLY SITS ON HIS LAP.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

This is no time for romance. Get a
chair.

SALLY

What about gallantry?

BUDDY

No time for that either. Get a chair.

SALLY

Thanks, Sir Galahad. I hope Laura wins something I can borrow.

BUDDY

I hope she's on first. I'm so hungry I could eat an unlisted banana...

THEY ALL LAUGH AS WE

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

JOHNNY PATRICK IS TALKING TO ANOTHER CONTESTANT.

PATRICK

So... Mrs. Warner, in your "pay us as you go" journey from New York to Quebec you ran out of gas in Quincy, Mass... but thanks for playing the game.

MUSIC PLAYOFF AND APPLAUSE.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

And now our next traveler is a lovely little lady from New Rochelle, New York. Mrs. Laura Petrie.

MUSIC PLAY ON: APPLAUSE.

NOTE: INTERCUT SHOT OF MILLIE APPLAUDING WILDLY.

WHEN IN INDICATED CUT BETWEEN STUDIO AND OFFICE.

BUDDY

It's about time.

LAURA CROSSES TO PATRICK... OBVIOUSLY NERVOUS.

PATRICK

So... it's Laura Petrie.

LAURA

Yes, it is.

MILLIE

(TO WOMAN) That's my friend - shh!

WHEN INDICATED CUT BETWEEN STUDIO AND OFFICE.

CUT TO OFFICE:

ALAN

Hey, Rob... she looks great.

ROB

Yeah...

CUT TO STUDIO:

PATRICK

(THINKING) Petrie... Petrie... is your
husband in television?

LAURA

(SMILES) Yes, he is.

PATRICK

I thought the name was familiar.

CUT TO OFFICE:

SALLY

Here's some free publicity, Rob.

ROB

(DREADING) I hope not.

CUT TO STUDIO:

PATRICK

Ladies and gentlemen... this little lady happens to be married to one of the most talented men in our business.

SHOT OF ROB CRINGING.

LAURA

Thank you. I think he is.

PATRICK

Ladies and gentlemen, she's married to the producer of that wonder show, "The World In Trouble," Dave Petrie...

BIG APPLAUSE

REACTION SHOT OF ROB LOOKING SHEEPISH AND OTHER LAUGHING AT HIM.

LAURA

No...

PATRICK

He's not producing it anymore.

LAURA

No... he's not my husband.

PATRICK

Well... we let the cat out of the bag there.

LAURA

No. He never was.

PATRICK

Ho... ho...

LAURA

No, you see... (SMILES PROUDLY)... my husband is Rob Petrie. (WAITS FOR BIG REACTION. NOTHING)

PATRICK

Who?

LAURA

Robert Petrie.

PATRICK

I'm afraid I never heard of him.

LAURA

He's the head writer of the Alan Brady show.

PATRICK

(TEASING) Is that still on?

REACTION SHOT FROM OFFICE.

LAURA

Of course it is.

PATRICK

Tell me, Mrs. Petrie... is the show any better than it used to be?

LAURA

Oh yes. (CAUGHT) I mean, no.

AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

ROB

Boy, I'm hungry.

PATRICK

Well, what do you mean?

LAURA

I mean... it was always good.

PATRICK

Of course. You're a little nervous.

AUDIENCE LAUGHS.

(IN OFFICE) ROB REACTS SHEEPISHLY.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(WINKS)...(ASIDE) Tell me, Laura...
between us... what's Alan Brady really
like?

ALAN

Nobody make a sound.

ROB STIFFENS.

LAURA

(CONFIDENTIALLY) He's a very fine,
talented man.

ALAN

Let's hear it. A sigh of relief all
around.

ROB

She's cute.

BACK TO STUDIO:

PATRICK

I agree. Alan Brady is an extremely
talented man.

SHOT OF ALAN REACTING.

ALAN

You know, this guy's very good.

LAURA

My husband always says how
exhilarating it is to work for a man
as gifted as Alan.

SHOT OF ROB REACTING RELIEVED.

BACK TO STUDIO:

PATRICK

She had to say that, folks.

ROB

No, she didn't.

PATRICK

(SETTING HER UP) Tell me... is he any
easier to get along with now?

LAURA

(TAKING THE BAIT) Oh, yes... unh, no!
(TRYING TO GET OUT OF IT) Uh, he's the
same.

PATRICK

Come on, now, the truth. Is he still a
screamer?

LAURA

No... uh... He's not that way anymore.

PATRICK

Oh?

LAURA

(HELPLESS) Well... uh... as far as I know he was never that way.

PATRICK

Mrs. Petrie... you're a wonderful sport.

SHE BEAMS.

IN OFFICE... ROB HEAVES A SIGH OF RELIEF... AS OTHERS REACT ACCORDINGLY.

BACK TO STUDIO:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Now, we'll see if you can win some prizes right after this word from Jabboes.

CUT TO OFFICE AND STAY FOR FOLLOWING.

SALLY

Buddy, I think you better get your cello.

ALAN

(TURNING DOWN VOLUME) How do you like that creep... trying to get Laura to say I was all those rotten things.

ROB

(JUMPING IN) I hope you noticed she didn't.

ALAN

Yeah, she almost put her foot in your mouth.

ROB SMILES.

MEL

(LOOKING AT WATCH) Say... if we're going to eat and get to that meeting we'd better go.

ALAN

Shut up, Mel... and what are you doing in my chair?

MEL

I don't know. (GETS UP)

ALAN

Okay, let's go.

ROB

Yeah, it's late and Laura won't mind if we don't watch the rest.

SALLY

Hey... don't you want to see if she wins anything?

ALAN

It's not really important what she wins. The important thing is... she didn't lose.

ROB

Hunh?

ALAN

Your job.

ROB

(NODDING) Yeah. Right.

ALAN

Let's eat.

BUDDY

Good idea.

ROB

(TO TV SET) Good luck.

AS THEY EXIT WE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER. LAURA IS AT THE END OF HER QUESTIONING... MUSICAL FANFARE. LAURA BLINKS HEADLIGHTS.

PATRICK

(REFERRING TO LARGE MAP) All right.

Let's see what Laura Petrie... the writer's wife... won on her "pay as you go" trip from New York to California... A hair dryer... (POINTS TO PHILADELPHIA)

REACTION SHOTS OF MILLIE.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(PITTSBURGH) A vacuum cleaner... (TO CLEVELAND) a rotisserie... (POINTS TO LOS ANGELES)... an eight-millimeter movie projector.

APPLAUSE.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It was wonderful having you with us,
Laura. Come back again, won't you?

LAURA

(SWEETLY) Well... I'll try.

STARTS TO GO OFF.

PATRICK

Oh... I meant to ask you.

LAURA

Yes?

PATRICK

Have you ever been to Alan Brady's
house?

LAURA

Oh, yes... many times.

PATRICK

Does he wear his toupee at home?

LAURA

Oh, yes. He wears it all the time.

(HER EYES WIDEN IN HORRIBLE
REALIZATION)

PATRICK

You mean Alan Brady is bald!

LAURA

Well, no.

PATRICK

Then why does he wear a toupee?

(LAUGHS)

LAURA

Well, well...

PATRICK

(LAUGHS - TO AUDIENCE) Well, gals, the secret is out. She said it and she knows. Alan Brady is bald and you learned it here! How about that, folks? Aren't we devils?!

LAURA

No, no...

PATRICK

(TURNS TO HER) Oh, don't worry, Laura. I'm sure Alan will understand.

LAURA

Oh, no, he won't... you don't know him. He'll go... oh...

PATRICK

What? What? He'll what?

LAURA

(FAST) Nothing... nothing... he'll do nothing. He's a wonderful man. Thanks for the prizes.

STARTS OFF.

PATRICK

(SHOUTING AFTER HER) And thank you for
the scoop. Well, ladies, are we having
fun?

AUDIENCE YELLS "YEAH" AND APPLAUDS.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PETRIE KITCHEN - NIGHT

LAURA IS PREPARING VEGETABLES FOR SALAD: CARROTS, CELERY,
TOMATOES, RADISHES, LETTUCE, ETC.

MILLIE IS PACING.

LAURA

How could I have been so stupid!

MILLIE

You weren't stupid. You won four
prizes. Look, I'll take the dryer and
the...

LAURA

Forget the prizes, Millie. I told
America Alan Brady is bald!

MILLIE

So, a lot of men are bald.

LAURA

Yeah, but they're not big TV stars, my
husband's boss, and the vainest man in
the world.

MILLIE

Is Alan that vain?

LAURA

When Alan had his tonsils out, Rob and I went to visit him in the hospital and he was wearing a hat.

MILLIE

In the hospital? That's crazy.

LAURA

Now you know why I'm worried.

MILLIE

What kind of hat?

LAURA

Millie!

MILLIE

Well, if Rob hasn't called by now...

LAURA

What?

MILLIE

If Rob hasn't called by now...(THINKS)

Uh...

LAURA

(IMPATIENTLY) Well, what?

MILLIE

Well, I was hoping you could finish it with something like maybe nobody saw the program.

LAURA

(SIGHS) Even if they didn't see it,
they're bound to find out about it.

MILLIE

Laura, lots of people say things on
that program every day and you don't
hear about it.

LAURA

But nobody ever said Alan Brady was
bald. That's big news!

MILLIE

You know, I never knew it. How bald is
he?

LAURA

Oh, Millie, please!

SOUND: ROB'S CAR DRIVING INTO GARAGE. LAURA STIFFENS.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Millie, Rob's home. Will you stay with
me?

MILLIE

Gee, I wish you hadn't asked that.

LAURA

Why?

MILLIE

Cause you're not gonna like the
answer. Good-bye and good luck.

AS MILLIE EXITS, ROB ENTERS FROM GARAGE.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Hi - I see you're home.

ROB

Hi.

LAURA

(WEAKLY) Hi...

ROB

(LIGHTLY) Boy, did you louse up a day
for us. Alan is furious.

LAURA

(NODDING, LIKE SHE EXPECTED IT)

Furious... at you?

ROB

No, it wasn't really your fault.

LAURA

Right! Rob, you're wonderful. I've
been thinking you'd kill me. I've been
worried all day.

ROB

Worried? How did you know about it?

LAURA

Rob, what are you talking about?

ROB

Alan. We had a meeting to go to but we
stayed in the office to watch you.

LAURA

(CONFUSED) Then you did watch me.

ROB

Yeah, and it got late so we had to run for a cab and Alan slipped and sprained his ankle and he blames you. Did you win anything?

LAURA

You said you watched.

ROB

Not the whole thing. Just your interview. We were all proud of the way you handled yourself with that Patrick rat. Alan said you saved my job. What did you win?

LAURA

A dryer... a rotiss... (STARTING TO CRY)... a rotisserie... a vac... a vac... (MAKES SUCKING SOUND) Oh, I'm so unhappy.

ROB

Why?

LAURA

Because you didn't see the end of the show.

ROB

Well, honey, I had to work.

LAURA

Rob...at the very end of the show I
didn't handle myself too well with
that Patrick rat.

ROB

(SMILES) Ahh... What did he do? Get
you to say something embarrassing?

LAURA

Yes.

ROB

(BABYING HER) What was it?

LAURA

That Alan Brady is bald!

ROB TAKES IT FOR A SECOND. THEN GINGERLY RELEASES LAURA AND
KIND OF HOLDS HER OFF AT ARM'S LENGTH.

ROB

You... (POINTS TO TOP OF HEAD)

SHE NODS.

ROB (CONT'D)

That Alan has no hair?

SHE NODS.

ROB (CONT'D)

... on the air?

SHE NODS.

ROB (CONT'D)

(PATHETICALLY) Sweetheart, beloved...
you did know that was a secret, didn't
you?

LAURA

Yes!

ROB

(RAVES AND SCREAMS) Sure! What's the fun of telling it if it isn't a secret!

LAURA

He tricked me.

ROB

(DRIVING) Okay... okay... he tricked you... he's tricky... but telling the world about Alan's wig. Oh, boy, are we in trouble.

LAURA

You saw the way he asked questions. (HELPLESSLY) You don't know what to answer.

ROB

I'm surprised you didn't tell him about Alan's nose job!

LAURA

I didn't know Alan had a nose job.

THIS STOPS ROB SHORT IN HIS TRACKS. HE REALIZES HE TOO HAS OPENED UP A BIG MOUTH.

ROB

(DOWN) Oh. Yeah. It used to be a secret.

LAURA

(A LITTLE ON THE ATTACK) I thought we had no secrets.

ROB

(INDIGNANTLY) Hold it! You're mad at me for not telling you a secret in the middle of an argument where I'm mad at you for telling a secret?!?!

LAURA

I'm not sure, but you see how you can blurt something out when you're excited. And I wasn't trying to trick you.

ROB

I just hope through some fabulous miracle Alan won't hear about it.

LAURA

Millie suggested that.

ROB

What a day. Now I'm thinking like Millie.

LAURA

(PLAINTIVELY) Rob... I don't know what to do.

THE PHONE RINGS.

ROB

(POINTS TO PHONE) Answer it. Alan'll tell you. (SHE SHAKES HEAD "NO." HE BREATHES DEEPLY AND PICKS UP THE PHONE) Hello. (RELIEVED) Buddy. (SHE BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF. ROBS FACE DARKENS) How did you find out? (LAURA REACTS) Sally. Then how did... uh hunh... (TURNS TO LAURA) She read it in the paper.

LAURA

(FEARFULLY) Alan?

ROB

(LISTENING, WAVES HER OFF) Yeah... right... uh hunh... oh boy... okay, Buddy... thanks pal. I'll see you tomorrow... maybe. (HE HANGS UP)

LAURA

(AWAITING HER DOOM) Well?

ROB

(THINKING) The item in the paper read... the question whether Alan Brady is bald was answered today on television by the wife fo the future ex-writer of the Alan Brady show. And they gave my name.

LAURA

Oh, my... will it make you feel better
if I tell you how really sorry I am?

ROB

No... but if it makes you feel better,
go ahead and tell me.

HE KISSES HER LIGHTLY.

LAURA

What do you think Alan'll do?

ROB

(WINCES) Not what. How? How will he do
it?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROB'S OFFICE - DAY

ROB, THE DOOMED MAN, IS ON THE TELEPHONE.

ROB

(ON PHONE) Yeah, Val... well, has he
said anything to you about it?

(WINCES) Did you tell him I've been
trying to call? What did he say to
that? He shouldn't talk like that.
Does his leg hurt?

BUDDY ENTERS.

ROB (CONT'D)

Well, look... just tell him I'm ready
for him whenever he's ready for me.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

Right... bye! (HANGS UP) (TO BUDDY)

Hi.

BUDDY

(CROSSING TO DESK WITH HIS COFFEE)

Hmmmp. You're still here.

ROB

He won't fire me. It'll look bad in the papers.

BUDDY

Yeah... it looks bad to fire a guy the same day you kill him.

ROB

He's not gonna kill me.

BUDDY

Well, he ain't gonna give you a raise.

ROB

Whatever he's going to do... I wish he'd do it fast. Has anyone ever lost a job because of his wife?

BUDDY

Who was Marie Antoinette's husband... the guy without the head?

ROB

Oh, I could get fired.

BUDDY

What else did you do to Laura?

ROB

What do you mean... "what else"?

BUDDY

After you kicked her and punched her
and yelled at her, and broke her purse
mirror.

ROB

After I yelled I didn't do anything to
her... except apologize for yelling.

BUDDY

You apologized?

ROB

Yeah. How come after they do something
wrong we end up apologizing?

BUDDY

Don't ask me. Pickles don't do
anything wrong.

ROB

Oh, come on.

BUDDY

She don't do anything.

DOOR OPENS AND SALLY ENTERS. SHE APPROACHES ROB...
CAUTIOUSLY.

SALLY

Hi, Bud...

ROB TURNS AND SMILES TO HER AND WAVES.

BUDDY

Morning, Sal...

SALLY

(LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM. LEANING IN TO
ROB) Where's Laura?

BUDDY

She's posing for a statue of her mouth
for the Smithsonian Institution.

ROB

She's at home.

SALLY

No... she's here.

ROB

Where?

SALLY

I don't know where but I saw her get
on the elevator.

ROB

The elevator?

SALLY

Yeah, that little room in the lobby
that goes up and down.

ROB

In this building?

SALLY

Yes, I saw her just as the doors
closed. I figured she came here.

ROB

I don't understand. Where did she go?

BUDDY

To the roof. She's gonna jump.

ROB

No... Alan's office.

SALLY

She's got a better chance jumping.

ROB STARTS OUT.

BUDDY

Where are you going?

ROB

To protect my wife from protecting me.

HE BOLTS OUT.

BUDDY

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Don't do it, Rob.

Save yourself. After reasonable period
you can find another girl and remarry.

CUT TO:

INT. ALAN BRADY'S OFFICE - DAY

IT IS THE SAME TIME. ALAN IS SEATED BEHIND DESK. A HUGE WRAPPED FOOT IS PROPPED UP ON THE DESK. A CANE IS ON THE DESK. HE IS WEARING A HAT. ON THE DESK ARE A SERIES OF TOUPEES ON FORMS. MEL IS STARING AT THEM.

ALAN

(STEAMING - WAVING AT TOUPEES) There
they are, Mel... a thousand dollars
worth of useless hair. What am I
supposed to do with them?

MEL

(THINKING ABOUT HIS OWN HEAD) Alan...
could I...

ALAN

No... I'd rather make a coat for my
wife. (HITS ONE FORM WITH THE CANE)
Pick it up, pick it up!

MEL

(PICKING IT UP) Alan, I can't tell you
how sorry I am about this whole mess.

ALAN

(ROUNDS ON HIM) You can't tell me
anything. Get your hands off my hair.

BUZZER RINGS. ALAN PICKS UP PHONE.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yes, what is it? (EYES WIDEN) Mrs.
Petrie???

MEL

Rob's wife?

ALAN

No, his mother. (TO PHONE) I know his
wife. Send her in. (HANGS UP) Laura
Petrie's crazy. I knew it. She's
crazy.

MEL

I've always felt...

ALAN

You never felt anything.

KNOCK ON DOOR.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Come in! The door, Mel, get the door.

MEL

(CROSSING TO IT) Yessir, yessir.

MEL OPENS THE DOOR AND LAURA MEEKLY WALKS IN AS MEL EXITS.
AFTER A MOMENT, SHE OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK.

ALAN

Wait! Don't say a word! Let me look at you. (TO TOUPEES) Fellas, there she is - take a good look at her. She's the one who put you out of business. (TO LAURA) So your husband is letting you take the rap all by yourself.

LAURA

Oh, no. If Rob knew I was here he'd kill me.

ALAN

Good. I'll call him.

LAURA

Alan...uh...please...Rob...as you know...uh...

ALAN

(YELLING) What, what, what???

LAURA

How's your foot?

ALAN

(HOLDING LET UP) How does it look?

LAURA

Ooh!

ALAN

(KNOCKS FOOT) Ow!

LAURA

Ahh!

ALAN

Ech!

LAURA

Oh! Does it hurt?

ALAN

Laura, what the heck are you doing here?

LAURA

Well I...

ALAN

If you like to look at ruins why don't you go to Greece?

LAURA

Alan... you're not ruined... really.

ALAN

My leg... my head... What are you after now... my liver?

LAURA

I just wanted to see you personally to apologize...and...uh...try to explain.

ALAN

What's to explain, you have a big mouth.

LAURA

I do. I know, but...

ALAN

If you wanted a free dryer and a rotisserie I woulda gotten them for you. I'd have bought you a house... a showplace!

LAURA

(LAUGHING WEAKLY) Alan... please... you don't have to do that. May I say something?

ALAN

You have more to say?

LAURA

Well, I've been thinking about it... and, well, for instance, I think you look very nice...uh...without... your...uh...

ALAN

It's hair! (TAKES HAT OFF, PUTS IT ON AGAIN)

LAURA

Well, yes...I've...I've...now, believe me, I'm not saying this because I'm in trouble... although goodness knows, I am.

ALAN

Oh, no.

LAURA

But, sincerely... really sincerely, and you can ask anybody... I've always liked you better without your...

ALAN

It's hair... hair...! (THROWS HAT ON DESK) You didn't have any trouble saying it yesterday! (THEN) When did you ever see me without my hair?

LAURA

Well...uh...a couple of times. Remember that time on your boat when you fell overboard?

ALAN

(ACCUSINGLY) The time you bumped into me.

LAURA

No... no... you tripped over Rob.

ALAN

(TO TOUPEES) Did you hear that,
fellas? The whole family hates me. I
should have fired him then.

LAURA

And that time you had your tonsils out
at the hospital.

ALAN

(REMEMBERING) Yeah... so?

LAURA

I remember telling Rob, and I told him
to tell you... did he ever tell you? I
told Rob to tell you how nice and
natural and warm you looked...
(SLOWLY) that way.

ALAN

(DISGUSTED) Sort of a father figure...
right?

LAURA

Oh, no... just the opposite...

ALAN

A bald mother figure?

LAURA

(SMILES) No, Alan... a very
interesting and mature real person.

ALAN

(STEADILY) A little more snow in here
and we can ski.

LAURA

(WEAKLY) No... (HE STARES AT HER) I
really like your hair... not on...
uh... you without it.

ALAN

If this is so, then why did you tell
me in private?

LAURA

I didn't feel it was my place.

ALAN

No, your place is on network
television.

LAURA

But it was an accident.

ALAN

So was Custer's last stand. (POINTS TO
TOUPEES ON DESK) Would you like a
scalp to hang on your belt?

LAURA SHUDDERS.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(PICKS UP TOUPEE AND FLOPS IT ON HIS HEAD) See this clever one - this one made people say, "Hey, isn't Alan losing his hair?" (SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. HE PUTS ANOTHER ONE ON TOP OF THAT) This is my summer rug... crew cut. (LAURA DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S GETTING AT. PUTS ANOTHER ONE ON) This one is my "Alan, you need a haircut" one. Any suggestions what I might do with these, Laura?

LAURA

Well, there must be some needy people...

ALAN

Needy bald people! Mrs. Petrie...

ROB ENTERS EXPECTING TO SEE LAURA BEING MURDERED.

ROB

(SEES ALAN WITH ALL THE TOUPEES ON HIS HEAD) Hold it! (THEN BACK TO LAURA) Why did you come here?

LAURA

Because it was my fault and I didn't want to see you take the blame and possibly get fired.

THEY NOW ARGUE, COMPLETELY FORGETTING ALAN WHO REMAINS WITH THE THREE TOUPEES ON HIS HEAD.

ROB

But it's a man's place to take the blame and possible get fired. I'm responsible for you. Why didn't you say something to me?

LAURA

If I did you wouldn't have let me come.

ROB

Right...I would not have let you. You shouldn't be here.

ALAN

Hi, Rob. Remember me?

ROB

(TURNING) Oh, Alan. (REACTS TO ALAN IN THREE WIGS) Whatever you were going to say to Laura...I wish you'd say it to me.

ALAN

Okay... if that's the way you want it, Rob... you're a beautiful girl.

ROB

(LAUGHS) Alan, I...

ALAN

No, let me finish, sweetheart. You're a beautiful girl.

ROB

Thanks.

ALAN

If I had seen you an hour after she opened her mouth on TV, I would have killed you. But I've been thinking, and it's interesting that you like me without my rug because my secretary likes me that way, too... and my wife. That's three in favor.

ROB

I always told you I like you bald.

ALAN

Good, that's four. My butcher is five. It's a regular trend. (RISES) Now, the fact that five dumbbells like me bald is not the only reason I've decided to be adorable about this whole mess.

ROB

You're going to be adorable?

ALAN

(LIMPS OVER TO ROB) The fact is... this incident took a big strain off my brain. It's tough keeping a secret like this. But now that it's out I feel better.

LAURA

You...you...mean you're happy that I told?

ALAN

(DISDAINFULLY) Happy? (TO ROB) They're perfect. You not only have to forgive them for their destruction, but you have to be happy. (TO LAURA - SMILES) All right. I'm happy.

LAURA

I am, too.

ALAN

(TO ROB) You happy, too?

ROB

I'm happy.

ALAN

We're all happy. Happy days are here again.

HE SITS IN CHAIR AND LAURA PUSHES THE COFFEE TABLE OVER SO THAT HE CAN PUT HIS ANKLE UP.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Don't try to make up, Laura. Sure, I'm an established genius... my publicity man says that, if anything, my hair was holding me back.

ROB

Well, I wouldn't say that.

ALAN

Be smart - don't say anything. I'm letting you off the hook.

LAURA

Why?

ROB

Honey...

ALAN

(TO ROB) She'll kill it for you yet. This thing had to happen sooner or later and the way it turned out I'm getting a lot of sympathy and publicity.

ROB

Yeah, that was great stuff in that column.

ALAN

They're taking before and after pictures tomorrow. I may get the front and back cover of Newstime...

ROB

Boy, how about that, honey. I bet you never thought this would work out so well.

LAURA

(BLITHELY TRYING TO MAINTAIN THE GOOD MOOD) Never!

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

Maybe I ought to go on television and
tell them about your nose.

ROB STIFFENS.

ALAN

(GETTING STEAMED - TO ROB) You told
her about my...

LAURA

(QUICKLY) I don't know anything. Ask
Rob. I always said I liked you without
your nose.

ROB

She loves it, she loves it!

ALAN

(MENACINGLY TO ROB) Did you tell her
about my capped teeth, too?

ROB

(LOOKING) Do you have capped teeth?

ALAN

No!

ROB

See how easy it is to blurt something
out when you get excited?

ALAN

(STARTS CHASING ROB AND LAURA OUT) Get
out of here, both of you! Out! Why
don't you come to my house? Then you
can tell all about my wife's...

"Coast to Coast Big Mouth"

54.

AND THEY'RE ALL OUT THE DOOR.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ROB IS AT THE TABLE TRYING TO READ NEWSPAPER. MILLIE AND LAURA ARE DISCUSSING DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

MILLIE

Laura... it's only fair... you got into trouble so you should have first choice.

LAURA

(RESIGNED) Okay, Millie... I guess I'll take the vacuum cleaner...

MILLIE

(SOFTLY) Ooooh.

LAURA

Millie, you said I had first choice.

MILLIE

Yeah... but I didn't think you'd pick that.

LAURA

You pick.

MILLIE

No, you pick. You won.

ROB RISES QUICKLY AND CONFRONTS THEM.

ROB

May I settle this?

LAURA

Please.

ROB

We have four prizes, Millie. Pick a number from one to ten.

MILLIE

(CONFUSED) Ooooooh...oooh...uh, nine.

ROB

Nine. Laura?

LAURA

Uh...three.

ROB

Good. (TO MILLIE) A color.

MILLIE

Red.

LAURA

Yellow.

ROB

Great. (TO MILLIE) Your favorite tree.

MILLIE

Weeping willow.

LAURA

The mighty oak.

ROB

(TAKES SLIGHTLY BUT RACES ON - TO
LAURA) Your favorite planet.

LAURA

Earth.

MILLIE

She picked my planet.

LAURA

Millie.

MILLIE

All right, give me Pluto.

ROB

Okay. Laura is three yellow oak
Earth...Millie is nine red willow
Pluto. So... Millie gets the dryer and
the vacuum, Laura gets the rotisserie
and the projector. That's it.

MILLIE

Wonderful...

LAURA

Rob... how did you arrive at that?

ROB

What's the difference, we got there.

HE STARTS OUT OF THE ROOM. LAURA FROWNS.

MILLIE

Laura...I'll trade the vacuum...

ROB POPS HIS HEAD BACK IN.

ROB

Millie... who's your favorite singer?

MILLIE

Frank Sinatra.

ROB

Then you've gotta keep the vacuum
cleaner.

HE EXITS.

LAURA

He's right.

AS MILLIE LOOKS CONFUSED, WE

FADE OUT:

THE END