

THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW

PILOT

"LOVE IS ALL AROUND"

Written by
James L. Brooks
and
Allan Burns

Created by
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CAST

MARY RICHARDS.....MARY TYLER MOORE
RHODA MORGENSTERN.....VALERIE HARPER
PHYLLIS LINDSTROM.....CLORIS LEACHMAN
BESS LINDSTROM.....LISA GERRITSEN
LOU GRANT.....EDWARD ASNER
MURRAY SLAUGHTER.....GAVIN MAC LEOD
TED BAXTER.....TED KNIGHT
BILL.....ANGUS DUNCAN
LOCKSMITH.....DAVE MORICH
NEWSWRITERS
COPYBOY

SETS

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT
INT. NEWSROOM (INCLUDING LOU'S OFFICE)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

IT IS TOTALLY DEVOID OF FURNITURE. THERE IS A SET OF LARGE WINDOWS, THE DRAPES DRAWN OVER THEM. THE DOOR OPENS AND PHYLLIS ENTERS, TURNS ON LIGHTS, FOLLOWED BY BESS AND MARY, WHO IS CARRYING A SMALL OVERNIGHT BAG.

PHYLLIS

Well, Mary, here it is -- what do you think?

MARY

Oh, Phyllis, it's really charming, isn't it?

BESS

(FROWNING) Why are we showing her this?

PHYLLIS

Because she's going to be living here.

(MORE)

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Won't that be fun, having Aunt Mary
living right upstairs from us?

BESS

She's not my aunt.

MARY

Well, no Bess, I'm not... but I've
been a friend of your mother's for
a long time and sometimes --

PHYLLIS

(CUTTING IN) Bess is right, Mary.
We try and be very truthful in our
family... you're not her aunt...

MARY

That's right, Bess, I'm not your --
Bess, I can't get over how you've
grown. You're so big for your age.
How old are you now, eight?

BESS

(SULLEN) Eleven.

MARY

Oh. (QUICKLY) Gee, this is such a
charming place!

BESS

I thought this was gonna be Aunt
Rhoda's apartment.

MARY

Who's Aunt Rhoda?

PHYLLIS

This dumb awful girl who lives upstairs
that Bess likes. (TO BESS) She's not
your aunt! (TO MARY) Rhoda thinks
this is going to be her apartment.
That's why I signed a year's lease
for you.

MARY

You signed a year's lease for me
before I even saw it?

PHYLLIS

Wait'll you see the view. It's
incredible.

SHE YANKS THE CORD ON THE DRAPES, REVEALING RHODA OUTSIDE
ON THE BALCONY WASHING THE WINDOWS. EVERYONE REACTS.

BESS

(WAVING) Hi, Aunt Rhoda!

PHYLLIS YANKS THE DRAPES CLOSED.

PHYLLIS

(TO MARY) Oh, that dumb awful girl!
Don't pay any attention to her. I'm
going to go get the owner. Come on,
Bess.

SHE EXITS. FROM BEHIND THE DRAPES, RHODA STARTS BANGING ON
THE WINDOW. BESS OPENS THE DRAPES A CRACK AND PEERS OUT AT
HER.

BESS

Aunt Rhoda's really a lot of fun.
Mother hates her.

BESS EXITS, QUICKLY, LEAVING MARY ALONE. RHODA CONTINUES BEATING AN ANGRY TATTOO ON THE WINDOW. WHEN THE KNOCKING ALMOST REACHES THE GLASS-BREAKING STAGE, MARY APPREHENSIVELY CROSSES BACK TO THE WINDOW AND OPEN THE DRAPES. RHODA IS CAUGHT IN MID-RAP.

MARY

(POLITELY) Do you want to --

MARY OPENS WINDOW.

RHODA

Give me a hand, will ya?

MARY HELPS HER IN THE WINDOW.

RHODA (CONT'D)

Thanks a lot.

MARY

So you're Rhoda...

RHODA

Morgenstern... Right.

MARY

(FRIENDLY, BUT UNCERTAIN) Hi. I'm
Mary Richards.

RHODA

Get out of my apartment.

MARY

(TRYING TO BE REASONABLE) Look, I
don't really know all the details,
but Phyllis will be right back. We
can talk about it.

RHODA

I don't talk to her. And besides
there's no discussion.

(MORE)

RHODA (CONT'D)

Would I be out in the snow washing windows of your apartment? No! I do that for my apartment. Would I spend a whole month's salary on beautiful new carpeting for you? I never saw you before. No! I did it for me.

MARY

A month's salary...

PHYLLIS RE-ENTERS.

PHYLLIS

(TO MARY) The owner is away for a few days, but his wife said -- (SEES RHODA) What did you let her in for?

MARY

Phyllis, I can't take this apartment after she just spent a month's salary on new carpeting.

PHYLLIS

(REACTS) This is old carpeting. It's not new. It comes with the apartment.

MARY TURNS AND LOOKS AT RHODA FOR AN EXPLANATION.

MARY

You lied to me.

RHODA

Boy, are you gullible! Okay, you want me to tell you the truth? I'll tell you the truth -- this is going to be my apartment!

MARY

But I have a lease.

RHODA

Did you sign it yet?

MARY

No, but Phyllis...

PHYLLIS

Actually, I didn't sign it yet.

RHODA

Aha!

PHYLLIS

All right, Rhoda, I'm going to tell you why Mary needs this apartment more than you do... why she's moved here to Minneapolis.

MARY

(ALARMED) No!

RHODA

(TO MARY) Shh! (TO PHYLLIS, EAGERLY)
Tell me.

PHYLLIS

(QUIETLY) A beautiful romance just
blew up in her face.

MARY THROWS HER HANDS IN THE AIR IN FRUSTRATION.

MARY

(DELAYED REACTION, TO PHYLLIS) It did
not blow up! I made the decision!

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO RHODA) I was sort of involved
with somebody for a couple of years
and -- (BREAKS OFF) Now I'm telling
her!

PHYLLIS

(TAKING THE CUE) For two long years...
through his internship and then his
residency at the hospital, Bill let her
almost support him...

MARY

(BRIGHTLY) How about if I asked you
very nicely to stop this?

PHYLLIS

... for two long years he promised her
that the minute he started his practice
they'd be married.

MARY

(NICELY) Would you please stop this?

PHYLLIS

After two long years, tell her what
he said, Mary. Go ahead... after
two long years, he said... (MOTIONS
FOR HER TO FINISH IT)

MARY

"Why rush into things?"

PHYLLIS

(SUMMING UP) That's why she's here,
Rhoda...

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

To start a new life for herself. That's why she needs this apartment.

RHODA

Compared to my life that sounds like "Laugh-In." Now if you girls will kindly clear out, I'm gonna get back to washing my windows.

PHYLLIS

Come on, Mary -- you can stay downstairs with us tonight. There's an extra bed in Bess's room.

SHE PICKS UP MARY'S OVERNIGHT BAG.

MARY

(LOOKS AT HER WATCH) I've got to go on some job interviews right now. You go ahead...

PHYLLIS

(POINTEDLY AT RHODA) We'll settle this tomorrow.

RHODA

It's already settled.

PHYLLIS EXITS. MARY TURNS BACK TO RHODA.

MARY

You think I'm a pushover, don't you?

RHODA

That all depends. Compared to who?

MARY

Anyone.

RHODA

(THINKS IT OVER) Yeah.

MARY

(BRISTLING) Well, then you're in for a pretty big surprise. Because if you push me, I just might have to push back -- hard.

RHODA

(PAINED) Oh, come on -- you can't carry that off.

MARY

(THROWING HANDS IN THE AIR) I know...

SHE TURNS AND EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - EVENING

IT IS 6:00 P.M. HEAVY ACTIVITY PREPARATORY TO THE SIX O' CLOCK NEWS. LOU, CROSSING TO TELETYPE ROOM BARKS AN ORDER TO MURRAY, WHO IS TYPING FURIOUSLY.

LOU

Murray, we're on the air. Turn on the monitor.

MURRAY TURNS UP THE VOLUME ON THE TV MONITOR.

TED'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, good evening...

Ted Baxter with the Six O'Clock Report

... and tonight's headlines: MID-EAST

CRISIS WORSENS AS BORDER ATTACKS CONTINUE

... EXPERTS PREDICT THAT IN FIVE YEARS

AIR POLLUTION WILL REACH LEGAL PROPORTIONS...

MURRAY .

That's lethal!

MURRAY SNAPS OFF THE SET IN DISGUST. MARY ENTERS THE NEWSROOM, TRIES TO CATCH SEVERAL PEOPLE'S ATTENTION.

MARY

Excuse me.

MURRAY

Hello.

MARY

(TO MURRAY) I'm supposed to see a...

(CONSULTS SLIP OF PAPER)... Mr. Grant...
about a secretarial job.

MURRAY

(BRISKLY) It's been filled.

LOU, ANNOYED, TURNS DOWN THE TV VOLUME AGAIN.

LOU

Since this young lady came to see Mr.

Grant, why don't you let Mr. Grant

handle it? (TO MARY) Right in there.

HE POINTS TO AN INNER OFFICE, THEN MOTIONS FOR MARY TO GO IN.

MURRAY

(UNDER HIS BREATH, TO MARY) It's

been filled!

INT. GRANT'S OFFICE

MARY ENTERS. A BEAT LATER, LOU FOLLOWS HER IN.

MARY

Do you have any idea when Mr. Grant
will be back?

LOU

I'm Mr. Grant.

MARY

(BRIGHTLY) You're back!

SHE GIVES HIM A WINNING SMILE. HE DOESN'T RETURN IT. MARY'S SMILE FADES.

LOU

Look, I was just going to have a
drink and I wouldn't mind company.

Want one?

MARY

I don't think so, thank you.

LOU

I said I wouldn't mind company.

MARY

Well... uh... okay.

LOU NODS AND REACHES DOWN AND OPENS THE BOTTOM DRAWER OF HIS DESK AND STARTS TO TAKE A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY AND TWO SHOT GLASSES OUT.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'll have a Brandy Alexander.

LOU PUTS THE BOTTLE AND GLASSES BACK IN THE DRAWER AND CLOSES IT.

LOU

Maybe some coffee?

MARY

That would be fine, thank you.

LOU POURS A CUP FOR MARY AND ONE FOR HIMSELF.

MARY (CONT'D)

(ACCEPTING CUP) Has the job been filled?

LOU

Yeah.

MARY

Oh...

MARY STARTS TO GET UP, BUT LOU WAVES HER DOWN.

LOU

But there's another job.

MARY

Oh?!

LOU

I figured I'd hire a man for it.

SHE STARTS TO RISE AGAIN.

MARY

Oh...

LOU

But we can talk about it.

HE HANDS MARY A CUP OF COFFEE AND SCANS APPLICATION.

LOU (CONT'D)

.Hey, you live in my favorite neighborhood.

MARY

(PLEASED) I just moved in. Is it
really nice?

LOU

Nice? Some of the best saloons in
town are over there.

MARY REACTS. LOU PUTS ASIDE THE APPLICATION FORM, LOOKS
AT HER.

LOU (CONT'D)

How old are you?

MARY

(NOT BATTING AN EYE) Thirty.

LOU

(SURPRISED) No hedging? No "How old do I look?"?

MARY

Why hedge about it? (BEAT) How old do I look?

LOU

Thirty. What religion are you?

HE OPENS DRAWER AND POURS A BLAST OF WHISKEY INTO HIS COFFEE.

MARY

(UNCERTAINLY) Mr. Grant, I don't know quite how to say this, but you're not allowed to ask that when somebody's applying for a job. It's against the law.

LOU

Wanna call a cop?

MARY

No.

LOU

Good. Would I be violating your civil rights if I asked if you're married?

MARY

(THINKS IT OVER) Presbyterian.

LOU

(REACTS) Huh?

MARY

I decided I'd rather answer your religion question.

LOU

Divorced, huh?

MARY

(QUICKLY) No.

LOU

Never married?

MARY

(EMPHATICALLY) No.

LOU

(STRAIGHT OUT) Why?

MARY

Why?!

LOU

(LOOKS AT HER, THEN SMILES AS IF
HE KNOWS THE ANSWER) Do you type?

MARY

(FEISTY) There's no simple answer
to that.

LOU

Yes, there is. You can either say
'No, I can't type' or 'Yes, I can'?

MARY

(POINTING OVER HER SHOULDER TO THE
QUESTION BEFORE THAT) There's no
simple answer to why a person isn't
married!

LOU

(DISINTERESTED) How many reasons can
there be?

MARY

(CLIPPED) Sixty-five.

LOU

(POINTS AT HER)... Words-per-minute.

My typing question.

MARY NODS.

LOU (CONT'D)

Look, Miss... why don't you try
answering the questions as I ask 'em?

MARY

(HER BACK UP) Well, I would, Mr. Grant,
but you've been asking a lot of very
personal questions that don't have a
thing to do with my qualifications for
this job.

LOU

You know what? You've got spunk.

(MARY LOOKS RELIEVED) I hate spunk.
Tell you what. We'll try you for a
couple of weeks and see how it works
out. If I don't like you, I'll fire
you. If you don't like me... I'll
fire you.

MARY

(GRINS) That certainly sounds fair.
What's the job?

LOU

The job is that of Associate Producer.

MARY

Associate Producer?

LOU

Something wrong?

MARY LOOKS UP AND WE SEE THAT THE FUNNY LOOK ON HER FACE
HAS BECOME A BROAD SMILE.

MARY

(QUICKLY) No... I like it! (TRIES IT
ON HERSELF) Associate Producer! (SMILES)

LOU

The job pays ten dollars less a week
than the secretarial job.

HER SMILE FADES A LITTLE, THEN SHE DOES SOME QUICK FINANCIAL
FIGURING.

MARY

I think that'll be okay.

LOU

If you can get by on fifteen less a
week, we'll make you Producer.

MARY

(QUICKLY CONSIDERS IT, THEN SHAKES
HER HEAD) I'm afraid all I can afford
is Associate Producer.

LOU

You start tomorrow.

MARY

Wonderful! (STANDS UP) Well... see
you tomorrow!

SHE RAISES HER HAND IN A WAVE, THEN EXITS.

MARY

(AS SHE EXITS, BUBBLING) Associate
Producer!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

IT IS ABOUT 8 O'CLOCK. MARY'S FURNITURE HAS ARRIVED AND PHYLLIS AND BESS ARE ARRANGING IT. BESS IS WEARING A NIGHTIE AND A ROBE. IT IS GREAT FURNITURE, BUT THEY HAVE ARRANGED IT UNIMAGINATIVELY, SO THAT IT LOOKS LIKE THE "BEFORE" PICTURE IN A HOUSE AND GARDEN "BEFORE AND AFTER" INTERIOR DECORATING LAYOUT. PHYLLIS LOOKS UP WHEN SHE HEARS THE SOUND OF A KEY TURNING IN THE DOOR BUT NOT OPENING IT.

PHYLLIS

You've done a wonderful job, Bess.

BESS

Thanks, Mom.

MARY'S VOICE

(FROM HALLWAY) Phyllis, are you in there?

PHYLLIS

Just a sec.

MARY'S VOICE

My key doesn't work.

PHYLLIS

(CROSSES TO DOOR) I had the lock
changed to keep dumb awful Rhoda out.

MARY'S VOICE

(EXCITED) I've got great news!

PHYLLIS OPENS THE DOOR AND MARY ENTERS, ALL A-BUBBLE.

MARY

(ALMOST SINGING) I got a job! I
went on this interview for a regular
secretary job and --

BREAKS OFF, SEEING THEIR TWO EXPRESSIONLESS FACES.

MARY (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

PHYLLIS

(COOLLY, THE MARTYR) You haven't even
noticed that your furniture arrived.

MARY

(LOOKS AROUND) Oh, great! (BACK TO
PHYLLIS) I didn't tell you about my
new job! Hi, Bess. I got there a
little late and -- (BREAKS OFF)
There's something still the matter.

PHYLLIS

(NODDING TOWARD FURNITURE) Bess
arranged it for you.

BESS STARES AT MARY, DARING HER NOT TO LIKE IT.

MARY

(OVER-REACTING) Bess, it looks just
terrific. I really like it. Really.

MARY (CONT'D)

Really! (BACK TO PHYLLIS) The job is at WJM-TV... in the newsroom. It's not quite as important as the title sounds, but -- (SHE NOTICES A RESOUNDING LACK OF REACTION FROM PHYLLIS AGAIN) Didn't I thank Bess enough?

PHYLLIS

(SUPERCILIOUSLY) It's just that I have some rather shattering news for you. But it can wait. Tell me about your new job.

BESS, BORED WITH IT, CROSSES TO THE COUCH AND LIES DOWN ON IT.

MARY

Shattering news?

PHYLLIS

What's this new job of yours?

MARY

(DISTRACTED, DISMISSES IT) I'm only an Associate Producer. What's the shattering news?

PHYLLIS

(MILKING HER BIG MOMENT) I got a long-distance phone call today and I was on for forty-five minutes and guess what?

BESS

(FROM THE COUCH) Your boyfriend's

PHYLLIS

(TO BESS, ANNOYED) That was Mother's news, Bess.

MARY

(TO PHYLLIS) Bill's coming?

PHYLLIS

(TO BESS) I realize you wanted to tell her, too -- but that was Mother's news.

MARY

(TO PHYLLIS) Bill's coming? (TO BESS) Is Bill coming?

SHE REALIZES SHE'S ASKING THIS ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD HOSTILE MUTE FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING HER LIFE, TURNS BACK TO PHYLLIS IN EXASPERATION.

MARY (CONT'D)

Phyllis!

PHYLLIS

Yes. Bill's coming. He'll be here tomorrow night. We'll leave you alone. I know exactly how you feel.

MARY

I don't know how I feel!

PHYLLIS

Well, I do. Come on, Bess.

SHE EXITS. BESS STANDS UP, LOOKS AROUND AT THE APARTMENT.

BESS

I didn't really mind arranging your furniture. Mother said it was the least we could do... after what you've been through.

MARY

(UNEASILY) Did Mother tell you
exactly what I've been through?

BESS

Everything.

SHE EXITS. MARY SITS DOWN AND ABSORBS THIS AS WE

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

IT IS THE NEXT MORNING AND WE SEE MARY HAS WROUGHT SOME STARTLING CHANGES IN THE DECOR MERELY BY REARRANGING HER FURNITURE, GROUPING THE PAINTINGS, PUTTING BOOKS ON SHELVES, ETC. SHE IS ASLEEP IN THE SOFA-BED.

AFTER A BEAT, WE HEAR MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS COMING TOWARDS THE DOOR, STOPPING... MUFFLED VOICES ARE FOLLOWED BY THE DISTINCT SOUND OF THE LOCK BEING PICKED. MARY IS MAKING THE BED, WHEN THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND THE LIGHTS GO ON. THERE, REVEALED, STAND RHODA AND A LOCKSMITH.

RHODA

You moved in... to my apartment.

MARY

Rhoda, this is my apartment.

RHODA

So this is your little trick -- this
changing the lock?

LOCKSMITH

(TO RHODA) Wait a minute. What's goin'
on here? You told me you live here.

MARY

Who is he?

RHODA

A locksmith, what do you think? (TO
LOCKSMITH) Here.

SHE HANDS HIM SOME MONEY, BEGINS TO PUSH HIM OUT THE DOOR.

LOCKSMITH

(STOPPING) No, no... I can't go along
with this. If this is her place, I
just helped you break in.

MARY

That's exactly what you did.

RHODA

(TO LOCKSMITH) Look, even if you did,
it's already done, so what can you do?

THE LOCKSMITH CONSIDERS FOR A BEAT, SHIFTING FROM FOOT TO FOOT,
THEN:

LOCKSMITH

Can I see your driver's license?

(BOTH RHODA AND MARY REACT) If anything
happens here, I want to know who you are.

MARY AND RHODA LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

RHODA

I'm not going to show you my driver's
license.

LOCKSMITH

(CONSIDERS, THEN) In that case,
I'm going to memorize your face.
Small mole, left cheek.

HE STARES DIRECTLY AT HER FOR A LONG BEAT, THEN EXITS. MARY FINALLY LOWERS HER ROBE, WHICH SHE HAS BEEN HOLDING IN FRONT OF HER.

RHODA

(EYEING MARY) Do you always look that good when you wake up?

MARY

I don't know.

RHODA

I look like John Wayne.

MARY

(LAUGHS) Look, Rhoda, I'm starting a new job today and --

RHODA

(INTERRUPTING, INDICATING NIGHTGOWN)

Who'd you get that nightie from --
Tricia Nixon?

MARY

No. My Mother sent it to me from my hometown. Wrenville, Minnesota.

RHODA

Why would anybody want to leave a swinging town like Wrenville, Minnesota? (MARY STARTS TO ANSWER)
No, don't tell me, let me guess.
You knew all the boys... you weren't particularly interested in them, so you just left.

MARY STARTS TO SHAKE HER HEAD "NO" BUT SEQUES INTO A NOD "YES".

MARY

That's right. How'd you know?

RHODA

(SHRUGS) I left my hometown for the same reason. I'd gone out with every available man. (BEAT) I'm from New York City.

MARY CAN'T HELP LAUGHING.

RHODA (CONT'D)

I hear your doctor boyfriend is making a little house-call tonight.

MARY

(FROWNS) How did you know that?

RHODA

Bess told me. (OPENS DOOR, TURNS BACK, THEN SINCERELY) Hey, Mary, I hope everything works out for you. I really do.

MARY

(TOUCHED) Thank you.

RHODA

Because if it does, you'll move out of here and all of this will be mine -- all mine.

SHE GESTURES TO MARY'S APARTMENT.

MARY

(SMILING) Rhoda... In spite of everything, you're a hard person to dislike.

RHODA

Yeah, I know what you mean. I'm
having a hard time hating you, too.

We'll both have to work on it.

SHE EXITS BEFORE MARY CAN SAY ANYTHING ELSE NICE TO HER, AND
WE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WJM-TV NEWSROOM - 5:51 PM

ONCE AGAIN THE TIME FOR FRENETIC ACTIVITY IN THE NEWSROOM PRIOR TO THE SIX O'CLOCK REPORT. AT A DESK JUST OUTSIDE LOU'S OFFICE IS MARY. ALL THIS ACTIVITY AND SHE HAS NOTHING TO DO. IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR HOURS. IN AN EFFORT TO FILL THIS VOID, MARY IS SHARPENING PENCIL AFTER PENCIL IN AN ELECTRIC SHARPENER. NOW, THE LAST PENCIL PERFECTLY HONED, SHE PLACES IT IN A GLASS HOLDER. SHE FOLDS HER HANDS, SHIFTS UNCOMFORTABLY, EYES THE PENCIL CONTAINER, AND THEN, WITH STEALTH, REACHES OVER AND BREAKS THE POINT OF ONE PENCIL, AND SHARPENS IT ANEW.

LOU COMES TO THE DOOR OF HIS OFFICE.

LOU

(CALLING) Somebody get Baxter in
here -- I think he's in make-up.

MARY EAGERLY MOVES FROM HER CHAIR.

MARY

I'll do it!

LOU WAVES HER BACK IN HER CHAIR AND POINTS TO A COPYBOY WHO EXITS.

LOU

He'll do it. When I say 'somebody',
I mean him.

MARY

Mr. Grant... I wonder if you could give me something to do. I'd like to be a little busier.

LOU

I'm too busy to keep you busy.

AS LOU GOES BACK INTO HIS OFFICE, MARY TURNS TO MURRAY. HE HAPPENS TO BE THE ONLY PERSON HANDY.

MARY

Why'd he hire me? Why?

MURRAY

Maybe he was bombed. (ON HER REACTION)

No, I mean it.

MARY

Come on, I was sitting right across from him. He wasn't... bombed at all. All right, maybe he poured a couple of drops into his coffee.

MURRAY

(POINTING AT HER) His coffee isn't even coffee!

TED BAXTER ENTERS, AND AS ALWAYS, THERE IS THE FEELING THAT HE EXPECTS APPLAUSE. HE IS WEARING A MAKEUP BIB TUCKED AROUND HIS COLLAR. HE SMILES BENIGNLY AT ALL THE CREATIVE INDUSTRY AROUND HIM.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Here he is -- the Marcello Mastroianni of Minneapolis newscasters!

TED

(BEAMS) Why thanks, Mur.

MURRAY

It wasn't a compliment. He has
trouble speaking English, too.

BAXTER LAUGHS HOLLOWLY, THEN STOPS IN HIS TRACKS SEEING MARY FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE FLASHES HIS CAPS AT HER, AND STRIPS OFF HIS GLASSES, AND STARES AT HER IN A MANNER WHICH HE BELIEVES CONNOTES DISARMING SINCERITY.

BAXTER

(TO MARY) Hi, you haven't met me.

I'm Ted Baxter. The anchorman?

MARY

Mary Richards. I'm the new... uh...

AS HER EYES FALL ON ALL THOSE RECENTLY SHARPENED PENCILS, SHE FINDS HERSELF UNABLE TO SAY "ASSOCIATE PRODUCER". SHE GESTURES FUTILELY.

BAXTER

Wonderful. I've been telling Lou we
needed a new one. Welcome to my six
o'clock news team.

LOU

(ENTERING) Baxter, will you knock
it off. Come along with me to the
studio.

AS HE PASSES MARY'S DESK, THE PHONE RINGS. MARY QUICKLY PICKS IT UP.

MARY

(INTO PHONE) Newsroom... Oh yes,
Mr. Grant... (LISTENS FOR A BEAT)
Just a minute. (SHE PUTS HER HAND
OVER THE RECEIVER AND HOLDS THE
PHONE TOWARDS LOU) It's your wife,
she's just about to leave for the
airport.

LOU

Yeah, she's going to her sister's for a month... (HE CHECKS HIS WATCH) Tell her I'll speak to her when she gets back.

AS HE STARTS AWAY WITH BAXTER, MARY REACTS, THEN CUPS HER HAND AROUND THE MOUTHPIECE OF THE PHONE TO TALK TO MRS. GRANT.

LOU (CONT'D)

(CALLING TO A NEWSWRITER) Murray, give me that list of words that Ted mispronounced on last night's show.

MURRAY HANDS HIM A LONG SHEET OF PAPER AND LOU SCANS IT.

MURRAY

Check the top one, Lou. Chicago.

TED

(WHIPPING OFF GLASSES) Now wait a minute, Mur...

LOU

And take that makeup bib off. Last week you wore it halfway through the show.

THEY EXIT WITH TED BRINGING UP THE REAR. MARY HANGS UP THE PHONE AND IT IMMEDIATELY RINGS AGAIN.

MURRAY EXITS DURING THE FOLLOWING.

MARY

(INTO PHONE) Newsroom... (HER TONE CHANGES) Oh, hi, Bill! (FEIGNS SURPRISE) What are you doing in town? (BEAT) That's right.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I work here in the newsroom... (BEAT)

... Associate Producer... Can you believe that? Yes, I'm real busy...

(QUICKLY) No, not too busy to talk.

How long are you going to be in town?

(BEAT) Sure, drop by tonight. (BEAT)

It will be good seeing you too. 'Bye, Bill.

SHE HANGS UP, AND LOOKS PENSIVE FOR A BEAT. LOU ENTERS, CROSSES TO MURRAY'S DESK, PICKS UP SOMETHING AND STARTS OUT AGAIN.

MARY (CONT'D)

(STOPPING HIM) Mr. Grant?

LOU

Yeah, I know. You want more to do -- we'll get it straightened out tomorrow.

MARY

No, that wasn't it. I was wondering if I could get off a little early tonight.

LOU

(SLIGHT SMILE) Early? Well, I don't know. I'm not sure I can spare you.

HE WAVES FOR HER TO GO AND EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PHYLLIS IS ALONE IN THE LIVING ROOM - SULLENLY STUDYING THE
NEW FURNITURE ARRANGEMENT.

PHYLLIS

You changed the room around. Personally,
I didn't think there was a thing wrong
with the way Bess arranged it.

MARY (O.C.)

(ENTERS FROM THE DRESSING ROOM) I just
switched a few things around.

PHYLLIS

Well, it's your apartment. (A SMILE)
Until you're married anyway.

MARY

Just because Bill's coming over tonight
does not mean I'm getting married.

PHYLLIS SMILES AT HER... THEN TAKES BOTH MARY'S HANDS AND SQUEEZES THEM TOGETHER IN HERS.

PHYLLIS

I want to see you married, Mary.

MARY IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE IN PHYLLIS' EVER-TIGHTENING GRIP.

MARY

Thanks... me too.

PHYLLIS

Because I'm married and I know about marriage. I know how beautiful it can be if you look at it realistically ... I mean realistically... face the fact that it means a certain amount of sacrificing... unselfishness... denying your own ego... (PHYLLIS' GRIP TIGHTENS) ... sublimating... accommodating... (BITTERLY)... surrendering --

MARY

(A SMALL VOICE) Phyllis?

PHYLLIS

(ENCOURAGING) Say it.

MARY

You're hurting my hands.

PHYLLIS RELEASES HER AND MARY WORKS THE CIRCULATION BACK IN HER HANDS.

PHYLLIS

Try and remember what I've told you.

MARY

Sure.

PHYLLIS CROSSES TO THE DOOR. THEN, DRAMATICALLY, WITH EMPHASIS.

PHYLLIS

I know about marriage.

SHE EXITS. MARY EVIDENCES RELIEF. NOW, SOMEWHAT NERVOUSLY, SHE MOVES TO HER CLOSET, OPENS THE DOOR AND LOOKS AT HERSELF IN FRONT OF THE FULL LENGTH MIRROR. SHE CONSIDERS JUST HOW SEXY SHE DARE LOOK FOR BILL. THAT DECISION CENTERS ON A ROW OF BUTTONS RUNNING DOWN THE FRONT OF HER BLOUSE. THE THIRD BUTTON FROM THE TOP IS THE BIG QUESTION. SHE UNBUTTONS IT - LOOKS AT HERSELF FOR A BEAT - TENTATIVELY UNBUTTONS THE FOURTH ONE DOWN... SHOCKS HERSELF, AND QUICKLY REBUTTONS IT.

MARY

Coward.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. MARY UNCONSCIOUSLY REACHES UP AND UNBUTTONS THAT THIRD BUTTON. MARY OPENS THE DOOR, AND LOU GRANT IS STANDING THERE. HE IS STEADY, BUT TILTING SLIGHTLY.

LOU

(VERY LOUD) Hi!

MARY

(UNCERTAINLY) Hi, Mr. Grant.

LOU ENTERS. MARY EYEING HIM WARILY AS HE GRINS AT HER.

LOU

Hi!

IF MARY HAD ANY DOUBTS THAT LOU IS CERTIFIED DRUNK, THEY ARE NOW DISSPELLED.

MARY

(UNCERTAINLY) Hi!

LOU

(LOUDLY) Nice place.

HE SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE CHAISE.

MARY

Thank you. I think it's beginning
to shape up.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I mean, everything hasn't arrived yet,
and I need some drapes for that window
and -- (SUDDENLY) I really don't know
why you're here, Mr. Grant.

LOU

Well, I was just in the neighborhood...
visiting one of my favorite spas...
(BEAT) My wife left today. She's
gonna be away for a solid month...

MARY

(ALMOST SOTTO) Now I know why you're
here. (SHE THROWS HER HANDS IN THE
AIR, AND LOOKS UPWARDS) Oh, yes, Miss
Associate Producer... he told you he'd
find something for you to do. Oh, yes!
You sure didn't get the job because of
your personality...

SHE THROWS UP HER HANDS AGAIN AND WALKS AWAY FROM THE STARING
LOU.

LOU

You know, you've got a great caboose.

MARY

(CONTINUING TO HERSELF) That's it!
You got the job because of your great
caboose!

LOU

... But not as good as my wife's.

MARY TURNS AND LOOKS AT HIM WITH SURPRISE.

LOU (CONT'D)

(LOUD AND MAWKISH) You know, she's
only left today and I miss her already!
I'm gonna go write her a letter. Do
you have a typewriter?

MARY

(DIPLOMATICALLY) Well, I just moved
in and I don't know where it is.

LOU SPIES A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER CASE AND GOES FOR IT.

LOU

Ah! There's the little portable devil.

MARY

There's a whole slew of typewriters
down at the office.

LOU

Yep.

MARY

Wouldn't you be more comfortable there?

LOU

Nope.

MARY

You'd have more privacy.

LOU

Nope. (HE STARTS TYPING) "My dearest...
(SEARCHING FOR WORDS) ... darling... dear...
cookie. I miss you."

THE DOORBELL RINGS. LOU FINISHES TYPING THE SENTENCE, THEN STOPS, SEARCHING FOR HIS NEXT SENTENCE. MARY LOOKS FROM THE DOOR TO LOU AND BACK AGAIN. WHAT CAN SHE DO? SHE CROSSES TO THE DOOR, TAKES A BREATH, PUTS A SMILE ON HER FACE, AND OPENS THE DOOR. (NOTE: WITH THE DOOR OPEN, LOU'S PRESENCE IS SCREENED FROM WHOMEVER IS AT THE DOOR.) THERE STANDS BILL. HE IS HOLDING A SMALL, ELEGANT BASKET OF MIXED FLOWERS. HE AND MARY STAND THERE AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A SHORT BEAT.

BILL

(WITH MEANING) How are you?

MARY

(SIMPLY) Fine...

LOU, WHOSE FINGERS HAVE BEEN POISED OVER THE TYPEWRITER, HAS A SUDDEN THOUGHT AND BEGINS TYPING MADLY.

LOU

(LOUDLY, AS HE TYPES) "How are you?

I am fine." (TO HIMSELF) No, I'm
not...

BILL LOOKS AT MARY - THEN PEERS AROUND THE DOOR TO SEE LOU TYPING ALONG, OBLIVIOUS TO ALL ELSE. HE LOOKS BACK TO MARY QUESTIONINGLY.

MARY

That's my new boss... down at the
newsroom?

BILL PEERS AROUND THE DOOR AGAIN.

BILL

(TO MARY) Is there a big news story
here?

MARY

He's writing to his wife.

SHE GESTURES THAT HE'S BEEN DRINKING.

LOU

"I miss you more than... " (HE'S STUCK)

MARY TAKES THE BASKET OF FLOWERS FROM BILL AND SMILES WITH PLEASURE AS SHE LOOKS AT THEM.

MARY

Where'd you ever get roses in winter?

LOU

(SUDDENLY UNSTUCK) "... roses in winter." (TO HIMSELF) That's beautiful!

SHE PUTS THE FLOWERS ON A TABLE, THEN SITS DOWN, AND ALMOST SHYLY, BEGINS TO ARRANGE THEM. SHE SMILES AT HIM -- THEN LOOKS DOWN AT THE FLOWERS -- DEFINITELY TOUCHED NOW. SHE FINDS A SMALL WHITE ENVELOPE AND REMOVES A CARD. BILL TRIES TO PLUCK IT OUT OF HER HAND.

BILL

You don't want to read that.

MARY

(DELIGHTED) Why? Did you have a weak moment and get mushy?

BILL

(REACHING FOR IT) No, come on -- give it to me.

MARY

(PULLING IT BACK) Too late -- it's already open. (SMILING TEASINGLY AT HIM, SHE STARTS TO READ THE CARD AND THE SMILE FADES... SHE READS IT FLATLY)
"Get well soon, Uncle Buddy... Love,
Gloria and Milton."

SHE LOOKS AT BILL FOR AN EXPLANATION.

BILL

(EASILY) I got it from a patient at the hospital.

MARY

Oh.

BILL

(JOKING) It's not like I stole them.
I had to promise Uncle Buddy a free
nose job.

HE SMILES. MARY DOESN'T. HE MOVES TOWARDS HER.

BILL (CONT'D)

(CHANGE OF PACE) Hey, I don't know
about you, but I don't like being in
two separate towns.

LOU

(TYPING) "Hey, I don't know about you,
but... but... " (HE'S STUCK)

MARY

(AUTOMATICALLY) "I don't like being
in two separate towns."

LOU NODS, AND CONTINUES TYPING.

BILL

Look, it's a little hard to talk
with... (GESTURES AT LOU) Couldn't
you... ?

LOU IS MADLY TYPING, MUMBLING TO HIMSELF.

MARY

(NODS, THEN CALLS TOWARDS LOU) "All
my love, Lou."

LOU

(TAKING HER CUE) "... All my love,
Lou." (HE STOPS TYPING, SURPRISED)
Hey, I'm finished!

LOU RIPS THE PAPER FROM THE TYPEWRITER - FOLDS AND POCKETS IT, THEN WALKS TO THE DOOR UNSTEADILY, OPENS IT, TURNS AND SAYS WITH RESOLVE:

LOU (CONT'D)

I think I'll go tie one on.

MARY, HER EYES ON BILL, JUST NODS AND LOU EXITS. BILL, A BIT MORE SURE OF HIMSELF NOW, MOVES TO MARY, TAKES BOTH HER HANDS, PULLS HER TO HER FEET, AND PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER.

BILL

(WITH CHARM) Kind of weird boss you have there.

MARY

(RELAXING IN HIS ARMS) I don't know. I think it was kind of nice. You know, a man who misses his wife that much.

BILL

(WITH INFINITE LIGHTNESS) Couldn't wait, could you?

MARY

Couldn't wait? For what?

BILL

(HIS SMILE INCREASING) To bring up marriage.

MARY

(HER SMILE STEADY) I waited two years... That's not exactly "couldn't wait." That's waiting. That's really waiting.

BILL

(HOLDS UP HANDS) Okay, you're right... I'm wrong. Enough talk. That's not why I'm here.

MARY

Oh. (A BEAT, A BRAVE SMILE) Why are
you here?

BILL

Well, I haven't seen you for a month
or so and... (SHRUGS; REDDENS) Hey,
you don't think the only reason I'm
here is... uh... no... I'm here because
I... uh... love you.

SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN VERY COMPLICATED HAS JUST BECOME
TERRIBLY SIMPLE.

MARY

How come I never noticed that before?

BILL

(PUZZLED) That I love you?

MARY

That you don't say that very well. I
mean... (GESTURING)... something catches
in there somewhere... (GESTURING AGAIN)
... and it doesn't come out too well.

BILL

(MOVING TOWARD HER) Maybe you can
give me some lessons.

MARY

That you say very well!

HER WORDS HALT HIM, THEN HE SMILES AT HER, BUT WITHOUT MUCH
AMUSEMENT.

BILL

Hey, we've got the night ahead of us,
and we're getting all hung up on words.
Why don't you get us out of this? You
say everything so well.

MARY

No, I don't... (A BEAT AS THE THOUGHT
FORMS) I say a lousy goodbye.

IT ALSO DAWNS ON HIM THAT THE LADY HAS TEARS IN HER EYES.
BILL STANDS THERE NODDING SAGELY TO CONCEAL HIS DISCOMFORT.
THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE WHICH IS BROKEN BY A DOORBELL.
MARY GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT TO LOU.

LOU

Hi! You got a stamp?

MARY

(SNIFFING BACK TEARS) Let me look.

AS SHE BEGINS TO GO THROUGH A DESK, BILL MOVES TOWARDS THE
DOOR.

BILL

Mary?... Did you just say goodbye?

MARY

(QUAVERY) Uh huh.

BILL

That's what I thought you said. Well,
I'll... see you. Take care of yourself.

MARY

I... I think that's what I just did.

BILL GIVES AN UNEASY CHUCKLE AND EXITS. MARY IS SUDDENLY
INCREDIBLY ACTIVE AS SHE RUMMAGES THROUGH THE DESK. SHE
COMES UP WITH A STAMP, AND HANDS IT TO LOU, NOT LOOKING
AT HIM.

LOU

(LOOKING DOWN AT IT FOR A BEAT) This
is a Christmas Seal.

SHE RUMMAGES SOME MORE - COMING UP WITH ANOTHER STAMP. SHE
HOLDS IT OUT TO HIM - STILL SNIFFLING.

MARY

(TREMULOUSLY) Is this a stamp?

LOU

Yeah. Thanks.

HE WALKS TO THE DOOR, PAUSES.

LOU (CONT'D)

That guy. You didn't lose much...

MARY

(QUAVERLY) Well, he sure did! He
just lost out on the best wife --

(SUDDEN HORRIBLE THOUGHT) Boy, you
sure see things differently after four
weeks. I couldn't've married him! Can
you imagine what that would be like?
Everytime I'd get flowers I'd wonder
if he swiped 'em from Uncle Buddy's
sickbed!

LOU

(LOOKING AT BOUQUET) If I were you I'd
find out what Uncle Buddy was sick with.

MARY

You know what? I'm lucky. I'm really
lucky.

HE OPENS THE DOOR.

LOU

(STUDIES HER) You feel good now, huh?

MARY

Yes. No, I feel rotten. But lucky.

FREEZE FRAME AND

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. MARY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

MARY IS STARING OUT THE WINDOW AND LOU IS LOOKING AT HER,
WEAVING SLIGHTLY.

LOU

Look, about the job. I'll find plenty
for you to do tomorrow.

MARY

Thank you.

LOU

If I show up.

HE OPENS THE DOOR AND STARTS OUT, NEARLY BUMPING INTO RHODA.

LOU

(LOUDLY) Hi!

RHODA

Hi.

HE STAGGERS OUT, RHODA WATCHING HIM.

RHODA

If that's Bill, you didn't lose much.

MARY

That's what everybody says.

RHODA

(TENTATIVELY) It didn't work out, huh?

MARY

Did Bess tell you?

RHODA

No, I figured it out for myself. I've got this tremendous sensitivity... and you've got this heating duct that goes right up to my apartment.

MARY NODS. IT'S BEEN THAT KIND OF NIGHT.

RHODA (CONT'D)

.You want to be alone?

MARY

Yes.

RHODA

Well, that's dumb. You shouldn't be alone. You should be talking to a friend. Let's see, where can we get a friend?

MARY

Rhoda...

RHODA

No, this is pretty short notice. Tell you what -- I'll fill in as your friend until you can find the real thing.

MARY

(GRINS) You're on.

RHODA

Hey, why don't you come upstairs?

See my apartment.

MARY

That's very nice of you, but --

RHODA

Come on, we'll have a terrific time
listening to my heating duct.

MARY

But if I'm up there, there won't be
anything to hear.

RHODA

(AS THEY EXIT) Nah, I've got two
channels -- I can pick up Phyllis,
too.

MARY LAUGHS AS THEY EXIT AND WE

FADE OUT.

THE END