

REVISED TABLE DRAFT  
April 17, 1979

# DIFF'RENT STROKES

"The Girls' School"

Produced by

Howard Leeds

Herbert Kenwith

and

Martin Cohan

Directed by

Herbert Kenwith

Executive Script Consultant

Ben Starr

Teleplay by

Howard Leeds & Ben Starr

Story by

Dick Clair & Jenna McMahon and Howard Leeds & Ben Starr

A  
TANDEM  
PRODUCTION

SHOW: #0122  
TAPE: 4/19/79  
AIR: TBA

DIFF'RENT STROKES

"The Girls' School"

#0122

CAST

PHILLIP DRUMMOND . . . . .	CONRAD BAIN
MRS. GARRETT . . . . .	CHARLOTTE RAE
ARNOLD JACKSON . . . . .	GARY COLEMAN
WILLIS JACKSON . . . . .	TODD BRIDGES
KIMBERLY DRUMMOND . . . . .	DANA PLATO
NANCY . . . . .	FELICE SCHACTER
SUE ANN . . . . .	JULIE PIEKARSKY
BLAIR . . . . .	LISA WELCHEL
TOOTIE . . . . .	KIM FIELDS
MOLLY . . . . .	MOLLY RINGWALD
JENNIFER . . . . .	JENNIFER ROONEY
MR. HAROLD J. CROCKER . . . . .	ZALE KESSLER
MISS SUSAN BRUNER . . . . .	PAM MYERS
MR. CHARLEY ROBINSON . . . . .	

SETS

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING  
INT. SCHOOL COMMON ROOM - DAY  
INT. HOUSEMOTHER'S ROOM - DAY  
INT. HOUSEMOTHER'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON  
INT. SCHOOL COMMON ROOM - EVENING

"DIFF'RENT STROKES"

TENTATIVE REHEARSAL & TAPE SCHEDULE

#0122

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1979

REHEARSAL HALL "E"

READ SCRIPT  
LUNCH SERVED  
BLOCK SCRIPT

10:00 AM - 1:00 PM  
1:00 PM - 2:00 PM  
2:00 PM -

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1979

REHEARSAL HALL "E"

REHEARSAL  
LUNCH  
REHEARSAL

10:00 AM - 1:00 PM  
1:00 PM - 2:00 PM  
2:00 PM -

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1979

REHEARSAL HALL "E"

REHEARSAL WITH PROPS  
LUNCH  
REHEARSAL  
RUN THRU  
NOTES WITH CAST

10:00 AM - 1:00 PM  
1:00 PM - 2:00 PM  
2:00 PM - 3:30 PM  
3:30 PM - 4:00 PM  
4:00 PM -

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1979

STAGE #4

E.S.U.  
FAX (ACTORS ON CAMERA)  
LUNCH  
FAX  
RUN THRU WITH WARDROBE  
VTR (FAX) - PROMO (Gary only)  
NOTES WITH CAST

9:00 AM - 10:00 AM  
10:00 AM - 1:00 PM  
1:00 PM - 2:00 PM  
2:00 PM - 4:30 PM  
4:30 PM - 5:00 PM  
5:00 PM - 5:15 PM  
5:15 PM -

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1979

STAGE #4

DIRECTOR'S NOTES  
E.S.U.  
FAX  
RUN THRU  
MEAL  
CAST NOTES, MAKEUP, WARDROBE  
VT CHECK IN  
VTR/FAX (DRESS W/AUDIENCE)  
CAST NOTES  
VTR/FAX (AIR W/AUDIENCE)  
PICKUPS

9:00 AM - 10:00 AM  
9:00 AM - 10:00 AM  
10:00 AM - 11:15 AM  
11:15 AM - 12:00 N  
12:00 N - 1:00 PM  
1:00 PM - 2:00 PM  
1:30 PM - 2:00 PM  
2:00 PM - 3:00 PM  
3:00 PM - 3:30 PM  
3:30 PM - 4:30 PM  
4:30 PM -

ACT ONEFADE IN:INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

(MR. DRUMMOND AND WILLIS ARE AT  
THE TABLE AND GARRETT IS SERVING  
THEM BREAKFAST)

DRUMMOND

*Mrs. Garrett, where are*  
~~What's with~~ Kimberly and Arnold?

Why aren't they at breakfast?

GARRETT

Maybe I better go see if they're  
alright, Mr. Drummond.

(ARNOLD NOW ENTERS AT THE TOP  
OF THE STAIRWAY WITH KIMBERLY.  
SHE'S IN HER ROBE, HAIR IN BIG  
PLASTIC CURLERS, AND LOOKS A  
MESS. ARNOLD HELPS HER DOWN  
THE STAIRS)

ARNOLD

Just lean on me, little sister,  
and I'll help you down. You won't  
crush me -- I got muscles nobody  
knows about.

KIMBERLY

Arnold, I'm alright.

*down spiral stairs behind  
Arnold  
stop foot of stairs*

ARNOLD

Think of me as a Saint Bernard who's  
come your rescue.

WILLIS

You mean a chihuahua.

DRUMMOND

Kimberly, what's the matter?

ARNOLD

Don't worry, Mr. D., she ain't got  
a hangover.

KIMBERLY

*Sit in chair*



I'm okay, Daddy, I'm just tired. I  
was up practically all night studying.

WILLIS

(JOKINGLY)

You must've studied too hard, all the  
wheels came outta your head.

GARRETT

~~Sit down, honey,~~ I'll get you some  
breakfast and you'll feel better.

(THEY SIT AT TABLE AND MRS.

GARRETT WILL SERVE UNDER

DIALOGUE)

DRUMMOND

Why were you studying so hard?

KIMBERLY

Our new headmaster is driving us all up  
the wall with the class play. The "Crock"  
is the worst.

DRUMMOND

The Crock?

KIMBELRY

Well, his name is Mr. Crocker, but all  
the girls call him the Crock.

DRUMMOND

(CHUCKLES)

Well, what's in a name.

ARNOLD

I don't know what's in a name, but I  
know what's is a crock!

KIMBERLY

(ANXIOUSLY)

I have to do my schoolwork at night  
'cause during the day I have to rehearse  
in the play and I'm also in charge of all  
the costumes. I don't know how I'm going  
to have them ready by tomorrow night.  
It's impossible.

DRUMMOND

Isn't the housemother at school supposed  
to be helping you?

KIMBERLY

She got into an argument with the Crock  
and quit.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

GARRETT

Well, I'm pretty handy with a needle and thread, maybe I can help you?

ARNOLD

Yeah, there's nothin' Mrs. Garrett can't \*\*\* do. She's perfect--she's Superman in a girdle!

(ALL LAUGH)

KIMBERLY

Gee, that'd save my life, Mrs. Garrett. Could you spare her for the rest of the day, please, daddy?

DRUMMOND

Sure, go ahead and get changed, Mrs. Garrett. The boys and I can take care of things around here.

GARRETT

Thanks, Mr. Drummond.

*x upstairs to bedroom*

KIMBERLY

I'll ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> change ~~me~~.

(THE TWO START UP THE STAIRS)

GARRETT

(AS SHE GOES)

Try not to break too many dishes, men, and the band aids are in the right hand drawer.

WILLIS

What're we gonna do about food tonight,  
Mr. D.?

ARNOLD  
yeah.

DRUMMOND

I'll cook something for dinner.

WILLIS

I repeat, what're we gonna do about food  
tonight?

DRUMMOND

Are you ~~was~~ casting aspersions on my  
cooking ability?

ARNOLD

Whatever that means, if it'll stop you  
from cookin', I'm castin' 'em.

DRUMMOND

Well, try this one on your stomachs --  
how would you like a big juicy steak,  
golden brown french-fried onion rings,  
a wonderful mixed vegetable medley, and  
cocoanut cream cake and ice cream for  
dessert?

(THE BOYS EXCHANGE A LOOK)

WILLIS/ARNOLD

Would we ever!!... We'd love it!

DRUMMOND

So would I, we'll go out and eat.

(ALL LAUGH)

DISSOLVE TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT EXT. EASTERN GIRLS' SCHOOL - DAY (STOCK)

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE - DAY

(KIMBERLY AND GARRETT ENTER TO  
THE FRONT DOOR. MRS. GARRETT  
LOOKS ABOUT, ADMIRING THE  
BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS)

GARRETT

*X R / lgt of Garrett*

You know something, Kimberly? When I  
was a little girl my dream was to go to  
a private girls' school like this -- *so beautiful,  
so peaceful, so serene.*  
(CHUCKLES)

It's a little late but my dream has come  
true.

*open door for Garrett*

(THEY ENTER)

CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS' SCHOOL COMMON ROOM - DAY

(IT'S A WILD SCENE WITH A DOZEN OR SO GIRLS KIMBERLY'S AGE. TOOTIE ZOOMS AROUND THE ROOM ON ROLLER SKATES. SUE ANN IS POUNDING ON THE PIANO OUT OF KEY AND SINGING SOME SONG... JENNIFER IS PLAYING WITH A FROG WHICH JUMPS OUT OF HER HAND AND SHE CHASES IT YELLING IT'S NAME, "LEON"... MOLLY TRIES TO GET OUT OF A CHAIR TO DISCOVER HER HAIR IS TIED TO IT FROM BEHIND... THE FOLLOWING OTHER THINGS HAPPEN AMIDST MUCH LAUGHTER AND AD LIBBING: ONE OF THE GIRLS IS TWIRLING A BATON, NANCY PLAYS FRISBEE CATCH WITH TWO OTHER GIRLS, OTHER GIRLS DISCO DANCE, OTHERS TOSS A VOLLEYBALL BACK AND FORTH. ANOTHER GIRL IS A GYMNAST AND DOING HER THING. A MOMENT OF THIS AS KIMBERLY AND GARRETT ENTER UNNOTICED BY THE GIRLS. MRS. GARRETT REACTS TO THE SCENE IN SHOCK. TO KIMBERLY, HOWEVER, THE ACTIVITY IS NORMAL)

~~GARRETT~~

~~This is no dream, it's a nightmare.~~

KIMBERLY

What's the matter, Mrs. Garrett?

GARRETT

On the outside it looks like a normal school, on the inside it's animal house... Is it always like this?

KIMBERLY

No, it's a little quiet today.

\*\*\*

*not of Carol looking US*

\*\*\*

GARRETT

Are you sure the housemother quit? Maybe she's locked in a closet?

KIMBERLY

Mr. Crocker must be out. It's the only time we get to blow off any steam.

GARRETT

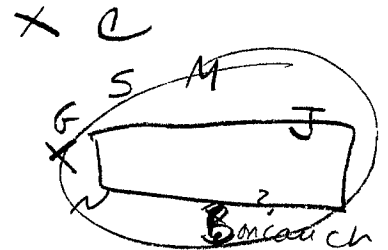
Keep this up, you'll blow off the roof.

KIMBERLY

(YELLS)

Hey, everybody... Hey... Hey, listen!

(NOBODY PAYS ANY ATTENTION AND GARRETT INDICATES FOR KIMBERLY TO LEAVE IT TO HER. GARRETT CROSSES TO THE PIANO, BOUNCES UP AND DOWN ON THE KEYBOARD WITH HER DERRIERE AND AT THE SAME TIME PUTS TWO FINGERS INTO HER MOUTH AND GIVES A LOUD WHISTLE. THE ACTIVITY STOPS AND THE GIRLS TURN TO THEM)



NANCY

Oh, hi, Kimberly.

KIMBERLY

Hi, everybody. I just wanted you to meet Mrs. Garrett. She's our housekeeper and she's going to help me with the costumes.

(AD LIB HELLOS ALL AROUND)

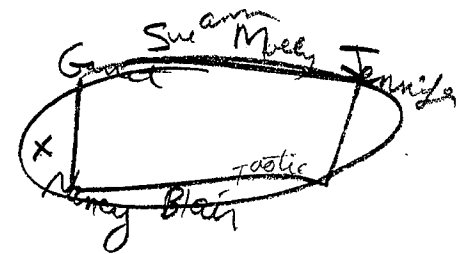
KIMBERLY

This is my friend Nancy. She has the lead in the play! She's a terrific actress.

(AD LIB HELLOS)

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

(INDICATING EACH GIRL)



And that's Sue Ann and Tootie and Jennifer and Molly <sup>and everybody!</sup> <sup>Oh yes</sup> and I almost forgot...

(UNENTHUSIASTIC)

<sup>that's</sup> ~~and~~ Blair.

(GARRETT EXTENDS HAND - BLAIR IGNORES IT)  
MOLLY

(NON-STOP)

Thanks for helping with the costumes it could be a disaster <sup>'cause</sup> ~~cause~~ costumes are important and if you don't have them you can't do it 'cause you'd look silly being a fairy in <sup>ordinary</sup> ~~regular~~ clothes and do you happen to have a candy bar?

GARRETT

(REACTING TO THE NON-SEQUITUR)

Uh, no I don't.

MOLLY

I shouldn't eat them anyway.

(POINTS TO HER CHIN)

Zits.

KIMBERLY

X U L

I'll go get my costume, Mrs. Garrett. Be right back.

(SHE EXITS TOWARD STAIRS  
OSTENSIBLY LEADING UP TO HER  
ROOM)

GARRETT

(TO GIRLS)

Well I didn't mean to interrupt you, girls -- and shouldn't you be working on your costumes instead of doing -- well, whatever that was you were doing?

JENNIFER

We call it rest period.

GARRETT

If I rested like that I'd have a heart attack.

(THE GIRLS LAUGH)

SUE ANN

Some of us just aren't any good at sewing, Mrs. Garrett.

BLAIR

(CAUSTIC)

How many times have you stuck yourself today, dummy?

SUE ANN

(HOLDS UP HER HANDS, ALL BUT  
ONE FINGER COVERED WITH BAND-  
AIDS)

I'm down to my last finger.

NANCY

You'll get the hang of it, Sue Ann.

SUE ANN

By that time I'll need a transfusion..

\*\*\*

BLAIR

I can't help you there, Sue-Ann -- my  
blue blood would never mix with yours.

\*\*\*

SUE ANN

(A BEAT AS SHE THINKS - THEN TO  
NANCY)

Was I just insulted?

NANCY

Blair wakes up every morning in a bad mood.

\*\*\*

She's got a bed with two wrong sides -

(ALL THE GIRLS LAUGH AND AD LIB  
TO EACH OTHER RE: "That's telling  
Blair," "Great put-down," etc.

IT'S EVIDENT THAT BLAIR IS NOT  
VERY WELL LIKED BY THE OTHERS.  
THE GIRLS RESUME THEIR PREVIOUS  
BEDLAM. [ NANCY THROWS A FRISBEE  
AT MRS. GARRETT WHO CATCHES IT  
AND TOSSES IT BACK. A MOMENT OF  
THIS. THEN GARRETT NOTICES SMOKE  
COMING UP FROM BEHIND A CHAIR)

NANCY

Hey, Mrs. Garrett!

GARRETT

Do you know your chair's on fire?

(SHE CROSSES TO IT -- IT'S  
BLAIR SMOKING A CIGARETTE -  
GARRETT REACTS TO HER)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Oh, my. You keep smoking, young lady,  
you'll have to be fitted for a smog  
device.

BLAIR

In my home, housekeepers know their place.

GARRETT

(DISARMINGLY)

Blair, your *teeth are lovely* ~~have the nicest teeth~~ --

\*\*\*

but your mouth could use a lot of work.

NANCY

(AS SHE THROWS FRISBEE AGAIN)

Mrs. Garrett!

(MRS. GARRETT CATCHES THE FRISBEE,  
LAUGHS, AND THROWS IT BACK...

BUT SHE THROWS IT TOO HIGH AND  
IT SAILS ACROSS THE ROOM UPSTAGE...

AT THE SAME TIME MR. CROCKER,  
THE HEADMASTER, STICKS HIS HEAD

IN THROUGH THE GARDEN DOOR TO

SPY ON THE GIRLS... AND THE

FRISBEE HITS THE DOOR NEXT TO

HIM.)

CROCKER

(REACTS)

*Why aren't you rehearsing my play?*  
~~What's going on here?~~

(ALL THE GIRLS REACT AND FREEZE...

BUT TOOTIE, SKATING IN FROM THE  
 ARCHWAY, SEES CROCKER FOR THE  
 FIRST TIME, REACTS IN FEAR AND  
 SURPRISE, LOSES HER BALANCE)

TOOTIE

The Crock! Oh my golly, oh my golly!

(AND SHE SKATES RIGHT THROUGH  
 THE PAINTED DOOR ON THE FLIMSY  
 "FLAT" PIECE OF SCENERY PREVIOUSLY  
 ESTABLISHED. THE OTHER GIRLS  
 GO TO SEE IF SHE'S OKAY, WHICH  
 SHE IS, WITH APPROPRIATE AD  
 LIBS)

*Girls! Girls!* CROCKER  
*(CLAPS HANDS)*  
~~Why aren't you rehearsing my play? And~~

I'd like to put a stop to a vicious rumor  
 that's circulating about the play I've  
 written. It is being suggested that I  
 have ripped-off Mr. Shakespeare.

(ALL GIRLS LOOK AT EACH OTHER  
IN MOCK ASTONISHMENT)

CROCKER

I did not rip him off -- I rewrote his  
play to eliminate Mr. Shakespeare's obvious  
weaknesses. Like his strange title,  
Midsummer Night's Dream. Mine is called  
a Midautumn Day's Fantasy.

BLAIR

(POLISHING THE APPLE)

Oh, you're title's so much more melodic,  
Mr. Crocker.

(ALL THE GIRLS LOOK AT HER  
KNOWINGLY)

CROCKER

Thank you, Blair. And just to erase any *doubt about my*  
integrity, I intend to give proper credit.

The program will read...

(HOLDS HAND OUT AND TRACES THE  
WORDS ON THE TOP HALF OF AN  
INVISIBLE PROGRAM PAGE, AS HE  
SAYS THEM)

A Midautumn Day's Fantasy, conceived,  
written, produced and directed by Harold  
J. Crocker...

(CROCKER LOWERS HIS HAND AND  
NOW TRACES THE WORDS ON THE VERY  
BOTTOM OF THE INVISIBLE PROGRAM  
PAGE, AND IN SMALLER LETTERS,  
SAYING THE WORDS QUICKLY)

CROCKER (CONT'D)

From a notion by Bill Shakespeare...

\*\*\*

when it comes to fairness, I...

(STOPS, SNIFFS AIR)

I smell smoke!

CUT TO:

(GARRETT TAKES THE CIGARETTE  
FROM BLAIR)

\*\*\*

CUT TO:

CROCKER

Which one of you girls has been smoking?  
(TO NANCY, SUE ANN, BLAIR  
WITH A CLOSE-UP OF EACH)

CROCKER (CONT'D)

You?... You?... You?...

(TO GARRETT)

You?...

(TO MOLLY)

You?

(MORE)

X behind Garret

CROCKER (CONT'D)

(HE DOES A "TAKE" AND TURNS  
BACK TO GARRETT AGAIN)

You're not a student! Who are you?

(KIMBERLY HAS ENTERED UNDER  
THE ABOVE WITH HER COSTUME)

KIMBERLY

*XL of Garrett*

Mr. Crocker, that's Mrs. Garrett. She's  
going to help me with the costumes.

CROCKER

(TO GARRETT)

You're the one who was smoking!

GARRETT

(REVEALING THE CIGARETTE)

Are you going to expell me?

KIMBERLY

*take with  
hand*

(SURPRISED)

Mrs. Garrett, you don't smoke.

GARRETT

Well, Kimberly, there are a lot of  
closet smokers. <sup>*who knows*</sup> ~~For all you know~~ I might  
smoke anything that'll burn -- pipes,  
cigars, bamboo, rope...

CROCKER

(INCREDULOUS)

Bamboo?

GARRETT

But smoking is a bad habit. Nobody  
should smoke anything.

CROCKER

(STILL CAN'T GET OVER IT)

Rope?

(SUSAN BRUNER NOW ENTERS FROM THE ARCHWAY WITH A STACK OF MAIL FOR THE GIRLS. SHE'S A YOUNG TEACHER WHO'S USUALLY NERVOUS. HER ATTENTION IS ON THE LETTERS SHE CARRIES AND SHE DOESN'T REALIZE YET THAT CROCKER IS THERE)

BRUNER

Girls... Mail call, girls.

(SHE CROSSES TO THEM)

Here's one for...

(SHE NOW SEES CROCKER, REACTS NERVOUSLY, DROPPING LETTERS)

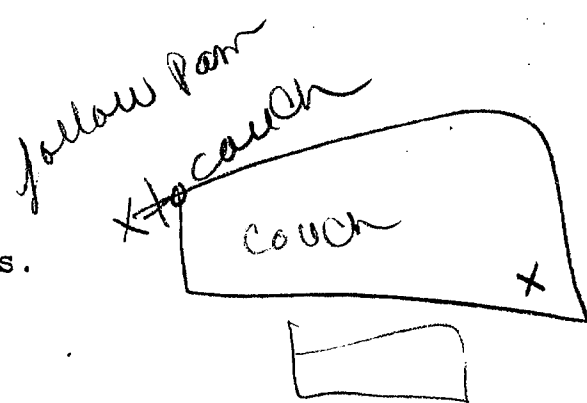
Mr. Crocker!

(STARTS TO HICCUP)

(NANCY, KIMBERLY, OTHERS WILL HELP PICK UP MAIL AND DISTRIBUTE IT UNDER DIALOGUE)

CROCKER

Miss Bruner, why do you always drop things when you're near me? Do I make you nervous?



BRUNER

(KNEELING, PICKING UP MAIL)

No, no, not at all.

(HICCUPS)

Why should I be nervous?

(HICCUPS)

I'm as kook as a cuuulcumber.

CROCKER

Well, try to get a grip on yourself. It doesn't look right hiccuping and always kneeling at my feet.

BRUNER

(STILL KNEELING)

Yes, sir.

(HICCUPS)

(HE EXITS IN DIRECTION OF HIS OFFICE. ~~BRUNER GETS UP~~. TO GARRETT WITHOUT A PAUSE)

He really does make me nervous who are you?

KIMBERLY

This is Mrs. Garrett, Miss Bruner.

BRUNER

(WITHOUT A PAUSE)

How do you do why does he make me so nervous?

*stand up*  
*B X P*

GARRETT

(WITHOUT A PAUSE)

Pleased to meet you I don't know why.

(REALIZING)

I mean, I know why I'm pleased to meet  
you, I don't know why he makes you nervous.

BRUNER

I can't understand it I'm getting worse.

He's just so in...

(HICCUPS)

timi...

(HICCUPS)

dating. But if I don't last this semester,

I won't get my tenure. Nice meeting you.

(SHE EXITS)

(NOTE: WITHOUT MAKING A POINT  
OF IT, NANCY WILL HAVE CROSSED  
TO THE HOUSEMOTHER'S ROOM UNDER  
ALL THE FOREGOING)

KIMBERLY

Mrs. Garrett, we better get started on the  
costumes. We can work in the housemother's  
room. It's right over there.

(SHE INDICATES)

GARRETT

Fine, honey.

(THEY START FOR THE ROOM)

*grab G's left hand*

XL  
D G X  
D D

SUE ANN

Mrs. Garrett, would you take a look at  
my costume, please?

(GARRETT STOPS AS SUE ANN HOLDS  
UP HER COSTUME... WHICH HAS  
THREE SLEEVES)

SUE ANN (CONT'D)

What'd I do wrong?

GARRETT

Nothing if you plan on growing another  
arm.

(TAKES IT)

You must've thought this was the shoulder.

SUE ANN

*Didn't it?*  
Gee, thanks:

MOLLY

Mrs. Garrett... Please?

(HOLDS OUT HER COSTUME)

(TOOTIE NOW SKATES RIGHT INTO

MRS. GARRETT HOLDING A COSTUME

-- ALMOST KNOCKING GARRETT OVER)

TOOTIE

Mine, too, please, Mrs. Garrett? Please?

JENNIFER

How about mine, Mrs. Garrett?

(NOW ALL THE GIRLS CONVERGE ON

GARRETT WITH THEIR COSTUMES

AND APPROPRIATE AD LIBS)

GARRETT

Wait a minute! Hold it! Who do you think  
 I am, Betsy Ross? God helps those who  
 help themselves. Blair, you do the  
 basting. Sue Ann, stitch the cuffs.  
 Tootie and Molly and <sup>Jennifer</sup> ~~Nancy~~ you'll do the  
<sup>check the dashes</sup>  
 hems. Kimberly, you ~~supervise them~~ and  
<sup>on these.</sup>  
 I'll machine stitch the seams. Now, hop  
<sup>girls</sup>  
 to it ~~everybody~~!

(THE GIRLS DISBURSE WITH AD  
 LIBS)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(RESIGNEDLY)

Gosh, I love show business.

CUT TO:INT. HOUSEMOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

(WE ARE ANGLED TOWARD THE DOOR SO  
 WE CANNOT SEE THERE IS ANYONE IN  
 THE ROOM. GARRETT ENTERS WITH  
 COSTUMES AND CLOSES THE DOOR  
 WITH HER DERRIERE. AS SHE TURNS  
 FROM THE DOOR SHE REACTS TO THE  
 FACT THAT NANCY, WHO WE NOW SEE,  
 IS SEATED ON THE BED SOFTLY  
 CRYING. GARRETT PUTS THE  
 COSTUMES DOWN WITH:)

X R to table  
 X  
 couch

put on costume

GARRETT

There, there, Nancy. No need to cry.  
I'll help you with your costume, too.

NANCY

(DABBING AT HER EYES WITH  
HANDKERCHIEF)

Thanks, Mrs. Garrett, but it's not  
that -- it's this...

(HOLDS UP A LETTER)

... from my folks.

GARRETT

(SITS NEXT TO HER ON THE BED)

Is there something wrong at home?.

NANCY

I have to drop out of school.

GARRETT

Drop out of school? Why, Nancy?

NANCY

My father lost his job and he can't  
afford to keep me in school 'cause the  
tuition's gone up.

GARRETT

Oh, I'm so sorry, honey. *Nancy*

NANCY

~~He and mom feel so guilty about it, and I~~  
~~understand.~~ But I've worked so hard and  
it's a terrific school and all my friends  
are here.

(CRIES AGAIN)

GARRETT

Don't cry, honey.

(MISS BRUNER NOW BURSTS INTO  
THE ROOM, MORE NERVOUS THAN WE'VE  
SEEN HER, SCRATCHING BOTH ARMS)

BRUNER

He did it to me again!

GARRETT

I beg your pardon?

BRUNER

(HICCUPS DURING)

I can't seem to avoid running unexpectedly  
into Mr. Crocker. Wherever I go I suddenly  
come face to face with him. He scares  
me.

(HICCUPS)

The blood rushes from my head, my heart  
pounds, my knees shake, my hands tremble...  
I'm so grateful for group health insurance.

(HICCUPS)

GARRETT

Please, Miss Bruner, sit down...

(HELPS HER TO A CHAIR)

It'll be alright... Just try to relax...  
Close your eyes... Now take a deep breath  
and let it out slowly and go...

(MORE)

## GARRETT (CONT'D)

(CHANTS)

O-m-m-m!

BRUNER

(CHANTS)

O-m-m-m-m.

(HICCUPS)

O-m-m-m-m.

(SUE ANN AND BLAIR NOW BURST IN  
THE ROOM THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR  
WITH THEIR ARMS PILED HIGH WITH  
COSTUMES FROM THE REST OF THE  
GIRLS)

SUE ANN

Mrs. Garrett, what about this ruffle?

MOLLY

I don't know what a yolk is, Mrs. Garrett.

GARRETT

(A SIGH)

Put them over there, girls, I'll ~~do~~ <sup>help you with</sup> them.

MOLLY/SUE ANN

Oh, thanks!... Thanks, Mrs. Garrett!

## GARRETT

(RECAPPING HER DAY - ALOUD)

This morning I was in my kitchen minding my own business, Kimberly had a little problem so I offered to help her. Next thing I know I'm here in this cuckoo's nest playing with a frisbee and saying I smoke bamboo... and on top of that while a little girl's heart is breaking, I'm sewing four hundred costumes and showing a nervous teacher how to "O-m-m-m-m!"

~~(TO HER SURPRISE, SHE HICCUPS)~~

( WITH HER FAMOUS "EYE PULL  
LOOK")

What have I ~~gotten into?~~

*-- who needs -- what did el -- O-m-m-m!*

FADE OUTEND ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSEMOTHER'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

(MRS. GARRETT IS SEATED AT THE SEWING MACHINE WORKING ON A COSTUME. NANCY SITS NEAR HER ON THE BED. BRUNER AND THE OTHER GIRLS HAVE GONE)

GARRETT

There must be something you can do about staying in school, Nancy. Like, well, like maybe you could get a scholarship.

NANCY

(NOT CRYING ANYMORE)

My grades aren't good enough. You have to be straight A.

GARRETT

Well, other things are just as important as grades. Like talent. Kimberly said you're a terrific actress. Maybe you could get a scholarship for that.

NANCY

They don't have scholarships in dramatic arts.

GARRETT

Maybe you could get Mr. Crocker to start one?

NANCY

Get the Crock to spend extra money?

\*\*\*

The man who keeps his money pinned to  
his shorts?

(MR. CROCKER ENTERS)

CROCKER

What are you doing here, Nancy?

NANCY

Oh, I, uh, just brought Mrs. Garrett my  
costume.

(SHE EXITS)

CROCKER

(IMPATIENTLY, TO GARRETT)

Aren't you finished with those costumes  
yet? I'd like to get rehearsal started.

GARRETT

Well, there's a little problem.

CROCKER

What's the problem?

GARRETT

I've only got <sup>eight</sup>~~six~~ hands.

\*\*\*

CROCKER

(WITH A LOOK)

I'll make do with the costumes that are finished. \*\*\*

(HE STARTS OUT)

GARRETT

("STROKING HIM")

Oh, Mr. Crocker -- *el read your play. el is*  
~~you wrote such an~~  
 incredible. ~~play.~~

(THIS STOPS HIM, HE TURNS TO  
 HER, PLEASED)

CROCKER

Oh? You read it?

GARRETT

And it was amazing.

CROCKER

Well! Did you laugh a lot?

GARRETT

Did I laugh?

(STARTS TO LAUGH)

Did I laugh?

(LAUGHS HARDER)

CROCKER

Did you cry?

GARRETT

Did I cry?!

(SWITCHES TO A SAD FACE AS  
 THOUGH ABOUT TO CRY)

Did I cry!!!

(ALMOST SOBS)

CROCKER

Then did you laugh again?

GARRETT

Did I laugh again!!!

(SWITCHES TO LAUGH AGAIN)

CROCKER

You have good taste, Mrs. Garrett.

GARRETT

And I must congratulate you on picking Nancy to play the lead. That girl has talent. It's a shame she has to drop out of school.

CROCKER

(REACTS, PANICKED)

Drop out of school? You mean before the play tomorrow night?!

GARRETT

No, at the end of the term.

CROCKER

Oh, it's alright, then.

GARRETT

(NO MORE "MR. NICE GUY")

Whaddaya mean it's alright? Her parents can't afford to keep her here *anymore*.

CROCKER

Well, I appreciate your concern, but don't worry about it -- I'll find another girl whose parents can afford it.

GARRETT

(AS THOUGH JUST GETTING THE IDEA)

Say, I know what you could do. You could give Nancy a dramatic scholarship!

CROCKER

(PAINED)

Scholarship? Bite your tongue! I'm way over budget with these costumes as it is.

GARRETT

Mr. Crocker, you haven't a clue what goes on with your girls or how they're doing or what's bothering them. All you care about is yourself and as for your play, if Shakespeare were alive <sup>and saw it,</sup> he'd drop dead!

CROCKER

*a lot you know.*

↑ All I know is, I have to show the trustees a profit. I may even have to cut down on some of the luxuries around here.

GARRETT

(DRYLY)

Have you thought of putting parking meters in the bathroom?

CROCKER

Don't be ridiculous, Mrs. Garrett -- of course I have.

(HE STARTS OUT)

CUT TO:

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

(CROCKER COMES OUT THE DOOR, FOLLOWED BY GARRETT. THEY CROSS TO THE GIRLS, WHO ARE SEATED ABOUT THE ROOM REHEARSING LINES WITH EACH OTHER FOR THE PLAY. SOME OF THEM ARE WEARING COSTUMES THAT ARE FINISHED, AND OTHERS ARE WEARING JUST PARTS OF COSTUMES. EXAMPLES: ONE WEARS JUST THE DONKEY'S HEAD OF A DONKEY COSTUME, ANOTHER WEARS WINGS OF A FAIRY, ANOTHER IS SUPPOSED TO BE A COBWEB, ANOTHER IS A KING. NOTE: AS PREVIOUSLY STATED, COSTUMES WILL BE DISCUSSED. NANCY IS DRESSED AS "PUCK" AND ~~KIMBERLY IS DRESSED AS A FAIRY~~ AND BLAIR IS DRESSED AS A QUEEN)

CROCKER

Alright, girls, on your feet. Let's get this show on the road.

(HE PICKS UP A SCRIPT FROM A NEARBY TABLE)

GIRL WEARING DONKEY HEAD

Should we go into the auditorium, Mr. Crocker?

CROCKER

No, we'll rehearse in here today, Wendy.

DONKEY'S HEAD

I'm not Wendy. Don't you recognize me?

It's Sue Ann.

BLAIR

(SARCASTIC)

I'm surprised he didn't recognize you.

All you have to do is look at the donkey head and work your way backwards.

TOOTIE

It takes one to know one, Blair.

(THE GIRLS LAUGH... AND TOOTIE  
SKATES RIGHT INTO CROCKER)

TOOTIE

Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Crocker!

CROCKER

Alright! Everybody in their places!

Quickly now, girls!

(THE GIRLS SCATTER ABOUT ROOM)

GARRETT

Here, Nancy, it's finished.

(HANDS HER THE COSTUME)

NANCY

(STILL FEELING DOWN)

Thanks, Mrs. Garrett.

*help put on costume*

(IT'S A JACKET OR SOMETHING TO GO WITH THE REST OF THE COSTUME NANCY WEARS. SHE SLIPS IT ON WITH GARRETT'S HELP)

GARRETT

Cheer up, honey.

KIMBERLY

*TUG*

(ENCOURAGINGLY)

Keep the faith, Nancy. Maybe something'll happen so you can stay in school.

NANCY

It'd take a miracle.

GARRETT

Miracles do happen.

CROCKER

*Attention, now, players, Attention!*  
~~Now, girls,~~ We're in the woods and the

fairy is asleep. Fairy in place, please.

KIMBERLY

*melodramatic*  
*stutter*  
*of hand in chest*  
*left on forehead*  
*asleep*

*OK*

(LIES DOWN ON THE SOFA)

Yes, Mr. Crocker.

CROCKER

*Nancy, your cue.*

NANCY

*Oh, yes.*

(NOT REALLY WITH IT)

Hark -- there sleeps the fairy in the woods green and airy.

CROCKER

No, no, no, Nancy! You have to be more animated! Concentrate on passionate youthful recklessness followed by stubborn defiance and seething dismay!

NANCY

I'm sorry, Mr. Crocker. I'm just not with it, I guess.

CROCKER

(IMPATIENTLY)

Well, what do I have to do to get you with it?

GARRETT

(ASIDE)

Give her a scholarship.

(CROCKER GIVES HER A LOOK)

CROCKER

Do you mind?

(TO GIRLS)

Once again from the top, Nancy.

(MISS BRUNER NOW ENTERS FROM THE

DIRECTION OF CROCKER'S OFFICE,

WRINGING HER HANDS NERVOUSLY.

SHE STANDS NEXT TO GARRETT)

BRUNER

Mr. Crocker... Excuse me, Mr. Crocker, you have a phone call.

CROCKER

(WHIRLS ON HER)

Must you interrupt me at a time like  
this, Miss Bruner?

BRUNER

I'm sorry, but...

CROCKER

(GOES ON)

I'm never to be interrupted when I'm  
rehearsing. Not for anybody!

BRUNER

The head trustee is on the phone.

CROCKER

(SWITCH)

Unless it's him.

(HE STARTS OUT)

Start without me, girls.

(HE EXITS)

BRUNER

(TO GARRETT)

Look! Look what happened! My hiccups  
stopped but now my hand is shaking!

(SHE HOLDS OUT HER HAND, IT'S  
SHAKING)

What am I going to do?

GARRETT

(SOFTLY)

I'll tell you what to do...

(THEN FIRMLY AND LOUDLY)

Stop it!

(BRUNER REACTS, FLINCHES BACK  
IN SHOCK. SHE HOLDS UP HER  
HAND WHICH HAS STOPPED SHAKING)

BRUNER

(SURPRISED)

Oh! Thank you.

(SUDDENLY TO HER SURPRISE SHE  
STARTS TO HICCUP AGAIN -- AND  
EXITS)

KIMBERLY

We better get on with the rehearsal,  
everybody.

NANCY

(UNHAPPILY)

How am I supposed to act "passionate  
youthful recklessness" when all I can  
think about is leaving school?

*5th & 6th of girls  
on couch*

GARRETT

Honey, as they say in show business,  
the show must go on. When I was a  
little girl I was in a play, and right  
before I went on, I learned that my  
darling little dog Annie got run over.  
My mother took my hand and said, making  
other people happy will make you happy  
too. I don't know how I did it, but  
I went on. /

NANCY

And what happened?

GARRETT

I was the best tree in the play.

(ALL LAUGH)

Always do you best, Nancy. Hang in  
there, honey.

NANCY

I'll try, Mrs. Garrett. Thank you.

(NANCY EXITS)

GARRETT

Kimberly, come on outta the woods --  
doesn't your father know the head  
trustee of this school?

KIMBERLY

Sure, Daddy and Mr. Robinson are  
good friends.

X40 G

cauch x

GARRETT

Hmmm -- I think I'll give your father a fast phone call. ~~I need his help.~~

KIMBERLY

Are you cooking something up?

GARRETT

Of course. Cooking is my specialty.

(SHE EXITS AND WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL COMMON ROOM - THE NEXT EVENING

(IT'S RIGHT AFTER THE PLAY. ALL THE GIRLS ENTER IN COSTUME, EXCITEDLY BABBLING AWAY ABOUT THE EVENING. TOOTIE IS STILL ON HER ROLLER SKATES. THEY CROSS TO A LONG TABLE TO ONE SIDE ON WHICH THERE IS A PUNCH BOWL AND REFRESHMENTS)

*couch*  
*Seated*

CUT TO:

(GARRETT ENTERS WITH A DISTINGUISHED LOOKING MAN IN HIS FIFTIES. HE'S MR. ROBINSON, THE HEAD TRUSTEE WE'VE TALKED ABOUT)

GARRETT

Wasn't that a delightful play, Mr. Robinson?

ROBINSON

I thoroughly enjoyed it. And from what you've been saying, do I get the impression that you think highly of Mr. Crocker?

GARRETT

(DOUBLE EDGED)

I can't begin to tell you what I think of him.

(CROCKER ENTERS WITH DRUMMOND)

DRUMMOND

Congratulations again, Mr. Crocker. You did wonders with the girls; they were like professionals, ~~not amateurs~~, weren't they Charley?

ROBINSON

They certainly were, Phil. I'm very impressed, Crocker. Tell me more about that scholarship idea of yours.

CROCKER

(CAUGHT UNAWARES)

Scholarship?

GARRETT

(QUICKLY)

You remember, we were discussing it yesterday -- that you want to establish a dramatic arts scholarship. I happened to mention it to Mr. Drummond on the phone yesterday.

CROCKER

(TOTALLY CONFUSED)

Well, I...

DRUMMOND

(CUTS IN)

And at lunch today I happened to mention  
it to Charley.

GARRETT

And the girl ~~that~~ the Crock -- uh, Mr. Crocker  
wants to give the first scholarship to is Nancy.

\*\*\*

(POINTEDLY)

Am I right, Mr. Crocker?

CROCKER

(HELPLESS)

You've been right on everything so far.

ROBINSON

Well, I think that's a fine idea. I'm  
sure the trustees will go for it. I was  
an actor myself once.

GARRETT

Oh, really?

ROBINSON

I was the best tree in the play.

(THEY LAUGH)

Why don't we go tell the young lady?

(THEY EXIT. CROCKER STARTS  
OUT AFTER THEM BUT GARRETT TAKES  
HIS ELBOW)

GARRETT

Mr. Crocker...

CROCKER

Please don't touch me. I come from  
a very strict family.

GARRETT

(SWEETLY)

Sorry. Mr. Crocker, I just wanted to  
congratulate you. You've gone to the  
head of my list.

CROCKER

(PLEASED)

Oh, really? Which list?

GARRETT

Guess.

(HE THINKS A BEAT, THEN AS THE  
IMPLICATION HITS HIM, HE GLARES  
AT HER)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You guessed!

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

(BEFORE HE CAN ANSWER, ROBINSON  
ENTERS TO THEM WITH NANCY AND TOOTIE)

ROBINSON

Say, Crocker -- these girls are wonderful  
and they gave me a great idea. Excuse  
us, Mrs. Garrett...

\*\*\*

(THEY STEP ASIDE OUT OF EARSHOT,  
LEAVING NANCY WITH MRS. GARRETT)

GARRETT  
Certainly

ROBINSON

Tootie...

TOOTIE

Well, Mr. Crocker, since you and Mrs.  
Garrett hit it off so well, why don't  
you offer her that job of housemother?

\*\*\*

(CROCKER'S MOUTH FALLS OPEN)

CUT TO:

(NANCY WITH GARRETT)

NANCY

Thanks for everything, Mrs. Garrett.

I know the scholarship was all your doing.

(SHE KISSES GARRETT ON THE  
CHEEK AND EXITS)

(MISS BRUNER NOW COMES UP TO  
GARRETT)

BRUNER

(HAPPILY)

Oh, Mrs. Garrett, thank you! Thank you  
for everything! Thank you!

GARRETT

You're welcome. What'd I do?

BRUNER

You solved my nervousness! Watch...

(SHE HOLDS OUT HER HAND, WHICH  
SHAKES -- YELLS)

Stop it!

(HER HAND STOPS SHAKING)

Isn't that wonderful? Course, I do  
yell a lot.

(EXITS) *RUNNING INTO CROCKER ON WAY OUT*

CUT TO:

(DRUMMOND, KIMBERLY, WILLIS)

KIMBERLY

Did you really like it daddy? Was I  
okay?

DRUMMOND

You were the daintiest fairy I've ever  
seen.

WILLIS

Yeah, next to you, Tinkerbelle was a klutz.

DRUMMOND

Say, where's Arnold?

WILLIS

He was right behind us.

(THEY LOOK AROUND. A BEAT, AND ARNOLD COMES IN THE GARDEN DOOR WEARING THE DONKEY HEAD. ALL REACT TO HIM AS HE WALKS UP TO THEM)

ARNOLD

Guess who?

DRUMMOND

I remember the body but I can't place the face.

ARNOLD

I'll give you a hint -- under this face there's another face with chubby cheeks, no front teeth, and shorter ears.

(THEY LAUGH)

WILLIS

Yeah, but both faces go with the same rear end.

(GARRETT ENTERS -- CHUCKLES AT ARNOLD)

GARRETT

You look real cute, Arnold.

ARNOLD

Who told you it was me?

GARRETT

I just took a wild guess.

(CROCKER ENTERS WITH GIRLS)

CROCKER

*xl of G* \*\*\*

Excuse me... Mrs. Garrett, Mr. Robinson thinks -- that is, he and I are prepared to offer you a job here at the school if you'd consider leaving your present job.

ARNOLD

Whatchoo talkin' 'bout, Mr. Crocker?

DRUMMOND

Yeah, whatchoo --

(CORRECTS HIMSELF)

Uh, what are you talking about?

CROCKER

The position os housemother is open.

(GIRLS ALL EXCITEDLY AD-LIB RE: " PLEASE TAKE IT, MRS. GARRETT," "WE NEED YOU" ETC.)

\*\*\*

GARRETT

Thanks girls. I love all of you and it's nice to be wanted, but ~~I'm very happy where I am.~~ *I'm honored, my family needs me.* *I have to get back to them.*

\*\*\*

~~KIMBERLY/WILLIS~~

Yeah, she's not going anywhere... Nobody's taking Mrs. Garrett away from us.

ARNOLD

Right!

(STILL IN THE DONKEY HEAD,  
ARNOLD GROWLS AND TAKES A  
STEP TOWARD CROCKER, ANGRILY  
"PAWING THE GROUND," AS THOUGH  
HIS FEET WERE HOOVES. CROCKER  
FLINCHES BACK A STEP)

CROCKER

(TENTATIVELY PATS DONKEY HEAD)

~~It was just a thought...~~ Down, fella, down!... (\*\*\*)

*It was* Just a thought.

(AS ALL LAUGH, WE:)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO