

FINAL DRAFT
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FOREVER FERNWOOD



EPISODE #387

by

JERRY ADELMAN

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PRODUCTION

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
LORETTA	MARY KAY PLACE
MARTHA	DODY GOODMAN
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
GRANDPA	VICTOR KILIAN
MAC	DENNIS BURKLEY
GEORGE	PHIL BRUNS
MEL	SHELLEY BERMAN
JERRY	FRED WILLARD
BARTENDER	ROBERT STONEMAN
JEFFREY	RANDALL CARVER
EVA BARNHART	
MATRON	

SETS

ACT I
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CAPRI LOUNGE - DAY
(Loretta, Martha, Mac, George, Mel,
Jerry, Bartender and Eva Barnhart)

ACT II
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JAIL CELL - DAY
(Tom, Martha, Cathy, George, Jeffrey
and Matron)

ACT III
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SHUMWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT
(Martha, George, Grandpa and Eva
Barnhart)

ACT ONECAPRI LOUNGE - DAY

AL THE BARTENDER AND JERRY. NO CUSTOMERS YET AS IT'S APPARENTLY RATHER EARLY IN THE DAY. JERRY IS DOING HIS ACT FOR AL. AL, OBVIOUSLY NOT VERY IMPRESSED, IS GIVING MOST OF HIS ATTENTION TO PREPARING FOR THE BUSINESS DAY -- SETTING UP GLASSES, ETC. -- RATHER THAN LISTENING TO JERRY.

JERRY

(CONCLUDING HIS ROUTINE) ... and you're a beautiful audience... I hope you get a lot of nice things for Christmas. More than Santa Claus got, anyway... he ended up with nothing but an old bag. Hahaha... Dynamite, huh?

AL

Can I ask you a question?

JERRY

Sure.

AL

(BEAT) Why did you come here?

JERRY

I thought the Capri could use some class... but I guess it went way over your head.

AL

Yeah... You do some real sophisticated stuff.

JERRY

That's because I'm not just a bubble-brained entertainer.

AL

No?

JERRY

Can't you tell? I'm an intellectual. Besides doing Loretta's warm-up, I'm also her manager. That takes mucho gray matter, if you know what I mean.

GEORGE COMES IN, LEADING MAC, WHO WEARS HIS SHADES AND CARRIES HIS GUITAR.

GEORGE

(TO MAC) ... Okay. Give it all you got.

MAC

(STRUMMING AND SINGING LOUDLY)

I DON'T CARE IF IT'S DAY OR NIGHT...
NOTHIN' MATTERS SINCE I LOST SIGHT
OF MY SWEETIE.

I'M AS BLUE AS A MAN CAN BE
NOTHIN'S BLUER SINCE I CAN'T SEE

MY LITTLE SWEETIE

PEOPLE TELL ME THAT LOVE IS BLIND
BUT WHEN I GOT IT, I DON'T MIND
I JUST HATE TO LOVE AND LOSE...

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

THAT IS WHEN I SING THE BLUES

FOR MY SWEETIE

(TALKING THE BLUES) ... I can't see
straight since you left me, Darlin'.

GEORGE

(TO AL) ... This guy's a real find,
isn't he?

MAC

(STILL PERFORMING) You were the light
of my life, till I blew a fuse... Now
my whole world is dark and I sing the
blues...

For you sweetie.

AL

Is this some kind of conspiracy against
me?

JERRY

(TO MAC) I'm a professional judge of
talent, and you can take it from me...
You've got a lot of... nerve.

GEORGE

Mac has this temporary blindness...

JERRY

That's no excuse for his voice.

GEORGE

Let's just see what the boss has to say
about that. You two don't know anything.

MAC

Yeah. I need a gig, so let us see the boss. Actually, George can see the boss. That's not my department anymore.

AL

The boss is on vacation.

GEORGE

So you're in charge, huh? Of everything?

AL

Yeah.

GEORGE

Don't you think Mac has real talent?

AL

Well...

GEORGE

How about potential?

AL

It's hard to say...

GEORGE

Play another one, Mac...

MAC STARTS TO STRUM AND BREAKS HIS STRING.

MAC

I can't jam without my G-string, George.

GEORGE

Stay right there... I'll get you a string, Mac.

GEORGE HEADS FOR THE DOOR. AL DASHES AFTER HIM.

AL

Listen, George... I hear you've got some powerful moonshine.

GEORGE

Who said?

AL

Relax. I'm cool. Maybe we can make a deal. Sell me stuff -- cheap -- and I might give Mac a chance.

GEORGE

I'd have to think about it... I'm not sure I've perfected my recipe yet.

GEORGE EXITS. AL GOES BACK TO THE BAR.

MAC

I can do some songs acapella.

AL

I'll keep that in mind.

MAC

You gonna give me this job, Al?

JERRY

I believe in hiring the handicapped, but your handicap is no talent.

AL

I might help you out, if you persuade George to do business with me.

MAC

That's easy... George'll do anything for me.

JERRY

(TO AL) ... You're giving this bozo employment?

AL

Maybe.

JERRY

The kind with a salary?

AL

Yeah.

JERRY

(TO MAC) ... I can make you a star.

MAC

Huh?

JERRY

With the right manager -- me, for instance -- you could go right to the top.

LORETTA COMES IN AND APPROACHES
JERRY.

LORETTA

Jerry! I need you!

JERRY

(TO MAC) ... You hear that? -- An unsolicited testimonial from a satisfied client.

LORETTA

I'm out of vitamins.

JERRY

(TO MAC AS HE TAKES OUT A BOTTLE) ... One of the many valuable services I provide.

LORETTA

These just put so much zing in my
singin' that I'd sooner do without my
mornin' Wheaties... Fact is, sometimes
I feel like I could do without food
altogether.

JERRY

(TO MAC) ... I made this girl what she
is today... and I can do the same for
you, Mac.

MAC

George is kind of managing my career
right now.

LORETTA POPS SOME PILLS AND FINALLY
NOTICES MAC AND HIS GUITAR.

LORETTA

You're goin' into show biz, too, huh,
Mac?... Well, them sunglasses is a
real good start.

JERRY

Tell Mac how much I've done for you,
Loretta... and don't spare the details
... just because compliments may
embarrass me.

LORETTA

(TO MAC) ... Jerry's helped me
considerable much, Mac... and he can
help you, too... Go ahead... ask him
for some vitamins.

JERRY

He's not my client yet, Loretta.

LORETTA

Well, I'm gonna mosey on home now and write eight or fifteen songs.

JERRY

(GIVING HER SOME MORE VITAMINS) ... Here ... maybe you could write some jokes for me, too.

LORETTA

You got it, Jer... an' a heap of luck to you, Mac.

LORETTA EXITS ENERGETICALLY.

MAC

(AFTER SHE'S GONE) ... Before you go, Loretta... How about a few pointers on belting out a song?

JERRY

I taught her everything she knows.

MARTHA ENTERS AND APPROACHES THE BAR.

MARTHA

Can you see yet, Mac?

MAC

Nope... and I'm afraid my hearing may be going too, Loretta. You're starting to sound just like Martha Shumway.

MARTHA SHAKES HER HEAD SADLY AT AL.

MARTHA

(TO AL) I hope you don't mind if I'm
in late... Something very important has
come up.

AL

No problem.

MEL HAS ENTERED AND TIPTOES IN
BEHIND MARTHA. MEL COVERS HER
EYES.

MEL

Guess who.

MARTHA

Mel, please! Not in front of Mac. He'll
think you're making fun of his disability.

MAC

Huh? What disability?

MARTHA

(TAKING MEL'S HANDS FROM HER EYES) He
didn't mean it, Mac... Follow me, Mel.

MARTHA LEADS MEL TO A BOOTH.

MEL

To the ends of the earth... I've always
followed you, Martha.

THEY SIT IN A BOOTH AND MEL STARTS
KISSING MARTHA'S NECK.

MEL (CONT'D)

But the journey was worth it, my
darling... Especially now, when I've
almost reached my destination.

MARTHA

We'd better discuss that, Mel.

MEL

No more roadblocks, Martha!

MARTHA

Well, there's George...

MEL

George! George can't stop me! He's not even a detour.

MEL TAKES MARTHA'S HAND AND STARTS KISSING IT PASSIONATELY.

MARTHA

No, but he is my husband... And he wasn't happy about us considering a romance... again.

MEL

(STOPPING SUDDENLY) ... You wouldn't go back on a promise? -- Not just because of him?

MARTHA

I only promised to consider it, Mel... Besides, you were dying at the time.

MEL RESUMES HIS PASSIONATE KISSING.

MEL

I'm dying now, Martha... Dying to possess you.

MARTHA

Oh, I just get helpless when you sweet talk me, Mel.

MARTHA STARTS GIVING IN TO MEL AS
EVA BARNHART ENTERS AND GOES TO
THE BAR.

BARNHART

A martini, friend. Very dry.

AL

Coming up.

BARNHART

And isn't that Martha Shumway disgracing
herself in that booth?

AL

That's Martha, all right.

BARNHART

She and her husband were patients of
mine once.

MAC

(OVERHEARING) ... Are you a doctor?
... Maybe you could help me... I've got
this problem with my eyes...

BARNHART

You've got my sympathy... But unless you
have marital problems, I can't help you.
And sometimes not even then. (TURNS TO
AL. MAC IS OUT OF EARSHOT) Look at
poor Martha Shumway. She has affairs,
you know. Almost constantly. And with
anyone. Like that one truck driver...

AL

Mac. That's him over there.

BARNHART

A blind truck driver?... That is sort of intriguing.

AL

He sings the blues now.

BARNHART

So do most of her men... Although for the life of me, I can't figure what she's got... And I'm an expert on people.

AL

Martha's got a good heart.

BARNHART

And a gorgeous husband.

AL

George?

BARNHART

He deserves more... Especially since she can't even be faithful to him... (BEAT)... What's wrong with her?!

AL

I thought you knew.

BARNHART

I don't care... All I know is, if she doesn't want him, there are plenty of women who do.

EVA DOWNS HER DRINK AND EXITS.

AL

George???

ANGLE ON BOOTH. MEL AND MARTHA
ARE GETTING CARRIED AWAY WITH
EACH OTHER.

MEL

Give me the green light, Martha. I beg
of you...

MARTHA

Oh, Mel...

MEL

Let my ship dock in the harbor of its
dreams...

MARTHA

Well, a promise is a promise.

MEL

Martha! You'll be my sanctuary?

MARTHA

I guess I really should.

MEL

I'll get a taxi, my darling... And it
will take us all the way to paradise...

Wait right here.

MEL RUNS OUT. MARTHA TAKES OUT A
COMPACT AND TOYS WITH HER HAIR.

MARTHA

Oh, I feel so wicked... Of course, I'm
only doing this to be kind... to a
dying man... Even though he's not dying
anymore.

GEORGE RUSHES IN, LOOKING FOR
MARTHA.

GEORGE

Martha?

MARTHA

George! What are you doing here?

GEORGE

We're going to the police!

MARTHA

But I haven't done anything yet.

GEORGE

Stop it, Martha... Cathy's been arrested.

GEORGE DRAGS MARTHA OUT.

MARTHA

Cathy?! Why??? I wonder if she's
paying for my sins.

THEY EXIT. AL SHAKES HIS HEAD.
MOMENT. MEL COMES RUSHING IN.

MEL

(TO MAC) ... Did you see Martha?...

(TO AL) ... Was that Martha I just saw?

AL

I guess so.

MEL

No! ... How many more times, Martha?...
How many more times will I be cast adrift
by you?

THIS LAST LINE IS DELIVERED BY
MEL TURNED AWAY FROM MARTHA.
SUDDENLY MAC APPEARS FACING EMPTY
AIR WHERE MARTHA WOULD BE IF MEL
WERE FACING HER.

MAC

(TO EMPTY AIR, POINTING OVER HIS
SHOULDER TO MEL) He botherin' you,
Martha?

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

JAIL CELL - DAY

CATHY; SOLA, SEATED ON BUNK,
SUNK IN MISERABLE DEJECTION.
MOMENT.

JEFFREY'S VOICE

Cathy?

STARTLED, CATHY LOOKS UP TO SEE
JEFFREY STANDING OUTSIDE THE
CELL. SHE GOES TO GREET HIM
THROUGH THE BARS.

CATHY

Jeffrey! How long have you been there?

JEFFREY

(EXTREMELY UNEASY) ... A minute or two.

CATHY

Wouldn't they let you come in here? I
want to at least give you a hug, or
something.

JEFFREY

(TAKING HER HAND) ... No, I shouldn't.
See... being in a cell makes me crazy.

CATHY

Oh, I'm really sorry you have to go
through this.

JEFFREY

In fact, bring on the same block as the jail, gives me claustrophobia.

CATHY

Poor Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

This is really rough on me. But it's probably rougher on you. You're actually in jail.

CATHY

Don't blame yourself. All you did was ask me to make a delivery.

JEFFREY

It was a small favor... But look where it got you.

CATHY

I'll be all right.

JEFFREY

Yeah... Because I'm going to the D.A. and tell him you're innocent.

CATHY

I knew you'd take care of everything.

JEFFREY

Then they'll let you out...

CATHY

Thank goodness.

JEFFREY

(NOT MANIPULATIVE, JUST THINKING OUT LOUD)

And they'll toss me in... throw away the key, probably.

CATHY

Oh, no! They wouldn't!

JEFFREY

I think they would.

CATHY

I can't let them do that!

JEFFREY

There's no other way... My life for yours.

CATHY

But that's terrible!

JEFFREY

Don't take it so hard, kid. It's only right -- I give up, oh, no more than ten, fifteen years of my life, my hopes, my dreams -- to save you from the misery of, I guess you'd get a suspended sentence.

CATHY

You think that's all I'd get?

JEFFREY

It's your first offense... They couldn't prove any real intent... But that's not the point. I got you into this, I'm getting you out.

CATHY

I don't care! My life won't mean anything without you... I'm going to take the blame.

JEFFREY

No, I can't let you.

CATHY

But I want to!

JEFFREY

No, I'm sorry, Cathy...

THE MATRON ENTERS, BUT GEORGE AND MARTHA RUSH AHEAD OF HER TO THE CELL. MARTHA PUSHES PAST JEFFREY TO GET TO CATHY.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr. Shumway, Mrs. Shumway.

MARTHA

(HYSTERICAL) ... Cathy, Cathy... It's a nightmare! How could it happen?!...

(POLITELY TO JEFFREY) ... I don't mean to be rude and ignore you, but this is Cathy's first time as a prisoner, and it's kind of important to all of us.

GEORGE

Tell us what happened, Princess. Who framed you?

CATHY

(BEAT) ... Nobody... I'm guilty.

CATHY LOOKS AT JEFFREY. HE LOOKS AWAY AND SAYS NOTHING.

MARTHA

Well, if you are guilty, then it couldn't have been anything bad. You were always a bit naughty, but never bad... Were you locked up for being naughty?

GEORGE

Cathy's not guilty, Martha... Can't you see she's been brainwashed? Who locked you in a closet, princess?!

CATHY

I haven't been brainwashed! I broke the law, and I'll pay the price.

THE MATRON LETS GEORGE AND MARTHA IN THE CELL. JEFFREY SHAKES HIS HEAD WITH OBVIOUS ANXIETY AND STEPS BACK. GEORGE WAITS TILL THE MATRON LEAVES.

GEORGE

You've been third degreed, haven't you? They grilled you till you couldn't take anymore, and you broke down and gave a false confession. Right, Angel?

CATHY

Daddy, please! I did it. Okay?

MARTHA

Don't badger her, George. This is not one of Cathy's better moments.

GEORGE

If I've got to force her to admit she's innocent, then that's what I'm going to do.

JEFFREY

Leave her alone. She can't take much more of this.

GEORGE

Tell the truth, Cathy! Say you're innocent.

MARTHA

You're not innocent of murder, are you?
... Even if you didn't do it, untimely
deaths are so depressing.

CATHY

All I did was pass along some stolen
property.

GEORGE

No! That's all you didn't do.

JEFFREY

Give her a break, huh?

GEORGE

I'm getting the best lawyers money can
buy...

CATHY

No! You can't do that to me.

MARTHA

She's right, George. You can't do that.
you don't have money.

GEORGE

I'll find a way!... (POUNDING THE BARS)
... Let me out of here!

THE MATRON ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY
TOM. SHE LETS GEORGE AND MARTHA
OUT. TOM STAYS ON THE OUTSIDE.

TOM

Cathy! What's going on?

GEORGE

Nothing to worry about, Tom... just a
mistake.

TOM

Yeah? Well, there's someone around here
who's an expert on mistakes.

TOM TURNS TO JEFFREY.

CATHY

He had nothing to do with it. I delivered
some stolen property and they caught me.
That's all.

TOM

Who asked you to do it?

CATHY

Nobody!... I mean, nobody you know.

GEORGE

Don't listen to her, Tom. She's in shock.
Sugar-shock.

MARTHA

Prison life doesn't agree with her.

GEORGE

But I'll get this straightened out.

MARTHA

(CONFIDENTIAL) And I'll send Grandpa
Larkin over to give you some tips on
survival in jail.

GEORGE AND MARTHA EXIT.

CATHY

Please, Daddy!... Don't do something rash.

TOM

Cathy, I don't like this.

CATHY

I know. But this is how it's gotta be.

TOM

Only because this guy's worked his way in your life. Don't you see what he's done to you?! One minute he's got you wearing flashy gold lame outfits and the next minute he has you in prison stripes. What kind of security is that?

CATHY

I'm living the way I want, so stay out of it, Tom.

TOM

(LEAVING) ... We'll get to the bottom of this, and I got a feeling when we do, we're gonna find him there.

TOM EXITS. JEFFREY GOES TOWARD CATHY AND RESTS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE BARS. CATHY COMFORTS HIM.

CATHY

They were unfair to you, because they don't understand how much we mean to each other.

JEFFREY

They were right... I should've confessed.

CATHY

No!... Look, it's working out fine. I'll stick to this story, and they'll give me a suspended sentence.

JEFFREY

Yeah... (BEAT) ... But what if they don't?

CATHY

You said they would, and you know the law.

JEFFREY

Yeah. But, still...

CATHY

I mean it, Jeffrey. Keep your mouth shut -- or else... okay?

JEFFREY NODS. THEY EMBRACE THROUGH THE BARS.

JEFFREY

You don't think I'm being weak, do you?

CATHY

No, not at all.

THEY EMBRACE AGAIN AND WE:

FADE OUT.

ACT THREESHUMWAY KITCHEN - NIGHT

EMPTY. MOMENT. GEORGE AND MARTHA
COME HOME FROM SEEING CATHY.

MARTHA

She looked very pretty, don't you think,
George? Sort of serene... The way
Ingrid Bergman looked as Joan of Arc.

GEORGE

Who cares how she looked?! Didn't you
hear what she said?

MARTHA

You mean the part about being guilty?

GEORGE

What else??

MARTHA

Yes... That spoiled the whole thing for
me.

GEORGE

Why did she say that?

MARTHA

I don't know.

GEORGE

Maybe she was trying to be like her
mother.

MARTHA

George! How can you?!

GEORGE

Think about it... You were a kleptomaniac
... and your father was a flasher.

MARTHA

But I wasn't guilty... only confused...
And it was the same with Grandpa.

GEORGE

Maybe that's her problem... she's
confused.

MARTHA

Of course, if she does want to be guilty,
she might be trying to take after you.

GEORGE

What?!

MARTHA

Yes, George. You're guilty of being a
bootlegger.

GEORGE

Some crime! -- I'm doing the same thing
Mogen David does, or Jack Daniels, or
Ernest and Julio...

MARTHA

They don't break the law... They didn't
make Mac blind.

GEORGE

Don't change the subject!

MARTHA

That was the subject... We were trying to decide who was the guilty one in the family.

GEORGE

Well, since you brought it up, what were you guilty of at the Capri today?

MARTHA

Nothing.

GEORGE

I thought I saw Mel Beach outside -- but his head was in a cab, so I couldn't be sure.

GRANDPA ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM
AND GOES THROUGH CUPBOARDS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Admit it, Martha! You're carrying on with Mel Beach again.

GRANDPA

Mel Beach? I like the guy.

GEORGE

Some endorsement!

GRANDPA

He's the only kid I know who really speaks my language.

GEORGE

Sure! The guy's brain stopped working in the forties... Just like yours, Grandpa.

MARTHA

Mel is very smart. It's not his fault he didn't see television for thirty years.

GRANDPA

I'm smart, too. But going without food makes me a little dizzy.

MARTHA

In all the excitement, I forgot about dinner.

GRANDPA

There isn't any food -- unless you want me to fix Graham Crackers with jelly.

MARTHA

No. I'll change my clothes and go to the store.

GEORGE

No! You'll stay here and discuss this.

MARTHA

No! You're too cranky when you're hungry.

GEORGE

I'm not hungry! -- I'm mad!

MARTHA

I'm leaving.

MARTHA EXITS TO LIVING ROOM.
GRANDPA FOLLOWS HER.

GRANDPA

The reason I'm using jelly these days
is I'm trying to cut down on my peanut
butter intake. I don't think it's so
good for the arteries.

GRANDPA AND MARTHA ARE GONE.
GEORGE LOOKS FOR SOMETHING TO
BREAK. HE PICKS UP AN ASHTRAY
JUST AS:

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

GEORGE

Come in!

EVA BARNHART ENTERS JUST AS
GEORGE'S ARM IS RAISED TO THROW
THE ASHTRAY.

BARNHART

I haven't said anything yet.

GEORGE

(PUTTING DOWN THE ASHTRAY) ... No,
Dr. Barnhart, this isn't for you.

BARNHART

You know me. I guess my reputation
preceeds me.

GEORGE

Nah. You're the marriage counselor,
remember?

BARNHART

Yes, I remember... May I see George
Shumway, please?

GEORGE

Who do you think you're looking at?

BARNHART

No. I mean, George Shumway... the good looking one.

GEORGE

That's me.

BARNHARD

You've got some problems, buddy.

GEORGE

No, really. Plastic surgery solved a lot of them. There was this accident, see...

BARNHART

No! How ghastly!

DR. BARNHART EXITS AS MARTHA
RE-ENTERS, DRESSED CASUALLY.

GEORGE

That is one strange woman.

MARTHA

Don't start in on me again, George...
What do you want for dinner?

GEORGE

A little consideration.

MARTHA

If you're going to be that way,
you'll get Graham Crackers and jelly.

MARTHA EXITS.

GEORGE

Doesn't anyone understand me?!

GEORGE GROANS AND PICKS UP THE ASH-
TRAY AGAIN. THE BACK DOOR OPENS AND
DR. BARNHART PEEKS IN.

BARNHART

George?... You are George? I can feel it.

GEORGE

You don't have to feel it... I said it.

BARNHART

I'm not the shallow, lustful creature
I thought I was. There's something
inside you, George... Something that makes
me ache with desire.

GEORGE

Hey, slow down a minute, lady.

BARNHART

I wanted you when you were slim, blond,
and beautiful... And I want you now,
when you're... the opposite.

GEORGE

One thing I still am is... married.

BARNHART

George! I'm a marriage counselor... And
I can tell you as a professional person...
Dump that wife.

DR. BARNHARD GRABS HIM AND HOLDS
HIM TIGHTLY.

BARNHART (CONT'D)

Kiss me, George. I'll convince you.

SHE KISSES HIM.

FADE OUT.

