

FINAL DRAFT
5/18/77

MARY HARTMAN

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EPISODE #318

by

Lynn Phillips

A
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PRODUCTION

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
LORETTA	MARY KAY PLACE
CHARLIE	GRAHAM JARVIS
MARTHA	DODY GOODMAN
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
HEATHER	CLAUDIA LAMB
BARTH	MARTIN MULL
DR. FERMIN	OLIVER CLARK
H.V.	

SETS

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CAPRI LOUNGE - NIGHT
(Tom, Loretta, Charlie, Cathy,
Martha and Barth)

ACT ONEHAGGERS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BARTH, SOLO, ACTING VERY MUCH AT HOME, IS WATCHING TELEVISION AND ENJOYING IT TREMENDOUSLY. HE LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY FROM TIME TO TIME. FROM THE TV COME OCCASIONAL SCREAMS AND EXPLOSIONS, ALL OF WHICH MAKE BARTH LAUGH. MOMENT. LORETTA AND CHARLIE COME HOME, BOTH VERY DEPRESSED.

LORETTA

How could the Lord let somethin' so awful happen?... Maybe he has occasional lapses just to show he can be human, too.

CHARLIE

I don't know how you stand up under the strain. First you lose Johnny Doe... now Mary.

BARTH

Hi-ho, folks.

BARTH'S ATTENTION RETURNS TO THE TV.

CHARLIE

And Mac's leavin' town, too...

CHARLIE AND LORETTA PLOP DOWN ON THE COUCH, UNABLE TO STAND UP UNDER THE STRAIN, BARTH CONTINUES LAUGHING. HE TURNS TO THEM TO SHARE THE LAUGHTER AND NOTICES THEIR DESPAIR.

BARTH

Hey, let's see some smiles... Watch this show. Honest, it's a riot.

LORETTA

But that's the news.

CHARLIE

And it really is a riot.

BARTH

Funny, funny stuff.

THE SHOUTS AND EXPLOSIONS SUDDENLY
FADE.

BARTH (CONT'D)

Now, if you want something to be upset about... (HE GETS UP AND WHACKS THE TV)
... As a TV star, I'll tell you this very honestly. Inferior reception gets on my nerves.

LORETTA

I'm sorry, Barth... (SHE GETS UP TO FIDDLE WITH THE SET)... But as of late, ain't nothin' goin' right around these parts.

CHARLIE

Loretta, darlin!... You hadn't ought to fiddle with them electric wires. George'll do it tomorrow. He's good at fixin' things.

LORETTA

I wish he could fix broken marriages...
And to name one in particular, Mary's.

THE SOUND OF SCREAMS AND EXPLOSIONS RETURNS. BARTH WATCHES THE SET AND LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY. LORETTA PLOPS BACK DOWN WITH CHARLIE.

CHARLIE

I ain't complete and positive sure she's comin' back, Loretta... Not the way her and Foley was makin' eyes to each other. Them was sparkin' eyes.

BARTH LAUGHS.

BARTH

Beautiful!

CHARLIE

Looky here, Barth. Me an' Loretta got a heap of sufferin' to do. And it is a mite distractin' to have us a laughin' hyena in the room.

BARTH

You wanna laugh, too? Now, listen to this ... Here's a news story about a senior citizen. They wanna tear down her home and put in a freeway.

LORETTA

If you look real hard, Barth, you'll notice we ain't laughin'.

BARTH

I haven't gotten to the punch line yet... So, this old woman won't give up her home. Cops come and drag her out.

(MORE)

BARTH (CONT'D)

Now she's crying and carrying on because she's lived there all her life. After they get her in the paddy wagon, cop says to the crowd: "You can go home now. Show's over."

CHARLIE AND LORETTA ARE SICK.
BARTH LAUGHS WILDLY.

BARTH (CONT'D)

That was it. That's the punch line.

LORETTA

(UNEASY) ... Real hysterical.

BARTH

Hey, don't I know pain? Did you see how I suffered when I heard that Garth died? That was at least thirty seconds of pure agony. But then I said Barth, ol' buddy, you gotta bounce back. You've mourned enough. And now when I think about it -- Hi - larious.

LORETTA

And you probably think Tom and Mary's break-up are funny, too.

BARTH

Hey, separations are great for sit-coms. After Lucy dumped Desi, she got her own series. Solo. And that story is a classic.

CHARLIE

For such a funny fellow, Barth, I am findin' you real depressin'.

LORETTA

It surely seems, Charlie, like even the
Lord run out of smiles today.

BARTH

Really? Maybe a good St. Peter joke...
clean, of course...

LORETTA

I'll just go on to bed now... My delicate
young ears is in no condition to be
bombarded with blasphemy.

AS LORETTA GETS UP, THE TV EMITS SOME
SPARKS AND MAKES NOISES. LORETTA
GOES TO FIX IT.

CHARLIE

Sugar plum... I keep tellin' you...
Don't mess with...

LORETTA TOUCHES THE WIRES AND THERE
IS AN EXPLOSION WITH SMOKE AND SPARKS.
LORETTA IS KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR,
UNCONSCIOUS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Loretta!

CHARLIE AND BARTH RUSH TO HER, AND
CHARLIE KNEELS BY HER, FEELING HER
PULSE.

BARTH

Poor Loretta!... (BEAT) ... But did you
ever stop to think...

CHARLIE

Find somethin' funny in this and I'll rip
your tongue out.

BARTH IS SILENT.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOMARY'S KITCHEN - DAY

TOM, IN AN APRON, IS FRYING BACON ON A HIGH FLAME OVER THE STOVE. THE KITCHEN'S SMOKEY. HEATHER IS SIPPING ORANGE CRUSH AT THE TABLE.

HEATHER

If Mom was here, she'd have a fit about me drinking Orange Crush before breakfast.

TOM

You know something? She'd be right. You need milk. It's good for you.

HEATHER

She was always nagging about what was good for me... Her nagging sure wasn't good for me.

TOM

But you miss her, don't you.

HEATHER

Why do you have to get sappy? I'm trying to enjoy our freedom.

SHE GETS UP, GRABS LUNCH BOX...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(WEIGHING THE LUNCH BOX) ... Are you putting me on a diet, or do you just go overboard with light food?

TOM

Oh! I forgot!

HEATHER

Skip it. I'll grab a candybar...

(LEAVING) ... Mary always remembered.

TOM FEELS DISCOURAGED. HE THROWS
OFF HIS APRON. MARTHA ENTERS,
TALKING RAPIDLY.

MARTHA

Hi Tom. Is H.V. here yet? He was
supposed to be here first thing to
find Mary. Oh dear. I'm sorry. Maybe
I shouldn't mention her name.

TOM DRAINS THE BACON OVER THE SINK
OF DIRTY DISHES. HE PRETENDS COOL...

TOM

It's okay, Martha. Want some bacon?

MARTHA

Oh, no thank you. When George disappeared,
just the mention of his name made me
crazy. It happened a lot, too, because
George is a very common name for a man.
Just like Mary is very common for women.
Poor Tom. I know what lies ahead for you.

TOM

Really, please don't worry about me.

HE PUTS THE PAN OF COOKED BACON ON
THE TABLE AND STARTS THE DISHES.

MARTHA

You say it's not hurting you, but I know
it is, Tom.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You are trying to be brave, but it is very painful to be abandoned by the one you love. And it'll get worse.

TOM

Okay! Thank you. I know that.

SFX: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

MARTHA (CONT'D)

That must be H.V. now! It's so exciting seeing him. Even though I'm not lonely or abandoned now.

MARTHA OPENS THE DOOR. IT'S H.V.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(SEES) H.V.!!!!

H.V.

I've come.

MARTHA

You have!

H.V.

You look very... lovely, Martha. As always.

MARTHA

And you look so... tall, as always. I'm glad some things don't change.

H.V.

How is George... Martha?

MARTHA

George? George is fine... H.V.

H.V.

I was afraid of that. In a manner of speaking. If only Mary were. Fine, that is. Instead of missing. I got the memo right here!

MARTHA

Yes! Especially since Cathy's life is at stake.

TOM

I sure hope you can handle it.

MARTHA

H.V. can handle anything.

H.V.

Well, alright. (BUSINESS) Where shall we start! (IDEA) Did she say where she was going?

TOM

(SHAKES HEAD "NO")

H.V.

(TO TOM) Have you looked at her clothes to see if she packed for a tropical or nordic clime?

MARTHA

Oh, H.V.! You are so poetic on the job!

TOM

(ANSWERING) No...

H.V.

That should be investigated... Lots of things should be investigated.

(MORE)

H.V. (CONT'D)

But what's going on down at the station is a real crime. The Mayor never appointed a Police Chief after Texas blew up... and now the Mayor's been suspended... can you imagine how we feel? -- With no one to look up to?... lost... that's how we feel.

H.V. TAKES A STEP TOWARDS MARTHA
... AND ABSENTLY EATS THE BACON.

TOM

Don't tell me that! Mary's lost. You're supposed to find her. How can you do that if you're lost?

H.V.

Things would be easier if our Desk Sergeant hadn't disappeared. He usually took charge of things like this.

MARTHA

(WHISPERING) ... He definitely took charge of this one, H.V. Find him and you'll find Mary.

H.V.

Foley? And Mary?

TOM

Yeah, yeah. Everybody knows. I don't even care any more.

H.V.

(WHISPERING TO MARTHA) ... If this is...
you know... "romantic", maybe we shouldn't
get involved.

MARTHA

No, H.V. We all need Mary back.
Especially Cathy, who needs a kidney
from her.

H.V.

I'm so sorry to hear that... (TO TOM)
... Got any more bacon, per chance?

TOM

(FORLORNLY) ... I'll cook you up some.

TOM PUTS ON ONE OF MARY'S APRONS
AGAIN. HE FEELS THERE'S SOMETHING
IN THE POCKET. HE TAKES IT OUT.
IT'S A POSTCARD.

TOM

(READING) Maid O' the Mist... It's from
Dennis! He asks her to join him! At
Maid O' the Mist, whatever that is, at
Niagara Falls!

H.V. TAKES THE POSTCARD.

H.V.

(SUPER BUSINESS) Say, this could be a clue.

MARTHA

Hurry, H.V.! Find our little Mary. Go to
Niagara Falls.

H.V.

Can't I wait for the bacon?

MARTHA

We need her, H.V.

H.V.

You got it, Martha. I'm catching the first bus to Niagara Falls... Count on me. (EXITS)

TOM

He's a good man... (THEN, DESPERATE, TO MARTHA) Isn't he!?

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

INT. HAGGERS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(SAME DAY AS #317)

THE CAMERA OPENS ON A TIGHT SHOT OF LORETTA, WHO LIES UNCONSCIOUS ON THE SOFA. CROWDED AROUND HER ARE CHARLIE, BARTH AND DR. FERMIN, WHO'S TAKING LORETTA'S PULSE.

CHARLIE

She gonna be all right? Should I call the ambulance? I got the car...

FERMIN

(INTERRUPTING) Shhh. Easy does it. It's just a mild electrical shock.

BARTH

Happens all the time.

CHARLIE

Mild?!? She's unconscious, Doc. What would qualify a shock as serious.

FERMIN LOOKS UNEASY. LORETTA TWITCHES. FERMIN RELAXES.

FERMIN

If it killed her.

FERMIN TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT, AS...

CHARLIE

Loretta!

LORETTA'S EYES FLUTTER.

LORETTA

Charlie!?

HE EMBRACES HER JOYOUSLY.

CHARLIE

Loretta!! Loretta!

LORETTA

Charlie, my entire life just passed
before my very eyes!

CHARLIE

Like in the movies?

LORETTA

More like the cartoons.

SHE HOLDS HER HEAD, STILL SHAKEN.
CHARLIE SIGHS SYMPATHETICALLY.

CHARLIE

Well, I'm sure glad I ran into the Doctor
here. He was just coming out of the
Hartmans'... (STOPS, PUZZLED. TO FERMIN)
Say, what were you doing over there
middle of the night anyways?

FERMIN'S ON HIS WAY OUT.

FERMIN

At the Hartmans'? (SHAKES HEAD) Sad
case that Shumway girl. If it's not one
thing, it's another.

BARTH

(PHILOSOPHICAL) Always the way...

CHARLIE

What? What's the "another"?

FERMIN

(CASUALLY) Oh, if we can't find Cathy's sister for a kidney transplant... (ROLLS HIS EYES. SHRUGS. IS LEAVING)

LORETTA

You mean, Cathy might... (SMALL VOICE)
... die?

FERMIN

You said it; I didn't. Well! You can thank your lucky stars, Mrs. H. Keep your fingers out of the lamp sockets now! Nighty-night.

FERMIN EXITS.

BARTH

He'd make a good anchorman, don't ya think?

LORETTA

Thank our lucky stars!? We ain't at all lucky, Charlie... Not when our nearest and dearest is suffrin'. What we gonna do to help them?

CHARLIE

Beats me... Too bad you can't just sing away their troubles... Like you do for us.

LORETTA

You know somethin', Charlie... Maybe I can help 'em... Maybe, just maybe, we're in the middle of some kind of sign.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

From on high, y'know? I mean... (RAISING FINGERS) ... losin' our Johnny Doe, then Mary, then me and the electricity -- then Cathy! Maybe the Lord is sayin' once again... Put your own problems aside and go out there to spread joy with the gift I gave you... your song. Baby Boy -- I got to get back on the road -- to Superstardom!!!!

CHARLIE'S BEEN FOLLOWING HER BUILDING MOOD. NOW, WITH A WHOOP. HE SWINGS HER AROUND, SETS HER BACK ON HER FEET.

CHARLIE

You said a whole mouthful, honey!

BARTH

Ya-hoo!

LORETTA

Where's that ol' guitar of mine?

SHE FINDS IT, TUNES IT FOR A SECOND, AND STARTS TO BELT OUT A SPIRITED RENDITION OF "BABY BOY".

ONE LINE INTO THE CHORUS AND BARTH, WHO'S BEEN WATCHING WITH A CRITICAL EYE, MOVES IN AND PUTS HIS HAND ON HER STRINGS.

BARTH

Excuse me. Wait. Stop a minute, honey.

Is... this the way -- uh -- Is this typical of your act? The way you were doing it just now?

CHARLIE

Isn't she somethin', Barth?!? Isn't she just the best country singer you ever heard in your life?

BARTH

Well -- she's got potential.

CHARLIE

Potential! You call heaven on earth "potential"?!?!?

BARTH

That's exactly what I call it. Look, Charlie, face it. You can't walk a city block in Nashville or L.A. without stepping on talent. And I mean stepping!

CHARLIE

Oh, yeah? Well, I'll have you know that this little lady's been up there on the charts. She's been as high as the Dinah Show!

BARTH SMILES AN INDULGENT SMILE.

BARTH

What has she done lately?

CHARLIE

Lately!? Lately we had us a lull. A little lull, that's all. (ANGRY) But we'll be back up there before you can say "Cashbox"!

BARTH

(SHRUGS) Without my professional expertise and advice? -- Doubtsville.

LORETTA

You mean you want to help us?

BARTH

(SMILE) Loretta, Charlie -- Baby. This is your lucky day.

CHARLIE

You hear that, Loretta, this is our lucky day! (TO BARTH, SUSPICIOUS) How come?

BARTH

I'm going to go to the TV studio tomorrow ... Get the big deals set up for you. Then I'll round up some dancers, back-up singers, costumes, key lights, baby spots...

LORETTA

Whooeee! Huh, Charlie? Whooeee?

CHARLIE ISN'T SURE.

BARTH

(GOING ON) Now we'll need a place to showcase your act while it's in the experimental stages. Is there someplace like that around?

LORETTA

(EXCITED) The Capri! The Capri!

BARTH

(CONSIDERING) Uh huh... Let's do that tomorrow night.

CHARLIE

That soon?

BARTH

Hey, you're talking to Mr. Showbiz. I
can arrange anything.

LORETTA NODS.

BARTH (CONT'D)

But what next?... Hmm. Vegas? No, too
Paree. Broadway. Too New Yorky.

(CAUTIOUS) I don't suppose you'd...
consider television again, would you?
The Loretta Haggars Show?

LORETTA

(DELIGHTED) "The Loretta Haggars Show?!"
Oh, you're kidding! You're putting me on!

BARTH SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO".

LORETTA (CONT'D)

The Loretta Haggars Show! Oh, Charlie!
Thank the good Lord for electrocution!

LORETTA JUMPS UP AND DOWN, SHOUTING
WITH JOY. BARTH SMILES.

CHARLIE

(STICK-IN-THE-MUD) We're movin' awfully
quick here...

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURCAPRI LOUNGE - NIGHT

CATHY, TOM AND MARTHA ARE SEATED IN A BOOTH, DRINKING. MARTHA IS IN HER BARTENDER'S OUTFIT. THE MOOD IS DOWNBEAT. TOM HAS BEEN TRYING...

TOM

Heather and I are okay. Maybe we're even getting closer. I don't know. With Heather it's hard to tell. (DRAINS HIS PEPSI)

MARTHA

(TO TOM) Want a refill?

TOM

Yeah, sure.

CATHY

(HOLDS UP GLASS) Can I have another egg nog, but with something real in it?

MARTHA

Real? You mean alcoholic? Cathy, you know what the doctor said...

CATHY

But don't I need something to help me forget my troubles?

TOM

That stuff creates troubles, Cathy.

Believe me. I been through it.

CATHY

Well, what should I do then?

MARTHA

Let's talk... about happy things. That'll cheer you up. For instance, here's a happy thought... H.V. will be coming back from Niagara Falls with Mary... and then you can have your operation. (TO TOM) And you can have your wife.

CATHY

What if he doesn't find her?

MARTHA

Oh.

CATHY, MARTHA AND TOM ARE ALL DEPRESSED.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I'll go get the drinks.

SHE LEAVES.

CATHY

(TO TOM) You got any happy thoughts?

TOM

Yeah!

CATHY

(CHALLENGING HIM) What?

TOM

I lied. I don't have any.

CATHY

I figured.

TOM

And you don't either, do you?

CATHY

No.

MARTHA BRINGS OVER THE DRINKS.

CATHY (CONT'D)

I haven't had a very full life, have I,
Ma?

MARTHA

Sure you have, Cathy.

CATHY

Yeah? Like in what way?

MARTHA

You mean what have you done in your life
that's been worthwhile?

CATHY

Or fun. Or special or terrific.

TOM

You had a baby.

BOTH WOMEN STARE AT TOM. THAT
OBVIOUSLY WASN'T FUN FOR CATHY. TOM
SMILES UNCOMFORTABLY.

TOM (CONT'D)

(APOLOGIZING) I thought women liked having
babies...

MARTHA

(TO CATHY) You had an affair with a deaf-mute. That's something a lot of girls never get to do.

CATHY

I don't know... Still not the kind of high point I'm looking for...

TOM

I don't think you're gonna find the high point you're looking for, Cathy.

CATHY

No, I guess not. I never even visited Disneyland.

TOM

Neither did Mary...

MARTHA

Maybe that's where Mary went...

MARTHA THEN HAS SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THAT. WITH TOM, CATHY, AND MARTHA ALL IN SUCH DOWN SPIRITS, LORETTA, CHARLIE AND BARTH ENTER AND APPROACH THE TABLE.

LORETTA

(CHEERY) Hi, y'all!

CHARLIE

Hi!

THEN LORETTA, SPOTTING CATHY, DROPS HER GRIN.

LORETTA

Oh, I'm sorry, hon.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

We didn't mean to be smiling and having a good time in the midst of your pathetic misery.

CATHY

Thanks, Loretta.

MARTHA

Oh, you two just go on being cheerful. Tom and I are being cheerful, too. But Cathy got a little distraught thinking about all the things she never got to do in her short life.

BARTH

That's only natural.

LORETTA

Now listen to me, Cathy. This is Loretta speakin'. Now you just buck up. 'Cause -- first of all, Mary is going to be found. And second of all, hon, you're overlooking the best Healer of all -- the Lord. Darlin', He's a whole lot cheaper and time-tested reliable than any dee-alysis machine.

CHARLIE

That's 100 percent right, Cathy. Who would you trust more -- a scientific, impersonal, over-trained medical team, or the magic touch of the Lord?

BARTH

(INTERRUPTING) Speaking of things
Biblical, Loretta here just had a little
brush with the Reaper herself!

LORETTA

It's a fact!

CHARLIE

She was fixin' this TV, see...

BARTH

(INTERRUPTING) You shoulda been there!
Whew! It was a close one... Now, wasn't
that good for a chuckle? (TO GROUP)
Say, mind if we squeeze in?

NOBODY MINDS. IT'S A TIGHT FIT BUT
THEY DO IT, AD LIBBING "EXCUSE ME"S
ETC.

MARTHA

There! (ALL IN)

BARTH

I've heard a lot about you, Cathy. And
I can say this as a fact -- and I don't
lie -- you're okay.

CATHY

(PUZZLED) Yeah?

BARTH

In fact, you're tops with me. And you
know why?

CATHY

Why?

BARTH

Because you're a winner... just like me.

TOM

Do you know what you're talking about?

BARTH

You're listening to a man who makes his living talking. Hey, if ever I don't know what I'm talking about, well, that will be the day... Know what I mean?

(TO CATHY) Sure I've heard about your bum kidneys. But I had a bum life! If you think kidneys can get you down... try getting involved in a payola scandal... But I'll pull through. Why, even now there's a big producer scouring the midwest for talent. Now, you think just because Barth Gimble is down, he's forgotten? Forget it! That producer is going to read the name Barth Gimble wherever he goes. Know why?... I'm writing him letters. (TO CATHY) Follow in my footsteps, sweetie. Keep that chin up and the overbite, too. 'Cause it's a great life -- while it lasts.

CATHY IS LAUGHING, ENJOYING ALL THIS.
EVERYBODY ELSE IS RELIEVED TO SEE
CATHY HAPPY. THEY ALL LOOSEN UP, TOO.

FADE OUT.