

SANFORD AND SON

"My Fair Esther"

Written by

Jerry Ross

Directed by

James Sheldon

EPISODE #0512
VTR: 9/19/75
AIR: TBA

SANFORD AND SON

VTR: 3

AIR: 2:20

SHORT RUNDOWN

		RUN-THRU		RUN THRU End Length		DRESS		AIR	
60	OPENING CREDITS (1)	0:52		51	51				
2.	COMMERCIAL # 1 (2)	1:02		1:54	1:03				
3.	ACT ONE (3)			14:16	12:22				
4.	COMMERCIAL # 2 (.)	1:02		15:19	1:03				
5.	ACT TWO (.)			25:31	10:12				
6.	COMMERCIAL # 3 (.)	1:02		26:34	1:03				
7.	TAG (.)			27:36	1:02				
8.	CLOSING CREDITS (.)	0:28		28:03	27				

AIR TIME 28:20

SPREAD:

OVER:

SANFORD AND SON
VTR: 9/19/75

"My Fair Esther"
AIR: TBA

SHOW #0512

CAST

FRED REDD FOXX
LAMONT DEMOND WILSON
ESTHER LA WANDA PAGE
WOODY RAYMOND ALLEN
M.C. HI-FI WHITE
MRS. LUCILLE BROWN JACKIE TOLES
MRS. MABEL JOHNSON TINA DIXSON
3 SEMI-FINALIST LADIES

EXTRAS

3 JUDGES AT BEAUTY CONTEST
8 AUDIENCE AT BEAUTY CONTEST
PIANO PLAYER -- RONNIE BRIGHT

BLOCKING - THURSDAY, 9/18

DRY BLOCK IN SET W/props and cast	11:30 - 12:30 PM
ESU	11:30 - 12:30 PM
CAMERA BLOCK W/WARDROBE	12:30 - 2:30 PM
LUNCH	2:30 - 3:30 PM
CONTINUE CAMERA BLOCK	3:30 - 5:30 PM
RUN-THRU	5:30 - 6:30 PM
NOTES	6:30 -

BLOCK & VTR - FRIDAY, 9/19

WARDROBE	12:00 - 12:30 PM
DRY BLOCK IN SET (ENTIRE CAST)	12:30 - 2:00 PM
ESU	1:30 - 2:00 PM
CAMERA BLOCK (RUN-THRU)	2:00 - 4:30 PM
T.P., NOTES, M/U, WARDROBE	4:30 - 5:30 PM
VTR (DRESS W/AUDIENCE)	5:30 - 6:30 PM
NOTES & DINNER IN R3	6:30 - 8:00 PM
VTR (AIR W/AUDIENCE)	8:00 - 9:00 PM
PICK UPS	9:00 -
CRAWL	

PLEASE DO NOT WEAR WHITE

OPENING CREDITS (0:50)

(SUPER: CARDS OVER FILM & MUSIC)

(SHOOT WILD CARDS ONLY - TO TIME)

(SUPER: OPENING CREDITS)

(SHOT OF FRED SEATED IN ROCKER
READING NEWSPAPER IN FRONT OF
JUNK SHOP)

(SHOT OF LAMONT IN THE PICK-UP
TRUCK APPROACHING SHOP. HE
PULLS INTO DRIVEWAY)

SANFORD & SON
(ON FILM)

1. STARRING
REDD FOXX

2. AND
DEMOND WILSON

3. WRITTEN BY
JERRY ROSS

4. PRODUCED BY
SAUL TURTELTAUB
AND
BERNIE ORENSTEIN

COMMERCIAL #1

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

(LAMONT IS AFFIXING A "SEAL" TO THE WINDOW ON THE FRONT DOOR. THE SEAL SAYS, "MEMBER, W.B.A." FRED ENTERS FROM KITCHEN)

FRED

Lamont, breakfast.

LAMONT

In a minute, Pop.

FRED

That'll be too late. I'm cooking my Science Fiction Special.

LAMONT

AND WHAT IS YOUR SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL???

FRED

The Incredible Shrinking Sausage.

LAMONT

(FINISHES AFFIXING THE SEAL)

There it is, Pop. That sticker means we are now official members of the Watts Business Association. *Can you see that?*

FRED

(EXAMINES IT CLOSELY)

~~It's in the wrong place.~~ It should be lower.

(FRED RIPS THE STICKER OFF THE WINDOW
AND THROWS IT ON THE FLOOR, JUST BELOW
THE WINDOW)

FRED (CONT'D)

That's low enough.

LAMONT

Pop, why did you do that???

FRED

Because we already belong to an
association... The United Junkmen of
America.

LAMONT

There's no such thing
You just made that up. ~~There's no United
Junkmen of America.~~

FRED

Sure there is. They're always sending
out those letters, and...

LAMONT

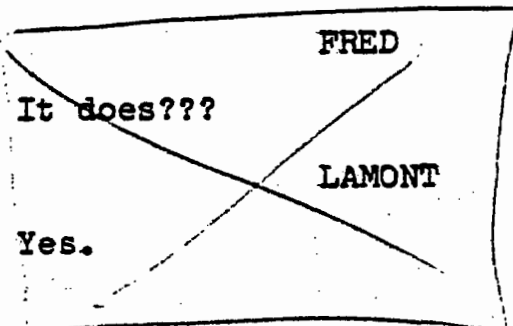
What letters?

FRED

You know... "Give to the U.J.A." I ^{send} mail
'em a check every year.

LAMONT

Pop, U.J.A. stands for the United Jewish
Appeal.



FRED

(A BEAT)

I wondered why all the receipts were signed
by Sammy Davis, Jr.

LAMONT

(PUTS SEAL BACK ON WINDOW)

The sticker stays up, Pop. In fact, I've
already agreed to help choose Mrs. Watts
Business Wife. I'm one of the judges.

FRED

Mrs. Watts what?

LAMONT

Business Wife. It's a promotional thing
for the Association. It's open to the
wives of all the local businessmen.

FRED

You mean like a Miss America contest?

LAMONT

Sort of. The ladies are ^{judged for} ~~judged on~~ looks,
poise, and talent. The winner gets a
thousand dollars.

FRED

A thousand dollars???

(STARTS FOR STAIRS)

I'll be right back.

LAMONT

Where are you going?

FRED

Upstairs to shave my legs & look for
~~To try on one of your mother's dresses.~~
some pantyhose.
~~You're going to enter me in that contest.~~

LAMONT

Get over here
~~Don't be ridiculous.~~

FRED

In America.

We can fool them... ~~I'll shave my beard.~~

~~For a thousand bucks, I'll shave my legs~~

I'll ~~Two of them shots in my silicone~~
~~and get a couple of silicone shots.~~

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

FRED

I'll get it.

(FRED OPENS THE DOOR. IT IS WOODY)

WOODY

Hello, Fred.

FRED

Hi, Woody.

(ESTHER APPEARS IN DOORWAY, BEHIND WOODY)

'Bye, Woody.

(FRED SLAMS THE DOOR IN THEIR FACES)

LAMONT

Pop.

(OPENS DOOR)

Come on in, Woody.

(WOODY ENTERS)

You, too, Aunt Eshter.

ESTHER

Not until that heathen apologizes
for slamming the door in my face.

LAMONT

She's right, Pop. Apologize to her.

FRED

Oh, okay, okay. I apologize, Esther.
I'm sorry for slamming the door in your
face.

ESTHER

That's ~~more like it~~ ^{better}.

(SHE STARTS TO STEP INTO THE HOUSE.
FRED SLAMS THE DOOR IN HER FACE AND
IN THE SAME MOVE, STARTS CROSSING
TO CENTER OF ROOM)

FRED—

(ALMOST SIMULTANEOUS WITH SLAMMING
THE DOOR)

What's new, Woody?

WOODY

Fred, I wish you wouldn't do that.

(OPENS DOOR)

Fred was just having a little fun, dear.

Come in. ~~like he says~~ ^{he says} your place.

(ESTHER ENTERS)

LAMONT

~~And just for once~~, Pop, why don't you try
being nice to Aunt Esther. She is Mom's
sister.

FRED

Okay, okay. Esther, on behalf of
Elizabeth, sit down and ^{feel ta home} ~~make yourself~~
comfortable.

ESTHER

(SITS)

Thank you.

FRED

And, on behalf of Elizabeth, can I
offer you something to eat?

ESTHER

I wouldn't mind a little snack.

FRED

~~Good~~ Lamont, go fix your Aunt Esther
a ~~nice~~ fish head sandwich. While you're
in there see if we got some Gravy
Train and a flea collar.

(LAMONT THROWS FRED A LOOK, EXITS
TO KITCHEN)

ESTHER

You can insult me all you want now,
Fred Sanford, because when I'm chosen
Mrs. Watts Business Wife, your insulting
days are going to be over.

FRED (INCREDULOUS)

~~Mrs. Watts Business Wife???~~ You're
entered in that contest???

ESTHER

I'm not only entered in it. I'm going
to win it. Right, Woody?

WOODY (FEEBLY)

Yeah... right, right.

FRED

Wrong, ~~wrong~~. You're not going to win

it because you're not even eligible. ~~This~~ *One of the*
things you have to be is first
~~restricted to people~~ of a certain race.

WOODY

~~I didn't hear that.~~ What race?

FRED

~~The Human Race.~~ Look, Esther, I'm telling you
this for your own good. Bow out. Save
yourself a lot of embarrassment.

ESTHER

Why would I be embarrassed? I've got
everything it takes to win that contest.
When I was born, my body was blessed by
Mother Nature, *honey*.

FRED

~~Yeah,~~ *honey* but as you grew older it was cursed
by Father Time.

ESTHER

That did it!! Let's get out of here,
Woody.

WOODY

You run along, Esther. There's something
I want to discuss with Lamont.

ESTHER

All right, I'll go do some shopping.

(SHE CROSSES TO DOOR)

FRED

Goodbye, dear.

ESTHER

(TOUCHED)

"Dear"... you called me "dear"?

FRED

Why shouldn't I call you "dear"... You
look like ~~Rudolph's mother~~ *Bambino's mother*.

(ESTHER EXITS)

FRED (CONT'D)

~~I still don't believe it.~~ How did she
talk you into entering her in that contest,
anyway? For the thousand dollars?

WOODY

Yeah. She wants to give her half of it
to the church. But, besides that, it's
for my business. Publicity.

FRED

Publicity?

*F. C. C. C. C.
Lamont's mother.
Loyal Mother.*

WOODY

Yeah. You see, if Esther wins, they'll take her picture in front of my hardware store. She'll be in all the papers...

That's why I got to talk to Lamont.

(LAMONT ENTERS FROM KITCHEN WITH A CUP OF COFFEE)

LAMONT

~~Here's your~~ -- Where's Aunt Esther?

WOODY

She had to go out. Listen, Lamont, there's something I'd like to ask you.

LAMONT

I'm sorry, since Woody
The liquor's over there, ~~Woody~~ *on the counter*.

WOODY

It's not about whiskey.

(HE GOES AND POURS HIMSELF A DRINK)

It's like this. You're a judge in that contest, and if you could vote for your Aunt Esther, ~~I know she'd~~...

LAMONT

Aunt Esther's entered in the contest?

I didn't know that.

WOODY

Yeah. And since she's your favorite Aunt, I...

LAMONT

Woody, I can't talk to you now. I've got to get over to the Association's offices.

(HE STARTS TO LEAVE)

FRED

What for?

LAMONT

Well, now that Esther is a contestant,
I don't know if it's right for me to be
a judge. I'll leave it up to the
committee. See you later.

(LAMONT EXITS)

WOODY

Well, that's it. He was my only hope.

FRED

~~Don't feel bad, Woody. Forget about the~~
~~contest and enlist Esther in the Navy.~~
All you got to do is

That way you can bury her face at sea.

WOODY

Fred, I need help!

FRED

The liquor's over there, ~~Woody~~.

WOODY

You know I ^{quit} ~~stopped~~ drinking, *Fred*.

(GOES AND POURS HIMSELF A DRINK)

I need help!

FRED

Well, you've come to the wrong place.
My name is Fred Sanford. What you need
is a Henry Higgins.

WOODY

Who?

FRED

Henry Higgins. Remember that movie
that was on TV? ^{The other night.} My Fair Lady?

WOODY

Yeah.

FRED

Well, he was the one who took that homely
girl off the ^{alley} street and changed her from
a sow's ear into a silk purse.

WOODY

You think he could do that with Esther?

FRED

~~I believe in miracles. I mean,~~ A sow's ear is
one thing. A sow's face is something else.

WOODY

I'd sure like to find somebody like him.
I'd give anything to get that publicity.

FRED

Yeah, well you might as well forget it,
because... Did you say "anything"?

WOODY

Well... almost anything.

FRED

That's close enough. Woody, you're going
to get your publicity... And it's only
going to cost you five hundred dollars.

WOODY

Five hundred?

FRED

Your ^{part} share of the prize money ~~if she~~
wins. You give it to me.

WOODY

To you??? What are you getting at, Fred?

FRED

Fred? Never heard of him. Allow me to
introduce myself...

(ENGLISH ACCENT)

The rain in Spain falls mainly in the
plain.

WOODY

What???... Oh, come on. You're not
thinking of...

FRED

Look, if Henry could do it, Freddy can
do it. ~~And Freddy is ready. I'll be~~
~~Michelangelo and Esther will be my hunk~~
~~of clay. I'll mold her, shape her...~~
I'll transform her from a creeping
caterpillar into a blossoming butterfly.

WOODY

It sounds exciting, Fred... you really
think you can do it?

FRED

Woody, for five hundred bucks I could
turn Ewell Gibbons into a meat loaf freak.

DISSOLVE TO:

(STOP TAPE)

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

(FRED IS LOOKING AT A BOOK)

FRED

(READING)

... "The Joanna Rhodes Beauty Book. Your
Stairway To A Beautiful You"... A stairway?
Esther's going to need an elevator.

(LAMONT COMES DOWN STAIRS)

LAMONT

I see
~~Is~~ Aunt Esther ^{didn't get} here yet, Pop?

FRED

I'm expecting her any minute.

LAMONT

Listen, Pop, when she gets here, just cool
it, huh. Now Woody talked her into letting
you help her, so try to encourage her.
Build up
~~Give~~ her confidence.

FRED

Confidence, right. And that's what you
should be giving me. I'm doing my part
to help her win, so the least you can do
is...

LAMONT

Pop, I know what you're going to say.

Save it.

FRED

But...

LAMONT

I said, save it!! Look, in the first place, I might not even be a judge. The committee is still deciding. And in the second place, there is no way I would give Aunt Esther special consideration. That would be nepotism.

FRED

No sir. Esther is your aunt, right?

LAMONT

Yeah...

FRED

Then it's ~~not nepotism. It's~~ nephewism.

LAMONT

Pop, if I did what you're asking, I wouldn't be able to look myself in the face.

FRED

You wouldn't be missing anything!

LAMONT

Pop, it's not as if the other contestants are ^{the same} models or cover girls. Esther is going to be competing with her peers.

FRED

Her peers? You mean Godzilla's in this contest?

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR

(LAMONT OPENS IT. IT IS ESTHER)

ESTHER

Hello, Lamont.

LAMONT

Hi, Aunt Esther. See you two later.

Have fun.

(LAMONT EXITS)

ESTHER

Fun??? With you??? The only reason I came here is because Woody begged me.

FRED

Okay, let's get started. Listen to what this Joanna Rhodes says...

(READS)

"By applying my beauty secrets, even the plainest woman can be turned into an Aphrodite."

ESTHER

Grace isn't turning me into anything. I'm staying a Baptist.
~~No way!~~ I was born a Baptist, and I'm staying a Baptist. Oh, glory!!!

LAMONT
See get a h. just
remember what I
told you, right?

FRED

We only have five days, Esther, and we
got a lot to do.

(FROM BOOK)

"Poise, walking, sitting, makeup,
wardrobe, posture..."

ESTHER

What's wrong with my posture?

FRED

line of prime pits.
It's ~~not~~ ~~pedis~~ ~~enough~~. Listen to this...

(READS)

"Perfect posture cannot be achieved
without perfect posture alignment."

You know what happens when you don't
have perfect alignment?

ESTHER

What?

FRED

Your tires go bald and your rear end
shakes...

DISSOLVE TO:

(~~STOP TAPE~~)

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(ESTHER IS PRACTICING GRACEFUL WALKING,
WITH A BOOK ON HER HEAD)

FRED

No, no, Esther... not like that.

ESTHER

Not like what? The book said don't
slouch... I'm not slouching.

FRED

~~But your rear is jutting.~~

(RE: BOOK)

~~Page 27... don't jut!!! Watch me...~~

(READS FROM BOOK)

"A graceful walk should have as little
unnecessary motion as possible. Chin
in and level." Like this...

(HE PULLS HIS CHIN IN UNTIL IT TOUCHES
HIS CHEST)

FRED (CONT'D)

(READS)

"Tummy pulled up and in."

(HE PULLS HIS TUMMY UP AND IN TO AN
EXTREME)

"Hips tucked under..."

(HE TUCKS HIS HIPS UP AND UNDER,
BENDING AT THE KNEES AT THE SAME TIME.
NOW HE LOOKS LIKE A CONTORTIONIST)

FRED (CONT'D)

Now, observe.

(HE WALKS AROUND THE ROOM IN THE ABOVE
CONTORTED POSITION, WITH ONE HAND ON
HIS HIP)

FRED (CONT'D)

(WALKING)

See -- Gracefully -- Gracefully --

(ESTHER IS WALKING AROUND THE ROOM WITH A BOOK ON HER HEAD. ESTHER MIMICS FRED'S WALK WEARING BOOK)

FRED

Perfect... so much for poise. Let's move on to makeup.

*Esther
That alright Fred*

ESTHER

Makeup???

FRED

Yeah. I got 2 colors here

(HOLDS UP TWO LIPSTICKS OUT OF MAKEUP CASE ON BUFFET)

Which color do you like better?

ESTHER

I will not wear lipstick, Fred Sanford.
Lipstick is the devil's paint.

FRED

Look, Esther -- ~~I want that 500 dollars.~~

Now, I'm giving you a choice... you either put on this paint, or I put a headlight in your ^{neck} ~~mouth~~ and drive you through Earl Scheib's.

(SO THREATENED, SHE TAKES A LIPSTICK AND STARTS PUTTING IT ON)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOFADE IN:INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

FRED

Come on, Esther, we're going to be late.

ESTHER (O.S.)

Coming, Fred. I'm just zipping my dress up.

FRED

Okay, when you walk in here, do it like

~~you're drunk.~~~~you mean business.~~ Give it everything

you've got.

(FRED PUTS ON RECORD)

SFX: MUSIC: A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY(A BEAT. ESTHER ENTERS LOOKING TERRIFIC.
SHE IS WALKING LIKE A MODEL. SHE IS
BEAUTIFULLY GOWNED, MADE UP, ETC.)

FRED (CONT'D)

(OVER MUSIC)

That's it... good, good. ~~Don't jut!~~Shoulders back a little, and don't lead
with your head... it won't get there before
the rest of you.

ESTHER

(ADJUSTING HER WALK)

Like this.

FRED

That's it... perfect. Okay, relax. You
can jut now.

(SHUTS OFF RECORD PLAYER)

(LAMONT COMES DOWN STAIRS. HE IS WEARING A SUIT)

LAMONT

Hey, you two still here? You're going to be late for the contest.

FRED

We're almost finished. I just hope Esther remembers everything I taught her.

ESTHER

Don't worry, I will.

FRED

And there's something I hope you remember, Lamont. That Esther's never won a beauty contest, and you could make her very happy if you...

LAMONT

Pop, let's not go through that again, huh?

Now, the committee trusted me enough to

let me stay on as a judge, so... *I only regret I
do the right thing.*

FRED

Okay, okay. No nephewtism.

LAMONT

I'll see you over there. Good luck, Aunt

Esther. You too, Pop, you've really worked hard these last few days.

FRED

Thanks son.

(LAMONT EXITS)

FRED (CONT'D)

Okay, Esther.

(GETS WIG BOX FROM TOP OF BUFFET)

The last finishing touch now. The coup

de grace. *Set down here on my chair, darling.*

(TAKES WIG OUT OF BOX)

ESTHER

A wig?

FRED

The guy at the store said it would make

you look like a million bucks. *Let me see. No, let me see now.*

(FRED SHAKES OUT THE WIG, STARTS TO PUT IT ON ESTHER, THEN CHANGES HIS MIND. HE PUTS THE WIG ON HER BACKWARDS, SO THAT THE HAIR IS COVERING HER FACE. HE STEPS BACK AND LOOKS AT HER)

FRED (CONT'D)

He was right! Let's go.

(HE TAKES ESTHER'S ARM, AND STARTS LEADING HER TOWARD THE DOOR)

DISSOLVE TO:

(STOP TAPE)

INT. SMALL BALLROOM

(TABLES WITH GUESTS. A "STAGE," NOT NECESSARILY RAISED, WITH A BANNER "WATTS BUSINESS ASSOCIATION". A CURTAIN BACKDROP. LAMONT AND SEVERAL JUDGES ARE SEATED AT THE JUDGES' TABLE. A PLACARD IS ON THE TABLE WHICH SAYS "JUDGES". FRED AND WOODY ARE SEATED AT AN ADJACENT TABLE)

(WE HAVE A PIANO ON STAGE... AS WE FADE UP, THE M.C. IS MAKING AN ANNOUNCEMENT)

M.C.

... And here they come. *in our swimsuit competition.* let's have a
big hand for them, ladies and gentlemen
... our ~~six~~⁷ semi-finalists!!!

MUSIC: "A PRETTY GIRL"

(THE SIX SEMI-FINALISTS IN BATHING
SUITS ENTER FROM THE "WINGS," TWO FROM
EACH WING. THEY CRISS-CROSS EACH
OTHER, AND POSITION THEMSELVES, STAND-
ING, ACROSS THE STAGE)

SFX: APPLAUSE

CUT TO:

(FRED AND WOODY AT TABLE)

FRED

Well, so far so good. She made the
semi-finals.

WOODY

Yeah, but what's taking those judges so
long? They should have picked the three
finalists by now.

FRED

Yeah. Maybe they need some help. *Please them
& talk to them.*
(FRED GOES TO JUDGES' TABLE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Excuse me, your judgeships. If I might
offer an objective, unprejudiced opinion,
I'd say that that lady in the ~~bathing~~^{swimsuit} bathing
suit with the...

LAMONT

Pop!!!

FRED

Pop??? Ha ha ha, you must be mistaken,
young man.

(TO JUDGES)

This dummy's not my son, and that
beautiful lady in the ~~blue~~ bathing suit,
^{is}
~~she's~~ not the dummy's aunt...!

LAMONT

Will you get away from here!!!

FRED

~~Young man~~, is that any way to talk to a
stranger? *dummy?*

(FRED GIVES LAMONT THE FIST, STARTS TO
SAY SOMETHING IN ANGER, RESTRAINS HIM-
SELF, GOES BACK TO HIS TABLE)

CUT TO:

STAGE

(THE M.C. GETS A SLIP OF PAPER FROM
THE JUDGES)

M.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have the judges'
decision on the three finalists, and here
they are.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

M.C. (CONT'D)

Mrs...

FRED (STANDS UP)

Esther Anderson!!!

(HE STARTS APPLAUDING)

ALL

Sshushhh... sit down... etc.

(FRED GIVES EVERYBODY THE FIST, SITS DOWN)

M.C.

Kindly hold it down. Mrs. Lucille Brown!

(LUCILLE BROWN SHRIEKS WITH EXCITEMENT)

SFX: APPLAUSE

M.C. (CONT'D)

Our second finalist... Mrs...

FRED

(STANDS UP AGAIN)

Esther Anderson!

ALL

Quiet... pipe down!!!

(LAMONT GESTURES TO FRED TO SHUT UP)

M.C.

Mrs. Mabel Johnson!

(MRS. JOHNSON SHRIEKS)

SFX: APPLAUSE

M.C. (CONT'D)

And last but not least, our third ~~demo~~ finalist, Mrs...

FRED

Esther Anderson!

M.C.

... Esther Anderson!!!

SFX: APPLAUSE

(ESTHER IS OVERWHELMED WITH EMOTION.
FRED JUMPS UP AND RUNS UP ON STAGE.
HE KNOCKS OVER THE M.C. AS HE GOES TO
ESTHER. FRED AND ESTHER ABOUT TO HUG
... FRED DECIDES AGAINST IT AND GOES
BACK TO HIS SEAT)

M.C. (CONT'D)

Well, that brings us to the final
category for judging... the talent
competition.

(TO THE THREE FINALISTS WHO REMAIN
ON STAGE)

Ladies, if you would like to go get
ready, please...

(THE LADIES EXIT BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
BEFORE DOING SO, ESTHER CALLS TO FRED)

ESTHER

Come on, Fred.

(FRED JOINS ESTHER ON STAGE. ESTHER
WHISPERS SOMETHING INTO THE M.C.'S EAR.
THEN SHE AND FRED GO BEHIND THE CURTAIN)

M.C.

Mrs. Anderson has just informed me that
she will be assisted in her talent
~~presentation~~ presentation by her singing partner,
Mr. Ted Sanford.

(FRED LIFTS CURTAIN BOTTOM, FROM BACK)

FRED

Fred Sanford!!!

M.C.

Fred Sanford.

(FRED LIFTS CURTAIN BOTTOM AGAIN)

FRED

G.

M.C.

Fred Sanford, G.

(LAMONT LOOKS PUZZLED. HE LOOKS OVER
AT WOODY FOR SOME EXPLANATION)DISSOLVE TO:*Fred
you my dummy.*

(STOP TAPE)

MUSIC: YANKEE DOODLE DANDY(LUCILLE FINISHING HER TWIRLING AND
TAPPING ACT)SFX: APPLAUSE

M.C.

Thank you, Mrs. Lucille Brown, ~~for your~~
~~Bicentennial~~ ~~toast~~. And now I give you
finalist number two, Mrs. Esther Anderson.

FRED (O.S.)

And Fred!

M.C.

And Ted.

SFX: APPLAUSEMUSIC: B.G. "OLD MILL STREAM"(THE CURTAIN OPENS. A SMALL TABLE,
SUPPOSEDLY IN A CAFE. POTTED PALMS.
A CHAMPAGNE BUCKET... SOFT LIGHTING.
ESTHER HAS A SHAWL AROUND HER SHOULDERS)

FRED

~~A toast, my dear, to you.~~

ESTHER

No, no, no... to you.

FRED

To us.

(THEY LAUGH)

Imagine us meeting again after all
these years. It seems like only
yesterday when ~~we first met~~.

ESTHER

Yes... I remember ~~it too~~!!!

(THEY TOUCH GLASSES AND DRINK)

ESTHER (CONT'D)

Where was it???

MUSIC: BELLNOTE

FRED

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

ESTHER

It wasn't the stream... It was a lagoon.

~~That's French for you LA GOON!~~

FRED

WHERE I FIRST MET YOU

ESTHER

It wasn't me, it was my sister, Elizabeth.

FRED

~~Weren't~~ ^{So} YOUR EYES ~~OF~~ BLUE

ESTHER

They weren't blue, they were brown.

FRED

Would you like ² ~~them~~ black ^{ones} ~~and blue?~~

DRESSED IN GINGHAM, TOO

ESTHER

That was polyester, sucker.

FRED

That's you polly-esther. Half woman --
half parrot!

ESTHER

IT WAS THERE I KNEW

FRED

You don't know nothing.

ESTHER

THAT I LOVED YOU TRUE

FRED

^{gotta}
I ~~may~~ throw up!

ESTHER

(SINGS)

I WAS SIXTEEN

FRED

That was ^{your size} ~~the size of your foot~~

ESTHER

YOUR VILLAGE QUEEN

FRED

~~That~~ Queen Kong.

BOTH

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

(THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER)

(WILD APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF - FINE & DANDY

(THE CURTAIN CLOSES. APPLAUSE AND P
PLAYOFF CONTINUE. FRED AND ESTHER
TAKE BOWS. DURING BOWS WE CUT TO
LAMONT LOOKING TROUBLED)

M.C.

Thank you... and now our third finalist

-- Mrs. Mabel Johnson!!!

MUSIC: MOONLIGHT SONATA/~~THE~~

(MABEL COMES OUT TO BALLET MUSIC
AND DOES A FEW STEPS IN BALLET THEN
GOES INTO ROCK)

FRED

She sure is light on her feet to be so
heavy in her seat!

DISSOLVE TO:

JUDGES' TABLE

(THE JUDGES ARE CONFERRING. LAMONT IS
EXPLAINING SOMETHING TO THEM. FRED
HAS SNUCK OVER... HIS HEAD RISES FROM
BEHIND THE TABLE... HE IS TRYING TO
EAVESDROP)

(AS CAMERA STAYS ON JUDGES, WE HEAR
M.C.)

M.C.

Who will be Mrs. Watts Business Wife of
1975? Will it be Mrs. Lucille Brown?

FRED

No way!

M.C.

Will it be Mrs. Mabel Johnson?

FRED

~~You a fool?~~ *You know better than that!*

M.C.

Or Mrs. Esther Anderson ~~with the old~~

~~guy~~ ~~feet~~

FRED

(ON HEARING ESTHER'S NAME)

Thank you. We accept, we accept...

(LAMONT REACTION)

CUT TO:

STAGE

(THE M.C. IS GETTING THE SLIP OF PAPER FROM THE JUDGES)

M.C.

Judges may have the envelope please
And the winner of the Mrs. Watts Business

Wife of 1975 is...

MUSIC: FANFARE

Mrs. Lucille Brown!!!

(FRED JUMPS UP)

FRED

What??? *I missed my butt off to the bone.*

(WILD CHEERS)

MUSIC: HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

(MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING. ESTHER LOOKS DISAPPOINTED, BUT APPLAUDS. ALL THE OTHER LADIES RUSH UP AND EMBRACE MRS. BROWN. THE M.C. GIVES HER A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AND STARTS PUTTING A RIBBON ACROSS HER CHEST. FLASHBULBS ARE FLASHING. DURING THE ABOVE, FRED GETS UP AND STARTS SCREAMING)

FRED (TO JUDGES)

You dummies. What do you know about
beauty???

(AS HE PASSES THEIR TABLE ON THE WAY
TO THE STAGE, HE GETS THE CORNER OF
THE TABLECLOTH CAUGHT IN HIS SLEEVE.
HE PULLS THE TABLECLOTH AND THE TABLE
WITH HIM, AND CONTINUES UP TO THE
STAGE, WITH THE TABLE IN TOW)

(FRED RUNS UP ON THE STAGE. AS THE M.C.
IS PINNING THE RIBBON TO LUCILLE BROWN'S
CHEST, FRED PUSHES THE M.C. OUT OF THE
WAY, PULLS THE RIBBON OFF LUCILLE, AND
WRAPS IT AROUND A PROTESTING ESTHER.
HE GRABS THE FLOWERS AND GIVES THEM TO
ESTHER. A MELEE. THE M.C. STRUGGLES
WITH FRED. LUCILLE GRABS THE RIBBON
AND FLOWERS FROM ESTHER, AND FRED
THREATENS LUCILLE. DURING ALL OF THIS,
THE MUSIC IS STILL PLAYING)

(WE CUT TO: LAMONT LOOKING MORTIFIED)

FRED (DURING ABOVE)

(OVER MUSIC AND MELEE)

Esther is the winner. Didn't you hear
her singing that song? Gimme those
flowers... I worked my butt off all week...

(SINGS)

(AS FRED CONTINUES, WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

(STOP TAPE)

INT. SANFORD LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

(FRONT DOOR OPENS. FRED AND LAMONT
ENTER. FRED IS DISSHEVELLED)

LAMONT

I've never been so embarrassed in my life.

You made a fool of yourself, Pop.

FRED

I don't care. Esther deserved to win.

had more chance than all them
 She ~~didn't just once~~
other women put together.

LAMONT

Pop, I admit Aunt Esther's chances of winning looked good. And if she wasn't my aunt I would have voted for her. She probably would have won.

FRED

that the opportunity
 You mean you ~~wanted~~ to vote for her, but you didn't?

LAMONT

I couldn't, Pop. I asked myself, Am I voting for her because she deserves to win, or because she's my aunt. And I wasn't sure of the answer. So I disqualified myself. I'm sorry, Pop.

FRED (A BEAT)

You don't have to be sorry, son. You did the honorable thing.

LAMONT

I'm glad you feel that way, Pop.

FRED

And anyway, that five hundred dollars I was going to get from Woody... I don't need it. I mean, with the cost of living going down and all...

LAMONT

What are you talking about? The cost
of living is going up.

FRED

Not around here. ~~As soon as I kill you,~~
my expenses are going to be cut in half, *as I kill you.*
(MAKES A FIST)

Come here, you big dummy...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

Later Same Evening.
INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

(FRED IS READING THE NEWSPAPER)

FRED (CALLS)

Lamont, come in here a minute. I want
your opinion on something.

(LAMONT ENTERS FROM KITCHEN)

LAMONT

What is it, Pop?

FRED

I'm reading this article here about
beauty contests. You know, the people
who run those things make a fortune.
They sell the TV rights, they endorse
cosmetics...

LAMONT

Yeah, I know all that. What do you
want my opinion about?

FRED

Well, I was thinking maybe we could get
in on some of that money. What if we
organize our own beauty contest... The Miss
Junk Pageant.

LAMONT

Pop, but I think there are enough beauty
contests already.

FRED

Yeah, but this one would be different.
You see, I'd be the only judge, and
there would only be one category...
"Gratitude".

LAMONT

Gratitude?

FRED

Yeah... instead of thanking the judges
after they win, the girls would thank me
before they win. And the ^{girl} ~~one~~ who's the
most thankful... ^{would} ~~should~~ win!!! And ~~so~~ ^{because} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~would~~ ^{win}!!!

(LAMONT LAUGHS)

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW

CLOSING CREDITS (0:30)

(WILD CARD OVER TAG)

DIRECTED BY
JAMES SHELDON

(CRAWL SUPERED OVER TAPE)

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
BUD YORKIN

STORY CONSULTANTS
SAUL TURTELTAUB
AND
BERNIE ORENSTEIN

STORY SUPERVISOR
TED BERGMAN

LA WANDA PAGE
Aunt Esther

RAYMOND ALLEN
Uncle Woodrow

HI FI WHITE
M.C.

JACKIE TOLES
Lucille Brown

TINA DIXON
Mabel Johnson

RONNELL BRIGHT
Piano Player

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
NORMAND C. HOPPS

MUSIC BY
QUINCY JONES

ART DIRECTOR
EDWARD STEPHENSON

COSTUMES
LEE SMITH

UNIT MANAGER
THOMAS HULBERT

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
JONI RHODES

ASSISTANT TO THE PRODUCERS
KATY DOWDALLS

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
SUSAN NEVENS

PRODUCTION SECRETARY
RANDY TURTLE

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR
BILL WYSE

STAGE MANAGERS
CARL MCCARTHY

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR
O. TAMBURRI

LIGHTING DIRECTOR
RICHARD PICKENS

AUDIO
ERNIE DELLUTRI

VIDEO
LES SHAW

VIDEO TAPE EDITORS
KEN DENISOFF
ROBERT VEATCH

MAKE-UP
HARRY BLAKE

BASED ON "STEPTOE AND SON"
CREATED BY
RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

(FREEZE FRAME)