

WELCOME BACK, KOTTER

"SWEATSIDE STORY"

Prod. #201-20

Written by

Eric Cohen

Produced by

Eric Cohen

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FIRST DRAFT

May 11, 1976

VTR: May 19, 1976

WELCOME BACK, KOTTER

"Sweatside Story"

Prod. WBK 201-20

REHEARSAL/TAPE SCHEDULE

<u>THURSDAY, MAY 13</u>	<u>REHEARSAL HALL 1 (ext. 2309)</u>
READ	10:00A - 1:00P
LUNCH	1:00P - 2:00P
READ & REHEARSE	2:00P - 6:00P
<u>FRIDAY, MAY 14</u>	<u>REHEARSAL HALL 1 (ext. 2309)</u>
REHEARSAL/STAGING	10:00A - 1:00P
LUNCH	1:00P - 2:00P
REHEARSAL/STAGING	2:00P - 6:00P
<u>MONDAY, MAY 17</u>	<u>REHEARSAL HALL 1 (ext. 2309)</u>
REHEARSAL/STAGING	9:00A - 1:00P
LUNCH	1:00P - 2:00P
REHEARSAL/STAGING	2:00P - 3:30P
RUN-THROUGH	3:30P - 4:30P
DIRECTOR NOTES W/CAST	4:30P -
<u>TUESDAY, MAY 18</u>	<u>STUDIO 55 (ext. 1465)</u>
DIRECTOR NOTES W/CAST (IN BLEACHERS)	9:30A - 10:00A
ESU/DRY BLOCK IN SET	10:00A - 11:00A
CAMERA BLOCKING	11:00A - 1:00P
LUNCH	1:00P - 2:00P
CAMERA REHEARSAL	2:00P - 5:00P
RUN-THROUGH W/WARDROBE	5:00P -
DIRECTOR NOTES W/CAST	
<u>NOTE: Cast please rehearse in color compatible clothes. No whites, bright yellows or exceptionally busy patterns.</u>	
<u>WEDNESDAY, MAY 19</u>	<u>STUDIO 55 (ext. 1465)</u>
COMPLETE SET-UP LIGHTING	9:00A - 12:00N
DIRECTOR NOTES W/CAST (IN BLEACHERS)	12:30P - 1:00P
DRY REHEARSAL IN SET	1:00P - 2:00P
ESU	1:30P - 2:00P
CAMERA RUN-THROUGH	2:00P - 4:30P
AUDIENCE IN/NOTES	4:30P - 5:30P
VTR DRESS	5:30P - 6:30P
DINNER/NOTES	6:30P - 7:30P
AUDIENCE IN	7:30P - 8:00P
VTR/AIR	8:00P - 9:00P
AUDIENCE OUT/PICKUPS	9:00P -

WELCOME BACK, KOTTER

Handwritten initials or signature.

"Sweatside Story"

Prod. WBK 201-20

CAST LIST

GABE KOTTER

GABE KAPLAN

JULIE KOTTER

MARCIA STRASSMAN

BARBARINO

JOHN TRAVOLTA

EPSTEIN

BOB HEGYES

HORSHACK

RON PALILLO

WASHINGTON

LAWRENCE-HILTON JACOBS

WOODMAN

JOHN SYLVESTER WHITE

CARVELLI

CHARLES FLEISCHER

WELCOME BACK, KOTTER

TITLE: "SWEATSIDE STORY"

TAPE: WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1976

<u>JOKE</u> INT. APARTMENT (Gabe, Julie)						
OPENING CREDITS OVER FILM W/FREEZE FRAME	:55					
<u>COMMERCIAL #1</u>	1:02					
<u>ACT I</u>						
1. INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (1) (Gabe, Sweathogs, Extras)						
2. INT. HALLWAY - (3) CONTINUOUS ACTION (Gabe, Woodman, Sweathogs, Extras)						
3. INT. KOTTER APARTMENT (13) - EARLY EVENING (Gabe, Julie, Horshack)						
<u>COMMERCIAL #2</u> <u>AND STATION I.D.</u>	1:06					
<u>ACT II</u>						
1. EXT. SCHOOLYARD - (18) NIGHT (Sweathogs, Gabe, Woodman, 4 New Utrecht kids)						
<u>COMMERCIAL #3</u>	1:02					
<u>JOKE</u> INT. APARTMENT (Gabe, Julie)						
<u>CROSSPLUG</u>	:22					
CLOSING CREDITS OVER FILM	(:35) (-1:01)					

(28:13)
(28:39) PROGRAM TIME: (23:08)

WELCOME BACK, KOTTER

"Sweatside Story"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

(GABE IS LECTURING. BARBARINO IS IGNORING HIM AND SMILING AT A GIRL IN THE BACK ROW)

GABE

... so a Constitutional amendment
has to be ratified by two-thirds
of the...

(GABE NOTICES BARBARINO)

... Vinnie...

(BARBARINO DOESN'T REACT)

... Oh... Vinnie...

(HE FINALLY TURNS FROM THE GIRL)

Vinnie... were you paying attention?

BARBARINO

(DEFENSIVE)

Sure I was paying attention...

(LOOKING BACK AT THE GIRL AND SMILING)

... to her.

SFX: TWO LONG SHRILL BELL RINGS
SIGNALLING A FIRE DRILL

GABE

Okay, everybody... it's a fire
drill...

(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)

I want you all to leave the room
single-file... quietly and calmly...

(THE CLASS BEGINS TO RISE)

HORSHACK

(CALMLY)

Right you are, Mr. Kotter, at a
time like this we should all
remain calm...

(THEN YELLING AGITATEDLY)

... Fire!!... Fire!!... Women,
children and short people out
first...

(HORSHACK MAKES A RUN FOR THE
DOOR AND GABE CATCHES HIM)

GABE

Arnold, calm down... It's just a
drill.

(HORSHACK SMILES IN RELIEF
AS MEMBERS OF THE CLASS
FILE OUT)

HORSHACK

(CALM)

Right... it's only a drill.

(THINKING)

But tell me something, Mr. Kotter,
why do we have fire drills?

GABE

So if there's a real fire we'll all
know what to do.

HORSHACK

(NODDING)

Oh... but when that bell rings how
do we know if it's a fire drill or
a real fire?

(GABE THINKS FOR A BEAT)

GABE

I guess we don't.

HORSHACK

That's what I thought...

(THEN YELLING AGAIN AND
FIGHTING TO GET PAST GABE)

... Fire!!... Fire!!...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

(ALL THE SWEATHOGS WITH EX-
CEPTION OF WASHINGTON ARE
MILLING AROUND THE HALL AND
LOCKERS)

EPSTEIN

(TO BARBARINO)

That's the third fire drill this
week. I'm tired of these dry runs.
I think it's about time somebody
really set the school on fire so
we could see how we'd do under real
pressure.

(GABE AND HORSHACK ENTER
FROM CLASSROOM AS WOODMAN
ENTERS FROM DOWN THE HALL)

WOODMAN

All right, Kotter, which one of your Sweathogs turned in the false alarm?

GABE

How can you be so sure it's one of my kids?

WOODMAN

You're right, Kotter, that was very unfair of me... it could have been you.

GABE

(INDIGNANT)

Mr. Woodman, we've all been together the whole time.

WOODMAN

Sure, Kotter, sure... you Sweathogs stick together. I still haven't forgotten that cafeteria incident when you were a student... I couldn't prove it but I knew you were the one who dropped the liver in my pocket.

GABE

That wasn't me... I was the one who dropped the onions in your other pocket.

BARBARINO

(IMPRESSED)

You did that?! You know, Mr. Kotter, that's the kind of thing that makes me look up to you.

WOODMAN

Well, since I've got you all out here, I'm going to check your lockers. Principal Lazarus has ordered a locker inspection.

GABE

What are you looking for?

WOODMAN

Anything I can find to nail your Sweathogs.

GABE

(HE LOOKS AT EPSTEIN)

Juan... you didn't bring your bazooka to school today?

EPSTEIN

(PLAYING ALONG)

No... I lent it to my brother Murray this morning 'cause he wanted to blow up his kindergarten teacher.

(WOODMAN HAS PRODUCED A SET OF KEYS AND IS OPENING HORSHACK'S LOCKER. HORSHACK IS AT HIS SIDE)

WOODMAN

(OPENING LOCKER AND GRIMACING)

Good grief...

(WOODMAN PULLS AN OLD BLACK-ENED BANANA FROM THE LOCKER)

... What is that?!

GABE

An antique banana... if Arnold holds on to it long enough, it should increase in value.

WOODMAN

(TO HORSHACK)

Why don't you throw it away?

HORSHACK

I can't. That banana belongs to this locker's previous tenant. It was there when I moved in last semester... and you never know when he might come back for it.

WOODMAN

Strange boy, Kotter, strange.

(WOODMAN MOVES ON TO THE NEXT LOCKER BUT EPSTEIN THROWS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF IT)

EPSTEIN

(SMILING)

Hey, there's nothin' in there you want to see... Don't you trust me?

WOODMAN

Of course I trust you... about as far as I can throw Kate Smith.

GABE

How far would that be, Mr. Woodman?

WOODMAN

Oh, about fifteen, sixteen...

(MORE)

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Cut it out, Kotter!

(WOODMAN MOVES EPSTEIN ASIDE
AND OPENS HIS LOCKER. HE IS
IMMEDIATELY DELUGED BY A
FLOOD OF PAPER)

What is all this?

EPSTEIN

Oh, those... those are just notes
covering my absenteeism for the
rest of high school.

(EPSTEIN QUICKLY PICKS ONE UP)

Here's one that should excuse me
right now.

(EPSTEIN HANDS THE NOTE TO
GABE)

GABE

(READING)

Dear Mr. Kotter... on account of
Juan's patriotic spirit...

(AS GABE READS EPSTEIN IS
SALUTING)

... during our country's bicentennial
... Please excuse Juan from class
for all of 1976... signed, Epstein's
Mother's American Legion Post.

(GABE LOOKS AT JUAN SKEPTICALLY)

EPSTEIN

Not buying it, huh? Okay...

(EPSTEIN STARTS DIGGING DOWN
INTO THE PILE OF NOTES)

... How 'bout this one...

(MORE)

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

(WAVING NOTE)

... bronchitis...

(GABE NODS NEGATIVELY.
EPSTEIN TOSSES THE NOTE
OVER HIS SHOULDER AND
WAVES ANOTHER)

... post nasal drip...

(GABE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND
THE PROCESS IS REPEATED)

... hemorrhoids?...

GABE

Enough!!

(MEANWHILE, WOODMAN HAS
OPENED BARBARINO'S LOCKER
AND DISCOVERED A JACKET WITH
THE WORD "SWEATHOG" EMBLAZONED
ON THE BACK)

WOODMAN

Barbarino, what's the meaning of
this?!

BARBARINO

What?

WOODMAN

This jacket!!

BARBARINO

Where?

WOODMAN

(EXASPERATED)

What... where...

(HE MIMICS VINNIE DERISIVELY)

Barbarino... the only reason you've
got a head is to separate your ears.

BARBARINO

(CEASING TO PLAY DUMB)

Hey... Mr. Woodman just ranked me
... can he do that?

GABE

I guess so.

WOODMAN

I sure can... ravioli face.

BARBARINO

Hey! He did it again. Can I rank
him back?

WOODMAN

I used to be pretty good at this,
myself. Go ahead... give me your
best shot... clam breath.

BARBARINO

And I won't get in no trouble?

WOODMAN

No.

BARBARINO

You mean it?

WOODMAN

Sure I mean it... pepperoni puss.

BARBARINO

(BEAMING)

This is too good to be true... Okay
... Hey... Mr. Woodface... You look
like somebody set your face on fire
and put it out with a rake...

(THEY ALL LAUGH AS WOODMAN
GLARES)

GABE

(AMUSED)

Put it out with a rake... That was
a good one...

WOODMAN

(TIGHT-LIPPED)

Funny, Barbarino... so funny that
you're staying after school for
two weeks.

(THERE IS A CHORUS OF
OBJECTIONS)

GABE

Mr. Woodman... you told Vinnie it
was okay...

WOODMAN

Just cool it, brillo head... that's
not why I'm doing it... it's because
of this...

(WOODMAN WAVES THE JACKET)

EPSTEIN

What's wrong with that? Us Sweathogs
just formed our own club.

HORSHACK

Yeah, and it must be a pretty good
club 'cause so far they won't let
me join.

EPSTEIN

You just ain't been initiated yet.

HORSHACK

Yeah... to get in I gotta prove I
was born to be wild.

WOODMAN

Clubs and jackets and insignias of
non-school organizations are
forbidden on school grounds...

(WOODMAN LOOKS AT THE SWEATHOG
INSIGNIA AND SHAKES HIS HEAD)

It's not bad enough you're Sweathogs
... you have to advertise.

(WASHINGTON ENTERS WEARING A
SWEATHOG JACKET)

GABE

Freddie, where have you been?

WASHINGTON

Well, I had some trouble with the
guys over at New Utrecht.

BARBARINO

What happened?

WASHINGTON

They said I invaded their turf.

EPSTEIN

Did you?

WASHINGTON

Not exactly... actually, I just
invaded Pearl Jackson...

Unfortunately, she happens to live
right in the middle of their turf...

(MORE)

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

... but old Boom Boom knows how to take care of himself... You guys woulda been proud of me... See, I get surrounded by these seven bad New Utrecht guys...

GABE

(SKEPTICAL)

Seven?

WASHINGTON

Yeah... I think so... It was either seven or two... It's hard to tell in the heat of battle... Anyway, these dudes surround me and say "What you doin' on our turf?" And I look 'em right in the eye and say "Hi, there". Then they start to close in around me and I look 'em right in the eye and say "Bye, there"... and run my tail off.

GABE

Don't you realize walking around in jackets like that is just asking for trouble. And before you know it, somebody is gonna really get hurt.

HORSHACK

Yeah, especially me.

EPSTEIN

Mr. Kotter, we gotta teach those
guys from New Utrecht a lesson for
what they did to Freddie, or else
we'll just get pushed around.

HORSHACK

Yeah... especially me.

BARBARINO

Right! If we Sweathogs don't stick
together... How's anybody gonna
respect us?

(THEY ALL TURN AND LOOK AT
HORSHACK)

BARBARINO/WASHINGTON/EPSTEIN

(IN UNISON)

Yeah, especially him.

DISSOLVE TO:

KOTTER APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

(JULIE IS WATERING A PLANT
AND GABE IS SITTING ON THE
COUCH LOOKING TROUBLED)

JULIE

(TALKING TO PLANT SHE IS
WATERING)

Poor baby doesn't look so good...

Whatsa matter?

(GABE'S BACK IS TO JULIE AND
HE THINKS SHE'S ADDRESSING
HIM)

GABE

I'm just worried.

(JULIE, SURPRISED, MOMENTARILY THINKS THE PLANT HAS ANSWERED AND STARES AT IT FOR A BEAT. THEN, REALIZING, SHE TURNS TO GABE)

JULIE

Oh... I was talking to the fern...

(POINTS)

... Edna.

GABE

How do you know it's a she?

JULIE

Silly, I peeked under the leaves.

GABE

(IRRITABLE)

Don't you think it's ridiculous to talk to a plant.

JULIE

Well, tonight Edna's more fun than you.

GABE

I'm worried about the kids.

JULIE

(FACETIOUS)

Now that's unusual... News flash: Mr. Kotter worried about his Sweathogs... What's the big crisis this time?... Do you have to help Horshack break in a new lunchbox?

GABE

(DEFENSIVE)

No... it's a lot more serious than that... Although, don't think it wasn't a real emotional trauma for Arnold the last time he had to change lunchboxes... We buried his old Planet Of The Apes lunchbox in back of the school with his favorite stuff inside... a Twinkie... surrounded by a wreath of Oreos.

JULIE

Okay, give me three guesses...
Barbarino... Washington... or
Epstein.

GABE

Right... right... right. I think they've formed a sort of gang...
And I'm afraid somebody's gonna get hurt.

SFX: DOORBELL

(JULIE ANSWERS. IT IS HORSHACK. HE IS DRESSED STRAIGHT OUT OF "GREASE" -- BLACK LEATHER JACKET AND OILY JELLY ROLL)

HORSHACK

Well... Would you say I inspire fear?

(HORSHACK LAUGHS)

GABE

Arnold, if you want to inspire
fear... I'd lose the laugh.

HORSHACK

Good point, Mr. Kotter. And I can
use pointers... I'm brand new at
being a punk.

GABE

Arnold, you're not joining, too?!

HORSHACK

Frankly, Mr. Kotter, I ain't got
much choice. Vinnie said I gotta...
I either get beat up by my enemies...
or my friends.

(ARNOLD STARTS TO EXIT)

Anyway, maybe I'll flunk my
initiation. Does being Four-F keep
you out of a rumble?

JULIE

(IMPLORING)

Arnold, why don't you stay here
tonight?

GABE

Yeah... Julie digs leather.

HORSHACK

(IN THE DOORWAY)

I can't... a man's gotta do what
a man's gotta do.

GABE

Right... but what's that gotta do
with you?

HORSHACK

(OFFERING A LONG LAST LOOK)

Goodbye, Mr. and Mrs. Kotter...

(SHAKING HIS HEAD DRAMATICALLY)

... such a pity... a young man like
me... his whole life in front of him
... cut down in his prime... Do you
realize I've never even been to the
balcony of the Loew's Pitkin with
Dolores Delvechio?

(HORSHACK EXITS. THEN A BEAT
LATER RUSHES BACK INTO ROOM)

Mr. Kotter... you're a responsible
educator...

(HORSHACK PUTS HIS HEAD ON
GABE'S SHOULDER)

Don't let me go!

(GABE LOOKS AT HORSHACK'S
GREASY HEAD WHICH HAS NOW
LEFT A GREASE STAIN ON HIS
SHOULDER. AS GABE REACTS
WE:)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

(IT IS DIMLY LIT. EPSTEIN,
BARBARINO AND WASHINGTON,
LOOKING AS TOUGH AS THEY
CAN MANAGE, ARE IN CONFERENCE)

BARBARINO

So how we gonna initiate Horshack?

EPSTEIN

I don't know... How'd we initiate
you?

BARBARINO

Nobody initiated me... I'm Vinnie
Barbarino. And I started the club...
When you start something you don't
have to get initiated... unless you
do it to yourself... and I think
that's a sin.

EPSTEIN

How 'bout you, Freddie... How'd you
get initiated?

WASHINGTON

I didn't. I joined on Vinnie's
special minority membership plan.

EPSTEIN

(DISGUSTED)

Great... This is some gang.

BARBARINO

Hey, what're you complaining about,
Epstein? Nobody initiated you,
either.

EPSTEIN

That's because I had a note.

BARBARINO

Hey, how 'bout if we make Horshack
stick his head in Epstein's gym
locker for three minutes?

WASHINGTON

Nah, then he won't be no good to
us at all when we meet those New
Utrecht turkeys.

BARBARINO

We oughta make Horshack the head
of our gang. That way when they
see him, everybody'll be too
embarrassed to fight us.

(HORSHACK ENTERS FROM AROUND
CORNER OF BUILDING)

HORSHACK

Hello, fellow delinquents.

BARBARINO

All right, Horshack. Are you
ready for your initiation?

HORSHACK

(RAISING HIS HAND)

Oooo... Oooo...

BARBARINO

(ANNOYED)

Horshack... in a gang you don't
raise your hand!

HORSHACK

Sorry... I didn't know the rules...
I just wondered if I could be
excused?

BARBARINO

No... now it's time for you to
get initiated...

EPSTEIN

Yeah, it's time for you to become
a man...

HORSHACK

(EXCITED)

It's time for me to become a man!!
Oh great... is Dolores Delvechio
my initiation?

WASHINGTON

Horshack, this initiation is
serious business... Vinnie, you
start.

BARBARINO

(OBVIOUSLY WINGING IT)

Uh... okay... Horshack, come here.
Freddie, get me some water.

(MORE)

BARBARINO (CONT'D)

(RELUCTANTLY HORSHACK JOINS
HIM)

Now kneel.

(THEY ALL CAST PUZZLED LOOKS
AT VINNIE)

(DEFENSIVE)

All right... all right... it's
the first thing I could think
of... I can't help it... I'm
a Catholic.

HORSHACK

I'd hate to find out what my
initiation would be if you were
Jewish, Vinnie.

EPSTEIN

Let me handle this... Horshack,
stick out your hand... I'm gonna
make you a blood brother...

HORSHACK

Couldn't we just shake...

(EPSTEIN PRODUCES A THUMB
TACK)

... What is that?!

EPSTEIN

Just a thumb tack... to put on
Miss Fishbeck's chair during
English tomorrow when she's
talking about missing participles...

(EPSTEIN APPROACHES HORSHACK
WITH THE TACK)

HORSHACK

(PANICKY)

Aren't you even gonna sterilize
it?

EPSTEIN

Sterilize it?... Yeah... Sure...

(EPSTEIN PROCEEDS TO BREATHE
ON THE TACK AND THEN RUBS IT
ACROSS HIS GRUBBY OVERALLS)

... There...

(AGAIN EPSTEIN STARTS
TOWARD HORSHACK'S HAND)

HORSHACK

Wait a second... instead of just
initiating me... Why don't you do
us all at once? I brought a
couple of recruits.

(HORSHACK SCURRIES OVER TO
SIGNAL HIS COMRADES)

... Okay!!

(AT THAT, GABE SPRINGS OUT,
FLANKS HORSHACK. HE SIGNALS
AND WOODMAN RELUCTANTLY
JOINS THEM. IN UNISON, THE
THREESOME SNAP THEIR FINGERS,
AND MOVE A LA "WEST SIDE
STORY". THEY ARRIVE AT
THE SIDE OF THE OTHER SWEATHOGS)

BARBARINO

(TO GABE)

Hey, what's the idea?!

GABE

(TOUGH)

We just came to break some heads.

BARBARINO

(ALARMED)

Take it easy. I don't want no heads broken. I wasn't planning to do nothin' tonight to mar my natural beauty.

EPSTEIN

We just want to throw a scare into those New Utrecht guys for giving Freddie a bad time.

GABE

You guys are right. We gotta teach those bums a lesson. I'll give extra credit to anybody who comes back with one of their ears.

BARBARINO

(GETTING NERVOUS)

Ears?... Hey... relax. And what did you bring Mr. Woodman for?

WOODMAN

That's right, Kotter. What did you bring me for? What do I care if they beat each other's brains loose?

GABE

We need your, Mr. Woodman. You're the only one with a key to the nurse's office.

(WOODMAN NODS IN AGREEMENT)

WOODMAN

Kotter, Kotter, lend me a comb.

(GABE PRODUCES A LARGE COMB.
WOODMAN COMBS HIS HAIR)

BARBARINO

Cut it out, Mr. Kotter. This
isn't gonna work. You don't
belong here and you're not
gonna stop us.

GABE

Who says I want to stop you? I
just want to help. Being an old
Sweathog, I figured I could show
you guys what to do in a rumble.
First of all, who's got the chains?

(THE KIDS ALL LOOK AT EACH
OTHER UNCOMFORTABLY)

HORSHACK

(PATTING DOWN HIS CLOTHES
IN MOCK SEARCH)

Chains... chains... nope... Don't
seem to have them on me... Musta
left them in my other black leather
jacket.

GABE

No chains... how 'bout clubs?

(THERE IS NO RESPONSE)

Brass knuckles?

(NO RESPONSE)

Sticks?

(STILL NOTHING. THEN:)

WOODMAN

Well, I got this comb.

(WOODMAN PRODUCES THE LARGE
COMB)

GABE

(MOCK DISBELIEF)

Are you guys crazy? How are
you gonna rumble like that...
It's more like you're going to
a dance.

WASHINGTON

(QUICKLY)

Good idea... Know where there's
one going now?

(THE FOUR KIDS ENTER. THEY
ARE THE NEW UTRECHT COUNTERPART
OF OUR SWEATHOGS)

BARBARINO

Hey, what are you guys doin' here?

CARVELLI

(MENACING)

We heard you Sweathogs was looking
for us... So we thought we'd make
ourselves easy to find. Was you
lookin' for us?

BARBARINO

(BACKING DOWN)

What?

CARVELLI

Was you lookin' for us?

BARBARINO

Where?

CARVELLI

(TO HIS FRIENDS)

Boy... And I thought we was
remedial.

GABE

Hey, enough of the chit chat...

I came here for some action...

(TO THE NEW UTRECHT GUYS)

... Which one of you guys wants
to lose his face first?

(EVERYONE LOOKS AROUND
STARTLED)

EPSTEIN.

(TO GABE SOTTO)

Will you cool it?

GABE

Yeah... You're right... The last
fight I was in I ruined a good
pair of boots... They had to be
surgically removed from a guy's
nose.

CARVELLI

(TO SWEATHOGS)

Hey... who is this guy?

WASHINGTON

Him?... He's our teacher.

CARVELLI

Your teacher?! Boy, this is a
tough school.

GABE

Okay... let's go...

WOODMAN

Wait!

(HE TURNS AROUND AND COVERS
HIS EYES)

You can start now... I don't like
to watch him dismember people.

CARVELLI

(NOTING WOODMAN)

That's the oldest punk I ever saw.

You a senior?

WOODMAN

No, I'm the vice-principal.

CARVELLI

(STARTING TO CRACK)

Hey, you must be nuts... I ain't
gonna mess with no vice-principal.

GABE

Believe me... You're getting off
easy. Just be glad you don't have
to take on Horshack... the widow
maker.

CARVELLI

(LOOKING AT HORSHACK)

Him?

GABE

Let me put it this way... he's
already got six notches on his
lunchbox.

HORSHACK

(GETTING INTO IT)

That's right... And how'd you
like to be number seven?

(THE NEW UTRECHT KIDS TAKE
A TIMID STEP BACK)

(HORSHACK RAISES HIS VOICE)

Let me at him!

(GABE AND OTHERS RESTRAIN
HORSHACK)

CARVELLI

Hey, there's no need to get all
worked up. We can work out all
our little differences... We'll
talk... tomorrow.

(THE NEW UTRECHT KIDS HUR-
RIEDLY BACK AWAY AND EXIT
BUT CARVELLI STOPS FOR A
BEAT AND LEANS TOWARD GABE)

(INDICATING WOODMAN)

He's the vice-principal?

(GABE NODS)

You're a teacher?

(GABE NODS)

What do you teach?

GABE

Home economics.

CARVELLI

Boy, this is a tough school!

(SHAKING HIS HEAD, CARVELLI
EXITS)

(THE SWEATHOGS PAT EACH OTHER
ON THE BACK AND CROWD HAPPILY
AROUND GABE)

WASHINGTON

Great goin', Mr. Kotter.

(EVERYONE AGREES ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

GABE

(ANGRY)

Hold it!

(THERE IS QUIET)

There was nothing great about it.

I just did that so nobody would
get hurt.

EPSTEIN

We wasn't looking for anybody to
get hurt. We just wanted to scare
the guys that bothered Freddie.

BARBARINO

Yeah, just a couple of ranks, an
"Up your nose with a rubber hose"...
an "Off my case toilet face"... and
that'd be it.

GABE

No, that'd be how it would start.

(MORE)

GABE (CONT'D)

First name calling, then shoving,
then fighting. And every time
you do something to them, they do
something worse to you. That's
the same way wars start.

BARBARINO

(IMPRESSED)

You mean the head of one country
just has to go up to the head of
another country and say "In your
ear with Rosey Grier"... and bing,
bang, boom... World War Three.
Well, I don't want no part of
that.

EPSTEIN

Me neither.

WASHINGTON

And as far as defending my honor
goes... I'd worry more about
Pearl Jackson.

HORSHACK

Mr. Kotter, does this mean I'm
not tough anymore?

GABE

(PLACING ARM AROUND
HORSHACK'S SHOULDER)

I'm afraid so, Arnold.

(ARNOLD PUTS HIS GREASY
HEAD ON GABE'S SHOULDER
AND GABE REACTS TO ANOTHER
GREASE SPOT)

BARBARINO

Hey, Mr. Kotter... I know you're
right and everything, but since
we're dressed up anyway, instead
of wasting it, let's all go over
and scare Principal Lazarus.

(GABE REACTS. WOODMAN
SMILES. THEY RACE OFF
A LA "WEST SIDE STORY")

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

Zm

