

MORK AND MINDY

"GREETINGS"

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AUGUST 3, 1978

"GREETINGS"

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. MINDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

OPEN ON MORK WATCHING TV. SFX: SUSPENSE MUSIC. HE'S SPREAD OUT IN AN ARMCHAIR, READING A MAGAZINE-- TRUE TV FACTS-- WHILE EATING PRETZELS AND FINGER-DRINKING A BEER.

MORK

(READING) Incredible, just incredible.

I can't believe Lindsay Wagner would actually kidnap Charo.

TV SFX: HUGE GUNFIRE, EXPLOSIONS, SCREAMS.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(JAUNTY VOICE) We'll return to Clint Eastwood in Kill, Kill, Kill right after this message.

MORK POINTS HIS FINGER AT THE TV. TV SFX: CHANNEL CHANGING, THEN DIFFERENT MUSIC. WE HEAR FRED AND MINDY OFF-STAGE. THEY'RE HAVING AN ARGUMENT AS THEY APPROACH THE DOOR.

FRED (O.S.)

I don't care what planet he's from; anyone who spends all his time just eating and drinking and watching TV is a no-good, lazy bum!

MORK REACTS TO THIS. HE POINTS HIS FINGER AT THE TV: IT GOES OFF. HE THEN STUFFS THE MAGAZINE UNDER THE SEAT-COVER, GRABS THE PRETZELS AND BEER, RUNS WITH THEM TO THE COUNTER, STUFFS THEM IN THE SINK, AND SMILES RELIEVEDLY.

MINDY (O.S.)

I totally disagree with you. He's got to learn about Earth, doesn't he? What better way than to eat our food and watch TV?

MORK SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS, TAKES THE PRETZELS AND BEER FROM THE SINK, POINTS HIS FINGER AT THE TV, AND IT GOES ON AS HE WALKS BACK TO HIS CHAIR.

FRED (O.S.)

I'll tell you what better way-- he could get a job! He could earn some money! I tell you, when I see him in there lazing around your apartment, I could strangle him!

MORK JUMPS UP, TURNS OFF THE TV WITH HIS FINGER, AND RUNS WITH THE PRETZELS AND BEER BACK TO THE COUNTER. HE'S GETTING TIRED.

MINDY (O.S.)

Well, that's too bad. Who are you to tell him how to live?

MORK TIREDLY GETS THE PRETZELS AND BEER AND STARTS WALKING BACK TO THE CHAIR.

MINDY (O.S., CONT'D)

It's my apartment, and my Orkan.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF HER KEY IN THE LOCK.

MINDY (O.S., CONT'D)

I don't care what he does...

MORK TRIPS AND SPILLS EVERYTHING ON THE FLOOR, FALLING ON TOP JUST AS MINDY ENTERS.

MINDY (CONT'D)

...as long as he's neat.

MINDY AND FRED SEE MORK SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR.

MORK

Hi, (INDICATING MESS) I was just  
cleaning up.

MINDY

(DISAPPOINTED) Mork...

FRED

Young man, I want to talk to you.

HE BRINGS MORK TO THE SOFA.

FRED (CONT'D)

You've been on Earth for awhile now.  
What do you plan to do with yourself?

MORK

Well, I thought I might spend some  
time conquering.

MINDY

Conquering?

MORK

Yes. It's what all the alien beings  
on TV seem to do.

FRED

But they're not living for free in  
someone's attic.

MORK

(HURT) I offered to pay Mindy all  
my sand.

MINDY

I appreciate that. But the exchange  
rate on sand isn't so good.

MORK

Couldn't I earn big money in the  
conquering field?

MINDY

It's a lovely thought, Mork, but  
I don't think so.

FRED

Doesn't anyone work in outer space?

MOKR

Depends on the galaxy.

FRED

How about Ork?

MORK

Only the Flubaga work.

FRED

I don't think I want to know, but  
who are the Flubaga?

MORK

When you get to be 58 bleams old, Chief  
Orson takes you to the top of M<sup>+</sup>.  
Snibits and threatens to throw you  
off. Those Orkans who face the prospect  
of death with courage and an inner  
peace are called Flubaga, meaning "idiots."

FRED

I think there's a lesson in that  
for none of us.

DURING THE FOLLOWING SPEECHES, MORK BECOMES PROGRESSIVELY  
MORE NERVOUS AND FIDGETY.

MINDY

Look, all I want you to do is go  
out tomorrow and look for a job.  
Just look in the paper---

FRED

Under "Help Wanted--Alien."

MINDY

Dad...Really, just find something  
simple that'll get you out of the  
house and away from the TV, so....  
Mork, what's wrong?

MORK

(FIDGETING) Nothing.

MINDY

No, really. Is something the matter?

MORK

Well, I was just thinking that if we  
were done talking, I could still catch  
the end of Barney Miller.

DISSOLVE TO:

B

INT. MUSIC STORE - FIVE O'CLOCK. NEXT DAY.

FRED IS ON HIS SIDE OF THE STORE, CORA IS ON HERS, KNITTING.

FRED

I'm closing the store now.

CORA

Isn't it a bit early to shut down?

FRED

No. It's five o'clock.

CORA

No, it isn't; it's five o'clock! And musicians are night people. Mobs of 'em go out every evening, searching the deserted city for an open music store...

FRED

(SARCASTIC) Oh, brother.

CORA

Their haunted, vacant eyes dart anxiously about as they creep from store to store, crying--"Oh, where can I buy a piano after five o'clock?"

FRED

(GETTING TOUGH) Cora, you can't get your way all the time. I own the store and I'm closing the store. NOW!

CORA

(GROANING HORRIBLY) Ohhh!

FRED

(WORRIED) What is it?

CORA

I just remembered my poor little Elizabeth. Crushed and tormented by a life she never chose, wasting away into nothingness...

FRED

Elizabeth and I never had any troubles; she got run over by a truck.

CORA

After leaving the store at five o'clock.  
till  
If you stayed open ~~until~~ eight, she'd be alive today.

FRED

Alright, you win; I'm staying open.

CORA

(PUTTING ON HEADPHONES) That's good, dear. Excuse me while I check out the latest Kiss album.

FRED

(TO HIMSELF) Incredible. Just incredible.

MINDY ENTERS.



MINDY

Hi, Dad... (WAVES TO CORA)...Grandma.

CORA WAVES BACK.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Isn't the store supposed to be closed  
now?

FRED GRIMACES.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Uh, have you seen Mork?

FRED

(SOURLY) No. It's been a good day.

MINDY

I just can't see why you dislike him.

FRED

What's to dislike about a man who  
travels 60 billion light-years to sleep with  
your daughter? It's a great honor! He  
could be taking a Martian to the movies  
or sweet-talking some five-headed cow  
on Venus.

MINDY

We're not sleeping together! And Mork's  
not the issue; you make me feel horrible  
for just dating a guy.

FRED

You're not just dating a guy--you're  
living with a creature from outer space!  
When I was growing up, we didn't have long,  
heart-to-heart talks with alien beings; we  
ran screaming from the room and threw bombs at them.

MORK ENTERS CHEERILY, CARRYING A SMALL BOX.

MORK

Greetings!

FRED

(MAKES A BOMB-WHISTLE NOISE)

MINDY

(GIVING FRED A SHARP LOOK) Dad!

CORA

Hi, Mork!

MORK MOUTHS A SILENT "HI!" TO HER.

MINDY

Whatcha got there?

MORK

I answered a job ad. (RECITING FROM MEMORY) "Hey Kids! Earn big bucks selling greeting cards! These cards are so beautiful, they sell themselves! Everyone in the world loves them!"

HE PUTS THE BOX ON MINDY/CORA'S COUNTER. MINDY GOES TO EXAMINE THEM.

MORK (CONT'D)

The way I figure it, there are four billion people on Earth. All I have to do is sell one card to every four people and I'll be rich!

MINDY

Mork--

MORK

And some of them will buy two!

MINDY

Mork--

MORK

Don't forget, these people have  
friends!

MINDY

Mork!

MORK

La-bum?

MINDY

(LOOKING DUBIOUSLY AT THE CARDS,  
READING) "Acme Triple-A Greeting Cards."  
These look kind of cheap.

MORK

No problem! They sell themselves!

HE TAKES THE CARDS OUT OF MINDY'S HAND AND BRINGS THEM OVER  
TO FRED, HOLDING THEM CLOSE TO HIS FACE.

MORK

(TO THE CARDS) Go ahead, guys.

FRED

What are you doing?

MORK

I'm talking to the cards.

FRED

If they answer, I'll take thirty.

MORK

You hear that, fellas? Go for broke!

CORA HAS TAKEN OFF *THE* HEADPHONE~~S~~ AND IS LOOKING AT THE CARDS.

CORA

"Wishing You A Joyous Guy Fawkes Day"?

Who would send a Guy Fawkes Day Card?

MORK

Mr. Fawkes?

MINDY

Where did you get these?

MORK

A nice lady downtown sold them to me.

FRED TAKES THE CARDS FROM MORK.

FRED

(READING) "Beat Me, Whip Me, Kill Me,  
Love Me, And Have A Nice Day." Some  
nice lady.

MINDY

(READING) "As one of the pals that's  
stuck by you for ages/ I was sorry to hear  
that you'd been sent to bed/ I'd be there  
right now, except you're contagious/  
So I hope this card gets there before you are  
dead." That's terrible! How are you going  
to sell these?

MORK

(BECOMING UNCERTAIN) I thought it would  
be as easy as throwing pitzers down a blorg.

MINDY

Is that easy?

MORK

If you know how.

CORA

(READING) "Heard You Lost Your Coat..."

FRED

One for every occasion.

MINDY

I don't believe it.

FRED

What?

MINDY

"Happy Birthday, Pop."

CORA

What's wrong with that?

MINDY

They mis-spelled "Happy."

MORK

If these aren't good cards, why  
does everyone love them?

MINDY

Mork, you can't believe everything  
you read.

MORK

(HOPEFUL) Then maybe Lindsay Wagner  
didn't kidnap Charo!

FRED

"Congratulations On Your 100th Wedding  
Anniversary." (LAUGHS)

MORK

Lucky I didn't have to pay money for  
these.

MINDY

What do you mean?

MORK

It said on the contract the  
lady had me sign, "You pay cod."

MINDY

(INCREASINGLY HORRIFIED) C.O.D.?

MORK

(NODDING, LESS ENTHUSIASTIC) Cod.

MINDY

That means you have to pay when the  
cards come.

FRED HANDS MORK A CARD.

FRED

I think you could use a get-well card.

MORK

(LOOKS AT IT) This one looks nice.

It's got a cute little sailor on the  
front. "Hearing you were sickly, sailor/  
Made my timbers shiver/Hope you're getting  
over/ Cirrhosis of the liver."

DISSOLVE TO:

C

INT. MINDY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

MORK IS STARING AT A MACRAMÉ HANGING ON THE WALL.

MORK

I wonder what it looked like when  
it was alive.

THERE ARE TWO LOUD KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

MORK (CONT'D)

Mindy, your door's exploding.

MINDY (O.S. FROM BEDROOM)

See who's there.

MORK OPENS THE DOOR. STANDING THERE IS ROGER, A HUGE,  
NEANDERTHAL-TYPE WHO IS CARRYING A LARGE BOX.

ROGER

'Scuze.

HE PUSHES PAST MORK AND SETS THE BOX IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM,  
THEN LEAVES. MORK STANDS THERE LOOKING AT THE BOX AS MINDY  
ENTERS. SHE LOOKS AT MORK, THEN AT THE BOX.

MINDY

What is it?

MORK

A box.

MINDY

I know that. What's in it?

MORK

It didn't say.

MINDY

What didn't say?

MORK

The Scuze Machine.

MINDY

"The Scuze Machine"?

ROGER ENTERS WITH ANOTHER BOX.

MORK

Here it comes again.

ROGER PUSHES PAST THEM.

ROGER

'Scuze.

HE SETS IT NEXT TO THE OTHER BOX AND WALKS OUT.

MINDY

Is he from Ork or something?

MORK

Couldn't be. We have no boxes on Ork;  
we carry everything in baggies.

CONNIE ENTERS. SHE IS A SWEET-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN IN HER  
LATE TWENTIES OR THIRTIES. SHE ALWAYS SPEAKS IN A SWEET  
VOICE WITH A SWEET EXPRESSION ON HER FACE.

CONNIE

Mork! So glad to see you--sorry it  
took so long.

MORK

Hello, Connie.



MINDY

You know this woman?

CONNIE

You must be Mindy; Mork told me almost nothing about you.

MINDY

What are you talking about?

CONNIE

He just said the woman he lived with wanted him to make some money and I said "Fine." I'm not the one to pry into people's private...affairs.

MINDY

(OUTRAGED) Who are you?

CONNIE

I'm Connie Button.

MINDY

(INCREDULOUS) "Connie Button"?

CONNIE

Pretty stupid. My parents were real losers.

MORK

She sold me the greeting cards.

ROGER COMES IN WITH ANOTHER BOX.

ROGER

'Scuze.

MINDY

The cards...are in those boxes?

CONNIE

Mork and I thought he should make lots and lots of money.

ROGER EXITS.

MINDY

How many are there?

CONNIE

Two thousand.

MINDY STUMBLES TO THE COUCH AND SITS DOWN.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

And now, Mork, I believe you owe  
me a thousand dollars.

MINDY MOUTHS "A THOUSAND DOLLARS!?!"

MORK

Now? I've got to sell them first.

CONNIE

(LAUGHS LIKE GLINDA IN THE WIZARD OF OZ)

No, you've got to pay for them first!

MORK

But I don't have \$1,000.

ROGER COMES IN WITH ANOTHER BOX.

CONNIE

I'm sorry; could you repeat that?

ROGER PUTS THE BOX DOWN AND STANDS NEXT TO MORK.

MORK

I don't have \$1,000.

ROGER PICKS MORK UP AND SHAKES HIM. MINDY LEAPS TO HIS  
DEFENSE.

MINDY

Stop that! What are you doing?

ROGER PUTS MORK DOWN AND LEAVES.

CONNIE

Mork said, "Please shake me."

MORK AND MINDY LOOK PUZZLED.

## CONNIE (CONT'D)

Perhaps I should explain. As a child, I was very lonely. My only friend was Roger there. And because we were lonely, Roger and I made up a special language that only we know. In our special language, "I don't have \$1,000" means "Please shake me."

MINDY

You're crazy! And you're a crook!

CONNIE

I don't think you want a translation of that.

MINDY

But Mork needs more time. Let us sell the cards, then we'll give you the money.

CONNIE

(BENEFICENT) Mindy, you should have said that in the first place! That's no problem; how much time would you like?

MINDY

You'd better give us a couple of months.

CONNIE

One week? (LIKE MOTHER ABOUT TO LET HER DAUGHTER HAVE A BETWEEN-MEAL SNACK) Well, I really shouldn't...

ROGER COMES IN WITH TWO BOXES.

ROGER

(TO NO ONE) 'Scuze.

CONNIE

...but Roger likes you. All right--  
one week.

SHE STARTS TO LEAVE WITH ROGER.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

By the way, do you know what "I still  
don't have \$1000" means in my language?

MORK

(HOPEFULLY) "Have a nice day"?

CONNIE

(LAUGHING SWEETLY) No, Mork. It  
means, "Tear my limbs off and stomp  
me into the ground."

THEY LEAVE.

MORK

She really ought to put out a  
dictionary.

ROGER OPENS THE DOOR AND LEANS IN.

ROGER

'Scuze.

HE SLAMS THE DOOR AND THE COAT RACK FALLS OFF. MORK AND  
MINDY LOOK AT EACH OTHER AS WE---

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

D.

FADE IN:

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

FRED

Okay Mindy, let me get this straight.  
You want to borrow a thousand dollars  
to give to a creature from outer  
space so he can sell greeting cards.

MINDY

When you say it that way, it sounds  
silly.

FRED

Oh, I'm sorry. How would you say it?

MINDY

Very simply. That a friend of mine  
who just happens (BEGINS TO LOSE  
CONFIDENCE) to, uh, be...er, from a  
different, ah, solar system...(GIVES  
UP)

FRED

Mindy, even if I had a thousand dollars  
I could just give you, I think that  
Mork should deal with this himself.  
He's got to start learning how we do  
things here.

MINDY

It's not that simple! How would you  
like to be stuck on another planet  
trying to sell greeting cards?

FRED

Believe it or not, the problem's  
never come up.

SHERIFF TILWICK ENTERS.

TILWICK

Mindy! Haven't seen you in awhile--  
how are you?

MINDY

Not so good, Sam. Mork's in big  
trouble.

TILWICK

Well, you just tell Sam all about  
it.

MINDY

Mork's  
(DISTRACED)  got to pay a  
thousand dollars for some greeting  
cards--

TILWICK

Wait a minute! Connie Button?

MINDY

Yes!

TILWICK

(MAKES GESTURE INDICATING HUGE MAN)

And Roger?

MINDY

That's it!

FRED

Are you talking crazy or am I  
listening crazy?

TILWICK

We know all about those people!  
We've just never gotten any  
evidence on them.

MINDY

(TO FRED) They're the ones who are  
threatening Mork.

FRED

I guess they're not all bad.

MINDY

Dad, this is serious. Mork could  
be in real---

MORK ENTERS, READING A BOOKLET AND ACTING WORRIED. HE GOES OVER  
TO CORA'S SECTION AND STARTS BITING HIS KNEE.

TILWICK

(WEIRDED OUT) Uh, I guess I'll be  
moseying along. But I'll be back  
and try to get some evidence on those  
people.

MINDY

Thank you, Sam.

TILWICK EXITS.

FRED

Just what is the creature doing?

MINDY

He's biting his kneecap. It's a nervous habit.

MORK STRAIGHTENS UP AND COMES OVER.

MORK

(TRYING TO BE CHEERFUL) Good news!

FRED

Your passport's expired?

MORK

There's a book telling how to sell the cards!

MINDY

(ENCOURAGING) What's it say, Mork?

MORK

First, it shows <sup>how</sup> ~~how~~ to use them.

HE PUTS THE BOOKLET ON THE COUNTER WHILE HOLDING A CARD AND FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS.

MORK (CONT'D)

"Grasp card firmly by edge. Read cover. Use left hand to lift cover, exposing inside. Read inside. Throw away."

FRED

I agree with the last part.

MORK

(TO MINDY) Then it tells how to



MORK (CONT'D)

sell. Can I practice on you?

MINDY

Sure. Let's go over here.

THEY GO TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORE.

MORK

(READING) "Give the customer a  
sample of the product."

HE LOOKS AT THE CARD, TEARS OFF HALF OF IT, AND GIVES IT TO  
MINDY. SHE REACTS WHILE MORK GOES BACK TO THE BOOK.

MORK (CONT'D)

(READING) "Ask questions about  
the customer's attitude, but don't  
let the customer say 'No'." (TO  
MINDY) You like greeting cards,  
don't you?

MINDY

Well, yes, I guess so.

MORK

And you especially like these, right?

MINDY

Well, n---

MORK GRABS HER MOUTH AND MUFFLES IT. MINDY STRUGGLES AWAY  
JUST AS FRED COMES OVER AND GRABS MORK BY THE COLLAR. MORK  
TRIES FUNNILY TO GET LOOSE DURING THE FOLLOWING SPEECHES.

FRED

I'm not sure what this alien is selling,  
but you better not buy any.

MINDY

But Dad, how is he going to get  
any practice?

FRED

He doesn't need any practice.

MINDY

You know what I mean. He can't  
just wander around Boulder.

THEY LOOK AT MORK, WHO IS STILL STRUGGLING FUNNILY.

FRED

You have a point.

MINDY

(THINKS) I just had an idea! What  
if Mork sold the cards in the store!  
(POINTING TO AN EMPTY SECTION OF THE  
STORE) He could set up a display  
right there!

FRED

And I could move the rest of the  
store to Denver.

MINDY

C'mon, Dad, please. It'd be good for  
interplanetary relations.

FRED LETS GO OF MORK.

FRED

(SIGHING) All right. Set up a display.  
(POINTEDLY) A modest, tasteful little  
display.

FLIP TO:

E

INT. MUSIC STORE - THE NEXT MORNING.

OPEN ON: THE DISPLAY, WHICH IS A BOOTH FESTOONED WITH MISCELLANEOUS STREAMERS, BUNTING, BALLOONS, AND INAPPROPRIATE PENNANTS-- "GO YOU CUBS", "TUBA EXPO '71"-- AND OVER WHICH IS A LARGER BANNER READING "MORK'S CARD EMPORIUM." MORK AND MINDY ARE FINISHING AS FREDERICK WALKS IN.

FRED

(TAKING IT IN) Well, it doesn't have to be that tasteful.

MORK

It'll get people's attention, Dad. There's a gezon born every bleam.

FRED

Of course, everyone knows that.

FRED GOES BACK TO HIS COUNTER.

MORK

(TO MINDY) Now when the people come in, I'll grab them by the shniz and--

FRED

Hold it, hold it. You're not going around attacking my customers.

HE GRABS A PIECE OF CHALK AND DRAWS BORDERS AROUND THE DISPLAY.

FRED (CONT'D)

I'll let you sell the cards, but you  
have to stay within these lines.

HE GOES BACK TO HIS COUNTER.

MORK

Ah yes. Invisible force-field.

HE WALKS TO THE EDGE OF THE BORDER AND PRETENDS TO WALK INTO A  
WALL, THEN TRIES TO CLIMB OVER IT, ETC.

MINDY

Mork...

HE STOPS.

MINDY (CONT'D)

I think you'd better just show people  
the cards and let them decide.

MORK

Mork has a better idea. I'll do  
what the humans on TV do.

MINDY

You mean commercials? (CONSIDERS)  
Yeah, try that!

FREDERICK

Alright, Mindy. I don't want you  
taking time away from your duties-- I  
see some customers coming.

MINDY

(TO MORK) Good luck.

MORK

FronyEEP.

21.  
SHE WALKS TO HER COUNTER AS FOUR CUSTOMERS ENTER, A MAN AND A WOMAN GOING TO MINDY'S SIDE AND TWO WOMEN GOING TO FRED'S. MORK WHISTLES NONCHALANTLY AND SMILES WINNINGLY WHENEVER ONE OF THEM LOOKS HIS WAY. WHILE FRED HELPS ONE OF THE WOMEN, THE OTHER SNEAKS A LOOK AT MORK, CURIOUS ABOUT HIS STRANGE BEHAVIOR. MORK CONTINUES WHISTLING NONCHALANTLY. SHE INCHES TOWARD HIM. MORK MOVES AWAY A LITTLE. SHE COMES CLOSER. MORK GIVES HER A BIG SMILE. SHE STEPS OVER THE BORDER AND MORK WHIPS ON A COWBOY HAT HE'S BEEN HOLDING BEHIND HIS BACK.

MORK

(FAST-TALKING HICK USED-CAR SALESMAN)

Howdy, Ma'am and welcome to Mork's Card Emporium, where every card we sell is guaranteed to come from Mork's Card Emporium. (YELLS OFF TO SIDE) Yahoo!

(BACK TO THE WOMAN) What was that?

Don't worry; it's just another happy customer who's bought one of our brand-new greeting cards. (TAKES A CARD FROM DISPLAY) Take a gander at this model, little lady: the clean lines, the trim printing, (HE THWACKS IT) the solid construction. (WHIPS IT AWAY BEFORE SHE CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AND SLAMS IT BACK ON THE COUNTER) Maybe I'm nuts, but I think this is the best card your money can buy. And I'm not alone; just yesterday, my idiot boy Andy was sayin' "Paw yuuuuhhh briiinnnn" which means "Paw, that's the best card your money can buy!" But don't take his word for it-- take mine. Take the cards. Take out your wallet and put down one of those practically worthless dollars for one of these practically priceless cards. These are new cards, Ma'am;

(CONTINUED)

MORK (CONT'D)

not reconditioned, not re-finished, not even read until your eyes touch their surface. And with every card, we're givin' away free not two, not three, but ONE (HOLDS UP ENVELOPE) brand-new, totally-white envelope! Yes, these envelopes are virgin territory-- you can do anything you want with them. You can write on 'em, you can jump on 'em, you can crumple 'em up into tiny balls and throw 'em at your loved ones.

You--

HE TRAILS OFF, AS THE WOMAN HAS BEGUN TO STARE AT HIM INTENTLY.

MRS. TURNER

You're nuts!

SHE STARTS TO WALK OUT OF THE STORE; AS SHE LEAVES, SHE PASSES CORA, WHO IS JUST WALKING IN.

CORA

Hello, Mrs. Turner.

MRS. TURNER

Nuts!

SHE EXITS. CORA LOOKS AT HER AND THEN WALKS TO FRED'S COUNTER. SHE SPOTS MORK, WHO HAS PUT AWAY HIS HAT AND LOOKS COMPLETELY NORMAL.

MORK

Hello, Grandma Hudson.

CORA

Good morning, Mork. (TO FRED)

Looks like Phyllis Turner is hitting the sauce again.

ONE OF MINDY'S CUSTOMERS LEAVES. THE OTHER WOMAN AT FRED'S COUNTER MAKES HER PURCHASE AND BEGINS TO WALK OUT. AS SHE PASSES MORK, HE GIVES HER A LITTLE WAVE. CONFUSED, SHE GIVES A LITTLE WAVE BACK. SMILING, HE BECKONS HER OVER WITH HIS FINGER. SHE LOOKS BEHIND HER,  
(CONTINUED)

CONFIRMING HE MEANS HER, AND MOVES UNCERTAINLY OVER THE LINE. THE INSTANT SHE DOES, HE DONS A PAIR OF BLACK-FRAME GLASSES, A WHITE JACKET, AND GRABS A STOOL.

MORK

Excuse me, madam; I'm an ordinary citizen like yourself dressed to look like an important scientist. And you know that important scientists never lie unless they stand to make as much money as I'll make if you buy one of these Acme Triple-A Greeting Cards. (SHOWS CARD) Now, I know what you're thinking: "But Mr. Scientist, how do I know these greeting cards are everything you say they are?" Well, you should pay closer attention, because I haven't said they're anything yet. (PUTS THE STOOL IN FRONT OF HIM) I've written "Happy Birthday, Buzz" on this ordinary stool. (WE SEE THE WORDS WRITTEN THERE) Now I'll take these envelopes (TAKES ENVELOPES OUT OF HIS BACK POCKET) and attempt to mail both the card and the stool. (PUTS CARD IN ENVELOPE) See how the Acme card slips right into the envelope, making mailing a pleasure! (TRIES TO PUT STOOL IN ENVELOPE) But the stool is large and bulky-- it won't fit into the envelope, it wouldn't even fit into a small carton unless it was a large one. (THROWS STOOL AND ENVELOPE WITH CARD ON FLOOR) But convenience isn't everything; watch how the Acme card stands up to pressure. (HE JUMPS ON THE CARD) As I jump up and down,

(CONTINUED)

MORK (CONT'D)

my body weight and the Earth's gravitational pull add up to 14 MILLION pounds of pressure on this tiny card, (STOPS) more abuse than most cards get in a lifetime. (PICKS UP ENVELOPE, TAKES OUT CARD) But the Acme card is still in perfect condition; in fact, it's even flatter than before! (TAKES OUT SLEDGEHAMMER) But one tap of this sledgehammer (SMASHES STOOL TO PIECES) totally destroys the stool-- you can't even sit on it, much less read it.

Now, how about emotional stability?

(HOLDS CARD TO FACE) YOU STUPID CARD! No reaction! Each Acme Greeting Card undergoes years of rigorous psychological testing before being offered to you, the consumer. But watch this: (YELLS AT STOOL) YOU STUPID STOOL!

(KICKS STOOL) The stool moved away because it was frightened, unhappy; a sure sign that--

HE TRAILS OFF AS THE LADY WALKS BACK TO FRED'S COUNTER, WHERE HE AND CORA HAVE BEEN TALKING. SHE STANDS THERE, STARING AHEAD WITH GLAZED EYES.

FRED

(A BIT WORRIED) Yes, Mrs. Mitchell?

MRS. MITCHELL

(AS IF HYPNOTIZED) Yes Mrs. Mitchell.

FRED

Is there something wrong?

MRS. MITCHELL

No. I've had years of psychological testing...years of psychological testing...



SHE WALKS AWAY MUTTERING-- MINDY'S CUSTOMER ALSO LEAVES AS ANOTHER ONE COMES IN AND GOES TO HER COUNTER. MRS. MITCHELL PASSES MORK, WHO HAS PUT EVERYTHING AWAY.

MORK

(POLITELY) Would you like to buy a greeting card, Mrs. Mitchell?

HER EYES WIDEN, SHE STARTS TREMBLING; SHE SCREAMS AND RUNS OUT OF THE STORE.

MORK (CONT'D)

(TO FRED, PLAINTIVELY) What did I do wrong?

FRED

Nothing that I can see. I think Mrs. Mitchell is, uh, a bit under the weather.

CORA

I think Mrs. Mitchell had Mrs. Turner's leftovers.

FRED AND CORA GO BACK TO TALKING. MORK TAKES A CHAIR AND PUTS IT NEAR THE OUTER BORDER, FACING THE BOOTH. A MAN ENTERS THE STORE AND WALKS OUTSIDE THE BORDER. MORK GRABS A SIGN AND HOLDS IT UP TO HIM: "FREE TICKET TO PRIZE-WINNING DRAMA".

MAN

When does it start?

MORK TURNS THE SIGN OVER: "STARTS AS SOON AS YOU SIT DOWN".

MAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll take a ticket.

MORK HANDS HIM A TICKET, THEN RUNS BEHIND THE BOOTH AND PUTS THE JACKET ON BACKWARDS-- HE NOW LOOKS VAGUELY LIKE AN USHER. HE GOES UP TO THE MAN.

MORK

(CULTURED VOICE) May I help you, sir?

MAN

Uh, yes; I'm here to see the play.

MORK

That will be 10 dollars.

MAN

(HOLDING OUT TICKET) But you said this ticket was free!

MORK

(LOOKING AT TICKET, IMPRESSED) Ticket! I didn't know you had a ticket! Right this way, sir.

HE LEADS HIM AROUND IN CIRCLES, FINALLY BRINGING HIM TO THE CHAIR, A FOOT AWAY. THE MAN SITS AND MORK HANDS HIM A PROGRAM.

MORK (CONT'D)

Here's your program, sir.

MAN

(LOOKING AT IT) This is a program for My Fair Lady.

MORK

Ours haven't come in yet.

HE WALKS BEHIND THE COUNTER AND CROUCHES OUT OF SIGHT.

MORK (CONT'D)

(ANNOUNCER VOICE) Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews will not be appearing this evening, as they were not informed of the performance.

(COMES OUT, AS HUSBAND) Honey, I'm home! What's for dinner? (AS WIFE) We're out of food, dear, so I thought we'd read some greeting cards. (HUSBAND) Ordinary greeting cards? (WIFE) Not on your life! We'll be reading (HOLDS UP CARD) Acme Triple-A Greeting Cards! (AS KID) Daddy! Daddy! You're home!

(CONTINUED)

MORK (CONT'D)

(HUSBAND) Smart little fella. (SHAKES  
HANDS) And how's my little pal? (KID,  
GETTING HAND SHAKEN) I don't know, Daddy,  
but I'm swell! Is it true we're reading  
greeting cards for supper? (HUSBAND)  
That's right, son. (KID) Yaaay!

MORK RUSHES BACK TO BOOTH, HOLDS UP SIGN: "LATER THAT EVENING."

MORK (CONT'D)

(KID) Pass me another birthday card, Daddy. (HUSBAND) Okay, son, but no more. If you read too much, your eyes will fall out. (WIFE) Oh, Ted--you're such a card. (MORK LEAPS AWAY, THEN LEAPS BACK WITH A GROTESQUE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE) Yaaarrgghh!!! (WIFE) Oh no! It's Bertrand Snivel, the world-famous escaped lunatic! (AS SNIVEL) Yaargghh! Do you have any...greeting cards?

MORK GRABS A SIGN: "INTERMISSION." HE THEN TAKES SOME CARDS AND WALKS AROUND AS A VENDOR.

MORK (CONT'D)

Greeting cards, greeting cards. (HE STANDS BY THE MAN'S CHAIR AND SAYS NOTHING FOR A MOMENT, THEN LOOKS RIGHT AT HIM POINTEDLY) Greeting cards!

MAN

No thank you.

MORK IS DISAPPOINTED, BUT GOES BACK TO THE BOOTH AND HOLDS UP A SIGN: "ACT II."

MORK (CONT'D)

(AS SNIVEL, HOLDING OUT HIS HAND AS IF IT WERE A GUN) Give me your greeting cards or the kid gets it! (AS KID, MORK HOLDING "GUN" TO HIS OWN HEAD AND TREMBLING FEARFULLY) (WIFE) All right, you unscrupulous scum. Take our cards! (SHE "GIVES" HIM ONE FROM HER POCKET AND HE RIPS IT UP VICIOUSLY.

(MORK)

MORK (CONT'D)

MORK IMITATES A POLICE SIREN, THEN A CAR SCREECHING TO A HALT) (AS POLICEMAN)  
Excuse me, we've gotten reports there's an Acme Greeting Card being abused in here. (WIFE, POINTING) Look out, Officer! (SNIVEL, WAVING "GUN") Yaarrgghh!  
(POLICEMAN) Don't worry; that's not a gun-- it's just his hand. (SNIVEL) Yaarr---  
(REALIZES IT'S NOT A GUN AND SNAPS HIS FINGERS DISAPPOINTEDLY)

FRED FINALLY NOTICES WHAT'S HAPPENING AND WALKS OVER.

MORK (CONT'D)

(POLICEMAN) Yer comin' with me, Snivel.  
(KID) Yaaaay! Will he die now, Daddy?  
(HUSBAND) Yes he will, son, just like anyone who hurts or ignores an Acme Triple-A Greeting Card!

THE MAN STANDS UP.

MAN

You call that a play?

HE STALKS OUT.

FRED

Okay, Mork, that's enough.

MORK

(DISAPPOINTED) He never got to see the sequel.

MINDY'S CUSTOMER LEAVES AND SHE COMES OVER.

FRED

(TO MINDY) Mork should pay people to take these cards. He'd have to pay them about fifty bucks a...Hold it!

MORK

(TO MINDY) How much is fifty bucks-a-hold-it?

MINDY

(TO FRED, ENCOURAGINGLY) Are you having a brainstorm?

CORA

More likely scattered showers with him.

FRED

What if we did pay people to take them! We could put a \$50 bill in one of the cards and hold a raffle!

MINDY

A raffle! Everyone'll buy a card hoping to get rich!

CORA

Not a bad idea, Fred.

MORK

It's great! Now where do we buy a raffle?

EVERYONE GIVES HIM A LOOK.

DISSOLVE TO:

H

INT. MUSIC STORE - LATER.

SHOT OF SIGN: "BUY A BOX OF GREETING CARDS -- YOU MAY WIN \$50.00!!!" CUT TO SHOT OF STORE WITH LOTS OF PEOPLE IN THE PROCESS OF LEAVING. TILWICK IS AMONG THEM, DISGUISED IN A HIPPIE WIG BUT STILL WEARING HIS COWBOY HAT. HE REMAINS UNNOTICED IN A CORNER.

MORK

Sorry, all gone now. Come again.

MAN 2

(LOOKING AT CARD AS HE LEAVES)

"Heard You Lost Your Coat...?"

FRED, MINDY, AND CORA COME OVER TO MORK.

FRED

How'd you do?

MORK

We wiped up, Dad.

MINDY

(TO FRED) We did great too. We sold more today than all last month.

FRED

I guess this whole thing turned out pretty well. Mork got his thousand

FRED (CONT'D)

and we even made a little extra.  
Maybe Mork and I should go into  
business more often.

MORK COMES OVER AND CUDDLES UP TO HIM LIKE A PUPPY.

FRED (CONT'D)

On the other hand-- (HE STOPS)  
Do you hear something?

WE HEAR A HEAVY RHYTHMIC STOMPING NOISE, WHICH SEEMS TO BE  
GETTING CLOSER.

MORK

(A LITTLE SCARED) It sounds like  
a jelly bean.

FRED & MINDY

(SIMULTANEOUSLY) A jelly bean?

MORK

Yes. On Ork, a jelly bean is a  
horrible monster fifty blebs long  
with vicious fangs and sharp claws.

MINDY

On Earth, a jelly bean is a piece of  
candy.

MORK

Isn't language wonderful?

WE HEAR AN OFF-STAGE SCREAM.

ROGER (O.S.)

'Scuze.

THE DOOR OPENS: IT'S ROGER AND CONNIE.



CONNIE

Good afternoon, all. I've come  
for my money.

MORK

(GIVING IT TO HER) It's all here,  
Connie. One thousand dollars.

CONNIE

One thousand dollars? But I gave you  
an extra week to pay me at 50% interest.  
Now, you owe another thousand.

MORK

But I don't have one thou--

ROGER MOVES INTO SHAKING POSITION.

MORK (CONT'D)

...Have a nice day.

MINDY

You never said anything about interest!

CONNIE

Not in so many words. Do I have  
to spell everything out?

FRED

(STEPPING FORWARD) Just a minute here.  
I'm Mindy's father and I won't have you  
threatening her while I'm around.

ROGER STEPS UP TO HIM.

FRED (CONT'D)

So, uh, I'll just be moving along now...

MORK INDICATES TO FRED AND MINDY THAT EVERYTHING WILL SOON BE  
UNDER CONTROL. WITH A CONFIDENT SWAGGER, HE WALKS UP TO ROGER  
AND, HOLDING HIMSELF "BACK" BY THE COLLAR, GROWLS LIKE A DOG.

MORK

Grrr!!

ROGER

(BARKS VICIOUSLY) RARRFF!!!

MORK SHUFFLES AWAY WHIMPERING. SUDDENLY, THE DISGUISED TILWICK TURNS AROUND AND TAKES OUT HIS GUN.

TILWICK

Alright; this has gone far enough.

CONNIE

(APPRAISING HIS GET-UP) If you just got a sex-change operation, I think you should demand a refund.

TILWICK

(TAKING OFF WIG) I'm a policeman and  
(TO ROGER) I'm booking you for harrassment  
and (TO CONNIE) you for tryin' to charge  
too much interest.

HE MOTIONS THEM TOWARDS THE DOOR AND THEY BEGIN TO LEAVE.

CONNIE

How embarrassing. We haven't been  
arrested for months!

TILWICK

C'mon, let's go.

CONNIE, ROGER, AND TILWICK EXIT. MORK IS WRITING ON A CARD.

MINDY

(TO MORK) I thought all the cards  
were gone.

MORK

Just one left. I'm sending it to  
Connie.

FRED COMES OVER.

FRED

What's it say?

MORK

"Best wishes for a pleasant jail term."

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO