

MORK AND MINDY,

"The Latent Thespian"

by David Misch

SECOND DRAFT  
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MORK AND MINDY

"The Latent Thespian"

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. MINDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON THE WICKER TABLE IN THE LIVING ROOM ARE A BUNSON BURNER, THREE GLASS VIALS, AND A FEW OTHER ITEMS OF LABORATORY EQUIPMENT. STEAM IS COMING UP FROM THE VIALS AS MORK WORKS AND MINDY LOOKS ON.

MINDY

I'm so tense. I can't believe it!

MORK

(HARD AT WORK) There's nothing to worry about. It's a very simple process.

MINDY

Making gold out of masking tape? You call that simple?

MORK

One of our most basic chemical equations. You just have to make sure you use the right amount of milk.

MINDY

I still can't believe it. We'll be rich!

MORK

Zebida. (MEANS "RIGHT") You should have told me sooner that gold was valuable.

(POURING ONE VIAL INTO ANOTHER) There!

(POURING THE CONTENTS INTO A BOWL) And now we have...

MINDY

(LOOKING IN THE BOWL) Very sticky milk.

MORK

Hmmm. Must be this primitive equipment. Do you have an atomic accelerator?

MINDY

Not on me.

MORK

No problem; we'll build one. Let's see, I'll need some plaster, some glue, three tons of uranium...

THE DOORBELL RINGS. MINDY GOES TO GET IT.

MINDY

I'm fresh out of uranium.

MORK

Oh! Then we'll just make some. Get me a large fry-pan, three ounces of unrefined sugar, a can of tennis balls...

MINDY OPENS THE DOOR: IT'S SUSAN TAYLOR.

SUSAN

Mindy Mindy Mindy...

MINDY

(AS SUSAN SWEEPS BY HER) I've shortened my name. Now it's just "Mindy".

SUSAN

And Mork, my sweet.

MORK

Do you have any tennis balls?

SUSAN

Heavens, no. I refuse to play any sport that involves sweat.

MORK

(THINKING) Oh. Maybe I could use tomatoes instead.

SUSAN

I should think they would mess up the tennis racket.

LOST IN THOUGHT, MORK GOES TO THE KITCHEN. DURING THE FOLLOWING, HE TAKES TWO TOMATOES OUT OF THE REFRIGERATOR AND PUTS THEM IN A FRYING PAN, THEN TURNS ON THE HEAT.

MINDY

Susan, to what do we owe your visit?

SUSAN

Great news, great news! As you know, every year I star in a theatrical production at the Boulder Community Playhouse...

MINDY

Which is owned by your uncle.

SUSAN

Yes, and it's always THE event of the season. We give the money to some adorable starving orphans, but this year, they refuse to deal with me! Unless I find another producer, we'll have to cancel the show.



MORK

(PUZZLED) I don't understand how you  
can know people who are hungry.

SUSAN

What do you mean?

MORK

Mindy says everyone who knows you  
is always fed up.

MINDY

(COVERING) Uh, that certainly is bad  
news about the show not going on.

MORK

(SADLY) Those poor orphans...

SUSAN

It's tragic. When I look in their  
sad little eyes and think they might  
not see me perform this year...

MINDY

You're a very sensitive person.

(REALIZING) Wait a minute-- do you  
want me to produce the play?

MORK

And help the orphans? Oh Mindy,  
that's wonderful!

MINDY

Wouldn't it be a lot of work?

SUSAN

A couple hours at most.

MINDY

And what will you be doing?

SUSAN

Mine is the awesome responsibility of finding a co-star. We're doing Cinderella this year, so I need a Prince Charming. Someone untouched by the jealousies and spitefulness of the show business world. Someone fresh, young, unspoiled...

MORK HAS TURNED OFF THE HEAT AND HOLDS UP TWO WRINKLED TOMATOES.

MORK

Perfect!

HE PUTS THE TOMATOES IN A BOWL ON THE COUNTER AND STARTS PREPARING THEM WITH OTHER INGREDIENTS.

SUSAN

(TO MINDY) Look at his natural grace...

Listen to his elegant diction...

MORK HUMS TO HIMSELF IN ORKAN.

MINDY

Mork? That's ridiculous! Why don't you use...(THINKING)...Jim Peterson, or...Bill Burnett?

SUSAN

Bill Burnett?! That ham!

MINDY

But Mork doesn't know anything about acting; you'll have to carry the whole thing yourself.

SUSAN

Well, the play is entitled Cinderella, not The Prince Charming Story.

(TO MORK) Mork, dear!

MORK STOPS HIS WORK AND GOES TO HER.

MORK

Susan, my sweet.

SUSAN

How would you feel about working  
in the theater?

MORK

Could I have my own flashlight?

SUSAN

I mean acting. Would you like to  
perform in a play?

MORK

Sure.

SUSAN

Wonderful. (HANDING HIM A CARD)

Here's where we rehearse.

MORK

Nice, but small.

SUSAN

Just go to that address next Monday  
at noon.

SUSAN BEGINS TO LEAVE.

MINDY

Wait a minute, I haven't agreed to  
do it.

SUSAN

Mindy, I'm shocked.

SUSAN PULLS A PHOTO OUT OF HER PURSE AND SHOWS IT TO THEM.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Can you turn your back on these poor  
minority persons?

MINDY

I thought they were starving orphans.

SUSAN

Whatever.

MORK

Oh Mindy, look how unhappy they are.

Especially that one Susan's hugging.

MINDY

All right, all right, I'll give it a try. (TO SUSAN) I guess you're doing something good in spite of yourself.

SUSAN

How sweet of you to think so. (TO MORK)

See you onstage.

SUSAN EXITS. MINDY STANDS THERE GRIMACING UNHAPPILY. MORK LOOKS UP FROM HIS WORK, STOPS, AND GOES TO HER.

MORK

Are you mad?

MINDY PUTS ON A BIG FALSE SMILE.

MINDY

Do I look mad?

MORK EXAMINES HER CLOSELY.

MORK

Nope.

HE STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

MINDY

Mork! I'm mad.

MORK

Oh.

MINDY

I don't know anything about producing a play, but if I don't do it, I'm gonna have those kids on my conscience. And she only wants you so she'll have someone to upstage. Have you ever read Cinderella?

MORK

No. The only books on my Earth Preparation List were The Bible, The Torah, and Cheryl Tiegs: The Early Years.

DURING THE FOLLOWING, SMOKE BEGINS RISING FROM THE BOWL ON THE COUNTER.

MINDY

Well, you better find out everything you can about Prince Charming. Try to imagine what his life was like. Then maybe you could... (NOTICING SMOKE)  
Is that smoke?

MORK

Ah! My tennis balls are ready.

HE GOES TO THE BOWL.

MINDY

What?

MORK

I'm making tennis balls out of tomatoes, to use instead of uranium to build the atomic accelerator to make the gold.

MINDY

Oh. I should have guessed.

MORK

There we are.

HE TAKES TWO REDDISH TENNIS BALLS OUT OF THE BOWL AND BRINGS THEM TO MINDY.

MINDY

That's incredible! I don't know  
what good it is, but you've actually  
made tennis balls out of tomatoes!

MORK HAPPILY BOUNCES THE TENNIS BALLS-- WHICH SQUASH ON THE FLOOR LIKE TOMATOES. ON THEIR EXPRESSIONS, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

B

INT. MUSIC STORE - ONE WEEK LATER

MINDY AND CORA ARE TALKING WHILE FRED LISTENS IN AND CUSTOMERS BROWSE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE STORE.

MINDY

(HARRASSED) ---and I finally got someone to make the posters, but I just couldn't find a director. So I got Mr. Bickley.

CORA

That man who lives downstairs from you?

MINDY

Yeah. He agreed to do it for fifty dollars.

CORA

You're paying him to do something for charity? What theater experience has he had?

MINDY

Not too much, but he said he's seen every commercial Laurence Olivier ever made.

FRED

And Mork is one of the leads? Your only hope is that the theater burns down.

MINDY

C'mon, Dad. We've been rehearsing together a lot. He really wants to do well.

CORA

I don't think you dislike Mork as much as you make out.

FRED

Dislike? What's to dislike about a man who travels sixty billion light-years to sleep with your daughter?

MINDY

We're not sleeping together! You make me feel horrible for just being with a guy.

FRED

You're not just being with a guy-- you're living with a creature from outer space! When I was growing up, we didn't put alien beings in our attics; we ran screaming from the room and threw bombs at them.

THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN WITH A FLOURISH AND MORK WALKS IN.  
FRED MAKES A BOMB-WHISTLE NOISE.

MORK

(WITH DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ACCENT)

Good morrow, gentle Daddy, fair Grandma,

(MORE)



MORK (CONT'D)

and yon Mindy. Perchance the cock doth  
crow a chorale upon your radiant visages  
to swell, methinks, my beating breast.

FRED

(SARCASTIC) Hi.

MORK

In saying "Hi", is there, mayhaps, the  
slightest twit of my lingo heard? Nay,  
'tis untrue, for thou knowest I am but  
a babe in the woods of thespian endeavor.

CORA

You've been reading more than just Cinderella.

MORK

My research led me to noble Shakespeare  
and the like. There did I perceive  
muchly of myself, Prince Charming, and  
my kin. I was born five and twenty  
years ago and, then again, two months  
later. April saw the birth of my  
identical twin sister, Babs Charming.

FRED

"Babs Charming"?

MINDY

Give him a chance, Dad.

MORK

Thankee, fair Mindred.

MINDY

"Mindred"?

MORK

Although thrust apart at birth by a  
freak storm which scorched our socks  
to their very roots, we search the  
world through for our identical twin  
brother, Phil Charming, and---

A CUSTOMER COMES OVER, WONDERING WHAT'S GOING ON, AND FRED  
SHUSHES MORK.

FRED

Mork...

MORK

(OFFENDED; REGALLY) PRINCE...Charming.

FRED STARTS TO GET MAD AND MINDY DRAGS MORK AWAY TO THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE STORE.

MINDY

I think you better stop all this.

MORK

(HURT) Prithee why?

MINDY

Among other things, the story you've  
got for Prince Charming is ridiculous.

MORK

(NORMAL VOICE) You mean he's older  
than twenty-five?

MINDY

I was thinking more about his identical twin sister, Babs. Was that from your research?

MORK

It was an inspired guess.

MINDY

Well, I'm afraid this "living the part" business was a bad idea. Just be yourself at the rehearsal. Mr. Bickley will tell you what to do...I hope.

MORK

Don't worry, Mindy; just remember those orphans! Anyway, I know what's upsetting you-- it was the accent, wasn't it?

MINDY

No, it's just that---

MORK

How about this... (AS OLD JEWISH MAN)

To be or not to be; oy vay, is dat a question! To die, to sleep...With all the racket going on around here, to sleep is out of the question. To suffer slings and arrows-- you call that noble? Hah! And don't forget, neither a borrower or a lender be, but try to buy on credit...

AS HE CONTINUES, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

C

INT. THE THEATER (STAGE) - ONE WEEK LATER

THE STAGE IS BARE EXCEPT FOR SOME CHAIRS AND A TABLE ON WHICH ARE PLACED A FEW SCRIPTS. ANN JOHNSTON (A WOMAN IN HER LATE TWENTIES) AND SISTER IRENE (A NUN BY AND IN HABIT) ARE SITTING IN CHAIRS LISTENING TO AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN SUSAN AND BICKLEY, WHICH HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME.

BICKLEY

I'm sorry; Cinderella just can't be onstage during that scene.

SUSAN

Oh, you're so traditional. Be creative!  
Maybe we could put my photograph on the wall.

BICKLEY

They didn't have photographs then!

SUSAN

My, my, my; we're quite the stickler for detail, aren't we?

MORK AND MINDY WALK OUT CAUTIOUSLY; MORK LOOKS AROUND WONDERINGLY.

MORK

(TO MINDY) This is much different than

MORK (CONT'D)

I thought it would be.

MINDY

In what way?

MORK

On Ork, all our entertainments are held at the bottom of a huge pit.

MINDY

Isn't it hard to see anything?

MORK

Yes, but we Orkans really get off on frustration.

BICKLEY

(SPOTTING THEM) Oh, hello! Mork and Mindy... (INDICATING IRENE) This is Sister Irene.

MORK

Funny, she doesn't look anything like you.

MINDY

(TO MORK, SOTTO) She runs the orphanage.

IRENE

I really must thank you for what you're doing.

MORK

Standing around? I'd do that for anyone.

IRENE

(LAUGHING) Oh, you theater people... But really, we're so grateful for your help.

MINDY

It's our pleasure.

MORK HAS BEEN STARING AT IRENE.

MORK

(TO IRENE) Love your suit. Is that from Mel's Penguin Heaven?

BICKLEY

And this is Ann Johnston. She's playing the stepmother.

ANN

Hi. (INTRIGUED, TO MORK) I've never seen you here before.

MORK

Lucky for you; I've never been here.

SUSAN

(TO MINDY) Shouldn't you be out pasting up posters or something?

MINDY

I came to give Mork some moral support.

IRENE

Hold on there; that's my racket!

THEY LAUGH.

BICKLEY

All right, let's get going...

MINDY AND IRENE CROSS TO SOME CHAIRS ON THE SIDE AND SIT DOWN AS BICKLEY GIVES MORK A SCRIPT.

BICKLEY (CONT'D)

Here's your script. We're going to rehearse the last scene first.

MINDY

(BRIGHTLY) Oh, that's interesting.

Why do you do it that way?

BICKLEY

(SOURLY) So I can get to the end quicker.

BICKLEY TAKES A GOLD-PAINTED SLIPPER FROM THE TABLE AND HANDS IT TO MORK.

BICKLEY (CONT'D)

Now take this slipper and go over there.

(HE MOTIONS OFF-STAGE) Pretend you're outside a door and when I say "cue", pretend to knock.

MORK

Right, boss.

MORK PUTS THE SLIPPER IN HIS BACK POCKET AND EXITS OFF-STAGE.

BICKLEY

(POSITIONING THEM) Now Ann, you go here, and Susan, here. All right,

Mork: cue! (SILENCE) ...Cue!

(SILENCE) ...Mork!

MORK COMES OUT, KNOCKING HIS HAND IN THE AIR.

MORK

(EARNESTLY) See? I was pretending  
to knock.

BICKLEY

Make a noise.

MORK

(SCREAMING) Aaargh!!!

BICKLEY

A knocking noise.

MORK

Oh.

MORK GOES BACK OFF-STAGE.

BICKLEY

Cue!

THERE IS A KNOCKING NOISE.

ANN

"Who is it?"

MORK (O.S.)

(IN A DULL, FLAT VOICE) "It is I,  
Prince Charming."

ANN

"The Prince! Cinderella, get thee  
hence!"

MORK (O.S.)

That's okay, I brought some hence with  
me. Onk! Onk!

BICKLEY

Mork!

MORK COMES OUT SHEEPISHLY.



MORK

I was improvising.

BICKLEY

Don't.

MORK

Right, boss.

HE EXITS.

BICKLEY

(TO ANN) Take it from "Get thee hence".

ANN

"Cinderella, get thee hence!"

SUSAN

"Yes, Mother."

SUSAN WALKS OVER TO WHERE MINDY IS SITTING WHILE ANN OPENS THE IMAGINARY DOOR TO LET MORK IN. MORK SPEAKS IN THE SAME LACKLUSTER VOICE AS BEFORE.

MORK

"Good woman, I wish to make a small test, which requires you to wear this golden slipper."

HE TAKES OUT THE SLIPPER.

ANN

"I have heard, my Lord, of your test, which you give to all the fairest maidens in the land, and I can tell you now, I am she for whom you seek."

MORK

(STARING AT HER FEET AND THE SLIPPER)

Are you kidding? Those things wouldn't fit in the shoebox!

MINDY MAKES FRANTIC "GET ON WITH IT!" MOTIONS AS BICKLEY SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SUSAN WATCHES SMUGLY.

ANN

"Give me the slipper!"

SHE GRABS THE SLIPPER FROM MORK.

MORK

(ASIDE) "How roughly she treats my  
angel's footwear!" (TO BICKLEY)

This guy's really into shoes, isn't he?

BICKLEY

All right, hold it. Uh, Mork, I think  
we may have some problems here...

SUSAN HAS BEEN LISTENING AND COMES OVER.

SUSAN

Give him a chance, Frank. I think  
he's doing very well.

BICKLEY

I had a feeling you'd say that.

SUSAN

Mr. Bickley! What are you implying?

MINDY GOES TO MORK WHILE SUSAN AND BICKLEY ARGUE.

MINDY

Mork, what's wrong?

MORK

Nothing. You told me not to act like  
Prince Charming.

MINDY

In the music store! You can do it now.

MORK

Oh!

BICKLEY

Okay, let's try a different place. Page  
61, Prince Charming and Cinderella.

AS THEY TURN TO THE RIGHT PAGE, SUSAN COMFORTS MORK.

SUSAN

You're doing just fine.

MORK

Thanks, so are you.

THEY BEGIN.

SUSAN

"You humble me, sir, with your talk.

Surely you are having a jest on my

account."

FROM THIS POINT ON, MORK REALLY ACTS, SPEAKING AGAIN IN A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH ACCENT.

MORK

"No! I speak from my heart!"

SUSAN IS TAKEN ABACK BY HIS PASSION, BUT GOES ON.

SUSAN

"If that is true, of what purpose is

that slipper? Come to me."

MORK MOVES CLOSE TO HER, STARING FERVENTLY INTO HER EYES, SO THAT SHE IS REALLY THROWN.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

"There...did you not see something?"

MORK

"Something, indeed, that stirs me deeply. Something that reminds me of that night so long ago when a witch-- no, an angel!-- stole my heart. When worldly matters seemed suspended and I felt within me a love so shattering that I almost faint to think on it!"

THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

MINDY

Mork...That was beautiful.

MORK

(STILL IN CHARACTER) Why do you think they call me Charming?

BICKLEY

(TO MORK) Amazing! You're going to be the hit of the show.

SUSAN

You mean you're going to let him get away with that...overacting?

BICKLEY

He was brilliant! And you know it.

SUSAN

All I know is that I won't appear on the same stage with that egotistical ham. I quit! And since it's my uncle's theater, that means there's no show!

SHE STOMPS OUT. BICKLEY, ANN, AND IRENE LOOK DISCOURAGED, MINDY LOOKS CRUSHED, AND MORK LOOKS UNCERTAIN.

IRENE

That's very unfortunate. She certainly is a...(SEARCHING FOR WORD) high-strung woman.

BICKLEY

I'd sure like to string her up.

MORK

(TO MINDY) I guess we're in trouble.

MINDY

We sure are. No theater, no show...

(MORE)

MORK

Well, no wonder. Everything revolves  
around her!

BICKLEY STARES AT MORK BALEFULLY.

BICKLEY

You know what I like about you, Mork?

You drive me to drink.

AS HE GOES TO THE REFRIGERATOR, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

E

INT. THE THEATER (BACKSTAGE) - TWELVE DAYS LATER

THE SET IS A SMALL BACKSTAGE AREA, RIGHT NEXT TO THE ONSTAGE AREA. FRED AND BICKLEY ARE WATCHING THE UNSEEN ONSTAGE ACTION-- WE HEAR APPLAUSE-- AS MINDY WALKS IN.

MINDY

I just got the receipts-- a complete  
sell-out!

FRED

That's wonderful, honey.

BICKLEY

Can I have my money now?

MINDY

(TO BICKLEY) You did a tremendous  
job; everything's gone great.

FRED

And I have to admit, Mork's been very  
impressive.

BICKLEY

Too impressive.

MINDY

(TO FRED) Mr. Bickley told Mork to forget about the cuts Susan made in his part.

BICKLEY

I think she's going to try and sabotage him.

FRED

Why would she do that?

BICKLEY

Because if he looks bad, she looks good. And there's a theater critic in the audience.

MINDY

And Mork has no ego-- he'll let her get away with anything.

BICKLEY

Well, I told him at intermission, "Don't let her push you around. Make sure that you're seen and heard."

MINDY

What'd he say?

BICKLEY

"Na-no, na-no." I've been meaning to ask you---

FRED

(LOOKING OUT AT STAGE) Shhh-- Susan's about to make her entrance.

CUT TO:

H

INT. THE THEATER (STAGE) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

YOUR BASIC CINDERELLA SET: THE INTERIOR OF A RUSTIC COTTAGE, FEATURING A RUSTIC FIREPLACE, A RUSTIC CHAIR, AND A PRIMITIVE, IF NOT RUSTIC, TABLE. THE CHAIR IS PLACED BETWEEN A WALL AND THE TABLE. MORK AND ANN ARE ONSTAGE, THE FORMER IN A STANDARD COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE-ISSUE "PRINCE CHARMING" OUTFIT (SPARKLY WHITE JACKET, TIGHTS, BOOTS), THE LATTER IN AN "EVIL STEPMOTHER" COSTUME THAT IS...OH, RUSTIC. AS WE JOIN THEM, ANN IS STRUGGLING WITH THE SLIPPER.

ANN

(STRUGGLING) This cannot be the  
right slipper.

MORK

Enough of this! You are not the  
woman I seek. My long journey has  
been for naught.

SUSAN MAKES A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE, DRESSED IN RAGS THAT SEEM TO HAVE COME FROM FREDERICK'S OF BOULDER. HER SKIRT IS LIKE THE LARGE "HOOP SKIRTS" WORN BY VICTORIAN LADIES AND, INCONGRUOUSLY, SHE CARRIES A LARGE FAN. HER HAIR AND FACE ARE MADE UP AS GLAMOROUSLY AS EVER AND THE ONLY CLUE THAT SHE IS PORTRAYING A RAGAMUFFIN IS AN ARTFULLY DRAWN SMUDGE MARK ON HER CHEEK.

SUSAN

Wait! There is one you have not yet  
tried.



ANN

Cinderella! Go back in the cellar  
with the rats and the cinders.

MORK

But good woman, I am bound to try the  
golden slipper on every foot in the land.

ANN

Oh! I cannot be witness to such things!

SHE EXITS. SUSAN CROSSES TO MORK AND HOLDS THE FAN DIRECTLY  
IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.

SUSAN

My Lord, it is an honor to see you.

MORK PEEKS OUT FROM BEHIND THE FAN.

MORK

What is it they call you? "Cinderella"?

AS SHE SPEAKS, SUSAN PUSHES MORK INTO THE CHAIR.

SUSAN

Yes, alas. My cruel stepmother forces  
me to do many mean and trying tasks.

But I am obedient to her every wish.

MORK IS NOW SITTING.

MORK

You intrigue me, girl. I have, of  
course, never met you, and yet...

SUSAN

Yet what, my Lord?

SUSAN MOVES IN FRONT OF HIM, FACING THE AUDIENCE, AND HER VOLUMINOUS  
SKIRT TOTALLY OBSCURES MORK AND MUFFLES HIS VOICE. DURING THE  
FOLLOWING SPEECHES, MORK ATTEMPTS TO BE HEARD BY MOVING ONE WAY  
AND THEN THE OTHER; SUSAN ALWAYS MOVES TO BLOCK HIM.

MORK

(MUFFLED) Yet I sense that my soul  
has already been stirred by yours, in

(MORK)

MORK (CONT'D)

some other time and place.

SUSAN

What's that you say? I thought we had never met.

MORK

(MUFFLED) So I believed. But there is something about your eyes, your hair, that radiant face...

SUSAN

You humble me, sir, with your talk. Surely you are having a jest on my account.

SUSAN SUDDENLY LOOKS SURPRISED, THEN LOOKS DOWN AND SEES MORK EMERGING FROM UNDERNEATH HER SKIRT.

MORK

No! I speak from my heart!

SUSAN

(REGAINING CONTROL) If that is true, of what purpose is the slipper? Come to me.

MORK ATTEMPTS TO STAND CLOSE TO HER, BUT IS REPELLED BY HER SKIRT. SUSAN GIVES HIM A DISPARAGING LOOK.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Come to me!

MORK TRIES AGAIN, BUT TO NO AVAIL.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(COMMANDINGLY) COME TO ME!!

MORK SHRUGS AND PUSHES HARD AGAINST THE SKIRT, WHICH RISES UP IN BACK, REVEALING SUSAN'S POSTERIOR TO THE ASSEMBLAGE.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(DESPERATELY TRYING TO REGAIN CONTROL)

There, did you not see something?

MORK

Something, indeed, that stirs me deeply.

Something that reminds me of---

SUSAN

(PUTTING HER HAND OVER HIS MOUTH) Stop!

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

Something that reminds you of that night  
so long ago when a witch-- no, an angel!--  
stole your heart.

MORK

Yes...When worldly matters---

SUSAN

(PUTTING HER HAND OVER HIS MOUTH AGAIN)

To you, worldly matters must have seemed  
suspended---

MORK

(BREAKING FREE) Yeah, and I felt within  
me---

SUSAN

(INTERRUPTING) ---a love so shattering---

MORK

STOP!!! (REGALLY) You dare to interrupt  
the Prince?!?

SUSAN IS GENUINELY INTIMIDATED. CLOSE-UP ON MORK.

MORK (CONT'D)

I was saying...that to me, worldly matters  
seemed suspended and I felt within me a  
love so shattering that I almost faint  
to think on it!

MORK FINISHES WITH A FLORISH, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT SUSAN HAS  
WALKED OFF THE STAGE DURING HIS SPEECH. HE LOOKS AROUND  
UNCERTAINLY AND CONTINUES.

MORK (CONT'D)

But... 'tis time for the test.

SEEING NO HELP IN SIGHT, HE JUMPS OVER TO WHERE SUSAN WAS STANDING AND IMITATES HER.

MORK (CONT'D)

(AS SUSAN/CINDERELLA) Is true love  
fit for such trials?

HE JUMPS BACK TO HIS OWN PLACE AND HOLDS OUT THE SLIPPER.

MORK (CONT'D)

(AS PRINCE) We shall see, with this  
slipper. Sit you down, Cinderella.

HE ACTS AS IF HE'S WATCHING ANOTHER PERSON PLOP INTO A CHAIR.

MORK (CONT'D)

And now, extend that lovely limb that  
I may see the recipient of my hopes.

HE JUMPS INTO THE CHAIR AND, PULLING UP HIS TIGHTS, REVEALS A HAIRY ANKLE, BATTING HIS EYELASHES FETCHINGLY AS HE DOES. HE THEN JUMPS UP AGAIN TO BE THE PRINCE.

MORK (CONT'D)

As pure and gentle a sight as these  
eyes have seen.

JUMPING BACK INTO THE CHAIR, HE ATTEMPTS HOPELESSLY TO PUT ON THE SLIPPER, THEN JUMPS UP AGAIN, AS THE PRINCE.

MORK (CONT'D)

Praise God! A perfect fit! I beg you,  
Cinderella...let these lips touch thine!

HE REALIZES HE'S STUMPED. HE BEGINS TO TENTATIVELY PUCKER, NOT REALLY KNOWING WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO.

CUT TO:

J

INT. THE THEATER (BACKSTAGE) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

BICKLEY AND MINDY ARE FRANTIC ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENED.

BICKLEY

Oh, we're doomed, we're doomed! Those  
~~people~~  
kids are gonna kill us!

MINDY

There must be something we can do to  
help him...

BICKLEY

(NOT REALLY LISTENING TO HER) Is this  
the end of Franklin Bickley? To be  
torn apart by orphans?

MINDY

Wait a minute-- I know the part!  
I could do it!

BICKLEY

Yes, that's right...

MINDY

Only I'm too scared. I've never  
performed...I could never actually  
go out there...

BICKLEY

Well, that's an easy problem to solve.

MINDY

It is?

BICKLEY

Sure. Just turn around...

MINDY TURNS TOWARDS THE STAGE AND BICKLEY PUSHES HER OUT.

CUT TO:

K

INT. THE THEATER (STAGE) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

MINDY COMES ONSTAGE AND MORK IS OVERJOYED. SHE'S NERVOUS,  
BUT HE COMES TO HER AND HOLDS HER HANDS.

MORK

Oh, Cinderella! Is it true we are  
at last together? After the others  
who tried to take your place?

MINDY

It must be true, ~~else~~ else I would not  
be so happy.

MORK

When I left my home so far away, I  
could not have believed that you  
would be my journey's end.

MINDY

And when I first met you and saw  
the differences between us, I had  
little thought of love. Yet since

(MORE)

MINDY (CONT'D)

that time, I have dreamt of you every night.

MORK

My heart before was empty. I knew nothing of love and so could not even dream of you. And now I live for no one else.

MINDY

But I am a simple village girl. My ways and customs will seem very strange to you.

MORK

As will mine to you. It is true, we are from different worlds. But in love, we are as one.

THEY KISS AND THE CURTAIN FALLS.

DISSOLVE TO:



L

INT. THE THEATER (STAGE) - A FEW MINUTES LATER

FRED, CORA, BICKLEY, ANN, IRENE, AND ASSORTED ONLOOKERS ARE CONGRATULATING MORK AND MINDY.

FRED

I was so proud of you up there, Mindy.

CORA

(TO MORK) And you looked so handsome!

MORK

I wish they'd let me wear my suspenders.

IRENE

I thought it was heavenly, and that's a professional opinion.

FRED

(TO MINDY) How'd you ever get the courage to do that?

BICKLEY

I talked her into it. She knew the part from rehearsing with Mork, and they seem to have a good rapport...

CORA

(WINKING) A very good rapport...

EVERYONE LAUGHS, THEN THERE IS A COMMOTION AND THEN SILENCE  
AS SUSAN MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD. SHE IS TEARY-EYED.

SUSAN

(TO ONE THEN THE OTHER) Mork, Mindy,  
Mork, Mindy...It was beautiful. I've  
never seen anything so romantic.  
I was going to apologize for my  
inexcusable behavior but you two were  
so wonderful, I'm almost glad I did it.

MINDY

(AMAZED) That's very nice of you,  
Susan.

SUSAN

I mean it, I really do. I've been  
nothing but trouble to all of you  
and I promise, next year will be  
different.

BICKLEY

Why is that?

SUSAN

We're doing a one-woman production  
of Joan Of Arc.

MORK

Oh! Can I be the arc?

SUSAN

I think you and Mindy will be too  
busy living happily ever after. Ta-ta!

SHE EXITS. EVERYONE STARTS TALKING, LEAVING MORK AND MINDY  
BY THEMSELVES.

MORK

What did she mean by that?

MINDY

(BLUSHING AND TURNING ASIDE) It's part of the Cinderella legend. At the end, they get married and live happily ever after.

MORK STARES AT HER CURIOUSLY.

MORK

Mindy, are you secretly an alien?

MINDY LOOKS UP QUESTIONINGLY.

MORK (CONT'D)

You're changing color! You're turning pink!

MINDY

(GIGGLING HELPLESSLY AND HIDING HER FACE) No I'm not...

MORK GRABS HER AND SHOWS HER TO THE OTHERS.

MORK

Yes you are! Pops, look-- isn't she turning pink? Grandma, Ann, Sis, look at that. That's pink, isn't it?

ON THEIR LAUGHTER, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

M

FADE IN:

INT. MINDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MORK SITS ON THE SOFA. HE CLOSES HIS EYES AND PUTS HIS HANDS TO HIS FOREHEAD. THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HIS HEAD DURING THE FOLLOWING.

MORK

Mork calling Orson...Come in, Orson...

Mork calling Orson...Come in...

LASER DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

N

INT. MORK'S MIND - (BLACK LIMBO)

MORK

...Orson. Mork calling Orson...

ORSON

Here I am, Mork.

MORK

Greetings, Your Chubbiness. I had quite a week. I learned all about ego.

ORSON

Isn't that some kind of diet drink?

MORK

No, it's part of the human brain. It's very important if you want to become a celebrity.

ORSON

What's that?

MORK

They're the most important people

(MORE)

MORK (CONT'D)

on Earth. Everyone watches them and listens to them and does what they do.

ORSON

I thought politicians were the most important.

MORK

Oh, no one pays any attention to them until they get caught doing something illegal. Then they become celebrities.

ORSON

What do these celebrities do all day?

MORK

I think their job is to buy expensive clothing for other people to tear off.

ORSON

Anyone can tear it off?

MORK

Well, preferably someone they know.

ORSON

Don't they realize that Necrotrons will attack and tickle anyone who wears expensive clothing?

MORK

These Earthlings don't know about Necrotrons. All they care about are celebrities.

ORSON

It's hard to understand a planet where getting your clothes torn off

(MORE)

ORSON (CONT'D)

is more important than being tickled  
by Necrotrons.

MORK

I often say the same thing, Your  
Pudginess, and Mindy says I'm out  
of my gourd.

ORSON

Is that some kind of compliment?

MORK

I guess so. After she says it, she  
kisses me. See you next week, sir:  
na-no, na-no.

HE BOWS.

FADE OUT.

THE END