

SAFETY FIRST

(#3757)

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

ANDERSON FRONT HALLWAY
DINING ROOM
KITCHEN
LIVING ROOM
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
BUD'S BEDROOM
CITY HALL CORRIDOR
TRAFFIC COURT :

EXTERIORS:

* ANDERSON PATIO
FRONT PORCH
RESIDENTIAL STREET
ANDERSON DRIVEWAY

CAST

JIM
MARGARET
ELINOR
BUD
KATHY

MRS. BRIAN
JUDGE MERRILL
BAILIFF'S VOICE
LOU HANKS
BURT
SHIRLEY

KIP
TRACEY
1ST BOY
2ND BOY
3RD BOY
COP

SAFETY FIRST

FADE IN:

EXT. ANDERSON PATIO - DAY

1 MEDIUM SHOT MARGARET AND KATHY 1
MARGARET, in levis, man's sweatshirt and with a bandana around her head, is painting the patio furniture. As we first see her she is painting a round table, applying a coat of white over what was presumably dark green (now the painter will say you would need an undercoat to cover green with white...We are using a brand new Super white paint which covers completely with one coat). The underside of the table is finished and she has covered about two-thirds of the top. The can of paint stands on an upended box beside her. KATHY, working with a small brush, is "helping" by painting on one of the chairs. In b.g. we see Bud's car in the driveway, pointed toward the street. We see him working around it...actually he is completing the installation of a new muffler. Kathy returns to the paint can to dip her brush, dips the brush in the can and then discovers it is almost empty.

KATHY

Hey, we're out of paint.

Margaret glances into the paint can.

MARGARET

I think we have enough to finish.
I just have the top of this table to do.

2 TWO SHOT MARGARET AND KATHY 2
As Margaret resumes painting the table top. In this shot we can clearly see her brush strokes covering the remaining section of the table top. The paint gleams in a flawless white surface as she finishes.

MARGARET

(turns to Kathy)

How is that?

KATHY

Gee, that's smooth. I wish I could write my name on it.

MARGARET

Don't you dare.

2 CONTINUED:

2

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Bud as he enters the shot. He carries a handful of greasy wrenches, pliers and screwdriver.

BUD
(triumphantly)
Well, I got the muffler on my car...

As he says this he dumps the handful of greasy tools on the freshly painted table. Kathy's eyes widen in horror. Margaret looks at the grimy mess in the middle of her freshly painted table and does a slow burn.

BUD
(oblivious)
Wait 'til you hear it. Boy it's --

He looks at Kathy and Margaret, realizes something is wrong, then his eyes travel to the tools in the middle of the table. Slowly he reaches down and picks up a large wrench. It has left a great black imprint on the table. One side of the wrench is now white.

MARGARET
(angrily)
Bud Anderson!

BUD
(pained as he looks at the damage)
Wet paint -- I guess.

MARGARET
You guess!

He picks up the other tools carefully. They all leave big fat imprints on the wet paint.

BUD
I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't know you were painting.

MARGARET
what did you think I was doing here with a brush and paint? Knitting?

BUD
(uncomfortably)
I don't know...I wasn't paying much attention.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Margaret dumps the brush in the paint can huffily.

MARGARET

You don't pay attention to anything since you got that silly car!

3 ANOTHER ANGLE THE THREE SHOOTING TOWARD KITCHEN DOOR 3

MARGARET

I'll have to repaint the whole top of the table.

Bud surveys the table top thoughtfully.

BUD

Why not leave it that way? The outline of the tools on there is kind of artistic.

*

MARGARET

(gives him a look)
That's the kind of an idea that could only come from a head full of old gears and crankshafts!

At this point JIM emerges from the kitchen door. He wears his business suit. Hat and briefcase have been left in the house.

KATHY

(sees him)
Hi, daddy!

JIM

Hollo, Kitten.

She grabs and hugs him as he approaches.

JIM

(continuing)
Hi, Bud.

BUD

Hi, dad.

He kisses Margaret, then notices the tool impressions on the table top.

3 CONTINUED:

3

MARGARET
(explaining)
Guess who dumped a handful of
tools on my new paint.

Jim gives Bud a critical look -- then regards the table
thoughtfully.

JIM
(appraisingly)
Why don't you leave it that way?
The outline of the tools on there
is kind of artistic.

Bud beams smugly. Margaret gives Jim and Bud a caustic look
picks up the paint can, bangs the lid on and hands it to bud

MARGARET
You can go down to the hardware
store and get me another can of
* paint.

BUD
(fancy salute)
Yes, ma'am!

He takes the can and hurries out of the shot toward his car.

4 ANOTHER ANGLE SHOOTING TOWARD DRIVEWAY 4
as Bud goes around and climbs into his car in b.g.

KATHY
(to Jim)
You said this morning you were
gonna make a speech someplace.
Did you do it?

Jim picks her up.

JIM
Yep. I 'speeched' at the Civic
Luncheon.

KATHY
You talked while people were
having lunch?

JIM
Mm hum, I was between the creamed
chicken and the orange sherbert.

4 CONTINUED:

4

Margert smiles, tears off a strip from a roll of SCOTT-TOWEL and wipes the paint brush.

MARGARET

Good crowd?

JIM

Oh, sure. The Mayor was there,
all the big brass from City Hall...

Bud starts up his motor, puts his car in gear and the car leaps forward with a great spinning of tires on pavement and the accompanying squeal of rubber. Margaret and Kathy wince at the sound.

JIM

(reacts; calls
angrily)

Bud!...BUD!!

Bud's car is out of our vision but we hear his brakes squeal as he brings the car to a stop.

BUD'S VOICE

(calls)

You called me, dad?

JIM

(calls)

Yes, wait a minute!

Jim puts Kathy down and goes down the driveway toward the car

5

ANOTHER ANGLE THE DRIVEWAY BUD IN THE CAR 5
as Jim comes from the patio and walks around to Bud's side of the car. Jim points back at the driveway where Bud spun his wheels.

JIM

(cocked eyebrow)

Just what were you trying to
do back there?

BUD

(innocently)

Nothing. Just trying my new
muffler -- diggin' out a little.

14

5 CONTINUED:

5

JIM
(indicating the driveway
in front of the car)
What if one of the kids had run
across the driveway when you were
'digging out'?

BUD
I would've stopped.

JIM
Maybe you would have. Do me a
favor...start thinking a little
more about what might be in
front of your car and less about
the racket you're making in back.
Do you read me?

BUD
(the same
old stuff)
* I read you loud and clear.

JIM
I hope so.
(steps back)
Go ahead.

Bud sighs, puts the car in gear and moves with painful slow-
ness out of the shot. Jim watches him go then turns back to
the patio.

6 MEDIUM SHOT MARGARET AND KATHY SHOOTING TOWARD KITCHEN DOOR 6

Margaret is gathering up newspapers which have been scattered
to protect the patio from paint. Kathy is helping her as Jim
comes into the shot from the driveway.

JIM
(grousing)
Laying rubber! This is apparently
the fashionable way to start up a
car...Grind off the back tires...
you'd think he was blasting off
for the moon!

From within the house we hear the front door chimes.

MARGARET
(to Kathy)
See who's at the front door,
angel.

100

6 CONTINUED:

6

Kathy dashes into the kitchen.

JIM

(continuing his
thought)

How do you teach a boy to be
careful?...How do you get the
message across?...When I talked
to Bud just now, he listened.
But it didn't register.

During his above speech Margaret's attention turns to the
house as she listens for the results of Kathy's trip to the
front door.

JIM

(continuing)

Honey -- are you listening?

MARGARET

* Yes -- I was just wondering who
was at the front door.

INT. ANDERSON FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

7 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT KATHY
as CAMERA PANS her across to the front door. She opens the
door to reveal a giant-size uniformed policeman. This is
POLICE CHIEF DUTCHER. 7

EXT. ANDERSON FRONT PORCH - DAY

8 CLOSE SHOT REVERSE ANGLE KATHY SHOOTING DOWN OVER 8
CHIEF'S SHOULDER
as Kathy's eyes travel up his enormous height, growing wider
and more terrified. As she finally looks up into his face,
she is one frightened youngster.

DUTCHER

Hello sweetheart. Is your daddy
home?

KATHY

(stammers)

My -- daddy?

(blurts)

Just a minute.

25

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

9 MEDIUM SHOT KATHY 9
as she whirls from the door, leaving it half open with the
Chief standing on the doorstep, and races for the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

10 MEDIUM SHOT KATHY 10
as CAMERA FOLLOWS her through the dining room. She is going
full speed, a pig-tailed Paul Revere.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

11 MEDIUM SHOT KATHY 11
as she comes speeding into the kitchen from the dining room,
executes a skidding turn and heads for the patio. As she
slides on the turn, a breathless hoarse whisper shout:

KATHY
* Daddy!....Daddy!

EXT. ANDERSON PATIO - DAY

12 MEDIUM TWO SHOT JIM AND MARGARET 12
as they react to Kathy's shout from the kitchen and turn
toward the kitchen door.

13 REVERSE ANGLE KATHY 13
framed in the doorway, wide-eyed and panting.

KATHY
Daddy, there's a cop at the
door...
(indicates great
height)
...He's so big as a house and
he's looking for you! Run,
daddy, run!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ANDERSON FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

14 MEDIUM SHOT JIM AND CHIEF DUTCHER
as they enter from the living room. 14

JIM

Well, I've never tackled anything quite like this before, but I'll do my best.

CHIEF

I know you will, Jim. That's why I asked you.

The Chief opens the front door, turns to Jim.

CHIEF

(continuing)

We'll give you all the help you need. If you run into any problems, call me.

JIM

Thanks, Chief.

The two men shake hands.

CHIEF

Goodbye.

JIM

Goodbye.

The Chief goes. Jim closes the front door, thinks for a moment then heads for the kitchen.

INT. ANDERSON KITCHEN - DAY

15 MEDIUM SHOT KATHY AND MARGARET 15
Kathy is seated at the kitchen table, her arms folded and her chin resting on them in worried thought. Margaret is applying lotion to her hands.

KATHY

Maybe daddy did something he didn't know he did and the cops found out about it and now they're gonna put him in the clink.

15 CONTINUED:

15

MARGARET

Stop worrying.. He's not going to be in the 'clink'.

The door to the dining room opens and Jim enters. Kathy looks up quickly.

KATHY

What happened, daddy? Did you have an alibi?

JIM

(chuckles)

No, I'm in the clear, kitten.

(to Margaret)

That was Charlie Dutcher, the Chief of Police.

MARGARET

What did he want?

Jim picks up the cap of the lotion bottle, tosses it in his hand.

JIM

Asked me to take over the chairmanship of the Safe Driving Campaign that kicks off next month.

KATHY

Is that good?

JIM

Well, it's not bad. Seems it all started with the talk I gave this noon at the Civic Luncheon 'The Insurance Man's View of the Highway Problem'.

Margaret comes over and kisses him on the cheek.

MARGARET

I'm real proud of you, dear.

JIM

He put me in a spot... Said with such a fine family, three well-behaved children, we could serve as an example for the community.

Margaret smiles wryly.

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

MARGARET

He was laying it on just a little there.

At this point Betty comes in the door from the patio carrying her books.

BETTY

Hi.

She starts to walk through to the front of the house.

KATHY

Hey, you know what?

Betty stops.

KATHY

(continuing)

Daddy's gonna be a 'chairman'.

BETTY

A what?

MARGARET

He's going to be chairman of the Safe Driving Campaign next month.

BETTY

well, congratulations, father.

JIM

Thank you.

Betty starts out of the kitchen.

MARGARET

Did you by any chance see Bud on your way home?

Betty stops again.

BETTY

Yes. You looking for him?

MARGARET

well, I sent him after a can of paint a half hour ago. Where'd you see him?

BETTY

Driving down Fourth Street. He had two horrible characters with him.

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

BETTY (cont'd)

Of course they had to wave and
scream at me when they drove by.
I pretended I didn't know them.
(huffs)
Barbarians!

With this she exits into the dining room.

KATHY

Daddy, what are Barbarians?

JIM

(smiles)

According to Betty the term
barbarians applies to savages,
cannibals and all of Bud's
friends.

WIPE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

16 ROLLING SHOT BUD TRACEY AND KIP (PROCESS) 16
In Bud's car. Bud is driving, and the three boys are
laughing and shouting and having a fine time.

KIP

Hey, let's go by Shirley's
house!

TRACEY

Nahh! She's sore at me! How
about goin' to the maltshop?

BUD

We've been there already!

Bud reacts sharply to something in the street ahead, slams
on his brakes. The boys pitch forward.

17 PCV SHOT THE STREET AHEAD OF BUD'S CAR MRS BRIAN AND 17
KIDS

As Bud's car slides to a stop. The reason for the sudden
halt: A tall, grey-haired woman of perhaps sixty, wearing
the official cap and badge of the Crossing Guard Auxiliary
(MRS. BRIAN) is herding a group of five youngsters of kinder-
garten age across the crosswalk. The abrupt stop of Bud's car

17 CONTINUED:

17

startles her, and she holds back the children possibly fearing the car was coming through the walk. (note: She carries the hand sign which says "Stop")

18 FULL SHOT MRS. BRIAN THE CHILDREN BUD AND FRIENDS 18
Convinced that Bud's car is securely at a stop (though the front wheels are over the line of the crosswalk) she herds her five charges across the street. CAMERA FOLLOWS, and as she passes in front of the car she calls to Bud.

MRS. BRIAN

Young man! I want to talk to you!

BUD

(pointing
to self)

Me? What did I do?

MRS. BRIAN

(indicating the curb)

* Pull over to the curb there. I'll be right back.

19 THREE SHOT THE BOYS

19

Bud looks hurt and puzzled.

BUD

What goes with her?

TRACEY

(scorn)

Ah, that Mrs. Brian!

KIP

Always bawlin' 'somebody out.
They put that hat on her and
gave her a badge so she
thinks she's a cop!

Bud puts the car in gear and pulls forward to the curb.

20 ANOTHER ANGLE THE BOYS AND MRS. BRIAN

20

as she returns from across the street and walks up to Bud's side of the car.

MRS. BRIAN

What's your name, son?

20 CONTINUED:

20

BUD
(innocently)
Bud Anderson.

TRACEY
(mock pain -
to Bud)
You gotta say 'Sir' when you're
talking to Mrs. Brian, don't you
know that??

KIP
(to Bud)
Don't you see that hat? And that
there badge? Look alive, boy!
You're in the presence of the law!

Mrs. Brian ignores the taunts. She is not officious nor
rude. She is a firm, motherly type woman who believes
sincerely in the importance of what she is doing.

MRS. BRIAN
(to Bud)
Do you know you came awfully
close to hitting those children
in the crosswalk?

BUD
No, I didn't. I saw 'em. I
stopped.

TRACEY
But you didn't get out and bow
down ... you didn't salute!

MRS. BRIAN
(ignores Tracey)
You were just barely able to
stop. When you're driving on
a street like this where there
are children crossing, you have
to be watching every second.

BUD
I was watching.

MRS. BRIAN
You were lucky. You just happened
to look up in time to see that
crosswalk.

KIP
Why do you pick on us kids all
the time?

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

MRS. BRIAN

I don't pick on you! I'm only trying to make you understand that when you get in a car and start driving you have to grow up! You have the lives of other people depending on you and unless you can realize that you'd better go back to your bicycle or your skates until you're a little older.

Tracey and Kip slouch and look bored. Bud is hurt and embarrassed. He twists uncomfortably in the seat. Mrs. Brian softens, smiles at Bud... pats him on the shoulder.

MRS. BRIAN

(continuing)

Let's be more careful now.
Shall we?

She walks away from the car and out of the shot. Kip and Tracey glare after her. Bud doesn't turn. He's smouldering

TRACEY

What a sour character she is!

KIP

(grins - pats Bud
on the shoulder)

Boy, you sure told her off!

Bud starts the engine.

BUD

(bitterly -
feeling hurt)

She thinks she's so great! Crossing-
guard!.. Big deal!

Bud puts the car in gear. Kip and Tracey glare back at Mrs. Brian as the car moves off and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDERSON LIVING ROOM - DAY

21 MEDIUM SHOT JIM MARGARET AND BETTY 21
 Jim is kneeling on the floor illustrating an idea by sketching imaginary lines with his finger on the rug. Betty and Margaret are seated close by watching.

JIM

...Then I thought we might divide the town up into four sections separated by Main street running this way...and First street running this way...

In b.g. we see Bud come in the front door. As Jim continues to explain, Bud shuffles in and watches. He looks glum.

JIM

...Now when the campaign gets under way I'll pick out one person in each section to --

He becomes aware of Bud's presence, looks up, as do Margaret and Betty.

BUD

(indicating floor)

What goes?

JIM

I was just explaining how --
 (realizes)

That's right, you weren't here when the Chief of Police stopped in.

BUD

(worried)

Chief of Police? What did he want?

MARGARET

We have a celebrity in the family... Your father is going to be the head of the Safe Driving Campaign.

BUD

(some relief)

Oh.

BETTY

(caustically)

Well, that was an expression of boundless enthusiasm.

21 CONTINUED:

21

BUD

Okay - it's okay. What do you expect me to do? Fall on my face?

Jim rises.

JIM

We'd like to see a happier face. Something wrong?

BUD

No -- nothing.

BETTY

The rest of us were pretty excited about father being chosen as the head of the safety drive. Don't you approve?

BUD

Who said I didn't? I'm for it... I'm for safety and all that stuff. But lay off the kids...Everybody's always blaming the kids.

Jim looks at Bud thoughtfully.

JIM

What everybody is blaming what kids?

BUD

Oh -- everybody.

MARGARET

Like who, for example?

BUD

Well - that Mrs. Brian - that woman who's the crossing guard over on Fourth Street. She's always jumping on the guys.

JIM

What guys?

BUD

All the guys.

JIM

(slight
pause)

What did she say to you?

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

BUD

Well, I didn't do anything.
I --

Betty stifles an explosive laugh. Bud looks around quickly - realizes he's trapped himself. Margaret holds a straight face. Jim just stands waiting. Bud's in it...nothing to do now but go on.

BUD

Okay, I stopped for the cross-walk, and my wheels were maybe two inches over the line. So she pulled me over to the curb and gave me a big spiel. You'd think I was a criminal...You'd think I'd blown up City Hall or something.

BETTY

She didn't pull you over to the curb just because you were two inches over the line.

MARGARET

There must have been some other reason.

BUD

Oh, she said I was fooling around -- wasn't paying attention to where I was going. Well, if I wasn't paying attention how come I stopped? She had to have something to holler about, that's all. Had to show off she's a big wheel...Got a badge and all that!

JIM

In other words you feel you were unjustly accused.

BUD

Sure I was. You and Mom know I'm not a bird-brain. When I passed the driving test I memorized all the rules of safety. You think I've forgotten all that stuff? I'm not a kid anymore...things don't go in one of my ears and out the other. I remember!

MARGARET

Where's the paint?

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

Bud freezes...shock of realization.

BUD

(weakly)

The what?

MARGARET

The can of white paint. That's what you went after. Remember?

He glances around uncomfortably.

BUD

Be right back.

He hurries to the front door, is out and gone.

MARGARET

(shakes her head)

*That car. The day he bought it he put his brain in neutral and he hasn't shifted gears since.

Jim stands in worried thought. Betty rises.

BETTY

I swear, when I get married I'm going to have nothing but girls. No problems.

Jim looks up at Betty.

JIM

Girls? -- And no problems??...
Ha!

He starts for the study.

JIM

(as he goes)

I'm going in the den and start laying out the campaign. Call me when dinner's ready.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

- 22 MEDIUM SHOT (SHOOTING THROUGH DEN DOORWAY) JIM 22
He is in the den, standing in front of a large roller map of Springfield, the type that pulls down like a home movie screen. He is in shirt sleeves, his sleeves rolled up and is making marks on the map, possibly locating traffic intersections. At one side is his desk, well-stacked with books and papers. He turns to the desk, finds a reference paper and turns back to the map. We hear the click of the front door opening and CAMERA PANS quickly to the front door. Here WE SEE Bud sneaking in. He carries a can of paint and an expression of terror. We gather immediately that something is wrong. He closes the door with painful caution, glances into the living room...No one there. Then he tiptoes to the door of the den and very carefully peeks around the corner.
- 23 CLOSE SHOT JIM 23
At the map, studying and marking. He turns back to the desk. *
- 24 CLOSE SHOT BUD 24
As he ducks back to avoid being seen by Jim. Cautiously, watching his chance, he slips by the open door and up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

- 25 MEDIUM SHOT BUD AND BETTY 25
As Bud reaches the top of the stairs and comes down the hall, Betty stops him.
- BETTY
(sotto)
What's wrong?

Bud rolls his eyes heavenward indicating a major disaster then motions her into his room.

INT. BUD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

- 26 TWO SHOT BETTY AND BUD 26
As they slip into the room and Bud, after a quick make-sure glance up and down the hall, closes the door behind them.
- BETTY
What happened? You're practically green.
- 2

26 CONTINUED:

BUD

I may have to pack my stuff
and lam out of here and never
come back.

BETTY

What?

BUD

(emotionally -
indicating downstairs)
Dad's down there making big
plans...He's head of the whole
Safe Driving Campaign for
Springfield. And you know what
happened to me?...On the way to
the paint store?...At the corner
of Sixth and Green Street?...
Ten minutes ago?...I got a big
fat traffic ticket!

Betty's eyes widen as we

FADE OUT.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

FADE IN:

INT. ANDERSON DINING ROOM - NIGHT

27 GROUP SHOT THE FAMILY (ALL EXCEPT BUD) 27
 As they seat themselves at the dinner table. Jim notices Bud's absence.

JIM
 Now where's Bud?

BETTY
 He was in his room a minute ago.

JIM
 (calls)
 Buuud!

Now, through the doorway to the front hall comes Bud looking pretty wan. He carries the can of paint. He goes to his place at the table, sits down and places the can of paint among the dishes on the table. All eyes follow this operation.*

JIM
 (continuing;
 indicating
 paint can)
 What's this for?

BUD
 It's the paint for the patio furniture.

JIM
 You planning to have some on your potatoes?

BUD
 (still dazed)
 Huh?

MARGARET
 Bud, are you walking in your sleep!? Take it off the table!

BUD
 (comes out of it)
 Oh. Yeah.

He removes the paint can, places it on the floor beside his chair. As the food is passed around Jim drifts back to the subject uppermost in his mind at the moment.

28 CLOSE SHOT JIM

28

JIM
Now that we're all together,
I'll give you some of the ideas
I'm kicking around for the
safety campaign...see what you
think.

29 CLOSE SHOT KATHY

29

KATHY
(brightly)
I think they're real good,
daddy!

30 TWO SHOT BETTY AND BUD

30

BETTY
He hasn't told us the ideas yet.
* You're a little over-enthusiastic.

31 TWO SHOT KATHY AND JIM

31

KATHY
(bristling,
to Betty)
I'm over-thusey -- who?

JIM.
As I started to say... One of
the main ideas I want to put
over is that in driving, courtesy
and safety go hand in hand.

CAMERA MOVES IN for CLOSE SHOT on Jim.

JIM
(continuing)
It's a matter of being polite
...showing the same consideration
for the other fellow that you
would if you were walking on a
crowded sidewalk. Right?

He looks around for approval.

32 GROUP SHOT THE FAMILY

32

There is general agreement from all but Bud who keeps his
eyes on his plate...pushes his food around absently.

32 CONTINUED:

32

JIM

Safety is so much a matter of cooperation. People simply working together for their own protection. It's going to take teamwork...between the motorist and the police, between motorists themselves...and teamwork and understanding between parents and their children who are driving cars.

33 TWO SHOT BETTY AND BUD

As Bud slowly puts down his knife and fork. Betty glances at him sidewise. 33

MARGARET'S VOICE

When you think about it, it's rather amazing that people who are old enough and presumably have sense enough to drive a car still have to be reminded to be careful.

34 CLOSE SHOT JIM

34

JIM

Of course, as usual when you talk about careless drivers you say 'present company excepted.' Outside of Bud's little set-to with Mrs. Brian, the crossing-guard this afternoon, the drivers in this family have done pretty well. Isn't that right?

35 TWO SHOT BETTY AND BUD

as Betty and Bud exchange sidewise glances. 35

36 GROUP SHOT THE FAMILY

Margaret's attention is drawn to Bud. 36

MARGARET

What's the matter with you, Bud?

BUD

Uh -- nothing. I'm okay.... fine...great.

127

36 CONTINUED:

36

KATHY
(looking at him
closely)
You don't look so good.

BUD
(glares back
at her)
You're no beauty yourself.

JIM
Now relax, Bud. If you're upset
about being bawled out by
Mrs. Brian this afternoon,
remember she was only trying
to caution you. It's nothing
to worry about. It's not as
if you'd broken a law...or
gotten a ticket.

37 CLOSE SHOT BUD 37
As he reacts to the word "ticket." He gulps, wipes perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand. He rises from his chair.

38 GROUP SHOT THE FAMILY 38
As they watch him, puzzled.

JIM
What's wrong?

MARGARET
Where're you going?

Bud stands up and pushes back his chair.

BUD
I'm not too hungry...guess I'll
take a little walk...outdoors,
that is.

KATHY
It's dinner time. You can't go
for a walk now!

BUD
Why not? Is there a law against
that, too??

BETTY
Sit down, dopey!

38 CONTINUED:

38

BUD
(ignores her)
Maybe I'll go to bed.

He starts away from the table with his napkin still tucked into his belt. It hangs straight down like a wide square apron.

BETTY
You better leave your sarong.

Bud stops, looks down at the napkin. Takes it off and tosses it on his chair. Then he shuffles out of the dining room toward the front hallway.

MARGARET
There's something on his mind.

JIM
Must be an earth-shaking problem
* if it'll make him leave food.

39 CLOSE SHOT BETTY

39

BETTY
(not wanting
to tell)
I think you and Bud had better
have a talk, father.

JIM'S VOICE
Oh?

BETTY
I have a feeling he has some-
thing to tell you.

40 TWO SHOT JIM AND MARGARET
As they look at each other, eyebrows lifted. Now what?

40

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANDERSON DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

41 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT BUD
He is seated in his car, slumped down in dejected thought.

41

4

41 CONTINUED:

41

JIM'S VOICE
Bud? You out there?

BUD
(without turning)
Yeah.

We hear Jim's footsteps approaching. Jim comes into the shot, puts one foot on the running board.

JIM
What's your trouble, son?

Bud straightens a little in the seat.

BUD
Didn't Betty tell you?

JIM
No.

BUD
(big sigh)
You're gonna find out sooner or later. I got a ticket this afternoon.

Bud looks up at Jim shamefaced, a little fearful.

JIM
A ticket? What for? Parking?
Speeding? Reckless driving?
What?

Now that the first shock of the confession is over, Bud rallies to his own defense.

BUD
I was innocent, dad...I didn't do anything. This cop was hiding, just waiting for some kid to go by so he could grab him...It just happened to be me.

JIM
There must have been some reason, Bud.

BUD
Oh, he said I took the right of way away from a pedestrian. He just made that up! Just like that crossing-guard, that

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

BUD (cont'd)

Mrs. Brian...had to have something to pin on me, that's all. I'll bet that cop is related to her. I'll bet it's her brother!

JIM

Now wait -- let's quit blaming the cops and the crossing-guards. Did you drive through a cross-walk when there were people crossing the street?

BUD

Oh, he said I did. Naturally he'd say that.

JIM

Were there people in the cross-walk?

BUD

Well, yeah, but they didn't cross...they waited for me to go through.

JIM

Bud -- you should know you don't drive through a cross-walk when a pedestrian has started across the street. This is a dangerous mistake.

BUD

Well, they hadn't really started across. The cop said they had, but he was just trying to find something to hang on me! They got it in for anybody who drives a car...They're just layin' for you!

JIM

Do you really believe that?

BUD

Look, do I have to have some clown on a motorcycle tell me how to drive? Or some lady like Mrs. Brian who probably never even drove a car? I know what I'm doing.

176

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

BUD (cont'd)

Mrs. Brian...had to have something to pin on me, that's all. I'll bet that cop is related to her. I'll bet it's her brother!

JIM

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JIM

Do you really believe that?

BUD

Look, do I have to have some clown on a motorcycle tell me how to drive? Or some lady like Mrs. Brian who probably never even drove a car? I know what I'm doing.

176

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

Jim doesn't reply. Bud cools down a little.

BUD

I'm sorry about getting the ticket, dad...it's pretty rough on you being the head man in this safety stuff and all.

(back to the old song)

But it wasn't my fault. I should know, shouldn't I? In all the time I've been driving I've got a perfect record.

JIM

(thoughtful pause)

How long have you been driving, Bud?

BUD

(proudly)

* Three months. '

Jim nods.

BUD

(continuing;

sudden thought)

What'll they do to me?...on the ticket. Will I have to go to court?

JIM

(nods)

I'm afraid you will.

BUD

(worried)

What'll they do to me?

JIM

Well, I don't think the judge will send you to Alcatraz, if that's what you mean. You see, you're really not a criminal. The court will probably decide you're suffering from an acute case of 'Wisenseimeritis.'

Bud looks up at Jim, puzzled. Jim turns and walks back to the house, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY HALL CORRIDOR - DAY

42 CLOSE SHOT DOUBLE FROSTED GLASS PANELLED DOORS 42
On which is lettered: "Springfield Traffic Court....
Judge Merrill:" From within we hear the rap, rap, rap of
the judge's gavel.

JUDGE'S VOICE
Order....order....

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. TRAFFIC COURT - DAY

43 MEDIUM SHOT JUDGE MERRILL 43
on the bench. This is the conventional small traffic court. Judge Merrill is a large man in his middle sixties, tough, long-experienced with a terrifying frown which he is able to turn on and off as needed.

JUDGE
(banging the gavel)
Order...the court will be in order.

The murmur of the crowd subsides.

JUDGE
(continuing)
First case.

The Bailiff at his desk close by looks up from his records.

44 MEDIUM SHOT DEFENDANT'S BENCH 44
Against one wall on which are seated five sorry souls. They are men of various ages. One is a truck-driver who sits holding his cap and looking rather bored. Another is a middle-aged businessman, another a farmer in overalls. Second from the right end of the bench is Bud. He wears his suit and tie and looks well-scrubbed for the occasion. He sits stiffly and is obviously nervous. Next to him, on the end of the bench is LOU HANKS, a character of maybe 23 in black leather jacket and motorcycle boots, sideburns, etc. with skull-bones on the back of his jacket.

BAILIFF'S VOICE
Hanks -- Hanks, Lou.

Hanks slouches to his feet and shuffles forward. Bud watches him go, then looks over the courtroom searchingly.

45 POV SHOT THE COURTROOM 45
There are perhaps fifteen or twenty people visible. Prominently seen are Jim and Margaret in the first row. Margaret makes a tiny gesture of recognition and assurance to Bud.

46 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT BUD 46
and his neighbor, the farmer. Bud manages a wan smile and an awkward little movement of the hand to acknowledge Margaret's sign.

46 CONTINUED:

46

JUDGE'S VOICE
Lou Hanks...Charge: Fifty miles
an hour in a twenty-five mile
zone...

47 MEDIUM SHOT JUDGE AND HANKS
Hanks stands glumly before the bench.

47

JUDGE
Guilty or not guilty?

HANKS
Guilty.

JUDGE
(frowns)
Twenty-five dollars or five
days. Next case.

Hanks moves out of the shot.

BAILIFF
Anderson...Anderson, James
Junior.

48 MEDIUM SHOT BUD
as he reacts to his name. He rises stiffly and goes forward.
CAMERA FOLLOWS as he moves into position before the judge.
He doesn't know what to do with his hands; tries them in
various pockets. The judge looks down at Bud with a long,
piercing glare.

48

49 TWO SHOT JIM AND MARGARET
as they watch. Margaret is tense. Jim not taking it quite
so seriously. Jim leans over.

49

JIM
(sotto)
I talked to Judge Merrill.

Margaret turns to him.

JIM
(continuing)
We cooked up something. Watch.

They turn their attention to the bench.

40

50 MEDIUM SHOT JUDGE AND BUD

50

JUDGE

James Anderson Junior. Charge:
Taking the right-of-way from a
pedestrian in a crosswalk.
Guilty or not guilty.

BUD

(mighty effort)
Your honor, I --

JUDGE

Guilty or not guilty!?!?

BUD

(frightened)
Guilty.

The judge fixes him with a ferocious frown.

51 TWO SHOT* JIM AND MARGARET
as they watch and listen.

51

JUDGE'S VOICE

This court has something special
for you, young man...

52 MEDIUM SHOT JUDGE AND BUD (SAME AS #50)

52

JUDGE

It's a package deal designed for
young drivers who think crossing
guards and motor cops are a lot of
nonsense. This court fines you
ten dollars...and...further re-
quires that you shall perform the
duties of Crossing-Guard...

Bud reacts in shock and pain to "Crossing Guard".

JUDGE

(continuing)
...between the hours of eight
and ten tomorrow morning at the
school crossing at Fourth and
Maple.

The judge gives a small wink in Jim's direction.

53 TWO SHOT JIM AND MARGARET 53
as Jim nods and winks to the judge. Margaret looks at
Jim in surprise. Was this what he cooked up with the
judge? Jim nods.

JUDGE'S VOICE
You will substitute for the
regular crossing guard, Mrs.
Brian.

54 CLOSE SHOT BUD 54
as the full horror of the penalty sinks in.

BUD
Judge...your honor --

JUDGE'S VOICE
(rapping gavel)
Next case!

BUD
(pleading)
Sir -- can't you send me to
jail instead?? I'll go to
jail...gladly!

55 CLOSE SHOT JUDGE 55
as he frowns down and roars.

JUDGE
NEXT CASE!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDERSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

56 MEDIUM SHOT BUD AND MARGARET 56
Margaret is at the stove preparing dinner. Bud is pacing
around in the kitchen.

BUD
But this is cruelty, mom...It's
inhuman! Isn't it enough that
I gotta earn the ten bucks mow-
ing lawns? Why did he have to
add that crossing guard stuff??
I'd rather be burned at the
stake...I'd rather be boiled
in oil!

MARGARET
You heard what the judge said.

BUD
I'll get an attorney! I'll
appeal it! I'll take it to
the Supreme Court!

MARGARET
Not a chance.

Kathy wanders in.

KATHY
(brightly)
Hey, Bud -- you gonna be the
crossing guard?

BUD
No!
* (to Margaret)
All the guys drive by that corner...
They'll laugh me out of town...
I'll look like a boob out there!

Kathy tears out.

KATHY
(as she goes)
I gotta go tell Patty!

BUD
(yells after her)
You keep quiet! Don't go blabbing
around!

Too late, she's gone.

BUD
(continuing;
to Margaret)
How can you and dad stand by
and let this happen -- to your
own son!?

The back door opens and Jim comes in carrying a package.

JIM
Hi!

MARGARET
Hello, dear.

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

He kisses her. Turns to Bud.

JIM

I brought you something, Bud.

He puts the package on the table and starts unwrapping...
Takes out an official crossing guard cap.

JIM

(continuing)

There you are...the official cap
of the crossing guard service.

Bud shrinks from the object as if it were a cobra.

BUD

No -- no!

Jim takes him gently but firmly by the arm and brings
him back.

JIM

It's not going to hurt.

He puts the cap on Bud's head. Reaches into the package
and takes out a badge which he pins on Bud's shirt...Then
a "stop" sign.

JIM

(continuing)

And there's your badge and sign.
Now you're a crossing guard.

Bud stands frozen, humiliated. The cap sits squarely on
his head. He refuses to look at Jim and Margaret...stares
with his eyes averted.

MARGARET

I think you make a handsome
crossing guard.

No answer from Bud. Betty enters from the dining room,
halts abruptly as she sees Bud.

BETTY

(laughing)

Well, aren't you a living doll!

57 CLOSE SHOT BUD

as he glares at Betty, still without moving a muscle under
the hated hat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY (SAME AS USED IN SCENES 16-20)

58 CLOSE SHOT BUD 58
 Matching the closeup in the kitchen. Now, as the CAMERA PULLS BACK we find him standing on the curb at the cross-walk. Close by a motorcop sits astride his motorcycle. Bud ignores him stonily.

COP
 No hard feelings 'cause I gave you the ticket, Bud.

BUD
 (without looking at him - cool)
 No, that's okay.

Bud stares straight ahead. Now two little tykes, kindergarten age, a boy and a girl appear. They look up at Bud. He looks down at them like a large dubious dog approached by a pair of strange puppies. The children say nothing, however, accept him matter-of-factly, and reach up to take his hand, one on each side. With some distaste Bud realizes he must convoy these two across the street. (NOTE: We have been aware of passing traffic.)

59 CLOSE SHOT THE MOTORCOP 59
 as he works at controlling a smile, watching Bud.

60 MEDIUM SHOT BUD AND THE TWO CHILDREN 60
 As Bud picks up the hand-sign reading "Stop" and carefully starts across the street between the white lines of the cross-walk. The little girl holds his free hand. On the other side, the boy holds onto the side of Bud's jacket. Several cars pull up and stop as shepherd and sheep cross the street.

61 REVERSE ANGLE (FROM ACROSS THE STREET) 61
 As Bud and the two children cross and approach camera to the safety of the curb. The little girl hands Bud a lollipop and the children go on their way, turning to wave to Bud as they go. Bud returns the wave half-heartedly, but he's a little warmer -- just a little. He starts back across the street to pick up another group.

62 TRAVEL SHOT BUD 62
 As he crosses the street. An old car with three boys in the front seat pulls up to let Bud cross. They lean out the side and stand up to yell at Bud ... taunting.

62 CONTINUED:

62

FIRST BOY

Hey, Bud! You, in the Army?
Let's see your hat!

SECOND BOY

Oh, crossing-guard, will you
take me across the street ...
I'm afraid!

THIRD BOY

Say, Mrs. Brian, how you have
changed!

SECOND BOY

You're adorable! Just adorable!

Bud glares at the jeering group.

BUD

* All right, you're funny ...
very funny!

As Bud reaches the curb the car pulls away with the boys
still yelling back at Bud. Bud stands on the curb and
watches as the car goes on ... his face hard with anger and
contempt.

63 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT THE MOTORCOP

63

Lounging on his motorcycle watching Bud with great interest.

64 MEDIUM SHOT BUD

64

As three little girls approach. One of them is Kathy.

KATHY

(beaming up at Bud)

Hi!

BUD

(uncomfortably)

Hi.

KATHY

(to her friends;
proudly)

This is my big brother.

64 CONTINUED:

61

The little girls look up at Bud, greatly impressed. Bud glances down at them, almost smiles. Two more youngsters, couple of little boys about the same age join the group. (NOTE: All of the children in this crossing sequence carry books and lunch pails). The boys scuffle and push, the little girls swat them. They go around and around Bud.

BUD

Okay, knock it off! Quit foolin' around now ... let's go.

He gathers the brood together, looks up and down, hoists his sign and starts across the street. One car pulls to a stop nearest the curb to let the group cross. As they pass in front of this car, another car in the outer lane approaches too fast. Bud stops his charges just in time as the car whizzes through the cross-walk.

BUD

(yells as the car roars through)
Where ya goin'!!

65 ANOTHER ANGLE LONGER SHOT (WITH MOTORCOP IN F.G.) 65
As Bud whirls and yells to the motorcop,

BUD

(yells to cop -
indicating direction of car)
Hey, get that guy!!

The motorcop stamps on his kick-starter and roars away.

66 TRAVEL SHOT BUD KATHY AND KIDS 66

As they cross the street. As they pass the center line, a car from the opposite direction has stopped in the outer lane. As Bud and the children pass in front of this car, another old junker, this one with Kip and Tracey as passengers and a third boy driving comes to a sliding stop part way into the cross-walk, almost in the same manner as Bud in the earlier scene. Bud yanks the kids back.

BUD

(yells angrily)
Watch it, you guys!

66 CONTINUED:

TRACEY
(stands up and yells)
Well, look at Mrs. Brian!

BUD
(indicating curb)
Pull over to the curb, you
comics!

He herds the kids to the safety of the curb.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE THE THREE BOYS IN THE CAR AND BUD 67
As the driver of the car pulls to the curb and Bud approach
the driver's side.

68 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT BUD 68
As he comes to the side of the car, pushes up the visor of
his cap and glares down at the driver. His name is BURT.

BUD
Do you know you came awful close
to hitting those kids in the
cross-walk?

BURT
You kiddin'? I stopped.

BUD
Yeah, you were just lucky. You
were clowning around. I saw ya!
Lemme tell you something, wise
guy...I don't know how long you've
been driving, but take it from me
-- you've got plenty to learn!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

69 MEDIUM SHOT BUD AND THE BOYS IN THE CAR (SAME AS #68) 69
Bud is winding up a blistering lecture.

69 CONTINUED:

BUD

...Yeah, it's funny ... real funny when you're sitting there back of the wheel. You figure all this safe driving stuff is a lot of mish mash. Well, it's not. If you don't believe me just get out here and work this cross-walk for five minutes. It'll scare you silly. Now start driving like you were grown up ... quit acting like an infant. Okay - go.

The boys are subdued. Burt puts the car in gear and moves away quietly.

70 ANOTHER ANGLE BUD

As he walks back to the curb. A pretty high school girl approaches to cross the street. This is SHIRLEY.

SHIRLEY

Hi, Bud. I didn't know you were with the Police Department.

BUD

(easy pride)
Oh, sort of.

SHIRLEY

Can I cross now?

BUD

Be my guest.

He ushers her across the street. Jim's car pulls up and stops.

71 THREE SHOT JIM BETTY MARGARET

In the front seat of the car as they watch Bud cross the street with Shirley.

72 POV SHOT BUD AND SHIRLEY

As they cross in front of the car. Bud waves to Jim and Margaret.

sk 3757

73 SAME AS #71 JIM BETTY MARGARET
as they wave to Bud.

4
73

MARGARET
The pain seems to have worn
off.

JIM
I think Bud's growing up.

BETTY
(meaningfully)
Yes - he certainly is.

74 POV SHOT BUD
As he stands talking to Shirley, his hat cocked back ...
laughing. Quite the engaging young man.

74

FADE OUT.

THE END

16