

**1950S  
SIT  
COM**

**IT'S WHAT'S BUZZIN'!**



**IT'S A SCREAM, DADDY-O!**

## **1950S SITCOM. IT'S WHAT'S BUZZIN!**

**by T.G. Cooper and Anonymous**

### **Opening Shot**

A dilapidated suburban house, overgrown lawn, surrounded by what was once a white picket fence. Many planks are now missing, giving the impression of jagged teeth sticking out of the ground.

Cut to Interior: Living Room. Carpet is dingy, wallpaper peels from walls. Furniture is covered in throw clothes.

"You boys sure found yourself a gem," the realtor said as he shook Jimmy's hand.

"We're going to make a killing," Jimmy said. "By the time we fix this up, I bet we make at least 50,000 grand pure profit."

"Fix it up?" The realtor said, turning to Harry and putting a hand on his shoulder. "Why, all this place needs is a woman's touch."

Both men felt a sudden chill at the words. "It may need a little more than that," Harry said.

Jimmy looked at Harry and shook his head. It suddenly looked like there was an image hovering around him-- a faint, shadowy image, but visible: a woman, beehive hairdo, house dress, a string of pearls. He shook his head.

"I must be going," the realtor said, smiling. "You love birds enjoy your new house."

There was laughter, as if an invisible, live studio audience was watching them. Jimmy and Harry looked around, confused.

"Lovebirds?" Harry said, but the realtor turned and left, slamming the door behind him.

"Harry," Jimmy said. "I know this sounds weird, but it's almost like I see a ghost."

Harry, who'd been staring after the realtor, turned to look at Jimmy and gasped. He saw a ghostly image around Jimmy-- a man wearing a suit and tie, his hair slicked back with Vitalis.

"You?" Harry said, pointing.

"You?" Jimmy said, pointing back.

Before they could say or think anything more, they were interrupted by the urgent sound of a bell ringing. At the same time, there was a burst of static, and they looked over to see an old-fashioned Motorola radio in the corner flicker to life. The ghostly voice of Frank Sinatra warbled from the speaker: "In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble They're only made of clay, but our love is here to stay."

"What's that ringing?" Jimmy said.

"How should I know?" Harry said. "Do I look like some kind of bell expert to you?"

More ghostly laughter.

"Don't steam me," Jimmy said, immediately taken up short by his weird choice of words. The ringing bell was annoying, so Jimmy followed the sound, going into the kitchen. There, hanging on the wall, was a phone, the receiver shaking with each ring. "It's one of them old fashioned phones," Jimmy said. "Answer it."

"Why do I have to answer it?" Harry said.

"Just answer the phone already!" Jimmy shouted.

"Fine!" Harry huffed. "Mr. Lazy pants. Can't even answer your own phone!"

"One of these days," Jimmy said. "One of these days! Pow! Right in the kisser!"

Once more, the mysterious laughter erupted. "Where the devil is that laughter coming from?" Harry said.

"Just answer the phone!"

Harry rolled his eyes and answered the phone. Jimmy listened to one side of the conversation. "Hello? Yes? Why, of course I was completely honest on the mortgage application. Of course, we are." Harry looked at Jimmy, his face filled with guilt. "It would our pleasure. We'll see you at five." As he talked, the image of the woman hovering over him seemed to grow more distinct. Jimmy could now see she had bleached blonde hair. Harry hung

up, looking like a little kid who'd gotten stuck with his hand in the cookie jar. "Now, Jimmy," he said. "Don't get cross with me."

"What did you do, Harry? What did you do?"

"Well, and it was just a little fib, but when I filled out the mortgage application, well, I wanted to make sure we got the loan, and well, it seems - do you know you look especially handsome today?" Why did I say that? Harry wondered, even as he tried to figure out how to break the news to Jimmy.

"Just tell me what you did!" Jimmy yelled. "Out with it!"

"Um, well, I might have told him we were married."

"Married?" Jimmy said.

"A little bit?"

"You can't be a little bit married!" As Jimmy shouted, the image of the man in the suit and tie became more solid. "You dingbat! What did you do that for?"

"I didn't want to say we were divorced!" Harry shrieked.

Laughter.

"And now he's coming over, isn't he?"

"Um, yes?"

"So, we have to pretend we're married?"

"Kinda?"

The lights seemed to flicker, and suddenly, half of everything in the house turned black and white. Half was still color, but it was now excessively bright, while the other half was all shades of gray.

"Something strange is going on," Harry said, reaching up to touch his pearl necklace without even being aware he was doing it.

"You think?" Jimmy said. "There's an image of a broad hovering over you, by the way."

"A broad?" Harry said. "I see a fella around you."

"This is too weird. Look, we don't have time to worry about it now, see? If that broker finds out we lied, we could lose the money."

"What should we do?"

"Pretend we're married! What else!?"

"Well, I invited him over for dinner."

"Of course, you did." Jimmy said, groaning and shaking his head. "Of course, you did!"

"It's not a problem. I'll whip something up in a jiffy." Harry didn't know why, but he felt it was his responsibility to cook. He went to the bulky Frigidaire and opened it up. Milk. Eggs. A nice roast. He went over to a note pad on the wall, write down what he needed and handed it to Jimmy. "I'll get the roast started. You be a dear and run to the store for the rest of this." Be a dear?

"Anything else, your highness?"

"Oh! A nice apple pie for dessert!"

"I was being sarcastic."

"And some coffee!" Harry added. Then, he tilted his head to the side, waiting for a goodbye kiss.

"What are you doing? You expecting a kiss?"

Laughter. Laughter.

Harry, suddenly realizing he had been inviting Jimmy to kiss him, stepped away, shocked. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said, going to the stove and turning it on. Jimmy looked at Harry, seeing the outline of the woman hovering over him. She looked good from behind. She had a nice pair of gams.

Annoyed and bothered with himself, Jimmy left. Harry put the roast in the oven, then he looked around the house. "Goodness!" He said. The place was horrid. Before he even realized what he was doing, he put on an apron and scrubbed the kitchen, dusted the living room. He was vacuuming the living room with a big, metal Hoover vacuum when the front door flew open and Jimmy came in carrying two paper grocery bags. "I'm home!" He shouted.

"What the hell?" He said, looking at Harry in his apron, a kerchief over his hair, busily cleaning. The image of the dame had grown more solid, and it was hard to tell now where Harry started and the dame ended.

"Take your shoes off!" Harry shrieked, aghast at the thought that Jimmy was going to tramp dirt all over his newly vacuumed floor.

"What the hell is happening to you?" Jimmy said, obediently slipping his shoes off, taking the groceries to the kitchen. Harry followed him, immediately digging into the bags, pulling out the potatoes and green beans.

"What do you mean?"

"You're acting like a dame."

Harry shrugged. "I know. I can't seem to stop!" He got a couple of pots out, filled them with water, turned on the heat. Jimmy watched him-- or more so, the image of the woman hovering over him. She was a bombshell. "That broad hovering over you has a great pair of torpedoes!" He said.



The invisible crowd laughed.

"Really?" Harry said, feeling a strange tingling of pride at the comment. He looked at the image of the man hovering over Jimmy. The phantom looked quite handsome in his suit, with his hair slicked back. Kind of like Frank Sinatra! This time, Harry told himself to stop. "Go, put your feet up and have yourself a smoke," he said. "Dinner will be ready lickety split!"

Jimmy didn't smoke-- or he hadn't smoked. At the suggestion from Harry, he reached into the coat pocket -- the one he wasn't wearing-- and pulled out a pack of Lucky Strikes. "Don't mind if I do," he said, heading out to the living room, plopping into his easy chair and lighting up. The Glenn Miller Orchestra was on the radio now: In The Mood. Jimmy snapped his fingers to the beat, smoke curling around his head. "When I need to relax," he said out loud. "All I need is a Lucky Strike! Wait. Who am I talking to?"

The crowd laughed.

When the doorbell rang, Harry slipped out of his apron and ran to check his face, not even knowing why. He saw HER in the mirror, now super-imposed over his own face. He seemed like he was behind her, and he stared at the big, blonde hair, her big eyes, the pearl necklace around her long, slender neck. What is going on? He wondered. He looked down and saw the swelling of those torpedoes Jimmy had mentioned, once more feeling an odd sense of pride. Jimmy was right. She was a looker, all right.

Jimmy and the broker sat at the dining room table. Harry bustled about, bringing out the food. They ate and talked, then Harry cleaned off the dinner plates and brought out the pie and coffee. "That was some mighty fine pie, Harriet," the broker said.

"My name is..."

"Harriet!" Jimmy interrupted. Then, he turned to the broker. "Satisfied?"

"Well," the broker said, eyeing them both. "Harriet sure is the sweetest little homemaker, and you do come across as a stand-up guy, James. But, well, I am a little suspicious. I don't see a lot of affection between you."

"Affection?" Jimmy said.

The audience laughed.

"Most newlywed are all over each other. Hugging. Kissing."

"Hugging and-- Kissing". Jimmy and Harry said in unison.

Uproarious laughs.

Jimmy swallowed. Stood up and went to Harry, who started to shake his head and back away. "We can't keep our hands off each other," Jimmy said. "Isn't that right, dear? I mean, since we are married?"

"I have a cold," Harry said, heart fluttering. "And the flu! And cancer!"

"Don't be shy, darling," Jimmy said, grabbing Harry's wrist and pulling him in, then slipping an arm around his waist. "Harriet gets shy in front of strangers," Jimmy said, glancing over at the broker. "Raised by very cruel nuns in an orphanage on top of a mountain in Zanzibar." Then, leaning

close to Harry, in a stage whisper he said, "this is all your fault, remember? Now pucker up like a goldfish!"

Laughter. The Platters on the radio singing, "You send me."

Jimmy tilted Harry back, then, and planted a big, wet kiss right on his lips. Harry's leg kicked up, and when Jimmy ended the kiss, he fanned himself. "Goldfish? Your tongue was more like a trout," he whispered.

Laughs.

"Well," the broker said, putting his napkin down. "I am satisfied. You are most certainly a married couple. Goodnight!" With that he left.

"Whew!" Harry said, putting a hand to his chest. "That was close." His mind was buzzing over the kiss, though, in a way he found very disturbing.

Jimmy wiped his mouth with the back of his arm, though he had also been shocked and surprised by how good the kiss had felt. In fact, when he'd pulled Harry in, he'd imagined he'd felt those big, soft torpedoes pressing against his chest. "Well, I got us out of your latest zany scheme. The least you could do is thank me."

Harry felt something in his soften. Jimmy had really saved the day. "You really are the bee knees," he said.

"Hey, kid," Jimmy said. "We can get through anything as long as we stick together."

Awwwwwww, the crowd cooed.

## EPIISODE TWO: GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?

Opening Scene: Bedroom. Close up of Harry's face. He is sleeping, and superimposed over his face is that of a beautiful woman, her hair up in curlers.

Harry (murmuring): Oh! You look so handsome in that leather jacket! What's a helpless dame like me to do? Go for a ride on your motorcycle? You're such a bad boy!

Audience laughs.

Harry: Yes! Yes! Omigod, Yes! Take me! I'm yours!

Harry sat up with a shriek, his hands to his cheeks, eyes wide. "Why the heck am I dreaming of getting frisky with a greaser?"

Loud laughter.

Harry looked around. Where the heck is that laughter coming from? He felt all hot and bothered and started to fan himself. "That was quite a dream," he thought, and as he remembered kissing the greaser, he remembered kissing Jimmy and blushed. "We got to get out of this before I go crazy." Just then, he noticed the ticking sound coming from the wind-up alarm clock sitting next to his bed. "Jeepers! I gotta make breakfast for Jimmy!" Jumping out of bed, he looked down to see he was wearing a nightie. He'd gone to bed in pajamas. He felt... wrong... but looking at the clock he knew he had no time, so he slipped on his house coat and a pair of slippers and

scurried out to the kitchen, all the while struggling against the urge he felt to make breakfast in the first place.

Montage. The song "Tequila" plays in the background, coming from an RCA counter top radio:

Harry smiling blissfully as he scoops Maxwell House coffee grounds into a percolator. At the word "Tequila" is sung, he thrusts his hip out to the side.

Laughter.

Harry squeezing fresh orange juice. "Tequila" and another hip thrust. More laughter.

Harry dancing as he stands at the stove, stirring scrambled eggs with one hand while turning over sizzling bacon with the other. The audience laughs uproariously as they see Harry embodying an idealized 50s housewife without even knowing it. He scoops the steaming food onto a plate and twirls. "What the hades is wrong with me?" Harry cries out, dancing around the kitchen.

Enter: Jimmy.

Jimmy: "Good morning!" Jimmy shouts, sitting as Harry slides the plate of food on the table in front of him and in one smooth motion tucks a napkin into his shirt. Jimmy looks up at Harry with a smile and then jerks back, horrified. "What's with the curlers?" He says.

Harry looks crestfallen. "What curlers?"

"The ones the broad your turning into is wearing. Yeesh! What a sight first thing in the morning. Like waking up to Bela Lugosi!"

Laughter

"Well, maybe next time you can make your own breakfast!" Harry yells, stomping one foot.

"Don't be ridiculous," Jimmy says, digging into his food. "Hey, not bad! You're a good little cook. Maybe you will make a swell skirt after all."

"Really?" Harry says, flush with pride, but then he shakes his head. "I don't wanna be a broad. Jimmy. We have to find some way out of this kooky calamity!"

"Yeah. Sure, thing. But, see, I gotta get to work. My new boss is a square. Can't stand people being late."

"But, that's it. That's all part of the trap we're in. You don't really have a new boss. It's part of this weird sitcom world we're trapped in."

Jimmy stares at Harry. "You really are one scatter-brained space cadet."

"Stop talking to me like I'm a dame!"

"Well, if you aren't a dame, you got the best set of bazongas I've ever seen on a guy!"

Audience screams with laughter.

Harry crosses his arms over "his" chest. "Stop staring at my bazongas! It makes me feel cheap!"

More laughter.

"I gotta make bread, see," Jimmy says, mouth full of food, "so you can sit around eating bon bons and watching soap operas, doll." Jimmy wipes his mouth, gets up and kisses Harry on the cheek.

Harry pulls away, embarrassed. "I really want to talk about this!"

"Gotta burn rubber!" Jimmy throws a fedora on and exits.

Audience cheers.

Harry stands in the kitchen, one hand on his hip, tugging on his ear with the other. Jimmy's kiss had put him on cloud nine, but it scared and frightened him. He felt his nightie swirling around his ankles, wondered why he couldn't seem to fight what was happening to him. "I'm going to find some way to stop this!" He said, but just then, suddenly from the radio, "Tequila!" Harry thrust his hip out and starts dancing as he slips on a pair of yellow gloves and starts cleaning up the dishes.

Laughter.

"Sitting around watching soaps and eating bon bons?" Harry says, full of feminine fury as he wipes frothy white suds from a yellow plate. We see a bottle of Palmolive sitting next to the sink. "I'm a guy. I would never do that!"

Cut to Harry sitting on sofa, watching soap operas, eating bon bons.

Laughter.

The woman super-imposed over him is wearing a house dress, pearls, heels. Even though Harry managed to fight off the urge to wear a dress, he is wearing women's slacks and a blouse, flats, but he sits, knees together, as if he were wearing a dress. On the screen a man lies in a hospital bed, a nurse sits with him. "Tell her... Tell her I always loved her..." The man whispers, and then croaks. Harry starts crying uncontrollably, sobbing into his hands.

Awwwww, the crowd calls out.

Jangling of phone ringing. Harry composes himself and hurries to the phone. Somehow, he now sees himself as a half of a split screen, with Jimmy on the phone as the other half. A lucky strike dangles from Jimmy's mouth, and he has a glass of scotch in his hand. "Doll," Jimmy says. "You're gonna flip. The boss wants to come over for dinner tonight. Get to know the family. This is big for me. The sky's the limit!"

Harry looks horrified as he glances around the still shabby house. "No!" He says. "The house is a mess, and I don't have anything to make for dinner!"

"Well, you better punch it! Lay some rubber! We'll be there at six."



"I'm not your wife!" Harry says. "This has to stop!"

"I gotta split," Jimmy says, hanging up.

Harry hangs up the phone and harrumphs. "Men!" He gasps.

Laughter.

Harry rolled his eyes. He'd cleaned the house some for the broker, but it was not ready for the boss. Well, there was nothing for it. He grabbed his yellow gloves and snapped them on. "A woman's work is never done!"

Audience laughs.

Montage (Blue suede shoes plays in background) : Harry cleaning toilet. Harry washing windows. Harry on hands and knees scrubbing kitchen floor with brush. Harry scrubbing bathtub, vacuuming dust mites from under bed, polishing silver, getting the china out. Finally, Harry wearing white glove, running it over kitchen counter, lifting it to see it is still perfectly clean. He looks over his now sparkling, magazine perfect house and smiles with pride. We can now barely see Harry, as the buxom blonde has taken over primary reality in her A line dress and nylons.

"Now, for some shopping," Harry says. "At least that's always fun!"

Laughter.

Harry pulls on a coat, a pair of white gloves, then he pauses and stares at the purse sitting on an end table next to the coat rack. The camera zooms

in and out while spooky music plays. "I can't carry a purse," Harry says, horrified at the thought. "I simply can't! Men don't carry purses!" But he looks at his wallet, feels his dress. No pockets. He stares. Camera zooms in and out.

"Take your purse! Take your purse! Take your purse!" The audience shouts.

Finally, Harry huffs and says, "Fine!" He slips his purse strap over his shoulder and says, "At least it's a Chanel!"

Audience cheers.

Cut to Exterior: Safeway Supermarket. Harry stands smiling as a young man wearing a white shirt and a bow tie loads his groceries into the back of Harry's car. Harry fishes some change out of his wallet and hands it to the boy, smiling brightly. "Thank you ever so much!" Harry says. "Those groceries are a bit heavy for me!"

The boy takes the money and looks Harry up and down. "You sure do have a classy chassis, miss!" The boy says.

"Oh, stop!" Harry says, but he feels giddy at the compliment. Getting into his car, he turns on the radio, still vibrating with pleasure from the young man's attention. On some level, he remembers he is or was a guy, and he remembers he is supposed to feel embarrassed at having another male look at him like a woman, but he just can't manage. He turns on the radio, and Little Bitty, Pretty One comes on:

Little bitty pretty one

Come on and talk-a to me

A-lovey dovey dovey one

Come sit down on my knee

"Little, bitty pretty?" Harry asks himself, pulling out his compact and checking his makeup. "Is that what I am now?" He thought he was, and it should bother him, but for some reason the thought of being small and weak and dependent suddenly seemed.... Sexy? His thoughts were disrupted by the sight of the woman in the mirror. He could barely see himself beneath her, but he wasn't worried about that. She did not look ready for a meeting with the husband--- er, Jimmy's boss. A trip to the salon was a must!

"But, no," Harry said, slipping his compact back into his purse. "Heavens, no. I have to fight this. I must stop this and fast! I am a man, and I will not allow myself to be erased and turned into this ditzzy housewife!"

Cut to Harry sitting under a hair dryer, paging through a women's magazine, legs crossed.

Laughter.

Harry looks at the camera. "A guy's gotta do what a broad's gotta do, am I right? I'll tell you this much. I am not wearing makeup. You can only push a gal so far."

Laughter.

Cut to Harry sitting while a girl does his makeup. His mouth hangs open and he looks up while she does his eyeliner. Then, she dusts some blush onto his cheeks. "You're so pretty," the girl says. "Like a Hollywood movie star."

"I guess I'm going to have to get used to it," Harry says, looking at himself, taking his own breath away. He turns to the "camera." "Every time I look in the mirror, I want to kiss myself!"

Laughter.

Cut to Harry, dressed to the nines, lighting candles on the dinner table. He looks lovely, but pensive. He wants so badly for this dinner to go well, for Jimmy to be proud of him. Jimmy bursts in, Frank, his boss, in tow. "Honey, I'm home!" Jimmy shouts.

The audience cheers.

Jimmy gives Harry a kiss on the cheek. "Frank," he says, "this is my lovely wife, Harriet. Harriet, Frank. My not so lovely boss."

Laughs.

Frank wags a finger at Jimmy. "You?" He says. "You're a real kidder." He then turns his attention to Harry. We see him go all googley eyed. "My," he says, taking Harry's hand and giving it a kiss. "Jimmy told me you were a looker, but yowza!"

Harry, blushing, couldn't stop from giggling. "Why, Frank," he said. "You do know how to flatter a girl."

"I know how to do more than that to a girl," Frank said. He and Jimmy guffaw. Harry hides his annoyance behind an angelic smile.

"You boys!" He says. "Can I fix you a drink?"

"Scotch," Frank says. 'On the rocks."

"Same," Jimmy says.

As Harry turns to go the bar, both men's eyes drop to his plump rear. Frank nudges Jimmy in the ribs and whispers, "She looks good coming and going."

"I am lucky man," Jimmy says. In fact, this was the first he'd seen of Harry almost totally transformed into the buxom blonde, and he was feeling very .... Excited... at his friend's sexy new shape. At the same time, though, part of him felt like it was wrong, so wrong. He knew that gorgeous blonde was not his hot wife, but a guy, a guy he did carpentry with. He just should be feeling these things. But then Harry turned around, smiling so pretty, and Jimmy got another look at his huge bongos, and his head swam. How was a guy not supposed to get turned on by another guy who had jugs like that?

Harry, for his part, had felt the men's eyes on his derriere, and it had made his skin tingle. He felt shocked and embarrassed, but at the same time-- powerful. He was gorgeous and he knew it. As he made their drinks, he struggled at the feeling of shame combined with feminine pride. He wished

he could take a drink! He took the drinks back to the men. "Thanks, doll," Jimmy said.

They sat down to dinner. Harry's heart was fluttering. He was so anxious to find out if the men approved of his cooking. He'd made chicken cordon blue, green beans, potatoes. The men dug in. Frank chewed, nodded. "Incredible!" He said. "And she can cook, too? It isn't fair a dame with a face like that should be so good in the kitchen!"

The audience laughs.

"She's a great little homemaker," Jimmy says. "Born to it!"

More laughter.

"I do my best," Harry says, delighted, but practicing feminine modesty, even as the man in him couldn't believe how proud he was of his cooking skills.

"You should give my wife lessons," Frank says.

"She's quite a woman," Jimmy says. "Not very good with a hammer, but a wiz with the whisk!"

"I'm good with a hammer!" Harry protests, the carpenter and man he'd been outraged at the suggestion he wasn't good with tools.

"I bet you are," Frank says, mimicking giving a hand job. "I'll bet you're real good with Jimmy's hammer!" Jimmy erupts with laughter.

The audience roars. Harry pouts.

"Say, what do you think about the Bears this year?' Jimmy says.

"I think they're going to win it all," Frank says.

"They don't have a quarterback," Harry offered, dabbing primly at his mouth with his napkin.

Jimmy and Frank turn and stare at Harry. And stare. And stare.

"What?" Harry says.

Both men explode with laughter. "A broad? Talking about football?" Frank shouts, slapping the table. "You're a scream!" He says to Harry. "She's funny, too? Really!"

"She keeps me laughing, that's for sure," Jimmy says. "I mean, she's a blonde, right? Talk about an airhead!"

As soon as Frank left, Harry ran up to Jimmy, planted both hands on his hips and looking up at him, shouted, "I am so cross with you!"

"Cross?" What is this?"

"Your boss made fun of me! You should have defended me!"

"Hey, doll face, we were just kidding around."

"Well, it wasn't funny! It hurt my feelings!"

"Harriet, come on. It's just goofing around."

"I'm not dumb," Harry says, tears rolling down his cheeks. His chest heaves as he sobs. "I try so hard to make everything perfect, and you don't appreciate me!" He turned, meaning to run to his room and slam the door, but Jimmy grabs his arm.

"Doll, babe, sweet cheeks," Jimmy says, pulling Harry close, wrapping his arms around him. "I appreciate everything you do. You're the best. And, this is weird, but you are one heck of a looker besides."

"Really?" Harry says, staring up into Jimmy's eyes. They were both feeling Harry's new body now-- the soft swelling of his chest pressing against Jimmy, the smallness of it. Harry felt small in Jimmy's arm, but protected. Jimmy felt strong, protective. Their lips moved closer.

"Really," Jimmy said. He leaned closer. Slipped a hand down to cup Harry's plump rear--off camera, or course. Harry made a cute little chirping sound.

"This is wrong," Harry whispered. "I'm a guy."

"I know," Jimmy said. "I know." But their lips met for the kiss.



"Awwwwwww," the audience calls out.

When it ended, Harry rested his head against Jimmy's chest.

"I want you to sleep in my bed tonight," Jimmy said.

"But, Jimmy," Harry started. "I'm worried that we'll..."

"Don't worry," Jimmy said. "Nothing is going to happen. You're a guy. You're my oldest friend. I just don't like the thought of you sleeping alone is all."

"But..."

Jimmy put his finger over Harry's lips. "Shhssshhh," he said. "You're sleeping with me tonight."

"And you swear you aren't going to put the moves on me?"

"I swear."

Cut to hallway outside Jimmy's bedroom. The door is cracked slightly open. We hear the squeaking of bed springs. Heavy breathing. The bedsprings squeak faster and faster. Then, Harry cries out in a high-pitched woman's voice, "Tequila!"

Audience laughs.

Fade to Black as Tequila plays over the credits.

### EPISODE THREE: THE CLINGING VINE!

Opening scene: bedroom. Morning. The Song "Searching" is playing. "I've been searching. Oh, yeah, searching." Close up of Harry's head resting on Jimmy's chest. His eyes are closed, and there is a small smile on his face. The camera pulls back, and we see Harry's hand sliding down Jimmy's chest, over his belly and down.... Down... "I been searching...."

Harry's eyes go wide as he realizes what he is doing, and he yanks his hand away in shock, then throws back the covers, looks down to see he is naked and throws his arms across his bare breasts. "Heavens to Betsy," he whispers, eyes wide with shock as he remembers their night together. "I slept with Jimmy!"

Laughter.

Cut to close up of Jimmy. There is a satisfied, almost smug smile on his face as he snores, blissfully unaware of Harry's post-coital crisis. "And you promised you wouldn't make any moves on me!" Harry whispers. "Cad!" Keeping one arm across his ample chest, Harry makes a fist and starts as if he will punch Jimmy, but then he pulls back, struggling with his attempts to be aggressive. Finally, he glances at the clock and gasps. "Jimmy will be up soon expecting his breakfast!"

Exit Harry.

Cut to Kitchen. Harry cooks an omelet as Jimmy enters. Jimmy sneaks up behind Harry and grabs his butt, squeezing. Harry yelps and jumps. "Jimmy!" He says. "You scared the dickens out of me!"

Jimmy snakes one arm around Harry's waist, while a second falls over his chest. He kisses Harry on the neck and says, "How about a quickie before I go to work?"

Laughter.

Harry squeals and wiggles free of Jimmy before backing against a wall. "Keep your meat hooks offa me!" Harry says.

"But, doll, last night was over the moon," Jimmy says.

"Not for me!"

"Dames," Jimmy says. "Always pretending like you don't want it." He sits down at the table and tucks his napkin into his shirt.

"I don't want it," Harry says, going back to the stove, sliding the omelet into a plate and bringing it to Jimmy. "I'm not a dame, anyway."

"What's this?" Jimmy says, poking at the omelet. "Where's my bacon?"

"It's an avocado omelet," Harry says. "It's all the rage in Hollywood! I read about it in a magazine at the beauty parlor."

"A whatacoda whatsis?" Jimmy yells. "You ditzzy dingbat! One of these days! One of these days! Pow! Right in the kisser!"

Laughter.

"Just eat. It's good for you," Harry says. "If you eat bacon all the time, you'll have a heart attack."

"If I have to keep putting up with you, I'll wish I had a heart attack!"

Laughter.

"Gotta go, doll," Jimmy says. He gets up. Harry tilts his head to the side to accept a goodbye kiss. Jimmy grabs his butt and pinches it. Harry shrieks. The audience laughs.

Exit Jimmy to huge applause.

Harry rubs his butt, shakes his head. "Guess I better clean up," he says, but just as he gathers the plate from the table, there's a knock on the kitchen door. "Who is it?" Harry calls out in a sing song voice.

The door slams open. Enter Edsel and Maude. "Welcome to the neighborhood!" Edsel shouts. Maude carries a pineapple upside down cake over to the table and puts it down. "We're your next-door neighbors," Maude says. "We just wanted to bring something over, see how you're settling in."

"More like dig for some juicy gossip you can share with all the other nosy broads on the block!" Edsel shouts.

Laughs.

"Shut up!" Maude screams.

"Don't you tell me to shut up!" Edsel says, pushing his sleeves up, making a fist.

Maude crosses her arms and gives him the evil eye. Edsel melts, turning sheepish. He mumbles something. Maude smiles. "Why don't you go feed the dog?" Maude says.

"Yeah. I was just going to do that anyway. At least the dog doesn't bite!"

"Edsel!"

Exit Edsel, almost falling over himself to get out the door.

The audience jeers.

"You sure do know how to handle a man," Harry says.

"Yeah, well, I used to be one," Maude says.

"You, too?"

"Oh, half the broads on this street used to be gents," Maude says, patting Harry on the shoulder. "You get used to it."

"Really?"

"No."

The audience roars.

"Isn't there anyway out of here?" Harry says.

"You poor dear. Of course, there is. There always is. There should be a Kodak film projector either in your basement or attic. Turn it on, walk through the picture, and you are back to your old life."

"So, why are you still here?"

Maude gestures for Harry to lean closer. Makes a cup with her hand and whispers, "I like the sex."

Laughter.

"Oh, you're so bad!" Harry says.

"You don't know the half of it," Maude says, exiting.

Harry runs a finger along the base of the cake and licks the frosting off his finger. "Yummy," he says. He eyes the basement door, his finger still in his mouth. "Is it true?" He says out loud. "Could it be that easy?" He goes over to the basement door and cautiously opens it. We watch from behind as he daintily begins to climb down the stairs. We see the open door, the darkness, hear the creaking of boards. Then, the squeaking sound of a mouse. Harry screams and comes running back up the stairs, slamming the door and holding it closed, panting with terror. "Jimmy!" He screams. "Help!"

The audience burst into laughter.

Cut to that evening. Jimmy and Harry sit at the dinner table. Harry wears a blouse and slacks, having successfully fought off the urge to put on a dress and heels, but he is wearing his pearls. "So, all we have to do is go down in the basement," Harry says.

"I'm in total agreement with the idea of going down," Jimmy says. "But I'd rather do it in the shower."

The audience chuckles.

"Jimmy, I'm serious. We can get out of here."

"Yeah. Okay. Maybe after I watch the game."

"You'd rather watch the game than get out of this heebie jeebies nightmare?"

"Didn't I just say that?"

Laughter.

"But you can watch a real game in the real world if we just go down-- I mean, find the projector! Don't be a'... don't be a germ!"

"Why do you wanna outta here so bad, doll?" Jimmy said, helping himself to a slice of cake. "Get me some coffee."

Harry gets up and gets the coffee, slamming the cup down. "Why do I want to get out of here?" He says. "I got bongos out to here," he says, cupping his hands over his chest. "I spend all day cooking and cleaning. I got a butt like a water balloon! I'm a dame, Jimmy. A dame!"

"And?" Jimmy says. "You're a top tomato, baby doll. A real looker. And you know how to play bump in the night. I don't see the downside."

Harry's mouth falls open. "You like me like this! That's why you don't want to help!"

"Ding! Ding! Ding!" Jimmy laughs. "The lovely lady wins herself a brand-new hair dryer!"

"I won't stay like this!" Harry screams, stomping one foot. "I won't! I won't!"

"I'm gonna go watch the game," Jimmy says. "And watch that temper. It'll give you wrinkles."



"It will?" Harry gasps, putting his hands to his face.

The audience roars.

Cut to Split Screen. Harry on the phone with Maude. "So, Jimmy won't go down to the basement with me, and I'm too scared to go alone. What should I do?"

"That's easy," Maude says, slipping a cigarette from a pack of Chesterfields and lighting it. "Use the clinging vine technique."

"Clinging vine?"

"Yeah. You know. Get all dolled up. Pretty as a peach. Hang off him, kiss him, get him all hot and bothered. Then, he'll be putty in your hands."

Harry frowns. "Isn't there a less-- humiliating way?"

"No, but if you don't want to seduce your husband, The milkman will do it in return for a quickie."

Harry gasps. "Maude! I just... I don't want to be that kind of girl."

"Hey, you got stuck with those jugs. You might as well use 'em to get what you want. Give him blue balls, the refuse sex until he does what you want."

"Refusing sex will be the easy part!" Harry says.

"Keep telling yourself that," Maude says. "Maybe one day you'll even believe it."

Laughs.

Cut to next morning. Harry slips out of bed in the cold, dark morning. He goes to the dresser and opens it. Sighing. He pulls out a girdle, stretching it, grimacing. "Of all the indignities," he says, looking with horror at the garter stays. He glances over at Jimmy, scowling. "Whatever it takes," he whispers. Closing his eyes, he wiggles into the girdle. It has padding in the back to make his butt look even bigger. We then see him pull a bra out of the drawer. It's a 1950s bra with hooks.

Montage: Harry struggling to put the bra on. Reaching back, trying to the hooks to close. Hoping on one foot. Looking flummoxed, the bra on backwards. Twisting around in a circle, his arms behind his back. Using a backscratcher to try and get it connected. Finally, we see him in his bra and girdle, pumping his fist with pride. Harry sitting, shoulders back, chest out, as he pulls his nylons up his long, shapely legs, and attaches the garters. He runs his hands over the silky nylons, smiling. "I'm getting closer and closer to getting my manhood back," he whispers.

The audience chuckles.

Cut to Harry sitting at a dressing table cluttered with all manner of make-up. He is looking at himself in the mirror, very intense, like an athlete about to compete in a big match. "You can do this," he says. "You're a man. Anything a woman can do, a man can do better." He picks up a tube of lipstick and struggles to get it open, twisting, then bangs it on the table. His bra suddenly pops open and he shrieks, throwing his arms across his chest.

The audience laughs.

Montage: Harry putting on foundation. Harry puckering up and doing his lipstick. Harry dusting his cheeks with blush. He looks stunning and smiles at himself. "Just try and say no to me now, Jimmy. Just try!"

Harry filing and painting his nails, blowing on them, then holding them out and admiring the way they shine in the light.

Harry then goes to his walk-in closet. The hangers are crowded with dresses. He sorts through them, finally pulling out a pink satin A line dress with a plunging neckline. He bites his lip. "I'm going to drive Jimmy nuts," he says with relish, the giggles devilishly. "Boy, I am one bad girl!"

The audience chuckles.

Finally, we see Harry fully dressed, looking gorgeous. He is pausing as he holds a high-heeled shoe in his hand, poised to slip it onto his dainty foot. "Why do we have to wear heels, anyway?" He says to himself. "It just seems like such a ... inferior thing to do. Hobble yourself, and for what? So, your legs and ass look better?" He looks at the shoe and smiles, nodding. "Yeah, so my legs and ass look better." He knows he needs to overwhelm Jimmy with his feminine allure. But, at the same time, he hates the idea that he has to make himself a sex object. Finally, he closes his eyes again and says, "Just be a man!" He slips the shoe onto his foot, then the other. He stands, perched on his toes now, and nods to himself. "Way to man up," he says. "What kind of man would I be if I was too scared to wear a pair of pumps?"

Guffaws from the audience.

Cut to Kitchen. Elvis Presley sings 'I want you, I need you, I love you' on the radio. Jimmy enters. Stops and stares at Harry, who is posing at the refrigerator, one hand buried in his hair, the other on his hip.

"Who are you and what have you done with my Harriet?" Jimmy says.

The audience roars.

"Good morning!" Harry trills, floating across the kitchen floor and giving Jimmy a big kiss. He pushes his body against Jimmy's and touches him on the cheek. "You look so handsome!"

Jimmy, looking a little confused, smiles. "I guess I am at that," he says.

Laughter.

"What's with all this?" Jimmy says, gesturing at Harry's dress. "You usually look like a depressed hamster this time of the morning."

Laughs.

"Oh, you're so silly," Harry says, plastering a bright smile on his face. "I'm just trying to be the best little woman I can be for my big, strong, husband!" I can't believe I managed to say that without vomiting!

"Well, your big strong husband approves! You look like a million bucks!"

"Oh, you're sweet!" Harry sings, bringing Jimmy his breakfast and kissing him on cheek. "Eat up!"

Jimmy starts eating. Harry goes to the refrigerator and pretends to be looking for something, bending over. Way over. Jimmy's eyes go wide, and his mouth drops open. We hear a fog horn blast. The audience laughs. Harry comes back from the fridge with a bottle of cream. "For your coffee," he says, opening the bottle.

"Thanks, doll," Jimmy says.

Harry pretends to spill a bit of the cream onto the soft cleavage swelling from the top of his dress. "Goodness!" He says, leaning forward, giving Jimmy a close up view. "Would you be a dear and clean that off for me?"

Jimmy starts to make panting noises. "Should I use my tongue?" He says.

Harry playfully slaps at him, making sure to shake his shoulders, sending a tremor through his breasts. Jimmy's head bobbles around and he goes cross-eyed.

The audience roars.

Jimmy grabs a napkin and dabs the cream off Harry's chest. Then he gets up, holding the napkin over his pants, walking bent over as if in great discomfort. "I better get to work," he groans. "Before I rip a hole in my pants!"

Now Harry gives a side take to the camera, grinning. "Don't be late," He calls out. "I have something special for you tonight! It's hot and sticky!"

We hear Jimmy groan in agony from the next room. Then, the door slams. Harry claps his hands and does a twirl. The whole experience had been humiliating, but he'd done it, of course. He was a real man. He'd been a Marine, stormed the beaches at Normandy. What was a girdle and some flirting compared to that? "I feel like a man again already," he says, slipping on his rubber gloves and starting to wash the dishes.

The audience chuckles.

Split Screen. Maude and Harry. "So, you got him all horny?" Maude says. "Oh, he was so hard he said it might tear through his pants," Harry says, giggling. "Thata girl," Maude says. "I know you could do it. Now, remember. No sex until he does what you want, but lots of teasing!" Harry giggles again.

CUT TO: Kitchen. Currently unoccupied. Muddy Waters' "Mannish Boy" plays on the radio. The deep bluesy riff, then Muddy Waters growls:

Now, when I was a young boy

At the age of five

My mother said I was gonna be

The greatest man alive

Enter Harry wearing a floral print apron over his dress, pearls sparkling. He slides across the kitchen floor in his heels, mop in hand and sings along to

the radio. "I'm a man," he sings in his breathy soprano, wiggling his hips and shaking his breasts as he mops. "I spell.. M... A.... N!"

The audience roars.

Cut To Later in the Day. Jimmy returns from work to find Harry sitting on the couch in the living room, filing his nails. "Doll," Jimmy gasps. "I couldn't get you out of my mind all day!"

"Do tell," Harry says, feigning disinterest.

Jimmy sits down on the couch and starts to put his arms around Harry. "Let's smooch," he says.

Harry schooches away from him, holds his nail file out like a weapon. "I have a headache," he says.

The audience chuckles.

"A headache?" Jimmy says. "You have a headache?"

"Yes," Harry says, focusing his attention back on his nails. "A pretty bad one, too. It might last for days."

"Days?" Jimmy screams. "Days! You hare-brained dingbat! I can't wait for days! You got me all worked up this morning, and a man needs relief."

"I would know about such things," Harry says. "I'm just a dame."

"Just a...." We see a lightbulb go off over Jimmy's head. "Oh. I see. This is about the basement."

Harry, dropping the act, turns to face Jimmy. "Please, Jimmy. Go down there with me. Let's at least see if Maude is right."

"I don't know..." Jimmy says.

Harry smiles and shakes his shoulders. "Pretty please with a cherry on top?"

"I'm pretty sure I took your cherry!" Jimmy says.

Laughs.

Harry idly tugs at his dress, revealing more of his soft, round legs. "Jimmy?" He says.

"Fine. Good. I agree. Let's go."

"Oh, goodie!" Harry says clapping. Jimmy rolls his eyes.

Cut to basement. It is dusty. Cobwebs cling to the corners. There are mannequins and weird old china dolls. A Kodak projector sits on a table in front of a portable screen. "This must be it!" Harry says, hurrying to the projector. Jimmy looks depressed as he watches Harry start to fiddle with



the projector. After a few minutes, Harry turns to Jimmy. "Um, I'm not very good with these mechanical thingies, so could you?"

"Dames!" Jimmy says, annoyed. He looks away. "I don't want to."

Harry goes up to Jimmy, pushes his soft body against the other man, puts a hand on his cheek. "Please, Jimmy," he says in a little girl voice. "Please help me."

Jimmy's eyes go cross-eyed again. "Fine," he says, walking over to the projector and flipping the switch.

Laughter.

The projector rattles to life, and the image of Harry's apartment appears on the screen. It's grainy and in color! 'Oh, my," Harry says, clutching at his pearl necklace. "It's real. It's really real." He starts to walk slowly toward the image. "Maude said all I have to do is walk into the image, and I'll be home.' Harry walks closer and closer. He reaches out and pushes his hand into the picture. His hand turns to color, and then alters from a slender, feminine hand to his big, calloused man hand. He makes a fist. "No more dresses..." he whispers, pushing his hand further into the color. "No more girdles and heels..."

There is a loud crashing sound, and the image suddenly vanishes. Harry spins on his heels to see Jimmy laying on top of the projector, which is now smashed into pieces. "Noooooooo!" Harry screams. "Noooooooo!" His whole body shakes with his sobbing and he murmurs, "I don't want to be a woman..." Jimmy comes over and hugs him. At first, Harry tries to push him away, but Jimmy is too strong, and Harry stops struggling, collapsing

against Jimmy, leaning on him for strength. "Cooking..." Harry whimpers. "Cleaning... forever..."

"It's okay, doll. You'll be all right. I'll take care of you," Jimmy says softly, kissing Harry on top of the head, but we see the laughter in his eyes. "After all, you're my girl now."

The camera begins to pull slowly away, lingering on the sight of the two of them, Jimmy holding the helpless, broken Harry, the shattered camera at their feet. Eerie music begins to play, and we hear a deep, man's voice, the realtor:

A pal in pearls, a standup guy gone ditzzy dame A life of construction to a life of constriction. Harry never thought his good friend Jimmy would condemn him to a life of domestic servitude, would make him trade in his overalls for a life in skirts and heels, a life of makeup and mops. But Harry never counted on the fact that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely, especially in the 1950s Sitcom..

#### EPISODE 4: TOPSY TURVY

Opening scene: Outside The Sitcom House. It is modern times and we are in color. The house looks run down as it did in episode 1. A young couple stands in the overgrown yard with The Realtor. The trees are all barren but crowded with crows, who squawk menacingly.

The Realtor: As you can see, the house is abandoned.

Don: I would like to take a look inside if you don't mind. This is the last place my brother's phone tracker showed him before he vanished. Don's wife, Samantha, takes his hand. "I'm sure he's okay," she says.

The Realtor unlocks the front door. "Oh, he's fine. You know, much like this house, all he needs is a family to blossom into a real woman." He puts a hand on each of their shoulders, and they each feel a strange tingle.

"What did you say?" Don asks.

"I have to go," The Realtor says. "You kids make sure to brush your teeth before you go to bed now!"

The Realtor leaves. Don stares. "Is it just me, or is that guy seriously weird?"

"He definitely has a peculiar personality," Sam says. "Let's go. I need to get back to the office."

Don checks his watch. "I have to get to karate by 5."

They walk into the house. The living room is dusty, all the furniture is covered in drop cloths. The walls are stained and cracked. Cobwebs choke the corners. "Harry?" Don calls. "Jimmy?"

"It doesn't look like anyone's been here in years," Samantha says, plucking at the cover on the couch.

"Well, let's at least take a look and see if there are any clues or something," Don says, poking his head into the kitchen.

Sound FX: A crackling burst of white noise, and the sound of a radio dial turning. The song A Teen-Ager in Love starts to play:

One day, I feel so happy

The next day, I feel so sad

As Samantha looks at Don, who's poking his head around the doorway to the kitchen, she sees a ghostly shape appear inside the outline of his body-- a girl with a ponytail wearing a baggy sweater and a skirt, bobby socks and saddle shoes. Don spins at the sound of the music and the image of the girl spins with him, ponytail bouncing, skirt swirling. "What's that?" He says.

I guess I'll learn to take

The good with the bad

'Cause each night I ask the stars up above

Why must I be a teenager in love?

Samantha shakes her head, squints at the image she sees faintly inside him. "Don, I think I see a ghost or something."

Don fixates on the old radio in the corner. He hurries over, and Samantha is shocked to see he actually skips at the end. "One of those old radios," he says. "It's a scream! And this song is happening!"

Samantha shakes her head. "What did you say? Why are you talking like that?"

Don shakes his head. "Like what, Daddy-O?"

CUT to Upstairs: Harry is just finishing putting fresh linens on one of the beds in the upstairs rooms. "My horoscope said I should expect surprise visitors today," he says, talking to himself. "And I just had to make sure these beds were ready in case one of them was Bobby Derin!"

Laughter.

There is a flash, and a poster appears on one of the walls: it's teen heartthrob Fabian. Harry does a double take, then smiles, clutching his pearls. "A little young, but a wouldn't mind playing a little backseat bingo with him!"

Laughter.

Harry looks at the camera. "I'm a guy but a girl has needs, ya know!"

Laughter.

Just then, we hear the sound of "Teen-ager in Love" coming from the downstairs as well as muffled voices. "My surprise guests must be here!" Harry says, rushing to a mirror, checking his hair and make-up.

Cut to downstairs. Don is looking up at the face floating above Samantha's head. "Yeah, there's what looks like a teen-age boy's face floating above yours." He's subconsciously swaying to the beat.

"I would think it was just some sort of apparition, but I think it might be changing you," Samantha says. "You're talking like a Betty from the 1950s, see?"

"Get bent," Don says, and without realizing it he is now chewing gum. "You're starting to bug me. Like I would ever talk like some Betty."

Harry comes down the stairs, peeks out and see his brother Don and Don's wife, Samantha. He SCREAMS.

Both Don and Samantha jump. They turn to see Harry, all black and white, wearing an aline dress and her usual heels and pearls in the still color stairway. Samantha screams. Don screams.

Harry runs to the bottom of the stairs and starts to hop up and down screaming. Samantha and Don start hopping up and down, screaming. "You!" Harry shouts, pointing at Don. "You!" Don yells back. "Both of you!" Samantha shouts.

The audience laughs. They all three start screaming again.

The front door slams open and Jimmy comes flying in shouting "Honey, I'm home!"

All three stop screaming. They look at Jimmy, who's looking around confused. He sees the teen-age girl in Don, the teen-age boy in Samantha. "Good grief," he says. "What'd I do to deserve this?"

The audience chuckles as the world flashes and everything goes black and white.

"What's going on?" Don says, looking around.

"What's going on is you two need to get out of here before it's too late," Harry says, pushing them towards the door.

"Hey," Samantha says. "What gives?"

"If you stay here, you are going to be trapped here, and you," Harry says to Don, "are going to turn into a teen-age girl."

"Yeah, right," Don says, popping his gum. "Say, do I know you? You look familiar."

"Out. Out!" Harry says.

"Doll, it ain't gonna work." Jimmy says, sitting down with his newspaper, lighting a Lucky Strike.

"Jimmy!" Don says, looking back. "What happened to Harry?"

"He turned into a dingbat," Jimmy says.

Laughter.

Harry succeeds in shoving Don and Sam out the door, slams it and sighs. "I can't let my little brother turn into my little sister!"

Laughter.

Just then, we hear the kitchen door slam open and shouts coming from the kitchen. "I am not being emotional," Don shouts. "You're being an insensitive jerk!"

"Oh, boy," Jimmy says. "here we go. Now I gotta put up with two nutty dames in the house."

Laughter.

Harry hurries into the kitchen. "Out! Get Out!" He says, pushing them back out the kitchen door. He slams the door. "Run!" He shouts through the door, but we hear the front door slam open.

Cut to Jimmy in living room. Samantha and Don are behind him, looking around, confused. He looks at the camera and shakes his head. "All I wanted was some peace and quiet."



Harry comes hurrying into the living room. "Out! Run!" He starts pushing them toward the door, then stops, straightening Samantha's collar. "Oh, look at you," he says, and then he looks at Don and says, "tuck in your shirt!"

"Stop mothering me!" Don snaps.

"Mothering?" Harry says. "Mothering," he agrees, nodding. He looks at the camera. "Oh, no. I'm mothering!"

The audience laughs.

Without missing a beat, Harry finds himself fussing with Samantha's hair. "Look at you two."

"Stop!" Samantha says.

"Lay off, Daddy-O," Don says as they once more find themselves pushed toward the door.

Jimmy stands and shouts, "Enough!"

Everyone freezes.

"Pushing them out the door ain't gonna work, doll," Jimmy says. "All you're doing is making them dizzy."

Laughter.

"And Don is dizzy enough as it is," Samantha says.

"Hey!" Don says.

Jimmy laughs. "Good one," he says, raising his hand and giving Samantha a high five.

"So, what do you suggest?" Harry says, crossing his arms under his breasts and throwing a hip out to the side. "Since you're so smart?"

"I suggest you lose a few pounds," Jimmy says, smirking.

The audience roars.

"Oh! You!" Harry squawks in feminine rage.

"You two dolls," he says, pushing Don and Harry together. "Get into the kitchen and make some grub."

"Make some grub?" Don says. "I'm not going to do that."

"You're gonna have to get used to it because you are going to be a dame and dames do the cooking," Jimmy says.

"And what are we going to do?" Samantha says.

"Watch TV. The Yankees game is on."

Don stands, staring, shaking his head.

"Go. Shoo," Jimmy says. "You dames need to get cooking. I'm starving."

Don looks to Harry, who takes him by the wrist. "Let's go," he says, leading Don into the kitchen.

"This is so unfair!" Don whines.

"Get used to it," Jimmy says, plopping down into his chair.

Samantha sits down on the couch. "So, what is going on?"

"The house you guys went into opens some kind of dimension into a 1950s sitcom. You're going to turn into a guy now. A teen-ager by the looks of it. Don is going to be a teen-age girl, by which I mean the most annoying of all the kinds of dames there is."

"I heard that!" Don screams.

Laughter.

"See what I mean?"

Cut to kitchen

Don is leaning against the kitchen table, looking at Harry, who is getting food out of the fridge. "Jimmy has gone crazy, right?" Don says, blowing a bubble and popping it. "Like I would turn into a Betty."

Harry sighs, putting some water on the stove to boil. "Remember how you said you recognized me?" He says.

"I feel like I know you."

"Look closely. It's me. I'm your brother, Harry. I turned into a woman."

Don looks closely. We see his eyes go wide with recognition, but then he looks down at Harry's chest and shakes his head. "But you have bazongas," he says, making a cupping gesture over his own chest. "Big ones!"

Laughter

"I am aware," Harry says. "Believe me." He continues working on dinner.

Don comes over and starts to help, but Harry puts his arms on Don's shoulders and pushes him away. "Don't!" He says.

"I just thought I should help."

"And did you ever help Samantha in the kitchen?" Harry says.

"Well, sometimes if I..."

"Never!" Samantha yells from the living room.

Laughter.

"Never," Don admits.

"You have to fight it," Harry says. "This urge to help in the kitchen? It's just the start of your feminization. If you give in, you'll end up like... well, like me."

"Like you?" Don says, crinkling his nose.

"You'll have bazongas," Harry says, making the cupping sign. "And you'll be obsessed with mopping and cleaning and probably boys, too. Is that what you want?"

"Um... no?" Don says.

"I'm going to save you from this," Harry says as he puts on his apron. "You go out and watch the game with the boys. Keep acting like a boy and maybe we can stop you from turning into a girl."

Don nods. "Okay, Mom," he says.

Harry's eyes go wide. His brother just called him mom. He doesn't say anything, but of course it disturbs him. And yet some part of him grew all

warm and fuzzy to hear himself called Mom. He shakes his head and focuses on cooking dinner.

Cut to Living Room. Don comes out from the kitchen, taking a seat on the couch next to Samantha. The game is on TV. "They look weird in those old-fashioned uniforms," Don says. "All cotton. They look so baggy."

"Leave it to the dame to be worried about the team's fashion sense," Jimmy says.

Laughter.

Don folds his arms, looking annoyed. "I'm not a girl!" He insists.

Samantha looks at him, seeing the pony-tailed girl. "I can't believe my husband is going to turn into a teeny-bopper," she says.

Don glares at her. "I'm not. I'm fighting it," he says.

"You're going to have bazongas."

"Am not!" Don says, horrified by the idea.

"Am I going to lose my bazongas?" Sam says.

"Fraid so," Jimmy says. "But you'll also stop being a hare-brained dingbat, so there's an upside."

Don crosses his legs, girl style and looks at the screen. Joe Dimaggio is up to bat, and looking him over, Don's heart flutters. "I can see why Marilyn Monroe fell for him," he says.

"I know, right?" Samantha says. "Wait, is my husband checking out a guy?"

"No!" Don shrieks. I was just.... He turns and stares at the camera. "I was checking out a guy!?"

The audience laughs.

"What the heck is happening to me?" Don says. "I don't like boys."

"Enough! I'm trying to watch the game!" Jimmy shouts. "Go to your room!"

"My room?" Don says. "Do you think I'm a kid you can just order around?"

"Room! Now!" Jimmy says, pointing to the stairs.

Don huffs, but gets up and stomps up the stairs to his room. Samantha watches, seeing the ponytail of the phantom image bouncing with each pouty step. "He is so annoying!" She says, before turning her attention back to the TV just in time to see DiMaggio slam the ball down the third base line. "Yeah!" She and Jimmy shout. "Yeah!"

CUT To: dinning room. The four are finishing up eating dinner. Jimmy pats his belly and says, "Harry's turned into quite the top tomato, am I right? An angel in the kitchen and a devil in the bedroom!"

"Jimmy!" Harry says, blushing.

"Hey, you two dolls clean up. Sam and I are gonna go throw the ball around."

"Can't I come, too?" Don says.

Jimmy stares at him. "A dame playing baseball?" He looks at Sam. They both burst out laughing and exit kitchen.

Don crosses his arms and pouts. "Who are they calling a dame? I can throw a ball as well as any stupid boy."

Harry pats him on the arm. "Don't worry. I'm not going to let what happened to me happen to you." He starts cleaning of the table. Without even thinking, Don starts to help. "No!" Harry says, grabbing the plate from his hands. "Fight it! Don't start acting like a broad."

Don stares at his hands. "You're right," he says. 'I never helped in the kitchen at all, and now I feel like it's my duty somehow. Like I am doing something wrong by not helping."

The phone rings. Don stares at it there on the wall, clanging away. "What's that?" He says.



'A phone, believe it or not," Harry says, going to answer. "Who's this? Principal Smothers? Will my niece and nephew, Sam and Donna, be in school tomorrow? Why, of course if you think it's best..."

While Harry talks, Don pops a piece of gum into his mouth and blows a bubble, then absentmindedly starts to wash the dishes. As he washes, he starts dancing and singing Fabian's Turn Me Loose:

Turn me loose, turn me loose I say

This is the first time I have felt this way

Gonna get a thousand kicks or kiss a thousand boys

So turn me loose

"Don," Harry says, hanging up the phone. "Please. Look at yourself."

Don, dish in hand, blows a bubble, the suds dripping down the plate. "Don't flip your lid. It's just rock and roll."

Harry comes and takes the dish from Don. "Please. Go do something a man would do."

"Okay. Yes," Don says. "I need to do something a boy would do, like...I dunno. Wait, who was that on the phone?"

"The school principal. It seems here you are my niece and Sam is my nephew. He was calling to make sure you went to school tomorrow."

"School?" Don says. "Will everyone think I'm a Betty?"

"Yes," Harry says. "Probably. Now, scooch. Go and be a man."

Exit Don.

Harry goes back to washing the dishes. The kitchen door flies open and Jimmy and Sam come banging into the kitchen, tossing their baseball gloves on the kitchen table. Jimmy comes up behind Harry and squeezes his butt. Harry shrieks and jumps. Jimmy turns him, planting a kiss right on his lip. Sam watches, amused. "Jimmy," Harry says, breathless, playfully slapping at him. "I need to finish the dishes!"

"See what I told you?" Jimmy says. "You gotta show a dame who's boss."

"Don't listen to him," Harry says, turning back to his sink full of suds. "A woman wants to be respected!" Jimmy pinches him on the but, and Harry shrieks once more. Sam high-fives Jimmy and they exit to living room.

Audience laughs.

CUT To: Don's room. The walls are now smothered with pictures of Fabian. Stuffed animals crowd the shelves. Don is standing in a karate pose. "I need to do boy things," he says to himself, throwing a punch. His movements look awkward, though, like a girly girl playing at acting butch. He catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror and sees the image of a fresh faces teen-age girl now superimposed above his own. "She's cute," he

says, reaching up and touching his face-- her face-- he sees her hands are slender, her wrists tiny. He looks down and sees the firm breasts swelling under her sweater. His heart flutters, and he says, "maybe it would be fun to be a girl."

We hear a laugh from the doorway, and he spins to see Sam. "Hahaha," Sam says. "You actually want to be a girl!"

"I don't!" Don says, slitting his eyes.

"You do!"

"I don't!"

"Knock it off, you two," Jimmy bellows from downstairs.

Sam comes into the room, now talking in a low voice. "Maybe it wouldn't be so bad."

Don shakes his head. "I have to fight it. Mom says so."

"Harriet? She's a ditz."

"I don't want to end up like him," Don says. "Just some housewife. He's-- I can't even believe he's my brother. The way Jimmy talks to him, and he just takes it?"

Sam moves closer and takes Don in her arms. He struggles for a moment, then surrenders. "We can find out what it's like to walk in each other's shoes," Sam says. "Learn a little."

"But it's different here than it was in our times."

"Let's find out how different," Sam says, cupping Don's cheek, leaning in and kissing him. After only a moment, she leaps back, and Don leaps back, each of them wiping their mouths with their arms. "That was like...". Don starts to say.

"Kissing my sister," Sam says.

"That was like kissing my...". Don starts.

"Oh, brother," we hear Jimmy say from the doorway. He takes Sam by the arm. "Come on now. We can't have you making moves on your sister now."

"But she's my husband!" Sam says.

"Was," Jimmy says. "She was your husband. Now he's just your annoying little sister."

Audience laughs.

Don sighs and throws himself on his bed. After a moment, he starts to cry, and we see how shocked and ashamed he is about crying so easily. Enter Harry, who sits down on the bed and starts to run his hands through Don's hair. "Go on," he says. "Let it all out."

"Why am I crying?" Don says through his tears. "I don't understand."

"We girls need to cry sometimes," Harry says. "It's natural."

"I'm nor a girl," Don says.

"I know," Harry says. "Me, neither." Then he starts crying.

"Why are you crying?" Don says.

"Because you're crying."

They hug, and the tears stop. "Now, make sure to brush your teeth before you go to bed," Harry says.

"Okay, MOM," Don says, laying on the sarcasm.

We see Jimmy watching from the door. Harry gets up, and they embrace. "You know something?" Jimmy says.

"What?"

"You are going to make a great mommy."

"Oh, Jimmy!" Harry says, and they kiss.

## SEASON 2 EPISODE 2: AT THE HOP!

Opening Scene: Guidance Counselor's Office. Chalker High School.

Miss Moneypenny, the school guidance counselor, hands schedules to Don and Samantha. "Welcome to our school, and do be sure to brush your teeth after every meal!" She says, turning to leave. Don stares down at his schedule, eyes going wide with shock.

"Hold on!" Don says, rushing after her. "There must be some mistake."

"Oh? What seems to be the problem, dear?"

Don holds the schedule toward her. "Sewing? Cooking? Home Economics?"

Samantha chuckled. "You have ta take girl classes!"

"Now, Sam," Miss Moneypenny says. "Don't tease your sister."

"What gives?"

"Oh, Donna," Miss Moneypenny says. "You do want to grow up to make a good little wife someday, don't you?"

"No!" Don screams, jumping. "No!"

Audience laughs.

The bell rings. "Time to go to class," Miss Money Penny says. "Bye, kids!"

Don stares after her, his mouth hanging open. Sam looks over his shoulder. "Looks like you got a date with a sewing machine, toots." She pats Don on the rear. He jumps with a squeal. "Don't!"

"You're my husband," Sam says. "I can pat you on the ass whenever I want!" She turns and walks away, leaving Don fuming. "I guess I'll have to try and straighten this out later," he says, heading down the hall. "I don't want to be late for class on my first day!" Somewhere inside him the thought percolates that good girls follow the rules, but he shoves it aside as his eyes are drawn to a hand painted banner that hangs above the lockers: Spring Sock Hop!

"Well, they can make me take these dumb classes," Don says to himself. "But they can't make me like it!"

Cut to Montage. Ain't That Shame plays in the background: Don at a sewing machine, concentrating intensely as he stitches together a pillow. Don wearing an apron, standing next to a mixer pouring sugar in as the tines twirl. Don proudly removing a cake from the oven, smiling while a group of girls applauds. Don, biting his lip, a #2 pencil in his hand as he tries to balance a household budget. The image of the teen-age girl is growing stronger with each scene.

Cut to montage of Sam sleeping in class. Running during gym class. Making a paper airplane and flying it across the room behind the teacher's back. The image of the jock is growing stronger as well.

The audience laughs.

CUT TO: The House. Harry is tidying up the kids' rooms. "Goodness!" He says, as he picks up shirts and socks that have been left on the floor. "What would they do without me?" Tossing the dirty clothes into a hamper, he then busies himself making the bed, fluffing the pillows.

Cut to Maltby's Malt Shop, exterior. We see all kinds of 1950s cars crowding the parking lot, teen-agers hanging out, sitting on benches and bumpers. The camera swoops over the parking lot and into the interior, where we see Don sipping a shake through a straw while his new friend Marcy chatters on about the big dance. Sam enters along with her new friend, Jack. They both wear letterman jackets. As Jack looks at Don, we see the girls he is becoming, with her bouncy blonde ponytail, creamy skin and big, bright eyes. Everything shifts into slow motion as Earth Angel begins to play. Jack's eyes go wide, and his mouth falls open as he sees Donna, bathed in angelic light, slide her mouth from the straw and lick her lips. Donna looks over now out of the corner of his eyes, and he sees Jack. Their eyes meet. Donna's mouth drops open as well, and he blushes and looks away.

"That guy is totally staring at you," Marcy says.

"No, he isn't," Don says, getting all tingly, scared and nervous.

"He's coming over here!" Marcy says.

"No! Oh no," Don says. He starts to get up, but Jack slides right into the booth next to him, nudging him with his hip, pushing him against the wall. Sam slides in on the other side, giving Marcy a smile.



"Hey, doll face," Jack says, to Don. "What's cooking?"

Laughter.

Don is shocked to hear himself giggle. I'm a man, he thinks. Not some giggling teen-age dame. I can't let this guy hit on me! He raises a finger, meaning to tell the guy to back off, but then he looks in the boys big, green eyes, and he makes a soft, mewling noise as he realizes the guy is really cute. "eeeeiiii?" He squeaks, the looks out the window, his whole body tingling.

The audience roars.

"What was that?" Jack says. "I didn't quite catch that?"

Don tries again, opening his mouth, moving his mouth, but no words come out as his heart is racing and he shrugs, waves his hands around and then once more makes the same awkward noise, "eeeieiee?"

The audience roars again.

"My -uh-- sister is a harebrained dingbat," Sam says, putting an arm over the back of the booth, leaning into Marcy. "What's your name?"

Marcy smiles at him. "Who wants to know?"

"I'm Sam," Samantha says, with a wink. "I'm on the football team."

Don's blushing face now turns three shades darker, and we steam come out of his ears. He turns to the camera. "My wife is hitting on another girl right in front of me! How mortifying!"

Laughter.

"What's your sister's name?" Jack says. "Is it Bashful? Like one of them Seven Dwarfs?"

"Haha," Sam says. "Might as well be."

"It's Donna!" Don finally manages to squeak.

"Donna. A pretty name for a pretty girl," Jack says, throwing his arm over Don's shoulders.

Don's eyes go wide. "I'm not... I'm not a..."

"She doesn't think she's pretty," Sam says, jumping in. "She's one of those girls."

Laughter.

"How about you?" Sam says, reaching over and grabbing some fries from Marcy's plate, munching them. "Do you think you're pretty?"

"No," Marcy says. "I know it."

"Oh. Sas," Sam says. "I dig it."

Don slits his eyes. The nerve!

Jack pulls Don close. "You have such a pretty smile," Jack says. Don wiggles, trying to get away. "I have to go," he says.

"Where you gonna go?" Sam says. "Stop being such a square."

"I have to go to... the little girl's room!" Don finally blurts out, desperate to get away from the octopus arms of Jack.

Sam bursts out laughing. "Hahahaha! The little girl's room. I love it."

"Shut up!" Don hisses.

"I'll go with you," Marcy says, getting her purse.

"You girls have fun," Sam says, smirking. Don tosses his ponytail and puts his nose in the air.

"Your sister is off the line," Jack says, as soon as the girl's have left.

"She's all right," Sam says, munching more fries.

"You mind if I ask her to the sock hop?" Jack says. "My heart is going all pitter-patter!"

Sam turns to the camera. "He wants to ask my husband to the hop?"

Laughter.

Cut to Home. The front door opens and Don and Sam come stomping into the living room. "You should have stopped him from pawing me!" Don says.

"You're the guy," Sam says. "You're supposed to protect me! Not the other way around."

Laughter.

"Um, excuse me? But everyone here thinks I'm a teen-age girl?"

"Maybe you should stop acting like one."

Laughter.

"Oh! You!" Don shouts, jumping up and down.

Enter Harry in his house dress and pearls. He's carrying a tray of deviled eggs. "Now, now, enough of that," Harry says in a sing song voice. "I brought you kids some snacks."

"Boss," Sam says, grabbing a bunch of the eggs from the tray and gobbling them down. Don takes one, sits down with his knees together and nibbles. We see Harry standing eagerly, waiting for their reactions.

"Yowza!" Sam says, grabbing a couple more. "These are the bee's knees!" She gives Harry a peck on the cheek. "Thanks, Mom!"

Exit Sam. We see Harry beam at being called Mom.

"Quite delicious," Don says when he finishes his, then primly wipes his mouth with a napkin.

Harry sees the feminine mannerisms and winces. "Donna," he says. "I mean, Don. Look at how you're sitting."

Don looks down, sees his knees together, just as they should be for a proper young lady. "Pardon me?"

"You're sitting like a girl," Harry says.

Don rolls his eyes. Manspreads.

Laughter.

"Happy?" He says.

"That's better. You have to resist, Don. I don't want my brother to end up a dame. Let's talk about something boys talk about. Or, maybe we could have a burping contest?"

Laughter

"I guess," Don says. "But it's going to be hard to focus seeing as a boy asked me to the sock hop today."

"A boy? The dance?" Harry's face lights up and he sits right down next to Don. "Dish, sister. I want all the details."

Laughter.

"I thought you wanted to talk about guy-stuff?"

"That was before you mentioned guys and dances," Harry says, waving his hands. "Oh! We'll need to get you a dress, and you'll have to get your hair done at the salon!"

Don turns and shakes his head at the camera. "Et tu, brother-tay?"

Harry smiles and shrugs, before reaching out to play with Don's hair. "You can't expect me to resist the chance for a make-over. After, I promise we'll get back to you being a guy and all that. Really. But first, shopping."

"I'm not going to the dance with a boy!" Don says. "I won't! There's no way! No one could possibly talk me into it!"

Enter Sam.

"You're going to the dance with Jack."

Audience laughs.

"Sam? No!"

"Don't have a spazz," Sam says. "I want you to go to the dance with Jack, so you can actually go with me."

"Go with... you? I don't understand."

Sam sits next to Don. Takes his hand. "People think we're brother and sister. It would be pretty weird if I asked my own sister to the dance. But, you're my husband, and you'r the prettiest girl in the whole school, and it would just send me over the moon if you would go to the dance with Jack so you could actually go with me. Understand?"

Don's eyes cross and he sticks out his tongue. "I don't think I do."

"Donna," Harry says, patting him on the knee. "Your wife is telling you that she loves you."

"She is?"

"Without actually saying it," Sam agrees. "Because I am a guy now."

"Oh."

"So, what do you say?" Sam says.

"I guess I'm going to be some guy's date," Don says, tugging on his earlobe. "But I am not kissing him!"

Laughter.

Cut to morning. Don's room. A Mini Mouse alarm clock rings. Don yawns and stretches. We now see the teen-age girl fully. He gets out of bed wearing a cotton nightie, and we see him go to his dresser and pull open the top drawer, reach in and pull out a bra. He gets a sad, forlorn look on his face. He looks down at the way his nightie swells, and he frowns. Sighs. Goes to the closet and finds a skirt and a blouse. "Just till I can get back to being a guy," he says, his voice soft and feminine. We see Don sit down and put on lipstick, then tie his hair back in a ponytail.

There is a knock on the door. Harry pokes his head in. "You ready?" He says.

"As I'll ever be," Don answers with another dramatic sigh.

Cut to Dress Shop. The Great Pretender plays in the background. Don comes out of the dressing room wearing a sleeveless blue dress with a plunging neckline, revealing two scoops of white, soft cleavage. His arms are tiny. He is looking at the floor, blushing. "Chin up," Harry says. Don



looks up. "Smile." Don smiles, shy and bashful, embarrassed to be modeling a dress for his brother.

"Lovely," Harry says. "Next." Don comes out in a green dress. A white dress with roses. Each time he seems more confident and poised. The last time he comes out in a pink dress with white polka dots, a big, bright smile on his face. He does a twirl. Harry applauds. "That's the one! You look perfect!" He rushes over to Don and the two brothers hug.

Don goes to the full-length mirror and looks at himself, eyes sparkling. He can see how pretty he looks, and he puts a hand to his cheek. "Do you think Sam will like it?" He asks.

"She'll go bananas," Harry says. "I'm so proud of you!"

Don blushes.

Cut to Salon. Don sits, legs crossed, reading a magazine beneath a hair dryer. He looks up and sees Harry looking at him. He smiles. Harry smiles back. Cut to Don sitting as the beautician brushes his hair, which now falls to his shoulders in waves and curls. It's a more mature look for him, and his make-up has also been expertly done, his lips glistening, eyes lashes wet with mascara, his eyebrows plucked and eyes sparkling. "Gorgeous," the girl says. "Oh, you are going to drive that man of yours crazy!"

Don giggles. Harry comes over and touches his soft, curly hair. He feels conflicted, both proud of how he has helped his niece get ready for her big date and mortified at what he has done to his little brother. But he can't help it. He mostly feels pleased because he is being a good mother.

Cut to House. Jack is there with his arm around Don. Sam has her arm around Marcy. "Don't move," Jimmy says, getting into position with his Polaroid. "I gotta get this just right."

"Just take the picture," Harry says. "What are you, Picasso?"

"With a camera, yes," Jimmy says. "Or at least, so-so."

Laughter.

"Say cheese!"

The kids all say cheese. The flash pops. "Okay. Okay. You kids have fun now."

"And be back by 10. Not a second later!" Jimmy says.

"Yes, sir," Jack says. Exit the kids.

Harry sighs. "They grow up so fast."

"No kidding. They just got here yesterday."

Laughter.

"Hey," Jimmy says. "The house is empty. You know what I'm thinking?"

"I have an idea," Harry says.

Jimmy slaps him on the ass. "To the bedroom!" He shouts.

Harry giggles and runs up the stairs the best he can in his heels, giggling and squealing as Jimmy grabs at his butt.

Cut to the sock hop. The kids are all in their socks, dancing on the gym floor. There are streamers and balloons, teachers looking on. "At the hop" is playing, and all the kids are on the dance floor. The camera swoops in on Don and Jack, who are jitter-bugging. "What's this dance called again?" Don shouts, smiling. "It's crazy!"

"The jitter bug, and you are really cooking!" Jack shouts back.

We see Sam and Marcy cutting it up as well.

The song ends, and Don rushes up to give Jack a hug. "You can really cut a rug, Daddy-O!" Don shouts.

"You're not too bad yourself, doll."

"And now, one for the lovers," the band leader says into his microphone. The band starts into the opening bars of "Put Your Head On My Shoulder." Couples start to form. Don glances over at Sam, and Sam crosses the room. "Dibs," he says to Jack.

Jack just nods and heads over to the punch bowl. Sam takes Don in her arms and leads, Don instinctively following. He is now shorter than her, and feels small in her arms. One of Sam's arms is around his slender waist, and she holds his small, soft hand with the other. They stare into each other's eyes.

Put your head on my shoulder

Hold me in your arms, baby

Squeeze me oh-so-tight

Show me that you love me too

"Husband," Sam says.

"Wife," Don answers.

They can each feel it. They care for each other, but-- it's not the same. Don glances past Sam and makes eye contact with Jack. Sam looks over Don and smiles at Marcy. Jack walks onto the floor, as does Marcy. "Mind if I break in?" Jack says.

Sam smiles down at Don, raises Don's hand and sends him twirling into Jack's arms. Marcy steps right in, and now the couples are slow dancing as the song continues.

Put your lips next to mine, dear

Won't you kiss me once, baby?

Just a kiss goodnight, maybe

You and I will fall in love (you and I will fall in love)

Jack cups Don's cheek and tilts his head back. Don's glistening lips part and he closes his eyes as Jack kisses him, softly, sweetly. The camera pulls back and we see Sam and Marcy kissing as well. A couple of teachers look at each other, clear their throats and head onto the floor to break it up.

Put your head on my shoulder

Whisper in my ear, baby

Words I want to hear, baby

Put your head on my shoulder

Awwwwww, the audience says, and then applauds.

THE VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EDITION

Opening: Mid-range shot of The House front and slightly elevated. A snowman with a top hat and a carrot for a nose stands in the yard, and we see Jimmy and Sam hanging the last of the exterior Christmas lights along

the top of the porch. Harry and Don huddled together inside, watching and smiling. We hear angelic harp music and then the title card appears: The Christmas Special.

CUT to Jimmy on the ladder. "Okay! Okay!" Plug 'em in!

"Plug 'em in? Are you sure?" Harry says, nervously holding the plug in his hands.

"Yeah. Plug 'em in! Let's see these babies blaze!"

"Make sure you're safe," Harry says. "I don't want you to get shocked."

Jimmy turns to Sam. "Dames," he says, shaking his head. "You can't ask them to stick something into a something else. There used to getting stuck!"

Laughter.

"I'll do it," Sam says. She, now looking entirely like a stocky teen age boy, goes inside. We see Harry kneeling in his dress, dithering over putting the plug in.

"I'm just worried," he says.

"Let me do that, Mom," Sam says, taking the plug from Harry, who gratefully hands it over.

"It's better to let the boys handle this sort of thing," Harry says to Dom, who now looks every bit the pony-tailed coed in his skirt, sweater, bobby socks and saddle shoes.

"She's not a boy," Don says as he fidgets with his ponytail.

"True," Sam says. "I'm a man." Sam plugs the lights in.

"Yeah!" Jimmy shouts, hopping off the ladder. "Yeah! Now that's what I call a display! Come on! Come on! Take a look!"

As Sam passes Don, she gives his ponytail a tug. "Ow! Jerk!" He pouts.

The three hurry out to the front lawn, and they are all smiling. Harry claps. "You did such a good job, honey!" He gushes. "You, too, Sam!"

"Aw!" Sam says.

"I could have helped," Don says, "but Uncle Jimmy wouldn't let me!"

"That's because you're a dingbat now," Sam says.

"I'm smarter than you!" Don says.

"Yeah, then how come all you do in school is bake cakes?"

"Because that's all they let me do!" Don shouts.

"Dames are so emotional," Jimmy says. "Holy Mcgillicuddy!"

Laughter

"Sam, let's go. We need to go get the tree."

"Can I come?" Don says.

"No."

"Then what am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know," Jimmy says. "Bake a cake?" He and Sam exit laughing.

'One of these days," Don says, pushing his sleeve up and making a fist.  
"One of these days..."

"Forget about it," Harry says. "You'd break a nail."

"Harry!"

"Come on," Harry says, taking Sam's arm. "Let's go inside and warm up."

"Okay. But I am not making a cake!"



CUT to kitchen. We see Don putting a tray full of Christmas cookies into the oven.

Laughter.

Boogie Woogie Santa is playing on the kitchen radio.

"Aren't you supposed to be stopping me from doing all this girl stuff?" Don says, taking his apron off.

Harry is reading the newspaper. "It says here that hemlines are getting higher this spring!" He says.

"Oh, great," Don says, rolling his eyes dramatically. "So, I can get hassled by even more boys."

Laughter.

We hear a knock and the door bursts open. Maude and Edsel come barreling into the room. "I swear to God!" Maude says. "This man is driving making me batty!"

"You been batty ever since you became a dame," Edsel says. "I had not a thing to do wit it. Dames just is batty. Everyone knows it."

Harry, Don and Maude all cross their arms and slit their eyes at him. Edsel smooths his collar. Adjusts his tie. Clears his throat. "What I meant to say, ladies, is that... er.... Um...." The three ladies slit their eyes even more narrowly. Edsel tips his hat. "I better get going."

Laughter. The three ladies laugh as well.

"That Edsel," Harry says. "Such a card."

"He should have to be a dame," Don says. "See how he likes it!"

"Yeah. Well, I guess we all three got that little curse on us, seeing as we were all gents before" Maude says. "Anyway, I do feel batty since I became a dame, but it's probably just my hormones or something."

"Or maybe having to wear girdles all the time," Harry says.

Laughter.

"Or putting up with men!" Don says.

Laughter.

"Amen to all that," Maude says. "Anyway, if you don't like it, just find your projector and leave already."

"Ahhhhhhh... um...." Harry says, making the cut sign with his hands.

"Projector?" Don says. "Leave?"

"Yeah. Didn't Harriet tell you?" Maude says.

Cut to Jimmy and Sam standing next to a sign that reads "cut down your own tree." We see a quire obviously fake backdrop showing a field of pine trees in the background. "Where the heck is that old farmer who runs this place?" Jimmy says. "I'm freezing!"

Enter Jimmy Stewart carrying a pit fork and wearing an obviously fake beard. The audience erupts into applause.

"N-now jus-- just wait a d-darn minute," Jimmy Stewart says. "J-just who are you calling a farmer?"

Jimmy mugs for the camera. "My nephew and I are here to cut down a tree."

"Ya--ya don't think the audience figured th-that out already based on the sign your standing next to?" Jimmy Stewart says, tapping on the sign.

The audience roars.

"You were a lot nicer in It's A Wonderful Life!" Sam says.

"I got pa-paid a lot more for that one, too!" Jimmy Stewart says. Jimmy Exits to laughter.

Jimmy leads Sam over to a nice sized pine tree. He pulls an ax out of his coat. Starts to swing then stops. "You know what? This is your first Christmas elevated to the status of man, and I want you to do the honors."

"Me?" Sam says, taking the Ax. She grips it, clearly uncomfortable. "I'm a little ashamed to admit this," she says. "But before becoming a guy I was a girly girl."

Laughter.

"Okay. That's okay. Don't ever admit that to anyone else, though."

Laughter.

"Here. You hold the ax like so," Jimmy says. "Then, swing. Use your legs. Your power comes from your legs."

Sam rears back, then lets the ax fly. We hear a loud thunk. The tree shakes, wobbles and falls over. Sam roars. Jimmy roars. They punch each other on the arms. "That's the way to swing an ax!" Jimmy says, grabbing one end of the tree. "Let's get this thing home so the girls can do their thing."

"Do you think Don could swing an ax like that?" Sam asks.

"Don?" Jimmy snorts.

"Sh-she couldn't even li-lift it!" Jimmy Steward shouts from off camera.

Laughter.

"That was my line!" Jimmy shouts.

"But I'm a star!" Jimmy Steward yells back.

Cut to living room. The tree now stands next to the fireplace. Rocking Around the Christmas Tree plays in the background. Don and Harry are wrapping the tinsel around it while Jimmy and Sam sit, drinking steaming cups of hot apple cider. Harry picks up an ornament from out of a box and reaches high up to put it toward the top of the tree. Standing that way makes his rump stick out and lifts his breasts. We see Jimmy's eyes bug out and steam come from his ears. "You stay just like that!" Jimmy says. "Better view than the Grand Canyon!"

Harry looks back over his shoulder and giggles. "Oh, you!"

Don rolls his eyes. "Jimmy, you shouldn't."

"I'm a red-blooded American male," Jimmy says. "I most definitely should!"

Laughter.

"Don't worry," Sam says. "No one's going to eyeball you, Donna."

"You better not," Don says. "Since I am your sister now."

Harp music as the image blurs and then refocuses. We see the tree now almost fully decorated, but there is no angel on top. "Where's the angel?" Harry says. "There has to be an angel."

"You're the angel," Jimmy says.

Ohhhhhhh, the audience coos.

"Oh, Jimmy," Harry says, idly touching his pearl necklace. The doorbell rings. "I wonder who that could be?" Harry says.

"I'll get it!" Don calls in a sing song voice, and then skips from the room. We hear the door open and a man call out, "Special Delivery!"

Don re-enters and says, "Hey, everyone. Look. It's Jerry Lewis!"

Lewis, dressed as a mail man, enters carrying a package. He immediately trips over his own feet, tosses the package on the air, does a somersault and catches the package.

The audience applauds.

"I did that on purpose!" Lewis shouts.

Dean Martin enters, also dressed as a postman. He has his arms clasped behind his back and shakes his head. "Some people make a grand entrance," he says. "But Jerry makes a Jammed Fumblence."

Laughter.

"Hey!" Jerry protests. He walks up to Harry and we can see he is smitten, acting like an elementary school kid with a crush on his teacher. "You sure are pretty," Jerry says.

Harry looks past him and waves at Dean. "And your friend sure is handsome!"

"Ow!" Jerry says. The audience roars.

"This package is for you."

"Oh, this must be my angel!" Harry says, opening the package to pull out... "a rubber chicken? You want me to put a rubber chicken on top of my Christmas tree?" He takes the chicken and hits Jerry with it. Jerry runs and hides behind Dean Martin, who is laughing. "I think I can help out," Dean says.

"Careful!" Jerry says. "She's stronger than she looks!"

Dean Martin pulls a beautiful angel out from behind his back.

"Oh!" Harry says, staring up into Dean Martin's eyes. "So entrancing."

Dean takes Harry's hand and kisses it. Harry blushes and giggles. "An angel for an angel," Dean Martin says.

"Hey, Dean," Jimmy says. "How about a song before you go?"

"Well, don't mind if I do," Dean says. The orchestra starts to play, and he sings the first verse of "White Christmas." As soon as he's done, he says, "well, gotta go deliver some more packages! Have a Merry Christmas, everyone!" Exit Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

The audience cheers.

"He sure can sing," Harry says, twisting his pearls around his fingers, eyes all dreamy.

"Okay. Okay. Don't go getting all hot and bothered there," Jimmy says.

"Me hot and bothered? Let's see how you feel after I reach up to put this angel on the tree!"

"Hoochie Momma!" Jimmy says, rubbing his hands together. "Where are my glasses? Where are my glasses?"

"Please!" Don says. "Stop already! You two are such squares!"

"I've been called a lot worse," Jimmy says. "Anyway, at least I don't have to wear a bra!"

Laughter.

"That's just-- oh!" Don says.

"Don is definitely not square," Sam says. "All curves!"



"Yeah! If he wasn't my niece, I'd be looking to neck with him!" Jimmy says.

"Just cool it, already," Don says.

"Come on now," Harry says. "He's very sensitive since his change."

"Sensitive?" Sam says. Jimmy and Sam look at each other, then burst out laughing. The audience laughs.

Don turns and runs from the room, stomping his way upstairs.

"Now what do you have to say, Mr. Smarty-pants?" Harry says.

"What do I have to say?" Jimmy says. "How about-- I'm hungry, doll. Where's dinner?"

Laughter.

Cut to After Dinner. Jimmy and Sam sit. We hear the sounds of a baseball game coming from the television set. Harry comes in with a tray and two bottles of beer. "What have you got there?" Jimmy asks.

"Why it's Schlitz beer," Harry says, looking to the camera and smiling.

"Well, at least that's one thing you can't burn!" Sam says.

Laughter.

"You boys!" Harry says, smiling and laughing as he hands the beer bottles to Jimmy and Sam. "I'm going to go check on Don."

"Good idea," Jimmy says. "He's becoming an ever-bigger dingbat than you!"

Laughter.

Harry exits with a sigh.

Jimmy and Sam use a bottle opener to open the cans, then clink their bottles. "To manliness," Jimmy says. "To manliness," Sam answers. They sip their beers and then look right at the camera. "Now that's crisp!" They say in unison.

Laughter.

"Does it seem weird to you that there's an invisible audience watching us all the time?" Sam says.

"You get used to it," Jimmy says. "Besides, what are you gonna do?"

"Donna was talking some nonsense that it might be possible to leave," Sam says. "I mean, he's a dame, so it might just be crazy talk."

"Would you want to go back?" Jimmy says, sipping beer.

"Nah," Sam says. "I kind of suspected, but I really had no idea how much better it is to be a guy."

"Yeah, especially here," Jimmy says. "We're living the life of Reilly while the dolls are doing all the cooking and cleaning."

"Plus, they have to put up with us."

Laughter

"Sam, my boy," Jimmy says. "Welcome to the tree house!" They clink beer bottles again.

Laughter.

Cut to Don's room. It is full on girly now with stuffed animals, posters of boys, cheerleading memorabilia. Don is sitting on his bed knitting. Bing Crosby croons "I'll Be Home For Christmas" in the background. There is a knock on the door and Don gasps, shoving his knitting under his pillow. "Come in," he calls.

Harry comes into the room. "How you holding up?" Harry says, sitting down on the bed. He idly reaches out and fiddles with Don's hair.

Don sighs. "Things are not really copacetic right now."

"What do you mean by that?" Harry says. "I'm not up on all that wild teen-age lingo."

"It means I think I need to find the camera Maude mentioned. Go back to the real world. And I think you should come with me."

"Me?" Harry says, touching his pearls.

"Yeah, you," Don says.

"But, I don't know," Harry says. "I mean, Jimmy would be lost without me, and poor Sam really needs a mother. I have so many responsibilities..."

"No!" Don says. "No, you don't. You're not a woman. You're not a wife. You're my brother. Don't you want to get back to that? To the real world? "

"It's not so bad here," Harry says. "I mean, I met Dean Martin!"

"But none of this is real," Don says. "The world isn't black and white. There isn't a laugh track. We live in a TV show! And I am NOT a teen-age girl. I am a man, with a wife. I want to be a father!" Tears start to flow down Don's cheeks. Harry starts to give him a hug, but Don pushes him away. "Stop! Don't mother me! I'm not a girl! I'm not your niece! I'm your brother! I don't want hugs! I don't want to wear skirts and blouses! I don't want to have a \_\_\_\_\_." A bleeping sound cuts off the word. "What? I can't say \_\_\_\_\_?"

Laughter.

"It's a 1950s sitcom," Harry says shaking his head. "And you should know better."

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Don shouts. "I give up," he says. "Fine. I'll just find the projector on my own. You can stay here moping the floor and giggling when Jimmy mocks and ridicules you."

"I'll help you," Harry says. "I will. I... understand what you're going through. Why you would want to... leave."

"Thanks," Don says. "I really need you."

Harry gets up and goes to the door. He pauses. "So, there isn't even one thing that would make you want to stay here?"

"Not one thing," Don says.

"Okay. Well, make sure to brush your teeth before you go to bed."

"Thanks, MOM." Don says.

Harry exits.

As soon as the door closes, Don digs under his mattress and pulls out a picture. The camera cuts to a close up of the picture, and it is a smiling Jack.

Ohhhh.... The audience gasps.

Don kisses the picture and then presses it against his chest. "Well," he says out loud. "There may not be some thing, but there could just be some one." He then digs under his mattress and pulls out a diary and begins to write. We hear what he is writing as a voice over in his voice. "Whatever am I to do.... None of this is real, and I don't want to be a girl, but... my heart! Oh, my heart!"

The audience cheers and laughs.

Cut to Don and Harry in bed. The camera is looking down on them. Harry's hair is all in curlers. "So, you excited about the big Christmas dinner tomorrow?" Jimmy says.

Harry frowns. "It's my first big dinner party. I'm just so worried something is going to go wrong."

"Hey, doll, I know I like to give you a hard time about being a broad and all that, but when it comes to cooking, you're cherry!"

"You mean that?" Harry says.

"Of course. Hey, doll, I gotta tell ya, you're the best thing that ever happened to me!"

"Oh, Jimmy," Harry says, getting teary. "You really mean it?"

"You know I do," Jimmy says, handing Harry a handkerchief. "I love you, doll. I love you to the moon and back!"

Awwwwwww... the audience says.

"It's nice to hear," Harry says. "A girl needs assurances."

"You know what a guy needs?" Jimmy says, leering and wiggling his eyebrows.

"Jimmy!" Harry says, playfully slapping at him.

The lights go dark. We hear Harry giggle and then squeal. Then, there are a series of bleep..... bleep.... Bleeps.....

Jimmy Boyd's I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Clause starts to play.

Cut to bedroom exterior. Jerry Lewis sneaks up to the bedroom door and puts his ear against it. His mouth drops open and he crosses his eyes. "Sounds like someone is wrestling with a chipmunk!" He says.

Laughter.

"Come on, you," Dean Martin says, grabbing him by the ear and pulling him away from the door. Deano turns to the camera. "I wonder how the big Christmas dinner will go? And, what is going to happen with Donna? What other celebrities might drop in for a visit? So many questions. Well, tune in again next week. Jerry?"

"Oh yeah," Jerry says, "Thanks for watching and tune..."

"Tune in Next Week!" Jimmy Stewart shouts from Off-Camera.

"That's my line!" Jerry shouts.

"I'm a bigger star!" Jimmy shouts back.

Laughter. Fade to Black.

``1950s Sitcom: The Very Special Christmas Edition. Part II

Opening: Mid-range shot of The House front and slightly elevated. A snowman with a top hat and a carrot for a nose stands in the yard. Christmas lights blink behind a heavy snow fall. We hear sweeping harp music.

Cut to kitchen. Harry works at the stove. Don sits at the kitchen table. They both wear nightgowns and have curlers in their hair. "You sure I can't help?" Don says.

"You want to go back to the color world and be a man again, you have to cling to whatever of a man is left in you," Harry says.

"And being a man means being lazy and sitting around watching a dame do all the cooking and cleaning?" Don says.

Enter Jimmy. "Correct!"



Laughter.

Jimmy freezes. Does a double take at the two in their curlers. "Don't bother making yourself presentable or anything. I'll just be right back after I go vomit."

Laughter.

"Come on, Jimmy," Harry says. "You know I have a lot to do to get ready for Christmas Dinner! I can't spend all morning getting ready and then do it again tonight!"

"Wouldn't want you to miss on your soap operas," Jimmy mumbles.

"Here. Eat. At least it'll keep you from talking so much." Harry says, putting a plate of food in front of Jimmy.

Laughter.

"The lady from the dress shop she'd deliver your dresses later this morning," Jimmy says, mouth full of food. "I can't wait to see you in 'em."

"You didn't have to get me a new dress," Harry says.

"You're gonna love it," Jimmy says. "Love it!"

Enter Sam. "Love what?" Sam says, plopping down at the table.

"New dresses!" Harry says. "Jimmy got matching dresses for both of us!"

"Donna, you must be so excited," Sam says. "What could be more fun for a girl?"

"Hardee har," Don says. "Like you never wore a dress."

Laughter.

"Hey. We gotta go and shovel the driveway," Jimmy says. "Get your boots on."

"Do I have to?" Sam says.

"Come on and no lip," Jimmy says.

"Ta," Don says. "Hope you freeze your toes off."

Laughter.

Exit Sam and Jimmy.

"See?" Harry says, bringing grapefruit halves to the kitchen table and sitting down. "There are advantages to being a woman."

"I guess," Don says as he picks at his grapefruit. "It is pretty cold out there."

"So, you can busy yourself with whatever. I'm going to get the turkey in the oven and prep some of my side dishes. We'll go to the salon, and then after dinner I'll see if I can help you find the projector. Sound good?"

"You know, if I am going to go to the salon and put on a Christmas dress, I might as well help you with dinner as well," Don says.

"You sure?"

"I think it's sexist that men don't help in the kitchen," Don says.

"Well, suit yourself. You can start working on the pies."

Montage: Bing Crosby sings Winter Wonderland in the background. Jimmy and Sam, snow clinging to their hats and shoulders, tossing shovelfuls of snow over their shoulders. Don kneading dough. Harry dicing vegetables. Jimmy throwing a snowball at Sam, who hurls one back. Don spooning apple pie filling into a pie pan, then looking over shoulder, running his finger over the rim of the bowl and licking his finger with a naughty look. Harry putting the turkey into the oven. Jimmy and Sam, leaning on their shovels, the driveway clear.

Cut to kitchen. Pots steam on the stove. Casserole dishes wait to be put in the oven. Harry and Don are cleaning up, still in curlers and aprons. The kitchen door slams open and Jimmy and Sam come in laughing. Don frowns. It reminds him of what he is missing out on now. "Boots! Boots!" Harry screams. "You're going to track all over my floors!"

"Dames," Jimmy says, as he and Sam pull their boots off and leave them by the door, bounding off to the living room.

"Men!" Harry says, grabbing a mop and going over to clean up the mess by the door.

Don frowns, remembering what he does not like about being a woman.

We hear a knock on the front door. Then another. "You gonna get that our what?" Jimmy yells from the living room even though he is closer. "Fine!" Harry says. "It's not like I'm in the middle of something."

"So, we agree," Jimmy shouts back.

Laughter.

"I'll get it," Don says.

Cut to living room. Harry, Jimmy and Sam sit, waiting to see who their visitor is. Don enters. "Hey. The girl from the dress shop is here, and you'll never believe who she is!"

"Lucille Ball?" Sam says.

"No."

"Natalie Wood?" Jimmy guesses.

"Nope?"

"Well, who already?" Jimmy says. "The suspense is driving me loony."

"Marilyn Monroe!" Don says, clutching his hands to his chest as Marilyn Monroe sweeps into the room carrying a clothes bag. The audience cheers as she puts a hand on her hip and turns side to side, a million-dollar smile on her face.

"Oh!" Harry says, horrified. "I'm still not dressed!" He turns and flees from the room.

"Oh, dear.," Marilyn says. "Is she okay?"

"No. She's a dingbat," Jimmy says.

Laughter.

"Hubba Hubba," Sam says, looking Marilyn up and down.

"High everyone," Marilyn says in a breathy sexy voice. She walks over to Sam. "You look like a big, strong young man," she says, running her free hand through his hair.

Sam stands up. She is much taller and bigger than Marilyn. She makes a muscle. "I'm in pretty good shape," she says.

Marilyn gives Sam's bulging bicep a squeeze. She giggles and says, "You're sooooo hard."

"Oh, please!" Don says, crossing his arms.

"What can I do for you?" Sam says.

"Can you boys give me a hand in the kitchen?" Marilyn says, winking at the camera.

"Of course," Jimmy says, jumping to his feet.

"Yeah. Sure. Cooking, cleaning, anything," Sam says.

"What?!" Don screams. "How come you'll help her and not us?"

Just then a mysterious gust of wind comes out of nowhere, blowing Marilyn's dress up in the air as in the famous photograph.

The audience whistles and cat calls.

"Do you really have to ask?" Marilyn says.

Don shakes his head, slitting his eyes, seething in jealousy.

"Actually," Marilyn says as the breeze goes away, "I just need someone to take this dress bag upstairs for me."

"I got it," Sam says.

"No, allow me," Jimmy says. They start fighting over the bag.

"Ugh!" Don says, grabbing the bag and stomping upstairs. "Men!"

The audience roars.

Exit Don.

Jimmy and Sam stand, looking awkward, shifting from foot to foot. Marilyn Monroe stands, smiling. Jimmy looks at Sam. Sam looks at Jimmy. Marilyn looks at the camera. "Men act so funny around me, I don't know why!"

"Well, it's probably..." Jimmy starts.

"Because you have great bazongas," Sam says.

Marilyn laughs. "Well, I have to go. Bye and have a wonderful Christmas!"

"Let me get the door!" Sam says, rushing ahead.

"No, me," Jimmy shouts as they start to wrestle.

The audience roars.

"I'll just let myself out," Marilyn says, putting her hand over her mouth, giggling. Exit Marilyn.

Cut to Don and Harry upstairs. Don sits on the bed. Harry is in the closet. "Jimmy picked these dresses out. I haven't even seen them yet."

"Probably something slutty," Don says.

"I'm sure they'll be tasteful," Harry says.

"I hope so," Don says. "Since this will be my last dress."

"Well, let's see." We hear the sound of a zipper being unzipped. There is a pause, and then Harry says, "Oh, no."

Laughter.

"What is it?" Don says. "They're slutty, aren't they?"

"Not exactly," Harry says. "Oh, Jimmy. What have you done?"

"What 's wrong?" Don says getting up and going to the closet. We see him standing at the door, but do not see Harry or the dresses. Don stares, raising his trembling hands to his cheeks, and then we see a closeup of his face as he screams in horror.



Cut to Jimmy and Sam downstairs. We hear a door slam. "The girls are gone," Jimmy says. "It's time."

"Time for what?"

Jimmy smiles and holds up a sprig of mistletoe.

Laughter.

Montage of Jimmy and Sam hanging mistletoe all over the house. Grinning. Shaking hands. Luis Armstrong sings "Cool Yule" in the background.

Cut to Don and Harry at the salon. They sit in adjacent chairs talking to each other in the mirror as the girls work on their hair. "I can't wear that!" Don says. "I won't."

"I even feel embarrassed," Harry says. "And I like wearing dresses now."

"Why would you ever let a man pick out a dress?" Don says. "It's unheard of!"

"He just saw them in a store window, he told me and got all excited. He bought them without even telling me. What was I supposed to do?"

"Say no!" Don says.

Laughter.

"Well, I am not wearing it," Don says. "No way. No how. I am not going to be one of those girls who just wears anything to make a man happy!"

The girl meets Harry's eyes in the mirror, and they share a knowing smile.

Cut to Don and Harry wearing matching Christmas dresses.

Laughter and clapping.

The dresses have big, poufy, A-line skirts, white with Christmas Wreaths embroidered all around. Don's comes down to just below his knees. He is wearing white socks and saddle shoes. His version of the dress has a childish look about it, and he seems even younger than usual. Harry's comes down to mid-calf. Both have puffy little cap sleeves. Their hair is perfect, and they are both wearing make-up, sparkling jewelry. Don stares in the mirror, tugging on his skirt. "I look like a 14-year-old!" He complains, scrunching his nose.

"No. No, not at all," Harry says as he fiddles with his earrings.

"Really?" Don says, his voice needy.

"More like 12," Harry says. "Not a day over 13."

The audience roars.

Don pouts. "Well, if I was on the fence at all, this settles it! I am not going to be a girl!"

"Right after dinner," Harry says. "I'll help you get out of here."

"I can't believe Jack is going to see me wearing this dress!" Don says. "I feel a fool!"

"Jack?" Harry says, lighting up. "You're.... That boy from the dance?"

"Yeah. I mean, it's not like I'm crushing on him or anything," Don says, but even as he does, he puts his hands over his heart. "I just, well, I want to say goodbye. He was ever so kind to me."

"Of course," Harry says, a playful smile on his face. "I mean, he's just a boy, right?"

"Oh!" Don says. "He's not just any boy. He's the bee's knees! And you should see...". Don stops himself, realizing that he'd revealed himself. "He's no one special."

Exit Don.

Harry spritzes himself with perfume. "Young love!" He says to the camera. "Methinks my brother doth protest too much!"

Laughter.

Cut to Living Room. Sam and Jimmy are in the living room. Sam wears a blazer and a skinny tie. Jimmy is wearing a tie as well, but with a baggy sweater. He's smoking a Lucky Strike. We see Don and Harry coming down the stairs in their festive dresses. Sam starts laughing. Don turns as if to run back upstairs, but Harry puts his hands on Don's shoulders and steers him back down.

"Two brothers wearing matching dresses," Sam says. "How adorable."

Don blushes and cowers next to Harry. He feels too embarrassed to even fight back. "Yessiree bob," Jimmy says, grabbing his Polaroid. "Let me get a pic of you two dazzling dolls."

"Oh, no," Don says. "Please don't!"

"Come on," Harry says. "Be a man." He slips an arm around Don's waist and pulls him close.

Don stares at the camera, frowning.

"Show me that pretty smile!" Jimmy says, getting in position.

"No," Don says.

Harry leans over and whispers in his ear. We can't hear what Harry says, but Don smiles a bright, pretty smile. "There we go!" Jimmy says. The flashbulb pops. "Okay! Let's get this feast a feasting!"

Laughter.

Harry hurries off to the kitchen. There's a knock on the door, and we hear the door slam open. Jack comes strutting into the room holding a bottle of scotch and a dozen roses. "Hey, folks!" He shouts. "Merry Christmas!"

"Jack!" Jimmy says. "Merry Christmas to you, too. And keep your hands off my niece!"

Laughter.

"Jimmy!" Don says, embarrassed.

"A little gift," Jack says, handing the bottle of scotch to Jimmy.

Jimmy looks at the label. "16-year-old scotch. Okay. You can put your hands on her a little bit."

Laughter.

Jack walks over and hands the roses to Don, who blushes furiously. "Wow." Jack says. "You look as pretty as a picture in that dress."

"I do?" Don says, smelling the flowers. He plucks at his skirt. "You really think so?"

"Heck, yeah. I never saw a prettier girl in my whole life than the way you look right now."

"Aw, shucks," Don says. "Thanks for the flowers."

"There's something else."

"What?"

Jack nods up toward the ceiling. Don looks up to see he's standing under some mistletoe. Don's mouth drops open. He looks at Jimmy for help. Jimmy chuckles. "Well, I'm gonna go open up this bottle." Jimmy exits.

"Jack..." Don says. "It's not that I don't want to, but we could get in...mmmfff!"

Jack just dives in a kisses Don, then he steps back and shrugs. "It's tradition?"

Laughter

Montage: Don sitting at the piano next to the Christmas tree playing Silent Night. Jack sits down on the bench next to him and point up. Don tries to get up, but jack grabs his arm. They kiss. Don in the kitchen taking a pie out of the oven. Jack pops into the scene and points up. Don tries to block Jack with the pie, but Jack takes the pie and kisses him anyway. Camera pulls back to Harry and Jimmy kissing in the vestibule, standing under mistletoe. Cut to scene after scene of Don and Jack kissing, in the bathroom, the hall, under the stairs, the basement. Finally, we see Don walk into his bedroom. "I can't get away from that boy! Or the mistletoe!" He says. When he slams the door shut, we see Jack was hiding behind it the whole time. Jack clears his throat. Don turns. Jack points up. Don sighs. They kiss.

Cut to dining room. The table is covered with messy plates. Everyone has eaten. Jimmy, Jack and Sam are nodding off. "Well?" Don says. "It's time."

"You're sure you want to do this?" Harry says. "There's no coming back."

"I'm sure," Don says, glancing at Jack.

"I know you have feelings for Jack," Harry says.

"I do," Don admits. "But-- I'm supposed to be the gent. I want to be the one who gives a girl flowers, who chases her around the house stealing kisses. I want to be the hunter, not the prey."

"Okay. Let's go. I found your projector. It's upstairs."

Don gets up, and they head toward the stairs. Just as they are about to leave the kitchen, Jack stirs. "Hey, kiddo," he says.

"Yeah?" Don says, hesitating.

"I'll see you tomorrow, right?"

"Yes," Don says, his voice breaking. He starts to cry and hurries from the room.

Cut to attic. The Little Drummer Boy plays in the background. The projector is playing. Don stares at the color images of the street outside his house. "I almost forgot what color looks like," Don says. He reaches up and fixes his ponytail. "Guess I better just get this over with." Harry doesn't say anything. Don starts toward the flickering image, but before he has even gotten close, Harry suddenly lunges in front of him.

"No! I can't let you do this!"

"Get out of my way."

"You're in love with Jack!" Harry says. "If you leave here and become some dumb guy, you'll regret it for the rest of your life!"

Don gets into a karate stance. "Don't make me use force."

"Bring it, sister!" Harry says.

Don makes awkward, girly karate-like gestures. Harry and he start to wrestle. Harry pulls Don's hair. Don squeals and drags his nails down Harry's arm, but then he pulls his hand away and shrieks, "I broke a nail!"

"Good!" Harry shouts as the two struggle in a totally girly and ridiculous manner. The audience roars with derisive laughter.

Both of them mess up the other's hair and their makeup gets all streaked. "You're fat!" Don says.

"You have pimples!" Harry shouts back.



The audience laughs even harder.

"Pimples?" Don screams and charges into Harry. They tumble into the projector, which slams to the floor and shatters into pieces. They stop fighting. Don stares at the broken projector. Looks to the now blank screen where his old life as a man had just been waiting for him. "Drag," he says. "Oh, this is such a drag." He starts to cry. Harry crawls over and holds him, and the two cry in each other's arms.

Cut to Harry and Don washing the dishes. The camera swings into the living room where Jimmy, Jack and Sam are drinking beer, smoking and watching football on television. Laughing.

The camera pulls back, back, until we see the exterior again. The yard. The snow man. Now there is a snow woman with a broom standing next to him. The voice of the Realtor comes on over the image. "One man finds himself a wife and mother. The other a teen-age girl. Brothers turned to Bettys. Did they deserve it? Were they being punished for their sexist sins? Or, were they just two average Joes who happened to wander off the main road of masculinity and found themselves lost down a narrow, twisty side street known as The 1950s sitcom?"