

ROADSHOW!

Motion Picture Screenplay
by J. Scott Iverson

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Excerpts from
Garden Park Ward 1962 Roadshow
written by Jeri Jarvis
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"ROADSHOW!"

FADE IN:

EXT. TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, 1965 — MORNING

MUSIC UP: TYPICAL CONGREGATION RENDITION OF "COME, COME, YE SAINTS" - A LITTLE RAGGED AND OUT-OF-TUNE.

INSERT

Blossoms in the sunlight, caressed by a spring breeze. Mormon Temple spires in b.g.

ADULT STAN

(V.O.)

There are lots of reasons I'm not the Mormon Prophet -- like most of my thirties and forties -- but that's another story...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY AERIAL SHOT — MORNING

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

A spectacular view of the City, looking southeast, nestled against the Wasatch Mountain Range. Visible in the f.g. is downtown Salt Lake, which we begin to APPROACH. There is no Church Office Building or Conference Center. There is no Huntsman Building or new Federal Courthouse. The spires of the Salt Lake Temple seem larger and more prominent than today's skyline. We MOVE toward them.

ADULT STAN

Anyway, I can't predict the future and I'm not very good at discerning the hearts of men... But there was one split-second in time I caught a glimpse of something beyond my own imagination; one brief moment of something at once both real *and* spiritual, and I've held onto it ever since.

We FLY so near to the Temple we literally can almost touch Moroni's horn, then do a slight COURSE CORRECTION, heading south and east towards a neighborhood known as Gilmer Park.

ADULT STAN (CONT'D)

I grew up in Salt Lake City in a little neighborhood known as Gilmer Park Ward.

(MORE)

ADULT STAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Times were different back then...
People stayed-put a lot more. These
days, it seems like families come
and go in wards like teens at a burger
joint.

(beat)

Now you know why I'm not the Prophet.

We see tht Gilmer Park Ward chapel, nestled peacefully amidst
the picturesque streets, lined with trees and upper middle
class homes. It's an older building, built on the location
of an early Salt Lake mansion, with beautifully landscaped
grounds, a deep, circular drive in front, a waterfall, duck
pond, babbling stream and gazebo in back.

ADULT STAN (CONT'D)

Most kids can look back on the one
year that changed them forever. For
me, it was 1965... Which means --
in Gilmer Park, at least -- it was
still the Fifties, and The World was
still... *Out there*.

(beat)

"The World!"... If you're looking
for a villain in this story, there
it is. Lurking... Singing its siren
song... Scheming on ways to lure us
out to meet it... Or, better still,
to be invited in.

We see below us FOUR BOYS running, LAUGHING, dodging around
other FAMILIES and CHURCHGOERS, all dressed in their Sunday
best.

ADULT STAN (CONT'D)

Gilmer Park Ward was never a spiritual
Burger King; it was a magical little
piece of Heaven. This was *THE* Place
where each summer -- and all year-
round -- we sang with gusto, "All is
well, All is well..."

CONGREGATION FINISHES SINGING and we hear the first few words
of a closing prayer.

MAN PRAYING (O.S.)

Our Father in Heaven, as we come to
the close of...

But the rest is DROWNED-OUT by the NOISE the boys are making.

STAN YORGASON ("YOGI") is being chased by GREG BREWER
("BRUISER"), STEVE WARREN ("MOUSE") and DAN SWINTON ("SWEDE");

all *Teachers* in the Aaronic Priesthood -- fourteen years-old, or thereabouts. Yogi is average height and build, with short hair and glasses, which are seemingly always just slightly askew, as if his ears aren't quite even. Bruiser is huskier, with a round face and an expression that can and does alternate between mischievous and innocent. Mouse is smallest of the four, but eager to hold his own in all cases. Swede is skinny and somewhat frail-looking.

Yogi dodges several Grown-ups, bounds over a Kid or two and heads up the steps to the Ward House, the others in hot pursuit.

INT. GILMER PARK WARD FOYER — MORNING

Yogi bursts through the doors as EXITING CHURCHGOERS' heads turn. The other boys catch-up, all LAUGHING and WINDED. Yogi is grabbed on the arm by OTTO SCHWARTZ, a diminutive man in rimless glasses, not completely at home in a Sunday suit. Otto has kind eyes, which belie his other, more stern features.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
(thick German accent)
Boys! Boys!... This is the House
of the Lord! Please... be reverent.
(to Bruiser)
Greg Brewer! As the Bishop's son,
you must set the example!

The boys are sufficiently chagrined and bow their heads apologetically.

BRUISER
Sorry, Brother Schwartz.

They EXIT FRAME, still acting goofy.

INT. BISHOP BREWER'S OFFICE — LATER

The Bishop's Office is a nondescript room with a Fifties vintage wooden desk, swivel chair, filing cabinet and credenza. There is a picture on the wall of the LDS First Presidency of the period (David O. McKay, Hugh B. Brown and N. Eldon Tanner).

BISHOP BREWER is a distinguished looking man with wavy gray hair, parted in the middle, and a small moustache adorning his round face. He is wearing a business suit, but instead of the standard necktie, he wears a natty bowtie of the era. Chairs, some wooden, some padded and some folding, overcrowd the walls around the room.

They are occupied by members of the WARD COUNCIL, among them, MARCELLA YORGASON, GRANT YORGASON, BILL LUND, VALEEN LUND, BROTHER NIELSON, SISTER NIELSON, BEATRICE CANNON, BRAD SHARP, ED FROMAGE, NICK ROBBINS and JANEEN BENNETT.

The Bishop is reviewing some paperwork. Everyone else is talking at once, creating a cacophony of VOICES; not loud, but "involved."

Grant, 52, and Marcella, late-40's, are in the midst of an apparently ongoing disagreement. They speak sidelong to each other while keeping a pleasant look on their faces.

MARCELLA

(near-whisper)

...I want to watch Ed Sullivan in color!

GRANT

(near-whisper)

If the Lord had wanted us to waste our time and money on color TV's, He would have made them smaller and cheaper.

MARCELLA

Someday, they will be.

GRANT

Now you're the Prophet?

MARCELLA

Someday, they will be.

GRANT

When "someday" arrives, then we'll get one.

Beatrice Cannon, an aging matron, is lecturing Bill Lund, a fresh-scrubbed, young Elder, on the evils of canines allowed to run amuck in her rose garden. Bill is patiently pleading toward Heaven for the meeting to begin.

BEATRICE CANNON

(more than a whisper)

And their mutt nearly destroyed all my prize-winning Princess Beatrice roses! Why, in my day, the dog-catcher would have captured that unleashed mongrel faster than you could say, "canis familiaris."

Nick Robbins, mid-20's, and Janeen Bennett, 22 and beautiful, make goo-goo eyes and blow subtle kisses at each other from across the room, trying, unsuccessfully, not to be noticed.

Some couples are meant for each other. These two are *made* for each other.

A very pregnant Valeen Lund, early-30's, and Sister Nielson, 50, are talking about babies.

VALEEN LUND
(near-whisper)
We just learned it's going to be twins.

SISTER NIELSON
(near-whisper)
I'll never forget when I had our Marsha and Wendy... numbers seven and eight.

Valeen stretches, trying to find a comfortable position.

VALEEN LUND
I think Bill and I are out to break your record.

SISTER NIELSON
Here's hoping it doesn't take you twelve to finally get a boy.

The FIRST COUNSELOR and SECOND COUNSELOR ENTER.

VALEEN LUND
(a little too loud)
Amen, Sister.

Bishop Brewer looks up from his paperwork. Counselors take their seats on either side of the Bishop.

BISHOP BREWER
Well, it looks like my two counselors finally got permission to attend this meeting.

Counselors accept the gentle admonition. General CHUCKLES, except Marcella, who frowns slightly.

BISHOP BREWER (CONT'D)
Brother Lund, would you give us an opening prayer.

Bill Lund, mid-30's, stands and bows his head as the others bow theirs.

We see each of the group's faces as they react to the words of the prayer.

BILL LUND

Heavenly Father, as we begin this Leadership Meeting, we seek thy Spirit to help us in guiding the affairs of the Gilmer Park Ward. Father, we're so blessed to dwell in this peaceful portion of thy Vineyard. As we see the events of strife and war unfolding in the World, we seek thy shelter and protection from the assaults of the Adversary. May we be in tune to the needs of the ward members and know thy will concerning them. Wilt thou bless and preserve those who will be called to go out from our congregation to serve in the mission field and in the armed forces.

ANGLE ON MARCELLA

Her eyes are open, staring a hole in her clasped hands.

BILL LUND (CONT'D)

We ask thee to guide the leaders of nations that they may be wise in their course of action. We're grateful for our beloved Prophet and ask thee to bless him and his Counselors, as well as the Quorum of the Twelve, that they might guide this church by the rock of revelation and carry us forward to that glorious day when thy Son will return and bring peace to our troubled world. Be with us now as we discuss the Ward's specific needs and plans, we pray, in the Name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

All open their eyes and raise their heads, somewhat subdued by the prayer. Bill is seated.

BISHOP BREWER

Thank you, Bill.

(scans his agenda)

In keeping with what Brother Lund referred to in his prayer, I think maybe we should start right off by letting you know that the Stake Presidency has issued a letter reminding Bishops to discuss draft status and requirements with all young men of Priest's age and up, especially prospective missionaries...

(MORE)

BISHOP BREWER (CONT'D)
and to see that all register with
Selective Service by their eighteenth
birthday.

ED FROMAGE
Or, book their tickets to Canada...

This falls, dead.

BISHOP BREWER
Um, Ed, you're probably not aware,
but we should all note that Tad
Yorgason's Air Force squadron has
been called-up to active duty and
he'll be leaving this week, we assume
for Vietnam.

To some, the news is a surprise and they turn to Grant and
Marcella, offering encouragement... and some condolences.

BRAD SHARP
You must be very proud, Grant.

FIRST COUNSELLOR
Bet he'll give 'em what-for.

BEATRICE CANNON
I just don't understand what all the
fuss is about over there.
(to Marcella)
I hope you're feeding him well. An
army travels on its stomach.

MARCELLA
Tad is Air Force. And his stomach
is the least of my worries.

GRANT
Thanks, Bishop. We're proud he's
going to be representing our ward
and serving his country.

ED FROMAGE
(under his breath)
Fool kid.

Marcella shoots him a look.

VALEEN LUND
(to Marcella)
I'll bet you knew it would come to
this the day he became a jet pilot.

Beat. Marcella doesn't respond. She can't.

BISHOP BREWER

All right, then, on a lighter note,
I see that time has come, once again,
for the Stake Roadshow Competition
August twentieth and twenty-first.

BEATRICE CANNON

What is the theme this year?

BISHOP BREWER

(scanning paper)

"Serving our fellow men."

JANEEN BENNETT

Just once I'd like to see women
mentioned.

BEATRICE CANNON

Oh, I think they mean us too, dearie.
Why, when my Orville was alive...

BISHOP BREWER

(interrupting)

We'll get to the Primary in just a
minute, Sister Cannon. Meantime,
Marcella, is the Drama Committee
ready to reclaim the prize from North
Forty-fourth Ward?

Marcella, still a bit tense, but now focused on her calling,
nods decisively.

MARCELLA

We'll get it back... If I have to
import my own Broadway ringer like
they did two years ago.

VALEEN LUND

Was she really Julie Andrews'
understudy in *Camelot*?

MARCELLA

For a month.

BEATRICE CANNON

Oh, but what a lovely voice.

MARCELLA

For a closet smoker... Anyway, we
plan to announce it at MIA this
Tuesday.

BISHOP BREWER

Very good.

(MORE)

BISHOP BREWER (CONT'D)

We've about two and a half months to come up with a winner. I know you'll do us proud.

(beat)

Let's hear from the High Priests.
Brother Yorgason...

CUT TO:

INT. YORGASON DINING ROOM — AFTERNOON

The Yorgason family is eating Sunday dinner. It is a formal dining room with a rich mahogany table and chairs. Grant sits at the head of the table, carving a beef roast. TAD, early twenties, sits to his left and Yogi, to his right. Tad is lean and crew-cut, with eyes that can pierce steel and spot a "bogie" from miles off.

Marcella's chair is to the right of Yogi's. On Tad's left sits the Yorgason's pregnant, married daughter, CLARA, sans husband. There is an empty place setting at the far end of the table. Marcella makes frequent trips back and forth through the swinging door to the kitchen. During one of her food deliveries,

YOGI

So what are you going to do for this year's roadshow, Mom?

MARCELLA

Oh, I don't know... dance, dance...
sing, sing, sing... big finish...
the usual.

CLARA

I think it should have a love story.

MARCELLA

We'll see, Clara.

TAD

(wryly)
Just don't make the hero a law student.

CLARA

And why not!

TAD

Because he'd be too busy studying...
(calling)
...TO COME TO FAMILY DINNER!

Clara backhands Tad to the shoulder.

YOGI

You could make him a guy who flies jet planes and saves everybody from the Communist Menace.

CLARA

(amused)

"Communist Menace?"

TAD

Don't go there, Yogi.

The topic of jet pilots is obviously a touchy one at present. It looks like Marcella has more to say, but she doesn't.

MARCELLA

Ummm... It's difficult to make a jet plane convincing onstage.

Long beat.

GRANT

Well, Stan, I'm sure your mother will come up with something. She always does.

MARCELLA

(to Grant)

One thing I do know for certain. You're in it this year.

GRANT

Oh, Marcie!...

TAD

Yeah, if there's a singing part for a bullfrog.

Yogi LAUGHS at his brother's joke. We can see he really worships Tad.

GRANT

Don't worry... She's just trying to get my goat.

MARCELLA

I'm serious. I want you in the show. We don't see you enough as it is.

GRANT

I'm not going to make a fool of myself in front of the whole Ward.

MARCELLA

You're in the show!

GRANT
We'll discuss it later.

MARCELLA
I mean it.

GRANT
(testy)
I said, we'll discuss it later. Now
please sit down for the blessing.

Marcella clamps her jaw and does as she is told. The family bows their heads.

CUT TO:

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CHAPEL — EVENING

"Mutual" opening exercises are not the most reverent. Gilmer Park Ward is in the midst of the Baby Boomers hitting adolescence and there are lots of kids. Boys are DEACONS, ages 12-13, TEACHERS, ages 14-15, PRIESTS, ages 16-19. Girls are BEEHIVES, ages 12-13, MIA MAIDS, ages 14-15, and LAURELS, ages 16-19. Though not mandatory, the younger girls usually sit on the left and are reverent and well-behaved. Among them FRANKIE MILLS, fourteen, petite, cute and pixie-like; KAREN SVEDLUND, fourteen, blonde and buxom for her age, with a round face and Nordic beauty, and LANA COWDERY, fourteen, medium everything, with doe-eyes and a pleasant smile. The younger boys, including Yogi, Bruiser, Mouse and Swede, sit on the right and are anything but reverent as they pull goofy faces, punch each other and generally squirm. Older teens and adults dot the center seats. Valeen Lund stands at the pulpit. Behind her on the stand are Brad Sharp, Janeen Bennett and Marcella.

VALEEN LUND
...So we'll be having auditions on
Saturday, after basketball. Meet in
the Cultural Hall and bring something
to perform: a song, a dance or a
reading.

One boy, MIKE TURINE, 15, sits alone across the aisle from the SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD BOYS. From their behavior -- some boys hold their noses and wave the air -- and from Mike's somewhat unkempt appearance, we can tell he suffers from serious B.O. Mike has a broad, hooked nose and swarthy complexion. He sits, slouched, chin-down, with eyes staring at the seat in front of him.

VALEEN LUND (CONT'D)
We're so blessed to have such a
talented person as Sister Yorgason
(MORE)

VALEEN LUND (CONT'D)
 as our Drama Director. She is writing
 what we all know will be an award-
 winning roadshow and we encourage
 each and every one of you to come
 try-out.

A few seats away from Mike sits his sister, PATTY TURINE,
 16, also alone and somewhat apart from the other girls.
 Patty is plain, large-boned, but not obese; definitely "well-
 built," with facial features similar to her brother. Her
 clothes are a bit too tight and she wears a bit too much eye
 makeup; not enough to cause a stir, but enough to make the
 LEADERS shake their heads when they look at her.

VALEEN LUND (CONT'D)
 She assures me... Scouts!... Listen
 to this!... She assures me there
 will be good parts for all ages and
 we also need a lot of help with the
 set design, construction, lighting,
 props and so forth. Are there any
 questions from the congregation?

Little attention. No questions.

VALEEN LUND (CONT'D)
 Marcella, anything to add?

Marcella shakes her head.

VALEEN LUND (CONT'D)
 Very well, everyone please stand as
 Sister Janeen Bennett leads us in
 our Mutual Theme.

All stand and recite (more or less) with Janeen.

ALL
 First Nephi, Chapter Three, Verse
 Seven: "I will go and do the things
 which the Lord hath commanded..."

ANGLE ON MARCELLA

She looks toward Yogi, but her gaze is a million miles away.

MARCELLA
 (also reciting)
 ...for I know that the Lord giveth
 no commandments unto the children of
 men, save he shall prepare a way for
 (MORE)

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 them to accomplish the thing which
 he commandeth them."

CUT TO:

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

The Warehouse doors burst open and kids come flooding out into the late evening. The boys quickly set-up to play a game of "Tackle-Pomp" when Bruiser yells,

BRUISER

Not it!

OTHER BOYS

NOT IT!!

MIKE

Not... Guess I'm it.

PRIEST #1

That's for sure.

Mocking LAUGHTER.

There is an oval of lawn, bordered by the mostly unused circular drive to the Ward House. Goals are essentially a small, triangular flower bed on one end of the oval and a tall, ancient pine tree at the other end. Everybody crowds back beneath the pine tree, except Mike, who takes his place in the middle of the lawn. Mike sets his eye on the youngest, scrawniest DEACON #1, grins evilly and yells,

MIKE

Pomp!

Everybody runs for the other goal at once. Mike ignores all but the Deacon, who, try as he might, knows he'll never avoid going down. Mike hits him like a freight train.

Deacon #1 rolls around for a second with the wind knocked out of him.

MOUSE

Take it easy, Turine.

MIKE

Shut-up, Mouse, or you're next.

Mouse decides not to pursue the issue. The Deacon gets up and shakes himself off. Both he and Mike are now in the center. The crowd begins to taunt Mike (and Deacon #1). Among the taunts:

SWEDE

Yoo hoo... Toodles! Betcha can't catch me.

PRIEST #2

Hey Mikey... Knock 'em down with your B.O.

MIKE

Your turn's coming. Pomp!

Everybody runs back the other direction. Mike nails ANOTHER DEACON. Deacon #1 tries for Bruiser, but gets knocked back on his butt.

MUSIC UP: "CATCH US IF YOU CAN" - DAVE CLARK FIVE

As the kids run back and forth, more and more are tackled. It becomes obvious that Yogi, Bruiser, Mouse and Swede are a team and they do what they can to help each other not get tackled. Swede is a flash and, though slightly built, can fake and dodge better than anyone there. Yogi is a mix of speed and strength. Bruiser takes more of a fullback approach and keeps plowing through the ever-growing crowd of "Its."

From the doorway of the Ward House, Otto Schwartz, now in his custodial coveralls, watches and smiles benevolently, then disappears back inside.

We see all kinds of hits and tackles, most without injury except for the occasional charley-horse. At one point, Priest #2 steps in dog-doo and the game halts momentarily while the offending pile is disposed of. Then, just as quickly, it's on again. We see Mouse go down. Then Bruiser.

It finally comes down to Yogi and Swede against everyone else.

BRUISER

Get ready, Yogi... You're goin' down!

YOGI

Yeah, Bruiser?... And who's gonna do it?

CROWD

We are!!

At that moment, we hear the ROAR of a HOT-ROD ENGINE and through the Ward Gate, we see an immaculate Roadster pull-up, SCREECH to a halt and REV its ENGINE twice.

MIKE

Pomp!

Yogi breaks for the sidelines and much of the crowd starts to go after him.

PRIEST #1
Hey! You're out of bounds!...

YOGI
See ya!

He side-steps one tenacious PURSUER and heads for the gate. In the confusion, nobody noticed that Swede has made it to the other goal.

SWEDE
I win!!

MIKE
No fair!

SWEDE
You yelled 'Pomp!'

He dances around on the border of the flower bed.

SWEDE (CONT'D)
The winnah and still champeen!...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WARD HOUSE — NIGHT

Yogi runs and jumps into his brother's Roadster. They PEEL-OUT and speed-off down the street.

MUSIC UP: "I GET AROUND" -- THE BEACH BOYS

Yogi is really pumped, both from his game of tackle-pomp and that Tad would come by to get him. The ENGINE PURRS, then ROARS as Tad opens her up.

YOGI
Bitchin'! Howcome you came to get me?

TAD
Figured you'd want one last ride before I put her in mothballs.

There is a difference of ten years between them, but the bond between them is readily apparent.

YOGI
Bet you're gonna miss her.

TAD

Actually, I've been thinking about selling her when I get back. Maybe get a Corvette.

YOGI

Are you kidding!?

TAD

Once you've flown an F-100, this bucket o' bolts seems pretty tame.

YOGI

(totally subdued with awe)

Yeah...

(beat)

Sure wish I didn't wear glasses...

TAD

So you c'n be a pilot?

YOGI

Uh-huh.

TAD

I'm not so sure that would go over too well with Mom.

YOGI

She got used to it with you.

TAD

No, she didn't.

(beat)

So!... where d'y'wanna go?

YOGI

Aw, just around...

TAD

Where's "around?"

YOGI

I dunno...

(beat)

Guess maybe we could go over on Twelfth East. Y'think?

TAD

(baiting)

Uh-huh... And who lives over on Twelfth East?

YOGI
Nobody.

TAD
Nobody named Frankie?...

YOGI
Maybe.

TAD
(singing - tune "Love
and Marriage")
Stan and Frankie, Stan and Frankie,
Go together like a sneeze and hanky...

YOGI
Aw, c'mon, willya?...

Tad goeses the peddle and the Roadster LAYS RUBBER in fourth gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWELFTH EAST — NIGHT

The Roadster comes INTO VIEW and suddenly pulls over to the curb.

YOGI
What're y' doin'?

TAD
Hey, if you're gonna drive by your
girlfriend's...

YOGI
She's not my girlfriend. We broke
up in Seventh Grade.

TAD
...If you're gonna drive by your
girlfriend's, I think you oughtta be
the one driving.

YOGI
You're kidding!...

TAD
Would I kid my only little brother?
Don't answer that. Anyway, move
over here before I change my mind.

Tad hops onto the rear of the seat and around Yogi as he slides over, nervous.

YOGI

But I've never driven a stick. Mom let's me steer the Buick sometimes, but...

TAD

Look, I know you know what to do. I've seen you practicing in the garage when you thought I was upstairs. Ever hear of windows?

YOGI

But...

TAD

Don't worry. We'll just cruise by in second and you won't even have to shift. Now step on the clutch... Okay, put it in first...

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S FRONT PORCH — NIGHT

Frankie, Karen and Lana sit on the front steps in the porchlight, staring out into the night.

KAREN

...And get this... then he said it again... "Karen, I love you and you know it."

LANA

Ooo...

KAREN

Oh, that's not all... then he added, "You're built like the Brick Wall of China!"

They all burst out LAUGHING.

FRANKIE

So what did you say?

KAREN

What do you think?... I said "I love you, too" and hung up.

All three girls nearly SCREAM WITH LAUGHTER.

LANA

What a Romeo!

KAREN

Oh, Lana, he didn't know. He thought
it was a compliment... and it was,
I suppose!

She strikes a pin-up pose.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Boop-boop-be-doop...

FRANKIE

(ruefully)

If it had been me, he would have
said, "You're built like the Salt
Flats of Utah."

She strikes a mock pin-up pose. At that moment, we hear a
distinctive BUGLE HONK and Frankie covers herself as if she'd
been caught naked.

The Roadster PURRS by, Yogi at the wheel, waving.

YOGI

(calling)

Hey gorgeous!... Nice pose!

FRANKIE

Stan Yorgason! I'm going to tell
your mom!...

Suddenly, he punches it and PEELS forward, fishtailing a
little. He does not shift gears, however, and the ENGINE
WINDS-UP AND UP as it FADES INTO DISTANCE.

KAREN

(accusingly)

You still like him!

FRANKIE

Yogi? He's a kid. Now Burt Staley...
There's a real man!

All three girls SWOON.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILL AFB BASE OPERATIONS — DAY

Yogi, Marcella, Grant and Clara all stand near their Buick,
looking at once, proud, intimidated and tense. Near to them
is a hangar. A small door off to the side of the main hangar
door is marked, "Base Operations." All around them, we see
military activity. Two F-100 Super Sabers are parked not
far away on the tarmac, GROUND CREWS busily making final
preparations. Jeeps and vehicles crisscross.

AIR FORCE MEN come and go from Base Ops. Jet fighters are constantly landing and taking-off, lending a near constant ROAR to the ambiance.

Nobody's saying much. From the Base Ops door, we see Tad emerge in his flight suit, helmet under his arm, and approach his family.

TAD

Got my orders. Guess this is it.

He shakes his father's hand. Grant is stoic. So is Tad.

GRANT

Make us proud, Son.

TAD

They're calling it Operation Rolling Thunder and it's the biggest air offensive yet.

GRANT

Remember who you are. This is what the Lord intended for you. You're not only serving your country, you're serving a mission. Don't you forget it for a second.

TAD

I know, Dad. Don't worry.

They embrace. Both pat each other on the back twice.

CLARA

You don't have to fly all the way to Vietnam, do you?

Tad moves to her. They share an awkward embrace around her pregnant belly.

TAD

Not today... Tell hubby Dane to study hard and become the best shiester in Utah.

CLARA

I will...
(welling-up)
I love you, Tad.

TAD

You too, Sis.

He kisses her on the cheek and moves to Yogi.

TAD (CONT'D)

Hey, Yogi... Take care of the Roadster for me, okay?

YOGI

'Kay.

TAD

Run the engine every week. Just don't drive it.

YOGI

Sure thing.

TAD

I didn't finish telling you. I was thinking maybe when I get back, I'll sell it to you.

Yogi's eyes get huge.

YOGI

Serious?!...

TAD

Serious. Better earn some money.

He steps back and snaps a salute, then moves to Marcella.

MARCELLA

You know how I feel about all this.

TAD

I know, Mom, but it's what I've trained for.

MARCELLA

Well, you obey your father and come back to us in one piece.

(welling-up)

I'm so proud of you... Just...

She can't say more.

TAD

I'll be home before you know it.

They hug long and Marcella clings just a bit longer before she resigns herself to the fact that he is really going.

Tad steps back, turns and begins walking towards his jet. He turns around once more to wave.

MUSIC UP: "TURN, TURN, TURN" - THE BYRDS

THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE IS INTERCUT WITH FACES OF YORGASON FAMILY.

We watch Tad do his final pre-flight inspection and climb into the cockpit. He dons his helmet. The ground crew pulls away the blocks and he taxis forward. The F-100 taxis to the end of the runway, turns, waits momentarily, then rolls forward, accelerating rapidly. As it takes-off, Tad kicks in the afterburner and the plane rockets upward with a ROAR. It levels-off, makes a barrel-roll turn and heads back for a low pass right over his family.

POV YOGI

Tad is so low, Yogi can actually see the tiny figure of his helmeted and visored brother in the cockpit. Tad dips his wing in salute.

ANGLE ON YOGI

who returns the salute and holds it, blinking away the tears that sting his eyes.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. GULLY — DAY

Bruiser, Mouse and Swede hike along a partially overgrown dirt path in The Gully. Scrub oak and other vegetation surround them and mottle the sunlight as it filters down. Occasional butterflies, dragonflies and squirrels cross their path. A CREEK BABBLES along beside them.

BRUISER

...You really told Karen she was built like the Brick Wall of China?!

MOUSE

Yep.

BRUISER

Mouse, you savage!

ALL THREE

(high-pitched)

Sava-a-a-ge!

It's a multi-usage term for the Gilmerites, but in this case, an expression of envy. Bruiser shoves his chest forward and takes short rapid steps rotating his shoulders (and breasts, if he had them) from side to side.

BRUISER

Hello, Big Boy, whaddaya think of my bricks?...

MOUSE

I think your face looks like it got hit by one.

SWEDE

So what did Karen say.

MOUSE

(shrugs)

She loves me, too.

ALL THREE

Sava-a-a-ge!

Bruiser grabs Swede and begins "waltzing" with him. Mouse sticks his foot out and trips them both. This turns into a mini-wrestling match with Bruiser and Swede pinning Mouse down, sitting on him and tickling his nose with a piece of cheat-grass. Bruiser does most of the work. Swede LAUGHS a lot.

BRUISER

Who's a savage?...

MOUSE

Your big sister.

BRUISER

C'mon now, who's a savage?

Mouse is BELLOWING and trying to blow the piece of grass away.

MOUSE

I am! I am!

Bruiser and Swede roll off him and the three sit down on the grassy embankment beside the trail, dusting-off and catching their breath.

SWEDE

Wish I had the guts to say something like that to a girl.

MOUSE

Hey, Swede, it'd help if you had a girl in mind first.

SWEDE

I'm workin' on it. Lana Cowdery's been smiling at me a lot lately.

BRUISER

Lana would smile at Mike Turine after
two hours of basketball...

(beat)

With his shoes off!...

(beat)

After a garlic lunch!

SWEDE

Okay, okay... so she's pleasant.

MOUSE

So... We gonna have the War this
year?

SWEDE

I dunno...

BRUISER

(with conviction)

The Gilmerites have gotta avenge the
spanking we took from the Gadiantons
last year.

SWEDE

(whiny)

Yeah, but John Kostas is getting
really mean. He's goin' out for
football, y'know... an' Burt Staley
is just plain crazy.

BRUISER

We can take 'em. Just because they're
a year older and goin' into high
school, they think they rule the
world. But we've got brains on our
side.

MOUSE

Yeah, where *is* Yogi?

SWEDE

Tad's leaving for Vietnam today.

BRUISER

Can you imagine flying one of those?

Bruiser assumes a jet pilot posture and does a "bombing raid"
with MOUTHED SOUND EFFECTS. Suddenly, there is a RUSTLE in
the bushes a few feet away.

MOUSE

Shhhh!... Listen!... Something's
over there.

SWEDE
 (whispering)
 Hope it's not Kostas.

MOUSE
 (whispering)
 You chicken heart... It's probably
 a squirrel.

BRUISER
 (whispering)
 Let's catch it! Mouse, left flank...
 Swede, right flank... Go!

At once, they are all commandos sneaking up on an enemy encampment. Mouse and Swede fan out to Bruiser's left and right as he creeps up on the bush. It continues to RUSTLE.

As they get to within a few feet, the RUSTLING STOPS. Bruiser takes another stealthy step and suddenly the unseen creature bolts. The bushes sequentially RUSTLE away from the trio.

BRUISER (CONT'D)
 Get it!!

All three go CRASHING after the fleeing animal until they approach a natural wall. The animal bolts from the bushes, then turns, at bay.

SWEDE
 Oh Jeez! It's a skunk! Let's get
 outta here!

BRUISER
 No, we can still catch it.

MOUSE
 Are you crazy!?!

BRUISER
 Seriously! Scent glands are in their
 tail. All we've gotta do is hold it
 down so it can't spray.

MOUSE
 And who's gonna do that?!

BRUISER
 C'mon, chicken.

MUSIC UP: "TRUTH REFLECTS UPON OUR SENSES" - ROCK ARRANGEMENT

Bruiser grabs a stick and moves, stick extended, guardedly towards the skunk, trying to use the stick to fold down the menacing tail. Bruiser and the skunk do a comic little dance.

Mouse and Swede crowd behind Bruiser.

SWEDE
Get 'im, Bruiser!

STAN
Look out! He's gonna let fly!!

Sure enough. The skunk takes his best shot and sends the three boys scattering, SCREAMING and HOLLERING back down the trail.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUISER'S BACKYARD — LATER

Bruiser, Mouse and Swede in their underpants with the hose and scrub brushes, skins glowing, trying to remove the stench. SISTER BREWER is visible behind the back door screen, arms akimbo, frown on her face.

SWEDE
You think your mom's ever gonna let you back into the house.

BRUISER
(ruefully)
After the first snowfall, she said.

Scrub, scrub, scrub.

MOUSE
"Keep his tail down..." Sheesh!

CUT TO:

INT. GRANT & MARCELLA'S BEDROOM — EVENING

INSERT

We begin on a photograph of a much younger Grant and Marcella standing in front of the Salt Lake Temple. In the same frame with the picture is a verse, done in calligraphy: *"I wed thee forever, not for now; Not for the sham of earth's brief years. I wed thee for the life beyond the tears, Beyond the heart pain and the clouded brow. Love knows no grave, and it will guide us, dear, When life's spent candles flutter and burn low." -- Anderson Baten.*

CAMERA MOVES

to Marcella sitting in a chair by the window, staring out at the setting sun.

Grant comes INTO VIEW in the doorway and watches her for a moment.

GRANT
He'll be fine.

MARCELLA
Do you *know* that, or are you just saying it for my sake?

Grant moves over to her.

GRANT
You should be grateful he's not infantry. Then I'd be worried.

MARCELLA
What business do we have over there anyway?

GRANT
(shrugging)
"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, magistrates..."

MARCELLA
Don't quote me the Articles of Faith!

GRANT
Calm down, Marcie. Why don't you go fix us some dinner. I know Stan is hungry.

MARCELLA
(bitterly)
That's what I'm good for, isn't it... fixing dinner.

GRANT
(firm)
You have a family *here* to look after.

MARCELLA
Well maybe "the family" needs to learn to look after itself a bit more.

GRANT
All right! Starting tomorrow, I'm taking care of the house and you can support the family. But right now, it's seven-thirty and dinner is an hour-and-a-half late.

She stands and salutes

MARCELLA

Yes sir!, General, sir... Begging
your pardon, sir...

and marches out of the room.

GRANT

(calling after her)
Whatever happened to "love, honor
and obey?"

MUSIC UP: "LET US OFT SPEAK KIND WORDS" - BAD SOLOIST
ARRANGEMENT

CUT TO:

INT. YORGASON KITCHEN — EVENING

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER as Marcella stomps in, opens the freezer, takes out two Swanson turkey TV dinners, removes the outer packaging, throws them into the oven and sets the temperature. She stomps out.

CUT TO:

INT. YORGASON DEN — EVENING

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER as Marcella stomps in and sits down in front of the dark TV SET in a huff. She gets up and turns on the old Hoffman black and white console. TV SCREEN comes up on a kinescope replay of President Johnson's 1965 Inaugural Address. A "super" on the TV SCREEN reads, "Presidential Inaugural Address, January, 1965."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

...In this period, no new nation has
become Communist and the unity of
the Communist empire has begun to
crumble...

Marcella quickly changes the channel. TV SCREEN shows an episode of Julia Child's *The French Chef*. With a grimace, she changes channels again. Up comes a movie, "No Time For Sergeants" (1958) depicting life on a military base. The Nick Adams character is saying something like,

NICK ADAMS

Airborne! I don' wanna be no
Airborne! I wanna be in the
Infantry!"

Marcella slaps the TV off, goes back and slouches in the easychair.

Suddenly, she brightens up! She gets a sly grin on her face and runs to the corner desk, switches on the lamp, grabs a sheet of typing paper and inserts it into the typewriter and begins typing: "The Battle of Camp Polka-dot."

CROSSFADE:

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CULTURAL HALL — MORNING

MUSIC CONTINUES. We also hear OTHER SINGERS VOCALIZING, DANCERS SHUFFLING, TEENS YELLING, KIDS LAUGHING and RUNNING on the hardwood floor, all ECHOING. The Hall is a combination stage and meeting hall/basketball court. The stage is raised about four feet above a hardwood floor. A red velvet stage curtain is closed, but occasionally a YOUNG KID'S HEAD pokes through, making a face. Two doors on either side of the floor provide stage access. Marcella, at a roll-around piano on the hardwood floor, is in the process of AUDITIONING Beatrice Cannon, whose solo we've been enduring.

MUSIC ENDS

But not the NOISE. Yogi and Swede are shooting hoops at the back end of the Hall. Mike and his sister, Patty, are segregated in a back corner. Patty, a predatory look in her eye, is intently watching Yogi play basketball. Brad Sharp is "posing" for some TEENAGE GIRLS. Second Counselor is trying to keep the YOUNGSTERS from running-around too wildly, a la herding cats.

Grant and Bishop Brewer are intently talking. Nick and Janeen sneak backstage to make-out. We see various SISTERS debating with Marcella and each other on the advantages of casting them and/or their children. Several other bored BRETHERN are sitting around on folding chairs, obviously anxious to get out and on with their day's activities. Otto Schwartz stands off to the side with a large dust mop. The overall effect is CHAOS, albeit good-natured chaos.

Marcella BANGS on the PIANO, then gets up and starts CLAPPING HER HANDS.

MARCELLA

Brothers and Sisters...

(beat)

People!... People...

(beat)

QUIET!!!

The NOISE SUBSIDES, except for a relentless BASKETBALL DRIBBLE from Swede.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

Basketballs down! Now!!

One last BIG BOUNCE and then SOFTER, MORE RAPID ONES as the basketball COMES TO REST. Swede turns to Yogi.

SWEDE

I'm outta here. Gilmerites are getting together in the Gully at noon, so hurry up.

He bolts for the door, having no desire to be in the roadshow. Yogi waves.

MARCELLA

Thank you. Could I have those trying out for the speaking roles over here...

Grant, Brother Nielson, Bill, Brad, Ed, Sister Nielson, Valeen, RENEE GREENE, MANDY MILLS and several other men and women move to where she points. Nick and Janeen are noticeably absent.

Marcella nods and winks to Clara, who moves over near the curtain pulley, STAGE RIGHT.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

...and the dancers over here...

A number of the Teenage Girls, including Frankie, Karen and Lana, move to where Marcella is pointing.

Yogi casually saunters over near to where the girls are standing, ignoring them completely. Otto Schwartz watches him, smiles and shakes his head.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

Okay, here are the assignments as far as I've gotten... Grant will be the "General" and I will be "Mattie," the General's wife.

Bishop Brewer, holding a bugle, is listening to Grant, who is holding a script. Grant stops talking, looking surprised, having obviously not read his script yet. He glances at the first and second pages, then gives his wife a Ricky Ricardo-like look. Marcella's face is the picture of innocence.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

"Military Men" speaking parts will be Brother Nielson, Bill Lund, Brad Sharp -- sans groupies, Ed Fromage and Nick Robbins. "Military Wives" will be Sister Nielson, Valeen Lund -- assuming she doesn't deliver, but we thought the pregnancy would add a

(MORE)

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 laugh -- Renee Greene, Mandy Mills --
 who have agreed to trade-in their
 husbands, just for this performance...

LAUGHS. Renee Greene and Mandy Mills both nod vigorously.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 ...and Janeen Bennett,
 (crescendo)
 since there's no way we can pry her
 away from Nick anyway... Can you
 hear me, you two? Curtain!

She SNAPS her fingers at Clara, who OPENS STAGE CURTAIN to reveal Nick and Janeen locked in a kiss. LAUGHS. Suddenly realizing they have an audience, they break their embrace. Janeen blushes. Nick looks sheepish. They move to take their places, taking some WHISTLES and TEASING as they go.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 Bishop's right here if you need to
 confess anything.

Janeen is mortified. Nick tries to soothe her, but she turns away. Nick shrugs, then tickles her. She flounces off.

Yogi catches Frankie's eye and pulls a lame-but-hopeful smile.

YOGI
 Guess what! My brother says he's
 gonna sell me his car when he gets
 back. I'll be in Driver's Training
 next summer.

FRANKIE
 That's nice. Burt Staley drives an
 Impala. A convertible! He already
 has his license.

YOGI
 But he's not even Mormon!

FRANKIE
 Not yet...

Frankie turns back to Karen and says something catty. Rejection! Yogi slouches away, defeated.

MARCELLA
 Speaking of the Bishop, he's
 graciously consented to be our
 "Bugler..." Think you could wake us
 up with a little *Reveille*, Bishop?

The Bishop butchers some BUGLE NOTES approximating *Reveille*.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

Fortunately, he's got time to practice. Don't quit your day job, Bishop. Now, I need to work with the dancers, so all you speaking parts are excused to go home and learn your lines... And I mean learn them!

She shoots a look at Grant.

GRANT

Yes Dear...

MARCELLA

We'll start doing run-throughs at MIA on Tuesday.

Some of the people start to depart. Others stand around, looking confused.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

The rest of you are on the stage crew.

She points at STAGE CREW #1, #2, #3 AND #4.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

You, you, you and you will be our painters and decorators, working with Karma and Brother Stockman.

Points at STAGE CREW #5.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

You're in charge of props. Next, I need two strong boys to run the follow-spot and to load it on and off the truck as we travel to the other wards. Mike Turine...

Mike looks up.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

I'm putting my Stan with you. He likes that stage crew stuff, don't you, Stan.

Mike, lounging on the back wall, gives an "OK" hand gesture.

MIKE

Sure thing.

Yogi walks over to him, a little reluctantly. Patty looks at Yogi like a cat at a canary.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(to Yogi)

Hey.

Yogi nods, ignoring Patty.

YOGI

Mike... Don't worry, I'm on the stage crew at school.

MIKE

No kidding. So was I.

YOGI

You were? When?

MIKE

You were only a Seventh Grader, and I didn't do it last year.

MARCELLA

Brother Schwartz, can you take them to the equipment closet and let them get started?

OTTO SCHWARTZ

Yah.

MARCELLA

Thanks.

Otto sets his dust mop aside and escorts Yogi and Mike out of the Hall.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

Now then...

INT. GILMER PARK WARD HALLWAYS — DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS

The boys follow as Otto leads them through the foyer, down the hall and upstairs to the Jr. Sunday School room. He unlocks a door to the right of the pulpit, which leads into an equipment room with two film projectors, miscellaneous audio equipment and the large, old, black follow-spot.

OTTO SCHWARTZ

I know you boys will be careful.
Zis spotlight is irreplaceable if it
ver to be broken.

(MORE)

OTTO SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)
 Michael, are you going to help me
 mit de mowing of de lawn later?

MIKE
 Planning on it.
 (to Yogi)
 Wanna help out? Good driving
 practice.

We can tell Mike's B.O. is getting to Yogi in the close
 quarters.

YOGI
 Well, I gotta go pretty quick, but
 maybe I could come back later.

MIKE
 (disappointed)
 Yeah, sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILMERITES GULLY HIDE-OUT — AFTERNOON

The Hide-out is really a small, shaded, grassy amphitheater
 surrounded by a grove of scrub oak. Bruiser and Swede are
 playing "mumbletypeg" with a pocket knife. Mouse sits nearby.
 Bruiser is up to the Fifth Feat ("Earsies") and is just about
 to let go when they hear

YOGI (O.S.)
 Sa-va-a-a-ge!

The knife goes flying and sticks-in about a millimeter away
 from Mouse's crotch. Mouse's eyes get wide.

MOUSE
 Bruiser!...

BRUISER
 Sa-va-a-a-ge!

Yogi emerges from the scrub oak.

YOGI
 'Cha doin'?

MOUSE
 Bruiser's tryin' t' make me sing
 soprano forever.

SWEDE
 Think Karen'd still love ya?

Bruiser gets on one knee, like he's proposing and says in a HIGH, SQUEAKY VOICE.

BRUISER

O my darling, I'll love you forever.
Who needs children? We have each other...

Mouse gives a phony smile.

MOUSE

Cute.

SWEDE

Hey Mouse, have y' kissed her yet?

MOUSE

A gentleman never tells.

BRUISER

So?...

Mouse gets a sly grin on his face.

BRUISER, YOGI & SWEDE

Sa-va-a-a-ge!

Yogi looks envious.

BRUISER

My mom says I'd better not even *think* about girls until I'm sixteen. Says the Church is gonna make it a rule.

YOGI

Yeah, my Grandpa says kissing a girl before you're engaged is like licking the butter off somebody else's bread.

ALL

Yech! Ugh!, Pooey!...
(etc.)

MOUSE

Hey, it's not like we're gonna go "All the Way." This is the Sixties.

YOGI

I just wanna do some serious kissing.

SWEDE

My dad says it's playin' with fire.

BRUISER

Don't think you need to worry for
awhile, Swede.

YOGI

(moans)

Man, I wanna make-out with Frankie
so bad!...

MOUSE

Give it up. Karen says she's way
into Staley. Wants to convert 'im.

YOGI

I'd like t' bury 'im.

BRUISER

You'll get your chance. Let's start
the Council...

They all sit down, cross-legged.

BRUISER (CONT'D)

The Gilmerites versus the Gandianton
Band in the annual Fruit War. Meeting
is called to order.

SWEDE

What I wanna know is, how are we
gonna keep from getting killed this
year?

YOGI

The Gadiantons are bigger and
stronger...

BRUISER

Plus, they've got half the Priests
and every non-Mormon kid for five
miles on their side.

Bruiser gets up and starts flipping his knife around. Sitting
still is not his forte.

YOGI

So, we've gotta outnumber 'em and
have better weapons.

MOUSE

Who else can we get?

SWEDE

Most of the Deacons would love to
get in on it.

MOUSE
They're babies...

YOGI
So put 'em on the front lines to
test enemy's strength.

BRUISER
I know some guys from Clayton Junior.
Al Scott'd love t' nail Kostas between
the eyes.

He throws the knife at a scrub oak and it sticks in the trunk.
The other boys are impressed.

YOGI
Nice shot. Howcome?

BRUISER
Different teams in Little League
Football.

YOGI
Great. Now how 'bout weapons?

Swede pats his right arm.

SWEDE
Here's my weapon. Just keep me in
ammo.

YOGI
Like last year? You jammed your
thumb after fifteen minutes and went
home crying.

SWEDE
Did not!

MOUSE
Did so.

SWEDE
Well, I went home, but I wasn't
crying.

MOUSE
(a la Bill Cosby's
"Noah" Routine)
Ri-ight.

Yogi, with a twig, has been trying to draw a catapult in a
patch of dirt.

YOGI
Point is, we need better weapons...
Slings, cannons... Anybody know how
to make a catapult?

All stare blankly. Yogi "erases" his dirt sketch.

YOGI (CONT'D)
We'll work on it. And shields!

MOUSE
Garbage can lids.

YOGI
Yeah, but no stealing. We gotta
have permission to borrow.

SWEDE
Think O'Learys'll call the cops again
this year?

BRUISER
Not if we don't hold the war in their
backyard.

SWEDE
Great peach tree.

MOUSE
We need to scout some new ones.

YOGI
Maybe some of your Clayton buddies
can help.

BRUISER
Done.

Mouse jumps up, looking at his watch.

MOUSE
Oops!... Paper route... Still gonna
cover for me next week, Yogi?

YOGI
I'm your man.

MOUSE
Great! Later...

Mouse departs.

YOGI
I gotta get going, too. Said I'd
help Mike cut the lawn at the Ward.

Yogi gets up and dusts himself off. Swede follows suit.

BRUISER
Urine Turine?! Oh, man, who's
punishing you?

YOGI
Nobody. I wanna drive the mower.

SWEDE
Only about five hundred horsepower
short o' Tad's Roadster.

YOGI
Yeah, well... Mike 'n' I're workin'
on the roadshow together... He told
me his brother sometimes lets him
drive his Chevy, so maybe...

BRUISER
(fanning the air)
Hope it's a convertible.

Yogi shakes his head.

YOGI
I just breath through my mouth.

SWEDE
(sing-song)
Stanley's a mouth-breather...
(guffaw)

BRUISER
Game o' "Splits?"

YOGI
Sure. You go first.

Bruiser takes out the knife and the two boys stand and square-off, arms-length apart, and spread their legs as far apart as possible. Bruiser flips the knife so that it sticks in the ground halfway between Yogi's feet.

BRUISER
"This little piggy went to market..."

Yogi picks up the knife as he moves the foot closest to its position.

YOGI
Funny.

Yogi throws the knife midway between Bruiser's feet.

BRUISER
Loser plays Swede.

SWEDE
Funny.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE — LATER

Mike's house is a 40's brick bungalow with a brick & concrete front porch. It's the ugliest home on the block. The lawn is covered with brown spots and dandelions. Three cars, in various stages of disassembly, fill the driveway from sidewalk to garage. Two more, a black, souped-up '55 Chevy and an old Pontiac are parked in front. Several YOUNG TURINE KIDS are playing in and around the yard. We hear a TODDLER CRYING from inside the house.

Yogi and Mike ride their bikes up and dump them on the lawn. Yogi's is a candy-apple Schwinn racer. Mike's is a hodge-podge of parts and colors. They move to the Chevy and Mike pops the hood.

MIKE
There it is... a 409 engine with
Hooker Headers and Mallory Ignition.
Pure Grease!

YOGI
Bitchin! Wish I knew more about
cars.

MIKE
Wanna see if Bill'll take us out for
a spin?

YOGI
Sure.

They head for the front door.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM — EVENING

Mike and Yogi ENTER through the front door. The living room is filled with dilapidated, threadbare furniture on a hardwood floor, partially covered by a braided oval rug. One or two TURINE KIDS are watching cartoons on a black-and-white TV, with tin foil on the antenna and a really snowy picture. Somewhere, the toddler is still CRYING.

MIKE
(calling)
Bill?...

SISTER TURINE (O.S.)
 (calling)
 He's not here.

MIKE
 C'mon, let's go to my room.

Mike leads Yogi through the living room and down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM — EVENING

They ENTER and Mike turns on the light. It is a disaster area. There's a torn poster of Elvis on the wall and another one of the Everly Brothers; a few model airplanes dangle from fishline; some greasy coveralls; a number of dog-eared, paperback Heinlein science fiction books; an old radio; an unmade bed with grey sheets that is just a mattress set on box springs; an old guitar that looks like it has been used as a weapon at least once.

Yogi's look is a bit overwhelmed. He heads for the guitar, picks it up, sits on the edge of the bed and carefully forms a "C" chord.

YOGI
 You play?

He changes his left hand finger position to a "G" and then an "A minor."

MIKE
 Yep. Nothin' great... A little Elvis, some Everly's and Kingston Trio.

YOGI
 Mom got me lessons last summer.

Yogi starts to finger-pick, with mistakes, "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right."

MIKE
 Great for chicks, isn't it?

Yogi looks as though the idea hadn't dawned on him.

YOGI
 It is?

MIKE
 Are you kidding!?! Better than Spanish Fly!

YOGI
So whaddaya you do?

MIKE
Sing 'em a couple o' songs. Talk about who they like on the radio and could I learn a song for them. Then set the guitar down and sit real close to 'em...

YOGI
That's it?

MIKE
Almost... Then, I just take my finger like this and start twirling their hair a little, right over their temple. Turns 'em on sooo fast.

YOGI
I dunno... Tough for me t' even hold a girl's hand...

MIKE
Suit yourself... But I'm tellin' ya, it works. Hey, check this out...

He reaches behind his bed and pulls out a men's magazine and opens to the centerfold. Yogi's eyes nearly bug-out of his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)
How'd y' like t' make out with that, eh?

YOGI
(moans)
Oh, man...

He quickly lays the guitar on the bed and stands up, very uncomfortable.

YOGI (CONT'D)
But I gotta go.

Mike looks at Yogi, a little perturbed.

MIKE
'Samatter?... Don't like girls?

YOGI
I'm late.

Mike obviously doesn't believe him.

MIKE

Yeah, well, maybe we can go for a ride with Bill soon.

YOGI

Cool.

He turns and opens the bedroom door. Mike stashes the magazine. Patty is walking by, wearing tight cut-offs and a t-shirt. She stops and turns to him.

PATTY

Well hello, Stan.

Yogi CATCHES HIS BREATH. Patty is slightly taller. He forces himself not to stare at Patty's chest. She scans him down and up, then looks into his eyes.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Is my brother giving you lessons?

YOGI

(nonplussed)

Er... Uh... Sort of.

She moves closer to him.

PATTY

You practice real hard, okay?

She smiles, knowingly. Yogi GULPS, then moves around her.

YOGI

Uh, sure... See ya, Mike.

He almost bolts down the hall for the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. YORGASON KITCHEN — EVENING

Yogi comes in to see his dad in an apron, trying to manage fixing dinner. Things are not going well, as evidenced by the mess, the boiling-over pots and the smoke coming from the oven.

YOGI

Where's mom?

GRANT

(defeated)

We made a little deal. I'm sharing in some of the household duties and she's helping out at the office.

YOGI
 Couldn't we just order pizza?

GRANT
 Go wash your hands. We're going to eat this if it kills us.

YOGI
 Can I say the blessing?

GRANT
 Funny.

YOGI
 So where *is* Mom?

GRANT
 Rewriting her roadshow script for the umpteenth time. Think I could get some help with the dishes after dinner?

YOGI
 Aww, Dad...

GRANT
 (resigned)
 I've still got two loads of wash and all the upstairs vacuuming.

YOGI
 So how long's she going to punish you?

GRANT
 This is not punishment. It's called a "marital appreciation exercise."

YOGI
 So how long?

GRANT
 Until I surrender later this evening.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. STREET NEAR GULLY — AFTERNOON

MUSIC UP: "THERE IS SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL TODAY" - UPBEAT ARRANGEMENT

Yogi, on his bicycle, is delivering papers on Mouse's route. The old newspaper delivery bags are draped over his handlebars and Yogi rides from house to house tossing papers in the general direction of the front porch.

The neighborhood is lower middle class. The homes are smaller and less well-cared-for. Yogi's aim is generally good, but as he is about to throw one, he hits a bump and the paper sails onto a roof.

YOGI

Rats!

He pulls out a paper, climbs off the bike and runs it up to the porch, a little spooked on this unfamiliar turf. A DOG BARKS VICIOUSLY. He jumps, runs back, climbs onto his bike and heads out, peddling fast.

While peddling, he looks into the bags and sees about half a dozen papers left, folded and secured with rubber bands.

YOGI (CONT'D)

One block to go...

He rounds a corner and starts tossing more papers as he weaves in and out of driveways like a slalom skier, mouthing SWOOSHING SOUNDS as he goes. He tosses his last paper.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Now, the race for the finish line...

He peddles with all his might.

EXT. GADIANTONS ALLEY — AFTERNOON

Yogi turns down an alleyway and maneuvers on a mixed gravel and asphalt surface. Rounding a corner, he SKIDS to a halt, nearly laying it down. Before him stand John Kostas, Burt Staley and two other GADIANTON KIDS. They are holding cigarettes.

KOSTAS

Hey, Yogurt... Where's your sissy paper boyfriend?

Yogi tries the friendly approach.

YOGI

Hi guys!... Oh, Mouse is at Disneyland with his family this week.

STALEY

A mouse at Disneyland... That's original.

He makes a SNEERING LAUGH. The others follow suit.

YOGI

Hey, that's funny.
(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)

So, whatcha smokin'?
Chesterfields?... "Not a cough in a
carload," right guys?
(nervous LAUGH)

KOSTAS

Shuttup, Yogurt. Where's my paper?

YOGI

Uh, gee, John, I'm out, but if your
family subscribes, I probably left
one at your door.

GADIANTON KID #1

Not good enough.

KOSTAS

He's right. Not nearly good enough.

GADIANTON KID #2

What are we gonna do with 'im?

KOSTAS

Well, I, for one, think he's got too
many clothes on...

Yogi tries to take-off, but Staley makes a dash and grabs one of the delivery bags, upsetting Yogi and the bike. At once they are all on him.

There is a brief scuffle, but soon, Kostas pulls up with Yogi's jeans. The four boys run off, EXULTING and waving the jeans like a denim flag.

Yogi, holding back tears, glasses totally askew, stands in his briefs, mortified. He hears a CAR APPROACHING on the gravel surface. Quickly, he grabs his bike and dashes behind a bush as the CAR DRIVES BY.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUISER'S BACKYARD — NIGHT

Dark. The backdoor light switches on. Bruiser comes out with a load of garbage to put into the garbage cans near the garage. As he lifts the lid on one of the cans...

YOGI (O.S.)

Pssst!... Bruiser!...

Bruiser jumps a mile, creating a real RACKET SCATTERING CANS, and looks around in the goofy way only Bruiser can -- a blend of Lou Costello meets Jerry Lewis.

Sister Brewer calls from the house.

SISTER BREWER (O.S.)
What's going on out there?!

BRUISER
Nothing Mom. I tripped.

SISTER BREWER (O.S.)
Well be more careful. I don't want
you smelling like garbage, too.

BRUISER
'Kay, Mom.

He looks around suspiciously.

YOGI (O.S.)
Bruiser!...

Bruiser freezes, then looks upwards.

BRUISER
(a la Cosby "Noah"
Routine)
Dat you, Lord?

YOGI
No, it's Bill Cosby. C'mere.

BRUISER
Yogi?...

YOGI
In the peonies.

Bruiser sees Yogi's bike leaning in the shadows of the house.

BRUISER
You playin' flashlight tag? Your
mom's been callin' for two hours.

Yogi steps INTO VIEW, still using the bushes as a shield.

YOGI
Do I look like I'm playin' flashlight
tag?

BRUISER
(whistles)
Uh... Forget something?

YOGI
Gads no... Kostas and Staley pantsed
me.

BRUISER

(laughing)

And a fine job they did.

YOGI

Will you get serious!? I can't go home like this. Can I borrow some Levi's?

BRUISER

They're all in the wash.

YOGI

Well go get me something, for Pete's sake!

BRUISER

I'm not sure Mom'll let me come back out. I'm supposed to be cleaning my room.

YOGI

Well then, throw 'em out your window.

Bruiser goes into his house and turns off the light. Moments later, a bedroom light clicks on upstairs. We hear the WINDOW SLIDE OPEN and Bruiser leans out.

BRUISER

(whisper-yell)

Yoo-hoo!... Romeo... Where for art thou?

YOGI

Just toss the darn pants.

He's hit in the head with something. In the dark, he gropes and starts putting them on. Suddenly, floodlights all around the house flash on. Yogi is frozen like a deer in headlights.

BISHOP BREWER (O.S.)

Who's out there!?

He comes out the back door to see Yogi, one leg in and one leg out of the ugliest pair of seersucker pants imaginable.

BISHOP BREWER (CONT'D)

Stan?

YOGI

Hello, Bishop. Nice warm summer night, isn't it?

BISHOP BREWER

Not that warm. I think maybe you'd better come inside.

(yelling upstairs)

Greg Brewer!... Front and center!

Yogi stumbles in, trying to get his other leg into the pants.

CUT TO:

INT. YORGASON KITCHEN — MORNING

Yogi is wearing an especially ratty pair of jeans and eating a bowl of cereal. Marcella ENTERS, wearing a dark suit.

MARCELLA

I'm going to be at your dad's office today, helping out.

(beat)

I thought I gave those old jeans to Deseret Industries.

YOGI

Gonna make 'em into cut-offs.

MARCELLA

Well, where are your new ones? I didn't see them in with the clothes your father was folding last night.

YOGI

Uhhh... Gee, I dunno. Maybe Dad lost 'em.

MARCELLA

I wouldn't doubt it. Man doesn't know a white load from mixed colors. Keep an eye out for them.

YOGI

Will do.

Yogi becomes engrossed in reading the cereal box.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WARD HOUSE — EVENING

Yogi's Levi's are draped for all to see over the wire to the streetlight.

Frankie and Karen are heading for the Cultural Hall door. Karen points up at the pants. Frankie says something to her and they both start LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CULTURAL HALL — EVENING

Again, CHAOS, but with fewer people.

Ward Members, including Patty Turine, are painting flats to look like a military barracks. Others are sorting military uniforms, housedresses and other wardrobe. Others are bringing props in through the outside doors.

Marcella is working with Frankie, Karen, Lana and three other Girls on a dance routine. Each girl holds a broom handle.

MARCELLA

Two, three, four...
 (humming tune: "Wonder
 Where the Yellow
 Went")
 Da dee-dum-deee ta dee-dum-deee, Dee
 Dee dum-dee-dummm, ta-dee, dum-dum,
 And turn...

Girls turn and use broom handles to make an up-and-down brushing action.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

Remember, you're working with giant
 toothbrushes...

The "Military Wives", sans Marcella and Janeen are onstage, pantomiming housecleaning motions and engaging in scripted GOSSIP.

SISTER NIELSON

"Oh! Do you know what Mary told
 me?..."

VALEEN LUND

"...And I just threw the sox away
 instead of darning them..."

Nick and Janeen are visible in the stage wings, holding hands and nuzzling each other.

Grant and his "Military Men", except Nick, are away from the stage, practicing their lines.

BROTHER NIELSON

(reciting from script)

"This inefficiency does alarm me.
You should take lessons from the
army."

BILL LUND

"You need to systematize your day.
Get more done - less time for play."

ED FROMAGE

Hey Grant, where does Marcella come
up with these ideas?

GRANT

I wonder too...

Yogi and Mike are at the back of the hall, working with the spotlight. They take turns shining it on people and following them around on the stage and floor, closing and opening the shutter, opening and closing the iris. Somehow, at Yogi's turn the spot always winds-up back on Frankie. She gives him a very frustrated frown, then points upwards as though at his pants on the wire, then salutes, as all the Girl Dancers start laughing and pointing at him.

Marcella CLAPS for attention.

MARCELLA

Girls... Please... Focus!

Mike takes the spotlight and shines it on his sister, Patty. She looks up and smiles, then looks at Yogi and waves. Yogi waves back but quickly becomes engrossed in cutting a colored gel to fit in a frame from the spotlight.

MIKE

Frankie's a waste of time. Especially
as long as you pay any attention to
her at all.

YOGI

Yeah, I suppose.

MIKE

Ignore her completely and she might
come around. Get it on with somebody
else and you'll really get her
attention.

YOGI

Only one thing missing from that
equation...

MIKE
Been practicing your guitar?

YOGI
All the time.

MIKE
C'mon over this weekend and let's
see how you're doing.

Yogi shrugs his okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

Frankie, Karen and some of the other Girls come out of the Cultural Hall, waving and JABBERING. As they move to the street, we see a silhouetted figure CROSS IN FRONT OF CAMERA.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WARD HOUSE — NIGHT

The girls reach the street. They pause as Frankie, then Karen, then all salute the pants draped over the wire.

MUSIC UP: "MRS. BROWN YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY DAUGHTER" --
HERMAN'S HERMITS

EXT. GILMER PARK STREETS — NIGHT

The girls go their separate ways, except Frankie and Karen, who walk slowly along together. Yogi follows, keeping out of site in the various yards.

As the girls round a corner, Yogi cuts across two yards and hides so that now he can see them coming towards him.

INTERCUT SEQUENCE WITH CLOSE-UPS OF YOGI AND HIS FLASHBACKS

In the CHANGING LIGHT of streetlamps, passing cars and porchlights, we closely study Frankie's face and form.

INT. GILMER PARK NURSERY — DAY

FLASHBACK

TODDLER STAN and TODDLER FRANKIE playing with alphabet blocks and rattles.

EXT. GRADE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND — DAY

FLASHBACK

GRADE-SCHOOL STAN and GRADE-SCHOOL FRANKIE playing kissing tag with OTHER KIDS on the schoolgrounds.

INT. JR. HIGH GEOMETRY CLASS — DAY

FLASHBACK

As GEOMETRY TEACHER proves a theorem on the blackboard, SEVENTH-GRADE STAN daydreams and writes "Frankie" a hundred different ways in his Spiral Notebook.

EXT. GILMER PARK STREETS — NIGHT

BACK TO SCENE

Eventually, the two girls reach Frankie's home, followed by Yogi in the shadows.

EXT. FRANKIE'S FRONT PORCH — NIGHT

Frankie waves good-bye to Karen, who continues on down the street and OUT-Of-SIGHT. Frankie starts to go into the house, stops, turns around and stares out into the night, sensing something -- or someone.

Yogi, still concealed, looks at her with the longing of First Love.

Frankie goes into her house.

Yogi turns and walks dejectedly back up the street towards his home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR GULLY — AFTERNOON

Yogi tosses the last newspaper on the porch of the house at the end of Mouse's route. Bruiser is with him "riding shotgun."

YOGI

Done! Let's go!!...

They zoom off towards the Gully, ditch their bikes and head for the Hide-out.

EXT. GILMERITES GULLY HIDE-OUT — AFTERNOON

A CROWD OF KIDS is there, awaiting them. Most are younger than Yogi and Bruiser, except Swede, in f.g.

SWEDE

Okay, everybody... They're here.
Listen up.

BRUISER

(addressing the troops)

Men... Even though the battle is over a month away, the enemy has drawn First Blood. Are we gonna take it lying down?

KIDS

NO!...

BRUISER

Are we gonna give 'em something to think about?

KIDS

YEAH!!...

BRUISER

Okay, here's the plan...

CUT TO:

EXT. GADIANTONS ALLEY — AFTERNOON

Kostas, Staley and the two Gadiantons are in their usual place, cigarettes in hand.

GADIANTON KID #1

So when's football start?

KOSTAS

Unofficial workouts start July twelfth.

GADIANTON KID #2

What you gonna play?

KOSTAS

Corner back. Get to cream more people.

GADIANTON KID #1

You goin' out, Staley?

STALEY

Nah, I'm a pole vaulter.

KOSTAS

Yeah you are. Practiced on Frankie yet?

STALEY

(LAUGHS evilly)

She wants me to go to her church. Can you believe it?

All LAUGH. At that moment, Yogi and Bruiser come running out of nowhere, full speed, and nail the Gadiantons with water balloons. They are fifty yards away by the time the bad guys know what hit them.

MUSIC UP: "WE ARE ALL ENLISTED" - ROCK ARRANGEMENT

KOSTAS
You're dead meat!

The four Gadiantons give chase.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BACKYARDS — AFTERNOON

CAMERA FOLLOWS

Yogi and Bruiser dart between houses, over and under fences, across the Gully to their neighborhood, between more houses and into a backyard where they appear to have been cornered by the Gadiantons.

EXT. BACKYARD — AFTERNOON

KOSTAS
Okay, who wants it first?

YOGI
I think you do, Kost-ass.

BRUISER
FIRE!!

From everywhere -- garage tops, second story windows, neighboring yards -- water balloons come sailing in a full barrage. Four hoses with full nozzle are turned on them, again from seemingly all angles. The water balloons keep coming. The Gadiantons are outnumbered and helplessly soaked. Suddenly, it ends as quickly as it began. The Gadiantons look around. There isn't a kid in sight, except for the four "drowned rats."

KOSTAS
(furiously)
This isn't over!

SILENCE.

KOSTAS (CONT'D)
Come on...

They EXIT back the way they came.

INT. SCREENED-IN BACK PORCH — AFTERNOON

Bruiser, Yogi, Swede and all the Younger Boys are huddled together, crouching low.

SISTER SCHWARTZ (O.S.)
I t'ink dey are gone, boys.

She comes out onto the porch with a huge plate full of cookies.

SWEDE
Thanks, Sister Schwartz.

SISTER SCHWARTZ
Don't efer let de bastards get you
down.

OTTO SCHWARTZ (O.S.)
(calling from within)
Rosa... Let us not be putting vords
in de young boys mouths.

Sister Schwartz gets the impish look of a young girl.

The boys all look at each other in dead silence, wide-eyed, then breakout LAUGHING and SNORTING, digging into the cookies and re-enacting the ambush that just took place, complete with MOUTHED SOUND EFFECTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE — DAY

The hot-rod Chevy comes ROARING up and SCREECHES to a halt in front of the house. BILL TURINE is driving, with Mike in the passenger seat and Yogi in the back. Mike and Yogi pile out of the car and as Yogi closes the door, it fishtails away. Yogi raises his hand, YELLING

YOGI
Thanks!!
(to Mike)
Wow! What a ride!! Tad never took
me on one like that.

MIKE
We oughtta sleep out one night and
sneak his Roadster out.

YOGI
(horrified)
He'd kill me.

MIKE
 He's a million miles away. We'd be
 careful. C'mon in.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM — DAY

The boys ENTER. Mike sprawls on the bed.

MIKE
 Okay, maestro... Let's hear your
 chick bait.

Yogi picks up the old guitar and sits on a ratty chair.

YOGI
 At least I'm getting a few down.
 But what if it doesn't work for me.

MIKE
 It will.

YOGI
 But what if it doesn't?

MIKE
 If all else fails, show 'em the Milky
 Way.

YOGI
 Huh?

Mike sits up.

MIKE
 Show 'em the Milky Way. Come sit by
 me.

Yogi gives him a funny look.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Don't worry, you're not my type.

Yogi sits down beside him, still holding the guitar, now
 more like a shield. Mike points upwards.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 See the Milky Way?
 (beat)
 Say yes...

YOGI
 Yes...

MIKE
 It starts over here...

He moves his arm around, still pointing upwards, until it is around Yogi, their faces close to each other.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 ...and goes clear around to here...
 And then you kiss 'em! Don't think.
 Just kiss 'em.

Yogi gets back up and moves to his chair.

YOGI
 You've gotta be kidding!

MIKE
 Works every time.

YOGI
 I'll keep workin' on the guitar.

MUSIC:

He begins to finger-pick "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," much better than the last time we heard him.

YOGI (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 "It ain't no use to sit and wonder why,
 Babe,
 It don' matter anyhow...
 An' it ain' no use to sit and wonder why,
 Babe,
 If you don' know by now...
 When the rooster crows at the..."

Patty walks in and sits on the corner of the bed. Yogi stops immediately.

PATTY
 Don't stop on my account. Play...
 Play!...

Yogi resumes, but much more self-consciously.

YOGI
 (singing)
 "When the rooster crows at the break
 of dawn...
 Look out your window an' I'll be
 gone...
 You're the reason I'm travellin'
 on...
 But don' think twice, it's all right."

Yogi stops.

YOGI (CONT'D)
 There's three more verses I'm
 learning.

Patty looks dreamy-eyed at Yogi. Yogi looks to Mike. Mike winks.

MIKE
 What else y' got?

YOGI
 Well, I just picked this up the other
 day. It's brand new...

He starts playing the opening notes of "Satisfaction."

DISSOLVE TO:

MUSIC UP: "SATISFACTION" - THE ROLLING STONES

EXT. BRUISER'S BACKYARD — DAY

Bruiser comes running out the back door, grabs his bike leaning against the house, hops on and the wheels immediately buckle under him. He goes down in a heap.

Getting up and checking his skinned elbow, he next examines the bike. It's obvious what the problem is: all the spokes on both wheels have been cut.

CLOSE-UP BRUISER

as the act of sabotage dawns on him.

EXT. FOOTBALL PRACTICE FIELD — DAY

John Kostas, in cut-offs and a red-and-white jersey with number "50" on it, along with TWO TEAM MEMBERS, walk towards his car.

As they reach the beat-up old Packard, we see it has four flat tires. Kostas looks like he could chew nails.

EXT. GULLY — DAY

Five Gilmerites, including ROB SHILLER and RICK SAMPSON ("SAMPS"), along with a German Shepherd, are playing army around the scrub oaks, hills and trails.

SHILLER
 C'mon, Samps, you're dead!

SAMPS
 Missed me a mile, Shiller.

They all dodge, hide and pretend to shoot guns at each other. One Youngster falls, wounded, but all it takes is a buddy to get to him and say...

SHILLER

Fix-fix!

...and he's up and back into the action. More of the same ensues.

CAMERA FOLLOWS

Samps and his dog, as they pull a flanking maneuver, dodge behind a tree and hide in ambush. The dog is extremely obedient as Samps whispers

SAMPS

Lie down and be quiet!

Time goes by. None of his friends seem to be coming after him. Finally, he and the dog stealthily move out in search of them. The Gully appears deserted. Eventually he goes looking in a grove of scrub oak. He finds his other four friends, bound, gagged and tied to the trees.

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN — NIGHT

Gadianton Kids #1 & #2 have just stocked up on burgers, fries and malts and are walking home, eating and LAUGHING.

GADIANTON KID #1

Did'ya notice that one kid wet his pants?

GADIANTON KID #2

Yeah, boy did he stink.

GADIANTON KID #1

Wonder how long it took 'em to get free.

GADIANTON KID #2

Who cares?

They stop short, suddenly. There, facing them is Samps, along with a very mean-looking German Shepherd, who GROWLS, bares his fangs and BARKS VICIOUSLY.

SAMPS

That wasn't very nice what you did to my friends... Adolph! Attack!!

Fast food scatters everywhere as the Gadiantons flee, pursued by a dog who obviously prefers fresh meat.

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL — DAY

The pool is jam-packed on a hot summer day. Swede and Mouse are running, diving, having water fights with each other and the KIDS around them.

They don't recognize John Kostas and Burt Staley in diving masks and snorkels at the other end of the pool.

Swede, Mouse and the others get up an impromptu game of Marco Polo.

"IT" KID
Marco!...

SWIM KIDS
Polo!...

"It" Kid lunges, eyes tightly closed, lunges in the direction of Swede and Mouse, but misses them by a mile.

"IT" KID
Marco!

SWEDE
Polo!

MOUSE
Polo!

SWEDE
Polo!

MOUSE
Polo!

Etc.

They are so focused on the "It" Kid that they don't see Kostas and Staley coming up underwater from behind until it is too late. Next thing they know, their suits are stripped from them and tossed high into the trees and Kostas and Staley EXIT the pool area, WHOOPING and TAUNTING.

EXT. PASSION FLATS — NIGHT

Burt Staley's '65 Impala convertible sits overlooking the lights of Salt Lake City. Rising heat makes them twinkle romantically. It's the 24th of July and there are FIREWORKS bursting over the Salt Lake Valley. Several other cars are also parked, each with steamed windows.

A wrestling match is going on in the back seat. Frankie sits up and pushes Staley away from her.

FRANKIE

None of that!

STALEY

You love it and you know it...

He attacks again. Frankie SQUEALS and leaps over the passenger side and starts running away with Staley in hot pursuit. Frankie is small, wiry and fast.

As she continues to dodge Staley's assault, a door on the neighboring car -- a black '55 Chevy -- silently opens a bit and a shadowy figure steals to the convertible, reaches in and releases the emergency brake and shifts into neutral, then melts into the shadows and returns to the black Chevy, closing the door with an almost imperceptible CLICK.

The Impala is only on a slight incline, but as Frankie tries to get the message across...

FRANKIE

I'm serious, Burt. Any more and I'll walk home.

STALEY

You're just saying that.

...the Impala slowly begins to roll forward and gradually gains momentum. Staley's back is to the car.

FRANKIE

Your car!!

STALEY

That old trick ain't gonna work on me.

FRANKIE

You're right. How could I have been so dumb.

She starts running towards the car, dodging around Staley, who lunges for her, then sees that she wasn't kidding.

STALEY

Nooo!!!....

He breaks into a full-on sprint, reaches the Impala and jumps into the driver's seat, just as it noses down into a ditch.

MUSIC UP TO FADE.

CROSSFADE:

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CULTURAL HALL — EVENING

ANGLE ON STAGE

The curtains are closed. As usual, the noise level is a DULL ROAR of echoing, unintelligible CONVERSATIONS, FLOOR CREAKS, FOOTSTEPS, ETC.

MARCELLA (O.S.)
 (calling)
 Playback!

We hear a DRUM MARCH CADENCE. The "Military Men," Grant, Brother Nielson, Bill, Brad, Ed and Nick, march in, led by Grant. They are wearing street clothes, except for soldier hats and caps. Grant wears the General's hat. They are stern of expression and take seven steps, turn and look at their watches and frown. They take four steps back the other direction, four of the six do an about face and continue to march into Ed and Brother Nielson, who forgot the maneuver.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 (clapping)
 No, no, no!... Cut the playback...

PLAYBACK CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS, THEN STOPS

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 Cut the...
 (deep breath)
 Remember, it's seven paces in, quarter turn left, look at your watches, frown, quarter turn left, march four paces, about face, four paces, stop, quarter turn left, parade rest. Let's try it again... Sorry, Sisters... We'll get to you sometime before the Millennium. First position!

In addition to Cast and Crew, most of the Mutual-aged kids are in the Hall, lounging around, sitting on the floor. The Gilmerites, as well as other Deacons and Teachers are huddled, talking about the border skirmishes with the Gadiantons of late and acting-out some of the ways they got even. Samps and Shiller recreate the dog attack with Shiller taking the part of the German Shepherd. Mike is standing close to Yogi.

MIKE
 (to Yogi)
 Sounds like it's going to be a real battle.

YOGI

Yeah, you gonna join us? We need all the help we can get.

MIKE

Sure. When d' ya think it's gonna be?

YOGI

I dunno. Maybe three weeks. We gotta gather a lot of ammo.

Bruiser has been busy tying a Deacon's shoelaces together.

BRUISER

Hey, they're not gonna need you guys tonight. Let's go play some Tackle Pomp.

MOUSE

I was gonna hang out with Karen after rehearsal. Anyway, I'm tired o' Pomp.

SWEDE

Flashlight Tag?

YOGI

With everybody?

He looks over at Frankie and the girls.

MOUSE

Of course.

YOGI

I'm in.

They move towards the Cultural Hall door. We see the Deacon go down with a THUD.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — EVENING

Near the back entrance of the Ward, a big crowd of Kids is gathered -- at least ten boys and half a dozen girls. We see Karen, Frankie and Lana. Yogi stands between his Gilmerite buddies and Mike and Patty Turine. Other Adults and Kids are coming out of the Ward building and heading off into the night. We see the lights inside the building gradually blink-off, one-by-one.

MOUSE
 (to Swede)
 So, where's the flashlight?

Bruiser comes out with a big, four-battery job and a legal-sized white envelope.

BRUISER
 I promised Brother Schwartz I'd take
 it over to his house in the morning.

YOGI
 Not it!

EVERYBODY
 Not it!

MIKE
 I know, I know...

Mike takes the flashlight and hustles around the duck pond to the wide balustrade in front of the gazebo. He climbs upon it and flashes the light around.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Ready!

Bruiser positions the envelope in plain sight directly across the duck pond from Mike.

BRUISER
 Oka-a-a-y... GO!

Mike bows his head and begins counting rapidly. The kids all scatter.

MIKE
 One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-
 eight-nine-TEN-one-two-three-four-
 five-six-seven-eight-nine-TWENTY-
 One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-
 eight-nine-THIRTY...

Yogi and Bruiser leapfrog over some shrubs and behind a bush. Mouse and Swede do the same on the opposite side of the envelope. We can hear WHISPERS, GIGGLES, SQUEALS and lots of SHUSHING from around the Ward grounds.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-
 eight-nine-FORTY-one-two-three-four-
 five-six-seven-eight-nine-FIFTY-one-
 two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-
 nine-SIXTY...

ANGLE ON

Bruiser and Yogi. They WHISPER.

BRUISER

That's what I hate about this game...
It always takes a sacrifice to start-
out.

YOGI

So find a Deacon and convince him
he's Superman.

(beat)

There's Frankie. I'm gonna move
over by her and Karen.

Yogi moves out, keeping low.

MIKE (O.S.)

One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-
eight-nine-ONE HUNDRED!

Mike lifts his head and shines the flashlight. All the Ward
lights are out now, except one dim bulb over the back
entrance.

MIKE (CONT'D)

All right, who's the lucky loser?...

MOUSE (O.S.)

You are, Toodles...

Every time Mike sees or hears a movement, he shines the light
in that direction, but at first, all he sees is the landscape.

Yogi comes up to join Frankie and Karen.

FRANKIE

(whisper)

Oh great!

YOGI

(whisper)

Ladies...

FRANKIE

I'm not talking to you. Burt's car
is going to cost two hundred dollars
to fix.

YOGI

I don't know what you're talking
about.

FRANKIE

Right.

YOGI

I didn't do it.

FRANKIE

But you know who did.

YOGI

Hey, they started it.

FRANKIE

Just go away.

Yogi's face shows he's cut to the quick. Mike continues panning the flashlight around the grounds, occasionally returning to the envelope to ensure it is still there. As the light pans far away from Yogi's position...

YOGI

Good-bye, cruel world...

Without further comment, Yogi bolts from the bushes, grabs the envelope takes three more steps and dives for the bush hiding Mouse and Swede.

The light hits him mid-air.

MIKE

(calling)

1-2-3 for Yogi. You're outta here, man.

Yogi hits the ground with a tuck and roll. He leaves the envelope where he landed and stands up, hands raised, to face the light.

YOGI

Ya got me, copper...

A hand reaches out of the bush and snatches the envelope out of site. Mike shines the light where it had been, just a second too late.

YOGI (CONT'D)

(calling)

Well, good luck.

MIKE

C'mon over and be my spotter.

YOGI

Nah, I'm gonna walk around for awhile.

A dark figure, carrying the envelope, dashes from the bush to behind a tree. Again, Mike is about a second late in shining the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

MUSIC UNDER: "DID YOU THINK TO PRAY" - INSTRUMENTAL

Yogi walks along the path in an especially dark part of the Ward grounds, looking up at the stars. The game continues in the distant b.g. as we see the light continue to pan and hear KIDS' VOICES, though UNINTELLIGIBLE.

Yogi SIGHS audibly.

PATTY (O.S.)

That was a noble sacrifice you made.

YOGI

(beat)

Patty?

PATTY

Mmm-hmm. Guess you're outta the game.

YOGI

Yeah, in more ways than one.

PATTY

Come sit down.

YOGI

Uhh...

PATTY

I don't bite, silly.

Yogi moves toward the voice and finds her sitting with her back against a large cottonwood tree.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Sit here.

(beat)

So what's wrong.

YOGI

Sometimes I really hate wearing glasses.

PATTY

Why? They make you look intelligent.

YOGI
Burt Staley doesn't wear glasses.

PATTY
Oh... Frankie.

YOGI
If I had my driver's license and
Tad's car, I might have a chance...

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. SALT LAKE EAST SIDE STREETS — NIGHT

A military vehicle drives along.

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

BACK TO SCENE

PATTY
You don't need a car to make a girl
like you.

YOGI
Couldn't hurt.

PATTY
I like you.

YOGI
Well, I like you, too, but...

She puts her hand on his knee. Yogi tenses, but doesn't
withdraw.

PATTY
I'm really glad you and Mike get to
work together on the roadshow. He
doesn't have any real friends.

YOGI
He's not so bad.

EXT. YORGASON STREET — NIGHT

The military vehicle turns onto Yogi's street and drives
slowly along.

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

BACK TO SCENE

PATTY
Well, it means a lot to me.

She looks up at the sky.

PATTY (CONT'D)
I love it when there's no moon.

She moves even closer to Yogi. His blood is definitely rising.

EXT. YORGASON STREET — NIGHT

The military vehicle pulls-up and parks in front of Yorgason's house and an AIR FORCE OFFICER gets out and starts up the front walk.

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

BACK TO SCENE

YOGI
I... I really love to look at the
Milky Way.

PATTY
(knowingly)
Really?... Where is it?

Yogi points.

YOGI
Well, it starts over here and goes
clear around to...

PATTY
Oh Stan...

Before he can finish his line, she grabs him in a bear hug and locks her lips onto his.

EXT. YORGASON FRONT DOOR — NIGHT

Marcella opens the door and sees the Officer, in uniform. Her eyes widen in fear.

CUT TO:

INT. YORGASON KITCHEN — NIGHT

Yogi comes in the back door, looking disheveled. The clock on the wall says eleven. His father is standing beside his seated mother, his arm on her shoulder. The Military Communiqué sits on the kitchen table in front of them. We can tell Marcella has been crying.

GRANT
Where have you been, Son?

YOGI

We... we were playing Flashlight Tag.

GRANT

Bishop says Greg has been home for half an hour.

YOGI

(evasive)

I took the long way home.

(beat)

What's wrong?

GRANT

Sit down.

Yogi sits down and looks at his mom. She stares vacantly ahead.

YOGI

Mom?...

She looks at him, her eyes dead.

GRANT

We got some news from the military. Your brother is M.I.A.

YOGI

(not understanding)

M.I.A... but...

GRANT

Missing in action. His plane was shot down. They think he ejected in time.

YOGI

So they can rescue him, right?

GRANT

That's what we're praying for. We've all got to have faith that the Lord will bring him home.

YOGI

But, what are his chances?

GRANT

All things are possible with the Lord, Stan. Now your mom and I need you to be strong. Tad needs your prayers.

Yogi looks at Marcella uncertainly. She does not meet his gaze.

YOGI

Mom?...

A SOB EXPLODES from Marcella and grasps Yogi to her bosom, WEEPING.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — AFTERNOON

Yogi is perched on the riding mower, going back and forth over the expanse of the Ward lawn, the sound of the ENGINE all we can hear. His eyes are fixed. He's a million miles away.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WARD HOUSE — AFTERNOON

We see Yogi on mower and hear MOWER ENGINE in b.g. as Bruiser, Mouse and Swede pull up on their bikes and stop. Bruiser has a new bike. They look at Yogi in the distance. He does not acknowledge them.

MOUSE

Think he's ever gonna get over it?

BRUISER

Dunno.

SWEDE

We need 'im for the War.

BRUISER

I wouldn't be talking about war to 'im right now.

SWEDE

He's the best strategist we've got.

BRUISER

We might just hafta make do.

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS TOOLSHED — AFTERNOON

Yogi finishes the lawn and drives the mower to the shed. Otto is there, replacing and sorting some garden tools.

OTTO SCHWARTZ

(thick German accent)

Thank you for your help, Stan.

YOGI

Yeah...

Otto pauses and thinks before saying

OTTO SCHWARTZ
It ist not an easy life, is it?

YOGI
Who cares.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
I know how you must feel.

YOGI
(bitterly)
Do you really...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Stan, you are not the only person
who has lost a brother in war. I
was not much older than you.

YOGI
Didn't you want to just kill
everybody?

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Yah, I did... And I got my chance
two years later when I joined the
Underground -- as he had been.

YOGI
So you got even.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
No... No I did not. I learned that
there ist no getting even. There is
only faith in the Lord... and the
need to forgive my enemy.

YOGI
(unresponsive)
Right.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
At least you still have hope that
your brother may yet be alive.

YOGI
No I don't.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Please don't think that way... Look
at your parents' faith.

YOGI

They had "faith" that Tad was going to come home.

OTTO SCHWARTZ

(pleading)

Oh, don't let this sorrow undermine your testimony.

YOGI

(vehemently)

Testimony? What's a testimony?! I just believed what my parents told me. Well guess what: they don't have any answers. Now all they can do is fight when they think I'm not listening. I gotta go.

He turns and walks away, leaving Otto shaking his head, sadly.

DISSOLVE TO:

MUSIC UP: "LIKE A ROLLING STONE" - BOB DYLAN

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

Yogi makes out with Patty.

INT. YOGI'S ROOM — MORNING

Yogi argues with his dad. He reluctantly starts getting ready for church.

INT. TEACHER'S QUORUM CLASSROOM — MORNING

Ed Fromage is teaching. The word "FAITH" is printed in block letters on the blackboard. Yogi slouches against the back wall in his Teachers Quorum classroom, ignoring both Ed and his Gilmerite friends.

INT. YORGASON DINING ROOM — DAY

Yorgason family dinner prayers. Yogi's eyes are open.

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CHAPEL — EVENING

Bishop Brewer at the pulpit during Sacrament Meeting.

Yogi slouches near his parents. Frankie is a couple of rows away. Frankie and Yogi's eyes meet. Her look is of pity and compassion, his, one of anger and disdain.

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — EVENING

Bruiser, Mouse and Swede watch Yogi and Mike pile into Bill's hot rod.

EXT. STREET NEAR GULLY — AFTERNOON

Mouse delivers papers and gets a menacing look from John Kostas, standing on his porch with his mother, MRS. KOSTAS.

EXT. DEPT. OF MOTOR VEHICLES — DAY

Mike comes out of the DMV with his brand new driver's license. His brother, Bill, lets him take the driver's seat.

EXT. VARIOUS BACKYARDS — DAY

Bruiser, Mouse, Swede, Shiller and Samps gather fruit for the War.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL POLE VAULT PIT — AFTERNOON

Frankie and Karen watch Staley, in track shorts and a tank top, practicing his vaulting techniques.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FIELD — AFTERNOON

From a distance, Yogi watches Frankie watching Staley.

INT. GRANT & MARCELLA'S BEDROOM — EVENING

Grant and Marcella argue.

EXT. PASSION FLATS — NIGHT

Frankie rebuffs Staley.

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

Yogi and Patty make-out more.

EXT. GILMER PARK STREETS — NIGHT

Yogi and Mike hot-rod in Mike's brother's car. Yogi is driving. They pull up to a STOP SIGN. Mike offers Yogi a cigarette. He takes one out of the pack and stares at it for a long time before handing it back.

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE — DAY

DREAM SEQUENCE

Tad's plane crashes in a ball of flame.

INT. YOGI'S ROOM — NIGHT

Yogi wakes up in a cold sweat.

EXT. BRUISER'S BACKYARD — DAY

Bruiser, Mouse and Swede make a "fruit cannon."

EXT. GRANT & MARCELLA'S BEDROOM — EVENING

Marcella, sits in the chair by the window, looking at the sunset.

INT. GILMER PARK WARD HALLWAYS — DAY

Otto watches Yogi and Patty holding hands. He shakes his head, worried.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM — NIGHT

Patty, Yogi and Mike in Mike's room. Yogi is playing guitar. Patty is as close as she can be without replacing the guitar on his knee.

EXT. BRUISER'S BACKYARD — DAY

Bruiser, Shiller and Samps make a "fruit slingshot."

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CULTURAL HALL — EVENING

Frankie, Karen, Lana and the Other Girls rehearse their dance with giant toothbrushes. There is no Marcella to direct them.

EXT. PASSION FLATS — NIGHT

Frankie rebuffs Staley again.

INT. YOGI'S ROOM — EVENING

Yogi plays guitar, alone in his room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YORGASON BACKYARD — NIGHT

Yogi and Mike are unrolling sleeping bags on the back lawn. Marcella brings out a tray of snacks. She still is not herself.

MARCELLA

Hello, Mike.

MIKE

Hello, Sister Yorgason.

MARCELLA
 (mechanically)
 Get a good sleep, you two.

And she leaves.

MIKE
 Woh!...

YOGI
 What?...

MIKE
 Nothing.
 (beat)
 So, y' got the keys?

Yogi grins mischievously, dangles a set, then stashes them back in his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. YORGASON STREET — NIGHT

It's the dead of night and we see Tad's Roadster silently rolling out of the garage. Yogi steers and pushes from the driver's door while Mike pushes from the front.

They back the car as far into the street as they can. Yogi hops in behind the wheel and Mike runs around to the rear of the car. Yogi cranks the wheel to avoid hitting the curb as the car rolls forward. They move silently past the darkened front of the Yorgason home, Mike still pushing. At the corner Yogi makes a right turn onto the down-sloping avenue. Mike runs and jumps into the passenger side and they coast to the bottom of the hill where Yogi inserts the key into the ignition and VROOM, the car springs to life.

MUSIC UP: "FUN, FUN, FUN" -- THE BEACH BOYS

They PEEL-OFF into the night.

EXT. SEVENTH EAST — NIGHT

Yogi and Mike drive along. They drive through the Hires Drive-in on Seventh East, then back onto the street. Yogi sees a cop car and pulls onto a side street.

EXT. SALT LAKE EAST SIDE STREETS — NIGHT

MIKE
 I wanna drive.

YOGI

Yeah, yeah... Lemme at least get a feel for 'er.

MIKE

Hoo-hoo!! Man! Can't ya just feel that engine?

YOGI

Y'know, if anything happens, I'm doomed.

MIKE

Hey, it's almost your car.

Yogi shoots Mike a bothered look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry... I mean, I hope he's still alive, but...

YOGI

Shuttup.

Mike does. After a few moments...

MIKE

So, wanna go out by the airport and really open 'er up?

YOGI

Nah... We gotta stay pretty close t' home.

(beat)

I heard some girls are having a sleep-over at Frankie's...

MIKE

So?

YOGI

So let's sneak over. Maybe I can get Frankie to come for a ride.

MIKE

In your dreams.

YOGI

We'll park down the block.

MIKE

Lemme drive first...

YOGI

Soon, real soon.

Yogi PUNCHES IT and the car leaps forward.

MUSIC UP TO FADE

EXT. TWELFTH EAST — NIGHT

The street is dark and deserted. The only light is from the streetlamp on the corner. We hear the DISTANT ROAR and TIRE SQUEALS of the Roadster. It GROWS CLOSER. Suddenly the car comes PEELING around the corner, fishtailing nearly out of control. It drives towards us, then quickly pulls over and the lights go out.

ANGLE ON

Yogi and Mike. Yogi is both scared and furious.

YOGI

(whispering loudly)

Man, you are way over the top. Gimme the keys!

MIKE

Someday, maybe I'll teach y' to drive like that.

YOGI

Who wants to?

MIKE

You need a cigarette.

He produces a pack and holds it out.

YOGI

Yeah, that's all I'd need.

MIKE

Chicken.

YOGI

Whole neighborhood's probably looking out their windows.

Mike SQUAWKS LIKE A CHICKEN.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Shuttup, willya?! C'mon.

Mike puts the pack away. The two steal out of the Roadster and move towards us several houses, then stealthily move up the driveway of Frankie's house.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S BACKYARD — NIGHT

Karen, Frankie, Lana and three other MIA MAIDS are sitting in a circle with flashlights and teen magazines.

LONG SHOT

of the group, WHISPERING and GIGGLING. Mike and Yogi creep into f.g.

YOGI

So what are we gonna do?

MIKE

I dunno... They're your girlfriends.

YOGI

Or not.

MIKE

I'd rather be driving.

Yogi thinks a minute, then grabs a pebble and throws it into the bushes on the opposite side of the girls. One of them SQUEALS.

FRANKIE

Shhh!!...

Yogi puts his hands to his mouth and does a SOFT, GHOSTLY SOUND. The girls get more nervous and WHISPER among themselves animatedly, punctuated by the occasional SHUSHING.

Mike makes a LOW GROWLING NOISE, then BARKS VICIOUSLY. The girls SCREAM and scatter, rushing for the back porch and into the house. A light comes on at the far side of the house.

YOGI

(whispering)

Well, that was fun. We scared 'em inside.

MIKE

So let's go.

YOGI

Hang on a sec.

(beat)

Wait here. I'm gonna go around on the other side.

MIKE

Give it up.

YOGI

I just wanna see what they're doing.

He steals away back down the driveway and cuts across the front yard.

EXT. FRANKIE'S YARD — NIGHT

Yogi is inching his way along the side of the house. He gets to a window with light coming out and inches his nose up over the sill.

INT. FRANKIE'S ROOM — NIGHT

YOGI'S POV

through the window. All the girls, except Frankie, are huddled around in their pajamas, JABBERING in WHISPERS and peeking out the other window into the backyard. He doesn't see Frankie and changes his angle to try and spot her.

EXT. FRANKIE'S YARD — NIGHT

A flashlight beam hits him and Yogi jumps a mile. He looks up to see Frankie, holding the light and leaning out of a dark upstairs window.

FRANKIE

(whispering)

As if hanging out with that greaser, Mike isn't enough... Now you're a Peeping Tom, too.

YOGI

Uh, Hi.

FRANKIE

Real intelligent, Yogi.

YOGI

Yeah, well... I gotta go. Nice talking.

FRANKIE

Wait a minute. I'm coming down.

Frankie turns the light off.

YOGI

But...

But she's gone. He leans against the side of the house, breathing heavily all of a sudden.

And then she is beside him. She holds a finger to her lips and beckons him to follow, which he does. She leads him around the house to the garage.

EXT. FRANKIE'S BACKYARD — NIGHT

ANGLE ON MIKE

as he sees two shadows approach him and guesses what is happening. He turns around and presses against the garage.

MIKE

Oh, great!

INT. FRANKIE'S GARAGE — NIGHT

Frankie and Yogi ENTER. As soon as Yogi closes the side door behind him, Frankie whirls around, furious.

FRANKIE

What do you think you're doing?!

YOGI

Aww... We were just having some fun. I've got the Roadster, I thought maybe you'd...

FRANKIE

I don't mean about Tad's car and I don't care about your childish little games. What are doing to yourself... Not to mention your family?

YOGI

My life is none of your business. You made that clear.

FRANKIE

Oooo!... You're such a baby! Yogi. Just because Tad is missing is no reason to go off the deep end.

YOGI

(getting angry)
I'm off the deep end!

FRANKIE

You will be if you keep hanging out with your low-life friend. You been smoking?

YOGI

I don't smoke. And talk about hanging out with low-lives!

FRANKIE

Not anymore!

YOGI

What...

FRANKIE

Don't get your hopes up.

(bitterly)

He only wanted me for one thing.

YOGI

Oh, I get it... "A woman scorned."
Boo-hoo-hoo.

FRANKIE

(pure frustration)

Yogi... You're the densest kid I
know! But I coulda been a good
friend. Oh, grow up!

She blows out the door before he can respond.

CUT TO:

EXT. JORDAN RIVER — DAY

Tad's Roadster is being hauled out of the water by a winch.
The thing is a mess of mud, reeds and twigs. Yogi and Grant
watch the process.

GRANT

You know you could have been killed.

YOGI

(sullen)

Yeah.

GRANT

If you wanted to drive it so badly,
I would've taken you out.

Yogi rolls his eyes.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You're going to earn money to pay
for it.

YOGI

(angry)

Pay who? It's not *your* car. It's
Tad's and he was gonna sell it to
me.

GRANT

Well, it's not worth much of anything
to anybody, now, is it!

Yogi keeps silent.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANT & MARCELLA'S BEDROOM — EVENING

MUSIC UNDER: "ABIDE WITH ME, ITS EVENTIDE" - INSTRUMENTAL

Marcella is again in the chair by the window, looking at the sunset.

Grant comes in and silently goes up to Marcella, touching her gently on the shoulder. Marcella stiffens, at first, then lays her hand upon his.

GRANT

How are we going to get through this?

MARCELLA

I don't know, Grant.

(beat)

I just need time.

GRANT

Time we've got. But our other son
doesn't.

INT. YORGASON KITCHEN — EVENING

Yogi steals out the back door and into the growing darkness.

GRANT (O.S.)

We're losing Stan, too, Marcie.

MARCELLA (O.S.)

I know. I just can't seem to...

INT. GRANT & MARCELLA'S BEDROOM — EVENING

GRANT

We've got to.

(beat - voice husky)

I need you to forgive me. I honestly
believed Tad was going to be all
right.

MARCELLA

And how do you feel now?

GRANT

Like the whole world is falling apart.
 (choking back tears)
 Maybe he really is gone. I know
 we'll see him again... someday...
 But not if...

MARCELLA

Before he left, I thought, "If
 anything happens, I'm strong enough.
 I can go on." Now...
 (beat)
 In some ways, it would have been
 easier knowing he'd been killed.

GRANT

I'm not going to allow myself to
 believe that yet.

MARCELLA

(weakly)
 I don't know how you do it.

GRANT

I can't, if you're not with me.

MARCELLA

Do you really mean that?

Grant pulls her gently to her feet and takes her in his arms.
 He is searching for the right thing to say. Finally...

GRANT

"I wed thee forever, not for now;
 Not for the sham of earth's brief
 years,
 I wed thee for the life beyond the
 tears..."
 Beyond the heart pain and the clouded
 brow..."

Tears of recognition spring into Marcella's eyes. She
 searches deeply into Grant's as she picks-up the verse.

MARCELLA

"Love knows no grave,
 And it will guide us, dear..."

BOTH

"When life's spent candles flutter
 and burn low."

She melts into him. They both spontaneously fall to their
 knees and bow their heads.

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

All we can see are dim shadows of a passionate couple. From the RUSTLING and KISSING SOUNDS, Yogi and Patty are getting really hot and heavy.

A flashlight shines on them.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
(thick German accent)
This is not the way the Lord would
have you acting, Stan Yorgason.

Yogi and Patty scramble to sit up and compose themselves.

OTTO SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)
Sister Turine, you should leave...
Right now!

YOGI
But...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Be silent, Stan. Do the right thing
for a change.

Patty gets up and straightens herself, adjusting her hair and clothes.

PATTY
(defiantly)
He loves me. He told me so. We
have a right...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
This isn't Love... Go... Please.
Stan, I want to talk to you.

Patty turns, nose in the air, and flounces away towards the street.

YOGI
Why don't you mind your own
business?!...
(derisively)
"Otto...!"

OTTO SCHWARTZ
(gently)
What goes on here is my business.

YOGI
We weren't *doing* anything.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
If only you knew what you were doing.

YOGI
What's that supposed to mean?

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Stan, I've been watching. Three weeks ago, when you walked away in anger, I said to myself, 'he just needs time. He is a good boy.'

YOGI
(obstinately)
So?...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Have you even said a prayer for your brother?

YOGI
What's he got to do with...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Have you?

YOGI
In my own way.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
No... *Not in your own way...*

Otto gets in Yogi's face and looks him in the eye.

OTTO SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)
Have you gotten down on your knees and begged our Father in the name of Christ to hear the cry of your heart... To return your brother safely, if that is His Will, or at least to send the Holy Ghost to give you Comfort?

Yogi turns away.

YOGI
I'm tired of being an obedient little boy.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Then be a man! The Lord hears our prayers and He answers. Sadly, sometimes the answer is "no." But it is still part of the Plan.

YOGI

He's dead.

Otto gently but firmly turns him back. He rests his hands on Yogi's shoulders.

OTTO SCHWARTZ

(intensely)

How do you know? Have you asked?
Ask in faith and then listen. Listen
for as long as it takes. God *will*
tell you.

(voice quivering)

I testify of that.

Otto releases Yogi and steps back. Yogi looks tortured. We can see his desire to believe Otto, but he is resisting... resisting... resisting... Until he finally EXPLODES INTO TEARS.

Otto moves to him and puts an arm around his shoulder. Yogi tries to turn away, but lets Otto turn him back. They sit down together. After the flood of emotion, Yogi finally manages...

YOGI

But what if He doesn't...?

OTTO SCHWARTZ

He will. But at least you will be
able to say you made a sincere effort.

Yogi starts to project different spirit, though still resisting.

YOGI

And what if He tells me Tad is dead?

OTTO SCHWARTZ

Then you must pray for comfort.

YOGI

I guess so.

(beat)

But what if I can't hear Him?

OTTO SCHWARTZ

I know you've been taught what the
Spirit feels like.

YOGI

But I'm never sure...

OTTO SCHWARTZ

That is where your faith comes in.

YOGI
I'm just so tired of...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Promise me you will pray.

YOGI
But...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Promise you will pray.

YOGI
I'll try.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Promise!

YOGI
Okay, okay...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
Tonight!

YOGI
Tonight.

They get up and Yogi starts to move away.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
(beat)
One other piece of advice...

YOGI
I know... I know...
(sighs)
Patty's not for me.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
That's the wisest thing I've heard
you say in weeks.

YOGI
She sure can kiss.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
She has had a great deal of practice.
Trust me.

YOGI
Not much butter left on her bread,
huh?

OTTO SCHWARTZ
 (amused)
 You could say that...

YOGI
 Think I'd better get home.

He turns to go.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
 Stan... Give your parents a long
 hug. It has been awhile... No?

Yogi stops and turns back.

YOGI
 Brother Schwartz...

OTTO SCHWARTZ
 Yah?

YOGI
 Thanks. For everything.

OTTO SCHWARTZ
 Thank the Lord I was out playing my
 own game of flashlight tag.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WARD HOUSE — NIGHT

Yogi walks slowly home, thinking about the conversation he
 has just had.

MIKE (O.S.)
 Patty came home alone...

Yogi stops. Suddenly, Mike materializes out of the shadows.
 They stand beneath the streetlight.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Said Old Man Schwartz busted you
 two.

YOGI
 Yeah... Prob'ly a good thing.

MIKE
 Think he'll narc to your folks?

YOGI
 Dunno. Maybe.

Mike puts an arm on Yogi's shoulder.

MIKE

Well, c'mon over. Patty's feelin' bad and wants to see you.

Yogi shrugs him off.

YOGI

I think I'll just head home.

MIKE

C'mon... Mom's not there and I'll leave you two alone.

YOGI

Nah. T'be honest, I kinda feel like I've been taking advantage of her.

MIKE

Why, 'cause she's helped you not feel so bad about... you know.

YOGI

That's what I mean.

MIKE

What're y' talkin' about?

YOGI

It's just not right. I don't *really* love her.

MIKE

Who said anything about love?

YOGI

She's your sister!

MIKE

And she can take care of herself. C'mon, let's go.

YOGI

Nah, I gotta do some thinkin'.

MIKE

Ol' Man Schwartz said something to get to you.

YOGI

Maybe.

MIKE

(sarcastic)

Y' gonna bear me your "testimony" now?

YOGI
What's with you?!...

MIKE
Gonna go back and be a goody-goody
with your sissy friends?

YOGI
Hey!

MIKE
So, you're just gonna break Patty's
heart...

YOGI
I don't wanna hurt anybody.

MIKE
What a loser!

He pushes Yogi, hard.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go on!... Before I beat the crap
outta ya.

Mike turns and fades into the shadows as quickly as he had
appeared.

CUT TO:

INT. YOGI'S ROOM — NIGHT

MUSIC UP: "JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST PRAYER" - INSTRUMENTAL
ARRANGEMENT

Yogi ENTERS and switches on the light. He lies down on the
bed and stares at the ceiling. He stares at the Air Force
poster on the wall; at the model jet airplanes that fill his
shelves.

FLASHBACK

Tad in the Roadster, smiling at him.

FLASHBACK

His broken-hearted parents.

FLASHBACK

Frankie in her garage, furious at him.

FLASHBACK

His dream of Tad's plane crashing.

BACK TO SCENE

Yogi sits up on the edge of his bed. His eyes wander over to his desk. He sees the Book of Mormon amidst the clutter.

OTTO SCHWARTZ (V.O.)

Have you asked? Ask in faith and
then listen. Listen for as long as
it takes. God will tell you.

Yogi slowly moves to his knees, resting his arms on the bed in the attitude of prayer. He bows his head. His lips move, forming silent words.

MORE FLASHBACKS

Saluting Tad on his fly-by.

Waving to Frankie while peeling-out in the Roadster.

Tackle Pomp.

His dream of Tad's plane crashing.

BACK TO SCENE

Yogi's eyes pop open. He does not arise but continues to kneel, staring at his clasped hands and the pattern on the bedspread.

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE — NIGHT

VISION

Yogi sees Tad, battered and bruised, limping as fast as he can down the middle of a shallow stream, constantly looking over his shoulder in fear.

INT. YOGI'S ROOM — NIGHT

BACK TO SCENE

Yogi starts. That wasn't a memory.

YOGI

He's ALIVE!

CROSSFADE:

EXT. GILMERITES GULLY HIDE-OUT — DAY

Bruiser, Mouse and Swede are taking inventory of the "ammo" they have collected. We can see bushels and bushels of produce in various stages of ripeness and decay. Shiller and Samps are digging deep pits. There are two "cannons" and two "slings" nearby. We see crudely-drawn maps spread over the ground.

Bruiser is wearing a soldier's helmet. Shiller has a baseball catcher's mask and Swede is wearing a football helmet.

MOUSE

...But if we stash ammo all around the neighborhood, they may get to it first...

BRUISER

Not if we stash it well enough.

YOGI (O.S.)

(calling)

Sav-a-a-ge!...

They all stop what they are doing and look at each other. Who would dare use the sacred Gilmerite salutation? They brighten, all at once...

ALL

Sav-a-a-ge!...

Yogi appears out of the scrub oak, hauling a bushel of fruit. He sets it down and surveys the scene.

YOGI

Y' can never have too much ammo.

SWEDE

Yogi!

Shiller clasps his hands and looks towards Heaven.

SHILLER

Thank you!!

BRUISER

'Bout time.

YOGI

Sorry guys... I got hung up.

MOUSE

I'll say. So how's the Roadster?

YOGI

(ruefully)

Needs work, but Dad's gonna help me
get it into shape.

SAMPS

And your buddy, Mike?

YOGI

Not much of a buddy.

SWEDE

And his ugly sister?

BRUISER

Waiter, could I get some more butter
on my bread please?

YOGI

Believe me, I'm through with girls
for awhile...

MOUSE

(sarcastic)

Oh, right.

SHILLER

But are you with us on Saturday? I
mean, 'cause of Tad and all...

YOGI

I'm in. I owe Staley a lesson in
manners. Now let's strategize!

CUT TO:

EXT. GADIANTONS ALLEY — DAY

Kostas, Staley and Mike are speaking in LOW MURMURS and holding lit cigarettes. Mike is gesturing as if to reveal Gilmerite secrets to the Gadiantons. They all LAUGH CONSPIRATORIALLY. Kostas slams his fist into his palm for emphasis.

CUT TO:

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CULTURAL HALL — EVENING

Even more CHAOS without Marcella present. The "Military Men", sans Grant, are arguing with the "Military Wives," pointing and gesturing. Bishop Brewer is PRACTICING HIS BUGLE -- badly. Some PRIESTS have started a paint-flipping fight around the scenery. Karen, Frankie, Lana and the Other Girls are rehearsing again with the giant toothbrushes.

As they do an "about face," one of the Other Girls accidentally bops Lana in the face with her toothbrush. Lana goes down.

NEW ANGLE

Marcella, Grant and Yogi ENTER at the back of the hall, apparently unnoticed. Marcella surveys the situation much like a general surveys carnage on a battlefield. With a meaningful look at Grant, she raises her fingers to her lips and lets out a LOUD, SHRILL WHISTLE. Everybody stops and looks towards the sound.

SISTER NIELSON

Marcella!... You've come back!

Spontaneous CHEERS and APPLAUSE from the crowd, which CRESCENDOS, rather than falling off. Marcella, after a deep breath, takes Grant's and Yogi's hands and they move forward to join the Ward Members, who greet them with hugs and pats on the back.

Marcella holds her hands up for silence.

MARCELLA

Okay, okay...

The crowd is SLOW TO QUIET.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank each and every one of you. For your faith, for your support over the past month, and for your love.

MURMURS OF SUPPORT. Valeen is so pregnant, she looks ready to pop.

VALEEN LUND

We do love you, Marcie. And we *need* you!

Lots of "AMENS" and "AND HOWS."

MARCELLA

It's been a difficult time for us -- incredibly difficult -- but we're a family. We're facing it together. And we're grateful to be part of the Gilmer Park family... because you really are family. We know you miss him, too.

RESPECTFUL SILENCE, some SNIFFLES.

MARCELLA (CONT'D)
 (changing mood)
 Now!... We've got a roadshow to perform and not much time to get it together. Are you with me?...

CROWD
 (unison)
 YES!!

MARCELLA
 Are we gonna win the prize?...

CROWD
 YES!!!

MARCELLA
 Is this the only true ward in the Church?...

ANGLE ON BISHOP BREWER

CROWD
 YES!!!!

Bishop starts to say "yes" with the crowd, but catches himself and looks upwards, a bit nervously.

MORE CHEERING AND APPLAUSE as the crowd gathers round once more.

MARCELLA
 (calling)
 Let's take it from the top! Places everybody!...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YOGI'S ROOM — MORNING

MUSIC UP: "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC" - TABERNACLE CHOIR ARRANGEMENT

MONTAGE

Yogi wakes up and looks out the window.

POV YOGI

It's a beautiful day.

ANGLE ON

Yogi as he starts to throw on his clothes.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM — MORNING

Mike awakens.

EXT. GILMERITES GULLY HIDE-OUT — MORNING

Samps, Shiller and Deacons haul ammo to the battlefield position.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD — MORNING

Mouse and Swede are finishing a long trench behind a wall of piled dirt, brush and branches. Further back from the trench, we see an inner circle wall made of the same debris. Bushels of fruit ammo are already stacked here.

Samps, Shiller and the Deacons arrive. They all begin positioning and anchoring the "cannons" and "slings."

Bruiser shows up with AL SCOTT and three of his friends, FRANK, TIM and PAUL, each with a bushel of fruit in hand. He introduces the newcomers to the others.

EXT. JOHN KOSTAS'S BACKYARD — MORNING

Kostas and Staley are taking inventory on their own supply of ammo. They are joined by Gadianton Kids #1 and #2.

EXT. STREET NEAR GULLY — MORNING

Gilmerites stash gunnysacks of fruit ammo in trees and shrubs, in garbage cans and milk boxes.

EXT. GADIANTONS ALLEY — MORNING

Bruiser leads a small band of Gilmerites stashing ammo under leaves and brush, behind fences, etc.

EXT. JOHN KOSTAS'S BACKYARD — MORNING

Kostas is surrounded by Gadiantons -- twenty, or so. He's drawing with a stick in a patch of dirt and giving orders, pointing to those who will lead the assault and making broad, sweeping gestures to those who will attempt to flank the Gilmerites.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD — DAY

More GILMER PARK KIDS show up to join with the Gilmerites. Mouse distributes empty gunnysacks, rigged with rope shoulder harnesses, to hold ammo.

EXT. JOHN KOSTAS'S BACKYARD — DAY

Mike shows up at Kostas's hauling a wagon, covered with a blanket. He moves to Kostas and beckons everybody to gather round. All attention goes to the wagon. Mike removes the cover.

INSERT

In the wagon, we see a large supply of mean-looking green horse chestnuts, still in their thorny shell coverings.

ANGLE ON KOSTAS

He looks at Mike and both grin, wickedly. The Gadiantons reach into the wagon and begin arming themselves.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD — DAY

At least thirty Gilmerites have gathered. Many wear helmets, goggles and protective gear of all kinds -- looking pretty doofy. They pass around canteens and bottles of soda pop. They munch on "rations" purloined from their mothers' kitchens. They wait.

EXT. JOHN KOSTAS'S BACKYARD — DAY

The Gadiantons, now fully-armed, move out, hauling wagon-loads and wheelbarrows of ammo with them.

EXT. STREET NEAR GULLY — DAY

The Gadiantons pass a hedge. Hiding inside is a GILMERITE SCOUT. After the Gadiantons are a safe distance beyond, he steps out and takes a golf ball, specially marked with a large, red "X," and throws it over two houses and into the backyard of a third.

EXT. GILMERITE SCOUT #2'S BACKYARD — DAY

GILMERITE SCOUTS #2 AND #3 are sitting, dressed for war, sipping lemonades, when the golf ball comes sailing into the backyard and ricochets off the garage, leaving a small dent in the wood. Scout #2 runs over to it, confirms it has the "X" and hands it to Scout #3, who throws it over the backyard fence, over the adjoining house and onto the neighboring street.

EXT. NEIGHBORING STREET — DAY

The ball comes down and bounces in the middle of the street, takes a huge bounce and lands on the front lawn of a house. SCOUT #4 comes streaking across the lawn, picks up the ball on the run and heads for a driveway where he has a clear shot of the battlefield and Gully.

He takes a huge wind-up and throws with all his might.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD — DAY

SCOUT #5 hides behind a grove of scrub oak, looking out towards the bordering houses and yards. In b.g. we can see the Gilmerite "fort" with all the kids crowded. The ball comes sailing in a huge arc and lands in the dirt, taking a short hop before rolling to a stop. Scout #5 is on top of it. He grabs the ball, takes aim at a garbage can swinging on a rope from a tree near the group, and fires.

BANG! Dead on. The Gilmerites jump and scatter, taking-up their pre-assigned positions in and around the fort.

ANGLE ON SCOUT #5

He breathes a heavy sigh of relief, then looks down at a container full of golf balls, each marked with a red "X."

EXT. BATTLEFIELD — DAY

The Gadiantons march onto the field like lions hungry for fresh meat. Although they are outnumbered by about a dozen, they look much fiercer and meaner than the clean-cut Gilmerites.

The Gadiantons fan out into a wide arc around the Gilmerites. Mike remains in b.g. of the Gadiantons. Kostas stands at the forefront, wielding a garbage can lid. The two groups stand poised, sizing each other up for the impending battle.

KOSTAS

Come out and fight, cowards.

ANGLE ON GILMERITES

BRUISER

Hold your ground, men.

ANGLE ON GADIANTONS

Kostas turns around to face his troops.

KOSTAS

We overrun the fort. Divide and conquer. Hunt down the stragglers and pound them into the ground.

(yelling)

Are you ready?!...

GADIANTONS

(yelling)

Ready!...

CHEERS, HOOTS and CATCALLS.

KOSTAS
No prisoners... CHARGE!!

MUSIC UP: "BEHOLD A ROYAL ARMY" - MILITARY BAND ARRANGEMENT

The Gadiantons surge forward, SCREAMING and YELLING in their most bloodthirsty VOICES.

ANGLE ON GILMERITES

Yogi and Bruiser in f.g. watch the Gadianton onslaught.

YOGI
Here they come...

He moves from Bruiser over to one of the cannons, selects a large, firm beefsteak tomato, places it in the inner-tube sling, draws back, takes aim and holds.

BRUISER
(yelling)
Hold your fire!...

Closer...

BRUISER (CONT'D)
Hold...

And closer...

BRUISER (CONT'D)
Hold!!...

The Gadiantons are about thirty yards away and closing fast.

BRUISER (CONT'D)
FIRE!!

Yogi fires the cannon.

ANGLE ON GADIANTONS

A tomato catches Staley right in the groin and he goes down. Immediately, the Gilmerites unleash a barrage of fruit that stops the Gadiantons cold. They are being pelted left and right as fruit, tomatoes and even the occasional head of lettuce hit them left and right. Their AMMO SUPPLIERS run up with bushels and gunnysacks as they set their line.

Kostas starts to YELL to try and rally another charge when he takes a rotten peach to the mouth.

ANGLE ON GILMERITES

The front lines are throwing for all they're worth. The cannons and slings are firing as quickly as they can be re-loaded. The youngest Gilmerites continually bring ammo forward to replenish the fighters.

Gilmerites are not without their casualties. Mouse takes a peach to the forehead, then a tomato to the chest and an apricot to the temple. Samps stands unprotected.

SAMPS

Come and get me, you losers...

He is bombarded with produce until he is forced to run for cover.

SAMPS (CONT'D)

(running)

Is that all y' got? Sav-a-a-a-ge!

GILMERITES

Sav-a-a-a-ge!!

He dives for safety.

ANGLE ON GADIANTONS

Still getting pelted. Kostas has retreated to the back lines.

KOSTAS

Hold your fire! Gather 'round.
Hustle!

The Gadiantons retreat gradually, with some exchanges still continuing. When most have gathered and while they restock...

KOSTAS (CONT'D)

Okay, we know their strength and they think they can hold us off.

STALEY

I want that cannon.

KOSTAS

So take it. Now we split. Staley, take your men to the right. Ritt, flank them on the left. Get behind them. Rest of you follow me.

He reaches for the basket with the chestnuts.

KOSTAS (CONT'D)

Time to use our secret weapons.
(MORE)

KOSTAS (CONT'D)
Send the babies home crying. Now!
CHARGE!!

And it's on again.

ANGLE ON GILMERITES

Despite all the Gilmerites' munitions and greater numbers, the Gadiantons gradually move closer and closer. A chestnut hits Swede on the upper arm, leaving a scratch and puncture wounds. The kid next to him looks scared and runs off. More chestnuts do damage to Gilmerites. Fortunately, many have helmets, goggles and baseball catcher's or football masks. Still, the chestnuts are taking their toll. More of the younger kids start to break ranks and run off. We see them getting picked-off and pelted by the Gadiantons flanking units. We hear CRYING, PLEADING and SCREAMING.

ANGLE ON YOGI AND BRUISER

A chestnut WHIZZES through and hits a rock, breaking open.

YOGI
Those bastards!

He stands up and YELLS...

YOGI (CONT'D)
Hey, chestnuts are against the rules!!

...but has to hit the ground to avoid a barrage. He picks up some chestnuts and starts throwing them back at the Gadiantons.

BRUISER
Let's not stoop to their level...
even if they deserve it.

YOGI
You ready for hand-to-hand?

BRUISER
With Kostas? I don't think so...
(yelling)
RETREAT!!

Bruiser, Yogi, Mouse, Swede, Shiller, Samps, Al, Frank, Tim and Paul lead a wedge of their men. Shiller gets a chestnut between the shoulder blades. Painful, but he keeps going. They charge towards Staley's platoon. Staley nails Yogi in the neck.

YOGI

Sonova...
 (catching himself)
 Staley, you big dink!

Just before reaching the Gadiantons, the Gilmerites dodge to the left, turn and fire. Yogi takes special aim and gives Staley another tomato to the groin. His eyes cross and he sinks to the ground.

BRUISER

Nice shootin', Tex!

Yogi's group breaks and runs for the scrub oak. Staley's platoon pursues a short distance, but halts and returns to the main company. There's a lot of WHOOPING and TAUNTING as the Gadiantons dismantle the fort and take command of the Gilmerite munitions.

EXT. GROVE OF SCRUB OAK — DAY

The Gilmerites are down to ten boys. They huddle together, with Samps and Shiller keeping watch for charging Gadiantons.

SWEDE

Well, we've got 'em right where they want us.

MOUSE

Shoulda known they'd do somethin to cheat. You guys okay?

SAMPS

Yeah, but now it's really war.

YOGI

Time to split into our guerilla units.

BRUISER

Yeah!...

He immediately begins leaping around and GRUNTING like a gorilla. He pounds his chest defiantly, YELLING.

BRUISER (CONT'D)

Sav-a-a-a-ge!

MOUSE

That oughtta make 'em surrender.

YOGI

C'mon guys... We don't have much time. Okay, Bruiser and Al double-check the Hide-out.

(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)

Shiller and Samps between O'leary's and Schwartz's. Mouse and Frank at Horseshoe Bend. Tim and Paul at the top of Big Hill. Swede and I will take Gadiantons Alley.

SWEDE

Do we get to vote on this?

YOGI

When you're twenty-one. Remember, pick 'em off and run. Let 'em chase y' to the Hide-out.

(punctuated)

Don't... Get... Caught! GO!!

The pairs split up and head in different directions.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD — DAY

The Gadiantons, having despoiled the Gilmerites' fort, now break-up into smaller groups and go on the prowl.

EXT. STREET NEAR GULLY — DAY

Staley and two other Gadiantons prowl along slowly, looking left and right. Staley carries the cannon like a bazooka. They pass by a driveway with a parked car and keep moving. Shiller and Samps jump out from behind the car and fire-off two fruits each, nailing the Gadiantons in the back.

MUSIC UP: "PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL" - BANJO ARRANGEMENT

Shiller and Samps immediately sprint towards the Gully. Staley starts to run with the cannon, but realizes it is slowing him down. He lets it fall with a CLATTER and the Gadiantons run in pursuit, lobbing fruit as best the can on the run.

EXT. BIG HILL — DAY

Gadianton Kids #1 & #2 move along the street at the bottom of Big Hill. They're trying to look and talk tough.

GADIANTON KID #1

Didja hear the way that one baby screamed for his mommy?

GADIANTON KID #2

Heh-heh... I still say we oughtta be pansting 'em all as we catch 'em.

SPLAT! A really gooey peach hits him right in the side of the face.

The Gadiantons look around, stupidly, then finally look up to the top of the hill. They see Tim and Paul standing there, having just thrown more fruit. They aren't fast enough to dodge and an apple catches #1 in the gut. A pear hits #2 on top of the head.

With a ROAR, the Gadiantons start charging right up the hill, leaving themselves vulnerable for three or four more hits each. Tim and Paul disappear before they can reach the top. When they finally do, they see the Gilmerites heading towards the Gully, but have to catch their breath before they can pursue.

EXT. HORSESHOE BEND — DAY

Three Gadiantons explore the grass and bushes on the wild piece of land bordered on three sides by the wide looping street. Out of nowhere comes a barrage of fruit. We see Mouse and Frank, who LAUGH and TAUNT, then turn and run for the Gully as the Gadiantons pursue.

EXT. GADIANTONS ALLEY — DAY

Yogi and Swede are just arming themselves from a cache of previously stashed fruit when they hear John Kostas's voice.

KOSTAS (O.S.)

Those chestnuts really did the trick
and no matter what the babies say,
it's fruit.

Swede panicks and runs up the alley.

YOGI

(whisper-yell)
Nooo!... Not that way!

But Swede is sprinting.

KOSTAS

There's one!... Get 'im!

Yogi dives into the bushes just before two figures go running by.

EXT. GADIANTONS ALLEY DEAD-END — DAY

Swede runs up to a cul de sac of garages, with fences between them, effectively cutting him off. He turns, at bay. John Kostas runs up, followed by none other than Mike.

KOSTAS

We-ell... Here's one baby who got
caught with his pants down.

Mike LAUGHS.

KOSTAS (CONT'D)
Nowhere to run, huh little boy?...
This is my alley and you're
trespassing.

Kostas moves up to Swede menacingly close. Mike hangs back.

KOSTAS (CONT'D)
You know what we do to trespassers?...

He produces a stiletto knife and whips it open.

KOSTAS (CONT'D)
We give 'em a little tattoo.

Swede stares at the knife, looking really scared.

SWEDE
C'mon, Kostas... This is a game,
remember?

Mike looks nervous, like this isn't something he'd planned on.

KOSTAS
Maybe to you and your sissy friends.
But to me and my guys...

At that moment, we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE.

MRS. KOSTAS (O.S.)
(calling)
Johnny?... Is that you?

Kostas grabs Swede by the throat, with a warning look to keep quiet, and quickly stashes the knife away.

MRS. KOSTAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(calling)
Johnny?... John?... Jonathan Dimitri
Kostas! You answer me!

Kostas looks exasperated.

KOSTAS
(calling)
Whaddaya want, Mom?

Mrs. Kostas appears at one of the gates and comes out.

MRS. KOSTAS
(calling)
I want you to come inside now.

Kostas looks distressed. He shoots Swede a mean, "keep quiet or you're dead" look.

KOSTAS
(calling)
Aww, Mom... We're still playing...

MRS. KOSTAS
(calling)
Right now, Mister!

She comes walking towards the group. Kostas releases Swede and slaps him on the back, buddy-like.

KOSTAS
(calling)
Okay... I'm coming... See ya later,
guys...
(low voice)
You are so lucky.
(to Mike)
You know what to do.

He moves to intercept his mother. As he reaches her...

MRS. KOSTAS
When I call, you answer, understand?

She swats him on the behind and pushes him forward.

KOSTAS
Aww... Mom!...

As soon as Kostas and his mother are out of site, Swede tries to run, but Mike trips him and he goes down and stays there. Mike gives him a toe in the ribs.

MIKE
What'samatter, baby? Too scared to
get back up? So how did you like
our secret weapon? That was my idea.

He leans over to pull Swede up.

YOGI (O.S.)
Figures a loser like you would sell
us out.

A hand appears on Mike's shoulder and he is whipped around.

POV MIKE

as Yogi's fist comes straight at us, filling the screen.
Mike goes down and curls up into the fetal position.

MUSIC UP: "WE ARE MARCHING ON TO GLORY" - SOUSA-STYLE

EXT. GILMERITES GULLY HIDE-OUT — DAY

Yogi and Swede march Mike, in front of them, into the Hide-out, where we see all the Gilmerites, including those who ran off, looking downward.

NEW ANGLE

We see the Gadiantons trapped in three large, muddy pits, being guarded by Gilmerites with sticks and fruits. Swede pushes Mike into one of the pits.

YOGI

Looks like it worked.

BRUISER

Yeah, we had to give a few a little extra encouragement.

Burt Staley has a black eye. The Gadiantons look miserable and defeated.

MOUSE

What about Kostas?

SWEDE

His mommy made him go home.

The Gilmerites HOOT and HOLLER. The Gadiantons look at each other, surprised and disappointed.

SAMPS

So what're we going to do with 'em?

BRUISER

A whole lot less than they'da done t' us.

SWEDE

You didn't get hit with a chestnut. Let's give 'em a taste of their own medicine.

SHILLER

Let's put 'em in a closed room with Turine.

LAUGHTER and TAUNTS.

YOGI

(to All)

Wait!... Hold it!...

(MORE)

YOGI (CONT'D)

(beat)

This war is over!... for good!!
It's getting way too serious.
Staley?...

Staley looks up at Yogi.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Tell your buddy, Kostas that you
guys won. Tell 'im anything you
want. Tell 'im we surrendered and
you chased us all home, crying.

The Gilmerites aren't too sure about this.

DEACON #1

Wait a minute! We're not gonna...

YOGI

Yes we are.

(beat - deadly serious)

Don'tcha get it?... These guys aren't
the Enemy. Not even Kostas. This
started out as fun a few years ago,
but it's turned into something else.
That's what happens in real wars!
The need for revenge is how hate
begins and I don' wanna hate these
guys. The way things are going, in
a few years, some of us may be
fighting side-by-side in a real war.

(to Staley)

I'm through fighting with you, here
and now. So come on...

He leans over to Staley, hand extended.

YOGI (CONT'D)

Burt... I'm gonna learn how to pole
vault this year. Will y' teach me?
We can battle each other over the
crossbar.

Staley hesitates for a moment, then finally smiles and takes
his hand.

STALEY

I'm gonna run your butt off.

The Gilmerites begin to help the Gadiantons out of the mud
pits, when Bruiser, mischief in his eye, bumps Mouse into
one of the pits. Swede pushes Bruiser in.

BRUISER

Sav-a-a-a-ge!!

MUSIC UP: "YOU CAN MAKE THE PATHWAY BRIGHT" - DIXIELAND
ARRANGEMENT

Swede jumps in after him. So do Yogi and Staley.

GILMERITES

Sav-a-a-a-ge!!

All the Gilmerites start jumping in and a mudfight -- much less mean-spirited and with much more LAUGHTER -- ensues. Gilmerites and Gadiantons are slinging mud and wrestling with Gilmerites and Gadiantons, alike.

At one point in the melee, Yogi comes up against Mike. They both stop and stare, tense, waiting for the other to make a move. Yogi looks down at the mud, then stoops and picks something up. He holds out a muddy pack of cigarettes to Mike. Mike looks at Yogi, kind of apologetically, and at the pack, disgustedly. He takes them, tosses them down, stomps them into the mud and smiles. He offers his hand. Yogi shakes it.

They both turn around and see Bruiser being his goofy self. Mike gets down on all fours behind Bruiser. Yogi moves around in front of him and pushes. Bruiser goes down. Everybody starts throwing at him. He comically tries to get up two or three times, overacting to beat Barrymore, but keeps getting pelted from all angles and going down. Finally, he pantomimes like he is waving a white flag.

EXT. STREET NEAR GULLY — AFTERNOON

Yogi, Bruiser, Mouse, Swede, Samps, Shiller and even Mike are walking home, caked with mud and exhausted, but happy.

MOUSE

Never thought I'd see it happen.

SAMPS

Me neither.

SWEDE

Wonder what John Kostas is gonna do?

YOGI

Letter in football, then die of lung cancer, I imagine.

SHILLER

(to Yogi)

Think Staley'll really forget about those groin shots?

YOGI
Hey, he got me but good!

Just then, running up from behind come Frankie, Karen and Lana, all of them CALLING.

FRANKIE
Yogi!...

KAREN
Stan!...

They catch up, breathless.

FRANKIE
Get home, quick!

KAREN
Tad's been found!

Yogi looks in disbelief; hoping against hope.

YOGI
Wha... What?!

LANA
He's safe! He got captured, but escaped.

FRANKIE
They're sending him home.

Yogi is afraid to hope.

YOGI
So how do you...?

FRANKIE
Your mom called me, looking for you.

LANA
She's been trying everywhere!

YOGI
He's really... alive?...

FRANKIE
Boy are you dense! Go home!

Yogi is dazed. He looks at Frankie. She smiles at him like she really does care.

YOGI
He's alive!...

Yogi kisses her full-on the mouth, mud and all, then runs off WHOOPING.

Frankie wipes the mud off her face and tries to maintain some dignity.

FRANKIE

Yuckkk!!

Karen looks at the muddy Gilmerites.

KAREN

Well aren't you a bunch of pigs in a poke!

CROSSFADE:

NOTE: Excerpts of the 1962 Garden Park Ward Roadshow, written by Jeri Jarvis, used by permission.

DRUM MARCHING CADENCE.

INT. FORTY-FOURTH WARD CULTURAL HALL — EVENING

We can tell this is not the Gilmer Park Cultural Hall from the blue stage curtain. The hall is filled with MEMBERS, seated on folding chairs. YOUNG KIDS on blankets, pillows and sleeping bags occupy the floor in front of the chairs. There is a BUZZ OF CONVERSATION, which DIES DOWN as the LIGHTS DIM. The curtains are closed. A sign at STAGE RIGHT says "Camp Polk" with an arrow pointing OFFSTAGE RIGHT. "Military Men," in uniform and stage make-up, march in, STAGE RIGHT, led by Grant. They are stern of expression and take seven steps, turn and look at their watches and frown. They take four steps back the other direction, then space across stage and take parade rest -- all in perfect timing.

"Military Wives" ENTER, STAGE LEFT, and take places between the men.

MILITARY MEN

Six o'clock - where's the "chow?"

MILITARY WIVES

Oh, Dear! I'll set about it now.

MILITARY MEN

Do you have my sox darned yet?

MILITARY WIVES

Goodness! I did quite forget.

MILITARY MEN

You should love, honor, and obey.

MILITARY WIVES
When I get home from P.T.A.

MILITARY MEN
I have made out next week's budget.

MILITARY WIVES
Oh! Fudget.

GRANT & BROTHER NIELSON
This inefficiency does alarm me.
You should take lessons from the
army.

Marcella and Sister Nielson turn and salute.

BILL & BRAD
You need to systemize your day.
Get more done - less time for play.

Valeen and Renee Greene turn and salute.

ED & NICK
Men, it's time we mobilized, To get
our households organized.

Mandy Mills and Janeen turn and salute.

GRANT
To the kitchen - march! Hup - 2 - 3 -
4, Hup - 2 - 3 - 4,
(etc.)

Men grab aprons and feather dusters as they EXIT, STAGE LEFT.

MILITARY WIVES
These Army orders make me nervous.
I might as well be in the service.

MARCELLA, SISTER NIELSON & VALEEN
That's it.

RENEE GREENE, MANDY MILLS & JANEEN
That's it?

MILITARY WIVES
That's it!

MANDY MILLS
Let's go to camp and stake a claim...

RENEE GREENE
And beat them at their Army game!

MARCELLA
To Camp Polk, girls. Right!

MILITARY WIVES
Right! Left, right, left, right...
(etc.)

"Military Wives" EXIT STAGE RIGHT. Janeen changes sign to read "Camp Polka Dot."

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL AFB RUNWAY — EVENING

A military transport plane lands on the runway at Hill Field.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTY-FOURTH WARD BUILDING — LATER

Deepening dusk as Gilmer Park Cast Members and Crew are hauling scenery out the back of the Cultural Hall and onto a pickup truck. Yogi and Mike gingerly handle the follow spot and load it on the truck, as well.

YOGI
Is Patty doin' okay?

MIKE
Are you kidding?! Where do you bet she is right now?...

EXT. GILMER PARK WARD GROUNDS — NIGHT

It is almost dark and the Evening Star shines brightly. The Ward building is lit-up in b.g. Patty and Priest #1 are in a familiar dark place, leaning up against the big cottonwood tree, looking at the sky.

PATTY
I just love to look at the night sky.

PRIEST #1
Me too. Have you ever seen the Milky Way?

PATTY
Show me.

Priest #1 points upward...

CUT TO:

EXT. SALT LAKE EAST SIDE STREETS — NIGHT

The Yorgason car leads a procession of vehicles, including the scenery truck and the "players bus."

INT. YORGASON CAR — NIGHT

Marcella and Grant, in costume and make-up. Marcella is adjusting the radio dial.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In the news, President Johnson today ordered the call-up of and additional fifty thousand military troops. That brings the total...

Marcella quickly twists the dial through a ROCK AND ROLL STATION, PLAYING "Woolly Bully," to a SOFT MUSIC STATION, PLAYING "Moonglow." She slides across the seat closer to Grant, snuggles him like a teenager and gives him a big kiss on the cheek.

GRANT

(teasing)

You're going to smear my make-up...

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL AFB BASE MAIN GATE — NIGHT

A military vehicle leaves the Base and heads-off down the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. STAKE CENTER CULTURAL HALL — NIGHT

Very large cultural hall, filled to capacity with MEMBERS. The lights are already dim and we see the "Military Wives" in front of the curtain, once again about to march off.

MARCELLA

To Camp Polk, girls. Right!

MILITARY WIVES

Right! Left, right, left, right...
(etc.)

"Military Wives" EXIT STAGE RIGHT. Janeen changes sign to read "Camp Polka Dot." Sign falls over and Janeen, embarrassed, has to fumble around and right it before she EXITS.

CURTAIN OPENS on a barracks scene. Three of the "Military Wives" are in beds, three are on footlockers.

Several OTHER "MILITARY WIVES" are around the room.

Bishop Brewer, on floor in front of stage, BUGLES *REVEILLE* -- still nothing to applaud.

MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT "OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING."

MILITARY WIVES (CONT'D)

(singing)

Oh! How we love to get up in the morning.
 We just can't wait to begin our day.
 For we have some lovely plans
 To retrieve our pots and pans.
 We'll hypnotize and femininize and
 rhythmerize the army.
 Someday we're going to corner the
 bugler
 And teach him to beat out the latest
 jive.
 We'll streamline all the old routines
 And throw out all the pork and beans.
 Today we'll really know we're alive.

"Military Wives" continue singing as they change the room around, making it look sunnier and more feminine.

MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT CHANGES TO "YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW."

MILITARY WIVES (CONT'D)

(singing)

We're in the army now.
 We're going to show them how -
 With ruffles and frills
 And waltzes for drills -
 We're in the army now.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY — NIGHT

Military vehicle drives along highway towards the lights of Salt Lake City.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALT LAKE EAST SIDE STREETS — NIGHT

The parade of vehicles is once again underway. They pass another parade of vehicles, filled with OTHER WARD ROADSHOW PLAYERS, going in the opposite direction. Everybody waves, HONKS, and points and HOOTS at the other procession.

OTHER WARD ROADSHOW PLAYERS
 Gilmer Park hasn't got a chance.
 You guys can't act your way out of a
 paper bag. We're gonna wi-in...
 (etc.)

GILMER PARK ROADSHOW PLAYERS
 North Forty-fourth hasn't got a
 prayer. That prize is ours. Might
 as well go home now...
 (etc.)

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER WARD CULTURAL HALL — NIGHT

As with the other cultural halls, the place is filled with
 Members on folding chairs.

MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT ARRANGEMENT OF "WONDER WHERE THE
 YELLOW WENT" TOOTHPASTE JINGLE

Frankie, Karen, Lana and the other girls with giant
 toothbrushes dance their routine and pretend to brush the
 teeth of the Military Wives.

As usual, Yogi gives Frankie more than her share of the
 spotlight.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALT LAKE EAST SIDE STREETS — NIGHT

Another procession of another ward's vehicles. They are
 passed by the military vehicle, going opposite direction.

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CULTURAL HALL — NIGHT

The Hall is now filled with chairs and people, as the other
 halls have been. Bruiser and the other Gilmerites sit
 together behind some of the Younger Ward Girls, who GIGGLE
 and point and WHISPER.

ONSTAGE, Marcella and the "Military Wives" are just winding
 up a scene.

VALEEN LUND
 I'm hungry.

MARCELLA
 Time for luncheon, girls.

"Military Wives" EXIT RIGHT - CHATTERING and CHANTING

MILITARY WIVES

Left, left, we left our men with all
our kids, left, left...
(etc.)

MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT "THE WORMS CRAWL IN."

Men ENTER STAGE LEFT, dragging. They look up and see all
the changes to the barracks.

MILITARY MEN

Oh, no! Oh, no! It's all a joke!
Look what's happened to Camp Polk!

GRANT & BROTHER NIELSON

We've been ambushed!

BILL & BRAD

Sabotaged!

ED & NICK

It's subversive!

BROTHER NIELSON

Let's face it. Operation "Housework"
is a failure. We have suffered defeat
at the hands of a dastardly disposal
and an electric can opener.

GRANT

(really overacting)
Men, we've got to recapture Camp
Polk... and it's going to take
strategy, men; strategy!

NICK ROBBINS

(squeaky)
Yeah! Let's surrender.

MILITARY MEN

Hooray!

CHEERS continue. "Military Wives" ENTER quickly, SHOUTING
and SQUEALING. The Men raise aprons on top of feather dusters
in surrender and mark time as they SING

MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT "THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES"

MILITARY MEN (CONT'D)

(singing)
Take back your kitchen, Mrs. Jones --

BRAD SHARP

Please!

Please! BILL LUND
 Please! ED FROMAGE
 We've spent the morning on the phone -- MILITARY MEN
 Hello! BRAD SHARP
 Hello! BILL LUND
 Hello! ED & NICK
 The butcher -- MILITARY MEN
 "Lamb chops please." BROTHER NIELSON
 Repair man -- MILITARY MEN
 "You're oversudsing again." NICK ROBBINS
 The P.T.A. -- MILITARY MEN
 They wanted us to be Room Mothers! GRANT
 And we can't chase the kids one more day. MILITARY MEN
 Take back your army, G.I. Joe. MILITARY WIVES
 March! SISTER NIELSON
 March! VALEEN LUND
 March! MANDY MILLS
 But keep it at camp, don't bring it home. MILITARY WIVES

RENEE GREENE

Sound off!

MILITARY WIVES

We'll take our aprons and end this
lark,
If you'll promise to sing, 'stead of
bark.

MILITARY MEN

We've arbitrated!

MILITARY WIVES

Negotiated!

ALL

It's a compromise!

MUSIC: PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT "PENNSYLVANIA POLKA"

Everybody starts to march around.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF WARD HOUSE — NIGHT

Military vehicle pulls-up in front of Gilmer Park Ward. An
OFFICER gets out.

CUT TO:

INT. GILMER PARK WARD CULTURAL HALL — NIGHT

Entire roadshow cast ENTERS STAGE and begins to sing.

ALL

Strike up the music, the battle is
won...

MILITARY MEN

The gals have been defeated!

ALL

Bring on your rhythm, your rhyme and
your song...

MILITARY WIVES

That's what the men have needed!

ALL

It doesn't matter who's won or who's
lost.
We've all done our confessin'.

MILITARY WIVES

We still intend to keep 'em guessin',

ALL

Who won the battle of dear Camp
Polk...

MILITARY WIVES

...a Dot!

They hold a moment. The Audience ERUPTS in APPLAUSE. The Cast takes a bow. Marcella steps forward and takes a bow, acknowledging the Piano Accompanist and Bishop Brewer. More bows. At that moment, Tad, bandaged and in a wheelchair, carrying a bouquet of roses, is wheeled ONSTAGE by the Military Officer and presents his mother with the flowers.

MUSIC UP: "COME, COME YE SAINTS" (LAST CHORUS) - MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR.

Marcella and Grant are overcome with emotion. The Audience virtually leaps to its feet, CHEERING.

Yogi sees his brother...

YOGI

Holy Cow!!

...and leaves the spotlight, which drifts off until Mike can grab it. He sprints through the Audience, leaping ONSTAGE.

REACTION SHOTS

Of Ward Members, Cast Members, Gilmerites, Mike, Frankie, Karen and the Girls as they react with CHEERS and TEARS to the reunion.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY AERIAL SHOT — NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES: "COME, COME YE SAINTS" - INSTRUMENTAL PLAYOUT TO FADE

We MOVE AWAY from the brightly lit Gilmer Park Ward to REVEAL the City lights and MOVE TOWARD the Temple.

ADULT STAN (V.O.)

For the life of me, I can't remember
if we won the prize that night, or
not. I do know what a Gift we
received, though.

(MORE)

ADULT STAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now, you can say what I saw while I was on my knees was just wishful thinking, but it was more. I saw my brother and knew in my heart that he was alive. Hey, what can I say?... Prayers work and miracles happen. Some miracles, anyway...

(beat)

You're probably wondering if Frankie and I ever got it together. Well, if this were a Hollywood movie, we probably would have, but the fact is, while we remained best of friends, we never dated. Frankie married a jeweler and had about a zillion kids. Me?... I met my helpmeet and the love of my life while I was serving in the missionfield...

(beat)

But that's another story...

FADE OUT: