

MARY TYLER WHORE

MUSIC: THE JANGLED THEME MUSIC TO "MARY TYLER MOORE"

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND CONTINUES TO RING THROUGHOUT MARY RICHARDS, OUR STAR, IS PUKING.

MARY: Bleuuuuuukghhh!
 Blaaaaagrrrrkkk!

SOUND: VIOLENT SPLASHING NOISES IN TOILET. TOILET FLUSHES. PHONE STOPS RINGING AS MARY ANSWERS.

MARY: Hello? Yes, I know I'm late. I'm on my way.

SOUND: PHONE IS HUNG UP. MARY RESUMES PUKING. HER DOORBELL RINGS. IT'S HER NEIGHBOR, RHODA MORGENSTERN. HER VOICE IS MUFFLED AS SHE YELLS THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR.

RHODA: Mare? Mary?!! Are you alright? C'mon open the door. Mare, I can hear you across the hall.

MARY: Huk.....bleuuuughhhh. (Forced cheerfulness) I'm fine, Rhoda!

RHODA: No you're not! Let me in, Mary!

SOUND: MORE INTENSE BANGING ON THE DOOR. TOILET FLUSHES. MARY MUTTERS SOMETHING UNDER HER BREATH, AS SHE PADS ACROSS THE HARDWOOD FLOOR. DOOR UNLATCHES, AND CREAKS OPEN.

MARY: (Forced cheerfulness again) Rhoda! Hi! Good morning!

RHODA: Oh my god...you look horrible. Whew!
 You don't smell too hot either. Now
 I know why they stopped making Chanel
 #4 - too eggy.

MARY: Rhoda, I'm going to tell you something that
 you can't repeat to anyone. Okay, you can

tell your mother. But that's it. Oh, and maybe the girls at the beauty parlor. But no one else. Oh! And...

RHODA: Would ya tell me already?

MARY: Alright. I think (pregnant pause) I think I'm pregnant.

RHODA: Mary!!! That's wonderful.

MARY: No. It's not.

RHODA: Listen. I know this doctor in St. Paul. He's very discreet.

MARY: How discreet?

RHODA: He's a mechanic. They use the same tools. He's worked on my undercarriage seven times.

MARY: You've had seven abortions?

RHODA: Yeah, but who's counting?

MARY: Listen, Rhoda, I have to go to work. I'm late.

RHODA: I'll say.

SOUND: HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF A NEWSROOM. PAPERS BEING SHUFFLED. PEOPLE MURMURING. A TYPEWRITER IS HAMMERING AWAY.

MURRAY SLAUGHTER, THE NEWS-WRITER IS POUNDING AWAY AT HIS TYPEWRITER. HE'S JABBERING TO HIMSELF.

MURRAY: ...and those pro-choice heathens will be struck down by the Lord's Almighty wrath. And lo, though they may crawl through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, they shall fear no evil....

(Complete change of character). Hey Mare! I'm almost done with that Roe vs. Wade piece. What's new?

MARY: Oh...nothing.

LOU GRANT enters.

LOU: Mary, get in my office, I need to talk to you.

MARY: Mr. Grant, I need to talk to you.

SOUND: DOOR TO LOU'S OFFICE SLAMS SHUT.

LOU: Mary, you're late.

MARY: I know. That's why I'm late.

LOU: What? (Long pause, then he understands) Ohhh....Pregnant, huh? Didn't he use a condom?

MARY: (Embarrassed) No. He's Amish. He was going to pull out, but I was laying on his beard.

LOU: And here, I thought those guys did everything by hand. Well, in this day and age, what kind of arrogant moron would go out into the rain without wearing a raincoat?

SOUND: DOOR REOPENS, AS TED BAXTER, NEWSMAN, BURSTS INTO LOU'S OFFICE.

TED: 'Lo Lou!

LOU: At least it wasn't Ted!!!

MARY: No, it wasn't Ted.

TED: What wasn't me?

MURRAY: (From out in the newsroom) It wasn't you winning the 6 o'clock sweeps, Ted!

TED: Maybe I'd be better off killing myself.

MURRAY: (in Lou's office now) That's your problem, Ted. All talk, no action.

TED: (mumbles something unintelligible)

MURRAY: Guys, I was thinking...maybe our ratings would go up if we took a pro-life slant, except in regards to Ted...

SOUND: A PHOTO BEING TAKEN OUT OF A LARGE ENVELOPE.

MURRAY: Have any of you ever seen a picture of an aborted fetus?

SOUND: GIRLISH SCREAM.

LOU: You all right, Ted?

SOUND: MARY'S GAGGING AGAIN. WE HEAR VOMIT HIT LOU'S TILED FLOOR.

MARY: Huk....bleuuuughhhh.

TED: Lou, Mary is late.

MARY: Who told you, Ted?

TED: Told me what? What's going on?

LOU: None of your business, Ted. Now you and Murray get outta my office. And watch out for the puke.

SOUND: SLIPPING NOISE AS TED, WIPES OUT. DOOR SLAMS SHUT AS TED AND MURRAY LEAVE.

MARY: (Starting to break down) Mr. Grant, I don't know what to do.

LOU: Well, what did your doctor say?

MARY: (She's stopped crying). I haven't gone yet.

LOU: Mary, you might not even be pregnant.

MARY: I wish I knew right now.

LOU: Hold that thought.

SOUND: LOU PICKS UP PHONE. WE HEAR IT RING THROUGH THE RECEIVER.

LOU: Sue Ann? It's Lou. I need you. (Hangs up phone).
One....two...

SOUND: ON THREE, THE DOOR TO LOU'S OFFICE BURSTS OPEN. SUE ANN NIVENS, THE HAPPY HOMEMAKER SLAMS THE DOOR AS SHE RUSHES IN.

SUE ANN: Take me Lou! I'm yours! Mary?!?! Listen, Lou, this isn't

quite what I'd had in mind, but...

LOU: Sue Ann, that's not why you're here. Let's say I have a friend, who thinks she might be pregnant. Is there a way to for her to find out without seeing her doctor?

SUE ANN: (Ecstatic) Mary, you slut!

LOU: Sue Ann!

SUE ANN: Let's see, she could put a bag over her head. No, that's probably how this happened.

LOU: Sue Ann, can you help us or not?

SUE ANN: (Very insincerely) I'm sorry. Mary, pee in this cup.

LOU: Not my coffee cup!

MARY: What?

SUE ANN: Didn't you watch my cooking show last week? It was called Hare Today, Gone Tomorrow. A week of rabbit dishes. Remember, I made you that hassenpfeffer yesterday. By the way, Lou, did you enjoy my hare pie last night?

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

SUE ANN: Sure you do. You went at my hare pie like Elmer Fudd after a hunger strike.

LOU: I did not.

SUE ANN: Well, anyway, Mary, I do all my own slaughtering, and I think I might have a bunny left over.

MARY: You want me to take the rabbit test?

LOU: What the hell is a rabbit test?

SUE ANN: You take the woman's urine and you inject it into the rabbit. If the bunny dies...

MARY: (Gloomily) I'm pregnant.

SUE ANN: (Cheerfully) Bingo!

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION MUSIC.

SUE ANN: Alright now, you wascally wabbit. This won't hurt a bit.

SOUND: THE MOST HORRIBLE RABBIT-IN-THE-THROES-OF-TORTURE SCREECHING AS THE RABBIT IS INJECTED

MARY: Well? Am I pregnant?

MUSIC: TRANSITION MUSIC & POSSIBLY A COMMERCIAL HERE

MARY: Sue Ann, am I pregnant or not?

SOUND: A THUNK!, AS THE RABBIT DROPS DEAD.

LOU: You killed the wabbit.

MARY (Sobbing) Mr. Grant...

SOUND: THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AS MURRAY RUSHES IN.

MURRAY What's going on in here? I heard this horrible screeching. It thought it might be the Second Coming.

LOU: That was Mary. She's pregnant.

MURRAY: That's wonderful! Wait a second, she's not married! Whore! Say, is that a dead rabbit?

SUE ANN: Yes, it is. Mary took the rabbit test.

MURRAY: And I thought a rabbit's foot was good luck. He had four, and look at him. So who was it Mare? Someone in the news department?

TED: (OUTSIDE LOU'S OFFICE) What is everybody doing in Lou's office? Why aren't I in there? I'll just listen in.

SOUND: THEIR VOICES ARE MUFFLED, AS IF LISTENING THROUGH AN OFFICE DOOR.

MARY: I've worked hard to get where I am today. I didn't need this problem.

MURRAY: Don't look at it as a problem, look at it as an opportunity.

MARY: No, it's a problem, Murray. One that I have to deal with. I didn't workhard to get where I am just to lose my career because of some stupid mistake. It's my decision. I have to live with it. I'm not happy about it, but getting rid of it is the only thing I can do.

SUE ANN: I know this mechanic in St. Paul...

LOU: We're behind you all the way, Mary.

MURRAY: There's got to be some other way! You could be killing the next Walter Cronkite.

MARY: I've decided Murray.

SOUND: VOICES ARE NO LONGER MUFFLED.

TED: So, that's the way it is...they're gonna get rid of me. Well, Ted Baxter's not going out like that! I'll show them!

LOU: Sue Ann, are you sure you were supposed to inject the urine right into the rabbit's brain?

SUE ANN: Well...it's not an exact science, Lou.

LOU: I think we should redo the test. Do you have another rabbit?

SUE ANN: That was my last one. But tomorrow's show is called "Bye Bye Birdie". I think it just might work...with a chicken.

SOUND: EVERYONE BUT TED, IS GATHERED AROUND THE DOOR TO LOU'S OFFICE. TED IS ON THE AIR.

TED: (Reading Murray's script on-air) they may crawl through The Valley of the Shadow of Deeth, they may fear no evil. Speaking of the Valley of Deeth....(trails off).

MURRAY: What's taking them so long?

LOU: Sue Ann's playing with her cock.

MURRAY: I knew she had one! Whore!

LOU: I hope she's gonna be all right.

MURRAY: Mary?

LOU: No, the chicken. Of course I mean Mary.

MURRAY: Lou, let's not count our chickens, until they've hatched.

LOU: By the way, Murray, at what point does an egg become a chicken? Nevermind! If Mary hears us joking, we're both gonna be dead ducks.

LOU and MURRAY both laugh.

SOUND: WE HEAR SUE ANN THROUGH THE DOOR AGAIN.

SUE ANN: Alright now, Henrietta, hold still.

SOUND: UNDESCRIBABLE CHICKEN-WRITHING-IN-PAIN NOISES. THEN SILENCE.

TED (ON-AIR) I've been here at WJM for 6 years. In that time, I've brought you all of the up-to-the-minute news. But here's my biggest scoop. (Pause) This is a .357 Magnum!

SOUND: TED COCKS THE GUN.

PROD. ASST.: That moron's gonna kill himself!

LOU: What's going on in there?

SOUND: DOOR TO HIS OFFICE OPENS.

MURRAY: Mary! What is it?

SOUND: LONG MOMENT OF SILENCE, FOLLOWED BY A ROOSTER CROWING.

MARY: I'm not pregnant!

LOU: Congratulations!

MURRAY: You're still a whore! When God gets his Hands on you...

TED: I've tried to be one of the greats. Like Edward R. Murrow, or Walter Cronkite. Tonight I join the other greats... Ernest Hemingway. Vincent Van Gogh. And so, this last time I say, 'This is Ted Baxter signing off'.

SOUND: BANG!!!!!!!!!!!! AS TED PULLS THE TRIGGER.

MUSIC: HAPPY TRANSITION MUSIC.

MURRAY: Sue Ann, this chicken is wonderful. It's so moist and juicy.

LOU: Unlike your hare pie.

SUE ANN: You know what they say: waste not want not.

LOU: Or if you're pro-life like Murray, it's want not, waste not.

THEY ALL LAUGH

MURRAY: I still maintain that there is no good argument for abortion.

SOUND: NEWSROOM DOOR SWINGS OPEN. AS TED & HIS WIFE,
GEORGETTE, ENTER.

TED: (Really slurred) Hel....lo....every...one.

MURRAY: I stand corrected.

MARY: Hi Ted. Hello Georgette. Say, Georgette, I haven't seen you in ages.

GEORGETTE: Well, I've been busy. Helping Ted learn how to read.

MURRAY: You should've done that years ago.

GEORGETTE: Then last week, I came down with a horrible case of food poisoning. I'm sorry, Sue Ann, but I think your hassenpfeffer is what did it. Mary? Didn't you have the hassenpfeffer?

MARY: Hey, come to think of it...It wasn't morning sickness after all, it was bad rabbit!

LOU: I'll take that over Sue Ann's hare pie anyway.

SUE ANN: That reminds me, Lou...I've been saving a very special piece for you.

LOU: Speaking of that, Ted, give me your gun!

MUSIC: THEME MUSIC UP & OUT

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