



## ***Green Eyes and Yellow Tulips***

**By Kathy Wierenga**

**? 2000, Focus on the Family**

### **SCENE 1.**

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In Whit's End, early morning. Connie enters from the back door. Whit is working on the espresso machine.

WHIT:

Good morning, Connie.

CONNIE:

Morning, Whit. What's going on?

WHIT:

Just trying to get this espresso machine working. (GRUNTS)

CONNIE:

No, I mean what's going on out front? I had to come in the back door because of the crowd.

WHIT:

Crowd?

CONNIE:

Take a look.

WHIT:

(HE DOES) Are they waiting for us to open?

CONNIE:

Looks like it. But they're mostly adults. With cameras and stuff. I thought maybe you were giving some kind of press conference and didn't tell me. I mean, if I'd known, I never would've worn this sweater.

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Adventures in Odyssey script for episode

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*Note: Lines in yellow highlight were cut from the original show*



WHIT:

How strange.

CONNIE:

Yeah, I know. It's an awful color—makes me look like an overgrown Twinkie. It's the only thing I had clean.

WHIT:

I mean how strange about the crowd. I suppose we better find out what they want.

[OPENS DOOR, GROUP OF REPORTERS PILE IN]

REPORTER 1:

Good morning, Mr. Whittaker. Donald Hutchinson from the Odyssey Times—

REPORTER 2:

And I'm Link Wainright with All News Radio 68. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

WHIT:

Questions about what?

REPORTER 1:

Last night, Novacom aired a pilot show called the "Destination Station," did you happen to see it?

WHIT:

No.

REPORTER 1:

Well, the show is about a machine that goes back to adventures in history—much like your

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Imagination Station. In fact, there are many similarities—

REPORTER 2:

Except that their show has a lot of violence.

REPORTER 1:

Do you plan on taking any legal action against Novacom?

WHIT:

Legal action! Look, I can't comment on something I haven't seen.

REPORTER 2:

What are your thoughts on Novacom as a company?

WHIT:

It's no secret that I question Novacom's ideas of entertainment. Most of it seems to be mindless and often downright offensive.

REPORTER 1:

Offensive in what way, Mr. Whittaker?

WHIT:

Violence, objectionable language, inappropriate situations... and those are just the children's shows. I shudder to mention what they're producing for adults...

## SCENE 2.

---

Later that morning in the back room of Whit's End  
[CONNIE IS LUGGING IN BOXES.]



CONNIE:

(muttering to self)  
Where's Eugene when I need him?

[MITCH ENTERS IN OTHER ROOM]

MITCH:

Hello?

CONNIE:

Finally!  
(calling out)  
It's about time you got here! I'm about to get a  
double-hernia from lifting these b—

MITCH:

Sorry. Can I help you with that?

CONNIE:

What? Oh, hi.

[MUSIC RISES]

You're not Eugene.

MITCH:

No. But I can help you with that box if you'd  
like.

CONNIE:

Uh...sure. That'd be great.

MITCH:

(taking box)  
Oof. This is heavy. What's in here?

CONNIE:

Green eyes. I mean flavored syrups.

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MITCH:

Looks like you got a little on the bottom of your sweater.

CONNIE:

Oh. Well, yellow isn't my color anyway.  
Especially not this banana kind of yellow.  
My Aunt Edna sent it to me. I think she wore it  
in college, sometime back in the 1800s.

MITCH:

I kinda like it. It looks good on you.

CONNIE:

Really?

MITCH:

Uh...where should I put this?

CONNIE:

Oh! Sorry, yeah, you should put that  
down...that'd be a good thing. In the kitchen.  
Back here.

MITCH:

Lead the way.

CONNIE:

Here is fine. Thanks.

MITCH:

Sure.

(puts box down)

I'm Mitch by the way. What's your name?



CONNIE:

Mitch. I mean...Connie. Connie's my name.

MITCH:

Nice to meet you.

CONNIE:

You, too. Can I get you anything? You probably didn't come in here just to move boxes. (nervous laugh)

MITCH:

Well, I'm kind of a Robin Hood of box-moving actually. I travel around seeing people in box-moving need and heroically lend a hand.

CONNIE:

Really?

MITCH:

I'm joking, Connie.

CONNIE:

Oh.  
(nervous laugh)  
I knew that.

MITCH:

Actually, I'm here to see John Whittaker. He owns this place, right?

[WHIT ENTERS]

WHIT:

Connie, have you seen the—Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know you were busy.



CONNIE:

Oh, Whit. Hi! We...he...this  
guy...were....was...I was just coming to get  
you.

MITCH:

Hi, Mr. Whittaker. My name is Robert  
Mitchell. But everyone calls me Mitch.

[MITCH AND WHIT SHAKE HANDS]

WHIT:

Well, I'm John Avery Whittaker, but everyone  
calls me Whit. It's nice to meet  
you. I haven't seen you around before. Are you  
new to town?

MITCH:

Yes. I moved here last week. From Maine.  
This is quite a place you have here. I've heard a  
lot about it.

CONNIE:

I could give you a tour.

MITCH:

I'd like to do that sometime. For the moment,  
though, I'm here on business.

WHIT:

What kind of business?

MITCH:

I'm a community relations rep for Novacom  
Enterprises.



CONNIE:  
(DISAPPOINTED) You work for Novacom?

MITCH:  
Is that a problem?

WHIT:  
Well, it's safe to say that Novacom and I  
haven't been the best of friends lately.

MITCH:  
I know. I've read some of your articles in the  
newspaper and heard you on the radio this  
morning.

WHIT:  
(slight beat) How can I help you, Mitch?

MITCH:  
Whit, I'd like to try to work things out with you.  
I think Novacom can benefit from your wisdom  
and insight. After all, we both have the goal of  
making Odyssey a better place.

WHIT:  
Do we? I wouldn't know that from  
Novacom's programming.

MITCH:  
It's a new network. We're struggling to figure  
out what people want. For instance, in The  
Destination Station, they erred towards action/  
adventure—

WHIT:  
Violence, you mean.





MITCH:

—to get people to watch. But I think there's a lot of potential for it to be educational—just like your Imagination Station—and we'd really like your input. Here, I brought a video of it for you to watch. I'd like to hear what you think.

WHIT:

I'm happy to do that, Mitch. Although you may not like what I have to say.

MITCH:

Understood. But I'd like to ask one favor.

WHIT:

What?

MITCH:

Before you make your opinions public, give me a call. I'd like to talk with you about any changes you suggest.

WHIT:

I will, Mitch.

(JUST REMEMBERING)

And I have a favor to ask you, too.

MITCH:

Sure.

WHIT:

Could you talk to your radio engineers and see what's going on with their broadcasting equipment? Your programs keep cutting into my Kids' Radio station.



MITCH:

Yeah. I'm really sorry about that. I read your complaint—a copy was sent to my boss. The engineers are just so swamped right now—with getting things up and running. And since Kid's Radio is a smaller station with only amateur shows--

CONNIE:

Hey...I have a talk show on Kids' Radio! And it's not amateur!

MITCH:

(teasing, playful)

Are you getting paid for it?

CONNIE:

Well...no.

MITCH:

(playfully)

Then, by the very definition of amateur, which is "engaging in a pursuit for pleasure and not as a profession," it's an amateur show.

CONNIE:

(under breath)

And just when you think you're Eugene-free...

MITCH:

Not to say that it's not good, Connie. What's the name of it?

CONNIE:

Candid Conversations with Connie.



MITCH:

Clever. I'll have to tune in sometime.

CONNIE:

Oh no. It might be too amateurish for you.

MITCH:

I'll be the judge of that. Well, thanks again for meeting with me. I'll talk to you after you've had a chance to look at that video.

WHIT:

Okay, Mitch. Goodbye.

MITCH:

Bye.

He goes.

CONNIE:

(sighs deeply) Hm.

WHIT:

Connie—

CONNIE:

Hm?

WHIT:

You're steaming up the window.

CONNIE:

Oh – sorry.

Music takes us to...



### SCENE 3.

---

Whit's End that afternoon

[BART & RODNEY RATHBONE ENTER. THEY SPEAK SOFTLY.]

BART:

Okay, Rodney, you know what to do.

RODNEY

Yeah, you want me to batter up Connie while you talk to Whit.

BART:

Butter her up, you loser, not batter. Charm her, sweet talk her, you know, like I do with your ma when I want to get out of mowing the lawn.

RODNEY:

Easy-peasy. I'll have her eating palms out of my hand.

BART:

Eating out of the palm of your—oh, never mind. Quiet. There she is. (BRIGHTLY) Well happy greetings, everyone! What a bee-ootiful day it is, ain't it?

CONNIE:

It used to be.

BART:

I'm lookin' for your boss. Is he around?

CONNIE:

He's up in his office.



BART:

Good. (WITH SIGNIFICANCE) That'll give you and Rodney a chance to be alone.

CONNIE:

What?

BART:

(GOING OFF) See ya!

CONNIE:

(SUSPICIOUSLY) All right, Rodney – what's going on?

RODNEY:

Nuthin'. (clears throat) Connie, that's a very nice sweater.

CONNIE:

Thank you.

RODNEY:

Kinda reminds me of those post-it note things. Except for the brown splotches.

CONNIE:

Thanks. Rodney, is there something you want?

RODNEY:

Nuh-uh. I just like spending time with you.

CONNIE:

Yeah, right. So why does your Dad want to talk to Whit?



RODNEY:

No special reason. Just a friendly chat.  
Y'know, deep down inside I think Whit likes  
my Dad.

[WE DO A QUICK CUT TO...WHIT'S OFFICE. BART AND WHIT ARE THERE.]

WHIT:

No, Bart.

BART:

Whaddaya mean no? You haven't even heard  
my whole idea yet.

WHIT:

I've heard enough. You want me to help you  
lead a protest against Novacom. I'm not  
interested.

BART:

But what about this morning on the radio? You  
were blasting those sleazy Novacomers left,  
right and through the window. And for once I  
happen to agree with everything you said.

WHIT:

That's what makes me suspicious.

BART:

Hey, what fine-upstandard parent wouldn't  
agree with you? Those Novacomies are  
ruining our city. Look at what they've done to  
Rodney. He used to be such a good kid.

WHIT:

Bart, you know as well as I do that Rodney's  
always gotten himself into trouble.



BART:

Oh yeah? Well Novacomma has made him worse. Did you know he got suspected from school?

WHIT:

You mean suspended?

BART:

Whatever.

WHIT:

But he was suspended from school before Novacom came to town.

BART:

Exactly. See how their bad influence preceded them? It's a tragedy. And somebody needs to do something – and you're that something – er, somebody.

WHIT:

Bart—

BART:

So we'll have this big protest, see, with signs and speakers and all that. You can be in charge. And the Electric Palace can sponsor you. Not financially, of course. But we'll provide...uh...batteries.

WHIT:

No, Bart.

BART:

But what about all you said about those



Novacommmies lacking values and morals and all that kinda junk?

WHIT:

I stand by what I said. But I'm not interested in joining a protest.

BART:

Okay. Suit yourself. I'll just have to do it on my own then.

WHIT:

I hope it goes well.

BART:

Yeah, thanks. But when this town goes down the drain, don't go barking your dogs about it.

[CLOSES DOOR. OPENS DOOR.]

But if you need some drain cleaner, we've got a special down at the Electric Palace. Two for the price of one... and a half.

[DOOR SHUTS AGAIN AND THE MUSIC TAKES A QUICK STING TO... DOWNSTAIRS AT WHIT'S END.]

RODNEY:

So... maybe you and me could go out sometime?

CONNIE:

Not a chance.

RODNEY:

Why not?





CONNIE:

Do you want me to list the reasons  
alphabetically or by order of significance?

[BART COMES THROUGH, ANNOYED.]

BART:

Quit loafing around, Rodney. We got work to  
do.

RODNEY:

What? But I was talking to Connie, like you  
said. I think I was making some headway.

CONNIE:

No you weren't.

BART:

Let's go. It's time for Plan B.

RODNEY:

Plan B?

BART:

Yeah. It takes more than a Whittaker to get me  
up early in the morning.

RODNEY:

What?

[THEY'RE GONE.]

CONNIE:

Oh brother.



[MUSIC TAKES US TO...]

#### SCENE 4.

---

[WHIT'S END. THE NEXT DAY. MITCH ENTERS]

MITCH:

Good morning, Connie. How's it going?

CONNIE:

Oh, Mitch! Fine. Great. Wonderful. Fine.

MITCH:

Good. Is Whit around?

CONNIE:

Not yet. I think this is the morning he jogs.  
He's coming in later, though. Uh...can I help  
you with anything?

MITCH:

I was just wondering if he watched that video,  
but I can talk to him later. (BEAT) By the way,  
I heard your show last night. It was pretty  
good. You're a good interviewer.

CONNIE:

You really think so?

MITCH:

Trust me. I've never been so interested in the  
benefits of flossing. I did it this morning with  
new vigor.

CONNIE:

Oh.



[PAUSE]

CONNIE/MITCH:

So do you...? (PAUSE) Go ahead.

CONNIE:

What were you going to say?

MITCH:

I was just going to ask if you liked it here....in Odyssey.

CONNIE:

Oh. Oh, yeah. Of course. There's lots to do here. Lots. Hiking, swimming....sky diving.

MITCH:

Do you sky dive?

CONNIE:

(BEAT) No. (ANXIOUS TO CHANGE SUBJECT) What do you like to do? What did you do in Maine?

MITCH:

I went camping a lot. It's beautiful there—especially in the fall. I did a lot of horseback riding, too. And played around on my computer. Are you into computers at all?

CONNIE:

Computers? Sure, of course. Who isn't?

MITCH:

Really? What kind do you have?



CONNIE:

Well, I don't have one...yet. I'm still looking around.

MITCH:

Cool. What kind are you looking into?

CONNIE:

A...Pendulum... XL1200...turbo...plus.

MITCH:

I don't think I'm familiar with that one. How much memory does it have?

CONNIE:

Oh...about 9000...gigabytes.

MITCH:

(amused)  
Wow...that's a lot.

CONNIE:

I'm all about memory.

MITCH:

(seeing what else she'll come up with)  
Does it come with a video card?

CONNIE:

No. ...But I have one to Video World.

MITCH:

Connie, you really don't know much about computers, do you?

CONNIE:

Well, I'm still learning.



MITCH:

Speaking of learning, I was talking to Jack and Joanne last Sunday.

CONNIE:

How do you know Jack and Joanne?

MITCH:

I met them at church.

CONNIE:

You go to church?

MITCH:

Yeah. And we were talking at lunch about—

CONNIE:

You had lunch with them?

MITCH:

Uh huh. And we were talking about different things and they suggested I ask you about—

[TOM RILEY BURSTS IN.]

TOM:

(CALLS OUT) Whit? Oh, hi, Connie. Is Whit here?

CONNIE:

No. Why? Is something wrong?

TOM:

Only this... (HE SLAPS A POSTER DOWN ON THE COUNTER) I never thought I'd see

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the day when Whit would agree to do something with Bart Rathbone.

CONNIE:

What?

TOM:

Read the poster. They're plastered all over town.

CONNIE:

(READS) Join concerned citizens for a protest against Novacom, starting at 12 noon today. John Whittaker says, "We need to protect the children of Odyssey." What? Sponsored by the Electric Palace. (GROWLS) Oh, Bart!

MITCH:

I thought Whit said he'd talk to me before he'd do anything like this.

TOM:

It's mighty surprising.

CONNIE:

No! It's a mistake. This isn't Whit. I mean, it's his picture, but I don't think he gave Bart permission to use it.

MITCH:

You're saying that Whit has nothing to do with this?

CONNIE:

No! I mean, yes, that's what I'm saying.



Bart must be pulling a fast one.

TOM:

Where is Whit?

CONNIE:

He's in the park jogging.

TOM:

I'll go look for him. (HE GOES)

MITCH:

I better get down to Novacom. This is going to wreck everything.

CONNIE:

Everything? What do you mean?

MITCH:

I finally persuaded my bosses that Whit was okay—he's a reasonable and intelligent man. But this— What are they supposed to think? What am I supposed to think? He promised me. Oh boy. (HE GOES)

CONNIE:

But... he wouldn't do this!

[MUSIC TAKES US TO...]

## SCENE 5.

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[WHIT ARRIVES IN FRONT OF NOVACOM, WE HEAR A HANDFUL OF PROTESTORS MINGLING ABOUT IN THE BACKGROUND]

WHIT:

Bart!

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BART:

Whit! Glad you decided to participate in your civilian duties to society. Step up to the microphone.

WHIT:

What's this all about? I told you yesterday that I wouldn't join your protest.

BART:

And here you are anyway! (AT MIC.) Ladies and Gentlemen – look who's here! It's none other than John Aviary Whittaker himself.

WHIT:

No, Bart—

[PROTESTORS CHEER]

BART:

(THRUSTS MIC AT WHIT) Say a few words, Whit. Tell 'em what you really think of Novacom. Your public awaits.

WHIT:

Bart, this is a new low for you.

BART:

Yeah, new low prices at The Electric Palace! Now get with the plan, will you? (BEAT) Oops. Here comes that Dent fellow.

MR. DENT:

Excuse me, Mr. Whittaker. I'm afraid that you'll have to disperse this crowd.

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BART:

What?

MR. DENT:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Arthur Dent, general manager of Novacom. This protest is taking place on Novacom property, which means everyone here is illegally trespassing. We'd like to ask you to leave peacefully.

BART:

You can't do that. We have a right to protest!

WHIT:

Bart—

MR. DENT:

(still on mic)

Please collect your things and move away quietly.

BART:

I think you're just scared of us. Scared that we're going to get you kicked out of town like you deserve!

PROTESTERS:

Yeah, yeah!

MR. DENT:

(on mic) We do have the legal right to have you arrested if you don't leave now.

BART:

Now you're threatening us. You can't force us



to leave. You tell 'em, Whit.

WHIT:

Let's go, Bart.

BART:

What about our right to cheap speech?

[PROTESTERS VOICE AGREEMENT]

PROTESTERS:

(starting as one voice and building to chant)

Down, down with Novacom!

Down, down with Novacom!

Down, down with Novacom!

(fades and continues under dialogue)

MR. DENT:

We'll be happy to meet with you. We want to know what you think—

PROTESTER #1:

Here's what we think!

(THROWS A ROCK, WE HEAR GLASS BREAK)

MR. DENT:

Stop! Violence is not the answer!

[PROTESTERS THROW ITEMS. IT'S BECOMING A RIOT.]

BART:

This will show them they can't get away with bringing that smut to a town of kind, decent folks. Take this.



MR. DENT:

(on mic) Mr. Whittaker – do something!

WHIT:

(on mic) Everyone...please stop. This isn't right!

[SHATTERING OF SOME UNKNOWN OBJECT BREAKING.]

MR. DENT:

(TO HIS WALKIE-TALKIE) That's it, Bill. Bring in the police.

BILL:

(STATIC) On their way. Ten-four.

WHIT:

(ON MIC) Please calm down! Violence never solved anything! (TO BART) Bart – tell them! Bart?

BART:

(OFF) Are you kidding? I'm outta here.

[ROCKS BEING THROWN. POLICE SIRENS CAN BE HEARD AS THE CHAOS AND DAMAGE INCREASES.]

MITCH:

Whit! Run for cover!

WHIT:

Mitch? But—

MITCH:

(APPROACHES) Give it up! You're going to get hurt!



WHIT:

But I have to try. (ON MIC) Everyone!  
Everyone! Please calm down—

MITCH:

Whit, watch out—

[WHIT IS GRAZED BY A ROCK.]

MITCH:

Whit!

[SIRENS IN BACKGROUND TAKE US OUT]

[COMMERCIAL BREAK #2]

## SCENE 6.

[WHIT'S END, AROUND THE SAME TIME. JOANNE ENTERS CARRYING FLOWERS.]

JOANNE:

Hi, Connie. Look what I found.

CONNIE:

Oh, they're beautiful! I love tulips. Where'd  
you find them?

JOANNE:

Just on the front porch here. Someone must  
have dropped them off. Your name is on the  
tag.

CONNIE:

Really? I wonder who —(SNIFFS FLOWERS) Oh,  
they're wonderful. And what a pretty yellow...

JOANNE:

Well, aren't you going to read the card?



CONNIE:

Oh, yeah. (opens card, reading) "You look nice in yellow." Hm. It's not signed.

JOANNE:

A secret admirer?

CONNIE:

It must be Mitch! He was just saying yesterday that he liked my yellow sweater.

JOANNE:

(amused) Oh, really. Is something going on with you and Mitch that I don't know about?

CONNIE:

I don't know.

JOANNE:

You don't know?

CONNIE:

Well, how can I know when I hardly know anything about him, except that he's really sweet, and very funny, and has incredible green eyes and a smile that would make anyone melt. And he drives a navy blue Volkswagen with bucket seats and automatic transmission. Here's your sundae.

JOANNE:

My sundae?

CONNIE:

Didn't you ask me for a sundae?

JOANNE:

No. (LAUGHS) It sounds to me like you're

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smitten.

CONNIE:

Don't be silly. I hardly know him.

JOANNE:

Connie, you just gave me a napkin dispenser with whipped cream on it.

CONNIE:

Oh. (BEAT) Well, if people wouldn't leave these things lying around.

JOANNE:

I'm confused. Do you like Mitch?

CONNIE:

Yes. But how can I when he works for Novacom!

JOANNE:

What's wrong with working for Novacom?

CONNIE:

Whit is completely against them and I can't be friends with someone who works for something that Whit is against. Can I?

JOANNE:

Oh, I see. You think you'll be disloyal to Whit if you like Mitch.

CONNIE:

Of course! Oh, Joanne, what am I going to do? I can't go out with him!



JOANNE:

But you want to.

CONNIE:

Yeah. I really want to. But I can't! I shouldn't!  
I won't!

[MUSIC TAKES US TO...]

## SCENE 7.

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[EMERGENCY ROOM AT ODYSSEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. WHIT COMES OUT WITH A BANDAGE ON HIS FOREHEAD. MITCH IS THERE.]

MITCH:

Whit—

WHIT:

Mitch – you're still here? You didn't have to wait for me.

MITCH

Are you kidding? I couldn't just drop you off at the hospital doorstep and ride away. How are you feeling?

WHIT:

I'm okay. The rock just grazed me. No stitches. What happened at Novacom?

MITCH:

The police scared everyone away. Now they're looking for Bart Rathbone. I think Novacom might press charges against him for inciting a riot.



WHIT:

Good, although I don't think he meant for any of that to happen.

MITCH:

Still... I was surprised to see you there. Especially after you told me you wouldn't do anything like that.

WHIT:

I went to talk to Bart. I should've known better. (BEAT) Did you think I went back on my word?

MITCH:

I wondered.

WHIT:

Look, Mitch – I may have a lot of disagreements with Novacom. And one day I might join a protest against them. But I never go back on my word. That you can count on.

MITCH:

That's what I thought. (BEAT) So, would you like a lift to Whit's End?

WHIT:

Yes, please. But are you sure it isn't out of your way – you must have a lot of work to do back and Novacom.

MITCH:

I want to go. I need to talk to Connie.

[FADES OUT AS THEY LEAVE HOSPITAL]





## SCENE 8.

WHIT'S END, A LITTLE LATER.

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JOANNE:

Connie... I don't want to meddle, but I think we should talk about Mitch – and your decision.

CONNIE:

No, Joanne. There's nothing to talk about. I need to be honest and tell him where I stand with things, even if he wants to go out. I need to make it clear that I can't date someone if they are going to compromise my beliefs. The next time I see him, I'll build up the courage and just tell it to him like it is. But if he just looks at me with those amazing green eyes...

JOANNE:

Connie, calm down. I don't want to question your convictions, but just because Mitch works for Novacom doesn't make him a bad person. In fact, from what I know of Mitch, he's anything but. Maybe he's working for them to influence the kinds of programs they make.

CONNIE:

I wish I could believe that.

JOANNE:

Couldn't you be friends first and then see where that goes?

CONNIE:

Well—

[WHIT COMES THROUGH DOOR, MITCH FOLLOWS]



CONNIE:

Whit, you're back! (SEES BANDAGE) Oh –  
what happened? Are you all right?

WHIT:

I'm fine. It's just a by-product of another Bart  
Rathbone attempt at civil liberty. Hi, Joanne.

JOANNE:

Bart's protest wasn't a success?

WHIT:

That depends on how you define success. If  
you mean a riot, then yes, it was a huge  
success.

JOANNE:

Oh no.

CONNIE:

But what about Mitch?

WHIT:

He's right behind me.

MITCH:

(ENTERS) Hi, Joanne – Connie.

JOANNE:

Hi, Mitch.

CONNIE:

Hi.



WHIT:

Oh, look at the flowers. Are they for you?

JOANNE:

Whit, can I talk to you upstairs for a minute?

WHIT:

Sure. But who are the flowers for?

JOANNE:

Upstairs, Whit.

WHIT:

Uh... okay.

[WHIT AND JOANNE GO UPSTAIRS]

MITCH:

Well, I – uh... Hi.

CONNIE:

Hi. So the riot was fun? I mean, so the riot was... um...

MITCH:

It was a riot.

CONNIE:

Hm. (BEAT) Well, I guess I better clean the whip-cream off of this dispenser. Surprising what kids'll do when your back is turned.

MITCH:

Connie, remember this morning when I said I had to talk to you about something?



CONNIE:

Yes, and – well, I know what it's about.

MITCH:

You do?

CONNIE:

Before you say anything, I think we need to talk.

MITCH:

Okay.

CONNIE:

This is really hard. (beat) Could you please close your eyes?

MITCH:

What?

CONNIE:

Never mind. Okay. I know what you're going to ask me and I have to tell you right now that I can't...do what you're going to ask. I can't really explain why...it's just that I can't ... (deep breath) Do you understand what I'm saying?

MITCH:

I guess you're saying...no.

CONNIE:

I'm sorry.

MITCH:

I have to admit, Connie, I'm disappointed. But I respect your decision.



CONNIE:  
(struggling) Thanks.

MITCH:  
I'll see ya around.

CONNIE:  
Bye.

[MITCH LEAVES]

CONNIE:  
(TALKING TO HERSELF)  
So that's that. (SIGHS)

[RODNEY AND BART ENTER FROM THE BACK. THEY'RE BEING SHEEPISH.]

BART:  
Hiya, Connie. Rodney and I just want to sit in  
that corner booth over there.

CONNIE:  
Why are you using the kitchen door? In fact,  
why are you here at all? You've got a lot of  
nerve showing your face after what you did  
today.

RODNEY:  
Hey, I didn't do anything. The rock  
accidentally slipped from my hands while I was  
cleaning it.

BART:  
Look, Connie, we just want to sit here out of



the way real quiet-like. And if some policemen happen to stop by, you can tell 'em we've been in here all afternoon.

CONNIE:

What?

RODNEY:

Yeah, and I'm your pal, too, right? You wouldn't turn me in after I sent you those flowers and everything?

CONNIE:

You sent me the flowers?

BART:

You sent flowers to Connie?

RODNEY:

Sure. You said to be nice, didn't you? I thought if I gave her flowers, she'd join the protest.

BART:

But I didn't tell you to spend any money on the idea.

RODNEY:

Are you kidding? I didn't spend any money. I just picked them up off some grave at the cemetery – and left 'em on the porch.

BART:

Smart boy.

CONNIE:

(groan) I can't believe this.



[WHIT AND JOANNE COME DOWNSTAIRS.]

WHIT:

Connie, I – oh, Bart! Just the person we're all looking for. We need to talk.

JOANNE:

Hm...that's interesting.

BART:

What?

JOANNE:

Three police cars just pulled up out front.

BART:

Whit, you gotta listen to me —

WHIT:

Bart, you started a riot today.

BART

I know, but it was for a good cause, wasn't it?  
Bring down Novacom, sweep our streets clean.  
Solitarity! One for all and all for us. We're in it  
together, right? It's a matter of principle! I  
only did this to back you up!

RODNEY:

And because they rejected your show idea.

BART:

That has nothing to do with it.

WHIT:

What TV show?



RODNEY:

Pops proposed doing a handyman show on Novacom TV called "What's Wrong with Bart Rathbone."

CONNIE:

Well, you'd certainly never run out of material for that one.

BART:

It wasn't "What's Wrong with Bart Rathbone," it was "What's Wrong? hosted by Bart Rathbone" and the Electric Palace of course. We'd show everybodys how to change a lightbulb, duct tape leaky pipes, paint over rust spots, ya know...all that.

RODNEY:

(proudly) And I was going to be the co-host. My specialty is duct tape.

BART:

You should put some over your mouth.

WHIT:

So it was never a matter of principle or morality with you, Bart. It was a petty vendetta.

RODNEY:

Don't we sell those at the store?

JOANNE:

And here come the police.

BART:

What?





[A POLICEMAN ENTERS.]

POLICE MAN:

Mr. Whittaker, we were wondering if – Oh,  
there you are!

BART:

(POSTURING) Well, thanks for everything,  
Whit. We'll just be slipping out the back door  
now.

RODNEY:

See ya!

[THEY SCRAMBLE OUT.]

POLICE MAN:

Hey, come back here!

[THE POLICE MAN GOES AFTER HIM.]

WHIT:

(SIGHS) He'll never learn, will he?

JOANNE:

Connie, where's Mitch?

WHIT:

That's right. I want to talk to you about him.

CONNIE:

Oh, it's fine. I've settled the whole thing.

WHIT:

You have?



CONNIE:

Yes, I told him I couldn't have anything to do with him.

WHIT:

But why?

CONNIE:

Why! Because he works for Novacom! And I can't go out with someone who works for your enemy.

WHIT:

Novacom isn't my enemy, Connie. I have my problems with them, yes. But I'm not in a war. And I happen to think Mitch is a fine young man.

CONNIE:

You do?

JOANNE:

So he left without asking you about the Bible study.

CONNIE:

Bible study? What Bible study?

WHIT:

That's what Mitch said he was going to talk to you about. Didn't he mention it?

CONNIE:

Nooo.



JOANNE:

He's been trying to put together a Bible study for young adults. He wanted you to be his co-leader. Jack and I thought you'd be interested.

CONNIE:

He was going to ask me about a Bible study?

[QUICK MUSIC STING TO...]

### SCENE 9.

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MITCH'S APARTMENT. DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS, ANSWERING MACHINE BUTTON]

ANSWERING MACHINE:

You have three new messages.

[ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP]

CONNIE:

(on answering machine)

Hi...Mitch. This is Connie. Um...you might be wondering why I'm calling. See...I made a mistake earlier today. I thought you were talking about something completely different...someone sent me flowers and I thought...I don't know what I was thinking. Anyway, I'm really sorry. I thought you and Whit were at odds, and I ... I'm really sorry. That's all. Bye.

[ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP]

CONNIE:

(on answering machine)

Oh, I forgot. Whit told me about the Bible study and it sounds great. I'd love to co-lead it with you—if you still want me to. I understand if



you don't. But I'm really not as much of a flake  
as you might think. Really. Well, that's all. Bye.

[ANSWERING MACHINE BEEP]

CONNIE:

(still on answering machine)  
One more thing. I thought what you did for  
Whit was great...really great. Okay, really,  
that's all. Really. Bye.

[MUSIC TAKES US TO...]

### SCENE 10.

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WHIT'S END, THE NEXT DAY. DELIVERY MAN ENTERS.]

DELIVERY MAN:

Flower delivery for Connie Kendall.

CONNIE:

Oh, great. Where's the Rest in Peace ribbon?

WHIT:

Roses. They're beautiful.

CONNIE:

Is there a card? Oh, here—  
(tears open envelope)  
"I know you're not a flake." From... Mitch.  
(sigh)  
That's the most romantic thing I've ever read.