

HOWARD. (*offstage*) Fonzie!

CHACHI. It's Mr. C.

(*then*)

Is his hardware store closed today?

(FONZIE looks off.)

FONZIE. No, he's walking with his "I need a favor, Fonz" strut.

(*to CHACHI*)

Chachi, I hear your footsteps running off.

(CHACHI exits. HOWARD comes in.)

HOWARD. Good morning, Fonz.

FONZIE. How are you Mr. C.?

HOWARD. I'm fit as a fiddle, and yet a little nervous about asking my other son for a favor.

FONZIE. You mean Richie's brother, Chuck?

HOWARD. (*pause*) Oh, no. We haven't heard from him in years. Not that son. My surrogate son. You.

FONZIE. Okay. Sure. Surrogate.

HOWARD. Alright. Here goes. Fonzie, wait until you hear about the Leopards' new idea for the picnic.

FONZIE. I don't do "new" unless it's a girl. But try me.

HOWARD. Our new idea is wrestling!

FONZIE. Wrestling?

HOWARD. Correct. Against the Malachi brothers.

FONZIE. The Malachis are lower than a Studebaker's tail-pipe.

HOWARD. It's gonna be broadcast live on television.

FONZIE. I don't watch TV.

HOWARD. But we have to raise money to save Arnold's.

FONZIE. Yeah, I'd hate to have to move my office, it's got two sinks. But I don't know about wrestling.

HOWARD. Fonzie...we need you...

(FONZIE thinks about it.)

FONZIE. The Fonz enjoys being needed.

HOWARD. So?

FONZIE. Tell you what Mr. C? I'll think about it.

(FONZIE exits. Scenery changes to Cunningham kitchen as HOWARD sings.)

"ALAS, ALACK"

HOWARD. (*happy*) I got a maybe...

WORKED OUT

JUST RIGHT

I KNOW WHEN HE SAYS 'HE MIGHT'

HIS HEART IS WORKING OVERTIME

HIS EGO'S WILLING TO CO-SIGN

IT'S TRUE

YES, I KNOW MY FONZ?

NEXT STOP - THE FAMOUS BRONZE!