

FONZIE. (*cont.*) We are no longer a twosome. Moving closer means moving apart. As my Grandma Nussbaum used to say, "If you work in a bakery, stay away from the buns."

(RALPH and POTSIE come in doing *Laverne and Shirley* TV series main title walk.)

RALPH & POTSIE. ...Three, four, five, six, seven, eight Schlemmel, schlemazel, hasenfleffer incorporated.

POTSIE. We just saw Laverne and Shirley.

RALPH. Yeah! We'd love to ask them out, but we're afraid they'll beat us up.

POTSIE. (*dreamy*) To be honest, I'm strangely drawn to the "L" on Laverne's sweater.

RALPH. You're such a Potsie.

(CHACHIL enters.)

CHACHIL. Latest news, latest news.

FONZIE. Hey Cousin Chachil!

CHACHIL. Arnold's is having a dance contest to raise money.

FONZIE. (*as he works on his motorcycle*) Yeah, it was my idea.

CHACHIL. And guess who's coming back to be a beautiful judge...? Wah wah wah, Pinky Tuscadero!

(FONZIE drops wrench in shock.)

FONZIE. (*hause, bing*) I knew that!

(*changes subject*)

I gotta go call a guy who knows a guy who knows a man about the guys bugging Arnold. You guys go rehearse a song or something.

(FONZIE exits upstairs, trying to cover his shock. The guys look at each other. *Overlapping...*)

CHACHIL. Yikes. What'd I say?

POTSIE. He turned white. Is he okay?

RALPH. Did I miss something again? What just happened?

RICHIE. (*interrupting*) Come on guys, let's have a Dial-Tones rehearsal.

RALPH. Why are we always rehearsing? We've never even had a job!

RICHIE. We're the Dial-Tones. We have to be ready!

RALPH. I'd rather talk about "wah wah wah" Pinky Tuscadero!

POTSIE. Or Lavernel

CHACHIL. Or your sister!

RICHIE. Forget my sister. We're talking about girls.

CHACHIL. I know about girls.

POTSIE. I'm never comfortable talking to girls.

RALPH. Girls don't seem comfortable talking to me.

"THE THING ABOUT GIRLS"

POTSIE.

THE THING ABOUT GIRLS

WHEN THEY'RE AROUND GIRLS

AND THEY SEE A BOY ALONE

THEY CAN CONFISCATE HIS CONFIDENCE

RALPH.

IT'S TRUE

I SWEAR THAT MY LEGS TURN TO JELLO

THEY RUIN A FELLOW

WHEN THEY POINT AND LAUGH

AND THE PART THAT'S THE WORST OF THE WORST IS THAT WHISPERING THING THAT THEY DO

POTSIE.

THEN THEY BRUSH BACK THEIR HAIR

AND THEY THROW YOU A CURVE

THEY GIVE YOU THAT LOOK THAT SUGGESTS YOU DESERVE

SOME MYSTERY GIFT YOU MUST FIND

CHACHIL.

IT'S AMAZING THE WAY THEY CAN

MESS WITH YOUR MIND

ALL FOUR.

WE'D BE MUCH BETTER OFF IF THEY'D LEAVE US ALONE

BUT WHAT EVERY GUY WANTS IS A GIRL OF HIS OWN