

# **MRS. DOUBTFIRE**

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**For Educational  
Purposes Only**

"MRS. DOUBTFIRE"

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REVISED DRAFT (BLUE)  
February 26, 1993  
PINK REVISION  
March 10, 1993  
GREEN REVISION  
March 12, 1993  
YELLOW REVISION  
March 15, 1993  
GOLDENROD REVISION  
March 16, 1993  
BUFF REVISION  
March 16, 1993  
BRIGHT BLUE REVISION  
March 17, 1993  
HOT PINK REVISION  
March 18, 1993  
ASTRO GREEN REVISION  
March 22, 1993  
ASTRO YELLOW REVISION  
April 12, 1993  
BLUE REVISION  
May 11, 1993  
PINK REVISION  
June 3, 1993  
GREEN REVISION  
June 22, 1993

## "MRS. DOUBTFIRE"

An original CHUCK JONES cartoon, featuring "PUDGIE AND GRUDGE", 1 \*  
 the adventures of an animated CAT and PARAKEET, plays on the screen. \*  
 CAMERA PULLS BACK from the screen. We we are on an ADR stage. DANIEL \*  
 HILLARD, a good looking, ruffled fellow in his mid thirties, stands \*  
 before the microphone. He's reading off a SCRIPT, skillfully putting \*  
 WORDS and SOUND EFFECTS into the mouths of all cartoon characters.

Seated beside Daniel, is the director, LOU. TWO SOUND MIXERS and an  
 ADR EDITOR are seated at a mixing board behind Daniel and Lou.

ONSCREEN, the cat stuffs a cigarette into the mouth of the parakeet, \*  
 who reacts to the cigarette with: \*

PARAKEET \*

No way! No cigarettes! Over my dead body! \*

This last line is completely OUT OF SYNCH with the movement of the  
 parakeet's mouth. Lou furiously scans his script, looks back to the  
 screen, then back to his technicians.

LOU \*

Damn. Here we go again. Cut. Roll it back.

The projection STOPS. LIGHTS come on. Lou glares at Daniel.

LOU

That line's not in the script. Why did you  
 add it?

DANIEL

We need to comment on the situation.

LOU

What situation?

DANIEL

Pudgie the Bird's got a cigarette dangling  
 from his beak. It's morally irresponsible.

LOU

This is a cartoon. Not a friggin' Oprah  
 Winfrey special.

DANIEL

Millions of kids watch this show. It's like  
 sending every one of 'em a carton of cigarettes.

LOU

(steaming)

Daniel, this is the fifth time today--

DANIEL

You can't ignore this one, Lou.

LOU

You can't put words into Pudgie's mouth if it's not moving.

DANIEL

So make it Pudgie's voice-over, like an internal kind of thought. Slap some reverb on it. It'll work.

A frustrated Lou puts his head in his hands, sighs to himself.

LOU

Actors.

In desperation, Daniel turns to the other technicians.

DANIEL

What about you guys? You think it's a good idea to promote smoking to the youth of America?

The technicians have no comment. They are all SMOKING. Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL

Biased crowd.

LOU

(angry)

Daniel. This session is costing the studio thousands of dollars. You want a paycheck? Stick to the script. You wanna play Ghandi? Play on somebody else's time.

Daniel pauses.

EXT. SCHOOL - LATER THAT DAY

2 \*

Daniel's three children, CHRIS, 12, LYDIA, 13, and NATALIE, 5 are about to board a school bus.

LYDIA, is the most perceptive and brightest. She is tall for her age, slender, with shoulder length dark hair and piercing brown eyes. NATALIE, is a stunning child with short cropped, brown hair, huge brown eyes and a smile that melts the heart. CHRIS, is thin, with sandy brown, longish hair. There is a touch of the mischievous rebel in his attitude.

A blue, Pontiac suburban STATION WAGON with pulls up behind the bus. The station wagon is dirty, rain spotted, showing signs of rust, looking far older than its three years. DANIEL is behind the wheel, amidst a slew of old food wrappers, coffee cups and resumes.

Daniel spots the kids and BEEPS the horn. The kids turn, 2 CONT'D  
SURPRISED to see their father. They run to the car.

INT. DANIEL'S CAR - DAY

Natalie hops in front, Lydia and Chris in back. Natalie gives  
Daniel a kiss and a bear hug. As they drive off, Lydia eyes her  
Father suspiciously. \*

LYDIA

I thought you couldn't pick us up.

DANIEL

Got off early.

LYDIA

You mean you got fired again?

DANIEL

This time I quit. A question of morals.

LYDIA

(sighs, to herself)

Actors.

DANIEL

(changes subject,  
turns to Chris)

Hey... Happy Birthday... The BIG ONE TWO. \*

Daniel ruffles Chris' hair. Chris laughs.

DANIEL

I've got a surprise for you.

CHRIS

A stripper?

DANIEL

Chris.

CHRIS

Two strippers?

DANIEL

Enough.

CHRIS

A party?

LYDIA

2 CONT'D.

No parties. Mom said you couldn't have one because of your report card.

DANIEL

Mom doesn't get home for four more hours, though. Does she?

Chris' eyes light. Lydia and Natalie exchange a hopeful smile. Daniel's eyes glimmer.

OMITTED

3

EXT. DANIEL AND MIRANDA'S HOUSE - LATER - DAY

4

A postcard Victorian in Lower Pacific Heights. KEN'S MOBILE PETTING ZOO van is parked on the street. A SWARM OF KIDS are running all over, petting GOATS, PIGS and DONKEYS. The animals are wandering freely, munching on the home's beautiful garden. Daniel happily watches over the festivities, as Lydia, Natalie and Chris play with the animals.

GLORIA CHANEY, the Hillard's nextdoor neighbor, stands on her front porch, watching the birthday party with a disapproving scowl. Gloria is 77 years old. Mean. Cranky. She scurries inside her house.

INT. GLORIA'S HOME - DAY

5

Gloria hurries to the kitchen telephone, continuing to watch the petting zoo activities from her kitchen window. She opens an address book, finds a number, picks up the phone and dials.

GLORIA

Miranda Hillard, please.

OMITTED

6 \*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

7 \*

CAMERA PANS FROM "GREGORY, HENDERSON AND HILLARD" DESIGN FIRM LOGO on wall, to the CONFERENCE ROOM. MIRANDA HILLARD stands at the head of a conference table, reviewing design sketches with four of her EMPLOYEES. Miranda is an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, as meticulously stylish as Daniel is disheveled. Her demeanor is tough and quick. Cool, but not aloof. Her beautiful dark eyes are strong. Perceptive. Intelligent.

Each of the employees pass their design sketches to Miranda, who quickly makes comments and changes. A FEMALE EMPLOYEE gives Miranda her sketch of a Hotel Lobby.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Union Square Inn.

MIRANDA

7 CONT'D.

Too Santa Fe. No leather. Less pastel.

Miranda is interrupted by her assistant, ALICE, who pokes her head into the office and KNOCKS. Miranda turns.

ALICE

Ms. Hillard. I've got the bakery on the phone. How do you want the cake decorated?

MIRANDA

(distracted)

The usual. Bright primaries. Yellow tulips. Red roses.

ALICE

For a twelve year old boy? \*

MIRANDA

Oh. Right. Well. What can they do?

ALICE

Anything. Cowboys. Surfers. Baseball players.

MIRANDA

He likes soccer. Can they do soccer players?

ALICE

I'll ask.

Alice leaves, another female employee passes a sketch to Miranda.

ANOTHER FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Sammy's Bayfront Restaurant.

MIRANDA

Too many windows. This is a restaurant. Not an observation deck.

Miranda passes back the sketch. Alice again pokes her head in, KNOCKS.

ALICE

They can do a soccer ball.

MIRANDA

A soccer ball. Great. Perfect.

Alice exits again. A MALE EMPLOYEE hands Miranda a sketch.

MALE EMPLOYEE

Endicott Shopping Center.

MIRANDA

7 CONT'D.

Too cramped. Hallways are too narrow. And forget carpeting. Go with oak floors.

Miranda's boss, senior partner JUSTIN GREGORY, bustles in, interrupting the meeting. Justin is a middle aged man who doesn't just wear style, he weilds it.

JUSTIN

Miranda. I just got a call from Stewart Dunmire.

MIRANDA

(taken aback)

Stewart Dunmire?

JUSTIN

He said you were acquaintances.

MIRANDA

(fond memory)

Stewart Dunmire. MmmHmmm.

JUSTIN

He's spending millions restoring the Wellman mansion on Nob Hill. Turning it into a five-hundred-dollar-a-night B&B.

MIRANDA

(back to business)

Oh. Right. I read something in Architectural Digest. He owns some European Hotels, too?

JUSTIN

Right. And he specifically requested you, Miranda. I told him you'd call first thing in the morning.

(hands her number,  
begins to leave)

Buying that quaint little design firm of yours was the smartest thing I ever did.

He exits. Miranda goes back to the man's sketches. A phone INTERCOM buzzes. A SECRETARY'S VOICE is heard.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Ms. Hillard... There's a Gloria Chaney on line two... She says it's an emergency.

Miranda pales.



EXT. DANIEL AND MIRANDA'S HOUSE - LATER - DAY

8 \*

The zoo animals continue to RUN all over the front of the house. A DONKEY nibbles on the plants. SEVERAL KIDS are still here. But there is no sign of Daniel and the family. A PATROL CAR is now parked behind the petting zoo van. TWO OFFICERS are knocking on the door. No one is answering. LOUD ROCK N'ROLL BLARES from inside.

Miranda's RED VOLVO screeches to the front of the house. She gets out, horrified by what she sees. Miranda comes up the walkway, carrying a CAKE BOX, her eyes narrow with anger as she takes in this anarchy. The patrolmen see her.

COP #1

Is this your residence?

MIRANDA

I'm sorry to say it is.

COP #2

Are you aware that it's illegal to possess animals of a barnyard nature in a residential area?

MIRANDA

What if you're married to one?

COP #2

We're also responding to a noise ordinance violation--

MIRANDA

Believe me. I'm going to respond myself.  
Excuse me. One moment.

She walks up the stairs to her house, stepping over a slew of RABBITS. \*

INT. FOYER - DAY

9 \*

Screaming, laughing kids RUN through. The foyer is a complete MESS. STREAMERS. BALLOONS. Plates of melted ice cream on the floor. Piles of crumpled wrapping paper. Opened boxes of toys and games. Miranda places the cake box on a small foyer table. She breaks through a web of SILLY STRING and steps into the LIVING ROOM. \*

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

10 \*

Some kids are dancing, blowing party horns. Others are dueling with mega water pistols and toy lasers, using the living room sofas and chairs as barricades. Miranda turns, met with a SHOCKING SIGHT. \*

MIRANDA'S POV - THE FOYER

10 -A- \*

A PONY munches on Miranda's soccer ball-BIRTHDAY CAKE. She rushes up to the pony, trying to usher him outside. \*

MIRANDA

Get out of here! Shoo! \*

The spooked pony obeys, but skitters off in the WRONG DIRECTION. It trots into the DINING ROOM. Miranda follows. Furious. \*

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

11

The Red Hot Chili Peppers "GIVE IT AWAY" blares from the stereo speakers. Miranda is shocked to find Daniel, Chris and three other boys, all in party hats, dripping with silly string, DANCING on the table top. The boys are teaching Daniel the latest grunge rock moves.

CHRIS

Here comes the spin, Dad.

The five of them spin perfectly. Daniel ends up FACE-TO-FACE with Miranda. Surprised, he wipes some silly string out of his face.

DANIEL

Miranda! Home early?

MIRANDA

What the hell is going on here?

DANIEL

Don't get mad, Rand. I didn't expect you. I was gonna clean up everything.

Miranda, apoplectic, grabs the INDUSTRIAL EXTENSION CORD. On her knees, she follows it between the pony's legs, to the outlet. She yanks the plug, plunging the room into a thudding QUIET.

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - DAY

12 \*

The Petting Zoo Van pulls away from the curb, some of the animals' faces poking longingly out the back window. The kids have all gone home. The cops are long gone. In the front window, Lydia, Chris and Natalie are looking on. Glum. Gloria, the next door neighbor, waters her flowers, eavesdropping on the Hillards. Daniel and Miranda are cleaning up the mess left by the party, loading trash bags with crumpled party hats and paper plates. \*

MIRANDA

He's one of the brightest kids in his class, Daniel. And he's flunking three subjects. You can't reward him with a party. \*

DANIEL

12 CONT'D.

(quietly)

You only have your twelfth birthday once. \*

MIRANDA

Oh. Okay. You're right. It's a special occasion. Forget grades. Let's concentrate on, oh, say trashing the house instead.

DANIEL

I told you I'd clean it up.

MIRANDA

I'm sure you will. In some alternate universe. I'm sure somewhere there's another you that actually helps out around the house.

DANIEL

Hey. We have kids. Kids make dirt.

MIRANDA

Dirt? We live in an archeological excavation site. Entire civilizations under beds and behind dressers, wet towels fermenting, archives of junk mail. Jesus, Daniel. There's food on the foot of your closet.

DANIEL

Natty and I were making an ant farm.

Miranda is bubbling with pain, not really hearing him. Gloria CONTINUES TO WATCH from next door. Daniel glares at her.

DANIEL

Gloria. You mind working the other side of the fence tonight?

Gloria doesn't budge. Miranda is too wrapped up in her argument to notice. She continues.

MIRANDA

It's not like you're so busy. You've got way more free time than I do, even when you are working.

Now Daniel looks hurt.

MIRANDA

I already know. I tried to call you at the studio this afternoon. Lou told me what happened. Oh, Daniel. Why couldn't you just do your job?

DANIEL

12 CONT'D.

I was doing my job. My job is to be Pudge The Bird. And Pudge The Bird is not gonna poison the hearts and minds of young America with cheery thoughts of nicotine and lung cancer. It's not in character. These kids are sharp, Rand. One step out of character and they're on to you.

MIRANDA

(to herself)

Actors.

DANIEL

Hey. I've got a responsibility to these kids.

MIRANDA

Responsibility? Is that the word you just used? What about your responsibility to our children? To this house? To our bank account?

DANIEL

(trying to calm her)

Rand...

MIRANDA

(getting upset)

This is too much. I can't live this way anymore. The kids can't live this way.

DANIEL

(getting angry)

What way Miranda? How do you know how they live? Half the time you come home too damn tired or too damn late to talk to them.

MIRANDA

Excuse me for being the only steady breadwinner in this family since we got married. Excuse me if I work hard. Excuse me if once in a while I'm late getting to this filthy rat's nest you call home.

Daniel knows he's beat there. He spots Gloria continuing to listen. He angrily calls to her.

DANIEL

There's a thing called privacy. Do you mind?

GLORIA

I'm concerned about Ms. Hillard's well being. I've read about people like you. You're a demented man. Potentially dangerous.

DANIEL  
What?

12 CONT'D.

GLORIA  
I've heard you talking with the children.  
Using different voices. Multiple personalities.

DANIEL  
(incredulous)  
I don't believe this.

GLORIA  
Should one of those personalities attempt to do  
physical harm to Ms. Hillard... I'll be ready.

Gloria holds up an aerosol can of MACE. Miranda smiles.

MIRANDA  
I'll be fine, Gloria. Thanks for caring.

A skeptical Gloria pauses, nods, and goes back to watering her flowers.  
Having cleaned the front of the lawn of rubbish, Miranda heads inside. \*  
Daniel follows. The kids, seeing their parents coming inside, hurry \*  
away from the windows. \*

OMITTED

12 -A-\*

INT. HOUSE - FOYER

12 -B- \*

The kids dash up the stairs, hiding on the top staircase, continuing to \*  
listen. Daniel and Miranda enter, walking to the kitchen. \*

DANIEL  
How can you be so cordial to that old snoop?

MIRANDA  
She's harmless. She's legitimately concerned  
about me and the kids, Daniel. At least she  
had the good sense to call me at work today...

Daniel is incredulous at this news, following Miranda into the kitchen. \*  
The kids hurriedly scurry down the stairs, peering around the corner to \*  
hear their parents argument. \*

INT. KITCHEN

12 -C- \*

DANIEL  
Oh. Great. Terrific. You and the mace queen,  
conspiring to destroy your own son's birthday.

MIRANDA  
Don't make me out to be the monster, Daniel. \*  
Don't you dare! That's too convenient! You \*  
have all of the fun and I get whatever's left over! \*

DANIEL  
That's your choice.

12-C- CONT'D. \*

MIRANDA  
Is it? Is there a choice with you? Jesus, Daniel. Even when I try to do something fun, you have to do it ten times better. I bring home a birthday cake and you bring home the goddamn San Diego Zoo.  
(angrier)  
Why am I the only one who thinks there should be rules? Why am I always the one who has to take away privileges? Why do you always make me the heavy?

DANIEL  
No one's making you out to be anything, Rand. You do it all by yourself. And I'd give anything to make you stop. Anything. Lighten up, Rand.  
(angry pause)  
I think you're spending too much time with those corporate cloneheads you used to despise.

MIRANDA  
No, Daniel. I'm spending too much time with you.

DANIEL  
(suddenly hurt)  
What?...

Miranda instinctively glances to the foyer. The kids, caught, poke their heads back, hoping not to be seen.

MIRANDA  
C'mon, guys. Upstairs.

INT. FOYER

12 -D- \*

The kids turn and hurry back upstairs.

INT. KITCHEN

12 -E- \*

Miranda turns back to Daniel. She takes a seat at the kitchen table.

MIRANDA  
It's over.

The words scare Daniel. He takes a seat beside Miranda.

DANIEL  
Come on sweetheart. We have our problems. Who doesn't? We'll get over them.

MIRANDA . . .  
We've tried to get over them for 14 years.

12-E- CONT'D.

\*

DANIEL  
Maybe we haven't tried hard enough. Maybe  
we should see a family therapist.

MIRANDA  
It's too late.

DANIEL  
Okay... Let's take a family vacation. We'll  
disappear for two weeks.

MIRANDA  
Our problems won't disappear. They'll still  
be here when we get back.

DANIEL  
So maybe we're lacking something else. Religion.  
That's it. A solid religious foundation. I'm  
open to a little hypocritical spirituality to  
keep the family together.

MIRANDA  
No jokes, Daniel. We've grown apart. We're  
two completely different people. We have nothing  
in common anymore.

DANIEL  
Sure we do.

Miranda turns and stares into Daniel's eyes. Her expression asks him  
to name something. There is a long, deadly pause. Daniel ponders.  
Finally, he gives a sweet, tender shrug, speaking softly.

DANIEL  
We still love each other.

Miranda doesn't answer. She turns away. The silence frightens Daniel  
more than anything.

DANIEL  
Rand. Come on. We still love each other...

She remains silent. Gathering her strength. Daniel's voice grows  
softer. A touch of desperation, of hope.

DANIEL  
Don't we?

Miranda pauses. Turns. And says what she's been thinking for months.

MIRANDA

12 -E- CONT'D.

I want a divorce.

Daniel attempts a smile. But Miranda's expression is laconic, sad, dead serious. Miranda stands and walks out of the room. Daniel just sits alone in the kitchen. Alone. In complete disbelief.

INT. FRANK AND JACK'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

13 \*

CAMERA PANS ACROSS a beautiful skyline view, coming to a stop on Daniel, who is dressed in a bathrobe, sipping coffee on a terrace. He turns and walks into the apartment. We are in the WORKROOM area of the apartment, filled with latex masks, wigs and make-up. Daniel's handsome, very vogue brother, FRANK, stands in front of a make-up mirror, talking on the phone.

FRANK

Yeah, Mom. He's here.

Daniel takes a seat on the sofa, waves his arms to Frank.

DANIEL

No. Don't make me.

FRANK

I don't think he wants to talk right now. Well, yeah... Depressed. His marriage is ending.

DANIEL

It's not ending. It's on a hiatus.

Frank's boyfriend, JACK, drifts into the room. As he passes, he speaks into the phone.

JACK

Hi, Evelyn. Thanks for the jam.

Jack stops at the makeup mirror, opens a large, PROFESSIONAL SPECIAL EFFECTS MAKEUP KIT and re-stocks the contents.

FRANK

(to Jack)

She says "hi".

(to phone)

I don't know.

(to Jack)

She wants to know when we're getting more of the satin beige concealer.

JACK

Next week.



FRANK

Next week. You should try the sandlight, Mom.  
It's much better for your tone.

13 CONT'D.

Daniel reacts to this strange Mother/Son conversaton.

FRANK

Mom. They're waiting on the set. We've  
got places to be and faces to make. All  
right. I'll tell him. Hold on.

(to Daniel)

She wants to know if you'd like to stay  
with her?

DANIEL

(mouths the words)

NO FUCKING WAY.

FRANK

(back to Mom)

He said he'll think about it. Yeah. I will.  
I love you too, Mom.

Frank hangs up, sits beside Daniel.

FRANK

You're welcome here as long as you want.

DANIEL

Please! I'm not moving out. I know Miranda.  
This will blow over.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

14 \*

Daniel stands beside his ATTORNEY, a weasel-like, frightened fellow. \*  
Miranda stands at another table with her attorney. They both look up  
at JUDGE PELTZER, who is passing his sentence.

JUDGE

Mr. and Mrs. Hillard. Although the trend  
of custody court has always tended to favor  
a child's mother, we also realize, perhaps  
more than ever, that it is not in any child's  
best interest to deprive him or her of an  
obviously loving Father.

Daniel smiles, looking hopeful. The judge continues.

JUDGE

However, since at this time, Mr. Hillard  
has no place to live and no employment,  
it is this court's decision to award  
sole custody to Mrs. Hillard.

DANIEL  
(shocked)

14 CONT'D.

No.

JUDGE  
Mr. Hillard will have visiting rights  
every Saturday.

Daniel is horrified. He turns to his weak attorney.

DANIEL  
Do something.

ATTORNEY  
What? He's already passed the sentence.

DANIEL  
At these prices you could at least say  
"excuse me".  
(frustrated, turns  
to judge)  
Look, Judge. Every Saturday. That's not  
enough. You don't understand...  
(imploringly, pathetic)  
I need to be with my kids.

JUDGE  
Mr. Hillard, I would like to add that this  
ruling is only temporary. I will assign a  
court liaison to oversee your case, and there  
will be a continuance of these proceedings  
in 90 days. I'm giving you three months,  
Mr. Hillard. Three months to create a home.  
Get a job. Keep it. And demonstrate some  
capacity for adult living. If that proves  
to be a possibility for you, I will consider  
a joint custody arrangement when we reconvene.  
We're adjourned.

He bangs the gavel. Daniel is stunned.

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

15 \*

Daniel's worn station wagon is loaded up to the roof with his  
possessions. The kids are out in front, saying goodbye. Miranda's  
MOTHER, who is babysitting the kids, sternly watches through the front  
porch screen door. Daniel is putting on a brave, even jovial front.  
He gives a hug to each of the kids. Lydia is first.

LYDIA  
What about the spelling bee?

DANIEL  
We'll practice on the phone.

LYDIA

You don't have a phone.

15 CONT'D.

DANIEL

I'm getting one. Then we'll practice every night. Just like we always do.

He turns to Chris, embraces him. Chris looks to the ground.

CHRIS

This is all my fault.

DANIEL

(incredulous)

What?... Why would you say that?...

CHRIS

I should have never had a birthday. This never would have happened.

DANIEL

Sure it would, Chris.

(sincere, stern)

This has nothing to do with you. It's between your Mother and I. Got that?

Chris nods. Daniel turns to Natalie.

NATALIE

You can't go now.

DANIEL

Why not?

NATALIE

We're right in the middle of "Charlotte's Web". Who's gonna finish it?

DANIEL

Grandma will.

NATALIE

She's not as good. She always skips parts. And she never does the voices.

DANIEL

Tell her to put her teeth in.

Grandma glares down at Daniel. A giant tear is already rolling down Natalie's cheek. Daniel hugs her.

DANIEL

15 CONT'D.

Hey, don't cry. I'll have a place soon. And you're going to come over and spend the night. We'll watch all the cartoons together in our pajamas.

LYDIA

You don't have a TV.

DANIEL

I'm getting one.

Natalie nods weakly as a horn blares. Daniel does everything in his power to hold back the tears.

DANIEL

Don't make those faces, guys. Everything's the same. Think of it this way... We just have a really big backyard. Okay? I'll see you Saturday.

Daniel gets into his car. The engine grinds, finally starting after a few tries. Daniel begins to drive away.

Lydia puts her arm around Natalie, who is still crying.

INT. DANIEL'S CAR - MOVING

Daniel's forced smile fades as he glances in the rearview mirror, watching his HOME AND CHILDREN, disappearing in the distance.

INT. SOCIAL WORKER'S OFFICE - LATER THAT WEEK - DAY

16

Daniel's COURT LIAISON, a humorless 60 year old bureaucrat named MRS. SELLNER, is looking at him blankly.

DANIEL

Look. I'm not one of those guys that can't wait to be a bachelor and go out and get all the latest diseases. I need to be with my kids. So you tell me what to do. I'll do it.

MRS. SELLNER

We'll be looking at two things. Your living environment... and I'll be coming by on Monday and Friday nights to inspect it. And of course, there is the job issue.

Daniel squirms. She hands Daniel a sheet of paper.

MRS. SELLNER

16 CONT'D.

Here's the nearest employment office. I've taken the liberty of making you an appointment. By the way... Do you have any special skills?

DANIEL

(pauses, thinking)

I do voices.

MRS. SELLNER

What do you mean... You do voices?

Daniel breaks into a montage of voices.

DANIEL

Well, you got your high pitched ethereal small animal or lovable Looney Tune sort of voices like this one, then there's the formidable authority voices generally good for bears and sheriffs and man-eating monsters. Also teenage voices like this one, kind of Archie and Veronica derivative, Road Warrior types, Space Travellers. You got your trustworthy man selling aspirin voice, your yuppie sympathizer, your androgynous breakfast bar testimonials. I can even do a good bureaucrat.

(perfectly imitates  
Mrs. Sellner)

What do you mean... You do voices?

Mrs. Sellner gives a blank stare.

DANIEL

I'm great with kids.

Mrs. Sellner doesn't budge.

DANIEL

I'm open to just about anything.

OMITTED

17

EXT. KTVU TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

18 \*

A large TV STUDIO complex of soundstages, warehouses and offices. Daniel arrives, looking up at the impressive array of buildings.

INT. BUILDING G - A WAREHOUSE - DAY

19

Daniel faces his new BOSS, your basic shipping clerk nightmare. Around them, waist high, are stacks of cans of film. Daniel stares in horror.

DANIEL

Wait. There must be some mistake. I'm working in the warehouse?

BOSS

(checks paper)

You're Daniel Hillard, right.

DANIEL

Yes. But I'm an actor.

BOSS

Me too. But that friggin' Tom Selleck gets all my roles.

(not a smile)

Anyway. You take all these cans, box 'em and ship 'em. Then you box those cans over there, ship 'em. Then more of 'em will come in, you box those, you ship those.

(pause)

Any questions?

DANIEL

(sarcastic)

Yeah. After I box them--

BOSS

(humorless)

You ship 'em.

The boss stares at him a second, then goes. Daniel looks around in horror at his new life, shuffles to the VENDOMATIC, an ancient, rusted coffee machine. Daniel inserts a quarter. The coffee, resembling hot motor oil, splatters out, followed by a yellowed, faded paper cup. Daniel picks up the cup, stares at the mess. DISSOLVE TO:

A PICTURE PERFECT CUP OF FROTHY CINNAMON CAPPUCCINO.

20 \*

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Miranda is holding the exquisite china cup. She takes a drink. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are in Miranda's office. She is suddenly INTERRUPTED by Justin's VOICE.

JUSTIN

Miranda.

Miranda looks up. Justin stands beside STU DUNMIRE. Stu is tall and handsome, smacking of confidence, money and charm. Miranda tries to control her nervousness, stands, nearly spilling her cappuccino. Miranda's and Stu share a warm smile.

MIRANDA

Stu.

STU

20 CONT'D.

Hello, Miranda. Long time.

MIRANDA

(girlish voice)

Yeah.

(clears her throat,  
more business-like)

Yes.

There is a moment of silence as Miranda and Stu continue to look at each other, not really knowing what to say. Justin interrupts.

JUSTIN

Mr. Dunmire came by to look over your sketches.

Miranda nods. Justin, orgasmic at the familiarity between Miranda and Stu, sees this new client is in good hands.

JUSTIN

Why don't I leave you two?

Stu and Miranda each nod. Justin exits. CUT TO:

A LOVELY WATERCOLOR OF THE WELLMAN MANSION LOBBY.

20 -A- \*

We are in the CONFERENCE ROOM. Miranda and Stu are seated at the conference table, looking over a pile of sketches. Miranda prattles on, very business-like. Stu watches, rapt and impressed, more interested in Miranda than work.

MIRANDA

As you probably know, the estate was built in 1876. These sketches reflect your desire to have it completely restored, re-made into the stately, sumptuous inn it once was.

STU

You look better than ever.

MIRANDA

(sticking to business)

The lobby will resemble a music salon, with a good deal of inspiration from the French Second Empire. I was thinking a 17th Century Grand Piano...

STU

I've been following you in the trades ever since you've been decorating the homes of who's who in San Francisco.

MIRANDA

...A tufted sofa. A Flemish tapestry.  
A brass-bound Regency style table...

STU

I'd love to get re-quainted. Catch up.

MIRANDA

...Mantel clocks. Fringed, apolstered chairs.  
Heavy drapes...

STU

Can we talk over dinner?

MIRANDA

(flustered, reacts)

Oh, Stu. Thanks, but. I'm... That's very  
nice... But, I'm getting... Well... I'm at  
the beginning of a divorce.

STU

No. The same guy. Nathaniel?

MIRANDA

Daniel.

STU

Yeah.

MIRANDA

Things didn't exactly work out.

STU

(honest, tender)

Oh. Miranda. I'm sorry.

MIRANDA

Stu. You don't have to--

STU

(truly sincere)

No. Really. I never held any grudges or  
anything. I always just wanted... I always  
hoped you would find happiness.

MIRANDA

(genuinely touched)

Thank you. That means a lot.

STU

I was just worried that when you found out  
I was coming in... I was worried that I  
might scare you off the project.



MIRANDA

20 -A- CONT'D.

No. Of course not. I'm... Well, I'm flattered that you thought of me. I mean, after what happened...

STU

Ancient History. Besides. I was too young to settle down. I had a lot to do.

MIRANDA

Me too.

They exchange another glance. Stu checks his watch.

STU

I'm late. Got a meeting at the bank. Can we talk later in the week?

Miranda nods. Stu gives her a quick kiss to the cheek and exits. Miranda stares after him, an interested smile plays on her lips.

EXT. DANIEL'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

21 \*

A run down walk-up in North Beach, above an Italian bakery. \*

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

22 \*

The room is a study in CLUTTER. Moving boxes. Clothes. Appliances. Fast food containers. In the living room, Daniel and the kids sit at an ancient dining room table, amidst the piles of unwashed pots and pans. They eat from cartons of take-out Chinese. The kids are morose. Eating in silence. Daniel tries to lighten things up.

DANIEL

How do you guys like the place?

NATALIE

Nice.

CHRIS

Okay.

LYDIA

Detestable. D-E-T-E-S-T-A-B-L-E.

DANIEL

Got your point, Lydia. Thank you. \*

NATALIE

De-what?

CHRIS

Means it sucks.

DANIEL  
Chris.

LYDIA  
It does, Dad. None of our stuff's here.  
You haven't unpacked. There's no TV yet.  
And the food's terrible.

DANIEL  
The TV's coming Saturday. And I bought a  
cookbook.

CHRIS  
(shocked)  
You're gonna start cooking?

Daniel nods. The children stare in pure horror.

CHRIS  
No. Please. God. Anything but that.

LYDIA  
Remember your lasagna?

CHRIS  
He used cheetos for filling.

LYDIA  
And ketchup for sauce.

DANIEL  
We were out of Paul Newman.

NATALIE  
I liked it. It was crunchy.

DANIEL  
Thank you, Natty. Look. Just give me some  
time. I'll learn. I'm not really used to  
this new lifestyle.

LYDIA  
Neither are we.

Lydia is somber. Daniel takes Lydia's hand, trying to comfort her.

DANIEL  
I know it's hard, sweetie.

NATALIE  
Can't you just tell Mom you're sorry?

DANIEL

It's not that easy, Natty. Grown up problems are more complicated.

LYDIA

C-O-M-P-L-I-C-A-T-I-D.

DANIEL

E-D.

Lydia nods. Daniel looks at the kids.

DANIEL

So. How is your Mother, anyway?

CHRIS

(nonchalant shrug)

She's fine.

DANIEL

Sorry to hear that. I'd hate to think of her coming down with amoebic dysentery, or salmonella, or shingles.

NATALIE

What's amoebic dysentery?

LYDIA

D-Y-S-E-N-T-E-R-Y.

CHRIS

It's some kind of infection in your tummy. You get diarrhea forever.

NATALIE

Diarrhea forever?

CHRIS

And your body dries up and you die.

NATALIE

You die?

CHRIS

I read about it in a science book.

NATALIE

(confused, to Daniel)

Why would you want Mommy to die?

DANIEL

I don't want Mommy to die.

NATALIE

22 CONT'D.

Then why did you say that?

DANIEL

Natty...

Natty starts to cry. Lydia, glaring at Daniel, comforts her sister.

LYDIA

You're not trying very hard, Dad. We only get to come once a week. It's not very much. And it would be a lot nicer if Natty didn't have to spend it hearing things like "amoebic dysentery".

DANIEL

You're right. I'm sorry. I'll try harder.

Daniel tries to cheer things up.

DANIEL

Hey... Did I tell you guys about my new job?

Natalie stops sniffing.

LYDIA

You mean you still have it?

DANIEL

I am capable of holding down a job.

NATALIE

Yes, Lydia. What job, Daddy?

DANIEL

(imitating the  
shipping clerk)

Well. You take these cans, and you box 'em and you ship 'em. Then you box those cans over there, and you ship 'em. EVERYBODY!

Gradually, the kids join in. Daniel leads the kids in an impromptu RAP singalong. Everyone CLACKS their chopsticks on their plates.

EVERYONE

Well, you take those cans and you box 'em and you ship 'em. Then you box those cans and you take 'em and you ship 'em. LOUDER!

Daniel stands. The kids follow him, SINGING and DANCING around the apartment. They fall to the floor, the kids jumping on top of Daniel. Everyone is happy, giggling, lost in their laughter.

Then, like a timely haunting, a car HONKS. Daniel ignores it. It HONKS again.

22 CONT'D.

CHRIS

That's Mom.

DANIEL

(looks at watch)

Can't be. She's an hour early.

It HONKS again.

DANIEL

It's gotta be somebody else.

Chris gets up, looks out the window.

CHRIS

Somebody else with a red Volvo.

A fourth, more PERSISTENT HONK. The kids leap up, scramble for their coats.

DANIEL

Sit down. You're on my time now.

The kids stop, holding their breath. We hear a RATTLING from the downstairs entryway, followed by the door BANGING OPEN, then the CLICK-CLICK of high heels coming up the front stairs.

DANIEL

You're my goddamn kids, too.

A KNOCK at Daniel's door, then Miranda lets herself in. Miranda enters, surveys the room, taking in the chaos, the dangers. She can't wait to get her kids out of here. She raises a sarcastic eyebrow.

MIRANDA

Charming.

DANIEL

(foppish decorator voice)

I was thinking of a little something in a Mediterranean motif. Big, splashy Renaissance prints with those darling little cupids. And for the coffee table? Only carrara marble will do.

The kids laugh. Miranda is not amused.

MIRANDA

Are my children ready?

DANIEL

No. Our children are not ready. You are an hour early. And you were an hour late dropping our children off.

MIRANDA

The traffic was insane.

DANIEL

Oh. Naturally. The traffic patterns of your own home town would take you by surprise.

MIRANDA

(waving envelope)

I don't have time for this, Daniel. I have to get to the bank and the store, make a drop off at the newspaper office--

DANIEL

Newspaper office?

MIRANDA

Mother can't stay with us forever.

DANIEL

She'll be passing on soon.

MIRANDA

(ignoring him)

I'm placing an ad for a housekeeper.

DANIEL

Housekeeper?

MIRANDA

I need someone to be there when the kids get home from school. To clean and start dinner.

DANIEL

How much are you paying this person?

MIRANDA

Three hundred a week.

DANIEL

Three hundred a--

(controlling himself)

May I see the ad? Please?

Miranda looks suspicious, but can't think of a legitimate reason to say no. She hands it to him. It reads, in Miranda's handwriting:  
 "RELIABLE NON SMOKING CLEANING WOMAN WANTED. LIGHT COOKING AND CHILD CARE. CALL 673-1134. (O) or 552-9653 (H)"

DANIEL

22 CONT'D.

Miranda. Look. Why don't you save the money?

Miranda takes back the ad, places it in an envelope in her purse.

DANIEL

Why don't the kids just stop by here after school, and you can pick them up on your way home from work.

All of the kids look at Miranda imploringly. Miranda surveys the apartment again. She gives a dishonest answer.

MIRANDA

I'll think about it.

They can all read her. The kids' faces fall. Natalie speaks up.

NATALIE

We're his goddamn kids, too.

Miranda is taken aback, surprised by Natalie's language. Her eyes shoot to Daniel.

MIRANDA

Nice work, Daniel. Any other choice phrases you'd like to teach your five year old?

If there was a remote chance that Miranda would consider Daniel's offer, it is gone now. Miranda looks at the kids.

MIRANDA

Get your coats.

Lydia, Chris and Natalie walk into the living room to put on their coats. Miranda follows, helping Natalie on with her coat. Daniel, alone at the doorway, glances down.

DANIEL'S POV

Miranda's purse. The envelope with the AD protrudes from the purse. \*

Daniel looks to the living room. Miranda helps the kids with their coats, back turned to Daniel. \*

Daniel moves fast, slips the envelope OUT of Miranda's purse, and REMOVES THE AD. He quickly unfolds the ad, whips a PEN from his pocket. \*

CLOSE-UP: THE AD

Daniel ALTERS Miranda's office number, CHANGING the "1" to a "4". He alters the home number, CHANGING the "3" to an "8". \*

Daniel glances up. Miranda finishes buttoning Natalie's coat. Daniel hurriedly folds the ad, shoves it into the envelope and BACK INTO the purse, just as Miranda looks up. Daniel breathes a sigh of relief. Miranda grabs her purse, ushers the kids out of the apartment, as they each kiss their Father goodbye. Daniel waves after them.

DANIEL

See you next Saturday.

Daniel grins mysteriously.

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - DUSK

23 \*

Miranda is surrounded by auction notices, fabric samples, furniture catalogues for the Wellman mansion. She is also on the phone.

MIRANDA

Oh, yes. I did. Two girls and a boy.

INT. DANIEL'S BATHROOM - DUSK

24 \*

(CROSS CUT BETWEEN HERE AND OFFICE). Daniel luxuriates in the bathtub, speaking in an unidentifiable Scandinavian accent.

DANIEL

A boy? I von't vork with da males. My brother vas a male. So sorry.

In the office, Miranda stares at the phone.

Daniel hangs up, howling with laughter. Instantly, he dials again.

INT. MIRANDA'S VOLVO - THE NEXT MORNING

25

Miranda drives, on her car phone with another of Daniel's creatures.

MIRANDA

Who was your previous employer?

INT. DANIEL'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

26

Daniel, surrounded by film cans and boxes, is at a pay phone. This time, he's assumed a female persona-mid-20's, a little "heavy metal".

DANIEL

Oh, I was in a band. And before that I worked for a tattoo artist on Market Street. I got fired. But I swear, it wasn't my fault. Are your kids well behaved? Or do they need, like, a few light slams every now and then?



INT. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27 \*

Miranda sits in bed, going over tomorrow's work. The phone RINGS.

MIRANDA

Yes? Hello?

(listens a beat,  
smiles, pleased)

Really? Twelve years experience?

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - A FEW SECONDS LATER

28

The kids are smiling at Daniel from a nightstand picture as he lies on the bed, smiling into the phone, speaking in a pleasant, MIDDLE AGED WOMAN'S VOICE.

DANIEL

And I hope there's just a little cooking.  
I don't like to just sit around after I'm  
done cleaning...

(suddenly changes voice:  
a gruff prison guard)

Mrs. Ralston. It's lock-up time. You've  
got three minutes to get back to your cell.

INT. MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

Miranda stares into the receiver. Horrified. She quickly hangs up. Almost instantly, the phone rings again. She stares at it balefully, almost doesn't pick it up. Finally, she does.

MIRANDA

Hello?

(fearfully)

Yes. Would you tell me something about  
yourself?

(pauses, excited)

Really?

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM (CROSS-CUT AS NEEDED)

30

Daniel speaks in a patient, soothing female voice with an ENGLISH accent. The dream nanny.

DANIEL

Yes. And you can just imagine after 15  
years how attached I became to them. But  
they've grown up, and they do grow up,  
don't they? Oh dear. Listen to me going  
on. Tell me about your little ones.

MIRANDA

I have two girls...

DANIEL  
Precious gems, I'm sure.

30 CONT'D.

MIRANDA  
(apologetically)  
And a boy.

DANIEL  
A little prince, no doubt.

Miranda lets out a sigh.

MIRANDA  
There would be a little light cooking.

DANIEL  
Well, let me warn you straight away. I'll only feed them good, nutritious food. If they're used to sugary snacks and processed, sulfated whatnots in packets, they won't find a friend in me. Mind you, I've had very little trouble once they find out it's proper food or empty tummies!

Miranda's eyes sparkle. It's too good to be true.

MIRANDA  
Would you mind coming for an interview Monday evening? Say 8:30?

DANIEL  
Love to, dear.

MIRANDA  
Wonderful. I'm in the city. 2640 Steiner.  
Oh. Can I have your name?

DANIEL  
(caught off guard)  
My name.

MIRANDA  
Your name.

DANIEL  
(kicking himself for  
not mentioning it)  
So sorry. I thought I mentioned it.

Frantically, he looks around the room for something. He grabs a  
NEWSPAPER.

The headline reads "INVESTIGATORS DOUBT FIRE WAS ACCIDENTAL."

DANIEL  
I'm Mrs. Doubtfire.

30 CONT'D.

OMITTED

SCENES 31 - 32

INT. FRANK AND JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

33

Frank opens the door to find Daniel.

DANIEL  
I need professional help.

FRANK  
Well, thank God.

DANIEL  
No, Frank. From you.

Frank looks at him dubiously.

INT. FRANK AND JACK'S WORKROOM - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

34

Daniel is seated in a barber's chair, before a mirror. Frank wraps a long stretch of PANTYHOSE around Daniel's hairline. Jack stands in the background, watching. Frank pulls the two ends of the nylon together.

FRANK  
Here we go. Instant eye lift.

Daniel's eyebrows and forehead are STRETCHED UP and OUT, giving him the shocked expression of a bad face lift. Frank ties the nylon into a knot. Daniel stares.

FRANK  
Don't worry. The wig will cover up the knot.

JACK  
The man has five o'clock shadow at eight thirty in the morning, and you're worried about a knot?

FRANK  
(staring at Daniel)  
Let's start with make-up.

DANIEL  
I'm not waxing.

OMITTED

34 -AA- through 34 -N-

START on CLOSE-UP of hand mirror, Daniel's face appears 34 -BB-\* in the mirror, made up with lipstick, eye shadow and rouge, in a BLONDE BEEHIVE WIG and GLASSES. CAMERA PANS AROUND to Daniel, Frank and Jack stand in the background.

DANIEL

(country twang)

Children? Why honey I got nuthin' but patience for little ones. They just start up with their horseplayin' and screamin' and I mix me up a quart of them mint juleps... and before you know it, those kids could be drivin' a Chevy Blazer through my audio canal. I'd be grinnin' all the while.

Jack and Frank both shake their heads in disapproval.

OMITTED

34 -CC-\*

START on Daniel's fingernails being PAINTED a bright shade of RED, PAN UP to Daniel dressed as a SPANISH WOMAN, wearing a black wig. He speaks in a SPANISH ACCENT.

34 -DD-\*

SPANISH WOMAN

Green card? I don't need no stinkin' green card.

Jack gives a DISAPPOINTED sigh. Frank holds up a LATEX NOSE.

FRANK

Let's try latex.

START on EXTREME CLOSE-UP of NOSE. Daniel has been made up to look like BARBARA STREISAND. CAMERA CONTINUES to PULL BACK. Daniel breaks into a chorus of "PEOPLE". Frank and Jack JOIN IN. When they stop, Daniel shakes his head.

34 -EE- \*

DANIEL

No. She needs to be older. More matronly. Like a grandmother.

Jack and Frank nod.

OMITTED

34 -FF- & -GG- \*

Daniel, wearing a large LATEX NOSE and grey wig, brandished with a babushka, POPS UP INTO FRAME, looking very much like MARIA OUSPENSKAYA. He speaks in a broken EUROPEAN ACCENT.

34 -HH- \*

DANIEL

Even a man who is pure in heart, and says his prayers by night, can become a wolf, when the wolfbane blooms, and the autumn moon is bright. Beware the sign of the pentagram!

Daniel pauses, getting frustrated.

DANIEL

We're in trouble. This isn't working.

FRANK

Don't get discouraged. You're a work in progress.

(to Jack)

We've got to do the entire face.

OMITTED

34 -II- \*

34 -JJ- \*

A MOLD OF DANIEL'S FACE.

34 -KK-

Frank removes the plaster mold from Daniel's face.

EXTREME CLOSE-UPS: VARIOUS PARTS OF DOUBTFIRE FACE.

34 -LL-

The Doubtfire nose is being PAINTED.

Glue is being applied around the Doubtfire neck.

34 -MM-

Lipstick is applied to the Doubtfire lips.

34 -NN-

Eye shadow and mascara are being applied to the eyes.

34 -OO-

False TOP TEETH are fixed to the top of Daniel's teeth.

34 -PP-

CUT TO:

A WIDE SHOT.

34 -QQ-

Daniel sits in the barber's chair, on the right side of FRAME, his BACK TURNED TO US. Frank and Jack stand on the left side of FRAME, examining their "work-in-progress".

JACK

We're getting there.

FRANK

What does she sound like?

DANIEL

(as Mrs. Doubtfire)

Oh, salt of the earth I should say. Sensible shoes. Good with plants and cats and impertinent sales clerks.

FRANK

(suddenly inspired)

Get him out of the make-up. Jack, get him some clothes.

(smiles)

I have a vision for the body.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Frank as he begins rummaging through the various BODY SUITS that hang on a rack behind him. There are muscular bodies, voluptuous female bodies, fat bodies, etc.

CUT TO:

OMITTED	34 -RR- *
VARIOUS CLOSE-UPS: DANIEL'S BODY.	
Stockings being pulled up to Daniel's hairy knees.	34 -SS-
The back of a tweed skirt being zipped.	34 -TT-
A tiny pearl brooch being fastened to a white collar.	34 -UU-
A pair of lady's brown shoes being put on Daniel's feet.	34 -VV-
A pair of reading glasses being placed on Daniel's eyes.	34 -WW-
CLOSE-UP: BACK OF DOUBTFIRE'S HEAD	34 -XX-

The grey hair is being tied into a bun on the back of Mrs. Doubtfire's head. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are over the SHADOWED shoulder and head of Mrs. Doubtfire. We CONTINUE TO PULL BACK, revealing FRANK and JACK on the right side of FRAME. They stare at their creation, extremely pleased by what they see. The shadowed Daniel gives a SHRUG to Jack and Frank.

DANIEL (O.S.)

Are we close?

FRANK

Any closer and you would've given me birth.

Jack and Frank exchange a victorious high five SLAP.

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - NIGHT	34 -YY-
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Establishing shot of the house.

CLOSE-UP: TELEVISION	34 -ZZ-
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The "Outer Limits" plays. CAMERA PULLS BACK. It is after school. The kids watch TV, Natalie on the floor, Lydia on a sofa, Chris in a chair. We hear a DOORBELL RING. Miranda rushes into the room.

MIRANDA

Guys. C'mon. Turn that off.

The kids sigh. The last thing they want to do is meet the new housekeeper. Natalie and Chris are the first out of their seats. Lydia reluctantly remotes off the TV and follows.

INT. HILLARD FOYER - NIGHT

35

The kids take their places in the foyer. Miranda moves to the front door, opening it to reveal

MRS. DOUBTFIRE.

This is truly not Daniel, but rather a large, pigeon-breasted woman in her late fifties, with a prosthetic nose, thick double chin, extended teeth and a pulled up grey and brown wig. She is dressed in a sensible tweed, her hands clutching a sensible brown bag, perfectly matched to her sensible brown shoes. She radiates strength. Competence. Warmth.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Euphegenia Doubtfire, M'am.

Miranda stares. Slightly dazed. Is there a flicker of recognition or is it just Mrs. Doubtfire's slightly strange appearance.

MIRANDA

Come in. I'm Miranda Hillard.

Lydia, Chris and Natty are hanging in the background, staring sullenly. Mrs. Doubtfire gives Miranda a sheet of paper.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

My resume.

Miranda takes the resume, glances at it a moment. Mrs. Doubtfire notices the children.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

These must be the poppets! How do you do, dears?

MIRANDA

This is Natalie...

Mrs. Doubtfire bends down to a wide eyed Natalie in her pajamas. Natalie shrinks, wrinkling her nose at the cologne. 35 CONT'D.

NATALIE  
Are you wearing bug spray?

MIRANDA  
Natty.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
It's alright, My dear. No offense taken. I may have been a touch liberal with the atomizer.  
(tender smile to Natalie)  
I admire honesty. Never lose that quality.  
It so often disappears with age.

Miranda smiles at Mrs. Doubtfire's wise knowledge.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Reminds me of the character in "Stuart Little".  
You won't find a more honorable creature in literature. Are you familiar with that book?

NATALIE  
It's one of my favorites.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Mine too. Now why don't you brush your teeth, get all ready for bed, and I just might read it to you.

Natalie gives an excited nod. Miranda smiles as her daughter heads obediently up the stairs. Miranda motions to Chris.

MIRANDA  
This is Chris.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
(shaking his hand)  
Hello, Christopher.

CHRIS  
Geez. You're big for a lady. You could play for the Forty Niners.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
I was always quite partial to European football.

CHRIS  
Soccer?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Yes.



CHRIS

35 CONT'D.

Me too.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
(puts her hands behind  
her back, proudly)

I was Captain of the women's team. Led us to three University championships. Oh. But that was decades ago.

CHRIS

Really?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
We were quite disciplined back then. Always made certain that schoolwork came first. And I imagine you're the same way. I suppose by now, all of your homework would be done.

CHRIS

Well... Not exactly.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Shame. It seems to me little boys who don't do their homework sometimes have to miss out on more amusing activities.

Chris' eyes widen at this almost supernatural knowledge. Miranda pauses, turns to Lydia.

MIRANDA

And this is Lydia.

Lydia, the most suspicious, reluctantly shakes Mrs. Doubtfire's hand, looking at Miranda the entire time.

LYDIA

It isn't fair, Mom. Why do we have to get a housekeeper anyway? Why can't Dad do it?

Mrs. Doubtfire smiles, ever so slightly.

MIRANDA

That's all I need.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Young lady. Is that the way you usually speak to your Mother?

Lydia scuffs one shoe against the other, glowering.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

35 CONT'D.

(sorrowfully)

It isn't what I would have expected at all. Here's your poor Mother, strained from a long day's work, just trying to make arrangements to keep this lovely home in good order and you and your sibilings well fed and cared for while she's away, and you lose your temper with her in front of a perfect stranger.

LYDIA

(softer now)

I just don't see why we can't spend the extra time with Dad.

MIRANDA

Lydia, this is not my fault. If your Dad got a job. Got a decent apartment--

(turns to Mrs. Doubtfire)

Their Father is the--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Mrs. Doubtfire COUGHS sharply.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Forgive me, dear. But surely you're in the habit of encouraging the children to step out of the room before you indulge in abusing their Father.

MIRANDA

If I did that, I might never see them.

Miranda starts to laugh. Mrs. Doubtfire doesn't. Miranda stops, smiles apologetically.

MIRANDA

You're absolutely right. I'm terribly sorry.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

No harm done, dear.

MIRANDA

Lydia. Chris. Go on upstairs.

Chris and Lydia turn and begin to exit. Lydia glares CRITICALLY at Mrs. Doubtfire as she walks up the stairs. Mrs. Doubtfire WIPES a little sweat from her brow, then looks with alarm at the BEIGY FOUNTAIN STREAKS on her fingers. She wipes them discreetly on her dress. She turns to Miranda.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

A lovely spirited pair.

MIRANDA

35 CONT'D.

I'm afraid they're a little upset with me right now... Won't you have some tea?

INT. HILLARD KITCHEN - NIGHT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

36 \*

Miranda goes to the old GAS STOVE, but Mrs. Doubtfire waves her off to a kitchen chair, then sets about making tea like she's lived there all her life. Miranda scans Mrs. Doubtfire's resume. She finds something impressive.

MIRANDA

An expert in first aid. The Heimlich maneuver. CPR. Good.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

One must always be prepared. Especially with the little ones.

Miranda smiles. Mrs. Doubtfire opens the pantry, where everything is ORGANIZED and LABELED to the point of farce.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

My goodness. Such a beautifully organized pantry.

MIRANDA

Thank you. My husband never appreciated it.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh? Didn't quite take to the system, did he? Never exactly certain whether the rice went under cereals or pastas? Always putting the tomato juice with the canned veggies rather than the beverages?

MIRANDA

That I could live with. It's when he put the eggs in the cupboard. The frozen peas in the drawer. The rice in the freezer...

Mrs. Doubtfire gives an understanding chuckle, finds the tea, then sits down while the water boils.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Divorced, are you, my dear?

MIRANDA

Yes.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I'm so sorry. Marriage can be such a blessing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MIRANDA

36 CONT'D.

And divorce can be even more of one.

Mrs. Doubtfire hides her surprise. Miranda shifts in her chair, feeling a bit defensive.

MIRANDA

My husband is a very difficult man.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh?

MIRANDA

(sighs)

But the children are quite fond of him.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I can sense that. Oh, dear...

Now Mrs. Doubtfire begins setting out cups and sugar, pouring tea.

MIRANDA

What?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh. Nothing, really. I was just thinking back to the first little ones I looked after.

MIRANDA

The napkins are in the--

But Mrs. Doubtfire has already found them. Miranda blinks.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(continuing)

It was a nasty divorce. But the children adored their Father. Well, Mrs. Gorham felt he was a bad influence. So every chance she got... she kept Mr. Gorham away from his own sons.

(shakes her head)

Would you believe one of those sweet little boys grew up to be the "Yorkshire Ripper"?

MIRANDA

No.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I'm afraid so.

MIRANDA

What about the other one?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

36 CONT'D.

Oh. Not so bad, that one. He'll be up for parole in seven or eight years.

MIRANDA

God.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Most likely they just fell in with a bad lot, those boys. They don't really know what's environment and what's not, do they? You take milk, dear?

MIRANDA

(shaken)

Um... Yes.

Mrs. Doubtfire opens the refrigerator, clucks to herself.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

My word. We do have some science experiments in here.

MIRANDA

Daniel's specialty.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Men. Just aren't worth the trouble they put us through.

Mrs. Doubtfire begins tossing moldy jars from the fridge into the trash. Miranda smiles, there's something very reassuring about this woman.

MIRANDA

Could you start tomorrow?

Mrs. Doubtfire BEAMS.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

37

Mrs. Doubtfire boards a bus in front of Miranda's, taking a seat in front, right near the BUS DRIVER, a man in his fifties, with a ruddy face and a pin cushion gut. He smiles at Mrs. Doubtfire in the rear view mirror.

BUS DRIVER

Evening, M'am. Cold night, isn't it?

He WINKS at her as the bus door swishes shut. Mrs. Doubtfire is mortified. She PULLS HER COAT tightly over her droopy bosom.

EXT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

38 \*

Daniel, still in his Doubtfire regalia, walks toward his apartment. He removes a key, to open the door. He is INTERRUPTED by a VOICE.

MRS. SELLNER

Excuse me?

Daniel turns. MRS. SELLNER, the court liaison, stands behind him. He is CAUGHT. Mrs. Sellner SQUINTS at Mrs. Doubtfire.

MRS. SELLNER

Is this the Hillard residence?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Uh... Uh... Yes, pet. I'm... just his sister. Staying with him. His much older sister.

MRS. SELLNER

You have his eyes.

(pause)

I have an appointment with him. Is he in?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh. Probably has his headphones on. He's taking one of those cassette business courses. Always trying to improve himself, he is. Why don't I just go upstairs and send him down?

MRS. SELLNER

I'll come with you.

Mrs. Doubtfire hides her concern, turns the key.

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

39

Mrs. Sellner enters, takes in the room. In addition to the general mess, there are now DRESSES and HIGH HEELS strewn everywhere. Mrs. Sellner eyes them. Mrs. Doubtfire nervously GATHERS them up.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Some things of mine. I'm a messy guest, I'm afraid.

(calling down hallway)

Danny, dear!

(to Mrs. Sellner)

I'll just go get him for you.

She bustles off down the long hallway. Mrs. Sellner stares.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM

40

Daniel, PANICKED, wrestles off his costume, pulling on a pair of JEANS.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

40 CONT'D.\*

Daniel!

(as Daniel)

Yeah? Oh, hi, Sis.

(as Doubtfire)

There's a Mrs. Sellner here...

(as Daniel)

Oh. Right. We have an appointment.

(calls out,

as Daniel)

Mrs. Sellner. Forgive me.

(taking off body suit)

I'm getting out of the shower. I'll be right with you. I think you'll be very pleased with me. I've become a new man.

(takes off latex mask)

A model Father.

Daniel places the latex mask on a styrofoam head stand that rests on a table beside the OPEN window.

INT. LIVING ROOM

41

Mrs. Sellner, LISTENS, takes a step. We hear the SNAP of a mousetrap. She jumps. Looks down. Frowns. Begins to TAKE NOTES.

DANIEL comes down the hallway, wiping his face. He looks plausible as a person who just showered.

DANIEL

I've got two jobs. One with an educational film and TV company. Heavy responsibility.

MRS. SELLNER

(taking notes)

What's the other?

DANIEL

Cleaning houses.

Mrs. Sellner looks around the wrecked living room in disbelief, then back at Daniel.

MRS. SELLNER

Your sister is English?

DANIEL

Yes. Well, not originally. She was adopted by a British couple. They were living here at the time, but then they moved back. She's my half sister, actually. Took us years to find her.

(almost whispering)

Our Mother wasn't married at the time.

Mrs. Sellner removes a woman's stocking that annoyingly clings to her skirt. Daniel shakes his head.

DANIEL

Sis. Not much of a housekeeper. But she makes an incredible cup of tea.

MRS. SELLNER

(a tad suspicious)

Oh, really? I adore a good cup of English tea.

Daniel reads between the lines. His ass is on the line. He turns, head turned away from Mrs. Sellner, and calls down the hallway.

DANIEL

Oh, sis?

(throws his voice,  
as Mrs. Doubtfire)

Are you calling me, Danny?

(louder, as Daniel)

Yes. Could you come out here and--

(as distant Doubtfire)

I can't hear you, Danny!

Feigning frustration, Daniel turns to Mrs. Sellner.

DANIEL

Her ears aren't so good. Excuse me.

Daniel RUNS down the hallway. Mrs. Sellner waits.

INT. BEDROOM

42 \*

Daniel slips out of his jeans, carrying on a conversation with himself.

DANIEL

Sis? Are you in there--

(shrieks as Mrs. Doubtfire)

Daniel! It's bad enough you don't put the seat down!

(as Daniel)

Sorry.

(as Doubtfire)

My goodness! When the bathroom door is closed, it means I want privacy!

(as Daniel)

I'm sorry. Look, we were hoping you'd make some of your yummy tea.

(as Doubtfire)

Yes. Just give me a moment. Please.

Daniel begins to put on his BODY SUIT.



INT. LIVING ROOM 43 \*

Mrs. Sellner LISTENS from the end of the hallway. She picks up one of the HIGH HEELED SHOES and marvels at the size. \*

INT. BEDROOM 44 \*

Daniel is in the process of wiggling into his BODY SUIT. He GLANCES to the window. \*

DANIEL'S POV 45 \*

TWO THIRTEEN YEAR OLD BOYS, stare out the window, watching Daniel from their APARTMENT across the street. They GRIN at Daniel. \*

INT. BEDROOM 45 -A- \*

Daniel, suddenly angry, leans out the window to YELL at the boys. \*

DANIEL \*

Hey! What the-- \*

In his haste, Daniel KNOCKS INTO the styrofoam head and mask. The head TIPS over. The latex mask FALLS OUT THE WINDOW. \*

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY 45 -B- \*

The mask DROPS out of the window. Landing on the STREET below. Daniel stares. Aghast. \*

DANIEL \*

Uh-oh. \*

INT. BEDROOM 46 \*

Daniel moves from the window, hurriedly PUTS ON a bathrobe and the wig, trying to figure out what to do next. He peers out into the hallway. \*

INT. HALLWAY 46 -A- \*

Daniel, in his grey and brown wig, looks down the hallway. \*

DANIEL'S POV 46 -B- \*

Mrs. Sellner stands in the living room, her BACK to the bedroom door, studying the high heeled shoe. \*

Daniel hurriedly SNEAKS out of the bedroom and down the hallway. \*

Mrs. Sellner is ABOUT TO TURN toward the hallway. \*

Daniel quickly DUCKS into the kitchen. \*

OMITTED 47 \*

INT. KITCHEN 48 \*

Daniel, panicked, hurries inside. Trapped.

INT. LIVING ROOM 48 -A- \*

Mrs. Sellner calls out.

MRS. SELLNER \*

I take sugar. \*

INT. KITCHEN 48 -B- \*

MRS. DOUBTFIRE \*

Pardon? \*

INT. LIVING ROOM 48 -C- \*

MRS. SELLNER \*

(puzzled) \*

Sugar. I take sugar in my tea. \*

INT. KITCHEN 48 -D- \*

MRS. DOUBTFIRE \*

Sugar. Tea. Yes, pet. Coming right up. \*

A panicked Daniel fills a small pan with water, puts it on the stove. \*

He turns, opens the cupboard, removes two bags of tea. He runs to the \*

window and looks out. \*

OMITTED 49 \*

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY 50 \*

Daniel looks to the ground below. A GARBAGE TRUCK speeds down the \*

alleyway, SMASHING the Doubtfire mask BENEATH its wheels. The \*

FLATTENED latex lies on the street, smiling up at Daniel in a bizarre \*

parody of a tragedy mask. \*

DANIEL

SHIT!

INT. LIVING ROOM 51

Mrs. Sellner turns, PUZZLED to hear Daniel's voice coming out of the \*

kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN 52

Daniel moves from the window. Frozen. REALIZING what he's just done.

INT. LIVING ROOM 53 \*

Mrs. Sellner takes a step toward the kitchen door.

MRS. SELLNER  
Is everything alright in there?

INT. KITCHEN 54 \*

Daniel madly RUMMAGES through the cupboards, searching desperately for something. He again assumes Mrs. Doubtfire's identity.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Yes, dear. Everything's under control.

INT. LIVING ROOM 55

Mrs. Sellner walks toward the kitchen.

MRS. SELLNER  
I could have... I thought I heard Daniel's voice...

INT. KITCHEN 56 \*

Daniel/Mrs. Doubtfire is frantically looking through the refrigerator.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
The acoustics in this place are dreadful.

INT. LIVING ROOM 56 -A- \*

Mrs. Sellner is only a FEW STEPS from entering the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN 56 -B- \*

The WATER KETTLE WHISTLES. Daniel/Mrs. Doubtfire finally spots something in the fridge. Two very ripe AVOCADOS. He quickly TEARS THEM BOTH APART.

Mrs. Sellner ENTERS THE KITCHEN.

Daniel's face is HIDDEN behind the refrigerator door.

MRS. SELLNER  
Your water is boiling.

Mrs. Doubtfire emerges from behind the refrigerator, holding a carton of half and half, her wig a little crooked and GREEN AVOCADO GUNK covering her entire face. Mrs. Sellner stares. Puzzled.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Oh, my. I must be quite a fright in this get up.

Mrs. Sellner doesn't say a word. Mrs. Doubtfire explains, as she makes the two cups of tea.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

My nightly beauty regimen. Mix two ripe Avocados with two tablespoons Mink Oil and a dash of Vitamin E. Part of the special gift that I give myself each evening.

(giggles)

Doesn't really eliminate any of the old wrinkles and pleats. But I like to believe it prevents new ones from forming.

Mrs. Doubtfire hands Mrs. Sellner the cup of tea. They walk into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

57

Mrs. Doubtfire places Daniel's tea cup on the table.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I hope you won't mind terribly if I don't join you. It's time for my epsom salt bath. I find it's a most calming way to end the day. You should give it a try.

MRS. SELLNER

Really?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Does wonders for those varicose veins.

(heading down hallway)

Danny! The tea will get cold, dear.

(throwing voice as

as Daniel)

I'll be right there!

(as Mrs. Doubtfire

back to Mrs. Sellner)

So very nice to meet you.

Mrs. Sellner nods her head, staring as Mrs. Doubtfire's rear sways ever so slightly, sauntering down the hallway. Mrs. Sellner examines her own legs for any sign of varicose veins.

INT. FRANK AND JACK'S APARTMENT

57 -A- \*

The front door opens. Daniel stands at the door. Frank gives him a new Doubtfire mask.

INT. KTVU TELEVISION STUDIOS - WAREHOUSE - DAY

58

Daniel is busily packing boxes. A BELL RINGS. Daniel looks at the wall clock. 2:30. Quitting time. Daniel stops what he's doing, RUNS to the exit and punches out.

OMITTED

59

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER 60

Daniel runs inside, carrying his duffel bag.

OMITTED 61

INT. MEN'S ROOM 62

CAMERA DOLLIES by the ROWS OF BATHROOM STALLS, passing several pairs of men's feet, pants around their ankles. CAMERA STOPS on Daniel's two sneakered feet. One foot lifts, DISAPPEARS for a moment. It COMES BACK DOWN, wearing Mrs. Doubtfire's SHOE. The other foot lifts, DISAPPEARS, and comes back into frame wearing Mrs. Doubtfire's other shoe. CAMERA PANS UP. MRS. DOUBTFIRE sneaks out of the stall.

OMITTED 63

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - LATER - DAY 64 \*

The bus DROPS OFF Mrs. Doubtfire in front of the Hillard residence. She walks to the front door. GLORIA, the nextdoor neighbor, is working in her flower garden. Gloria spots Mrs. Doubtfire, rushes up to her.

GLORIA

You must be the new maid. Euthanasia  
Dumbwaiter?

Mrs. Doubtfire turns to Gloria. At first, Mrs. Doubtfire's eyes fill with hate. Rage. But her mouth turns into a perfect, polite smile.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Doubtfire. Euphegenia Doubtfire.

GLORIA

(extends her hand)

Gloria Chaney. Pleased to meet you.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Mrs. Hillard speaks very highly of you. Mentioned that you helped her through a very trying time with her ex-husband.

GLORIA

The monster.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(holding back, staying  
in character)

Oh?

GLORIA

Cheated on his wife.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

64 CONT'D.

No.

GLORIA

Beat her. Slapped the children around.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

I never did any of those things.

GLORIA

Pardon?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(composes herself)

He never did any of those things. I mean...  
Mrs. Hillard has never alluded to it.

GLORIA

She never would. Conjures up awful memories.  
(not wanting to get  
caught in a lie)

I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't mention  
any of what I've told you to Mrs. Hillard.  
It may send her into a deep depression.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(pats Gloria's hand)

You have a confidant in me, pet.

GLORIA

I can see we have a lot in common.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(motioning to garden)

Including your green thumb.

GLORIA

You're a gardener?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(proudly nods)

I was the Horticultural Supervisor at the estate  
of Reginald Waxflatter III. Duke Of Sussex.

GLORIA

(impressed)

A Duke. Really.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

The gardens were stunning. Imagine a Monet  
canvas springing to life.

(raises an eyebrow)

And I achieved it with one simple formula.

GLORIA

64 CONT'D.

What?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(shakes her head)

It's an old Doubtfire family secret. I've never divulged it to anyone.

GLORIA

(mouth watering)

I won't tell a soul.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Swear?

GLORIA

Swear.

Mrs. Doubtfire leans forward, eyes darting around, as if she were divulging top secret Pentagon documents. She WHISPERS.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Two liters English Breakfast Tea.

GLORIA

English Breakfast tea.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

One tablespoon brewed coffee grounds.

GLORIA

Coffee grounds. One tablespoon.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Brewed.

GLORIA

Brewed.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

And finally. The key to the formula.

GLORIA

Yes?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(conspiring whisper)

A splash of dog urine.

GLORIA

Dog. Urine.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

64 CONT'D.

When combined with the other ingredients, it results in a high potency fertilizer.

GLORIA

MmmHmmm. And I put this... this mixture on the flowers? Every day?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Three times a day. For optimum results.

GLORIA

But. How do I go about getting... dog urine?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

You'll need to collect it. A difficult task, I assure you. But well worth it.

Gloria gives a nod. Mrs. Doubtfire smiles, and walks to the Hillard front door. A NOTE is taped to the door. It reads: "Dear Mrs. Doubtfire, the house needs cleaning. There are three loads of laundry. The bedsheets need to be changed. And I need cleaning supplies from the grocery store. Thank you. Miranda." Mrs. Doubtfire stares. This is tougher than being a Dad.

A QUICK MONTAGE. MUSIC BEGINS. OVER VARIOUS CUTS OF MRS. DOUBTFIRE. 65

Doing laundry.

Vacuuming. 66

Washing windows 67

Changing bedsheets. 68

Shopping at the grocery store. 69

INT. KITCHEN - LATER - DAY 70 \*

Mrs. Doubtfire relaxes at at the kitchen table. Exhausted. Hot. Sweaty. Mrs. Doubtfire fans herself with a paper plate. Her body suit and dress are open, REVEALING Daniel's HAIRY CHEST. An open wrapper of PILLSBURY OATMEAL RAISIN COOKIES rests beside her.

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - DAY 71 \*

Lydia, Chris and Natalie arrive home from school.

INT. KITCHEN 72 \*

Hearing the kids, Mrs. Doubtfire stands, hurriedly pulling up her body suit, buttoning her dress. She removes fresh, steaming OATMEAL COOKIES from the microwave.



INT. HILLARD HOUSE - FOYER

73

The kids enter, pause. Smelling something from the kitchen.

CHRIS

I smell cookies.

The kids are INTERRUPTED by the voice of Mrs. Doubtfire.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Welcome home, children.

Mrs. Doubtfire comes out of the kitchen with a oatmeal cookies and three tall, cold glasses of milk.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

An after school snack?

Chris and Natalie run forward, grabbing a handful of cookies. Mrs. Doubtfire looks up at Lydia, who is glaring at her.

LYDIA

I'm not hungry.

Lydia exits the room. A troubled look covers Mrs. Doubtfire's face.

INT. TV ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

74\*

Chris, Natalie and Lydia sit on the sofa, watching television. Chris and Natalie have finished their milk and cookies. Lydia holds the television remote. The "DICK VAN DYKE" show plays. Mrs. Doubtfire dashes in, turns off the television.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Time for homework.

LYDIA

(flips TV back on)

After "Dick Van Dyke".

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(turns TV off)

Now.

LYDIA

(flips TV back on)

We always watch "Dick Van Dyke".

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

74 CONT'D.

Not any more.

With that, Mrs. Doubtfire takes the remote control from Lydia and drops it into the FISH TANK. The remote floats to the bottom, amidst the curious fish. Chris and Natalie stare. Wide eyed. Shocked. Lydia is furious. Mrs. Doubtfire gives a stern smile to the children.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Let's get something straight, shall we?  
From three PM to seven PM, every weeknight,  
I am in charge. And when I am in charge,  
we will follow a schedule. Those who will  
not follow my schedule, will be punished.

LYDIA

She's lying. She'd never punish us.

INT. HILLARD LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

75

Mrs. Doubtfire sits, luxuriating in Daniel's favorite armchair, drinking an iced tea and reading the newspaper SPORTS SECTION.

All around her, the three children are doing all of the HOUSEWORK. Lydia is VACUUMING. Chris is DOING WINDOWS. Natalie is DUSTING. Lydia angrily turns off the vacuum, looks at Mrs. Doubtfire.

LYDIA

This is exploitation! E-X-P-L-O-

NATALIE

Shut up, Lyddie.

CHRIS

You got us into this.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(checks her watch)

Are we ready for homework?

The kids all nod.

CHRIS

Anything but this.

Mrs. Doubtfire ushers them out of the room.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Go on.

Before they exit, Mrs. Doubtfire calls out.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Lydia.

Lydia turns.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Your Mother mentioned... Well, she said you may need a little help studying for the spelling bee...

LYDIA

(chilly)

I don't need your help.

Lydia turns, exiting the room with the other kids. WE hear their OFFSCREEN conversation as they walk upstairs.

LYDIA (O.S.)

I miss Dad.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Me too.

NATALIE (O.S.)

Me most.

Mrs. Doubtfire LISTENS, a melancholy look on her face.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

76

Mrs. Doubtfire folds the laundry. The washing machine starts to CHUG and CHURN, spewing water and foam everywhere. Mrs. Doubtfire pounds at it, punches it. Kicks it. It finally stops.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(in Daniel's voice)

Son of a bitch.

The telephone rings. In his distraction and hurry, Mrs. Doubtfire answers in DANIEL'S VOICE.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE/DANIEL

Hello?

INT. AN AUCTION HOUSE - CROSS CUT BETWEEN HERE AND LAUNDRY ROOM 77

We see a furniture and painting AUCTION in the background. Miranda is at a phone in the foreground, Stu is waiting for her nearby.

MIRANDA

Daniel?!?

Daniel/Mrs. Doubtfire puts his head in his hands. Instantly he assumes Mrs. Doubtfire's persona.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

77 CONT'D.

Now, you give me that phone, Mr. Hillard.  
You don't live here any longer. The nerve  
of you! Hello?

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire? What's Daniel doing there?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Says he came by to drop something off. But  
I think he's just poking around, myself.  
I don't know what possessed him to answer  
the phone.

(turns from receiver)

Mrs. Hillard does not want you here when  
she's not home. Now are you going to leave  
or am I going to call the police?

(as Daniel, from  
a distance)

All right. I'm going. Sorry.

(Mrs. Doubtfire)

You should be.

(into phone)

Well. I've sent him packing.

MIRANDA

Thank you very much. I'm glad you're there.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

You no more than I.

MIRANDA

Listen. I'm going to be a little late.

She glances at Stu, who smiles back.

MIRANDA

I'll be home around eight. Could you start  
dinner for me?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Of course, dear. Don't worry about a thing.

Daniel hangs up, GRIMACES in panic.

INT. HILLARD KITCHEN - NIGHT

78 \*

CAMERA PANS the stove. A pot on every burner. Sizzling mixed  
vegetables. Boiling potatoes. Frying fish filets. Mrs. Doubtfire,  
reading from a cookbook, adds SWEET BASIL to the fish, pouring a bit  
TOO MUCH. The fish is SMOTHERED with basil. She attempts to SCRAPE  
OFF the basil. Suddenly, the potatoes begin to BOIL OVER. Mrs.  
Doubtfire GRABS the pot. BURNS her fingers. DROPS the pot. Countless  
potatoes roll across the floor.

\*  
\*  
\*

A TIMER BUZZER rings. Mrs. Doubtfire LEANS forward, OVER the stove, to stir the vegetables. Not accustomed to having large breasts, Daniel/Mrs. Doubtfire leans TOO CLOSE to the burning stove top. The tips of her breasts CATCH FIRE.

Mrs. Doubtfire PANICS. She grabs TWO POT LIDS, slams them onto her breasts, PUTTING OUT THE FLAMES. But the breasts continue to SMOLDER. Large amounts of SMOKE are PORING OUT. Mrs. Doubtfire grabs the sink hose, SPRAYS her breasts with water and PUTS OUT the fire.

Mrs. Doubtfire stands. Dripping. Her blouse WET. Slightly CHARRED. Mrs. Doubtfire LOOKS to the stove.

THICK BLACK SMOKE emits from the fish. Mrs. Doubtfire grabs the pan, moving it away from the fire. The fish fillets are BLACK. Burnt. RUINED. Mrs. Doubtfire tosses the pan into the sink. She glances to the clock. 7:28. Miranda will be home in a HALF HOUR.

INT. HILLARD KICHEN - NIGHT

A79\*

Close on Mrs. Doubtfire's hand as her finger runs down the yellow page of a phone book to "VALENTI'S GOURMET TAKE-OUT".

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

79

A white TRUCK, painted with the words "VALENTI'S GOURMET TAKE-OUT" sits in the driveway. A TEENAGE DELIVERY BOY stands at the front door, holding two large shopping bags. Mrs. Doubtfire opens the door, stepping outside, closing the front door behind her. She wears a cardigan sweater, COVERING her charred breasts.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

How Much?

DELIVERY BOY

\$135.27.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(Daniel's Voice)

One hundred and thirty five--

(Mrs. Doubtfire's Voice)

--dollars?!?

DELIVERY BOY

(puzzled)

And twenty seven cents. Four dinners.

Twenty bucks extra for rushing it.

Mrs. Doubtfire shakes her head, pays the boy, and closes the door.

CLOSE-UP: A STYROFOAM CONTAINER being opened by Mrs. Doubtfire. 80

Revealing, a succulent SHRIMP DINNER, with a side of wild rice and vegetables. Mrs. Doubtfire scoops the dinner out of the styrofoam, carefully arranging it on a china plate. We hear an OFFSCREEN VOICE.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

80 CONT'D.

Hello?

Mrs. Doubtfire PANICS, hurriedly removes all meals from their containers, putting the meals on plates and disposing the styrofoam into a garbage bag.

INT. HALLWAY

81

The kids run downstairs to greet their Mother. Miranda puts down her purse and greets the children. Hugging and kissing each of them.

MIRANDA

Where were you guys?

LYDIA

Upstairs. Doing our homework.

NATALIE

Mrs. Doubtfire said we had to.

MIRANDA

(impressed)

She did?

Miranda notices the brilliant, spic and span quality of the house.

MIRANDA

The place looks great.

CLOSE-UP: A CRYSTAL DINNER BELL.

82

Mrs. Doubtfire's hand RINGS the dinner bell.

INT. HALLWAY

83

The pleasant, bell ringing echoes. The kids are puzzled.

CHRIS

What's that sound?

MIRANDA

(warm smile)

It means dinner's ready. Come on.

Miranda and the kids hurry into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

84

Miranda and the kids open the swinging door and stop dead in their tracks. Smiles cover their faces. Even Lydia is impressed. The table is BEAUTIFULLY SET, with LIT CANDLES, WATERFORD CRYSTAL and perfectly pressed, WHITE LINEN TABLECLOTH and NAPKINS. Each plate looks good enough to grace the cover of Gourmet magazine. Mrs. Doubtfire pours Miranda a cold glass of CHARDONNAY, looking up with a matronly smile.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Dinner is served.

Miranda's expression is peaceful. Happy. Lydia NOTICES.

INT. HILLARD FRONT HALL - A LITTLE LATER

85 \*

Miranda has walked Mrs. Doubtfire to the door.

MIRANDA

That was a wonderful dinner. And thanks for your help with Daniel.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Oh. No trouble. And I'm glad you mentioned it. He wanted me to give you this.

Mrs. Doubtfire hands Miranda an envelope. She opens it, finds cash.

MIRANDA

What's this?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Says here... "Child support".

MIRANDA

What? There's no child support. He could never get that together.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Well. I guess he did. Didn't he?

Miranda is staring at it.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

I couldn't help but notice what a nice looking man he is.

MIRANDA

If you like the type.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Tremendous charm in his own way, I thought.



MIRANDA

Charm wears thin.

85 CONT'D.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Well, that's that then. An absolute joy, your children.

MIRANDA

Oh. I'm sorry. I promised to advance you the first week--

She starts for her purse, then looks at the envelope Mrs. Doubtfire just gave her. She flips through the money, hands it back.

MIRANDA

This is more than I was going to give you. But you're much more than I expected.

Mrs. Doubtfire has difficulty repressing a grin and exits. Lydia stands at the top of the stairs. Watching.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

86

Mrs. Doubtfire exits. She hears footsteps behind her. It's Lydia. She CALLS OUT.

LYDIA

Mrs. Doubtfire...

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Lydia. You get back inside the house this instant.

LYDIA

Look. I just wanted to apologize. For being such a pain today. I'm really sorry. It's just... I'm still kind of messed up about everything.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(hits home)

We all are.

LYDIA

Huh?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(catching herself)

I mean. I can understand the pain you're all going through.

LYDIA

(nods, pauses)

I also wanted to thank you.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

86 CONT'D

For what?

LYDIA

Making my Mom so happy.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh?

LYDIA

She hasn't been in this good of a mood since...  
Well... I can't even remember. I mean... My  
Dad never made her this happy...

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(melancholy)

Pity, that.

LYDIA

I was wondering if... Well... If you've  
got some extra time tomorrow... Maybe you  
could help me with the spelling bee...

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

It would be an honor.

LYDIA

Well. I better get back inside. Thanks again.  
(smiles)  
It's gonna be pretty cool having you around  
after all.

Lydia runs back inside the house. Mrs. Doubtfire smiles, exits.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

86 -A- \*

Mrs. Doubtfire boards the bus.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

87

Mrs. Doubtfire enters, to find the DRIVER leering at her once again.  
He lifts his jacket off the front seat, pats the seat and WINKS at Mrs.  
Doubtfire. MUSIC FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK. THE MONTAGE BEGINS.

OMITTED

88

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

88 -A-

Mrs. Doubtfire looks stranger than ever, practicing SOCCER with Chris.  
Natalie and Lydia watch.

EXT. CRISSY FIELD - DAY

88B \*

Mrs. Doubtfire &amp; kids ride bikes near Golden Gate Bridge.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Mrs. Doubtfire &amp; kids exercise and run on beach.

88C \*

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM - DAY

89 \*

Mrs. Doubtfire is drilling Lydia with SPELLING BEE words.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

90

Daniel, still dressed as Doubtfire, luxuriates in an armchair, skirt hiked up to reveal two meaty, hairy thighs. He sips on a Michelob, watching a JULIA CHILD cooking video and taking notes.

OMITTED

90 -A-

INT. HILLARD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

90 -B- \*

Mrs. Doubtfire follows instructions, reading from an ITALIAN COOKBOOK. Lydia, Chris and Natalie watch, giving Mrs. Doubtfire various spices that she requests. Mrs. Doubtfire dices peppers for a chicken cacciatore. Nearby, a pot boils water for pasta. Another cooks sauce. Things are UNDER CONTROL.

INT. A SAN FRANCISCO THRIFT STORE - DAY

91

Daniel and Frank are perusing the racks for some Mrs. Doubtfire clothes. A TRANSVESTITE is watching them. Daniel BRAGS to Frank.

DANIEL

I'm getting good at this. I can become a woman in less than five minutes.

FRANK

No kidding. It took my friend Jeremy ten months.

OMITTED

92-95 \*

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - DAY

95 -A- \*

Mrs. Doubtfire walks to the front door. Something catches her eye. Gloria Chaney is sprinkling a brownish solution on her flowers. She smiles and waves to Mrs. Doubtfire, who waves back.

OMITTED

95-B-, 96 \*

CLOSE-UP: An illustrated page from "STUART LITTLE".

97 \*

CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are in NATALIE'S ROOM. It is night. Mrs. Doubtfire reads aloud from the book. Natalie drifts off to sleep. Mrs. Doubtfire tucks her in, kisses the child's cheek. Mrs. Doubtfire hears a car door slam. She walks to the window, looks out.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE'S POV

98 \*

Miranda is getting out of Stu Dunmire's silver MERCEDES. He gives her a kiss to the cheek. Miranda waves, walks into the house. Stu gets into his Mercedes and drives off.

Mrs. Doubtfire stares. Eyes filled with JEALOUSY.

99

OMITTED

99 -A- \*

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

99 -B-

Daniel pushes a DOLLY filled with film cans through the studio. He passes a working SET, complete with a television crew. Daniel pauses to watch. The crew is shooting a CHILDREN'S TV SHOW. The middle aged, hair dyed, bulb nosed host, MR. SPRINKLES, attempts a conversation with TWO PUPPETS. But Mr. Sprinkles is a near comatose BORE. His deadly dull rap is putting the entire crew ASLEEP. The CAMERAMEN, ASSISTANT DIRECTORS and PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS sway and teeter, doing everything to stay awake. Daniel smiles to himself, continuing along.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

99 -C-

Mrs. Doubtfire walks across a busy street. She passes a young THUG who GRABS Mrs. Doubtfire's purse. But Mrs. Doubtfire DOESN'T LET GO, holding onto her purse. The youth pulls HARDER. Mrs. Doubtfire GLARES at the youth, SHOUTING in Daniel's VOICE.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Back off!

The contrast of Daniel's powerful voice booming from this old lady's VOICE, completely freaks out the thug. He lets go of the purse and RUNS OFF. Mrs. Doubtfire SMILES, continuing across the street.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

99 -D-\*

Mrs. Doubtfire walks across a crowded city street amongst a group of grey haired ladies.

OMMITTED

100, 101

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - DAY

102

Mrs. Doubtfire gets off the bus, walks to to the Hillard house. She notices a sparkling, silver Mercedes parked in front. Mrs. Doubtfire studies the Mercedes, suddenly interrupted by a panicked Gloria, who runs toward her.

GLORIA

Mrs. Doubtfire! It's horrible! Just horrible!

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

What is it?

Gloria leads Mrs. Doubtfire to her flower garden. The flowers have all WITHERED. Their color is BROWN-YELLOW. Mrs. Doubtfire feins horror.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Did you follow my instructions exactly?

GLORIA  
Two liters English Breakfast Tea.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Yes.

GLORIA  
One tablespoon coffee grounds.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Brewed?

GLORIA  
Brewed.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
And the dog urine?

GLORIA  
A splash.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
(pondering the dire situation)  
HMMMMMM.

GLORIA  
What?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Increase to a dash.

GLORIA  
A dash?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
A dash.

GLORIA  
A dash is different from a splash?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
A dash equals three splashes.

GLORIA  
(not wanting  
to look stupid)  
Oh. Right. Of course.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Waste no time. Correct the formula. And  
increase the application. Five times a day.

Gloria nods. Troubled. Mrs. Doubtfire hides her smile, enters the house. Gloria stares at her flower garden in horror.

INT. HILLARD HOUSE - FOYER

102 -A- \*

Mrs. Doubtfire enters, hearing VOICES, LAUGHTER, echoing from the living room. She peers around the corner. Lydia, Chris and Natalie are here, getting acquainted with Stu. Miranda sits beside him. Upon seeing Stu, Mrs. Doubtfire's eyes fill with anger. Miranda turns.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(catty)

Miranda. What a nice surprise.

MIRANDA

Stu wanted to come by. To meet the children.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(having difficulty  
hiding her contempt)

He did?

Stu hops to his feet, moving to Mrs. Doubtfire.

STU

Ah. This must be the famous Mrs. Doubtfire.  
Miranda raves about you.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Odd, she's never mentioned you.

Stu isn't sure what to make of it. Even Miranda finds Mrs. Doubtfire's remark slightly out of character. Stu continues.

STU

Well, it's wonderful to finally meet you.  
You know, I spend a good deal of my time  
in England. What part are you from?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Oh. All over, really.

STU

Yes. Your accent's a little muddled.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire. Can I speak with you for  
a moment?

INT. FOYER

102 -B-

Miranda leads Mrs. Doubtfire back into the foyer. Stu talks with the kids in the background.

MIRANDA

Would you mind staying a few extra hours this evening?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Stu? This is someone's name?

MIRANDA

He's a client.

(girlish)

Well, he'd like to be more. I don't know if I'm ready... It is tempting... Isn't he handsome?

The feminine confidences are too much for Daniel.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

If you like the tall, rugged, handsome type. I prefer petite and humorous, myself.

MIRANDA

Well, he just wants to have a drink. I think that's pretty harmless. Don't you?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Absolutely not! It can lead to sex, disease and death!

MIRANDA

It's mostly business. I'm going to sip club soda while we go over wall paper samples for the mansion.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Well, I wouldn't. I'd wait if I were you.

MIRANDA

You would?

(thoughtfully)

Tell me. How long was it after Mr. Doubtfire passed away that you felt any desire to...

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh. Never. Never again. I think once the father of one's children is out of the picture, the only possible answer is total and lifelong celibacy.

LYDIA (O.S.)

Mom! Stu is waiting!

Miranda gives a wave to Mrs. Doubtfire. She joins Stu and the kids in the living room. Stu appears to be getting along quite well with the children. Mrs. Doubtfire watches. Eyes ablaze.

INT. HILLARD HOUSE - LYDIA'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 103

Mrs. Doubtfire practices spelling with Lydia. Mrs. Doubtfire pauses.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

You'll excuse me, dear. Nature calls.

Lydia smiles, nods. Mrs. Doubtfire stands and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 104

Mrs. Doubtfire walks to the end of the hallway, enters the bathroom, lightly closing the bathroom door. She lifts the toilet seat and begins to pee. STANDING.

The door is accidentally AJAR. Open a few inches. CHRIS passes by. He stops. Looks into the bathroom. He SEES Mrs. Doubtfire peeing like a man. His face pales. His eyes widen. Chris SCREAMS.

INT. BATHROOM 104 -A-

Mrs. Doubtfire turns. Caught. Chris runs away. Mrs. Doubtfire adjusts her skirt, runs out after him.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Chris! Wait!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 105

Chris, in total terror, runs to Lydia's room. Mrs. Doubtfire follows in hot pursuit.

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 106 \*

Chris dashes up to Lydia.

LYDIA

Chris! What's wrong?

Chris is too frightened, too breathless to speak. Mrs. Doubtfire enters. A panicked Chris finally blurts out to Lydia.

CHRIS

Dial 911! Call the cops!

LYDIA

What? But why?



CHRIS  
 (points to Doubtfire)  
 Her. She's a freak. One of those people  
 I saw on Geraldo.

LYDIA  
 What people?

CHRIS  
 You know. Half man. Half woman. There's  
 a name for 'em.

LYDIA  
 Hermaphrodite.

CHRIS  
 That's it.

LYDIA  
 H-E-R-M--

CHRIS  
 C'mon, Lyddie! Shut up and call the cops!

Mrs. Doubtfire steps forward.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
 Now. Let's just relax...

Lydia stands, grabs a TENNIS RACKET, brandishing it like a weapon.

LYDIA  
 Stop. Or you'll get it in the... in  
 the...

CHRIS  
 Balls.

LYDIA  
 Yeah.  
 (to Chris)  
 She's got 'em, right?

CHRIS  
 She's got everything.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
 Listen to me. One moment.  
 (smiles)  
 I'm not who I appear to be.

CHRIS  
 No shit.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

106 CONT'D.

(Daniel's voice)

Watch your mouth.

Chris exchanges a shocked look with Lydia, whose face goes white at hearing her Father's voice. Chris is even more shocked.

CHRIS

Dad?

Daniel nods, smiles. Chris is still horrified.

CHRIS

Dad?!?

Daniel nods again. Lydia lowers the tennis racket, mouth agape. Chris is still troubled at the sight of his Father in a dress.

CHRIS

You don't really like wearing that stuff.  
Do you?

DANIEL

Not especially. But it was the only way I  
could spend time with you guys.

Chris and Lydia nod, beginning to understand. Lydia walks to her  
Father and touches his makeup. \*

LYDIA

That's you under there? \*

DANIEL

Yeah. \*

Lydia smiles, embraces him. Daniel looks to his Chris, who is  
still standing a few feet away. Daniel searches for a sign of  
his son's approval. \*

DANIEL

Chris...

CHRIS

Okay. It's cool. I get it. I just don't...  
I don't really wanna give you a hug or  
anything. Not just yet. You understand?

DANIEL

(nods, tough)

It's a guy thing.

CHRIS

Yeah.

DANIEL

Now. Not a word of this to Mom. Or it's  
back to just Saturdays for us.

The kids nod.

DANIEL

And don't tell Natty. She'll blow my cover.

The kids agree. Chris stares, still a little skeptical.

OMITTED

107, 108, 109

INT. DANIEL'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

109 -A- \*

Daniel pushes a dolly of film cans through the studio. Once again, he passes the "MR. SPRINKLES" set, in the middle of a taping. The crew can still barely keep their eyes open. Mr. Sprinkles stands before a board with various pictures of dinosaurs. In his deady dull, bored monotone, he stares at the TV CAMERAS and explains dinosaurs.

MR. SPRINKLES

Dinosaurs first appeared in the late third  
of the Triassic Period. About 225 million  
years ago. And their evidence is common  
in red rock deposits of that age--

Daniel stops, shakes his head, looks over at who he thinks is one of the crew members standing beside him, a MAN standing in the shadows.

DANIEL

Can you believe they're still subjecting  
kids to this moron?

MAN (MR. LUNDY)

Oh?

DANIEL

This guy was putting me to sleep in front  
of the TV when I was a child.

Daniel begins to mimic Mr. Sprinkles, just a half second behind each word. The man listens, amused.

MR. SPRINKLES AND DANIEL

Dinosaurs are commonly thought of as constituting  
a single natural group. But they actually belong  
to two distinct but related orders: The reptile-like  
Saurischia and the bird-like Ornithischia.

Daniel makes the noise of a heart monitor stopping. The man (Mr. Lundy) standing beside Daniel chuckles.

DANIEL  
What kind of idiot would let this guy stay  
on the air?

MR. LUNDY  
Me.

DANIEL  
Pardon?

MR. LUNDY  
(extends a hand)  
Jonathan Lundy.

DANIEL  
Lundy. As in Jonathan Lundy, the Owner and  
General Manager?

Mr. Lundy nods. Daniel nearly faints.

DANIEL  
Oh great. Look, I didn't... I really  
apologize. I have a tough time keeping my  
mouth shut. I didn't mean to criticize--

MR. LUNDY  
It's okay. I'm cancelling the show. I want  
to unload it before we go under. The ratings  
are in the toilet.

DANIEL  
Yeah. I can see why. Maybe if the show...  
were less...

MR. LUNDY  
Hackneyed. Pedestrian. Monotonous.

DANIEL  
Ah. Yeah. You'd have to start all over.  
From scratch... And--

The FOREMAN interrupts, calls over to Daniel.

FOREMAN  
Hillard!

DANIEL  
Yeah?

FOREMAN  
Get your ass to the truck. That shipment's  
got to make a six o'clock flight to L.A.

DANIEL  
(nods, turns  
to Mr. Lundy)

You ever do a mental freeze-frame on a single isolated moment in your day and then just say to yourself, "this can't be my life"?

Mr. Lundy chuckles. Daniel turns to leave.

DANIEL  
You'll excuse me. Nice meeting you,  
Mr. Lundy.

Daniel rushes off, Mr. Lundy watching him.

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

110 \*

Mrs. Doubtfire, carrying a grocery bag and a bouquet of flowers, comes up the street. A few feet ahead, MRS. SELLNER, stands at the front steps, chatting pleasantly with Miranda. Mrs. Sellner says goodbye, Miranda closes the door.

Mrs. Doubtfire blanches in horror as Mrs. Sellner comes down the walkway TOWARD HER. Mrs. Doubtfire puts the bouquet of flowers up to her face, OBSCURING it as she slinks past.

INT. HILLARD FOYER

111 \*

Miranda is still in the hall, hanging up her coat, as Mrs. Doubtfire enters. Miranda is FUMING.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
You're home early.

MIRANDA  
I had an appointment with the court liaison.  
Mrs. Sellner.  
(incredulous)  
I just can't believe it.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
What is that, dear?

MIRANDA  
She says Daniel has some woman living at his apartment. Pretending she's his sister. I told her Daniel doesn't have a sister.

Mrs. Doubtfire is not happy to hear this. Miranda assists her with the groceries, they walk into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

111 -A- \*

Miranda and Mrs. Doubtfire enter. Miranda puts away the groceries.  
Mrs. Doubtfire prepares some tea.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh, I'm sure Mrs. Sellner's mistaken.  
How could he ever replace you, dear?  
And so quickly?

MIRANDA

She's supposed to be older and very  
unattractive.

Miranda almost seems to be fixing Mrs. Doubtfire a suspicious look.  
Mrs. Doubtfire goes about making the tea.

MIRANDA

Did you and Mr. Doubtfire ever... I mean...  
You must have had your share of problems.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh. Yes. Like all married couples. But  
the bad times just seem to fade away, as  
the good times adhere themselves to the  
memory.

(melancholy)

God rest his soul.

MIRANDA

When did he... pass on?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Eight years this November.

MIRANDA

What happened?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Quite fond of the drink, he was.

MIRANDA

(nods, understanding)

Oh.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

He had just finished breakfast. The usual  
six pints. He left the house. On his way  
to the local pub. Stepped into the path of  
a Guinness truck.

MIRANDA

How awful.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

111-A- CONT'D.

T'was the drink that killed him. Quite literally, I'm afraid.

(pause, a faraway smile)

Deep down, he was a good chap. A sainted man. Even with his mountain of faults. I've learned that a flawed husband is better than no husband.

The tea kettle whistles. Mrs. Doubtfire stirs two cups, gives Miranda one and they walk into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

111 -B- \*

They take a seat at the dining room table.

MIRANDA

Who needs a husband when I've got you?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh, surely you don't mean that.

MIRANDA

Yes. Yes, I do. You just have no idea what it was like being married to Daniel.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Now. What exactly was so horrible about Mr. Hillard, dear?

MIRANDA

Well, at first... Nothing. I mean... I guess it's always like that at the beginning of any relationship... Daniel was very romantic... very passionate...

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Sounds like he was an absolute stallion. If you don't mind my saying.

MIRANDA

Well, that part was always okay.

Mrs. Doubtfire is slightly offended by "okay".

MIRANDA

111-B- CONT'D.\*

But it was Daniel's spontaneity I fell in love with. The other men I dated ... They were so scheduled. So organized. More like me. And at the time... It was refreshing to find someone who was so different.

(smiles)

And Daniel was funny, you know. He could always make me laugh.

OMITTED

112, 113, 114, 115\*

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUED

116\*

Miranda fixes a gaze at Mrs. Doubtfire, who continues.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I've always said, the key to a solid marriage is laughter.

MIRANDA

Yeah, well after a few years, it stopped being so funny. I was always working. He was always between jobs. I barely got to see the kids. And on the nights I'd try to get off early and spend some time with them, I'd come home and the house would be wrecked.

(pause)

There were so many nights ... I would just cry myself to sleep.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(pensive, surprised)

Really?

MIRANDA

(honest)

The truth of the matter is ... I didn't like who I was when I was with Daniel. I became a different person. And I didn't want my children to grow up with that woman as their mother. When he's not with me, I'm better.

Mrs. Doubtfire is silent, staring. Fascinated by this revelation.



MIRANDA

116 CONT'D.

And I'm sure that Daniel's better without me. He just doesn't realize that yet.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I didn't know that.

MIRANDA

Well, how could you?

The distant sound of OFFSCREEN MUSIC is heard. A slow, generic top forty ballad. The music mixes with the kids' laughter. Mrs. Doubtfire catches herself.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

You didn't... I mean... Did you ever say anything to him?

MIRANDA

Oh, Daniel didn't want to talk about serious things. I sometimes think Daniel can do anything in the world except be a normal, responsible human being. But that is what attracted me to him. I can get a little serious and careful sometimes.

The kids' OFFSCREEN LAUGHTER gets louder. Miranda stands, gives Mrs. Doubtfire a puzzled look. She walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

116 -A- \*

Miranda enters. Pauses. Touched by what she sees.

MIRANDA'S POV - THE DEN

Some of the furniture has been moved to the side of the room, making room for a makeshift dance floor. Chris and Lydia are awkwardly practicing a SLOW DANCE to the music. Natalie stands a few feet away, beside herself with giggles.

Mrs. Doubtfire walks up beside Miranda, who calls out to the kids.

MIRANDA

What are you guys doing?

Natalie, Chris and Lydia stop, turn, thinking they're in trouble.

LYDIA

Is the music too loud?

CHRIS

We'll put the furniture back.

NATALIE

They're just practicing for the spring dance, Mom.

MIRANDA

(smiles)

It's okay. Don't worry about it.

(warm)

You guys look like you could use some help, though.

LYDIA

He keeps stepping on my feet.

CHRIS

She keeps moving in the opposite direction.

Miranda laughs, moving forward to join the kids.

MIRANDA

First. You need better music.

Miranda flips through the albums. Chris turns to Lydia.

CHRIS

Uh-oh. She's going for the records.

Miranda pulls out an old VAN MORRISON record. She puts it on the turntable. A scratchy romantic ballad plays. Miranda turns to Chris, taking his hands, beginning to dance with her son. Their moves are at first awkward, but become smoother.

CHRIS

Geez, Mom. I didn't know you could dance. \*

MIRANDA

I wasn't always a nag, Chris. \*

Miranda and Chris continue to dance. Inspired, Lydia takes Natalie's hands. Natalie steps up onto Lydia's feet and they join in the dancing. \*

Mrs. Doubtfire watches from the living room. She can hardly believe her eyes as Miranda and the kids dance, their COLLECTIVE LAUGHTER lighting up the room. Mrs. Doubtfire/Daniel watches, touched and amazed, not having seen Miranda like this in years. Mrs. Doubtfire turns and exits the room, leaving the family alone.

OMITTED

117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

123 \*

Establishing shot.

\*

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

124

The auditorium is packed with students and proud, hopeful parents. The CONTESTANTS are seated to the right of the stage, their braces gleaming, glasses glistening. LYDIA sits with the other contestants. She appears confident. Prepared. The ANNOUNCER sits at the left of the stage. A GIRL STUDENT stands at the microphone, spelling a word.

GIRL STUDENT  
Antithesis. A-N-T-I-T-H-E-S-I-S.

ANNOUNCER  
That is correct.

In the audience, Chris and Natalie sit beside Miranda. At the rear of the auditorium, DANIEL enters. Late. He looks to the stage.

Lydia spots Daniel. They share a smile. Daniel continues forward, looking for his family.

Onstage, the GIRL STUDENT has just spelled another word.

ANNOUNCER  
I'm sorry. That is incorrect.

The dejected girl returns to her seat, beside Lydia. The audience politely applauds. The announcer calls the next contestant.

ANNOUNCER  
Lydia Hillard.

Lydia stands, walks to her microphone stand. Miranda and the kids are hopeful. Daniel arrives at Miranda's row of seats. Seeing that there is no seat for him, Daniel is furious.

Onstage, the Announcer gives Lydia the first word.

ANNOUNCER

The word is venerable. Venerable.

LYDIA

Venerable. V-E-N-E-R-A-B-L-E.

ANNOUNCER

That is correct.

There is applause from the audience.

Daniel walks to the seated Miranda, speaking in a HARSH WHISPER.

DANIEL

Where's my seat?

MIRANDA

I tried to save you a seat.

DANIEL

(contemptuous)

Yeah. Right. Just another attempt to keep me out of my children's lives.

Miranda glares at Daniel. ONSTAGE, the announcer drills Lydia with the next word.

ANNOUNCER

The word is precedence. Precedence.

LYDIA

Precedence. P-R-E-C-E-D-E-N-C-E.

ANNOUNCER

Correct.

The audience applauds again. Meanwhile, Daniel and Miranda are not paying attention to Lydia. They are GLARING at each other. Natalie tries to break the tension, pointing to the lady beside her.

NATALIE

We tried to save you a seat, Daddy. But this lady took it.

MIRANDA

You should have gotten here on time.

DANIEL

Traffic was horrible.

MIRANDA

124 CONT'D.

Of course. The traffic patterns of your own home town would take you by surprise.

Hearing his OWN WORDS, Daniel gets even angrier.

Onstage, the announcer fires the next word to Lydia.

ANNOUNCER

The word is discriminate. Discriminate.

Lydia is about to answer, when she SPOTS HER FAMILY. She sees Daniel and Miranda, ARGUING. She CANNOT HEAR the words. But the harsh expressions and tense body language is all too familiar to Lydia. The announcer gets Lydia's attention.

ANNOUNCER

Miss. Hillard. Can you spell the word?

LYDIA

(swallows, nervous)

Discriminate.

(turns to announcer)

Can you give me a second?

The announcer nods. Lydia tries to concentrate, but can't help looking at her parents. Natalie, near tears, seeing the pain in Lydia's face, turns to her parents.

NATALIE

Guys. You're missing Lyddie.

Daniel and Miranda pause, turn to the stage. Lydia attempts to spell the word.

LYDIA

D-I-S-C-R-I-M-A...

Lydia's eyes brim. The silence in the auditorium is deafening. Even the announcer feels badly.

ANNOUNCER

I'm sorry. That is incorrect.

Lydia goes back to her seat. Defeated. Daniel is crushed. He glances to Miranda, who looks away. Tears stream down Natalie's face. Daniel and Miranda stare at each other. Daggers.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

125 \*

Miranda is loading the kids into the car when she sees Daniel a few yards away. She nods to Lydia, who goes running up to him. Daniel scoops Lydia into his arms. Instantly, she begins to cry.

DANIEL

I know, Lydia. I know. And I'm so sorry.

125 CONT'D.

Lydia holds on to him and cries.

LYDIA

Why can't you just pretend?

DANIEL

What do you mean, honey?

LYDIA

You pretend to be Mrs. Doubtfire. You pretend to be Pudge The Bird and all those other things. Why couldn't you and Mom just pretend to be happy?

DANIEL

We probably could have.

LYDIA

And then we could still be a family.

DANIEL

We could. But a pretend family isn't a real family. We would just be acting. And you can't act out a whole life. Life is real life. Acting is... a job. \*

LYDIA

And it's your job to be our Father. \*

Daniel touches her chin, gently lifts her head to look at him.

DANIEL

Hey. I'm still here, aren't I? Rain or shine. I'm still your Father.

Lydia considers. Her face softens. She purses her mouth with new resolve.

LYDIA

I know.

He hugs her again. Harder than ever. He fights back the tears.

OMITTED

126

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CABLE CAR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

127

Mrs. Doubtfire, Miranda and the kids ride the trolley, carrying BEACH BAGS.

EXT. CLAIRMONT COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

128 \*

Miranda, Mrs. Doubtfire and the kids walk up to an electronic gate. It OPENS, revealing, like Oz, the beautiful grounds beyond. An outdoor, PARADISE. A stunning SWIMMING POOL, WAITERS and gorgeous, PERFECT WOMEN. Mrs. Doubtfire and the kids stare in awe.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Would you look at this? Not a nose or pair of breasts that exist in nature.

Natalie excitedly points OFFSCREEN.

NATALIE

There's Stu.

Natalie waves. Mrs. Doubtfire's eyes scan the diving platforms.

Stu stands on the TOP PLATFORM. He looks tan and muscular, with a washboard stomach, in bathing trunks. He sees the family and waves.

Mrs. Doubtfire bristles.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Be still my heart.

The kids wave to Stu. Mrs. Doubtfire watches, disgusted as Stu does a perfect TRIPLE SOMMERSAULT DIVE. The kids are impressed. Stu surfaces, climbs out of the pool, strides up to Miranda, Mrs. Doubtfire and the family. Stu gives Miranda a kiss to the lips, lingering a bit longer than Mrs. Doubtfire would prefer. Stu smiles at the others.

STU

Hi, guys. Glad you could make it.

NATALIE

Your tummy looks different from my Daddy's.

Mrs. Doubtfire almost winces.

STU

Why don't you get into your suits?

The kids light up, excited.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh, no. I don't have a suit, I'm afraid. Difficult to fit.

(begrudgingly, to kids)

You go, dears. I'll just sit here in the hot sun.



STU

128 CONT'D.

Are you sure?

(Mrs. Doubtfire nods)

Well. Your day's on me. Please order anything you like and put it on my tab.

Mrs. Doubtfire watches Stu, Miranda and the kids head for the pool.

CLOSE-UP: A DRAFT BEER

129 \*

is delivered to Mrs. Doubtfire. SWEAT running down her face, her heavy make-up practically melting in the sun, Mrs. Doubtfire sits at the bar. She gives the waiter her empty beer glass, and takes a long drink of the fresh beer. Mrs. Doubtfire stares at the pool.

Stu, Miranda and the three children are playing water basketball. Natalie is up on Stu's shoulders. Miranda, Lydia and Chris are having a GREAT TIME.

Mrs. Doubtfire takes another drink of her beer. A STUNNING WOMAN walks up to the bar to order a drink. Mrs. Doubtfire looks at the woman. Mrs. Doubtfire, letting Daniel take over for a moment, checks out the woman, staring admiringly.

The woman looks up, notices Mrs. Doubtfire STARING at her. Disgusted, the woman turns and hurries back to the pool. Mrs. Doubtfire, suddenly realizing what she's done, gets back into character. The bartender walks up to her.

BARTENDER

Is everything all right, M'am?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(in Daniel's voice)

Peachy. Just another beer, okay?

While this is going on, Stu gives Natalie to Chris, gets out of the pool and crosses toward the BAR. He get the bartender's attention.

STU

Four iced teas.

Hearing Stu's voice, Mrs. Doubtfire looks up with a start, then discreetly ducks back, out of sight, behind a bowl of TROPICAL FRUIT used for drink mixing. The bartender pours the iced tea for Stu. Another club member, RON, approaches Stu. Ron points to the kids.

RON

Whose rugrats?

STU

Miranda Hillard's.

RON  
Miranda Hillard?

STU  
The woman I'm seeing.

RON  
No kidding? You? The guy who's never having kids, doesn't want anything to do with kids, doesn't date women who have kids?

STU  
People change. I'm pushing forty. I don't want to spend the rest of my life alone.

RON  
But she's got a lot of baggage. Three kids.

STU  
Three terrific kids. I'm crazy about them. Especially that little Natalie. God knows, they need some sort a stable Father figure in their life right now.

Mrs. Doubtfire bites her lip.

RON  
What about their real Father?

STU  
The guy's a loser.

Mrs. Doubtfire does a Danny Thomas with her beer. Stu gathers the glasses of iced tea and heads back toward the pool. A furious Mrs. Doubtfire looks around, making sure the coast is clear. She picks up a LIME, pulls back her arm and fires the lime at Stu's head. \*

The lime SMACKS Stu in the back of the head. He turns. Angry. Immediately catches Mrs. Doubtfire's eye. Mrs. Doubtfire quickly points an accusing finger at a TEN YEAR OLD BOY who runs by. She calls out to Stu. \*

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Spare the rod, spoil the child. \*

Stu pauses, glares suspiciously at Mrs. Doubtfire, turns and keeps walking toward the pool. Mrs. Doubtfire smiles. \*

INT. A BUS - NIGHT

130 \*

Mrs. Doubtfire boards the bus, finds that her money is no good with the bus driver. He COVERS the money slot with his hand.

DRIVER  
Evening, Milady. This one's on me.

130 CONT'D.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Don't be silly.

She tries to push his hand away. But he puts his hand ON TOP OF HERS and LEERS into Mrs. Doubtfire's eyes.

DRIVER  
I insist.

Mrs. Doubtfire tries to move her hand. He won't let go. He looks intently into her eyes.

DRIVER  
I've been driving all of almost 20 years now. Thinking about retiring lately, though. Don't know what I'd do with my time if I retired. Lost my wife five years ago.

Mrs. Doubtfire pulls back her hand. The bus driver smiles. Mrs. Doubtfire takes a seat beside an elderly woman who's heard all this. The woman smiles conspiratorially at Mrs. Doubtfire.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
They're aren't many of 'em left for gals like us, hon.

INT. KTVU STUDIOS - DAY

131 \*

Daniel passes the Mr. Sprinkles SET. The lights are OFF. The equipment is COVERED. Not in use today. Daniel looks around. The area appears to be deserted. Daniel walks onto the set, toward a table, filled with PLASTIC DINOSAURS. Pointing to all of the dinosaurs, Daniel pretends to be the host.

DANIEL  
You think they'd pick better names for these guys. Names like Bill. Nancy. Pete. But no. We're stuck with Iguanodon. Styracosaurus. Ichthyosaur. Who can remember that? These were creatures who ruled the earth. Mighty, gigantic beasts, with powerful, dynamic personalities. Like this guy...

Daniel picks up the plastic TYRANNOSAURUS REX, speaking in the thick, punch drunk voice of a heavyweight boxer.

DANIEL

131 CONT'D

Tony the Tyrannosaurus. My arms may look tiny, but I can bench press six Cadillacs. And if I don't catch you for dinner, I'll eat seven hundred 16 oz. T-Bones. Extra rare. Hold the salad and veggies. Give them to...

Daniel picks up a plastic APOTOSAURUS, switching voices to a sixties flower child.

DANIEL

Apricot the Apotasaurus. A strict vegetarian. I faint at the sight of a cheeseburger. Only the crispiest palm trees and ferns will do. Strictly organic and natural. No preservatives. Oh, look who's flying overhead. It's...

Daniel picks up a plastic flying lizard, a PTEROSAUR. He switches to Chuck Yeager, Delta Airline Pilot voice.

DANIEL

Terry the Pterosaur. We've hit our cruising altitude of 33,000 feet. Looks like there's a bit of turbulence in the Jurassic period. But with strong tail winds from the Triassic period, we should be landing five minutes ahead of schedule in the Cretaceous period. So just sit back and enjoy our in-flight movie, "When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth" also known as "When George Bush Was President".

There is sudden APPLAUSE from the back of the studio. Daniel stops, turns and sees MR. LUNDY, clapping, standing a few feet away. He's been WATCHING.

LUNDY

Very impressive, Mr. Hillard.

DANIEL

Oh. I didn't realize anybody was watching...

LUNDY

(steps forward)

I'd like to take you to dinner. Hear some of your ideas.

DANIEL

(looks behind him)

Who? Me? My ideas? Really?

LUNDY

Friday evening. Bridges Restaurant. 7:00 PM.

Daniel nods. They shake hands. Lundy walks away. Daniel is HOPEFUL.

\*  
\*

INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

132

A very different room from what we saw earlier. CLEAN. HOMEY. WARM. There are even CURTAINS and NEW FURNITURE. Daniel clears the table of what was obviously a HOME COOKED MEAL.

LYDIA

I'm proud of you, Dad.

He looks at her. Touched. He turns to Natalie.

DANIEL

Natty. Why aren't you eating? I thought spaghetti was your favorite.

NATALIE

Mrs. Doubtfire makes it better.

Daniel stares at her. She appears quite troubled, engrossed in twirling her spaghetti, lost to the world.

CHRIS

She's way goofed up, Dad.

Daniel pulls Natalie onto his lap.

DANIEL

Do you like Mrs. Doubtfire better than me, Natty?

LYDIA

She's sees a lot more of Mrs. Doubtfire.

NATALIE

You're never home.

DANIEL

What do you mean?

NATALIE

I try to call you sometimes.

Daniel doesn't quite know how to respond to this one. He suddenly feels the need to explain to Natalie.

DANIEL

Look. Natty. There's something I have to tell you--

He is INTERRUPTED by the sound of the apartment BUZZER.

EXT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

133 \*

Miranda stands at the door, buzzing Daniel's apartment again.

DANIEL (V.O.) SPEAKER

Come on up.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

134

Miranda enters tentatively, is mystified by the transformation.

MIRANDA

I see you got someone to clean.

DANIEL

No.

Miranda blinks, doesn't know what to think.

MIRANDA

Are they ready?

DANIEL

Well, they haven't had their dessert.

MIRANDA

You cooked?

DANIEL

Cooked, baked. I may quilt later after I finish jarring the preserves.

MIRANDA

(checks watch)

I really have to be going. I have an appointment.

DANIEL

Nobody has an appointment on Saturday night. It's that Stu guy. Isn't it?

MIRANDA

I don't want to get into this.

DANIEL

What do you see in him?

MIRANDA

At least he's my own age.

DANIEL

What?

MIRANDA

134 CONT'D.

Your girlfriend.

DANIEL

My what?

MIRANDA

Oh come on, Daniel. I've heard all about her. The older woman. She must spend a good deal of time here. From the looks of this place.

DANIEL

You must be talking about Edna Bickers. She's a friend of my Mother's. She stayed here one night and then went back to Miami Beach.

MIRANDA

Right.

DANIEL

Miranda. She's an old woman. You think that after all these years, I'm instantly going to replace you? The way you're trying to replace me with Stu?

MIRANDA

(annoyed)

I'm leaving. Kids. Come on.

The kids hurry to the door. Daniel gives her an envelope.

DANIEL

Child support.

Miranda pauses, looks at the envelope and smiles.

MIRANDA

This is really... Really great, Daniel. I'm impressed.

DANIEL

So give me another chance. Let me take the kids after school.

MIRANDA

I can't just dump Mrs. Doubtfire. She's the best thing that ever happened to us.

DANIEL

Really.

\*  
\*  
\*

MIRANDA

134 CONT'D.

The kids are doing better in school. Chris is actually passing all of his subjects. I find myself coming home early just to spend more time with them. We've never been happier, Daniel.

DANIEL

(pauses, confused)

Well. That's. Just. Wonderful.

He hugs all of the kids, waves goodbye.

CLOSE-UP: DANIEL'S CLOSET DOOR.

135 \*

The door opens. REVEALING Mrs. Doubtfire's dress, wig, shoes and mask. Daniel stands before the closet, frowning at the costume.

DANIEL

Homewrecker.

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - NIGHT

135-A- \*

Establishing shot of the house.

INT. HILLARD HOUSE - MIRANDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

135-B- \*

Miranda stands before a full length mirror, wearing a slip. She holds up TWO SILK DRESSES, alternating them in front of her. One dress is RED, the other BLUE, both are short, with fairly low neck lines. Lydia and Natalie lounge on their Mother's bed, watching. Mrs. Doubtfire, carrying laundry, passes by the bedroom door. Miranda calls to her.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(pokes her head in)

Yes?

MIRANDA

We need another woman's opinion.

Miranda holds up the dresses.

MIRANDA

Which one?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

What is the occasion?

MIRANDA

My birthday. Stu's taking me out.



MRS.DOUBTFIRE

135-B- CONT'D.\*

Mmmmm.

(peruses the dresses)

Neither.

MIRANDA

Neither?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Far too revealing.

MIRANDA

Really.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Why buy the cow if you can get the milk  
for free?

Lydia rolls her eyes. Miranda is confused.

MIRANDA

What would you suggest?

Mrs. Doubtfire's eyes SCAN the dresses hanging in Miranda's open  
armoire. She points to a plain BLACK COTTON DRESS, with a high  
neckline and a long skirt.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

That one.

An incredulous Miranda picks up the black dress, stares at it.

MIRANDA

This thing?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(nods)

Very appropriate. Tasteful. Elegant.  
Yet, subdued.

MIRANDA

(taken aback)

I wore this to my aunt's funeral. She  
was a nun. A very old nun.

Lydia shoots an annoyed glance to Mrs. Doubtfire.

LYDIA

Go with the blue one, Mom.

NATALIE

Yeah. It's the most fun.

Miranda again holds the blue dress over her slip, 135-B- CONT'D.\*  
 looking in the mirror. She smiles, likes what she sees, nods.

MIRANDA

I think I will...

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Fine. Wear that dress. But I cannot assume  
 responsibility for your virtue.

Lydia rolls her eyes. Miranda gives a sarcastic smile.

MIRANDA

Don't worry. You'll be there to protect me.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

I will?

MIRANDA

Stu's invited you and the kids to dinner, too.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

How thoughtful.

MIRANDA

That way, you'll be able to take the kids  
 home afterwards.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

And where will you and Stewart be going?

MIRANDA

(girlish)

Drinks. Dancing. You know.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(holding back jealousy)

When will this enchanted evening take place?

MIRANDA

Friday night. At seven.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

This Friday night?

MIRANDA

MmmHmmm. At my favorite restaurant. Bridges.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

(frozen, total panic)

Bridges?

MIRANDA

Friday. At seven.

Bridges? MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Yes. MIRANDA

Bridges?!? MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Is something wrong? MIRANDA

I can't. MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Why not? MIRANDA

I have other plans. MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Cancel them. MIRANDA

Impossible. MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Mrs. Doubtfire. I expect you to be there. I need you to take the kids. MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire is concerned. How can she be in two places at once?

OMITTED 136

CLOSE-UP: APPOINTMENT BOOK. 137

A woman's hand turns pages in a very OVER-BOOKED appointment diary. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are in the plush OFFICE of MR. LUNDY, whose SECRETARY turns the pages. Daniel stands across from the secretary. The secretary stops turning and looks up at a desperate Daniel.

SECRETARY  
Mr. Lundy is completely booked for the next two months.

DANIEL  
But I'm willing to meet any time. Anywhere. Any place.

SECRETARY  
I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.

DANIEL

137 CONT'D.\*

You don't understand... If I cancel this meeting... I could be blowing a big opportunity.

SECRETARY

So don't cancel.

Daniel pauses, sighs, gives an appreciative nod and exits.

EXT. BRIDGE'S - RESTAURANT - FRIDAY NIGHT

138 \*

Miranda, Mrs. Doubtfire and the kids get out of the Volvo, dressed in their best. Stu waits outside, looking natty in a stylish Armani. Stu gives a tender kiss, a single rose to Miranda. Mrs. Doubtfire glares.

A STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls up. MR. LUNDY gets out, snatching his valet check as he passes the family. Mrs. Doubtfire looks at him in horror, as he strolls within INCHES of her. Stu leads the family inside, directly behind Mr. Lundy.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

139 \*

A trendy California restaurant with TWO LARGE ROOMS, separated by POTTED PALMS. Mr. Lundy walks up to the MAITRE D', a respectable, middle aged fellow. Mrs. Doubtfire and the family wait in line DIRECTLY BEHIND Lundy.

MAITRE D'

Good evening, Mr. Lundy.

LUNDY

I'm meeting someone. Has he arrived yet?

Mrs. Doubtfire LOOKS AWAY. The Maitre d' scans the reservation list.

MAITRE D'

No, sir. But I can seat you. Smoking or Non-smoking?

LUNDY

Non smoking, please.

MAITRE D'

Hector will seat you. Table 15.

Hector, a young well groomed man, takes Mr. Lundy to Table 15, in the OPPOSITE ROOM, the NON-SMOKING SECTION. Stu steps up to the Maitre d'.

STU

Reservation for "Dunmire".

MAITRE D'

Yes, sir. Smoking or non-smoking?

Non smoking--  
STU

Smoking.  
MRS.DOUBTFIRE

MIRANDA  
(surprised)  
Mrs. Doubtfire. You don't smoke.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Did for years. The only way I can stop myself from lighting up is to be around others who smoke. I desperately need to ingest all of that random nicotine. Hope you and the little ones don't mind, dear.

Miranda shrugs, looks at Stu. He doesn't mind, looks to the Maitre d'.

STU  
Smoking.

MAITRE D'  
(circles table on list)  
Table 39.

Hector leads Mrs. Doubtfire and the family to table 39, in the SMOKING SECTION. As Mrs. Doubtfire walks, she scans the NON-SMOKING section.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE'S POV - MOVING - THROUGH THE POTTED PLANTS

Mr. Lundy sits at a table. Alone. He checks his wristwatch.

Miranda, Stu and the family are seated. Mrs. Doubtfire pauses.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
You'll excuse me. I need to freshen up.

STU  
Would you like a drink?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
Chardonnay.

Stu nods. Mrs. Doubtfire RUSHES OFF. She walks past the bar, grabs a packet of MATCHES and hurries to the RESTROOM hallway.

INT. RESTROOM HALLWAY

140

Mrs. Doubtfire hurries to the telephone. She dials the RESTAURANT TELEPHONE NUMBER from the matchbook.

INT. RESTAURANT ENTRANCE

141

The Maitre d' answers the telephone.

MAITRE D'

Hello?

INT. RESTROOM HALLWAY

141-A-

Mrs. Doubtfire speaks into the phone, using Daniel's VOICE.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE/DANIEL

My name's Daniel Hillard. I'm having dinner with Mr. Lundy. Could you tell him I'll be a few minutes late.

MAITRE D' (O.S.)

I'll personally give him the message, sir.

Mrs. Doubtfire hurries back to the table, PASSING the Maitre d' who is headed for Mr. Lundy's table.

INT. RESTAURANT

142 \*

Mrs. Doubtfire takes a seat at the table. Her glass of white wine sits in front of her. A joyous, excited Miranda is hugging Stu.

MIRANDA

Oh, Stu. It's just beautiful.

\*  
\*

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(picks up wine)

Have I missed something?

MIRANDA

Stu's birthday present.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh?

Miranda extends her arm. A delicate, but expensive diamond and emerald tennis BRACELET dangles from Miranda's wrist. Mrs. Doubtfire hides her jealousy, taking a long drink of wine.

\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

How glorious.

The menus are delivered. Natalie looks at her Mother.

NATALIE

Mommy. I have to go.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire will take you.

NATALIE

No. You.

Miranda apologetically excuses herself and heads off with Natalie. Chris and Lydia examine the menus. Mrs. Doubtfire shifts closer to Stu, speaks softly to him, out of the kids' earshot.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Quite an impressive birthday present.

STU

Thank you.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Fellow gives a gift like that, he's hoping for a little gift in return, eh?

STU

Pardon?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

A bounce in the berth. A cozy conjugation under the covers. A boff in the boudoir.

She gives a girlish giggle. Stu is taken aback, slightly offended.

STU

Mrs. Doubtfire.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

You did bring protection?

STU

What?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

You can't be too careful these days. Miranda's recently had a nasty spate of the clap, you know.

Stu's eyebrows shoot up. Mrs. Doubtfire feigns humbleness.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh, dear. I'm being very blunt this evening. Must be the wine. Travels through my system faster than a Japanese Tour group through Disneyland.

(stands)

Back in a flash.

She hurriedly exits. Stu gives a puzzled look to her and gives a smile back to the kids.

INT. BATHROOM - HALLWAY

143 \*

Mrs. Doubtfire dashes to the bathroom door. She begins to walk into the MEN'S ROOM. Natalie and Miranda EXIT the WOMEN'S ROOM. Miranda is SHOCKED to see Mrs. Doubtfire ENTERING the Men's Room.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire!

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Yes?!?

MIRANDA

You're going into the Men's Room.

Mrs. Doubtfire SQUINTS, reads the sign.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

My word. I do need new glasses.

She ENTERS the Lady's Room, Miranda and Natalie walk back to the table.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM

144 \*

Mrs. Doubtfire dashes inside, LOCKS the door behind her. She hurriedly takes off her dress, body suit, wig, teeth and latex mask, becoming Daniel. He is wearing a SHIRT and TIE beneath the dress. His long pants are ROLLED UP TO HIS KNEES. Daniel UNROLLS the trousers and moves to the sink. He WASHES OFF any remnants of glue and make-up, combs his hair, HANGS the dress, body suit, wig, teeth and mask on a hook INSIDE THE STALL. Daniel removes a SPORTS JACKET from Mrs. Doubtfire's bag. He slips into the jacket, checks his look in the mirror. Good. He RUNS out.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY

145

The Women's Room door slowly opens. Daniel makes certain the COAST IS CLEAR. It is. He RUSHES to Mr. Lundy's table.

INT. NON SMOKING SECTION

146

Mr. Lundy smiles upon seeing Daniel, who quickly pulls up a seat.

DANIEL

Sorry I'm late. You got my message?

LUNDY

(nods)

Would you like a drink?

A WAITER hovers over them. Daniel glances to Mr. Lundy's drink, then up to the waiter.



DANIEL  
Whatever he's having.

146 CONT'D.

LUNDY  
(to the waiter)  
Double Chivas. On the rocks.  
(grins, to Daniel)  
A Scotch drinker. My kind of guy.

Daniel gives an uncertain smile.

STU'S TABLE

147

The WAITER appears. Stu looks at all of the kids.

STU  
Order whatever you'd like.

Miranda pauses.

MIRANDA  
We should wait for Mrs. Doubtfire.

LUNDY'S TABLE

148

Lundy takes a LONG GULP of Scotch. Daniel does the SAME THING, not wanting Lundy to think him a wimp. Lundy SNAPS to the waiter.

LUNDY  
Two more.

Daniel is in the middle of pitching Lundy.

DANIEL  
You need a show that doesn't talk down to kids. Something of quality, that's equally entertaining to the parents who are tuning in.

Lundy nods, listening to Daniel. TWO FRESH SCOTCHES are delivered.

STU'S TABLE

149

Everyone is WAITING for Mrs. Doubtfire. Miranda pauses.

MIRANDA  
I'll go check on her.

Miranda stands, walks to the bathroom. Lydia and Chris exchange a worried glance.

BATHROOM HALLWAY

150

Miranda walks up to the bathroom door. Knocks.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire? Is everything alright?

DANIEL

151

SPOTS Miranda at the bathroom door from his table. He downs the Scotch, stops his pitch, nervously looking at Mr. Lundy.

DANIEL

Will you excuse me?

Lundy nods. Daniel leaps to his feet, RUNS to the bathroom.

BATHROOM HALLWAY

152

Daniel SNEAKS behind a CIGARETTE MACHINE, HIDING a few feet from where Miranda stands. She again knocks on the door.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire?

Daniel THROWS HIS VOICE, imitating Mrs. Doubtfire, in a STRUGGLING voice.

DANIEL/MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I'll be right out, pet. These Godforsaken corsets!

MIRANDA

Do you need any help?

DANIEL/MRS. DOUBTFIRE

No. No. I'll be fine.

Miranda pauses, nods and walks back to the table. Daniel looks around. When the COAST IS CLEAR, he dashes back inside the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

153 \*

Daniel locks the door, runs to the stall, GRABS Mrs. Doubtfire's costume and accessories from the door. He begins to get dressed.

STU'S TABLE

154

Miranda SITS back down.

MIRANDA

She'll be out in a minute.

INT. BATHROOM

155 \*

Daniel applies the glue around the eyes and neck of the mask and begins to spritz out some PERFUME. The perfume top OPENS. Mrs. Doubtfire is SPLASHED with the entire bottle.

STU'S TABLE

156 \*

OUT OF BREATH, Mrs. Doubtfire arrives at the table. ANOTHER GLASS of Chardonnay awaits her. The waiter looks down at her.

WAITER

May I take your order, M'am?

Mrs. Doubtfire flips open the menu, quickly perusing the selections. She takes a drink of wine, snaps the menu closed.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Poached Salmon.

The waiter nods. Looks to Stu.

WAITER

Sir?

STU

I'll have the jambalaya. Can you make that not spicy?

The waiter nods, walks away. Mrs. Doubtfire takes a long drink of wine, puts her glass down, suddenly looking down in horror.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE'S POV

The top section of Mrs. Doubtfire's TEETH have FALLEN OUT, floating in the wine glass.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Dear God.

Mrs. Doubtfire immediately covers her mouth with her hand, as everyone at the table TURNS, seeing the floating teeth.

Mrs. Doubtfire extends her top lip over her real teeth, creating the look of someone who has lost their upper dentures.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

How terribly embarrassing.

Mrs. Doubtfire fishes the teeth out of the wine glass. She stands.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Excuse me. I need to re-apply my denture adhesive.

Mrs. Doubtfire DASHES AWAY. Stu exchanges a confused look with Miranda. Lydia and Chris exchange a worried, concerned look.

BATHROOM HALLWAY 157

Mrs. Doubtfire RUNS into the Women's Room.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM 158

Mrs. Doubtfire locks the door behind her, begins to REMOVE her dress.

LUNDY'S TABLE 159

Lundy is getting plastered. Daniel hurries back to the table. He sits down. A THIRD, fresh Double Scotch awaits him.

LUNDY

I took the liberty of ordering you another Scotch.

DANIEL

(Teddy Roosevelt)

Bully.

Daniel takes a long drink. Lundy is STARING at him. A bit STARTLED.

LUNDY

Daniel...

DANIEL

Yes?

LUNDY

Are you wearing lady's perfume?

Daniel stops. Shocked. He SNIFFS at his shirt.

DANIEL

Oh. Geez. It. It must have rubbed off.

LUNDY

Rubbed off?

DANIEL

A woman I used to date. She's a waitress here. I ran into her on my way to the bathroom...  
(raises eyebrow)  
Couldn't keep her hands off me.

LUNDY

(wide grin)

You dog.

Daniel shrugs, wiggles his eyebrows, takes ANOTHER GULP of Scotch.

INT. BATHROOM

160 \*

A GREY HAIRED WOMAN enters the bathroom. She OPENS the stall door, finds Mrs. Doubtfire's body suit, latex mask, wig, etc., HANGING THERE. The woman stares in PUZZLEMENT.

LUNDY'S TABLE

161

Lundy and Daniel are LAUGHING, both getting a little drunk.

LUNDY

Does your waitress have a friend?

DANIEL

A friend?

LUNDY

(suggestive)

I've got the stretch outside. Maybe we could take the ladies out on the town.

A little double date? Whattayou' say?

DANIEL

(long pause)

I'll ask her.

Daniel stands, runs off. Lundy chuckles, has another sip of Scotch.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM

162 \*

Daniel enters. He OPENS the stall. Mrs. Doubtfire's costume is GONE. Daniel's face goes WHITE. \*

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY

163 \*

Daniel PEEKS out of the women's room, looks around, SPOTS SOMETHING.

DANIEL'S POV

The GREY HAIRED WOMAN is giving the Maitre d' Mrs. Doubtfire's CLOTHES. The Maitre d' STARES at the body suit and mask. Confused. Troubled. \*

Daniel sneaks to the Maitre d' desk, SLINKING DOWN by the potted palms, as he PASSES NEAR Stu and the family's table.

MAITRE D' DESK

163-A- \*

Daniel walks up to the Maitre d'.

DANIEL

Excuse me.

MAITRE D'

Yes, sir?

DANIEL

Do you have a Lost and Found?

MAITRE D'

What are you looking for, sir?

DANIEL

My Mother... She felt underdressed for such an elegant restaurant. She changed clothes. Left her stuff in the bathroom.

The Maitre d' PULLS Mrs. Doubtfire's costume pieces from beneath the podium, puzzled.

MAITRE D'

Are these what you're looking for, sir?

Daniel notices that the man is PUZZLED by the bizarre BODY SUIT. He offers an explanation.

DANIEL

Mom's always been a little insecure about her figure.

Daniel is about to take the clothes, when he is suddenly INTERRUPTED.

NATALIE (OS)

DADDY!!!

Daniel FREEZES. He turns, sees Natalie is POINTING to him. Daniel quickly moves Mrs. Doubtfire's costume BEHIND HIS BACK. Everyone else at Stu's table turns, looking at Daniel, who fakes a smile. Daniel, carefully keeps Mrs. Doubtfire's costume CONCEALED behind his back, and PASSES them to the Maitre d'.

DANIEL

I'll come back for these.

Daniel walks to Stu's table, a big wide phony smile on his lips.

STU'S TABLE

164 \*

Daniel arrives. Breathless. Miranda is a little suspicious.

MIRANDA

What are you doing here?

DANIEL

I've got a meeting. With the studio General Manager.

MIRANDA

The General Manager?

DANIEL  
Mr. Lundy. He wanted to hear some of my ideas.

MIRANDA  
Oh.

DANIEL  
And you?

NATALIE  
It's Mommy's birthday.

DANIEL  
Oh. Yeah. Right. Well. Happy Birthday.

MIRANDA  
Thanks.

Miranda squints at Daniel. There is a LONG PAUSE. Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL  
I'd better be going. Don't wanna blow this one.

He RUSHES off. Miranda stares suspiciously.

MAITRE D' DESK 165 \*

Daniel runs to the desk. The Maitre d' gives Daniel the costume. Daniel RUNS BACK inside the WOMEN'S ROOM.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM 166

Daniel enters. A WOMAN is standing here. She sees Daniel and SHRIEKS. Daniel SHRIEKS back and RUNS OUT.

INT. MEN'S ROOM 167 \*

Daniel runs inside, LOCKS THE DOOR and changes into his costume.

EXT. BATHROOM 168

Mrs. Doubtfire steps out. She turns, SEES SOMETHING.

The WAITER from Stu's table stands at the open kitchen window, COMPLAINING to the kitchen help.

WAITER  
C'mon! I need the orders for table 39?

COOK  
Relax. They'll be out in a few minutes.

Mrs. Doubtfire smiles, getting an IDEA.

INT. HALLWAY TO KITCHEN

169

A clothes rack, cluttered with WHITE KITCHEN STAFF JACKETS and CHEF HATS is here. Mrs. Doubtfire dashes up, reaches for a jacket.

INT. KITCHEN

170

The double doors BURST OPEN. Mrs. Doubtfire, dressed in white jacket and chef hat, enters. The HEAD CHEF, COOKS and DISHWASHERS look up.

HEAD CHEF

May I help you?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(assuming New Orleans  
Cajun-French accent)

How y'all doin'.

(extends hand)

Fantine Devereux. Head Chef. Bridges.  
New Orleans branch.

HEAD CHEF

(puzzled, to cook)

We have a restaurant in New Orleans?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

We were the first, puddin'.

The Head Chef doesn't know how to respond. Mrs. Doubtfire continues.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

I'm here on behalf of my partners. They've asked me to review your kitchen. Make sure everything's up to snuff.

HEAD CHEF

No one told me about this.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(pinches his cheek)

Then you would have been prepared, darlin'.  
We wanted to do a spontaneous survey.

The chef is puzzled. Mrs. Doubtfire moves fast, looking over all of the orders. She COMMENTS on each dish, the first a chocolate mousse. She DIPS HER FINGER into the mousse, TASTES it. Disapproves.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

You've burnt the mousse. Start over.

(tastes another dish)

The angel hair is dreary. Cumin, please.



A cook gives her a jar of cumin. She SPRINKLES some on the pasta. She moves to a fish dish, pokes at it.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Your scrod is undercooked. Two more minutes.

She passes the plate back to the cook. She moves to the plate of JAMBALAYA, that sits with the other orders from the Hillard table. Mrs. Doubtfire TASTES the jambalaya. Her face PINCHES.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Is this jambalaya or baby food? Cayenne, please.

HEAD COOK

It was a special request--

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

There are no special requests in the land of cuisine.

Mrs. Doubtfire takes the jar of cayenne RED PEPPER. Body blocking what she is doing from everyone, Mrs. Doubtfire flips open the lid and pours over HALF OF THE JAR into Stu's jambalaya. She STIRS the jambalaya, closes the Cayenne jar and passes it back to the cook. Mission accomplished, Mrs. Doubtfire looks around and gives a satisfied nod.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE

Everything else seems to be in order. Keep up the good work. And if y'all are ever in Louisiana, please pay us a visit.

Mrs. Doubtfire DASHES OUT. Everyone exchanges a puzzled look.

INT. KITCHEN HALLWAY

171

Mrs. Doubtfire WHISKS OFF the jacket and chef's hat. She RUNS OFF.

LUNDY'S TABLE

172\*

Mrs. Doubtfire, breathless and more than a little TIPSY, takes a seat across from Lundy. He is startled.

LUNDY

May I help you, M'am?

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(Daniel's voice)

What?

LUNDY

(horrified)

Daniel?!?

Daniel looks down, REALIZES THAT HE IS WEARING Mrs. Doubtfire's clothes. In the confusion, he's RUN TO THE WRONG TABLE.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
(as Daniel,  
under his breath)

Damn.

LUNDY  
Why in God's name are you dressed like that?

Mrs. Doubtfire just stares at Lundy for a long time.

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
(Daniel's voice)  
I'd. Well. I. I'd like you to meet the  
new host of your show.

LUNDY  
New host?

MRS.DOUBTFIRE  
(extends hand,  
as Mrs. Doubtfire)  
Euphegnia Doubtfire. My expertise is the  
entertainment and education of children.

Lundy listens. Mrs. Doubtfire begins her impromptu sales pitch.

STU'S TABLE

173 \*

The dinners are delivered. The steaming plate of overly peppered JAMBALAYA is placed in front of Stu.

NATALIE  
Where is Mrs. Doubtfire?

MIRANDA  
(annoyed, suspicious)  
I don't know.

STU  
I hope she's okay.  
(looking at his  
jamablaya)  
Hey. This looks terrific.

MIRANDA  
Start. We shouldn't let anything get cold.

The kids eagerly begin to eat. Stu scoops up a FORKFUL of jambalaya. A large SHRIMP balances on the edge of his fork.

## LUNDY'S TABLE

174

Daniel continues pitching as Mrs. Doubtfire. Lundy is fascinated.

## MRS. DOUBTFIRE

There'll be a tea time, where I'll read letters from all of my young fans... answering their questions...

## MR. LUNDY

Great idea. It personalizes the show for every kid in the audience.

Daniel nods.

## STU'S TABLE

Stu chews the jambalaya. He pauses. Eyes widen. The food is incredibly HOT. He panics. INHALES. The shrimp LODGES in the back of his throat. Stu begins to CHOKE. He moves his hands to his neck. Miranda leaps to her feet, CALLING to the patrons around her.

## MIRANDA

Somebody help! He's choking!

## LUNDY'S TABLE

Daniel and Lundy are suddenly INTERRUPTED by a Miranda's call for help. They stand, LOOKING to the source.

## DANIEL'S POV

175 \*

Stu is on his feet, grabbing his throat. He is WHEEZING. Unable to breathe. His face turning WHITE. Miranda continues to CRY for help.

## MIRANDA

He can't breathe! Does anyone know the Heimlich?!?

Miranda's eyes MEET Mrs. Doubtfire across the room.

## MIRANDA

Mrs. Doubtfire! Please! Help!

Mrs. Doubtfire pauses, RUNS to the choking Stu, grabs him from behind, places the balls of her fists beneath his rib cage. She squeezes HARD. Nothing happens. Stu continues to CHOKE. Mrs. Doubtfire squeezes HARDER. FASTER. Applying such intense pressure, she manages to LIFT Stu OFF HIS FEET. He PANICS. Arms FLAILING. Legs KICKING.

One of Stu's arms SLAMS INTO Mrs. Doubtfire's wig.

The wig FALLS OFF, landing on the floor.

175 CONT'D. \*

Stu's other arm SLAMS ACROSS Mrs. Doubtfire's face.

Mrs. Doubtfire's GLASSES FLY OFF. LANDING on the floor. \*

Stu suddenly COUGHS. The shrimp FLIES OUT of his mouth. He takes a deep BREATH. SAVED. Miranda hurries to his side.

Everyone TURNS to Mrs. Doubtfire. Shocked to see

DOUBTFIRE'S FACE.

Half of the Doubtfire mask has been PEELED away from Daniel's face, revealing Daniel's EYES. CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARD Daniel's eyes. \*

CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARD the family members, staring in shock. \*

CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARD the innocent face of Natalie. She makes a soft realization. \*

NATALIE \*

Daddy. \*

Daniel nods, peeling the remainder of the mask from his face. \*

DANIEL

(smiles, warm)

Yeah, honey.

Miranda is stupefied. \*

MIRANDA \*

Daniel. \*

Natalie giggles hysterically. Miranda is furious. Ready to erupt. Daniel steps forward, trying to explain.

DANIEL

Miranda--

MIRANDA

Don't come near me.

Miranda gathers up the kids.

MIRANDA

Come on. Let's get out of here.

DANIEL

Wait--

Miranda ushers Stu and the kids away. Daniel looks around. All of the restaurant patrons are looking at him. Daniel picks up his wig and mask, turns and hurries out of the restaurant.

OMITTED

176, 177, 178

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

178 -A-

A taxicab comes to a stop. Daniel, without makeup, but still in Mrs. Doubtfire's costume, gets out of the cab. He leans into the cab's passenger window, to pay the driver.

GLORIA stares out of her window. She SPOTS something.

GLORIA'S POV

Mrs. Doubtfire's body and rear end extend from the cab window, her face HIDDEN inside the cab.

Gloria exits the house, running forward. PANIC in her face.

GLORIA

Mrs. Doubtfire! I followed your instructions exactly! But my flowers. My plants. They're all dead! What am I going to do?

Mrs. Doubtfire/Daniel moves out of the cab window, stands, turns, moving INTO THE LIGHT. REVEALING to Gloria for the first time, that she is in fact DANIEL. He glares at her.

DANIEL

What do I look like? A fuckin' gardener?

Gloria's face drops. Her face goes white. She backs away, frightened, moving back toward her house, never taking her eyes off the Daniel. Daniel turns and moves up the steps. He enters the Hillard House.

INT. HILLARD FOYER - NIGHT

178AA

Miranda appears in the foyer as Daniel enters the house.

DANIEL

Please. I need to talk to you.

Miranda pauses, looks down at Daniel's costume. Her expression is filled with contempt.

MIRANDA

I can't talk to you. Like that.

Daniel looks down at the costume, nods, understands.

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

178 -B- \*

Lydia, Chris and Natalie are wide awake. Seated at the edge of Lydia's bed. Their wide eyes are filled with worry. Fear. CAMERA PANS their faces as the SOUND of their parents ARGUMENT echoes from downstairs.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

You sat there and let me serve you tea, encouraging me to talk freely about our marriage... took my money for sneaking around the house uninvited--

DANIEL (O.S.)

The money always came back to you. And it was a job you wanted done. And I did it well. You said so yourself. A hundred times. And I would have done it for nothing. But oh, no. You wouldn't let me.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

There is no excuse for what you did, Daniel. No excuse. I won't forgive you for it. Ever.

DANIEL (O.S.)

I only did it to be near my kids.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

What? They knew?  
(calling from  
downstairs)  
Lydia. Chris.

The kids pause, stand and move out of the room.

INT. FOYER

179 \*

The kids appear at the top of the stairs. Miranda stands at the bottom of the stairs. Daniel is behind her. Fire in her eyes, she turns to them.

MIRANDA

Did you know about this?

CHRIS

(nods)

We thought you'd make him go home if you found out.

MIRANDA

(back to Daniel)

How dare you. How dare you encourage them to deceive me like this...

LYDIA

179 CONT'D.\*

Mom. He just wanted to see us.

DANIEL

Right. Tell her. Tell her how she was the one who reduced us to all this deceit.

He practically spits out the words. The children are frozen in pain.

DANIEL

She wants to throw our history away. She wants to throw our family away.

MIRANDA

This family doesn't work anymore. It's more harmful for the children to have this family, than it is for the kids to have a divorced family. That, they can adjust to.

DANIEL

Can they adjust to a Mother who continually denigrates their Father in front of them?

(a beat)

That only forces them to hide the feelings they have for me... Hide them from you. And that's dangerous. Because no one is very good at hiding their feelings from someone they love, and it might end up that they'll have to love you just a little bit less... so they can keep their little secret more easily.

MIRANDA

They won't stop loving me. I'm their Mother.

DANIEL

And I'm their Father. They won't stop loving me.

LYDIA

I hate you both.

They turn to look look at Lydia, her ashen face fierce with dignity.

CHRIS

(in tears)

So do I.

NATALIE

Me too.

Natalie's face crumples. Chris puts both arms around her, as if protecting her from their parents. They go upstairs. Miranda and Daniel are left alone in the foyer. Numbed by the reaction of their children. Miranda's voice calms.

MIRANDA

I think it's time for you to go home.

Daniel nods. Agrees. Miranda turns and walks up the stairs. Daniel watches longingly for a moment, opens the door and exits.

OMITTED

180, 181, 182, 183

INT. COURTHOUSE - SEVERAL DAYS LATER - DAY

184

Gloria Chaney is on the witness stand. Her voice is trembling.

GLORIA

The man passed himself off as a sixty year old housekeeper! Came to the Hillard house every day. Cooked. He even did windows. Now I know I probably sound stupid not to have recognized him, but he was very clever about it. He obviously got professionals to help him. I mean. He definitely had a different nose.

Daniel shifts in his seat.

GLORIA

And he had huge, enormous breasts.

The judge suppresses a giggle. Gloria continues, spewing venom.

GLORIA

He's a hateful, twisted, deceitful man. He should be locked up. And he should never be around children. Ever.

The judge nods. Looks to Miranda's lawyer:

JUDGE

Ms. Robson. Any closing statements?

The lawyer shakes her head. The judge turns to Daniel.



JUDGE

184 CONT'D.

Mr. Hillard, since you've decided to act as your own attorney... You are entitled to make a closing statement...

Daniel nods. Stands. He begins very business-like.

DANIEL

In the past two months I have secured a residence, refurbished that residence to make it a more fit environment for children. I am holding a steady job as a shipping clerk. I think I've fulfilled the court's requirements

(pause)

I wish I could tell you I was sorry for my behavior. I really do. But they're my kids. I mean. I was never an obsessive type about anything, you know? But then all of a sudden there's this child. And it's like somebody tears out your heart, and puts it in a bassinet.

DANIEL

So the idea of somebody telling you that you can't see them, you can't be with them... that's just not... an option. And sometimes you're forced to go to extremes...

JUDGE

Like cross dressing.

DANIEL

Well, yeah. Sure. Whatever it takes. I mean. This sole custody thing. You've got to understand, they can't live with Miranda.

JUDGE

Why must I understand this?

DANIEL

For starters... She doesn't have time for them. She's married to her job. I was the one who always took care of them. Even before they were born. I made sure she took her vitamins when she was pregnant. I made her stop smoking. I did all the shopping and cooking-- well, until Mrs. Doubtfire, mostly take out. I held Miranda's head over the toilet for months.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

\*

DANIEL  
(CONTINUING)

I was the one who changed their diapers, untangled their mobiles, iced their birthday cakes. I was the Mommy in the "Mommy and Me's". I was the one who sat through those tedious, gossip-infested neighborhood play groups. I took them to the dentist. Held them down when they got stitches. I was the damned tooth fairy. Their teeth would rot under the pillow before she would even think to leave a quarter.

MIRANDA

I was the one who was out earning those quarters!

MIRANDA'S LAWYER

(low)

Let him hang himself.

Miranda backs down. Daniel pauses, REALIZING that he's let his emotions get the best of him. He softens, turns to Miranda.

DANIEL

I'm sorry for that, Miranda. Really.

(back to judge)

I don't mean to indicate that she isn't a fine Mother, a wonderful Mother. I just want to give you an understanding of how much these kids and I have been through together... How strong the bond between us is. Look, your honor. I don't have many friends. No hobbies. I don't go out drinking or womanizing. I only have one thing in my life. My children. They're my everything.

(heartfelt)

I beg of you. Please. Don't take them away from me.

Tears fill Daniel's eyes. Finished, he takes a seat. Even Miranda is MOVED by his speech. But the Judge is unimpressed. Cold. Unmoved.

JUDGE

Mr. Hillard. You have fooled a lot of people into believing that you are a sixty year old woman. No easy task. And your little speech seemed to be genuine and heartfelt. But I stress the word "seem". I believe it to be a terrific performance by a gifted actor. A studied, well rehearsed bit of theatrics. Nothing more.

JUDGE

(CONT'D FROM LAST PAGE)

The reality, Mr. Hillard, is that your behavior in recent months has been very unorthodox. Extremely bizarre. And somewhat demented. You may have done irreversible psychological damage to your children. Only time will tell.

(solemn)

I refuse to further subject three innocent children to your peculiar, and potentially harmful behavior. It is the court's decision to award full custody to Mrs. Hillard.

DANIEL

God. No.

JUDGE

I will grant Mr. Hillard supervised visitation rights. Every Saturday.

DANIEL

Supervised?

JUDGE

Yes. A court liasson will accompany you when you spend time with the children.

DANIEL

You can't do that! I'm not some kind of goddamn pervert!

JUDGE

That will be determined by a psychologist. Not you. I am suggesting a year of psychological treatment for Mr. Hillard. We will re-evaluate this case one year from now. Thank you.

He bangs the gavel. It's over. Daniel loses. Miranda is led out of the courtroom. Daniel calls to her, desperation in her voice.

DANIEL

Miranda. Wait. You know I was telling the truth... Tell him...

Miranda ignores Daniel as she is led out of the courtroom. He calls out louder. More desperate.

DANIEL

Miranda, please. He doesn't know me. Tell him about me and the kids. How we are together--

Miranda glances back at Daniel. There is no sense of victory in her eyes. Only a sense of melancholy, of sympathy and a touch of regret. She walks out of the room, leaving Daniel alone in the courtroom. CAMERA CRANES BACK TO A LONG SHOT. Daniel becomes a small, beaten solitary figure, alone in the dark courtroom. FADE TO BLACK.

OMITTED 185

CLOSE-UP: A VERY FAT, GRUMPY, WOMAN. 186

Her expression is a combination of boredom, irritability and arrogance. Miranda and the kids sit across from her, in the living room. Miranda is conducting an INTERVIEW for a new housekeeper. The woman is in the middle of rattling off a list.

WOMAN

Don't do laundry. Don't do windows.  
Don't do carpets. Don't do bathtubs.  
Don't do toilets. Don't do diapers...

MIRANDA

My children have been toilet trained  
for years.

WOMAN

(doesn't listen)

...Don't do ironing. Don't do basements.  
Don't do dinners. Don't do reading--

Miranda and the kids exchange an ALARMED glance.

EXT. HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER 187

The woman exits, Miranda and the children stand in the doorway.

MIRANDA

We'll get back to you.

Miranda looks to the kids. They share a WORRIED look. Miranda looks down to a sheet of paper in her hand.

CLOSE-UP: LIST.

The list reads: HOUSEKEEPERS. There are several names. The first ten names are CROSSED OUT. Miranda's hand comes into frame and CROSSES OUT the final name on the list.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER - DAY 188

An over-burdened Miranda is at the stove, cooking dinner and trying to conduct business on the phone. The kids sit at the kitchen table. Their expressions are melancholy. Despondent.

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\*

LYDIA  
I miss her spaghetti.

188 CONT'D.

CHRIS  
I miss her jokes.

NATALIE  
I miss her stories.

MIRANDA  
Don't worry. There are a lot of people  
out there. We'll find somebody.

NATALIE  
Nobody like her.

Miranda gives a hopeless sigh.

LYDIA  
Admit it, Mom. Don't you kind of miss her?

MIRANDA  
No.

CHRIS  
Mom.

MIRANDA  
No.

NATALIE  
Mom.

Miranda pauses. The kids stare at her. She sighs, pauses, thinks.

MIRANDA  
Okay. I admit. Things were nicer when  
"she" was around... The house always looked  
so warm. So homey. There was always a  
fresh cup of tea brewing. Our beds were  
always made. Our clothes were--  
(stops herself)  
But she doesn't exist. It wasn't reality.  
And we've got to stop refering to her as  
if she was a real person--

Miranda is suddenly INTERRUPTED by a VOICE.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE (O.S.)  
Hello, my poppets!

Everyone freezes, looks at each other. The excited kid RUN out of the  
room. Miranda, confused, follows.

121

INT. FOYER - DAY

189

The kids run into the foyer. But there is no one here. The sound echoes from the TV ROOM.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE (O.S.)

So nice to visit with you again!

Then hurry into the TV room. Miranda follows.

INT. HILLARD HOUSE - DEN

190

The kids run inside. Miranda right behind them. They see the source of the voice. Their faces are shocked.

Mrs. Doubtfire is ON TELEVISION. Everyone looks at each other. Speechless. They turn back to the T.V.

Mrs. Doubtfire sits on a rocking chair, in a cozy living room set. She looks into the CAMERA.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

We have a very exciting show, today. First, a visit with Mr. Van Zandt, who is a member of the Greenpeace organization. He'll tell us all about endangered species. And how we can help prevent the extinction of some of our most beloved animal friends. Then it's off to the local recycling center, to see how all of our old bottles and cans are brought back to life. Then --

Miranda looks at the kids. They are totally enthralled. She is touched by the unexpected smiles on their faces.

EXT. KTVU - STUDIO - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

191

Miranda walks up to the front gate and enters.

INT. STUDIO - MRS. DOUBTFIRE SET

192

Mrs. Doubtfire is onstage, going over various COUNTRIES and CONTINENTS with NIGEL, a monkey puppet. Upon finishing with the puppet, Mrs. Doubtfire turns to the camera.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Well, children. That concludes today's show. It's been such a treat spending this time with you. Please tune in again tomorrow. Goodnight my poppets.

121A

192 CONT'D

Mrs. Doubtfire sits beside the fireplace, CREDITS ROLL, on the monitors. Miranda stands at the BACK of the studio, watching. The DIRECTOR shouts.

DIRECTOR

Cut! That's a wrap! Thank you all very much.

The crew all shake Mrs. Doubtfire's hands. Mr. Lundy walks up to Mrs. Doubtfire, holding a handful of trade papers.

MR. LUNDY

We're a smash. Number One in our time slot. Calls from Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit and L.A. All interested in syndicating.

Mrs. Doubtfire smiles. Miranda calls from behind.

MIRANDA

Daniel.

Mrs. Doubtfire turns, surprised to see Miranda.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

(Daniel's voice)

Miranda?

MIRANDA

Can we talk?

Mrs. Doubtfire pauses, nods.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Wait here.

Miranda nods. Mrs. Doubtfire exits with Lundy.

INT. DOUBTFIRE STUDIO - DAY - LATER

193

The stage is dark. Deserted. Miranda stands on the Doubtfire set, waiting. Daniel enters, stops several feet from Miranda. Daniel's voice is cold. Distant.

DANIEL

You wanted to talk. Go on.

MIRANDA

First of all... Congratulations.

DANIEL

The show? Yeah. Seems to be working out.

MIRANDA

We-- The kids... They watch it every day.

DANIEL

It's the only way they can spend time with their Father.



Miranda pauses, a little guilty. Takes a step forward. 193 CONT'D.

MIRANDA

Daniel. Look. I know it's going to take a long time to get over all of the fights, all of the horrible things we've said to each other. There's gonna be a lot of anger... for a lot of years. I know we'll be strong enough to deal with the pain. But the kids... Sometimes I don't know if they'll ever recover. I don't know about you... But I don't want to be responsible for destroying their lives.

DANIEL

What do you want me to do? Put on a happy face and be sweet to you every time we're together? Jesus, Miranda. You took my kids away from me. Forced me to see them under supervision... Like I'm some kind of deviate...

(boiling)

You knew, Miranda. That day in the courtroom... You knew I was telling the truth. And you just sat there and let the judge pass that contemptible sentence.

MIRANDA

I was angry at all of the lies. All of the deceptions. I wanted to hurt you. Badly.

(softens)

I did a terrible thing by taking you away from your children. But I'd like to make it up to you.

Daniel listens.

MIRANDA

Since all of this happened... I've been trying to make sense of it... And the only thing that I understand, that I know in my heart to be true... Is that my children were better people, happier people, when Mrs. Doubtfire was part of their lives.

(sincere)

She brought out the best in them. She brought out the best in you. And they miss her terribly.

DANIEL

(Gary Owens)

Well, you can still find her on Super Station Nine. Right after "Bewitched". At four thirty PM. Five nights a week.

MIRANDA

193 CONT'D

That's not enough.

Daniel pauses, looking at her.

DANIEL

What are you saying?

A long pause. Miranda finally speaks.

MIRANDA

The kids need you.

Daniel is taken aback. His expression is suddenly hopeful.

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE - AFTERNOON - THE FOLLOWING DAY

194

Establishing shot.

INT. HILLARD HOUSE - DEN

195

The "Mrs. Doubtfire Show" plays on the television screen. Lydia, Chis and Natalie are watching the show. ON SCREEN, Mrs. Doubtfire sits on the sofa, looking at the camera. There is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh, dear. Someone is at the door.

Mrs. Doubtfire stands and walks to the door, opens it and there stands MR. SPRINKLES, dressed as a POSTMAN.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Oh, look who it is! Our old friend, Postmaster Sprinkles. Who is today's letter from?

MR. POSTMAN

(reads return address)

Katie McCormick. All the way from Youngstown, Ohio.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Well, thank you very much, Postmaster Sprinkles.

Mrs. Doubtfire attempts to close the door, but Mr. Postman interrupts.

MR. POSTMAN

Mrs. Doubtfire . . . Should we tell the children about the origins of the United States Postal service?

124A

195 CONT'D

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

We did that last week, Mr. Postman.  
(still trying to  
close the door)  
But thank you very much, dear.

\*  
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\*  
\*

MR. POSTMAN

Would the children be interested in the  
process of choosing historical figures for  
the face of our postage stamps?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. DOUBTFIRE

Maybe next time, Mr. Postman. Thank you.

\*  
\*

The Hillard kids continue to watch the television as the doorbell rings.  
Lydia gives a disappointed glance to her siblings.

\*  
\*

LYDIA

The new babysitter.

CHRIS

Hope it's not the one with nose hair.

NATALIE

Or the one with nine inch curled up  
fingernails.

LYDIA

I dunno. Mom didn't say who.

NATALIE

I'm so tired of all these new people.  
Don't most kids have the same people  
around all the time?

Lydia gives a hug to Natalie. Miranda hurries into the room.

MIRANDA

Guys. C'mon.

The kids reluctantly walk out of the room.

INT. FOYER

196

The kids take their places in the hallway. Miranda hurries to the front door and opens it to reveal

DANIEL.

He enters. The kids are shocked. They turn to their Mother.

LYDIA

What's going on?

DANIEL

I came by to pick you up.

LYDIA

(hopeful, looks  
to Miranda)

Really?

MIRANDA

Dad's gonna be taking you guys. For a few hours every day. After school.

The kids exchange excited, joyous looks. Lydia looks to her Mother.

LYDIA

What about the court? All that legal stuff?

MIRANDA

I already took care of it. There'll be no more supervised visitation. No more court liasons.

NATALIE

(hopeful, to Daniel)

Just us?

DANIEL

Just us.

The kids' faces light. Natalie runs to Daniel and embraces him in the doorway. Lydia and Chris join in, hugging their Dad. Tears of happiness fill their eyes. Miranda watches the scene, extremely moved.

Daniel stands, motions for the kids to follow him outside.

DANIEL

C'mon, guys. Get your stuff. Let's go.

The kids hurry upstairs. Daniel and Miranda are left alone in the foyer. An awkward pause.

126

MIRANDA  
Do you want to come in?

196 CONT'D

DANIEL  
(Polite)  
I'll wait outside. Thanks.

Daniel reaches for the door, about to leave. He glances back.

DANIEL  
Miranda.

She turns.

DANIEL  
(deeply moved)  
Thank you. For returning my dignity.

Miranda nods. They share their first smile in months, a tender homage to their past. She smiles disappear, leaving a sense of melancholy regret. Daniel turns and exits, closing the door behind him.

Miranda is about to exit, when she hears a FAMILIAR VOICE echoing from another room.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE (O.S.)  
Katie writes, "Dear Mrs. Doubtfire..."

Miranda follows the voice into the living room.

INT. HILLARD HOUSE - DEN

197

On the television, Mrs. Doubtfire manages to close the door before Mr. Postman can offer another suggestion. She takes a seat at a chair in front of the fireplace, beginning to read the letter.

Miranda enters. Mrs. Doubtfire reads from the television screen.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE  
Two months ago, my Mom and Dad decided to separate. Now they live in different houses. My brother Andrew says that we aren't a real family anymore. Is this true? Did I lose my family? Is there anything I can do to get my parents back together?"

(lower letter,  
sympathetic)

My dear, Katie... Angry parents often get along much better when they don't live together. And they become better people. And better mommies and daddies for you.

(pause)

\*  
\*  
\*

127

Miranda smiles. Touched by the familiar words.

197 CONT'D

EXT. HILLARD HOUSE

198

Mrs. Doubtfire's VOICE OVER CONTINUES. Lydia, Chris and Natalie run outside. Daniel opens the station wagon door for them, as they pile inside. CAMERA CRANES BACK, as the station wagon DRIVES AWAY. CAMERA continues to PULL BACK wider and wider, revealing the stunning San Francisco skyline as the station wagon disappears into the distance.

MRS. DOUBTFIRE (V.O.)

Some children have two mommies. Or two daddies. You may live with your grandparents. Or your aunt and uncle. You may have foster parents. You may live miles apart, scattered in different homes. You may not see each other for days. Months. Sometimes years. But you will never break the ties that bind. Your family will live in your heart. Forever.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.