

Overture

(Orchestra)

ACT ONE Scene I

CALEBACKS

1 - Opening Act 1

(Orchestra)

1

(EXTERIOR OF THE WORLD WIDE WICKET COMPANY At the end of the Overture the house curtain goes up. A one-man window washing machine descends with FINCH on it. He is wearing a window washer's coveralls. He works on a window with a squeegee and at the swiie time reads a pocket book, "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying." We don't see FINCH's face immediately. We then hear the voice of the book telling what FINCH is reading.)

BOOK VOICE

Dear Reader, This little book is designed to tell you everything you need to know about the science of getting ahead.

(FINCH turns front toward the audience, and turns page in the book.)

Now let us assume you are young, healthy, clear-eyed and eager, anxious to rise quickly and easily to the top of the business world. You can!

FINCH

(Looking up)

I can!

(He continues looking at book.)

BOOK VOICE

If you have education and intelligence and ability, so much the better. But remember that thousands have reached the top without any of these qualities.

(Scaffold lowers to the floor.)

Just have courage and memorize the simple rules in the chapters that follow. If you truly wish to be among the lucky golden few, you can!

FINCH

I can!

(He puts squeegee down in pail to his left. He begins to thumb through the book rapidly and starts to sing.)

2 - How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying

(Finch)

FINCH

HOW TO APPLY FOR A JOB...

(Steps off scaffold.)

HOW TO ADVANCE FROM THE MAILROOM...

ROSEMARY

(Amazed)

Personnel?

(She points U.R.)

It's right there.

FINCH

Thank you.

(He starts for personnel, crossing L. below Rosemary.)

ROSEMARY

(Crossing L. to C., stopping him)

You - you're not discouraged?

FINCH

(Crosses L.)

Of course not. I'm prepared for exactly this sort of thing.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L.)

Say! My friend Smitty works in Personnel. Maybe she can help you.

(Starts off R.)

You wait here.

(She exits R.)

FINCH

(Calling after her)

But, Miss, it's not really

(He shrugs and starts for the Personnel door U.L. BRATT comes out of door.)

START

BRATT

2

(L. of FINCH, stopping him)

Where do you think you're going?

FINCH

To see the personnel manager, sir.

BRATT

I'm the personnel manager and we're not hiring anyone today.

(Crosses R. below FINCH.)

FINCH

Well, I was just speaking to Mr. Biggley

BRATT

(Stops, looks at him)

Biggley?

FINCH

Yes, sir.

BRATT

J.B. Biggley?

FINCH

Yes, sir. He told me to see you.

(Smiles upfront. NOTE: This smile is the first of several that Finch uses throughout the show. These smiles are very important. They are communications between Finch and the audience. They tell the audience when Finch has successfully worked one of his ploys. The smile is a gentle, Mona Lisa smile. It should look like a cat that just swallowed a canary and is happy about it. When he does it, Finch should turn his head quickly to the audience and give them the smile directly. The staging of the other characters on stage should be so arranged that they are not even aware that Finch is smiling to the audience. This particular smile should only be used in the key spots that are marked in the script. Care should be taken that they are not overdone, otherwise they will lose their impact.)

BRATT

(Crosses L to FINCH)

J.B. Biggley, himself? You were speaking to him?

FINCH

Yes, sir. I just bumped into him.

BRATT

Ah, is he a friend of yours?

FINCH

(Modest hesitation)

Sir, I don't think a man should trade on friendship to get a job.

BRATT

Very well put, young man. Well, if you step into my office, I think we can work something out. My name is Bratt.

(Extending his hand.)

And you are

FINCH

(Shaking his hand)

Finch, sir. Pierrepont Finch.

BRATT

(Smiling)

Pierrepont. Say, maybe that ought to be J. Pierrepont Finch.

(Laughs.)

FINCH

As a matter of fact, sir, it is.

BRATT

(Stops laughing.)

Well, step into my office.

(THEY both go U. L. through the door. ROSEMARY reenters R, tugging. SMITTY by the hand.)

SMITTY

(Following ROSEMARY)

Good God, Rosemary you could at least have let me finish my Metrecal.

ROSEMARY

(R. of C.)

This is important, Smitty. I know you can help him.

(Looks around, sees that FINCH is gone.)

Where is he?

SMITTY

How would I know?

ROSEMARY

He must have gone into Mr. Bratt's office. Go on in there. You're Bratt's secretary. He'll listen to you.

SMITTY

But why this frantic, urgent urgency?

ROSEMARY

Please, Smitty. We've got to help this boy.

SMITTY

But why? Fill me in, girl. Wherefore is this creep different from all other creeps?

ROSEMARY

He's not a creep, Smitty. He has a sort of noble courage yet deep down I feel that he's sort of helpless.

SMITTY

Rosemary, your mother instinct is a big drag.

(BRATT comes out of his office, laughing at a joke. followed in, 'FINCH Who has a big cigar in his mouth.)

BRATT

Well, that's all settled.

(*L. of FINCH, patting him on shoulder.*)

Nice to have you aboard, Finch.

FINCH

Happy to ship out with you, sir.

(FINCH is searching for matches in his pocket.)

BRATT

Let me do that.

(Reaches for matches, lights FINCH'S cigar. ROSEMARY and SMITTY watch with great interest.)

SMITTY

Who is that?

ROSEMARY

That's my helpless friend. Isn't he adorable?

SMITTY

Adorable, maybe. Helpless, no.

ROSEMARY

Shut up, Smitty. I just hope he hasn't got a girl.

(FINCH and BRATT cross R. towards ROSEMARY and SMITTY.)

BRATT

My secretary will take care of the forms and getting your particulars. Oh, Smitty~ this is our new Mr. Finch.

SMITTY

Hello, there.

ROSEMARY

(Quickly steps in R. of FINCH)

My name is Pilkington. Rosemary Pilkington.

FINCH

Oh, hello.

ROSEMARY

Hi.

BRATT

Mr. Finch will be starting out in the mailroom. Glad you don't mind that, Finch.

FINCH

Sir, in a big pond like this, everyone must begin as a little fish.

SMITTY

Even a barracuda

BUD

(Quickly)

Finch, where are you going? What have you got there?

FINCH

(R. of BUD)

It's the executive mail.

BUD

I'll take that.

(Takes mail from FINCH.)

Trying to get in good on the inside, huh? I can't even take a coffee break around here!

FINCH

But, I'm merely trying to do my job.

BUD

The executive mail is my job. Finch, if you have any ideas of climbing a ladder around here, the view is going to get awfully monotonous. Every time you look up you'll see the seat of my pants.

(Crosses R. below FINCH and exits U.R. into executive suite.)

START

ROSEMARY

(Rises, crosses R. to FINCH)

3

That's rotten, rotten, rotten. You know, Bud Frump is just jealous of you ... He's trying to keep the big executives from noticing YOU.

FINCH

(Crosses L. below ROSEMARY)

Thank you for defending me, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

Please call me Rosemary.

FINCH

Okay, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Now, Mr. Finch

FINCH

Call me Ponty.

ROSEMARY

Okay, Ponty. The big executives will notice you. Just be patient.

FINCH

Patient! Do you realize I've been working here for one whole week!

ROSEMARY

I know Ponty I haven't forgotten.

(ROSEMARY)

(She crosses L. to FINCH, puts flower in his buttonhole.)

Happy anniversary.

FINCH

Thank you, Rosemary. At least you notice tie.

ROSEMARY

I wish I were an executive. I'd

(She stops suddenly, looks offstage.)

Oh oh. Here comes Judith Anderson...

FINCH

Huh?

ROSEMARY

That's Miss Jones, Mr. Biggley's secretary.

(Starts U. L. to her desk.)

I'd better look busy. And you, too ...

(She sits. FINCH crosses up to row of desks, looking busy. MISS JONES enters L., heading toward executive suite U.R. ROSEMARY fools With papers. FINCH suddenly turns and follows Miss Jones.)

FINCH

Pardon me, ma'am.

(He takes flower from his buttonhole, presses it into her hand.)

You should be wearing this. It goes with your hair.

(She accepts it in a puzzled fashion. FINCH starts away L.)

MISS JONES

Young man.

(FINCH Stops. She crosses D.)

You just want me to have this flower? You don't know who I am?

FINCH

(Crosses R. to he.)

That doesn't matter. What matters is that the flower seemed to cry out to be worn by you.

(Starts away L. again.)

MISS JONES

Young man, I'm Miss Jones, Mr. Biggley's secretary.

(FINCH stops.)

FINCH

No, you can't be. I mean ... that is ... you just can't be.

MISS JONES

Why not?

FINCH

(Crosses R. to her.)

Well, from Bud Frump's description of you, I'd never have, I mean you're not a frightening person.

MISS JONES

Thank you.

FINCH

If it's not out of place for me to say so, Miss Jones. I think you're a very attractive person. No matter what Bud Frump says.

MISS JONES

What did you say your name was.?

FINCH

Finch, ma'am. F-I-N-C-H. Finch. Pierrepont Finch

MISS JONES

How is it I haven't seen you before?

FINCH

(R. below her)

Oh, I'm not supposed to deliver the executive mail. That's his job. Bud Frump. F-R-U-M-P.

MISS JONES

Mmmmm. Well, thank you very much, Finch. You're a very interesting young man.

FINCH

Thank you, Miss Jones.

END

(Crosses L. below her. CATCH enters R.)

CATCH

Say, Jonesy

(FINCH, hearing CATCH'S voice, kneels L. of MISS JONES, ties shoelace.)

I'd like an appointment with the boss at around three.

MISS JONES

(Pinning flower on her suit)

I'll check on it, Milt, and let you know.

CATCH

(R. Of MISS JONES)

Ab, flowers. You got a new boy friend, Jonesy?

MISS JONES

This was given to me by a very nice young man. You should know him. Finch?

Scene 4

4

(THE MAILROOM. There is a small counter stage L. with a stool to the R. of the counter. BUD is seated on the stool, speaking on the phone.)

BUD

Hello? Give me an outside line. No, this call is not personal, I'm calling my mother

(Annoyed.)

Thanks.

(Rises, crosses behind counter. Talks to himself as he starts dialing.)
One of these days when I'm running the show around here, I'll clear out the whole Hello, Mother? Bud. I know I left without my sweater, but it's warm. Now, look, Mother, I just found out something important. There's going to be a new head of the mailroom and I want the job. You've got to call Aunt Gertrude and ... I know I'm next in line, but there's a new fellow working here that has me worried. Oh, he works hard, comes in on time, never goofs off, he's polite ... you know, a real rat.

(BLACKOUT Front spot on BIGGLEY desk unit on R. MR. BIGGLEY is seated at /'zj desk. His intercom is heard buzzing.)

BIGGLEY

(Gruffly crisp)

Yes, What do you want, Miss Jones?

MISS JONES' VOICE

(Over intercom)

Mr. Biggley, your wife is calling.

BIGGLEY

5

Well, tell her I'm busy, tell her I'm in a meeting, tell her I'm out, dammit, put her on!

(Picks up phone and his voice becomes approximately affectionate.)

Hello, Gertrude. Glad you called. What's on your mind? I'm busy. Uh huh, Uh huh. Well, Gertrude, I can't help Bud there. The head of the mailroom should pick his own successor. I can't switch signals in the middle of a play. It would upset the whole team. If I interfered that would be nepotism. Nepotism. That's when your nephew is a goddamn fool. Well, I'll see.

(Hangs up. To himself.)

Dammit.

(Pushes button and speaks into intercom.)

Miss Jones.

MISS JONES' VOICE

Yes, Mr. B.?

BIGGLEY

Miss Jones, I've told you that talking to my wife upsets me.

MISS JONES' VOICE

Well, J.B., you said to put her on and ...

BIGGLEY

Never mind that. I need something to calm my nerves. Where is my ...

(Secretively.)

you know...

MISS JONES' VOICE

I put it in the back of your right hand bottom drawer.

BIGGLEY

Thanks.

(Clicks. Opens bottom drawer, puts his hand in, pulls out knitting.)

Ahhh....

(Front SPOT dims out.)

(Dim up on mailroom. FINCH enters with mail bag, stops at R. end of counter. TWIMBLE enters, crosses to L. of FINCH.)

TWIMBLE

Let's get going, boys.

BUD

(Who has been standing U.S. Turns to L. of TWIMBLE)

MMMM.

FINCH

(R. edge of counter)

Yes, sir, Mr. Twimble. I've already started sorting.

TWIMBLE

Finch, as head of this entire mailroom, I would like to tell you I'm very pleased with your work.

FINCH

Thank you, sir.

TWIMBLE

You really have an inborn gift for mailroomery.

FINCH

Thank you, Mr. Twimble. Coming from you, that's a great honor.

(Phone RINGS.)

BUD

(Picks up phone)

Hello, mailroom? No! Mailroom. Just a minute.

(BUD)

(Calls.)

It's for you, Twimble. Mr. Bratt in Personnel.

(Crosses it above TWIMBLE, pushing FINCH to C. stage.)

TWIMBLE

(Going to phone)

Ah, this may be a very important call for some of us. Hello.

BUD

(To FINCH)

What's the idea?

FINCH

What's the idea of what, Bud.?

BUD

You know. You're trying to butter up Twimble. Well, believe me, it won't do you any good.

FINCH

Good God, Bud. Just because I'm being nice to a man, does that mean I have to have an angle?

BUD

If anybody's going to get his job, you know ...

(Stops as he hears TWIMBLE speak.)

TWIMBLE

I got you, Mr. Bratt. Thanks very much.

(FINCH crosses above BUD to S.L edge of counter. BUD counters to It of FINCH as TWIMBLE hangs up the phone and crosses R. to the boys.)

Well, boys, it looks as if they're going to promote old Twimble to the shipping department.

FINCH

(Quickly)

Congratulations.

BUD

(Just as quickly)

Who's going to be the new head of the mailroom?

TWIMBLE

I won't say till it's official, but Mr. Bratt is going to leave the choice to me. "Twimble," he said, "The mailroom is the nerve center of this mighty organization. You've been an outstanding mailroom head and we want you to choose your successor. And we want you to choose him on merit. On merit alone."

BUD

That's not fair.

(Crosses L. above TWIMBLE.)

I'm going out to get a smoke.

(He exits quickly L.)

TWIMBLE

Smoke. Ho ho. He's going to call his mother.

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

But it's not going to help him if I have anything to say. I have somebody else in mind for this job.
Ho ho.

FINCH

(After a moment)

Mr. Twimble ...

TWIMBLE

Yes?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below TWIMBLE)

You've been with this company a long time, haven't you?

TWIMBLE

Long, long time. Last month I became a quarter-of-a-century man.

(Shows medal on his lapel.)

FINCH

That's beautiful.

(Crosses R. to TWIMBLE.)

Gee, a quarter of a century.

TWIMBLE

A quarter of a century.

FINCH

How long have you been in the mailroom?

TWIMBLE

Twenty-five years. Yep, it's not easy to get a medal like this. It takes a combination of skill, diplomacy and bold caution.

END

TWIMBLE

YEAR AFTER YEAR AFTER FISCAL,

BOTH

NEVER TAKE A RISK-AL YEAR!

TWIMBLE

Start

Well, let's get back to work. They may be promoting me, but till then the mail must go through.

(Crosses above counter. FINCH crosses to R. of counter. BUD enters L. humming.)

Hi, Bud. How's your mother?

BUD

What mother?

TWIMBLE

(To FINCH)

What mother.

(BRATT' enters L. quickly with a big smile, crosses R. to TWIMBLE.)

BRATT

Hello, men. Well, Twimble, it's all set. As of today, you're head of shipping!

TWIMBLE

Thanks, Mr. Bratt.

(They shake hands.)

BRATT

Now let's talk about your successor ...

BUD

(Turns to L. of BRATT)

Say, Bratt, have you heard from my uncle today?

BRATT

No, Bud.

(BUD reacts with annoyance.)

Go ahead, Twimble, your shoes are going to be hard to fill, but who have you picked to fill them?

TWIMBLE

Well Mr. Bratt I've given it a good deal of thought, pro and con. I think your man is Young Finch.

BRATT

Finch.

BUD

I'm going out for a smoke.

(Starts off L.)

FINCH

Thanks, but I can't accept.

(BUD stops dead. EVERYONE looks at FINCH in astonishment.)

BRATT

(Crosses R. to FINCH below TWIMBLE)

Are you turning this job down?

FINCH

That's right sir. I think there is a man who is better qualified. A man who has been here longer than I. Gentlemen, I recommend Bud Frump.

BUD

(Caught off guard)

You're kidding.

TWIMBLE

(Crosses L. to BUD)

Bud Frump?

BRATT

(Crosses L. to TWIMBLE)

Well, this is something, ... I mean, surprise-wise. Well, as long as he feels that *way*...

BUD

I'm going to call my mother and tell her.

(He exits L.)

TWIMBLE

(Crosses R. below BRATT to FINCH)

I don't understand.

FINCH

Mr. Twimble, let me explain. Knowing you has taught me a lot.

(Phone RINGS.)

BRATT

(Picking up phone)

Hello. Yes, J.B. This is Bratt.

TWIMBLE

(To FINCH)

It's the big boss.

BRATT

(He listens a moment)

Oh, I understand your problem, J.B. Actually, we had picked someone else. But it's all right, J.B. The young fellow we picked turned the job over to Bud. He thinks Bud is better qualified ... No, he doesn't seem to be out of his mind. He was explaining, about it when you called.

(To FINCH.)

Go ahead, Finch.

FINCH

(C.)

Mr. Twimble, the great thing you have taught me is that no individual is as important as the whole company.

BRATT

(Acting as a quiet voice announcer to BIGGLEY)

He says no individual is as important as the whole company.

FINCH

(Crosses above TWIMBLE to his L.)

The whole team is greater than any single player.

BRATT

(To BIGGLEY)

The whole team is greater than any single player.

FINCH

(Getting louder)

The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

BRATT

The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

FINCH

The whole salad is bigger than any piece of lettuce.

BRATT

The whole salad is ... Oh, you can hear him.

FINCH

The whole omelette is bigger than any egg.

BRATT

Isn't that great, J.B.? Sort of chokes you up, doesn't it? ... His name? It's Finch.

FINCH

(To BRATT)

F-I-N.C.H

END

MISS JONES

(stops)

Of course. They're the Groundhogs. Mr. Biggley is very proud of his old school.
Well, good night, Ponty.

(Starts off R. again.)

FINCH

Good night, Miss Jones.

MISS JONES

(Stops)

Don't work too hard.

FINCH

Don't worry, I won't.

(MISS JONES exits R. ROSEMARY and SMITTY enter L. They stop when they see FINCH)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses below SMITTY to FINCH, R. of C.)

Hello, stranger.

FINCH

Oh, hi, Rosemary. Hi, Smitty.

SMITTY

(One step R.)

Hi, Ponty.

(Presses down elevator button stage It)

Been a long day, hasn't it?

FINCH

Sure has.

ROSEMARY

I haven't seen you since you got your new job.

FINCH

Oh, I've been working pretty hard.

ROSEMARY

Been a long day.

SMITTY

(Sudden thought)

Say, Rosemary, where are you having dinner tonight?

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. below Smitty)

That depends.

SMITTY

On what?

ROSEMARY

On where I'm having dinner.

(Looks at FINCH.)

SMITTY

Huh? Oh!

(BOTH GIRLS turn U.S.)

END

10 - *Been A Long Day*

(Smitty, Rosemary, Finch)

SMITTY

WELL, HERE IT IS FIVE P.M.,
THE FINISH OF A LONG DAY'S WORK
AND THERE THEY ARE, BOTH OF THEM,
THE SECRETARY AND THE CLERK ...

(ROSEMARY looks at FINCH. FINCH looks at her. She looks away. ROSEMARY looks at FINCH, FINCH looks away. ROSEMARY looks away.)

NOT VERY WELL ACQUAINTED,
NOT VERY MUCH TO SAY
BUT I CAN HEAR THOSE TWO LITTLE MINDS TICKING AWAY.
NOW SHE'S THINKING

ROSEMARY

(Turns front)

I WONDER IF WE TAKE THE SAME BUS?

SMITTY

AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

(Turns front)

THERE COULD BE QUITE A THING BETWEEN US.

SMITTY

NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

HE REALLY IS A DEAR.

SMITTY

AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

BUT WHAT OF MY CAREER?

SMITTY

THEN, SHE SAYS:

ROSEMARY

HUNGRY?

SMITTY

AND HE SAYS:

(Pause.)

FINCH

YEAH!

ROSEMARY

YEAH!

SMITTY

YEAH!

ALL

WELL IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY;

WELL, ITS BEEN A LONG,

BEEN A LONG, BEEN LONG,

BEEN A LONG DAY.

(Elevator doors open. CHORUS sings.)

CHORUS

WELL IT'S BEEN A LONG,
BEEN A LONG, BEEN A LONG,
BEEN A LONG DAY.

ROSEMARY and FINCH enter elevator L. SMITTY enters elevator R. Elevator down Close. After song, BIGGLEY re-enters R. muttering to himself. He crosses L.. pushes down elevator button.)

BIGGLEY

Blithering, blathering.

(BUD enters L., caring empty mail sack. BIGGLEY stops him, grabs him by the tie.)

BIGGLEY

Dammit, you've been complaining to your mother again. She wants you promoted.

BUD

Why not? Other people are being promoted

BIGGLEY

Well, I told your Aunt Gertrude that

(HEDY enters R.)

HEDY

Oh, there you ...

(HEDY)

(Sees BUD, composes herself)

Good evening, Mr. Biggley.

(Crosses to R. elevator.)

BIGGLEY

(Carefully businesslike)

Oh, good evening, Miss LaRue.

BUD

Uncle Jasper!

BIGGLEY

(Turns to BUD)

I told you never to call me that around here.

BUD

I'm sorry, J.B.

BIGGLEY

Now, haven't you got something to do?

BUD

I was just going to get my hat and go home.

BIGGLEY

Good.

(BUD goes slowly R., looking back at BIGGLEY and HEDY)

BIGGLEY

(Pulling himself together and crossing R. to HEDY)

How do you like your new job, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

It's a big, fat nothing.

(BUD overhears this, then exits R.)

BIGGLEY

Sweetheart, don't talk that way around here.

HEDY

I thought you were going to help me be a big business woman like Helena Rubinstein or Betty Crocker. So what happens? I'm stuck in the goddamn stenographic pool with no one to fish me the hell out.

BIGGLEY

Ssssshhh. Angel these things take time. You have to learn

(SOMEONE crosses R. to L. and BIGGLEY suddenly switches to a loud businesslike tone.)

Yes, Miss LaRue, in a large operation like World Wide Wickets there are many multiple facets which are very important in the scheme of things.

(BIGGLEY)

(PERSON exits L. and BIGGLEY switches back to his pleading tone.)

Hedy, I promise you ...

HEDY

I give up a wonderful job. Head cigarette girl at the Copa.

BIGGLEY

But the surroundings. You said you hated all those men staring at you, making advances.

HEDY

It's no different around here in big business. At least at the Copa, when I got pinched, I got tipped.

(Crosses R.)

Around here a girl can't bend down to pick up a pencil with confidence.

BIGGLEY

(Crosses R. to her)

You mean someone has been bothering you? Who? just let me know who.

(SOMEONE crosses L. to R. BIGGLEY'S voice goes up again.)

Yes! Miss, in a large operation like World Wide Facets, there are many multiple wickets which ...
Who pinched you?

HEDY

I don't care about that. Look, you did not keep your part of my bargain.

BIGGLEY

Sweetheart! I meant every word. Tell you what, I'll meet you at your place in ten minutes and we can talk it over.

HEDY

(Turns slowly to him)

No.

BIGGLEY

But, angel

(BUD enters R. with his hat and coat on, dressed exactly like BIGGLEY. BIGGLEY's VOICE goes up again.)

Yes, Miss, in a large operation like World Wide Wickets, there are many multiple facets which ...

(BUD crosses to elevator L., pushes down button. He straightens his tie, brush's off his coat, continues primping. BIGGLEY looks at BUD and then at his own outfit. He sees that they are dressed identically. Impatiently he crosses L. to BUD.)

Why don't you go home?

BUD

I'm waiting for the elevator.

BIGGLEY

Why don't you walk down?

BUD

It's thirty floors!

BIGGLEY

(Turning his head away from BUD and speaking under his breath)

Why don't you jump?

BUD

(Putting on his gloves and taking a look at HEDY)

Very attractive girl, Miss LaRue.

BIGGLEY

Huh? Oh, yes, I guess so. I was just, uh, trying to make her feel at home. She seems to be rather a shy person.

BUD

Yes. Well you go ahead, J.B.

(BIGGLEY starts R.)

I'm meeting Mother for dinner.

(BIGGLEY stops dead, crosses back to BUD.)

She loves dinner with me. I tell her everything that happens all day at the office.

11 - *Been A Long Day (Reprise)*

(Bud, Biggley, Hedy)

(Crosses R. below BIGGLEY to C.)

(BUD)

NOW HE'S THINKING:

BIGGLEY

THE KID COULD REALLY PUT ME THROUGH HELL!

BUD

AND SHE'S THINKING:

HEDY

THE KID COULD EVEN NAME THE HOTEL.

BUD

NOW HE'S THINKING:

BIGGLEY

I WONDER IF HE'D DARE...

SECOND SCRUBWOMAN

(*L. of C.*)

Yep, all spic as a span. I bet now some slob'll come in and dirty it all up.

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

Nah, not on Sat'dy morning. Come on, let's do the big shot's now.

(They go into executive suite U. R. After a moment, FINCH enters from U. L. After a glance to make sure no one is around, quickly he drops topcoat on third desk, crosses D. below desks. Puts attaché case on floor. Puts papers from case on first desk and on floor around desk. Tosses adding machine cover U.S. Takes four paper coffee cups out of case and puts them on his desk. Takes ashtray and bag of cigarette butts out of case and fills ashtray, puts on desk. Puts paper bag back in case. Closes case, puts it under second desk. Unrolls adding machine tape and winds it around lamp letting it hang down on the floor. Removes jacket, puts it on chair of second desk. Loosens tie, ruffles hair. Collapses in chair off first desk, head on desk as though sound asleep. BIGGLEY enters from R. and heads for executive suite. He is dressed for golf. He sees FINCH, stops dead, looks at watch, walks over to FINCH and taps him on shoulder.)

BIGGLEY

Good morning.

FINCH

(Rises, crosses L. as though waking up from a nap)

Oh, is it morning already, sir?

BIGGLEY

Good God, man. Have you been working all night?

FINCH

(Crosses up to his desk)

Well I had a few things to catch up on. I shouldn't be here much longer.

BIGGLEY

By George uh, I'm sorry, your name slips my mind.

FINCH

Finch, sir. F-I-N-C-H.

(Sits.)

BIGGLEY

Oh, yes. I've heard some good things about you from my scouts.

FINCH

Thank you, sir.

BIGGLEY

Well, Finch, it's great to see a man in there carrying the ball. You know you make me feel a bit guilty. I just dropped in to pick up my golf clubs. I have to play a round today with old Wally Womper. He's chairman of the board, you know.

FINCH

I imagine one have to do that sort of thing once in a while.

BIGGLEY

Now don't push yourself too hard, Finch. There are limits, you know.

FINCH

(Bravely)

Oh, don't worry about me, sir.

BIGGLEY

(Starts off)

I'll just get my clubs.

(Starts up steps to executive suite. FINCH rises and begins humming melody of OLD IVY
BIGGLEY stops dead as he hears what FINCH is singing. Crosses back to FINCH.)

What's that you're humming?

FINCH

(Stops humming)

Huh? Oh, I didn't realize I was humming, Sir.

BIGGLEY

You were humming the Old Ivy fight song.

FINCH

(Does his smile, then speaks)

I guess It was unconscious on my part.

BIGGLEY

Did you go there? Were you a Groundhog.?

FINCH

(Hesitantly)

Well, Sir

(Sits.)

BIGGLEY

Say it, boy! Come out with it. I know a lot of guys have an inferiority complex because they didn't go to Yale or Princeton. You're not ashamed of Old Ivy, are you?

FINCH

No, Sir, not a bit.

(Rises.)

BIGGLEY

That's the Groundhog spirit. I should have known you were Old Ivy. What year?

(FINCH crosses D. to C., lost in thought; makes football pass motion. BIGGLEY crosses D.)

Finch, when did you graduate?

FINCH

Oh, I'm sorry, Sir. I was thinking about the big game today. I'm sorry I have to miss it. Were playing the Chipmunks.

BIGGLEY

That's right. I can't get up there, either. I hope those damned Chipmunks don't give us too much trouble.

FINCH

Oh, I think we'll take them, Sir. Charnowsky's knee is much better.

BIGGLEY

Oh, with Charnowsky in there the team's morale should pick up. He's the dirtiest player we've got.

FINCH

Well, even though we're not there in person, we'll be rooting for 'em. Right?

BIGGLEY

Right.

END

(Biggley, Finch)

12 - Old Ivy

(BIGGLEY)

GRR-R-R-ROUNDHOG!

(They shake hands.)

FINCH

GR-R-R-R-ROUNDHOG!

BIGGLEY

(Marches down and then up)

STAND OLD IVY,
STAND FIRM AND STRONG.

(FINCH stands to the L., watching him.)

GRAND OLD IVY,
HEAR THE CHEERING THRONG.

(FINCH crosses to BIGGLEY.)

BIGGLEY AND FINCH

STAND OLD IVY
AND NEVER YIELD.
RRR-RIP! RRR-RIP!
RRR-RIP THE CHIPMUNK OFF THE FIELD.

FINCH

(On his knees)

WHEN YOU FALL ON THE BALL,

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

(Picking up knitting off desk)

I'd say Vassar.

13a - Vassar

(Orchestra)

Scene 9

(FINCH's FIRST OFFICE. A small desk with two chairs is set in front of an air vent stage R. In the black, we hear BIGGLEY'S VOICE.)

BIGGLEY'S VOICE

Hello, Bratt? This is J.B. Say, what are we running around here, a sweatshop? We're working that boy too hard. Who? Finch! F-I-N-C-H ... The poor devil worked here all weekend. I ought to know. I was there with him, working side by side. The lad needs help. Well, first of all, I want him to have an office of his own ... deserves the best you have available. Oh, nothing fancy - don't want him getting ideas.

(When the LIGHTS come up, FINCH is walking around dusting and straightning things. ROSEMARY enters from R.)

ROSEMARY

Hello, Ponty.

FINCH

Rosemary, come on in. How do you like it?

(Crosses R. above desk.)

ROSEMARY

(Looks around, crosses L. below desk.)

Your first office. It's beautiful.

(Sits.)

FINCH

It's not bad, considering. I did want my name on the door, but I decided not to ash because there's no door.

ROSEMARY

It's beautiful. I can only stay a minute. I just wanted to tell you that I had a good time the other night.

FINCH

(Sits)

Me, too. I enjoyed the conversation. It was very ... Well, i guess I talked all the time.

ROSEMARY

I liked it. But - just one thing, Ponty.

(ROSEMARY)

(Rises, crosses D.)

... About what happened later. I mean, when we said good night.

(FINCH rises, crosses DR. of desk.)

It was our first date and I don't want you to get a wrong impression of me, but ... well, I guess it's natural for a fellow to try to get a little fresh with a girl and make a pass at her, but you didn't do anything!

FINCH

I had to get up early.

(HEDY enters R. ROSEMARY looks R. past FINCH. FINCH, realizing someone has entered, turns It and is shocked at the sight of HEDY LARUE.)

Sir? ... Miss?

HEDY

I'm Miss LaRue, honey.

FINCH

What can I do for you, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

A secretary was ordered to be assigned to you. I'm your assignation.

ROSEMARY

(Confidentially to FINCH)

You didn't tell me you were getting a secretary.

FINCH

(Crosses L. to ROSEMARY)

I just found out myself.

ROSEMARY

Well, happy dictation, Ponty.

(She goes R. below HEDY.)

HEDY

'Bye.

(ROSEMARY exits. FINCH straightens his jacket, bows, realizes that's the wrong thing to do, lowers his voice.)

FINCH

Now, now won't you sit down, Miss LaRue?

(Crosses R. above desk.)

HEDY

Thank you.

(She crosses L., sits, crosses her legs, revealing a great deal of same.)

FINCH

(After staring at her for a moment)

Now, Miss LaRue ...

HEDY

Oh, just call me Hedy.

FINCH

Well ... I ... I ... think that perhaps in a business relationship.

HEDY

You're cute.

FINCH

Excuse me a moment.

(He picks up his book, walks to corner of his office D.R. and reads.)

BOOK VOICE

Choosing a secretary can be fraught with peril. Take a good look at the Young lady who has been assigned to you.

(BOOK VOICE stops. FINCH looks at HEDY, who is fixing her stocking. FINCH begins to read again. BOOK VOICE resumes.)

If she is so attractive that you feel things are too good to be true, be very careful. It may be that one of the big men in the company is Interested-In-Her-Career. There is a simple test for this. Check on her secretarial skill. The smaller her abilities, the bigger her Protector.

(FINCH closes book, goes to desk.)

FINCH

Miss LaRue, let's try some dictation. Take a letter.

HEDY

(Flips open steno pad)

Shoot!

FINCH

(Crosses L. of HEDY, speaks slowly)

This is to Mr. Gatch... Dear Mr. Gatch

(Crosses R. Slowly.)

Pursuant to our ... discussion of

HEDY

Wait a minute

(FINCH Stops.)

You trying to catch a trap?

FINCH

(Crosses L. of desk)

What are you taking this down in?

HEDY

Longhand. It's safer. I make up for it when I type.

FINCH

Oh, you type fast?

HEDY

Like a jackrabbit. Twelve words a minute.

FINCH

(Sits)

Uh ... by the way, Miss LaRue. Hedy ... what was your last position?

HEDY

(After a beat)

I was in the tobacco business. But then Mr. Biggley ...

FINCH

(Slams desk)

Mr. Biggley ...

(Reacts, turns front.)

HEDY

He got me interested in wickets, so I matriculated myself into business school, and, well, here I am.

FINCH

Yes, you are, aren't you?

(Looks at book.)

HEDY

Go ahead, dictate some more. I'm going to like this jazz.

FINCH

(Closes book)

Hedy, let that letter wait for a moment.

(Hands her a folder.)

Please take this in to Mr. Gatch.

HEDY

(Rises)

Mr. Gatch.

FINCH

Oh huh. He's my boss. Make sure you give it to Mr. Gatch himself.

(She starts off L.)

Hedy

(She stops.)

... personally.

HEDY

Okay, Charlie.

(She exits L.)

14 - Hedy's Walk

END

(Orchestra)

Scene 10

(PLANS AND SYSTEMS OFFICE. LIGHT up on GATCH seated at his desk. There is another chair at the R. behind which MISS KRLIMHOLTZ is standing. Door to the office is . Phone rings. MISS KRUMHOLTZ picks up phone.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(R. of CATCH)

Hello, Mr. Catch's office. One moment, please.

(Turns to CATCH.)

Mr. Catch, Mr. Finch's secretary is outside and she'd like to see you personally.

CATCH

(Puzzled)

Have her come in.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(Hangs up)

I'll get her.

(She goes C. HEDY enters, poses in doorway.)

HEDY

(CATCH jumps to his feet)

Mr. Catch?

(Crosses L. to desk.)

CATCH

(Startled)

Yes.?

BIGGLEY

(On stair unit)

Here he is, boys and girls.

(Crosses D.C. They surround OVINGTON shake hands, etc. OVINGTON crosses D.R. of BIGGLEY BRATT crosses to his L., followed by TACKABERRY)

You know our advertising department has been in trouble for a long time. But I think we now have a fellow who is going to help put World Wide Wickets back on top. Mr. Benjamin Burton Daniel Ovington.

(ALL applaud.)

OVINGTON

(R. of BIGGLEY)

Thanks, boys and girls. I just want to say that I'm proud to be joining the World Wide Wicket family. I don't know very much about wickets, but I do know about advertising. My theory of advertising can be summed up in one sentence: "Shove it down their throats with a soft sell."

BIGGLEY

Good sound thinking.

OVINGTON

And I'd like to say that—

HEDY

(Crosses D.L. from bar. BUD follows)

Benjamin Burton Daniel Ovington. What the hell kind of name is that?

(BIGGLEY whispers something to BRATT. BRATT crosses L. to HEDY)

OVINGTON

But I'd like to say that ...

(BIGGLEY stops him.)

BRATT

Say, Bud

HEDY

(To BRATT)

You call this a double Martini? There's only one olive in it.

OVINGTON

I'd like to say

(BIGGLEY stops him.)

BRATT

Bud, J.B. says for you to take Miss LaRue home. She doesn't seem to be feeling well.

HEDY

I'm feeling fine!

16 - *The Company Way (A la Dance Band)*

(Orchestra)

BUD

You feel terrible.

(As he starts to take her off, HEDY pulls free crosses R. to FINCH.)

HEDY

Hey, Finchy, let's dance.

OVINGTON

And ~~I~~ like to say

(BIGGLEY stops him again.)

FINCH

(Grabbing ROSEMARY)

I'm already dancing, with Rosemary.

(He and ROSEMARY do a few steps.)

BIGGLEY

Everybody, dance!

(Turns, takes MISS JONES to his L., begins to dance.)

OVINCTON

Furthermore, I'd like to ...

(GIRL grabs him and they start dancing. GROUP starts to dance. BUD tries to take HEDY away again. She kicks him.)

BUD

Ouch!

(HEDY disappears into group dancing, with BUD following.)

Come on, Hedy. No games.

END

(He comes out of crowd, dragging SMITTY by the hand, crossing D.L.)

Come on Hedy, J.B. wants me to take you ...

SMITTY

Bud, you must have heard the rumor!

(BUD sees he has the wrong girl, groans, dives back into dancing group, calling after HEDY.)

END

16a - *The Executive Landing*

(Orchestra)

Scene 13

(ELEVATOR LANDING. Stage R. elevator door opens. BUD and HEDY come out. Door closes behind them.)

17a - Ethereal Grandeur

(Orchestra)

Scene 14

(J.B. BIGGLEY's OFFICE. A very, beautiful, lush office. Two sums on either side of the large center window. Desk and big high-backed chair C. There is also a small anteroom D.L. with a secretary's desk visible to the audience. There is a door panel to enter BIGGLEY'S office L. above secretary's desk. In the main office there is a door U.R. leading to the private bath and shower. On rise no one is on stage. FINCH enters D.L., enters through anteroom door, walks into BIGGLEY' office. He has never been in here before and his attitude shows it. He looks around in admiration and awe. Crosses above desk R. Feels the sofa, touches the glass on the window C., slides his hand over the top of the chair, swings chair around to face audience. This is what he would like to have himself someday. He sits in chair.)

FINCH

(Addressing the world at large)

Someday, someday ...

(Bathroom door U.R. opens slowly. HEDY appears. FINCH doesn't see her. He is sitting in the chair and lost in his dreams. HEDY sneaks above desk to L. side of the chair, puts her hands over his eyes.)

HEDY

Guess who?

FINCH

(Feels behind him)

Mr. Biggley?

HEDY

(Dropping her hands)

No, it's me!

FINCH

(Rises, turns, looks startled)

Oh, hi, Hedy. I was supposed to meet Mr. Biggley here.

HEDY

Mr. Biggley? He's not coming. Somebody gave you a bum steer.

FINCH

I should have known it was a rib. Well, I'd better

(Starts for door L., but HEDY crosses D. between him and the door.)

HEDY

What's your hurry?

FINCH

ink I'd better back to the party.

HEDY

It's more fun down here.

FINCH

Well, I think I'd better.

HEDY

You're anxious to get back to that Rosemary, huh? Are you stuck on her?

FINCH

(Crosses to C.)

Rosemary? Oh, she and I are just good friends.

HEDY

(Crosses It to him)

That's very sensible. An up-and-coming young chap like you shouldn't be tied down. I've been watching you, buster.

(She smacks him in the stomach.)

You're going places.

(Crosses L. two steps.)

FINCH

Venezuela. Look, Hedy ...

HEDY

Wouldn't J.B. die if he walked in and found you kissing me?

FINCH

Frankly, I'd rather he didn't.

HEDY

Come on, let's try it.

FINCH

Uh uh.

HEDY

You'd better, Finch If you don't kiss me, I'll tell J.B. you did.

FINCH

Okay. Just Once.

(FINCH sits in chair C HWy sits in his lap, kisses him. After kiss, harp glissando is Played. FINCH then tries to rise but collapses from aftermath of kiss. "Rosemary" theme is now heard Played by Trumpet.)

18 - Rosemary

(Finch, Rosemary)

FINCH

(Half singing)

ROSEMARY!

(Rises.)

HEDY

Huh?

(Orchestra Trumpet plays C Major theme.)

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

Can't you hear it?

(Half-singing.)

ROSEMARY!

HEDY

Rosemary?

FINCH

That kiss

HEDY

What about that kiss?

FINCH

Rosemary!

HEDY

It is highly insulting to think of two broads in the middle of one kiss.

FINCH

I'm sorry, Hedy, but something happened to me. I can't explain ...

HEDY

(Points at him)

Finch. You are in love.

(Loud crescendo of "ROSEMARY" theme.)

FINCH

(Takes front, stunned)

That's right! Finch is in love! It's like music all around me. Like a symphony. I must have been in love ever since she took my particulars.

HEDY

(Crosses R. to him)

And you found this out by kissing me?

FINCH

Yes, Hedy.

HEDY

I don't know my own strength.

(She goes U.R. into bathroom. FINCH raises his arms, about to conduct invisible orchestra. He indicates downbeat.)

FINCH

SUDDENLY THERE IS MUSIC
IN THE SOUND OF YOUR NAME ...

(Looks around.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses D.R.)

WAS THE MELODY LOCKED INSIDE ME,
TILL AT LAST OUT IT CAME...
ROSEMARY!

(Crosses D.L.)

ROSEMARY,

(Crosses to C.)

JUST IMAGINE IF WE KISSED,
WHAT A CRESCENDO

(Raises his hand high, closes eyes, slowly drops hand.)

NOT TO BE MISSED.

(Crosses it)

AS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFETIME PROGRAM,
GIVE ME MORE OF THE SAME

(Falls and rolls on floor.)

ROSEMARY.
ROSEMARY,
THERE IS WONDERFUL MUSIC
IN THE VERY SOUND OF YOUR NAME.

(Stays on floor D.R.)

ROSEMARY

(Enters L. through anteroom and crosses R. to edge of desk)

Ponty, I heard Bud Frump talking at the party. Where is she?

BOTH

NOT TO BE MISSED.

FINCH

AS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFETIME
PROGRAM GIVE ME MORE OF THE SAME

(They both cross R.)

FINCH

ROSEMARY.

ROSEMARY

J. PIERREPONT,
J. PIERREPONT.

(BOTH cross L. of C.)

ROSEMARY,

J. PIERREPONT,

BOTH

THERE IS WONDERFUL MUSIC
IN THE VERY SOUND OF YOUR NAME.

(After song they embrace.)

FINCH

(R. of ROSEMARY)

13

Oh honey, I've been so wrapped up in trying to get ahead that I never ...

(HEDY re-enters U.R., wearing nothing but a big towel. ROSEMARY sees her but FINCH
doesn't. ROSEMARY now looks very carefully at FINCH as he talks.)

... realized. It's as though I'm seeing you for the first time.

ROSEMARY

(Coldly)

And I'm seeing you for the first time. You have on two different kinds of lipstick.
Mine...

(Points to HEDY)

... and hers.

FINCH

(Crosses R. to HEDY, startled)

Rosemary, this is very easily explained.

(Crosses L. to below chair.)

You don't understand.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L.)

Yes, I do. Well, don't let me keep you. Go on. Go back to making love to her. Kiss her
again. Take her home for the weekend. I don't care!

(She turns and walks out L.)

FINCH

(Turns to HEDY)

What will I do?

HEDY

Let's do what she said.

(ROSEMARY stops in anteroom as she sees something offstage L.)

ROSEMARY

Oh oh!

(She comes rushing back, crosses below FINCH to L. of HEDY, addresses HEDY.)

Get back in there.

HEDY

I have nothing to hide.

ROSEMARY

Yes, you have, and keep it hidden.

(HEDY goes through U.R. door. ROSEMARY crosses D. to FINCH, looks at him.)

You snake. Now kiss me.

(She grabs him. They kiss and hold it. BIGGLEY and BUD enter L. in anteroom. BUD goes L., looking satisfied that his plan has been put into action. BIGGLEY enters office, crosses R. to FINCH and ROSEMARY, stops dead as he sees ROSEMARY, not HEDY, in clinch with FINCH.)

BIGGLEY

Oh I'm sorry. I thought

(They separate and look at him.)

FINCH

Uh

ROSEMARY

Oh, it's my fault, Mr. Biggley. I insisted that Mr. Finch show me your office.

BIGGLEY

(Recovering)

I see. Well, actually, I just came in to wash up.

(He starts U. above desk for bathroom U.R. As BIGGLEY goes above desk ROSEMARY Swiftly beats him to it. FINCH crosses L. of desk to watch.)

ROSEMARY

(At bathroom door)

Excuse me.

(Slams door.)

BIGGLEY

(Faces closed door in a puzzled manner. He turns back, crosses D. to R. of FINCH)

Finch, I owe you an apology

FINCH

You do? For what?

BIGGLEY

Never mind. However, I want you to know I still do not approve of what you were doing when I walked in. I do not care for anything like that between executives and their secretaries.

FINCH

But Miss Pilkington is not my secretary.

BIGGLEY

Oh, yes. Good point.

(Crosses L. below FINCH, starting off. FINCH counters to R. of C. BRATT and OVINGTON enter from anteroom D.L.)

BRATT

We figured you might be here, J.B. We've been waiting for you.

OVINGTON

(Crosses D.L. of BIGGLEY.)

I haven't finished my speech yet.

BIGGLEY

You made a fine speech.

FINCH

Yes, you did, Mr. Ovington. Very good speech.

(Crosses L.)

BRATT

Ovington, this is Mr. Finch of Plans and Systems.

FINCH

How do you do, Mr. Ovington.

OVINGTON

How do you do?

(He and FINCH shake hands.)

FINCH

I didn't get a chance to tell you at the party, Mr. Ovington but I'm very interested in advertising and I've read a lot about you in Fortune Magazine. Some wonderful stuff.

OVINGTON

Thank you.

FINCH

By the way, Mr. Biggley, did you know that Mr. Ovington was an All-American halfback at college?

(Crosses R.)

BIGGLEY

Is that so? Where did you play, Ovington?

OVINGTON

The greatest little college in the world - Northern State.

BIGGLEY

(He and FINCH exchange glances)

A chipmunk!

(Crosses It to FINCH, but keeps looking at Ovington. FINCH looks front and smiles.)

OVINGTON

I sure am a Chipmunk. Did you see the way we murdered the Groundhogs last Saturday?

BIGGLEY

Ovington, I'm not a bigot. I've hired men from all colleges - Tigers, Bulldogs, Trojans, Gophers, Badgers - but never, never a Chipmunk!

(BRATT crosses R. to Ovington, takes out a pen and resignation form from pocket and offers it to Ovington to sign.)

Your resignation is accepted.

(Ovington signs resignation. BIGGLEY and FINCH sing:)

END

19- *Rip The Chipmunk*

(Biggley, Finch)

BIGGLEY & FINCH

RIP! RRR-RIP!

RRR-RIP THE CHIPMUNK OFF THE FIELD.

(Ovington starts off L., stops, turns.)

OVINGTON

CHIPMUNK RAH, CHIPMUNK RAH,
CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIPMUNK!

(He exits L. through anteroom and off)

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D. C.)

That was a narrow squeak.

FINCH

It was a big shock to me.

BIGGLEY

Finch, it's a good thing you're on the ball when it comes to advertising.

BRATT

(Crosses R. to BIGGLEY)

Say, J.B., what are we going to do for a new advertising manager?

BIGGLEY

Finch, maybe it's Fate that you happen to be here at this very moment.

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

You've always wanted this rotten job. Do you think you could handle it?

FINCH

(Crosses R. two steps)

I don't know, sir.

BIGGLEY

(To BRATT)

If there's one thing I admire in a man, it's humility.

(BRATT looks away. To FINCH.)

Finch, I'm making you vice president in charge of advertising.

FINCH

Me? A vice president?

BRATT

J.B., I don't want to question your decision. Finch is very bright, but he's rather inexperienced and...

BIGGLEY

I like him.

BRATT

I like him.

(Throws up hands in resignation.)

BIGGLEY

I think we've hit on something here, Bratt. This boy is loaded with great ideas.

BRATT

Ideas? Tell us some of them, Finch.

FINCH

Well, I haven't had time to figure them...

BIGGLEY

(Quickly cutting in)

Come on, Finch.

(Crosses one Step R.)

Where are those ideas?

FINCH

Well, sir, I ...

BIGGLEY

Put up or shut up, son.

FINCH

Well, the thing is

BIGGLEY

Get on the ball or you'll be out of here like a shot.

FINCH

But, sir, I'd like to be able to give you a clear-cut campaign

BRATT

(Crossing It to FINCH)

Say, J.B., the Plans Board is meeting day after tomorrow. Finch can tell us all his ideas then.

BIGGLEY

Fine. Finch, you've got forty-eight hours to make an advertising presentation.

(Starts off L. with BRATT, stops and turns to FINCH.)

Better get going, Finch. You're now a vice president in full charge of advertising and, frankly, up to now I'm pretty dissatisfied with your work.

(He and BRATT exit L.)

FINCH

I don't care what happens. I'm a vice president. Vice President Finch.

(Crosses U.L. to desk, picks up phone.)

Hello, get me the stationery shop downstairs. Hello, this is Mr. Finch. Remember those cards I spoke to you about last week? Go ahead and print them right away.

(Hangs up.)

END

Now let's see what.

(Suddenly remembers girls, calls.)

Oh, girls, you can come out now.

(HEDY and ROSEMARY come out. HEDY is now back in her Paris original dress.)

HEDY

Thanks, Rosemary.

(Crosses L. above desk, starting off)

FINCH

(Crosses FL)

Rosemary, I've got a surprise for you. I've been made a vice president.

HEDY

(stops)

Congratulations. Can I be your secretary?

FINCH

Gee, I'd love that, Hedy, but Rosemary is going to be my secretary.

(ROSEMARY turns her back to FINCH.)

HEDY

I'll go back to the steno pool.

(Site goes L., stops in anteroom.)

Guess I'll wait for that pigeon till after he's married.

(She exits of L.)

FINCH

(Crosses FL, taps ROSEMARY on shoulder)

Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

(Still turned away)

I'm going to be your secretary?

(Turns to him.)

FINCH

Sure. You were Mr. Ovington's secretary ...

(Crosses L.)

... and now I'm taking over his whole department.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. to him)

And what makes you think I'd be your secretary. I'd rather die.

FINCH

Rosemary, you must. You have to. I'm in charge of advertising now. You know what a tough job that is. I can only do it if I have your help. Rosemary, I need you.

ROSEMARY

You do?

(FINCH nods yes. She thinks for a moment.)

Well, in that case ... All right, I'll be your secretary.

15

FINCH

Wonderful. Now let's get to work.

(Starts off L.)

ROSEMARY

Just like that? Haven't you forgotten something?

FINCH

Oh, yeah.

(Stops, crosses back to desk, picks Up phone.)

Hello, operator. Who paints names on office doors?

ROSEMARY

Finch, aren't you going to kiss me?

FINCH

Kiss You? I can't.

ROSEMARY

Why not?

FINCH

You're my secretary. Wait a minute, Rosemary.

(Into phone.)

Hello, name painter?

20 - Finale Act One

(Rosemary, Finch, Bud)

(ROSEMARY turns front.)

ROSEMARY

"Wait a minute, Rosemary. Hello, name painter?"

(BUD enters D.L., opens door and sticks head into office to eavesdrop.)

FINCH

This is Mr. Finch. I want my name on my door in gold leaf.

END

BUD

Oh!

(Collapses, holding onto door)

FINCH

J. PIERREPONT FINCH
J. PIERREPONT!

ROSEMARY

SUDDENLY THERE IS MUSIC

FINCH

ALL CAPITALS!

21 - Entr'acte

(Orchestra)

ACT TWO Scene I

22 - Opening Act 2

(Orchestra)

(THE OUTER OFFICE. All of the OFFICE GIRLS, ~~including~~ SMITTY, are sitting around, gossiping. BUD FRUMP is standing L. of C. below row of desks, crosses R. to TACKABERRY, who is standing R. of C. with TOYNBEE. He whispers something to them, they exit R. BRATT enters U.R. from the executive suite, crosses DR. of C. BUD turns, crosses L. to him and whispers something to him. BRATT crosses L. and sits. JENKINS enters L., BUD crosses to him stopping him L. of C. and whispers to him. The GIRLS U.S. have been observing the above business. SMITTY, C., crosses R. to MISS KRUMHOLTZ. They both cross D., observing Frump and Jenkins stage R.)

SMITTY

There's sure a lot of whispering going on today.

16

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

It's the Merchandise Mafia at work.

(BUD and JENKINS exit L.)

Ever since Finch became a vice president, they've all been scared out of their wits.

When's the big meeting?

SMITTY

It's set for this afternoon. I hope Ponty comes up with something.

(ROSEMARY enters U.R. from the executive suite. She is dressed for departure: hat, bag, etc. SMITTY crosses to her. MISS KRUMHOLTZ crosses U. to the girls at the desks.)

Where are you going?

ROSEMARY

(C.)

Home.

SMITTY

At ten o'clock in the morning?

ROSEMARY

I've resigned. I'm quitting.

SMITTY

Nonsense. You've been threatening that all week.

ROSEMARY

This time it's official.

(Crosses R.)

I left a letter of resignation on his desk. Wait till he reads it.

SMITTY

(Crosses R.)

But, uh

ROSEMARY

Smitty, I just can't take it any more. I don't mind a person ignoring me completely as long as he pays a little attention.

(Crosses R.)

Smitty, he doesn't need me.

SMITTY

(Crosses R.)

He did tell you he loved you and that he wanted to marry you.

(THREE GIRLS drift down to hear the conversation.)

ROSEMARY

Ssshh, Smitty, that was supposed to be a secret.

SMITTY

Oh, don't worry. I haven't told anybody.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(L. of SMITTY)

What's the matter?

SMITTY

Rosemary is resigning from Finch.

FIRST GIRL

(L. of MISS KRUMHOLTZ)

But I thought he was going to marry her.

SECOND GIRL

(L. of FIRST GIRL)

That's what I thought.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

Me, too.

(SMITTY crosses L., trying to shush the GIRLS as ROSEMARY crosses L. to SMITTY, looks at her accusingly.)

SMITTY

(Apologetically)

I only told the girls.

(To GIRLS.)

Don't worry. She will forgive him.

ROSEMARY

Never!

MISS KRUMHOLTZ)
)?

(Takes ROSEMARY U.S. to second desk from C.)

SMITTY

(Crosses U. to L. of ROSEMARY)

Look, Rosemary, there's one thing you can't overlook - that's loyalty.

ROSEMARY

I've been very loyal to him.

SMITTY

I don't mean to him. I mean to us ... us girls.

GIRLS

END

That's right. Sure. Uh huh. Etc.

(Smitty, Rosemary, Girls)

23 - Cinderella, Darling

SMITTY

HOW OFTEN DOES IT HAPPEN
THAT A SECRETARY'S BOSS
WANTS TO MARRY 'ER?

GIRLS

HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

HOW OFTEN DOES THE DREAM COME TRUE
WITHOUT A SIGN OF CONFLICT OR BARRIER?

GIRLS

HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

WHY TREAT A MAN LIKE HE WAS A TYPHOID CARRIER?
HOW OFTEN CAN YOU FLY
FROM THJ LAND OF CARBON PAPER

(FOUR GIRLS cross D.L.)

TO THE LAND OF FLOWER'D CHINTZ?

GIRLS

HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

HOW OFTEN DOES A CINDERELLA
GET A CRACK AT THE PRINCE?

ALL

HALLELUJAH!

Scene 2

(FINCH'S NEW ADVERTISING OFFICE. On rise an overhanging special light picks FINCH up at his desk. FINCH is reading the book.)

BOOK VOICE

So you are now a vice president. You have climbed the ladder of success rung, by pair until you have almost reached the top. You have done beautifully. Unless you are vice in charge of advertising. In that case you are in terrible trouble. There is only one thing that can save you. You must get a brilliant idea. The quickest way to get ideas is to develop them. That is, you must examine the undeveloped, worthless notions of others and add to them that extra something that makes the idea your own. An undeveloped notion may come from the least likely source. Be alert! You never know who will bring it to you.

(BUD enters L.)

BUD

Hi, Ponty.

17

FINCH

Hello, Bud.

(Rises.)

BUD

Sorry I busted in, but there was no one outside.

(Looking around, crosses it to FINCH'S desk.)

First time I've seen your new office.

(Peeks at what is on PINCH'S desk. FINCH quickly turns over papers.)

Quite a layout. My favorite. style - Chinese Provincial.

(Crosses L., Sits.)

I suppose you're wondering why I'm here.

FINCH

(Crosses D.R. of desk)

Frankly, yes.

BUD

(Rises, crosses it)

Ponty, I want you and me to be friends. You know, smokum peacepipe. You've never liked me.

FINCH

(Crosses L. towards BUD)

Oh, Bud...

BUD

Don't deny it. Its true, and I don't blame you. I've been a no-good back-biting fink.

FINCH

Oh, Bud, that's a bit strong.

BUD

How would you put it?

FINCH

I guess your way is best.

BUD

Well I'd like to change all that.

(Crosses it to FINCH.)

Now I know you're stuck for an idea, and I was thinking ...

FINCH

Now wait a minute, Bud. I am not stuck.

BUD

(Going on)

I was thinking that give-away shows are going to come back and ...

FINCH

I don't need anyone else's ideas and ...

(Sudden take.)

What was that?

BUD

(Very casual)

Well, I have this idea for a give-away program. It's called the World Wide Wicket Treasure Hunt. We hide a thousand dollar savings bond somewhere and every week on television we give clues as to where it is.

(Puts script into FINCH'S hands.)

Look, as you say, you don't need an idea, but let me leave this with you and if you get a chance, look it over. Because the meeting's in a few little while. I mean it's soon.

(Draws finger across throat. Starts off L.)

FINCH

Uh, Bud

(BUD stops.)

What did your uncle say when you told him about this?

BUD

I haven't told it to him, Ponty. If I brought it to him, he wouldn't listen. That's I brought it to you.

FINCH

You haven't told it to your uncle?

BUD

No, Ponty.

(Crosses R. to FINCH, reaches for manuscript.)

Look, if you're not interested...

FINCH

(Keeping script)

Well, Bud, the idea doesn't give me much nourishment but maybe I'll give it a bit of a think-think.

BUD

Feel free to use it.

(He starts L., stops and sings.)

24 - I Have Returned

(Bud)

(BUD)

I HAVE RETURNED.

(He goes L.)

FINCH

(Left alone, looks at manuscript carefully, crosses above desk)

Treasure hunt. Could be. A thousand dollar bond. This thing needs some kind of a new twist.

(ROSEMARY enters L.)

END

ROSEMARY

Ponty, I'm back. I changed my mind.

18

(Crosses R. to R. of C.)

FINCH

(Still lost in thought)

Oh, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R. to desk)

I don't blame you for being cold to me. But I did change my mind.

FINCH

(Crosses back above desk, still preoccupied with manuscript)

About what?

ROSEMARY

About what I said in the letter.

FINCH

What letter?

ROSEMARY

My letter of resignation.

FINCH

Your resignation from what?

ROSEMARY

The Girl Scouts of America.

FINCH

Oh.

ROSEMARY

Don't you understand?

(She picks up letter of resignation from desk, shows it to him slams it down, then crosses L. by settee.)

I've quit, resigned, left you forever!

FINCH

Why are you doing that?

ROSEMARY

(Yelling)

Because I was. hurt, humiliated, ignored, upset!

FINCH

(Startled)

Who did that to you?

ROSEMARY

You.

FINCH

Me. It couldn't have been me. I haven't said ten words to you all week.

(ROSEMARY stares at him.)

True?

ROSEMARY

True.

(She sits on settee.)

FINCH

Good. Now listen, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

Must you call me that? Can't you call me Rosemary?

FINCH

No. And I want you to call me Mr. Finch, until you're Mrs. Finch.

ROSEMARY

(Dreamy smile)

Am I really going to be. Mrs. Finch?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below desk to her.)

Oh, come on. I thought that was all settled.

ROSEMARY

I keep thinking maybe you forgot.

FINCH

Well, I haven't. You're going to be Mrs. Finch because we're going to be married. Now, may we discuss some serious matters?

ROSEMARY

Oh, sure.

FINCH

Miss Pilkington, I have something I want you to hear.

(Crosses it above desk.)

I have finally come up with a new idea for a television program. I'm thinking of calling it the World Wide Wicket Treasure Hunt.

(Crosses to C.)

The prize would be a thousand dollar bond. Do you think that's enough?

(ROSEMARY looks at him raptly, doesn't answer. FINCH crosses L. to her.)

Maybe we ought to make that twenty-five thousand dollars. Listen carefully, Rosemary.

(Crosses to C.)

What would you say if we gave away a hundred thousand dollars?

(She doesn't answer. He crosses to her at settee.)

Two hundred thousand?

ROSEMARY

I don't care if you give away the whole company. I love you.

FINCH

(Stares at her, then looks front with a happy smile on his face)

Say that again.

ROSEMARY

I love you.

FINCH

No. And I want you to call me Mr. Finch, until you're Mrs. Finch.

ROSEMARY

(Dreamy smile)

Am I really going to be. Mrs. Finch?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below desk to her.)

Oh, come on. I thought that was all settled.

ROSEMARY

I keep thinking maybe you forgot.

FINCH

Well, I haven't. You're going to be Mrs. Finch because we're going to be married. Now, may we discuss some serious matters?

ROSEMARY

Oh, sure.

FINCH

Miss Pilkington, I have something I want you to hear.

(Crosses it above desk.)

I have finally come up with a new idea for a television program. I'm thinking of calling it the World Wide Wicket Treasure Hunt.

(Crosses to C.)

The prize would be a thousand dollar bond. Do you think that's enough?

(ROSEMARY looks at him raptly, doesn't answer. FINCH crosses L. to her.)

Maybe we ought to make that twenty-five thousand dollars. Listen carefully, Rosemary.

(Crosses to C.)

What would you say if we gave away a hundred thousand dollars?

(She doesn't answer. He crosses to her at settee.)

Two hundred thousand?

ROSEMARY

I don't care if you give away the whole company. I love you.

FINCH

(Stares at her, then looks front with a happy smile on his face)

Say that again.

ROSEMARY

I love you.

FINCH

No, before that.

ROSEMARY

(Puzzled)

I said I don't care if you give away the whole company.

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

That's it! We'll give away the company. What a prize! Oh, I don't mean the whole company.

(Crosses R. below desk.)

I mean stock. In the company. Nobody could resist that these days. I've got to have time to work this out. I've got to speak to Mr. Biggley..

(He picks up phone. ROSEMARY rises, crosses to him.)

He's got to give me a postponement.

(Hangs up.)

No, I'll go see him.

ROSEMARY

Good luck, Mr. Finch.

FINCH

Thank you, Miss Pilkington.

(He starts off L.)

ROSEMARY

Say

(He stops and looks at her.)

What about taking me to lunch? Nobody has to see us.

FINCH

(Reprovingly)

Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

(With a smile)

I'm sorry Mr. Finch.

END

BIGGLEY

(Crosses L. to BUD)

I told you what I thought of that treasure hunt.

BUD

I just wanted to remind you that you didn't like it.

(He exits L. BIGGLEY opens door, looks around. 1-IEDY crosses D.R., waiting impatiently. BIGGLEY closes door, crosses DR. below desk to HEDY.)

BIGGLEY

Darling, I've told you that during office hours I can't meet with you.

HEDY

I did not intend to embarrass you. I just came for a business purpose.

BIGGLEY

Business?

HEDY

I wish to tender you with my resignation.

BIGGLEY

Your resignation? What are you going to do?

HEDY

I'm on my way to Los Angeles. I've been offered a very suitable position there.

BIGGLEY

Los Angeles? Hedy, you can't. Tell me what this is all about.

HEDY

I just got a letter from a girl friend. She's working for a big cosmetic firm out there. She demonstrates skin creams

BIGGLEY

(Horrified)

Skin cream

HEDY

Yes. In all those big glamorous department stores. And she can get me a job.

BIGGLEY

That's undignified. You can't run around demonstrating some fake goo.

HEDY

(Indignant)

It is not a fake. It's a very fine skin cream called Dermoblast. Do you know what it's made from?

BIGGLEY

Please, don't tell me.

HEDY

It's made from sharkbelly jelly.

BIGGLEY

I was afraid of that. You said you wanted a career. What kind of a future is there in sharkbellies?

HEDY

More than there is around here. Not a single guy around here will use me as his secretary.

(Crosses R.)

They stay away from me like I had an extremely tropical disease.

BIGGLEY

Hedy, if you could just be patient.

HEDY

No. I've made up my mind. Bon voyage.

(She starts Off L.)

BIGGLEY

Well, good luck, dear.

(Sits in chair C.)

HEDY

(Stops, turns)

Huh?

BIGGLEY

I'll manage somehow. Only how will I spend those lonely nights?

HEDY

You could stay home.

BIGGLEY

I can't stay home. I'm a married man

HEDY

Oh, you'll do all right.

BIGGLEY

Hedy, I can't live without you.

HEDY

(Crosses R. to BIGGLEY)

You mean that?

BIGGLEY

(Rises, crosses D.C.)

Of course I do. I know I seem to have everything. Old rich J.B. Biggley. Old Moneybags. People come to me with treasure hunts. My day is spent talking money. And what does it all mean? Nothing. Hedy, nothing means anything without you.

FINCH

(After a pause)

Okay. But we'd better meet around the corner.

HEDY

(Starts off L.)

Gotcha, cutie! Chicken ... !

(She exits L. as FINCH starts for BIGGLEY' office cool')

26a - The Lunch Date

(Orchestra)

20

Scene 4

(MEN'S WASHROOM OF THE WORLD WIDE WICKET COMPANY There is a row of nine sinks D.S. and frarnes representing mirrors. BRATT, at third sink from L., and DAVIS, at third sink from R., are washing their hands at sinks. Phone U.S.L. wall RINGS twice. BRATT shakes water off his hands, goes to phone, picks it up.)

BRATT

(At phone)

Hello, executive washroom. Yeah, I'm down here. What? The meeting's at four-thirty. Come on down. We'll make plans.

(Hangs up, goes back to sink. TOYNBEE enters L.)

TOYNBEE

Big meeting's today, huh?

(Crosses U. and hangs coat on hook U.S.)

BRATT

(Looking at watch)

Yeah.

(TACKABERRY enters L., crosses R. JENKINS follows him on, crosses to last sink L.)

TACKABERRY

Hear anything about what Finch is planning?

(Crosses U. and hangs coat on hook U.S.)

BRATT

J.B. gave him a postponement, SO he must have something. YOU know, fellows, I'm really beginning to get a little scared of Finch.

JENKINS

Me, too. If we don't stop him pretty soon...

(Shakes his head.)

BRATT

He'll probably have us all working in the mailroom.

(BUD enters L.)

BUD

Hi, men.

(Crosses it to C. OTHER MEN greet him.)

TACKABERRY

Hear anything, Bud?

BUD

Chaps, our worries are over. Finch is going ahead with ... well, believe me, he's dead-dead-dead. And I'm so happy I could cry.

TACKABERRY

That's very pleasant news.

BRATT

I don't know. Finch has a way of bouncing. I wouldn't believe he was dead if I read his obituary.

BUD

(Crosses L. to BRATT)

Ordinarily I'd agree with you. Finch is very smart. But don't forget he's now in advertising. And that does something to men's brains.

(Suddenly stops, looks offstage L.)

Oh oh.

(Crosses R. to second sink, speaks casually.)

Has anybody seen my Wildroot Cream Oil?

(FINCH enters L., crosses to C. sink. MEN have resumed washing.)

FINCH

Hiyah, men.

BRATT

All set for the big meeting?

(BUD crosses U.R. and hangs up his coat. JENKINS crosses U.L. and hangs up his coat. They cross back to their respective sinks.)

FINCH

Could be, could be, Wish me luck, men.

ALL

Good luck.

END

BUD

(Crosses R. between two men to FINCH)

Look, Ponty why the hell should you face those monsters? Go ahead, run away. Escape. I'll pretend I didn't see you. For auld lang syne.

FINCH

No, I'm going to face them and get it over with. I should think you'd be happy if they killed me.

(BUD crosses L. to his former position.)

BUD

If I could only be sure.

(They march off L. GIRLS exit L. and R.)

Scene 9

(BIGGLEY'S OFFICE. WOMPER is pacing back and forth. Miss JONES is seated (U.L. on the sofa. To her right is TACKABERRY. ANOTHER GROUP of EXECUTIVES standing Stage R. BIGGLEY is standing L. of his desk. BRATT enters L., followed by PETERSON and JENKINS.)

BRATT

21

(Crosses to L. of BIGGLEY)

All of our key men are here, J.B.

(To PETERSON and JENKINS at his L.)

Gentlemen, you know Mr. Wally Womper, the chairman of the board.

(They nod to WOMPER, who just looks at them. PETERSON crosses U. to MISS JONES.)

BIGGLEY

(Crosses R. to WOMPER)

Now, Wally, let me tell you before we go any further that I realize that I'm the president of this company, the man who is responsible for everything that goes on here. So I'd like to state right now that anything that happened is not my fault. There's one bright side to this whole thing, Wally. You'll be happy to know that we've got somebody to pin it on.

(Turns to BRATT)

Have you found Finch yet?

BRATT

They're bringing him in.

BIGGLEY

Good. Wally, you'll soon see where the responsibility for the whole thing lies. When he gets here, I'll do all the talking. This is a very slick youngster Wally

(BUD enters dragging FINCH followed by the FOUR EXECUTIVES who cross U.L. alongside Miss JONES.)

BUD

(To BIGGLEY)

He's here, sir.

(Crosses R. below desk to MEN stage R. JENKINS crosses above desk and joins him.)

FINCH

(L. of C.)

Mr. Biggley, I'd ...

BIGGLEY

(Cutting in fast)

Never mind, I'll do the talking. Oh, by the way, you've never met Mr. Womper. This is the chairman of the board.

FINCH

How do you do, Mr. Womper?

(Starts R.)

Mr. Womper, I'd like to

BIGGLEY

(Stopping him)

No speeches, Finch. It's all settled. I want you to sign a simple little letter of resignation, in which you accept all the blame for what happened.

(BRATT crosses D. to L. of FINCH, hands him pen and letter of resignation.)

FINCH

Okay, Mr. Biggley, I'll be glad to.

(Takes pen and letter from BRATT)

BIGGLEY

What's that?

(Crosses L. to FINCH.)

FINCH

I'll do what you said.

(ALL look at each other.)

BIGGLEY

You Sure this isn't one of your tricks?

FINCH

No, Mr. Biggley, I'm through with all that. You see, this firm has been pretty good to me. Now I'm going to resign, take the blame and go back to what I did before I came here.

BIGGLEY

(Simple curiosity)

What did you do, Finch?

FINCH

(After a pause)

I was a window washer.

WOMPER

No kiddin'. I started as a window washer myself.

(This is the first time WOMPER has spoken. It comes from left field. They all turn and look at WOMPER. FINCH turns front and smiles, then turns gracefully to BRATT and hands back pen and letter of resignation. BRATT looks stunned. He puts away his pen, letter of resignation and crosses U.L. to it of MISS JONES.)

BIGGLEY

(Turns R.)

You did?

WOMPER

(Crosses L.)

What the hell did you think I was - a rail splitter?

(BIGGLEY crosses U.L to L. of BRATT. WOMPER disgustedly refers to BIGGLEY.)

College man.

(To FINCH.)

So you were a window washer.

(MEN gather around BUD stage R. MEN gather around BIGGLEY stage L.)

FINCH

Yes, Mr. Womper.

WOMPER

Call me Wally.

FINCH

Okay, Wally.

WOMPER

Tell me, Finch ...

FINCH

Call me Ponty.

WOMPER

to talk to.

Okay, Ponty. Boy, it's been a long time since I had someone around here! How did you happen to go into this business?

FINCH

Well, sir, I had a book

WOMPER

Yeah? Me, too.

FINCH

It was a book on how to succeed in business.

WOMPER

My book was more useful. I booked bets for all the other window washers. I cleaned up a bundle.

(Crosses R., looks at MEN stage R.)

I should've ~~stayed in~~ that business. Eight buildings wrecked, our stock is down five points. We're the laughing stock of the industry.

FINCH

I know, Wally. It's ghastly.

WOMPER

Ponty, how did this happen? I could understand a college man pulling a boner like this, but not no window washer. Now this idea of yours...

FINCH

Hold it, Wally.

(Crosses R. to WOMPER.)

If there's one thing I won't do, it's take credit for another man's idea. Especially when he's the boss's nephew.

(WOMPER looks up. FINCH crosses L. EVERYBODY moves L. away from BUD, leaving him alone stage R.)

WOMPER

(Crosses R. to C., looks at BUD, turns to BIGGLEY)

You never told me you hired your nephew.

BIGGLEY

Nephew? Oh, nephew.

(Crosses D.R. to WOMPER.)

He's not really my nephew - he's my Wife's nephew. This may seem like nepotism, Wally, but it's not. I've never shown him any favoritism. In fact, I hate him.

WOMPER

But you love his ideas.

BIGGLEY

No! When he first told me the idea I thought it was a lousy idea.

(Crosses L. and points at FINCH.)

Then when Finch brought it to me I still said it was a lousy idea. And I told Finch it was a lousy idea.

WOMPER

(Crosses L. two Steps)

Why did you buy it?

BIGGLEY

It seemed like a good idea.

WOMPER

(Turns away, crosses R. two steps)

Treasure hunts ... treasure girls ...

BIGGLEY

(Suddenly defensive)

Well, dressed it all up. He can't deny that the idea for the Treasure Girl was his.

(Crosses U.L. into GROUP OF MEN.)

MEN

That's right, J.B. You tell 'em, J.B. That's the way, J.B.

(etc., etc.)

(WOMPER looks at FINCH.)

FINCH

(Crosses R. to WOMPER.)

Well, that was my idea.

WOMPER

And not a bad one, but who the hell picked that bubble-headed tomato?

(FINCH crosses D.R. below WOMPER. Now EVERYONE moves away R. and L. from BIGGLEY, leaving him alone L. WOMPER looks at BIGGLEY.)

WOMPER

(Nodding, looks U.L.)

Uh huh.

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D. to WOMPER)

Wally, I don't want you to get any wrong ideas. This is a very nice girl. You ought to talk to her.

WOMPER

I intend to.

(Crosses R., looks at men R.)

Well, I think I've got the whole picture. Now the question is what to do and who to do it to.

(Sits in BIGGLEY'S chair C.)

JENKINS

(As he heads for executive suite U.R.)

Don't know a thing yet.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

Looks like a big shakeup.

(JENKINS is stopped on stairs U.R. by BRATT entering from executive suite, followed by TACKABERRY.)

BRATT

Boys and girls, may I have a word.

(They all turn to listen.)

As you know, there have been a few changes made at World Wide Wickets. I am speaking to you now in my new capacity as vice president in charge of Employee Morale and Psychological Adjustment. Mr. Tackaberry here is now in charge of Personnel.

(TACKABERRY nods, crosses D. steps, shakes hands with JENKINS.)

Now I would like you to hear a few words from our hard-driving, hard-working president.

(BIGGLEY enters L.R., followed by MISS JONES.)

J.B. Biggley.

(OFFICE STAFF applauds. MISS JONES crosses D. to foot of first row of D.S. desks.)

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D.R. of C.)

I can truly state that World Wide Wickets is now stronger than ever. And I feel a lot of the credit should go to a certain bright and very loyal young man. Come out here, Finch.

(FINCH enters JR. OFFICE STAFF applauds. BIGGLEY crosses D.R.)

As you know, this youngster's rise has been spectacularly rapid. As a matter of fact, for a while I began to think he was after my job.

(BIGGLEY laughs. FINCH and other OFFICE PERSONNEL laugh with him.)

But, luckily for me, he didn't want it.

(Laughs again.)

FINCH

(Laughing)

No, J.B., your job is much too tough for me.

(Crosses L. below BIGGLEY.)

But I would like to say, that if any credit is due, it should go to a great mar' and a great humanitarian, the chairman of the board, Mr. Wally Womper.

BIGGLEY

Hear hear.

FINCH

Incidentally; folks, Mr Womper has his charming wife with him today. Let's get them both out here. Mr. and Mrs. Womper.

(*WOMPER and HEDY Come out U.R., Cross DR. of C. GROUP applauds. FINCH crosses R. to them.*)

FINCH

Mr. Womper told me he didn't feel like making any speeches. He's still a newlywed. But, I have a surprise announcement to make about him.

(*Crosses L. to C.*)

Wally Womper has decided that after his long years of service, he's going to retire as chairman of the board and he and his wife are going to take a long honeymoon trip around the world.

HEDY

(*R. of Womper*)

Sweetie, what a surprise! You didn't tell me.

WOMPER

(*Stunned*)

I didn't know.

(*FINCH crosses U.L. and is surrounded by the GIRLS.*)

Well, what the hell. It's not a bad idea, at that.

(*Runs to HEDY*)

I'll concentrate on you.

BIGGLEY

(*Crosses R. to WOMPER.*)

Walls', who's going to be the new chairman of the board as if I didn't know?

(*BIGGLEY looks L. ALL OFFICE PERSONNEL stage L. Split L. and R., isolating FINCH.*)

FINCH

Just a moment. I don't know if I can accept. I'll have to consult Mrs. Finch.

(*SMITTY crosses L. below FINCH to GIRLS D.L.*)

SMITTY

Rosemary, your husband is calling you.

24a - Hallelujah!

(*Girls*)

GIRLS

(*Singing*)

HALLELUJAH!

(*ROSEMARY enters L., crosses to FINCH C.*)

