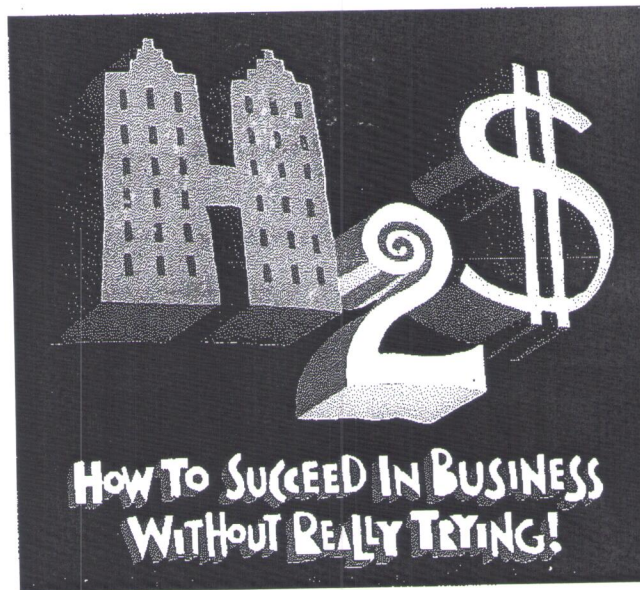


LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK

THE
FRANK LOESSER and ABE BURROWS
MUSICAL



Music and Lyrics by **Frank Loesser**

Book by **Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert**

Based on "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying"
By **Shepherd Mead**



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LADIES OF THE CHORUS

4. Coffee Break.....	
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10. Been A Long Day.....	
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36. Bows	1

① (F) comes down on (fly) (CS) [swing?]

② (F) X off chair X (CS) (still) in light

Overture

(Orchestra)

ACT ONE Scene 1

#1 - Opening Act 1

(Orchestra)s

(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 same 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.) *Intelligent Lights up*

BOOK VOICE

A 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.)

B 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

C (Looking up)

I can!

(He continues looking at book.)

BOOK VOICE

D 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.)

E 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

F I can!

(He puts squeegee down in pail to his left. He begins to thumb through the book rapidly and starts to sing.) *Intelligent Lights off → Stage up*

#2 - How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying

(Finch)

FINCH

G HOW TO APPLY FOR A JOB ...

(Steps off scaffold.)

H HOW TO ADVANCE FROM THE MAILROOM ...

Matthew
Jo Te Mn = Byron
Pe
1 G en SR
2 All x CS

(FINCH)

(Sits on scaffold rail.)

A HOW TO SIT DOWN AT A DESK ...
HOW TO DICTATE MEMORANDUMS ...

(Rises, crosses D.L. of C.)

B HOW TO DEVELOP EXECUTIVE STYLE ...
HOW TO COMMUTE IN A THREE BUTTON SUIT ...
WITH THAT WEARY EXECUTIVE SMILE.

(Crosses L.)

C THIS BOOK IS ALL THAT I NEED ...
"HOW TO, HOW TO SUCCEED." 40 (BR Cast Album)

(Exterior building drop out, revealing various OFFICE PERSONNEL in a tableau showing office activity.)

Scene 2

(CORRIDOR OF THE WORLD WIDE WICKET COMPANY. FINCH now stands among PEOPLE, crosses to center and continues singing.)

FINCH

HOW TO OBSERVE PERSONNEL.
D HOW TO SELECT WHOM TO LUNCH WITH.
HOW TO AVOID PETTY FRIENDS ...
HOW TO BEGIN MAKING CONTACTS.
HOW TO ...

(FINCH continues to look at book.)

BOOK VOICE

E How to choose the right company. Before applying for a job, make sure you have chosen the right company. It is essential that the company be a big one. It should be at least big enough so that nobody knows exactly what anyone else is doing.

(FINCH then crosses U.R. above JENKINS, listening to their conversation. After each of the following conversations, the various OFFICE PERSONNEL resume the frozen poses.)

GATCH

① (U.R.) ②

F Say, Joe, I've got a complaint from our dealers in Cleveland ... about that last shipment of wickets. They only got half their wickets. They ordered three hundred thousand.

JENKINS

(L. of Gatch)

G I know, Mr. Gatch, but they wanted two-toned wickets and we ran out.

(FINCH crosses L. to Johnson.)

JOHNSON

A Ran out? What is this, a hot dog stand?

GATCH

B Look, this is the World Wide Wicket Company. We're supposed to be the largest single producer of wickets in the world.

JENKINS

C Now take it easy, Mr. Gatch. There was trouble at our eastern plant ... a breakdown.

GATCH

D Well get on the ball. I want to keep Cleveland wicket-minded.

JENKINS

E Yes, sir.

(Crosses L. to Matthews. FINCH crosses D.R. of C.)

F Oh, Mr. Matthews, any news about the breakdown?

MATTHEWS

(C.)

G Oh, I'm feeling, much better.

PETERSON

(L. of C.)

H Oh, say, Tackaberry, did you get my memo?

(FINCH crosses R. of PETERSON.)

TACKABERRY

(Turns R. to PETERSON)

I What memo?

PETERSON

J My memo about memos. We're sending out too many memos and it's got to stop.

TACKABERRY

K All right I'll send out a memo.

(ALL still remain frozen.)

FINCH

(Crosses L.)

L The right company!

*(FINCH puts book in wire mail basket held by OFFICE BOY far left, removes break-away coveralls, tosses them offstage left, picks up book, begins to sing.)*M THIS BOOK IS ALL THAT I NEED
"HOW TO, HOW TO SUCCEED."

(FINCH crosses R. ROSEMARY enters L., carrying folder of papers. OFFICE PERSONNEL break freeze and exit. J.B. BIGGLEY enters R., surrounded by FOUR HENCHMEN. FINCH crosses R., bumps into BIGGLEY, knocks him down. HENCHMEN help him up, saying things like "Are you okay, Mr. BIGGLEY?" etc.)

BIGGLEY

A Never mind, never mind.

(A roar.)

B Back to work, everybody!

(THEY all scuttle offstage. ROSEMARY goes a little more slowly and lingers at the left side, listening.)

BIGGLEY

(To FINCH)

C You heard me! I said back to work!

FINCH

(L. of BIGGLEY)

D I'm sorry I bumped into you, sir, but I would like to apply for a job.

BIGGLEY

E A job? Do you know who I am?

FINCH

F No, sir.

BIGGLEY

(Going right on)

G I'm J.B. Biggley. I'm president of this company, that's who I am. In fact, that's who the hell I am. How dare you come to me for a job?

FINCH

H I'm sorry, sir, but I ...

BIGGLEY

I Why do you think I have a personnel man? Why do you think I have a whole damned personnel department? Son, you bumped into the wrong man.

(Starts Off R.)

J Damn damn coal-burning dithering ding ding ding.

(He exits R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crossing R.)

K I'm sorry. I know how hard it is to find a job. I've been through that kind of thing myself.

FINCH

L Thank you, Miss. You're very kind. Could you tell me where the personnel office is?

ROSEMARY

(Amazed)

A Personnel?

(She points U.L.)

B It's right there.

FINCH

C Thank you.

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

ROSEMARY

(Crossing L. to C., stopping him)

D You — you're not discouraged?

FINCH

(Crosses L.)

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

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L.)

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

(Starts off R.)

G 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.)

BRATT

(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)

A Biggley?

FINCH

B Yes, sir.

BRATT

C J.B. Biggley?

FINCH

D Yes, sir. He told me to see you.

(Smiles out front. 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)

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

FINCH

F Yes, sir. I just bumped into him.

BRATT

G Ah, is he a friend of yours?

FINCH

(Modest hesitation)

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

BRATT

I 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.)

J And you are ...

FINCH

(Shaking his hand)

K Finch, sir. Pierrepont Finch.

BRATT

3
A Well, that's all settled.
(*L. of FINCH, patting him on shoulder.*)

B Nice to have you aboard, Finch.

FINCH

C Happy to ship out with you, sir.
(*FINCH is searching for matches in his pocket.*)

BRATT

D Let me do that.
(*Reaches for matches, lights FINCH's cigar. ROSEMARY and SMITTY watch with great interest.*)

SMITTY

E 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.

① Bud en SR x CS

② G en SR x B

③ G x ex SL

④ B x Fin

⑤ B chump move - ignoring handshake

(ROSEMARY and BRATT look at SMITTY. BUD enters L., crossing R. to exit.)

BRATT

①
A Now, Smitty, Will you

② (GATCH enters R., addresses BUD.)

GATCH

B Say, Bud, have you guys in the mailroom sent out those wicket catalogs yet?

BUD

(Stopping R. of Gatch)

C I don't know. I'm going to lunch.

GATCH

D At eleven o'clock? Why?

BUD

E Because I'm the boss's nephew.

(Starts off R. GATCH exits U.R. into his office.)

③

BRATT

(Crossing R. below FINCH, calling to Bud)

F Oh, Bud!

(To FINCH, as BUD approaches.)

G This is Bud Frump, Mr. Biggley's nephew.

④ (Crosses L. above FINCH. BUD crosses L. to R. of FINCH.)

H This is Mr. Finch. He's going to be working with you in the mailroom.

BUD

I Hello, Finch. I'm Bud Frump, Mr. Biggley's nephew.

FINCH

(Offers hand)

J How do you do?

⑤ (BUD ignores his hand.)

BRATT

(About to leave)

K Smitty, get Mr. Finch's particulars.

SMITTY

L Yes, sir.

BRATT

M Finch, nice to have you on our team.

(Starts off L.)

FINCH

A Glad to be playing with you, sir.

(BRATT stops, turns, gives FINCH a look and exits into his office U.L.)

BUD

B Finch, you ambitious?

FINCH

C Not necessarily.

BUD

D Good. Just keep that in mind. If you just remember who I am and remember who you are, we'll get on fine. If not ...

ROSEMARY

(R. of BUD)

E You'll go crying to your uncle.

BUD

F I beg your pardon. I do not go crying to my uncle.

(Crosses R. below ROSEMARY and SMITTY, turns.)

G It happens that my mother is Mrs. Biggley's sister.

(Removes hat.)

H If I feel that anything is wrong, I phone my mother. She phones Mrs. Biggley and Mrs. Biggley phones Mr. Biggley.

(Puts hat back on.)

I That's the democratic way.

(He exits R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. two steps)

J Mr. Finch, a man like you doesn't have to worry about someone like him.

(Crosses R. to SMITTY.)

K SMITTY, you were going to get Mr. Finch's particulars.

SMITTY

L Ah, yes, particulars. Now, Mr. Finch, the first question.

ROSEMARY

M Have you got a girl?

FINCH

N A girl? No.

ROSEMARY

O Good. I mean, that's the right answer. I mean, it's very wise not to have a girl.

① Fin ex SL

② R S X CS

R Sm Fin

FINCH

(C.)

I'm glad you understand, Miss Pilkington. Some women wouldn't. You see, I feel that when a man wants to rise in the world of business, a girl, or let's say an emotional involvement, can only lead to getting involved emotionally.

ROSEMARY

That's very intelligent, Mr. Finch.

SMITTY

Yes.

(Crosses L. below ROSEMARY to FINCH.)

Rosemary, are you through with Mr. Finch?

ROSEMARY

For the moment.

SMITTY

Fine.

(Indicates office U.L. as she and FINCH cross L.)

Now if you'll just step into my office, we'll get our business done.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L.)

Good luck, Mr. Finch.

FINCH

(Below door U.L.)

Thank you, uh, Miss ...

ROSEMARY

Pilkington. Rosemary Pilkington.

FINCH

I'm glad to be aboard.

(He exits into BRATT's office U.L.)

SMITTY

Well, Rosemary, you see?

ROSEMARY

I think he's fascinating.

SMITTY

I've seen some ambitious characters around here, but this boy is the eagerest beaver of them all.

ROSEMARY

New Rochelle.

3
A Huh?

SMITTY

B Or maybe White Plains. No ...

ROSEMARY

#3 - Happy To Keep His Dinner Warm

(Rosemary, Smitty)

C New Rochelle ...

(ROSEMARY)

D Huh?

SMITTY

E New Rochelle ...

ROSEMARY

F What are you talking about?

SMITTY

G New Rochelle ...

ROSEMARY

H What about it?

SMITTY

ROSEMARY

I THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE THE MANSION WILL BE,
FOR ME AND THE DARLING, BRIGHT, YOUNG MAN
I'VE PICKED OUT FOR MARRYING ME.

(Crosses R.)

J HE'LL DO WELL, I CAN TELL,
SO IT ISN'T A MOMENT TOO SOON

(Crosses L. to SMITTY.)

K TO PLAN ON MY LIFE IN NEW ROCHELLE;
THE WIFE OF MY DARLING TYCOON.

SMITTY

L Honey, you'll be in New Rochelle. Your darling tycoon will be here in the office.

(Crosses U. L.)

ROSEMARY

M Smitty, I ...

SMITTY

N The future Mrs. Finch is in for some lonely nights.

(She exits into her office U.L.)

(TRAVELER closes.)

(ROSEMARY speaks, crosses R.)

② Coffee Pot



ROSEMARY

am prepared for exactly that sort of thing.

(ROSEMARY sings.)

I'LL BE SO HAPPY TO KEEP HIS DINNER WARM,
WHILE HE GOES ONWARD AND UPWARD.
HAPPY TO KEEP HIS DINNER WARM
TILL HE COMES WEARILY HOME FROM DOWNTOWN.

(Sits.)

I'LL BE THERE WAITING UNTIL HIS MIND IS CLEAR,
WHILE HE LOOKS THROUGH ME, RIGHT THROUGH ME,
WAITING TO SAY: "GOOD EVENING, DEAR, I'M PREGNANT;
WHAT'S NEW WITH YOU FROM DOWNTOWN?"

(Rises.)

OH, TO BE LOVED
BY A MAN I RESPECT,
TO BASK IN THE GLOW
OF HIS PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE NEGLECT.
OH, TO BELONG IN THE AURA
OF HIS FROWN, DARLING BUSY FROWN.
SUCH HEAVEN WEARING THE WIFELY UNIFORM
WHILE HE GOES ONWARD AND UPWARD.
HAPPY TO KEEP HIS DINNER WARM
TILL HE COMES WEARILY HOME FROM DOWNTOWN.

#3a - Good Morning (Entrance Of Secretaries)

(Orchestra)

Scene 3

(Theater office of the World Wide Wicket Company. There are two rows of desks with typewriters, adding machines and standard office equipment. GIRLS enter L. briskly, saying "Good morning." They sit down at their desks, take off office machine covers. The last GIRL dashes on, gets to her place just ready for them all to begin work. A MAN sticks his head out on stage L. and yells.)

MAN - Maria Christou

E Coffee break!

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

F It's about time!

(MAN pushes on coffee machine L. OTHER OFFICE PERSONNEL enter L. and R. A long line is hurriedly formed across stage before the coffee machine. BUD FRUMP enters R., goes to front of line, holds his cup under the spigot.)

BUD

G There's no coffee!

ALL

(A buzz)

A No coffee! No coffee!

SMITTY

(C.)

B No coffee?

BUD

C No coffee!

(ALL take front.)

#4 - Coffee Break

(Frump, Smitty, Chorus)

SMITTY

D No coffee.

(THEY all groan and collapse onto stage.)

BUD

E IF I CAN'T TAKE MY COFFEE BREAK,
MY COFFEE BREAK, MY COFFEE BREAK,
IF I CAN'T TAKE MY COFFEE BREAK,

(ALL Sit Up.)

F SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES ...

ALL

G LIES DOWN AND SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES!

(ALL collapse again. BUD pushes machine C. SMITTY crosses C. to L. of machine.)

SMITTY

H IF I CAN'T MAKE THREE DAILY TRIPS
WHERE SHINING SHRINE BENIGNLY DRIPS,

(ALL crowd around machine.)

I AND TASTE CARDBOARD BETWEEN MY LIPS,
SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES ...

ALL

J LIES DOWN AND

(ALL fade up.)

K SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES!

(ALL collapse.)

1ST VOICE

L NO COFFEE,

2ND VOICE

A NO COFFEE,

3RD VOICE

B NO COFFEE,

4TH VOICE

C NO COFFEE,

5TH VOICE

D NO COFFEE,

6TH VOICE

E NO COFFEE,

7TH VOICE

F NO COFFEE,

8TH VOICE

G NO COFFEE,

(ALL sit up.)

SMITTY

H THAT OFFICE LIGHT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE FLUORESCENT,
I'LL GET NO PAINS IN THE HEAD.
THAT OFFICE CHAIR DOESN'T HAVE TO BE FOAM RUBBER,
SO IF I SPREAD, SO I SPREAD.
BUT ONLY ONE CHEMICAL SUBSTANCE
GETS OUT THE LEAD!

ALL

I LIKE SHE SAID!
IF I CAN'T TAKE MY COFFEE BREAK,

(ALL cross D.)

J MY COFFEE BREAK, MY COFFEE BREAK,
IF I CAN'T TAKE MY COFFEE BREAK,

SMITTY AND BUD

K GONE IS THE SENSE OF ENTERPRISE ...

ALL

L ALL GONE AND SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES.

ALL

M NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE,
NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE. (Scream!)

(ALL scream as a DANCER jumps into orchestra pit. ALL cross to coffee machine C.)

ALL

N IF I CAN'T TAKE MY COFFEE BREAK,

(R. of C.)

SMITTY

A SOMEHOW THE SOUL NO LONGER TRIES ...

(Collapses into BOY's arms.)

ALL

B COFFEE, COFFEE.

(D.R. against portal.)

BUD

C SOMEWHERE I DON'T METABOLIZE ...

ALL

D COFFEE, COFFEE

SMITTY AND BUD

E SOMETHING WITHIN ME ...

(They cross to C. ALL spread out.)

ALL

F COFFEE OR OTHERWISE,
COFFEE OR OTHERWISE,
COFFEE OR OTHERWISE,
SOMETHING INSIDE OF ME ... DIES!

(After number, GIRL enters from R. Carrying steaming pot of coffee, crosses to L. of C.)

BUD

(Crosses L. to GIRL.)

G What's that?

GIRL

H A coffee pot.

BUD

I Coffee!

(They all yell "Coffee!" and go off L., except FIVE of the GIRLS cross to upstage row of desks and go to work. A MAN pushes coffee machine off R. ROSEMARY has entered L. during this, carrying small vase of flowers. She goes to her desk. FINCH enters L. with basket of mail. He is reading his book.)

BOOK VOICE

J You have alertly seized your opportunities and are now on the first rung of the ladder. You are working in the mailroom. One word of caution about the mailroom: It is a place out of which you must get. Some of your rivals will not have the advantage of this knowledge, but you are forearmed. Do not get stuck in the mailroom. Plan to rise.

(BUD enters L., to FINCH.)

② ③ en SL

② ③ x CS Fi

①

BUD

(Quickly)

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

②

FINCH

(R. of BUD)

B It's the executive mail.

BUD

C I'll take that.

(Takes mail from FINCH.)

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

FINCH

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

BUD

F 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.)

ROSEMARY

(Rises, crosses R. to FINCH)

G 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)

H Thank you for defending me, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

I Please call me Rosemary.

FINCH

J Okay, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

K Now, Mr. Finch

FINCH

L Call me Ponty.

ROSEMARY

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

FINCH 2

N Patient! Do you realize I've been working here for ~~one~~ ^{hours} whole week!

ROSEMARY

O I know Ponty. I haven't forgotten.

(ROSEMARY)

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

A Happy anniversary.

'blue (hair)

FINCH

B Thank you, Rosemary. At least you notice me.

ROSEMARY

C I wish I were an executive. I'd ...

① (She stops suddenly, looks offstage.)

D Oh oh. Here comes Judith Anderson...

FINCH

E Huh?

ROSEMARY

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

(Starts U.L. to her desk.)

G 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

H Pardon me, ma'am.

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

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

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

MISS JONES

J Young man.

(FINCH Stops. She crosses D.)

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

FINCH

(Crosses R. to her)

L That doesn't matter. What matters is that the flower seemed to cry out to be worn by.
(Starts away L. again.)

MISS JONES

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

(FINCH stops.)

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

A Why not?

FINCH

(Crosses R. to her)

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

MISS JONES

C Thank you.

FINCH

D 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

E What did you say your name was.?

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

G How is it I haven't seen you before?

FINCH

H (R. below her)

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

MISS JONES

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

FINCH

J Thank you, Miss Jones.

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

GATCH

K Say, Jonesy ...

(FINCH, hearing GATCH's voice, kneels L. of MISS JONES, ties shoelace.)

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

MISS JONES

(Pinning flower on her suit)

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

GATCH

(R. of MISS JONES)

N Ah, flowers. You got a new boy friend, Jonesy?

MISS JONES

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

FINCH

(He pops up quickly)

A Yes?

MISS JONES

B Finch, this is Mr. Gatch.

FINCH

C How do you do, Mr. Gatch?

GATCH

D Hello.

(They shake hands.)

MISS JONES

(To FINCH)

E Mr. Gatch would be a good man for you to know. His department is very impor

FINCH

F Oh, I know all about Mr. Gatch. He's in charge of ...

(Rattling it off.)

G Plans and Systems and Interdepartmental Evaluation. Also Pre-Promotional Promotion, Post-Administrative Research, and Multiple Development on a multi level level.

GATCH

(To MISS JONES)

H Hey, Jonesy, this is a smart one. I didn't know I did all that.

(He exits R.)

FINCH

I Very fine man, Mr. Gatch. I hear he has an opening in his department.

MISS JONES

J Yes, he has, but he hasn't been able to make up his mind. Well, thank you for the flower, young Man.

FINCH

K You're welcome, Miss Jones.

(She starts U.R., steps to executive suite. FINCH crosses U. to desks. BUD enters from executive suite.)

BUD

L Hi, Jonesy.

MISS JONES

(Snapping)

M Miss Jones.

(She exits U.R. BUD looks after her, puzzled, then looks suspiciously at FINCH.)

FINCH

(Turns away from BUD, starts L.)

A Say, Rosemary ...

BUD

(Crosses D. to FINCH)

B Finch, quit goofing off You've got to pick up the second delivery!

(Crosses L. below FINCH.)

FINCH

C Righto, Bud, old buddy boy.

(BUD exits off L., puzzled. FINCH goes to ROSEMARY at desk.)

D Got to go to work now. Thanks for the flower, Rosemary.

(Starts off R.)

ROSEMARY

(She rises, crosses R. to FINCH)

E Thanks for the flower? You gave my flower to Miss Jones.

FINCH

F Rosemary, surely you don't begrudge an old lady a moment of happiness.

ROSEMARY

G Well, I guess it is important for you to be nice to Miss Jones.

(SMITTY enters from executive suite and observes this.)

FINCH

H I'm glad you understand that. See you later, Rosemary.

(He exits R. SMITTY crosses D.R., looking after FINCH.)

SMITTY

(Meaningfully. Turns to ROSEMARY)

I Well, Rosemary, how are you doing?

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R. to SMITTY)

J Oh, I don't know. He's he's ... Smitty, what's the opposite of a sex maniac?

SMITTY

K A business man.

(They exit off R.)

4a. - Frump On The Phone

(Orchestra)

(She exits U.R. BUD looks after her, puzzled, then looks suspiciously at FINCH.)

FINCH

(Turns away from BUD, starts L.)

A Say, Rosemary ...

BUD

(Crosses D. to FINCH)

B Finch, quit goofing off You've got to pick up the second delivery!

(Crosses L. below FINCH.)

FINCH

C Righto, Bud, old buddy boy.

(BUD exits off L., puzzled. FINCH goes to ROSEMARY at desk.)

D Got to go to work now. Thanks for the flower, Rosemary.

(Starts off R.)

ROSEMARY

(She rises, crosses R. to FINCH)

E Thanks for the flower? You gave my flower to Miss Jones.

FINCH

F Rosemary, surely you don't begrudge an old lady a moment of happiness.

ROSEMARY

G Well, I guess it is important for you to be nice to Miss Jones.

(SMITTY enters from executive suite and observes this.)

FINCH

H I'm glad you understand that. See you later, Rosemary.

(He exits R. SMITTY crosses D.R., looking after FINCH.)

SMITTY

(Meaningfully. Turns to ROSEMARY)

I Well, Rosemary, how are you doing?

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R. to SMITTY)

J Oh, I don't know. He's he's ... Smitty, what's the opposite of a sex maniac?

SMITTY

K A business man.

(They exit off R.)

49
a. - Frump On The Phone

(Orchestra)

Scene 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

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

B 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,
C 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 ne
in line, but there's a new fellow working here that has me worried. Oh, he works har
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 his
desk. His intercom is heard buzzing.)

BIGGLEY

(Gruffly crisp)

D Yes, What do you want, Miss Jones?

MISS JONES' VOICE

(Over intercom)

E Mr. Biggley, your wife is calling.

BIGGLEY

F 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.

G 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.)

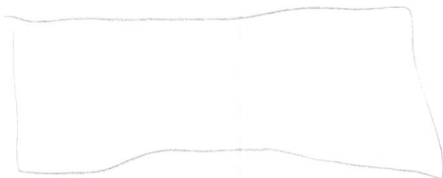
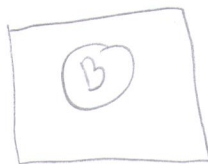
H Dammit.

(Pushes button and speaks into intercom.)

I Miss Jones.

MISS JONES' VOICE

J Yes, Mr. B.?



BIGGLEY

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

MISS JONES' VOICE

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

BIGGLEY

C Never mind that. I need something to calm my nerves. Where is my ...
(Secretively.)

D you know...

MISS JONES' VOICE

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

BIGGLEY

F Thanks.

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

G Ahhhh...

(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

H Let's get going, boys.

BUD

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

I MMMMM.

FINCH

(R. edge of counter)

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

TWIMBLE

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

FINCH

L Thank you, sir.

TWIMBLE

M You really have an inborn gift for mailroomery.

FINCH

N Thank you, Mr. Twimble. Coming from you, that's a great honor.
(Phone RINGS.)

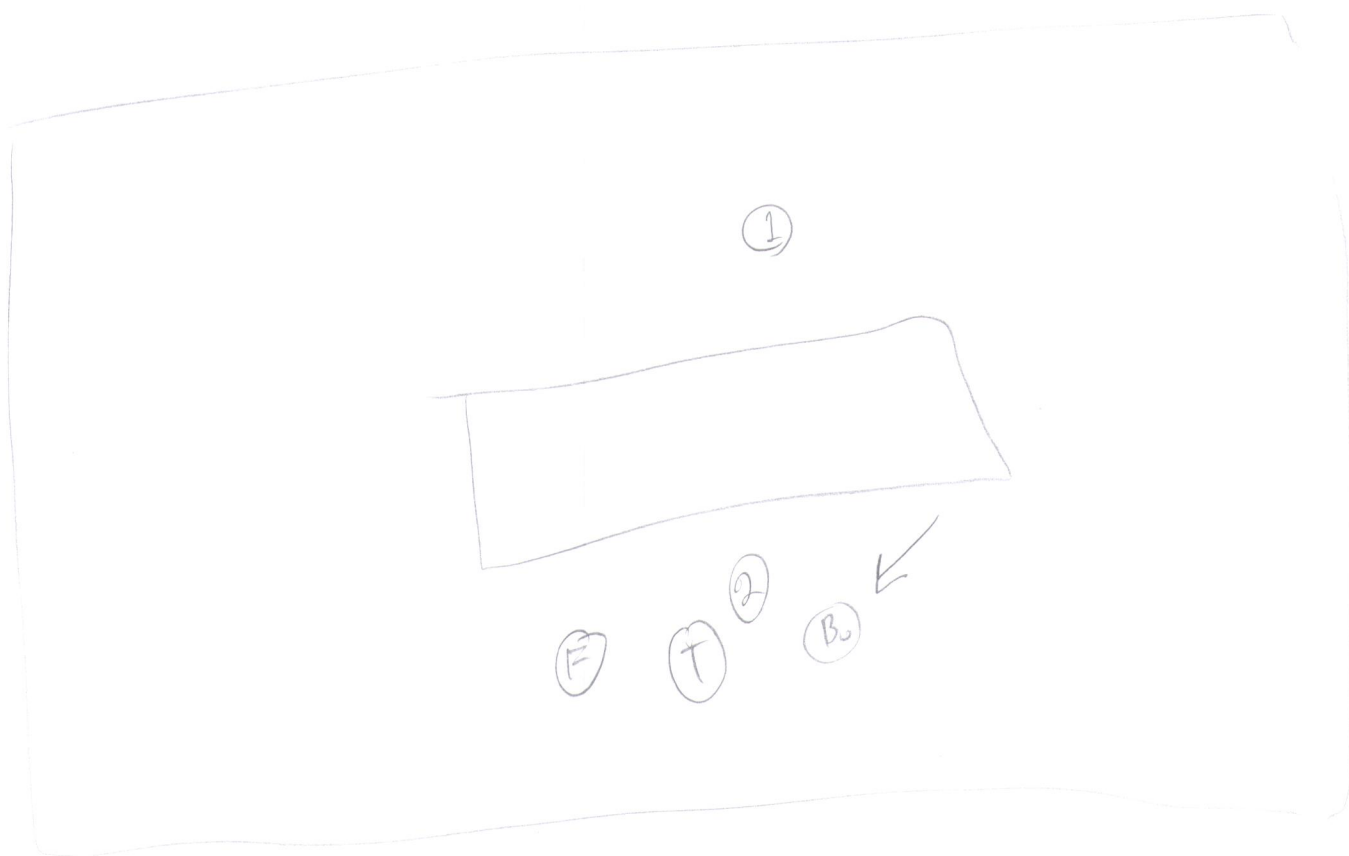
BUD

(Picks up phone)

O No mailroomery. No! Mailroom. Just a minute.

① Bu X ^{front of} Tw → pushes F

② F T Bu X front of table / counter



(BUD)

(Calls.)

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

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

TWIMBLE

(Going to phone)

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

BUD

(To FINCH)

C What's the idea?

FINCH

D What's the idea of what, Bud.?

BUD

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

FINCH

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

BUD

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

(Stops as he hears TWIMBLE speak.)

TWIMBLE

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

(FINCH crosses above BUD to R. edge of counter. BUD counters to R. of FINCH as

(2) TWIMBLE hangs up the phone and crosses R. to the boys.)

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

FINCH

(Quickly)

J Congratulations.

BUD

(Just as quickly)

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

TWIMBLE

L 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

A That's not fair.

(Crosses L. above TWIMBLE.)

B I'm going out to get a smoke.

(He exits quickly L.)

TWIMBLE

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

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

D 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)

E Mr. Twimble ...

TWIMBLE

F Yes?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below TWIMBLE)

G 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.

H (Shows medal on his lapel.)

FINCH

I That's beautiful.

(Crosses R. to TWIMBLE.)

J Gee, a quarter of a century.

TWIMBLE

K A quarter of a century.

FINCH

L How long have you been in the mailroom?

TWIMBLE

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

#5 - The Company Way

(Twimble, F

(TWIMBLE)

(To audience)

WHEN I JOINED THIS FIRM
AS A BRASH, YOUNG MAN,
WELL, I SAID TO MYSELF,
A "NOW, BRASH YOUNG MAN DON'T GET ANY IDEAS."
WELL, I STUCK TO THAT
AND I HAVEN'T HAD ONE IN YEARS!

FINCH

(L. of TWIMBLE)

B YOU PLAY IT SAFE!

TWIMBLE

C I PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY;
WHEREVER THE COMPANY PUTS ME,
THERE I'LL STAY.

FINCH

D BUT WHAT IS YOUR POINT OF VIEW?

TWIMBLE

E I HAVE NO POINT OF VIEW,

FINCH

F SUPPOSING THE COMPANY THINKS ...

TWIMBLE

G I THINK SO TOO!

FINCH

H WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF ...

TWIMBLE

I I WOULDN'T SAY!

FINCH

J YOUR FACE IS A COMPANY FACE;

TWIMBLE

K IT SMILES AT EXECUTIVES,
THEN GOES BACK IN PLACE.

FINCH

L THE COMPANY FURNITURE?

TWIMBLE

M OH IT SUITS ME FINE!

FINCH

A THE COMPANY LETTERHEAD IS (SO) ...

TWIMBLE

B A VALENTINE!

FINCH

C IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'RE AGAINST?

TWIMBLE

D UNEMPLOYMENT!

FINCH

E WHEN THEY WANT BRILLIANT THINKING FROM EMPLOYEES;

TWIMBLE

F THAT IS NO CONCERN OF MINE.

FINCH

G SUPPOSE A MAN OF GENIUS MAKES SUGGESTIONS.

TWIMBLE

H WATCH THAT GENIUS GET

(Points D.L.)

I SUGGESTED TO RESIGN!

FINCH

J SO YOU PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY;

(Crosses R. above TWIMBLE.)

TWIMBLE

K ALL COMPANY POLICY IS BY ME OKAY!

FINCH

L YOU'LL NEVER RISE UP TO THE (TOP) ...

TWIMBLE

M BUT THERE'S ONE THING CLEAR;
WHOEVER THE COMPANY FIRES,
I WILL STILL BE HERE!

FINCH

N YOU CERTAINLY FOUND A HOME!

TWIMBLE

O IT'S COZY!

FINCH

P YOUR BRAIN IS A COMPANY BRAIN;

TWIMBLE

Q THE COMPANY WASHED IT AND NOW
I CAN'T COMPLAIN.

FINCH

A THE COMPANY MAGAZINE?

TWIMBLE

B BOY, WHAT STYLE, WHAT PUNCH!

FINCH

C THE COMPANY RESTAURANT?

TWIMBLE

D EV'RY DAY SAME LUNCH.
THEIR HADDOCK SANDWICH; IT'S DELICIOUS!

FINCH

(Crosses L. below TWIMBLE)

E I MUST TRY IT.

TWIMBLE

F EARLY IN THE WEEK!

FINCH

(Stops dead)

G DO YOU HAVE ANY HOBBIES?

TWIMBLE

H I'VE A HOBBY;
I PLAY "GIN" WITH MISTER BRATT.

FINCH

I AND DO YOU PLAY IT NICELY?

TWIMBLE

J PLAY IT NICELY ...
STILL HE BLITZES ME
IN EV'RY GAME, LIKE THAT!

FINCH

K WHY?

TWIMBLE

L 'CAUSE I PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY;
EXECUTIVE POLICY
IS BY ME OKAY!

FINCH

M HOW CAN YOU GET ANYWHERE (IN THE) ...

TWIMBLE

N JUNIOR, HAVE NO FEAR;
WHOEVER THE COMPANY FIRES, I WILL STILL BE HERE!

FINCH

O YOU WILL STILL BE HERE.

TWIMBLE

A YEAR AFTER YEAR AFTER FISCAL,

BOTH

B NEVER TAKE A RISK-AL YEAR!

TWIMBLE

C 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.)

D Hi, Bud. How's your mother?

BUD

E What mother?

TWIMBLE

(To FINCH)

F What mother.

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

BRATT

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

TWIMBLE

applause

H nks, Mr. Bratt.

(They shake hands.)

BRATT

I Now let's talk about your successor ...

BUD

(Turns to L. of BRATT)

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

BRATT

K No, Bud.

(BUD reacts with annoyance.)

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

TWIMBLE

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

BRATT

points at (F) points at (BUD)

BUD

N Congratulations, Finch.

O I'm going out for a smoke.
(Farts off L.)

○ (Br) picks up phone (SR)

FINCH

A Thanks, but I can't accept.

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

BRATT

(Crosses R. to FINCH below TWIMBLE)

B Are you turning this job down?

FINCH

C 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)

D You're kidding.

TWIMBLE

(Crosses L. to BUD)

E Bud Frump?

BRATT

(Crosses L. to TWIMBLE)

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

BUD

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

(He exits L.)

TWIMBLE

(Crosses R. below BRATT to FINCH)

H I don't understand.

FINCH

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

(Phone RINGS.)

BRATT

(Picking up phone)

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

TWIMBLE

(To FINCH)

K It's the big boss.

BRATT

(He listens a moment)

A 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.)

B Go ahead, Finch.

FINCH

(C.)

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)

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

FINCH

(Crosses above TWIMBLE to his L.)

E The whole team is greater than any single player.

BRATT

(To BIGGLEY)

mocks
bat

F The whole team is greater than any single player.

FINCH

(Getting louder)

mocks
oars

G The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

BRATT

H The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

FINCH

I The whole salad is bigger than any piece of lettuce. *mock eating*

BRATT

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

FINCH

K The whole omelette is bigger than any egg. *- first*

BRATT

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

FINCH

(To BRATT)

FINCH - C.H. - sprays directly into receiver

M

(FINCH looks back to TWIMBLE.)

BRATT

A F-I-N-C-H. Yeah, well, I'm going to keep an eye on him myself. Right. See you later,
(Hangs up. Crosses R. to FINCH.)

B Finch, you got me off the spot with Mr. Biggley.

FINCH

(Crosses R. above BRATT and massages his shoulders lightly)

C Glad to help, Mr. Bratt.

BRATT

D I appreciate it.
(Shakes TWIMBLE's hand.)

E Good luck, Twimble.

FINCH

(Looking at letters on counter)

F Oh, Mr. Twimble, don't I have to take this mail to Mr. Gatch?

TWIMBLE

G Gatch?

FINCH

H Gatch.

BRATT

I Gatch.

FINCH

J Gatch.

BRATT

K Say, I just remembered. Mr. Gatch is looking for a junior executive in his department

FINCH

(Does his smile, then speaks)

L He is?

BRATT

M I'm going to talk to him about you.

FINCH

N Me? A junior executive?

BRATT

O Your generosity and thoughtfulness may prove to have been a really good thing for

FINCH

P By George, ethical behavior always pays.

BRATT

(Crosses R., arm around FINCH)

A Finch, you did a very wise thing.

(TWIMBLE follows. Mail flat flies out. Mailroom slides off L. We are now in the outer office.)

FINCH

B That doesn't matter to me, Mr. Bratt. I did what was right.

(BUD enters from R.)

BUD

C My mother was very happy

BRATT

(Addressing the office)

D Boys and girls, meet the new head of the mailroom, Bud Frump.
(They all gather around and applaud.)

BUD

(Crosses L. to FINCH)

E Thanks, Ponty, old man.

FINCH

F Good luck, Bud.

BRATT

G Come along, Finch, I want to talk to you.

(They exit off R.) → (Q.C. → suit for (F))

BUD

(Crosses L. to TWIMBLE C.)

H He sure amazed me. I'm still wondering why he did this for me.

TWIMBLE

(Sharply)

I So am I. I still think my original choice of a man was best.

BUD

(Frantic)

J Now wait a minute, Twimble. Ponty okayed it.

TWIMBLE

K It's just that ...

BUD

(Going right on)

L I'll have no reneging. I was promised the job.

TWIMBLE

(Stamps foot on the floor)

A Wait a minute, wait a minute Bud. I've been here a long, time. A quarter of a century I just want to make sure that things are done the right way.

(Dropping hands to his sides.)

BUD

B I know what you mean, Mr. Twimble. From now on ...

(Imitating TWIMBLE with his hands at his sides.)

#6 - The Company Way (Reprise)

(Bud, Twimble, Cho)

(BUD)

C I'LL PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY;
WHEREVER THE COMPANY PUTS ME THERE I'LL STAY.

(BUD and TWIMBLE both drop hands to their sides.)

ALL

D WHATEVER THE COMPANY TELLS HIM, THAT HE'LL DO
(Boy DANCER salaams.)

BUD

E WHATEVER MY UNCLE MAY THINK, I THINK SO TOO.
(BUD takes one step down.)

ALL

F OO-OO-OO. HE'S BEAMING WITH COMPANY PRIDE;

BUD

G I'VE CONQUERED THAT OVER-AMBITIOUS RAT INSIDE.

TWIMBLE

H OLD BUD IS NO LONGER THE FRUMP HE USED TO BE.

BUD

I I PLEDGE TO THE COMPANY SWEET CONFORMITY.

ALL

J HOORAY! HOORAY!
(BUD crosses L.)

BUD

K I WILL SOMEDAY EARN MY MEDAL ...
(ALL bow. Two BOYS form chair and GIRL dusts it.)

L TWENTY-FIVE YEAR EMPLOYEE.
(Applause.)

(BUD)

A I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THE MEDAL

(BUD sits on the simulated chair. GIRL comes and sits on his lap.)

B IS THE ONLY THING THEY'LL EVER PIN ON ME.

(BUD and GIRL rise. BUD crosses R. to Twimble.)

ALL

C THE FRUMP WAY IS THE COMPANY WAY;
EXECUTIVE POLICY IS BY HIM OKAY!

BUD

D I'LL NEVER BE PRESIDENT BUT THERE'S ONE THING CLEAR;

(ALL lean in.)

E AS LONG AS MY UNCLE CAN STAND ME,
I WILL STILL BE HERE.

ALL

F WE KNOW THE COMPANY MAY LIKE OR LUMP ANY MAN ...

(MEN lift BUD on their shoulder.)

BUD

G I'm so proud!

ALL

H AND IF THEY CHOOSE TO,
THE COMPANY MAY DUMP ANY MAN ...

BUD

I I'm happy!

ALL

J BUT THEY WILL NEVER DUMP FRUMP, THE COMPANY MAN,
FRUMP WILL PLAY IT THE COMPANY,
FRUMP WILL PLAY IT THE COMPANY,
FRUMP WILL PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY,
FRUMP!

(After number ALL crowd around BUD center stage. BRATT enters R. with FINCH and crosses to GATCH, D.R., holding a pantomime conversation.)

BUD

K Come on, everybody. It's a celebration. I want to invite all of you to have lunch on me.
(They applaud and start off L.)

BRATT

L (L. of FINCH)

Boys and girls,

(CROWD Stops.)

(BRATT)

A I have another announcement to make. Mr. Gatch is taking young Finch into his department as a junior executive.

(They applaud and start to carry BUD off. ROSEMARY enters L.)

BUD

B Wait a minute! just a minute! That lunch is Dutch. In fact, it's canceled! Wait a minute!

(They carry him off L. BRATT exits L. GATCH exits R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses D.R. to FINCH)

C Ponty, that's wonderful, wonderful. I told you to have patience.

FINCH

D You were right, Rosemary. Thanks.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. two steps)

E You should have someone around all the time to help you think things out.

FINCH

F Maybe I should.

ROSEMARY

(Turns to him)

G Ponty, I'm always available.

FINCH

(Backing off a little)

H You're sure wonderful, Rosemary. One of these days I hope I can show my appreciation and ...

ROSEMARY

I Lunch!

FINCH

J Huh?

ROSEMARY

K I said lunch.

FINCH

L What about lunch?

ROSEMARY

M I'd love to.

FINCH

(Turns to her)

A Love to what?

ROSEMARY

B You said "What about lunch." Gee, I thought you'd never ask me.

(Crosses R. below him.)

C Let's see where will we go? Say, I know — There's a little tearoom, a very cute place, called The Hungry T. It's very reasonable. I'll get my things and meet you right here.

(She goes R.)

FINCH

(Left alone, crosses L. to C.)

D I didn't mean "What about lunch?", I meant "What about lunch?" I mean ...

(GATCH enters with JENKINS from executive suite. They stand on riser talking. JENKINS exits U.R. GATCH sees FINCH, comes downstage.)

GATCH

E Say, Finch

FINCH

F Yes, sir, Mr. Gatch.

GATCH

G How's the young junior executive feeling?

FINCH

H Fine, Mr. Gatch, fine.

GATCH

I Come on, I'll buy you lunch in the Executive Club up on the roof.

FINCH

J Lunch? In the Executive Club? Me?

GATCH

K Sure. Now that you're a junior exec, I can put you on my expense account.

FINCH

L It's a great honor, Mr. Gatch. I'll get my coat.

(He exits L.)

GATCH

M Okay. I'll meet you at the elevator.

(GATCH starts off R. ROSEMARY re-enters from R.) *takes off his jacket*

N Ah, Rosemary, dear, seeing you always brightens up my days.

(He puts his arms around her.)

ROSEMARY

(Getting loose)

A Please, Mr. Gatch.

GATCH

(Letting her go)

B I've got to stop reading Playboy.

(He exits R.)

FINCH

(Re-entering from L., now wearing suit jacket)

C Rosemary, I've got a surprise for you. Mr. Gatch is taking me to lunch.

#7 - Rosemary's Philosophy

(Rosemary)

ROSEMARY

D To lunch?

FINCH

(Crosses R. below her)

E Yep. How do I look?

ROSEMARY

F You look fine, Ponty.

(Crosses U.L. to her takes red flower from vase, crosses back and puts it in FINCH's lapel.)

G Just fine. Have a good time.

FINCH

H Thanks, Rosemary.

(He starts off R., stops at side and takes out book, starts to read. ROSEMARY crosses U. and sits at third desk from center, looking after FINCH.)

BOOK VOICE

I If you have followed the simple instructions exactly as outlined, you should by now be a junior executive. Congratulations. Nothing can stop you now.

(FINCH closes book and goes U.R. into executive suite.)

ROSEMARY

J HAPPY TO KEEP HIS DINNER WARM
TILL HE COMES WEARILY HOME.

Scene 5

(BIGGLEY, seated at desk, is on phone talking to his wife.)

BIGGLEY

(On phone)

Yes, dear, yes, dear... But, dammit, Gertrude, I haven't got time for this nonsense about Bud. I know blood is thicker than water, but Bud Frump is thicker than anything. I'll promote him when I'm ready. Now, listen to me, Gertrude, the next time Bud complains to his mother and she calls you and you call me, you're all fired!

(Hangs up. Intercom buzzes. BIGGLEY clicks switch, speaks gruffly.)

B Yes, Miss Jones.

MISS JONES' VOICE

C There's a young lady who insists on speaking with you, Mr. B. She says it's personal.

BIGGLEY

D What's she want — What's her name?

MISS JONES' VOICE

E She says you'll know.

BIGGLEY

(Small pause, then as gruff as ever)

F Oh. Well, put her on, put her on.

(Clicks intercom switch, straightens his tie, picks up phone. Then in low, intimate voice and with a strong air of mystery.)

Help... Well, now, you knew I wouldn't forget. I'll take care of everything. *One moment.*

(Clicks intercom.)

H Miss Jones, get me Bratt in personnel right away.

(Back to phone.)

I You be here tomorrow. Fine. 'Bye.

(He pushes another button on phone.)

J Hello, Bratt, J.B. Id like you to do me a favor. I wonder if you could find a spot for a ... a young lady. Wants to be a secretary. She's uh ... an old friend of the family's. Her dad was a classmate of mine at Old Ivy. She's a bright girl. Got a good head on her shoulders. Her name is LaRue. Hedy LaRue.

#8 - Hedy

(Orchestra)

Scene 6

(THE CORRIDOR OF THE WORLD WIDE WICKET COMPANY, same as Scene 2. As the black velour flies up, HEDY LARUE is standing stage center. She is a dish. A beautiful dish. She is dressed somewhat like a Latin Quarter showgirl who has struck it rich. Not very loud, not very bad taste, but just too much of everything. She stands perfectly poised in a statuesque pose. MEN begin to enter as though drawn by some invisible cloud of perfume. At one moment a FEW OF THEM cross the stage one after another. They seem to be totally absorbed in the papers they are carrying, then suddenly see HEDY, stop and join the GROUP that's admiring her. BUD enters R., crosses stage L., stops dead in his tracks, turns back, talks to the group of MEN stage L., crosses below HEDY, talks to the MEN stage R., straightens his tie and crosses to the L. of HEDY.)

BUD

A Can I help you, honey?

(HEDY turns to look at him. She looks him over very carefully for a good long time and finally she speaks.)

HEDY

(With a slight regal toss of her head)

B Scram.

(MISS KRUMHOLTZ and GIRL enter R.)

BUD

(After he recovers)

C You don't understand, Miss. You see, I'm Bud Frump, J.B. Biggley's nephew.
(BOTH cross D.S.)

HEDY

D Oh, how do you do? I'm waiting for Mr. Bratt of Personnel. I'm a secretary.

BUD

E I spotted that the minute you came in.

HEDY

F Oh, thank you. Of course, I'm new at this and ...

(BRATT enters U.L., followed by SMITTY, crosses R. to L. of HEDY.)

BRATT

G Miss LaRue?

(TWO GIRLS and TWO MEN enter R.)

HEDY

H Yeah? I mean, yes?

A.

BRATT

m Bert Bratt, Personnel. Sorry to have kept you waiting.

HEDY

B Oh, not at all, sir. It is I whom am late.

BRATT

C Oh, not really.

HEDY

D Oh, yes. I was very naughty this morning. I'm still not accustomed to early arisal.
(EVERYBODY reacts. OTHER OFFICE PERSONNEL enter.)

BRATT

E I understand. Well, if you'll step into my office, we'll ...
(He turns, bumps into SMITTY.)

F Oh, sorry. This is Miss Smith, my secretary. ← smitty finishes sentence

HEDY

(Leaning, across BRATT)

G How are you, dear?

SMITTY

H Fine, dear. Uh, Mr. Bratt, Mr. Bratt!

BRATT

! - Smitty
es, Smitty? repeated by (B)

SMITTY

J I have to get some new tax withholding blanks.

BRATT

K Yes, you do that, Smitty.

(She goes L. BRATT escorts HEDY toward his office.)

BRATT

L Miss LaRue, if you will just come in here with me, I'll get your particulars.

HEDY

M Thirty-nine, twenty-two, thirty-eight.

(She exits U.L. through personnel door, BRATT following her.)

BUD

N I win the pool.

(OTHER OFFICE PERSONNEL enter.)

JENKINS

O Boy, isn't she something!

DAVIS

P she sure is.

(BRATT re-enters.)

BRATT

A Gentlemen, one moment please.

(MEN cross L. to Bratt.)

JENKINS

(Crosses L. to Bratt)

B Say, Bratt, I need a new secretary.

MAN

C So do I.

BRATT

D Gentlemen, Miss LaRue will be assigned according to normal procedure as soon as her qualifications have been determined.

JENKINS

E I'd sure like to determine them.

MEN

F Me, too, etc., etc.

#9 - A Secretary Is Not A Toy (Bratt, Bud, Miss Krumholtz, Ch)

BRATT

G Gentlemen ...

H GENTLEMEN

BRATT

A SECRETARY IS NOT A TOY,
NO, MY BOY; NOT A TOY
TO FONDLE AND DANDLE
AND PLAYFULLY HANDLE
IN SEARCH OF SOME PUERILE JOY.
NO, A SECRETARY IS NOT
DEFINITELY NOT, A TOY.

(BRATT goes into his office U.L. ALL watch him exit.)

JENKINS

(Crosses R. - stops)

J You're absolutely right, Mr. Bratt.

BUD

(Crosses R. - stops)

K We wouldn't have it any other way, Mr. Bratt.

JENKINS

(Crosses R. - stops)

L It's a company rule, Mr. Bratt.

(Exits R. ALL exit but THREE BOYS. GIRL crosses L. to R.)

THREE BOYS

(C.)

A A SECRETARY IS NOT A TOY,
NO, MY BOY, NOT A TOY;
SO DO NOT GO JUMPING FOR JOY,

TWO BOYS

BOY.

B A SECRETARY IS NOT,
A SECRETARY IS NOT,
A SECRETARY IS NOT

TWO BOYS AND FOUR GIRLS

C A TOY.

FOUR GIRLS

(Crossing L.)

D A SECRETARY IS NOT TO BE
USED FOR PLAY THERAPY.

ALL

E BE GOOD TO THE GIRL YOU EMPLOY, BOY;
REMEMBER, NO MATTER WHAT
NEUROTIC TROUBLE YOU'VE GOT,
A SECRETARY IS NOT A TOY.

(Typewriter sequence.)

F SHE'S A HIGHLY SPECIALIZED KEY COMPONENT
OF OPERATIONAL UNITY ...
A FINE AND SENSITIVE MECHANISM
TO SERVE THE OFFICE COMMUNITY.

BOYS

G WITH A MOTHER AT HOME SHE SUPPORTS,

BUD

(Enters R., crosses D.C.)

H AND YOU'LL FIND NOTHING LIKE HER AT P.A.O. SCHWARZ!

(Exits U.R.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(Crossing R. to L. with TWO BOYS)

I A SECRETARY IS NOT A PET,
NOR AN ERECTOR SET.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ AND TWO BOYS

IT HAPPENED TO CHARLIE MCCOY, BOY.

A THEY FIRED HIM LIKE A SHOT ...
THE DAY THE FELLOW FORGOT
A SECRETARY IS NOT ... A TOY.

(Dance.)

ALL

B A SECRETARY IS NOT ... A TOY.
(Exit R. and L.)

BOYS

(L. in personnel door)

C AND WHEN YOU PUT HER TO USE;
OBSERVE, WHEN YOU PUT HER TO USE,

BUD

(R. in door)

D THAT YOU DON'T FIND THE NAME "LIONEL" ON HER CABOOSE.

THREE GIRLS

(Crossing D.C.)

E A SECRETARY IS NOT A THING
WOUND BY KEY, PULLED BY STRING.
HER PAD IS TO WRITE IN
AND NOT SPEND THE NIGHT IN ...
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU PLAN TO ENJOY. NO!

ALL

(Entering front L. and R.)

F THE SECRETARY Y'GOT
IS DEFINITELY NOT
EMPLOYED TO DO A GAVOTTE ...
OR YOU KNOW WHAT.

(ALL fade. Up.)

G BEFORE YOU JUMP FOR JOY
REMEMBER THIS, MY BOY,
A SECRETARY IS NOT
A TINKER TOY!

Scene 7

Ash, Kyler, Mehru, Sasha,
Tallie

(THE ELEVATOR LANDING. A bank of three elevators, two of which are practical.
PEOPLE are leaving for the day, door opens)

GIRL - Isabelle

(Enters L. with girl friend, pushes down button)

A So I said, "Just keep your hands where they belong ..."

(They go into elevator stage L.)

MAN - Byron

(Enters R. with ANOTHER MAN)

B So he said I'm next in line for promotion.

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(Two GIRLS enter from L.)

SECOND GIRL - Megan

C So I said, "Just keep your hands where they belong ..."

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(Two MEN enter from L.)

SECOND MAN - Luke

D He said I'll be head of sales in a year with a raise and ...

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(Two GIRLS enter from R.)

THIRD GIRL - Rachel

E So I said, "Just keep your hands where they belong ..."

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(Two MEN enter from L.)

THIRD MAN - Robbie

F I'm dying to see that new, production chart.

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(MISS KRUMHOLTZ and GIRL enter from L.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

G So, what the hell, I'm having dinner with him.

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(FINCH enters L., crosses to elevator as doors close in his face. He crosses to stage R. elevator and pushes down button. BIGGLEY enters R. with MISS JONES and crosses to front of elevator L. FINCH will stand on the other side of the stage, carefully listening with every ear on his head.)

BIGGLEY

(Crossing to L. of C.)

A Did you call my wife and say I won't be home for dinner?

MISS JONES

(Following him)

B Yes, Mr. B. By the way, you left your golf clubs in the office. Tomorrow is Saturday and you're playing with Mr. Womper, the chairman of the board.

BIGGLEY

C Oh, yes. Well, I'll be staying in town tonight so I'll come in and pick the clubs up in the morning.

MISS JONES

D And you asked me to remind you about your college alumni association.

BIGGLEY

E Oh, yeah. Well, send them the same check. I get a kick out of thinking of their faces when they get that fat check from Old Least-Likely-To-Succeed.

MISS JONES

F Very well, Mr. Biggley.

(TACKABERRY enters R., crosses to R. of C.)

TACKABERRY

G Say, J.B., there's a phone call. Your wife.

BIGGLEY

(To Tackaberry)

H My wife? Dammit. I'll take it in your office. That's all, Miss Jones.

(He exits R. TACKABERRY follows him. MISS JONES starts off R. FINCH crosses D., stopping her.)

FINCH

I Oh, Miss Jones!

MISS JONES

J Hello, Ponty. How's the young junior executive?

FINCH

K Just fine, Miss Jones, thanks to the helpful advice I've been getting from you.

MISS JONES

(Crosses R.)

L Well, I'm glad our little talks have proven valuable.

A they sure have.

FINCH

(She crosses R. below FINCH.)

B Oh, by the way, good luck tonight.

MISS JONES

(Stops)

C Good luck?

FINCH

D Yes. In the bowling tournament. I hear that you're the best bowler on the ladies' team.

MISS JONES

(Crosses L. to FINCH)

E How sweet of you to be interested in a thing like that.

FINCH

(Nose-to-nose)

F I'm fascinated by the hobbies of people I like.

MISS JONES

G Say! Would you like to come watch us bowl tonight?

FINCH

(Reacts, Crosses L. two steps)

H I'd love to, Miss Jones, but I should go to bed early. I'm working tomorrow.

MISS JONES

I On Saturday? No one around here works on Saturday.

(Crosses L. to him.)

J Ponty, you're a very unusual boy. You'll go far.

FINCH

K Miss Jones, that means a lot-your saying that — because you're Mr. Biggley's secretary and he's the man I most want to emulate. He's so capable and thoughtful. I heard him remembering to send a check to his old school. Harvard, isn't it?

MISS JONES

L Harvard? Don't ever let J.B. hear you say that. He's a Groundhog.

FINCH

M But where did he go to college.?

MISS JONES

N Old Ivy.

(Starts Off R.)

FINCH

O Ivy?

MISS JONES

(Stops)

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

(Starts off R. again.)

FINCH

B Good night, Miss Jones.

MISS JONES

(Stops)

C Don't work too hard.

FINCH

D 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.)

E Hello, stranger.

FINCH

F Oh, hi, Rosemary. Hi, Smitty.

SMITTY

(One step R.)

G Hi, Ponty.

(Presses down elevator button stage L.)

H Been a long day, hasn't it?

FINCH

I Sure has.

ROSEMARY

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

FINCH

K Oh, I've been working pretty hard.

ROSEMARY

L Been a long day.

SMITTY

(Sudden thought)

M Say, Rosemary, where are you having dinner tonight?

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. below Smitty)

N That depends.

(F S R)

SMITTY

A On what?

ROSEMARY

B On where I'm having dinner.
(Looks at FINCH.)

SMITTY

C Huh? Oh!
(BOTH GIRLS turn U.S.)

#10 - Been A Long Day

(Smitty, Rosemary, Finch)

SMITTY

D 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.)

E 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)

F I WONDER IF WE TAKE THE SAME BUS?

SMITTY

G AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

(Turns front)

H THERE COULD BE QUITE A THING BETWEEN US.

SMITTY

I NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

J HE REALLY IS A DEAR.

SMITTY

K AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

L BUT WHAT OF MY CAREER?

SMITTY

A THEN SHE SAYS:

(ROSEMARY yawns, crosses R. to SMITTY.)

B AND HE SAYS:

FINCH

C Err ... uh ...

(Crosses L. to SMITTY.)

D Well it's been a long day;

ALL

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

SMITTY

F NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

G I WISH THAT HE WERE MORE OF A FLIRT.

SMITTY

H AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

I I GUESS A LITTLE FLIRTING WON'T HURT.

SMITTY

J NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

K FOR DINNER WE COULD MEET.

SMITTY

L AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

M WE BOTH HAVE GOT TO EAT.

SMITTY

N THEN, SHE SAYS:

ROSEMARY

O ACHOO!

(Crosses R. to SMITTY)

SMITTY

P AND HE SAYS:

FINCH

Q GESUNDHEIT!

(Crosses L. to SMITTY.)

A

Thank you.

ROSEMARY

FINCH

B WELL, IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY,

ALL

WELL, IT'S BEEN A LONG,

C BEEN A LONG, BEEN A LONG,
BEEN A LONG DAY.

SMITTY

(Unfolds newspaper)

HEY! THERE'S A YUMMY FRIDAY SPECIAL AT STOUFFER'S;

D IT'S A DOLLAR NINETY VEGETABLE PLATE.

AND ON THE BOTTOM OF THE AD ...

NOT BAD ...

"SERVICE FOR TWO, THREE FIFTY-EIGHT;

TO MAKE A BARGAIN, MAKE A DATE."

ROSEMARY

E WONDERFUL!

FINCH

F IT'S FATE!

SMITTY

G NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

H WHAT FEMALE KIND OF TRAP COULD I SPRING?

SMITTY

I AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

J I MIGHT AS WELL FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

SMITTY

K NOW, SHE'S THINKING

(Crosses R. above FINCH.)

ROSEMARY

L SUPPOSE I TAKE HIS ARM ...

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

SMITTY

M AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

N WELL, REALLY, WHAT'S THE HARM?

SMITTY

A THEN, SHE SAYS:

ROSEMARY

B HUNGRY?

SMITTY

C AND HE SAYS:

(Pause.)

FINCH

b YEAH!

ROSEMARY

E YEAH!

SMITTY

F YEAH!

ALL

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

(Elevator doors open, CHORUS sings.)

CHORUS

H 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 door close. After song, BIGGLEY re-enters R. muttering to himself. He crosses L., pushes down elevator button.)

BIGGLEY

I Blithering, blithering.

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

BIGGLEY

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

BUD

K Why not? Other people are being promoted.

BIGGLEY

L Well, I told your Aunt Gertrude that
(HEDY enters R.)

HEDY

M Oh, there you ... !

(HEDY)

(Sees BUD, composes herself.)

A Good evening, Mr. Biggley.

(Crosses to R. elevator.)

BIGGLEY

(Carefully businesslike)

B Oh, good evening, Miss LaRue.

BUD

C Uncle Jasper!

BIGGLEY

(Turns to BUD)

D I told you never to call me that around here.

BUD

E I'm sorry, J.B.

BIGGLEY

F Now, haven't you got something to do?

BUD

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

BIGGLEY

H
God.

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

BIGGLEY

(Pulling himself together and crossing R. to HEDY)

I How do you like your new job, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

J It's a big, fat nothing.

(BUD overhears this, then exits R.)

BIGGLEY

K Sweetheart, don't talk that way around here.

HEDY

L 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

M Sssshhh. 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.

N

(BIGGLEY)

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

A Hedy, I promise you ...

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

(Crosses R.)

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

BIGGLEY

(Crosses R. to her)

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

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

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

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

I 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)

J No.

BIGGLEY

K But, angel ...

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

L 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, brushes off his coat, continues primping. BIGGLEY looks at BUD and then at his own attire, realizes they are dressed identically. Impatiently he crosses L. to BUD.)

M Why don't you go home?

BUD

A I'm waiting for the elevator.

BIGGLEY

BUD

B Why don't you walk down?

BIGGLEY

C It's thirty floors!

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

D Why don't you jump?

BUD

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

E Very attractive girl, Miss LaRue.

BIGGLEY

F 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

G Yes. We'll, you go ahead, J.B.

(BIGGLEY starts R.)

H I'm meeting Mother for dinner.

(BIGGLEY stops dead, crosses back to BUD.)

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

II - Been A Long Day (Reprise)

(Bud, Biggley, Hedy)

(Crosses R. below BIGGLEY to C.)

(BUD)

J NOW HE'S THINKING:

BIGGLEY

K THE KID COULD REALLY PUT ME THROUGH HELL!

BUD

L AND SHE'S THINKING:

HEDY

M THE KID COULD EVEN NAME THE HOTEL.

BUD

N NOW HE'S THINKING:

BIGGLEY

O I WONDER IF HE'D DARE ...

BUD

A AND SHE'S THINKING:

HEDY

B THERE'S BLACKMAIL IN THE AIR.

BUD

C AND HE SAYS:

BIGGLEY

D IT'S A HOLDUP!

(Elevator R. doors open.)

BUD

E AND SHE SAYS:

HEDY

F DOWN?

BIGGLEY

G Wait a minute! Okay, you're promoted.

(Crosses R. below BUD to HEDY.)

ALL

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

(HEDY and BIGGLEY go into elevator R. Doors close. BUD crosses L.)

BUD

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

(Elevator L. doors open, BUD backs into elevator.)

J HA!

(Doors close.)

#11a - Saturday Morning

(Orches

Scene 8

(THE OUTER OFFICE. Saturday morning. Desks are clean, typewriters are covered. The whole office has a fresh, clean look. Two SCRUBWOMEN with mops, etc., are just finishing up. They are smoking cigarettes.)

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

(Looking around)

K Okay, Jackie, that's it.

SECOND SCRUBWOMAN

(L. of C.)

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

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

B 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, rumples hair. Collapses in chair of 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

C Good morning.

FINCH

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

Oh, is it morning already, sir?

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

(Crosses up to his desk)

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

(Sits.)

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

J Thank you, sir.

BIGGLEY

K 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 to day with old Wally Womper. He's chairman of the board, you know.

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

(Bravely)

C Oh, don't worry about me, sir.

BIGGLEY

(Starts off)

D I'll just get my clubs.

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

E What's that you're humming?

FINCH

(Stops humming)

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

BIGGLEY

G You were humming the Old Ivy fight song.

FINCH

(Does his smile, then speaks)

H I guess It was unconscious on my part.

BIGGLEY

I Did you go there? Were you a Groundhog?

FINCH

(Hesitantly)

J Well, Sir ...

(Sits.)

BIGGLEY

K 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

L No, Sir, not a bit.

(Rises.)

BIGGLEY

M 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

N Finch, when did you graduate?

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

F Right.

(Biggley, Finch)

#12 - Old Ivy

(BIGGLEY)

G GRR-R-R-ROUNHOG!

(They shake hands.)

FINCH

H GR-R-R-R-ROUNHOG!

BIGGLEY

(Marches down and then up)

I STAND OLD IVY,

STAND FIRM AND STRONG.

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

J GRAND OLD IVY,

HEAR THE CHEERING THRONG.

(FINCH crosses to BIGGLEY.)

BIGGLEY AND FINCH

K STAND OLD IVY

AND NEVER YIELD.

RRR-RIP! RRR-RIP!

RRR-RIP THE CHIPMUNK OFF THE FIELD.

FINCH

(On his knees)

L WHEN YOU FALL ON THE BALL,

BIGGLEY

A AND YOU'RE DOWN THERE AT
THE BOTTOM OF THE HEAP,

FINCH

(Crosses R. of BIGGLEY, the bottom of the heap, drops to his knees.)

B DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HEAP,

BIGGLEY

C WHERE THE MUD IS, OH, SO
VERY, VERY DEEP, HEAP,

FINCH

(Rises.)

D DOWN IN THE CRUDDY, MUDDY DEEP,

BIGGLEY

E DON'T FORGET, BOY,

BOTH

F THAT'S WHY THEY CALL US,
THEY CALL US GRRROUNDHOG!
GRRROUNDHOG!

(BOTH cross L.)

FINCH

G STAND
OLD IVY,
STAND FIRM
AND STRONG.

(BOTH cross R.)

H GRAND OLD IVY,
HEAR THE CHEERING THrong.
STAND
OLD IVY ...

BIGGLEY

G GRR-ROUNDHOG
GRR-ROUNDHOG
RRR-RIP, RRR-RIP,
RRR-RIP THE CHIPMUNK!

H GRAND OLD IVY,
HEAR THE CHEERING THrong.
GRR-ROUNDHOG!
GRR-ROUNDHOG!
GOD BLESS YOU ...

BOTH

I AND NEVER YIELD.
RRR-RIP, RRR-RIP,
RRR-RIP THE CHIPMUNK OFF THE FIELD.

FINCH

(R. of BIGGLEY)

J I enjoyed that, sir.

BIGGLEY

A So did I, boy. Well, I'll go get those clubs.

(Starts off chanting.)

B Rip, rip, rip, the Chipmunk, off ...

(Crosses U.S.R. into executive suite. FINCH goes back to his desk, reaches into his attaché case, pulls out a fairly large hunk of knitting, sits on the desk., tosses the ball of wool U.S. and begins to knit. BIGGLEY re-enters R., stops and looks at the knitting with fascination. Crosses L. to FINCH.)

C What's that you're doing?

FINCH

(Eyes closed)

D Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine. I'm sorry, I just wanted to finish this row. I guess this looks silly, sir. But I've always found that knitting helps me think more clearly.

BIGGLEY

E Well, I'll be damned.

(Puts the clubs down against desk, crosses L. below FINCH, looks around to make sure they are alone. Confidentially to FINCH.)

F I knit, too.

(Sits in chair of first desk.)

FINCH

G Really!

(Rises.)

BIGGLEY

H Yep. It's good for my nerves. Been doing it for years. Nobody knows but my secretary, Miss Jones. You know her.

FINCH

(Carefully)

I Yes, I've met her.

BIGGLEY

(Suddenly pointing to knitting)

J What's this going to be?

FINCH

K Oh, I thought I'd make a ...

(He holds up knitting on various positions.)

L ... a birdcage cover.

(Puts knitting on desk.)

BIGGLEY

A Birdcage cover. I never made one of those.

(Rises.)

B But how do you like this?

(Indicates sweater he's wearing.)

FINCH

C Oh, that's beautiful, sir.

BIGGLEY

D I made the covers for those golf clubs. See? Popcorn stitch.

FINCH

(Takes out club, hands it to BIGGLEY. BIGGLEY sits)

E You know, Mr. BIGGLEY, I feel kind of sorry for men who don't knit. They lead empty lives.

BIGGLEY

F I like the way you thinch, Fink.

FINCH

G "Think, Finch," sir.

BIGGLEY

H Think, Finch — yes. Tell me, what are you heading for around here? What's your ambition in this outfit? Bright fellow like you must have it all planned out.

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

I Well, Mr. Biggley, if I'm ever fortunate enough to reach a position where I have a choice, I'd like to be where they do something real ...

(Crosses back.)

J ... something a man can get his teeth into ... solid down-to-earth the advertising department.

BIGGLEY

(Rises, crosses D.S. FINCH crosses down with him)

K Advertising! Son, I wouldn't want that for an old schoolmate of mine. It's too tough ... too insecure. Why, this place has had fifteen new advertising managers in the past year alone. The poor devils disappear at the rate of about one a month.

FINCH

L Why is that?

BIGGLEY

M I fire them.

FINCH

N But if you got a man with ideas, he could swing it.

BIGGLEY

(Contemptuously)

A Ideas! That's what I look for. I keep hiring men who are supposed to have brilliant ideas and not one of them will ever do what I tell him. No, son, you stick to what you're doing. You'll do all right there. Damned good department. By the way, where are you?

FINCH

B Plans and Systems. Mr. Gatch's department.

BIGGLEY

C Good man, Gatch. Knows what he's doing. You stay with him. And I'll keep my eye on you, too.

(FINCH crosses U. to desk, gets golf clubs. BIGGLEY crosses R. FINCH crosses D.L. of BIGGLEY, hands him the golf clubs.)

FINCH

D Here you are, sir. Have a wonderful day. I've got to get this done before midnight.

(Starts for desk.)

BIGGLEY

E Midnight.

(FINCH stops.)

F That's the Groundhog spirit.

(Two SCRUBWOMEN enter from executive suite, stand listening at top of riser.)

#13 - Grand Old Ivy (Reprise)

(Finch, Biggley)

FINCH & BIGGLEY

G GRR-ROUNDHOG! GRR-ROUNDHOG!

STAND OLD IVY,

STAND FIRM AND STRONG.

RRR-RIP, RRR-RIP,

RRR-RIP THE CHIPMUNK OFF THE FIELD.

(They go R. SCRUBWOMEN come down stairs, survey the mess)

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

H Beautiful!

SECOND SCRUBWOMAN

I What was that?

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

J A college song,

SECOND SCRUBWOMAN

K What college?

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

(Picking up knitting off desk)

A I'd say Vassar.

#13a - Vassar

(Orches

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

B 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 straightening things. ROSEMARY enters from R.)

ROSEMARY

C Hello, Ponty.

FINCH

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

(Crosses R. above desk.)

ROSEMARY

(Looks around, crosses L. below desk.)

E Your first office. It's beautiful.

(Sits.)

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

G 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)

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

ROSEMARY

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

(ROSEMARY)

(Rises, crosses D.)

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

(FINCH rises, crosses D.R. of desk.)

B 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

C I had to get up early.

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

D Sir? ... Miss?

HEDY

E I'm Miss LaRue, honey.

FINCH

F What can I do for you, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

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

ROSEMARY

(Confidentially to FINCH)

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

FINCH

(Crosses L. to ROSEMARY)

I I just found out myself.

ROSEMARY

J Well, happy dictation, Ponty.

(She goes R. below HEDY.)

HEDY

K 'Bye.

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

FINCH

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

(Crosses R. above desk.)

HEDY

M Thank you.

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

FINCH

(After staring at her for a moment)

A Now, Miss LaRue ...

HEDY

B Oh, just call me Hedy.

FINCH

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

HEDY

D You're cute.

FINCH

E Excuse me a moment.

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

BOOK VOICE

F 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.

G 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

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

HEDY

(Flips open steno pad)

I Shoot!

FINCH

(Crosses L. of HEDY, speaks slowly)

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

(Crosses R Slowly.)

K Pursuant to our ... discussion of ...

HEDY

L Wait a minute!

(FINCH Stops.)

M You trying to catch a train?

FINCH

(Crosses L. of desk)

A What are you taking this down in?

HEDY

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

FINCH

C Oh, you type fast?

HEDY

D Like a jackrabbit. Twelve words a minute.

FINCH

(Sits)

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

HEDY

(After a beat)

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

FINCH

(Slams desk)

G Mr. Biggley ...

(Reacts, turns front.)

HEDY

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

FINCH

I Yes, you are, aren't you?

(Looks at book.)

HEDY

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

FINCH

(Closes book)

K Hedy, let that letter wait for a moment.

(Hands her a folder.)

L Please take this in to Mr. Gatch.

HEDY

(Rises)

M Mr. Gatch.

FINCH

A Uh huh. He's my boss. Make sure you give it to Mr. Gatch himself.
(She starts off L.)

B Hedy ...
(She stops.)

C ... personally.

HEDY

D Okay, Charlie.
(She exits L.)

#14 — Hedy's Walk

(Orche

Scene 10

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

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(R. of GATCH)

E Hello, Mr. Gatch's office. One moment, please.
(Turns to GATCH.)

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

GATCH

(Puzzled)

G Have her come in.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(Hangs up)

H I'll get her.
(She goes C. HEDY enters, poses in doorway.)

HEDY

(GATCH jumps to his feet)

I Mr. Gatch?
(Crosses L. to desk.)

GATCH

(Startled)

J Yes?

BRATT

(Stopping JENKINS L. of C.)

A Say, Jenkins, I was just going, to call you. We're getting a new vice president in charge of advertising.

JENKINS

B Another one? Who is it this time?

BRATT

C A fellow by the name of Ovington. Benjamin Burton Daniel Ovington.

JENKINS

(Thinking)

D B.B.D.O.

BRATT

E I'll bet that's why Biggley hired him. Anyway, we're giving him a reception toni

TACKABERRY

(R. of BRATT)

F In the Executive Club on the roof.

JENKINS

G I wonder how long this guy'll last?

BRATT

H I don't know, but we're giving him the full treatment. You can ask your secretary come. We're inviting some of the executive secretaries to act as hostesses.

JENKINS

I Okay, Bratt.

(JENKINS goes R. BRATT and TACKABERRY go L.)

BRATT

J B.B.D.O.

(They exit L. ROSEMARY enters R. SMITTY and GIRL come on from L.)

SMITTY

(Stopping ROSEMARY L. of C. GIRL exits R.)

K Rosemary, I had lunch without you. Where have you been?

ROSEMARY

L Smitty, I've been made secretary to the new advertising manager.

SMITTY

M Oh good. What's he like?

ROSEMARY

N Oh, I don't care about him, but this means that I'm invited to the reception this evening, and Ponty will be there, too. Smitty, I've been dreaming of a chance like this. Ponty has never seen me all dressed up ... you know, glamorous.

(ROSEMARY)

(Holds up box.)

A Do you know what this is?

SMITTY

B Your lunch?

ROSEMARY

C Smitty, this is the answer to how to succeed with Finch. A new dress. It's just beautiful.

SMITTY

D I hope it works. Good luck, Rosemary.

(They embrace. She starts R.)

ROSEMARY

E Thanks, Smitty.

SMITTY

(R. of C.)

F You know, I think maybe I'll get a new dress for tonight, too.

ROSEMARY

G Good idea. I hope you're very popular at the party, Smitty.

SMITTY

H Maybe I will be, at that. I'm thinking of starting a secret rumor that I'm a nymphomaniac.

(She exits R. ROSEMARY looks after her then looks at the box, hugs it and sings.)

#15 - Paris Original

(Rosemary, Smitty, Miss Jones, Girls)

ROSEMARY

(Holds up dress box)

I SLIPPED OUT THIS AFTERNOON
AND BOUGHT SOME LOVE INSURANCE,

(Hugs dress box.)

A MOST EXCLUSIVE DRESS FROM GAY PAREE.
IT'S SLEEK AND CHIC AND MAGNIFIQUE,
WITH SEX BEYOND ENDURANCE.
IT'S ME! IT'S ME! IT'S ABSOLUTELY ME!
AND WHY?
ONE GUY!

(Holds dress box out.)

THIS IRRESISTIBLE PARIS ORIGINAL
I'M WEARING TONIGHT;
I'M WEARING TONIGHT
'SPECIALLY FOR HIM.

(ROSEMARY)

(Crosses R. crosses back L. to C.)

A THIS IRRESISTIBLE PARIS ORIGINAL'S
ALL PAID FOR AND MINE.
I MUST LOOK DIVINE
'SPECIALLY FOR HIM.

(Kisses the box. Crosses L. strumming dress box like guitar.)

B SUDDENLY HE WILL SEE ME,
AND SUDDENLY HE'LL GO DREAMY,
AND BLAME IT ALL
ON HIS OWN MASCULINE WHIM.
NEVER KNOWING THAT ...
THIS IRRESISTIBLE PARIS ORIGINAL,
SO TEMPTINGLY TIGHT,
I'M WEARING TONIGHT
'SPECIALLY FOR HIM

(Starts off L.)

C FOR HIM FOR HIM.

(She exits L.)

Scene 12

(THE ROOF. The MUSIC continues as we open on a pretty terrace at cocktail tin are tables with big umbrellas and assorted terrace furniture. The party hasn't star ROSEMARY enters immediately U.L. from stair unit. She has changed into her She is now wearing her Paris original. She crosses D.C. and continues singing.)

(ROSEMARY)

FOR HIM,
FOR HIM.

D THIS IRRESISTIBLE PARIS ORIGINAL
I'M WEARING TONIGHT ...
(FIRST GIRL ENTERS R. WEARING SAME DRESS.)
SHE'S WEARING TONIGHT
AND I COULD SPIT!

(BOTH look at each other.)

E SOME IRRESPONSIBLE DRESS MANUFACTURER

(GIRL crosses L. of ROSEMARY.)

F JUST DIDN'T PLAY FAIR.

(Looks at girl.)

G I'M ONE OF A PAIR

BIGGLEY

(On stair unit)

Here he is, boys and girls.

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

B 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)

C 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

D Good sound thinking.

OVINGTON

E And I'd like to say that ...

HEDY

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

F Benjamin Burton Daniel Ovington. What the hell kind of name is that?
(BIGGLEY whispers something to BRATT. BRATT crosses L. to HEDY.)

OVINGTON

G But I'd like to say that ...
(BIGGLEY stops him.)

BRATT

H Say, Bud ...

HEDY

(To BRATT)

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

OVINGTON

J I'd like to say ...
(BIGGLEY stops him.)

BRATT

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

HEDY

L I'm feeling fine!

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

(Orche

BUD

A You feel terrible.

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

HEDY

B Hey, Finchy, let's dance.

OVINGTON

C And I'd like to say ...

(BIGGLEY stops him again.)

FINCH

(Grabbing ROSEMARY)

D I'm already dancing, with Rosemary.

(He and ROSEMARY do a few steps.)

BIGGLEY

E Everybody. dance!

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

OVINGTON

F 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

G Ouch!

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

H Come on, Hedy. No games.

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

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

SMITTY

J Bud, you must have heard the rumor!

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

#16a - The Executive Landing

(Orch

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 sofas 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's 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)

A 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

B Guess who?

FINCH

(Feels behind him)

C Mr. Biggley?

HEDY

(Dropping her hands)

D No, it's me!

FINCH

(Rises, turns, looks startled)

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

HEDY

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

FINCH

G 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

H What's your hurry?

FINCH

A I think I'd better get back to the party.

HEDY

B It's more fun down here.

FINCH

C Well, I think I'd better.

HEDY

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

FINCH

(Crosses to C.)

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

HEDY

(Crosses R. to him)

F 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.)

G You're going places.

(Crosses L. two steps.)

FINCH

H Venezuela. Look, Hedy ...

HEDY

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

FINCH

J Frankly, I'd rather he didn't.

HEDY

K Come on, let's try it.

FINCH

L Uh uh.

HEDY

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

FINCH

N Okay. Just once.

(FINCH sits in chair C. HEDY sits in his lap, kisses him. After kiss, harp glissando 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)

A ROSEMARY!

(Rises.)

HEDY

B Huh?

(Orchestra Trumpet plays C Major theme.)

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

C Can't you hear it?

(Half-singing.)

ROSEMARY!

HEDY

D Rosemary?

FINCH

E That kiss ...

HEDY

F What about that kiss?

FINCH

G Rosemary!

HEDY

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

FINCH

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

HEDY

(Points at him)

J Finch. You are in love.

(Loud crescendo of "ROSEMARY" theme.)

FINCH

(Takes front, stunned)

K 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

L (Crosses R. to him)

And you found this out by kissing me?

FINCH

A Yes, Hedy.

HEDY

B 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

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

(Looks around.)

D ROSEMARY

(Crosses R.)

E ROSEMARY

(Crosses D.R.)

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

(Crosses D.L.)

G ROSEMARY,

(Crosses to C.)

H JUST IMAGINE IF WE KISSED,
WHAT A CRESCENDO

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

I NOT TO BE MISSED.

(Crosses R.)

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

(Falls and rolls on floor.)

K 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)

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

FINCH

(Rises, crosses L. to her)

A Rosemary, something wonderful has happened.

ROSEMARY

B What are you talking about?

FINCH

C Can't you hear it? Can't you hear it?

(Sings)

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

ROSEMARY

E I can't hear a thing.

FINCH

F ROSEMARY ...

(Spoken)

G Just listen. It's all around me, like a beautiful pink sky ...

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R. to him)

H Now look here, J. Pierrepont Finch, have you lost your mind?

FINCH

I Rosemary, darling, will you marry J. Pierrepont Finch?

ROSEMARY

J Now I hear it! I hear it!

(Crosses L.)

K I hear it! I hear it!

(Sings)

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

(FINCH crosses R.)

M J. PIERREPONT.

(They both cross to each other C.)

FINCH

N ROSEMARY, JUST IMAGINE
IF WE KISSED ...
WHAT A CRESCENDO ...

(They kiss, hold it while piano concerto is played. At end of concerto, they break kiss, remain holding hands; turn front.)

BOTH

A NOT TO BE MISSED.

FINCH

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

(They both cross R.)

FINCH

ROSEMARY

C ROSEMARY.

C J. PIERREPONT,
J. PIERREPONT.

(BOTH cross L. of C.)

D ROSEMARY,

D J. PIERREPONT,

BOTH

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

(After song they embrace.)

FINCH

(R. of ROSEMARY)

F 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.)

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

ROSEMARY

(Coldly)

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

(Points to HEDY.)

I ... and hers.

FINCH

(Crosses R. to HEDY, startled)

J Rosemary, this is very easily explained.

(Crosses L. to below chair.)

K You don't understand.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L.)

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

(She turns and walks out L.)

FINCH

(Turns to HEDY)

A What will I do?

HEDY

B Let's do what she said.

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

ROSEMARY

C Oh oh!

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

D Get back in there.

HEDY

E I have nothing to hide.

ROSEMARY

F Yes, you have, and keep it hidden.

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

G 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

H Oh I'm sorry . I thought ...

(They separate and look at him.)

FINCH

I Uh ...

ROSEMARY

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

BIGGLEY

(Recovering)

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

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

ROSEMARY

(At bathroom door)

L Excuse me.

(Slams door.)

BIGGLEY

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

A Finch, I owe you an apology

FINCH

B You do? For what?

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

D But Miss Pilkington is not my secretary.

BIGGLEY

E 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

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

OVINGTON

(Crosses D.L. of BIGGLEY)

G I haven't finished my speech yet.

BIGGLEY

H You made a fine speech.

FINCH

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

(Crosses L.)

BRATT

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

FINCH

K How do you do, Mr. Ovington.

OVINGTON

L How do you do?

(He and FINCH shake hands.)

FINCH

M 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

N Thank you.

FINCH

By the way, Mr. Biggley, did you know that Mr. Ovington was an All-American half-back 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 R. 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:)

#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 CHIPMUNK!

(He exits L. through anteroom and off.)

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D.C.)

That was a narrow squeak.

FINCH

A It was a big shock to me.

BIGGLEY

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

BRATT

(Crosses R. to BIGGLEY)

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

BIGGLEY

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

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

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

FINCH

(Crosses R. two steps)

F I don't know, sir.

BIGGLEY

(To BRATT)

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

(BRATT looks away. To FINCH.)

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

FINCH

I Me? A vice president?

BRATT

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

BIGGLEY

K I like him.

BRATT

L I like him.

(Throws up hands in resignation.)

BIGGLEY

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

BRATT

N Ideas? Tell us some of them, Finch.

FINCH

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

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

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

HEDY

(Stops)

B Congratulations. Can I be your secretary?

FINCH

C Gee, I'd love that, Hedy, but Rosemary is going to be my secretary.
(ROSEMARY turns her back to FINCH.)

HEDY

D I'll go back to the steno pool.

(She goes L., stops in anteroom.)

E Guess I'll wait for that pigeon till after he's married.
(She exits of L.)

FINCH

(Crosses R., taps ROSEMARY on shoulder)

F Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

(Still turned away)

G I'm going to be your secretary?
(Turns to him.)

FINCH

H Sure. You were Mr. Ovington's secretary ...
(Crosses L.)

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

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. to him)

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

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

L You do?

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

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

FINCH

A Wonderful. Now let's get to work.

(Starts off L.)

ROSEMARY

B Just like that? Haven't you forgotten something?

FINCH

C Oh, yeah.

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

D Hello, operator. Who paints names on office doors?

ROSEMARY

E Finch, aren't you going to kiss me?

FINCH

F Kiss you? I can't.

ROSEMARY

G Why not?

FINCH

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

(Into phone.)

I Hello, name painter?

#20 - *Finale Act One**(Rosemary, Finch, Bud)**(ROSEMARY turns front.)*

ROSEMARY

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

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

FINCH

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

BUD

L Oh!

(Collapses, holding onto door.)

FINCH

M J. PIERREPONT FINCH
J. PIERREPONT!

ROSEMARY

N SUDDENLY THERE IS MUSIC ...

FINCH

O ALL CAPITALS!

ROSEMARY

A IN THE SOUND OF MY NAME ...

FINCH

B YES, BLOCK LETTERS!
JAY PIERREPONT!

FINCH

ROSEMARY

BUD

C ROSEMARY ...
(Crosses R.)

(By door D.L.)

C VICE PRESIDENT
IN CHARGE OF
ADVERTISING
F-I-N-C-H.

D ROSEMARY.

C VICE PRESIDENT!
THERE MUST BE A
TO STOP HIM,
THERE MUST BE!
THERE MUST!

D THE USUAL SPELLING ...
JAY PIERREPONT ...
(Hangs up phone.)

E ALL OF MY LIFETIME
PROGRAM WILL BE
MORE OF THE SAME.

F REMEMBER ME,
(Crosses U.R.)

G ROSEMARY ...

B JAY PIERREPONT .
JAY PIERREPONT .

E BOY, WHEN YOU
SEE IT ON YOUR
OWN DOOR ...
THERE IS

H WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO
ROSEMARY?
THERE IS
(Crosses D.R.)

E I CAN'T STAND IT.
(Sits.) (Rises.)

F WONDERFUL MUSIC
IN THE VERY
SOUND OF YOUR NAME.

I WONDERFUL MUSIC
IN THE VERY
SOUND OF YOUR NAME.

F I WILL RETURN!
I WILL RETURN!

END OF ACT ONE

#21 - Entr'acte

(Orchestra)

ACT TWO Scene 1

#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 D.R. of C. BUD turns, crosses L. to him and whispers something to him. BRATT crosses L. and exits. 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

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

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

B It's the Merchandise Mafia at work.

(BUD and JENKINS exit L.)

C Ever since Finch became a vice president, they've all been scared out of their wits. When's the big meeting?

SMITTY

D 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.)

E Where are you going?

ROSEMARY

(C.)

F Home.

SMITTY

G At ten o'clock in the morning?

ROSEMARY

H I've resigned. I'm quitting.

SMITTY

I Nonsense. You've been threatening that all week.

- ROSEMARY

J This time it's official.

K (Crosses R.)

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

SMITTY

(Crosses R.)

A But, uh ...

ROSEMARY

B 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.)

C Smitty, he doesn't need me.

SMITTY

(Crosses R.)

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

(THREE GIRLS drift down to hear the conversation.)

ROSEMARY

E Sssshh, Smitty, that was supposed to be a secret.

SMITTY

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

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(L. of SMITTY)

G What's the matter?

SMITTY

H Rosemary is resigning from Finch.

FIRST GIRL

(L. of MISS KRUMHOLTZ)

I But I thought he was going to marry her.

SECOND GIRL

(L. of FIRST GIRL)

J That's what I thought.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

K Me, too.

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

SMITTY

(Apologetically)

L I only told the girls.

(To GIRLS.)

M Don't worry. She will forgive him.

A
Never!

ROSEMARY

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

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

B Aw, you got to.

SMITTY

(Crosses U. to L. of ROSEMARY)

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

ROSEMARY

D I've been very loyal to him.

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

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

#23 — *Cinderella, Darling*

(Smitty, Rosemary, Girls)

SMITTY

HOW OFTEN DOES IT HAPPEN

G THAT A SECRETARY'S BOSS
WANTS TO MARRY 'ER?

GIRLS

H HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

J HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

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

(FOUR GIRLS cross D.L.)

L TO THE LAND OF FLOWER'D CHINTZ?

GIRLS

M HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE!

ROSEMARY

A Cinderella? Wait, a minute. I'm no Cinderella. I've got eighty-five dollars in the bank and a savings bond.

SMITTY

B It's not a matter of money. He's a vice president. That makes him automatically a prince. True?

GIRLS

C True?

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

D So, you're automatically a Cinderella.

A GIRL

E See?

(Shoves wastepaper basket on ROSEMARY's foot as a glass slipper.)

SMITTY

F Don't you realize ...

(Sings)

YOU'RE A REAL, LIVE FAIRY TALE;

A SYMBOL DIVINE.

SO, IF NOT FOR YOUR OWN SAKE,

PLEASE, DARLING, FOR MINE.

w/DR
(BR - cost
reloading) 1:00

GIRLS

AND MINE,

H AND MINE,

AND MINE.

DON'T, DON'T, DON'T,

CINDERELLA, DARLING,

DON'T TURN DOWN THE PRINCE!

SMITTY

I DON'T REWRITE YOUR STORY;

(Crosses D.L.)

J YOU'RE THE LEGEND, THE FOLKLORE,
THE WORKING GIRL'S DREAM OF GLORY!

(ROSEMARY crosses D.C. GIRLS gather around.)

ALL

K WE WERE RAISED ON YOU, DARLING,
AND WE'VE LOVED YOU EVER SINCE.

(They back away.)

ALL

A DON'T MESS UP A MAJOR MIRACLE,
DON'T, CINDERELLA,

(They all cross to ROSEMARY.)

B DON'T TURN DOWN THE PRINCE. 1:40
(GIRL takes wastebasket off her foot.)

SMITTY

C OH, LET US LIVE IT WITH YOU,
EACH HOUR OF EACH DAY.

FIRST GIRL

D ON FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN ...

SECOND GIRL

E TO ELIZABETH ARDEN ...

THIRD GIRL

F IN THE STATION WAGON ...

FOURTH GIRL

G HURRY FROM TWENTY-ONE ...

FIFTH GIRL

H TO THE TARRYTOWN P.T.A.

ROSEMARY

I No. New Rochelle!

GIRLS

J NEW ROCHELLE P.T.A.,
PLEASE!

SMITTY

K OH, DO NOT LEAVE US MINUS,

GIRLS

L PLEASE!

SMITTY

M OUR VICARIOUS BONUS,

GIRLS

N PLEASE!

(DANCER takes box of tissues from desk, crosses D. and places a tissue on ROSEMARY's head. ANOTHER DANCER folds piece of paper as flower bouquet, hands it to ROSEMARY.)

SMITTY

O WE WANT TO SEE HIS HIGHNESS

GIRLS

P PLEASE!

SMITTY

A MARRIED TO YOUR LOWNESS.

(ALL kneel)

GIRLS

B AH

SMITTY

C ON YOU, CINDERELLA, SITS THE ONUS,

GIRLS

D AH

SMITTY

E SO WHEN YOU NAME THE HAPPY DAY,
PLEASE PHONE US,

(They rise.)

ALL

PHONE US!

F BUT DON'T, DON'T, DON'T,
CINDERELLA, DARLING,
DON'T TURN DOWN THE PRINCE.

(Cross R.)

SMITTY

G WHY SPOIL OUR ENJOYMENT;
YOU'RE THE FABLE,
THE SYMBOL OF GLORIFIED UNEMPLOYMENT!

(They line up on either side of ROSEMARY.)

ALL

H WE WERE RAISED ON YOU, DARLING,

(ALL close in and hug her.)

AND WE'VE LOVED YOU EVER SINCE.

I DON'T LOUSE UP OUR FAV'RITE FAIRY TALE;
DON'T, CINDERELLA,

(ALL back away.)

J DON'T, DON'T, DON'T;
DON'T, CINDERELLA,
DON'T, DON'T, DON'T;
DON'T, CINDERELLA,
DON'T! DON'T TURN DOWN THE PRINCE!

ROSEMARY

K All right I'll give him one more chance.

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

A So you are now a vice president. You have climbed the ladder of success rung, by painful rung, until you have almost reached the top. You have done beautifully. Unless you are vice president 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

B Hi, Ponty.

FINCH

C Hello, Bud.

(Rises.)

BUD

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

(Looking around, crosses R. to FINCH's desk.)

E First time I've seen your new office.

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

F Quite a layout. My favorite. style — Chinese Provincial. —

(Crosses L., Sits.)

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

FINCH

(Crosses D.R. of desk)

H Frankly, yes.

BUD

(Rises, crosses R.)

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

FINCH

(Crosses L. towards BUD)

J Oh, Bud ...

BUD

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

FINCH

B Oh, Bud, that's a bit strong.

BUD

C How would you put it?

FINCH

D I guess your way is best.

BUD

E Well I'd like to change all that.

(Crosses R. to FINCH-)

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

FINCH

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

BUD

(Going on)

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

FINCH

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

(Sudden take.)

J What was that?

BUD

(Very casual)

K 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.)

L 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

M Uh, Bud ...

(BUD stops.)

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

BUD

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

FINCH

A You haven't told it to your uncle?

BUD

B No, Ponty.

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

C Look, if you're not interested ...

FINCH

(Keeping script)

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

BUD

E Feel free to use it.

(He starts L., stops and sings.)

(Bud)

#24 - I Have Returned

(BUD)

F I HAVE RETURNED.

(He goes L.)

FINCH

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

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

(ROSEMARY enters L.)

ROSEMARY

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

(Crosses R. to R. of C.)

FINCH

(Still lost in thought)

I Oh, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R. to desk)

J 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)

K About what?

A About what I said in the letter.

ROSEMARY

B What letter?

FINCH

C My letter of resignation.

ROSEMARY

D Your resignation from what?

FINCH

E The Girl Scouts of America.

ROSEMARY

F Oh.

FINCH

G Don't you understand?

ROSEMARY

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

H I've quit, resigned, left you forever!

FINCH

I Why are you doing that?

ROSEMARY

(Yelling)

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

FINCH

(Startled)

K Who did that to you?

ROSEMARY

L You.

FINCH

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

(ROSEMARY stares at him.)

N True?

ROSEMARY

O True.

(She sits on settee.)

FINCH

P Good. Now listen, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

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

A

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

(Dreamy smile)

B Am I really going to be. Mrs. Finch?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below desk to her)

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

ROSEMARY

D I keep thinking maybe you forgot.

FINCH

E 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

F Oh, sure.

FINCH

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

(Crosses R. above desk.)

H 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.)

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

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

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

(Crosses to C.)

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

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

L Two hundred thousand?

ROSEMARY

M 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)

N Say that again.

ROSEMARY

O I love you.

FINCH

A No, before that.

ROSEMARY

(Puzzled)

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

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

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

(Crosses R. below desk.)

D 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.)

E He's got to give me a postponement.

(Hangs up.)

F No, I'll go see him.

ROSEMARY

G Good luck, Mr. Finch.

FINCH

H Thank you, Miss Pilkington.

(He starts off L.)

ROSEMARY

I Say ...

(He stops and looks at her.)

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

FINCH

(Reprovingly)

K Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

(With a smile)

L I'm sorry, Mr. Finch.

#25 - Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm (Reprise)

(Rosemary)

(He exits L.)

ROSEMARY

A OH, TO BE LOVED BY A MAN WITH A GOAL,
TO WATCH AS HE CLIMBS
WITH A PURPOSE IN LIFE AND PURITY OF SOUL.
OH, TO BE THERE IN A CORNER OF HIS MIND;
DARLING, ABSENT MIND ...
SUCH HEAVEN ...

(Crosses L. to settee.)

B WEARING THE WIFELY UNIFORM
WHILE HE GOES ONWARD AND UPWARD.

(Sits on settee.)

C HAPPY TO KEEP HIS DINNER WARM
TILL HE COMES WEARILY HOME FROM DOWNTOWN.

(Rides off on settee.)

#25a - Knitorama

(Orchestra)

Scene 3

(BIGGLEY'S OFFICE. BIGGLEY is sitting at desk, knitting. HEDY enters from L., heads for door to inner office. She goes in, goes to BIGGLEY, stares at him and at the knitting.)

HEDY

(L. of BIGGLEY)

D Are you pregnant or something?

BIGGLEY

(Startled, drops knitting, rises)

E Huh? Oh, I was just uh ... uh ... checking on some new plastic yarn ... Hedy, I told you never to ...

(BUD has walked in behind HEDY. BIGGLEY suddenly sees him.)

F What the hell do you want?

(HEDY crosses U.S. to C., looks out window.)

BUD

G J.B., you remember that television idea I once told you about ... the treasure hunt?

BIGGLEY

(Crosses L. to BUD)

A I told you what I thought of that treasure hunt.

BUD

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

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

E Business?

HEDY

F I wish to tender you with my resignation.

BIGGLEY

G Your resignation? What are you going to do?

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

(Horried)

K Skin creams ...

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

(Indignant)

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

BIGGLEY

O Please, don't tell me.

HEDY

P It's made from sharkbelly jelly.

A

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

(Crosses R.)

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

BIGGLEY

D Hedy, if you could just be patient.

HEDY

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

(She starts Off L.)

BIGGLEY

F Well, good luck, dear.

(Sits in chair C.)

HEDY

(Stops, turns)

G Huh?

BIGGLEY

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

H

HEDY

I You could stay home.

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

K Oh, you'll do all right.

BIGGLEY

L Hedy, I can't live without you.

HEDY

(Crosses R. to BIGGLEY)

M You mean that?

BIGGLEY

(Rises, crosses D.C.)

N 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.

#26 - Love From A Heart of Gold

(Biggley, Hedy)

HEDY

(Crosses D.C. to his L.)

A Now wait a minute. Don't start getting sincere. That's not fair.

BIGGLEY

B WHERE WILL I FIND A TREASURE
LIKE THE LOVE FROM A HEART OF GOLD;

(Reaches over and holds HEDY's hand.)

C EVER TRUSTING AND SWEET, AND AWAITING MY PLEASURE;

(Lets go of her hand.)

D RAIN OR SHINE ...
HOT OR COLD ...
WEALTH FAR BEYOND ALL MEASURE,
MAYBE HERE IN MY HANDS I HOLD.

(HEDY turns U.S., takes out handkerchief.)

E AH, BUT WHERE WILL I FIND
THAT ONE TREASURE OF TREASURES,
THE LOVE FROM A HEART OF GOLD.

HEDY

(She turns to him)

F I never knew you felt that way.

BIGGLEY

G No one knows this, but I'm extremely emotional.

HEDY

H Goddammit, so am I.

I WHERE WILL I FIND A TREASURE
LIKE THE LOVE FROM A HEART OF GOLD;
EVER TRUSTING AND SWEET
AND AWAITING MY PLEASURE;
RAIN OR SHINE

BIGGLEY

J RAIN OR SHINE ...

HEDY

K HOT OR COLD ...

BIGGLEY

L HOT OR COLD ...

HEDY

M WEALTH FAR BEYOND ALL MEASURE,
MAYBE SOON IN MY HANDS I'LL HOLD.

(HEDY)

A AH, BUT WHERE WILL I FIND
THAT ONE TREASURE OF TREASURES,

(BIGGLEY's pince-nez drops off.)

BOTH

B THE LOVE FROM A HEART OF GOLD.

BIGGLEY

(Head to head)

C I knew you'd understand.

HEDY

D Oh, I do, I do. You know, I have an idea that might solve everything.

BIGGLEY

E What?

HEDY

F Why don't I be your secretary?

BIGGLEY

G You're out of your mind. I mean, I have Miss Jones.

(Crosses U., sits down. She follows up to his L.)

HEDY

H I could assist Miss Jones. I could learn a lot from her.

BIGGLEY

I Hmmmmmm.

HEDY

(Walking quickly to door L. and opening it)

J You don't want me as your secretary.

(FINCH enters stage L. He stops below door and hears that something private is going on.)

BIGGLEY

(Rises, stops her)

K Wait, Hedy just be patient.

HEDY

(Very sweetly)

L All right, dear. I'll be patient.

(Changes tone.)

M I'll give you twenty-four hours. After that it's goodbye Wickets, Hello, Dermoblast.

(Exits through door.)

BIGGLEY

N But, Hedy.

(He slumps in his chair, turns it U.S. TRAVELER CLOSES. HEDY crosses D. and sees FINCH, who has crossed L. of C.)

HEDY

A Hi, Finchy.

(Crosses R. to him.)

B I should be very angry with you, Cutie-Pie.

(Pinches his cheek)

FINCH

C Hello, Hedy. Where's Miss Jones? I wanted to see Mr. Biggley.

HEDY

D He's not doing anything. You can go in.

(Starts off R, crossing below FINCH.)

FINCH

E Say, Hedy ...

(She stops.)

F Are you quitting?

HEDY

G Unless I hear otherwise to the contrary.

FINCH

(Crosses to HEDY)

H Maybe we can help each other.

HEDY

I Good. Let's bust out together.

FINCH

J I've got a different idea. Hedy, I'd like to talk to you alone. Let's see, where could we go

HEDY

K Let's go to my place.

FINCH

L This is business.

HEDY

M Okay, then let's go to your place.

FINCH

N Uh ...

HEDY

O Tell you what, take me out and buy me lunch. What about one o'clock? Meet you downstairs.

FINCH

P Well, I ...

HEDY

Q Do you want to talk or don't 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's office door.)

#26a - The Lunch Date

(Orchestra)

Scene 4

(MEN'S WASHROOM OF THE WORLD WIDE WICKET COMPANY. There is a row of nine sinks D.S. and frames 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

(L.)

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

(Shakes his head.)

BRATT

A He'll probably have us all working in the mailroom.
(BUD enters L.)

BUD -stop vamp

B Hi, men.
(Crosses R. to C. OTHER MEN greet him.)

TACKABERRY

C Hear anything, Bud?

BUD

D 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

E That's very pleasant news.

BRATT

F 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)

G 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.)

H Oh oh.
(Crosses R. to second sink, speaks casually.)

I Has anybody seen my Wildroot Cream Oil?
(FINCH enters L., crosses to C. sink. MEN have resumed washing.)

FINCH

J Hiyah, men.

BRATT

K 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

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

ALL

M Good luck.

I Believe In You

(Finch, Men)

MEN

A GOTTA STOP THAT MAN,
I GOTTA STOP THAT MAN COLD ...
OR HE'LL STOP ME.

(ALL smile at FINCH. FINCH crosses U. and hangs his coat on hook U.C.)

B BIG DEAL, BIG ROCKET,
THINKS HE HAS THE WORLD IN HIS POCKET.
GOTTA STOP, GOTTA STOP, GOTTA STOP THAT MAN, THAT MAN.

(All MEN fade U. S. FINCH crosses D. to C. sink, looks at himself in the mirror facing the audience.)

FINCH

C NOW, THERE YOU ARE,
YES, THERE'S THAT FACE;
THAT FACE THAT SOMEHOW I TRUST.
IT MAY EMBARRASS YOU TO HEAR ME SAY IT,
BUT SAY IT I MUST, SAY IT I MUST!
YOU HAVE THE COOL, CLEAR EYES OF A
SEEKER OF WISDOM AND TRUTH;
YET THERE'S THAT UPTURNED CHIN,
AND THE GRIN OF IMPETUOUS YOUTH.
OH, I BELIEVE IN YOU, I BELIEVE IN YOU.

(Crosses L.)

D I HEAR THE SOUND OF GOOD, SOLID

(Picks up bar of soap.)

E JUDGMENT WHENEVER YOU TALK;
YET, THERE'S THE BOLD, BRAVE SPRING OF THE
TIGER THAT QUICKENS YOUR WALK.

(Crosses R. to C. sink.)

F OH, I BELIEVE IN YOU, I BELIEVE IN YOU.

(Washes hands.)

G AND WHEN MY FAITH IN MY FELLOW MAN
ALL BUT FALLS APART;
I'VE BUT TO FEEL YOUR HAND GRASPING MINE,
AND I TAKE HEART, I TAKE HEART ...
TO SEE THE COOL, CLEAR EYES OF A

(Crosses L., picks up towel from last sink.)

H SEEKER OF WISDOM AND TRUTH;

(FINCH)

(Crosses R. to C. sink.)

A YET, WITH THE SLAM, BANG, TANG
REMINISCENT OF GIN AND VERMOUTH,
OH, I BELIEVE IN YOU,
OH, I BELIEVE IN YOU.

MEN

(Putting on coats U.S.)

B GOTTA STOP THAT MAN,

(MEN cross D. to sinks.)

C GOTTA STOP THAT MAN ...

(MEN hold and freeze for a beat. FINCH picks up electric razor and begins to shave.)

OR HE'LL STOP ME.

D BIG WHEEL, BIG BEAVER,
BOILING HOT WITH FRONT OFFICE FEVER.
GOTTA STOP, GOTTA STOP, GOTTA STOP THAT MAN.

(FINCH stops shaving.)

FINCH

E OH, I BELIEVE IN YOU,

MEN

F DON'T LET HIM BE SUCH A HERO.

FINCH

G I BELIEVE IN YOU ...

MEN

H STOP THAT MAN, GOTTA STOP HIM,

FINCH

(Looking in mirror)

I YOU ...

MEN

J STOP THAT MAN, GOTTA STOP HIM,

FINCH

K YOU ...

MEN

L STOP THAT MAN, GOTTA STOP THAT MAN!

(ALL look at FINCH. After applause:)

M GOTTA STOP THAT MAN,

(ALL cross L. toward last sink. FINCH crosses U. and gets coat.)

N I'VE GOTTA STOP THAT MAN COLD ...
OR HE'LL STOP ME.

(MEN exit L.)

FINCH

(Crosses D. to C. sink)

A I BELIEVE IN YOU,

(He walks off L.)

B I BELIEVE IN YOU.

#27a - Into Board Room

(Orchestra)

Scene 5

(THE BOARDROOM. In the dark we hear BOOK VOICE over the speaker.)

BOOK VOICE

C The farmer spends his time in the fields, the laborer at his machine, and the businessman at meetings.

(LIGHTS dim up revealing the boardroom. We hear ORGAN MUSIC playing offstage. There is a large table with three cone-shaped chairs on either side and one U.S. for BIGGLEY. There is a backdrop containing various charts and maps. TACKABERRY, DAVIS, BUD, BRATT, JENKINS and TOYNBEE enter from L. TACKABERRY and DAVIS cross and stand behind two D.L. chairs. BUD crosses to third chair, but BRATT pushes him aside and takes his place. BUD crosses above table to the first chair U.S.R. JENKINS follows him, pushes him D.S. to the next chair. TOYNBEE, behind JENKINS, pushes BUD to the last and only remaining chair D.R. They all remain standing behind chairs. The atmosphere is that of a hushed cathedral. BIGGLEY enters L. carrying a folder, crosses to U.S.C. chair. Then he nods to the MEN, he sits, they follow suit. ORGAN MUSIC fades out.)

BIGGLEY

D Gentlemen.

(Looking around.)

E Where's Finch?

BRATT

(Seated L. of BIGGLEY)

F Not here yet, sir.

BIGGLEY

G We'll start without him. We have a lot of other business to take care of before we come to Finch's presentation.

(Pull out papers. They all are very attentive. Looking at paper.)

H Bratt ...

BRATT

(Jumps to attention)

A Yes, J.B.?

BIGGLEY

B That stuff you recommended for my crabgrass doesn't work at all.

BRATT

C I can't understand it, J.B. It worked beautifully on my lawn.

BIGGLEY

D My lawn is a mess. Better come up with something new.

BRATT

E Right, J.B.

BUD

(Seated D.R.)

F We never have any trouble with crabgrass at our place.

BIGGLEY

G What do you use?

BUD

H Cement.

(They all look at him.)

I Sorry, J.B. Just a little joke.

BIGGLEY

J Gentlemen, you will excuse my nephew. It's a combination of youth, high spirits and extreme stupidity... Now, let's see ...

(His phone BUZZES. He picks up phone.)

K Yes? Oh. We've been waiting for him. Send him in.

(Hangs up.)

L It's Finch.

(They all look offstage expectantly. Two OFFICE Boys enter L. carrying an easel. They cross D.L. of C. The title chart reads "A Finch Presentation." FINCH follows from, L., crosses U. to R. of BIGGLEY.)

FINCH

(To EXECUTIVES)

M Gentlemen, I'd like to present my new approach to Wicket advertising. It's based on an idea which, in my humble opinion, is brilliant.

BIGGLEY

N Sounds promising. Proceed, Finch.

(FINCH clicks cricket. MEN remove title chart, disclosing a painting of Mt. Vesuvius.)

O What the hell is that?

A

FINCH

A picture of Mount Vesuvius in eruption. That gives you an idea of the impact our new television show is going to have. Now, J.B., an example ...

(Clicks cricket. MEN turn down picture, reveal copy of cover of Time with BIGGLEY's picture on it.)

B

... of the kind of national publicity you can look forward to.

BUD

(Seeing cover of Time)

C Oh, God!

FINCH

D

The cover of Time.

(Clicks cricket. MEN disclose cover of Newsweek with BIGGLEY's picture on it.)

E

The cover of Newsweek.

(Clicks cricket. MEN disclose cover of Sports Illustrated with BIGGLEY and his golf outfit.)

F

And finally, J.B., the Golfer of the Year.

(EXECUTIVES react.)

BIGGLEY

G

Very interesting.

FINCH

(Getting down to serious business)

Now ...

H

(MEN disclose large map. SECOND MAN then exits D.L. to pick up toy rocket for use later in presentation.)

This is a map of the potential wicket market, divided into social, geographic and ethnic groups. It shows how we will make deep penetration and overwhelming saturation in those areas where resistance has long been peakiest.

(FIRST MAN flips card, revealing sales chart with red line going sharply downward.)

BIGGLEY

I

I like this thinking.

FINCH

(Crosses L. to easel)

J

Thank you. Now here is a sales chart of the past fiscal year ...

(Crosses R. to table.)

K

... which reflects the disastrous effect of our former advertising policy in terms of per capita consumption of wickets.

(Crosses D.L. of easel.)

L

Note the sharp decline from normal regularity. Down, down, down.

(FINCH turns L., reaches into wings. MAN hands him toy rocket. He crosses R. to table, puts rocket down.)

(FINCH)

A And this is what's going to happen to our sales when we finally get going, as we will.
(Releases toy rocket, shooting it into the air.)

B Up, up, up!
(Crosses D.L. of easel, turns sales chart on side so that sales line curves upward.)

C And there you are.
(He flips last card over, with the aid of the FIRST OFFICE BOY, revealing an enlarged photo of FINCH's face with the words "The End" underneath. He then shakes hands with the FIRST OFFICE BOY, then crosses U. to L. of BIGGLEY. SECOND OFFICE BOY enters L., crosses to easel and BOTH MEN exit with easel L.)

BIGGLEY

D Finch, I think you've done it. Very good.

BUD

(Rapping on table)
E Could I ask a question, J.B.?

(FINCH crosses above table to D.R. of BUD.)

BIGGLEY

F Yes.

BUD

G What is his idea?

BIGGLEY

H You heard. A television show that will give us penetration and peak reaction. Sounds great, Finch. Great! Doesn't it, men?

MEN

I Hmmmmm.

BUD

J But what's the idea for the show?

BIGGLEY

K I don't see why you have to be so damned negative. The only things you ever come up with are lousy ideas like treasure hunts.

(BUD turns to look at FINCH. FINCH looks at him.)

L All right, Finch, what is the idea for the show?

FINCH

M I don't think I'm going to tell it to you.

(Crosses U. to R. of BIGGLEY.)

BIGGLEY

A What do you mean?

FINCH

B You know, J.B., I've always thought of you as a man of breadth and vision ... open to new ideas. But now I don't know. I'm thrown.

BIGGLEY

C By what?

FINCH

D The way you just spoke to Bud about his idea for a treasure hunt. You dismissed it. The fact is, there are treasure hunts and treasure hunts. When Bud brought it to me, I thought it was a rotten idea, too.

(Crosses D.R.)

BIGGLEY

E I should hope so.

FINCH

(Crosses L. to C. of table)

F But then I remembered something. J.B., you know an idea in itself is nothing. It's the development that counts. Leonardo da Vinci drew some sketches for a flying machine, but it took American know-how to develop them into the Boeing 707.

(Crosses U.L. of BIGGLEY.)

G A man named Gatling once invented a little machine gun, but it took a mighty brain to take this simple little machine gun and develop it into a great program like ...

(Slams table.)

TV

H "The Untouchables." When I thought of that, Bud's silly little idea became a challenge to me, and I said, "I'm going to take this idea of Bud Frump's and de-frump it." First of all, my treasure is not a bond, and it's not money. It's stock.

MEN

I Stock! *grumbles*

FINCH

J Fifty thousand shares of stock.

BIGGLEY

K Stock? In our company?

FINCH

L These days people like stock better than money.

BRATT

M How can we issue fifty thousand extra shares of stock?

(MEN react.)

FINCH

(Turns to BRATT)

A That's no problem. It's a simple matter of taking the convertible debentures from the sinking fund, issuing stock options which are exchangeable for rights, which we then convert into nonvoting common and replace with warrants.

BRATT

B Tell me that again.

FINCH

C I can't.

JENKINS

D It can't be done, J.B.

BIGGLEY

E It can't be done.

FINCH

F But if it could, wouldn't it create a tremendous excitement?

BIGGLEY

G But it can't be done.

FINCH

H But if it could.

BIGGLEY

I But it can't.

FINCH

J But if it could, J.B., just for a moment say it could be done; what's your answer?

BIGGLEY

K I forgot the question.

BRATT

L You can't give away stock!

(MEN react.)

FINCH

M We give away stock dividends, don't we? Please, let me go on with my presentation.

(FINCH crosses D.L., calls offstage.)

N We're ready.

BIGGLEY

O Finch, I hate give-away shows.

FINCH

P So do I, J.B. But the public always loves them. I tell you, anybody who comes up with a new unrigged, unfixed way to give away something for nothing is going to clean up. And I have that new twist. Gentlemen, the World Wide Wicket Treasure Girl.

(HEDY enters from L., crosses to table below FINCH. She is dressed in a pirate costume which is very, very abbreviated. She has a patch over one eye, and looks great. MEN react.)

BIGGLEY

(Staring, rises)

A What is this?

FINCH

(L. of HEDY)

B This, J.B., is the secret ingredient. The thing that will take the country by storm. I'm combining greed and sex. Can't miss. Go ahead, Hedy.

HEDY

(Very much like a cigarette girl)

C Hello, there. I'm the World Wide Wicket Treasure Girl. Each week I'm going to bring you a clue to where the World Wide treasure has been stashed.

FINCH

D Buried.

HEDY

E Oh, yeah. Buried. This eyepatch gets me mixed up.

(Crosses U.L. of BIGGLEY.)

F Isn't this a cute outfit? I love it.

BIGGLEY

(Sits)

G Very nice, Miss LaRue, very nice.

FINCH

(Crosses U. to L. of BRATT)

H Of course, Miss LaRue is just helping me demonstrate the idea. She won't be our regular Treasure Girl.

HEDY

(Acting it up)

I Naturally.

(Deep sigh.)

FINCH

(Crosses D. to L. of DAVIS)

J When we actually go on the air we need a big name personality.

HEDY

K Of course.

(Another sigh.)

(HEDY)

A Well, I'm leaving the firm, anyway.
(Leans over BIGGLEY.)

B Of course, I wouldn't if ...

FINCH

(D.L. Leaps in)

C Offhand, I'd say this would be great for someone like Elizabeth Taylor.

BUD

D Why don't you get Queen Elizabeth?

FINCH

(Leans across table to BUD)

E This is an American program. Now, J.B., a beautiful Treasure Girl, plus fifty thousand shares of stock will ...

BRATT

(Rises)

F J.B., let's tell this maniac off and get on with our business.

(MEN react.)

BIGGLEY

(Rises)

G Just a moment. I'll handle this. Gentlemen and Miss LaRue, will you please leave me alone with Mr. Finch.

BRATT

H Okay. Take care of him.

(MEN and HEDY get up and start off L.)

I This is crazy! What about the S.E.C.?

TACKABERRY

(Exiting)

J What about the F.C.C.?

JENKINS

K What about the stockholders?

TOYNBEE

L What about the board of directors?

JENKINS

M What about the Federal statutes.?

DAVIS

N What about the Federal Trade Commission?

BRATT

What about the Senate Investigating Committee?

A (They exit L.) *What about the children?*

FINCH

(Crosses U.L. of BIGGLEY)

B They're all being petty.

BIGGLEY

C Finch ... you're a brilliant young chap, but I'm afraid you've let us down.

(Sits.)

FINCH

(Sits)

D How, J.B.?

BIGGLEY

E You've missed the boat. You haven't thought this out properly.

FINCH

F I don't understand, J.B.

BIGGLEY

G Tell me, why does this Treasure Girl have to be a big name personality?

(FINCH turns front and smiles.)

FINCH

H Sir?

BIGGLEY

I How would it be if she were ... well ... someone more ...

FINCH

J More ...

BIGGLEY

K More identified with the company. A real, uh ...

FINCH

L A real World Wide Wicket girl?

BIGGLEY

M Yes. Maybe ...

(As if getting a brilliant idea.)

N Say, why not Miss LaRue herself?

FINCH

(Rises)

O Brilliant, J.B., brilliant! Instead of an artificial actress, we have plain, simple Hedy LaRue, the girl next door. That was a great thought, J.B.

BIGGLEY

A It wasn't bad, was it?

FINCH

B Then it's all settled.
(Crosses D.)

BIGGLEY

C Just a moment. Finch where are you going to hide the treasure?

FINCH

(Crosses U. to BIGGLEY)

D J.B., this show is completely unriggered. Not even the Treasure Girl is going to know where the treasure is hidden.

BIGGLEY

E Well, I'd like to know.

FINCH

F Okay. It's to be a secret between you and me. I'll give you the first clue that the Treasure Girl is going to give over the air. "West of the sun, west of the moon, where is the treasure? Blow me a tune."

BIGGLEY

G What the hell is that?

FINCH

H Tough clue, isn't it? But if you will note, the first letters of each line are W.W.W.B. World Wide Wicket Buildings.

BIGGLEY

(Rises)

I You're going to use our buildings?

FINCH

J I'm going to hide five thousand shares of stock in each of the ten World Wide Wicket Buildings throughout the country. We'll get tremendous publicity.

BIGGLEY

K But you'll have mobs of people running all over the buildings, looking for the treasure.

FINCH

L J.B., if a man as brilliant and as educated as you. couldn't guess from the clue I gave you, do you think the average viewer is going to guess?

BIGGLEY

M Good point.

FINCH

(Calls off L.)

N You can come in, gentlemen.
(Crosses above table to D.R.)

(BRATT and MEN walk on and go to their places, stand behind the chairs.)

BIGGLEY

Gentlemen, I'm thinking of going ahead with the World Wide Wicket Treasure Hunt.
Of course I want your approval.

BRATT

Well, J.B., I think it's an absolutely crazy motion and ...

BIGGLEY

I like it.

BRATT

I like it!

MEN

(In unison)

We like it!

#28 — T.V. Announcement

(Orchestra)

Scene 6

(TELEVISION SHOW. On rise we see a typical television logo display which is a globe of the world with the words "World Wide Wickets" written around its circumference. The ANNOUNCER's VOICE is heard over the usual introductory music.)

TV ANNOUNCER

(Over speaker)

The World Wide Wicket Company, whose slogan for over one hundred years has been "World Wide Wickets ..."

(A small panel slips down from behind logo with the words "For A Wider World" written on it.)

"... For A Wider World," presents, in living color, in the interests of better television programming, the World Wide Wicket Treasure Hunt.

(MALE DANCERS in pirate costumes enter from L. and R. A cutout of a pirate ship is U.S. Below that is a huge open treasure chest with FIVE GIRL DANCERS hidden under a gold cloth. TV ANNOUNCER continues as lights come up.)

Now, for the opening number, we present an authentic traditional folk dance of the bold pirate folk of the Spanish Main, danced for your pleasure by the jolly Wickets and Wickettes.

29 - The Yo-Ho-Ho

(Orchestra)

(After PIRATE NUMBER, DANCERS clear U.S., hold final positions of dance as BIGGLEY, FINCH, BRATT and TACKABERRY come on stage with the R. stage TV unit. They have been watching the dance on a television set.)

BIGGLEY

(Seated)

A What the hell was that?

FINCH

(Standing D.R. of BIGGLEY)

B I tried for some production value. Sssshhh. Give it a chance. Hedy's coming on now.

TV ANNOUNCER

C Now the moment you've all been waiting for - the World Wide Wicket Treasure Girl.

#30 - Hedy's Fanfare

(Orchestra)

(HEDY enters [MUSIC FANFARE] from L., followed by TWO WICKETTE GIRLS who stand on either side behind her. HEDY blows kisses to audience.)

BRATT

(Standing U.L. of BIGGLEY)

D It's beginning to get me. I'm beginning to wonder where the treasure is, myself.

TACKABERRY

(U.L. of FINCH)

E Yeah, where is it, Ponty?

FINCH

F No, no. Nobody in the whole world knows but J.B. and myself. Right, J.B.?

BIGGLEY

G Right, Ponty. Sssshhhh.

HEDY

H Hello, there. Well, I'm about to give you the first clue in the World Wide Wicket Treasure Hunt. In ten different places in this great country there are buried five thousand shares of stock, making a total of fifty thousand shares in all. Ooooooh! And now for the first clue ...

(MUSIC fanfare.)

TWO WICKETTE GIRLS

(Reciting)

I The first clue.

(MUSIC FANFARE)

#30a - The First Clue

(Orchestra)

HEDY

- A The first clue is "West of the sun ..."
(A TV ANNOUNCER interrupts.)

TV ANNOUNCER

- B One moment, Treasure Girl.
(HEDY looks up. MAN enters L. carrying a big Bible. He crosses R. above HEDY, D. to her L.)
- C This gentleman is carrying a Bible. Will you place your right hand on it. Miss LaRue, do you swear that there has been no fixing or rigging in connection with this show?
(HEDY looks startled.)
- D And that the clue you are about to give is the truth, the whole truth, free from any trickery, chicanery or dishonesty?
(HEDY is very hesitant.)

HEDY

- E Is this a real Bible?

TV ANNOUNCER

- F Why, of course, Miss LaRue.

BIGGLEY

- G What's the matter with her?

BRATT

- H She looks surprised.

FINCH

- I She is. Hedy didn't know about this. I wanted this part of the show to be completely spontaneous and unrehearsed.

BIGGLEY

- J That can be very dangerous.

FINCH

- K I think it's very effective.

TV ANNOUNCER

- L Do you swear to that, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

(Hesitantly, hand on Bible)

- M I do.

(Removes hand.)

TV ANNOUNCER

- A And secondly, Miss LaRue, do you swear that you yourself do not know where the treasure is actually hidden? Do you swear to that, Miss LaRue? Miss LaRue?

BIGGLEY

- B You see? We're going to get into trouble.

FINCH

- C Why? You and I are the only ones who know where the treasure is hidden. She doesn't know.

(ALL MEN look at BIGGLEY.)

- D Does she?

BIGGLEY

(Looks at MEN, then back at TV set)

- E Let's watch the program.

TV ANNOUNCER

- F Miss LaRue, do you swear that you do not actually know where the treasure is hidden?

HEDY

- G Look, I do not wish to take a bum rap. I will not swear false witness to perjury. I do know where the treasure is.

(Takes one step forward, leaning forward.)

- H I found out last night. There is treasure hidden in all the World Wide Wicket Buildings right now.

(MEN stage R. react in horror. BIGGLEY collapses in chair.)

TWO WICKETTE GIRLS

(Recite again)

The first clue ...

(HEDY goes L., followed by GIRLS and MAN.)

#30b - Disaster

(Orchestra)

Scene 7

(THE WRECKED OUTER OFFICE. In the black we hear the BOOK VOICE.)

BOOK VOICE

- J How to Handle a Disaster.

(The outer office is revealed with the lamps twisted and turned, the desks toppled, typewriters on the floor, adding machine tape strewn all over, chairs turned over. The place is in complete wreckage. In frozen tableau we find MISS JONES, TACKABERRY, TOYNBEE, BUD, JENKINS, DAVIS and a COMPANY POLICEMAN viewing the wreckage. BOOK VOICE continues.)

A In every business man's career, there are times when things go a bit wrong. We have many suggestions for coping with these little problems. However, should you be the cause of a disaster that's really disastrous, we suggest that your best bet is to review the first chapter of this book, How To Apply For A job.

(MISS JONES and EXECUTIVES break tableau and start speaking.)

TACKABERRY

(L. of MISS JONES)

B Have you guys found Finch yet?

MISS JONES

(To TACKABERRY)

C He seems to have disappeared.

TOYNBEE

(L. of TACKABERRY)

D Can't find him.

(He exits L. ROSEMARY enters from L. during this and watches.)

JENKINS

E No, but we're looking for him.

(Exits L.)

DAVIS

F Haven't seen him.

(Exits L.)

(BRATT enters U.R. from executive suite., crosses D.R. of TACKABERRY.)

BRATT

G Where's Finch?

TACKABERRY

H I don't know, Bratt.

BRATT

I Well, J.B. wants him as fast as you can find him. He's hopping mad.

(WOMPER comes running on from L. with COMPANY POLICEMAN chasing him.)

COMPANY POLICEMAN

J (L. Of WOMPER)

Come back here, you.

BRATT

(Takes POLICEMAN's arm from around WOMPER)

A What are you doing?

COMPANY POLICEMAN

B It's another treasure hunter. This little nut tried to sneak past me three times.

BRATT

C This little nut is the chairman of the board.

(WOMPER gives BRATT a look.)

D It's Mr. Womper.

COMPANY POLICEMAN

(Starts off L.)

E Chairman of the board. They all look alike to me.

(He exits L.)

BRATT

F I'm very sorry this happened, Mr. Womper.

(WOMPER just looks at him.)

G If you'll come with me, Mr. BIGGLEY is in his office. Luckily they didn't wreck that.

(WOMPER starts off U.R. into executive suite, followed by BRATT and TACKABERRY. BRATT addresses Miss Jones.)

H Keep looking for Finch.

(They exit into executive suite.)

MISS JONES

(Seeing ROSEMARY L. of C.)

I Oh, Rosemary, have you seen Ponty?

ROSEMARY

J No, Miss Jones, and I'm so worried about him.

MISS JONES

K So am I. He was a nice boy.

(Starts off R.)

ROSEMARY

L Was? What will they do to him?

MISS JONES

M I don't know. Somebody's head has to roll.

(She makes bowling gesture, then exits U.R. into executive suite.)

#31 - I Believe In You (Rosemary)

(Rosemary)

ROSEMARY

(Left alone, crosses D.R.)

- A Ponty will think of something, won't you, Ponty.
YOU HAVE THE COOL, CLEAR EYES OF A
SEEKER OF WISDOM AND TRUTH;
B YET THERE'S THAT UPTURNED CHIN,
AND THE GRIN OF IMPETUOUS YOUTH.
OH, I BELIEVE IN YOU, I BELIEVE IN YOU.

(FINCH enters from L. ROSEMARY rushes into his arms.)

ROSEMARY

- C Ponty, Ponty!
(They embrace.)

FINCH

- D I'm so glad you're here.

ROSEMARY

- E Where have you been?

FINCH

- F Oh, walking the streets, thinking, thinking.

ROSEMARY

(Touching his forehead)

- G You've got a bruise on your head.

FINCH

- H It's nothing. I got it last night. They threw me out of a saloon.

ROSEMARY

(Horrified)

- I Why did they do that?

FINCH

- J Because I didn't buy anything.

ROSEMARY

- K The brutes. Why don't you go home?

FINCH

- L No, I've got to go in and face the music.

(BUD sticks his head out of executive suite, sees FINCH, points at him.)

BUD

- M Ahhah!

(He exits into executive suite.)

FINCH

(Crosses R. below ROSEMARY, looks at the wrecked office)

A Well, this is it.

ROSEMARY

B The chairman of the board is in there.

FINCH

C I figured that.

ROSEMARY

D What are you going to do?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below her.)

E Do? What does a man do when the world has collapsed around his ears? Nothing. I'll just take what's coming to me.

ROSEMARY

F Ponty, I know with that mind of yours ...

FINCH

G No, Rosemary, I'm putting that mind of mine away. I'm just going to make a clean breast of everything and go back to what I was before I came here.

ROSEMARY

H What were you?

FINCH

I I was an exterior decorator.

(Catches himself.)

J There I go again. I can't even tell you the truth. I was a window washer.

ROSEMARY

K So what? I don't care what you do, Ponty, I'm sticking. I walked out on you once.

FINCH

L You did?

ROSEMARY

M Well, I'm not leaving you again.

FINCH

N Rosemary, you can't be the wife of a window washer. That's no life for a woman, sitting at home while I'm up there, never knowing if I've landed safely.

ROSEMARY

O Now listen to me, Finch ...

(BUD enters from executive suite with FOUR MEN. They remain on steps. BUD crosses D.R. to C.)

A

Finch, you're wanted in J.B.'s office.

BUD

B

I thought I'd wash up first.

FINCH

C

They want you now.

BUD

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

D

Gee, can't I even say good-bye to Rosemary?

BUD

E

Go ahead.

FINCH

(Turns L. to ROSEMARY)

F

Rosemary, good-bye.

BUD

(Cutting in)

G

Come along.

FINCH

H

But, I ...

(Turns, crosses U. on to the steps, turns back and sees he's surrounded by the FOUR MEN, shrugs shoulders.)

I

I'm sorry, Rosemary. I wish none of this had ever happened.

(Exits U.R. followed by the FOUR MEN.)

ROSEMARY

(Starts to run after him)

J

Ponty!

(BUD stands in her way. She stops. BUD exits U.R.)

#32 - Doom

*(Orchestra)***Scene 8**

(THE ELEVATOR LANDING. On rise we see THREE GIRLS on each side of stage holding handkerchiefs, sadly watching as BUD enters R., followed by FINCH surrounded by the FOUR MEN. They Stop L. of C.)

BUD

(Crosses R. between two men to FINCH)

A 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

B 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

C 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

(Crosses to L. of BIGGLEY)

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

(To PETERSON and JENKINS at his L.)

E 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)

F 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.)

G Have you found Finch yet?

BRATT

H They're bringing him in.

BIGGLEY

I 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 from L., dragging FINCH on, followed by the FOUR EXECUTIVES who cross U. alongside MISS JONES.)

BUD

(To BIGGLEY)

A He's here, sir.

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

FINCH

(L. of C.)

B Mr. Biggley, I'd ...

BIGGLEY

(Cutting in fast)

C 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

D How do you do, Mr. Womper?

(Starts R.)

E Mr. Womper, I'd like to ...

BIGGLEY

(Stopping him)

F 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

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

(Takes pen and letter from BRATT-)

BIGGLEY

H What's that?

(Crosses L. to FINCH.)

FINCH

I I'll do what you said.

(ALL look at each other.)

BIGGLEY

J You sure this isn't one of your tricks?

FINCH

K 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)

A What did you do, Finch?

FINCH

(After a pause)

B I was a window washer.

WOMPER

C 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 R. of MISS JONES.)

BIGGLEY

(Turns R.)

D You did?

WOMPER

(Crosses L.)

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

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

F College man.

(To FINCH.)

G So you were a window washer.

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

FINCH

H Yes, Mr. Womper.

WOMPER

I Call me Wally.

FINCH

J Okay, Wally.

WOMPER

K Tell me, Finch ...

FINCH

L Call me Ponty.

WOMPER

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

FINCH

A Well, sir, I had a book ...

WOMPER

B Yeah? Me, too.

FINCH

C It was a book on how to succeed in business.

WOMPER

D 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.)

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

FINCH

F I know, Wally. It's ghastly.

WOMPER

G 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

H Hold it, Wally.

(Crosses R. to WOMPER.)

I 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)

J You never told me you hired your nephew.

BIGGLEY

K Nephew? Oh, nephew.

(Crosses D.R. to WOMPER.)

L 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

M But you love his ideas.

BIGGLEY

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

(Crosses L. and points at FINCH.)

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

talk to.

WOMPER

(Crosses L. two Steps)

A Why did you buy it?

BIGGLEY

B It seemed like a good idea.

WOMPER

(Turns away, crosses R. two steps)

C Treasure hunts ... treasure girls ...

BIGGLEY

(Suddenly defensive)

D 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

E 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)

F Well, that was my idea.

WOMPER

G 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.)

H Uh huh.

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D. to Womper)

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

WOMPER

J I intend to.

(Crosses R., looks at men R.)

K 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.)

FINCH

(Crosses L. to WOMPER)

Now wait a minute, Wally. Before you make any hasty decision ...

A (BIGGLEY Crosses L. Of C.)

B I'd like to say a few words.

(ALL MEN move down.)

WOMPER

C About what?

FINCH

D Humanity.

(WOMPER swivels chair to face U.S.)

#33 - Brotherhood Of Man (Finch, Womper, Biggley, Miss Jones, Men)

(FINCH)

E You see, Wally, even though we're all part of the cold corporate setup ... deep down under our skins there is flesh and blood. We're all brothers.

BIGGLEY

(D.L., sighs)

F Some of us are uncles.

FINCH

(R. of C.)

NOW, YOU MAY JOIN THE ELKS, MY FRIEND,
AND I MAY JOIN THE SHRINERS.

AND OTHER MEN MAY CARRY CARDS

AS MEMBERS OF THE DINERS.

G STILL OTHERS WEAR A GOLDEN KEY,
OR SMALL GREEK LETTER PIN.

BUT I HAVE LEARNED THERE'S ONE GREAT CLUB
THAT ALL OF US ARE IN.

(Jumps on desk.)

H THERE IS A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN,
A BENEVOLENT BROTHERHOOD OF MAN;
A NOBLE TIE THAT BINDS
ALL HUMAN HEARTS AND MINDS
INTO ONE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

(MEN gather around desk, except for BUD and BIGGLEY.)

YOUR LIFE-LONG MEMBERSHIP IS FREE.
KEEP A-GIVING EACH BROTHER ALL YOU CAN.
OH, AREN'T YOU PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;

(ALL place hands over hearts.)

(FINCH)

A THE GREAT, BIG BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

(MEN cross away L. and R.)

(FINCH Speaking)

B So, Wally, I want you to remember that, before you consider firing Mr. Biggley.

(BRATT crosses D. to BIGGLEY with letter of resignation and pen.)

BIGGLEY

C Who's considering that?

(Pushes BRATT away)

FINCH

(Still on desk)

D You see, Wally, I know what's on your mind. You'd like to clear out the whole crowd from top to bottom.

(JUMPS R. off desk.)

E That's the obvious move. But stop and think ...

(To DAVIS, D.R.)

(Sings)

F ONE MAN MAY SEEM INCOMPETENT,

(To TOYNBEE, L. of DAVIS.)

G ANOTHER NOT MAKE SENSE,

(To BUD, L. of TOYNBEE.)

H WHILE OTHERS LOOK LIKE QUITE A WASTE
OF COMPANY EXPENSE.

THEY NEED A BROTHER'S LEADERSHIP,

(Below MEN stage R.)

I SO PLEASE DON'T DO THEM IN;

(Crosses L. to WOMPER.)

J REMEMBER, MEDIOCRITY IS NOT A MORTAL SIN.
THEY'RE ...

EXECUTIVES

K WE'RE ...

FINCH

L IN ...

EXECUTIVES

M IN ...

FINCH

A THE ...

EXECUTIVES

B THE ...

ALL MEN

C BROTHERHOOD OF MAN;
DEDICATED TO GIVING ALL WE CAN.

FINCH

D OH, AREN'T YOU PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;

(ALL clap hands.)

ALL MEN

E THE GREAT BIG BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

(ALL clap hands. WOMPER crosses D., turns and looks at MEN stage R. They stop clapping. He turns and looks at MEN stage L. ALL Stop clapping but BUD, who is left clapping alone. BIGGLEY at BUD's L., grabs his hands and stops him. WOMPER then crosses D.C.)

WOMPER

F NO KIDDIN'!

(Sings)

G IS THERE REALLY A BROTHERHOOD ...

BIGGLEY AND EXECUTIVES.

H YES, YOU'RE A BROTHER;

WOMPER

I ... OF MAN?

BIGGLEY AND EXECUTIVES

J YOU ARE A BROTHER!

WOMPER

K ON THE LEVEL, A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

ALL

L OH YES, OH YES.

A NOBLE TIE THAT BINDS
ALL HUMAN HEARTS AND MINDS

WOMPER

M INTO ONE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

ALL

N OH, YES, YOUR LIFE-LONG MEMBERSHIP IS FREE;
KEEP A-GIVIN' EACH BROTHER ALL YOU CAN.
OH, AREN'T YOU ...

WOMPER AND MEN

MISS JONES

A PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;
THE GREAT, BIG
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

(Crosses U., climbs onto desk)
A YOU ... YOU GOT ME,
ME ... I GOT
YOU-OO
YOU-OO.

(MEN face U.S. and surround desk.)

MISS JONES

B OH, THAT NOBLE FEELING,
FEELS LIKE BELLS ARE PEALING,
DOWN WITH DOUBLE DEALING;
OH, BROTHER.
YOU ... YOU GOT ME
ME ... I GOT YOU-OO, YOU-OO.

(WOMPER and FINCH do little tap routine.)

ALL

(Softly)

C OH, THAT NOBLE FEELING,
FEELS LIKE BELLS ARE PEALING,
DOWN WITH DOUBLE DEALING;
OH, BROTHER!
YOU ... YOU GOT ME
ME ... I GOT YOU-OO, YOU-OO.
OH, THAT NOBLE FEELING,

(ALL spread out on stage and clap hands. DANCERS do crossover.)

D FEELS LIKE BELLS ARE PEALING,
DOWN WITH DOUBLE DEALING;
OH, BROTHER.
YOU ... YOU GOT ME
ME ... I GOT YOU-OO, YOU-OO.

(BIGGLEY climbs on desk R. of Miss Jones.)

E YOUR LIFE-LONG MEMBERSHIP IS FREE.
KEEP A-GIVING EACH BROTHER ALL YOU CAN.
OH, AREN'T YOU PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;
THE GREAT BIG BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

(ALL shake hands.)

More Doom

(Orchestra)

Scene 9A

(TRAVELER. SOUND of DRUMS. BUD enters L., crosses slowly, surrounded by the FOUR MEN who earlier accompanied FINCH. BUD stops R. of C., turns and addresses men.)

BUD

(Crosses L. to FIRST MAN)

A Give me a break.

(Crosses U.L. to SECOND MAN.)

B We were always the best of friends, Max.

(Waves hand in front of SECOND MAN who does not react. Crosses U.R. to THIRD MAN.)

C Remember the fun, the dates, Ernest?

(Laughs. Crosses D.R. to fourth man.)

D You I never liked.

(Addresses ALL)

E Look, I could make it worth your while.

(Reaches into pockets, pulls them out empty.)

F I can't! It doesn't pay to be decent.

(Falls to floor.)

G Well, I'm not going to go.

(MEN pick him up, start off R.)

H No, no, you can't make me! I'm too young to go. I'm just a boy. I'll get sick!

Scene 10

(THE OUTER OFFICE. On rise OFFICE PERSONNEL are milling around, gossiping. SMITTY enters R., Crosses to C.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(L. of C.)

I Hey, Smitty, any news yet?

SMITTY

J I haven't heard a thing yet.

(JENKINS enters L.)

K Oh, Mr. Jenkins, have you heard anything yet?

JENKINS

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

A Don't know a thing yet.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

B Looks like a big shakeup.

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

BRATT

C Boys and girls, may I have a word.

(They all turn to listen.)

D 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.)

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

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

F 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.)

G 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 U.R. OFFICE STAFF applauds. BIGGLEY crosses D.R.)

H 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.)

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

(Laughs again.)

FINCH

(Laughing)

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

(Crosses L. below BIGGLEY.)

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

BIGGLEY

A Hear hear.

FINCH

B 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 D.R. of C. GROUP applauds. FINCH crosses R. to them.)

C 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.)

D 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)

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

WOMPER

(Stunned)

F I didn't know.

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

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

(Turns to HEDY.)

H I'll concentrate on you.

BIGGLEY

(Crosses R. to WOMPER.)

I Wally, 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

J 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

K Rosemary, your husband is calling you.

#34a - Hallelujah!

(Girls)

GIRLS

(Singing)

L HALLELUJAH!

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

FINCH

A Rosemary, I've got a big decision to make. They want to make me chairman of the board. What do you think?

ROSEMARY

B Darling, I don't care if you work in the mailroom or you're chairman of the board or you're President of the United States, I love you.

FINCH

(Turns front)

C Say that again.

ROSEMARY

D I love you.

FINCH

E No, before that.

BIGGLEY

F Miss Jones ...

(MISS JONES crosses D.L. of BIGGLEY. He crosses D.)

G ... take a wire to the White House: "Watch out!"

#35 — *Finale (The Company Way)*

(Entire Company)

0:12 (BR-Cost Recording) ^{1. DR} ALL

H WE PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY;
EXECUTIVE POLICY

(Scaffold rises outside windows U.S. with BUD holding copy of "How To" book.)

IS BY US OKAY.

I THOUGH FOR THE DEPARTED
WE SHED A MOURNFUL TEAR;
WHOEVER THE COMPANY FIRES,
WE WILL STILL BE HERE!

0:55

#36 — *Bows*

(Entire Company)

ALL

J OH, AREN'T YOU PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;
THE GREAT, BIG BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

#37 — *Exit Music*

(Orchestra)

THE END

