

LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK

THE FRANK LOESSER AND ABE BURROWS MUSICAL



**HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS
WITHOUT REALLY TRYING!**

Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser

Book by Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock, & Willie Gilbert

Based on "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying"

By Shepherd Mead

CHARACTERS

J. PIERREPONT FINCH

GATCH

JENKINS

TACKABERRY

PETERSON

J. B. BIGGLEY

ROSEMARY

BRATT

SMITTY

BUD FRUMP

Miss JONES

Mr. TWIMBLE

HEDY

SCRUBWOMEN

Miss KRUMHOLTZ

TOYNBEE

OVINGTON

POLICEMAN

WOMPER

The entire action takes place in the new Park Avenue office building of World Wide Wicket Company, Inc.

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Overture

(Orchestra)

ACT ONE Scene I

1 – Opening Act 1

(Orchestra)

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

BOOK VOICE

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

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

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

FINCH

(Looking up)

I can!

(He continues looking at book.)

BOOK VOICE

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

(Scaffold lowers to the floor.)

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

FINCH

I can!

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

2 – How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying

(Finch)

FINCH

HOW TO APPLY FOR A JOB...

(Steps off scaffold.)

HOW TO ADVANCE FROM THE MAILROOM...

(FINCH)

(Sits on scaffold rail.)

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

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

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

(Crosses L.)

THIS BOOK IS ALL THAT I NEED...
"HOW TO, HOW TO SUCCEED."

(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.
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

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

(U.R.)

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)

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

(PINCH crosses L. to Johnson.)

JOHNSON

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

CATCH

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

JENKINS

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

CATCH

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

JENKINS

Yes, sir.

(Crosses L. to Matthews. FINCH crosses DR. of C.)

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

MATTHEWS

(C.)

Oh, I'm feeling, much better.

PETERSON

(L. of C.)

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

(FINCH crosses R. of PETERSON.)

TACKABERRY

(Turns R. to PETERSON)

What memo?

PETERSON

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

TACKABERRY

All right I'll send out a memo.

(ALL still remain frozen.)

FINCH

(Crosses L.)

The right company!

(FINCH puts book in wire mail basket held by OFFICE BOY far left, removes breakaway coveralls, tosses them offstage left, picks up book, begins to sing.)

THIS BOOK IS ALL THAT I NEED
"HOW TO, HOW TO SUCCEED."

(FINCH crosses R. ROSEMARY enters L., carrying folder of papers. OFFICE PERSONNEL breakfreeze 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

Never mind, never mind.

(A roar.)

Back to work, everybody!

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

BIGGLEY

(To FINCH)

You heard me! I said back to work!

FINCH

(L. of BIGGLEY)

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

BIGGLEY

A job? Do you know who I am?

FINCH

No, sir.

BIGGLEY

(Going right on)

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

I'm sorry, sir, but I

BIGGLEY

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.)

Damn damn coal-burning dithering ding ding ding.

(He exits R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crossing R.)

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

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

(Amazed)

Personnel?

(She points U.R)

It's right there.

FINCH

Thank you.

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

ROSEMARY

(Crossing L. to C., stopping him)

You - you're not discouraged?

FINCH

(Crosses L.)

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

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L.)

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

(Starts off R.)

You wait here.

(She exits R.)

FINCH

(Calling after her)

But, Miss, it's not really

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

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)

Biggley?

FINCH

Yes, sir.

BRATT

J.B. Biggley?

FINCH

Yes, sir. He told me to see you.

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

BRATT

(Crosses L. to FINCH)

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

FINCH

Yes, sir. I just bumped into him.

BRATT

Ah, is he a friend of yours?

FINCH

(Modest hesitation)

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

BRATT

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

(Extending his hand.)

And you are

FINCH

(Shaking his hand)

Finch, sir. Pierrepont Finch.

BRATT

(Smiling)

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

(Laughs.)

FINCH

As a matter of fact, sir, it is.

BRATT

(Stops laughing,)

Well, step into my office.

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

SMITTY

(Following ROSEMARY)

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

ROSEMARY

(R. of C.)

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

(Looks around, sees that FINCH is gone.)

Where is he?

SMITTY

How would I know?

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

But why this frantic, urgent urgency?

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

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

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

Rosemary, your mother instinct is a big drag.

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

BRATT

Well, that's all settled.

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

Nice to have you aboard, Finch.

FINCH

Happy to ship out with you, sir.

(FINCH is searching for matches in his pocket.)

BRATT

Let me do that.

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

SMITTY

Who is that.?

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

Adorable, maybe. Helpless, no.

ROSEMARY

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

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

BRATT

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

SMITTY

Hello, there.

ROSEMARY

(Quickly steps in R. of FINCH)

My name is Pilkington. Rosemary Pilkington.

FINCH

Oh, hello.

ROSEMARY

Hi.

BRATT

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

FINCH

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

SMITTY

Even a barracuda

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

BRATT

Now, Smitty, Will You

(CATCH enters R., addresses BUD.)

CATCH

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

BUD

(Stopping R. of Catch)

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

CATCH

At eleven o'clock? Why?

BUD

Because I'm the boss's nephew.

(Starts off R. CATCH exits (JR. into his office.)

BRATT

(Crossing R. below FINCH, calling to Bud)

Oh, Bud!

(To FINCH, as BUD approaches.)

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

(Crosses L. above FINCH. BUD crosses L. to it of FINCH.)

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

BUD

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

FINCH

(Offers hand)

How do you do?

(BUD ignores his hand.)

BRATT

(About to leave)

Smitty, get Mr. Finch's particulars.

SMITTY

Yes, sir.

BRATT

Finch, nice to have you on our team.

(Starts off L.)

FINCH

Glad to be playing with you, sir.

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

BUD

Finch, you ambitious?

FINCH

Not necessarily.

BUD

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

(it of BUD)

You'll go crying to your uncle.

BUD

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

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

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

(Removes hat.)

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.)

That's the democratic way.

(He exits R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. two steps)

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

(Crosses R. to SMITTY.)

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

SMITTY

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

ROSEMARY

Have you got a girl?

FINCH

A girl? No.

ROSEMARY

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

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 PINCH.)

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

Huh? **SMITTY**

Or maybe White Plains. No ... **ROSEMARY**

3 – How To Keep His Dinner Warm

(Rosemary, Smitty)

New Rochelle ... **(ROSEMARY)**

Huh? **SMITTY**

New Rochelle ... **ROSEMARY**

What are you talking about? **SMITTY**

New Rochelle ... **ROSEMARY**

What about it? **SMITTY**

ROSEMARY
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.)

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

(Crosses L. to SMITTY.)

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

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

(Crosses U. L.)

Smitty **ROSEMARY**

The future Mrs. Finch is in for some lonely nights. **SMITTY**

(She exits into her office U.L.)

(TRAVELER closes.)

(ROSEMARY speaks, crosses R.)

ROSEMARY

I'm 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

Coffee break!

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

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 tinner the spigot.)

BUD

There's no coffee!

ALL

(A buzz)

No coffee! No coffee!

SMITTY

(C.)

No coffee?

BUD

No coffee!

(ALL take front.)

4 – Coffee Break

(Frump, Smitty, Chorus)

SMITTY

No coffee.

(THEY all groan and collapse onto stage.)

BUD

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.)

SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES

ALL

LIES DOWN AND SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES!

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

SMITTY

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

(ALL crowd around machine.)

AND TASTE CARDBOARD BETWEEN MY LIPS,
SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES

ALL

LIES DOWN AND

(ALL fade up.)

SOMETHING WITHIN ME DIES!

(ALL collapse.)

1ST VOICE

NO COFFEE,

NO COFFEE,
2ND VOICE

NO COFFEE,
3RD VOICE

NO COFFEE,
4TH VOICE

NO COFFEE,
5TH VOICE

NO COFFEE,
6TH VOICE

NO COFFEE,
7TH VOICE

NO COFFEE,
8TH VOICE

(ALL sit up.)

SMITTY

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

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

(ALL cross D.)

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

SMITTY AND BUD

GONE IS THE SENSE OF ENTERPRISE

ALL

ALL GONE AND SOMETHING WITHIN MF DIPS

ALL

NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE,
NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE, NO COFFEE.

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

ALL

IF I CAN'T TAKE MY COFFEE BREAK,

(R. of C.)

SMITTY

SOMEHOW THE SOUL NO LONGER TRIES ...

(Collapses into BOY'S arms.)

ALL COFFEE, COFFEE.

(D.R. against portal.)

BUD

SOMEWHERE I DON'T METABOLIZE ...

ALL

COFFEE, COFFEE

SMITTY AND BUD

SOMETHING WITHIN ME ...

(They cross to C. ALL spread out.)

ALL

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.)

What's that?

GIRL

A coffee pot.

BUD

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

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.)

BUD

(Quickly)

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

FINCH

(R. of BUD)

It's the executive mail.

BUD

I'll take that.

(Takes mail from FINCH.)

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

FINCH

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

BUD

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

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

ROSEMARY

(Rises, crosses R. to FINCH)

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

FINCH

(Crosses L. below ROSEMARY)

Thank you for defending me, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

Please call me Rosemary.

FINCH

Okay, Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Now, Mr. Finch

FINCH

Call me Ponty.

ROSEMARY

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

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

I know Ponty I haven't forgotten.

(ROSEMARY)

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

Happy anniversary.

FINCH

Thank you, Rosemary. At least you notice tie.

ROSEMARY

I wish I were an executive. I'd

(She stops suddenly, looks offstage.)

Oh oh. Here comes Judith Anderson. . .

FINCH

Huh?

ROSEMARY

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

(Starts U. L. to her desk.)

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

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

FINCH

Pardon me, ma'am.

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

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

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

MISS JONES

Young man.

(FINCH Stops. She crosses D.)

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

FINCH

(Crosses R. to he,)

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

(Starts away L. again.)

MISS JONES

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

(FINCH stops.)

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

Why not?

FINCH

(Crosses R. to her.)

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

MISS JONES

Thank you.

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

What did you say your name was?

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

How is it I haven't seen you before?

FINCH

(R. below her)

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

MISS JONES

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

FINCH

Thank you, Miss Jones.

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

CATCH

Say, Jonesy

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

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

MISS JONES

(Pinning flower on her suit)

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

CATCH

(R. Of MISS JONES)

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

MISS JONES

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

FINCH

(He pops up quickly)
Yes?

MISS JONES

Finch, this is Mr. Catch.

FINCH

How do you do, Mr. Catch?

CATCH

Hello.

(They shake hands.)

MISS JONES

(To FINCH)
Mr. Catch would be a good man for you to know. His department is very important

FINCH

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

(Rattling it off)

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

CATCH

(To MISS JONES)

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

(He exits R.)

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

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

FINCH

You're welcome, Miss Jones.

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

BUD

Hi, Jonesy.

MISS JONES

(Snapping)

Miss Jones.

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

FINCH

(Turns away from BUD, starts L.)

Say, Rosemary ...

BUD

(Crosses D. to FINCH)

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

(Crosses L. below FINCH.)

FINCH

Righto, Bud, old buddy boy.

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

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

(Starts off R.)

ROSEMARY

(She rises, crosses R. to FINCH)

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

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

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

(SMITTY enters from executive suite and observes this.)

FINCH

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)

Well, Rosemary, how are you doing?

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R. to SMITTY)

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

SMITTY

A business man.

(They exit off R.)

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

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

(Annoyed.)

Thanks.

(Rises, crosses behind counter. Talks to himself as he starts dialing.)

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

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

BIGGLEY

(Gruffly crisp)

Yes, What do you want, Miss Jones?

MISS JONES' VOICE

(Over intercom)

Mr. Biggley, your wife is calling.

BIGGLEY

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

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

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

(Hangs up. To himself.)

Dammit.

(Pushes button and speaks into intercom.)

Miss Jones.

MISS JONES' VOICE

Yes, Mr. B.?

BIGGLEY

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

MISS JONES' VOICE

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

BIGGLEY

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

(Secretively.)

you know...

MISS JONES' VOICE

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

BIGGLEY

Thanks.

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

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

Let's get going, boys.

BUD

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

MMMMM.

FINCH

(R. edge of counter)

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

TWIMBLE

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

FINCH

Thank you, sir.

TWIMBLE

You really have an inborn gift for mailroomery.

FINCH

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

(Phone RINGS.)

BUD

(Picks up phone)

Hello, mailroom No! Mailroom. Just a minute.

(BUD)

(Calls.)

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

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

TWIMBLE

(Going to phone)

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

BUD

(To FINCH)

What's the idea?

FINCH

What's the idea of what, Bud.?

BUD

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

FINCH

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

BUD

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

(Stops as he hears TWIMBLE speak.)

TWIMBLE

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

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

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

FINCH

(Quickly)

Congratulations.

BUD

(Just as quickly)

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

TWIMBLE

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

BUD

That's not fair.

(Crosses L. above TWIMBLE.)

I'm going out to get a smoke.

(He exits quickly L.)

TWIMBLE

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

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

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

FINCH

(After a moment)

Mr. Twimble ...

TWIMBLE

Yes?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below TWIMBLE)

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

TWIMBLE

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

(Shows medal on his lapel.)

FINCH

That's beautiful.

(Crosses R. to TWIMBLE.)

Gee, a quarter of a century.

TWIMBLE

A quarter of a century.

FINCH

How long have you been in the mailroom?

TWIMBLE

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

5.- *The Company Way*

(Twimble, Finch)

(TWIMBLE)

(To audience)

WHEN I JOINED THIS FIRM
AS A BRASH, YOUNG MAN,
WELL I SAID TO MYSELF,
"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)

YOU PLAY IT SAFE!

TWIMBLE

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

FINCH

BUT WHAT IS YOUR POINT OF VIEW?

TWIMBLE

I HAVE NO POINT OF VIEW,

FINCH

SUPPOSING THE COMPANY THINKS ...

TWIMBLE

I THINK SO TOO!

FINCH

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF

TWIMBLE

I WOULDN'T SAY!

FINCH

YOUR FACE IS A COMPANY FACE;

TWIMBLE

IT SMILES AT EXECUTIVES,
THEN GOES BACK IN PLACE.

FINCH

THE COMPANY FURNITURE?

TWIMBLE

OH IT SUITS ME FINE.

FINCH

THE COMPANY LETTERHEAD IS (SO)...

TWIMBLE

A VALENTINE!

FINCH

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'RE AGAINST?

TWIMBLE

UNEMPLOYMENT!

FINCH

WHEN THEY WANT BRILLIANT THINKING FROM EMPLOYEES;

TWIMBLE

THAT IS NO CONCERN OF MINE.

FINCH

SUPPOSE A MAN OF GENIUS MAKES SUGGESTIONS.

TWIMBLE

WATCH THAT GENIUS GET

(Points DL.)

SUGGESTED TO RESIGN!

FINCH

SO YOU PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY;

(Crosses It above TWIMBLE.)

TWIMBLE

ALL COMPANY POLICY IS BY ME OKAY!

FINCH

YOU'LL NEVER RISE UP TO THE (TOP)

TWIMBLE

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

FINCH

YOU CERTAINLY FOUND A HOME!

TWIMBLE

IT'S COZY!

FINCH

YOUR BRAIN IS A COMPANY BRAIN;

TWIMBLE

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

THE COMPANY MAGAZINE?
FINCH

TWIMBLE
BOY, WHAT STYLE, WHAT PUNCH!
FINCH

THE COMPANY RESTAURANT?
TWIMBLE
EV'RY DAY SAME LUNCH.'
THEIR HADDOCK SANDWICH; IT'S DELICIOUS!

FINCH

(Crosses L. below TWIMBLE)

I MUST TRY IT.
TWIMBLE

EARLY IN THE WEEK!
FINCH

(Stops dead)

DO YOU HAVE ANY HOBBIES?
TWIMBLE
I'VE A HOBBY;
I PLAY "GIN" WITH MISTER BRATT.

FINCH

AND DO YOU PLAY IT NICELY?
TWIMBLE
PLAY IT NICELY
STILL HE BLITZES ME
IN EV'RY GAME, LIKE THAT!

FINCH

WHY?
TWIMBLE
'CAUSE I PLAY IT THE COMPANY WAY,
EXECUTIVE POLICY
IS BY ME OKAY!

FINCH

HOW CAN YOU GET ANYWHERE (IN THE) ...
TWIMBLE
JUNIOR HAVE NO FEAR;
WHOEVER THE COMPANY FIRES, I WILL STILL BE HERE!

FINCH

YOU WILL STILL BE HERE.

TWIMBLE

YEAR AFTER YEAR AFTER FISCAL,

BOTH

NEVER TAKE A RISK-AL YEAR!

TWIMBLE

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

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

Hi, Bud. How's your mother?

BUD

What mother?

TWIMBLE

(To FINCH)

What mother.

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

BRATT

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

TWIMBLE

Thanks, Mr. Bratt.

(They shake hands.)

BRATT

Now let's talk about your successor ...

BUD

(Turns to L. of BRATT)

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

BRATT

No, Bud.

(BUD reacts with annoyance.)

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

TWIMBLE

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

BRATT

Finch.

BUD

I'm going out for a smoke.

(Starts off L.)

FINCH

Thanks, but I can't accept.

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

BRATT

(Crosses R. to FINCH below TWIMBLE)

Are you turning this job down?

FINCH

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

BUD

(Caught off guard)

You're kidding.

TWIMBLE

(Crosses L. to BUD)

Bud Frump?

BRATT

(Crosses L. to TWIMBLE)

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

BUD

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

(He exits L.)

TWIMBLE

(Crosses R. below BRATT to FINCH)

I don't understand.

FINCH

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

(Phone RINGS.)

BRATT

(Picking up phone)

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

TWIMBLE

(To FINCH)

It's the big boss.

BRATT

(He listens a moment)

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

(To FINCH.)

Go ahead, Finch.

FINCH

(C.)

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

BRATT

(Acting as a quiet voice announcer to BIGGLEY)

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

FINCH

(Crosses above TWIMBLE to his L.)

The whole team is greater than any single player.

BRATT

(To BIGGLEY)

The whole team is greater than any single player.

FINCH

(Getting louder)

The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

BRATT

The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

FINCH

The whole salad is bigger than any piece of lettuce.

BRATT

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

FINCH

The whole omelette is bigger than any egg.

BRATT

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

FINCH

(To BRATT)

F-I-N-CH

(FINCH looks back to TWIMBLE.)

BRATT

F-I-N-C-H. Yeah, well, I'm going to keep an eye on him myself. Right. See you later, J. B.

(Hangs up. Crosses R. to PINCH.)

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

FINCH

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

Glad to help, Mr. Bratt.

BRATT

I appreciate it.

(Shakes TWIMBLE's hand.)

Good luck, Twimble.

FINCH

(Looking at letters on counter)

Oh, Mr. Twimble, don't I have to take this mail to Mr. Catch? TWIMBLE

Catch?

FINCH

Catch.

BRATT

Catch.

FINCH

Catch.

BRATT

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

FINCH

(Does his smile, then speaks)

He is?

BRATT

I'm going to talk to him about you.

FINCH

Me? A junior executive?

BRATT

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

FINCH

By George, ethical behavior always pays.

BRATT

(Crosses R., arm around FINCH)

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

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

(BUD enters from R.)

BUD

My mother was very happy

BRATT

(Addressing the office)

Boys and girls, meet the new head of the mailroom, Bud Frump.

(They all gather around and applaud.)

BUD

(Crosses L. to FINCH)

Thanks, Ponty, old man.

FINCH

Good luck, Bud.

BRATT

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

(They exit off R.)

BUD

(Crosses L. to TWIMBLE C.)

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

(Sharply)

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

BUD

(Frantic)

Now wait a minute, Twimble. Ponty okayed it.

TWIMBLE

It's just that

BUD

(Going right on)

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

TWIMBLE

(Stamps foot on the floor)

Wait a minute, wait a minute Bud. I've been here a long, time. A quarter o a Century.

I just want to make sure that things are done the right way.

(Dropping hands to his sides.)

BUD

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, Chorus)

(BUD)

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

WHATEVER THE COMPANY TELLS HIM, THAT HE'LL DO

(Boy DANCER salaams.)

BUD

WHATEVER MY UNCLE MAY THINK, I THINK SO TOO.

(BUD takes one step down.)

ALL

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

BUD

I'VE CONQUERED THAT OVER-AMBITIOUS RAT INSIDE.

TWIMBLE

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

BUD

I PLEDGE TO THE COMPANY SWEET CONFORMITY.

ALL

HOORAY! HOORAY!

(BUD crosses L.)

BUD

I WILL SOMEDAY EARN MY MEDAL

(ALL bow. Two BOYS form chair and GIRL dusts it.)

TWENTY-FIVE YEAR EMPLOYEE.

(Applause.)

(BUD)

I'LL SEE TO IT THAT THE MEDAL

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

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

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

ALL

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

BUD

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

(ALL lean in.)

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

ALL

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

(MEN lift BUD on their shoulder.)

BUD

I'm so proud!

ALL

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

BUD

I'm happy!

ALL

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

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. of FINCH)

Boys and girls,

(CROWD Stops.)

(BRATT)

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

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

BUD

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

(They carry huh off L. BRATT exits L. CATCH exits R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses DR. to FINCH)

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

FINCH

You were right, Rosemary. Thanks.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. two steps)

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

FINCH

Maybe I should.

ROSEMARY

(Turns to him)

Ponty, I'm always available.

FINCH

(Backing off a little)

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

ROSEMARY

Lunch!

FINCH

Huh?

ROSEMARY

I said lunch.

FINCH

What about lunch?

ROSEMARY

I'd love to.

FINCH

(turns to her)

Love to what?

ROSEMARY

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

(Crosses R. below him.)

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 It)

FINCH

(Left alone, crosses L. to C.)

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

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

CATCH

Say Finch

FINCH

Yes, sir, Mr. Catch.

CATCH

How's the young junior executive feeling?

FINCH

Fine, Mr. Catch, fine.

CATCH

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

FINCH

Lunch? In the Executive Club? Me?

CATCH

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

FINCH

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

(He exits L.)

CATCH

Okay. I'll meet you at the elevator.

(CATCH starts off R. ROSEMARY re-enters from R.)

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

(He puts his arms around her.)

ROSEMARY

(Getting loose)

Please, Mr. Gatch

CATCH

(Letting her go)

I've got to stop reading Playboy.

(He exits R.)

FINCH

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

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

7.- Rosemary's Philosophy

(Rosemary)

ROSEMARY

To lunch?

FINCH

(Crosses R. below her)

Yep. How do I look?

ROSEMARY

You look fine, Ponty.

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

Just fine. Have a good time.

FINCH

Thanks, Rosemary.

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

BOOK VOICE

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

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

Scene 5

(BIGGLY seated at desk, is on phone talking to his Wife.)

BIGGLEY

(On phone)

Yes, dear, yes, dear But, dammit, Gertude, 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.)

Yes, Miss Jones.

MISS JONES' VOICE

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

BIGGLEY

What's she want - What's her name?

MISS JONES' VOICE

She says you'll know.

BIGGLEY

(Small pause, then as gruff as ever)

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.)

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

(Clicks intercom.)

Miss Jones, get me Bratt in personnel right away.

(Back to phone.)

You be here tomorrow. Fine. 'Bye.

(He pushes another button on phone.)

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.

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 Sonic 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

Can I help you, honey?

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

HEDY

(With a slight regal toss of her head)

Scram.

(MISS KRUMHOLTZ and GIRL enter R.)

BUD

(After he recovers)

You don't understand, Miss. You see, I'm Bud Frump, J.B. Biggley's nephew.

(BOTH cross D.S.)

HEDY

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

BUD

I spotted that the minute you came in.

HEDY

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

Miss LaRue?

(TWO GIRLS and TWO MEN enter R.)

HEDY

Yeah? I mean, yes?

BRATT

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

HEDY

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

BRATT

Oh, not really.

HEDY

Oh, yes. I was very naughty this morning. I'm still not accustomed to early arisal

(EVERYBODY reacts. OTHER OFFICE PERSONNEL enter.)

BRATT

I understand. Well, if you'll step into my office, we'll ...

(He turns, bumps into SMITFY.)

Oh, sorry. This is Miss Smith, my secretary.

HEDY

(Leaning, across BRATT,)

How are you, dear?

SMITTY

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

BRATT

Yes, Smitty?

SMITTY

I have to get some new tax withholding blanks.

BRATT

Yes, you do that, Smitty.

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

BRATT

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

HEDY

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

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

BUD

I win the pool.

(OTHER OFFICE PERSONNEL enter.)

JENKINS

Boy, isn't she something!

DAVIS

She sure is.

(BRATT re-enters.)

BRATT

Gentlemen, one moment please.

(MEN cross L. to Bratt.)

JENKINS

(Crosses L. to Bratt)

Say, Bratt, I need a new secretary.

MAN

So do I.

BRATT

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

JENKINS

I'd sure like to determine them.

MEN

Me, too, etc., etc.

9.- A Secretary Is Not A Toy

(Bratt, Bud, Miss Krumholtz, Chorus)

BRATT

Gentlemen ...

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)

You're absolutely right, Mr. Bratt.

BUD

(Crosses R. - stops)

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

JENKINS

(Crosses R. - stops)

It's a company rule, Mr. Bratt.

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

THREE BOYS

(C.)

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

TWO BOYS

BOY.
A SECRETARY IS NOT,
A SECRETARY IS NOT,
A SECRETARY IS NOT

TWO BOYS AND FOUR GIRLS

A TOY.

FOUR GIRLS

(Crossing L.)

A SECRETARY IS NOT TO BE
USED FOR PLAY THERAPY.

ALL

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.)

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

BOYS

WITH A MOTHER AT HOME SHE SUPPORTS,

BUD

(Enters R., crosses D.C.)

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

(Exits U.R.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(Crossing R. to L. with TWO BOYS)

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

MISS KRUMHOLTZ AND TWO BOYS

IT HAPPENED TO CHARLIE MCCOY, BOY.
THEY FIRED HIM LIKE A SHOT...
THE DAY THE FELLOW FORGOT
A SECRETARY IS NOT ... A TOY.

(Dance.)

ALL A SECRETARY IS NOT ... A TOY.

(Exit R. and L.)

BOYS

(L. in personnel door)

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

BUD

(R. in door)

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

THREE GIRLS

(Crossing D. C.)

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.)

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

(ALL fade. Up.)

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

Scene 7

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

GIRL

(Enters L. with girlfriend, pushes down button)

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

(They go into elevator stage L.)

MAN

(Enters It with ANOTHER MAN)

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

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(Two GIRLS enter from L.)

SECOND GIRL

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

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(Two MEN enter from L.)

SECOND MAN

So 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

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

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(Two MEN enter from L.)

THIRD MAN

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

(They go into elevator stage L.)

(MISS KRUMHOLTZ and GIRL enter from L.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

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 It 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.)

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

MISS JONES

(Following him)

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

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

MISS JONES

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

BIGGLEY

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

Very well, Mr. Biggle

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

TACKABERRY

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

BIGGLEY

(To Tackaberry)

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

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

FINCH

Oh, Miss Jones!

MISS JONES

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

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

(Crosses K)

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

FINCH

They sure have.

(She crosses R. below FINCH.)

Oh, by the way, good luck tonight.

MISS JONES

(Stops)

Good luck?

FINCH

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

MISS JONES

(Crosses L. to FINCH)

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

FINCH

(Nose-to-nose)

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

MISS JONES

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

FINCH

(Reacts, Crosses L. two steps)

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

MISS JONES

On Saturday? No one around here works on Saturday.

(Crosses L. to him.)

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

FINCH

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

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

FINCH

But where did he go to college.?

MISS JONES

Old Ivy.

(Starts Off R.)

FINCH

Old Ivy?

MISS JONES

(stops)

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

(Starts off R. again.)

FINCH

Good night, Miss Jones.

MISS JONES

(Stops)

Don't work too hard.

FINCH

Don't worry, I won't.

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

ROSEMARY

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

Hello, stranger.

FINCH

Oh, hi, Rosemary. Hi, Smitty.

SMITTY

(One step R.)

Hi, Ponty.

(Presses down elevator button stage It)

Been a long day, hasn't it?

FINCH

Sure has.

ROSEMARY

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

FINCH

Oh, I've been working pretty hard.

ROSEMARY

Been a long day.

SMITTY

(Sudden thought)

Say, Rosemary, where are you having dinner tonight?

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. below Smitty)

That depends.

On what? **SMITTY**

On where I'm having dinner. **ROSEMARY**

(Looks at FINCH.)

Huh? Oh! **SMITTY**

(BOTH GIRLS turn U.S.)

10 – Been A Long Day *(Smitty, Rosemary, Finch)*

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

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

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

ROSEMARY
(Turns front)

I WONDER IF WE TAKE THE SAME BUS?

SMITTY
AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH
(Turns front)

THERE COULD BE QUITE A THING BETWEEN US.

SMITTY
NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY
HE REALLY IS A DEAR.

SMITTY
AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH
BUT WHAT OF MY CAREER?

SMITTY

THEN SHE SAYS:

(ROSEMARY yawns crosses R. to SMITTY)

AND HE SAYS:

FINCH

Err ... uh

(Crosses L. to SMITTY.)

Well it's been a long day;

ALL

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

SMITTY

NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

I WISH THAT HE WERE MORE OF A FLIRT.

SMITTY

AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

I GUESS A LITTLE FLIRTING WON'T HURT.

SMITTY

NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

FOR DINNER WE COULD MEET.

SMITTY

AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

WE BOTH HAVE GOT TO EAT.

SMITTY

THEN, SHE SAYS:

ROSEMARY

ACHOO!

(Crosses R. to SMITTY)

SMITTY

AND HE SAYS:

FINCH

GESUNDHEIT!

(Crosses L. to Smitty)

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

FINCH

WELL, IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY,

ALL

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

SMITTY

(Unfolds newspaper)

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

WONDERFUL!

FINCH

IT'S FATE!

SMITTY

NOW, SHE'S THINKING:

ROSEMARY

WHAT FEMALE KIND OF TRAP COULD I SPRING?

SMITTY

AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

I MIGHT AS WELL FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

SMITTY

NOW, SHE'S THINKING

(Crosses R. above FINCH.)

ROSEMARY

SUPPOSE I TAKE HIS ARM

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

SMITTY

AND HE'S THINKING:

FINCH

WELL, REALLY, WHAT'S THE HARM?

SMITTY

THEN, SHE SAYS:

ROSEMARY

HUNGRY?

SMITTY

AND HE SAYS:

(Pause.)

FINCH

YEAH!

ROSEMARY

YEAH!

SMITTY

YEAH!

ALL

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

(Elevator doors open. CHORUS sings.)

CHORUS

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

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

BIGGLEY

Blithering, blathering.

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

BIGGLEY

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

BUD

Why not? Other people are being promoted

BIGGLEY

Well, I told your Aunt Gertrude that

(HEDY enters R.)

HEDY

Oh, there you ...

(HEDY)

(Sees BUD, composes herself)

Good evening, Mr. Biggley.

(Crosses to R. elevator.)

BIGGLEY

(Carefully businesslike)

Oh, good evening, Miss LaRue.

BUD

Uncle Jasper!

BIGGLEY

(Turns to BUD)

I told you never to call me that around here.

BUD

I'm sorry, J.B.

BIGGLEY

Now, haven't you got something to do?

BUD

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

BIGGLEY

Good.

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

BIGGLEY

(Pulling himself together and crossing R. to HEDY)

How do you like your new job, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

It's a big, fat nothing.

(BUD overhears this, then exits R.)

BIGGLEY

Sweetheart, don't talk that way around here.

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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.

(BIGGLEY)

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

Hedy, I promise you ...

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

(Crosses R.)

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

BIGGLEY

(Crosses R. to her)

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

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

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

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

(Turns slowly to him)

No.

BIGGLEY

But, angel

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

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

(BUD crosses to elevator L., pushes down button. He straightens his tie, brush's off his coat, continues primping. BIGGLEY looks at BUD and then at his own tittit', 1t1" they are dressed identically. Impatiently he crosses L. to BUD.)

Why don't you go home?

BUD

I'm waiting for the elevator.

BIGGLEY

Why don't you walk down?

BUD

It's thirty floors!

BIGGLEY

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

Why don't you jump?

BUD

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

Very attractive girl, Miss LaRue.

BIGGLEY

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

BUD

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

(BIGGLEY starts R.)

I'm meeting Mother for dinner.

(BIGGLEY stops dead, crosses back to BUD.)

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

11 – Been A Long Day (Reprise)

(Bud, Biggley, Hedy)

(Crosses R. below BIGGLEY to C.)

(BUD)

NOW HE'S THINKING:

BIGGLEY

THE KID COULD REALLY PUT ME THROUGH HELL!

BUD

AND SHE'S THINKING:

HEDY

THE KID COULD EVEN NAME THE HOTEL.

BUD

NOW HE'S THINKING:

BIGGLEY

I WONDER IF HE'D DARE...

AND SHE'S THINKING: **BUD**

THERE'S BLACKMAIL IN THE AIR. **HEDY**

AND HE SAYS: **BUD**

IT'S A HOLDUP! **BIGGLEY**
(Elevator it doors open.)

AND SHE SAYS: **BUD**

DOWN? **HEDY**

Wait a minute! Okay, you're promoted. **BIGGLEY**
(Crosses R. below BUD to HEDY.)

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

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

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

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

HA!

(Doors close.)

11a – Saturday Morning

(Orchestra)

Scene 8

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

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

(Looking around)

Okay, Jackie, that's it.

SECOND SCRUBWOMAN

(L. of C.)

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

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

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

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

BIGGLEY

Good morning.

FINCH

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

Oh, is it morning already, sir?

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

(Crosses up to his desk)

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

(Sits.)

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

Thank you, sir.

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

(Bravely)

Oh, don't worry about me, sir.

BIGGLEY

(Starts off)

I'll just get my clubs.

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

What's that you're humming?

FINCH

(Stops humming)

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

BIGGLEY

You were humming the Old Ivy fight song.

FINCH

(Does his smile, then speaks)

I guess It was unconscious on my part.

BIGGLEY

Did you go there? Were you a Groundhog.?

FINCH

(Hesitantly)

Well, Sir

(Sits.)

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

No, Sir, not a bit.

(Rises.)

BIGGLEY

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

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

Finch, when did you graduate?

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

Right.

12 - Old Ivy

(Biggley, Finch)

(BIGGLEY)

GRR-R-R-ROUNDHOG!

(They shake hands.)

FINCH

GR-R-R-R-ROUNDHOG!

BIGGLEY

(Marches down and then up)

STAND OLD IVY,
STAND FIRM AND STRONG.

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

GRAND OLD IVY,
HEAR THE CHEERING THRONG.

(FINCH crosses to BIGGLEY.)

BIGGLEY AND FINCH

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

FINCH

(On his knees)

WHEN YOU FALL ON THE BALL,

BIGGLEY

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.)

DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HEAP,

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

(Rises.)

DOWN IN THE CRUDDY, MUDDY DEEP,

BIGGLEY

DON'T FORGET, BOY,

BOTH

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

(BOTH cross L.)

FINCH

STAND
OLD IVY,
STAND FIRM
AND STRONG.

BIGGLEY

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

(BOTH cross R.)

GRAND OLD IVY,
HEAR THE CHEERING THROG.
STAND
OLD IVY...

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

BOTH

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

FINCH

(R. of BIGGLEY)

I enjoyed that, sir.

BIGGLEY

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

(Starts off chanting.)

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.)

What's that you're doing?

FINCH

(Eyes closed)

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

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.)

I knit, too.

(Sits in chair of first desk.)

FINCH

Really!

(Rises.)

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

(Carefully)

Yes, I've met her.

BIGGLEY

(Suddenly pointing to knitting)

What's this going to be?

FINCH

Oh, I thought I'd make a

(He holds up knitting on various positions.)

... a birdcage cover.

(Puts knitting on desk.)

BIGGLEY

Birdcage cover. I never made one of those.

(Rises.)

But how do you like this?

(Indicates sweater he's wearing.)

FINCH

Oh, that's beautiful, sir.

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

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

BIGGLEY

I like the way you thinch, Fink.

FINCH

"Think, Finch," sir.

BIGGLEY

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,)

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.)

... 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)

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

Why is that?

BIGGLEY

I fire them.

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

(Contemptuously)

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

Plans and Systems. Mr. Catch's department.

BIGGLEY

Good man, Catch. 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

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

(Starts for desk.)

BIGGLEY

Midnight.

(FINCH stops.)

That's the Groundhog spirit.

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

13 – Grand Old Ivy (Reprise)

(Biggley, Finch)

FINCH & BIGGLEY

GRR-ROUNDHOG! CRR-ROUNDHOG!
STAND OLD IVY,
STAND FIRM AND STRONG.
RRR-RIP, RRR-RIP,
RRR-RIP THE CHIPMUNK OFF THE FIELD.

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

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

Beautiful!

SECOND SCRUBWOMAN

What was that?

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

A college song,

SECOND SCRUBWOMAN

What college?

FIRST SCRUBWOMAN

(Picking up knitting off desk)

I'd say Vassar.

13a – Vassar

(Orchestra)

Scene 9

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

BIGGLEY'S VOICE

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

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

ROSEMARY

Hello, Ponty.

FINCH

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

(Crosses R. above desk.)

ROSEMARY

(Looks around, crosses L. below desk.)

Your first office. It's beautiful.

(Sits.)

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

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

FINCH

(Sits)

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

ROSEMARY

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

(ROSEMARY)

(Rises, crosses D.)

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

(FINCH rises, crosses DR. of desk.)

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

FINCH

I had to get up early.

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

Sir? ... Miss?

HEDY

I'm Miss LaRue, honey.

FINCH

What can I do for you, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

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

ROSEMARY

(Confidentially to FINCH)

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

FINCH

(Crosses L. to ROSEMARY)

I just found out myself.

ROSEMARY

Well, happy dictation, Ponty.

(She goes R. below HEDY.)

HEDY

'Bye.

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

FINCH

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

(Crosses R. above desk.)

HEDY

Thank you.

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

FINCH

(After staring at her for a moment)

Now, Miss LaRue ...

HEDY

Oh, just call me Hedy.

FINCH

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

HEDY

You're cute.

FINCH

Excuse me a moment.

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

BOOK VOICE

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

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

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

(FINCH closes book, goes to desk.)

FINCH

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

HEDY

(Flips open steno pad)

Shoot!

FINCH

(Crosses L. of HEDY, speaks slowly)

This is to Mr. Catch... . Dear Mr.. Catch

(Crosses R Slowly.)

Pursuant to our ... discussion of

HEDY

Wait a minute

(FINCH Stops.)

You trying to catch a trab?

FINCH

(Crosses L. of desk)

What are you taking this down in?

HEDY

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

FINCH

Oh, you type fast?

HEDY

Like a jackrabbit. Twelve words a minute.

FINCH

(Sits)

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

HEDY

(After a beat)

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

FINCH

(Slams desk)

Mr. Biggley ...

(Reacts, turns front.)

HEDY

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

FINCH

Yes, you are, aren't you?

(Looks at book.)

HEDY

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

FINCH

(Closes book)

Hedy, let that letter wait for a moment.

(Hands her a folder.)

Please take this in to Mr. Gatch.

HEDY

(Rises)

Mr. Catch.

FINCH

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

(She starts off L.)

Hedy

(She stops.)

... personally.

HEDY

Okay, Charlie.

(She exits L.)

14 – Hedy's Walk

(Orchestra)

Scene 10

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

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(R. of CATCH)

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

(Turns to CATCH.)

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

CATCH

(Puzzled)

Have her come in.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(Hangs up)

I'll get her.

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

HEDY

(CATCH jumps to his feet)

Mr. Catch?

(Crosses L. to desk.)

CATCH

(Startled)

Yes.?

HEDY

I'm Mr. Finch's secretary. He asked me to give you this.

(She drops folder on the desk., starts off. Her whole manner is very seductive. CATCH follows, stops her.)

CATCH

Say, what are you doing tonight?

HEDY

I've got a date with my gentleman friend.

CATCH

(Grabs HEDY)

Oh, come on. You're in the big time now. Don't fool around with small fry.

14a – Onward and Upward

(Orchestra)

(BLACKOUT Phone RINGS in the dark. DIM UP immediately. FINCH is seated at GATCH's desk. He's sitting back in the chair as though he has had this job forever. There is a smug look on his face, and a slight smile. MISS KRUMHOLTZ is on stage.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(Picking up phone)

Hello, Mr. Finch's office. One moment.

(Hands him phone.)

It's for you. Production.

(She goes U. C.)

FINCH

(Into phone)

Hello, Finch speaking. Oh, yes.

(Rises.)

I'm running Plans and Systems now. Huh? Mr. Catch? Oh, he's been transferred to one of our out of town offices ... Venezuela.

14b – Girlsville

(Orchestra)

Scene 11

(TRAVELER. A corridor somewhere in the World Wide Wicket Building. There are two foliage units D.S.L. and R. BRATT and TACKABERRY enter R. JENKINS enters L.)

(Stopping JENKINS L. off C.)

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

JENKINS

Another one? Who is it this time?

BRATT

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

JENKINS

(Thinking)

B.B.D.O.

BRATT

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

TACKABERRY

(R. of BRATT)

In the Executive Club on the roof.

JENKINS

I wonder how long this guy'll last?

BRATT

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

JENKINS

Okay, Bratt.

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

BRATT

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.)

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

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

Oh good. What's he like?

ROSEMARY

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.)

Do you know what this is?

SMITTY

Your lunch?

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

I hope it works. Good luck, Rosemary.

(They embrace. She starts R.)

ROSEMARY

Thanks, Smitty.

SMITTY

(R. of C.)

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

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

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 Origina

(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 It crosses back L. to C.)

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.)

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.)

FOR HIM FOR HIM.

(She exits L.)

Scene 12

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

(ROSEMARY)

FOR HIM,
FOR HIM.
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.)

SOME IRRESPONSIBLE DRESS MANUFACTURER

(GIRL crosses L. of ROSEMARY.)

JUST DIDN'T PLAY FAIR.

(Looks at girl.)

I'M ONE OF A PAIR

ROSEMARY AND GIRL

AND I COULD

(MISS KRUMHOLTZ enters L. wearing same dress.)

OH, NO!

(Crosses R.)

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

THIS IRRESISTIBLE PARIS ORIGINAL,
ALL SLINKY WITH SIN ...

(ANOTHER GIRL enters R. wearing same dress, leans against portal.)

ALREADY SLUNK IN

(GIRL exits, R.)

AND I COULD DIE.

(MISS KRUMHOLTZ turns, crosses U.c. sees ROSEMARY and FIRST GIRL.)

ROSEMARY AND GIRL

AND I COULD KILL HER.

ALL THREE

AND I COULD-

(SMITTY enters R. wearing same dress.)

SMITTY

THIS IRRESISTIBLE PARIS ORIGINAL,
TRÉS SEXY, NEST-CE PAS?

(Looks U.C., sees THREE GIRLS.)

GODDAMMIT - VOILA!

ALL FOUR

AND I COULD SPIT!

(More GIRLS enter from all sides dressed alike. ALL GIRLS cover their eyes and cross D. to front of stage, look R. MISS JONES enters R. wearing same dress.)

MISS JONES

Girls!

ALL

OH!
THIRTY-NINE BUCKS I HAND OUT
FOR SOMETHING TO MAKE ME STAND OUT,
AND SUDDENLY I'VE GONE
INTO MIMEOGRAPH...

MISS JONES

SOME LAUGH!

(ALL line up across stage.)

ALL

THIS IRRESISTIBLE PARIS ORIGINAL,
THIS MASS-PRODUCED CRIME,
I'M WEARING TONIGHT
FOR THE VERY LAST TIME!

(After number, GIRLS mill around stage R. MEN enter from U.L., looking around confused as they see all the girls dressed alike. HEDY enters D. L., poses by portal. She is wearing the same dress. MEN cross L. to her and whistle.)

MEN

What a dress!

GIRLS

(In disgust)

Oh!

(They drift U.S. BUD enters from, L., stops by HEDY.)

BUD

Hedy, will you have a drink?

HEDY

(Dignified)

I never touch anything alcoholic before five p.m.

BUD

(Looking at his watch)

It's ten after five.

(MEN cross away.)

HEDY

Which way is the booze?

BUD

Right over here.

(Two WAITERS push a roiling bar on L. below stair unit.)

HEDY

I'll have a double Martini.

(She and BUD go to bar U.L. ROSEMARY starts off R. FINCH enters from D.R., Crosses to ROSEMARY, stopping her. BIGGLEY enters from U.L. from stairway with OVINGTON, BRATT and TACKABERRY)

BIGGLEY

(On stair unit)

Here he is, boys and girls.

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

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

(ALL applaud.)

OVINGTON

(R. of BIGGLEY)

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

BIGGLEY

Good sound thinking.

OVINGTON

And I'd like to say that

HEDY

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

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

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

OVINGTON

But I'd like to say that ...

(BIGGLEY stops him.)

BRATT

Say, Bud

HEDY

(To BRATT)

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

OVINGTON

I'd like to say

(BIGGLEY stops him.)

BRATT

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

HEDY

I'm feeling fine!

16 – The Company Way (A la Dance Band)

(Orchestra)

BUD

You feel terrible.

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

HEDY

Hey, Finchy, let's dance.

OVINGTON

And d like to say

(BIGGLEY stops him again.)

FINCH

(Grabbing ROSEMARY)

I'm already dancing, with Rosemary.

(He and ROSEMARY do a few steps.)

BIGGLEY

Everybody. dance!

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

OVINGTON

Furthermore, I'd like to ...

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

BUD

Ouch!

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

Come on, Hedy. No games.

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

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

SMITTY

Bud, you must have heard the rumor!

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

16a – The Executive Landing

(Orchestra)

Scene 13

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

Wow! That elevator made me dizzy. **HEDY**

Come on Hedy. **BUD**

(They both start crossing L.)

What I need is a shower. **HEDY**

J.B. wants me to take you home. **BUD**

(Tries to take her stage R.)

HEDY

(Resisting, crossing L. with him)

No. I'm going to J.B.'s office. He has a private shower. I'll take a shower and then come back to the party.

(Starts dance step.)

Okay, Hedy, have a nice shower. **BUD**

Thanks, Bud. **HEDY**

(Pinches his check.)

You know, you're cute. Not as cute as Finch, but you're cute.

(She exits L.)

BUD

Not as cute as Finch!

(He stands there thinking for a moment. Man enters from R., crosses to stage R. elevator door, Pushes up button. BUD crosses R. to man.)

17 – Elevator Dance

(Orchestra)

(BUD)

Going up to the party, Pete?

MAN

Yeah.

BUD

Will you tell Mr. Finch I want to see him down here.

(Elevator door opens.)

Tell him it's important.

MAN

Okay.

(Elevator door closes. BUD, left alone, now starts a dance.)

BUD

(Humming)

De cia da dum, la da de de
Old sexy Hedy is in there, taking a shower ...

(Dances.)

And I've got a little something up my sleeve .
... Ole'!

(Dances.)

That's going to put little old Finchy right out on his

(Kicks floor with heel. Dance is interrupted by elevator stage R. door opening FINCH comes out.)

Oh, hello, Finch.

FINCH

What's this all about, Bud?

(Crosses L. to BUD.)

BUD

J.B. wants you to go to his office. He'll meet you there.

FINCH

(Puzzled)

But I just saw him. He didn't say anything.

BUD

I guess he didn't want to say anything in front of Ovington. You know how it goes around here with advertising managers.

FINCH

(Crosses L. below BUD)

Do you think your uncle is considering ...

BUD

I don't know anything. I only know I was told to tell you to go to his office.

FINCH

Well, I've never seen his office, anyway. Thanks, Bud.

(He goes L.)

BUD

You're welcome Now to get my uncle.

(BUD goes into routine consisting of the following: As he crosses, he sings.)

Good-bye, Finchy - Hello, Uncle Jasper

(He breaks into a wild samba and leaps O.S.R)

Ole'!

17a – Ethereal Grandeur

(Orchestra)

Scene 14

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

FINCH

(Addressing the world at large)

Someday, someday ...

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

HEDY

Guess who?

FINCH

(Feels behind him)

Mr. Biggley?

HEDY

(Dropping her hands)

No, it's me!

FINCH

(Rises, turns, looks startled)

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

HEDY

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

FINCH

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

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

HEDY

What's your hurry?

FINCH

I think I'd better back to the party.

HEDY

It's more fun down here.

FINCH

Well, I think I'd better.

HEDY

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

FINCH

(Crosses to C.)

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

HEDY

(Crosses It to him)

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

(She smacks him in the stomach.)

You're going places.

(Crosses L. two steps.)

FINCH

Venezuela. Look, Hedy ...

HEDY

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

FINCH

Frankly, I'd rather he didn't.

HEDY

Come on, let's try it.

FINCH

Uh uh.

HEDY

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

FINCH

Okay. Just Once.

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

18 – Rosemary

(Finch, Rosemary)

FINCH

(Half singing)

ROSEMARY!

(Rises.)

HEDY

Huh?

(Orchestra Trumpet plays C Major theme.)

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

Can't you hear it?

(Half-singing.)

ROSEMARY!

HEDY

Rosemary?

FINCH

That kiss

HEDY

What about that kiss?

FINCH

Rosemary!

HEDY

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

FINCH

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

HEDY

(Points at him)

Finch. You are in love.

(Loud crescendo of "ROSEMARY" theme.)

FINCH

(Takes front, stunned)

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

HEDY

(Crosses R. to him)

And you found this out by kissing me?

FINCH

Yes, Hedy.

HEDY

I don't know my own strength.

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

FINCH

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

(Looks around.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R.)

ROSEMARY

(Crosses D.R.)

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

(Crosses D.L.)

ROSEMARY,

(Crosses to C.)

JUST IMAGINE IF WE KISSED,
WHAT A CRESCENDO

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

NOT TO BE MISSED.

(Crosses it)

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

(Falls and rolls on floor.)

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

(Stays on floor D.R.)

ROSEMARY

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

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

FINCH

(Rises, crosses L. to her)

Rosemary, something wonderful has happened.

ROSEMARY

What are you talking about?

FINCH

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

(Sings)

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

ROSEMARY

I can't hear a thing.

FINCH

ROSEMARY ...

(Spoken)

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

ROSEMARY

(Crosses It to him)

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

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

Now I hear it! I hear it!

(Crosses L.)

I hear it! I hear it!

(Sings)

SUDDENLY THERE IS MUSIC
IN THE SOUND OF YOUR NAME

(FINCH crosses R.)

J. PIERREPONT.

(They both cross to each other C.)

FINCH

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

NOT TO BE MISSED.

FINCH

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

(They both cross R.)

FINCH

ROSEMARY.

ROSEMARY

J. PIERREPONT,
J. PIERREPONT.

(BOTH cross L. of C.)

ROSEMARY,

J. PIERREPONT,

BOTH

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

(After song they embrace.)

FINCH

(R. of ROSEMARY)

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

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

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

ROSEMARY

(Coldly)

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

(Points to HEDY)

... and hers.

FINCH

(Crosses R. to HEDY, startled)

Rosemary, this is very easily explained.

(Crosses L. to below chair.)

You don't understand.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L.)

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

(She turns and walks out L.)

FINCH

(Turns to HEDY)

What will I do?

HEDY

Let's do what she said.

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

ROSEMARY

Oh oh!

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

Get back in there.

HEDY

I have nothing to hide.

ROSEMARY

Yes, you have, and keep it hidden.

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

You snake. Now kiss me.

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

BIGGLEY

Oh I'm sorry. I thought

(They separate and look at him.)

FINCH

Uh

ROSEMARY

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

BIGGLEY

(Recovering)

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

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

ROSEMARY

(At bathroom door)

Excuse me.

(Slams door.)

BIGGLEY

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

Finch, I owe you an apology

FINCH

You do? For what?

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

But Miss Pilkington is not my secretary.

BIGGLEY

Oh, yes. Good point.

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

BRATT

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

OVINGTON

(Crosses D.L. of BIGGLEY,)

I haven't finished my speech yet.

BIGGLEY

You made a fine speech.

FINCH

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

(Crosses L.)

BRATT

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

FINCH

How do you do, Mr. Ovington.

OVINGTON

How do you do?

(He and FINCH shake hands.)

FINCH

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

OVINGTON

Thank you.

FINCH

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

(Crosses R.)

BIGGLEY

Is that so? Where did you play, Ovington?

OVINGTON

The greatest little college in the world - Northern State.

BIGGLEY

(He and FINCH exchange glances)

A chipmunk!

(Crosses It to FINCH, but keeps looking at OVINGTON. FINCH looksfront 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 CHIP CHIPMUNK!

(He exits L. through anteroom and off)

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D. C.)

That was a narrow squeak.

FINCH

It was a big shock to me.

BIGGLEY

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

BRATT

(Crosses R. to BIGGLEY)

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

BIGGLEY

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

(Crosses R. to FINCH.)

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

FINCH

(Crosses R. two steps)

I don't know, sir.

BIGGLEY

(To BRATT)

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

(BRATT looks away. To FINCH.)

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

FINCH

Me? A vice president.?

BRATT

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

BIGGLEY

I like him.

BRATT

I like him.

(Throws up hands in resignation.)

BIGGLEY

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

BRATT

Ideas? Tell us some of them, Finch.

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

(Quickly cutting in)

Come on, Finch.

(Crosses one Step R.)

Where are those ideas?

FINCH

Well, sir, I ...

BIGGLEY

Put up or shut up, son.

FINCH

Well, the thing is

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

BRATT

(Crossing It to FINCH)

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

BIGGLEY

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

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

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

(He and BRATT exit L.)

FINCH

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

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

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

(Hangs up.)

Now let's see what.

(Suddenly remembers girls, calls.)

Oh, girls, you can come out now.

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

HEDY

Thanks, Rosemary.

(Crosses L. above desk, starting off)

FINCH

(Crosses FL)

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

HEDY

(stops)

Congratulations. Can I be your secretary?

FINCH

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

(ROSEMARY turns her back to FINCH.)

HEDY

I'll go back to the steno pool.

(Site goes L., stops in anteroom.)

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

(She exits of L.)

FINCH

(Crosses FL, taps ROSEMARY on shoulder)

Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

(Still turned away)

I'm going to be your secretary?

(Turns to him.)

FINCH

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

(Crosses L.)

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

ROSEMARY

(Crosses L. to him)

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

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

You do?

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

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

FINCH

Wonderful. Now let's get to work.

(Starts off L.)

ROSEMARY

Just like that? Haven't you forgotten something?

FINCH

Oh, yeah.

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

Hello, operator. Who paints names on office doors?

ROSEMARY

Finch, aren't you going to kiss me?

FINCH

Kiss You? I can't.

ROSEMARY

Why not?

FINCH

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

(Into phone.)

Hello, name painter?

20 – Finale Act One

(Rosemary, Finch, Bud)

(ROSEMARY turns front.)

ROSEMARY

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

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

FINCH

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

BUD

Oh!

(Collapses, holding onto door)

FINCH

J. PIERREPONT FINCH
J. PIERREPONT!

ROSEMARY

SUDDENLY THERE IS MUSIC

FINCH

ALL CAPITALS!

ROSEMARY

IN THE SOUND OF MY NAME ...

FINCH

YES, BLOCK LETTERS!
JAY PIERREPONT!

FINCH

VICE PRESIDENT
IN CHARGE OF

ADVERTISING
F-I-N-C-H.

THE USUAL SPELLING...
JAY PIERREPONT ...

(Hangs up phone.)

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

WONDERFUL MUSIC
IN THE VERY
SOUND OF YOUR NAME.

ROSEMARY

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R.)

ROSEMARY...

ALL OF MY LIFETIME
PROGRAM WILL BE

MORE OF THE SAME.

REMEMBER ME,

(Crosses U.R.)

ROSEMARY ...

WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO
ROSEMARY?
THERE IS

(Crosses D.R.)

WONDERFUL MUSIC
IN THE VERY
SOUND OF YOUR NAME.

BUD

(By door D.L.)

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

JAY PIERREPONT
JAY PIERREPONT

I CAN'T STAND IT.

(Sits.) (Rises.)

I WILL RETURN!
I WILL RETURN!

END OF ACT ONE

21 – Entr'acte

(Orchestra)

ACT TWO Scene I

22 – Opening Act 2

(Orchestra)

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

SMITTY

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

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

It's the Merchandise Mafia at work.

(BUD and JENKINS exit L.)

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

When's the big meeting.?

SMITTY

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

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

Where are you going?

ROSEMARY

(C.)

Home.

SMITTY

At ten o'clock in the morning?

ROSEMARY

I've resigned. I'm quitting.

SMITTY

Nonsense. You've been threatening that all week.

ROSEMARY

This time it's official.

(Crosses R.)

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

SMITTY

(Crosses R.)

But, uh

ROSEMARY

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

(Crosses R.)

Smitty, he doesn't need me.

SMITTY

(Crosses R.)

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

(THREE GIRLS drift down to hear the conversation.)

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

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

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

(L. of SMITTY)

What's the matter?

SMITTY

Rosemary is resigning from Finch.

FIRST GIRL

(L. of MISS KRUMHOLTZ)

But I thought he was going to marry her.

SECOND GIRL

(L. of FIRST GIRL)

That's what I thought.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

Me, too.

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

SMITTY

(Apologetically)

I only told the girls.

(To GIRLS.)

Don't worry. She will forgive him.

ROSEMARY

Never!

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

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

SMITTY

(Crosses U. to L. of ROSEMARY)

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

ROSEMARY

I've been very loyal to him.

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

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

23 – Cinderella, Darling

(Smitty, Rosemary, Girls)

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

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

(FOUR GIRLS cross D.L.)

TO THE LAND OF FLOWER'D CHINTZ?

GIRLS

HALLELUJAH!

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE!

ROSEMARY

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

SMITTY

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

GIRLS

True?

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

So, you're automatically a Cinderella.

A GIRL

See?

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

SMITTY

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.

GIRLS

AND MINE,
AND MINE,
AND MINE.
DON'T, DON'T, DON'T,
CINDERELLA, DARLING,
DON'T TURN DOWN THE PRINCE!

SMITTY

DON'T REWRITE YOUR STORY;

(Crosses D.L.)

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

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

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

(They back away.)

ALL

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

(They all cross to ROSEMARY)

DON'T TURN DOWN THE PRINCF.

(GIRL takes wastebasket off her foot.)

SMITTY

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

FIRST GIRL

ON FROM BERGDORF GOODMAN ...

SECOND GIRL

TO ELIZABETH ARDEN

THIRD GIRL

IN THE STATION WAGON ...

FOURTH GIRL

HURRY FROM TWENTY-ONE ...

FIFTH GIRL

TO THE TARRYTOWN P.T.A.

ROSEMARY

No. New Rochelle!

GIRLS

NEW ROCHELLE P.T.A.,
PLEASE!

SMITTY

OH, DO NOT LEAVE US MINUS,

GIRLS

PLEASE!

SMITTY

OUR VICARIOUS BONUS,

GIRLS

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

WE WANT TO SEE HIS HIGHNESS

GIRLS

PLEASE!

SMITTY

MARRIED TO YOUR LOWNESS.

(ALL kneel)

GIRLS

AH

SMITTY

ON YOU, CINDERELLA, SITS THE ONUS,

GIRLS

AH

SMITTY

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

(They rise.)

ALL

PHONE US!
BUT DON'T, DON'T, DON'T,
CINDERELLA, DARLING,
DON'T TURN DOWN THE PRINCE.

(Cross U.L)

SMITTY

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

(They line up on either side of ROSEMARY.)

ALL

WE WERE RAISED ON YOU, DARLING,

(ALL close in and hug her.)

AND WE'VE LOVED YOU EVER SINCE.
DON'T LOUSE UP OUR FAV'RITE FAIRY TALE;
DON'T, CINDERELLA,

(ALL back away.)

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

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

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

Hi, Ponty.

FINCH

Hello, Bud.

(Rises.)

BUD

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

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

First time I've seen your new office.

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

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

(Crosses L., Sits.)

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

FINCH

(Crosses D.R. of desk)

Frankly, yes.

BUD

(Rises, crosses it)

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

FINCH

(Crosses L. towards BUD)

Oh, Bud...

BUD

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

FINCH

Oh, Bud, that's a bit strong.

BUD

How would you put it?

FINCH

I guess your way is best.

BUD

Well I'd like to change all that.

(Crosses it to FINCH.)

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

FINCH

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

BUD

(Going on)

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

FINCH

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

(Sudden take.)

What was that?

BUD

(Very casual)

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

(Puts script into FINCH'S hands.)

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

(Draws finger across throat. Starts off L.)

FINCH

Uh, Bud

(BUD stops.)

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

BUD

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

FINCH

You haven't told it to your uncle?

BUD

No, Ponty.

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

Look. if you're not interested...

FINCH

(Keeping script)

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

BUD

Feel free to use it.

(He starts L., stops and sings.)

24 – I Have Returned

(Bud)

(BUD)

I HAVE RETURNED.

(He goes L.)

FINCH

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

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

(ROSEMARY enters L.)

ROSEMARY

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

(Crosses R. to R. of C.)

FINCH

(Still lost in thought)

Oh, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

(Crosses R. to desk)

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

FINCH

(Crosses back above desk, still preoccupied with manuscript)

About what?

About what I said in the letter. **ROSEMARY**

What letter? **FINCH**

My letter of resignation. **ROSEMARY**

Your resignation from what? **FINCH**

The Girl Scouts of America. **ROSEMARY**

Oh. **FINCH**

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.)

I've quit, resigned, left you forever!

Why are you doing that? **FINCH**

(Yelling) **ROSEMARY**

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

(Startled) **FINCH**

Who did that to you?

You. **ROSEMARY**

FINCH

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

(ROSEMARY stares at him.)

True?

True. **ROSEMARY**

(She sits on settee.)

Good. Now listen, Miss Pilkington. **FINCH**

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

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

(Dreamy smile)

Am I really going to be. Mrs. Finch?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below desk to her.)

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

ROSEMARY

I keep thinking maybe you forgot.

FINCH

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

ROSEMARY

Oh, sure.

FINCH

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

(Crosses it above desk.)

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

(Crosses to C.)

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

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

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

(Crosses to C.)

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

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

Two hundred thousand?

ROSEMARY

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

FINCH

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

Say that again.

ROSEMARY

I love you.

FINCH

No, before that.

ROSEMARY

(Puzzled)

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

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

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

(Crosses R. below desk.)

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

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

He's got to give me a postponement.

(Hangs up.)

No, I'll go see him.

ROSEMARY

Good luck, Mr. Finch.

FINCH

Thank you, Miss Pilkington.

(He starts off L.)

ROSEMARY

Say

(He stops and looks at her.)

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

FINCH

(Reprovingly)

Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY

(With a smile)

I'm sorry Mr. Finch.

25 – Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm (Reprise)

(Rosemary)

(He exits L.)

ROSEMARY

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.)

WEARING THE WIFELY UNIFORM
WHILE HE GOES ONWARD AND UPWARD.

(Sits on settee.)

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 Films and at the knitting.)

HEDY

(L. of BIGGLEY)

Are you pregnant or something?

BIGGLEY

(Startled, drops knitting, rises)

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.)

What the hell do you want?

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

BUD

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

BIGGLEY

(Crosses L. to BUD)

I told you what I thought of that treasure hunt.

BUD

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

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

Business?

HEDY

I wish to tender you with my resignation.

BIGGLEY

Your resignation? What are you going to do?

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

(Horrificed)

Skin cream

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

(Indignant)

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

BIGGLEY

Please, don't tell me.

HEDY

It's made from sharkbelly jelly.

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

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

(Crosses R.)

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

BIGGLEY

Hedy, if you could just be patient.

HEDY

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

(She starts Off L.)

BIGGLEY

Well, good luck, dear.

(Sits in chair C.)

HEDY

(Stops, turns)

Huh?

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

You could stay home.

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

Oh, you'll do all right.

BIGGLEY

Hedy, I can't live without you.

HEDY

(Crosses R. to BIGGLEY)

You mean that?

BIGGLEY

(Rises, crosses D.C.)

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

26 – Love From A Heart Of Gold

(Biggley, Hedy)

HEDY

(Crosses D.C. to his L.)

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

BIGGLEY

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

(Reaches over and holds HEDY'S hand.)

EVER TRUSTING AND SWEET, AND AWAITING MY PLEASURE;

(Lets go of her hand.)

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)

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

(She turns to him)

I never knew you felt that way.

BIGGLEY

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

HEDY

Goddammit, so am 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

RAIN OR SHINE

HEDY

HOT OR COLD

BIGGLEY

HOT OR COLD

HEDY

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

(HEDY)

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

(BIGGLEY pince-nez drops off)

BOTH

THE LOVE FROM A HEART OF GOLD.

BIGGLEY

(Head to head)

I knew you'd understand.

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

What?

HEDY

Why don't I be your secretary?

BIGGLEY

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

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

HEDY

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

BIGGLEY

Hmnmnmnm.

HEDY

(Walking quickly to door L. and opening it)

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)

Wait, Hedy just be patient.

HEDY

(Very sweetly)

All right, dear. I'll be patient.

(Changes tone.)

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

(Exits through door.)

BIGGLEY

But, Hedy.

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

HEDY

Hi, Finchy.

(Crosses R. to him.)

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

(Pinches his cheek)

FINCH

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

HEDY

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

(Starts off R, crossing below FINCH.)

FINCH

Say, Hedy

(She stops.)

Are you quitting?

HEDY

Unless I hear otherwise to the contrary.

FINCH

(Crosses to HEDY)

Maybe we can help each other.

HEDY

Good. Let's bust out together.

FINCH

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

HEDY

Let's go to my place.

FINCH

This is business.

HEDY

Okay, then let's go to your place.

FINCH

Uh

HEDY

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

FINCH

Well. I

HEDY

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' office cool')

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 frarnes representing mirrors. BRATT, at third sink from L., and DAVIS, at third sink from R., are washing their hands at sinks. Phone U.S.L. wall RINGS twice. BRATT shakes water off his hands, goes to phone, picks it up.)

BRATT

(At phone)

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

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

TOYNBEE

Big meeting's today, huh?

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

BRATT

(Looking at watch)

Yeah.

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

TACKABERRY

Hear anything about what Finch is planning?

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

BRATT

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

JENKINS

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

(Shakes his head.)

BRATT

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

(BUD enters L.)

BUD

Hi, men.

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

TACKABERRY

Hear anything, Bud?

BUD

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

TACKABERRY

That's very pleasant news.

BRATT

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

BUD

(Crosses L. to BRATT)

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

(Suddenly stops, looks offstage L.)

Oh oh.

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

Has anybody seen my Wildroot Cream Oil?

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

FINCH

Hiyah, men.

BRATT

All set for the big meeting?

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

FINCH

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

ALL

Good luck.

27 – I Believe in You

(Finch, Men)

MEN

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.)

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

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.)

I HEAR THE SOUND OF GOOD, SOLID

(Picks up bar of soap.)

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

(Crosses It to C. sink.)

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

(Washes hands.)

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.)

SEEKER OF WISDOM AND TRUTH;

(FINCH)

(Crosses R. to C. sink.)

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.)

GOTTA STOP THAT MAN,

(MEN cross D. to sinks.)

GOTTASTOP THAT MAN

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

OR HE'LL STOP ME.
BIG WHEEL, BIG BEAVER,
BOILING HOT WITH FRONT OFFICE FEVER.
GOTTA STOP, GOTTA STOP, GOTTA STOP THAT MAN.

(FINCH stops shaving.)

FINCH

OH, I BELIEVE IN YOU,

MEN

DON'T LET HIM BE SUCH A HERO.

FINCH

I BELIEVE IN YOU

MEN

STOP THAT MAN, GOTTA STOP HIM,

FINCH

(Looking in mirror)

YOU

MEN

STOP THAT MAN, GOTTA STOP HIM,

FINCH

YOU

MEN

STOP THAT MAN, GOTTA STOP THAT MAN!

(ALL look at FINCH. After applause:)

GOTTA STOP THAT MAN,

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

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

(MEN exit L.)

FINCH

(Crosses D. to C. sink)

I BELIEVE IN YOU,

(He walks of L.)

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

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, BRAVE, JENKINS and TOYNBEE enter from L. TACKABERRY and DAVIS cross and stand behind two D.L. chairs. BUD crosses to third chair, but BRAVE 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 DR. 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

Gentlemen.

(Looking around.)

Where's Finch?

BRATT

(Seated L. of BIGGLEY)

Not here yet, sir.

BIGGLEY

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:)

Bratt...

BRATT

(Jumps to attention)
Yes, J.B.?

BIGGLEY

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

BRATT

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

BIGGLEY

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

BRATT

Right, J.B.

BUD

(Seated D.R.)

We never have any trouble with crabgrass at our place.

BIGGLEY

What do you use?

BUD

Cement.

(They all look at him.)

Sorry, J.B. Just a little joke.

BIGGLEY

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.)

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

(Hangs up.)

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)

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

Sounds promising. Proceed, Finch.

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

What the hell is that?

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 picture on it.)

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

BUD

(Seeing cover of Time)

Oh, God!

FINCH

The cover of Time.

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

The cover of Newsweek.

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

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

(EXECUTIVES react.)

BIGGLEY

Very Interesting.

FINCH

(Getting down to serious business)

Now

(MEN disclose large map. SECOND MAN then exits D.L. to pick up toy rocket 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 like this thinking.

FINCH

(Crosses L. to easel.)

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

(Crosses R. to table.)

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

(Crosses DL. Of easel)

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)

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.)

Up, up, up!

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

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.L to L. of BIGGLEY. SECOND OFFICE BOY enters L., crosses to easel and BOTH MEN exit with easel L.)

BIGGLEY

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

BUD

(Rapping on table)

Could I ask a question, J.B.?

(FINCH crosses above table to DR. of BUD.)

BIGGLEY

Yes.

BUD

What is his idea?

BIGGLEY

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

MEN

Hmmmmm.

BUD

But what's the idea for the show?

BIGGLEY

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.)

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

FINCH

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

(Crosses U. to R. of BIGGLEY.)

BIGGLEY

What do You mean?

FINCH

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

By what?

FINCH

The way you just spoke to Bud about hit; 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

I should hope so.

FINCH

(Crosses L. to C. of table)

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)

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.)

"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 defrump it. First or all, my treasure is not a bond, and it's not money. It's stock.

MEN

Stock!

FINCH

Fifty thousand shares of stock.

BIGGLEY

Stock? In our company?

FINCH

These days people like stock better than money.

BRATT

How can we issue fifty thousand extra shares of stock?

(MEN react.)

FINCH

(Turns to BRATT)

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

Tell me that again.

FINCH

I can't.

JENKINS

It can't be done, J.B.

BIGGLEY

It can't be done.

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

But it can't be done.

FINCH

But if it could.

BIGGLEY

But it can't.

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

I forgot the question.

BRATT

You can't give away stock!

(MEN react.)

FINCH

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

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

We're ready.

BIGGLEY

Finch, I hate give-away shows.

FINCH

So do I, J.B. But the public always loves them. I tell you, anybody who collies 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)

What is this?

FINCH

(L. of HEDY)

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)

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

Buried.

HEDY

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

(Crosses U.L. of BIGGLEY.)

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

BIGGLEY

(Sits)

Very nice, Miss LaRue, very nice.

FINCH

(Crosses U. to L. of BRATT)

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

HEDY

(Acting it up)

Naturally.

(Deep sigh.)

FINCH

(Crosses D. to L. of DAVIS)

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

HEDY

Of Course.

(Another sigh.)

Well, I'm leaving the firm, anyway. **(HEDY)**

(Leans over BIGGLEY.)

Of course, I wouldn't if ...

FINCH

(D.L. Leaps in)

Off hand, I'd say this would be great for someone like Elizabeth Taylor.

BUD

Why don't you get Queen Elizabeth?

FINCH

(Leans across table to BUD)

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

BRATT

(Rises)

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

(MEN react.)

BIGGLEY

(Rises)

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

BRATT

Okay. Take care of him.

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

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

TACKABERRY

(Exiting)

What about the F.C.C.?

JENKINS

What about the stockholders?

TOYNBEE

What about the board of directors?

JENKINS

What about the Federal statutes.?

DAVIS

What about the Federal Trade Commission?

BRATT

What about the Senate Investigating Committee?

(They exit L.)

FINCH

(Crosses U.L. of BIGGLEY)

They're all being petty.

BIGGLEY

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

(Sits.)

FINCH

(Sits)

How, J.B.?

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

I don't understand, J.B.

BIGGLEY

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

(FINCH turns front and smiles.)

FINCH

Sir?

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

More

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

A real World Wide Wicket girl?

BIGGLEY

Yes. Maybe ...

(As if getting a brilliant idea.)

Say, why not Miss LaRue herself?

FINCH

(Rises)

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

BIGGLEY

It wasn't bad, was it?

FINCH

Then it's all settled.

(Crosses D.)

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

(Crosses U.L. to BIGGLEY)

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

BIGGLEY

Well, I'd like to know.

FINCH

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

What the hell is that?

FINCH

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)

You're going to use our buildings?

FINCH

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

But you'll have mobs of people running all over the buildings, looking for the trea5

FINCH

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

Good point.

FINCH

(Calls off L.)

You can come in, gentlemen.

(Crosses above table to DR.)

(BRATT and MEN walk on and go to their places, stand behind the chairs.)

BIGGLEY

Getlemen I'm thinithg ot 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 introduction music.)

TV ANNOUNCER

(Over speaker)

The World Wide Wicket Company, whose slogan for over ore 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 inter of better television Programming, the World Wide Wicket Treasure Hunt.

(MALE DANCERS in pirate costume 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

28 – 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)

What the hell was that?

FINCH

(Standing D.R. of BIGGLEY)

I fried for some production value. Sssshhh. Give it a chance. Hedy's coming on now.

TV ANNOUNCER

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)

It's beginning to get me. I'm beginning to wonder where the treasure is, myself.

TACKABERRY

(U.L. of FINCH)

Yeah, where is it, Ponty?

FINCH

No, no. Nobody in the whole world knows but J.B. and myself. Right, J.B.?

BIGGLEY

Right, Ponty. Ssshhhhh.

HEDY

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)

The first clue.

(MUSIC FANFARE)

30a – The First Clue

(Orchestra)

HEDY

The first clue is “West of the sun ...”

(A TV ANNOUNCER interrupts.)

TV ANNOUNCER

One moment, Treasure Girl.

(HEDY looks up. MAN enters L. carrying a big Bible. He crosses R. above HEDY, D. to her L.)

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.)

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

Is this a real Bible?

TV ANNOUNCER

Why, of course, Miss LaRue

BIGGLEY

What's the matter with her?

BRATT

She looks surprised.

FINCH

She is Hedy didn't know about this. I wanted this part of the show to to be completely Spontaneous and unrehearsed.

BIGGLEY

That call be very, dangerous.

FINCH

I think it's very effective.

TV ANNOUNCER

Do you swear to that, Miss LaRue?

HEDY

(Hesitantly, hand on Bible)

I do.

(Removed Hand)

TV ANNOUNCER

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

You see? We're going to get into trouble.

FINCH

Why? You and I are the only ones who know where the treasure is hidden. She doesn't know.

(ALL MEN look at BIGGLEY.)

Does she?

BIGGLEY

(Looks at MEN, then back at TV set)

Let's watch the program.

TV ANNOUNCER

Miss LaRue, do you swear that you do not actually know where the treasure is hidden?

HEDY

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.)

I found out last night. There is treasure hidden in all the World Wide Wicket Buildings right now.

(MEN stage it 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

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.)

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)

Have you guys found Finch yet?

MISS JONES

(To TACKABERRY)

He seems to have disappeared.

TOYNBEE

(L. of TACKABERRY)

Can't find him.

(He exits L. ROSEMARY enters from L. during this and watches.)

JENKINS

No, but we're looking for him.

(Exits L.)

DAVIS

Haven't seen him.

(Exits L.)

(BRATT enters U.R. from executive suite., crosses D.R. of TACKABERRY)

BRATT

Where's Finch?

TACKABERRY

I don't know, Bratt.

BRATT

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

(L. Of WOMPER)

Come back here, you.

BRATT

(Takes POLICEMAN'S arm from around WOMPER)

What are you doing?

COMPANY POLICEMAN

It's another treasure hunter. This little nut tried to sneak past me three times.

BRATT

This little nut is the chairman of the board.

(WOMPER gives BRATT a look.)

It's Mr. Womper.

COMPANY POLICEMAN

(Starts off L.)

Chairman of the board. They all look alike to me.

(He exits L.)

BRATT

I'm very sorry this happened, Mr. Womper.

(WOMPER just looks at him.)

If you'll come with me, Mr. BIGGLEY is in his office. Luckily they didn't wreck that.

(WOMPER starts off LLR. into executive suite, followed by BRATT and TACKABERRY. BRATT addresses Miss Jones.)

Keep looking for Finch.

(They exit into executive suite.)

MISS JONES

(Seeing ROSEMARY L. of C.)

Oh, Rosemary, have you seen Ponty?

ROSEMARY

No, Miss Jones, and I'm so worried about him.

MISS JONES

So am I. He was a nice boy.

(Starts off It)

ROSEMARY

Was? What will they do to him?

MISS JONES

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

(Left alone, crosses D.R)

Ponty will think of something, won't Ponty.

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.

(FINCH enters from L. ROSEMARY rushes into his arms.)

ROSEMARY

Pority, Ponty!

(They embrace.)

FINCH

I'm so glad you're here.

ROSEMARY

Where have you been?

FINCH

Oh, walking the streets, thinking, thinking.

ROSEMARY

(Touching his forehead)

You've got a bruise on your head.

FINCH

It's nothing. I got it last night. They threw me out of a saloon.

ROSEMARY

(Horrificed)

Why did they do that?

FINCH

Because I didn't buy anything.

ROSEMARY

The brutes. Why don't you go home?

FINCH

No, I've got to go in and face the music.

(BUD sticks his head out of executive suite, sees FINCH, points at BUD)

BUD

Ahhah!

(He exits into executive suite.)

FINCH

(Crosses R. below ROSEMARY, looks at the wrecked office)

Well, this is it.

ROSEMARY

The chairman of the board is in there.

FINCH

I figured that.

ROSEMARY

What are you going to do?

FINCH

(Crosses L. below her.)

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

Ponty, I know with that mind of yours ...

FINCH

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

What were you?

FINCH

I was an exterior decorator.

(Catches himself.)

Here I go again. I can't even tell you the truth. I was a window washer.

ROSEMARY

So what? I don't care what you do, Ponty, I'm sticking. I walked out on you once.

FINCH

You did?

ROSEMARY

Well, I'm not leaving you again.

FINCH

Rosemary, you can't be the wife of a window washer. That's no life for a woman sifting at home while I'm up there, never knowing if I've landed safely.

ROSEMARY

Now listen to me, Finch ...

(BUD enters from executive suite with FOUR MEN. They remain on steps. BUD crosses D. R. to C.)

Finch, you're wanted in J.B.'s office.

BUD

I ought I'd wash up first.

FINCH

They want you now.

BUD

FINCH

(Crosses R.)

Gee, can't I even say good-bye to Rosemary?

BUD

Go ahead.

FINCH

(Turns L. to ROSEMARY)

Rosemary good-bye.

BUD

(Cutting in)

Come along.

FINCH

But, I...

(Turns, crosses U. on to the steps, turns back and sees he's surrounded by the FOUR MEN, shrugs shoulders.)

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)

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 the 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)

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

FINCH

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

(BUD crosses L. to his former position.)

BUD

If I could only be sure.

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

Scene 9

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

BRATT

(Crosses to L. of BIGGLEY)

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

(To PETERSON and JENKINS at his L.)

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

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

BIGGLEY

(Crosses R. to WOMPER)

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

(Turns to BRATT)

Have you found Finch yet?

BRATT

They're bringing him in.

BIGGLEY

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

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

BUD

(To BIGGLEY)

He's here, sir.

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

FINCH

(L. of C.)

Mr. Biggley, I'd ...

BIGGLEY

(Cutting in fast)

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

FINCH

How do you do, Mr. Womper?

(Starts R.)

Mr. Womper, I'd like to

BIGGLEY

(Stopping him)

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

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

FINCH

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

(Takes pen and letter from BRATT)

BIGGLEY

What's that?

(Crosses L. to FINCH.)

FINCH

I'll do what you said.

(ALL look at each other.)

BIGGLEY

You Sure this isn't one of your tricks?

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

(Simple curiosity)

What did you do, Finch?

FINCH

(After a pause)

I was a window washer.

WOMPER

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

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

BIGGLEY

(Turns R.)

You did?

WOMPER

(Crosses L.)

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

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

College man.

(To FINCH.)

So you were a window washer.

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

FINCH

Yes, Mr. Womper.

WOMPER

Call me Wally.

FINCH

Okay, Wally.

WOMPER

Tell me, Finch ...

FINCH

Call me Ponty.

WOMPER

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

FINCH

Well, sir, I had a book

WOMPER

Yeah? Me, too.

FINCH

It was a book on how to succeed in business.

WOMPER

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

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

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

FINCH

I know, Wally. It's ghastly.

WOMPER

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

FINCH

Hold it, Wally.

(Crosses R. to WOMPER.)

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

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

WOMPER

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

You never told me you hired your nephew.

BIGGLEY

Nephew? Oh, nephew.

(Crosses D.R. to WOMPER.)

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

WOMPER

But you love his ideas.

BIGGLEY

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

(Crosses L. and points at FINCH.)

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

WOMPER

(Crosses L. two Steps)

Why did you buy it?

BIGGLEY

It seemed like a good idea.

WOMPER

(Turns away, crosses R. two steps)

Treasure hunts . . . treasure girls ...

BIGGLEY

(Suddenly defensive)

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

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

MEN

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

(etc., etc.)

(WOMPER looks at FINCH.)

FINCH

(Crosses R. to WOMPER,)

Well, that was my idea.

WOMPER

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

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

WOMPER

(Nodding, looks U.L.)

Uh huh.

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D. to Womper)

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

WOMPER

I intend to.

(Crosses R., looks at men R.)

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

(Sits in BIGGLEY'S chair C.)

FINCH

(Crosses L. to WOMPER)

Now wait a minute, Wally. Before you make any hasty decision ...

(BIGGLEY Crosses L. Of C.)

I'd like to say a few words.

(ALL MEN move down.)

WOMPER

About what?

FINCH

Humanity.

(WOMPER swivels chair to face U. S.)

#33 – The Brotherhood of Man

(Finch, Womper, Biggley, Miss Jones, Men)

(FINCH)

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)

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.
STILL OTHERS WEAR A GOLDEN KEY,
OR SMALL GREEK LETTER PIN. B
UT I HAVE LEARNED THERE'S ONE GREAT CLUB
THAT ALL OF US ARE IN.

(Jumps on desk.)

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)

THE GREAT, BIG BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

(MEN cross away L. and R.)

(FINCH Speaking)

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

Who's considering that?

(Pushes BRATT away)

FINCH

(Still on desk)

You see, Wally, I know what's on your mind. You'd like to clear out the whole crowd from top to bottom.

(JUMPS it off desk.)

That's the obvious move. But stop and think ...

(To DAVIS, D.R.)

(Sings)

ONE MAN MAY SEEM INCOMPETENT,

(To TOYNBEE, L. of DAVIS.)

ANOTHER NOT MAKE SENSE,

(To BUD, L. of TOYNBEE.)

WHILE OTHERS LOOK LIKE QUITE A WASTE
OF COMPANY EXPENSE.
THEY NEED A BROTHER'S LEADERSHIP,

(Below MEN stage it)

SO PLEASE DON'T DO THEM IN;

(Crosses L. to WOMPER.)

REMEMBER, MEDIOCRITY IS NOT A MORTAL SIN.
THEY'RE

EXECUTIVES

WE'RE

FINCH

IN...

EXECUTIVES

IN...

FINCH

THE...

EXECUTIVES

THE...

ALL MEN

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN;
DEDICATED TO GIVING ALL WE CAN.

FINCH

OH, AREN'T YOU PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;

(ALL clap hands.)

ALL MEN

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 sliands and stops him. WOMPER then crosses D . C.)

WOMPER

NO KIDDIN'!

(Sings)

IS THERE REALLY A BROTHERHOOD ...

BIGGLEY AND EXECUTIVES.

YES, YOU'RE A BROTHER;

WOMPER

... OF MAN?

BIGGLEY AND EXECUTIVES

YOU ARE A BROTHER!

WOMPER

ON THE LEVEL, A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

ALL

OH YES, OH YES.
A NOBLE TIE THAT BINDS
ALL HUMAN HEARTS AND MINDS

WOMPER

INTO ONE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

ALL

OH, YES, YOUR LIFE-LONG MEMBERSHIP IS FREE;
KEEP A-GIVIN' EACH BROTHER ALL YOU CAN.
OH, AREN'T YOU ...

WOMPER AND MEN

PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;
THE GREAT, BIG
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

(MEN face U.S. and surround desk.)

MISS JONES

(Crosses U., climbs onto desk)

YOU... YOU GOT ME
ME ... I GOT
YOU-OO
YOU-OO.

MISS JONES

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)

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.)

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.)

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.)

34 – 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)

Give me a break.

(Crosses U.L. to SECOND MAN)

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.)

Remember the fun, the dates, Ernest?

(Laughs. Crosses D.R. to fourth man.)

You I never liked.

(Addresses ALL)

Look, I could make it. vorth your while.

(Reaches into pockets, pulls them out empty)

No, I can't! It doesn't pay to be decent.

(Falls to floor.)

Well, I'm not going to go.

(MEN pick him up, start off R.)

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.)

Hey, Smitty, any news yet

SMITTY

I haven't heard a thing yet

(JENKINS enters L.)

Oh, Mr. Jenkins have you heard anything yet?

JENKINS

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

Don't know a thing yet.

MISS KRUMHOLTZ

Looks like a big shakeup.

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

BRATT

Boys and girls, may I have a word.

(They all turn to listen.)

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

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

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

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

J.B. Biggley.

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

BIGGLEY

(Crosses D.R. of C.)

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

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

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

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

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

(Laughs again.)

FINCH

(Laughing)

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

(Crosses L. below BIGGLEY.)

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

BIGGLEY

Hear hear.

FINCH

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

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

FINCH

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

(Crosses L. to C.)

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

HEDY

(R. of Womper)

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

WOMPER

(Stunned)

I didn't know.

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

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

(Runs to HEDY)

I'll concentrate on you.

BIGGLEY

(Crosses R. to WOMPER.)

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

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

FINCH

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

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

SMITTY

Rosemary, your husband is calling you.

24a – Hallelujah!

(Girls)

GIRLS

(Singing)

HALLELUJAH!

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

FINCH

Rosemary, I've got a big decision to make. They want to make me chairman of the hoard. What do you think?

ROSEMARY

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)

Say that again.

ROSEMARY

I love you.

FINCH

No, before that.

BIGGLEY

Miss Jones ...

(MISS JONES crosses D.L. of BIGGLEY. He crosses D.)

... take a wire to the White House: "Watch out!"

35 – Finale (The Company Way)

(Entire Company)

ALL

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.
THOUGH FOR THE DEPARTED
WE SHED A MOURNFUL TEAR;
WHOEVER THE COMPANY FIRES,
WE WILL STILL BE HERE!

35 – Bows

(Entire Company)

ALL

OH, AREN'T YOU PROUD TO BE
IN THAT FRATERNITY;
THE GREAT, BIG BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

36 – Exit Music

(Orchestra)

THE END