

(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.

(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.

(The following scenes 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.