

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.



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.