

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!

(BUD crosses R.)

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. I hope those damned Chipmunks don't give us too much trouble.

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

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

FINCH

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

BIGGLEY

Right.

(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 THROG.

(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,