

**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.)*

**(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;