

MONOLOGUES

BUD FRUMP

(on the phone) Hello? Give me an outside line. No, this call is not personal, I'm calling my mother...Thanks! 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're got to call Grammy 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! Yeah, well, I just hope he doesn't have any big ideas about climbing the ladder around here, because all he'll see when he looks up is the seat of my pants!

MR. TWIMBLE

Well, everyone, *(getting choked up)* it looks as if they're going to promote old Twimble to the Shipping Department. We'll need a new head of the Mailroom. I won't say who 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're been an outstanding mailroom head for the last twenty-five years, and we want you to choose your successor. And we want you to choose based on merit. On merit alone." I have somebody in mind for the job, but it won't be easy, no, sir! This job takes a combination of skill, diplomacy, and bold caution. Okay everyone, that's all for now, let's get back to work. They may be promoting me, but the mail must go through.

J.B. BIGGLEY

(on the phone) Yes, Mother...yes, Mother...But Mother, 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 am ready. Now, listen to me, Mother, the next time Bud complains to my sister and she calls you and you call me, you're all fired! *(switches to the other line. Sweetly)* Hello, where were we? Oh, well now, you knew I wouldn't forget. I'll take care of everything. One moment. *(clicks intercom button)* Miss Jones, get me Bratt in personnel right away. *(back to phone)* You'll be here tomorrow? Fine...just fine. Bye. *(switches to another line)* Hello, Bratt, J.B. I'd like you to do me a favor. I wonder if you could find a spot for a young lady. Wants to be a secretary. She's 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.

J. PIERPONT FINCH

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. Here you see 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 of the kind of national publicity you can look forward to...the cover of Time...the cover of Newsweek...and finally, J.B., the Golfer of the Year. Now, this is a map of the potential wicket market, divided into social, geographic, and ethnic groups. It shows how we will have deep penetration and overwhelming saturation in those areas where resistance has long been peakiest. Finally, here is a sales chart of the past fiscal year, which reflects the disastrous effect of our former advertising policy in terms of per capita consumption of wickets. Note the sharp decline from normal regularity. Down, down, down. And this is what's going to happen to our sales when we finally get going, as we will. Up, up, up! And there you are.

HEDY LARUE

(upset) I wish to tender you with my resignation. I'm on my way to Los Angeles. I've been offered a very suitable position there. I just got a letter from a girlfriend. She's working for a big cosmetic firm out there. She demonstrates skin creams in one of those big glamorous department stores. And she can get me a job. It's a very fine skin cream – it's called Dermoblast! And do you know what it's made from? It's made from sharkbelly jelly. Anyway, at least I'd have a future with that – better than around here. Not a single guy will use me as his secretary. They stay away from me like I had an extremely tropical disease. I'm done with being patient. I've made up my mind. Bon Voyage.

ROSEMARY PILKINGTON

Smitty, I've been made secretary to the new advertising manager. Yeah, yeah, thanks...but that's not what's important. This means that I'm invited to the executive 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. I mean, I just can't take it anymore. I don't mind a person ignoring me completely as long as he pays a little attention. So...do you know what this is? Smitty, this is the answer to how to succeed with Finch. A new dress. It's just beautiful. I slipped out at lunchtime and bought me some love insurance. A most exclusive, original, sleek dress from gay Paree...just wait till he sees me in this! It will be goodbye, steno pool, hello New Rochelle!

SMITTY

Rosemary, where are you going? It's only ten o'clock in the morning. I know you've been threatening to quit all week, but didn't Ponty tell you he loved you and that he wanted to marry you? Oh, don't worry, I haven't told anyone...well...maybe I told one person...okay, a few people...okay, I just told the girls, so you can't walk out now. Look, Rosemary, there's one thing you can't overlook, and that's loyalty. Not to Ponty, to us! How often does it happen that a secretary's boss wants to marry her? How often does the dream come true, when Cinderella gets a crack at the prince? – He's a vice president. That automatically makes him a prince. True? True! So, you're automatically a Cinderella! Face it, girl – You're a real live fairy tale. All our hopes are riding on YOU. You're like our vicarious bonus.

MISS JONES

Hello, Ponty. How's the young junior executive? No need to thank me, I'm just glad our little talks have proven valuable. You can wish me luck – the ladies' bowling tournament is tonight. Say, would you like to come watch us bowl? You mentioned you were interested in the hobbies of people you like. Well, that's all right, since you have to work in the morning, although no one else around here works on a Saturday. Ponty, I think you're a very unusual boy – you'll go far.

OR

Have you guys found Finch yet? He seems to have disappeared. J.B. wants him as fast as you can find him. He's hopping mad... Oh, Rosemary, have you seen Ponty? I'm so worried about him. He was a nice boy. I don't know what they plan to do to him, but somebody's head has to roll. I sure hope he can think of something.