

ACT ONE
SCENE 3

HART'S OFFICE.

FRANKLIN HART, smarmy, pompous, his own biggest fan, is sitting behind his intimidatingly large desk. VIOLET stands in front of him waiting to be acknowledged, JUDY hovering behind her.

HART

What!

VIOLET

This is Judy Bernly, new employee.

(HART takes JUDY in.)

HART

Now this is what I'm talking about. You're not bad looking for a gal with a little tread worn off her tires. I mean that. Sincerely.

VIOLET

Mr. Hart, I really wish you wouldn't refer to ...

HART

Come on Violet, Franklin Hart knows the value of each girl who has the privilege to serve under him. Now ...

VIOLET

Oh Lord, here we go ...

HART

Let me tell you my philosophy of business, Julie.

JUDY

Judy.

HART

In a word: Teamwork. Everyone pulling together. It's a shame, and I have always said this, that you girls don't have the experience growing up of playing football or baseball because that's where you learn that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. If we all work together we can cut the balls off our competition and be sitting pretty on top of the hill.

VIOLET

Sitting pretty on top of a hill of balls. What a lovely picture.

JUDY

I'm very happy to be part of the team.

HART

You see that, Violet? That's the attitude I'm looking for. By the way, is that the present for my wife?

VIOLET

Yes, it is, but I want to remind you that my job description says nothing about doing your personal—

HART

Violet, dammit! I'm trying to explain to Jody here ...

JUDY

Judy.

HART

... how we're all a team and right away you're not there for the handoff! I expect an employee, especially one who wants to be promoted to management, to show a little flexibility and cooperation. You savvy?

VIOLET

I savvy.

HART

(on intercom)

Doralee.

(Seething, VIOLET hands over the scarf.)

HART

Now be a good girl and get my coffee. No sugar, just some Skinny 'N' Sweet.

VIOLET

Yes, sir.

(VIOLET marches out of Hart's office, JUDY still behind her. DORALEE enters with a dictation pad as JUDY and VIOLET leave.)

DORALEE

Should we get back to that dictation, sir?

HART

First, I want to apologize for my behavior yesterday. I got a little carried away.

DORALEE

(good-naturedly)

That's alright, I've been chased by swifter men than you and I ain't been caught yet.

HART

Y'know ever since I made that stupid mistake about that convention in San Francisco ...

DORALEE

Oh Mr. Hart, you didn't make a mistake. You see I'll just have to make sure the next time I'm asked to work at a convention that there is a convention going on.

HART

Here's a little something to say I'm sorry. I picked it out myself.

(Hands her the scarf.)

DORALEE

That's very nice.

HART

That's very nothing! I'm a rich man. I've got my checkbook right here. You just say the word and you could write your own figure!

DORALEE

I could do that now, I sign your name better than you do.

(beat)

Let's get back to the letter.

(HART knocks over his pencil cup on DORALEE's side of the desk. Pencils scatter to the floor.)

#3 – *Here For You*

I'll get it.

(HART gets to his feet to get a good view of DORALEE's ample cleavage as she bends over to retrieve the pencils.)

HART

Sure you don't need a little help?

(DORALEE gets to her feet and picks up her pad and pen.)

DORALEE

No, sir, I'm fine. Should we get started?

HART

To all regional managers, from Franklin Hart Jr. regarding tardiness. All employees who arrive at work more than five minutes late should be docked pay in incremental—

end here

(As DORALEE continues to take dictation, HART sings, heard only by himself.)

OH, MY SWEET DEAR DORALEE
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME.
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD DO WITHOUT YOU.
YOU'RE SO EFFICIENT AND ALERT;
AND THE WAY YOU LOOK, WELL SHIT THAT DON'T HURT.
NOW PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M JUST A FLIRT,
IT'S JUST I'M NUTS ABOUT YOU.