SEE MY LAWYER

★

COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY RICHARD MAIBAUM AND HARRY CLORK

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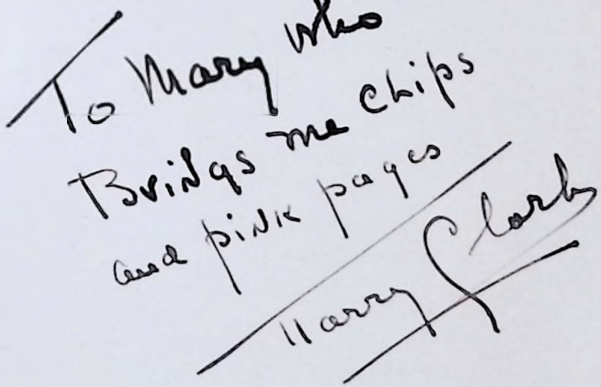
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ARTHUR LEE
PETER RUSSO } *young attorneys.*
JOSEPH O'ROURKE
FAY FRANKEL, *their secretary.*
MORRIS SCHNEERER, *another young lawyer.*
ROBERT CARLIN, *their client.*
ICHERO KATO, *his chauffeur.*
S. B. JAMESON, *Carlin's family lawyer.*
IRVING FRANKEL, *Fay's young brother.*
BLOSSOM LE VERNE, *a showgirl.*
SYDONIA TYLER.
TELEPHONE LINESMAN.
DRUGSTORE CLERK.
MAMIE, *clerk's assistant.*
POLICEMAN.
A GIRL, *stenographer next door.*

TIME

The Present.

ACT I. Noon. Late in May.
ACT II. Two weeks later.
ACT III. Following morning.

PLACE

The law offices of Lee, Russo and O'Rourke, twenty-second floor in mid-Manhattan, New York.

The above-listed cast of characters applies to the version of the play herein printed. Three minor characters have been added by the authors to the script of the play as originally produced.

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SEE MY LAWYER

Comedy by Richard Maibaum and Harry Clork produced by George Abbott at the Biltmore Theatre, New York City, September, 1939.

CAST

Fay Frankel	Mary Rolfe
Arthur Lee	Milton Berle
Joseph O'Rourke	Millard Mitchell
Peter Russo	Gary Merrill
Morris Schneerer	Teddy Hart
Seymore Tyler	David Hoffman
Irving Frankel	Norman Tokar
Charlie	Robert Griffith
Telephone Linesman	Ralph Bell
Robert Carlin	Eddie Nugent
Ichiro Kato	George Hirose
S. B. Jameson	Fleming Ward
Western Union Boy	Richard Lee
Shoeshine Boy	Walter Wagner
Blossom Le Verne	Robin Raymond
A Man	John Shellie
Police Officer	Carroll Ashburn

NOTE.—The above cast of characters is printed for purposes of record and is a copy of the original cast. See preceding page for revised cast with additional characters.

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SETTING

The stage is divided into two parts, a large main office, L. and reception room, R. A wall between with connecting door. The reception room has another wall, U. R. with door, which leads to outer corridor. Firm name printed in reverse on glass top. A railing with swinging gate runs across reception desk. Against far wall R. of door is a leather-cushioned waiting bench. L. of bench U. S. is a water cooler and paper cup container. Back of railing, facing corridor door, is secretary's desk with typewriter and phone to R. of desk, and opposite Secretary's desk is table and chair for Schneerer's use.

Main office—Large window U. C. overlooking city skyline. Either side of window are doors marked "Mr. Russo" and "Mr. O'Rourke." Book-shelves line oak-paneled wall L. with new volumes. L. C. is large bare desk, R. of desk leather client's chair; another U. L. Large couch at L. wall. Whatever other furniture necessary to dress stage. Carpet, fixtures and everything is brand new and shining from lack of use. Four framed diplomas hang in evidence. The entire effect is extreme neatness and newness.

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SEE MY LAWYER

ACT I

AT RISE: MAIN OFFICE. *In chair* U. S. PETE RUSSO, *the junior member, lounges on window-sill, looking through a pair of cheap binoculars. He is about 22, Latin in features, and takes the law rather seriously.*

At desk listlessly playing a hand of solitaire is ARTHUR LEE, *about 28, good-looking with sense of humor.*

Full-length on the couch is JOE O'ROURKE, *senior partner—about 32, long, lean, with a sarcastic brittle outlook on life. He is fast asleep, one arm hanging over side of couch, open newspaper clutched in hand, which touches carpet.*

RECEPTION ROOM: *At Secretary's desk sits* FAY FRANKEL, *pretty girl of about 22—simply but neatly dressed. She is one of many New York girls who, by education and association, have risen above the environment of their family and childhood. She is knitting on a sports sweater.*

Picture of extreme lassitude holds for a few seconds—broken by telephone bell on FAY'S *desk. Men in Inner Office react, their heads turning hopefully toward the open door.* FAY *picks up phone hopefully.*

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FAY. Office of Lee, Russo and O'Rourke. . . . Oh! [*Tone changes to disappointment.*] Hello, Papa —— [*The three heads in the main office resume their previous positions of dejection as* FAY *continues.*] What? . . . Now wait, Papa. Don't get excited . . . remember what Dr. Leifbaum told you. . . . They're not loafers . . . lawyers have to wait for clients. . . . I don't know how long. . . . Papa, they can't put on a special like you do at the delicatessen. . . . Well, wait a minute, I'll see. . . . [*She calls through open door.*] It's Papa, Arthur . . . be sweet to him . . . huh?

ARTHUR. Okay. [*Into phone with forced geniality.*] Hello, there, Mr. Frankel, how's tricks? Hmmm. . . . Yeah, I know . . . but this is a waiting game, you know. . . . We're expecting something big in today.

JOE. [*Turns over on sofa*] The renting agent.

ARTHUR. [*Shooting* JOE *a look*] It can happen any day in the law business, Mr. Frankel. . . . Oh, now wait a minute . . . it can't be seven months . . . just a minute . . . I'll look at the calendar. . . . [*To others.*] How long we been in this office?

JOE. I was born here.

PETE. [*Folding paper airplane*] We opened in May.

ARTHUR. [*Has counted on fingers*] It's four months, Mr. Frankel, five counting a month's concession. Sure I realize it's been a long wait without dividends . . . but so is any investment today . . . look at the stock market . . . remember City Service? . . . Of *course* I appreciate what you've done, Mr. Frankel . . . and you won't lose by it . . . the law business is just like a snowball.

JOE. Like a snowball in hell.

ARTHUR. [*To* JOE] Shut up. . . . [*Into phone.*] Once it starts downhill it gathers momentum and you can't stop it . . . it's like . . . I *know* you're not invest-

ing in snowballs . . . that's just a simile . . . a simile . . .

JOE. Make it salami . . . he'll know.

ARTHUR. Well, if I'd known you were going to take this attitude, Mr. Frankel, I'd never have let you pay our rent in the first place. . . . Yeah . . . yeah . . . [*A blast over the phone.* ARTHUR *puts receiver on desk . . . lights cigarette, goes back to phone . . . listens.*] Yeah . . . yeah . . . I understand. . . . [*Puts phone down again.*]

FAY. [*Has been listening—in phone*] Please, Papa . . . Arthur appreciates your lending him money to open offices . . . but you're hurting your blood pressure and his feelings.

ARTHUR. [*Into phone*] Never mind my feelings, Mr. Frankel, they don't matter. . . . You'll get every penny you've invested in me back with interest but I can't be pinned down to an exact date. . . . That's all I can say in the matter, Mr. Frankel. . . . I'm too busy to argue. . . . I got a lotta work on my hands. . . . [*Notices playing cards in his hand, throws them down on desk.*] Yeah . . . good-bye. [*Hangs up.*] My future family's getting in my hair.

FAY. [*Into phone*] Listen, Papa, Arthur's coming home for dinner . . . you can talk things over quietly . . . that isn't true, he's only had three dinners with us this week. . . .

ARTHUR. [*Yelling through door to* FAY] Yeah . . . and tell him one was cold cuts.

FAY. [*Into phone*] Now be a good boy . . . and take your mineral oil like the doctor told you . . . good-bye, darling. [FAY *hangs up . . . rises and crosses to Inner Office with her knitting.*]

ARTHUR. Serves me right . . . letting my future in-laws in on our business.

JOE. We should have merged with him. In the delicatessen business you can at least eat your investment . . .

FAY. It's rather poor taste to bite the hand that feeds you.

JOE. [*Sits up*] I'll bite anything that has a semblance of digestibility.

ARTHUR. Lay off, Joe . . . we're all a little bitter, honey . . . it's bad enough just sitting here day after day. . . .

FAY. Then why don't you get out and do something?

PETE. [*Rises; at window with binoculars*] What do you suggest . . . ambulance chasing?

FAY. Even that would have action.

ARTHUR. We can't do that sort of thing, honey . . . it's unethical.

FAY. But I suppose it's ethical for my little brother Irving to run his legs off trying to drum up business for you?

ARTHUR. Irving's not a lawyer.

JOE. Irving's a dope.

FAY. I won't stand here and let you insult my family. Irving's a fine boy . . . he's young maybe, but at least he's got some get-up and go to him.

JOE. So has a horse.

FAY. Well, he doesn't sit around cheating in solitaire, or sleep all day on the office couch, or spend the afternoon in a burlesque house and get stuck with a two-bit pair of binoculars.

PETE. [*Turns to* FAY] We appreciate Irving's virtues . . . he's quite an industrious youth . . . but he gets in our hair.

FAY. And you needn't take that superior attitude. Just because you've had a college education.

[PETE *throws paper dart out window and follows its*

course through binoculars. ARTHUR *watches* PETE *as* FAY *crosses* D. R. *a step.*]

ARTHUR. Wait a minute. There's no use snapping at each other. Something's bound to turn up . . . the law business is like . . .

JOE. You're not going to give *us* that snowball routine.

ARTHUR. Just one client would give us the impetus we need . . . and I have a feeling he's on his way.

JOE. Buck Rogers in the year two thousand.

[ARTHUR *sits at desk.*]

PETE. It just landed on 38th Street.

FAY. What?

PETE. This month's rent bill.

FAY. You mean you made the airplane out of the rent bill?

JOE. Why didn't you use some of our stationary?

PETE. I didn't want to waste it.

ARTHUR. [*Disgustedly*] He didn't want to waste it!

FAY. You might give Arthur a little encouragement, instead of spreading gloom all over the place.

JOE. Turn on the rainbow, Pete . . . I'll sing. [*Singing.*] " For April Showers . . ."

FAY. America's *still* the land of opportunity.

JOE. She's been reading *Click* again.

ARTHUR. [*Picking up newspaper*] She's right. Look in that paper. Murders . . . accidents . . . criminal assaults . . . divorces . . . and none of it drops in here. Why? [ARTHUR *throws paper on floor—sits at desk.*]

PETE. [*Crossing* D. S.] We don't advertise enough. People must have your name before them until it becomes a *slogan.*

FAY. If it isn't by now it never will be. Irving's passed

out eleven gross of cards . . . he's on his twelfth this morning.

[PETE *crosses* U. S.]

ARTHUR. We picked a lousy profession. Dentists can find imaginary cavities . . . doctors can find imaginary ailments . . . politicians can find imaginary votes. . . . What the hell can a lawyer do? I ask you? [*To* JOE.]

JOE. Sue himself for vagrancy!

PETE. [*Looking through binoculars and then turning*] Hey, boys, here's an opening for us. There's a sign downstairs for a window washer.

JOE. Huh?

PETE. Window washer!

JOE. How much?

PETE. It doesn't say.

JOE. Does he have to furnish his own equipment?

PETE. How the hell do I know? [*Crossing* U. L. *of desk.*] I still have my Phi Beta Kappa key. . . . I hate to part with it; but under the circumstances . . .

ARTHUR. Keep it . . . what good's two bucks? [JOE *starts to answer.*] Don't answer that.

FAY. Hey, how about a little bridge?

ARTHUR. What's the use? We'll only cheat each other.

FAY. Poker?

ARTHUR. [*Slaps desk, turns from* FAY] How the devil can we play games?

FAY. [*Hurt*] I was only trying to take your mind off things. [*Puts knitting on client's chair.*] I'm sorry.

[FAY *crosses to Outer Office, closes door and sits at desk.* ARTHUR *rises and follows* FAY. PETE *crosses and picks up knitting.* ARTHUR *reaches* FAY, *closes door, kisses her on top of head.*]

PETE. Interesting phenomenon how women amuse them-

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selves with knitting. . . . Wonder how you do it? [*Sits* D. S. *end of desk. Ball of wool trails behind him.*]

JOE. Purl three . . . drop four.

PETE. I just dropped five . . . does that mean anything?

JOE. I don't know; I use the cable stitch.

[ARTHUR *has crossed to water cooler—returns with cup of water to* FAY.]

ARTHUR. Here you are, darling . . . drink hearty.

FAY. [*Taking cup*] If you don't mind we'll dispense with the charm.

ARTHUR. I thought women wanted men to be charming.

FAY. [ARTHUR *finishes water—throws cup in cooler waste-slot*] That's the masculine way of reasoning.

ARTHUR. What's the feminine?

FAY. A very simple one . . . we should be married.

ARTHUR. [*That subject again . . . he leans on switchboard*] I thought that was thoroughly settled.

FAY. I don't mean next year or next month . . . I mean right now.

ARTHUR. Darling . . . we can't.

FAY. Why not? Give me one logical reason.

ARTHUR. [*Counting on fingers*] I'll give you three. I owe money. . . . I haven't *got* money . . . and it doesn't look as if I'm ever gonna have any money.

FAY. We wouldn't have any less money if we were married . . . and we'd have each other.

ARTHUR. That's rotten logic and you know it, baby.

FAY. If people stopped to be logical there wouldn't *be* any marriages.

ARTHUR. [*Taking* FAY's *hands*] Fay. . . . We don't get married until I can support you . . . and that's that. But I'll take a kiss on account.

FAY. On account of what?

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ARTHUR. On account of I love you. [*He kisses her . . .* FAY *breaks quickly.*]

FAY. Careful, Arthur . . . this is the reception room.

ARTHUR. We couldn't be more private on a desert island.

[*They kiss.* MORRIS SCHNEERER, *a diminutive shyster-class lawyer, enters. His suit is neat but shiny . . . shoes a trifle worn . . . wears black derby . . . carries old, bulging, black briefcase containing legal papers and documents . . . and notary seal.*]

SCHNEERER. Good morning. [*Puts briefcase and hat on his table as* FAY *and* ARTHUR *break embrace.*] Why don't you two get married?

ARTHUR. Why don't you mind your own business, Schneerer?

SCHNEERER. [*Taking papers out of briefcase*] Say . . . marriage is my business too. I got license blanks . . . divorce applications. . . . I got everything.

ARTHUR. [*Pointing to* SCHNEERER's *table*] When are you going to get money to pay for that desk space?

SCHNEERER. [*Looks over* R. *end of table then back at* ARTHUR] Between us young lawyers . . . should money be a consideration?

ARTHUR. Don't class us with you!

SCHNEERER. [*To* FAY] Listen to him. . . . He's from Harvard, I'm from Fordham. . . . Should that make a social distinction? [ARTHUR *crosses to mirror in alcove.*] Miss Frankel, would you kindly get me Bryant 9-6304? . . .

ARTHUR. [*Crosses back to rail*] You use the pay phone downstairs!

SCHNEERER. It was filled up. . . . Should we quibble for a nickel?

ARTHUR. Okay . . . get it. . . . But only one.

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[SCHNEERER *sits at his desk.* ARTHUR *crosses to Inner Office, shutting door.* PETE *looks up from knitting.*]

SCHNEERER. Get me Bryant 9-6304.

[FAY *dials phone.*]

PETE. Want the desk?
ARTHUR. [*To* PETE] What're *you* doing?
JOE. Knitting. He's going to make it his life's work.

[ARTHUR *picks newspaper off floor, crosses to chair* U. L., *reads paper.*]

FAY. [*Handing phone receiver to* SCHNEERER] Here's your party, Mr. Schneerer.
SCHNEERER. [*Rises and leans on switchboard*] Thanks. [*Takes receiver.*] Hello . . . Mr. Tonelli? Schneerer speaking . . . everything's jake. Sure I got the ticket squashed . . . shoot fifty right away to the magistrate. What? Well, look, I knew the traffic fine would only be ten bucks, but for a trifle like forty bucks, a man of your position escapes a police record. Yeah . . . yeah . . .

[ARTHUR *spies "ad" in newspaper . . . jumps up.*]

ARTHUR. Well, I'll be damned . . . look. [*Crosses to* PETE *at desk displaying full page ad in large type, reads it aloud.*] "I WANT A LAWYER." Boy, that's asking for it.
PETE. He certainly isn't being secretive. Call Robert Carlin, Beekman 4-6464.
ARTHUR. Robert Carlin! That's that Park Avenue nut!
PETE. Do you suppose it's a gag?
ARTHUR. [*Grabs phone*] We'll damn soon find out. Fay, get me Beek . . . [*Sits back of desk.*]

[PETE *crosses down to* R. *of* ARTHUR.]

SCHNEERER. Yeah . . . yeah . . .
ARTHUR. [*Hearing* SCHNEERER *on same line*] Hey, Schneerer, get off the wire . . . [SCHNEERER *reacts.* ARTHUR *speaks to* PETE.] Shoo him off that phone. . . .

[PETE *dashes to* SCHNEERER'S *table.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Into phone*] Something wrong with the connection, Mr. Tonelli.
PETE. [*Tugging at* SCHNEERER'S *arm*] Hang up, please . . . hang up. . . .
SCHNEERER. [*Covering mouthpiece*] I should hang up on a cash client.
ARTHUR. [*Into phone*] Hello . . . hello . . .
SCHNEERER. Pardon the disturbance, Mr. Tonelli. . . . [*To* PETE.] I'll be through in a minute.
ARTHUR. [*Yelling*] What goes on out there!
PETE. [*Through doorway*] He's got a client on.

[*During the yelling* JOE *has awakened. Swings his legs to sitting position, looking at* ARTHUR.]

ARTHUR. Nuts with his client—so have we!
SCHNEERER. Yeah.
ARTHUR. Hey, Joe—Joe.
SCHNEERER. Yeah, yeah.
JOE. Hell of a time to wake a guy—I dreamt I was in court . . . defending Hedy Lamarr.
ARTHUR. Read this—get a load of this. [*Holds up ad.* JOE *squints at it.*]
JOE. [*Crosses to desk, takes paper*] What is it—a corn flakes competition?
ARTHUR. Cornflakes nothing—someone wants a *lawyer*—*we* want a *client.*

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[PETE *has entered from reception room.*]

PETE. That ad cost at least a thousand.

JOE. And *four* thousand lawyers have probably called him already.

SCHNEERER. Certainly, Mr. Tonelli.

ARTHUR. [*Yells in phone, jiggling hook*] Good-bye—good-bye—Mr. Schneerer'll call you later —— Hang up goddamit.

SCHNEERER. [*Glares toward office*] Some loafer's butting in, Mr. Tonelli—I'll call back. . . . [*Hangs up.*] Fine way to treat a fellow counsellor! [*Goes back to his briefcase, extracting letter.*]

FAY. I have a line now, Arthur.

ARTHUR. [*Phone in hand—yells through open door*] Fay—get me . . . [*Turns to boys.*] What's that number again?

JOE. [*Looks at paper—yells to* FAY] Beekman 4–6464.

FAY. [*To herself*] They can probably *hear* you from *there.* [*Turns to phone.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Letter in hand*] You got time for a little dictation, Miss Frankel?

FAY. [*Sarcastically—dialing number*] Oh, certainly—time hangs heavy on my hands ——

SCHNEERER. [*Intent on letter—misses tone*] "O'Donnell, Myerling, Froskey and Froskey—248 Broadway . . ."

FAY. [*Paying no attention—has got a busy signal*] Line's busy, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Well, keep trying.

FAY. How many things do you think I can do at once?

ARTHUR. Sorry I yelled, Fay. [*He drops phone and crosses to connecting door.*]

SCHNEERER. While you're waiting get me Flushing 8646.

ARTHUR. No, you don't ——

SCHNEERER. [*Rises and crosses to gate*] One call I made all day.
ARTHUR. The day is young. [*To* FAY.] Do we have to get down on our knees to the phone company to get a pay phone in here?
FAY. I reminded them twice yesterday.
ARTHUR. Tell 'em we demand installation today. [*Pointing to* SCHNEERER.] And don't let him tie up the line.

[FAY *resignedly dials a number.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Sits*] That's despicable and cowardly. If I'm not welcome here—all you should do is say so like a man.
ARTHUR. Mr. Schneerer, as I understood it, our arrangement was ten bucks a week desk space, *and phone calls.*
SCHNEERER. I pay my bills on the fifteenth.
ARTHUR. Of what month?
SCHNEERER. [*Shrugs—to* FAY] To a brother attorney he gets technical.

[ARTHUR *crosses to window in Inner Office, then to desk.*]

FAY. [*In phone*] Installation department please.
PETE. [*In phone*] Try that Beekman number again, Miss Frankel.
FAY. [*Annoyed at* SCHNEERER *puffing cigar-smoke*] This phone only connects one number at a time, Mr. Russo. [PETE *hangs up.*] Installation department? What about that pay phone you promised for Lee, Russo and O'Rourke?—What? No, this is a law office—not a cigar store.
ARTHUR. [*Calling*] Get right back on that Beekman number, honey.
FAY. [*In phone*] That's right—twenty-second floor. The

order has been put through for final installation this afternoon? Thank—*you* —— [*She hangs up and dials.* SCHNEERER *nibbles at his sandwich. Corridor door opens and a fluttery overdressed woman of indeterminate age enters.* FAY *and* SCHNEERER *react. She rises and crosses to rail.*] Good morning—Office of Lee, Russo and O'Rourke.

SCHNEERER. . . . and Schneerer.

[FAY *glares.* WOMAN *glances at* SCHNEERER, *then to* FAY.]

WOMAN. May I see one of the lawyers?

FAY. If you'll have a seat I'll inquire. Which one did you wish?

WOMAN. Oh, it really doesn't matter!

SCHNEERER. [*Turning to* FAY] *I'm* not busy just now.

WOMAN. Oh, how nice!

FAY. [*Quickly*] I think our Mr. Lee is disengaged. [*She presses buzzer.* ARTHUR *grabs phone.*]

ARTHUR. Hello. . . . Lee, Russo and O'Rourke . . . You advertised for a ——

FAY. [*In phone*] A client for Mr. Lee.

ARTHUR. [*Thinking she's putting it on*] Hang up, Miss Frankel—I have the connection . . .

FAY. [*In phone for* WOMAN's *benefit*] Will you be able to see her before lunch, Mr. Lee?

ARTHUR. [*In phone*] Cut the clowning.

WOMAN. It won't take but a moment!

FAY. [*Smiles at* WOMAN—*then in phone*] She says she'll be as brief as possible. Thank you—I'll send her in when you buzz. [*Hangs up. To* WOMAN.] Mr. Lee will see you in a moment. [*She busies herself with papers.*]

[*In Inner Office* ARTHUR *puts down phone.*]

ARTHUR. Fay says there's a client out there!

JOE. Have him toasted on both sides.
ARTHUR. It's a *her* and she sounds on the level—you better scram. Hey, Pete—take this knitting.
PETE. [*Crosses to door* U. R. *Takes knitting*] If you need any advice buzz me.
JOE. [*Crosses to door* U. L.] If she pays you anything buzz *me.*

[PETE *and* JOE *exit.* ARTHUR *straightens chair, puts coat on and is about to press buzzer when he sees* JOE'S *shoes near sofa. Crosses to door* U. L. *with shoes.*]

ARTHUR. Hey, Joe!
JOE. [*Off stage*] Yeah?
ARTHUR. [*Throws shoes in*] Hey, Cinderella—here's your slippers! [*Crosses back of desk and presses buzzer.*]
FAY. [*Rises, crosses to gate. Has stenographer's book*] What name please?
WOMAN. [*Rises, crosses to gate; coyly*] Sydonia.
FAY. [*Overanxious*] Miss Sydonia —— [*Starts out.*]
MRS. TYLER. No, Mrs. *Tyler*—Sydonia is the first name.
FAY. Thank you. [*Opens gate—enters office ahead of* MRS. TYLER *and announces her.*] Mrs. Sydonia Tyler.

[MRS. TYLER *crosses her in doorway and goes* C.]

ARTHUR. Come right in, Mrs. Tyler. [*Shakes hands, drops pencil he's holding.*] Make yourself comfortable. Have a chair.
MRS. TYLER. [*Coyly*] Oh, thank you. [*She sits in chair* R. *of desk.* FAY *crosses and sits on sofa with notebook ready.*]
ARTHUR. [*Sits; very professional*] In what way can we serve you?
MRS. TYLER. It's about the Salon du Jour Beauty Shop.
ARTHUR. You—er—trade there, I presume?

MRS. TYLER. Not any more. You see last spring a chandelier fell down and hit me right in the middle of my mud pack. . . . Three stitches . . . you can almost see the scar. [*She bends her head to* ARTHUR *who parts hair to reveal the wound better.* PETE *and* JOE *open their doors to take a peek.*]

ARTHUR. Quite distinctly. . . . And you naturally want damages for criminal negligence. . . . I think I can squeeze you in between seven hundred and a thousand . . .

MRS. TYLER. Oh, but I don't want to sue.

ARTHUR. [*Gives* FAY *a startled look*] You don't want to *sue?*

MRS. TYLER. Oh, it wouldn't be right.

ARTHUR. You *must* bring suit, Mrs. Tyler . . . as a citizen and a taxpayer it's your moral duty not to condone the negligence of . . .

MRS. TYLER. But, *dar*-ling, it's settled!

ARTHUR. Settled?

MRS. TYLER. For five hundred dollars.

[JOE *and* PETE *slam their office doors. All react.*]

ARTHUR. [*Rising*] Well, if I'm not being inquisitive . . . just what did you want with a lawyer?

MRS. TYLER. [*Taking legal paper out of pocket*] It seems they want this silly paper . . . article of release . . . notarized, and I thought . . .

ARTHUR. *Mrs. Tyler* . . . this is a *law* office, not a *stamping* emporium.

MRS. TYLER. [*Rising, embarrassed*] Oh . . . I'm sorry. . . . I didn't know just where to go . . . and I thought . . .

FAY. [*Rises and crosses to connecting door*] There's a notary on the mezzanine.

MRS. TYLER. [*Starts for door*] Oh. Thanks. I'm dread-

fully sorry to have bothered you. I'm new at these things. I'm a chiropractor by profession. [*Exits to Outer Office, closing door.*]

[FAY *closes door.*]

ARTHUR. I'm glad we were nice to her. We might want a massage some day.

[PETE *and* JOE *enter from their offices.*]

PETE. Nice going, Clarence Darrow.

JOE. Great work. . . .

[*In Outer Office* SCHNEERER *stops* MRS. TYLER *at gate.* FAY *is in Inner Office near connecting door.*]

SCHNEERER. Excuse me . . . I couldn't help but overhear. . . .

FAY. Arthur . . . [*Motions boys to door.*]

SCHNEERER. You looking for a notary?

MRS. TYLER. Yes, I am. *How* did you know?

[*The four in Inner Office exchange glances, move to door.*]

SCHNEERER. I'm psychic . . . I got my seal right here . . . it's a pleasure to oblige. [*He digs into briefcase, extracting notary seal.*]

MRS. TYLER. Are *you* a member of the firm?

SCHNEERER. [*Taking paper from her*] I advise the boys here and there. [*He stamps paper and hands it back to* MRS. TYLER.] There you are . . . legal as the day you were born.

MRS. TYLER. Oh, thanks. You're *so* sweet. [*Takes paper, starts out.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Grabbing* MRS. TYLER *by arm*] Uh, there'll be a notary fee of two bits . . . [*Drums fingers on*

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rail.] you know, technicality, makes it binding like a contract.

MRS. TYLER. Oh, does it? [*Takes quarter from pocket, gives to* SCHNEERER.] There you are.

SCHNEERER. Thanks . . . that's for charity. . . . [*Tosses coin on desk.*]

MRS. TYLER. The Salvation Army?

SCHNEERER. I split it up where it does the most good.

MRS. TYLER. How charming. Good morning. [*Exits.*]

[SCHNEERER *picks up quarter immediately. Takes out old-fashioned change purse from pocket. Stares into purse.*]

SCHNEERER. Holy mackerel, but it's dark in there. . . .

[*Puts quarter in purse and starts to return it to pocket as boys advance upon him.*]

JOE. [*Holding out hand*] All right, philanthropist, give!

SCHNEERER. Nothin' doin', I need it for a haircut.

ARTHUR. Hand it over or we'll pull 'em out one by one.

SCHNEERER. All right . . . all right. . . . [ARTHUR *snaps fingers.* SCHNEERER *gives coin to* ARTHUR.] A man can't even make an honest living around here.

ARTHUR. [*Handing coin to* JOE] Here you are, senior partner.

JOE. Lunch, Miss Frankel . . . the usual.

[FAY *dials phone.*]

SCHNEERER. If it wasn't for me you fellas would slowly starve. [JOE *and* PETE *cross to Inner Office.*] Just wait and see . . . some day I'll be a Supreme Court Judge!

ARTHUR. [*Indicating* SCHNEERER's *table*] Clean up that mess.

FAY. [*Into phone*] Pennsylvania Drug? . . . Just a minute. How many coffees?
ARTHUR. [*At connecting door*] You'll stay to lunch, Mr. Schneerer?
SCHNEERER. It's my quarter and he asks if I'll stay!
ARTHUR. Five, Fay. [*Crosses to Inner Office. Closes door.*]

[SCHNEERER *sits at his desk.*]

FAY. [*Into phone*] Five coffees to 2247 . . . and hurry it.

[ARTHUR *opens* R. *top desk drawer and removes long roll of salami.* JOE *shudders.*]

JOE. Salami again.
ARTHUR. It has vitamin A. As long as my prospective father-in-law is in business we will have calories.
JOE. [*Sitting on sofa*] And we will have perpetual garlic breaths.
ARTHUR. That's better than no breath at all. [*He takes knife from top of desk and starts slicing salami.*]

[IRVING FRANKEL *enters. He is about 18 . . . a product of the drugstore corners. . . . At present he is dishevcled . . . face spattered and muddy . . . hair mussed . . . coat torn . . . hat on back of head. He wears thick horn-rimmed glasses.* FAY *rushes to him.*]

FAY. Irving! What in heaven's name . . .
IRVING. Look at me . . . that's all I ask . . . look at me.
FAY. Have you been in a fight?
IRVING. Don't heckle me. I still got a mental shock.
SCHNEERER. [*Waving him away*] Bring him in to the boys.

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[FAY *and* IRVING *enter Inner Office. . . . Cross* D. R. *of chair.*]

FAY. [*Holding* IRVING *by arm*] What was it, darling? . . . You've got to tell me!

[*Boys pay no attention to them.*]

IRVING. Take it easy, Sis, I'm hoit.
ARTHUR. [*Without looking up*] What's the matter? What goes on out there?
FAY. Tell me . . . tell me. . . .
IRVING. I'm minding my own business . . . see, and Boom! I'm flat on my fanny in the gutter. A fine thing . . . a fine thing.
FAY. [*Crossing front of desk, leading* IRVING *to sofa*] Here, help me lift him onto the couch.
JOE. [*Rises, moves pillow* D. S. *on sofa*] Why? He got this far alone.
IRVING. [*He sits and yells at his sore fanny*] Ouch! Better let me sit on a pillow.

[FAY *seats* IRVING, *then herself* D. S. *of him.*]

PETE. [*To* IRVING] You shouldn't shoot craps in your store suit.
IRVING. Who's shootin' craps? I'm handin' out these lousy cards of yours—I step off the curb and—Bing—something hits me in the can.
ARTHUR. What are you talking about?
IRVING. I'm tellin' ya, ain't I . . . I got hit by a car.
JOE, PETE, ARTHUR. [*Jumping up*] What?
SCHNEERER. What! [*He starts for Inner Office, falls, picks himself up, and enters Inner Office.*]
FAY. [*To* IRVING] Oh, darling! Are you badly hurt? Let's see.
IRVING. Cut it out, Sis.

JOE. [*Shows interest*] What *make* of car—what *year?*
IRVING. [*In* JOE's *face*] I should look for the manafacture's number at a time like that. [JOE *pushes him down.*] Ouch! It was a mile long with a chauffeur.
PETE. An expensive car—where did it happen?
IRVING. [*Feeling his knee*] Thoid Avenue and Fortieth Street.
JOE. What the hell are you handing out our cards on Third Avenue for?
IRVING. The cops is *chasin'* me on *Broadway.* I ain't no dope!
SCHNEERER. [*Beckoning*] Irving—Irving, come into my office a minute.
ARTHUR. You keep out of this.—It's an open and shut case.—Were there any witnesses?
IRVING. Hundreds of them.
PETE. Did you get any names?
IRVING. Gees, no—I forgot.
JOE. Smart boy.
ARTHUR. [*Crosses to* IRVING] It doesn't matter. We'll call an ambulance.
FAY. Arthur.
ARTHUR. [*To* IRVING] *You're* practically dead, you're unconscious—you've got to act it.
JOE. Just be natural.
SCHNEERER. What was the license number?
IRVING. 476—dash—dash ——
ARTHUR. Dash.
IRVING. [*Stumped*] Gees . . .
ARTHUR. What's the matter?
IRVING. I forgot it.
ARTHUR. You mean you didn't *write* it *down?*
IRVING. That was the *one* mistake.
JOE. [*Glaring at him*] I know another that happened eighteen years ago.

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FAY. [*Turning on* JOE] Did it ever strike you that a person hit by a car might not be in a condition to take down a case history of the event?

ARTHUR. He could at least have got the number.

FAY. You ought to thank God he wasn't killed.

JOE. Why?

FAY. [*Thoroughly angry—lets fly*] I've no doubt it's extremely clever to stand around and make cracks about my father and brother.

IRVING. [*Looks up belligerently*] Who's makin' cracks?

FAY. Keep still, Irving.—What Papa's done he's done for me. Irving hasn't taken a penny for his work and neither have I because I love Arthur and had faith in the future of the firm. But when I see you content to sit day after day, hoping for dimes and quarters and chiselling on cheap accident cases—that faith takes a little more knocking around than it can stand.

ARTHUR. But don't you see, honey?—If Irving had got that number we'd have been off to the races.

FAY. No, I don't see—all I see is three healthy young men, better equipped than the average, trying to chisel and squeeze something out of life instead of fighting for it. You can hate me if you like but I'm ashamed of all of you. . . . [*She turns and walks to the Outer Office, slamming door—leaving the three rather stunned boys looking after her. She sits at her desk fumbling in her bag for a hankie.*]

IRVING. [*Breaking the pause*] Don't pay no attention to her. She seen "A Woman of Destiny" at the Be-ju last night.

[JOE, *who has stood silent, moves to hat-tree* U. L. *and takes his hat from the three hanging there.*]

ARTHUR. [*To* PETE] I never heard her flare up like that before.

PETE. The psychological reaction of the female cerebellum is an enigma.

IRVING. [*Rising*] Hey . . . you can't say those things about my sister.

PETE. [*Pushing* IRVING *back on sofa*] Go to sleep.

ARTHUR. [*Noticing* JOE *going out*] Where you going, Joe?

JOE. Out!

ARTHUR. When'll you be back?

JOE. Depends on circumstances. [*Flips quarter to* ARTHUR.] Here's the lunch money.

ARTHUR. Don't you want some salami?

JOE. *No!* [*Exits to Outer Office. Starts out, then turns to* FAY. . . .] Listen, Fay, I . . . Fay, you were right. We *are* a bunch of loafers. But I'm going to do something practical about it. . . . I'm going down and see if I can get that window-washer's job.

[CHARLIE, *the drugstore clerk, enters followed by a dumb-looking girl in soda fountain outfit carrying two paper bags.*]

CHARLIE. Five coffees. Where'll Mamie put 'em?

JOE. She looks like a smart gal. Let her use her own judgment. [*He exits to corridor.* CHARLIE *looks after him.*]

CHARLIE. [*To* MAMIE] Oh—wise-guy, huh?

MAMIE. [*Dumbly*] Yeah. Every time we come up here—I get insulted.

FAY. [*Indicates office*] Take them in there.

CHARLIE. O-kay, Mamie. [*Swings through gate to Inner Office—opens door and goes in.*] Five Javas on deck.

SCHNEERER. [*To* MAMIE; *at desk*] Set 'em down here.

[*She moves to desk—takes cartons from tray,* CHARLIE *overseeing.*]

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IRVING. Gimme one—me nerves is all shot.

CHARLIE. [*Turns his head, reacts at* IRVING] Wow!—Who smeared *him* in the puss?

IRVING. Nobody, Jerk—what's it to ya?

CHARLIE. Nothin', buddie.—It ain't my puss, thank God. . . . [MAMIE *giggles at* CHARLIE'S *bum joke.* CHARLIE *turns to* SCHNEERER.] That'll be two bits. . . .

SCHNEERER. [*Indicates* ARTHUR] Get it from my partner.

ARTHUR. [*Reacts at "partner"—tosses quarter at* CHARLIE] Here . . .

CHARLIE. [*Glances at quarter*] What do *I* get for leggin' 'em up here?

SCHNEERER. The exercise.

PETE. And if they're not hot we'll take you to the petty claims court.

CHARLIE. [*Crossing to door*] Gee, there's gotta be cheap-skates in this world . . . but you guys abuse the privilege.

MAMIE. [*Giggles again*] Charlie, you slay me.

[*They enter Outer Office.*]

CHARLIE. [*To* FAY] How ya fixed for steady company, Toots?

FAY. Go way.

CHARLIE. You don't know what you're missin'. I'm a great *lover!* [MAMIE *at door gives him a loud razzberry and exits.* CHARLIE *reacts—laughs to* FAY.] We can't please 'em all. [*Exits after* MAMIE.]

ARTHUR. [*Rising*] I'm goin'. . . . You'll find the rolls in the petty cash drawer.

SCHNEERER. [*Turning after* ARTHUR] So that's why you keep it locked up all the time.

PETE. I've got the key. [*He moves to desk taking key*

out of pocket. Opens drawer. ARTHUR *goes into Outer Office, moves to* FAY.]

ARTHUR. Come have some lunch, honey.

FAY. [*Without looking up*] No, thanks.

ARTHUR. Sorry, Fay, I didn't mean to be a sorehead.

FAY. I'm sorry, too. . . . I didn't mean to let go, but I just couldn't help it.

ARTHUR. You're right, honey . . . we're no good.

FAY. [*Rising*] No! You're young and clever . . . and you're going to make good . . . you just gotta 'cause I'm depending on you.

ARTHUR. Honest, honey?

FAY. [*Into his arms*] Honest. . . . Oh, Arthur . . . I love you so much.

[SCHNEERER *takes bite of salami in Inner Office,* PETE *slaps his hand.*]

ARTHUR. That's all that counts, sweetheart . . . just never stop. [ARTHUR *kisses* FAY.]

[*A telephone* LINESMAN *enters through corridor door, carrying pay phone, roll of wire, tool-box. Takes in picture.*]

LINESMAN. Woo-Woo!

[FAY *and* ARTHUR *break* . . . ARTHUR *glares.*]

ARTHUR. And who are you?

[LINESMAN *looks at* ARTHUR, *then at phone, back at* ARTHUR.]

LINESMAN. Who do I look like . . . ? [*Puts tool-box on* SCHNEERER'S *chair.*] Father Divine?

ARTHUR. We ordered that phone three days ago . . . what detained you?

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LINESMAN. We don't just pop up when you rub a lamp, Mister . . . we got other jobs.
ARTHUR. All right, get it installed.
LINESMAN. Where do you want it?
ARTHUR. [*Pointing at wall back of* SCHNEERER's *table*] Right there! Right near his desk. And don't take all day . . . the wiring's in.
LINESMAN. I just say Aba-ka-daba—and it jumps on the wall.
ARTHUR. And don't get fresh. [*To* FAY.] Come on, honey, have some lunch.

[FAY *and* ARTHUR *enter Inner Office and close door.* LINESMAN *starts working.* SCHNEERER *is making sandwiches.* . . . IRVING *on sofa.* . . . PETE *in his chair by window.*]

SCHNEERER. So I pay for the lunch and do all the work besides.
ARTHUR. You didn't pay for the salami or the rolls, did you?
SCHNEERER. Did you?

[FAY *sits in chair* R. *of desk.*]

ARTHUR. [*Gives* FAY *carton of coffee*] Have this while it's hot, darling. [*Hands sandwich to* SCHNEERER.] Schneerer, give Irving a salami sandwich.
SCHNEERER. Here, Irving. [*To* IRVING *with sandwich.*]
IRVING. [*Shudders, moves* D. S. *on sofa*] Ugh!
SCHNEERER. What's wrong with salami?
IRVING. I can't stand how it smells.—It's my allergic.
FAY. That's why he can't work for Papa. . . . Salami makes him break out.

[SCHNEERER *eats sandwich.*]

ARTHUR. [*Taking mustard out of ink-well*] Who wants

mustard? [*Puts some on* FAY'S *sandwich. Door to corridor opens and* BOBBY CARLIN *enters, followed by uniformed* JAP CHAUFFEUR.]

CARLIN. [*Crosses to desk*] Hello—hello—hello ——

[*Reaction in Inner Office.* FAY *starts for door.* LINESMAN *pops up from rear of bench.*]

LINESMAN. If you're a tester—it ain't nowhere near in yet.

CARLIN. [*Anxiously*] You a member of the firm?

LINESMAN. Yeah—vice president in charge of wiring.

[FAY *enters, crosses to rail.*]

FAY. Good morning—law offices Lee, Russo and O'Rourke. With whom did you wish to speak?

LINESMAN. Now try it in one breath.

FAY. I beg your pardon. If you'll kindly state your business ——

CARLIN. Bless your soul, I haven't any business—I was looking for somebody who was in an automobile accident ——

FAY. No ambulance chasers, please. [*Starts for Inner Office.*]

CARLIN. But this is the address on those cards—Lou, Grosso and O'Flaherty. We knocked a young man down. —It was entirely my fault. I shouldn't have bet Kato he couldn't turn the corner on two wheels.

KATO. [*Grinning*] I won the bet!

CARLIN. Kato, this is serious.

FAY. Just a moment. [*She exits to Inner Office, closing door to Inner Office.*] Arthur!

ARTHUR. What's the matter? Who's out there?

FAY. It's the man who hit Irving!

[*All react.*]

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PETE. You mean he came here of his own volition?
FAY. Yes!
SCHNEERER. [*Crossing* R.] What! . . .

[ARTHUR *pushes him back* L.]

FAY. He's outside with a chauffeur.
IRVING. [*Crossing* R. *below desk*] That's the lug. Shoot him in . . . I'll take a poke at him!
ARTHUR. [*Pushing* IRVING *back to sofa by seat of pants*] No, you don't! You're supposed to be dead. Pete, put a handkerchief over his face.

[PETE *puts handkerchief over* IRVING'S *face.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Starting for door to Outer Office*] Maybe I better go out and look him over.
ARTHUR. [*Grabbing him and shoving him to desk*] No, you don't! You clean up that mess!
SCHNEERER. Now I'm a garbage collector!

[ARTHUR *and* SCHNEERER *stuff rolls and pieces of salami into* L. *top drawer of desk . . . making great to-do of not being able to squeeze everything in.* ARTHUR *hands roll of salami to* SCHNEERER, "*accidentally*" *pushing it in his face. They finally get everything in the drawer.* ARTHUR *goes up* R., *then turns back to* SCHNEERER.]

ARTHUR. Get rid of that coffee. [SCHNEERER *takes container of coffee from* R. *end of desk, starts drinking it.*] I said *get rid of it!*

[SCHNEERER *throws cup out window.*]

CARLIN. [*Loses patience and raps on door with cane*] Here now—please, please don't keep me waiting like this.
LINESMAN. Take it easy, buddy—you'll last longer.

ARTHUR. Let him in, Fay.
FAY. [*Opening door*] Come right in, sir—Mr. Lee will see you now.

[CARLIN *strides in, followed by* KATO.]

CARLIN. [*Sees* IRVING *on couch and crosses to him*] Oh, there he is. . . . Oh, this is awful.
ARTHUR. You're right. . . . There's the poor boy you so wantonly and wilfully ran down this morning.
CARLIN. Most unfortunate.—Is he badly hurt? Is he unconscious? I'm terribly upset!
ARTHUR. I'm afraid you're going to be more upset than you think. [*To* FAY.] Phone the hospital again, Miss Frankel.—That ambulance should have been here.
FAY. Yes—Mr. Lee. [*She exits to Outer Office and dials number.*]
ARTHUR. Now then, Mr.—er—er ——
CARLIN. Anderson—Elijah M. Anderson.
ARTHUR. [*Introducing* PETE] My partner, Mr. Russo.
CARLIN. How do you do. . . . My chauffeur, Kato.

[KATO *bows.* ARTHUR *bows back.*]

ARTHUR. Hit and run driving is serious business, Mr. Anderson!
SCHNEERER. [*Crossing* D. L. *of desk*] You can get in plenty of trouble unless you engage a lawyer.
ARTHUR. [*Pulls* SCHNEERER R. *in front of him*] I told you my client wasn't interested in $80,000 for that property, Mr. Schneerer. Get out and don't bother contacting us again until you're ready to meet our figure.
SCHNEERER. You couldn't play me a trick like this.
PETE. [*Propelling* SCHNEERER *to door*] You heard Mr. Lee, Mr. Schneerer.
SCHNEERER. I'll get even if it's with the last breath of my life.

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[PETE *slams door in his face.*]

CARLIN. I'd be willing to make any adjustment.

ARTHUR. [*Picks up phone and buzzes* FAY] Pardon me, just a minute. Get me the Mayor's office, Miss Frankel . . . I'll hold on. . . . Sit down, Mr. Anderson.

SCHNEERER. [*Opens door*] Shyster—I'll take this to the Bar Association.

[PETE *shoves* SCHNEERER *through door.* CARLIN *crosses to chair* R. *of desk and sits down.*]

ARTHUR. Discouraging the type person one has to associate with in the law business nowadays, Mr. Anderson.

SCHNEERER. [*In Outer Office, to* FAY] That's gratitude for you—and it was only last week I gave him a buck and a half to have his diploma framed. [*Notices tool bag on his chair.*] Do you mind if I sit down?

LINESMAN. Go right ahead.

[SCHNEERER *drops tool bag on floor and sits.*]

PETE. [*To* FAY] Keep buzzing and bringing in papers. [*Goes into Inner Office.*] That messenger from the house of Morgan was outside. I gave him the selling order on that T and T.

ARTHUR. What? . . . Oh, yes. . . . Thanks.

FAY. [*Buzzing* ARTHUR] The Mayor's on the line.

ARTHUR. Hello—Mayor La Guardia? This is Arthur. . . . 'Fraid I kept you rather late last night. [*Aside to* CARLIN.] Sorry, Mr. Anderson. . . . Be right with you. [*Back in phone.*] How did you feel this morning? Yes, me too. Look, your Honor, I'm afraid I won't be able to be with you to lay that cornerstone. Too rushed to prepare a speech. . . . I knew you'd understand. Some other time. . . . Thanks. . . . Good-bye, Fiorello.

[*Hangs up, turns to* CARLIN.] Now suppose we get down to business, Mr. Anderson.

CARLIN. Yes, yes, let's do.

ARTHUR. That poor boy lying there through your recklessness staggered in here and collapsed. Naturally we represent his interests. . . . Now in the case of Schwarm versus Schwatz . . .

[*The* LINESMAN *comes in with tools, wire, etc., and crosses* D. L. *He drops his box and looks around room.*]

LINESMAN. Go right ahead—don't mind me. [*Picks up box.*]

ARTHUR. We're trying to conduct business in here.

LINESMAN. So am I. . . . So'm I. . . . I gotta drill a hole in that wall.

ARTHUR. Do you have to do that now?

CARLIN. Do you have to do it all alone?

LINESMAN. [*Crosses to* R. *corner of office*] Well, chum, not if you hold this wire. [*He thrusts a roll of wire into* CARLIN'S *hand, who holds it like a skein of wool.*]

FAY. [*Enters from Outer Office with brief*] Here are the two briefs on Collins versus Carter, Mr. Lee.

ARTHUR. Thank you, Miss Frankel. . . . There's only one brief here.

FAY. I'll check on it.

ARTHUR. Miss Frankel, get the District Attorney on the wire.

[SCHNEERER, *in Outer Office, has heard* ARTHUR *through door . . . dashes to phone and dials.*]

FAY. [*Startled*] The . . . er . . . District Attorney?

ARTHUR. District Attorney, yes.

[LINESMAN *starts hammering on screw-driver in alcove.*]

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FAY. Why, yes . . . of course. [*Crosses to Outer Office. Sees* SCHNEERER *at phone.*] What are you doing on that telephone?

SCHNEERER. [*Into phone*] Hello . . . yeah. . . . Just a moment. [*To* FAY. *As hammering stops.*] Call for Arthur.

[*Knocking starts again.* FAY *takes phone, buzzes* ARTHUR. ARTHUR *picks up phone . . . motions* LINESMAN *to stop hammering.*]

ARTHUR. [*Into phone*] Hello. . . . D. A.'s office? This is Lee, Russo and O'Rourke . . . Arthur Lee speaking. [*Pointing with pencil.*] Now get this straight, Mr. District Attorney. . . . If you intend to push my Niagara Falls client around, you'll never carry upstate if you decide to run against the Governor again. . . . Oh, you're not interested. . . . It's Washington or nothing. . . .

LINESMAN. In what inning?

ARTHUR. [*After look at* LINESMAN] Who is this? . . . I said who is this? . . . Oooh! . . . wrong number. [*He hangs up. Excuses himself to* CARLIN . . . *heads for Outer Office, bumps into wire running between* CARLIN *and* LINESMAN . . . *ducks under it . . . enters Outer Office and closes door.*] *Who was that on the phone?*

SCHNEERER. [*Blandly*] The District Attorney.

ARTHUR. [*Crossing to gate*] Why do you do such . . . ?

SCHNEERER. [*Rises, crosses to* ARTHUR] You said to, didn't you?

ARTHUR. I ought to break every bone in your body.

SCHNEERER. Go ahead . . . go ahead . . . I'll sue you for assault and battery.

ARTHUR. [*Withering him*] Mr. Schneerer, when you speak to me get off your knees. [SCHNEERER "*takes*" ARTHUR, *crosses to Outer Office, closing door, trips over*

LINESMAN'S *legs, bumps into wire, finally reaches desk* L. *of* CARLIN.] Now then, Mr. Anderson, I like to be fair in these matters . . . and if you're prepared to make a generous settlement, we'll take it under advisement.

CARLIN. Of course I am.

KATO. [*Crossing* D. L. *of desk*] Excuse please.

CARLIN. What is it, Kato?

KATO. Maybe you better talk to lawyer first.

CARLIN. Talk to lawyer? Good idea, Kato . . . damn good idea. [*To* ARTHUR.] See here, you're a lawyer, aren't you?

ARTHUR. Naturally.

CARLIN. Excellent! I like you . . . I like the way you do things . . . no shilly-shallying . . . lots of action . . . plenty of influence . . . you represent me.

[ARTHUR *and* PETE *look at each other.* ARTHUR *sits.*]

PETE. I'm afraid we can't represent plaintiff *and* defendant. That's unethical.

ARTHUR. [*Rising*] Wait a minute, Mr. Russo. We might see our way clear in representing Mr. Anderson . . . that is if it were made sufficiently interesting. I think we could settle this matter with proper handling . . . it's only a petty case . . . you know, nuisance value. . . . Then everybody'd be happy all around.

CARLIN. [*Beaming*] Fine . . . fine.

KATO. Excuse please.

CARLIN. Yes, Kato.

KATO. You got lawyer downstairs now!

CARLIN. Have I? Oh, yes . . . he's waiting in the car . . . he thinks we're having a fudge sundae. Kato, run down and tell him he's fired!

KATO. Fired?

CARLIN. Yes.

KATO. Yes, sir. [*Exits.*]

CARLIN. [*To* ARTHUR] From now on you're working for me. I need a lawyer practically all the time, as you can see. I'll hire you for five years and pay you fifteen thousand a year.
IRVING. [*From sofa, in high-pitched voice*] What!

[ARTHUR *coughs as a cover-up.*]

ARTHUR. Fifteen thousand a year?
CARLIN. [*Rises*] All right . . . all right . . . you can't blame me for trying. . . . Twenty-five thousand.
ARTHUR. [*Sits weakly back of desk*] We'll have to talk this over with Mr. O'Rourke.
CARLIN. Who's he?
PETE. Our senior partner. He's . . . er . . . in court today.
CARLIN. He'll probably get twenty years. . . . Ignore him. [PETE *and* ARTHUR *smile weakly at joke.* ARTHUR *rises from desk chair as* CARLIN *sits in it.*] I'll write a check for five thousand as a retainer.
PETE. [*Stunned*] Right now?
ARTHUR. [*Bewildered*] Here?
CARLIN. Yes. What month is this?
PETE. August.

[CARLIN *takes lid off "Mustard Well," dips pen.*]

CARLIN. August . . . I've been married four times in August. Delightful month. [*Is writing check; notices mustard on pen.*] Um—yellow ink.
ARTHUR. [*Hastily*] Here, use this. [*Gives him other ink-well and pen.*]
CARLIN. [*Tears check from book*] Here we are . . . five thousand dollars.
ARTHUR. [*Grabbing check*] I'm afraid we couldn't accept that without some sort of agreement.

CARLIN. All right. Draw one up. You can't expect me to do everything.
ARTHUR. [*Grabs phone and buzzes* FAY] Hello, Fay . . . I mean Miss Frankel.

[FAY *picks up phone.*]

FAY. Yes.
ARTHUR. Take this in shorthand and type in contract form. Ready?

[FAY *grabs shorthand book.* SCHNEERER *moves to door and listens.*]

FAY. Ready.
ARTHUR. [*Dictating into phone*] Lee-Russo-O'Rourke, party first part. E. M. Anderson party second. Party first agrees to represent party second, period five years from date. [CARLIN *picks up scissors and tries to cut telephone wire.* ARTHUR *smiles at him.*] Party second agrees to pay $25,000 yearly.

[FAY *repeats figures.* CARLIN *tries to cut button from* PETE'S *coat.* PETE *smiles at him.*]

FAY. What?
ARTHUR. $25,000 yearly. Five thousand on signature and balance five thousand quarterly.
SCHNEERER. Why bother to put it down?
FAY. He sounds like he means it.
SCHNEERER. He's nuts.
ARTHUR. Got that, Miss Frankel?
FAY. Yes.
ARTHUR. I guess that covers everything, Mr. Anderson.
CARLIN. [*Rises, taking phone from* ARTHUR] Not quite. [*Into phone.*] Hold on, dear. . . . [*To* ARTHUR.] I've had a lot of trouble with lawyers . . . naturally I have

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to protect myself. Just a formality. [*Into phone.*] Add this, my dear. . . . Party of first part agrees to represent party of second solely, exclusively, and entirely . . .

ARTHUR. Now wait a . . .

CARLIN. You don't really mind, do you? [ARTHUR *and* PETE *look at each other . . . then nod "O. K."* CARLIN *continues into phone.*] If at any time during period of five years, party of first part . . . refuses to represent party of second . . . party of first part . . . that's you . . . promises to return all retainers plus twenty-five thousand dollars' damages to party of second part . . . that's *me*. . . .

ARTHUR. Well . . . we've never had a client under those conditions, Mr. Anderson.

LINESMAN. [*Butting in*] Personally, I don't think you ever had a client.

ARTHUR. [*To* LINESMAN] Nobody asked you. Get back in your fuse box.

LINESMAN. You're suckers if you don't grab it. [*Exits to Outer Office.*]

CARLIN. [*Into phone*] Make that a rider, dear. . . . Good-bye, good luck, and I'm sure this will be the beginning of a beautiful friendship. [CARLIN *shakes hands with* ARTHUR *and* PETE.]

ARTHUR. You understand we can't enter into any obligation until our senior partner . . . [JOE *enters Outer Office dressed as a window washer.*] . . . Mr. O'Rourke sanctions it.

JOE. Any windows to wash today, lady?

FAY. No, thanks. [*Recognizes* JOE.] JOE!

SCHNEERER. What the hell!

JOE. How do you like the human fly-brassiere? My first assignment. . . . The hell with this white-collar stuff

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. . . we eat! [*Starts for Inner Office.* FAY *tries to stop him.*]

FAY. Don't go in there, Joe!

JOE. Why not? Gotta start somewhere! [JOE *enters Inner Office.*] Make way . . . make way . . . [*Crossing* D. R.] for the senior partner of Lee, Russo, and O'. . . Oh. . . . [PETE *and* ARTHUR *signal violently to* JOE.] I'm sorry. . . . I didn't know you were busy. . . . I'll come back later.

CARLIN. [*Crossing to* JOE *and grabbing him*] Wait a minute . . . don't go. . . . I've always wanted to be a window washer myself. Glad to meet you. [*Shakes hands with* JOE . . . *gripping hand with sponge in it.*] My name's . . . er . . . well, it doesn't matter. . . . [*Dries hands on* JOE's *lapel.*] They know it . . . they're my lawyers.

PETE. We've just signed a five year contract with Mr. Anderson.

ARTHUR. [*Crossing to* JOE, *waving check under his nose. He holds check there and stoops with* JOE *when he bends down to pick up bucket . . . rising with him as* JOE *straightens up*] It entails a substantial retainer and a large yearly fee . . . so if you'll take your bucket and props elsewhere . . . [*Motions* JOE *to door.*]

CARLIN. [*Grabbing* JOE *again*] No . . . don't go.

JOE. Er . . . I'm sorry to have bothered you. I'll just . . .

CARLIN. [*Leading* JOE *to window*] No bother at all. . . . Climb right out . . . climb *right* out . . . ! Go ahead . . . it's a lovely day . . . I may join you! [*Calling out window.*] Hey, down there!

JOE. [*Crossing* R. *to* ARTHUR] What's this?

ARTHUR. You gotta go through with it.

CARLIN. [*Still calling*] Yoooo hoooo!

JOE. I will not!

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CARLIN. Look up here!

IRVING. Be a sport . . . what can ya lose?

ARTHUR. [*Turns to* IRVING] Shut up . . . you're still a corpse.

CARLIN. [*Turning from window*] Hey . . . the street's crowded. I've got them all looking up . . . come on.

JOE. [*Starting out*] I don't feel very well.

ARTHUR. [*Holding him*] Steady your nerves. [*Pushes* JOE *toward window.*]

CARLIN. [*Leads* JOE *to window*] Come, come, Mr. Window Washer . . . I've announced you . . . you can't disappoint them now. [JOE *looks out window as* CARLIN *applauds. Then* JOE *pulls head back in.*] They're all waiting to see you. . . . [JOE *looks out again.*] You can't disappoint them now!

JOE. [*Pulling head in again*] The hell I can't.

CARLIN. [*Sees* IRVING's *raised head flop*] Saaaay . . . there's something fishy about all this. I don't believe you're a window washer at all.

ARTHUR. [*Crossing* L. *front of* JOE] Oh, yes, he is. I can vouch for him. He used to work at the Empire State. He was known as Dare Devil Joe!

PETE. Never happy below the eightieth floor. Go ahead, Dare Devil!

JOE. [*In front of window . . . back to it*] Now wait a minute.

CARLIN. [*Pushing* JOE *out window with cane*] What for?

[JOE *falls through window backward, his legs flying up in the air.* ARTHUR *and* PETE *take a beat, then rush to him and hook safety belt to window hooks.*]

JOE. [*Regaining balance . . . to* CARLIN] I ought to sock you in the nose!

[*In Outer Office . . .* LINESMAN *with tools packed dials phone . . . speaks into it.*]

LINESMAN. Okay for test!

[*Phone rings several times.*]

CARLIN. I admire courage. Do you work in this building all the time?
JOE. Oh, yes, constantly.
CARLIN. Good. Then I'll be seeing a lot of you. These gentlemen are my new attorneys. . . . I'll be popping in here quite regularly.

[FAY *enters Inner Office with "agreement," sees* JOE *on window ledge.*]

FAY. [*Screams*] Ohhh!
ARTHUR. What is it, Miss Frankel?
FAY. [*Eyes on* JOE] Why . . . er . . . the agreement you wanted.
ARTHUR. [*Taking paper*] Thank you. . . . Now, if you'll just sign this, Mr. Anderson . . .
CARLIN. Of course. . . . [*To* JOE.] I've got another idea . . . don't go away.
ARTHUR. Don't worry . . . he won't leave.

[CARLIN *signs agreement as* JOE *looks down to street with sickly look and hangs head over window.*]

FAY. [*Watching* JOE] Ohhhh.
CARLIN. [*With flourish of pen*] There we are.
ARTHUR. Thanks. [*Takes pen.*] Miss Frankel, will you get my private notary?
FAY. Your what?
ARTHUR. My private notary, Mr. *Schneerer*. . . . I think you'll find him right the other side of that door.
FAY. Oh . . . er . . . yes, of course. [*Moves to door.*

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Pushes SCHNEERER *toward rail.*] Mr. Schneerer, bring your notary seal, please.
SCHNEERER. And get gypped? Nothing doing.
FAY. [*Whispers*] I'll pay you myself.
SCHNEERER. That's a horse with different spots. [*Takes seal from table and starts for office.*]
ARTHUR. [*Handing* CARLIN *paper*] There you are. I've signed for Mr. O'Rourke. . . . [*Glances toward window.*] I'm quite sure he'll be satisfied with the arrangements.

[JOE, *in window, glares.* SCHNEERER *approaches with seal.*]

SCHNEERER. What gets stamped?
ARTHUR. [*Hands him papers*] These agreements, Mr. Schneerer. [SCHNEERER *takes paper, starts reading it.*] It isn't necessary to *read* it—just *stamp* it.
SCHNEERER. I should know what I'm doing, shouldn't I?
ARTHUR. *Stamp* it. [*Hands him pen. As* SCHNEERER *stamps agreement—to* CARLIN.] My private notary.
SCHNEERER. O-*kay.* [*Stamps papers.*] That'll be one dollar.
ARTHUR. One dollar—that's for four! Twenty-five cents apiece. Get it from petty cash.
SCHNEERER. [*To* FAY] What'd I tell you?

[JAMESON, *an irate, well-dressed man of about fifty, enters quickly from corridor—pushes open gate and strides into office.*]

JAMESON. May I ask what's going on here?

[ALL *turn and look at him.* IRVING *sits up again.*]

CARLIN. [*Waving to him*] Hello, Jameson.—Nice to see you.—How've you been?

JAMESON. [*To* CARLIN] How dare you send Kato down to tell me I'm fired!
CARLIN. That's right. I forgot—you *are*. . . . Meet my new lawyers—Lou, Grosso, and O'Flarrity. . . .

[JAMESON *glares around.* IRVING *ducks down.*]

JAMESON. Never heard of them—who are they?
ARTHUR. I'm Mr. Lee. This is Mr. Russo—er—Mr. O'Rourke [*Glances out window to* JOE.] is unfortunately tied up at the moment.
JAMESON. [*Raging*] Well, let me tell you something. I don't know what you've put over, but you won't get away with it.
CARLIN. Careful, Jameson—remember your apoplexy. Get him a drink of water, somebody. He faints!
JAMESON. Never mind my apoplexy. . . . I promised your dear mother I'd look after your estate and I intend to keep my promise.
ARTHUR. Have you a contract to that effect?
JAMESON. I don't need a contract. I've taken care of his family's affairs for thirty years.
SCHNEERER. So it's time you moved over and gave a young fella a little graft.

[JAMESON *glares at* SCHNEERER.]

ARTHUR. [*Showing agreement*] I'm sorry, Mr. Jameson, but we've just signed a legal instrument of representation.
JAMESON. Not worth the paper it's written on. I'll beat it in any court.
JOE. [*At window*] Don't let him bluff you. . . . It's notarized.
ARTHUR. [*Looks at* JOE, *then to* JAMESON] Yes . . . it's notarized.

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JAMESON. That's ridiculous . . . what does *he* know about law?

ARTHUR. He's working his way through Columbia Law School!

JAMESON. [*Mad*] I know your kind! You've got your hooks into this poor boy to bleed him dry! Well, I'll drag you before the Bar Association. . . . I'll have you disbarred if it's the last thing I ever do.

ARTHUR. Watch your threats, Mr. Jameson . . . or you may be in the bag yourself.

JAMESON. [*Frantic*] But you don't understand . . . you don't know what you're letting yourself in for. . . . This man starts bonfires in haystacks, has himself buried alive . . . disappears for months at a time. . . . [*To* FAY *who has brought cup of water.*] Go away . . . I don't want any water. . . . Furthermore, he's stolen cancellation stamps from post offices in every city of the United States . . . spends week-ends in the morgue . . . enters jitterbug contests. . . .

[CARLIN *does a few dance steps.*]

CARLIN. Don't forget, Jameson . . . I also eat goldfish. [*To* ARTHUR.] Do you like goldfish, Mr. Lee?

ARTHUR. We *love* them, Mr. Anderson!

JAMESON. Anderson! Anderson? His name isn't Anderson . . . it's CARLIN! ROBERT CARLIN!

ARTHUR. What! My God . . . then you put that ad in the paper!

CARLIN. Yes.

ARTHUR. We've been calling you all morning and getting the busy signal.

CARLIN. I leave the receiver off the hook. . . . I hate bells!

JAMESON. [*Getting more apoplectic*] Exactly! This man has vast steel and oil interests . . . his holdings

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are unlimited . . . why, this man is worth *twenty million dollars!!!*

[ALL *react.* JOE *flops off window ledge.*]

FAY. [*Starting to window to which all turn*] JOE!
JOE. [*Pulling himself back in window . . . and with gesture of hand . . . speaks*] *Just* testing!!

CURTAIN

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ACT II

TIME: *Several days later.*
AT RISE: *The offices in contrast are now a beehive of activity. Papers and documents everywhere.*
ARTHUR *sits at desk looking over stacks of papers and photos.* SHOE SHINE BOY *is giving him a shine.*
FAY *at her desk.*
SCHNEERER *is sitting at his desk at work on a large ledger.*
WESTERN UNION BOY *stands at rail with back to audience.*

FAY. [*Giving* WESTERN UNION BOY *three blanks*] Two day letters and one straight wire.
WESTERN UNION BOY. Righto. [WESTERN UNION BOY *exits, slams door.*]

[PETE *enters from his office, crosses to desk with legal paper, which he places on* ARTHUR'S *desk.*]

PETE. Here. [PETE *crosses to bookcase, gets book and starts back to his office.*]
ARTHUR. Thanks—and look up Collins versus Welsh.
PETE. O.K. [*BUZZER.* PETE *exits to his office.*]
FAY. [*Answers phone*] Lee, Russo and O'Rourke. Good morning. . . . I'm sorry, Mr. O'Rourke hasn't come in yet. Would you care to leave the number? [*Hangs up.* ARTHUR *presses key on his dictaphone and buzzes* FAY. SCHNEERER *jumps.*]

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ARTHUR. [*In phone*] Fay.
FAY. [*In phone*] Yes, Arthur?
ARTHUR. Cancel the plane reservations for tonight. I can't possibly make it.
FAY. Check. [*BUZZER on switchboard.*] Lee, Russo and O'Rourke. . . . Just a moment . . . [*Phone ring.* FAY *plugs in* ARTHUR'S *phone.* SHOE SHINE BOY *rises,* ARTHUR *gives him coin.* SHOE SHINE BOY *starts to make change.* ARTHUR *motions him away. He crosses to Outer Office and does pantomime of "Want a shine?" to* SCHNEERER. SCHNEERER *nods his head "No."* SHOE SHINE BOY *exits.*]
ARTHUR. Arthur Lee speaking. . . . Hello —— [*Has picked wrong phone.*] Oh, nuts! [*Grabs second phone.*] Hello . . . Hello ——
FAY. Borden's Dairy calling.
SCHNEERER. Go away. [*To* SHOE SHINE BOY.]
ARTHUR. Who is it?
FAY. Borden's Dairy.
ARTHUR. Put 'em on.
FAY. Go ahead.
ARTHUR. Borden's Dairy . . . Mr. Lee speaking . . . we've decided to settle for Mr. Carlin . . . a thousand dollars' nuisance value. . . . What's that? [PETE *enters from his office with legal papers, crosses to desk.*] Now wait a minute. . . . He didn't damage the horse. . . . He merely tied his left leg to a fire hydrant.

[PETE *crosses to* R. *of* ARTHUR.]

PETE. [*Leaning over desk to* ARTHUR] And don't forget —he put gin in the milk bottles.
ARTHUR. You say the horse had a nervous breakdown? All right, make it fifteen hundred. We'll mail a check today. Good-bye. [*Hangs up and buzzes* FAY—*picks up phone and speaks.*] Fay!

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FAY. [*In phone*] Yes, Arthur.
ARTHUR. Check for fifteen hundred . . . [PETE *crosses* L. *of desk.*] . . . Borden's Dairy payment in full against any claims . . . get it out today. [*Hangs up.*]
FAY. Very well. [FAY *hangs up.*]
PETE. [*Handing* ARTHUR *legal paper*] How about this?
ARTHUR. Disregard it.
PETE. What'll we do about this dame they call "Sadie and Chink" on Fifty-fourth Street?
ARTHUR. Write her we'll refurnish her apartment and pay the hospital bills for the two girls. Explain that Mr. Carlin had just come from a wrestling match.
FAY. [*Enters Inner Office*] Arthur, I've just had two phone calls from Mr. O'Rourke. . . . What door is Joe coming through today?
ARTHUR. Honey, we don't like it either, but Joe has got to stay as a window washer because that's the way Carlin first saw him.

[SCHNEERER *takes ledger and starts to cross to Inner Office, opening gate with his rear.*]

FAY. This window washing business seems very silly to me.
ARTHUR. Yes, it's silly to us, too, but . . . [SCHNEERER *has now approached desk and* ARTHUR *sees him.*] What do you want?
SCHNEERER. A raise.

[FAY *exits to Outer Office, sits at her desk.*]

ARTHUR. Don't bother me.
SCHNEERER. O.K. Six times I've made out his income tax —always the tax comes out more than his income.
PETE. [*Crosses above desk to* SCHNEERER] Let's see. [*Looks at ledger.*] We had an accountant go over the books.

ARTHUR. What do you expect? The accountant was Schneerer's brother-in-law. [SCHNEERER *sits* R. *of desk* . . . JOE *appears at window dressed as window washer —raps on window*—BOYS *turn.*] Open up. The senior partner wants in.

PETE. [*Crosses to window, raises sash and takes* JOE'S *belt and places it on armchair*] Hello, Joe. Come on in.

JOE. [*Enters; crosses* D. L. *of desk*] Helluva way for an attorney to come to business. Give me a cigarette.

ARTHUR. 'Morning, Joseph. . . . Little late, aren't you?

JOE. I found out there was a Union. [*Shows card.*] Here's my paid-up card. Coming around the ledge out there, I damn near fell down twenty-two stories.

ARTHUR. Nobody appointed you window washer. It was your own idea.

JOE. Yeah? Well, I'm quitting as of today.

PETE. [*Crosses to* R. *of desk*] You can't, Joe. . . . If Jameson finds out about it he can claim misrepresentation on the contract.

JOE. To hell with Jameson. . . . To hell with the contract.

ARTHUR. Joe, you must stay as you are until we can think of something.

JOE. One slip and I won't need any of your brain waves.

[ARTHUR *sits desk.*]

SCHNEERER. Some discontented person might even slip Jameson a hint—God forbid.

PETE. Blackmail, eh?

SCHNEERER. Did I say me?

PETE. [*To* JOE] Maybe if you raised a beard or wore dark glasses . . .

SCHNEERER. Look, I got a cousin's a plastic surgeon. He could give you an entirely new face.

JOE. Why don't he do something for you?

SCHNEERER. Am I in trouble?
PETE. If he's anything like that brother-in-law of yours ——
SCHNEERER. Listen—Julian's a smart boy—he graduated A-plus.
JOE. He married the teacher, didn't he?
SCHNEERER. Say, love is where you find it. . . . [*Rises.*] How about the raise?
ARTHUR. *No!*
SCHNEERER. [*Starts out*] Well, fellers . . . I got a couple of errands to do downtown.

[JOE *pokes* ARTHUR *in ribs to stop* SCHNEERER.]

ARTHUR. Schneerer, tell Fay to give you five dollars more, starting Saturday . . . and I hope you get fallen arches.
SCHNEERER. [*Grins*] Much obliged, fellas . . . [*BUZZER switchboard.*] You wouldn't regret it. [SCHNEERER *exits to Outer Office, crosses to his desk and sits. Phone buzzes.* FAY *plugs in.*]
FAY. Lee, Russo and O'Rourke. . . . Just a moment.

[*PHONE. She plugs in. Phone on* ARTHUR's *desk rings.*]

JOE. [*Indicating three phones*] Buck says you don't pick the right one.
ARTHUR. You got a bet—get it up. [*They place bills on desk.* ARTHUR *studies phones and picks his choice.*] Hello . . . Hello . . . [*Picks wrong one, slams it down.*]
JOE. [*Laughing*] Double or nothing.
ARTHUR. You're on. [*They place more bills on desk.* ARTHUR *takes second phone.*] Hello, Arthur Lee. . . .

[*He has picked the wrong phone. Hangs up.* JOE *laughs and picks up the third phone.*]

JOE. Yeah. . . .

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FAY. [*In phone Outer Office*] While you two boys were playing, the party hung up.

[ARTHUR *starts to pick up money—*JOE *grabs it and puts it in his pocket.*]

JOE. Fine thing. [*Hangs up.*] What's Peck's Bad Boy done today?

ARTHUR. I don't know—Irving hasn't brought in his daily report as yet.

JOE. [*Pacing*] Well, I've got to search his policies, file his new will, transfer his baby bonds, and figure out what to do with that fleet of Fifth Avenue busses he chartered. [JOE *crosses and removes window washing outfit.*]

ARTHUR. Yeah, take care of it.

[*SWITCHBOARD BUZZER.*]

FAY. [*Plugs in*] Lee, Russo and O'Rourke. . . . Oh, hello, Papa . . . just a minute; I'll see. [*Phone rings. She plugs in* ARTHUR, *who picks up phone.*]

ARTHUR. Hello —— [*Through force of habit starts reaching for another.*]

FAY. It's Papa, Arthur. . . .

[ARTHUR *reacts as he realizes he's picked right by mistake.*]

ARTHUR. Damn it! . . . I *would* pick the right one when I didn't have a bet. . . . [*In phone.*] Put your father on, Fay ——

FAY. [*Plugs him in*] All right, Papa—go ahead.

ARTHUR. Hello, Mr. Frankel. . . . How's tricks? Well, I wouldn't worry . . . probably just a touch of rheumatism. . . . Have the Missus give it a good rub. . . .

JOE. Tell her to use some of that salami.

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ARTHUR. Oh—about *that*—well, look, Mr. Frankel—I can't very well *suggest* that to Mr. Carlin. I don't *doubt* there's a fortune in it—but it's just not in Mr. Carlin's line. . . . [*Wearily.*] All right, Mr. Frankel . . . I'll consider it. . . . *Yes* . . . yes. . . . [*Puts finger on receiver hook and cuts connection.*] Fay, we were cut off. If Fay don't stop her old man scheming up deals for himself, I'll go nuts.

JOE. [*Rises, crosses to desk*] Don't forget, if *Dopey* hadn't walked into a Rolls Royce we wouldn't *have* any client.

[FAY *has risen from her desk with legal papers, starts for office.* SCHNEERER *is working on his ledger.*]

ARTHUR. Sometimes I wish it had been a Mack truck.

FAY. [*Entering*] Here's that list of damages from the International Club, Arthur. . . . [*Sees* JOE.] Oh, hello, Joe . . . I didn't see you come in.

JOE. No? Well, five thousand pedestrians did . . . I had quite an audience. . . . [PETE *enters and crosses* L. *to* JOE'S *office with* JOE.] Come on, Pete.

[FAY *watches; turns to* ARTHUR.]

FAY. Joe can't keep this up, Arthur. It's too ridiculous.

ARTHUR. Ridiculous? Handing back thirty thousand dollars to Carlin is side-splitting, too.

FAY. I'll bet if you explained it to him he'd think it was a good joke.

ARTHUR. Yes, he'd think it was a good joke, but there *happens* to be a guy named Jameson.

FAY. Oh!—What did Papa want?

ARTHUR. Nothing much. Just a line of delicatessen stores from Boston to Seattle.

FAY. You mustn't mind him. . . . Mama's pestering him. They're old-fashioned and set in their ways.

ARTHUR. Meaning what?

FAY. [*Hesitantly*] Well—don't you see, darling . . . they know about Mr. Carlin and the contract—and—well, Mama can't understand why we haven't set a date.

ARTHUR. [*Rises, crosses to* FAY. *Indicates cluttered desk*] Good *Lord*, Fay . . . I've been buried over my ears in seven thousand things only *Carlin* could *think* of. I haven't even had time to take you to *dinner* or a movie. . . . Gosh, how I'd like to spend a half hour on Sixth Avenue watching a nice quiet excavation!

FAY. *I* might understand, but Mama *can't*. She's had everything ready and planned for months. Neighbors gossip and make little remarks. We live in the *Bronx*, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Why does she listen to them?

FAY. Why? Because that's her life . . . take it from her and we wouldn't have her very long.

ARTHUR. You know I *love* you . . . I'm crazy about you.

FAY. I suppose I *should* . . . but sometimes I wonder.

ARTHUR. What do you mean?

FAY. First it was because you couldn't get started. Then, because you weren't a success. . . . Now—it seems [*Turns to him.*] you're too busy.

ARTHUR. Fay, you know what I'm up against better than I do. I realize your father set me up and your brother tumbled into a gold mine. But I've never stopped loving you . . . and I have every intention of carrying through our original plan.

FAY. [*Bristles up*] If it's a marriage of gratitude . . . [*To sofa.*] I don't think I care for the set-up.

ARTHUR. [*To sofa*] Oh, but darling. You know better than that. I can't marry you simply because I can't take time off. . . . We'd come back from a honeymoon to find Carlin being strapped in the electric chair.

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FAY. You have partners.

ARTHUR. Sure . . . I can see Joe making an impassioned plea to the jury in overalls! Pete hasn't had the experience . . . and Schneerer'd get him a life sentence commuted to boiling in oil.

FAY. Is a honeymoon so necessary?

ARTHUR. Is a honeymoon necessary? Fay, it's imperative. It's the period of adjustment—which, according to Freud—estimates the superficiality or stability of the coalescence.

FAY. [*Sarcastically*] Thanks. I'll have Mama explain that to the neighbors.

ARTHUR. [*Rises to her; crosses, stops her*] For Heaven's sake, Fay, look! When things settle to what any *sane* lawyer would call *chaos*, Mama'll have her wedding with all the trimmings.

FAY. That depends entirely on whether I'm available at your convenience. There *are* other men who are not quite so tied up. [*She turns to Outer Office.* ARTHUR *moves to her, pulls her around as* JOE *emerges from his office with sheaf of papers.*]

ARTHUR. Listen, Fay Frankel ——!

[JOE *intent on paper.*]

JOE. He's bought the Orpheum Dance Hall four times without *selling* it.—Get a load of this! [JOE *moves to desk.* FAY *turns angrily from* ARTHUR, *who hesitates a second, then moves to* JOE, *and bends over paper. Corridor door opens and* BLOSSOM LA VERE *enters reception room. She is a young Mae West type, easy on the eyes.* SCHNEERER *looks up and reacts as* BLOSSOM *comes to rail,* D. L. *of* SCHNEERER.]

SCHNEERER. [*Smiling*] Good morning. Lee, Russo and O'Rourke and Schneerer.

BLOSSOM. Which one are you?

SCHNEERER. [*Flirtatiously*] *My* name is *Schneerer.*
BLOSSOM. Serves you *right.* . . . Where's Bobby Carlin?

[FAY, *who has moved* U. S., *expects* ARTHUR *to follow, sees him bent over desk, and with an angry toss of her head moves to corridor door and comes through, seeing* BLOSSOM.]

SCHNEERER. Mr. Carlin? . . . Why—er—he . . . er, that is . . .
FAY. What is it, Mr. Schneerer?
SCHNEERER. *She* wants Bobby Carlin.
BLOSSOM. [*Shoots him a look*] And I don't need an interpreter.
FAY. Do you know Mr. Carlin?
BLOSSOM. Do I *know* him? Look, sister—let's not waste time. . . . Where is he?
FAY. Just a moment, please. [*Turns, opens door to office, closing it behind her.* . . . SCHNEERER *stares at* BLOSSOM, *open-mouthed.* JOE *and* ARTHUR *are still bent over desk.*] Arthur . . . [*She closes door.*]
JOE. [*Waves her away*] Go 'way, Fay—we're busy.
BLOSSOM. [*To the staring* SCHNEERER] The strip tease goes on after the black-out, brother.
SCHNEERER. Say, is there a law against *looking?* [*Moves to his desk.*]
BLOSSOM. I don't know—I'll speak to my Senator.
FAY. [*Coldly watches the intent* JOE *and* ARTHUR] It *might* interest you to know there's a girl outside asking for Bobby Carlin!

[JOE *and* ARTHUR *look up startled.*]

ARTHUR. Who is she?
FAY. She wouldn't say . . . perhaps you'd better take a look!

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[ARTHUR *and* JOE *go to door, open it a crack and peer out.*]

ARTHUR. Hey, Joe—you like short-cake?
JOE. Her mother must have been frightened by an Austin.
ARTHUR. [*To* FAY] What does she want? [*Closes door.*]
FAY. Bobby Carlin—in *no* uncertain tone.
JOE. Well, get rid of her—tell her he's in South America shooting elephants.
FAY. Elephants come from *Africa.*
JOE. [*Crosses back to her*] All right, *you* make out his itinerary.
ARTHUR. Find out what she wants. Get *details.*

[FAY *goes through the door. The boys, careful not to be seen, listen at the door.*]

FAY. [*To* BLOSSOM] Mr. Lee would like to know the nature of your business with Mr. Carlin.
BLOSSOM. You can bet your bloomers he would.
FAY. I'm afraid we can't make an appointment until he does.
BLOSSOM. I don't *need* an appointment. . . . Is he here, or *isn't* he?
FAY. I'm afraid he isn't.
BLOSSOM. Okay. I'll keep popping in till he *is.* [*Looks at* SCHNEERER.] Good-bye, Harpo. [*She breezes out, bumping into* IRVING, *who is coming in. He stands transfixed.*] Well, can't you say excuse me, like a gentleman? [*She hitches girdle and exits.*]

[ARTHUR *and* JOE *open door, looking out.* PETE *comes from* JOE'S *office* U. S., *his hands filled with papers.*]

IRVING. [*Recovers his equilibrium*] Well, excuse me! Gees—every time I come near the joint I git run over.

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ARTHUR. If we *might* have a moment of your time, Mr. *Frankel* . . .

IRVING. Sure—sure. Just comin' in with me report. [*He moves to door, passing* JOE *and* ARTHUR, *into office.* JOE *follows.* IRVING *gives* PETE *the high-sign.*]

PETE. Hello, Irving.

JOE. Why aren't you trailing Bobby?

IRVING. He's in seeing the "Lone Ranger." That's six times this week.

ARTHUR. You're not supposed to let him out of your sight.

IRVING. How many times I gotta see that horse opera?

ARTHUR. If he sees it—you see it! [*Sits desk.*]

IRVING. [*Turns chair to straddle it and imitates lone ranger.*] "Heigh-ho, Silver . . . Heigh-ho, Silver—away!" [*Does Bronx cheer.*]

PETE. You're being paid to follow Mr. Carlin.

IRVING. I'll pick him up. I got the fade-out timed to the split second.

ARTHUR. Where's your report? Come on.

IRVING. Right on deck. [*Takes notebook from pocket and reads.*] August 15, 1939. Report on Robert Carlin by operator Q-13. 9:22 Ingersoll Watch time . . . left apartment East Eighty-first Street in limousine . . . 10:05: Had breakfast at Nedicks . . . five hot dogs and a quart of orange juice.

JOE. Damn epicure.

IRVING. 10:27: Entered penny arcade. 12:40: Left penny arcade luggin' one of the machines marked "A Night in a Harem." [IRVING *smiles at* JOE *and* ARTHUR.] . . . Cop took it away from him. 12:45: Pawned wrist watch at Simpson's for twenty-seven bucks.

PETE. [*Snaps fingers*] That reminds me.

ARTHUR. What?

PETE. Nothing, nothing.

IRVING. 1:10: Walked up Sixth Avenue . . . bought one dozen dark sun glasses . . . second-hand tennis racquet, six feet of rope and registered at three employment agencies.

ARTHUR. He did O.K. on Sixth Avenue.

IRVING. 1:30: Entered Brass Rail and had lunch. 2:00 o'clock, came out and picketed the joint. [JOE *and* ARTHUR *react.*] Took cab to limousine parked in the Rainbow Room. . . . Drove till he found the "Lone Ranger" . . . went in. . . . Operator Q-13 ducked the hell out. . . . There he is—like troo a microscope.

ARTHUR. Nice quiet day.

JOE. Thank God he didn't go to the World's Fair.

PETE. You're sure he hasn't recognized you?

IRVING. He doesn't know I'm alive. [*Ducks below chair and puts a moustache on his face.*] Yesterday I asked him for a match like I'm a complete stranger. [*Looks up.*] Get a load of this. [*Moves to* ARTHUR, *who is talking with* PETE *and hasn't seen* IRVING'S *moustache.*] Hey, Bud!

[ARTHUR *turns, sees him and jumps.*]

JOE. What did you do that for?

IRVING. I gotta test myself—ain't I?

ARTHUR. [*Rises and pounds desk*] If you don't stop playing Charlie Chan, he'll tab you sure.

IRVING. [*Puts moustache in pocket*] Not a chance . . . I'm the guy with a thousand faces.

JOE. I wish you'd wear another one around here.

ARTHUR. Well, duck back to that movie house and stick with him.

IRVING. [*At door; turns*] Like glue on a fly paper—G-Man Frankel's on the job. [*Exits to Outer Office, closing door.*]

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ARTHUR. Come on, let's get this stuff cleaned up before *another* day piles up on us.

[PETE *and* JOE *move to desk, pull up chairs, and start on the pile of letters and papers.* IRVING *passes through reception room.*]

IRVING. So long, Sis. . . . Operator Q-13's after his man. . . . [*Starts out.*]
FAY. [*Looking up from her work*] I wish you'd get your pants pressed. You look like a slob.
IRVING. [*To* SCHNEERER] There's a woman for you. . . . [*To* FAY, *disgustedly.*] I'm supposed to be *non*-de-script. [*Exits to corridor.* SCHNEERER *rises from desk.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Moves to* FAY] Could I borrow the key, please?
FAY. You had it last.
SCHNEERER. I did not. Every time I want to go to the men's room I gotta get a search warrant for the key.

[FAY *shoots him a look, reaches in drawer, hands him key with a large tag attached to it.*]

FAY. Oh, here it is.
SCHNEERER. Why do they have to make it so conspicuous? [*He moves through gate as corridor door opens and* BOBBY CARLIN *enters, singing "On the Road to Mandalay." Nattily dressed, cane under arm, package dangling on a string tied to handle.*] 'Morning, Mr. Carlin—lovely day.
CARLIN. Very possibly—I haven't noticed. . . . Who are *you?*
SCHNEERER. Schneerer—one of the firm—I work for you.
CARLIN. Why aren't you working?

[SCHNEERER *shows him the key and exits.*]

FAY. You can go right in, Mr. Carlin.

CARLIN. [*Comes through gate; crosses to her*] I don't want to go in.

FAY. I think Mr. Lee wants to see you.

CARLIN. What for? I'm nothing to look at.

FAY. There's some business matters to talk over.

CARLIN. That's what I pay *him* for. I want to talk to *you.*

FAY. [*Humors him*] That's very flattering, Mr. Carlin.

CARLIN. Call me Bobby ——

FAY. I'm afraid I couldn't.

CARLIN. Why not? All my *wives* did . . . I insisted on it. [*Holds out cane with dangling package.*] Here's a little something I picked up for you. Just give it a yank. . . . It's a present.

FAY. [*Rises*] Why, Mr. Carlin . . .

CARLIN. I always have packages tied to me . . . I lose everything. . . . Go ahead.

FAY. [*Yanks package free, starts opening it*] You shouldn't have bought anything for me.

CARLIN. Why not? It symbolizes you. I'm a symbolist. . . . Get it from my great aunt. She was burnt at the stake.

FAY. [*Has opened package which was tied on* CARLIN'S *cane, discloses a very sparse nightie. When gown falls, it appears as if she is trying it for size*] Oh!

CARLIN. You'll look charming in it.

FAY. [*Slides gown off cane; embarrassed*] Well . . . don't you think it's just a little personal?

CARLIN. Not at all. Either you wear them . . . or you sleep raw. Personally I ——

FAY. Please, Mr. Carlin. [*PHONE. To keep* CARLIN

from continuing she quickly plugs in phone to Inner Office. ARTHUR, PETE *and* JOE *grab phones.*]

ARTHUR, PETE, JOE. [*Together*] Hello. . . .

FAY. Mr. Carlin's outside.

[PETE *and* JOE *have drawn duds and hang up.*]

ARTHUR. [*To boys*] Carlin's outside . . . stall him a minute. [*Hangs up and boys spring to action.*]

JOE. Where's that damn bucket?

PETE. In my office.

[JOE *rushes to get into window washer's garb and gets bucket and sponge, crosses to window and begins to clean pane.* FAY, *outside, keeps talking.*]

FAY. Yes . . . I see. . . . Very well. . . . No, not yet, Mr. Lee. . . . I'll take it up as soon as I finish the work on hand. . . . [JOE, *in Inner Office, mumbles O.K. when he is ready.* FAY, *to* CARLIN.] You can go in now—I think.

[CARLIN *crosses to door and turns around to smile at* FAY. *Opens door and enters Inner Office.*]

CARLIN. Good morning . . . good morning . . . good morning.

ARTHUR. 'Morning, Bobby. . . . Come right in. . . . Be with you in a moment. Have a chair. [*Places chair for* CARLIN.]

CARLIN. [*Sits*] Don't mind if I do . . . I've been sitting down all morning. [*Outside* FAY *looks at gown and then places it in file drawer.* JOE *starts to sneak out.* ARTHUR *sees him and ad libs. to prevent* CARLIN *from spotting* JOE. *However,* CARLIN *spots* JOE *and hooks his cane in bucket, stops him.*] Oh, hello. . . . You here again?

JOE. Yes, sir. Right on the job. [*To boys.*] All through in here, gentlemen?

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CARLIN. Every time I come here, you're washing that window.

JOE. [*Heroically at door*] "Neither rain, nor snow, nor gloom of night can stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." [JOE *starts out.* CARLIN *hooks bucket with his cane and brings* JOE *back.*]

CARLIN. That's the Postman's motto.

JOE. I deliver letters in my spare time. [*Exits to Outer Office, closing door. To* FAY.] This holding down two jobs at once is quite a responsibility.

FAY. Where do you go now?

JOE. [*Looks in hat at his schedule*] Ladies' room on the twenty-second floor. [*He exits.*]

ARTHUR. Well, Bobby . . . I thought you were at the movies?

CARLIN. I came in at the beginning—spoiled it for me. I like to see the end first—keeps me from worrying.

ARTHUR. That's fine. Stick around a while. . . . We have plenty to read.

PETE. [*Crosses to bookcase and gets book. Gives it to* CARLIN] Are you interested in "The Military Statutes on the Law of Court Martial in the Philippines"?

CARLIN. [*As he turns pages of book*] I never read—makes me run a fever. No pictures. [*Throws book on desk.*]

ARTHUR. [*Sits*] All right. Just sit still and relax. Think of beautiful things.

CARLIN. [*Looks toward door*] I am.

[BLOSSOM *bursts in from corridor.*]

BLOSSOM. [*Crosses to gate—*FAY *rises, crosses to gate*] Okay, sister. . . . Open up! I'm coming through. [*Shakes gate.*]

FAY. Mr. Carlin hasn't come in.

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BLOSSOM. Quit stalling. His car's at the curb.

CARLIN. That sounds like Blossom.

ARTHUR. That sounds like who?

FAY. I can't help that. He isn't here.

CARLIN. Blossom—perhaps you'd better lock the door.

ARTHUR. Pete—lock the door.

[PETE *crosses and locks door.* BLOSSOM *spies nightgown in file drawer and picks it up.*]

BLOSSOM. He isn't in, huh? Then what's his trademark doing here? [*Holds gown up to her shoulders.*]

FAY. [*As she crosses through gate to try to get gown from* BLOSSOM] That happens to be a gift from my fiancé.

BLOSSOM. [*Dashes through open gate to door. Throws gown on desk*] Nice try, sister. . . . Bobby gave me sixteen like that. [*Tries door and rattles knob.*] Open up. . . . Open up—I know you're in there.

ARTHUR. [*Rises*] What does she want with you?

CARLIN. Wants to kill me, I believe.

PETE. My God!

FAY. If you don't go away, I'll call the police!

BLOSSOM. Go ahead. I know every cop on the beat. [*Knocks on door.*] Open up or I'll blast it in.

ARTHUR. Hide in Mr. O'Rourke's office till we get rid of her.

CARLIN. [*Crosses* L. *around desk*] Good. [*He moves* U. S., *spies* JOE'S *window-belt and starts putting it on.* ARTHUR *and* PETE *have moved to door as knocking continues.*]

PETE. Let's open it—the two of us can handle her.

CARLIN. I wouldn't advise it. . . . She has a pistol.

ARTHUR. How do you know?

CARLIN. I gave her three for her birthday.

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[BLOSSOM *bangs on door.* CARLIN *leaves cane on sofa and crosses to window.*]

BLOSSOM. Open up—open up, I say!
ARTHUR. [*Crosses to door*] If you don't leave, Madam, we'll have you pinched.
BLOSSOM. That's no novelty.
FAY. Arthur, she's getting an axe. [*Crosses to* BLOSSOM *and they struggle.*]
PETE. [*Turns and sees* CARLIN *strapping safety hooks into window*] My God, Arthur. . . . Look!
ARTHUR. [*As he and* PETE *dash to window*] What are *you* doing?
CARLIN. Hiding—I'll let myself down till you get rid of her.
PETE. You'll kill yourself.
ARTHUR. I'll call the police.
CARLIN. You can't do that! She's under age of consent.
ARTHUR and PETE. *What?*

[CARLIN *gets out window.* ARTHUR *and* PETE *close Venetian blinds.* BLOSSOM *crosses to door and bangs on it.*]

BLOSSOM. Do you open up or do I start chopping?
ARTHUR. [*Crosses to door*] All right . . . I'm coming. [*Looks back to make sure* CARLIN *is hidden behind window.*] I'm coming . . . I'll open it. [*He opens door and* BLOSSOM *bursts in.*]
BLOSSOM. Where is he?
ARTHUR. [*Crosses to desk and sits*] Where is who?
BLOSSOM. Now listen, Liebowitz . . . I'm not the vindictive type. I'm from good New England stock—my father was a clergyman—my mother's a gentlewoman and I take after her—but if you think any low-down cock-eyed louse can get away with ——

ARTHUR. [*Rises*] We have assured you that Mr. Carlin isn't here.

BLOSSOM. [*Spies* CARLIN'S *hat which he has left on chair*] No? I suppose his hat just blew up twenty-two stories.

ARTHUR. That's Mr. Russo's hat. [*Puts hat on* PETE—*it is too large and comes over his ears.* ARTHUR *turns back to* BLOSSOM *then back to* PETE. *Takes hat off and places it on desk.*]

BLOSSOM. His skull must be shrinking.

ARTHUR. He just had a haircut.

BLOSSOM. Bobby—Bobby, where the hell are you?

ARTHUR. [PETE *and* ARTHUR *intercept her*] Now, listen, my dear, let's be sensible. Since you won't believe us, search the premises—satisfy yourself.

BLOSSOM. [*Starts for window—boys intercept her and stand in her way*] That's just what I'm going to do.

ARTHUR. The law business is like —— [BLOSSOM *exits to* PETE'S *office.* PETE *tries to see out window to look for* CARLIN.] Is he still there?

PETE. I can't see.

[BLOSSOM *enters and crosses back of sofa to look for* CARLIN. PETE *and* ARTHUR *guard window by standing in front of it.*]

BLOSSOM. He isn't in there.

ARTHUR. Perhaps now you'll believe what you're told.

BLOSSOM. Never again, brother. Not even if my mother told me. [*Exits into* JOE'S *office.*]

FAY. [*In doorway*] Shall I call the Marines?

ARTHUR. No use, she knows them all. Get back to your desk.

BLOSSOM. [*Enters, crosses* R. *of desk*] Okay, you win. . . . I'd 'a' sworn he was here.

ARTHUR. [*Sits at desk*] Now let's talk this over sensibly.

BLOSSOM. O.K.

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ARTHUR. We're Mr. Carlin's lawyers. If you'll tell us your grievance perhaps we can iron it out.
BLOSSOM. You'd be some ironer.
ARTHUR. Now I'm sure we can settle this privately.
BLOSSOM. Like hell we can! Two weeks ago he picks me up at the stage door . . . we go up Broadway at eighty and he hands me a thermos bottle. He says it's a new highball recipe he got from his Jap . . . we pass it around a couple of times and the next thing I know it's morning. . . . I'm somewhere up the Hudson stretched out on a ping pong table tied with neckties.
ARTHUR. Well, did he . . . did he . . . ??
BLOSSOM. *Dammit*, that's what I want to *know!!!*
ARTHUR. Don't look at me . . . I wasn't there.
BLOSSOM. [*Crosses to* ARTHUR *and stops him*] Now listen to me . . . I *gotta* know. I go out with the Follies next week and I wanta know my limitations.
ARTHUR. Well—suppose we go downstairs and try to solve your problem over a cocktail.
BLOSSOM. Sorry, I'm on the wagon.
ARTHUR. You *cat*, I presume?
BLOSSOM. Like a horse!
ARTHUR. There's a café in the building that's quite good.
BLOSSOM. O.K. Wait'll I replace the pan. [*Applies lipstick.* ARTHUR *watches her closely, moving his lips.*] Want some?
ARTHUR. No . . . no. . . . Pete, will you go downstairs and reserve a table? [*Aside.*] Not too near the window!
PETE. Certainly. [*Crosses to Outer Office, gets hat.*] Going to lunch, Fay. Be right back.
FAY. Very well, Pete. [FAY, *in Inner Office, expects* ARTHUR *to take her to lunch. Takes compact from desk and starts primping.*]
BLOSSOM. O.K., honey, I'm as good as new. [*Leaves glove on desk.*]

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ARTHUR. You're a very attractive young woman when you're static.

BLOSSOM. [*Takes his arm*] You really wouldn't want me static, would you?

ARTHUR. [*Embarrassed*] Now don't misunderstand. . . . You see, I've never met anyone exactly like you.

BLOSSOM. [*On way to door*] That's the trouble with you professional people. You never let your hair down.

ARTHUR. [*Uncomfortable, as they come into Outer Office*] Well, I guess it's because we seldom get the opportunity.

BLOSSOM. Wait till we're better acquainted. . . . You'll be crazy about me.

[*They bump into gate.* ARTHUR *motions* FAY *to open it.* BLOSSOM *crosses to outer door.*]

ARTHUR. Open the window before you go to lunch, Miss Frankel. . . . The inner office needs airing. [*Then, to* BLOSSOM, *as they exit.*] They have a wonderful blue plate special. . . .

[FAY *crosses to mirror*—CARLIN *taps on window.* FAY *hears noise, goes to window, raises blind and sees* CARLIN.]

FAY. [*Gasps*] Mr. Carlin! [*Opens window.*] What on earth are you doing out there?

CARLIN. Hanging! Has she gone? [FAY *nods.*] Good. Help me in. . . . It's a little chilly. [*He waves to people on the ground, and throws them a kiss.*] Good-bye! [FAY *helps* CARLIN *through window.*] Thank you. I've changed my mind about being a window washer. I can't stand those up-drafts. I did draw quite an audience though . . . police and everything.

FAY. What a terrible experience . . . would you like a drink?

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CARLIN. [*Sits on sofa*] It's a positive necessity. [CARLIN *unscrews head of cane.* FAY *crosses, gets drink from desk . . . bottom drawer.*] Never mind the glass, this is like a snake bite . . . it's an emergency. [CARLIN *drinks from cane.* FAY *hands him bottle and he takes swig from that. . . . Then he takes funnel from breast-pocket and pours liquor into cane.*] While I was out there my whole life passed before me in review . . . just like drowning. . . . Do you read the Saturday Evening Post?

FAY. I beg your pardon . . . ?

CARLIN. I tried to drown myself once but I'm too good a swimmer.

FAY. [*Puzzled*] Why, Mr. Carlin . . .

CARLIN. Do you like music? [*Hums through funnel.*] Would it have meant anything to you if my body had dashed on the cliffs below? [*Screws head on cane.*]

FAY. You were hanging over 38th Street.

CARLIN. Don't be evasive.

FAY. Of course it would. [*Returns bottle to desk.*]

CARLIN. [*Places cane on floor for tight-rope performance*] I saw the uselessness of a wasted life and the lonely loveless years to come.

FAY. It's not too late. . . . I'm sure some girl could come into your life and make it worthwhile.

CARLIN. Could *you?*

FAY. Well . . . I'm afraid I couldn't.

CARLIN. [*Pantomime tight-rope act on cane*] Why not?

FAY. You see, Bobby . . . I'm engaged to Arthur.

CARLIN. Then why doesn't he marry you instead of shilly-shallying around?

FAY. I don't know.

CARLIN. There you are . . . he doesn't really love you . . . he doesn't need you. . . . I do. [*Turns on cane . . . loses balance . . . grabs* FAY.]

[SCHNEERER *enters.*]

FAY. That's sweet of you, Bobby, and I appreciate it, but I want you to look on me just as a friend . . . a true friend.

CARLIN. Thanks, Fay; your kindness touches my heart. [*Steps on cane-head. Cane flips up, hits plush box in hip pocket.*] Oh, yes . . . here. I want you to wear this in memory of that friendship. [*Hands her box.*] Have a bracelet? [*Picks up cane.*]

FAY. Oh, I couldn't . . . really I couldn't.

CARLIN. Nonsense. Call it a wedding present. [*Slips bracelet on* FAY'S *wrist.*]

FAY. [*Gasps*] But, Bobby, I'm not used to things like this. I might lose it.

CARLIN. I'll get you another.

FAY. Bobby . . . I don't know what to say!

CARLIN. Don't say anything. Could you kiss me just once?

FAY. [*Hesitates*] Why . . .

CARLIN. Please. . . .

FAY. [*Smiles*] Why . . . yes . . . I suppose so.

[*Starts to kiss* CARLIN'S *lips . . . he turns head. . . . FAY kisses cheek. . . .* SCHNEERER *watching through door claps forehead. Crosses to his desk.*]

CARLIN. Thank you. [*Wipes kiss off with handkerchief.*] Shall we go to lunch? I'll have you back by six.

FAY. [*Laughs*] What!

CARLIN. Lunch. . . . I'll have you back by six.

FAY. By six! I'm afraid I couldn't do that. I'm a working girl.

CARLIN. You're working for *me*, aren't you?

FAY. In a way . . . yes.

CARLIN. Then it's all settled.

FAY. [*Notices glove left by* BLOSSOM] You know, Bobby, I believe I will.

CARLIN. Good! My car's downstairs. . . . I'll bring it up on the freight elevator and pick you up at the end of the hall. [FAY *turns startled.*] Sure—on the freight elevator. . . . I own this building too, but don't tell the boys.

FAY. I'll have to leave a note for Arthur.

CARLIN. [*Moves* FAY *aside*] You get your things . . . *I'll* write the note.

FAY. [*Crosses to Outer Office*] Just say we're going to lunch. I feel like I'm playing hooky. [CARLIN *writes note.*] Oh, Mr. Schneerer, when Arthur comes back tell him there's a note on his desk, please. [*Gets hat . . . crosses to mirror.*]

SCHNEERER. Sure, sure, I'll tell him.

[*BUZZER.*]

FAY. [*Into phone*] Hello. . . . What's that? . . . A complaint about what? . . . Trying to commit suicide? . . . No, there must be a mistake . . . there's no one hanging out the window up here. [*Hangs up.*]

CARLIN. I have another idea . . . we'll go to the polo game. You'll love it. Someone always falls off. [*Pantomimes polo shot.*] Bllupp.

FAY. Ready, Bobby?

CARLIN. Coming, my dear. [*Crosses to Outer Office; sees* SCHNEERER.] Shall we take the dog?

[SCHNEERER *reacts.* CARLIN *barks. He and* FAY *exit.* SCHNEERER *dashes to desk in Inner Office . . . opens letter . . . reads as he goes back to Outer Office. As he reaches connecting door,* ARTHUR *and* PETE *ad lib. off stage.* SCHNEERER *hides in alcove in Outer Office.* PETE *and* ARTHUR *enter.*]

ARTHUR. [*Crosses to water cooler. . . .* PETE *crosses to Inner Office*] I was right . . . the easiest way to that girl's brain was through her stomach. Where is everybody?

PETE. [*Sees open window . . . straps dangling*] My God . . . Arthur, look . . . come here. [ARTHUR *dashes in, sees straps.*] He must have fallen . . . that's why no one's here . . . they're down on the street.

ARTHUR. My God, I can't look. . . .

PETE. Neither can I. . . .

[BOTH *dash to window and look down.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Enters Inner Office with note*] Hey, hey, nuts to the parade . . . look!

ARTHUR. What?

SCHNEERER. Arthur . . . look . . . it's a note for you.

ARTHUR. [*Turns quickly*] Nuts with *that*. Where's Carlin?

SCHNEERER. That's *it*. . . . It's in the *note*. . . . *Look* . . .

PETE. [*Grabs note*] What does it say?

SCHNEERER. Plenty.

PETE. [*Takes note from* ARTHUR, *reads*] "Dear Arthur —Fay and I have gone to be married. Your friend and client, Bobby Carlin. . . ."

ARTHUR. [*Takes note from* PETE] He's kidding. . . . That's his lousy sense of humor.

SCHNEERER. "P.S. No hard feelings."

PETE. [*To* SCHNEERER] Where did you find this?

SCHNEERER. On the desk. Fay told me to give it to Arthur.

ARTHUR. You mean they went out together?

SCHNEERER. Sure. And I could tell you something else.

ARTHUR. Well, go on—don't stand there like a dope.

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SCHNEERER. He gave her a half bushel of diamonds. Said it was a wedding present.
PETE. You sure?
SCHNEERER. Sure I'm sure. . . . I was there at the door when she kissed him.
PETE and ARTHUR. What?

[ARTHUR *grabs* SCHNEERER'S *shirt-front and lifts him up.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Looks away*] Well, maybe I shouldn't have told you. But at Fordham I was schooled in the principles of honesty and justice.
ARTHUR. [*Rises, crosses to window*] It's my own fault. She said she'd do it. I didn't believe her, I didn't believe her.
PETE. Pull yourself together, Arthur.
SCHNEERER. There's a bright side too. . . . Now you won't have to be Irving's brother-in-law.

[JOE *and* IRVING *enter* . . . IRVING *first. They enter Inner Office.*]

ARTHUR. Get out of here. . . . [*Sees* IRVING.] You too, Irving.
IRVING. What did I do?
JOE. What's going on here . . . where's Bobby?
ARTHUR. Gone with the wind. . . . Eloped with Fay.
IRVING. Huh?
JOE. Quit clowning.
PETE. He's not clowning. . . . Look. . . . They're gone to be married. [*Gives note to* JOE.]
IRVING. Papa'll faint! Right in the potato salad.
JOE. You're all nuts. . . . You know he's batty. This don't mean a thing.
ARTHUR. The hell it don't. He gave her diamonds for a wedding present and she kissed him.

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IRVING. [*Crosses between* ARTHUR *and* JOE] And Mama will have conniption fits.

[*They push him away.*]

JOE. Shut up. . . . Who told you that?
ARTHUR. Schneerer. . . . He saw her.
SCHNEERER. [*Crosses between* ARTHUR *and* JOE] So help me God.

[*They push him away.*]

JOE. I don't care what he saw. Fay wouldn't pull a trick like this in a thousand years.
ARTHUR. No, she wouldn't—she wouldn't, but she was sore at me. That's it, she was sore at me.
JOE. You give me cramps. You have a little spat and believe the ravings of a congenital idiot. [KATO *enters, starts for Inner Office.*] She didn't write this note. He did.
KATO. Excuse prese.
SCHNEERER. Kato! [*Steps to door.*]
KATO. Excuse prese. [*Crosses* D. C.] Where's Mr. Carlin?
ARTHUR. [*Rises, crosses to* KATO] That's what we want to know.
KATO. Pardon interruption prese—Japaneese very partial to fudge nut sundae.
JOE. That may be *educational* . . . but where's your boss?
KATO. That my point.—I in drug store for fudge sundae—somebody steal car.
ARTHUR. *He* took it—he didn't want anyone to know where they were going.
JOE. Exactly, you fathead. . . . Not even *Fay!*
ARTHUR. Huh?
JOE. Where's that report, Irving?

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IRVING. I got it right here. [*Fishes out notebook.* JOE *grabs it, turns to item he wants.*]
JOE. Here we are . . . 1:10—bought six feet of rope.
ARTHUR. So what?
JOE. What does a person do with rope?
IRVING. I'll bite. . . .
JOE. He ties something.
ARTHUR. You mean, you think ——
JOE. I don't *think*—I *know*. He isn't *eloping* with Fay. . . . He's *abducting* her. . . .
ARTHUR. [*Dashes for desk*] I'll get headquarters.
SCHNEERER. You can't tell the police. . . . He's our client—we got a contract!
ARTHUR. The hell with the contract. He has Fay.
JOE. Hold it, Arthur . . . Schneerer's right for once. We don't want the police in this. . . . We can do it ourselves.
ARTHUR. How? How?
JOE. I don't know yet.—We've got to work fast. [*Turns to* KATO.] How many places has Mr. Carlin got?
KATO. I no tell, prease.
JOE. Oh, yes you will!
KATO. I no tell, prease.
ARTHUR. How many places has he got?
KATO. I no tell, prease.
PETE. Grab him, Arthur.

[ALL *close in on* KATO.—*There is a scuffle.* IRVING *falls flat on his face.*]

IRVING. Hold him, Arthur.
SCHNEERER. Got him, Arthur?
ARTHUR. Yeah, I got him.

[GROUP *breaks.* ARTHUR *is flat on sofa, with* KATO *twisting his foot.*]

KATO. Scuse, prease. . . . I teach Jiu Jitsu Japanese night school.—Good-bye. [*Starts to go*—JOE *lunges for him*—KATO *throws* JOE *off on couch on top of* ARTHUR *and exits.*]

ARTHUR. Get him. Get him, Schneerer, get him.

SCHNEERER. Me by myself?

JOE. You had him. Why did you let him go?

PETE. Irving, you go.

IRVING. I ain't scared of no aliens. I'll tail him.

JOE. Get goin'!

IRVING. Operative Q-13 gits his man. [*Turns and dashes out after* KATO.]

JOE. [*Crosses to desk*] We've got to figure where he might be taking her.

ARTHUR. The penthouse on 81st Street.

JOE. Too close.

PETE. The hunting lodge in the Adirondacks.

JOE. Too far away.

[ARTHUR *starts dialing at desk.*]

PETE. How about the yacht?

SCHNEERER. In dry dock—he ran into the Hudson night boat.

PETE. The Cedarcrest House.

JOE. Not likely.

PETE. I've got an idea. Wait a minute. [*Exits to his office.*]

JOE. [*To* ARTHUR] Who d'ye think you're calling?

ARTHUR. Jameson.

JOE. He won't help us.

ARTHUR. He's human, isn't he?

JOE. I don't know—is he?

ARTHUR. Hello, Mr. Jameson, please. Arthur Lee calling.

JOE. I tell you it's no use.

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ARTHUR. Hello, Jameson? This is Arthur Lee. Bobby Carlin's disappeared, with my secretary.
JOE. What does he say?
ARTHUR. [*Rises*] But listen, Mr. Jameson, you must have *some* idea where he'd go. . . . Hello. . . . Hello. . . . [*Jiggling hook.*]
JOE. Well?
ARTHUR. [*Bangs receiver down*] He said, "You're his lawyers". . . laughed, and hung up.
PETE. [*Enters from his office with picture of house*] I think I've got it. . . . The Hudson River Castle!
ARTHUR. Hudson! Blossom! That's it!
JOE. Of course.
ARTHUR. Croton-on-Hudson . . . that's the place.

[ARTHUR *dashes to hat-rack, grabs hat, and starts out.* JOE *grabs him.* SCHNEERER *crosses to door.*]

JOE. [*Bringing* ARTHUR D. S., PETE *helping.*] Hey! Where you going?
ARTHUR. To get Fay. . . . I'll tear him in a thousand pieces.
JOE. Nothing doing . . . you're too excited. Pete'll go.
ARTHUR. [JOE *and* PETE *seat* ARTHUR *in chair* R. *of desk*] Let go of me. . . . What do you think I'm gonna do, just sit here?
JOE. That's just what you're going to do if I have to sit on you.
PETE. You'd kill him and get in a fine mess.

[*In the Outer Office a* GIRL STENOGRAPHER *in a smock enters excitedly.*]

GIRL. Hey!—Excuse me . . . we need a lawyer.
SCHNEERER. Go way. . . . Huh? . . . What?!
GIRL. [*Yells to Inner Office*] I've got to have a lawyer quick. Some cop is in our office arresting my boss.

JOE. Get her out of here. . . . We haven't got time for that now.
ARTHUR. [*Struggles*] Let go of me.
PETE. Hold still, will you?
GIRL. Listen, it's only next door. The boss didn't do anything. The cop claimed he's been hanging out the window trying to commit suicide.
JOE. Wait a minute!
SCHNEERER. I'll take the case!!
GIRL. We want Habeas Corpus.
JOE. [*Throws* SCHNEERER *towards Inner Office*] Where is he . . . ? Hurry up. . . . Show me. . . . Hold him, Pete. [*Exits with* GIRL.]
SCHNEERER. [*Runs into Inner Office and helps* PETE *hold* ARTHUR] That's a dirty trick! I saw her first.
PETE. Get hold of him, Schneerer.
ARTHUR. If you think you can hold me, you're nuts!
SCHNEERER. [*Yells to* PETE] I don't want to hold him . . . I want to get on my case!
ARTHUR. Let go of me . . . get back on your case. I know what I'm doing!

[JOE *enters with* COP *and crosses into Inner Office.*]

JOE. There he is. Here he is, Officer. . . . We've been having a terrible time with him.
COP. All right. . . . Come along.
ARTHUR. [*Seeing* COP *and jumping*] *What is this?!*
JOE. Take him along, Officer.
PETE. Wait a minute. . . .
JOE. I'll testify against him. . . . Take him along.
ARTHUR. Joe! Joe! I'm your partner.
COP. Hanging out windows by your teeth. . . . We've had enough of you fellers. [*Pulls him up in a hammerlock.*]
ARTHUR. Wait ——

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PETE. [*To* ARTHUR] No good, Mister. . . . He's got you.

ARTHUR. What do you mean?

JOE. We had a tough time getting him, Officer. He's been trying to jump out of this window every day.

ARTHUR. They're kidding. . . . I can explain all this.

COP. [*Starts out with* ARTHUR] Explain it at headquarters . . . I wear ear muffs.

ARTHUR. But my name's on the door. . . .

COP. We'll have it put on your cell! [*He exits with* ARTHUR, *who continues struggle.*]

SCHNEERER. What did you do that for?

PETE. Joe's right. If he found Carlin he'd kill him ——

SCHNEERER. It was *my* case ——

JOE. [*Grabs him and rushes him into Outer Office*] Schneerer . . . go down to headquarters. Use your influence! Don't let anyone pay his fine! Don't let anyone bail him out!

PETE. And *don't* let him call a lawyer!!

SCHNEERER. [*As* JOE *slams his derby down over his head*] O.K. [*As he exits—*]

FAST CURTAIN

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ACT III

SCENE: *The same, early next morning.*
AT RISE: *The office has been tidied, Venetian blinds are down.* IRVING *discovered asleep on couch covered with drapes from* PETE'S *office. Pile of mail on floor Inner Office. Couple of letters in slot.*

IRVING. [*Dreaming*] Stick 'em up. . . . Stick 'em up.

[*Key rattles in door and* PETE *and* JOE *enter. They are tired.* PETE *picks up mail on floor and puts it on* SCHNEERER'S *desk. As* JOE *moves through gate, switchboard buzzes.*]

JOE. I'll get it, Pete. [*Plugs in switchboard.*]
IRVING. [*Still asleep*] Stick 'em up.
JOE. Hello . . . yes. . . . You're sure?—You checked every car? All right . . . thanks. . . . If it comes through call us at once. Good-bye. [*Hangs up.*]
PETE. Who was it?
JOE. That gas station by his Hudson River place. Says Carlin's car hasn't come through.
PETE. [*Crosses to Inner Office*] Looks bad, Joe. I think it's on the level. They're married and off somewhere on a honeymoon.
JOE. [*Crosses to window, pulling up Venetian blinds*] I won't believe it till I hear it from Fay.
PETE. [*Notices* IRVING *on sofa*] Irving!
IRVING. [*Still in his sleep*] Grab his knife, Fay. . . . I'll save ya.

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PETE. [*Goes to sofa and removes drapes from* IRVING. *Shakes him*] Wake up, Irving . . . wake up.

IRVING. I'll save ya . . . I'll save ya. . . . [*Wakes up.*] Where am I? [*He feels for his glasses on chair and puts them on.*]

JOE. [*Crosses to back of desk*] Never mind that . . . where *were* you?

IRVING. Where was I? I been trailing that Oriental hookworm all night.

PETE. Where did he go?

IRVING. [*Yawns*] To seven ski ball rollin' concessions and five suki-yaki joints. He's got an interest in all of 'em. He must be richer than Carlin. I got acquainted with him last night. That Jap isn't a bad guy at all.

[JOE *sits at desk.*]

PETE. How'd you get in here?

IRVING. The scrub-woman let me in. [*Rises.*] I flashed my badge.

PETE. What badge?

IRVING. [*Opens sweater, shows large gold badge*] Operative Q-13. . . . Had it made on Tenth Avenue.

PETE. [*As he crosses to his office with drapes*] Did you have to tear down my drapes to cover yourself?

IRVING. Got nippy in here 'bout five a.m.—Did you get Fay?

PETE. Not yet. [PETE *leaves drapes in his office and returns to room.*]

IRVING. I had a lousy dream. I dreamt he was cutting up her torso with a hack-saw and puttin' the pieces in ——

JOE. Will you shut up!

IRVING. Gees—what a nightmare!

JOE. [*Sarcastically*] Something you ate, no doubt.

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[SCHNEERER *enters, places briefcase and tabloid paper on desk. Hangs hat on hat tree Inner Office.*]

IRVING. [*Remembering*] Yeah—that Egg Foo Young.
SCHNEERER. Hello, what's going on? Did you find them?
PETE. No.
JOE. And a fat lot of help you've been.
SCHNEERER. Listen to him. . . . Can I do five things at once?
PETE. Where's Arthur? He got out this morning, didn't he?
SCHNEERER. He wouldn't ride on the same subway train with me.
PETE. Why not?
SCHNEERER. You ought to know why. . . . He's sore about something.
PETE. I just hope he keeps his head.
SCHNEERER. How about some breakfast?
PETE. I don't want any.
JOE. Better have some coffee, Pete.
SCHNEERER. Sure—we all need something light. [*Crosses to desk and dials—sits in* FAY'S *chair.*]
PETE. We've waited long enough. I'm calling the police.

[*He reaches for phone—*JOE *stops him.*]

JOE. Hold it! We sunk a hundred dollars last night for information. Let's wait till some of it comes through.
PETE. All right . . . but I think it's hopeless.
SCHNEERER. [*At phone*] Hello . . . Pennsylvania Drug? . . . Send up to 2247 right away four ham and eggs. . . . Yeah, ham and eggs. . . . Wait a minute. [*Pushes chair up to door and yells at* IRVING *through open door.*] Ham, Irving?
IRVING. Sure! If you can have it, so can I.
SCHNEERER. [*Moves chair back to desk and speaks in*

phone] Four ham and eggs—toast—doughnuts and coffee. [ARTHUR *enters in a weary state from a night in the bull pen. His coat collar turned up, hair mussed, etc.*] And charge it to Arthur Lee. [SCHNEERER *sees* ARTHUR.] I mean Morris Schneerer. . . . [*He hangs up and looks at* ARTHUR, *who is coming through gate.* ARTHUR *gives him a dirty look. Cheerfully.*] Good morning.

ARTHUR. [*Now* R. *of chair Inner Office*] Have you heard from Fay? [BOYS *look up, shake their heads.*] All right . . . all right. . . . Don't give a hoot what happens to me—or her.

SCHNEERER. [*Has entered Inner Office*] What's the matter? To me you can't speak?

ARTHUR. [*Points to* SCHNEERER] Get him out of here before I go back there for homicide.

SCHNEERER. Wait!

JOE. Calm down, Arthur. What we did last night was for your own good.

ARTHUR. Joe . . . I realize what you did last night and I can't exactly blame you. . . . It did calm me down.

JOE. What happened?

ARTHUR. He said he was going to get me a light airy cell, so he tries to bribe the desk sergeant with three of those stinkola cigars he smokes, and they threw me in the bull pen all night.

PETE. What happened this morning?

ARTHUR. [*Points to* SCHNEERER] *He* pleads my *case.* [SCHNEERER *hangs his head in shame.*] I'm a mental deficient. [IRVING *laughs,* ARTHUR *withers him.*] Not responsible for my actions. . . . I've had two alienists flashing lights in my eyes ever since.

JOE. Well, you're out, aren't you?

ARTHUR. Sure I'm out . . . on probation . . . suspended sentence. I've got to report to that damn po-

lice station twice a month. [*Pushes* IRVING *off sofa.*] . . . Get off there and let 466028 lie down.

IRVING. [*Rises*] O.K., Boss.

PETE. [*Crosses to Outer Office*] Irving, come out here and help me sort the mail.

IRVING. [*Crosses to* SCHNEERER'S *desk in Outer Office*] Okey-doke.

JOE. There's still no line on the village idiot.

PETE. We've got gas stations covered all over Westchester. One of them's bound to spot him.

[*PHONE BELL.*]

JOE. [*Into phone*] Hello? . . . Oh, hello, Mr. Frankel. [ARTHUR *rises.*] . . . I don't know. . . . Now wait . . . yeah . . . he's here . . . wait a minute. [*To* ARTHUR.] It's old man Frankel . . . he wants to know where Fay was all night.

ARTHUR. Let me talk to him. [*Takes phone.*] Yes. . . . Now try to be calm, Mr. Frankel. . . . I don't know where she was last night. . . . She went out to lunch yesterday . . . and didn't come back. . . . I didn't want to worry you. . . . We've been looking for her all night. . . . Now, take it easy. . . . No, no, don't call the police . . . we've got private detectives working on it . . . detectives . . . plainclothes men . . . yes . . . the same like policemen . . . only without uniforms.

PETE. [*Crosses to door with postcard*] Holy Cats! Listen to this . . . "Having wonderful time . . . wish you were with us, Bobby."

JOE. What!

ARTHUR. Call me back, Mr. Frankel. . . . The other phone is ringing . . . maybe it's some news . . . call me back. . . . Good-bye. . . . [*Crosses to Outer Office.*] Where's it mailed from?

PETE. Greenport. . . . Where's that?

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ARTHUR. Long Island. . . .
IRVING. Here's another.
PETE. [*Takes card from* IRVING] "Having a wonderful time, wish you were with us. Bobby."
JOE. What's that—the same one?
PETE. This one is post-marked Atlantic City!
ARTHUR. [*Sits at* FAY'S *desk*] What the hell . . . Are you sure?
PETE. Yeah, and there's four more cards from Carlin. All sent on the same day. [*Reads.*] Coney Island, Niagara Falls, Elkton and Lake Placid.
ARTHUR. He can't cover that much territory in one day!
JOE. Corrigan only beat him by sixty miles.
SCHNEERER. [*Crosses to Inner Office*] Obviously premeditated interstate abduction. Punishable under the Lindbergh Law.
IRVING. Hey . . . I forgot—did you see what Winchell said this morning?
JOE. What?
IRVING. Wait till I find it. [*Reads.*] "Rumor has it Bobby Carlin disappeared some time yesterday with a girl whose identity, when we went to press, is unknown. A blessed event is expected early in . . ."
ARTHUR. What!
IRVING. No, that's something else.
JOE. I wonder who gave that to the press.
ARTHUR. I don't know.

[ALL *look at* SCHNEERER.]

JOE. [*Crosses to file—Inner Office*] Give me that, Irving. I'll file this for future reference.
ARTHUR. [*Rises, crosses to* JOE] Joe, you gotta help me. . . . Come in, Pete.
PETE. Right. [*Crosses to Inner Office.*]
IRVING. O.K. [*Crosses to door.*]

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SCHNEERER. I'm coming.

[IRVING *slams door in* SCHNEERER'S *face.* JAMESON *enters.*]

JAMESON. Mr. Lee, please.
SCHNEERER. Just a minute . . . I'll see. [*He goes into Inner Office.*] Jameson outside in person.
ARTHUR. I'm not in.
PETE. Wait a minute. . . . You'd better see him.
IRVING. [*Rises, crosses to desk*] Yeah, you better see him.
JOE. Come, Mr. Frankel, suppose you and I go down and have a cup of coffee?
IRVING. O.K. My stummick's doing nipups.

[*As they go through Outer Office,* JAMESON *is sneering at* SCHNEERER'S *diploma.*]

JAMESON. Hah! Fordham!
JOE. [*As he and* IRVING *exit*] Good morning.

[JAMESON *turns, but they have exited.*]

ARTHUR. [*To* SCHNEERER] Shoot him in and hurry.
SCHNEERER. What's your hurry? [*Crosses to office, opens gate.*] You can come in now.
JAMESON. [*Gives* SCHNEERER *cane and hat and enters in Inner Office.* SCHNEERER *places hat and cane on hat-rack and sits in* FAY'S *chair to listen as* JAMESON *closes door*] Well, well, Mr. Lee . . . after your phone call last evening I was interested in learning developments.
ARTHUR. [*Rises*] Did you give that to Winchell?
JAMESON. Certainly. Was it a secret?
ARTHUR. A phone call between attorneys is usually confidential.
JAMESON. Nonsense. Bobby Carlin's news . . . the pub-

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lic wants it. By the way, how do you enjoy being his attorney?

[SCHNEERER *pulls chair near door to listen better.*]

ARTHUR. If you came here to gloat and rib me . . .

JAMESON. Not at all . . . just came to tell you not to take it seriously. Personally I never bothered over minor pranks like abduction.

ARTHUR. Abduc . . . She doesn't happen to be another Blossom; she happens to be my fiancée.

JAMESON. Do you mean . . . your fiancée is—it was your . . . [*Breaks into laughter; sits in client's chair.* SCHNEERER *laughs.* ARTHUR *crosses to connecting door, opens it.* SCHNEERER *glares at him.* SCHNEERER *stops, quickly moves chair to desk, pretends to type.*]

ARTHUR. [*Crosses back*] I'd like to know what's so funny!

JAMESON. I'm sorry. . . . I presume you've notified the police?

ARTHUR. Not yet.

JAMESON. I can understand . . . naturally you hesitate to involve your only client in a prosecution.

ARTHUR. That hasn't a damn thing to do with it.

JAMESON. I remember he abducted a girl in Bellows Falls some years ago. Her hair turned white overnight, I believe.

SCHNEERER. [*Slaps forehead*] Oh. Oh!

ARTHUR. Jameson, you've got something up your sleeve. What is it?

JAMESON. [*Rises*] I want my client back!

ARTHUR. Oh!

JAMESON. For purely sentimental reasons . . . I promised his dear mother I'd take care of him and by God I will. . . . I have a little proposition for you, Mr. Lee. I happen to know where your fiancée is.

ARTHUR. You know where she is!
PETE. Where?
ARTHUR. Come on, tell me.—Is she all right?—*Tell me.* . . .
JAMESON. *You* have my client. . . .
ARTHUR. You can have your lousy client. Just tell me where Fay is.
JAMESON. Is it a bargain?
ARTHUR. Yes.
JAMESON. All right then ——
ARTHUR. Quit stalling. . . . I want Fay back . . . to hell with anything else.
JAMESON. [*Pointing up*] She's upstairs . . . just one flight above you, on the roof! He took her up in his car on the freight elevator.
PETE and ARTHUR. [*Cross* R. *of* JAMESON] What!
JAMESON. Bobby dropped by this morning and told me.
ARTHUR. Keep him here, Pete. Jameson, if you're stringing me I'll murder you. [*Exits.*]

[*BUZZER.*]

JAMESON. [*To* PETE] He told me at breakfast.
SCHNEERER. [*Into phone*] Hello. . . .
PETE. [*Takes phone from* SCHNEERER; *crosses to Outer Office*] I'll get it. [*Into phone.*] Hello. . . . Oh, Mr. Frankel . . . no, we don't know anything new, but Arthur just . . . we might have news for you in a minute . . . we'll call you as soon as we know anything. Good-bye.
SCHNEERER. [*Crosses into Inner Office*] Could I have a minute of your time, Mr. Jameson?
JAMESON. What for?
SCHNEERER. [*Closes door, sits importantly at desk*] Matter of fact, none of these youngsters handle Mr. Carlin's business anyhow. Without me they'd have been

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completely lost. Now how about you and me throwing together and setting up in business as Schneerer and Jameson?

JAMESON. What?

SCHNEERER. All right, Jameson and Schneerer.

JAMESON. Are you suggesting that you and I should become partners? [*He pounds desk.*]

SCHNEERER. [*Pounds desk three times*] Why not? I'm not free to mention his name just yet, but I've just acquired a *very influential client.*

JAMESON. Rubbish.

SCHNEERER. You'll regret it, Mr. Jameson.

JAMESON. Go away.

[ARTHUR *and* FAY *enter.*]

FAY. Arthur . . . Arthur . . .

[PETE *crosses to door.*]

PETE. Fay!

ARTHUR. [*Crosses with* FAY *to Inner Office*] Take it easy, honey, it's all right. You're safe now. . . . Come in here. Get her a drink, Pete. [PETE *crosses to cooler.*] If you think Carlin isn't going to pay for this you're crazy. We're going to bring abduction charges.

FAY. Oh, Arthur . . . please don't talk about it.

PETE. Here, Fay, drink this.

ARTHUR. What did he do to you, honey? Where did he take you?

FAY. Oh, it was horrible . . . horrible. I thought he was taking me to a polo game . . . he wouldn't stop the car. He drove ninety miles an hour up to Connecticut and over to Montauk on a ferry boat.

PETE. Why didn't you yell to somebody on the ferry?

FAY. There wasn't anybody on the ferry . . . he chartered it. Then he pulled me out of the car and chased me

around the sand dunes with a tennis racquet. I tripped and he tied me up and put me back in the car. He said he'd keep driving until I promised to marry him. This morning he came here . . . took the car up on the freight elevator and threatened to drive off the roof. Then he went away and left me all alone.

ARTHUR. [*Crosses with her to sofa*] Fay, honey, my poor darling!

[CARLIN *enters.*]

CARLIN. Good morning.

[SCHNEERER *crosses up to door.*]

SCHNEERER. I wouldn't come in here.

CARLIN. [*Enters*] Sorry to be late.

ARTHUR. [*Starts for* CARLIN] You . . .

[FAY *screams.* PETE *grabs* ARTHUR. JAMESON *sits quietly waiting for developments.*]

PETE. Take it easy, Arthur.

ARTHUR. [*Struggles*] I'll break every bone in his body.

CARLIN. They snap very easily. I'm deficient in calcium. [*To* FAY.] That's why I won't make a good husband, dear.

ARTHUR. Then you are married!

FAY. I'm nothing of the kind. I didn't marry him! I didn't marry you! I didn't marry anybody.

CARLIN. She's very stubborn on that point. There's a similar situation in "Two-Gun Tony of the Twisted Trail." [*Suddenly converts cane into machine gun.*] Brrrrrrr!

ARTHUR. [*Slaps the cane down*] If you want your head on your shoulders, keep still.

FAY. [*She removes bracelet from her arm and hands it*

to CARLIN] And give this to one of your girl friends who appreciate your athletic advances.

[JAMESON *perks up and shows interest at bracelet.*]

CARLIN. [*Takes bracelet*] A tennis racquet was the wrong approach. . . . [IRVING *and* JOE *enter Outer Office.*] . . . My best records have been with a niblick. [*Practices golf stroke; notices* JAMESON.] Oh, hello, there, Jameson . . . nice to see you. How have you been?

JAMESON. Bobby, relax.

JOE. Hold it . . . Jameson's still there.

JAMESON. I've been looking after your interests. Miss Frankel, you admit accepting a diamond bracelet from Mr. Carlin?

FAY. I took it under misapprehension.

JOE. And Fay, too.

IRVING. Thank God.

FAY. He said it was for a wedding present.

JAMESON. Ah, then there *was* talk of a wedding?

FAY. Not our wedding . . . *our* wedding.

ARTHUR. Naturally!

JAMESON. [*Insinuatingly*] Under the circumstances, Bobby, I don't think I'll have much difficulty defending you against Miss Frankel's so-called abduction charge.

CARLIN. Oh, but *you* won't defend me . . . [*points to* ARTHUR] he will.

ARTHUR. [*After a slow rise*] I wouldn't defend you if you murdered Hitler!

JAMESON. You see, Bobby, he's broken his contract. He'll bring charges against you.

JOE. You hear that?

IRVING. Gees, yeah.

CARLIN. I'm terribly sorry. I'm really hurt that you feel this way about me. I like you, Mr. Lee. . . . I like the

whole firm . . . [*Points to* SCHNEERER.] even him. I hate to take all that money away from you . . . [ARTHUR *turns to* CARLIN.] . . . and no law practice for such a long time.

FAY. Oh, Arthur, and it's all my fault.

ARTHUR. [*Puts arms around her*] Don't worry, honey . . . the hell with everything. We'll get married this afternoon. [FAY *looks up at him.*] And then we'll go into the delicatessen business. [JOE *picks up phone in Outer Office. Bell rings on* ARTHUR'S *desk.* ARTHUR *picks wrong phones twice, then* CARLIN *hands him right one.*] Lee, Russo and O'Rourke, Godammit!

JOE. [*In a low voice from Outer Office*] Don't let him get away with that . . . stick with him . . . tell him we're going to prove insanity.

ARTHUR. But how . . . ?

JOE. Leave it to me.

ARTHUR. All right, Mr. Washer. . . . Will you come over this afternoon as quick as possible? . . . Thanks. [*Both hang up.*]

JAMESON. Well, good day. It's been most enjoyable. . . . [CARLIN *tries to trip him with cane.*] Bobby, relax . . . and come along.

ARTHUR. Wait a minute, Mr. Jameson . . . now that you have Bobby Carlin back as your client, it may interest you to know that I'm filing a petition for his immediate incarceration in a lunatic asylum.

JAMESON. [*Takes this in stride*] Nonsense . . . you can't prove it! Eccentricity is not insanity. Bobby Carlin isn't a lunatic.

SCHNEERER. He'll do till one comes along.

ARTHUR. I don't have to prove it. I phoned Bellevue this morning for a psychopathic examination . . . *they'll* do it for me!

CARLIN. That sounds like fun. I think I'll enjoy it.

JAMESON. Fun! Do you want to go to Mattewan for life?
CARLIN. Is it co-educational?
JAMESON. [*Rages at* ARTHUR] You think you're damn clever . . . you'd plead insanity just for revenge. Well, it won't work. I promised his mother I'd take care of him and the family name and I intend to keep my promise.
ARTHUR. Go ahead. . . . What can you do?
CARLIN. Careful, Jameson, remember your apoplexy.
JAMESON. Keep quiet! I'll have you disbarred . . . I'll prosecute you for railroading an innocent man to the insane asylum. By God . . . I'll . . . [JAMESON *faints. They take him to chair near window and try to revive him.*]
ARTHUR. He's fainted. . . . Schneerer, open the window.
CARLIN. [*Running* U. S. L.] Yes, let's throw him out the window.
ARTHUR. No, don't!

[CHARLIE, *the Drug Store Man, enters.* IRVING *and* JOE *are looking through the crack in the door to Inner Office.*]

CHARLIE. Hey, hey!—You in the *bleachers.* [JOE *and* IRVING *turn quickly.* IRVING *shuts door.*] Where you want this?

[JOE's *eyes have riveted on the white coat which has "Sid" embroidered in writing on the breast pocket.*]

JOE. [*Indicating bench*] Put it down there—and take off that coat, Sid! [*Reads name.*]
CHARLIE. Huh? Mean me?
JOE. You came in alone, didn't you?
CHARLIE. Oh, wise guy, huh?

JOE. [*Reaches in pocket*] I'll give you ten bucks for it.
CHARLIE. You're wacky—they only *cost* three bucks.
JOE. [*Offers bill*] So you're in *seven*—is it a deal?
CHARLIE. [*Takes bill*] Sure. What can I lose? [*Puts tray on desk—starts removing coat.* JOE *turns to* IRVING.]
JOE. Get out of that sweater and put that on.
IRVING. What's the idea?
JOE. Don't argue—do as you're told.

[IRVING *takes off coat.* CHARLIE *throws his on rail, grins at* JOE.]

CHARLIE. I get it—you're pullin' a gag.
JOE. Bright boys in that drug store.
CHARLIE. Can I stay for the laughs?
JOE. No. Get th' hell out of here . . . Sid.
CHARLIE. Okay . . . okay . . . but my name's Charlie. . . . Sid was fired last week. [*Exits.*]
IRVING. [*In jacket*] How do I look?
JOE. Like a shrunken Good Humor man. Where are those beards you use to play with, Hawkshaw?
IRVING. [*Takes them out of his pocket*] Got 'em right here. [*They start making up.* IRVING *puts on red mustache and* JOE *puts on mustache and goatee . . . mussing hair.*] What we going to do?
JOE. Drive Bobby Carlin crazy.
IRVING. What!
JOE. You heard me.
IRVING. Do you think it'll work?
JOE. It's *got* to. . . . Hope these things don't make you sneeze.
IRVING. Does it fit?
JOE. Like a glove . . . gimme those glasses.
IRVING. I can't see nothin' without 'em.
JOE. I can't see nothin' *with* 'em. . . . Besides, there's

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nothin' to see. If anyone speaks to you . . . just say Yah!

IRVING. But I'll bump into everything.

JOE. Just say Yah.

IRVING. Yah.

JOE. Here we go. [*Knocks twice on door, then enters, followed by* IRVING.] Good morning, Bellevue Observation. Damned inconvenient leaving my office at this hour. . . .

[ALL *react.*]

ARTHUR. Oh, yes—you are Dr. ——? [*Crosses to* JOE.]

JOE. Dr. Thomas E. McDonald. [*Indicates* IRVING.] My assistant, Dr. Schlaver, a refugee from Vienna.

[ARTHUR *and* IRVING *bow.*]

ARTHUR. [*Shakes hands with* IRVING, *after* IRVING *misses it at first*] I'm very pleased to meet you, Dr. Schlaver.

IRVING. Yah.

JAMESON. [*Jumps up and crosses* L. *corner of desk*] I demand Bobby's family doctor be consulted first! Besides, if his name is Schlaver, what's that *Sid* on his coat?

IRVING. Sid? Oh, Sid was fired.

JOE. [*Pushes* IRVING D. S. *and points to letters; laughs*] Sid . . . Sid . . . *Sociological Institute* of *Denmark.* [ARTHUR *whistles.*] Takes ten years to get your letters.

JAMESON. If he's from Vienna—what's he doing in Denmark?

SCHNEERER. [*Crosses* D. S. *between* JOE *and* ARTHUR] Say, you don't have to be born in New Haven to go to Yale.

JAMESON. [*Pointing to doctors*] They don't look like doctors to me.

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ARTHUR. [*Pointing to* SCHNEERER] Does he look like a lawyer?

[SCHNEERER *crosses* U. S.]

JOE. [*Crossing to* JAMESON] This is the patient, I presume?
ARTHUR. [*Pointing to* CARLIN] No, he is.
CARLIN. Yes, me. [*Crosses* D. S.]

[JOE *surreptitiously picks up "salami" letter opener from desk.*]

JOE. Have a seat, please! [*Motions for* CARLIN *to sit chair* D. L. PETE *brings chair from* U. L. *for* JOE *to sit on.*] First, I'd like to ask you a few questions.
JAMESON. Don't answer anything, Bobby. . . . You don't understand.
JOE. Take notes, Dr. Schlaver.
IRVING. [*Putting briefcase on floor, hat under chair*] Yah.
JAMESON. [*To* ARTHUR, *pointing at* IRVING] He seems very young to be a doctor.
ARTHUR. Who—him? He's a prodigy!
JOE. [*Now seated opposite* CARLIN] Say ah. . . . [CARLIN *shakes his head.*] . . . Say ah. . . . [CARLIN *doesn't—*JOE *chokes him.*]
CARLIN. Ah! [JOE *inserts salami knife into* CARLIN's *mouth.* CARLIN *makes a face.*] *Where* have you had that?

[JOE *smells knife and hands it to* IRVING. IRVING *returns it to desk.*]

JOE. Please unbutton the shirt.
CARLIN. It tickles.
JAMESON. I object to this.

JOE. *Who* is this man?
JAMESON. I'm Mr. Carlin's attorney. And I refuse to let these charlatans proceed any further.
JOE. [*Rises, crosses to* C. *of desk*] *Who* is a charlatan? I'll have you know I'm Dr. McDonald.
JAMESON. And who is Dr. McDonald?
ARTHUR. [*Pointing to* JOE] He's Dr. McDonald.
JAMESON. These men are trying to railroad Mr. Carlin to an insane asylum for monetary reasons.
JOE. [*Shushes* JAMESON *and returns to his chair*] Do you ever bite your tongue?
CARLIN. Frequently—it's damned annoying.
IRVING. Did you ever ——?
JOE. I'll ask the questions, Dr. Schlaver.
IRVING. Aba ——
JOE. [*Firmly*] That'll do, Doctor.
IRVING. Yah.
JOE. Do you ever feel dizzy?
CARLIN. Yes, often.
JOE. Nauseous?
CARLIN. Sometimes.
JOE. Your stomach twists and turns, your throat chokes up and you get a bitter taste in your mouth?
CARLIN. Oh, yes . . . I'm beginning to feel that way now.
ARTHUR. He's not going to have convulsions right here in the office, is he, Doctor?
JOE. He might.
CARLIN. I might. [SCHNEERER *has heard enough, gets hat from tree and exits.*] Say, haven't I seen you some place before?
JOE. Possibly. I was at the Asylum for five years on the staff.
CARLIN. No, no. . . . I keep thinking I've seen you through a pane of glass.

JOE. Delusions. . . . Make a note, Doctor.

IRVING. Yah!

CARLIN. Does that ever happen to you?

JOE. Does what ever happen to me?

CARLIN. I mean, do you ever meet people for the first time and think you've met them before?

JOE. Go on. . . .

CARLIN. Or do you ever have wild dreams and dream you were swimming around in the ocean and ——

JAMESON. Keep still, Bobby! Can't you see they're making you pad your own cell?

JOE. [*Rising*] Any further interruptions, sir, I shall have to ask you to retire.

JAMESON. Try and put me out. . . . Just try it.

ARTHUR. Possibly you'd prefer a public observation at Bellevue.

JAMESON. [*To* ARTHUR] No—no, for God's sake . . . let's keep it out of the papers.

ARTHUR. Proceed, Doctor.

JOE. Dr. Schlaver, will you take his Cervix obligata?

IRVING. Okay. [JOE *pokes him and he remembers.*] Yah! [*Crosses to* L. *of* CARLIN.]

JOE. [*Stands* CARLIN *up and hits his stomach*] Cough, please. [CARLIN *coughs and* JOE *seats him.*] Tap the front half of his cerebellum. I'll try to work on what's left.

[*They tap on* CARLIN'S *skull.*]

CARLIN. Has anybody got an aspirin?

JOE. [*Drawing a line on* CARLIN'S *forehead with a blue pencil*] When we operate, Doctor . . . the incision will come from here to here. I feel that ——

IRVING. This man's brains is leaking into his whole system.

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JOE. Ha, ha, ha —— [*Tapping* IRVING *on shoulder.*] Very good, Doctor, very good. . . . [*Slaps* IRVING's *face playfully.*] He picks up American slang from the internes.

[BLOSSOM *bursts in from corridor.* ARTHUR *hears her, crosses to door and tries to prevent her from entering Inner Office.*]

BLOSSOM. Ha—so there you are!
ARTHUR. [*Trying to hold her back*] Blossom, remember your promise . . . don't do anything rash.
CARLIN. Blossom!
BLOSSOM. [*As she pushes* ARTHUR *aside and crosses to* CARLIN] I just want to tell him something. . . . Robert Carlin, you and I are getting married at once. [*Steps* R.] *Rabbits don't lie!*
IRVING. What does she mean?
JOE and PETE. Shhhhhhh ——
CARLIN. [*Rises, crosses, steps to her; gasping*] Blossom, it's such a pleasant surprise!
BLOSSOM. City Hall's our next stop. . . . Come on. [*Steps* R.]
CARLIN. [*Stalling frantically*] Oh, if we'd only met a few years ago, Blossom, I'd have married you in a minute.
BLOSSOM. A couple of years ago I'd have been a child bride. Quit stalling; come on.
CARLIN. [*Desperately*] I'd love to, Blossom, but my doctors won't let me. . . .
BLOSSOM. [*Crossing to* CARLIN] What have your doctors got to do with it? Haven't you a mind of your own?
CARLIN. [*His eyes lighting up*] That's just it, I haven't. Oh, I'm sure you must have heard rumors; everybody knows it.
BLOSSOM. Knows what?
CARLIN. [*Advancing toward her*] I'm crazy!

BLOSSOM. Crazy?
CARLIN. [*Gesturing.* BLOSSOM, *scared, crosses to* JAMESON] Crazy as hell! Isn't that so, doctors?
IRVING and JOE. *Yahhh!*
ARTHUR. [*Quickly, seizing on* CARLIN's *admission*] He's been crazy for years, hasn't he, Mr. Jameson?
JAMESON. What?
ARTHUR. Well—has he or has he not? [*Turning to* CARLIN *who is nodding vigorously behind* BLOSSOM.]
JAMESON. Oh, yes . . . yes. . . .
CARLIN. It runs in the family . . . we inherited it with the oil wells.
BLOSSOM. If he's crazy why isn't he on Ward's Island?
JOE. That's just where he's going, Miss. . . . They're making up his cell now.
BLOSSOM. You stay out of this, Uncle Sam.
CARLIN. Yes . . . you wouldn't want to spend your honeymoon in a padded cell, would you, my dear?
BLOSSOM. [*Crossing to* ARTHUR] If that ain't just my luck. . . . [CARLIN *and* JOE *shake hands.*] Once in my life I get a break and the guy turns out to be a chipped piece of china.
CARLIN. I'll tell you what I'll do . . . this should ease your conscience . . . I'll give you an oil well.
BLOSSOM. Oh, Bobby. . . . [*Starts toward* CARLIN . . . *he puts his foot up and stops her.*]
CARLIN. Uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . that is, if my lawyers let me.

[JAMESON *nods to* ARTHUR.]

BLOSSOM. I'd like to see them try and stop you.
ARTHUR. We wouldn't *think* of objecting, Blossom. . . . [*Nodding back at* JAMESON.] What's right is right. [*Piloting her out he waves back as they reach door.*] Drop in later and pick up the papers, and everything'll be

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all right. Meantime, let nature take its course. [BLOSSOM *exits.* ARTHUR, *crossing back to* JAMESON.] *Mr. Jameson,* did you hear Mr. Carlin admit that he was crazy?

JAMESON. Why, er, yes, yes, NO! He just said that to . . .

ARTHUR. *Mr. Jameson,* do *you* recall saying Mr. Carlin was crazy?

JAMESON. Well . . . I . . . now . . . You and I know that . . .

ARTHUR. All I know is that before witnesses both you and Mr. Carlin admitted that he was non compos mentis. . . . Is that right, gentlemen?

JOE, PETE and IRVING. Yah!

[CARLIN *nods in affirmative.*]

ARTHUR. *That's all!* I have an open and shut insanity case that will stand up in any court in the country.

[*Crosses to* FAY, KATO *and* SCHNEERER *enter.*]

JAMESON. [*Knowing he is licked*] Just a moment, Mr. Lee. Bobby, I want to talk to you. [JAMESON *leads* CARLIN D. L. *to talk.*]

SCHNEERER. [*To* KATO] Don't worry, I'll get you the lease at Jones Beach.

KATO. Are you sure, Mr. Schneerer?

SCHNEERER. Sure! The park commissioner and me are like that. [*Crosses fingers.*] Come into my private office, and we'll talk things over.

[*They go into Inner Office,* KATO *first, crossing in front of* SCHNEERER.]

CARLIN. Ah, there you are, Kato . . . just in time to drop me at the Turkish Bath.

KATO. So sorry, Mr. Carlin, but today my day off.

[SCHNEERER *brings client's chair* D. R. *for* KATO. KATO *sits.*]

SCHNEERER. Well, Mr. Kato, sit down here and let's talk things over.
ARTHUR. What's going on here?
SCHNEERER. What do you mean what goes on here? Kato's my client!
ARTHUR. Ka . . .
KATO. [*Rises*] You see, Mr. Carlin keeps me so busy, I must have lawyer look after my skeeball business. [KATO *sits.*]
JAMESON. [*Crosses to desk*] Mr. Lee, after some consideration, I'll take the responsibility of offering you Mr. Carlin's check for twenty-five thousand dollars to call the whole thing off.
CARLIN. [*Whispering audibly*] Make it fifty, Jameson . . . make it worth their while.
ARTHUR. [*Stunned*] Er . . . is that satisfactory, Mr. Russo?
PETE. [*Breathlessly*] Quite equitable I should say.
JAMESON. Bobby, sit down at that desk and make out a check to Lee, Russo and O'Rourke.
CARLIN. [*Crossing and sitting at desk*] I can't get all those names on one check. . . . I'll make it out to cash. . . . Less the two hundred and fifty dollars Mr. Schneerer drew on account.

[ARTHUR *glares at* SCHNEERER, *who looks away.*]

JAMESON. Come on, Bobby, make out the check!
CARLIN. May I have a piece of carbon paper, please?

[PETE *crosses to* FAY'S *desk, gets half sheet carbon paper from top drawer.*]

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ARTHUR. What for? You don't make carbon copies of your checks?
CARLIN. *I* do.

[PETE *crosses back with carbon.*]

ARTHUR. Mr. Russo, will you get the contract out of the safe?

[PETE *exits into his office.*]

JAMESON. [*Leaning over desk and indicating* JOE *and* IRVING] Just a minute . . . what about these doctors?
ARTHUR. Huh? . . . Oh, yes, of course. Dr. McDonald and Doctor . . . Where's Dr. Schlaver?
IRVING. [*Stepping out from in back of* JOE] Yah!
ARTHUR. Doctors, I wish to withdraw the evidence of observation.
JOE. Most unorthodox, Mr. Lee. This man is a public menace. . . . I feel it my duty . . .
ARTHUR. [*Corner of mouth to* JOE] Don't be an idiot. . . . [*Addressing all dramatically.*] Are we to judge our fellow creatures, Doctor? [CARLIN, *at desk, puts on* JAMESON'S *glasses which hang on string.*] This man is more sinned against than sinning. . . . Can we take his . . . few remaining years and make them a hell on earth? . . . I cannot take the responsibility. . . . I beg that you be compassionate . . . [*Aside to* JOE.] . . . and cut the comedy. . . . [*To all.*] . . . The defense rests!
JOE. Mr. Lee . . . what has transpired in this room dies here. . . . Dr. Schlaver?
IRVING. Well, if ya ask me I think . . .
JOE. Nobody's asking you . . . it dies here.
IRVING. Yah!
ARTHUR. Thank you, Doctors, your generosity will be rewarded. [PETE *enters with contract.*] Your contract,

Mr. Jameson.

CARLIN. Your check, Mr. Lee.

ARTHUR. Thank you.

CARLIN. Well, good-bye, everybody . . . it's been a lot of fun. [*Crossing to* FAY.] Too bad the rope slipped. Better luck next time. Here's the carbon copy for you . . . cash it quick before Jameson tries to stop payment. [FAY *glares at check.* CARLIN *converts cane into machine gun again.*] Brrrrrrrrrr! Heigh-o Silver . . . away! [*He exits as though on horseback . . . clucking.* JAMESON *follows, shaking head. . . .* SCHNEERER *goes* U. S. *and around in front of* KATO, *pantomimes conversation.*]

ARTHUR. [*Crossing* D. S. *to* SCHNEERER] Well, I think it's a good day's work for the firm of Lee, Russo, O'Rourke and . . . Schneerer.

[SCHNEERER *looks startled.*]

JOE. Great work, Morris!

ARTHUR. Now that we have Mr. Kato as our new client . . . how long do you think it would take you to learn Japanese?

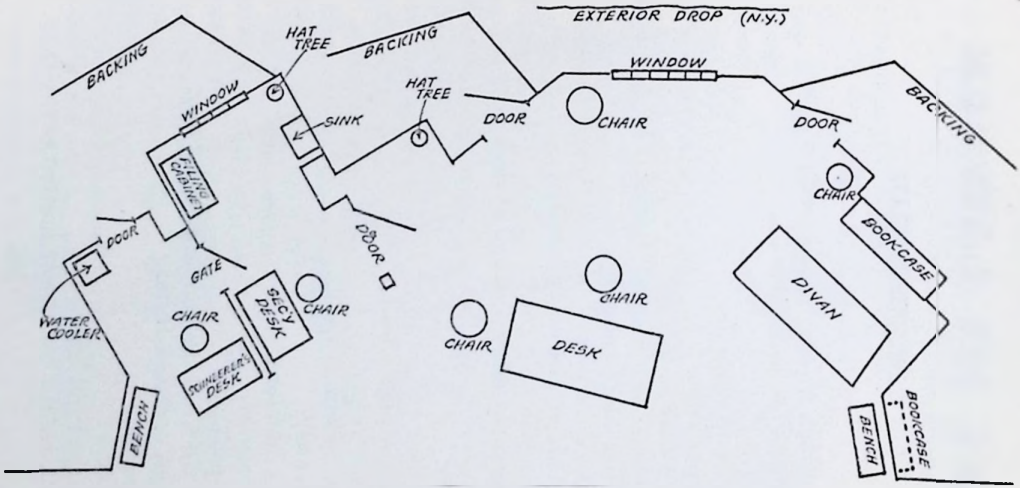
SCHNEERER. [*Confidently*] Well, I could learn it in abou . . . *WHAT!*

[*The phone rings.* ARTHUR *grabs it.*]

ARTHUR. [*Into phone*] Yes? Yes, Mr. Frankel, she's here. [FAY *crosses slowly to* ARTHUR.] She's safe . . . yeah . . . yeah. . . . What? No, I still don't know where she was last night . . . and I don't know where she was the night before . . . but dammit, Papa, I know where she'll be tonight!! [*As he hugs* FAY *with his free arm.*]

CURTAIN

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SCENE DESIGN
"SEE MY LAWYER"

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SEE MY LAWYER

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Leather cushion waiting bench along R. wall.
Water cooler U. R. wall corner.
    Water.
    Paper cup container.
        Paper cups.
Secretary's desk L. of rail.
    Telephone switchboard (covered in Act I to look like filing cabinet).
Silent typewriter in well of desk (closed at rise).
Eraser on string tied to typewriter.
Dial phone with long cord.
Buzzer for inner office D. S. end of desk (elec.).
First drawer:
    Paper.
    Pencils.
    Stenographer's book.
    Carbon paper.
    Western Union blanks.
Second drawer:
    Fay's handbag.
        Compact.
        Lipstick.
    Key for washroom on large metal disc.
    4 legal contract forms.
    Magazine.
Third drawer:
    L. large legal brief.
    Wool, needles for partly knitted sweater.

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Double pen and ink set.
Phone button U. S. for ringing inner office Act II (elec.).
Leather swivel chair back of desk.
Small table (R. of rail).
    Blotter.
    Pen and ink.
    Pencils.
    Ashtray.
    In drawer:
        Green eyeshade (Schneerer).
        Black shirt cuffs (Schneerer).
        Matches (Schneerer).
        Pad of paper (Schneerer).
        Cigar (Schneerer).
        Pencils (Schneerer).
Small chair back of table.
Drapes for window.
    Also Venetian blinds (up at rise).
Small bookshelf D. R. I.
    Ashtray on shelf.
Large bookshelves L. wall.
    1 practical book (rest can be dummies).
Steel filing case in alcove outer office.
Hat tree in alcove outer office.
Sink in alcove outer office.
Mirror on wall above sink in outer office.
Fire axe on wall above grate in outer office.
Wooden bench D. L. I.
Large desk C. inner office.
    Blotter.
    Playing cards laid out for solitaire.
    Double pen and ink set with two ink-wells.
        Mustard in first ink-well.
        Ink in second ink-well.

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Buzzer to outer office attached to phone (elec.).
Phone with long cord.
Matches.
Ashtray.
3 cigarettes.
Large paper knife for cutting salami.
Scissors in sheath.
Pencils.
In middle drawer:
    5 hamburger rolls.
    Pencils.
    Ink-well (used to replace mustard ink-well in Act II).
    Cigar (used in Act III by Russo).
Top drawer R.:
    Large salami wrapped in paper.
Top drawer L.:
    Leave empty and use to clear desk.
Second drawer L.:
    Pads of paper.
    Paper and envelopes.
    Flat tin of Chesterfields (used in Acts II and III).
Third drawer L.:
    Two phones (used in Acts II and III).
    Pint of whiskey (used in Acts II and III).
Bottom drawer R.:
    Legal papers (used in Act II).
    Several pictures (used in Act II).
    Appointment book (used in Act II).
Large swivel chair back of desk.
Leather divan L.
    Joe's hat.
    Newspaper with ad "I Want a Lawyer."
    Pillow.
Joe's shoes on floor near divan.

Small leather client's chair R. of desk.
Small leather chair U. L.
Leather armchair R. of window.
3 framed diplomas on wall D. R. of "Russo's" door.
Framed diploma on wall above bench D. R. I.
Binoculars on window sill.
Piece of white paper on window sill (used by Russo to make airplane).
Bottom half of window open at rise.
Rings R. and L. outside window for safety belt.
Hat tree R. of Russo's office.
    Hat.
Green rug outer office.
Brown rug inner office.

ACT II

Two large steel filing cabinets placed alongside of other cabinet in alcove.
Set of account books top of cabinets.
Wire basket with letters and etc. top of filing cabinets.
On desk inner office:
    Heaps of legal paper.
    Pictures of girls, boats, houses, etc.
    Plain paper and envelope.
    Appointment book.
    Three phones now on desk.
    Flat tin of Chesterfields.
Window closed at rise.
Connecting office door open.
Shoe shine box with brush, rag, polish, etc., R. of desk.
Large ledger on Schneerer's desk open.
Joe's bucket and sponge on window ledge.
Schneerer's hat on top of filing cabinet.
Schneerer's coat on hat tree outer office.
Joe's coat and necktie on hat tree inner office.

Remove filing cabinet on secretary's desk showing switchboard.
Typewriter well open.
Office untidy.

ACT III

Office now tidy.
Arthur's desk now cleared of papers and now has just white pad of paper, pencils, knife, scissors, ashtray, etc.
Chair U. L. moved to L. of desk.
Chair R. of window moved to L. of window.
Drapes on divan to cover Irving.
Venetian blinds down.
Pile of mail on floor below mail slot outer office door.
6 postcards under blotter of Schneerer's desk.
Irving's hat on divan.
Irving's glasses on floor near divan.
Couple letters in mail slot outer office door.

OFF-STAGE PROPS

Cigars (Schneerer).
Cigars (Joe).
Gold badge (Irving).
Funnel (Carlin).
Change purse (Schneerer).
Briefcase (Schneerer).
    Legal papers.
    Notary seal.
    Letters and props to fill.
Legal paper (Mrs. Tyler).
Quarter.
Bag with three containers of coffee (Charlie).
Bag with two containers of coffee (Charlie).

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Phi Beta Kappa key on chain (Pete).
Pay phone (Linesman).
Box of tools (Linesman).
Roll of wire (Linesman).
Muddy pack of cards on string (Kato).
Money (Joe, Arthur).
Safety window cleaner's belt (Joe).
Bucket, sponge, chamois, etc. (Joe).
8 x 10 in. photo (Pete).
Coins (Arthur).
Legal papers (Pete).
Four legal deeds (Joe).
Notebook (Irving).
Mustaches and beards (Irving).
Small flashlight (Irving).
Make-up pencil (Irving).
Nightgown tied on Carlin's cane (Act II).
Union card (Joe).
Plush box with diamond bracelet (Carlin).
Cane with removable top and flask (Carlin).
Cigarette lighter (Joe).
Daily Mirror (Schneerer).
Tray with food covered with napkins (Charlie).
Ten dollar bill (Joe).
Checkbook (Carlin).
Money (Carlin).
Pink slip (Carlin and Jameson).

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STAGE DOOR

Play in 3 acts by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. This unusual play was produced at the Music Box Theater, New York, by Sam Harris, where it ran for a season, and then toured the country with immense success. It was recently released as a picture, featuring Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers. *Stage Door* is offered to universities and Little Theaters and to certain high schools, junior colleges, and private schools in the belief that more ambitious and advanced groups are willing and anxious to use on occasion a finer and somewhat more adult type of play than is chosen by the average.

The story tells of a large group of young and ambitious girls who have come to New York to study acting and find jobs in the theater. The scene is Mrs. Orcutt's *Footlights' Club*, a boarding house for girls, where all the hopes and ambitions of sixteen young women are revealed to us in scenes of keen observation and for the most part entertaining comedy. Contrasted with this background are the pathetic cases of the girl without talent and the elderly actress whose days are over; but the central plot has to do with the dynamic and courageous Terry Randall, who through thick and thin fights her way against discouragement and poverty to a position in the theater where we are sure she will conquer. One of her fellow-aspirants gives up in despair, one gets married, and one goes into the pictures, but Terry, with the help of idealistic David Kingsley, sticks to her guns.

Rarely have we had a play in our modern theater which offered so many roles for young women, or so sympathetically dramatized the ambitions of young womanhood of today. Color and contrast are offered to the scenes involving the young women by the characters of Mattie the colored maid; Frank, her husband; a few young men callers, a movie magnate and young Keith Burgess, the Left Wing playwright who "goes Hollywood."

Most of the action takes place in the living-room, but there is one scene in one of the bedrooms, a small set which can easily be put inside the larger one. The printed text of the play is a literal transcript of the acting prompt copy, and includes pictures of the sets, full stage directions, property plots and ground plans.

Play in 3 acts. 11 *men;* 21 *women* (16 *young women*). 2 *interior settings.*

Paper-bound books, 75c. *Production fee* $50.00 *for first performance.*

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A New Comedy

SEVEN SISTERS

A FARCE-COMEDY in 3 acts, adapted from the Hungarian original of F. Herzeg, by Edith Ellis. This famous light comedy was originally produced at the Lyceum Theatre in New York by Daniel Froham and toured the country with phenomenal success. Laurette Taylor and other well-known stars were in the cast. The present version has been considerably simplified and made into a one-set play, designed primarily for high school use. The plot revolves around the Widow Gyurkovics and her amusing troubles in finding matrimonial "catches" for Katinka, Sari and Ella, the oldest of her seven daughters. Her problem is complicated by the fact that she is bound to the age-old custom of marrying off her daughters progressively in the order of their ages. Mitzi, the fourth daughter, aged 18, is a bewitching little minx and the despair of her mother. Expelled from the convent for having run away one evening to attend a masque ball in the city, she returns in disgrace. In order to better her sisters' matrimonial chances, she is promptly reduced to the age of fourteen and compelled to dress and behave accordingly. Once again, Feri Horkoy, the dashing young lieutenant she met at the ball, crosses her path. She reveals to him her plight and he, captivated by the little rogue, makes a wager that within a year he will see to it that her three older sisters are married off, and Mitzi freed from the "nursery". But he makes it a condition that when that happens he will be rewarded by three kisses. They make the bargain, and the plot thickens. The intrigues they resort to in their plot to ensnare husbands for Katinka, Sari and Ella, constitute an entrancing network of comedy. In promoting her sisters' happiness, Mitzi's own romance becomes seriously threatened, but matters gently adjust themselves and at the fall of the last curtain Horkey reappears, and claims his reward. *Seven Sisters* is an ideal combination of rippling comedy, light romance, and romping good fun. The large cast of women and girls and the simple setting render it very easy to produce.

Comedy in 3 acts. 6 men; 8 women; 1 interior setting (simple sitting room). Paper-bound books, 75c. Production fee, $25.00 a performance.

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

6 EAST 39TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

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FIRST LADY

This immensely successful satirical comedy by Katharine Dayton and George S. Kaufman has proved a universal favorite among nonprofessional Little Theaters, college and university theaters and, to a considerable extent, among the more advanced type of high schools. Originally produced by Sam H. Harris in New York, it ran for an entire season and then toured throughout the principal cities of the United States. Since its release to nonprofessionals, it has been produced in nearly every state of the Union and province of Canada. The plot revolves round a feud between two Washington hostesses who show no quarter in their feline struggle for the position of First Lady of the Land. Irene Hibbard, wife of a Supreme Court Justice, incurred the undying hatred of Lucy Chase Wayne, wife of the Secretary of State, when she stole the latter's cook some years before. This leads to complications on a national scale when Lucy, to discourage Irene's interest in a young Senator, lets a false rumor be circulated that the party is considering Hibbard for the presidency. Irene immediately returns to "stick with her husband in his hour of need." The rumor gets beyond Lucy's control and threatens to become an actuality. Realizing that she would be responsible for thwarting her own husband, Lucy frantically tries to repair what she has done. The battle between the two ladies rages at social functions and in the congressional lobbies. When all seems lost for Lucy she gets a brilliant inspiration and with the help of the foreign office learns that a former marriage of Irene's is still in effect, the divorce not being recognized in this country because it took place in a small European state with which this country had no treaty. Using this as a bludgeon she forces Irene to retire from the field. A romping and gorgeous comedy, particularly appropriate for college, university, and Little Theatres. "A bright business and an unholy joy."—Gilbert Gabriel, *N. Y. American*. "Entertainment which gives one every excuse for cheering."—John Mason Brown, *Evening Post*.

Comedy in 3 acts. 14 men; 11 women (and extras).
2 interior settings (reception-room, and study).
Paper-bound books. 75c. Production fee $50., first performance.

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

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EXCURSION

Comedy by VICTOR WOLFSON

A brilliant new play, produced in New York by John C. Wilson at the Vanderbilt Theatre in 1937. An amusing, reflective, colorful, and human comedy laid aboard an excursion steamer which, on what is to be its last trip, suddenly makes for the open ocean in quest of new life and happiness for the passengers.

Comedy in 3 acts. Paper-bound books, 75 cents each.

Production fee $35.00 for first performance.

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