

BIGGLEY

(On phone)

Yes, dear, yes, dear ... But, dammit, Gertrude, I haven't got time for this nonsense about Bud. I know blood is thicker than water, but Bud Frump is thicker than anything. I'll promote him when I'm ready. Now, listen to me, Gertrude, the next time Bud complains to his mother and she calls you and you call me, you're all fired!

(Hangs up. Intercom buzzes. BIGGLEY clicks switch, speaks gruffly.)

Yes, Miss Jones.

MISS JONES' VOICE

There's a young lady who insists on speaking with you, Mr. B. She says it's personal.

BIGGLEY

What's she want — What's her name?

MISS JONES' VOICE

She says you'll know.

BIGGLEY

(Small pause, then as gruff as ever)

Oh. Well, put her on, put her on.

(Clicks intercom switch, straightens his tie, picks up phone. Then in low, intimate voice and with a strong air of mystery.)

Hello ... Well, now, you knew I wouldn't forget. I'll take care of everything. One moment.

(Clicks intercom.)

Miss Jones, get me Bratt in personnel right away.

(Back to phone.)

You be here tomorrow. Fine. 'Bye.

(He pushes another button on phone.)

Hello, Bratt, J.B. I'd like you to do me a favor. I wonder if you could find a spot for a ... a young lady. Wants to be a secretary. She's uh ... an old friend of the family's. Her dad was a classmate of mine at Old Ivy. She's a bright girl. Got a good head on her shoulders. Her name is LaRue. Hedy LaRue.