

BRATT

(Smiling)

Pierrepont. Say, maybe that ought to be J. Pierrepont Finch.

(Laughs.)

FINCH

As a matter of fact, sir, it is.

BRATT

(Stops laughing)

Well, step into my office.

(THEY both go U. L. through the door. ROSEMARY re-enters R., tugging SMITTY by the hand.)

SMITTY

(Following ROSEMARY)

Good God, Rosemary, you could at least have let me finish my Metrecal.

ROSEMARY

(R. of C.)

This is important, Smitty. I know you can help him.

(Looks around, sees that FINCH is gone.)

Where is he?

SMITTY

How would I know?

ROSEMARY

He must have gone into Mr. Bratt's office. Go on in there. You're Bratt's secretary. He'll listen to you.

SMITTY

But why this frantic, urgent urgency?

ROSEMARY

Please, Smitty. We've got to help this boy.

SMITTY

But why? Fill me in, girl. Wherefore is this creep different from all other creeps?

ROSEMARY

He's not a creep, Smitty. He has a sort of noble courage, yet deep down I feel that he's sort of helpless.

SMITTY

Rosemary, your mother instinct is a big drag.

(BRATT comes out of his office, laughing at a joke, followed by FINCH who has a big cigar in his mouth.)