

AUDITION SCRIPTS FOR

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Book by

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Music and Lyrics by

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Based upon the book by

Shepherd Mead

AUDITION 1

ROSEMARY: Ponty, I'm back. I changed my mind.

(Crosses R. to R. of C.)

FINCH: *(Crosses R. to R. of C.)* Oh, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY: *(Crosses R. of desk)* I don't blame you for being cold to me, but I did change my mind.

FINCH: *(Crosses back above desk, still preoccupied with manuscript)* About what?

ROSEMARY: About what I said in the letter.

FINCH: What letter?

ROSEMARY: My letter of resignation.

FINCH: Your resignation from what?

ROSEMARY: The Girl Scouts of America.

FINCH: Oh.

ROSEMARY: Don't you understand?

(She picks up letter of resignation from desk, shows it to him slams it down, then crosses L. by settee.)

I've quit, resigned, left you forever!

FINCH: Why are you doing that?

ROSEMARY: *(yelling)* Because I was hurt, humiliated, ignored, upset!

FINCH: *(startled)* Who did that to you?

ROSEMARY: You.

FINCH: Me. It couldn't' have been me. I haven't said ten words to you all week.

(ROSEMARY stares at him.)

True?

ROSEMARY: True.

(She sits on settee.)

FINCH: Good. Now listen, Miss Pilkington.

ROSEMARY: Must you call me that? Can't you call me Rosemary?

FINCH: No. Any I want you to call me Mr. Finch, until you're Mrs. Finch.

ROSEMARY: (*Dreamy smile*) Am I really going to be Mrs. Finch?

FINCH: (*crosses L. below desk to her*) Oh, come on. I thought that was all settled.

ROSEMARY: I keep thinking maybe you forgot.

FINCH: Well, I haven't. You're going to be Mrs. Finch because we're going to be married. Now, may we discuss some serious matters?

ROSEMARY: Oh, sure.

AUDITION 2

BIGGLEY: Dammit, you've been complaining to your mother again.
She wants you promoted.

BUD: Why not? Other people are being promoted.

BIGGLEY: Well, I told your Aunt Gertrude that

(HEDY enters R.)

HEDY: Oh, there you...

(Sees BUD, composes herself)

Good evening, Mr. Biggley.

(Crosses to R. elevator)

BIGGLEY: *(carefully businesslike)* Oh, good evening, Miss LaRue.

BUD: Uncle Jasper!

BIGGLEY: *(turns to BUD)* I told you never to call me that around here.

BUD: I'm sorry, J.B.

BIGGLEY: Now, haven't you got something to do?

BUD: I was just going to get my hat and go home.

BIGGLEY: Good.

(Pulling himself together and crossing R. to HEDY)

How do you like your new job, Miss LaRue?

HEDY: It's a big, fat nothing.

(BUD overhears this, then exits R.)

BIGGLEY: Sweetheart, don't talk that way around here.

HEDY: I thought you were going to help me be a big business woman like Helena Rubinstein or Betty Crocker. So what happens? I'm stuck in the goddamn stenographic pool with no one to fish me the hell out.

BIGGLEY: Sssshhh. Angel these things take time. You have to learn

(SOMEONE crosses R. to L. and BIGGLEY suddenly switches to a loud businesslike tone.)

(BIGGLEY): Yes, Miss LaRue, in a large operation like World Wide Wickets there are many multiple facets which are very important in the scheme of things.

(PERSON exits L. and BIGGLEY switches back to his pleading tone.)

Hedy, I promise you...

HEDY: I gave up a wonderful job. Head cigarette girl at the Copa.

BIGGLEY: But the surroundings. You said you hated all those men staring at you, making advances.

HEDY: It's no different around here in big business. At least at the Copa, when I got pinched, I got tipped.

(Crosses R.)

Around here a girl can't bend down to pick up a pencil with confidence.

BIGGLEY: *(crosses R. to her)* You mean someone has been bothering you? Who? Just let me know who.

(SOMEONE crosses L. to R. BIGGLEY'S voice goes up again.)

Yes! Miss, in a large operation like World Wide Wickets, there are many multiple wickets which...Who pinched you?

HEDY: I don't care about that. Look, you did not keep your part of my bargain.

BIGGLEY: Sweetheart! I meant every word. Tell you what. I'll meet you at your place in ten minutes and we can talk it over.

HEDY: *(Turns slowly to him)* No.

BIGGLEY: But, angel

AUDITION 3

TWIMBLE: Well, let's get back to work. They may be promoting me, but till then the mail must go through.

(Crosses above counter. FINCH crosses to R. of counter. BUD enters L., humming.)

Hi, Bud. How's your mother?

BUD: What mother?

TWIMBLE: *(To FINCH)* What mother.

(BRATT enters L. quickly with a big smile, cross R. to TWIMBLE.)

BRATT: Hello, men. Well, Twimble, it's all set. As of today, you're head of shipping!

TWIMBLE: Thanks, Mr. Bratt.

(They shake hands.)

BRATT: Now, let's talk about your successor.

BUD: *(Turns to L. of BRATT)* Say, Bratt, have you heard from my uncle today?

BRATT: No, Bud.

(BUD reacts with annoyance.)

Go ahead, Twimble, your shoes are going to be hard to fill, but who have you picked to fill them?

TWIMBLE: Well Mr. Bratt I've given it a good deal of thought, pro and con. I think your man is Young Finch.

BRATT: Finch.

BUD: I'm going out for a smoke.

(Starts off L.)

FINCH: Thanks, but I can't accept.

(BUD stops dead. EVERYONE looks at FINCH in astonishment.)

BRATT: *(Crosses R. to FINCH below TWIMBLE)* Are you turning this job down?

FINCH: That's right sir. I think there is a man who is better qualified. A man who has been here longer than I. Gentlemen, I recommend Bud Frump.

BUD: *(Caught off guard)* You're kidding.

TWIMBLE: *(Crosses L. to BUD)* Bud Frump?

BRATT: *(Crosses L. to TWIMBLE)* Well, this is something... I mean, surprise-wise. Well, as long as he feels that sva...

BUD: I'm going to call my mother and tell her.

(He exits L.)

TWIMBLE: *(Crosses R. below BRATT to FINCH)* I don't understand.

FINCH: Mr. Twimble, let me explain. Knowing you has taught me a lot.

(Phone RINGS.)

BRATT: *(Picking up phone)* Hello. Yes, J.B. this is Bratt.

TWIMBLE: *(To FINCH)* It's the big boss.

BRATT: *(He listens a moment)* Oh, I understand your problem, J.B. Actually, we had picked someone else. But it's all right, J.B. The young fellow we picked turned the job over to Bud. He thinks Bud is better qualified...No, he doesn't seem to be out of his mind. He was explaining about it when you called.

(To FINCH)

Go Ahead, Finch.

FINCH: *(C.)* Mr. Twimble, the great thing you have taught me is that no individual is as important as the whole company.

BRATT: *(Acting as a quiet voice announcer to BIGGLEY)* He says no individual is as important as the whole company.

FINCH: *(Crosses above TWIMBLE to his L.)* The whole team is greater than any single player.

BRATT: *(To BIGGLEY)* The whole team is greater than any single player.

FINCH: *(Getting louder)* The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

BRATT: The whole crew is greater than any one oarsman.

FINCH: The whole salad is bigger than any piece of lettuce.

BRATT: The whole salad is...Oh, you can hear him.

FINCH: The whole omelette is bigger than any egg.

BRATT: Isn't that great, J.B.? Sort of chokes you up, doesn't it?
... His name? It's Finch.

FINCH: *(To BRATT)* F-I-N-C-H.

BRATT: F-I-N-C-H. Yeah, well, I'm going to keep an eye on him
myself. Right. See you later, J.B.

(Hangs up. Crosses R. to FINCH)

Finch, you got me off the spot with Mr. Biggley.

FINCH: *(Crosses R. above BRATT and massages his shoulders
lightly)* Glad to help, Mr. Bratt.

BRATT: I appreciate it.

(Shakes TWIMBLE'S hand.)

Good luck, Twimble.