

MRS. PETERSON

This is Rose? I can't believe it. She looks like Margo when they took her out of Shangri-La.

(SHE leads ROSIE to small stool below desk)

For her own sake, Albert, send her back to Tibet. And don't worry about a secretary. It so happens I met on the bus a perfect secretary. A wonderful refined girl on her way to Akron only I persuaded her to get off here.

(SHE opens the door. GLORIA RASPUTIN enters. SHE is a sensational and very large broad dressed in tight flowered slacks with a matching bag and dangling a long white fox fur).

....Sonny, say hello to Gloria Rasputin.

GLORIA

Hi, Al! Hey, you're cute.

ALBERT

(Xing R few steps)

But, Mamma, I don't need a secretary; I have Rosie!

MRS. PETERSON

(Looking at ROSIE, now seated on low stool off platform DL)

What does Rosie need a job for? In a year or two she'll be getting Social Security.

GLORIA

Well, listen...I don't just type.

ALBERT

(Interested)

You...do other things?

GLORIA

I tap dance! I figured I could help you with the secretary stuff, and you would help me get into show business. Hold this, honey.

(SHE hands fur piece and bag to MRS. PETERSON, crossing R to C)

...Mae, can you hum Suwannee River?

MRS. PETERSON

It's my favorite selection.

GLORIA

Get a load of this, Al.

(And SHE tap dances as MRS. PETERSON gaily hums. Sort of Ruby Keeler-ish steps with a lot of feet-slapping. SHE does

START!

many turns, each time stopping with back
to audience, finally ending in a full
flying split, hand to forehead in salute)

MRS. PETERSON

(Applauding, ALBERT joins HER)

Bravo! Bravo!

GLORIA

(Looking at ALBERT, big smile)

....Well, do I get the job?

ALBERT

I don't know. I mean, you certainly have wonderful
qualifications but....

(Very subtly, GLORIA tries to get
herself up...a wiggle here, a tiny
little push there. No soap)

....I'm used to working with Miss Alvarez. However, as you
say, Mamma, we are faced with a certain amount of extra work
and....

(HE has become aware of HER.

SHE smiles casually)

Do you have to stay down there?

GLORIA

For a few minutes. Mae, gimme a hand, will you? Al, you push
from the other side. Easy now...

(MRS. PETERSON and ALBERT
work to get HER up)

MRS. PETERSON

Sonny, for the movies, they can always cut away while they jack
her up.

(GLORIA stands triumphantly erect)

Albert, why don't you take Gloria somewhere and see how fast
she types.

ALBERT

Well, I do have all these releases to get out, and Gloria could
do them. Unless it makes any difference to you, Rosie?

ROSIE

Why should it make any difference to me?

ALBERT

Atta girl, Rosie. You just keep working and I'll go along with
Miss Rasputin.

MRS. PETERSON

I'll find you a typewriter.

(SHE goes out)

END!