

, at his desk.

ACT ONE
SCENE 4

FILING ROOM.

VIOLET, MARIA, KATHY and MARGARET are gossiping.

MARIA

I hate my typewriter. This morning the self-correcting tape broke, mira, I had to go back to the es-Stone Ages and use White Out.

VIOLET

That's nothing. In the old days, you made a mistake; you had to retype the entire document.

MARGARET

You said it, sister.

KATHY

I hear they're coming out with a new typewriter next year with triple pitch, electronic keyboards and ... wait for it ... automatic right-margin justification!

ALL

(impressed)

Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

(JOE the cute, young, office accountant enters. He's smitten with VIOLET.)

KATHY

Heads up, hunky accountant at eleven o'clock!

MARIA

Word in the ladies room is that he has the hots for you!

VIOLET

Stop. I'm a widow.

MARGARET

Just because you're not going to order doesn't mean you can't peruse the menu.

(JOE approaches.)

JOE

Hey, Violet.

KATHY

I think I hear my typewriter calling.

(The other SECRETARIES exit, except for MARGARET.)

JOE

Have you had a chance to take care of the Ajax file?

VIOLET

Here it is all signed and sealed by Hart.

(KATHY comes back, grabs MARGARET's arm.

MARGARET elbows VIOLET.)

MARGARET

(sort of sotto voce)

Atta girl.

(KATHY and MARGARET exit.)

JOE

Violet, you're the best. And I'm only saying that because I want you to like me, I mean I'm not just saying that because I want you to like me, never mind, change the subject, Joe, you idiot ... Well TGIF, huh.

VIOLET

Woo ...

JOE

— Hey, you know what I was thinking?

VIOLET

Time to get back to work?

JOE

How about dinner tomorrow night?

VIOLET

I don't know. How late do your parents let you stay up?

JOE

Come on, junior accountant, senior office manager—I can't think of a better match.

VIOLET

(to herself)

It's the junior/senior thing that worries me—And I need to spend the weekends with my son. Single parent, you know—

JOE

Bring him. I'm fantastic with resentful adolescent boys who think I'm trying to put the moves on their mother—

VIOLET

Come on, Joe, I'm old enough to be your —sister.

JOE

I just think we'd really get along.

VIOLET

Tell you what—I'll think about it.

JOE

Don't think about it. Just do it ...

(JOE leaves as VIOLET thinks aloud.)

VIOLET

Just do it. That would be a great slogan for something.

#3b—Into the Xerox Room