

# ACT ONE – SCENE 1

The office of Almaelou Music Corp. in New York

*At rise, ALBERT PETERSON, a nervous young man in his early thirties, is talking excitedly on the phone, standing center.*

**No. 2**

**Opening Curtain**

(see p. 80)

(Orchestra)

ALBERT. ... I know that, sir, but think of the disastrous effect this might have on the morale of the American teenager! No, I am not suggesting the boy doesn't want to go into the Army! It's just that ... no, I'm not trying to ... well, it seemed to me that ... two weeks from today? At the Induction Center? He'll be there.

*ALBERT hangs up as ROSIE enters briskly.*

Rosie, thank God you've come! This is the end of Almaelou Music Corporation! Conrad Birdie is going into the Army!

ROSIE. And your faithful secretary is hereby submitting ...  
(Slapping a letter down on ALBERT'S desk) ... her resignation!

*ROSIE starts to leave.*

ALBERT. Hah?

ROSIE. I just dropped in to say goodbye, Albert, darling ...  
(blows ALBERT a kiss) ... Lots of luck!

*ROSIE goes to the door. ALBERT stops her.*

ALBERT. Rosie, you can't! Not today of all days!  
(Runs to his desk. Looks frantically through drawers.) My pills, where are my pills ... the little white ones I take when I'm overwrought.

ROSIE. (Picking up bottle from desk and handing ALBERT one.) Here.

ALBERT. Not so much. Break it in half.

ROSIE. You're thirty-three years old, Albert. You can take a whole aspirin.

*ALBERT takes the pill from ROSIE, who goes upstage left to the water pitcher and starts pouring a glassful.*

ALBERT. I am not thirty-three; I'm a long way from thirty-three;  
I won't be thirty-three till tomorrow ... water!

ROSIE. (Handing it to ALBERT) It's no use, Albert. My mind's made up.  
I've been with Almaelou eight years now and as you well know  
I've been a lot more than just a secretary to you.