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# Adding Machine: A Musical

Composed by  
**Joshua Schmidt**

Libretto by  
**Jason Loewith and Joshua Schmidt**

based on the play  
*The Adding Machine* by Elmer Rice



**SAMUEL  
FRENCH**  
FOUNDED 1830

NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO

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#### **ADDING MACHINE: A MUSICAL**

Original Music by

Joshua Schmidt

Libretto by

Jason Loewith & Joshua Schmidt

Based on the play *THE ADDING MACHINE* by Elmer Rice (no less than 40% of author's credit)

*ADDING MACHINE: A MUSICAL* was developed and received its world premiere at the Next Theatre Company, Artistic Director Jason Loewith, on February 5, 2007.

*ADDING MACHINE: A MUSICAL* was produced in New York by Scott Morfee, Tom Wirtshafter and Margaret Cotter at the Minetta Lane Theatre, opening night February 25, 2008.

ADDING MACHINE: A MUSICAL was originally produced by Next Theatre Company (Jason Loewith, Artistic Director) in Evanston, Illinois on February 4, 2007. It was directed by David Cromer; the set design was by Matthew J. York; the costume design was by Kristine Knanishu; the lighting design was by Keith Parham; the sound design was by Jeff Dublinske and Josh Schmidt; the musical director was Jeremy Ramey, and the stage manager was Richard Lundy. The cast was as follows:

MR. ZERO ..... Joel Hatch  
MRS. ZERO ..... Cyrilla Baer  
DAISY DOROTHEA DEVORE ..... Amy Warren  
SHRDLU..... Ian Westerfer  
THE BOSS, THE FIXER, and CHARLES ..... Michael Vieau  
SOPRANO (MRS. ONE/MAE/PRISONER'S WIFE) .. Rosalind Hurwitz  
ALTO (MRS. TWO/BETTY/MATRON) ..... Toni Inzeo  
TENOR (MR. ONE/PRISONER)..... Steve Welsh  
BASS (MR. TWO/PRISON GUARD)..... Kevin D. Mayes

ADDING MACHINE: A MUSICAL had its New York City premiere at the Minetta Lane Theatre on February 25, 2008 (Producers Scott Morfee, Tom Wirtshafter, and Margaret Cotter). It was directed by David Cromer; the set design was by Takeshi Kata; the costume design was by Kristine Knanishu; the lighting design was by Keith Parham; the sound design was by Tony Smolenski IV; video design was by Peter Flaherty; the musical director was J. Oconer Navarro; and the stage manager was Richard A. Hodge. The cast was as follows:

MR. ZERO ..... Joel Hatch  
MRS. ZERO ..... Cyrilla Baer  
DAISY DOROTHEA DEVORE ..... Amy Warren  
SHRDLU..... Joe Farrell  
THE BOSS, THE FIXER, and CHARLES ..... Jeff Still  
SOPRANO (MRS. ONE/MAE/PRISONER'S WIFE) ..... Niffer Clarke  
ALTO (MRS. TWO/BETTY/MATRON) ..... Adinah Alexander  
TENOR (MR. ONE/PRISONER)..... Daniel Marcus  
BASS (MR. TWO/PRISON GUARD)..... Roger E. DeWitt

## **CHARACTERS**

MR. ZERO (Tenor/Baritone)

MRS. ZERO (Soprano )

DAISY DOROTHEA DEVORE (Mezzo Soprano)

SHRDLU (Tenor)

THE BOSS (Same actor plays Fixer & Charles; does not sing)

### **CHORUS:**

SOPRANO (Mrs. One/Mae/Prisoner's Wife)

ALTO (Mrs. Two/Betty/Matron)

TENOR (Mr. One/Prisoner)

BASS (Mr. Two/Prison Guard)

## **SETTING**

Here and the afterlife  
An American city in the 1920s

## AUTHORS' NOTE

### *On the action of the play...*

The action of the play is intended to be continuous; breaks between scenes are not encouraged. In the world and New York premiere productions, our director David Cromer in fact compressed scene breaks radically: for example, in the transition from 3a to 3b, Mr. and Mrs. Zero entered and the set began to shift after Daisy sang, "...real life fantasy..."; Mrs. Zero began her harangue of Mr. Zero after Daisy's "...romance in the night..." This textual intersplicing had the effect of Daisy seeing Zero at the end of her fantasy, but getting chased away by Mrs. Zero. Within reasonable limits, the authors encourage such inventive approaches.

### *On the formatting of musical/rhythmic sections...*

For formatting reasons, choral lines are not always complete in this text. Performers should consult scores for accuracy.

[...] in choral numbers suggests the Chorus continues repeating the phrase.

Many scenes – especially 2, 5 and 6 – feature spoken text interwoven with sung or rhythmic text (and vice-versa). We tried to indicate these transitions, but for readability we did not notate every change. As a general rule, text justified with the character name is spoken:

ZERO. What?

Text that begins on the line following the character name is generally either sung or spoken in a specific rhythm:

DAISY.

Kiss me!

### *On the design...*

We were fortunate in Chicago and New York to work with incredible design teams, led by a director with extraordinary visual gifts. It may be helpful for future productions to consider that the first five scenes happen in the same, grisly urban world of the 1920s...the designs for these scenes were dark, claustrophobic, and oppressive. The Elysian Fields was, of course, a completely different experience – sun-drenched and open, full of color and pleasant textures. For scene 7, in both Chicago and New York, we did our best to blow out the scenery and expose the theaters to make the machine feel like an all new environment.

*For our parents, Bud & Carol, Hyla, Orlando & Pat, and Robert & Mari,  
who knew we'd add up to something.*

*And for Amy and Ned, for whom we count the ways.*





## PROLOGUE: IN NUMBERS

*The play begins in darkness.*

### CHORUS.

In numbers

The mysteries of life can be revealed

In numbers

**Scene 1: Something To Be Proud Of**

*Lights rise on MR. AND MRS. ZERO, a middle-aged couple, in bed. [Brackets indicate text in this scene is spoken rather than sung.]*

**MRS. ZERO.**

Mrs. Twelve,

Mrs. Twelve was sayin' to me,

"Mrs. Zero!"

Mrs. Twelve was sayin' to me,

Only yesterday.

"Mrs. Zero!"

Says she.

[She says,] "What I like is them love stories.

Them sweet little love stories,"

Mrs. Twelve was sayin' to me,

Only yesterday.

"You're right, Mrs. Twelve,"

Says I.

"That's what I like too."

[I says,]

"What I like is them love stories,

Them sweet little love stories.

They're sweet and wholesome."

Mrs. Eight,

Mrs. Eight was sayin' to me,

"Mrs. Zero!"

Mrs. Eight was sayin' to me,

Only yesterday.

"Mrs. Zero!"

Says she.

She says,

"*A Mother's Tears* is the best picture ever made!

So sweet and wholesome."

Mrs. Eight was sayin' to me,

"Don't miss it!"

“An’ they got that big star,  
 Grace Darling!  
 So sweet and wholesome,  
 Starrin’ in that picture show.”  
 She says,  
 “A *Mother’s Tears* is the best picture ever made!  
 So sweet and wholesome.  
 Grace Darling!  
 Don’t miss it!”  
 “Sure thing, Mrs. Eight,”  
 Says me.  
 The Eights seen it downtown,  
 They go downtown all the time.  
 Just like us –  
 Nit!

**CHORUS.**

Mr. Zero, Mr. Zero...

**MRS. ZERO.**

Mrs. Nine,  
 Mrs. Nine was sayin’ to me,  
 “Mrs. Zero!”  
 Mrs. Nine was sayin’ to me,  
 Only yesterday.  
 “Mrs. Zero!”  
 Says she.  
 “Grace Darling ain’t livin’ with her husband,  
 Ain’t livin’ with her husband!”  
 Mrs. Nine was sayin’ to me...  
 Maybe it ain’t true.  
 “Some millionaire is crazy for her!”  
 You can’t believe all you read.  
 She looks so sweet and wholesome...  
 So sweet and wholesome...  
 So sweet and...

**CHORUS.**

The Eights go downtown,  
 They go downtown all the time!  
 They seen it downtown,  
 They go downtown all the time!  
 Just like us...

**MRS. ZERO.**

But you!  
 You could wait till it  
 comes uptown!

**CHORUS.**

[But you wouldn't go  
 downtown –  
 not if wild horses was to  
 drag you.  
 You can wait till they  
 come uptown!]

They go downtown all  
 the time!  
 The Eights go  
 downtown,  
 They go downtown all  
 the time!

Not you!  
 You ain't got the price!  
 "Gotta start savin –"  
 A *fat lot* you'll ever save!

All the time!

[You could dig up the  
 price all right!  
 You always got the price  
 for the ball game!]

The Eights go  
 downtown,  
 They go downtown all  
 the time!

What about me?  
 Where do I come in?  
 I want to see 'em when  
 they see 'em.

[But when it comes to  
 me havin' a good time,  
 then it's always, "No!  
 I gotta start savin'," or "I  
 ain't got the price!"]  
 What about me?

They seen it downtown,  
 They go downtown all  
 the time!

Where do I come in?  
 I wanna go downtown,  
 They go downtown all  
 the time!

[An' don't you go pullin'  
 that stuff about bein'  
 tired.

Tired? Where do you get  
 that tired stuff anyhow?]

Scrubbin' your floors!  
 Cookin' your meals!  
 Washin' your clothes!  
 What would you do,  
 Would you do without  
 me?

[Now don't you go star-  
 tin' nuthin' with other  
 women –

Not if you know what's  
 good for you!

I put up with a lot  
 around here,

But I won't put up with  
 that!]

I was a fool!  
 A fool for marrying you!  
 I didn't pick much when  
 I picked you.  
 You ain't much to be  
 proud of!

I was a fool!

They seen it downtown,

They go downtown all  
 the time!

Scrubbin' your floors,

Cookin' your meals,

Washin' your clothes,

What would you do,

Would you do without  
 her? ...

She dreams of leaving  
 you

A fool for marrying you!	But she doesn't have the nerve,
I didn't pick much when I picked you!	The nerve...
You ain't much to be proud of!	She doesn't have the nerve.

**MRS. ZERO/CHORUS.**

I was a fool!  
A fool for marrying you!

**MRS. ZERO.**

I didn't pick much when I picked you!

**CHORUS.**

You ain't much to be proud of!  
She was a fool!  
A fool for marrying you!  
She didn't pick much when she picked you!  
You ain't much to be proud of!

**MRS. ZERO.**

Oh!  
I was a fool.  
A fool for marrying you.  
I didn't pick much when I picked you.  
You ain't much to be proud of.

*(As the last note fades away, we hear the sounds of the office – pencils on paper, sighs, coughs...the low hum of a bookkeeping room at a large department store. The CHORUS and ZERO go to work.)*

**Scene 2a: Harmony, Not Discord**

*The bookkeeping room of a large department store. Three women read lists of figures to three men, who add them. The tensely quiet atmosphere of an office. It is mind-numbing, soul-deadening work, and these people have been doing this for years...but it's a good, secure job. MAE speaks the slowest; DAISY speaks at twice MAE's rate; BETTY speaks at twice DAISY's rate. See score for full and accurate progression of the text.*

DAISY.	MAE.	BETTY.	MR. TWO.
Eighty-seven cents			
Ninety-seven cents			
Twenty-seven cents			
Sixteen sixty			
Eighteen forty-nine			
Dollar fourteen			
Sixty-seven cents	Four		
Fourteen sixty	fifty-nine		
Eighty-seven cents	Eight		
Ninety-seven cents	fifty-six		
Twenty-seven cents	Three	1 & 3 & 4 & 7 &	
Fourteen sixty	sixty-nine	1 & 3 & 4 & 7 &	
Twenty-nine cents	Four	1 & 3 & 4 & 7 &	
Fifty-five cents	sixty-two	Eight-oh-one!	
Fifteen cents	Eight	2 & 6 & 7 & 3 &	Beer.
Fourteen sixty	seventy-five	2 & 6 & 7 & 3 &	I need a beer.
Twenty-nine cents	Four	2 & 6 & 7 & 3 &	What's the time?
Fifty-five cents	sixty-five	Twelve-oh-two!	Beer.
Fifteen cents	One hundred	1 & 3 & 4 &	I need a beer.
Fourteen sixty	nine...	1 & 3 & 4 &	What's the time?
<i>(phrase repeats)</i>	Zero!	1 & 3 & 4 &	<i>(phrase repeats)</i>
	<i>(phrase repeats)</i>	Ugh!	
		3 & 4 & -	
		Not a single	
		mistake!	
		<i>(phrase repeats)</i>	





*(The workers have reached a maximum of efficiency. ZERO, perhaps frustrated or surprised by it all – or overwhelmed by the thought of the anniversary promotion he expects – calls out.)*

**ZERO.** Speed it up a little, cancha?

**DAISY.** What's the rush? Tomorrow's another day.

**ZERO.** Aw, you make me sick.

**DAISY.** An' you make me sicker.

**ZERO.** Go on, go on. We're losin' time.

**DAISY.** Then quit bein' so bossy. Three dollars. Two sixty-nine. Eighty-one fifty. Forty dollars. Who do you think you are anyhow?

**ZERO.** Never mind that. You tend to your work.

**DAISY.** Aw, don't be givin' so many orders. Sixty cents. Twenty-four cents. Seventy-five cents. A dollar fifty. I don't have to take it from you and what's more I won't!

**ZERO.** Aw, quit talkin'!

**DAISY.** I'll talk all I want! Three dollars. Fifty cents. Two fifty. Three fifty.

*(DAISY continues repeating these numbers under ZERO, who now cannot be heard by anyone else.)*

**ZERO.**

You make me sick.

Always shootin' off.

Talk talk talk.

Just like other women.

Women make me sick.

I called the cops on that girl in the window.

Judge gave her six months.

Wonder if she'll come after me when she gets out?

*(Daisy's reverie begins. She also cannot be heard by anyone else.)*

**ZERO.**

Awww, you're all alike.

Always shootin' off.

Talk talk talk.

Women make me sick.

**DAISY.**

Just who do you think you are anyhow?

Bossin' me around.

I don't have to take it

And I won't go and take it anymore!

## Scene 2b: You Thought Wrong

### CHORUS.

Twenty five!  
 Twenty five!  
 Twenty five! ...

### ZERO

Women make me sick.

“Girl in the Window  
 Slays Betrayer”!

“Jealous Wife Slays  
 Rival”!

I better be careful.

Your face is gettin’ yellor.

Put some paint on it,  
 yech!

What happened?

Yeah, you might as well  
 be dead!

### DAISY.

I’m tellin’ you I’m sick.

Always pickin’ on me.

Never a kind word to  
 me.

Not even the time o’ day.

You didn’t used to be  
 like that!

You useta look my way...

What happened?  
 Was it all the pretty girls?  
 The pretty younger girls  
 you see?

Aw, Mister Z what  
 happened?

I wish I was dead.

Is that what you want?

**DAISY.**

Wait.

*(CHORUS cuts out. Suddenly, spoken to each other:)*

Whadja say?

**ZERO.** I didn't say nothin'.

**DAISY.** I thought you did.

**ZERO.** You thought wrong.

## Scene 2c: Reverie

ZERO.

DAISY.

A dollar sixty.

A dollar fifty

Two ninety.

One sixty-two.

*(Office underscore resumes. Again, ZERO and DAISY cannot hear each other – though perhaps they very much wish to.)*

What if you was dead?

“Girl takes mercury”!

I wonder if I could kill  
the wife...

“Woman in ten-story  
death leap”!

In bed some night?

I wonder if I could get a  
gun...

But gee, I guess I  
wouldn't have  
The nerve!  
You useta like me.

And end it fast?  
But gee, I guess I  
wouldn't have  
The nerve!

You really liked me.

And then you'd notice.

Maybe the wife'll die  
soon.

You'd feel so sorry.  
Maybe the wife'll die  
soon.  
You useta tell me lotsa  
things,  
You said, “I'm gonna  
show them all!”

Then I could do what I  
damn well please,  
Oh, boy!



Head spins...  
It's a daze...!

*(Did he hear her?)*

Daisy!

*(CHORUS cuts out.)*

**DAISY.** Huh?

**ZERO.** *(realizing he's been inappropriate in calling her by her first name)* Miss Devore, slow up! What do you think I am, a machine?

**DAISY.** What do you want, anyhow? First it's too slow an' then it's too fast. I guess you don't know what you want.

**ZERO.** Never mind about that. Just you slow up.

**DAISY.** I'm gettin' sick o' this. I'm goin' to ask to be transferred.

**ZERO.** Today's my twenty-fifth anniversary at this company, and they're promotin' me to the front office –

**DAISY.** Says you!

**ZERO.** Says me! So you do what you want!

**DAISY.** Aw, keep quiet!

**Scene 2d: Movin' Up**

*As the CHORUS sings of the mysteries in numbers, ZERO dreams of his promotion.*

**ZERO.**

**CHORUS.**

The boss, he's gotta  
remember  
'Bout it bein' twenty-five  
years.  
Twenty-five years I been  
here,  
And I know just what I'll  
say:

"I want to have a talk  
with you, Boss,"  
I'll say, "you know the  
time has come."

"Sit down," he'll say,  
"sit down and have a  
smoke."  
"No," I'll say, "I don't  
need a cigar."  
"What's that?" he'll say.  
"Well boss," I'll say:

"Every time I feel like  
smokin'  
I take a nickel and put it  
in the sock.  
Oh yes I put it in the  
sock!"

In numbers

The mysteries of life can  
be revealed

Simplicity and truth are  
never far  
Twenty-five!

*Twenty-five! ...*

"Damn sensible!" he'll say.  
"You're a sensible man, Zero!"

"Boss," I'll say, "I ain't quite satisfied."

"What's wrong?" he'll say.

"Well," I'll say, "I need a future here.

And addin' figgers twenty-five more years ain't it!"



“Zero, I’m glad you pulled me aside.  
I’ve had my eye on you.”

“Oh is that so?” I’ll say.

“You’re a valuable man, Zero.

And from right now your time down here is done.

You’re movin’ out

You’re movin’ up

You’re movin’ on

To the front office with me!”

*(Steam whistle: the work day is over. The **CHORUS** and **DAISY** begin packing up to go home.)*

**Scene 2e: In Numbers**

**CHORUS.**

In numbers!

**ZERO.** *(sung)*

The mysteries of life can be revealed!

**CHORUS.**

In numbers –

**ZERO.** *(sung)*

Simplicity and truth are never far.

In words I

Find myself behind, can't make the grade.

In words

I get confused, ugh! It's like I lost my mind!

I dream in figgers in my head,

They're on my side, they don't ask

Questions of me

Demand of me

The answers –

*(The rest of the scene is spoken.)*

**DAISY.** Good night, Mr. Zero.

*(ZERO is caught in his own world, and does not respond.*

*Frustrated, DAISY exits as the BOSS appears.)*

**BOSS.** Oh – er – Mister – er –

**ZERO.** Yes, sir. Do you want me, sir?

**BOSS.** Yes.

**ZERO.** Yes, sir. Of course, sir.

**BOSS.** *(offering a cigar)* Cigar?

**ZERO.** Uh – I –

**BOSS.** Corona Corona!

**ZERO.** Gee, I – uh –

*(ZERO takes the cigar, doesn't light it.)*

**BOSS.** Mister – er – er –

**ZERO.** Zero.

**BOSS.** Yes, Mr. Zero. I wanted to have a little talk with you.

**ZERO.** Yes, sir, I been kinda expectin' it.

**BOSS.** Oh, have you?

**ZERO.** Yes, sir.

**BOSS.** How long have you been with us, Mister – er  
– Mister –

**ZERO.** Zero.

**BOSS.** Yes, Mr. Zero.

**ZERO.** Twenty-five years today.

**BOSS.** Twenty-five years! That's a long time.

**ZERO.** Never missed a day.

**BOSS.** And you've been doing the same work all this time?

**ZERO.** Yes, sir. Right at the same desk.

**BOSS.** Then, in that case, a change probably won't be un-  
welcome to you.

**ZERO.** No, sir, it won't. And that's the truth.

**BOSS.** We've been planning a change in this department  
for some time.

**ZERO.** I kinda thought you had your eye on me.

**BOSS.** You were right. The fact is, my efficiency team has  
recommended the installation of adding machines.

**ZERO.** Addin' machines?

**BOSS.** Yes, you've probably seen them. A mechanical device  
that adds automatically.

**ZERO.** Sure. I've seen them. Keys, and a handle that you  
pull.

**BOSS.** That's it. They do the work in half the time and a  
high-school girl can operate them. Now, of course, I'm  
sorry to lose an old and faithful employee –

**Scene 2f: In Numbers (reprise)**

**ZERO.** Excuse me, but would you mind sayin' that again?

**BOSS.** (*as office underscore returns*) I say, I'm sorry to lose an employee who's been with me for so many years. But you see, in an organization like this, efficiency is the first consideration, profit is the ultimate goal. We must work for our investors or the engine of economics grinds to a swift halt. And we can't have that, can we?

You will, of course, draw your salary for the full month. We couldn't do anything less for such a valued and loyal employee. And I'll direct my secretary to give you an excellent letter of reference –

**ZERO.** Wait a minute, boss. (*Underscore halts*) Let me get this right. You mean...you're lettin' me go?

**BOSS.** I'm sorry. (*Underscore resumes*)

**CHORUS.**

In words I find myself  
 Behind, below the grade.  
 In words I've lost myself  
 And to myself am blind.  
 I dream in figures in my head,  
 I hide, confide,  
 They don't ask questions of me!

**BOSS.** There is just no other alternative, you see? The engine of our economy is a strong one, that's why we have unparalleled and unequalled strength in this great country, but you see, sacrifices must be made... Sacrifices must be made to ensure our continued –

We regret...  
 Changes are in order.  
 Always the hardest...  
 Loyal employee –  
 But see the opportunity!  
 Opportunity...

Efficiency...

Opportunity...

Business –

Economy –

Opportunity –

Business –

Deeply regret –

Time to move on –

Business...Business...BUSINESS...!

*(ZERO eyes the spindle on his desk – the spindle on which DAISY has been impaling slips of paper throughout the scene. Blackout, and quick segue to DAISY's song.)*

**Scene 3a: I'd Rather Watch You**

*Perhaps on her way home, perhaps in her own mind,  
DAISY sings.*

**DAISY.**

I don't give a darn for the movies.  
They bore me to tears can't you see?  
And pictures that show  
Robin Hood with his bow?  
"No thank you, sir, not for me."  
The truth is I've got a...confession.  
So go on, mister, court is in session!  
Valentino's a chore,  
Douglas Fairbanks – a bore!  
Only one thing to me makes a lasting impression...  
Yes!  
Darling, I'd rather watch you.  
There's nothing that I'd rather do.  
You're so loveable – sweet and huggable –  
A dream! Could it ever come true?  
Darling, I'd much rather be  
Safe in your arms, a real-life fan-ta-sy  
Flickering lights  
Romance in the night  
A picture of love, you and me.  
Let the lights grow dark  
If you want them to.  
I'll be trapped in your glow!  
I'll be a slave to you and your love-light!  
Darling, I'd much rather be  
Safe in your arms, a real-life fan-ta-sy,  
Flickering lights,  
Romance in the night,  
A picture of love you and me.

*(RADIO VOICEOVER begins, crooning alongside the refrain.)*

Let the lights grow dark

'Cause I want them to!

I'll be trapped in your glow,

I'll be a slave to you and your love-light!

Darling, I'd much rather be

Safe in your arms, a real-life fan-ta-sy...

Flickering lights

Romance in the night

A picture of love, you and me!

**Scene 3b: Nice A' You To Come Home**

*Meanwhile, MRS. ZERO is waiting at home. The radio is playing the final strains of 'I'd Rather Watch You'. ZERO is late again, and she's furious. He's missed his dinner, and it's a special night: the ONES and the TWOS are coming for a party, and they're due any minute. ZERO enters, with a splotch of red on his collar. Her lines in italics are sung; the rest are spoken.*

**MRS. ZERO.** Well, ain't it nice a' you to come home? You're only an hour late and, no, that ain't very much, 'cause the supper don't get too cold in an hour, right? No, course not.

And o' course the part about our havin' a lot o' company tonight don't matter much to you, does it? No, didn't think so.

The Ones are comin'.

And the Twos are comin'.

Didn't I tell you to be home on time? I'll tell the world, it's like talkin' to a stone wall.

*I guess it was nice o' you ta come home at all.*

You musta had important business...like watchin' the scoreboard maybe? Or maybe the boss kept you late tonight tellin' you what a big noise you are? Tell you how the store couldn't get along without you. For twenty-five years that place is alive thanks to you and your damn pencil.

Tough life.

Walk in.

Hang up your hat and put on the feedbag.

*It's a wonder you got time ta come home at all.*

I'll bet he gave you a big raise, did he? Ha!

Fat chance o' you getting' a raise.

You'll still be there addin' figgers in the same job at the end of another twenty-five years...if you ain't forgot



how to add by that time.

*Next time don't even bother to come home at all.*

*(Doorbell. She takes off her apron, and assesses him.)*

Put on a clean collar – there's red ink on your collar!  
You'd think after twenty-five years you'd learn how to  
do it without gettin' ink on your collar.

**Scene 3c: The Party**

**MRS. ZERO** opens the door. The **ONES** and the **TWOS** enter. The following scene is spoken on approximate pitches, in specific rhythm. See score for notation.

**ALL** (except **ZERO**)

Hey!!!!

**MRS. ZERO.**

How-de-do?

**MR. ONE.**

How-de-do?

**MRS. ZERO.**

How-de-do?

**MRS. ONE.**

How-de-do?

**ALL** (except **ZERO**)

Hey!!!!

**MRS. ZERO.**

Mister Two!

**MR. TWO.**

How-de-do!

**MRS. TWO.**

Missus Zero!

**MRS. TWO/MRS. ZERO.**

How-de-do!

**MRS. ZERO.**

Well come on in don't just stand there hangin' about.  
Give your coats and your hats to the butler –  
I mean, to my husband!

**ALL** (except **ZERO**)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

*(The men gather to one side. The women gather to another side. Both sides are instantly engaged in conversation.)*

**ONE.**

Some rain we're havin'.

**TWO.**

Oh I never saw the like.

**ONE.**

Worst in fourteen years  
So the paper says.

**TWO.**

Well I never saw the like.

**ONE.**

Can't always go  
By what the paper says, though.

**TWO.**

Yes, that's true.

**ONE.**

Sure it is.

**TWO.**

Still I never saw the like.

**MRS. ONE.**

Well, I for one went shopping!

**MRS. TWO.**

I like them organdie dresses  
with a little lace trimmin' on the sleeves.

**MRS. ONE.**

Yeh, but plain can be lovely, the plainer the better, no  
lace and plain buttons –

**MRS. TWO.**

Well I don't think lace does a dress any harm –  
But lace makes it pretty, refined and quite pretty –

**MRS. ONE.**

Well I say when it comes to lace it's just a matter o'  
taste!

**MRS. TWO.**

Mister One, did I see you last Thursday?  
The Rosebud, the movie-house, last Thursday night?

**ONE.**

A pretty punk show, I'll say.

**TWO.**

They get worse all the time!

**MRS. TWO.**

But who was the lady?

Some charming sweet lady?

**ONE.**

Don't you go makin' trouble!

That dame was my sister.

That dame was my sister!

That dame was my –

**TWO.**

Ha!

Ha, Ha!

**MRS. ONE/MRS. TWO.**

That's what they all say.

That's what they all say.

**MRS. ZERO.**

Now, now – never mind.

I'm sure Mrs. One knows what's what –

**MRS. ONE.**

He can do what he likes –

**ONE.**

Ha!

**MRS. ONE.**

But he better behave.

**TWO.**

You're in luck at that, One.

Fat chance I got of getting' away from the frau...

**MRS. TWO.**

Unh!

**TWO.**

Even with my sister!

**MRS. ZERO.**

You oughta be glad that you got a good wife

Who loves you and keeps a good home!

**MRS. ONE/MRS. TWO.**

That's right, Missus Zero!

That's right, Missus Zero!

**MRS. TWO.**

Hey'd you hear about the Sevens?

**MRS. ONE.**

Are they gettin' a divorce?

**MRS. TWO.**

That would be the second time for him!

**MRS. ONE.**

Oh they're two of a kind!

**MRS. TWO.**

One's as bad as the other!

**MRS. ONE.**

Worse! They say that...

*(The women's speaking degenerates into jabber.)*

**ONE. (to ZERO)**

Hey'd you hear the one they're tellin' 'bout the trav-  
elin' salesman?

**TWO. (to ZERO)**

Yeah, there was this guy in a sleeper –

**ONE.**

Goin' from Albany to San Fran –

**TWO.**

And in the next berth was an Old Maid –

**ONE.**

With a wooden leg!

**ONE/TWO.**

Well long about midnight...

*(The men's speaking degenerates into jabber. It continues  
at a low volume underneath the women.)*

**MRS. TWO.**

My aunt has gallstones.

**MRS. ONE.**

My husband's got bunions.

And my niece –

**MRS. ZERO.**

Who? Little Dotty?

**MRS. ONE.**

– she’s got Saint Vitus’ dance.

**MRS. TWO.**

My boy has fits.

**MRS. ONE.**

My girl has lice.

**MRS. TWO.**

His fever!

**MRS. ONE.**

Her rashes!

**MRS. TWO.**

His measles!

**MRS. ONE.**

Her scratches!

**MRS. ONE.**

The cough and –

**MRS. TWO.**

The pox and –

**MRS. ONE.**

The hoof and –

**MRS. TWO.**

The mouth and –

*(They all degenerate into loud jabbering. MRS. ZERO injects herself into the conversation without vocal effects.)*

**MRS. ZERO.** Didja hear the cops finally came and took away that floozie across the way? She useta walk around with hardly any clothes on! *(They all jabber more softly.)*

My husband couldn’t stop lookin’ at her! *(The women jabber loudly.)*

You better watch your husbands with women like *that*

struttin' around! (*The men jabber loudly as the women huddle secretively.*)

Six months in the slammer she got! (*They all jabber quietly.*)

As if my husband could get a girl to look at him, as if!  
(*Silence.*)

Still, we been happily married for 25 years!  
Knock wood!

**ALL** (*except ZERO*)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

**ONES & TWOS.**

So many agitators!

**ONES & TWOS & MRS. ZERO.**

All the damn foreigners!

**MRS. ONE.**

The kikes!

**ONE.**

The dagos!

**TWO.**

The polacks!

**MRS. TWO.**

The sheenies!

**MRS. ONE.**

The wops!

**ONE.**

The chinks!

**TWO.**

The niggers!

**MRS. TWO.**

The queers!

(*The litany repeats in groups, per score.*)

**ALL** (*except ZERO, sung*)

My country 'tis of thee!  
Sweet land of liberty!

Of thee I sing!

*(An unexpected doorbell.)*

**MRS. ZERO.** Who could that be this time o' night?

**ZERO.** It's for me. It's the police.

*(He fingers his bloody collar.)*

**MRS. ZERO.** What are the police doin' here?! Whadda they want with you? And didn't I tell ya to take off that collar?

**ZERO.** I gotta go with them. You'll have to entertain our guests yourself.

**MRS. ZERO.** What did you do?

*(ZERO pauses in silence for a moment, then declares:)*

**ZERO.** I killed the boss this afternoon.



### Scene 4: Zero's Confession

*A courtroom. ZERO, isolated. The CHORUS is the judge, the jury, the gallery of onlookers.*

**ZERO.**

Sure, I killed him!  
 I killed him!  
 Don't let 'em tell you no lies!  
 I killed him!  
 And I want you to get it right!  
 All of you –  
 All of you –

**ZERO.**

All you lawyers  
 What the hell are they talkin'  
 about?  
 An' don't let them fill you full  
 of that  
 Bull 'bout red ink – That bull  
 'bout red ink – It was blood!  
 Straight through the heart!  
 I killed him!  
 An' I want you to get it right!  
 All of you...every One!  
 Two!  
 Three!  
 Four!  
 And five!  
 Six!  
 Seven!  
 Eight!  
 Nine!  
 Ten!  
 Eleven!  
 That makes Twelve!  
 Twelve!

**CHORUS.**

Lawyers  
 Lawyers  
 Not red ink  
 It was blood  
 He killed him  
 In cold blood  
 One Two Three  
 Four Five Six  
 Seven Eight  
 Nine Ten  
 Eleven ...  
 That makes

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