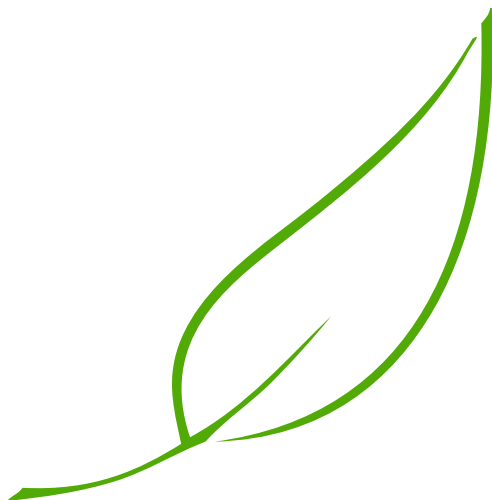


THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR

by Jim Gustafson



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THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR
By Jim Gustafson

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR!

By Jim Gustafson

SYNOPSIS: “*There’s Something In The Air*” takes the audience back to zany days of the Roaring Twenties. As the economy booms, Sally Jackson and Mitchell Burns, a couple of creative fire brands, turn the wacky world of advertising on its ear, re-inventing the art of hucksterism and radio broadcasting as they go. This fast-paced romantic comedy has loads of madcap, slapstick antics and enough plot twists to keep everyone off balance. While it’s not a musical, there are plenty of opportunities for a cappella improvisation with some offbeat radio jingles. When you’re looking for romp that’s as much fun for your cast to perform as it is for the audience to watch, you’ll find it in “*There’s Something In The Air*.”

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(11-19 females, 13-33 males, 4 either, extras; doubling possible, gender flexible.)

LEADS:

SALLY JACKSON (f)	Mid-Twenties, vivacious, always neat and well groomed. (246 lines.)
MITCH BURNS (m)	Mid-Twenties, Hyper-energetic, always rumped but slovenly. (267 lines)
MR. HASSOCK (m)	Fifty or Sixty-ish businessman. (32 lines.)
PHINEAS PILSNER (m)	Forties, haughty, humorless. (33 lines.)
BRADLEY (m)	Late twenties, enthusiastic, go-getter. (94 lines.)
PROSECUTOR RICHTER (m)	Fifty or Sixty-ish, pompous, arrogant. (50 lines.)

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SECONDARY CHARACTERS: *All of these characters make a brief appearance so all can be doubled, tripled or quadrupled.*

EDDIE (m) 18-19; happy go lucky elevator operator. (8 lines.)

FLO (f) Any age, waitress. Pleasant, a little rough on the edges but motherly. (11 lines.)

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVES: All are Fifty or Sixty-ish businessmen

MR. GOLDBERG (m) (4 lines.)

MR. HARDY (m) (4 lines.)

MR. GOLDBLUM (m) (5 lines.)

MR. HARRIGAN (m) (4 lines.)

MR. BACHMAN (m) (15 lines.)

MR. TUBMAN (m) (2 lines.)

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY (f) Twenties, very attractive dresses alluringly. (9 lines.)

NEWS RADIO TEAM: All are men their forties, News Readers, and very conservative

RALPH (m) (8 lines.)

FRED (m) (5 lines.)

WILLIAM (m) (5 lines.)

ENTERTAINMENT RADIO TEAM:

MADGE (f) Singing required. (12 lines.)

SHIRLEY (f) Singing required. (9 lines.)

AGNES (f) Singing required. (3 lines.)

LOUISE (f) Singing required. (10 lines.)

JACK (m) (13 lines.)

PROFESSOR OGDEN (m) (5 lines.)

HARVEY (m) (4 lines.)

GROVER (m) (9 lines.)

PIERRE (m) (2 lines.)

MARSHA (f) (10 lines.)

JOHN (m) (7 lines.)

CLARENCE (m) (5 lines.)

TOOTSIE (f) (5 lines.)

BEN (m) (2 lines.)

JUDGE PETERSON (m) Fifty or Sixty-ish. (33 lines.)
MR .CALHOUN (m) Fifty or Sixty-ish. (10 lines.)
SENATOR WAINWRIGHT (m)..... Fifty or Sixty. (14 lines.)
JUROR 9 (f) Elderly woman. (6 lines.)
MRS. JONES (f) (11 lines.)
BILLY (m) 12-13 or teen. (12 lines.)
JUROR 3 (m) (1 line.)
FOREMAN (m/f) Forties. (4 lines.)
10 JURY MEMBERS (m/f) (2 lines, *Spoken Together.*)
SENATOR’S AIDS (m/f) Take notes for Senator Wainwright.
Need at least 1 Aid.
(*Non-Speaking.*)

NOTE: All of these characters make a brief appearance so all can be doubled, tripled or quadrupled.

SALLY'S BOSS (m) (1 line.)
MITCH'S BOSS (m) (1 line.)
SALLY'S BOSS' SECRETARY (f)..... (1 line.)
MITCH'S BOSS' SECRETARY (f)..... (1 line.)
BACHMAN'S SECRETARY (f) (6 lines.)
RUNNING PERSON 1 (m) (1 line.)
RUNNING PERSON 2 (f)..... (1 line.)
GUITAR PLAYER (m/f)..... (Non Speaking)
LAUNDRY WOMAN (f) Singing required. (1 line.)
COOKING WOMAN (f) Singing required. (1 line.)
WOMAN TRAFFIC COP (f) Singing required. (1 line.)
MOTHER (f)..... Singing required. (1 line.)
RADIO VOICE (m/f) Off stage or pre-recorded voice.
..... (3 lines)
GUARD (m/f) (2 lines.)
BAILIFF (m/f)..... (3 lines.)
REPORTER (m/f)..... (1 line.)
1ST STATION MANAGER (m) (1 line.)
2ND STATION MANAGER (m)..... (1 line.)

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POLICE MEN (m)..... Any Number. (*Non-Speaking.*)

CASTING NOTE: While the cast appears very large all but SIX roles can be can be doubled, tripled or quadrupled.

PROPS

- ☐ Desks
- ☐ Cardboard boxes
- ☐ Coffee cup and coffee pot
- ☐ Four small table and chairs
- ☐ Portfolio briefcase
- ☐ Warehouse clutter (Old furniture and general junk)
- ☐ Old phone
- ☐ Bars of soap
- ☐ Old manual typewriter
- ☐ Three or Four Old Time Microphones (Mock ups / need not be real or working)
- ☐ Hand cranked Victrola with “horn speaker” (Mock up/non-working)
- ☐ Basket of laundry
- ☐ Cooking bowl and spoon
- ☐ Hand held stop sign
- ☐ Old baby buggy (or doll to carry as a baby)
- ☐ 78 rpm records (or black cardboard discs that look like them)
- ☐ Guitar or banjo
- ☐ Old time radio or facsimile
- ☐ Room divider/folding changing screen
- ☐ American flag in stand
- ☐ Framed photo of Warren G. Harding
- ☐ Gavel
- ☐ Judge’s robe
- ☐ Wooden Dowel rods in frame to create jail bars

SCENES AND STAGING SUMMARY

Note: This program can be staged with minimal sets by using lighting to create the scenes and stage areas.

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ACT ONE

SCENE 1: The Offices of Horowitz, O'Brien and Churchill advertising and Gleason, Turner, Eiserman and Moore Advertising and building elevator.

Note: *The stage has a desk on the far stage right and another on the far stage left. Center stage is bare and will be illuminated in a pool of light to represent the elevator.*

SCENE 2: Office building Coffee shop.

Note: *This is a diner counter in a pool of light on the corner of stage.*

SCENE 3: Around town.

Note: *The stage has four tables spaced out. Each table has its own pool of light. The scene ends with a pool of light centered on the upstage.*

SCENE 4: Mitch & Sally's New "Office" in a Warehouse –

Note: *The set is just random props and furniture to represent an unkempt furniture storage warehouse. Tables are overturned, chairs knocked over. Things just strewn around. As with the other scenes light changes follow the characters movements.*

SCENE 5: At the Bobolink office.

Note: *Two desks: one for the secretary/receptionist, one for Mr. Hassock*

SCENE 6: Jackson and Burns (Warehouse) office.

Note: *The set has the same props as before now they are neatly arranged.*

SCENE 7: At WBOS.

Note: *The set has desks neatly lined in rows. Everything on the set is symmetrical and regimented like a government office. On one side is an area that represents a "Broadcast booth."*

SCENE 8: All across Boston.

Note: *The four women that open the scene move across the stage up stage. Then the stage lights rise on the Warehouse/office.*

ACT TWO

SCENE 1: Office of Jackson and Burns.

Note: *Lights rise on the corner of the stage. There is a desk with a few cardboard boxes on it.*

SCENE 2: Studio of WBOS.

Note: *Everything is regimented again.*

SCENE 3: Studios of WBOS.

SCENE 4: At the office of commissioner of wireless operations.

Note: *A desk is upstage left or right. Behind it is an American flag on stand and hanging near it is picture President Harding.*

SCENE 5: Studios of WBOS.

Note: *In this scene the studio is a mess with desks in disarray and everything out of place.*

SCENE 6: At a rival station.

Note: *This can just be a pool of light anywhere on stage with an “old time” radio microphone on a floor stand with a music stand to hold the script.*

SCENE 7: Boston Municipal Jail.

Note: *This is represented by a pool of light and a few vertical dowel rods for Jail bars.*

SCENE 8: In phone booth/at a wall hung pay phone circa 1920's

SCENE 9: In the Boston Court House.

Note: *Jury box, Judges' bench, defense and prosecution tables... Chairs for a gallery and standing area for the press.*

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT RISE: *A pool of light stage left to reveal Sally standing in front of a desk. Her boss sits at the desk as his stuffy secretary stands behind him holding a large cardboard box.*

SALLY'S BOSS: Miss Jackson... I was trying to be a modern man when I promoted a woman to a level of responsibility... But as it turns out, I was wrong... Your ideas are just too progressive... Outlandish actually!... and frankly... Stupid! I'm a big enough man to admit I made a mistake... And I'm high enough on the corporate ladder to correct it! You're fired.

SALLY'S BOSS' SECRETARY *hands her the box with her personal things.*

SALLY: Sir, can I have a word with you?

SALLY'S BOSS' SECRETARY *steps between SALLY and the SALLY'S BOSS.*

SALLY'S BOSS' SECRETARY: Do you have an appointment?

SALLY *shrugs takes the box and walks to center stage. The stage left pool of light fades out as a center stage light rises with the "elevator." SALLY gets in the "elevator" with the ELEVATOR OPERATOR.*

EDDIE: Which floor, Miss Jackson?

SALLY: Ground floor, Eddie...

EDDIE: Got a meeting so early, Miss Jackson?

SALLY: No, Eddie... I got fired

EDDIE: Gee, I'm sorry Miss Jackson... I guess this will be a long ride from the 42nd floor to the 1st.

SALLY: I just found out how short a ride it really is.

The center stage front lights drop leaving SALLY and EDDIE in silhouette... A pool of light rises on stage right revealing MITCH standing in front of a desk. His BOSS sits at the desk as a stuffy SECRETARY stands behind him holding a large cardboard box.

MITCH'S BOSS: Burns, you seem to think you're some kind of visionary but I know better and I think you're just a fool. Advertising hasn't changed since Eve had a sack of apples and told Adam, "These taste great!"... There are rules to this game, young man, and your radical ideas don't play by the rules. That bright mind I thought I saw is nothing more than a flash in the pan... You're fired...

MITCH'S BOSS' SECRETARY hands him a box with his personal things.

MITCH'S BOSS' SECRETARY: I took the liberty of cleaning out your desk.

MITCH shrugs takes the box and walks to center stage. The stage right pool of light fades out as a center stage light rises with the "elevator." MITCH gets in the "elevator" with the ELEVATOR OPERATOR and SALLY.

EDDIE: "Which floor, Mr. Burns?"...

MITCH: Rock bottom, Eddie... It seems Horowitz, O'Brien and Churchill no longer require my services.

EDDIE: Holy cow, Mr. Burns... You got the ax, too?

MITCH: Too?

EDDIE: Yeah... Gleason, Turner, Eiserman and Moore just pulled the rug on Miss Jackson here.

MITCH: Gleason, Turner, huh? What were your Cardinal Sins...?

SALLY: I used my brain... Apparently I was too progressive...

MITCH: Should never use your brain in advertising... You might get a creative thought.

SALLY: I'll know better next time... What was your indiscretion?

MITCH: I'm too radical to be in advertising... Or so I'm told.

EDDIE: Ground Floor...

MITCH: How right you are, Eddie... The Ground floor... Again.

EDDIE: Good Luck you two.

SALLY: Thanks, Eddie...

MITCH: Eddie, I'm just like your elevator... No place to go but "UP!"
Don't look so glum, Toots. Getting canned is no big deal.

SALLY: It is to me... This has never happened before.

MITCH: How many jobs have you had?

SALLY: This is my first... Not counting the ticket booth at the Nickelodeon back in Sioux Falls.

MITCH: Come on, I still have a couple of pennies I can rub together... I'll buy you a cup of coffee... Misery loves company... and neither of us have anything better to do... Right?

SCENE 2

AT START: *They cross the stage to The Coffee Shop... This is either a counter with some stools or a simple table and chairs set in a corner (stage front.) on the apron of the stage. As they sit down, FLO approaches.*

FLO: What's this? A merger of Boston's two great adverting agencies?
I thought Turner/Gleason people weren't supposed to speak to Horowitz/O'Brien people, Mitch.

MITCH: We just joined forces... Now we're both employees of the biggest company in the world... The Unemployed.

FLO: Again! Mitchell Burns what am I going to do with you?

MITCH: Just love me for the genius I am, Flo.

FLO: Sally, you too... Did you lose your job?

SALLY: I'm afraid so, Flo.

FLO: I'm so sorry, kid. You were a hero to us gals in the building... Our first girl executive... What happened?

SALLY: The world isn't ready for a "Girl" executive.

FLO: Sorry, guys... What do you want? It's on me today.

MITCH: Coffee... How about you.... Ah...

SALLY: Sally Jackson... Just coffee will be fine.

FLO: You don't know each other?

SALLY: We sort of met in the elevator...

MITCH: On the way down... Literally. I'm Mitchell Burns.

SALLY: Sally Jackson, remember...?

FLO: A "Hello/Good-bye" meeting, huh.

MITCH: It looks that way.

FLO leaves.

MITCH: *(Continued.)* So, Sally Jackson, what's this about you being a hero to the gals in the building.

SALLY: I went from the Steno Pool to Creative Director...

MITCH: To the unemployment line... Doesn't surprise me.

SALLY: Why?

MITCH: Don't take this personal, but advertising's a man's world... You gals can handle the artwork and the pretty stuff... but when it comes to BIG IDEA... It takes a man.

SALLY: Oh, does it?

MITCH: Let me guess... You had a BIG IDEA and they gave you your walking papers... Right?

SALLY: Maybe... Why did you get canned?

MITCH: *(Nonchalantly.)* They didn't like my BIG IDEA.

SALLY: So what's the difference?

MITCH: My idea was good.

SALLY gets up to leave.

SALLY: And mine wasn't? ...That would be the rest of your sentence, wouldn't it? Well, Mr. Burns, I have to be going.

MITCH: Oh, come on... It's nothing personal... It's...

SALLY: I'm sorry... My petty little female brain is just too over-burdened not to take it personally. Good-bye, Mr. Burns...

SALLY leaves but forgets her coat... she passes FLO on the way out.

FLO: What's with her?

MITCH: A little high strung, I guess. What do you know about that gal?

FLO: Not much... But she's determined to make it in a man's world. I think she will. What's it to you?

MITCH: Oh, nothing... I thought she was kinda cute... A little head-strong for my liking but she's got a pretty face. Thanks anyway for the coffee but I gotta go.

MITCH leaves to the left. SALLY returns from the right.

SALLY: Where did that guy go?

FLO: I don't know... He just left. Forget something?

SALLY: I left my coat.

FLO: He's kind'a handsome, don't you think?

SALLY: In a Neanderthal sort of way.... He's too "cock-sure" of himself for my taste... Well, I better go find a job.

SCENE 3

JOB HUNTING / REJECTIONS

AT RISE: *The stage is dark. Four small tables are randomly set up around the stage. Each table is lighted with a pool of light as MITCH or SALLY approach for their "interview". Each table has one or two AGENCY BOSSES behind it. MITCH is on the front corner of the stage (Stage left.) pantomiming washing hands and straightening his tie at a mirror. SALLY is on the front corner of the stage (Stage right.) pantomiming combing her hair and checking her make-up at a mirror.*

MITCH: O.K. Mitchell Burns... Four interviews to go... You're good... You're great... You're ahead of your time and today you're going find the agency that's ready to step into the future of advertising with your ideas leading the charge.

SALLY: Sally Jackson... This is it... You're a prophet... A messiah... You've been put on earth to lead the lost souls of advertising out of the wilderness. This is it... I can feel it!

A Pool of Light pops on Table One. MITCH stands before MR. GOLDBLUM and MR. GOLDMAN.

MR. GOLDBLUM: That's outrageous...

MR. GOLDBERG: That's absurd...

MR. GOLDBLUM: That's the craziest thing we've heard.

MR. GOLDBERG: Listen up, we'll make it clear...

MR. GOLDBLUM: We won't tolerate that thinking if you were working here!

Lights out. A Pool of Light pops on Table Three. SALLY stands before MR. HARRIGAN and MR. HARDY.

MR. HARRIGAN: Girls can work as secretaries...

MR. HARDY: You can join our typing pools...

MR. HARRIGAN: Creative girls are dizzy...

MR. HARDY: Do you think that we are fools?

Lights out. A Pool of Light pops on Table Two. MITCH stands before MR. TUBMAN. MR. TUBMAN throws papers in the air.

MR. TUBMAN: You call this good? Don't waste my time

These ideas ain't worth a dime...

You're crazy, son... Should be arrested...

Sorry, Burns... Not interested!

Lights out. A Pool of Light pops on Table One. SALLY stands before MR. GOLDBLUM and MR. GOLDMAN.

MR. GOLDBERG: Men run the show here, that's the plan.

MR. GOLDBLUM: There's no way you'll get hired...

MR. GOLDBERG: If you keep acting like a man...

MR. GOLDBLUM: No wonder you got fired!

Lights out. A Pool of Light pops on Table Three. MITCH stands before MR. HARRIGAN and MR. HARDY. Both HARRIGAN and HARDY are throwing MITCH's papers in the waste basket.

MR. HARRIGAN: I've seen stupid... I've seen dumb

MR. HARDY: Where'd you drag this nonsense from?

MR. HARRIGAN: You walk in here, patronizing...

MR. HARDY: But this is trash, not advertising!

Lights out. A Pool of Light pops on Table Two. SALLY stands before MR. TUBMAN. MR. TUBMAN walks around SALLY, giving her the eye.

MR. TUBMAN: I can always use a lovely lass,
Another gal would never hurt...
I'll create a job to bring you on...
But... do you have a shorter skirt?

SALLY slaps his face and walks out. Lights out. Two Pools of Light fade up on opposite front corners of the stage. MITCH and SALLY walk into light "mirror" each other.

MITCH and SALLY: *(Simultaneously.)* Idiots.... They wouldn't know a good idea from "Good 'n Plenty!"

They both open their notebooks.

MITCH and SALLY: *(Simultaneously.)* One agency left... The end of the line. My last chance...

SALLY walks toward table four and drops her portfolio. She bends down to pick the papers up. MITCH approaches and kneels to help her. They look at one another.

MITCH: It's you... Sarah?

SALLY: Sally... And you are... ah... Mike?

MITCH: Mitch... Yeah... So how's it goin'?

SALLY: Oh, ah... Great... Yeah ... It's goin' great... Why wouldn't it be?

MITCH: I was just asking.

SALLY: Why? ...Because I'm a woman and women can't have the BIG IDEA?

MITCH: Oh... That... Hey, I'm sorry if I offended you.

SALLY: It's not like I haven't heard it before... I guess I was just a little sensitive that day... But now everything's great... Just peachy.

MITCH: No, it isn't... You haven't found anything have you?

SALLY: I've got a couple jobs I'm considering...

MITCH: No, you haven't!

SALLY: Why are you like that? You don't know who I've seen.

MITCH: Yes, I do. You've seen every agency in town... Just like me... and they all said, "No Dice!"

SALLY: How do you know that?

MITCH: Come on, we're not foolin' anyone. This agency is the bottom of the barrel... The last resort... Where the elephants go to die... Nobody in their right mind wants to work here... Unless everybody else in town has turned you down.

SALLY: Or you're broke...

MITCH: Are you broke?

SALLY: Almost, how about you?

MITCH: Close. So I guess this is it. Either one of us works... Or neither of us works.

SALLY: (*Frustrated.*) Probably... (*Suddenly frustrated.*) Oh, why should I even try... You've got more experience... You're a man... That's it... I'm not even going to try.

MITCH: That's it? You're just gonna give up... Quit! ...I didn't have you pegged as a quitter.

SALLY: I'm not... (*Pause.*) Pegged? ...What do you mean, "Pegged!" You think you've got me all figured out over a cup of coffee? I didn't even think you'd remember me.

MITCH: Did you remember me?

SALLY: (*A bit embarrassed.*) I don't recall... Look, this has been another awful day. I've about had it. I'm thinking maybe I should get out of this while I still have a little dignity. I mean look at us... Applying for a job we don't want at an agency that everybody laughs at. I don't know about you, but I have some ideas that could change the world of advertising.

MITCH: Well, so do I but you don't see me packin' it in.

SALLY: Maybe you're just dumber than me.

MITCH: Probably... But look, we've both hit a dry spell... The only difference is, I've hit 'em before, so I know they don't last... You're still a virgin.

BACHMAN's SECRETARY approaches.

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY: Mr. Bachman informed me that he only has time for one interview. Since you're both here, who's it gonna be?

MITCH: (*Reluctantly.*) Oh, go ahead... Otherwise, you're gonna quit the business.

SALLY: (*Indignant.*) No... You go ahead... You need the money.

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY: Look, you two... Mr. Bachman went to the washroom... I'll give you until he returns to decide.

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY leaves.

SALLY: You go. I don't want to work here anyway.

MITCH: Neither do I... but... hmmmmm...

SALLY: Hmmmmm?

MITCH: I was just thinkin'... If either us of got this job it's just a temporary stop anyway... What do you say we go in and pitch US as a team? What the heck, neither of us has had any luck alone... What's to lose??

SALLY: You mean apply for the job together? Why?

MITCH: This is advertising... Two for the price of one... That's what sells products... Why not us?

SALLY: Yeah, but that means splitting the salary.

MITCH: How much are you making now? ...Today!

SALLY: Nothing!

MITCH: You're a smart girl... Is half of something better than all of nothing?

SALLY: I see what you mean... Partner!

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY approaches.

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY: Mr. Bachman is waiting... Who's gonna be? ...Miss Jackson? ...Mr. Burns?

MITCH: That's Burns and Jackson... We're a team.

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY: Nobody said anything about a team.

MITCH: That's the secret of advertising... Giving the customer more than he expects.

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY: Very well. Come this way.

SALLY: What if he asks about...

MITCH: Just let me do the talking... And I'll tap dance around everything else if you have to speak...

SALLY: (*Fuming.*) I hope you brought your dancing shoes, Mr. Burns.

BACHMAN'S SECRETARY: Mr. Bachman, this is Burns and Jackson... A writing team.

SALLY: That's Jackson and Burns... JACKSON and Burns...

- MR. BACHMAN:** Who cares... This is great... Cheaper by the dozen...
O.K. who's who?
- SALLY:** I'm Sally Jackson...
- MITCH:** And I'm Mitchell Burns... Writers who care and have words to spare.
- MR. BACHMAN:** Yeah, yeah, yeah... You're the best in the business...
You all are when you're starving... Tell me something I don't know.
So, Hot Shots... If you're so dog-gone good what are you doing
beating the pavement... And what's more important... What are you
doing here? It ain't no secret I ain't the Macy's of advertising.
- SALLY:** I had... ah... creative differences with my last agency...
- MITCH:** I was hoping to take the business in some new directions.
- MR. BACHMAN:** I get it... You were being a pushy broad... and you
were trying to steal your boss' job...
- MITCH:** Something like that.
- MR. BACHMAN:** I got better things to do than talk to "down and out"
writers... Let's get on with it. If you were me why should I hire the
likes of you?
- MITCH:** Because, Mr. Bachman we're living in the Jazz Age... The Great
War's behind us and everybody's making money... Money to spend...
Spend on things they know about... Things that are advertised...
Advertised in a way that makes them want them... Crave them...
Need them... Advertised in a whole new way.
- MR. BACHMAN:** And I suppose you two know that "New Way"... You
have the secret to advertising that has eluded the rest of us for a
thousand years. Am I right?
- MITCH:** Yes, you are, Mr. Bachman... You're absolutely right.
- MR. BACHMAN:** Bull-Woggle! Advertising's not complicated... It's facts,
boy, Simple facts... The longer the list, the better the ad... Everybody
knows that. It's been that way since the Pharaohs..." I got stone
block, You need stone blocks... Let's get together" ...Simple, easy...
That's all it takes. So what's this revolutionary way to advertise you
and Sweet-Cakes here have discovered.

MITCH and SALLY respond at the same time...

MITCH: Romance the product...

SALLY: Radio

MR. BACHMAN: So which is it?

MITCH steps between SALLY and BACHMAN. He puts his arm around BACHMAN's shoulder and walks him around.

MITCH: Romancing the product... Don't just tell me the facts... Tell me what the product will do for me... Make me believe the product will make me richer, smarter better looking... Tell me a story about it... Capture my imagination.

MR. BACHMAN: Nonsense...

MITCH: Mr. Bachman, the world would be covered with Pyramids if those stone block salesmen put a little romance in those rocks. If they told a story instead of facts. Think about it... "Look, Mr. Pharaoh, these aren't square chunks of stone... They're the building blocks of greatness... To create monuments to show what a wonderful and powerful guy you are. Everlasting monuments... Monuments that are so big they'll scare the togas off your enemies... So beautiful women will throw themselves at you... Monuments so durable that 2000 years from now people will still be talking about what a terrific Pharaoh you were..." Get the picture, Mr. Bachman. We're not selling the stone, we're selling immortality, sex appeal and power... "Stone blocks for making monuments to last a millennium." Now that just rolls off the tongue.

MR. BACHMAN: Rolls off the tongue... Who cares. advertising's on billboards and magazines.

SALLY: But think how great that sounds... "Making monuments to last a millennium"...It's alliterative...

MR. BACHMAN: It's waste of words... Shows what you know, little lady. Advertising is pictures, photographs and facts... It doesn't have to sound like anything because nobody HEARS it... They SEE it.

SALLY: They'd hear it if it were on Radio!

BACHMAN and MITCH together.

MR. BACHMAN: Radio?

MITCH: Radio!

SALLY: Why not... Sure radio's just getting started. But look what it does... It let's your client step right into the living room of Mr. and Mrs. American and talk to them.

MITCH: (*Intrigued.*) Radio....

MR. BACHMAN: Romance and Radios... I can see why you two are out of work. You're both adiltated... Honey, have you ever listened to the wireless? There's nothing there... a bunch of monotone moron voices droning on telling aeroplane aviators about the weather. You put a talking advertisement in that and it's just more of the same... One more voice in the wilderness... What makes you think anybody's going pick your Poetic Pigwash out of the drivel?

SALLY: Because, I'll... Because, we'll do it with music... Lyrics and song.

MR. BACHMAN: Now I've heard everything... A singing Advertisement... On the wireless! Get out of my office?

MITCH looks admiringly at SALLY.

MITCH: A singing advertisement on radio, I love it!

MR. BACHMAN: I hate it... Now beat it... Scoot... Sweetie, with crazy ideas like that, no wonder you had "creative differences." Radio and Romance... You're lunatics... Two peas in a pod... Out'a my office... NOW!

MITCH: (*Shaking MR. BACHMAN's hand.*) You bet, Mr. Bachman, that's what we are... "Two Peas In A Pod"... And thank you... Thanks a lot...

MITCH pulls SALLY out of the office.

MR. BACHMAN: Romance and Radio... Singing Advertisements... You ought to be thinking about Vaudeville and Broadway instead of Madison Ave.

In the Hall.

MITCH: Come on, Sally, we have to talk.

SALLY: Look, Mitchell Burns... Don't get started telling me that I lost us that job with my radio talk... It's a great idea even if you don't like it.

MITCH: Not like it? ...Hey, I love it.

SALLY: (*Going on.*) If you'd just open your mind, you'd see I'm right...

Radio and advertising are made for each other...

MITCH: I agree...

SALLY: What? You do?

MITCH: I think it's brilliant.

SALLY: Really?

MITCH: Really... And how did you come with the idea of singing ads?

SALLY: It's an easy way to remember things... How did you learn your ABCs?

MITCH: (*Singing.*) ABCD... EFG...

SALLY: Uh-huh... How about... (*To the ABC tune.*) Looking for a car today... Why not buy a Chevrolet!

MITCH: That's the Cat's Pajamas... So what do think about telling stories with advertising...

SALLY: I think it will make people to sit up and listen. It's so simple... I don't know why somebody didn't think about it before... I can't believe I didn't think of it!

MITCH: I'm just a genius... A visionary... And maybe you are too with music and radio... We could get America talking about advertising if we made it entertaining... Made it memorable... and brought it right into their homes.

SALLY: That's exactly what I want to do.

MITCH: Then let's do it... Together!

SALLY: Oh, sure? We just got tossed out of our last chance. If we can't get a guy like Bachman to hire us, who would?

MITCH: I don't mean do it for someone else... I'm mean do it ourselves... Me and you! Partners...

SALLY: Partners...? Real Partners...? But Mr. Burns... I don't know if I even like you?

RUNNING PERSON 1 and RUNNING PERSON 2 enter, run past SALLY and MITCH.

RUNNING PERSON 1: Gang way... Comin' through

RUNNING PERSON 2: Stop thief...!

SALLY jumps in MITCH's arms to get out of way.

MITCH: *(Holding SALLY.)* What was that all about?

SALLY: Pickpockets, I guess... But I was saying, I'm not sure I even like you.

They continue to talk while they embrace.

MITCH: You don't have to like me... Just work with me.

SALLY: I guess I could do that.

MITCH: So you'll do it? Burns and Jackson Advertising. How's that sound to you?

SALLY: Jackson and Burns sounds better...

They wistfully look into each other's eyes. Suddenly they both realize they are standing in an embrace and break it off embarrassed.

MITCH: Uhm... Well.... *(Composing himself.)* We can do it, Sally... I know we can...

SALLY: Perhaps we could be together... I... I mean work together... *(Composing herself.)* Sure... Partners... Why not?

They shake hands. They look at their joined hands and immediately withdraw them in embarrassment.

SCENE 4

AT START: *MITCH is in a corner of the stage in a pool of light or a spotlight. Rest of the stage is dark. He's pacing back and forth. SALLY walks on.*

MITCH: Hey... Hi, you found the place...

SALLY: I've never seen so many old, abandoned buildings...

MITCH: This is the historic district... With the quaint charm of early America in a colonial-like setting.

SALLY: Oh, you are a silver-tongue huckster. This is Skid row. Hey, I was beginning to wonder what happened to you and our partnership... It's been four days since I heard from you...

MITCH: Sorry, they disconnected my phone. I had to move out of my apartment... and I've been busy.

SALLY: Wait a minute... The phone company disconnects you? ...You get evicted? ...You ask me to meet you across the street from a soup kitchen and we're starting a business together? You know, Mitchell Burns, I'm not getting a good feeling about this venture.

MITCH: So what have you been doing the last four days?

SALLY: Waiting for you to call.

MITCH: See... That's where we're different... You wait for things to happen... I make things happen.

SALLY: It sounds like you've been busy making bad things happen.

MITCH: Shows what you know... I gave up my apartment so we could get an office... and they took out my phone so we'd have it moved over here at Burns and Jackson.

SALLY: Jackson and Burns... You got an office? Where uptown?

MITCH: Not exactly in the high rent district...

SALLY: Wait a second... Is this why you wanted me to meet you in this God-forsaken part of town?

MITCH: So it's not Cambridge... It's better than working off your kitchen table. Come on, I want to surprise you. Close your eyes, I'll guide you to the new corporate offices of Burns and Jackson

MITCH starts leading her across the stage.

SALLY: Jackson and Burns...

MITCH opens the door.

MITCH: Now keep your eyes closed.

He goes behind her and puts his hands over her eyes and leads her across the stage with his hands over her eyes. They stop.

MITCH: *(Continued.)* Are you ready?

SALLY: I suppose...

MITCH takes his hands from her eyes. Lights fade up to reveal a dumpy warehouse "office."

MITCH: So???

SALLY walks looking around in silence. She turns to MITCH.

SALLY: Remember when you said we should start our own agency...
And I said "WHY NOT?"

MITCH: Yeah...

SALLY: I think this is the answer to "Why not?" .

MITCH: I know it's not much... But it's a start.... Besides the price is right!

SALLY: I was meaning to ask about that... How can we afford this?
...You hardly have any money... And I have even less.

MITCH: It's free...

SALLY: And worth every penny of it, I'm sure! ...How did you swing this?

MITCH: I'm the building's watchman so they gave me a vacant floor instead of pay... They store junk furniture upstairs so there's really nothing to watch... In return... Viola... Our new place of business... A sweet deal.

SALLY: A watchman? When will you ever get home?

MITCH: I am home... I moved in here. It saves me twenty bucks a month. You could move in too... There's plenty of room.

SALLY: Room for what, Mr. Burns?

MITCH: Good grief, Miss Jackson... THAT never even crossed my mind... *(Pause.)* Why did it cross yours?

SALLY: *(Embarrassed.)* It didn't... Forget it. *(Changing the subject.)*
Well, it looks like we have everything we need... Desks, tables, chairs... Where did all this come from?

MITCH: Up stairs. Let's just say I'm watching it a little closer than the other furniture.

SALLY: Great... We even have a typewriter...

MITCH: That was already mine... It works O.K. but there's no "Z."

SALLY: Well, it could be worse... Now all we need is a client.

MITCH: We've got one... Tomorrow at 10:00.

SALLY: We have a client?

MITCH: We have a prospect... Bobolink Soap...

SALLY: Bobolink? I use Bobolink Soap.

MITCH: Good because now you have to sing their praises... Literally.

SALLY: You want to use a song?

MITCH: A song and a story... On the radio.

SALLY: You mean it? We're going to try radio even before we get established.

MITCH: I thought that's what this partnership was all about... Doing things that had never been done. You're not getting cold-feet are you...

SALLY: No, but this is like a dream come true... I mean first I had an idea... Then I got a partner and now we have a client who believes in us and is willing to advertise on the radio... How did you talk them into it?

MITCH: I haven't... That's what we'll do tomorrow.

SALLY: Your saying he doesn't know about the radio.

MITCH: No, but he will. Listen... I've already got the copy written. Here... Sit down, be Mrs. Homemaker listening to your radio.

She sits as MITCH cranks up a Victrola and starts a romantic record.

SFX: Music Here Romantic... Polynesian steel guitar.

SALLY: What's the Victrola for?

MITCH: Just listen... Pretend you're a "put upon" house wife... Your husband was crabbing about dinner being cold... The kids knocked over the fish bowl on their way to bed so you have that cleaned up and finally got the little buggers tucked in. Your "Prince Charming" left you with the dirty dishes while he sits in the front room swilling beer and reading the newspaper. The only romance in your life these days is printed on the pages of a dime novel. Now it's just you... alone in the kitchen... with the radio.

He pauses and lets the Victrola music play. Then he comes to SALLY and gets down on one knee. As he speaks, he romantically carresses SALLY's hair, face and neck. The more he recites, the more she swoons under his touch.

MITCH: *(Continued. Seductively.)* Another hard day around home. Relax... Give in... Take it easy because you deserve better. Imagine slipping out that house dress and wading into a steaming, soothing pool of bubble filled water. Close your eyes and fly away... Away to sun drenched South Pacific Lagoon on an island of your own. Feel the warmth as the imported oils of the orient caress your skin... The floral fragrance of tropical flowers surrounds you with every bursting Bobolink bubble. A cozy pillow of billowy bubbles snuggles around you and embraces you in the way you've longed to be held... Every splash of water becomes a forbidden kiss... The silky smoothness of a bar Bobolink nuzzles your neck like the touch of a lover. Is this bathing? ...Or is it love? Bobolink bath bars, warm water and your imagination... Let Bobolink soap take you where you've never been before. *(Pregnant pause.)*

SALLY: *(In a trance.)* Oh, Mitch don't stop.

MITCH: *(Oblivious to the effect he had on her.)* I have to! That's where the jingle comes in... And you have to write the jingle. You can do that for me, can't you?

SALLY: *(Caught up the moment.)* I'll do anything.

MITCH walks away from her but she's still "a million miles away."

MITCH: We've got a piano upstairs.

SALLY: *(Snapping out of it.)* What?

MITCH: We've got a piano upstairs.

SALLY: What for?

MITCH: The jingle...

SALLY: Jingle?

MITCH: *(Angry.)* AAAAH! What's the point... I recite this wonderful copy that's suppose to move you... Seduce you, actually... and you're not even listening. You didn't hear a word I said.

SALLY: I heard every word... I just couldn't respond because I was thinking about... *(Meekly.)* Soap.

MITCH: All right... It just seemed like your mind was off somewhere else... Look, we have work to do before tomorrow. I'm going to run upstairs, roll the piano on the elevator and bring it down.

He stops and looks back.

MITCH: *(Continued. From off stage.)* So, Sally, how did you like it? Did it get you excited about soap?

SALLY: Yes, Mitch it got me excited!

MITCH: Great!

He leaves.

SALLY: *(Quietly to herself.)* But I wasn't thinking about soap. What is it about him anyway?

Lights out.

SCENE 5

AT THE BOBOLINK OFFICE

AT RISE: *Lights up. MITCH in the corner of the stage pacing. SALLY shows up. She has a very "masculine" business suit... Her hair is up tied in a tight "bun".*

MITCH: My gosh, where were you? You can't be late for a client meeting. Just like a woman.

SALLY: What are you talking about? The meeting's at 10 and it's ... 9:59.

MITCH: Pardon me... A minute's as good as mile, huh. What's with the outfit? Did you take it out of your father's closet?

SALLY: I wanted to look professional.

MITCH: Professional what? Mortician?... If you're gonna dress like a man, at least be stylish.

SALLY: Look, I want the client to be thinking about my ideas... Not about... You know.

MITCH: Don't flatter yourself... Anyway, I know how to sell this guy so don't...

SALLY: Don't What?... Don't talk!... Don't act like a partner! Look, give me a break, will you? We're pitching soap for ladies... to ladies..., This is a product for women. What do you know about being a woman?

MITCH pulls her coat's lapels and straightens her tie.

MITCH: Probably as much as you do, Buddy!... You're so busy trying to be a man you've forgotten what being a girl is like. Let's go.

They approach the desk and a "glamorously" dressed SECRETARY.

MITCH: *(Continued. Flirting.)* Well, hello, Miss...

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: Candace... My friends call me Candy and you can call me anytime you'd like..

MITCH: O.K., Candy, I'm Mitch Burns... I have a ten o'clock appointment with Mr. Hassock.

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: I'll tell him you're here. Who's your pal?

SECRETARY gets up and goes to MR. HASOCK's "office."

MITCH: This is Sally Jackson... We're Burns and Jackson.

SALLY: Jackson and Burns...

MITCH: *(Snidely.)* That's right, Jackson and Burns... Ladies first.

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: You'd never know it in that "get-up!"

SALLY: *(Icily.)* I don't dress to attract men...

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: You're telling me. Hey, Mr. Hassock... There's a couple of guys to see ya.

They go in. MR. HASOCK is waving an envelope.

MR. HASOCK: Mitchell, what's this all about? A messenger dropped it off first thing this morning.

MITCH: Mr. Hassock, I wanted to put a bug in your ear to get you thinking before we came in.

MR. HASOCK: I don't know if it's a bug in my ear or a burr in my saddle... When I opened this up, all it said was "RADIO!"

MITCH: That's right! Radio... Mr. Hassock, we're going to give you the most revolutionary idea in advertising since Moses talked to the "Burning Bush." We're going to tell the world about Bobolink soap with 50,000 watts of radio power.

MR. HASSOCK: Radio... That's absurd...

SALLY: Is it? Why do you say that, Mr. Hassock.

MR. HASSOCK: Because it is? How is Bobolink Soap going get anybody's attention... The wireless is nothing more than a newspaper with sound... Talk, talk, talk,,, that's all.

MITCH: That's why people will listen to your Bobolink message... We're going to make you message sing...

MR. HASSOCK: Sing? A song about Soap.

SALLY: Not just a song, sir... A song and message so compelling the listener will feel their life isn't all it can be without Bobolink soap. Mr. Hassock... What are you selling?

MR. HASSOCK: Are you kidding... I sell soap... Soap that scrubs you clean and leaves you smelling like a flower garden.

SALLY: Oh, no, Mr Hassock... That's not what you're selling to a woman.

MR. HASSOCK: What are you driving at?

As SALLY does this monologue, she slinks around MR. HASSOCK and MITCH. She goes completely out of character as a she "vamps". She unbuttons her suit coat and lets slip off her shoulder and down her arms. While she talks she unpins her hair and shakes it down.

SALLY: This isn't just a bar of soap Mr. Hassock... It's a bar of hope... Hope for a better life... This my ticket to romance... When I bathe in Bobolink bubbles I can feel the rich emollients softening my skin... The oriental oils refreshing every part of my body... The bath water doesn't splash on me, it kisses me... Kisses me from head to toe... The silken smooth bar caresses me like a lover's touch... It fans the embers of desire into the flames of passion... When I step out of a Bobolink bath I want to live... Live like I've never lived before... I want to grab my man and show him that a Bobolink girl understands that life is short... So live it.

She grabs MITCH and gives him a long kiss. MITCH is frozen hypnotically. MR. HASSOCK is ecstatic.

MR. HASSOCK: Is that really what women think my soap is?

SALLY: It will be if we tell them... With a message like that, who's going to buy Bobolink? *(Beat.)* I'll tell you... Every woman who wants to rekindle that spark that kids and housework have smothered... Every girl who's waiting for her fella to pop the question... Every lady who's tired of being taken for granted by her husband... And you know who else is gonna buy Bobolink? ...Every husband who thinks life with the little woman has gotten dull... Every young buck who needs to buy a present for his "Lovie." You're not selling soap... No, sir, you're selling a love elixir people wash with... This is no bar of soap... It's every gal and guy's dream in wax.

MR. HASSOCK: I like that thinking, Burns? ...How about you? ...Burns?

MITCH stand motionless, stunned by the kiss.

SALLY: Mitch... Mitch... Are you O.K.?

MITCH: Huh... Wow, now what were we talking about? Singing on the wireless?

MR. HASSOCK: Did you hear anything Sally just said.

MITCH: I certainly did... *(Composing himself.)* and I agree with every word.

MR. HASSOCK: So how do we get this on the radio...

MITCH: O.K.... Picture this, we have a piano player tinkling out a tune at the radio station.... Any radio listener will pause at that... Think of the novelty... Music coming out of the wireless...

MR. HASSOCK: That's never been done before, has it?

MITCH: No, it hasn't and when it is.... History is made... And Bobolink soap will be right there making it. Just think how famous you would have been if those Wright Brothers had slicked up the skids on their Flying Machine with Bobolink soap... This is the same thing. Then we have a gal with voice like Fanny Brice to sing the praises of Bobolink soap...

MR. HASSOCK: I like it.... but will it sell soap?...

SALLY: You tell us....

MR. HASSOCK'S SECRETARY hears the commotion and steps on stage.

SALLY: *(Continued. Singing to an improvised tune.)*

Why just scrub to clean your face
When harsh soap dries your skin
Refresh your face, erase the years
And wash your youth back in.

MITCH: In a Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link bath...

SALLY: *(Singing to an improvised tune.)* Bountiful bubbles bring out
your beauty...

MITCH: In a Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link bath...

SALLY: *(Singing to an improvised tune.)* Bountiful bubbles bring out
your beauty...

MITCH: In a Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link bath...

Get in the spirit of this, Mr. Hassock...

MITCH leads HASSOCK to a chair and sits him down by a radio. SALLY goes behind the radio and kneels down.

MITCH: *(Continued.)* Imagine sitting by the wireless when a satisfied
Bobolink girl steps from the bath right into your living room.

SALLY does her "dance of seduction" again.

SALLY: *(With ecstatic emotion.)* Ooooooooooh, that was wonderful... This isn't about bathing... This isn't about cleansing... It's about... being a woman... A sensuous woman... Bobolink awakens the passion within me... The secret exotic oils give me soft, smooth baby like skin that longs to be touched... I'm not going to let romance pass me by when I can ignite my hubby's passion every time I step out of a Bobolink bath. Ohhhhhh... Bobolink makes my body feel alive... Alive from head to toe... No, I won't spend hours shopping for bargain soaps... Besides, *(giggle.)* since I became a Bobolink girl, my husband keeps me too busy to shop at all... *(Giggle.)*

MITCH: Is the parade of romance passing you by... Why settle for soap when you can have so much more with Bobolink.

SALLY: Bobolink Bath bars... Is this bathing?... Or is it love? Bobolink bath bars, warm water and my imagination... Discover the woman within when you let Bobolink soap take you where you've never been before.

MITCH: In a Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link bath..

MR. HASOCK: By gum, I like it... You're absolutely right... This isn't soap, it's a love bar... It's Cupid's Arrow you wash up with. Let's do it!

SALLY: You won't be sorry, Mr. Hassock.

MR. HASOCK: Call me, Hugo... Now how much is this singing radio advertisement gonna cost me?

MITCH and SALLY at the same time.

MITCH: Twenty five dollars.

SALLY: Fifty dollars.

MR. HASOCK: What's it gonna be?

MITCH and SALLY at the same time.

MITCH: Twenty five dollars.

SALLY: Fifty dollars.

SALLY steps in from of MITCH.

SALLY: Fifty dollars, Hugo.

MR. HASOCK: Fifty dollars, that's a lot money!

MITCH: If that's too much...

SALLY puts her hand over his mouth.

SALLY: If that's too much to pay to go down in history, I don't know what you're thinking. But if that's how you feel, I guess you can stick with the Billboard advertising and your "Bobolink. It's Better Soap" slogan. Come on, Mitch....

She shakes MR. HASOCK's hand. As they head off stage, they hear MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY singing.

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: (*Singing.*) In a Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link bath...

SALLY: Thank you, Mr. Hassock... Come, Mitch we have an appointment with Palmolive...

SALLY walks past MITCH. MITCH stands bewildered.

MR. HASOCK: Miss Jackson... Burns... Don't you walk out on me, too... If it takes a fifty bucks, I'll pay a fifty dollar... I'll send over a check... Now you better catch up to that little lady... You don't want her to get away.

MITCH: Sometimes I don't know if I do or I don't.

MITCH chases her into the reception area.

MITCH: *(Continued.)* What heck were you doing in there... Do realize you almost blew our account? ...Our only account!

SALLY: Did you get the fifty dollars?

MITCH: Yeah, but that's not the point...

SALLY: Then what is the point? ...I convinced him while you just stood there like a bump on a log... What came over you, anyway?

MITCH: I.... I don't know. When you started telling about what the soap meant to women, I... I... I don't think we need to hire an actress.

SALLY: What do you mean?

MITCH: You played that role of the vamp so well, I almost thought there was the heart of real woman under that business suit of yours.... Then when you hit him with a fifty buck price tag, I started to wonder again.

SALLY: What do mean by that?

MITCH: Oh, nothing... You can just keep acting like a man as long you keep closing deals. *(Exits.)*

SALLY: Men... I supposed he'd like it more if I stood quietly behind him and every now and then shook my...

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: It probably wouldn't hurt, Sweetie... Every now and again. You know honey, with a dress and a little rouge you could be looker... Then he'd be interested.

SALLY: I don't want him... Interested?

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: Of course you don't, Sugar... But if you know so much about advertising, why do you hide your assets in a brown bag? A nice package makes you want to see what's inside. I mean, how you gonna sell Mr. Hassock's soap when you don't know how to sell what you got yourself.

SALLY: You're pretty forward, you know that?

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: I'm going to Lindy's for dinner and the Ritz for dancing Saturday night... What are you doin'?

SALLY: What's that got to do with anything?

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY stands twirls and strikes a fetching pose...

MR. HASOCK'S SECRETARY: I'm just talking about the power of advertising, honey... Know what I mean.

SALLY: *(Pausing.)* Maybe I do...

SALLY takes the jacket off again and "shashays" out.

SALLY: *(Continued.)* Maybe I do.

Lights out.

SCENE 6

AT RISE: *Back at the Jackson and Burns office... MITCH is typing. As SALLY enters he pulls the paper out and looks at it. SALLY comes in behind MITCH. She's beautiful with makeup and very feminine dress... It's like a "Cinderella transformation." Mitch doesn't look up...*

MITCH: I made a list of all the wireless stations in town... Here are stations you should call on... I'd do the others...

MITCH glances up quickly then looks back at his notes.... Then looks up again and recognizes SALLY. He drops his notes.

MITCH: *(Continued.)* Sally! My gosh... What happened?

SALLY: *(Miffed by his remark.)* My father's closet was locked so I had to I had to wear mom's clothes.

MITCH: You look... look great.

SALLY: Thank you... I thought I better dress the part if I'm going to the radio stations this morning to get someone to broadcast our ad.

MITCH: So what about that "professional image" business.

SALLY: A very wise person told me about the “power of advertising.”
I’ve gotta go...

MITCH: Sally, I can’t believe... *(Decides to drop the thought.)* Good luck getting a station lined up. They’re not open to new ideas...

SALLY: Yeah, but they are run by men... So I have a natural advantage...

MITCH: Sally... You surprised me. I thought you were above that “womanly wiles” business.

SALLY: *(Giving MITCH a disgusted look.)* I’m talking about an “intellectual advantage” ...Why don’t you step out of the gutter and run to the stations on your list...

SALLY walks off stage. Lights out. Lights rise on side of stage to reveal SALLY talking to 1ST STATION MANAGER.

1ST STATION MANAGER: I’m sorry, Miss Jackson. I can’t broadcast musical advertising... My listeners won’t stand for it.

Cross fade to MITCH... As lights rise on opposite side of stage to reveal MITCH talking to 2ND STATION MANAGER.

2ND STATION MANAGER: Advertising? I don’t think that’s legal... It could cost us our government grant.... Impossible... No.

Cross fade to SALLY. As lights rise on opposite side of stage to reveal SALLY talking to 3RD STATION MANAGER, BRADLEY.

BRADLEY: Miss Jackson, I think you’re the “manna from heaven” we’ve been looking for here at WBOS. Let me get this straight... You’re gonna pay the station a quarter every time we broadcast your little skit about Bobolink Soap... and you want to do this every hour?

SALLY: That’s right, Bradley... And we’ll bring the actors and the musicians to do it. All you have to do is provide the microphone and radio signal.

BRADLEY: It’s such a simple idea... Why didn’t anybody ever think of it before?

SALLY: Makes you wonder, doesn’t it?

BRADLEY: This is great... To tell you the truth, this station has been losing money since it went on the air. There's not a radio station in America making money... They all operate on government grants...

SALLY: So why aren't the grants working for you?

BRADLEY: I've ruffled too many feathers in Washington. I've been telling people radio could do a lot more but the government officials think I'm crazy... And since they hold the purse strings, I have to dance to their fiddler. Now if we can make this idea catch on, WBOS can pay our own freight and do whatever the heck we want. I think your idea is brilliant... Bring your people in tomorrow and let's get advertising on the airwaves.

SALLY: That's wonderful... We'll be in at 9:00.

Cross fade to MITCH... on corner of stage. SALLY walks to him.

SALLY: *(Continued.)* How'd you do?

MITCH: Not a nibble.... How did go for you? Any luck?

SALLY: You were right... Those radio station managers aren't looking for new ideas.

MITCH: Darn it... I knew I should gone with you.

SALLY: What that's supposed to mean?

MITCH: Oh, don't be so sensitive... Men like to deal with men... That's all I'm saying... How many stations did you get to.

SALLY: All four of them...

MITCH: Now what?

SALLY: I don't know. Three of them said "NO!"

MITCH: *(Not really hearing her.)* Rats... I better call Hassock and tell him...

SALLY: I said, Three of them said "NO!"

MITCH: Three!

SALLY: We go on the air at 10:00 on WBOS tomorrow.

MITCH: *(Excited.)* We do... We did it! YOU did it... Sally. I love you...

SALLY: What?

MITCH: You know what I mean...

SALLY: Do I?

Lights out.

SCENE 7**AT WBOS**

AT RISE: *Crowded studio. The NEWS READERS are all dressed the same with white shirts, gray slacks and bow ties. The "Radio talent" MADGE, SHIRLEY, LOUISE, and AGNES are in "flapper" costumers and JACK is in a tuxedo. Enter RALP, FRED, and NEWS READERS.*

RALPH: Hey, hey... What's going on here?

FRED: Who are these people?

PHINEAS PILSNER storms on stage crossing to BRADLEY's desk.

PHINEAS PILSNER: Bradley... Bradley.... Where did all these people come from...? Get out of my way.

PHINEAS pushes a JACK aside. BRADLEY walks in and the NEWS READERS surround him. They stay with him in a cluster as he walks around the studio.

BRADLEY: Gentlemen... Gentlemen... Please, calm down... We're trying something new today.

PHINEAS PILSNER: You're always trying something new... Trying to buck the system. Trying to change the natural order of things.

BRADLEY: Phineas, all I'm trying to do is meet my payroll every week... And that's what these people will do for us.

RALPH: How? By running a carnival in the studio. These people look like they're refugees from vaudeville.

BRADLEY: They are... Sort of... They're all actors and performers...

FRED: And you invited them here? I'd ask "What for?"...but I'm not sure I want to hear your answer.

BRADLEY: Look, yesterday I met with a young lady from the advertising agency for Bobolink soap... And the Bobolink Company will pay the station to perform an advertisement on the air.

PHINEAS PILSNER: Perform an advertisement? How in blazes do you do that?

BRADLEY: I'm not really sure... Sally said it was like doing a theatrical production.

FRED: Theatrical production...? What are they going to watch...? The radio tubes only glow orange?

BRADLEY: What did Sally call it... "Theater of the mind?" People can use their imaginations to see the actors!

RALPH: Come on, Bradley... Radio's a government operation... Since when has the government used its imagination. Remember... We're (*Spell it out.*) R-A-D-I-O... On radio people read the news... Just the news... Nothing else...

PHINEAS PILSNER: That's right, Bradley... Radio is for serious communication... We don't do theater... And Lord help us if we become hucksters for soap just to make a buck.

RALPH: This is absurd... Advertising on the radio... Bradley, have you lost your mind? That's never been done... Shouldn't be done... Radio's a public trust... We can't sell our integrity for a bar of soap!

FRED: Advertise on the radio... Nobody's stooped that low.

BRADLEY: Well, kneel down, Freddie... We'll be the first...

PHINEAS PILSNER: And the last... This is the craziest thing I ever heard of...

PHINEAS grabs a MAN passing with a Victrola.

PHINEAS PILSNER: Hold it, Buster... Where do you think you're going with that Victrola?

BRADLEY: It's O.K. He's part of the show.

PHINEAS PILSNER: Show? ...Actors... Look, Bradley... We're journalists... We all left distinguished careers with respected newspapers to pioneer radio journalism and you bring in this... This circus... It isn't dignified.

BRADLEY: I'll tell you, Phineas, right now we're more in need of money than dignity.

SALLY and MITCH enter.

BRADLEY: (*Continued.*) Sally... Mitch, over here...

SALLY: Good morning... We can't tell you how much we appreciate you taking a chance on this idea.

BRADLEY: The money from Bobolink is appreciation enough... This is quite a menagerie you brought us.

MITCH: Next time we'll bring a smaller cast...

PHINEAS PILSNER: Next time? Next time! ...How many "next times" are there going to be, Bradley?

BRADLEY: We're going to try advertising everyday for a week.

RALPH: A week... We can't put up with this for a week...

BRADLEY: Put up with what? We don't even know what these people are going to do. What are they going to do?

SALLY looks at her watch.

SALLY: We'll know in about two minutes... We told Mr. Hassock his first ad would be on the air at ten o'clock.

BRADLEY: This is your picnic... Do whatever it is that you do.

MITCH: O.K. We need a microphone in the middle of the room here.

BRADLEY waves to HARVEY who is carrying a microphone.

BRADLEY: *(Pointing.)* Harvey? ...Put it over there.

HARVEY puts mic in the middle of the stage.

MITCH: O.K. boys and girls... Quickly now... Set up just like we did at our office yesterday...

MADGE: This is so exciting...

SHIRLEY: Imagine, my mama's gonna hear me sitting by her radio clear across Boston.

PHINEAS PILSNER: Bradley, what the devil are they doing?

BRADLEY: Probably making history.

MITCH: Is everybody ready?

ACTORS respond.

MITCH: *(Continued.)* O.K. Sally...

SALLY: All right, Bradley... Now how does this work?

BRADLEY: I cue William... He's the guy to in the booth reading the news and then Harvey will turn on your microphone... Then it's up to you...

BRADLEY gives HARVEY a slip of paper.

BRADLEY: *(Continued.)* Harvey, give this to William... O.K. Sally when I point to you, you'll be broadcasting... I'll put William on the speaker so you can hear the cue.

BRADLEY flips a switch to open the speaker for WILLIAM.

WILLIAM: *(Voice only, over the speaker.)* Former President William Howard Taft will be sworn in as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at a ceremony in the rotunda of the Capital Building today.

HARVEY goes in booth and hands WILLIAM a note. WILLIAM takes it and seriously proceeds.

WILLIAM: This just in... And now a word from our sponsor... *(Flustered.)* Huh? What is this? What's a sponsor?

BRADLEY points to SALLY. SALLY cues MITCH as HARVEY rushes to turn on the mic and the "On The Air" sign. MADGE, SHIRLEY, LOUISE, and AGNES are around the mic. to sing acapella. [Improvise Tune]

MADGE: Bubbling Bobolink...

SHIRLEY: Softness that is real...

LOUISE: Moisturizers... Energizers

AGNES: Beauty you can feel.

They all hum. JACK steps to the microphone.

JACK: Bobolink Cleansing cream... More than a soap... More than soothing suds... It's a beauty treatment in a bar... Twenty four skin softening emollients from exotic oils of hand picked nuts from mysterious India... With fragrances from the provocative petals of plantation palms grown on the lush banks of the Amazon. Combined with a secret moisturizer developed in the modern Bobolink laboratories.

LOUISE steps to the microphone.

LOUISE: Since I started bathing with Bobolink, the fire in my romance began to burn again. Bobolink makes me more of woman... And my husband more of man... The silken smooth bar caresses me like a lover's touch... It fans the embers of desire into the flames of passion... When I step out of a Bobolink bath I want to live... Live like I've never lived before... I want to grab my man and show him that a Bobolink girl understands life is short... So live it.

MADGE, SHIRLEY, LOUISE, and AGNES:

Soothing, smoothing Bobolink
No soap can do so much...
Bobolink the Beauty bar...
For skin he'll love to touch.

MITCH turns to BRADLEY.

MITCH: That's it...

PHINEAS PILSNER: That's disgusting...

RALPH: That's obscene...

FRED: (*Dreamily.*) Does Bobolink really make women feel that way?

LOUISE walks by FRED and blows him a kiss.

LOUISE: Why don't you buy me some and find out, Big Boy?

BRADLEY opens booth door...

BRADLEY: O.K., William, you can continue.

WILLIAM: What was that all about?

Door closes and WILLIAM's "On The Air" light goes on.

BRADLEY: That was terrific... What a great idea.

PHINEAS PILSNER: That was outrageous!... lewd... lascivious... scandalous... It appeals to man most base, prurient emotions...

MITCH: Exactly... And it's gonna sell a lot of soap.

SALLY: Mitchell Burns... I have to admit, I had my doubts about you, but we can make this work... You and me. Nothing's going to stop us now!

PHINEAS PILSNER: Don't be so sure about that, Miss Jackson... Don't be so sure.

Lights out.

SCENE 8

ALL ACROSS BOSTON

AT RISE: *This scene is a montage of women singing/reciting the Bobolink Soap Song as they go about their daily activities. Each says a line as she moves across the stage under a spotlight and passes next woman. The follow spot stays with woman that was passed. (All sing acapella.).*

LAUNDRY WOMAN carrying a basket of laundry enters.

LAUNDRY WOMAN: Bubbling Bobolink...Softness that is real... *(Exits.)*

COOKING WOMAN wearing an apron and stirring a bowl enters.

COOKING WOMAN: Moisturizers... Energizers... Beauty you can feel. *(Exits.)*

WOMAN TRAFFIC COP directing traffic enters.

WOMAN TRAFFIC COP: Soothing, smoothing Bobolink... No soap can do so much... *(Exits.)*

A MOTHER pushing a baby buggy as she passes MITCH and SALLY in front of their building.

MOTHER: Bobolink the Beauty bar... For skin he'll love to touch.

SALLY: Did you hear that, Mitch... Everybody in Boston is talking about Bobolink Soap.

MITCH: You mean SINGING about Bobolink Soap. You shouldn't be surprised... That's what we set out to do.... And we did!

SALLY: We did do it, didn't we. Isn't this unbelievable? I feel wonderful.

MITCH: I'll feel a lot better when Mr. Hassock gives us the rest of the money. I spend every penny and then some of the 50% we got as the first payment... I couldn't even pay the phone bill.

SALLY: That's O.K. When we get the second payment, we'll be on Easy Street.... And the next time around, we'll know how to budget better.

MITCH: You're right... Live and learn.

MR. HASSOCK approaches.

MITCH: *(Continued.)* Mr. Hassock, what a pleasant surprise. We were just talking about you.... Ah... What are you doing here?

MR. HASSOCK: I tried to call but Boston Bell says your phone's been disconnected. What's the matter, boy, can't you pay your bills.

MITCH: Actually, Mr. Hassock, we spend so much to make your ad "just right", we couldn't pay our phone bill.

SALLY: But we ran your ad for the week as promised and everybody in Boston is talking about Bobolink Soap.

MR. HASSOCK: That's right... But nobody's buying it... I haven't received one order from a retailer.

SALLY: Maybe folks just don't know where to go to get it.

MR. HASSOCK: Maybe somebody forgot to tell them in the ad...

SALLY: Oh-oh.

MITCH: Nothing to worry about, Mr. Hassock. We're still figuring out this new-fangled radio advertising business. When you give us the rest of our fee, we'll do some more ads to tell the ladies where to buy your soap.

MR. HASSOCK: There won't be "the rest of your fee." You'll have to "figure this out" on your own dime. You told me my sales would increase and they haven't. I've already spent fifty bucks on your cockamammy idea and you won't get a penny more until my sales go up.

SALLY: But Mr. Hassock... We did what we said we'd do... Your ads have been running all week and Bobolink is the best known soap in town.



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