

RS#3 Maria, Violet, Kathy, Margaret, Joe

Start

VIOLET, MARIA, KATHY and MARGARET are gossiping.

MARIA

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

VIOLET

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

MARGARET

You said it, sister.

KATHY

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

ALL

(impressed)

Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

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

KATHY

Heads up, hunky accountant at eleven o'clock!

MARIA

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

VIOLET

Stop. I'm a widow.

MARGARET

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

(JOE approaches.)

JOE

Hey, Violet.

KATHY

I think I hear my typewriter calling.

(The other SECRETARIES exit, except for MARGARET.)

JOE

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

VIOLET

Here it is all signed and sealed by Hart.

(KATHY comes back, grabs MARGARET's arm.

MARGARET elbows VIOLET.)

MARGARET

(sort of sotto voce)

Atta girl.

End

(KATHY and MARGARET exit.)