

ALBERT

(On the phone)

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

(He hangs up as Rosie briskly enters)

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

ROSIE

And your faithful secretary is hereby submitting....

(Slapping letter down on his desk)

...her resignation!

ALBERT

Hah?

ROSIE

I just dropped in to say goodbye, Albert, darling...

(She blow HIM a kiss)

...Lots of Luck!

(She goes to the door. Albert stopes HER)

ALBERT

Rosie, you can't! Not today of all days!

(Runs to his desk. Looks frantically through drawers)

My pills, where are my pills....The little white ones I take when I'm overwrought.

ROSIE

(Picking up bottle from desk and handing him one)

Here.

ALBERT

Not so much. Break it in half...

ROSIE

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

ALBERT

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

ROSIE

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

ALBERT

Rose! Those were moments of madness!

ROSIE

Well between the moments of madness and the office I've put in a good ninety hour week.

ALBERT

I get it. You want a raise.

ROSIE

Wrong. You know what I want

ALBERT

Rosie, if you're referring to anything of a more permanent nature between you and me, I'm not ready for it. Besides, there are religious differences.

ROSIE

Spanish is not a religion!

ALBERT

And it's part of the company you're after, the answer is no to that too! Almaelou is me, Mamma, and Lou....And any change in it would kill that wonderful woman who bore me.

ROSIE

Nothing could kill your mother, Albert. Except maybe a silver bullet.