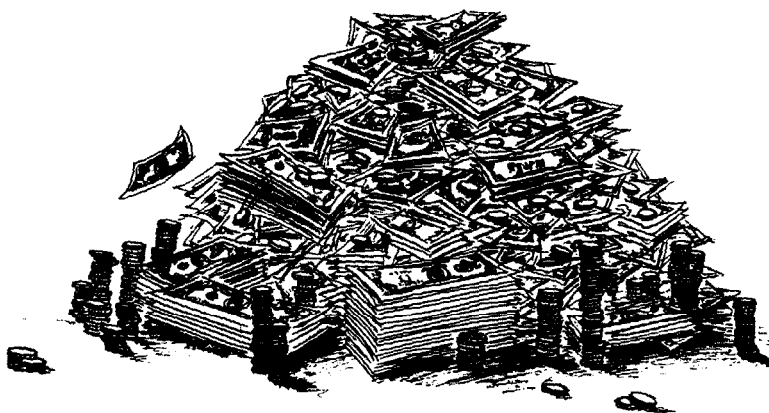


**“THE STING,”
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY**

David Skurnick

THE STING



A New Musical Comedy

Book & Lyrics by David Skurnick

Music by Jerry Bock, Mark Charlap, Noel Gay, Scott Joplin,
Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, and Guiseppe Verdi

David Skurnick and the Casualty Actuarial Society
present

A New Musical

THE STING

Book and Lyrics by David Skurnick
Music by Jerry Bock, Mark Charlap, Noel Gay, Scott Joplin, Cole Porter,
Richard Rodgers, and Guiseppe Verdi

Producer
DAVID SKURNICK

Director
ERICH PARKER

Musical & Vocal Direction
ROBERT GARDNER

Musical Arrangements
ROBERT GARDNER

Chorus Master
TOM MYERS

Choreography
KARIN QUINTANO

Additional Dialogue
JENNIFER SKURNICK

Set Design
ERICH PARKER

Make-Up & Hair Design
EILEEN JOHN

Set Construction
JANE TAYLOR & MIKE DOLAN

Cover & Program Design
RENEE COX

General Manager
JANE TAYLOR

Dedication

THE STING is dedicated to the regulators and employees
who have tirelessly and often without recognition worked to end fraud
in the insurance industry.

A Special Note of Thanks

Space does not permit us to name everyone who has generously contributed time
and talent to make this production possible. To all of you, our heartfelt thanks.

CAST

(in order of appearance)

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Jill Bunkum | SHERRY GARDNER |
| <i>a managing general agent just a touch, shall we say, on the dishonest side</i> | |
| Jack Bunkum | ERICH PARKER |
| <i>a master swindler and president of The Bunkum Agency</i> | |
| Harold Young | TOM MYERS |
| <i>a young actuarial trainee who doesn't have a clue</i> | |
| Clyde Fixer | ERWIN WOLF |
| <i>an actuary who . . . well, his name says it all</i> | |
| Paul Dormouse | SUE MILLER |
| <i>an actuary as old as Methuselah</i> | |
| The Godfather | RICH QUINTANO |
| <i>a Mafia chieftain</i> | |
| Suzanne Ravishing | KARIN QUINTANO |
| <i>a real babe and vice president of American Galactic Insurance Company</i> | |
| Charlie Fry | DAVID SKURNICK |
| <i>president of American Galactic</i> | |
| Barbara Sterling | BARBARA COOK |
| <i>executive vice president of American Galactic</i> | |
| Commissioner of Insurance | JANE TAYLOR |
| <i>of your home state</i> | |
| Broker | NORM BENNETT |
| <i>placing the reinsurance</i> | |
| Appraiser | CHAP COOK |
| <i>of real estate</i> | |
| Examiner | MEL PINTO |
| <i>of the insurance department</i> | |
| Attorney General | JIM HALL |
| <i>of the state</i> | |
| Employees | |
| NORM BENNETT, JEAN BLAKINGER, MIKE CAULFIELD, CHAP COOK, MIKE DOLAN, EILEEN JOHN, SUE MILLER, JOANNE OTTONE, MEL PINTO, PATTI SANDMAN, JOAN SKURNICK, ERWIN WOLF | |

Understudies

for Jill, Sue Miller; for Jack, Tom Myers; for Harold, Erwin Wolf; for Clyde, Mike Caulfield; for Paul, Joan Skurnick; for Godfather, Mike Caulfield; for Suzanne, Sue Miller; for Charlie, Erwin Wolf; for Barbara, Sue Miller; for Commissioner, Joan Skurnick; for Broker, Mike Caulfield; for Appraiser, Joan Skurnick; for Examiner, Joan Skurnick; and for Attorney General, Mike Caulfield.

Ushers and Stage Crew

Boca Raton only: Ross Currie, Head Usher; Scott Augutis, Jim Gilbert, Chris Harris, Jim Mahoney, and Chris Mariani, Crew.

SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

in which the audience follows the schemes, plots, secrets,
and fates of our characters.

THE STING will be performed without an intermission.

- Scene 1: The offices of The Bunkum Agency.**
Headhunter Jill
Tom, Dick or Harry Jill, Harold, Clyde & Paul
Ah! Don't Say No Today Jack
- Scene 2: The Bunkum Agency a few weeks later.**
Thinking Nothing of No One but Me Suzanne & Jack
- Scene 3: A Conference Room at American Galactic Insurance Company.**
The Swindlers Barbara & Charlie
- Scene 4: Hearing Room of the Department of Insurance.**
Anything Goes Jill, Jack, Harold & Ensemble

Pause for Scene Change.
- Scene 5: On Their Way to American Galactic.**
- Scene 6: The Chairman's Office at American Galactic.**
Credits, Debits Barbara, Charlie & Ensemble
You're Fired Suzanne & Employees
Many a New Day Barbara & Employees
- Scene 7: In Limbo.**
Headhunter (reprise) Barbara & Employees
- Scene 8: The Chairman's Office a few weeks later.**
You're the Top Suzanne & Jack
You're Fired (reprise) Jill, Suzanne & Jack
- Scene 9: The Chairman's Office a few weeks later.**
I Enjoy Cheating a Gull Jill & Jack
- Scene 10: The Chairman's Office.**
Anything Goes (reprise) Jill, Suzanne, Barbara, Jack & Ensemble

THE STING
by David Skurnick
May 30, 1992

*Dedicated to the regulators and employees, who have
worked to fight fraud in the insurance industry.*

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| JILL BUNKUM | A dishonest managing general agent. Jill is a tough, straight-talking babe, who is often mad at her husband. |
| JACK BUNKUM | A master swindler. Jack and Jill operate the Bunkum Agency. You can tell if he's lying by whether his lips are moving. |
| THE GODFATHER | A Mafia chieftain. |
| HAROLD YOUNG | A young and very naive actuarial trainee. |
| CLYDE FIXER | A dishonest actuary. |
| PAUL DORMOUSE | A very old actuary. |
| SUZANNE RAVISHING | Vice President at American Galactic Insurance Company. She is a lovely, blond vamp, who is also selfish and scheming. |
| CHARLIE FRY | Long-time President of American Galactic Insurance Company. |
| BARBARA STERLING | Executive Vice President of American Galactic. She is honest, upright and effective. |
| STATE INSURANCE COMMISSIONER | |
| REINSURANCE BROKER | A pompous international broker. |
| APPRAISER | A Real Estate appraiser. |
| EXAMINER | A naive State Insurance Department Examiner. |
| THE ATTORNEY GENERAL | This bastion of righteousness is serious and intense. |
| EMPLOYEES | of American Galactic Insurance Company. |

The action takes place in the present time at the Bunkum Agency, the State Insurance Department and American Galactic Insurance Company.

INTRODUCTION

Our story today is adapted from fact.
It's about MGA's and a firm they attacked.

Now, managing general agents are trusted,
To underwrite, then to get losses adjusted.

But, Jack and Jill Bunkum have no inhibitions,
They underwrite junk, just to get the commissions.

If claims fill the air at the end of a caper,
These villains don't care; it's the company's paper.

Now, Jill, who invents the astonishing plot,
Is soft-spoken, gentle and courteous -- NOT!

And, Jack's speechifying could use improving,
You can tell if he's lying -- his lips are moving.

So, laugh at our show; it's a comic revue.
But, crime fighters know - -it could happen to you.

OVERTURE

SCENE 1

[Curtain rises on the crummy office of the Bunkum Agency. There are two desks side by side in a shallow V. JACK is resting with his feet on his desk (on the left). JILL stands looking out the window upstage right. She turns toward JACK.]

JILL: (Upset and angry at JACK) Jack, they're repossessing our Cadillac!

JACK: (ingenuous) I'm sure it's *their* mistake, darling.

JILL: [overlap JACK's final word] You didn't make the payments, did you?

JACK: (calmly; diverting the discussion) Jill, for managing general agents like us, it's *dog-eat-dog*.

JILL: Oh, yeah? Then the dog ate us. (bitter) The damn company we represented wised up and dumped us.

JACK: They even took out newspaper ads to rescind the agency agreement. That's slander.

JILL: I told you not to forge their policies.

JACK: Other companies *never* stopped us from writing.

JILL: (bitter) Until they went bankrupt!

JACK: (defensive) We could have come away with a profit. Why did they *sue* us?

JILL: (sarcastic) Oh, I can't imagine. Just because we cut the rates in half? Wrote crud? Insured crooks? Or, [laugh at JACK] maybe because we kept all the money?

JACK: (defensively) I was prepared to negotiate in *good faith*. (with sincerity) I offered to reinsure their entire exposure into another company.

JILL: Did you have another company?

JACK: Well, no.

JILL: (suddenly very excited, as she gets back to the main argument) And, you *still* don't have a company! **So, we're outa business, right!**

JACK: Don't worry, dear. An insurance company is nearly ready to give us their pen.

JILL: **Who?** (Contemptuously challenging him. She knows he's lying.)

JACK: (in a fake virtuous tone) Jill, I am not permitted to divulge their identity.

JILL: (furious at this obvious evasion) Jack Bunkum! I don't care how many suckers you've swindled; **you can't con me!** We're *busted* and you're *stuck!*

JACK: You *may* be correct, dear. I'll just keep pitching. [to audience] "...We can help your company grow in a niche market. Our underwriting expertise and access to reinsurance will lead ... "

JILL: [Overlap "will lead"] **No!** [pause] We'll buy our own company.

JACK: *Buy* a company? That would cost millions. And, the Department would never approve. (condescending) *I'll* find the pigeon; *you* [pause] do the typing.

JILL: (angry at the put-down) Forget it! Multi Global is selling American Galactic. *We're* buying it.

JACK: (angry and sarcastic) Don't be ridiculous! How could we do that?

JILL: [Now, JILL is calm and superior] First, I'll hire an agreeable actuary.

JACK: (scornfully) *An actuary!* You want to spend all day listening to fancy double talk?

JILL: [pause to glare at JACK] *I already do!*

[JILL picks up a phone and dials. Maybe rings on the 1st beat of the last 3 or 4 measures of the introduction. JACK sits down at his desk.]

HEADHUNTER

to the tune of MATCHMAKER

Lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, Music by Jerry Bock

JILL: Headhunter, headhunter, hunt me a mind;
 Catch me a catch; find me a find.
 Locate the applicants I want to see,
 And earn your enormous fee.
 Headhunter, headhunter here are the specs,
 Try not to use age, race or sex,
 All that I really require is that he
 Should always agree with me.
 For pricing, let him be high;

For reserving, let him be low;
For planning, let him predict
That the corporate earnings will grow and grow.
Headhunter, headhunter, turn on the speed,
Start making calls; chase every lead.
Don't stop to check what their resumes say,
Just, send them to me right away.

[HAROLD enters SL and hands JILL his application. JILL is genial and pleasant with the three applicants.]

HAROLD: Hi, I'm Harold Young. You're looking for an accounting clerk, right?

JILL: An actuary. (a bit suspicious) Can you identify yourself?

HAROLD: Yes. [picks up a mirror and looks at himself] It's me all right.

JILL: [points to application] You went to Kankakee Community College. What was your major?

HAROLD: Major? [amazed laugh] I bailed after a semester.

JILL: What makes you think you could do the job?

HAROLD: I'm trustworthy, loyal, brave, clean, and reverent.

JILL: That's good. And, who's this?

[CLYDE enters SL.]

CLYDE: Hello! I'm Clyde Fixer, here to fix your actuarial reports. [He hands Jill his application.]

JILL: You were the actuary at Equity Funding. Then there's a gap in your resume.

CLYDE: I was with L. I. C.

JILL: L. I. C.?

CLYDE: Leavenworth Inmates Club.

JILL: You'll fit right in.

[PAUL enters SL and hands Jill his application, with shaking hands.]

PAUL: Good day, young lady. I'm looking for a job to supplement my Social Security.

JILL: The way we pay, you'll need a second income.

PAUL: [Hands JILL his application] I've had long years of experience.

JILL: [Reading] Let's see. You invented the first retro rating plan. (She is impressed)

PAUL: (proudly) I also created *experience* rating. [point at application]

JILL: It's wonderful to find an applicant who's so *qualified*. Oh, your address is missing. Just fill it in right here. [points to the application]

PAUL: I can't remember where I live.

[JILL does a double take.]

JILL: Hmm ... which one should I hire?

TOM, DICK OR HARRY
to the tune of TOM, DICK OR HARRY
by Cole Porter

HAROLD: I recently dropped out of junior college.
I never got a grade as high as a D.
If you prefer a total lack of knowledge,
Hire me, hire me, hire me.

CLYDE: My resume displays a past that's checkered.
I served a stretch in jail, but as a trustee.
So, if you would not mind a criminal record,
Hire me, hire me, hire me.

PAUL: I am the very oldest of old-timers,
I'm fretful and forgetful to a degree.
If you give health insurance for Alzheimer's,
Hire me, hire me, hire me.

PAUL: Hire me!

HAROLD & CLYDE: Hire me!

PAUL: Hire me!

HAROLD & PAUL: Hire me!

CLYDE: Hire me!

HAROLD: Hire me!

ALL 3: Hire me!

REFRAIN 1

JILL: We need one actuary,
 And will take with no qualm,
 Any Tom, Dick or Harry,
 Any Harry, Dick or Tom.
 We need one actuary,
 And will take double quick,
 Any Tom, Dick or Harry,
 Any Tom, Harry or Dick.

REFRAIN 2

HAROLD: I'm your new actuary,
 JILL: This is work, not a prom.
 CLYDE: I'm your new actuary,
 JILL: Are you Harry, Dick or Tom?
 PAUL: I'm your new actuary.
 JILL: Are you dull?
 CLYDE: No, I'm slick.
 JILL: Are you Tom, Dick or Harry?
 PAUL: Call me Tom, Harry or Dick.

REFRAIN 3

[The three applicants don straw hats.]

JILL &
 APPLI-
 CANTS: I need (she needs) one actuary,
 Who will not be contrary.
 Yes, it's most necessary,
 For reserves commentary.
 I need (she needs) one actuary,
 And will take double quick,
 Any Tom, Dick or Harry,
 Any Tom, Harry or Dick
 A dicka dick,
 A dicka dick,
 A dicka dick,
 A dicka dick,
 A dicka dick,
 A dicka dick.

JILL: Harold, this is your lucky day. The Bunkum Agency has awarded you an *internship*. You can work here by paying a tuition of only \$1000 a month.

HAROLD: That sounds kind of expensive for Dad.

JILL: [matter-of factly] You can play Tetris on our computer.

HAROLD: [without thought] I'll take it.

JILL: Start tomorrow. (to Harold) Sorry, boys. (to CLYDE and PAUL)

[All three applicants leave SL.]

JACK: That was masterful. Now, how do we pay for the company?

[Piano plays Theme from THE GODFATHER under dialogue.]

JILL: We start with a short term loan of seven million dollars. The bank issues junk bonds to finance the purchase. Multi Global also gives us a loan. As soon as we're in control, we use the company's money to repay the seven million. We're long gone when the other debts come due.

JACK: Yeah! [Pause for thought] But, where do we get the seven million?

JILL: (light-hearted) You borrow it from your friend Don Corleone.

JACK: The Godfather!?! (frightened) [JILL nods.] But we never paid him back.

JILL: (light-hearted) Well, he's on his way over.

JACK: (petrified) He'll kill me! [Heads for door at SR]

[GODFATHER enters SR and JACK backs up. JILL sits at her desk. JACK might stumble as he's backing up and deliver his first line from the floor.]

GODFATHER: Where's the money you owe me?

JACK: Good morning, Godfather. It was exceedingly kind of you to visit my meager office.

GODFATHER: Where's the money you owe me?

JACK: [gets up] I can't pay you right now. We had some unexpected difficulties.

GODFATHER: (angry) Where's the money you owe me?

JACK: But, I've got a new plan that will make you even more money.

GODFATHER: Jack, why do you treat me so disrespectfully?

JACK: The thing is, I need another seven million.

GODFATHER: No!

JACK: Please lend me the money. Of course, I'll pay your standard daily rates.

GODFATHER: I can have my boys take care of you [pause] and collect on the life insurance.

JACK: (pleading) I've got no one else to turn to.

GODFATHER: NO!

AH DON'T SAY NO TODAY
to the tune of *LA DONNA E MOBILE*
by Giuseppe Verdi

[During Verse 1, GODFATHER is shaking his head *no*. By Verse 2, he becomes positive and enthusiastic, due to the beautiful aria and the offer of equity.]

VERSE 1

JACK: Ah, don't say *No* today, I need your dough today.
I'm filled with woe today. I'm in a pickle.
I'm in distress, today. Please acquiesce, today,
Won't you say *Yes* today. Don't be so fickle.
We don't need much money. We don't want a billion,
Only seven million, just for a week or two.
Just for a week or two. Ah. Just for a week or two.

VERSE 2

You have a bank account; I need to use it.
Lend me the capital. I will not lose it.
You can have ownership, if you should choose it.
Make me an offer; I can't refuse it.
We don't need much money, we don't want a billion,
Only seven million, just for a week or two.
Just for a week or two. Ah. Just for a week or two.

GODFATHER: (deeply moved) Jack, that's my favorite aria. I'll help you.

JACK: Oh, thank you, Godfather. [JACK leans over and kisses his hand.]

GODFATHER: And, Jack, make a big profit, [pause] or you'll sleep with the fishes.

[JACK reacts with fear. GODFATHER exits SL.]

JILL: [during GODFATHER'S exit] Now, that's what I call risk-based capital.

CURTAIN

SCENE 2

[The curtain rises on the Bunkum Agency office, a few weeks later. JACK is sitting at his desk. SUZANNE enters. JACK looks up.]

SUZANNE: Hello. (as woman to man) I'm Suzanne Ravishing. [shakes hands with JACK]

JACK: (smitten with her beauty) Well, hello, cutie. Come right in. Sit down. Would you like a donut?

SUZANNE: No, thanks. I'm watching my figure. (seductive wiggle)

JACK: Me, too! (enthusiastically) Now, what can I do for you?

SUZANNE: I'm Vice President at American Galactic Insurance.

JACK: (suddenly worried) What are you doing here?

SUZANNE: Relax, Jackie. I've got a proposition for you.

JACK: Oh, really?

SUZANNE: I'm in a very good position to give you the intimate details of how management is fighting the takeover.

JACK: (interested) Yeah? What are they up to right now?

SUZANNE: They just told Multi Global and the Insurance Department about your reputation as an MGA.

JACK: (thinking out loud) Hmmm.... Multi Global won't be a problem. They don't care whose money they take.

SUZANNE: For an insurance man, you're sinfully handsome.

JACK: The Department will support us, if we engage Hillary Clinton's law firm. {or, the right law firm}

SUZANNE: This is fascinating.

JACK: Suzanne, if you do this for me, what can I offer you?

SUZANNE: Barbara Sterling is supposed to follow Charlie Fry as President. Give *me* the job.

JACK: You mean *President*?

SUZANNE: I love mahogany panelling! [She kisses him.]

JACK: It's a deal!

THINKING NOTHING OF NO ONE BUT ME
to the tune of THINKING NOTHING OF NO ONE BUT ME
Words by Douglas Furber, Music by Noel Gay

SUZANNE: I make men so fond -- their pulses all stir;
And I'll be the blond that Jack will prefer.
I'll tell him the secrets that he needs to learn;
A little investment, and plenty of return.

Me -- I'll be a big VIP;
Just you look on and you'll see,
What's going to happen to me.
I -- want my career to fly.
You may be just standing by;
I'll make my limit the sky.
What if I'm a traitor? There's a payoff later.
I'll be CEO, with plenty of power and plenty of dough.
Me -- just you look up and you'll see,
Me at the top of the tree,
Thinking nothing of no one but me.

JACK: I am such a charming and goodlooking man,
My *je ne sais quoi* has enchanted Suzanne.
So, she will deliver the goods to my door;
She'll be my informant, and maybe something more.

SUZANNE: Me -- I'll be a big VIP,
Just you look on and you'll see,

JACK: (spoken) She'll be a cat's paw for me.

SUZANNE: I -- want my career to fly,
I'll make my limit the sky,

JACK: (spoken) I'll be a very rich guy. [points to himself]

SUZANNE: When the buyout's over, I will lie in clover;
I'll be President,

JACK: (spoken) But she doesn't know I will steal every cent!

SUZANNE: Me -- just you look up and you'll see
Me at the top of the tree,
Thinking nothing of no one but me.

CURTAIN

SCENE 3

[A conference room at American Galactic, a few weeks later. The scene is played in front of the curtain. CHARLIE, BARBARA and EMPLOYEES enter SL carrying 4 chairs. They mill about, wondering how they and the buyers will impress each other, etc. SUZANNE enters SR]

SUZANNE: The buyers will be here any minute, so would you please find a seat.
[Four EMPLOYEES sit, the others stand behind them. CHARLIE and BARBARA are to the right of the group.]

You all know that our company is for sale. I've been contacted by a highly successful investment team, who plan to bid for us. They asked to meet with our management, so I invited them over today. [SUZANNE looks to her right. JACK and JILL enter SR, followed by HAROLD.]
Here they come. I am now proud to introduce those two outstanding entrepreneurs, Jack and Jill Bunkum!

[HAROLD, SUZANNE and a couple of EMPLOYEES applaud. SUZANNE moves downstage.]

JACK: We'd like to thank Mr. Fry [he nods], Ms. Sterling [she nods] and management for the opportunity to speak with you. [CHARLIE and BARBARA are **not** impressed.] We need to discuss a very serious matter. You may be disturbed by what you hear.

Look at the last two years' earnings. [HAROLD displays Chart 1.] With results like this, do you know how much longer the firm can survive? [pause] Two years.

JILL: In two years, your company will lose its license, your customers will lose their insurance, and *you will lose your job*. [HAROLD displays Chart 2.]

JACK: That is stark reality. [pause] But, something can be done about it.

JILL: You'll get an A rating, when Jack and I add a hundred million dollars to surplus.

EMPLOYEES: Wow! Ah!

JACK: We will manage this company with entrepreneurial leadership, dynamic, customer-driven programs, and guts! The hours will be long and the work will be demanding, but **we will succeed!** [HAROLD turns Chart 2 CCW by 90 degrees.] Do you want to be a part of this venture?

EMPLOYEES: YES!

SUZANNE: Wait a minute! When you have the IPO, the *private* stock will be worth a fortune. *We* want some!

EMPLOYEES: Yeah!

JACK: (enthusiastic) You're right. That stock is a winner...a gold mine...a bonanza!
(suddenly disappointed) But, I'm afraid it's fully subscribed. You can't buy any.

EMPLOYEES: (disappointed) Ahh.

JILL: (to Jack) Jack, couldn't we sell them some of our shares?

[JACK thinks. The EMPLOYEES lean forward in excitement.]

JACK: All right, we'll do it. [EMPLOYEES jump to their feet.] Come with us.

[JACK and EMPLOYEES hurry off to right.]

JILL: (happily) Make your checks payable to Jack and Jill Bunkum. [exits SR]

CHARLIE: Come back!

BARBARA: We need to warn you...

THE SWINDLERS

To the tune of THE ENTERTAINER
by Scott Joplin

CHARLIE When the swindlers begin their pitch,
and They make you think that you're going to be rich.
BARBARA: They make promises by the bunch,
But, they never pay off, 'cause there is no free lunch.
You had better proceed with care,
You ought to know it's a jungle out there.
You can never get rich,
Within a criminal niche,
Whenever swindlers have started their pitch.

[CHARLIE and BARBARA exit SL.]

SCENE 4

[The curtain rises on a hearing room at the State Insurance Department, the next month. JACK, JILL, SUZANNE, EMPLOYEES, GODFATHER, COMMISSIONER, BROKER, HAROLD, CHARLIE, BARBARA, and APPRAISER are seated on stage. (Four people move the chairs on the apron back into position.)]

- COMM: This is a hearing under the Uniform Insurance Holding Company Act, to rule on the sale of American Galactic Insurance Company. Ms. Bunkum, please explain your financial plan.
- JILL: [stands] We'll complete the purchase with 80% debt and 20% equity. Ownership will be held 49% by Bunkum Partners and 51% by Cosa Nostra, Inc. [sits]
- BROKER: [stands] I'm the reinsurance broker. We've placed the reinsurance for a loss portfolio transfer. By reflecting the time value of money, this transaction will increase surplus by twenty million dollars.
- HAROLD: [stands] Before we transfer those reserves, we'll discount them. That's *another* twenty million.
- COMM: Does that loss portfolio deal contain sufficient risk transfer?
- JACK: If you don't approve it, *you* risk transferring 500 workers onto unemployment.
- HAROLD: (aside to BROKER) Gee, who did you find to cover such a weak company ?
- BROKER: I filled the slip at Lloyd's of London. You see, Lloyd's Accounting protects the Names.
- HAROLD: The *what*?
- BROKER: That's what they call investors, over there.
- COMM: [strikes gavel] Why don't you explain Lloyd's Accounting to everybody.
- BROKER: It's been done the same way for 300 years. A syndicate closes after the third year and reinsures the losses forward, so the Names are *always safe*.
- JILL: (aside, seated) As long as they find a bigger fool to assume their losses.
- BROKER: [gives JILL a dirty look] Yes, in the last few years, some syndicates *have* been unable to close.
- HAROLD: (wide eyed innocence) Will those names have to pay *300 years of losses*?

[EMPLOYEES et al. chuckle at HAROLD's naivete]

COMM: [strikes gavel. HAROLD and BROKER sit down.] Order! Now, will there be any other capital infusions?

JACK: Yes. We will give the company a fifty million dollar office building in Houston, in exchange for thirty million in stock and twenty million in cash.

COMM: (impressed) That's *thirty million* of capital.

CHARLIE: [stands] That building isn't worth *fifty million*; they just bought it for *ten*! [sits]

COMM: [looks at JACK] Do you have a real estate appraiser?

APPRAISER: [stands and clears his throat. This speech is delivered hesitantly and uncertainly] If we *assume*... an orderly real estate market, ...lower interest rates,...a sufficiently protracted period of time, and, perhaps [pause] a return of the oil boom,... then the structure could *possibly* yield fifty million dollars. [sits]

HAROLD: [seated] (enthusiastically) That's *terrific*, for a vacant building.

BARBARA: (jumps up in desperation) Your Honor, Jack Bunkum is a criminal! He's been convicted of a felony!

SUZANNE: Mr. Bunkum's minor infraction was the result of a mere technical oversight.

JILL: (jumps to her feet) Forget the past. We're going to save American Galactic.

JACK: (jumps to his feet) And make the employees rich.

EMPLOYEES: Yeah! Approve the deal! Go for it! [make noise until the gavel strikes]

COMM: [strike gavel] This purchase is APPROVED.

[Everyone is happy, except CHARLIE and BARBARA, who stalk out SL.]

ANYTHING GOES
To the Tune of ANYTHING GOES
by Cole Porter

VERSE

JILL: Times have changed.
And we've often rewound the clock,
Since directors first got a shock,

When they started to issue stock.
If today,
Any shock they should try to stem,
'Stead of selling more common stock,
Why, the firm would just sell them.

REFRAIN 1

In olden days those great big losses
Were looked on as albatrosses,
But now, God knows,
Anything goes.
Good underwriters once were thrifty,
Now, they run a hundred fifty
Loss ratios.
Anything goes.
Just think of those shocks you've got,
And those knocks you've got,
From those blocks you've got,
Of penny stocks you've got,
And the gunk you've got,
And all the junk you've got,
In your bond portfolios.
Jersey folk react like maniacs as
They're whacked with those zany taxes,
Of Florio's.
Anything goes.

[Tap dance routine between Refrains 1 and 2, and also between Refrains 2 and 3.
During the latter dance, the Commissioner will tap dance in front, wearing her robe and wig.]

REFRAIN 2

HAROLD: When MGA's can make a killing
By secretly overbilling
On bordereaux.

ALL: Anything goes.

HAROLD: Investors who are out on bail
Can scare owners, and get greenmail,
In their LBO's.

ALL: Anything goes.

HAROLD: Just look at that broker, he'll [indicates BROKER]
Tell a joke with zeal.

He can stroke your feelings,
Provoke a deal.
He'd forsake romance for
A chance to transfer
Those loss portfolios.
At Lloyd's the names watch losses mounting,
But can't use three year accounting,
When years won't close.

ALL: Anything goes.

REFRAIN 3

JACK: When buyout artists so appalling,
See companies [RHYTHM] quickly falling,
Like dominoes.

ALL: Anything goes.

JACK: A swindler, who has served a term in the pen
Can acquire a firm and then
Thumb his nose.

ALL: Anything goes.

JACK: If changes abrupt you like,
To disrupt you like,
To corrupt you like,
To interrupt you like,
If cooked books you like,
And dapper crooks you like,
Why, nobody will oppose.

JACK and
JILL: We made our case with great precision,
Resulting in this decision,
As hearings close: [Hold *close* only two beats.
COMMISSIONER bangs gavel on the third beat.]

COMM: Anything goes!

ALL: Anything goes.

CURTAIN

PAUSE FOR VIDEO CASSETTE CHANGE

[Play some quiet music, perhaps part of *The Entertainer*.]

SCENE 5

[The next day. JACK, JILL, HAROLD, and SUZANNE enter SL in front of the drawn curtain. During this scene they gradually move across the stage toward SR. They are excited.]

JILL: Everything's signed. We own the company. [holds up contract]

HAROLD: Wow! Can we eat in the executive dining room?

JILL: We can sell the food.

JACK: And the assets.

HAROLD: I'll feed my brother a ten dollar lunch.

JILL: I'll feed my brother a ten million dollar loan!

JACK: Say, when can we meet with the executives?

SUZANNE: They're all at Charlie's retirement party.

JILL: Let's go, then.

HAROLD: Yeah, let's crash the party. I'll get the brewskies.

JACK: No need, Harold. They'll share with us.

SUZANNE: I'll tell them who's boss now. *Me!*

JACK: OK. But, remember: change is pain.

JILL: Speak with P. M. A.

JACK: A Positive Mental Attitude.

HAROLD: We're outa here.

[All exit SR]

SCENE 6

[The Chairman's office at American Galactic, one hour later. The curtain rises on a sedate party, which is nearly over. Balloons, banners and signs are hanging. There are bright table cloths on the desks and tables, with glasses and bottles on them. BARBARA and CHARLIE are standing upstage, center. The employees are milling about, partying.]

BARBARA: Would you all gather round, please. [EMPLOYEES gather round] This party has been in honor of Charlie Fry, the most outstanding executive I've ever had the privilege of working with. Starting as a humble accounting clerk, he rose to become a great leader at American Galactic...

EMPLOYEES: [Hands on hearts, as they interrupt, enthusiastically] HmMMMM.

[JACK, JILL, HAROLD and SUZANNE enter SR]

BARBARA: He's hanging up the ax, ringing down the curtain, and sailing off into the sunset, leaving a pair of big shoes to fill.

CHARLIE: Not at all, Barbara. You'll be the best President yet.

BARBARA: Charlie, you provided a model of Prudence, Integrity, and Sound Underwriting, which we all will seek to emulate. Now you can enjoy a well-earned retirement in Boca Raton. As a token of your many contributions to American Galactic...

EMPLOYEES: [Hands on hearts] HmMMMM.

BARBARA: ...I hereby present this beautiful, gold-plated watch.

[EMPLOYEES applaud as she hands him the watch.]

CREDITS, DEBITS

To the tune of SUNRISE, SUNSET

Lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, Music by Jerry Bock

BARBARA: Is this the baby-faced accountant? [Walk to front of stage, sing directly
Is this the eager, young trainee? to the audience.]
I don't remember getting older,
When did he?
When did his face become so wrinkled?
When did his head lose all its hair?
Wasn't it yesterday his hair was there?

ALL: Credits, debits, credits, debits,
Calmly flow the days,
Doing exactly what they tell me,
Hoping to get another raise.
Credits, debits, credits, debits,
Till the end of time.
Slaving to make a little profit.
Watching each nickel and each dime.

CHARLIE: Now I'll be living in a condo, [Walk downstage, sing to
Wear only shoes of shiny white. audience.]
I'll eat my dinner at four thirty, every night.
I'll wait for visits from the children,
Watch Oprah Winfrey on TV.
I'm a proud member of AARP.

ALL: Credits, debits, credit, debits, [ALL move downstage]
Calmly flow the days,
Doing exactly what they tell me,
Hoping to get another raise.
Credits, debits, credits, debits,
Slowly crawl the years,
One day exactly like another,
Work that is boring me to tears.

CHARLIE: Thank you for this beautiful, engraved time-piece. This lovely memento shows
[pause to glance at the watch] that it's past my bed time. Good night.
[exits in front of group, SR]

BARBARA: Would the new owners like to speak?

[JACK moves to center. Group moves back slightly. JILL, HAROLD and
SUZANNE are nearby.]

JACK: [reads matter-of-factly] As you can all appreciate, our number one priority will
be to analyze the financial condition of the Company. The outcome of this effort
will result in the repositioning of some of our units, so it is important that we do
not further aggravate our cost position. Therefore we are implementing a rapid
program of redeployment and destaffing.

[EMPLOYEES make confused noises.]

EMPLOYEE: {Mel} (puzzled) What does that mean?

JACK: [aside to SUZANNE, as they switch places] Remember: *P. M. A.*

YOU'RE FIRED

To the tune of I'M FLYING

Lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, Music by Mark Charlap

SUZANNE: You're fired.

EMPLOYEE 1: (spoken) Fired? {Sue} (Shocked and questioning)

EMPLOYEE 2: (spoken) Fired? {Mike} "

EMPLOYEE 3: (spoken) Fired? {Joan} "

SUZANNE: Here's the deal; all pink slips, [shows the pink slips like a bridge hand]
It's for real; read my lips.
You're fired.

You're fired.

EMPLOYEE 1: (spoken) Fired? {Sue} (Angry and questioning)

EMPLOYEE 2: (spoken) Fired? {Mike} "

EMPLOYEE 3: (spoken) Fired? {Joan} "

SUZANNE: Disappear, take your stuff,
You've been here long enough;
You're fired.
Please turn out your light, turn in your key.
We don't need to fight; you're history.
You're fired.

POP [sound of balloon being popped]

POP

POP

SUZANNE: You're all canned, I'm still here,
I feel grand, I could cheer.
You are unemployed; I am overjoyed;
You're fired.

[The employees sing with great enthusiasm, thanks to P. M. A.]

EMPLOYEES: We're fired.

EMPLOYEE 1: (spoken) Fired! {Sue} (Happy and liberated)
EMPLOYEE 2: (spoken) Fired! {Mike} "
EMPLOYEE 3: (spoken) Fired! {Joan} "

EMPLOYEES: It is all for the best,
We can crawl home and rest,
We're tired.

We're fired.
EMPLOYEE 1: (spoken) Fired! {Sue} (Exhausted and resigned)
EMPLOYEE 2: (spoken) Fired! {Mike} "
EMPLOYEE 3: (spoken) Fired! {Joan} "

EMPLOYEES: It's no joke, we're in debt,
We'll be broke till we get
Rehired.
We've all done our best, you wouldn't scoff.
So, we'll take the rest of the day off.
We're fired.

EMPLOYEE 1: (spoken) Fired! {Sue} (Tipsy and resigned)
EMPLOYEE 2: (spoken) Fired! {Mike} "
EMPLOYEE 3: (spoken) Fired! {Joan} "

EMPLOYEES: We're discharged, we're dismissed,
By and large, we're all pissed.
When we leave today, with our two weeks' pay,
Either we'll get drunk or we'll prepare our resume;
We're fired.

[EMPLOYEES and BARBARA march in place starting with "When we leave...",
then march out left as they sing the last line.]

JACK: Well done, *President Ravishing!*

JILL: The whole company is in our hands.

[JACK, JILL, HAROLD, and SUZANNE exit right. BARBARA and
EMPLOYEES then sneak back on stage from left. P. M. A. has *definitely* worn
off. They pour drinks.]

EMPLOYEE 1: {Rich} Those *bastards!*

EMPLOYEE 2: {Joan} After all we've done for American Galactic.

EMPLOYEES: [put hands on hearts] Hmmmm.

EMPLOYEE 3: {Mel} At least, *they're buying*. [All drink]

EMPLOYEE 4: {Sue} This is horrible.

EMPLOYEE 5: {Norm} Where will I go now? [starts to cry]

EMPLOYEE 6: {Jean} Where's our golden parachute? [Starts to cry. All EMPLOYEES start crying, except BARBARA, who is bold, determined, upright and sober.]

EMPLOYEE 7: {Mike C.} This *never* would have happened if we had finished the **Data Base Project**.

EMPLOYEE 8: {Chap} I'll never get the tie tack with three diamond chips!

BARBARA: Friends, let's put the bitterness and lamenting behind us. We've encountered misfortune, but it's time to move forward. Let's go to my house for a resume writing party.

[BARBARA sits downstage center. EMPLOYEES stand around her in a tableau.]

MANY A NEW DAY
To the tune of MANY A NEW DAY
by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers

- BARBARA: Why should a worker who is healthy and strong,
Blubber like a baby if her job goes away?
Cursing that the management has done her wrong,
That's one thing you'll never hear me say.
Never gonna think that the job I lost is the only job I can catch;
I won't complain that it wasn't fair,
I'll snap my fingers to show I don't care,
I'll wash that company out of my hair,
And start all over from scratch.
- EMPLOYEES and BARBARA: Many a new duty will I try,
Many a new task will find me.
Never will I seek to alibi,
Over the lost job behind me.
Many a new job will brighten my career.
Always have I kept my resume
In up to date condition.
Never did I really think I'd stay
In the old position.
Ready to set forth and on my way,
Starting on my job search mission.
- BARBARA: Many a new war to fight, (slower) {NOTE: The four underlined
words to be doubled by
Sue Miller and/or Joan.}
- EMPLOYEES: Ah, ah, ah (harmony)
- BARBARA: Many a new risk to write.
- EMPLOYEES: Ah, ah, ah
- BARBARA: Many a new job will
- UNISON: Brighten my career. (harmony)

CURTAIN

SCENE 7

[BARBARA and 5 female EMPLOYEES come in front of curtain as it is closing in Scene 6]

HEADHUNTER (reprise)

EMPLOYEES
and BARBARA:
(6 women)

Headhunter, headhunter, get me employed,
I am depressed; I am annoyed.
Start making phone calls; you know what I seek:
A salary check each week.

Headhunter, headhunter, I need to work.
Sitting at home drives me berserk.
Even if I get demoted to clerk,
Just get me a chance to work.

EMPLOYEE 1: And, also, four weeks vacation, {Sue}

EMPLOYEE 2: An office, with a beautiful view. {Barbara}

EMPLOYEE 3: A bonus, {Joan}

EMPLOYEE 4: Deferred compensation, {Jean}

EMPLOYEE 5: A company car {Barbara}

EMPLOYEE 6: And a PS-2 [RHYTHM] {Sue}

ALL: Headhunter, headhunter, I want the best:
Title and perks, all of the rest.
If they're not offered, at home I will stay,

EMPLOYEE 1: Where I will resist, {Barbara}

EMPLOYEE 2: I will desist, {Sue}

EMPLOYEE 3: Simply exist, {Jean}

EMPLOYEE 4: Barely subsist, {Joan}

ALL: On my unemployment pay.

[Three women exit SL, the other three exit SR]

SCENE 8

[Curtain rises on JACK and SUZANNE in the Chairman's office, a couple of weeks later. He sits at his desk, worried. She is flirtatious]

JACK: This is tougher than I thought. The Insurance Department is investigating us, the agents are denouncing us, and nobody knows the combination to the vault. I'm so discouraged.

SUZANNE: [sits in his lap] Jackie, forget the company. (suggestively) Jill is visiting a Branch. We have the whole day together.

JACK: How can I run an insurance company?

SUZANNE: Where's the old Bunkum confidence? You think other executives have one tiny fraction of your brains, your charm, your...

YOU'RE THE TOP

Based on YOU'RE THE TOP by Cole Porter

VERSE 1

SUZANNE: At words poetic I'm so pathetic,
That I always have found it best,
Instead of getting 'em off my chest,
To let 'em rest unexpressed.
I hate parading my serenading,
As I'll probably miss a bar.
But, if this ditty is not so pretty,
At least it'll tell you how great you are.

REFRAIN 1

You're the top, you're a high umbrella.
You're the top, you're a brand new fella'.
You're Ron Ferguson, who is number one at Gen Re.
You're John Hancock Tower, the hundredth power, you're Lotus 3.
You're the breeze, you're a Broadway tryout.
You're the fees in a leveraged buyout.
I'm a stock that's hit the rocks and gonna drop.
But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top.

VERSE 2

JACK: Your words poetic are not pathetic,
On the other hand, babe, you shine.
And I can feel after every line,
A thrill divine, down my spine.

A gifted human like Steven Newman,
Might think that your song is bad.
And, I've got a notion to second the motion,
But, this is what I'm going to add:

REFRAIN 2

JACK: You're the top,
You're the wheel's inventor,
You're the top,
You're the World Trade Center
You're the faraway expertise of AIG,
You're a retro max
You're an auto fax,
You're Schedule P.
You're supreme,
You're the profit margin,
In a scheme,
Where we're overchargin',
I'm a carnivore in a little horror shop. (spoken) FEED ME
But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top.

REFRAIN 3

SUZANNE: You're the top,
You're the regulator.
You're the top,
You're the numerator.

JACK: You're the walnut trim on a chauffeured limousine.
You're infinity,

SUZANNE: You're MacGinnitie,

JACK: You're a Harvard dean.

SUZANNE: You're the pay
That the Chairman's earning;

JACK: You're the day
That the cycle's turning.

SUZANNE: I'm a ne'er-do-well, an S and L gone pop,
But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top.

[Brief dance interlude, perhaps to the tune of the verse.]

REFRAIN 4

JACK: You're the top,
You're the life eternal,

SUZANNE: You're the top,
You're the Wall Street Journal,

JACK: You're the lawsuit rate in the Golden State, out West,

SUZANNE: You're a new position,

JACK: You're an acquisition,

SUZANNE: You're the Part Ten test.

JACK: You're the top,
You're a Stradivary,

SUZANNE: You're the top,
You're an actuary,

JACK: I've a brain that fails like J. Dan Quayle's, a flop,

BOTH: But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top.

[At the close of the song, they wind up in some affectionate pose. JILL suddenly appears. She is furious.]

JILL: I knew it!!

[JACK jumps to his feet to face JILL, spilling SUZANNE onto the floor.]

JACK: Jill, I can explain this. It isn't what you think. You see,...

JILL: (interrupting) Don't waste your breath, you philanderer. I heard the whole thing.

JACK: But I thought you were on an audit.

JILL: I was auditing **you!**

SUZANNE: Jill, you mind the business; *I'll* take care of Jack.

JILL: (even more furious) You've done your job. Now, get out!

YOU'RE FIRED (reprise)

JILL: You're fired.

SUZANNE: Fired? (spoken)

JACK: Fired? (spoken)

JILL: Fired! (spoken)

Change your plans, change your tack,
Keep your hands off of Jack!
I have made a cut.
Now your door is shut.
Pack up and get out of here,
You selfish little slut.
You're fired.

[SUZANNE walks toward the exit SR, then suddenly turns toward JACK and JILL.]

SUZANNE: (with vicious hatred) **I'll get even with you!**

CURTAIN

{Note: The curtain will rise for Scene 9 with no delay.}

SCENE 9

[The curtain rises on the Chairman's office at American Galactic, a couple of weeks later. JACK, JILL and HAROLD enter and seat themselves around a table or in a semi-circle.]

JACK: Have you implemented tough, new cost-saving measures?

HAROLD: Yes sir! We cut out vacations, holidays, raises, [pause; amazed or puzzled] and the *company magazine*.

JILL: Sales are 'way up. Low prices scared the competition, but *not us*.

HAROLD: I'm concerned about expenses, sir. We're paying an extra 30% override commission to the Bunkum Agency.

JACK: (With fake sincerity) No problem. We're writing the *best risks*.

JILL: [laughs] Just ignore him. (matter-of-factly) We're looting the company.

HAROLD: Oh. (vacantly)

JACK: Is the new surety contract in place?

JILL: Uh huh. We provided Financial Guarantee Insurance on Bank of Sark bonds.

HAROLD: What's the Bank of Sark?

JACK: (pompously) It's an offshore, non-bank bank.

HAROLD: Huh?

JILL: [laughs] The *Bank of Sark* is just some crooks who print phony letters of credit. They peddle 'em from an island near England.

HAROLD: Oh. (He is still confused, and is resigned to being confused.)

JACK: How about the investment report?

JILL: We've swapped our U. S. Treasury bills for Bank of Sark bonds.

HAROLD: (confused) But, how can those bonds be safe?

JACK: They're guaranteed.

JILL: [laughs] We insured 'em ourselves.

HAROLD: Uh oh. Here comes the State Examiner.

[EXAMINER enters SR]

EXAMINER: (meekly) Excuse me. The State Insurance Department sent me over to audit your books. What should I do?

JACK: Ah, yes. This is our Annual Statement. [hands him a large sized Annual Statement] It's supposed to give an accurate picture of the company's financial condition. But, it needs to be *verified*.

Here's the draft of the Statement. [indicates a voluminous draft]
Now, you go *verify* that they both have *exactly the same numbers*.

EXAMINER: I can handle that. [staggers out under a load of paper SR]

HAROLD: Gee, how did you guys learn to be so cunning?

JACK: [laughs] I may not be very smart, but the typical insurance person is *so* gullible.

JILL: He's a gull, asking to be cheated...

JACK: A mark, *begging* to be swindled...

I ENJOY CHEATING A GULL

to the tune of I ENJOY BEING A GIRL

Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II; Music by Richard Rodgers

JILL: I'm a crook, and by me that's really grand.
I am glad my morality is twisted,
With a pitch that is always underhand,
And promotions not easily resisted.
Yes a confidence game strikes me as funny.
If I lose, it is easy to recoup.
And, the deals keep my disposition sunny,
With the money I embezzle from a dupe.

JILL: I took bribes from a crooked lawyer,
So his claims I would not annul.
And laughed at my dumb employer.
I enjoy cheating a gull.
With insurance [TRIPLET] for offshore drilling.
I paid kickbacks to write the hull.
So the buyer would be more willing.
I enjoy cheating a gull.
I once was a junior claims adjuster.
The work was as dull as it could be.
The job finally gained a bit of luster,
When I thought of a way to pay some claims to *me*.
Don't forget that I'm always greedy;
Don't be fooled by my ballyhoo.
With a new reinsurance treaty,
I could toss all of the loss
Off to a gull like you. [point at HAROLD]

JACK: With an uninsured [TRIPLET] conflagration,
I kept everyone in the dark,
Then back-dated the application.
I enjoy cheating a mark.
When the balance sheet [TRIPLET] faced an audit,
I had bonds from the Bank of Sark.
And that foolish accountant bought it.
I enjoy cheating a mark.
I worked as an underwriting agent,
But, fronting a deal got me disgraced.
The cedent became a most dismayed gent,
When he learned that the reinsurance wasn't placed.

BOTH: Don't forget that we're always greedy,
Don't be fooled by our ballyhoo.
With a new reinsurance treaty,
We could toss all of the loss,
Off to a gull like you. [point at audience]

CURTAIN

SCENE 10

[The curtain rises on JACK and JILL in the Chairman's office. They are giddy with success. HAROLD enters SL with two huge sacks, with dollar signs on them.]

HAROLD: Here's the cash and bearer bonds, Mr. Bunkum.

JACK: The *investible assets*. [JACK and JILL laugh.]

JILL: The *surplus surplus*. [They laugh]

JACK: Who says you can't make money from *cash flow underwriting*? [They laugh]

JILL: *Hasta la vista*, Harold. We're off to Rio. [They laugh]

HAROLD: But, who's going to run the company?

JILL: The *Insolvency Fund*. [They laugh]

[GODFATHER enters SR]

GODFATHER: Where's the money you owe me?

JACK: Here it is. [extends a sack toward GODFATHER]

[SUZANNE enters SL; GODFATHER freezes]

SUZANNE: (brightly) Hello, everybody.

JILL: (coldly) What are you doing here?

SUZANNE: I just want you to meet my fiance...[AG enters SL]...the **State Attorney General**.

[GODFATHER hastily exits SR. JACK hides the sacks behind a desk.]

AG: Jack and Jill Bunkum, now I've finally got the goods on you! You're under arrest. Stand right there.

[AG points downstage right. JACK and JILL move downstage right. CHARLIE, BARBARA and EMPLOYEES enter SL.]

SUZANNE: The old employees came back to see you get yours. (nastily)

AG: These people worked with tenacious Insurance Department investigators to amass all the evidence. They are heroes.

[Piano plays *The Entertainer* leitmotif. AG approaches JACK and JILL.]

JACK: I've got an idea. Let us go; you can share the loot.

AG: (shocked) What? **Never!**

JILL: You moron! He's the law-and-order candidate for Governor.

JACK: (grasping for straws) Well, suppose we help your campaign?

AG: (suddenly interested) What could you do for me?

JILL: We can squeal on the Godfather.

AG: *The Godfather?* (amazed)

JACK: We can work with the State Anti-fraud Unit to ferret out white collar criminals.

JILL: Give us another chance.

JACK: We'll build your reputation as a two-fisted crime-fighter.

JILL: Think of your political future...

AG: [thinks] All right, we can do business together.

BARBARA: What about the company's money?

AG: Here it is. [He grabs the sacks and hands them to BARBARA. JACK and JILL look pained.] Barbara, this company needs a new Chairman. Will you head up American Galactic?

EMPLOYEES: [hands on hearts] Hmmmmm.

BARBARA: There's no place to go but up! Are you with me?

EMPLOYEES: Yes! OK! Yay! Hooray!

EMPLOYEE 7: (happily) Now I can get back to the **Data Base Project**. *{Mike C.}*

SUZANNE: You're not letting these snakes go, are you, **dear?** (cracking the whip)

AG: Hold your tongue, Suzanne. They've joined my team.

JACK: (with great seriousness) We've learned our lesson. From now on, we'll be sworn enemies of those who would undermine the ethical practice of insurance.

ANYTHING GOES (reprise)

BARBARA,
SUZANNE
and JILL: When a leader, who had once been fired
Can suddenly get re-hired,
Then, I suppose,

ALL: Anything goes.

B, S & J: When ex-employees get recruited
By a company that's been looted
It surely shows,

ALL: Anything goes.

B, S & J: The world has gone mad today,
And good's bad today
And black's white today
And day's night today,

JACK: And a crook could be
An accessory
To top politicians.
We know you're a career advancer, {*or AG: I know I'm a career advancer*
And so we will hear you answer, *And so you will hear me answer*
When we propose, *When you propose*
Anything goes. *Anything Goes.*}

CHORUS: The world has gone mad today,
And good's bad today
And black's white today
And day's night today,
And a crook could be
An accessory
To top politicians.
We know you're a career advancer,
And so we will hear you answer,
When we propose,
Anything goes.
Anything goes.

THE END