

“The Hudsucker Proxy”

Amy (O.S.): ...I'm sorry we had to take the stairs, it was just that horrible, little elevator boy. I can't begin to say just how much I appreciate your listening to my story. I'm so lucky to find someone in this bustling city with a stout heart and a ready ear.

(Amy and Norville enter his office. He is carrying her.)

Amy: At any rate, there I was, traveling the length and breadth of this great country. Some I met were kind to me, others exceedingly cruel. Traveling by motorbus, rail, and even by thumb. The couch, please. Holding every dollar, counting every nickel, pinching every penny, yes, it's been a long road leading to that coffee shop downstairs. Not that I'd trade a day, an hour, a moment of it for anything. I don't know what came over me. I suppose it was the shock of eating after so long without, the enzymes kicking in after so long or whatever. But then you couldn't possibly know what it is to be tired and hungry—

Norville: Hungry, anyway.

Amy: But, I don't want to bore you with all the sordid details of my life, it's not a happy story. Suffice it to say, that I'm jobless, though not for want of trying, that I'm friendless, with no one to—

(He makes her more comfortable.)

Amy: --Thank you—take care of me, and had you not come along at just exactly the moment that you did, I—

Norville: I myself—

Amy: At any rate, I arrived in town not ten days ago, full of dreams and aspirations, anxious to make my way in the world. A little naïve perhaps, but—

(He gives her a drink.)

Amy: --Thank you—armed with determination, a solid work ethic and an indomitable belief in the future.

Norville: I myself—

Amy: And to have that belief, that unsullied optimism, dashed against the marble and mortar of the modern workplace. But, after all, such is life. Seek and ye shall find, work and ye shall prosper—

Norville: Cigarette?

Amy: No thank you. Seek and ye shall find, work and ye shall prosper. These were the watchwords of my education, the ethos of my tender years. These were the values that were instilled in me while I was growing up in a little town you've probably never heard of—

Norville: Do you mind if I join you?

Amy: Be my guest. A little town you've probably never heard of, a dusty crossroads of which you've probably never heard—

Norville: Agggghhh! (Responding to drinking the alcohol. He gets up, goes to the door.) Excuse me. Executive washroom. (He exits.) (O.S.) Ooohhhh.

(Amy runs to his desk, looks through it.)

Amy: Are you all right?

Norville (O.S.): Yeah, aghhh—

Amy: Is it your lunch? The chicken a la king?

Norville (O.S.): No, I'm fine. Agghhh.

(Amy lights a cigarette, takes a drag. She looks at his papers,)

Amy: Is the a la king repeating on you?

Norville (O.S.): No, I'm fine. You were saying?

Amy: (To herself.) Uh, values, watch words, tenderness. (To Norville.) Uh, a little town you've probably never heard of—Muncie, Indiana.

(Norville enters.)

Norville: You're from Muncie?

Amy: You know it?

(Norville does the Muncie school dance with eagle cries.)

Norville (Singing.): Fight on, fight on, dear old Muncie

(Amy tries to sing with him.)

Norville (Singing.): Fight on, hoist the gold and blue
You'll be tattered, torn, and hurtin'

Norville (Singing): Once the Munce is done with youuuuuuu
(Speaking.) Gooooo Eagles! A Muncie girl! What do you know about that. Tell you what, Amy, I'm gonna cancel the rest of my appointments this afternoon and I'm gonna getcha a job, right here at the Hud.

Amy: Oh, no, really I—

Norville: Don't bother thanking me. It's the easiest thing in the world. Matter of fact, I know where a vacancy just came up.

(Norville pushes an intercom button on his desk.)

Norville: Mailroom. This'll only take a moment.

Mailroom (O.S.): Yeah?

Norville: Good afternoon to you. This is Norville Barnes.

Mailroom (O.S.): Barnes! Where the hell have you been?! Where's my voucher?!

Norville: Um, um, I'm not sure where I uh—

Mailroom (O.S.): I need that voucher! I told you a week ago it was important!

Norville: Look, I'm president of the company now—

Mailroom (O.S.): I don't care if you're president of the company! I need the voucher now!

(Mailroom hangs up.)

Norville: Say, look Amy, why don't you work in here with me? Are you familiar with the mimeograph machine?

Amy: Well, of course. I went to the Muncie Secretarial...Polytechnic.

Norville: A Muncie girl. Can you beat that?

Amy: Well, I just don't know how to thank you, Mr. Barnes.

Norville: Oh, please...Norville. Goooo Eagles!