

~~white tablecloths. He removes the previous cloths and spreads the white ones, quickly and silently. He bundles up the red cloths.) Manelli's. Lotta advertising folk. (Retires to the service area. Overlapping his retiring to the service area, the WOMAN enters. She is playing Thelma Rivers—an agent, in her forties, successful, not very attractive. She sits at the most prominent table. CHARLIE re-enters. He is wearing a crimson cummerbund, a crimson scarf or ascot tucked in at the neck, and sleeve garters. He crosses to the WOMAN, proffers a menu, and opens his mouth to speak.)~~

WOMAN. (Not taking the menu.) You're new. Where's Freddie? Never mind. Someone's joining me. There'll be two of us. He may eat, but I doubt it. We'll both have coffee. Lots of coffee.

You look . . . Have I seen you somewhere? What are you, an actor? (CHARLIE nods.) Whatever happened to waiters? Can you wrestle a crocodile? (CHARLIE nods.) I thought so. I'm looking for someone to wrestle a crocodile for Budweiser. So far, nearly three hundred people can wrestle crocodiles. And for Budweiser some of them are prepared to lose. (Beat.) Which is what we're looking for. (CHARLIE's enthusiasm wanes.) If someone asks for Thelma Rivers, that's me. (Busies herself with papers. CHARLIE starts to the service area. The BOY enters as a young "ad" executive. Brooks Bros. with glasses, very hyper. He and CHARLIE meet.)

CHARLIE. 'Evening, sir.

BOY. Thelma Rivers? I'm supposed to meet . . . (He trails off and is looking very intently, and from a close range at CHARLIE's face. CHARLIE at the beginning of the question has raised his hand to indicate the WOMAN but under the scrutiny he drops it. After a moment.) Where did you say?

CHARLIE. (Indicating.) Over there. (CHARLIE retires

to the service area. The BOY crosses to the WOMAN's table.)

BOY. Am I late?

WOMAN. Just got here.

BOY. (Sits.) What a day.

WOMAN. Rough?

BOY. I shouldn't be pushing aspirin; I should be taking 'em. But I think we've got it, that's why I called you. We're going for a whole new look. A sequence of spots. Very soft sell. We're gonna use a new face—that's where you come in. Anonymous but highly identifiable. You have to find that face. That's what we're selling—the face. I want a face that glows. (Wearing the ultimate smile. CHARLIE serves the WOMAN's coffee. He will also place an ashtray.)

CHARLIE. Coffee, sir?

BOY. Please. (The BOY looks intently at CHARLIE for a moment. Then breaks, turning to the WOMAN.) We're not going to use any dialogue. (CHARLIE, resigned, retires to the service area. Overlapping the next few speeches, the GIRL enters as a young, professional woman. She has a magazine. She looks around, and then seats herself at an empty table.) So they don't have to be able to read or speak or think or anything. Just stand there. Billy is working on the song. Romantic, very now, very up.

WOMAN. I thought he was working on a show?

BOY. (Incredulous.) A show! This is U.S. Foods. This is cookies. Forget the show.

WOMAN. Did you decide on a name for the . . . ?

BOY. Cookies.

WOMAN. I know, but we've got to . . . (Realizes.) Cookies?

BOY. Cookies.

WOMAN. That's brilliant.

BOY. Cookies.

← END

BOY #2, WOMAN #3, CHARLIE