

Wed.  
April  
23,  
1947.

159

NOTES FOR PLAY "POT & KETTLE" (got idea yesterday)

Dialogue: "Some of you old Harvard grads think that ~~those~~ <sup>all</sup> who aren't must be Stalin grads."

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X: <sup>Did</sup> Have you ever <sup>met</sup> met a payroll?

Y: "No, but I'd be enchanted to be introduced to ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup>."

X: What's that young man? What'd you say?

Y: I said: "Yes, when I was a kid and had a Saturday Post route. I used to farm out"

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Mighty ruins from little atoms grow.

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X: Ah, when she was young she possessed an horn glass figurine.

Y: Yes, but of late she's sadly neglected the half horn.

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What, have been up here... All those labor groups smell like they were drenched in - - in Kennel # 5!

The language of love grows more elaborate as the emotion passes

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Once he ~~was~~ Why, just last winter he was in an oxygen tent -- but he found ~~it~~ <sup>the place</sup> was too cramped to set up a bar.

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X: Well double our offer, then.

Y: Redouble!

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The two English poets: Kelly & Shute.

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Our motto: All that fits is news to print.

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Su: Why, daddy, he wouldn't hurt a fly.

Father: No, he probably doesn't like flies.

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X: You're nothing but a - a -

Y: Mallard!

Yes, I've met some of the medieval  
liberals on your board.

X: I'll have you understand that  
our plant manager is a man of few  
words.

Y: Yes, but he uses them over and over.

the mantlepiece clock chimes 5:00 and  
Wyatt hurriedly crosses and switches on the  
radio. The radio bongs and the announcer's  
voice comes in.

Announcer: This is station WORK,  
owned and operated by your favorite  
newspaper, The Evening Bulletin, affectionately  
known as the Bull to its morning readers.

Get the Bull now on sale at all newsstands.  
Remember! Old Bull's motto is: All that fits  
is news to print! Get the latest Bull!

And now to the only evening  
headline.

Washington: The State Department has  
announced another major crisis in

April 23,  
1947.

Act 1.

Scene: Living room of the <sup>sumptuous</sup> New York apartment  
of Godfrey Wyatt, president of the Wyatt  
Steel Company. As the curtains rise,  
Godfrey Wyatt is <sup>repeatedly</sup> pacing back and forth  
in front of the fireplace, <sup>in turn</sup> consulting <sup>both</sup> ~~the~~  
a clock on the mantelpiece, ~~and~~ a watch in  
his vest and his wrist watch... ~~At~~ Finally  
the mantelpiece clock chimes 5:00 o'clock and  
Wyatt hurriedly crosses and switches on the  
radio. The radio buzz and the announcer's  
voice comes in...

Announcer: This is station WORK,  
owned and operated by your favorite  
<sup>metropolitan</sup> newspapers, "The Evening Bulletin," affectionately  
known as <sup>the</sup> "Old Bull" to its <sup>million</sup> readers.  
Get the <sup>latest</sup> Old Bull ~~is~~ now on sale at all newsstands.  
Remember! Old Bull's motto is: All that fits  
is news to print! <sup>Read</sup> Get the latest Bull!

And now to the <sup>state</sup> ~~city~~ evening ~~bulletin~~  
headlines:  
Washington: The <sup>state</sup> department has  
announced another <sup>frigate</sup> ~~good~~ cruise in

A battleship, 2 cruisers, 3 aircraft  
Mediterranean waters. <sup>carrier and 21 destroyers,</sup>  
<sup>and assorted smaller craft</sup> A spokesman  
pointed out that these are <sup>all</sup> strictly friendly  
maneuvers. ~~A battleship, 2 cruisers~~ (Pause)  
Young men, join the Navy <sup>now</sup> and cruise the  
Mediterranean! See your ~~latest~~ nearest  
recruiting station! (Wyatt resumes his  
impatient pacing. The announcer rattles  
his dispatches and resumes.)

New York!

And now to the domestic news!

New York. (Wyatt pauses) "Wage  
negotiations at Stikeland Wyatt Steel Plant  
Again Break Down!" (Wyatt races to the  
radio <sup>cabaret</sup> and kneels in front of it, cocking his  
ear against the front)

Paul Zoberski, strike leader, stated that he was  
going to seek <sup>an immediate</sup> personal interview with Godfrey  
Wyatt, president of the company, in an  
effort to settle the <sup>prolonged</sup> deadlocks. (Wyatt leaps  
(The announcer again rattles his dispatches.)

## Cast

- 1: Godfrey Wyatt, president of Wyatt Steel Company.
- 2: Maida, his daughter.
- 3: Paul Zoberski, a strike leader.
- 4: Samson, <sup>the Wyatt</sup> A butler.

Scenes: 1: Wyatt Apartment, N. Y. City.  
2: Employment office of Wyatt Steel Plant.

3:

Wyatt leaps to his feet and claps his <sup>hunted</sup> hand to his forehead. <sup>He looks trapped and suspicious</sup> ~~and~~ looks wildly about.

Wyatt: No, not here.

Again he comments all three ~~terrifying~~.

Wyatt: (wildly) No, <sup>no</sup> not here! Not in my own home! I won't have those three people here. I ~~am~~ <sup>(while Wyatt stands fascinated)</sup>

Announcer: And now to the other headlines. But before we proceed, a word to the <sup>and otherwise</sup> ~~use~~ <sup>How is your stomach?</sup> ~~stomachs!~~ <sup>Do you feel an acid, empty (from, indigestion)</sup> If you have that old, tired feeling just take on a load of Doctor Paulson's Pink Pills. <sup>Just ask for (the name) Paulson's P. A. L. S. Pills</sup> <sup>They're</sup> ~~easy to take~~ <sup>easy to take</sup> ~~They're~~ <sup>known to</sup> ~~benefit~~ <sup>satisfy</sup> ~~millions~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~They're~~ <sup>easy to take</sup> ~~just fill a tumbler full of~~ <sup>cool, delectable</sup> ~~water.~~

(The sound of gurgling water comes over the radio) Now take a handy supply of Paulson's (muffled) There! Then lift the tumbler. (Sound of gurgling drinking) Ah! See how easy it is? --- <sup>Pink Pills</sup>

Wyatt races to the radio and ~~to~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~switches~~ <sup>he</sup> it off. He leans against the radio with one hand to his brow. Paul

and mutters <sup>a tired</sup> "Ah!"  
Samson the butler enters bearing  
the evening papers on a ~~set~~ tray. He  
approaches Mr. Wyatt with the papers.  
Mr. W. does not appear to see him.

Samson: <sup>Hum! --</sup> The evening papers, Sir,  
Wyatt: (Wearily) Put them over  
there, Samson.

Samson (Woodruff) Is there anything  
I can do, Sir?

W: No, thank you, Samson. I'm okay,  
yes. Don't let anybody, air, ... Tell them  
I'm sick in Florida, anything. I guess I am  
sick. I haven't slept night since the damn stroke.

Samson: Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir.

W: (Regaining his composure) And be sure  
not to let in <sup>any</sup> ~~anyone~~ <sup>people</sup> carrying <sup>skis</sup> a ski on  
the end of ~~them~~ names.

Samson: Skis Sir? This time of the year, Sir?

W: (Wildly) One ski, not two skis! (He  
grabs that one of the newspapers and wildly  
consults it.) Yes, here it is. Zoberski. Paul



Zoburski: Don't let him in, with or without  
skis. Do you hear me!

Samson: <sup>(Returns)</sup> Yes, Sir.

Wyatt: And, Samson, are there more.  
Samson: Yes, Sir. <sup>happens to</sup> of those

W: <sup>(Questioning)</sup> Do we have any little pink  
pills? Doctor Parkinson's Pink Pills?

S: <sup>(Beaming)</sup> Oh, yes Sir, Mr.

Wyatt, <sup>The establishment is</sup> ~~these~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~without~~ <sup>them</sup>, All the  
~~the~~ <sup>Swiss</sup> ~~help~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>them</sup>. <sup>They're really wonderful, Sir.</sup> If I may be

permitted, Sir -- I have a sister in  
Brooklyn who was <sup>smothered</sup> loaded with gas  
and boat, <sup>and, as the oxygen gas, Sir</sup> she ~~couldn't~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> ~~hadn't~~ <sup>hadn't</sup> slept <sup>since</sup>  
Dorochee went away. --- Then <sup>on</sup> my last day

~~Wyatt:~~  
off, Sir, I brought her <sup>a</sup> bottle  
Pink Pills, Sir. <sup>They</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>handy</sup> ~~apartment~~ <sup>apartment</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>bottle</sup>, Sir.  
They were my own, Sir.

W: <sup>(Wildly)</sup> What happened, man?  
Tell me what happened, Samson!

S: <sup>(Nonruffled)</sup> Yes, Sir, I communicated with  
her by telephone today, Sir. Mary Catherine

answered the phone, Sir. She's my niece, Sir -  
my sister's eldest daughter.

W: (Pleading) Please, Samson,  
what about your sister, <sup>Is she still alive?</sup> She took the pills last Thursday.

S: Oh, yes, Sir. (She's still sleeping, Sir.)

W: How <sup>But how?</sup> about the gas and blood?

S: We don't know, Sir. She hasn't  
said, Sir.

W: Is she keeping at a secret?

S: <sup>well, no, Sir.</sup> You see, Sir, she's still sleeping,  
Sir. Shall I bring you some <sup>pills,</sup> Sir?

W: Bring the whole damn bottle,  
Samson. And some water. And some  
bourbon, too. We'd better make sure.

S: (Delighted) Oh yes Sir.

Daughter comes in. W. is reading, and with her.

Oh daddy, you're putting in the Bulletin. What  
have you done now, you Magister boy. Redemption. Bully Ross help.  
It doesn't do me justice. It makes me look  
like <sup>one of those</sup> a whiskey add. ~~But~~ When this damn  
struck is over I must go over to Barchanoh

SYNOPSIS

thinks I'll pose

and have another. I'll look like a bulldog next time (He looks like a bulldog.)

M: Oh, daddy, don't! Honey Bee, you can't imagine the names they call me.

All those left-wing Communist sheets say an eating one an industrial bulldog. (Picking up a <sup>another</sup> ~~mean~~ paper) <sup>to</sup> ~~look~~ <sup>right</sup> here in the Evening Post Meridian. (Reading) "It is the die-hard tactics of such medieval hawks as old Godfrey Wyatt that <sup>do much to</sup> prolong the tension between labor and management."

(He looks plaintively at his daughter) Why, they called me 'old' Honey Bee. I didn't notice that before. Is daddy <sup>really</sup> getting to be Old Man Wyatt?

(Suddently, angry) ~~We must stop all advertising~~ <sup>of course not.</sup> Morida <sup>(Wyatt's companion)</sup> <sup>her father</sup> No, no, daddy.

You do look a little tired - - but not old. Why don't you settle this <sup>night</sup> strike and vice take a nice trip and home soon?

Apr. 24,

SYNOPSIS.

Act 1.

industrialist + widower,

Godfrey Wyatt, listens to the radio report of ~~his~~

the strike <sup>at</sup> his steel works from his lonely N.Y. apartment.

The radio commentator announces that Paul Zoberki, one of the strike leaders, is going to seek <sup>a</sup> personal interview with Mr.

Wyatt that very evening in an effort to settle the strike. Wyatt

calls his butler, Samson, and warns him not to admit

Zoberki. ~~In the~~ ~~Julie~~ Wyatt's daughter, Julie,

enters as W. is reading the newspaper reports of the strike.

Wyatt reads the ribbing <sup>his daughter</sup> he is taking from the liberal

press. Julie loyally comforts her father, and picks up <sup>one of</sup> the

newspaper and reads that Zoberki is coming <sup>to the apartment.</sup> She sits

with her father and tells him how she was insulted by one of

the strike ruffians when she had gone to the plant that afternoon

to pick up some theatre tickets. At this juncture the door

bursts open and young Paul Zoberki, one of the strike

leaders, enters the living room. He and Julie Wyatt ~~have~~

"double take" experience the shock of recognition that she is the

girl he had <sup>tried to</sup> ~~stopped at~~ stop at the plant that afternoon.

Z. announces himself and his mission. W. is all for collaring

the polski, but J. prevails on her father to "give this young

radical" a piece of his mind and show him the error of his

W. asks for Julie. she has gone to plant.

SYNOPSIS - ACT 2

ways. W. & G. begin a verbal duel in which both sides score heavily on the other. During the exchange it develops that W's son was killed on Okinawa & that G. participated in the same campaign. Temporarily mollified, W. leaves to get ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~own~~ picture of himself in a ~~parade~~ <sup>parade</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of himself in a parade</sup>. G. persuades Julia to come to the plant and "see for herself." W. returns with the picture & discovers Samson informs him that his daughter has left with G. W. wrathfully cuts the plant and extravagantly orders his man Friday, Benny ~~Hendon~~ <sup>Hendon</sup> to break things up.

Paul dumps over CURTAIN his arms around her, playing possum, looking at her with one eye open when she wants to phone her father.

## SYNOPSIS - ACT 2

Scene at employment office of plant. Pickets can be seen marching back and forth past window with placards. Paul & Julie enter and Paul brings in various jackets while he interviews for Julie's benefit. Julie is visibly moved by the stories. ~~Barney's~~ Suddenly rioting starts outside, and Paul leaves in a few minutes is carried in unconscious. Barney Hanlon points Paul out as one of the ringleaders. Julie runs to Paul and tries to revive him. Paul slumps over Julie with his arms around her, playing possum, looking at her with one eye open when she runs to phone her father.

Act 3

The strike-breakers are about to take Paul away when W. enters and hands out Barry H. and repeats many of the things Paul & Julie had suggested to him earlier.

Dialogue

Mr. W.

Act 1:

Z: You must remember, that the last loyal American didn't arrive here on the "Mayflower".

W: Granted, young man, nor were all the ~~doubting~~ <sup>cramped</sup> Americans on that fabulous craft.

W: Young man, did you ever meet a payor?

Z (Staring at Julia): No, but I'd like awfully much to be introduced.

Z: Have you been following the strike negotiations?

W: After a fashion.

Z: After an Old Fashion.

W: What's that?

W: You didn't turn that <sup>slush</sup> ~~corner~~ <sup>corner</sup> into a bunch of crafty lawyers and bright young men who would sell their <sup>is</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> souls to push through a class and profitable settlement so that they can ~~thrust~~ <sup>thrust</sup> their claws into the front office.

W: What do you mean?

Z: I mean this: <sup>the men who work for you are</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>men who</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>who are</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>worked</sup> with you for 72 hours a week when you were



Z: I'm appealing to you, Mr. Wyatt, because the Wyatt Steel Company is your business; you have spent a long and busy lifetime building it up into one of the country's largest independent steel producers.

W: (Pressing lens) I see you haven't remained entirely ignorant of the <sup>background of the</sup> company against which you are now striking. But why bother me about this strike? I pay men <sup>handsomely</sup> to handle these disagreeable details for me.

Z: That's just it, Mr. Wyatt. That's just what's wrong. That's why we can't settle this strike. ~~It's not what you~~ When you were a young man working on the formula for Wyatt why didn't you consider that a disagreeable detail, <sup>as you call it.</sup> You didn't turn that <sup>stark</sup> over to a bunch of crafty lawyers and bright young men whose sole aim <sup>is</sup> to push through a clever and profitable settlement so that they can thumb their noses to the front office.

W: What do you mean?

Z: I mean this: <sup>The men who work for you are looking for</sup> ~~your men~~ <sup>who are their men? they</sup> men who worked with you for 12 hours a week when you were

searching for the formula for Wyatt metal. They are the sons of these men. Now they are <sup>in turn</sup> looking for a formula: a way to raise their families and pay their way and hold up their heads as decent Americans. And what do your boys <sup>and the country?</sup> paid young men tell them? That they are following a foreign ideology. That they are ~~being~~ led by gangsters, racketeers and political radicals. That they are ~~peopling~~ <sup>peopling</sup> the country into totalitarianism. That <sup>these boys</sup> Uncle Joe <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>will</sup> get 'em if they don't waltz out.

W: That's quite a speech, young man? Where'd you learn it? Did they teach you that in the Union headquarters at Pittsburgh? Did they send you down here to give me that speech?

Z (Warily) No, Mr. Wyatt. It's nothing anyone taught me. It's nothing I learned in Pittsburgh. I've never been in Pittsburgh. It - it's something that comes out of here (touching his heart) - - and - and I thought that maybe if I saw you I - I could touch you in the same place.

W (Fouled, but gruffly) Who sent you here?

Z: Nobody sent me here. I'm one of your employees, Mr. Wyatt. I work for you. I've worked for you ever since I got out of the Army.