

(DORALEE enters and goes from desk to desk asking people out to lunch. She is wearing the scarf Hart gave her. DORALEE approaches MARGARET.)

DORALEE

How 'bout getting lunch with me, Margaret?

MARGARET

Liquid diet.

(She holds up her flask and exits.)

DORALEE

Hey, Violet, how about you and me grab a bite—

VIOLET

Not today. Sorry.

(VIOLET leaves. DORALEE approaches JUDY, the last secretary at her desk.)

DORALEE

Hey, Judy, I was wonderin' if you'd like to have lunch with me today. There's the—
cutest little Italian place not a hop, skip and a jump from here.

JUDY

I'd really like to Doralee but—

DORALEE

But what? Do I look like I have rabies or something?

JUDY

No. It's just ...

DORALEE

What did they say to you about me?

JUDY

Nothing. Really.

DORALEE

Well, they must have said something. I'm not a fool. I can see what's goin' on around here.

JUDY

Doralee, I'm new here. I'm just trying to go with the flow.

*DORALEE
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