

MR. GRAYDON

Congratulations, Miss Dillmount. It takes the average applicant seven seconds to walk from Flannery's perch to my way station. I clocked you at six-point-four. That's swell, just swell! The early bird and all that.

MILLIE

*(Regarding his movie star looks.)*

Beautiful.

MR. GRAYDON

How's that?

MILLIE

Uh...

*(Spots a trophy on his desk.)*

your beautiful trophy. I love baseball.

MR. GRAYDON

*(Completely unaware of MILLIE's attraction to him.)*

Golf. I won it for golf. May I see your references?

MILLIE

I don't have any, but I'm a hard worker and a fast learner—

MR. GRAYDON

No references? How about previous employers?

MILLIE

I don't have any of those, either.

MR. GRAYDON

You don't? *(A beat.)*

I like that!

MILLIE

You do?

MR. GRAYDON

Absolutely. Isn't this the land of opportunity, Miss Dillmount, a place where the right combination of aptitude and enthusiasm can take a girl from nowhere straight to the top? So let's do this the American way:

*(Removing his jacket.)*

Bolt the door, take off your things, let's have a taste.

MILLIE

Excuse me?

MR. GRAYDON

Take a letter.