

## THE ACCOUNTANTS

*(groan)*

Oh.

UNHAPPY ... UNHAPPY ... VERY UNHAPPY.

UNHAPPY ... UNHAPPY ... VERY VERY VERY VERY

VERY VERY VERY UNHAPPY ...

*LEO nervously enters downstage right, timidly making his way to his desk. His boss, MARKS, a short-tempered, cigar-chomping little tyrant is waiting for him.*

## MARKS

*(shouting as LEO enters)*

Bloom!!! Where the hell have you been?! You're six minutes late. This is an accounting firm, not a country club. You can't come and go as you please.

## LEO

Yes, Mr. Marks.

## MARKS

Remember, you're a nobody, a P.A., a Public Accountant. And I am a C.P.A., a Certified Public Accountant — a rank that a miserable little worm like you can never hope to achieve.

## LEO

Yes, Mr. Marks.

## MARKS

*(to ALL)*

You, what are you gawking at? You never saw a person humiliated before? Now get back to work, all of you!

*(HE exits)*

## LEO &amp; THE ACCOUNTANTS

UNHAPPY ... UNHAPPY...

VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY...

UNHAPPY.

## BLACK MAN ACCOUNTANT

*(sings mournfully, "Old Man River" style)*OH, I DEBITS ALL DE MORNIN',  
AN' I CREDITS ALL DE EB'NIN',  
UNTIL DEM LEDGERS BE RIGHTTTT...

## LEO &amp; THE ACCOUNTANTS

UNTIL DEM LEDGERS BE RIGHTTTT!