

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.

Start Here →

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!

Stop →*(ts)*

LEO & 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 & THE ACCOUNTANTS

UNTIL DEM LEDGERS BE RIGHTTTT!