FLORA, THE RED MENACE

billboard advertisement for Lincoln Continental. Elegant people are draped around the car. It is cold and Harry pulls up his muffler.

Flora rushes on.)

FLORA. Sorry I'm so late.
HARRY. Any luck?
FLORA. Another waiting room. Catalogue work at Macy's.
Ladies' underthings. Awful.
HARRY. Yeah? Well? (They both sit on a bench.)
FLORA. No go. At least thirty artists there to draw one set of drawers. I hope you're hungry. I brought lunch. (She pulls a scarf filled with sandwiches from her bag.)
HARRY. Where did you get all this?
FLORA. Cheese sandwiches. Cheese sticks. Cheese puffs. They were having a cooking demonstration in housewares. Cooking with cheese. Luncheon is served. (Tasting one.) M-m-m. These are divine. Simply divine. So cheesy.
HARRY. You know, F-Flora, you shouldn't go to those interviews anymore. I'm n-not. They're too—what—d-degrading.
FLORA. Harry—how can you say that?
HARRY. Because I know that Garret and Mellick's has no intention of h-hiring mutts like us.
FLORA. Mutts?
HARRY. Yeah. And d-don't think they'd ever let you d-do your kind of artwork. It would never be accepted.
FLORA. Why?
HARRY. Because you're a nobody—yeah—s-starting at the bottom. And this system never gives the worker a fair shake.
FLORA. What system?
HARRY. The uh-uh-uh (he points to the billboard.) The Capitalistic system! Flora, last week I saw a crowd of fifty men and women fighting over a barrel of garbage outside the backdoor of a restaurant. American citizens fighting for food. It c-could have been us! It c-could have been cheese! Flora—there's s-something I just gotta tell you.
FLORA. You hate cheese! (She gathers up the cheese.)
HARRY. No. I'm a Communist.
FLORA. Huh!?
HARRY. And I took the liberty of bringing you an application to j-join the party. (He gets out an application.)