FLORA, THE RED MENACE

FIRST NAME, PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
FLORA . . . THAT MEANS FLOWER
HOME ADDRESS . . . 307 WEST FOURTH
GET OFF AT SHERIDAN SQUARE
WALK NORTH
PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE . . . DONE
REASON FOR APPLYING FOR THIS POSITION . .
REASON FOR APPLYING FOR THIS POSITION?!
(Grandly) WELL IT GOT SO BORING IN THE PENTHOUSE
WITH NO ONE BUT THE SERVANTS AROUND
I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A JOB AMONG THE PEOPLE
THEY'RE ALWAYS SO AMUSING I HAVE FOUND

(The telephone rings. The secretary answers it.)

[MUSIC #2c SECRETARY UNDERSCORE]

Oh, this is rich. The trick to these situations is never to be caught
DEAD waiting in a waiting room. (Flora gets up and goes over to
the secretary. As she passes the artists she says under her breath)
Get out your samples.

SECRETARY. (Hanging up the phone) THAT was Mr. Stanley.
FLORA. Your dress—it's part of the new cruise line, isn't it?
SECRETARY. He's not accepting any design samples today.
There are NO jobs.

FLORA. Did I say anything about jobs? I did not. I just said
that's a darling dress. Come on. Turn around. (A little warily, the
secretary does.) Boys, doesn't this dress make you feel like a quick
game of shuffle board?

ARTISTS. (They hoot and whistle. The secretary spins around.
She is furious.)

SECRETARY. THAT will be enough. You'll have to leave—
(she returns to her seat.)

FLORA. Apparently madame, it's escaped your attention. See
here. (She shows the secretary the application.) Do you know
who I am? (Then to Harry.) Can you believe this, Harry? She
doesn't know who I am.

[MUSIC #3 THE KID HERSELF]

FLORA. (To secretary.)
STEP RIGHT UP
FLORA, THE RED MENACE

(SHE WAS A VALEDICTORY)
ARTISTS.
LA DI DA DI DA DI
LA DI DA DI DA DI
ON THE LIST BESIDE THE PYRAMID
FLORA.
BESIDE THE HANGING GARDENS
ARTISTS.
AND THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES
FLORA.
AND . . .
AND THE OTHER FOUR
YOU GOTTA PUT THE KID HERSELF
ARTISTS.
THE KID HERSELF
HARRY. (He drops his book. He wasn't expecting any of this.)
Gee!
ARTISTS.
THE KID HERSELF
HAS SO MUCH CLASS
AND SUCH AN ELEGANT DEMEANOR
THE OTHER GIRLS
WHO SEE HER PASS
CAN FEEL THEIR FACES GROWING GREENER
PROCEED AT WILL
HER LOOK CAN KILL
YOU MUSTN'T TAKE A LETHAL DOSE
FLORA.
ALTHOUGH YOU MIGHT REPLY
"WHAT BETTER WAY TO DIE
FLORA/ARTISTS.
THAN IN THE ARMS
OF FLORA MESZAROS!"
THE KID HERSELF
Flora—And THAT'S who I am! (The secretary returns.)
SECRETARY. You're all going to have to leave. That means you, Miss Budapest. (She returns to her desk.)
HARRY. Awww—lady. Don't b-b-bust a gasket. The woman's just t-trying to get a j-job.
FLORA. Why—thank you.

...
FLORA, THE RED MENACE

HARRY. *(There is an awkward moment.) You’re—you’re—welcome.
SECRETARY. Will you please leave??
ARTISTS. *(They begin to get up and gather their things.) Alright!

Okay.
FLORA. *(Harry begins to go.) Hey, hey, hey—don’t go. Hey!
Where are you going? Hey!
HARRY. Me?
FLORA. Yes, you—Harry.
HARRY. I’ve g-got an appointment.
FLORA. You’ve got time for a quick cup of coffee, don’t you?
HARRY. With you.
FLORA. No. *(Refering to secretary.) With her. Yes with me!
HARRY. Now?
FLORA. Now.
SECRETARY. NOW!
HARRY. I— I— uh
FLORA. I’ll take that as a yes. *(To secretary.) We’re leaving.
SECRETARY. Good! *(The secretary leaves and takes the box of merchandise with the samples inside into Mr. Stanley’s office.)*
FLORA. *(Calling out to her.)* Tell Mr. Stanley to give me a ring. And that dress! *(To the artists.)* I wouldn’t wear it to a shipwreck! *(She exits.)*

[MUSIC #3a "KID" PLAYOFF/APPLES]

SCENE THREE

On the street, moments later

[MUSIC #3a APPLES (CON’T)]

APPLE SELLER. *(As the scene changes.)*
APPLES, APPLES
ONLY A NICKEL MISTER
HARRY. *(Entering, carrying his portfolio. He buys an apple.)*
Mister, an apple.
APPLE SELLER. Thanks, buddy.
HARRY. Sure thing. *(The apple seller exits.)*
FLORA. *(She rushes after him.)* Harry, that is the third secretary and the third waiting room I’ve dealt with today. Sometimes I think they must figure we’ve got nothing better to do than just sit around. Isn’t that true?