

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

Flora rushes on.)

start →

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 d-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 g-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 put an application.)*

— end

~~FLORA/HARRY~~
Z