

FLORA, THE RED MENACE

Mr. Stanley

I DON'T NEED TUITION
FOR ANY FANCY SCHOOL
MISTER JUST GIVE ME A JOB

FOLD THE GREEN UMBRELLA
BESIDE MY SWIMMING POOL
MISTER JUST GIVE ME A JOB

MISTER JUST GIVE HER A JOB

SCENE SEVEN

(door)

7A

Mr. Stanley's Office
(Mr. Stanley is seated at his desk.)

Start →

SECRETARY. (Entering.) Mr. Stanley . . . Miss Meszar-ROS.
FLORA. (She hobbles in behind the secretary. She corrects the
~~secretary's pronunciation of her name.) Mes ZAR-ros.~~

MR. STANLEY. You're late. Please sit down. (He motions to a
chair near his desk.)

FLORA. (Trying to be sophisticated.) One day, they say, we're
going to be able to take dirigibles from one office building to the
next and avoid all the—

MR. STANLEY. Yes. Please sit down. (Flora hops over to the
chair as Mr. Stanley looks at her samples.) Now— are you work-
ing anywhere else.

FLORA. Countless offers. (She tries to sit in the chair but can't.
The more she tries to find a good angle to sit, the more ridiculous
she looks.) I have plans to go to Europe to study— study with the
masters. You know the masters. They have so much to
offer . . . don't they? Such a help to my career. (She gives up
and stands.)

MR. STANLEY. I'd like to offer you a job.

FLORA. A job?!

MR. STANLEY. A job.

~~FLORA. (The thought stuns her. Without thinking, she drops
back into the chair. Her dress rips.)~~

~~SECRETARY. (At that moment the secretary enters with a box of
merchandise. She smiles too sweetly and places the box on Mr.
Stanley's desk.) Here's the merchandise you requested.~~

MR. STANLEY. Your artwork is fresh. It's good. Very good. Of

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~~SECRETARY~~

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course, you're going to have to modify it to the Garret and Mellick way of doing things.

FLORA. Of course.

MR. STANLEY. (*The secretary stands behind him. She picks a piece of lint off his suit.*) The campaign is based on the daughter of Mr. Garret. She is my fiance. (*The secretary stops and then, very coldly, walks directly out of the office. Mr. Stanley clears his throat and continues.*) The campaign is all about elegance.

FLORA. Oh, I do elegance very well.

MR. STANLEY. Good. (*He takes the dress out of the box. The beading catches the light.*) This is the dress for the first ad.

FLORA. Yow-sa!

MR. STANLEY. Now—I'll expect it on Monday at 9am. One thing you must understand . . .

[MUSIC #6c MR. STANLEY'S VERSE]

MR. STANLEY

WHEN I SAY NINE O'CLOCK, THEN I MEAN NINE O'CLOCK

I DON'T MEAN NINE-O-FIVE OR TEN OR NINE-FIFTEEN
WHEN I SAY NINE O'CLOCK IT'S NINE O'CLOCK I MEAN

WHEN I SAY UP A THIRD, THEN I MEAN UP A THIRD
DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT OTHER METHODS
YOU PREFERRED

IF I SAY UP A THIRD THEN PUT IT UP A THIRD

WHEN I SAY CHINESE RED THEN I MEAN CHINESE
RED

I DON'T MEAN ORANGE, CORAL, RUST OR
TANGERINE

YOU'LL FIND I ALWAYS SAY EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN

SECRETARY. (*Offstage.*) Mr. Stanley—

MR. STANLEY. Coming. For example . . .

MR. STANLEY.

WHEN I SAY SOMETHING'S GOOD, I MEAN IT'S
REALLY GOOD

SO WHEN I SAY IT'S BAD DON'T CRY AND MAKE
A SCENE

BECAUSE I ONLY SAY EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN

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~~SECRETARY. (Offstage.) Mr. Stanley—
MR. STANLEY. I'll be right there . . .
BE ACCURATE, DEPENDABLE, BEGINNING
MONDAY AT NINE
AND WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE, MISS
MAH-ZAROS, FINE
FLORA. (Correcting his accent.) Mes-ZAR-os.
MR. STANLEY.
MISS MESZAROS, FINE
SECRETARY. (Offstage.) Mr. Stanley!
MR. STANLEY. I'm coming. (To Flora) Oh—there is just one
more thing—your salary.
FLORA. Oh—that.
MR. STANLEY. \$30 a week.
FLORA. \$30 a week. (Then it hits her.)
MR. STANLEY. Is there anything the matter?
FLORA. (She shakes her head.) No!
MR. STANLEY. Good. Then welcome to Garret and Mellick's.
(He leaves. She is all alone.)~~

end

[MUSIC #7 A QUIET THING]

SONG: QUIET THING

(B)

FLORA.
WHADDYA CALL A JOB WITH GARRET AND
MELICK'S?
WHADDYA CALL A FASHION ILLUSTRATOR?
WHADDYA CALL ASSISTING MR. STANLEY? ME!
WHADDYA CALL . . . THIRTY DOLLARS A WEEK!
THIRTY! THIRTY! THIRTY! THIRTY!

I WANNA RUN . . . NO I DON'T
I WANNA SCREAM . . . NO I DON'T
I WANNA . . . I WANNA SIT DOWN
I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HEAR BELLS, DRUMS,
TRUMPETS
I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING
DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING? NO?
WELL, WHADDYA KNOW?