

WOMAN. Unfair!

ALL. Unfair!

WOMAN. Garret and Mellick!

ALL. Garret and Mellick!

WOMAN. Unfair!

ALL/HARRY. Unfair! Unfair! (*Gradually fading*) Unfair!
Unfair!

(*We immediately segue to Mr. Stanley's office.*)

SCENE SIX

Mr. Stanley's Office

(*He is seated at his desk. Flora rushes on.*)

MR. STANLEY. (*Standing.*) Well, well, well. Miss Meszaros.

FLORA. Mr. Stanley—

(*Newspaper*)
MR. STANLEY. Please sit down. (*She does. He is extremely kind to her.*) I was just reading this article that I thought you might find interesting. An A&P in Cleveland just shut down its stores for several days and docked all the employees for lost time. And do you know why? Just to show them what they might expect if they joined a union. Isn't that interesting? Now, at Garret and Mellick's, how do you think we could make the same point? Close down the store? No. We'd have to find proof of a union. Like a list of names.

FLORA. I want to explain—

MR. STANLEY. And so, thanks to you, we'll be firing only those thirty-three people foolish enough to get involved.

FLORA. Mr. Stanley, I turned in that list by mistake. You can't fire those people.

MR. STANLEY. Oh? Union rules?

FLORA. You can't think that by firing anyone you're going to stop people from demanding what they need.

MR. STANLEY. (*Angered.*) I GIVE them what they need! A paycheck every week. The rest is just social work!

FLORA. Social work?

MR. STANLEY. Exactly.

~~SECRETARY. (*Entering.*) Here they are— all thirty-three of them. (*She gives him a stack of letters and exits.*)~~

FLORA. Social work?

MR. STANLEY. That's what I said.

FLORA. Is that why you have a social secretary?

MR. STANLEY. Excuse me?

FLORA. "My dearest Valentine—just a little marzipan from your loving Tarzan-man."

MR. STANLEY. What?

FLORA. "To the jungle beat we'll rumbah—later in my hut you'll succum-bah." Do you recognize it?

MR. STANLEY. Where'd you get that note?

FLORA. And to think you're planning to marry the boss' daughter.

MR. STANLEY. You give me that note.

FLORA. Not on your life. Not until you meet with your employees and listen to their demands.

MR. STANLEY. Oh that is impossible!

FLORA. (*Picking up the phone.*) Very well. Hello. Yes. Get me Mr. Garret's office please.

MR. STANLEY. You wouldn't dare.

FLORA. Mr. Stanley, you seem to forget. I have a very individual style.

MR. STANLEY. (*Slams his hand onto the receiver. Then he takes the phone, clicks the receiver a few times.*) Miss Williams, there's been a bit of a change. We won't be sending out those letters after all.

FLORA. Good.

MR. STANLEY. All except Miss Meszaros'. (*Putting his hand over the phone.*) That's the deal.

FLORA. Then . . . that's the deal.

MR. STANLEY. Miss Williams, I'm coming out to see you immediately. (*He hangs up the phone, signs one of the letters and gives it to Flora.*) Good bye Miss Meszaros. *end*

~~FLORA. Good bye Mr. Stanley. (*He exits. Still sitting, she looks at the letter.*) "And your services are no longer required at Garret and Mellick's."~~

~~(*The strikers come onto the stage, chanting and changing the scene. Flora remains seated, quietly folding the letter.*)~~

~~[MUSIC #16b "WINDS" WITH CHANT]~~

~~ALL.
WAGES UP, HOURS DOWN
MAKE NEW YORK A UNION TOWN~~