

FIRST NAME, PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
 FLORA . . . THAT MEANS FLOWER
 HOME ADDRESS . . . 307 WEST FOURTH
 GET OFF AT SHERIDAN SQUARE
 WALK NORTH
 PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE . . . NONE
 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.

Start →

~~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]~~

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~~FLORA. (To secretary.)
 STEP RIGHT UP~~

FLORA.
(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—I-lady. Don't b-b-bust a gasket. The woman's just t-trying to get a j-job.

FLORA. Why—thank you.

create statue on desk—
use material/cape
② star head piece
③ pole.

•••▷

HARRY. (*There is an awkward moment.*) You're —you're— welcome.

SECRETARY. Will you please leave?! *end*

~~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. (*Referring to Secretary.*) With her. Yes with me!~~

~~HARRY. Now?~~

~~FLORA. Now.~~

~~SECRETARY. NOW!~~

~~HARRY. I—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?

