

AUDREY. What a day, what a day. Seymour, do you mind locking up for me? I'm all in.

SEYMOUR. (*rises, takes the large white box with which he entered from the windowseat, and exits into back workroom*) Uh, one minute, Audrey. I want to show you something.

AUDREY. (*crossing to stage L. work table and straightening things there*) Can't it wait til tomorrow?

SEYMOUR. (*offstage*) It won't take long. I've been shopping for a new wardrobe like you told me to and . . . (*He reappears wearing a black leather jacket.*) Ta da . . . (*beat*) What do you think?

AUDREY. (*in shock*) Seymour.

SEYMOUR. You don't like it?

AUDREY. (*She is overcome with emotion. She can barely speak.*) I . . . I . . . I don't know. I . . .

(*She runs out of the shop onto stage L. Forestage, stopping at the stoop and wilting gracefully against the rail.*)

SEYMOUR. (*removing the jacket and dropping it to the floor*) I'll take it off. I'll take it back. I'll burn it. (*crosses out of shop, toward AUDREY*) Just don't cry. Please. (*to himself, miserably*) Look what I did. (*to her*) I only bought it to impress you. That's all I ever meant to do.

AUDREY. (*regaining her composure somewhat, and crossing down c.*) I don't know what's come over me. I guess I've been a little under the weather, lately. (*She sits c., on the edge of the Forestage.*)

SEYMOUR. (*moving to just up R. of her*) It's Orin isn't it? You've been down in the dumps ever since his mysterious disappearance. You miss him, don't you?

AUDREY. Miss him? I never felt so relieved as when they told me he'd vanished. It was like a miracle. (*beat*) Not to mention all the money I've saved on Epsom salts and ace bandages.

SEYMOUR. (*sits beside her*) Then what's the matter?

AUDREY. I feel guilty, I guess. I mean, if he met with foul play or some terrible accident of some kind . . . then it's partly my fault, you see. Because secretly . . . I wished it.

SEYMOUR. Audrey, you shouldn't waste one more minute worrying about that creep. There's alotta guys would give anything to go out with you. Nice guys.

AUDREY. I don't deserve a nice guy, Seymour.

SEYMOUR. That's not true.

AUDREY. (*Getting emotional, she rises and crosses to stage L. trash can.*) You don't know the half of it. I've led a terrible life.

SEYMOUR. Audrey, don't—

AUDREY. I deserved a creep like Orin Scrivello, D.D.S. You know where I met him? In The Gutter.

SEYMOUR. The gutter?

AUDREY. The Gutter. It's a nightspot. (*sits on trash can*) I worked there on my nights off when we weren't making much money. I'd put on cheap and tasteless outfits. Not nice ones like this. Low and nasty apparel and I'd . . .

(*She turns away from him, leaning her head against the stoop railing, starting to cry softly. [MUSIC CUE 15.] SEYMOUR rises and goes to her.*)

SEYMOUR. (*kneeling beside her*) Audrey, that's all behind you now. You don't have anything to be ashamed of. You're a very nice person and I always knew you were. Underneath the bruises and the handcuffs, you know what I saw? A girl I respected. I still do.

ORIN. (*emerging through "door" u. c.*) Next!

SEYMOUR. I guess that's me, Dr. Scrivello.

ORIN. Do you have an appointment?

SEYMOUR. We met yesterday. Seymour Krelborn.

ORIN. Oh, of course. The guy with the plant.

SEYMOUR. Right.

ORIN. And the band-aids.

SEYMOUR. Right.

(*SEYMOUR timidly pulls a gun from the paper bag and levels it.*)

ORIN. And the gun.

SEYMOUR. R . . . right.

ORIN. So why are you pointing a gun at me, Seymour?

SEYMOUR. I . . . I . . .

ORIN. (*crossing L., toward SEYMOUR; sweetly taking charge*) Hey. Are you a little bit nervous about seeing a dentist?

SEYMOUR. No . . . no, I'm not nervous, I—

ORIN. (*easily taking the gun away from SEYMOUR, depositing it on the tray, and grabbing him around the shoulder at the same time*) It's only gonna hurt a little.

SEYMOUR. No, you don't understand. I don't want my teeth examined, I—

ORIN. Of course you want your teeth examined. (*twisting SEYMOUR's arm painfully behind his back*) Say "Ah"!

SEYMOUR. No!

ORIN. (*twisting harder*)

SAY "AH"!

SEYMOUR. (*in pain*)

AAAAHHH!

ORIN. (*wrenching SEYMOUR down into a "tango-dip" position and looking into his mouth*) Oooh, your mouth is a mess, kid. You've got cavities. You've got plaque. You're impacted. You're abscessed!

SEYMOUR. I am?

ORIN. You need a complete oral examination. We'll start with that wisdom tooth!

CRYSTAL. (*Sees AUDREY and executes a "hold everything" arm gesture that cues PLAYOFF MUSIC to stop.*) Well, look who's here.

AUDREY. Hi, Crystal. Hi, Ronnette. Hi, Chiffon. Am I late? Did I miss it?

RONNETTE. (*crosses to AUDREY*) Sure are.

CHIFFON. (*joining her*) And sure did.

AUDREY. (*crosses down L., past them*) Seymour's first radio broadcast. I wanted to cheer him on. I tried to be on time, but . . .

CRYSTAL. Don't tell me.

THREE GIRLS. You got tied up.

AUDREY. No, just . . . handcuffed . . . a little.

(*CRYSTAL and CHIFFON cross L. and position themselves on the down L. stoop.*)

RONNETTE. (*crossing and sitting on edge of Forestage, just down R.C. of stage L. trash can*) Girl, I don't know who this mess is you hangin' out with, but he is hazardous to your health.

AUDREY. That's for sure, but I can't leave him.

CHIFFON. Why not?

AUDREY. He'd get angry. And if he does this to me when he *likes* me, imagine what he'd do if he ever got mad.

CRYSTAL. So dump the chump, get another guy, and let him protect you.

CHIFFON. And we got one all picked out.

RONNETTE. A little botanical genius.

CRYSTAL. And she ain't talkin' about George Washington Carver.

AUDREY. Seymour?

ALL THREE. Bingo.

AUDREY. (*crossing L., toward CRYSTAL & CHIFFON*) Oh, we're just friends. I could never be Seymour's girl. I've got a past.

CHIFFON. And who amongst us has not?

AUDREY. (*sits on stage L. trash can*) I don't even deserve a Sweet, Considerate, Suddenly Successful guy like Seymour.

RONNETTE. Mm, mm, mm. This child suffers from low self-image.

CHIFFON. You have a point.

CRYSTAL. She have a problem.



MUSHNIK. (*still on the floor, examining something he has picked up with his paint scraper*) Little red dots. All over the floor.

SEYMOUR. You're acting pretty strange, Pop.

MUSHNIK. (*taking an envelope from his jacket pocket*) I had a pretty strange afternoon, son. After my lawyer's appointment, I was called to the police station.

SEYMOUR. The police.

MUSHNIK. (*lifting a "little red dot" from his paint scraper, sifting it into the envelope, then placing the envelope back in his pocket*) Yes. It seems they made a routine investigation into the disappearance of this motorcycle dentist. And when they did— It seems they found a Mushnik's Skid Row Florists bag . . . In . . . His . . . Office!

SEYMOUR. What's that supposed to mean?

MUSHNIK. Exactly what I asked myself, Seymour. And then I began to think about certain things I've noticed around here, lately. (*MUSIC CUE 15-A resumes with two more MELODRAMATIC CHORDS. He rises in time to them, then speaks:*) Little red dots all over the linoleum!

SEYMOUR. (*stepping toward him*) I . . . I spilled some Hawaiian Punch and it stained.

MUSHNIK. Hard to keep things clean around here, isn't it? Especially when they only remove our garbage once a month!

(*[MUSIC CUE 16.] MUSHNIK leaves the shop, depositing flashlight and scraper on table as he goes, and begins to move slowly and deliberately across the Forestage, toward the down R. trash can. THE PLANT slowly moves from upright neutral to lips forward position, then pans its focus as if able to see MUSHNIK through the shop wall.*)

SEYMOUR. What does that have to do with . . . (*starts out front door, following MUSHNIK*) Where are you going?

MUSHNIK. If you want something removed in a hurry, it's best not to dispose of it on Skid Row!

SEYMOUR. What are you talking about?

(*They are both down R. now. us., THE PLANT is focused on them. MUSHNIK reaches into a trash can and pulls out ORIN's dentist's uniform.*)

MUSHNIK. THIS! A dentist's uniform!

PLANT. (*dropping into a lips forward position as thunder fades*)

FEED ME! FOOD! FOOOOOD!

SEYMOUR. Lay off, Twoey. Can't you see I'm busy?

PLANT. (*looking away petulantly*) Tough titty!

SEYMOUR. Watch your language!

PLANT. (*with a large, circular lip-synch movement*)

GRUB!!!

SEYMOUR. *Gimme a break!* I've gotta finish my speech for the lecture tour. It's all about *you*. Gimme some peace and quiet or I'll tell 'em the truth.

PLANT. Don't get cute with me. I made you and I can break you.

SEYMOUR. Go ahead, break me! You think it's easy living with the guilt?

PLANT. Aw, cut the crap and bring on the meat!

SEYMOUR. (*crossing to stage L. work table and flipping furiously through a dictionary*) If only you'd eat meat. If only you'd touch a mouse or flies. But no . . . you're so particular.

PLANT. (*in a childlike falsetto*) C'mon, Krelborn. Feed me. I ain't et since Mushnik and that was a week ago!

SEYMOUR. (*without turning toward it*) Look, just hold out one more night, can you? That's all I ask. *Life Magazine* will be here in the morning to take our pictures . . .

PLANT. (*ominously*) And *then* you'll find me somebody?

SEYMOUR. (*with meaning he obviously does not wish to divulge*) Then you'll never be hungry again. I promise.