

**(AUDREY)**

SO I'VE GOT A BLACK EYE  
AND MY ARM'S IN A CAST.

STILL, THAT SEYMOUR'S A CUTIE.  
WELL, IF NOT, HE'S GOT INNER BEAUTY,  
AND I DREAM OF A PLACE WHERE WE COULD BE  
TOGETHER, AT LAST –

**CRYSTAL**

What kind of place is that, honey? An emergency room?

**AUDREY**

*(as MUSIC continues under)*

Oh no. It's just a daydream of mine. A little development I dream of. Just off the Interstate. Not fancy like Levittown. Just a little street in a little suburb, far far from Urban Skid Row. The sweetest, greenest place – where everybody has the same little lawn out front and the same little flagstone patio out back. And all the houses are so neat and pretty... 'Cause they all look just alike. Oh, I dream about it all the time. Just me. And the toaster. And a sweet little guy. Like Seymour –

*(AUDREY remains seated on the stage L. trash can. Gradually, we begin to see on the faces of the GIRLS grouped around her that they share her dream. LIGHTS grow soft and lyrical, narrowing on the GIRLS and AUDREY, stage L.)*

A MATCHBOX OF OUR OWN  
A FENCE OF REAL CHAIN LINK  
A GRILL OUT ON THE PATIO  
DISPOSAL IN THE SINK  
A WASHER AND A DRYER AND  
AN IRONING MACHINE  
IN A TRACT HOUSE THAT WE SHARE  
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN

HE RAKES AND TRIMS THE GRASS  
HE LOVES TO MOW AND WEED  
I COOK LIKE BETTY CROCKER  
AND I LOOK LIKE DONNA REED  
THERE'S PLASTIC ON THE FURNITURE  
TO KEEP IT NEAT AND CLEAN  
IN THE PINE-SOL-SCENTED AIR,  
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN