

**AUDREY**

You know, sometimes I think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on you.

**SEYMOUR**

*(crosses down R. to check the PLANT's leaves and soil, speaking shyly as he does)*

Oh, I don't mind. After all, I owe him everything. He took me out of the Skid Row Home for Boys when I was just a little tyke. Gave me a warm place to sleep, under the counter. Nice things to eat like meatloaf and water. Floors to sweep and toilets to clean and every other Sunday off...

**AUDREY**

You know, I think you oughta raise your expectations, Seymour. Now that we're getting successful, I mean. Why don't you start with some new clothes?

*(SEYMOUR, selfconscious, crosses up L. to get a plant-mister from the windowseat.)*

No offense, but what with all the interviews and photo sessions, a big, important experimental botanist has to look the part.

**SEYMOUR**

*(crosses down R. of PLANT, to mist it)*

I'm a very bad shopper, Audrey. I don't have good taste, like you.

**AUDREY**

Well, I could help you pick things out.

**SEYMOUR**

You could?

**AUDREY**

Sure.

**SEYMOUR**

*(HE takes a step toward her.)*

You'd go shopping with me?

**AUDREY**

Sure.

**SEYMOUR**

*(and another)*

You'd be seen with me in a public place? Like a department store?

**AUDREY**

Sure.

**SEYMOUR**

*(and another)*

Tonight?

**AUDREY**

I can't tonight. I've got a date. But I'd like to go with you another time.

**SEYMOUR**

Sure, I'll pencil you in.

*(Disappointed, HE crosses U.S. to put his plant-mister away.)*

**AUDREY**

I'll bet you've got alotta dates now, huh?

**SEYMOUR**

Not dates exactly.

*(Regaining some self-confidence, HE crosses back D.S.)*

But alotta garden clubs have been calling – asking me to give lectures.

**AUDREY**

Gee.

**SEYMOUR**

Imagine me, giving lectures.

*(HE sits beside her on the stool at the work table.)*

I never even finished grade school.

**AUDREY**

That doesn't matter. You have life experience.

**SEYMOUR**

Some experience. I don't even know what it's like to fly in an airplane.

**AUDREY**

Me neither.

**SEYMOUR**

Or eat a fancy dinner at Howard Johnson's.

**AUDREY**

Me neither.

**SEYMOUR**

Or ride a motorcycle.

**AUDREY**

Oh, it's no big deal. And besides, it's dangerous.

**SEYMOUR**

It is?

**AUDREY**

Extremely dangerous.

*(beat)*

Gee, I'd better go fix my face. My date'll be here any minute.

*(SHE exits up R.)*

**#7A – Orin's Play-on**

*(SEYMOUR takes the stool from the worktable, crosses to the window, and sits there, back to audience, as LIGHTS fade in shop and come up on the Forestage. ORIN enters down R., wearing a black leather jacket and a smug, self-satisfied expression. He positions himself stiffly, just C. of the down R. stoop and speaks to the GIRLS.)*

**ORIN**

Excuse me, ladies. Which way to thirteen-thirteen Skid Row?

**CRYSTAL**

*(producing a tin can marked "Tips" and handing it to CHIFFON)*

I'm afraid that information will cost you a dollar.

**ORIN**

Hey. No prob.

*(dropping a dollar into the can)*

Here you go.

**CHIFFON**

*(handing the can back to CRYSTAL)*

It's right over there. But if you're like the thousands of others flocking down to see the Audrey Two, you better come back tomorrow, man. This shop is *closed* today.

*(SHE slaps CRYSTAL's hand and squeals gleefully.)*

Oooh, took his dollar!

**ORIN**

I'm not here to buy posies, girls. I'm here to pick up my date.

**CRYSTAL**

*(eyeing him)*

Your date?

**CHIFFON**

*(with a glance to CRYSTAL)*

You ain't by any chance talkin' about a girl with a black eye?