SEYMOUR. (*Into* Phone B. Phone C *rings.*)
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING, CAN YOU?
(*hangs up* Phone B)
AUDREY. (*into* Phone C)
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING, THANK YOU!
(*hangs it up*)

(*On MUSIC, all four* Phones *ring at once.*)

BOTH.
CALL BACK IN THE MORN-*ING*!

(*AUDREY and SEYMOUR pick up two* Phones *each, and slam them down sideways in their cradles. The ringing abruptly stops. On the last beat of MUSIC, they sink onto their stools—exhausted.*)

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 . . .

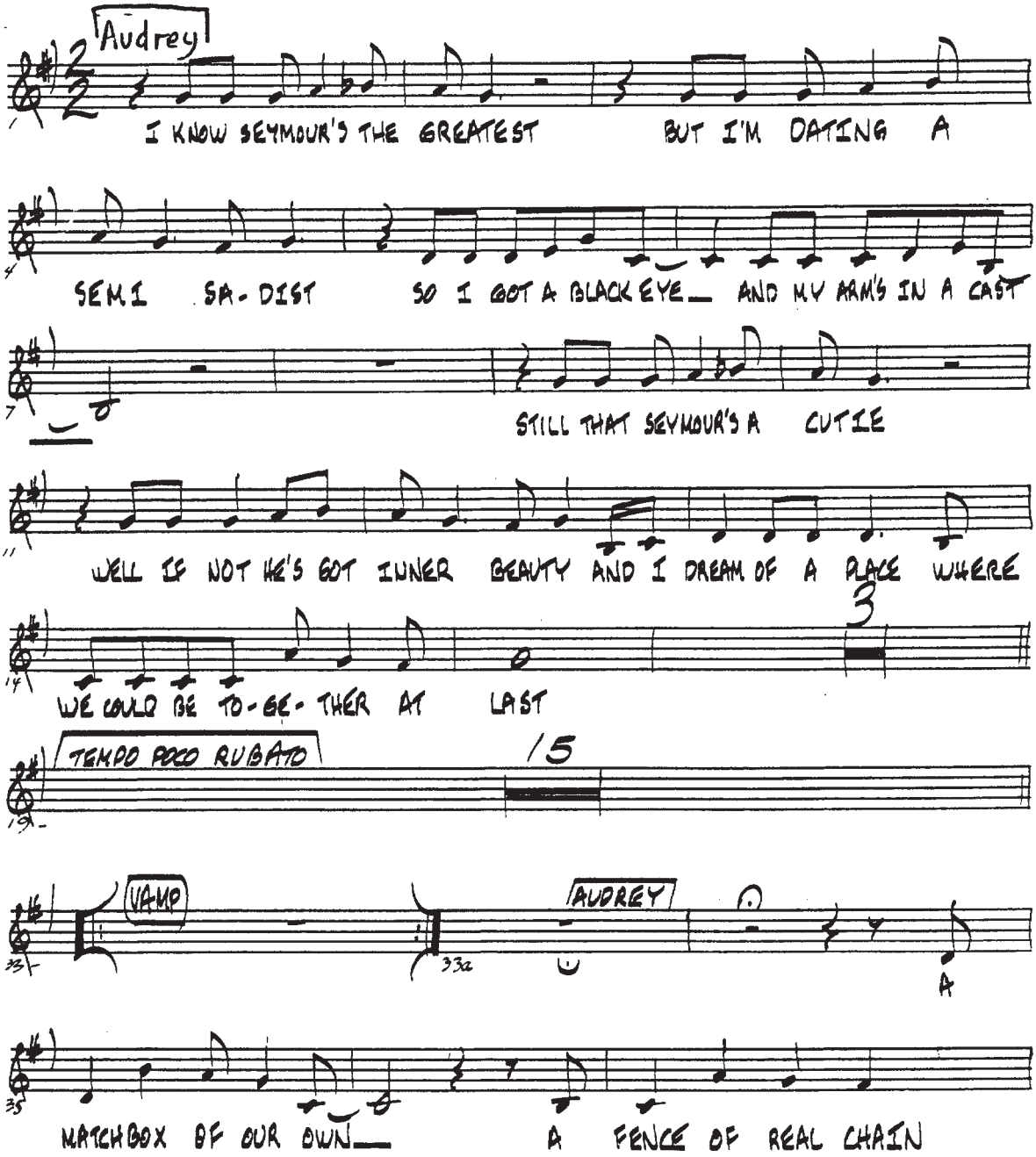
(*She turns away from him, leaning her head against the stoop railing, starting to cry softly. [MUSIC CUE 15.] SEYMOUR rises and goes to her.*)

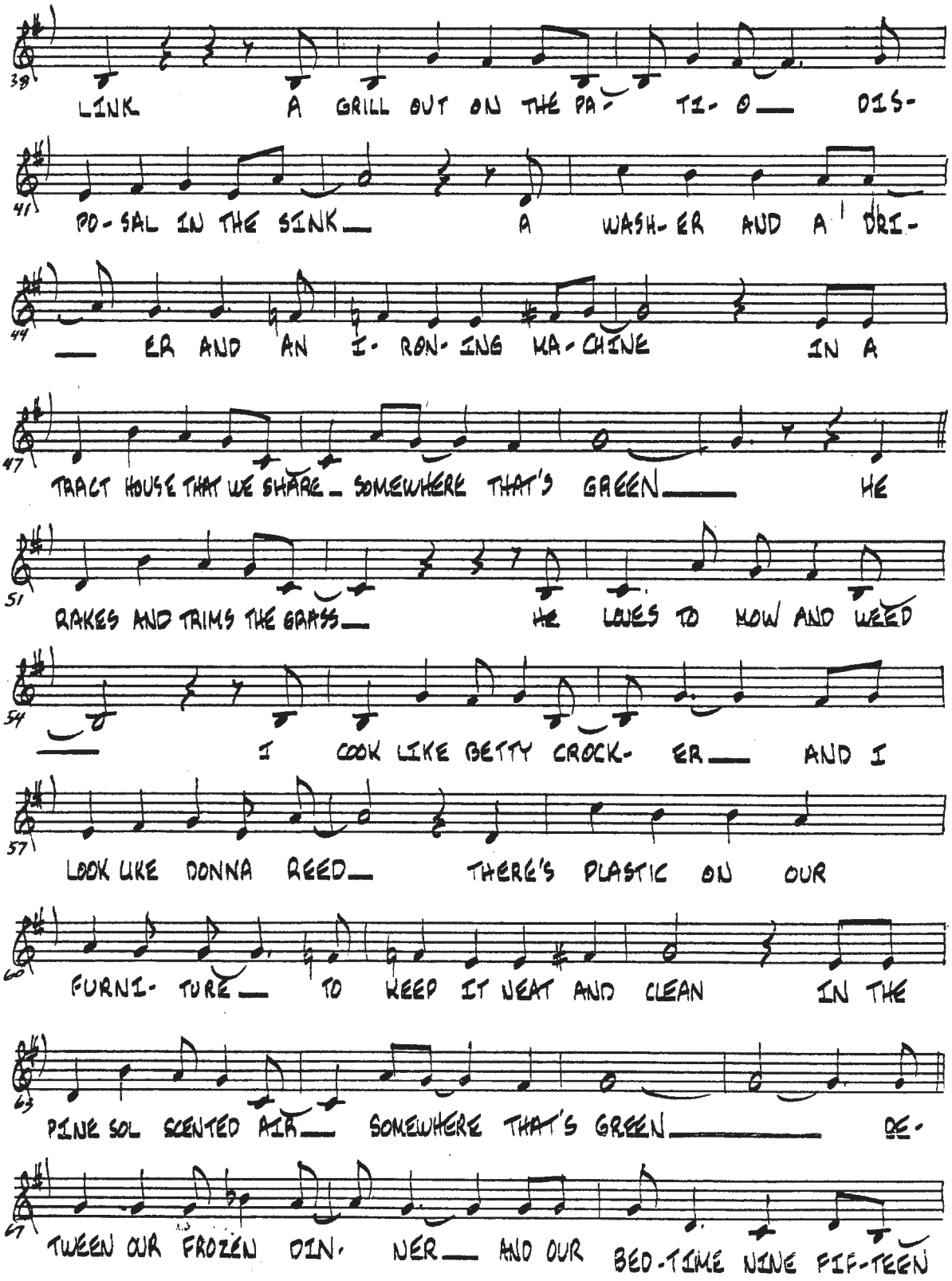
SEYMOUR. (*kneeling beside her*) Audrey, that's all behind you now. You don't have anything to be ashamed of. You're a very nice person and I always knew you were. Underneath the bruises and the handcuffs, you know what I saw? A girl I respected. I still do.

(15) "*SUDDENLY SEYMOUR*"

SEYMOUR. (*sings*)
LIFT UP YOUR HEAD
WASH OFF YOUR MASCARA.

#6 SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN




39
LINK A GRILL OUT ON THE PA- TI- O DIS-
41
PO- SAL IN THE SINK A WASH- ER AND A DRI-
44
ER AND AN I- RON- ING MA- CHINE IN A
47
TRACT HOUSE THAT WE SHARE SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN HE
51
RAKES AND TRIMS THE GRASS HE LOVES TO MOW AND WEED
54
I COOK LIKE BETTY CROCK- ER AND I
57
LOOK LIKE DONNA REED THERE'S PLASTIC ON OUR
60
FURNI- TURE TO KEEP IT NEAT AND CLEAN IN THE
63
PINE SOL SCENTED AIR SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN DE-
67
TWEEN OUR FROZEN DIN- NER AND OUR BED-TIME NINE FIF-TEEN


FRIEND-
32
(AUDREY) NO-BO-DY EV_ ER TREAT-ED ME KIND_ LY DAD-DY LEFT EAR-LY___ MA-MA WAS POOR___
36
I'D MEET A MAN_ AND I'D FOL-LOW HIM BLIND_ LY___ HE'D SWAP HIS FIN_GERS ME, I'D___ SAY
40
"SURE"_____ SUD - DEN___ LY
42
SEY- MOUR IS STAND-ING BE-SIDE ME HE DON'T GIVE ME
46
OR-DERS HE DON'T CON-DE-SCEND_____ SUD-DEN_ LY
50
SEY-MOUR___ IS HERE TO_ PRO-VIDE ME_____ SWEET UN_ DER
54
STAND_____ ING._____ SEY- MOUR'S_ MY
56
FRIEND
(SEYMOUR) TELL ME THIS FEEL_ ING LASTS 'TILL FOR-EV-ER TELL ME THE BAD_TIMES ARE CLEAN WASHED A-WAY___
60
(AUDREY) PLEASE UN-DER-STAND_ THAT IT'S STILL STRANGE AND FRIGHT-NING FOR LOS-ERS LIKE I'VE BEEN ITS SO HARD_ TO_
64
SAY._____ SUD- DEN_ LY


AUDREY
SEY- MOUR HE PUR_ I _FIED ME SUD- DEN_ LY
GIRLS SEYMOUR
66
SUD-DEN_ LY SEY-MOUR HE PUR_ I _FIED YOU
SEY- MOUR SHOWED ME_ I CAN LEARNED HOW TO
70
SUD-DEN_ LY SEY-MOUR AH YES YOU CAN
AUD. + SEY.
SEYMOUR
BE MORE THE GIRL THAT'S IN- SIDE ME (YOU) WITH SWEET UN_ DER
74
BE MORE THE GIRL THAT'S IN- SIDE YOU OO OO
S. + A.
STAND_ ING WITH SWEET UN_ DER_ STAND_ ING_
STAND- ING
WITH SWEET UN_ DER
AUDREY
78
WITH SWEET UN_ DER_ STAND_ ING_
GIRLS
WITH SWEET UN- DER WITH SWEET UN_ DER
STAND_ ING SEY-MOUR YOUR MAN
82
STAND_ ING SEY-MOUR YOUR MAN