revealing it to be AUDREY TWO—now over four feet tall and sporting huge, dangerously spiked leaves.)

ALL. (*continued*)
TODAY!!!

(*On the last notes of music, a display sign reading* "Here It is!" *flies in to dangle over and point to the PLANT. This is Pod #3. The puppeteer inside keeps it absolutely motionless until the script indicates otherwise. On applause after the number, SEYMOUR moves up* C. *to fold up the ladder, AUDREY moves to the refrigerator, and MUSHNIK takes a clipboard from the work table. Out on the Forestage, CRYSTAL and CHIFFON enter* R. *and take positions on the down* R. *stoop. CHIFFON silently starts doing CRYSTAL's nails.*)

MUSHNIK. (*finding a notation on his clipboard*) Seymour, did you send out that order for Mrs. Shiva?

SEYMOUR. Mrs. Shiva?

AUDREY. (*taking a black-bowed arrangement from the refrigerator and handing it to him*) Mrs. Shiva.

SEYMOUR. Mrs. Shiva . . . Er, I forgot.

MUSHNIK. (*exploding*) You forgot? How could you forget an order like that? (*crosses to SEYMOUR and grabs the arrangement from him*) The Shivas are our most important funereal account! A big, enormous family and they're dropping off like flies! I'm telling you, Krelborn, if we lose their business over this . . . YOU . . . ARE . . . FINISHED!!!

(*Still bellowing, he exits* L. *Abashed, SEYMOUR just stands there. After a moment of embarrassed silence, AUDREY takes a "Get Well Soon" arrangement from the refrigerator and crosses to the stage* L. *work table. She will continue to work on the arrangement intermittently throughout the following scene.*)

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, self-conscious, crosses up* L. *to get a plant-mister from the window-seat.*) 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* US. *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* DS.) 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. *[MUSIC CUE 8-A.] 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.*) Ooooh, 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?

CRYSTAL. And several other medical problems?

ORIN. As a matter of fact . . .

(*Suddenly, the GIRLS descend upon him full-force, CRYSTAL and CHIFFON backing him to* C. *and RONETTE, who has been watching from the stage* L. *stoop, approaching him from behind.*)

GIRLS. (*shouted; Ad. Lib*) That's him! That's the one! Who do you think you are, treating her that way? Get outa here and don't come back! Beat it! Get lost! (*Etc.*)

RONNETTE. (*spinning him around to face her*) Yo!

ORIN. Ladies! Ladies! Please! I'm friendly! Truce! Pacem!


22
I'M THE PLANT CAN MAKE IT ALL REAL YOU GONNA GET IT
24
I'M YOUR GENIE I'M YOUR FRIEND I'M YOUR WILLING SLAVE
26
TAKE A CHANCE JUST FEEL ME AND YOU KNOW THE KIND OF EATS THE KIND OF RED HOT TREATS THE KIND OF
28
STICKY LICKY SWEETS I CRAVE
COME ON SEYMOUR DON'T BE A PUTZ
31
TRUST ME AND YOUR LIFE'LL SURELY RIVAL KING TUT'S SHOW A LITTLE 'NITIATIVE WORK UP THE GUTS AND YOU'LL
SEYMOUR
GET IT I DON'T
KNOW
I DON'T
GIRLS
OH
DON'T KNOW
33
KNOW
I DON'T
KNOW
I HAVE
SO
SO MANY
OH
36
KNOW
SO


STRONG RESER- VA- TIONS SHOULD I
OH
AH
39
STRONG
AH
GO AND PER- FORM MU- TI-
GO
42
GO
AH
AUD II
44
LA- TIONS
THINK A- BOUT A ROOM AT THE RITZ
46
WRAPPED IN VEL- VET CO- VERED IN GLITZ
A LITTLE NOOKIE GONNA CLEAN UP YO' IITS AND YOU'LL
SEYMOUR
48
GET IT
GEE I'D LIKE A HAR- LEY MA- CHINE TOOLIN' A- ROUND LIKE I WAS JAMES DEAN
AUD II
51
MAKIN' ALL THE GUYS ON THE CORNER TURN GREEN SO GO
GET IT
AND
IF YOU WANNA BE PRO- FOUND
IF YOU
REALLY GOT TO JUS- TI- FY
GIRLS
53
AH

#16 SUDDENLY SEYMOUR




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