**AUDREY 1 Green Scene/Song**



WOW! POW! LOOK OUT BELOW!
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW
*YA NEVER KNOW?*

MUSHNIK. (*offstage* R.) *Krelborn!!*

(*SEYMOUR obediently exits* R. *[PLAYOFF MUSIC 5-A.] GIRLS Ad. Lib. laughter and good-natured mockery of SEYMOUR's awkward dancing. AUDREY rushes in, stage* L. *She is out of breath and her arm is in a chic leopard-print sling.*)

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.*)

**Start**

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.

(6) "*SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN*"

AUDREY.
I KNOW SEYMOUR'S THE GREATEST
BUT I'M DATING A SEMI-SADIST.
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.)

AUDREY. (*continued*)
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

BETWEEN OUR FROZEN DINNER
AND OUR BED-TIME: NINE-FIFTEEN
WE SNUGGLE WATCHING LUCY
ON OUR BIG, ENORMOUS
TWELVE-INCH SCREEN

I'M HIS DECEMBER BRIDE
HE'S FATHER, HE KNOWS BEST
OUR KIDS WATCH HOWDY DOODY
AS THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST
A PICTURE OUT OF *BETTER HOMES*
*AND GARDENS MAGAZINE*
FAR FROM SKID ROW
I DREAM WE'LL GO
SOMEWHERE THAT'S . . .
GREEN

**Stop**

(*On the last word of the song, she reaches out as if toward the place she's been singing about. LIGHTS narrow down on this image and then fade to:*)

*BLACKOUT*

## SCENE 3

*[MUSIC CUE 7.] Lights come up to reveal SEYMOUR, emptying garbage into the stage* R. *trash can. RONNETTE is*