

SEYMOUR 2 - AUDREY 2

38

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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.)

Start

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.

Stop

(*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!