SEYMOUR & AUDREY CB

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.*)

Start

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.

HERE, TAKE MY KLEENEX.
WIPE THAT LIPSTICK AWAY.
SHOW ME YOUR FACE,
CLEAN AS THE MORNING.
I KNOW THINGS WERE BAD,
BUT NOW THEY'RE OKAY.

(*He rises.*)
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS STANDING BESIDE YOU
YA DON'T NEED NO MAKEUP
DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND.
SUDDENLY . . .
(*He removes his glasses.*)
SEYMOUR
IS HERE TO PROVIDE YOU
SWEET UNDERSTANDING
SEYMOUR'S YOUR FRIEND.

AUDREY. (*aside*)
NOBODY EVER
TREATED ME KINDLY
(*rises and crosses dramatically down* C.)
DADDY LEFT EARLY
MAMA WAS POOR
(*SEYMOUR sits on trash can, listening.*)
I'D MEET A MAN
AND I'D FOLLOW HIM BLINDLY
HE'D SNAP HIS FINGERS
ME, I'D SAY "SURE"

(*still aside; passionately, with Gospel fervor*)

SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS STANDING BESIDE ME
HE DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS
HE DON'T CONDESCEND!
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS HERE TO PROVIDE ME
SWEET UNDERSTANDING
SEYMOUR'S MY FRIEND.
SEYMOUR. (*rises and holds a hand out toward her*)
TELL ME THIS FEELING
LASTS TIL FOREVER