

SEYMOUR MONOLOGUE

Seymour: Well, I was walking in the wholesale flower district one day. And I passed by this place where this old Chinese man sometimes sells me weird and exotic cuttings- 'Cause he knows, you see, strange plants are my hobby! Well, He didn't have anything unusual there that day. And I was about to, you know, walk on by when suddenly and without warning, there was this ...total eclipse of the sun!....It got very dark....And then I heard a strange humming sound, like something from another world. And when the light came back, this weird plant was just sitting there, just stuck in, you know, among the zinnias? I coulda sworn it hadn't been there before. But the old Chinese man sold it to me anyway....for a dollar ninety five.

AUDREY MONOLOGUE

Audrey: Oh no. It's just a day-dream of mine. A little development I dream of. Just of 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.

SCENE 1

"Audrey and Seymour Connect"

Audrey: You know, sometimes I think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on you.

Seymour: (crosses down R. to check the PLANTs 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. But alotta garden clubs have been calling- asking me to give lectures.

Audrey: Gee.

Seymour: Imagine me, giving lectures. 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: (Thinking of Orin) Extremely dangerous. (beat) Gee, I'd better go fix my face. My date'll be here any minute

SIDE 2

Orin, Seymour, Audrey

(SEYMOUR is in the shop, putting things in order. ORIN enters)

Orin: Hey, how ya doin'?

Seymour: Fine, thank you. But the shop's closed.

Orin: (enters shop) I'm not here to shop, I'm here to... (sees THE PLANT and crosses to it) Hey. This must be that plant they're talkin' about on the news. Whatdya call it?

Seymour: An Audrey Two.

Orin: Cute name. Catchy. Nice plant. Big.

Seymour: Thank you, I raised it myself. Now, if you don't mind I'm not really supposed to let anyone...

Orin: I hear it's some kind of new species or something.

Seymour: That's what they tell me. But you'll have to leave now, we...

Audrey: (enters from back room) It's okay, Seymour. This is my boyfriend.

Seymour, Orin Scrivello. (ORIN snaps a finger at her) D.D.S.

Orin: (putting an arm around SEYMOUR) I'll tell you something, guy. You say you raised this thing, right?

Seymour: Right.

Orin: (punctuating his remarks with friendly but painful little side-jabs, armpunches and neck-grabs) Well if I were you I sure wouldn't keep it under a barrel down in a Skid Row dump like this. This avocado here could be your ticket to the stars. You could take it to any florist shop in town and name your price. Heck, somebody'd make you a dang partner to get their hands on this.

Audrey: Seymour's very loyal.

Orin: (drops SEYMOUR and turns to her sharply) Somebody talking to you?

Audrey: Oh . . . no . . . (beat) Excuse me.

Orin: Excuse me what?

Audrey: Excuse me, doctor.

Orin: (pleased) That's better. (to SEYMOUR, aggressively friendly once again) I'm telling you, kid, this thing's a big green goldmine. Get your butt outta this dump and take the plant with you. Mushnik's Skid Row Florists? Feh, it's like a joke. You hear me talkin'?

Seymour: I hear you.

Audrey: Shouldn't we be leaving now? (ORIN turns quickly toward her with a threatening attitude) I'm sorry.

Orin: Sorry, what?

Audrey: (desperate to placate him) I'm sorry, Doctor... Doctor...Sorry, Doctor.

Orin: (satisfied, he turns to SEYMOUR) You gotta train 'em, eh stud? (He gives SEYMOUR a macho punch on the arm. SEYMOUR timidly tries to return it in kind. A dismal failure.) Well, my bike's outside and double-parked. But you think about what I said, scout...I mean it. You think about it. (Crosses away toward door)

Okay, Aud-rey!