

AUDREY & SEYMOUR (Act Two)

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 window seat, and exits into back workroom)* Uh, one minute, Audrey. I want to show you something.

AUDREY. 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 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 the 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.

SEYMOUR. *(Moving to 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 a lot of 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*) 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. 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 ...