

(Mushnik, Audrey, Seymour, Ronnette, Crystal, Chiffon)

(MUSHNIK in Shop. Seymour in back of shop – off stage – Urchins on stoop outside shop. Audrey off stage. We hear a crash offstage, caused by SEYMOUR)

MUSHNIK (to SEYMOUR) What did you break now, Krelborn?

SEYMOUR (offstage) Nothing, Mr. Mushnik.

(AUDREY enters; she is late for work – she has a black eye.)

MUSHNIK (to AUDREY) So, she finally decides to come to work.

AUDREY Good morning, Mr. Musknik.

MUSHNIK What morning? It's two o'clock in the afternoon. Not that we had a customer. Who has customers when you run a flower shop in Skid Row?

AUDREY I'm sorry. (We hear another crash from SEYMOUR.)

MUSHNIK. Seymour, what is going on back there?

SEYMOUR (offstage) Very little, Mr. Mushnik.

MUSHNIK Audrey, you'd better go back there and see what he's... Audrey. Where'd you get that shiner?

AUDREY Shiner?

MUSHNIK Audrey, that greasy boyfriend of yours – he's been beating up on you again? Look, I know it's none of my business, but I'm beginning to think maybe he's not such a nice boy.

AUDREY You don't meet nice boys when you live on Skid Row, Mr. Mushnik.

(SEYMOUR enters.)

SEYMOUR I got these plants repotted for you, Mr. ... (He trips over his feet and falls, sending trays and pots flying across the room.)

MUSHNIK. Seymour! Look what you done to the inventory!

AUDREY Don't yell at Seymour, Mr. Mushnik.

SEYMOUR *(Looking up from the floor)* Hi, Audrey – you look radiant today. Is that new eye makeup?

AUDREY *(Picks up some pots; taking them into the workroom)* I'll clean it up before any of the customers get here. *(AUDREY and SEYMOUR exit)*

MUSHNIK Well that ought to give you plenty of time. *(strolls outside)* Look, God, what an existence I got! Misfit employees, bums on the sidewalk, business is lousy. My life is a living hell. *(Crosses toward the girls.)* You! Urchins! Off the stoop! It ain't bad enough I got the winos permanently decorating the storefront? I need three worthless ragamuffins to complete the picture?

RONNETTE Aw, we ain't bothering nobody. Are we, Crystal?

CRYSTAL No we're not, Ronnette.

MUSHNIK You ought to be in school.

CHIFFON. We're on the split shift.

RONNETTE Right. We went to school 'til the fifth grade, then we split. *(High fives all around)*

MUSHNIK So how do you intend to better yourselves?

CRYSTAL Better ourselves? Mister, when you from Skid Row, ain't no such thing.