

“Little Shop of Horrors” Scene Reading

SAAC Auditions January 15 & 16

AUDITION Scenes: Sunday

1. PP 15-17

Mushnik	Crystal
Seymour	Ronnette
Audrey	Chiffon

2. PP 21-22 (skip song) PP 24-25

Mushnik	Audrey
Seymour	Customer

3. PP 28-29

Interviewer	Seymour
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4. PP 33-34 (skip song lyrics)

Crystal	Chiffon
Ronnette	Audrey

5. PP 38-39

Audrey	Seymour
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6. PP 40-41

Orin	Chiffon
Crystal	Ronnette

7. PP 43-44

Orin	Seymour	Audrey
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8. PP 49-50

Seymour	Plant
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9. PP 77-81

Crystal	Seymour
Chiffon	Bernstein (speak the song lyrics)
Ronnette	Skip Snip (speak lyrics)
Mrs. Luce (speak lyrics)	

10. P 91

Patrick	Martin	Seymour
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CALL BACK Scenes: Monday

1. PP 71-73

Seymour, Audrey, Mushnik

2. P 84

Plant, Seymour

3. P 85

Audrey, Seymour

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

As we move from Prologue to scene lighting, CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON take places on the down L. stoop, near the sleeping WINO. They will remain there for a while, idly reading monster-movie magazines. US., in the shop, LIGHTS come up on MR. MUSHNIK at the work table, reading the Skid Row Daily News and waiting for customers who do not arrive. In fact, customers very seldom if ever arrive around here. What few flowers are in evidence are on their last legs—wilted, faded, and decaying. The clock moves slowly, accompanied by tic-toc music, from nine o'clock to ten. Suddenly, there is an ear-splitting crash from the off R. workroom. MUSHNIK shouts in the direction of the noise, without getting up.

1. -----

MUSHNIK. What did you break now, Krelborn?

SEYMOUR. (*offstage*) Nothing, Mr. Mushnik.

MUSHNIK. (*mumbling in something that resembles Yiddish as he returns to the paper*) Aron g'vorn g'voxen, akebebble, mit tzibeleh.

*Mushnik
Seymour
Audrey
Crystal
Ronnette
Chiffon*

(The clock advances. When it hits eleven, AUDREY appears down R., sporting a black eye. She runs across the Fore-stage, past the GIRLS, and into the shop. As she enters, the doorbell sounds. The clock hits two and stops.)

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

AUDREY. Good morning Mr. Mushnik.

MUSHNIK. What morning? It's two o'clock in the afternoon. (*He picks up a half-eaten sandwich from the work table and starts to cross out of the shop.*) Not that we had a customer. Who has customers when you run a flower shop on Skid Row? (*dumps the sandwich in the down L. trash can*)

AUDREY. I'm sorry.

(She is hanging up her jacket as we hear another loud crash from the workroom.)

MUSHNIK. (*shouted from Forestage*) Seymour, what is going on back there?

SEYMOUR. (*offstage*) Very little, Mr. Mushnik!

MUSHNIK. (*quickly moving back into the shop*) Audrey, you'd better go back there and see what he's . . . (*He gets a good look at her for the first time.*) Audrey. Where'd you get that shiner?

AUDREY. (*evasively grabbing some roses from the windowseat and crossing to the down R. work table to arrange them*) Shiner?

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

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

(*SEYMOUR enters up R. with several trays of plants.*)

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. (*shouting as SEYMOUR tumbles*) 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. (*beat*) Is that new eye makeup?

AUDREY. (*rising to exit up R. workroom*) I'll clean it up before any of the customers get here.

MUSHNIK. Well that ought to give you plenty of time. (*He steps outside the shop.*) Look, God, what an existence I got! Misfit employees, bums on the sidewalk, business is lousy. My life is a living hell. (*A rustle of noise from stage L. stoop: CRYSTAL & CHIFFON fighting over a magazine. MUSHNIK moves down L., toward them.*) 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.

MUSHNIK. So how do you intend to better yourselves?

CRYSTAL. Better ourselves? Mister, when you from Skid Row, ain't no such thing. (*She turns forward dramatically and strikes a Girl Group pose, which RONNETTE and CHIFFON quickly imitate.*)

STOP ----- (2) "DOWNTOWN (SKID ROW)"

CRYSTAL.

ALARM GOES OFF AT SEVEN
AND YOU START UPTOWN.
YOU PUT IN YOUR EIGHT HOURS
FOR THE POWERS THAT HAVE ALWAYS BEEN.

RONNETTE. Sing it, child.

CRYSTAL.

TIL IT'S FIVE P.M.

WINO #1. (*sitting up, suddenly*)
THEN YOU GO
(*He collapses again.*)

GIRLS.

DOWNTOWN
WHERE THE FOLKS ARE BROKE
YOU GO
DOWNTOWN
WHERE YOUR LIFE'S A JOKE
YOU GO
DOWNTOWN
WHEN YOU BUY YOUR TOKEN, YOU GO—
HOME TO SKID ROW!

(*moving c. with MUSHNIK, singing and dancing*)

HOME TO SKID ROW!

WINO #1. (*sitting up again*)
YES, YOU GO

(*As they continue singing, WINO #2, enters stage R., singing back-up and panhandling.*)

ALL.

DOWNTOWN

CRYSTAL.

WHERE THE CABS DON'T STOP.

picks some food out of the down L. trash can; SEYMOUR, up c., starts tending to the flowers in the window; MUSHNIK ushers AUDREY back into the shop, where she collects a bunch of limp roses from the stage R. work table, and works at getting the lifeless stems to stand up; MUSHNIK dejectedly returns to the stage R. work table and his newspaper.

Meanwhile, WINO #1 has moved up L., outside the shop window. On a MUSIC CUE, SEYMOUR, MUSHNIK, and AUDREY think they hear something outside. Could it be a customer? They look. It's just the WINO. He coughs disgustingly. On a MUSIC CUE, AUDREY, SEYMOUR, & MUSHNIK sigh and turn back to what they were doing. The clock advances to six and chimes. AUDREY crosses up c. to deposit her lifeless roses on the window-seat.)

2. -----

MUSHNIK. Look at that! Six o'clock and we didn't sell so much as a fern. I guess this is it. (*He crosses to door and reverses the sign in it from Open to Closed.*) Don't bother coming in tomorrow.

AUDREY. You don't mean.

SEYMOUR. You can't mean.

MUSHNIK. What, what what don't I mean? I mean I'm closed, forget it, kaput.

AUDREY. You can't.

MUSHNIK. *Kaput!* Extinct! I'm closing this God and customer forsaken place.

(*AUDREY nudges SEYMOUR forward.*)

SEYMOUR. Mr. Mushnik, forgive me for saying so, but has it ever occurred to you that maybe what the firm needs is to move in a new direction?

AUDREY. What Seymour's trying to say, Mr. Mushnik, is . . . Well, we've talked about it and we both agree . . . (*confidentially, to SEYMOUR*) Seymour, why don't you run in back and bring out that strange and interesting new plant you've been working on? (*SEYMOUR exits up R.*) You see, Mr. Mushnik, some of those exotic plants Seymour has been tinkering around with are really unusual and we were both thinking that maybe some of his strange and interesting plants—prominently displayed and advertised—would attract business.

*Mushnik
Seymour
Audrey
Customer*

SEYMOUR. (*Re-enters R., carrying Pod #1—a large but sickly looking plant—unlike any you have ever seen.*) I'm afraid it isn't feeling very well today.

AUDREY. (*crossing c. to SEYMOUR*) There. Now isn't that bizarre?

MUSHNIK. (*joining her*) At least. What kind of a weirdo plant is that, Seymour?

SEYMOUR. I don't know. It looks like some kind of flytrap, but I haven't been able to identify it in any of my books. So I gave it my own name. I call it an Audrey Two.

AUDREY. (*deeply moved*) After me?

SEYMOUR. (*shy and gazing at her*) I hope you don't mind. (*to MUSHNIK, then crossing to windowseat*) You see sir, if you put a strange and interesting plant like this, here in the window, maybe—

MUSHNIK. (*returning to R. work table and sitting*) Maybe what? Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? Just because you put a strange and interesting plant in a window, people don't suddenly . . .

(*[MUSIC CUE: 3-A.] Door chimes and opens. All three heads turn. A CUSTOMER enters the shop.*)

CUSTOMER. Excuse me. I couldn't help noticing that strange and interesting plant. What is it?

AUDREY. It's an Audrey Two.

CUSTOMER. I've never seen anything like it before.

SEYMOUR. No one has.

CUSTOMER. Where did you get it?

SEYMOUR. Well . . .

(*MUSIC 3-B in*)

SEYMOUR. (*continued*) You remember that total eclipse of the sun a couple of weeks ago?

SKIP SONG -----

"DA DOO"

(*CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON pop into view up L., outside the shop window. As SEYMOUR, stage c., tells his tale, they sing back-up with appropriate Girl Group hand gestures. No one onstage seems to notice them.*)

GIRLS.

DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. I was walking in the wholesale flower district that day.

GIRLS.

SHOOP-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. And I passed by this place where this old Chinese man—

GIRLS.

CHANG-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR.—He sometimes sells me weird and exotic cuttings—

GIRLS.

SNIP-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR.—'Cause he knows, you see—strange plants are my hobby!

GIRLS.

DA-DA-DA-DA-DA

DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. He didn't have anything unusual there that day.

GIRLS.

NOPE DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. And I was about to—you know—walk on by.

GIRLS.

GOOD FOR YOU

SEYMOUR. When suddenly and without warning, there was this . . .

SEYMOUR and GIRLS.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN!

SEYMOUR. It got very dark. And then I heard a strange humming sound, like something from another world.

GIRLS.

DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. And when the light came back, this weird plant was just sitting there.

GIRLS.

OOPS-EE-DOO

SEYMOUR. Just stuck in, you know, among the zinnias?

GIRLS.

AUD-REE-TWO

SEYMOUR. I coulda sworn it hadn't been there before. But the old Chinese man sold it to me anyway.

GIRLS.

SHA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA
DOO-DOO-DOO-DOO!

SEYMOUR.

For a dollar ninety-five.

(As MUSIC ends, The GIRLS sink down behind the window and disappear from view.)

PICK-UP -----

CUSTOMER. Well, that's an unusual story and a fascinating plant. (*MUSIC: doorbell, as he starts out L., then turns.*) Oh—I may as well take fifty dollars-worth of roses while I'm here.

MUSHNIK. Fifty dollars!

AUDREY. Fifty dollars!

SEYMOUR. Fifty dollars!

MUSHNIK. (*crossing toward CUSTOMER at L. work table*)
Yessir, right away, sir!

CUSTOMER. Can you break a hundred?

MUSHNIK. A hundred. Er . . . no . . . I'm afraid we . . .
er . . . (*fingering a huge cobweb on the register*) . . . Closed the
register for the day.

CUSTOMER. Well then, I'll just have to take twice as many,
won't I?

MUSHNIK. Twice as many!

AUDREY. Twice as many!

SEYMOUR. Twice as many!

(AUDREY quickly grabs a handful of limp, dead roses and hands them to SEYMOUR for lightning-fast wrapping in a sheet of MUSHNIK's newspaper at the R. work table.)

MUSHNIK. A hundred dollars-worth? Yessir. Right away, sir.
Audrey, my darling, kindly fetch this gentleman one hundred
dollars worth of our very finest red American Beauty roses!

(AUDREY presents the pathetic bundle to the CUSTOMER.)

CUSTOMER. Thank you very much. (*He moves to the door, then turns.*) Yessir. That is one strange and interesting plant.

STOP -----

(CUSTOMER exits. [MUSIC CUE 3-C.] CRYSTAL silently enters on street, stage L., and takes a position on DS.L. stoop, reading an oversized monster movie magazine. Simultaneously, a quick beat of Ad. Lib. exuberance and

laughter from MUSHNIK, AUDREY, and SEYMOUR in the shop. Then MUSHNIK takes charge:)

MUSHNIK. Well, don't just stand there! Quick! Quick! Quick! Put that plant—what do you call it?

SEYMOUR. An Audrey Two.

MUSHNIK. Put that Audrey Two in the window where the passers-by can see. My God, I'd never have believed it. (*crossing stage R. to prepare to leave: taking off sweater, putting on coat, hat, and scarf*) My children, I'm taking us all to dinner!

(*MUSIC out*)

AUDREY. Oh, I'd love to, Mr. Mushnik, but I have a date.

(*She crosses to coat rack up c.*)

MUSHNIK. With the same nogoodnik? I'm telling you, Audrey, you don't need a date with him, you need major medical. He ain't a good clean kinda boy.

AUDREY. (*putting on her jacket*) He's a professional.

MUSHNIK. What kind of professional drives a motorcycle and wears a black leather jacket?

AUDREY. He's a rebel, Mr. Mushnik. But he makes good money. And besides . . . he's the only fella I've got. Enjoy dinner. Goodnight, Seymour.

SEYMOUR. Goodnight.

(*AUDREY exits.*)

MUSHNIK. (*collecting his newspaper from R. work table*) Poor girl.

SEYMOUR. Are we still going to dinner?

(*[MUSIC 3-D.] THE PLANT wilts. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 1])*

MUSHNIK. (*crossing c. to SEYMOUR*) You're not going anywhere, Krelborn. You're staying right here and taking care of this sick plant. How come it's fainting all the time?

SEYMOUR. I told you, it's been giving me trouble. It just *wilts* like this. The Audrey Two is not a healthy girl.

MUSHNIK. Strictly between us, neither is the Audrey One.

SEYMOUR. (*continued*) I think I *know* what made you do that. Well, I guess a few drops couldn't hurt. Long as you don't make a habit out of it or anything. (*sings*)

I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNLIGHT

I'VE GIVEN YOU RAIN

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT HAPPY

'LESS I OPEN A VEIN!

I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW DROPS

IF THAT'LL APPEASE

NOW PLEASE—

(SEYMOUR gingerly extends his bleeding finger toward THE PLANT. THE PLANT vibrates in anticipation.)

OH PLEASE—

(SEYMOUR squeezes his finger over THE PLANT, extracting a drop or two of blood. The pod opens, snapping at the drops like a puppy, begging for more.)

Grow for me?

(SEYMOUR exits into the back room. As MUSIC builds, we see THE PLANT begin to grow . . . and grow . . . and grow . . . until, on the last chord of the music, it gives a little circular flourish—almost seeming to bow.)

BLACKOUT [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 3]

SCREENS CLOSE

SCENE 2

[MUSIC CUE 5.] Screen closed. Forestage. MUSHNIK, CRYSTAL, CHIFFON, and RONNETTE sit on stage R. stoop, gathered around a little transistor radio. We overhear the program they are listening to: the end of an interview with SEYMOUR.

(SOUND: Interview Tape.)

3. -----

INTERVIEWER. (*tape*) And thus we conclude our interview with Seymour Krelborn, the young botanical . . . Do you mind if I call you a genius?

SEYMOUR. (*tape*) Gosh, no.

INTERVIEWER. The genius who has developed a new breed of plantlife, hitherto unknown on this planet. The Audrey Two. Oh, just one last question, Mr. Krelborn. Do you feed it anything special?

Interviewer
Seymour

SEYMOUR. Special? Er . . . no . . . it's a secret formula, but it's . . . uh . . . not hard to come by.

INTERVIEWER. I see, well thanks for dropping by and—

SEYMOUR. I'd like to remind our listeners that the Audrey Two is on display exclusively at Mushnik's Skid Row Florists . . .

SEYMOUR. (*shouting to be heard*) Open six days a week, ten to six!

INTERVIEWER. Well, thank you. This is Radio Station WSKID . . .

STOP ----- MUSHNIK. The address, the address! Mention the . . . Oh well. It's still great advertising.

(5) "YA NEVER KNOW"

MUSHNIK. (*Remains sitting on stoop. The GIRLS, grouped around him, sing back-up.*)

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
IT COULDN'T BE HAPPENING.
PINCH ME, GIRLS
IT COULDN'T BE HAPPENING
ALL OF THIS SUDDEN SUCCESS
COMING OUTA THE BLUE!

GIRLS.
D'DOO DOO DOO
DOO D'DOO DOO DOO

MUSHNIK.
I PUT SIGN UP
RIGHT IN THE FRONT WINDOW
AN ADVERTISEMENT
RIGHT IN THE FRONT WINDOW—
"STOP IN AND SEE THE AMAZING NEW PLANT,
AUDREY TWO"

GIRLS.
T'TWO TWO TWO
DOO D'DOO DOO DOO

MUSHNIK.
AND THE REALLY REMARKABLE THING
IS THAT PEOPLE, THEY DO!

GIRLS.
D'DOO DOO DOO
DOOP, THEY SURE DOO DOO
DOO—

WOW! POW! LOOK OUT BELOW!
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW
YA NEVER KNOW?

MUSHNIK. (*offstage R.*) Krelborn!!

(SEYMOUR obediently exits R. [PLAYOFF MUSIC 5-A.]
GIRLS Ad. Lib. laughter and good-natured mockery of
SEYMOUR's awkward dancing. AUDREY rushes in, stage
L. She is out of breath and her arm is in a chic leopard-print
sling.)

4. -----

CRYSTAL. (*Sees AUDREY and executes a "hold everything" arm gesture that cues PLAYOFF MUSIC to stop.*) Well, look who's here.

AUDREY. Hi, Crystal. Hi, Ronnette. Hi, Chiffon. Am I late? Did I miss it?

RONNETTE. (*crosses to AUDREY*) Sure are.

CHIFFON. (*joining her*) And sure did.

AUDREY. (*crosses down L., past them*) Seymour's first radio broadcast. I wanted to cheer him on. I tried to be on time, but . . .

CRYSTAL. Don't tell me.

THREE GIRLS. You got tied up.

AUDREY. No, just . . . handcuffed . . . a little.

(CRYSTAL and CHIFFON cross L. and position themselves on the down L. stoop.)

RONNETTE. (*crossing and sitting on edge of Forestage, just down R.C. of stage L. trash can*) Girl, I don't know who this mess is you hangin' out with, but he is hazardous to your health.

AUDREY. That's for sure, but I can't leave him.

CHIFFON. Why not?

AUDREY. He'd get angry. And if he does this to me when he likes me, imagine what he'd do if he ever got mad.

CRYSTAL. So dump the chump, get another guy, and let him protect you.

CHIFFON. And we got one all picked out.

RONNETTE. A little botanical genius.

CRYSTAL. And she ain't talkin' about George Washington Carver.

AUDREY. Seymour?

Crystal
Ronnette
Chiffon
Audrey

ALL THREE. Bingo.

AUDREY. (*crossing L., toward CRYSTAL & CHIFFON*) Oh, we're just friends. I could never be Seymour's girl. I've got a past.

CHIFFON. And who amongst us has not?

AUDREY. (*sits on stage L. trash can*) I don't even deserve a Sweet, Considerate, Suddenly Successful guy like Seymour.

RONNETTE. Mm, mm, mm. This child suffers from low self-image.

CHIFFON. You have a point.

CRYSTAL. She have a problem.

STOP -----

(6) "SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN"

AUDREY.

I KNOW SEYMOUR'S THE GREATEST
BUT I'M DATING A SEMI-SADIST.
SO I'VE GOT A BLACK EYE
AND MY ARM'S IN A CAST.

STILL, THAT SEYMOUR'S A CUTIE.
WELL, IF NOT, HE'S GOT INNER BEAUTY,
AND I DREAM OF A PLACE WHERE WE COULD BE
TOGETHER, AT LAST—

CRYSTAL. What kind of place is that, honey? An emergency room?

AUDREY. (*as Music continues under*) Oh no. It's just a day-dream of mine. A little development I dream of. Just off 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—

(*AUDREY remains seated on the stage L. trash can. Gradually, we begin to see on the faces of the GIRLS grouped around her that they share her dream. LIGHTS grow soft and lyrical, narrowing on the GIRLS and AUDREY, stage L.*)

AUDREY. (*continued*)

A MATCHBOX OF OUR OWN
A FENCE OF REAL CHAIN LINK

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.)

5. -----

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

Audrey
Seymour

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.

STOP -----

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.

(*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.*)

6. -----

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!

Orin
Crystal
Chiffon
Ronnette

(*He removes an inhaler from his pocket and offers it.*) You want some nitrous oxide?

CRYSTAL. (*backing him up to stage L. C.*) Why don't you get lost, Vitalis-brains? The last thing Audrey needs is more of your kind.

ORIN. My kind is a very nice kind, ladies. I'm not a monster.

RONNETTE. What else would you call it?

ORIN. I would call it . . . (*quickly inhaling some nitrous oxide*) I would call it an occupational hazard.

CHIFFON. Say what?

ORIN. You see, girls, my line of work *requires* a certain fascination with human pain and suffering. (*He inhales again and gives a little whoop.*) This stuff is great. Allow me to explain.

STOP -----

(*[MUSIC CUE 8-B.] GIRLS clap out a rhythm and move into a backup-group formation. They will maintain this attitude throughout his number: an ultra-cool, Shangri-La-style detachment, with appropriate unison hand gestures.*)

"DENTIST"

ORIN.

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER,
JUST A BAD LITTLE KID,
MY MAMA NOTICED FUNNY THINGS I DID—
LIKE SHOOTIN' PUPPIES WITH A B.B. GUN.
I'D POISON GUPPIES, AND WHEN I WAS DONE,
I'D FIND A PUSSYCAT AND BASH IN ITS HEAD.
THAT'S WHEN MY MAMA SAID—

GIRLS. (*toneless and in rhythm*) What did she say?

ORIN.

SHE SAID, MY BOY I THINK SOME DAY
YOU'LL FIND A WAY
TO MAKE YOUR NAT-U-RAL TENDENCIES PAY!
(*He unzips his leather jacket . . .*)
YOU'LL BE A
(*And removes it, revealing a white Dentist's uniform.*)
DENTIST!

YOU HAVE A TALENT FOR CAUSING THINGS PAIN
SON, BE A DENTIST!
PEOPLE WILL PAY YOU TO BE INHUMANE
YOUR TEMPERAMENT'S WRONG FOR THE PRIEST—
HOOD

(The GIRLS clap out the rhythm as ORIN moves DS. toward the audience. He addresses the house directly.)

ORIN. *(continued)* Say "Ah"!

GIRLS. *(in toneless backup)* Ah

ORIN. *(gesturing to another part of the audience)* Say "Ah"!

GIRLS. Ah

ORIN. Say "Ah"!

GIRLS. Ah

ORIN. *(Having made the audience do his bidding, he now regards them smugly and instructs them with a snide grin:)* Now, spit.

(On the last beat of the number, he strikes a "Leader of the Pack" pose with his back to the audience. We see for the first time that the back of his Dentist's uniform is appliqued with a peculiar "bike club" insignia: a bleeding tooth and the letters "A.D.A." On PLAYOFF MUSIC, RONNETTE and CHIFFON exit R. CRYSTAL climbs to perch herself on the fire escape, down R. ORIN puts on his leather jacket and crosses the Forestage, toward the shop. Shop LIGHTS restore. SEYMOUR crosses to stage L. work table, putting things in order.)

7.-----

ORIN. *(Continued, MUSIC OUT sharply as door opens and he pokes his head in.)* 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*

Orin
Seymour
Audrey

side-jabs, arm-punches, and neck-grabs) Well if I were you I sure as hell 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. Hell, somebody'd make you a goddam *partner* to get their hands on this.

SEYMOUR. I don't care. I'm happy here.

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.

STOP -----

(*Outside the shop, MUSHNIK enters L. and stands by the door, eavesdropping. Inside, ORIN turns to SEYMOUR and resumes his aggressively friendly manner.*)

ORIN. (*continued*) I'm telling you, kid, this thing's a big green goldmine. Get your ass outa this dump and take the plant with you.

MUSHNIK. (*to himself*) What?!

ORIN. Mushnik's Skid Row Florists? Feh, it's like a joke. You hear me talkin'?

SEYMOUR. I hear you.

MUSHNIK. He hears him.

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.

SEYMOUR. (*just trying to get rid of him*) Sure. Sure, I'll think about it.

MUSHNIK. (*crossing down to stage L. stoop*) He'll think about it.

ORIN. You do that. (*crosses to door and barks:*) Okay, Aud-

(He enters the shop and sings to THE PLANT.)

THANKS TO YOU, SWEET PETUNIA
MUSHNIK'S TAKIN' . . . A JUNIAH,
AND SOMEDAY WHEN I OWN THIS WHOLE SHOP,
I'LL REMEMBER I OWE IT
TO YOU.

(SEYMOUR picks up a bucket and sponge from up L. of PLANT. Affectionately, he begins to wash the leaves and talk to it.)

SEYMOUR. Who cares if I've been a little on the anemic side these past few weeks? So what if I've had a few dizzy spells, a little lightheadedness. It's been worth it, old pal. *(He puts the bucket away up c. and starts toward the door.)* Well, Twoey. I'm a little hungry. I'm gonna run down to Shmendrik's and get a bite to eat. I'll see you in the . . .

(MUSIC CUE: WILT. THE PLANT "wilts" suddenly, tilting sharply to one side and remaining there, very still. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 5])

8. -----

SEYMOUR. Oh boy, here we go again. Look, I haven't got much left. Just give me a few more days to heal, okay? Then we'll start again on the left hand and . . .

(Suddenly, THE PLANT opens its "snout", its flytrap-like orifice—and speaks. SEYMOUR is stunned. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 6])

PLANT. *Feed me!*

SEYMOUR. I beg your pardon?

PLANT. *Feed me!*

SEYMOUR. Twoey, you talked. You opened up your . . . trap, your thing, and you said—

PLANT. Feed me, Krelborn! Feed me now!

SEYMOUR. *(looking at hand)* I can't!

PLANT. I'm starving!

SEYMOUR. *(He rips off a band-aid, outstretches his hand over the pod, and tries to squeeze something from a finger.)* Oh boy, look, maybe I can squeeze a little out of this one, but—

PLANT. *(Still in upright position, it "nibbles" at the air, hoping*

*Seymour
Plant*

that something will drop from SEYMOUR's fingertips.) I need some food!

SEYMOUR. I know, I know, but you can't get blood from a . . .

PLANT. More! More!

SEYMOUR. I haven't got any more. What do you want me to do? Slit my wrists? (*THE PLANT turns toward SEYMOUR and does a big, expectant, open-mouthed "take". SEYMOUR pauses a moment to take this in, then backs up a bit toward the door, trying a new tack:*) Look . . . How 'bout I run down the corner and pick you up some nice chopped sirloin?

PLANT. Must be blood!

SEYMOUR. Twoey, that's disgusting.

PLANT. Must be fresh!

SEYMOUR. I don't want to hear this.

(11) "GIT IT"

PLANT. (*sings, still upright*)

FEED ME!

SEYMOUR. Does it have to be human?

PLANT.

FEED ME!

SEYMOUR. Does it have to be mine?

PLANT.

STOP ----- FEED ME!

SEYMOUR. (*He sinks miserably to a sitting position c., on edge of shop platform.*) Where am I supposed to get it?

PLANT. (*as its trunk extends and its pod rotates to a forward talking position*)

FEED ME, SEYMOUR

FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG.

That's right, boy, you can do it!

FEED ME SEYMOUR

FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG!

Henh, henh, henh.

'CAUSE IF YOU FEED ME, SEYMOUR

I CAN GROW UP BIG AND STRONG.

(*PLANT returns to upright neutral position.*)

SEYMOUR. (*rises and crosses up c., toward workroom*) You eat blood, Audrey Two. Let's face it. How'm I supposed to keep on feeding you? Kill people?

AUDREY. (*moves away a little, afraid to give in to her feelings completely*)

WITH SWEET UNDERSTANDING . . .

SEYMOUR. (*more forcefully, moving closer to her*)
WITH SWEET UNDERSTANDING . . .

AUDREY. (*emotionally*)
WITH SWEET UNDERSTANDING . . .

ALL. (*SEYMOUR puts his arms around her from behind. The classic lovers' duet pose.*)

SWEET UNDERSTANDING!

(*They finally turn and face each other.*)

SEYMOUR'S MY (YOUR)

(*Arms still around each other, they turn their heads forward, looking off into a Glorious Future.*)

MAN!

(*When MUSIC ends, SEYMOUR and AUDREY lock in a passionate embrace. CRYSTAL and CHIFFON exit L., US. of shop window. As soon as they clear, MUSHNIK enters L., DS. of shop. He stands looking at AUDREY and SEYMOUR, still locked in a lovers' clinch. He stares at them ominously for a moment, then speaks:*)

CALL BACK

1. -----

MUSHNIK. So! (*AUDREY and SEYMOUR pull apart quickly. She instantly assumes an innocently seated pose on the stoop railing.*) It seems the plot is thickening among my employees.

SEYMOUR. Please Mr. . . . Daddy . . .

MUSHNIK. Don't you "Mister Daddy" me, Krelborn. Audrey, I wonder if you'd excuse Seymour and me for a little while. (*staring straight at SEYMOUR*) Perhaps you'd like to go visit your Dentist friend.

(*He crosses into the shop, and moves to down c. edge, grabbing a handy flashlight and paint scraper as he passes the stage L. work table.*)

SEYMOUR. (*crossing into shop*) That's not very funny, Dad. You know he disappeared.

(*AUDREY enters the shop.*)

MUSHNIK. (*Kneels on the floor, stage c., switches on flash-*

Seymour
Audrey
Mushnik

light and begins to examine something down there very intently. He speaks without looking up, his voice dripping sarcasm.) Oh, that's right. He *did*, didn't he? Forgive me, boychik.

AUDREY. Seymour, what's he talking about? What's he *doing*?

SEYMOUR. (*guiding her to the doorway*) Why don't you run along like he asked, Audrey? I'll catch up with you later. I'll call for you, if that's okay.

AUDREY. Of course it is. Goodnight, Seymour. Goodnight, Mr. Mushnik.

(*She steps outside the shop. MUSIC CUE 15-A: two MELODRAMATIC CHORDS. In time to them, she grabs the doorpost in confusion and worry, then quickly turns and exits.*)

MUSHNIK. (*still on the floor, examining something he has picked up with his paint scraper*) Little red dots. All over the floor.

SEYMOUR. You're acting pretty strange, Pop.

MUSHNIK. (*taking an envelope from his jacket pocket*) I had a pretty strange afternoon, son. After my lawyer's appointment, I was called to the police station.

SEYMOUR. The police.

MUSHNIK. (*lifting a "little red dot" from his paint scraper, sifting it into the envelope, then placing the envelope back in his pocket*) Yes. It seems they made a routine investigation into the disappearance of this motorcycle dentist. And when they did—It seems they found a Mushnik's Skid Row Florists bag . . . *In . . . His . . . Office!*

SEYMOUR. What's that supposed to mean?

MUSHNIK. Exactly what I asked myself, Seymour. And then I began to think about certain things I've noticed around here, lately. (*MUSIC CUE 15-A resumes with two more MELODRAMATIC CHORDS. He rises in time to them, then speaks:*) *Little red dots all over the linoleum!*

SEYMOUR. (*stepping toward him*) I . . . I spilled some Hawaiian Punch and it stained.

MUSHNIK. Hard to keep things clean around here, isn't it? *Especially when they only remove our garbage once a month!*

(*[MUSIC CUE 16.] MUSHNIK leaves the shop, depositing flashlight and scraper on table as he goes, and begins to move slowly and deliberately across the Forestage, toward the down R. trash can. THE PLANT slowly moves from upright*

neutral to lips forward position, then pans its focus as if able to see MUSHNIK through the shop wall.)

SEYMOUR. What does that have to do with . . . (*starts out front door, following MUSHNIK*) Where are you going?

MUSHNIK. If you want something removed in a hurry, it's best not to dispose of it on Skid Row!

SEYMOUR. What are you talking about?

(*They are both down R. now. US., THE PLANT is focused on them. MUSHNIK reaches into a trash can and pulls out ORIN's dentist's uniform.*)

MUSHNIK. *THIS!* A dentist's uniform!

STOP -----

(*On a MUSICAL CHORD, MUSHNIK tosses the uniform at SEYMOUR, who turns US. holding it in horror.*)

(16) "SUPPERTIME"

PLANT. (*Starts to sing in a sultry, insinuating, tone. Although MUSHNIK and SEYMOUR don't hear them, the words are the thoughts in SEYMOUR's head:*)

HE'S GOT YOUR NUMBER NOW.

MUSHNIK. (*sits on down R. stoop*) I saw it last week and didn't think twice.

PLANT.

HE KNOWS JUST WHAT YOU DONE.

MUSHNIK. And the little red dots seemed innocent enough.

PLANT.

YOU GOT NO PLACE TO HIDE.

MUSHNIK. But then I catch you kissing the Dentist's girlfriend . . .

PLANT.

YOU GOT NOWHERE TO RUN!

MUSHNIK. And it begins to look like a motive!

PLANT.

HE KNOWS YOUR LIFE OF CRIME!

MUSHNIK. Once he's out of the way, you move in, right?

PLANT. (*with a big, circular lip synch down c.*)

I THINK IT'S SUPPERTIME!

SEYMOUR. (*turning back toward MUSHNIK, throwing dentist's uniform US. of trash can*) I'm innocent! I'm innocent!

MUSHNIK. (*rises, pulling a snapshot from his pocket and hold-*

the PLANT executes one last chomp and some chewing.
 [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 12] *LIGHTS fade quickly to . . .*)

BLACKOUT
SCREENS CLOSE

SCENE 2

MUSIC is continuous from the previous scene. When LIGHTS restore, Screens are closed and SEYMOUR stands c. on Forestage.

9. ----- (17) "THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT"

RONNETTE. (*with a squeal, from the stage R. fire escape*) There he is girls! I found him! There's Seymour!

*Note:
 Speak the
 song lyrics*

(*RONNETTE descends the fire escape as CRYSTAL and CHIFFON run from stage L. stoop to c., screaming like teenaged fans. Their manner is exaggerated. In reality, they are simply interested in keeping SEYMOUR onstage for a purpose which will become obvious.*)

CHIFFON and CRYSTAL. (*Ad. Lib.*) Seymour! Seymour! Ooooh! Seeeymour!

CRYSTAL. (*taking his stage L. side*) Can we have your autograph?

CHIFFON. (*taking his stage R. side*) We saw you on Channel Five News!

CRYSTAL. You looked so *handsome*!

CHIFFON. And you gonna be so *rich*!

SEYMOUR. Please girls, not now.

(*He tries to get away. They hold him c. with a "basketball" maneuver. RONNETTE looks on coolly, stage R. of them.*)

CRYSTAL. Is it true Audrey Two is Grand Marshal for the Rose Bowl?

CHIFFON. Is it true the shop is decorating the Senior Prom?

*Crystal
 Chiffon
 Ronnette
 Mrs. Luce
 (speak lyrics)
 Seymour
 Bernstein
 (speak lyrics)
 Skip Snip
 (speak lyrics)*

SEYMOUR. (*moving stage R., trying to escape them*) Yes, it's all true. Now please.

RONNETTE. (*She trips him as he tries to pass. He goes sprawling, face down, to the ground. Now that he's where she wants him, she looks down coolly and speaks:*) There's another big hot-shot lookin' for you, Seymour. From uptown. He's been askin' all over, where can he find you? You're famous, Seymour. (*BERNSTEIN, played by the same actor who played ORIN, enters stage R. He is a fast-talking media-maven.*)

BERNSTEIN. Is that him?

RONNETTE. That's him, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN. (*gives RONNETTE several dollars*) Thank you, girls. (*RONNETTE distributes money to the other GIRLS and all three exit, L.*) Seymour Krelborn! Sweetie, honey, baby, pussycat!

SEYMOUR. (*pulling himself off the ground and sitting on stage R. stoop*) Er . . . do I know you?

BERNSTEIN. (*standing beside him, one foot on stage R. stoop*) Of course not, but are you gonna be happy when you *do* (*spoken in rhythm*) Seymour . . . sweetheart . . . dollface . . . bubble-lah . . . (*sings*)

HEY, SEYMOUR KRELBORN, YOU PRINCE YOU

MY NAME IS BERNSTEIN

I'M WITH NBC

I CAME DOWN HERE TO CONVINCING YOU

TO DO A WEEKLY T.V. SHOW FOR ME

"SEYMOUR KRELBORN'S GARDENING TIPS"

FOR HALF AN HOUR, ON SUNDAYS, AT FOUR

T.V.'S FIRST HOME GARDENING PROGRAM

YOU'LL MAKE A MINT AND OUR RATINGS WILL SOAR!

(*He hands SEYMOUR a contract and swiftly exits R. CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON enter L., group themselves c., and sing as SEYMOUR examines the contract in amazement.*)

GIRLS.

THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT

YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT

IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY

THEY SAY THE MEEK GONNA GET IT

AND YOU'RE A MEEK LITTLE GUY
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET
WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
BY AND BY.

(SEYMOUR rises and crosses as if to exit, L. When he reaches c., CRYSTAL and CHIFFON block his way, resuming their exaggerated teenaged fan attitude. Meanwhile, RONNETTE coolly stands stage L., peering offstage, waiting for someone.)

CHIFFON. Your own T.V. show!

CRYSTAL. Coast to coast!

CHIFFON. Your name in lights!

CRYSTAL. Your face on screens!

CHIFFON. Sign it!

CRYSTAL. Sign it!

ALL. Sign that contract!

CHIFFON. Isn't it exciting?

RONNETTE. (*calling offstage*) Here he is, Mrs. Luce! We found him! He's right *here*!

SEYMOUR. (*moving past girls, starting off L. again*) Look girls, I don't want to see anybody else today!

(MRS. LUCE enters L., blocking SEYMOUR's exit. She backs the confused and miserable SEYMOUR to down L. c. as the GIRLS freeze in a Greek chorus-style pose. MRS. LUCE is played by the actor who played BERNSTEIN. She wears a business suit with a little fox fur at the collar, a hat with a veil, and high heels. She speaks with a slight English accent.)

MRS. LUCE. My darling, my precious, my sweet, sweet thing. So delighted to make your acquaintance. (*extending her hand and speaking rhythmically:*) Cutie . . . sweetness . . . Seymour . . . babydoll . . . (*sings*)

I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, LOVER

I'M SURE YOU KNOW ME . . . THE EDITOR'S WIFE

WE WANT YOUR FACE ON THE COVER

OF THE DECEMBER THIRD ISSUE OF *LIFE*.

YES, THE FRONT OF *LIFE* MAGAZINE.

NOW THAT'S AN HONOR WE SO SELDOM GRANT.

(producing a contract from her purse and handing it to the amazed SEYMOUR)

WE'LL SEND SOMEONE DOWN, LET'S SAY THURSDAY
(She takes a wad of money from her purse.)

FOR SHOTS OF YOU AND YOUR BEAUTIFUL PLANT.

(On the word "PLANT," MRS. LUCE tosses the wad of money into the air over the GIRLS, then swiftly exits R. The GIRLS snap out of their freeze, squeal delightedly as the money floats down around them, then drop to crawl around the floor, gathering up the loot and singing. Meanwhile, a dazed SEYMOUR stands c. and stares at the second contract.)

GIRLS. *(gathering money from floor)*

THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT
YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT
IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY
THEY SAY THE MEEK GONNA GET IT
AND YOU'RE A MEEK LITTLE GUY
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET
WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
BY AND BY!

CRYSTAL. *(rises, stuffing money into her blouse)* Life Magazine! Oh my goodness, Seymour! You're gonna make it straight to the top! *(exits L.)*

CHIFFON. How did you *do* it?

(CHIFFON exits. RONNETTE turns to SEYMOUR, nose to nose, and starts backing him stage R., calling ominously to someone as she does:)

RONNETTE. Here he is, sir! The incredible Seymour Krelborn! Owner of the fabulous Audrey Two. America's most amazing—and largest—unidentified plant.

(RONNETTE takes SEYMOUR by the shoulders and spins him around to face SKIP SNIP, who has simultaneously entered, R. This is the same actor who played BERNSTEIN and MRS. LUCE. He has made another lightning-fast costume-and-character-change to become a smooth, trench-coated East Coast agent.)

SNIP. So *this* is Seymour Krelborn. (*RONNETTE turns and exits, L.*) We've been trying to reach you, baby. Have your phones been busy! Did you get our telegram?

SEYMOUR. (*thrown and confused*) I don't think so.

SNIP ~~AGENT~~. (*backing SEYMOUR to c.*) Well it's a good thing I came down in person then. Pleased to meet you, kid. Skip Snip. William Morris Agency. (*sings*)
 FORGET THE CABLE WE SENT YOU
 IT'S NICE TO MEET ME, THE PLEASURE IS YOURS
 NOW LET MY FIRM REPRESENT YOU
 WE WANT TO BOOK YOU ON LECTURING TOURS
 COLLEGE CAMPUS, ROTARY CLUB—
 THE KINDA BOOKINGS MY OFFICE CAN DO—
 SHOW THE PLANT, THEN TALK, ANSWER QUESTIONS.
 IT'S EDUCATIONAL, LUCRATIVE TOO.

STOP -----

(*SNIP extends a contract to SEYMOUR and freezes. LIGHTS turn strange and dream-like. SEYMOUR does not take the contract. Instead, he turns forward and sings his inner thoughts, clutching the other two contracts in his hands:*)

SEYMOUR.

MY FUTURE'S STARTING
 I'VE GOT TO LET IT
 STICK WITH THAT PLANT AND GEE,
 MY BANK ACCOUNT WILL THRIVE.
 WHAT AM I SAYING?
 NO WAY, FORGET IT!
 IT'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP THAT PLANT
 ALIVE!

(*moving down R.C.*)

I TAKE THESE OFFERS,
 THAT MEANS MORE KILLING
 WHO KNEW SUCCESS WOULD COME WITH MESSY,
 NASTY STRINGS?

(*with a few steps L., to true c.*)

I SIGN THESE CONTRACTS,
 THAT MEANS I'M WILLING
 TO KEEP ON DOING BLOODY, AWFUL, EVIL THINGS!

(*He sinks to a sitting position on edge of Forestage.*)

NO! NO! THERE'S ONLY SO FAR YOU CAN BEND!
 NO! NO! THIS NIGHTMARE MUST COME TO AN END!
 NO! NO!
 YOU'VE GOT NO ALTERNATIVE,

CALL BACK

reading: "Our Founder". SOUND: Thunder. LIGHTS: Lightning in the US. window.

2. -----

*Plant
Seymour*

PLANT. (*dropping into a lips forward position as thunder fades*)

FEED ME! FOOD! FOOOOOD!

SEYMOUR. Lay off, Twoey. Can't you see I'm busy?

PLANT. (*looking away petulantly*) Tough titty!

SEYMOUR. Watch your language!

PLANT. (*with a large, circular lip-synch movement*)

GRUB!!!

SEYMOUR. *Gimme a break!* I've gotta finish my speech for the lecture tour. It's all about *you*. Gimme some peace and quiet or I'll tell 'em the truth.

PLANT. Don't get cute with me. I made you and I can break you.

SEYMOUR. Go ahead, break me! You think it's easy living with the guilt?

PLANT. Aw, cut the crap and bring on the meat!

SEYMOUR. (*crossing to stage L. work table and flipping furiously through a dictionary*) If only you'd eat meat. If only you'd touch a mouse or flies. But no . . . you're so particular.

PLANT. (*in a childlike falsetto*) C'mon, Krelborn. Feed me. I ain't et since Mushnik and that was a week ago!

SEYMOUR. (*without turning toward it*) Look, just hold out one more night, can you? That's all I ask. *Life Magazine* will be here in the morning to take our pictures . . .

PLANT. (*ominously*) And *then* you'll find me somebody?

SEYMOUR. (*with meaning he obviously does not wish to divulge*) Then you'll never be hungry again. I promise.

(*A beat of silence and then an earthshaking bellow:*)

PLANT. *Chowtime, Krelborn! Food! Food! Food! Feed me food!*

(*SOUND: Thunder. THE PLANT continues to chant "Food! Food! Food! Feed me food!" as SEYMOUR loses control and starts shouting:*)

SEYMOUR. I can't take it! Stop squalling! You're driving me crazy! Just shut up, will ya? For God's sake, shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

STOP -----

(As *Thunder fades*, SEYMOUR keeps shouting "Shut Up!" in a frustrated frenzy, almost banging his head on the desk. PLANT resumes neutral upright position. AUDREY enters L., wearing a yellow rain slicker. *Thunder fades*.)

CALL BACK

3. -----

Audrey
Seymour

AUDREY. (*closing door behind her*) Seymour! What's the matter with you?

SEYMOUR. (*crossing to stage R. work table*) It's the matter with me! Don't you think I know it needs food? Don't you think I know it'll die if I don't feed it and soon? (*sits at work table, babbling senselessly:*) Don't you think I'm trying to think of some way . . . something . . . someone . . .

AUDREY. (*crosses quickly to him*) Seymour—(*She slaps him daintily.*) You're hysterical. (*beat*) What's the big deal about a little plantfood? I think running this place all by yourself is too much for you. When did Mr. Mushnik say he'd be back?

SEYMOUR. Huh?

AUDREY. You know, in that note you told me he left you? The one that said he was going out to his sister's house in . . .

SEYMOUR. Czechoslovakia. Right. He could be gone a very long time. (*turns his head away, afraid to ask:*) Audrey . . . could I ask you something?

AUDREY. Anything.

SEYMOUR. (*looking down*) Well, just suppose for a minute there'd never even *been* an Audrey Two. That I was just a nothing again, a nobody. Would you still like me?

AUDREY. I'd still love you, Seymour.

SEYMOUR. (*looks up*) Then it's settled.

(*He rises and crosses down c. to edge of shop platform.*)

AUDREY. (*following him*) What's settled? (*He pulls out a gun.* [MUSIC CUE 18.] A gun!

SEYMOUR. And bullets . . . and rat poison . . . and a machete. Tomorrow morning . . . right after *Life Magazine* takes our picture—you know who bites the dust!

AUDREY. Seymour!

SEYMOUR. (*with great intensity*) Right. They'll snap the photo, we'll be famous, I'll take that T.V. job, and we'll live a nice, quiet, normal life together. No more night feedings. No more squalling for blood!

AUDREY. (*quickly*) What feedings? What blood? I don't get it, Seymour. Bullets, knives, rat poison. You're scaring me.

STOP -----

provides an M.G.M. touch, as SEYMOUR gently lays his love inside THE PLANT. He then kneels and miserably watches AUDREY disappear, as if being sucked down into the monster's insides. Finally, when she is gone, The Pod slowly closes. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE17] As the music turns from majestic to poignant, SEYMOUR silently rises, crosses down c. and sits on the edge of the shop platform. He is stunned, lost, numb. On the last strains of MUSIC, the clock on the wall has moved to nine o'clock. A night has passed. As LIGHTS change to morning, CRYSTAL appears outside the shop, stage L.)

10. -----

CRYSTAL. That's him, Mr. Martin. He's right in there.

(PATRICK MARTIN, yet another sleazy opportunist, played by the same actor who played ORIN, enters stage L.)

MARTIN. *(slipping her a five)* Thanks, sweetheart. Wait for me. *(enters the shop)* Krelborn? Seymour Krelborn?

SEYMOUR. *(Still shattered, he does not move or look at him.)* Leave me alone.

MARTIN. Patrick Martin, Licensing and Marketing Division, World Botanical Enterprises. I've got a gilt-edged proposition for you, boy.

SEYMOUR. *(almost inaudible)* I'm not interested.

MARTIN. Let me explain in more detail. *(He pulls a contract out of his jacket, moves down c. to SEYMOUR, and crouches just up L. of him.)* It's a very simple licensing deal. We take leaf cuttings, develop little Audrey Twos, and sell them to florists across the nation. Pretty soon, every household in America will have one. *(Beat. SEYMOUR starts to get it. MARTIN crosses up L., toward door.)* I've got a truck waiting outside and some pots. If you don't mind, we'll start taking cuttings right now. Imagine boy, Audrey Twos everywhere. *(He steps out of the shop and speaks to CRYSTAL.)* Why, with the right advertising, this could be bigger than hula hoops. *(MARTIN and CRYSTAL exit, L.)*

SEYMOUR. *(to himself as the whole thing comes together)* Bigger than hula hoops.

STOP -----

PLANT. *(its voice deep and majestic now, the Pod rising to a full standing position)* MUCH BIGGER!

SEYMOUR. *(MUSIC CUE #20, in under)* Every household in