

## Libretto Vocal Book



Book and Lyrics by **Howard Ashman**

Music by **Alan Menken**

Based on the film by **Roger Corman**

Screenplay by **Charles Griffith**

Originally Produced by the **WPA Theatre** (Kyle Renick, Producing Director)

Originally Produced at the Orpheum Theatre, New York City  
by the **WPA Theatre, David Geffen, Cameron Mackintosh**  
and the **Shubert Organization**



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*Little Shop of Horrors* opened at the Orpheum Theatre in New York on July 27, 1982, presented by the WPA Theatre, David Geffen, Cameron Mackintosh, and The Shubert Organization. It was directed by Howard Ashman, with sets by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; lighting by Craig Evans; costumes by Sally Lessor; sound design by Otts Munderloh; orchestrations by Robby Merkin; vocal arrangements, musical supervision, and musical direction by Robert Billig; and musical staging by Edie Cowan. Puppets were by Martin P. Robinson. The Production Stage Manager was Paul Mills Holmes. The cast was as follows:

|  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| CHIFFON .....  | Marlene Danielle*     |
| CRYSTAL .....  | Jennifer Leigh Warren |
| RONNETTE .....   | Sheila Kay Davis      |
| MUSHNIK .....  | Hy Anzell             |
| AUDREY .....   | Ellen Greene          |
| SEYMOUR .....  | Lee Wilkof            |
| DERELICT .....   | Martin P. Robinson    |
| ORIN, BERNSTEIN, SNIP, LUCE<br>and everyone else ..... | Franc Luz             |
| AUDREY II (MANIPULATION) .....                         | Martin P. Robinson    |
| (VOICE) .....  | Ron Taylor            |

\*As of August 10, 1982, Leilani Jones

General Manager  
Albert Poland

General Press Representative  
Milly Schoenbaum

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## MUSICAL NUMBERS

### ACT I

“Prologue (Little Shop of Horrors)” ..... Chiffon, Crystal,  
Ronnette  
“Skid Row (Downtown)” ..... Company  
“Da—Doo” ..... Chiffon, Crystal, Ronnette  
“Grow for Me” ..... Seymour  
“Don’t It Go to Show Ya Never Know” ..... Mushnik, Chiffon,  
Crystal, Ronnette, Seymour  
“Somewhere That’s Green” ..... Audrey  
“Closed for Renovations” ..... Seymour, Audrey, Mushnik  
“Dentist!” ..... Orin, Chiffon, Crystal, Ronnette  
“Mushnik and Son” ..... Mushnik and Seymour  
“Feed Me (Git It)” ..... Seymour and Audrey II  
“Now (It’s Just the Gas)” ..... Seymour and Orin

### ACT II

“Call Back in the Morning” ..... Seymour and Audrey  
“Suddenly, Seymour” ..... Seymour and Audrey  
“Suppertime” ..... Audrey II  
“The Meek Shall Inherit” ..... Company  
“Finale (Don’t Feed the Plants)” ..... Company

## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS satirizes many things: science fiction, ‘B’ movies, musical comedy itself, and even the Faust legend. There will, therefore, be a temptation to play it for camp and low-comedy. This is a great and potentially fatal mistake. The script keeps its tongue firmly in cheek, so the actors should not. Instead, they should play with simplicity, honesty, and sweetness—even when events are at their most outlandish. The show’s individual “style” will evolve naturally from the words themselves and an approach to acting and singing them that is almost child-like in its sincerity and intensity. By way of example, AUDREY poses like Fay Wray from time to time. But she does this because she’s in genuine fear and happens to see the world as her private ‘B’ movie—not because she’s “commenting” to the audience on the silliness of her situation. Having directed the original New York production of LITTLE SHOP myself, and subsequently having seen it in many versions and even many languages, I can vouch for the fact that when LITTLE SHOP is at its most honest, it is also at its funniest and most enjoyable.

Howard Ashman

## CHARACTERS

**SEYMORE**—Mid-twenties and perhaps balding a little. Our insecure, naive, put-upon, florist's clerk hero. Above all, he's a sweet and well-meaning little man. He is *not* a silly, prat-falling nerd, and therefore should *not* be played as the hero of a Jerry Lewis film.

**AUDREY**—The bleached-blond, Billie-Dawn-like, secret love of his life. If you took Judy Holiday, Carol Channing, Marilyn Monroe, and Goldie Hawn, removed their education and feelings of self-worth, dressed them in spiked heels and a low-cut black dress, and then shook them up in a test tube to extract what's sweetest and most vulnerable—that'd be Audrey.

**MR. MUSHNIK**—Their boss. A failure of an East Side florist. His accent, if he has one, is more that of middle class New York than of Eastern Europe. He seldom smiles but often sweats.

**ORIN**—A tall, dark, handsome dentist with a black leather jacket and sadistic tendencies. He is *not*, however, a leftover from the movie version of *Grease*. Think instead of an egotistical pretty-boy—all got up like a greaser but thinking like an insurance salesman and talking like a radio announcer. (The actor who plays him also plays A Voice not unlike God's, Wino #2, Customer, Radio Announcer, Mr. Bernstein, Mrs. Luce, Skip Snip, and Patrick Martin.)

**THE PLANT (AUDREY Two)**—An anthropomorphic cross between a Venus flytrap and an avocado. It has a huge, nasty-looking pod which gains a shark-like aspect when open and snapping at food. The creature is played by a series of four increasing large puppets, manipulated by one Puppeteer. (Who also plays Wino #1 in the first scene.) The first time we see The Plant, it is less than one foot tall. The last time we see it, it fills the entire stage.

**VOICE OF THE PLANT**—Provided by an actor on an offstage microphone. It is important that this actor have clear visual access to the puppets onstage, so that he can provide accurate lip-synch. The sound is a cross between Otis Redding, Barry White, and Wolfman Jack. Think of The Voice as that of a

street-smart, funky, conniving villain—Rhythm and Blues' answer to Richard the Third.

**CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON**—Three black female street urchins who function as participants in the action and a Greek Chorus outside it. They're young, hip, smart, and the only people in the whole cast who *really* know what's going on. In their "Greek Chorus" capacity, they occasionally sing to the audience directly. And when they do, it's often with a "secret-smile" that says: "we know something you don't know."

# Little Shop of Horrors

## PROLOGUE

*A very large placard bearing the words LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS hangs suspended in dark, swirling fog. WINO #1 sleeps peacefully on the far left edge of the Forestage. (MUSIC CUE I) A VOICE NOT UNLIKE GOD'S thunders in serious, prophetic tones:*

VOICE. On the twenty-first day of the month of September, in an early year of a decade not too long before our own, the human race suddenly encountered a deadly threat to its very existence. And this terrifying enemy surfaced—as such enemies often do—in the seemingly most innocent and unlikely of places.

*(The placard flies out to reveal CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON, posed in front of the closed Screens. They face us, laugh, and begin to sing:)*

(1-A) "LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS"

GIRLS.  
LITTLE SHOP  
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS  
LITTLE SHOP  
LITTLE SHOPPA TERROR  
CALL A COP  
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS  
NO!  
OH OH OH NO-OH!

LITTLE SHOP  
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS  
BOP SH'BOP  
LITTLE SHOPPA TERROR  
WATCH 'EM DROP  
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS  
NO!  
OH OH OH NO-OH!

CHIFFON. (*as CRYSTAL & RONNETTE sing back-up*)  
SHING-A-LING

WHAT A CREEPY THING  
TO BE HAPPENIN'

(shouted, *a la* The Shangri-La's)

Lookout! Lookout! Lookout! Lookout!

SHANG-A-LANG

FEEL THE STURM AND DRANG  
IN THE AIR!

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH

SHA LA LA

STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE  
DONCHA MOVE A THING

RONNETTE.

YOU BETTER

GIRLS.

YOU BETTER

TELLIN' YOU, YOU BETTER

TELL YOUR MAMA

SOMETHIN'S GONNA GET 'ER

SHE BETTER

EVERYBODY BETTER

BEWARE!

(*Behind them, the Screens opens to reveal the shop. MUSHNIK sits frozen in semi-darkness at the stage R. work table, his face hidden behind a newspaper.*)

RONNETTE.

COME-A, COME-A, COME-A

GIRLS.

LITTLE SHOP

LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS

BOP SH'BOP

YOU'LL NEVER STOP THE TERROR

LITTLE SHOP

LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS

NO! NO NO N'NO!

NO NO N'NO!

NO NO N'NO-OH OH OH!

## 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.*

MUSHNIK. What did you break now, Krelborn?

SEYMORE. (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.

(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.*)

(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.

ALL.  
DOWNTOWN  
MUSHNIK.  
WHERE THE FOOD IS SLOP.

ALL.  
DOWNTOWN  
WHERE THE HOP-HEADS FLOP IN THE SNOW!  
DOWN ON SKID ROW!

GIRLS.  
UPTOWN YOU CATER TO A MILLION JERKS  
UPTOWN YOU'RE MESSENGERS AND MAILROOM  
CLERKS  
EATIN' ALL YOUR LUNCHES AT THE HOT-DOG CARTS  
THE BOSSSES TAKE YOUR MONEY  
AND THEY BREAK YOUR HEARTS

(*The GIRLS continue singing, down r. AUDREY, meanwhile, comes out of the shop to empty a pan-full of SEYMOUR's broken flowerpots in the down l. trash can.*)

AND UPTOWN YOU CATER TO A MILLION WHORES  
YOU DISINFECT TERRAZZO ON THEIR BATHROOM  
FLOORS  
YOUR MORNING'S TRIBULATION, AFTERNOON'S A  
CURSE  
AND FIVE O'CLOCK IS EVEN WORSE--  
WINO #1.  
THAT'S WHEN YOU GO

ALL.  
DOWNTOWN  
AUDREY.  
WHERE THE GUYS ARE DRIPS.

ALL.  
DOWNTOWN  
AUDREY.  
WHERE THEY RIP YOUR SLIPS.  
DOWNTOWN  
WHERE RELATIONSHIPS ARE NO-GO.

(*She sits on the stage l. trash can.*)

ALL.  
DOWN ON SKID ROW!

SEYMOUR. (*Lights crossfade sharply to him in the shop, still on his knees, cleaning up the mess.*)

POOR!

ALL MY LIFE, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN POOR!  
I KEEP ASKING GOD WHAT I'M FOR,  
AND HE TELLS ME,  
“GEE, I'M NOT SURE . . .  
SWEEP THAT FLOOR, KID”

OH!

(*He rises.*)

I STARTED LIFE AS AN ORPHAN,  
A CHILD OF THE STREET, HERE ON SKID ROW!

(*refers to MUSHNIK, outside*)

HE TOOK ME IN, GAVE ME SHELTER,  
A BED, CRUST OF BREAD, AND A JOB—  
TREATS ME LIKE DIRT,  
CALLS ME A SLOB,  
WHICH I AM!  
SO I LIVE . . .

OTHERS.

DOWNTOWN

SEYMOUR.

THAT'S YOUR HOME ADDRESS, YA LIVE

OTHERS.

DOWNTOWN

SEYMOUR.

WHEN YOUR LIFE'S A MESS, YA LIVE

OTHERS.

DOWNTOWN

SEYMOUR.

WHERE DEPRESSION'S JES' STATUS QUO!

OTHERS.

DOWN ON SKID ROW

SEYMOUR. (*moving c. and turning forward, lyrically*)  
SOMEONE SHOW ME A WAY TO GET OUTA HERE  
CAUSE I CONSTANTLY PRAY I'LL GET OUTA HERE  
PLEASE WON'T SOMEBODY SAY I'LL GET OUTA HERE  
SOMEONE GIMME MY SHOT OR I'LL ROT HERE!

SEYMOUR.  
SHOW ME HOW AND I  
WILL,  
I'LL GET OUTA HERE

OTHERS.  
DOWNTOWN  
THERE'S NO RULES FOR  
US,

I'LL START CLIMBIN'  
UPHILL  
AND GET OUTA HERE  
SOMEONE TELL ME I  
STILL  
COULD GET OUTA HERE  
SOMEONE TELL LADY  
LUCK  
THAT I'M STUCK HERE!

DOWNTOWN—  
CAUSE IT'S  
DANGEROUS  
DOWNTOWN  
WHERE THE RAINBOW'S  
JUST  
A NO-SHOW!  
WHEN YOU LIVE . . .

(*ALL, except SEYMOUR and AUDREY, are now moving in a very dramatic, dreamlike, West Side Story-ish way. SEYMOUR, still in the shop, simply stands and sings, looking off into the distance at "dreams that won't come true." AUDREY, seated on the Forestage, does the same.*)

SEYMOUR & AUDREY.  
GEE, IT SURE WOULD  
BE SWELL  
TO GET OUTA HERE  
BID THE GUTTER FARE-  
WELL  
AND GET OUTA HERE  
I'D MOVE HEAVEN AND  
HELL  
TO GET OUTA SKID  
I'D DO I-DUNNO-WHAT  
TO GET OUTA SKID,  
BUT A HELL OF A LOT  
TO GET OUTA SKID,  
PEOPLE TELL ME  
THERE'S  
NOT A WAY OUTA SKID  
BUT BELIEVE ME I  
GOTTA GET OUTA . . .  
ALL.  
SKID ROW!

OTHERS.  
DOWNTOWN  
WHERE THE SUN DON'T  
SHINE!  
DOWNTOWN  
PAST THE BOTTOM  
LINE  
DOWNTOWN  
GO ASK ANY WINO,  
HE'LL KNOW  
  
DOWNTOWN!  
DOWNTOWN!  
  
DOWNTOWN!

(*At the end of the number, life returns to normal. [MUSIC CUE 2-A.] As the clock on the shop wall turns: CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, CHIFFON, AND WINO #2 exit; WINO #1*

*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.)*

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.

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?

“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.)

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.

(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. If only I knew what breed it is, what genus. But it's nowhere in the books.

MUSHNIK. Well, Krelborn, my advice to you is you better figure it out and fast. Look what this exotic little beauty did for business!

SEYMOUR. I know.

MUSHNIK. (*crossing to door*) So work, Seymour! Nurse that plant back to health. I'm counting on you.

SEYMOUR. I know.

MUSHNIK. (*turns*) You do?

SEYMOUR. I do.

MUSHNIK. So fix! Goodnight.

(*He exits. [MUSIC CUE 4.] LIGHTS: Sunset. SEYMOUR crosses to r. work table, talking to his PLANT.*)

SEYMOUR. Aw Twoey, I don't know what else to do for you. Mr. Mushnik and Audrey, they just met you, but I've been going through this with you for weeks—grow and wilt, spurt and flop. Are you sickly, little plant, or just plain stubborn? What is it you want? What is it you need?

(*SEYMOUR sits at the table and sings as he tends the PLANT: sprinkling food on the soil, misting the leaves with water, etc.*)

(4) "GROW FOR ME"

SEYMOUR.

I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNSHINE

I'VE GIVEN YOU DIRT

YOU'VE GIVEN ME NOTHIN'

BUT HEARTACHE AND HURT!

I'M BEGGIN' YOU SWEETLY

I'M DOWN ON MY KNEES.

OH PLEASE—

GROW FOR ME.

I'VE GIVEN YOU PLANTFOOD

AND WATER TO SIP

I'VE GIVEN YOU POTASH.

YOU'VE GIVEN ME—ZIP.

OH GOD HOW I MIST YOU

OH POD HOW YOU TEASE  
SO PLEASE—  
GROW FOR ME.

(*He crosses to the windowseat and deposits the PLANT there.*  
[SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 2])

I'VE GIVEN YOU SOUTHERN EXPOSURE  
TO GET YOU TO THRIVE  
I'VE PINCHED YOU BACK HARD,  
LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TA,  
YOU'RE BARELY ALIVE  
I'VE TRIED YOU AT LEVELS OF MOISTURE,  
FROM DESERT TO MUD.

(*returning to the work table to tidy-up*)

I'VE GIVEN YOU GROW-LIGHTS AND MINERAL SUP-  
PLEMENTS.  
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?  
BLOOD?

(*As he works, he pricks his finger on a rose thorn.*)

SEYMOUR. (*speaking*) Ouch! (*THE PLANT opens its flytrap-like "mouth". But SEYMOUR doesn't catch it.*) Damned roses! Damned thorns! Clumsy me. Hey, Twoey, look what I did! (*He shows the finger to THE PLANT and notices that it is open.*) Hey, you opened up! I wonder what made you do that?

(*SEYMOUR moves toward THE PLANT, unconsciously dropping his finger to his side as he does. As the finger disappears from its "view", THE PLANT closes. SEYMOUR looks at THE PLANT again, sees that it is closed, and shrugs. He lifts his finger to look at the wound. THE PLANT opens. SEYMOUR notices this. He begins to catch on. He slowly hides his finger behind his back and as he does, THE PLANT slowly closes. SEYMOUR raises his finger slowly. THE PLANT slowly opens. Now SEYMOUR decides to try to trick it. He very quickly hides his finger, then quickly lifts it again. As he does this, THE PLANT closes and opens, mirroring his timing exactly. SEYMOUR turns away with an "uh oh" expression.*)

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.*)

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?

SEYMORE. 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—

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

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

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

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—

MUSHNIK.

SEYMOUR THAT TWERP OF A KLUTZ  
FINALLY DID SOMETHING RIGHT  
AUDREY TWO DRIVES 'EM NUTS  
WHAT A BLESSING THIS WONDERFUL PLANT SHOULD  
EXIST  
AND SHOULD RAKE IN THE BUCKS FOR ME HAND  
OVER FIST!

(*SEYMOUR runs in from L., wearing a jacket and carrying AUDREY TWO. THE PLANT—Pod #2—is now almost two feet tall. It is actually a hand puppet, manipulated by SEYMOUR, whose right arm is concealed in the pot, while a stuffed right jacket-arm and rubber hand disguise this fact to the audience. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 4] THE PLANT does not move through the following:*)

SEYMOUR. Well, how'd I do?

CHIFFON. (*running to him*) You was great, Seymour!

CRYSTAL. (*joining her*) You sounded sexier than the Wolf-man!

MUSHNIK. But you didn't mention the address of the shop. How many times have I told you . . .

SEYMOUR. I'm sorry. I was nervous. Where's Audrey? She said she'd be here.

MUSHNIK. Forget about Audrey. I've got three more radio interviews lined up for tomorrow and the Skid Row Herald Examiner wants a picture!

(*With a flourish, MUSHNIK produces a small camera. The GIRLS Ad. Lib. excitedly: "A picture! Oh, Seymour!"*)

SEYMOUR. (*over Ad. Lib.*) If I had a mother, she'd be so happy.

RONNETTE. (*still perched on the stage r. stoop*) You're an overnight sensation, Seymour. (*MUSIC CUE. Beat. She crosses her legs and turns to the audience.*) Who'da believed it?

(*RONNETTE nods to the Band for her cue. As she sings, MUSHNIK snaps several photos of SEYMOUR, posing with PLANT, CRYSTAL, & CHIFFON.*)

RONNETTE. (*continued*)  
ONE DAY HE  
PUSHED A BROOM  
NOTHIN' IN HIS NEWS BUT  
GLOOM AND DOOM  
THEN HE LIT A FUSE AND—  
GIVE HIM ROOM—  
STAND ASIDE AND WATCH THAT MOTHAH BLOW!  
EXPLOSION!  
BANG! KERBOOM!  
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW?

(*MUSHNIK exits, gesturing for SEYMOUR to follow, but GIRLS intercept him and pull him into a little Conga-line dance.*)

GIRLS.  
SEYMOUR WAS  
IN A FUNK  
HE WAS NUMBER ZERO  
WHO'DA THUNK  
HE'D BECOME A HERO?  
JUST A PUNK  
HE WAS A FORGOTTEN SO AND SO  
THEN ONE DAY

SEYMOUR.  
CRASH! KERPLUNK!

GIRLS.  
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW?

RONNETTE. Sit down, Seymour. Now we gonna sing for ya.

(*SEYMOUR sits on stage l. trash can. During the following, as RONNETTE sings in celebration of SEYMOUR's success and CRYSTAL & CHIFFON sing back-up, THE PLANT gets bored. SEYMOUR tries to get it to watch the GIRLS' number, but it's no use. The PLANT gets frisky and bites SEYMOUR's left hand.*)

RONNETTE.  
ALL THE WORLD USED TO SCREW HIM  
BIF WHAM POW, NOW THEY INTERVIEW HIM  
AND THEY CLAMOR TO PUT HIS REMARKS ON THE  
AIR!

ALL THE WORLD USED TO HATE HIM  
NOW THEY'RE STARTING TO 'PRECIATE HIM  
ALL BECAUSE OF THAT STRANGE LITTLE PLANT  
OVER THERE

(SEYMOUR pulls his hand out of the PLANT as the GIRLS,  
oblivious to the PLANT's antics, pull SEYMOUR and  
his PLANT into the number.)

GIRLS.  
OBSERVE HIM!  
HERE'S A CHAP  
EVERYTHING IS LANDIN'  
IN HIS LAP!

SEYMOUR. (*aside*)  
I JUST CUT MY HAND AND  
IN A SNAP!  
SOMETHING OUT OF EDGAR ALLEN POE  
HAS HAPPENED!

GIRLS.  
ZAM KAZAP!  
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW?

(As the number progresses toward its conclusion, SEYMOUR dances with the GIRLS, but is hard-put to hide from them the fact that his PLANT has a mind of its own. It snaps at anything that's handy and—toward the finish—it even begins to bounce and jive in time to the music!)

ONE DAY YOU'RE  
SLINGIN' HASH  
FEELIN' SO REJECTED  
LIGHTNING FLASH!  
YOU GET RESURRECTED!  
MAKE A SPLASH!  
NOW YOU RATE THE BIG BRAVISSIMO!  
AND WITH A THUNDERCRASH!  
CRASH KERPLUNK!  
BAM KERBOOM!  
ZANG KAZUNK!  
ZAM KAZOOM!  
ZOWEE, POWEE  
HOLY COW, HE  
ORDERED UP A RAINBOW TO GO

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.*)

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?

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.

#### (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

A GRILL OUT ON THE PATIO  
DISPOSAL IN THE SINK  
A WASHER AND A DRYER AND  
AN IRONING MACHINE  
IN A TRACT HOUSE THAT WE SHARE  
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN  
HE RAKES AND TRIMS THE GRASS  
HE LOVES TO MOW AND WEED  
I COOK LIKE BETTY CROCKER  
AND I LOOK LIKE DONNA REED  
THERE'S PLASTIC ON THE FURNITURE  
TO KEEP IT NEAT AND CLEAN  
IN THE PINE-SOL-SCENTED AIR,  
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN

BETWEEN OUR FROZEN DINNER  
AND OUR BED-TIME: NINE-FIFTEEN  
WE SNUGGLE WATCHING LUCY  
ON OUR BIG, ENORMOUS  
TWELVE-INCH SCREEN

I'M HIS DECEMBER BRIDE  
HE'S FATHER, HE KNOWS BEST  
OUR KIDS WATCH HOWDY DOODY  
AS THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST  
A PICTURE OUT OF *BETTER HOMES  
AND GARDENS MAGAZINE*  
FAR FROM SKID ROW  
I DREAM WE'LL GO  
SOMEWHERE THAT'S . . .  
GREEN

(*On the last word of the song, she reaches out as if toward the place she's been singing about. LIGHTS narrow down on this image and then fade to:)*

***BLACKOUT***

SCENE 3

*[MUSIC CUE 7.] Lights come up to reveal SEYMOUR, emptying garbage into the stage R. trash can. RONNETTE is*

*perched on the stage L. stoop. us., the Screens are open, but the shop is lit only in silhouette. MUSHNIK holds a frozen attitude on the telephone at the stage L. work table.*

**“CLOSED FOR RENOVATION”**

SEYMOUR. (*at trash can*)

WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION  
 FOR SPIFFING UP AND GROOMING  
 'CAUSE CUSTOMERS ARE FLOCKING  
 AND BUSINESS HAS BEEN BOOMING  
*(He bounces merrily across the Forestage, and waves at RONNETTE.)*  
 WE NEED REFRIGERATION  
 IN OUR NEW, IMPROVED DISPLAY –  
 SO WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION  
 TODAY.

*(LIGHTS come up in the shop as SEYMOUR enters it and MUSHNIK comes to life. We see now that the place is in the midst of a transformation. There are lots of new, living flowers in the window. The stage R. work table is gone. In its place is a large object covered by a white drop-cloth. There's a ladder up c. As MUSHNIK speaks, SEYMOUR climbs the ladder and begins to clean the woodwork.)*

MUSHNIK. (*on phone*) Yes, indeed. This is the shop you heard about on Channel Five news. Yes, the Audrey Two is on display exclusively here!

*(AUDREY enters from the workroom wearing a frilly pink apron. She sings with SEYMOUR and ballerically begins to mop the floor, as MUSHNIK continues his phone conversation in pantomime.)*

SEYMOUR and AUDREY.

WE'RE CLOSED FOR DECORATION  
 'CAUSE FORTUNE HAS BEEN SMILING  
 SO NOW WE'RE DUE FOR PAINTING  
 NEW PLUMBING, AND RE-TILING.  
 WE'LL MAKE A SHIP-SHAPE SHOWPLACE  
 OF A LITTLE SHOP AND THEN,  
 TOMORROW, WE'LL BE OPEN  
 AGAIN.

MUSHNIK. (*hanging up the phone and addressing SEYMOUR, who still is cleaning the woodwork*) Aren't you finished yet?

SEYMOUR. (*Holds up his hands. We see that he has band-aids on each of his ten fingers.*) I'm doing my best, but all these band-aids make it kinda hard.

AUDREY. You've been getting hurt so much lately.

SEYMOUR. Er . . . I know . . . seems like every time I pick up a pruning shears, I slip.

(*SEYMOUR descends the ladder and during the rest of the number, he, AUDREY, and MUSHNIK complete the transformation of the shop: spinning a piece of the stage R. wall to reveal a brand-new, refrigerated display case, bordered with twinkling lights; revolving the stage L. work table to reveal a shiny new facade, also bordered with lights; whisking a dust-cover off of an object on the stage L. work table to reveal a shiny new cash register. And all the while, the three of them are singing and dancing like fugitives from Snow White and the Seven Dwarves. Which is to say, very merrily indeed.*)

ALL.

WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION  
FOR SWABBING-DOWN AND BROOMING  
'CAUSE BUSINESS HAS BEEN THRIVING  
SINCE AUDREY TWO'S BEEN BLOOMING  
THE PHONES HAVE NOT STOPPED RINGING  
WITH THE CUSTOMERS WHO SAY:

SEYMOUR.

ANOTHER BUNCH OF PEONIES

AUDREY.

ANOTHER DOZEN DAISIES, PLEASE

SEYMOUR.

GERANIUMS, ANEMONES

AUDREY.

FORGET-ME-NOTS AND FLEURS-DE-LIS

MUSHNIK.

WITH GRATIS HOME DELIVERIES

ALL.

ON PAID-IN-FULLS AND C.O.D.'S

WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION—

(*They whisk the drop cloth off of the mysterious object stage R.,*

*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.)

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

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.

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.*)

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.*)

RONETTE. (*spinning him around to face her*) Yo!

ORIN. Ladies! Ladies! Please! I'm friendly! Truce! Pacem!

(*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.

([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

AND TEACHING WOULD SUIT YOU STILL LESS!  
SON, BE A DENTIST!  
YOU'LL BE A SUCCESS!

(*The following spoken lines are spoken in tight, toneless rhythm.*)

RONETTE. Here he is, girls, the Leader of The Plague.

CHIFFON. Watch him suck up that gas! Oh my God!

CRYSTAL. He's a Dentist and he'll never-ever be any good!

ALL THREE. Who wants their teeth done by the Marquis de Sade? Oh, that hurts! I'm not numb!

ORIN. Aw shut up! Open wide! Here I come! (*sings*)  
I AM YOUR DENTIST!

GIRLS.

(GOODNESS GRACIOUS!)

ORIN.

AND I ENJOY THE CAREER THAT I PICKED!

GIRLS. You love it!

ORIN.

I AM YOUR DENTIST!

GIRLS.

(FITTING BRACES!)

ORIN.

AND I GET OFF ON THE PAIN I INFILCT!

GIRLS. You really love it!

ORIN.

WHEN I START EXTRACTING YOUR MOLARS—

GIRLS.

(DON'T TRY IT!)

ORIN.

YOU GIRLS WILL BE SCREAMING LIKE HOLY ROLLERS!

GIRLS.

DENTIST!

ORIN.

AND THOUGH IT MAY CAUSE MY PATIENTS DISTRESS

GIRLS.

*DISTRESS!*

ORIN.

SOMEWHERE IN HEAVEN ABOVE ME,  
I KNOW THAT MY MAMA'S PROUD OF ME!  
NOW I'M A DENTIST . . .  
AND A SUCCESS!

(*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.*)

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*

*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.

(*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-

rey! (*She obediently joins him at door.*) You got the handcuffs?

AUDREY. (*embarrassed and miserable*) They're right in my bag.

ORIN. Then let's go.

(*They exit. [MUSIC CUE 9]*)

(9) "MUSHNIK AND SON"

MUSHNIK. (*on Forestage, aside*)  
HE'LL THINK ABOUT IT?  
HE'LL THINK ABOUT IT?

SEYMOUR. (*calling outside as he starts to spray THE PLANT*) I don't like that guy, Mr. Mushnik. And you should hear the way he talks to Audrey.

MUSHNIK.  
GOTT IN HIMMEL, NO  
THE KID JUST SAID HE'D MULL IT OVER!

SEYMOUR. (*to himself as he works*) No wonder she looks so unhealthy. It's enough to make you sick.

MUSHNIK.  
IF HE LEFT ME  
IF SEYMOUR LEFT ME  
WHY THEN I'D BE  
RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED  
WHICH WAS  
BROKE AND STARVING

SEYMOUR. Sweet and good and beautiful as she is, she deserves a prince, not a sadistic creep like him!

MUSHNIK.  
CLOSE TO BANKRUPT  
SEYMOUR. (*sits r. c. on shop step, near PLANT*) What a louse.

MUSHNIK.  
BESET, BEFUDLED, AND BEREFT  
THAT'S WHAT I'D BE IF SEYMOUR LEFT!

SEYMOUR. He's a disgrace to the dental profession.  
MUSHNIK. (*An idea occurs to him. He lights up and starts toward shop.*) Seymour—

SEYMOUR. Sir?

MUSHNIK. (*in the doorway; with great affection*) Seymour—

(*sings*)

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY SON?!  
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY OWN ADOPTED  
BOY?

(I NEVER LIKED HIM MUCH, BEFORE  
BUT COUNT THE CASH THAT'S IN THE DRAWER--  
I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!  
I'M MUCH TOO POOR.)

SAY YES!

SEYMOUR.

WHAT FOR?

(*SEYMOUR watches in shock as MUSHNIK sings and dances his proposition like a demented refugee from Fiddler on the Roof.*)

MUSHNIK.

SEYMOUR, I WANT TO BE YOUR DAD!  
I WANNA SEE YOU CLIMBING UP MY FAMILY TREE.  
I USED TO THINK YOU LEFT A STENCH  
BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU'RE A MENCH,  
SO I'M PROPOSING!

BE MY SON!

(pulling *SEYMOUR up and clasping his shoulders*)

MUSHNIK AND SON

SOUND GREAT

THREE WORDS WITH THE RING OF FATE  
SO SAY YOU'LL INCORPORATE WITH ME  
A FLORIST'S DREAM COME TRUE  
MUSHNIK AND HIS BOYCHIK, YOU  
WHAT BUSINESS WE'LL DO FOR F.T.D.

(*SEYMOUR starts backing toward the door. MUSHNIK stays at him.*)

HOW 'BOUT IT, SEYMOUR?

BE MY SON!

JUST SAY THE WORD,

I'LL HAVE MY LAWYER ON THE PHONE!

SEYMOUR.  
NOW, MR. MUSHNIK, DON'T BE RASH  
YOU ALWAYS SAID THAT I WAS TRASH

(*In a frenzy of paternal enthusiasm, MUSHNIK grabs SEYMOUR perilously close to the throat.*)

MUSHNIK.  
OH, I WAS JOKING!  
SEYMOUR. (*spoken*) Sir, I'm choking!  
MUSHNIK. (*sung*)  
'SCUSE THE PHYSICAL EXPRESSION OF MY PRIDE  
OF THE SWEET PATERNAL MISHEGOSS I'VE HELD  
PENT-UP—  
(*chanting, rocking, and looking to heaven*)  
INSI-AY-AY-AY-AY-AY-AY-IDE!

(*SEYMOUR moves out onto the Forestage to ponder this strange behavior. MUSHNIK follows. Lines are spoken in rhythm to MUSIC.*)

SEYMOUR. Gee.  
MUSHNIK. So?  
SEYMOUR. Well . . .  
MUSHNIK. Well?  
SEYMOUR. I. . . .  
MUSHNIK. You?  
GO AHEAD AND SAY IT, SEYMOUR.  
TELL ME THAT YOU WILL. . . .  
SEYMOUR.  
GEE, I'D REALLY LIKE TO, BUT . . .  
MUSHNIK.  
I'LL HOLD MY BREATH UNTIL . . .

(*MUSHNIK takes a deep breath and holds it. His face turns red. SEYMOUR relents.*)

SEYMOUR.  
OKAY . . . YOU WIN  
I'LL BE . . . YOUR . . .  
SON!

MUSHNIK. (*exhales in relief*) Hooray, I win! He'll be my son!

SEYMOUR.

DRAW UP THE PAPERS, DAD  
I'M TOUCHED, I REALLY AM  
AND SOMEDAY WHEN YOU'RE EIGHT-THREE  
I'LL LET YOU COME MOVE IN WITH ME

MUSHNIK. You swear?

SEYMOUR. I promise!

MUSHNIK.

WHAT A SON!

(*They tango together.*)

BOTH.

MUSHNIK AND SON

THAT'S THAT

SEYMOUR.

OFFICIALLY, I'M YOUR BRAT!

BOTH.

CONSIDER THE MATTER CLOSED AND DONE.

NOW, TO THE WORLD, LET'S STICK

OUR SENIOR AND JUNIOR SHTICK.

THROUGH THIN AND THROUGH THICK,

THROUGH SLOPPY AND SLICK,

SEYMOUR.

SO COME KISS ME QUICK!

MUSHNIK. Please, don't make me sick!

BOTH.

MUSHNIK –

AND SON!

(As MUSIC plays out, MUSHNIK happily dances off l. SEYMOUR looks off in his direction, then turns back and says to himself:)

SEYMOUR. His son. I'm his son.

(MUSIC CUE 10.] He sings:)

SUDDEN CHANGES SURROUND ME  
LADY LUCK CAME AND FOUND ME  
THANKS A MILLION FOR MAKING THE MAGIC  
YOU DO.

(*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]*)

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*

*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.

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?

PLANT. I'll make it worth your while.

SEYMOUR. (*stops dead in his tracks*) What?

PLANT. You think this is all coincidence, baby? The sudden success around here? Your adoption papers?

SEYMOUR. (*moves L. C. of PLANT*) Look, you're a plant. An inanimate object.

PLANT. (*shaking itself so violently, its pot rocks*) Does this look inanimate to you, punk? (*deliberately, taking control*) If I can talk and I can move, who's to say I can't do anything I want?

SEYMOUR. Like what?

PLANT. Like deliver, pal. Like see you get everything your secret, greasy heart desires. (*As it starts to sing, THE PLANT focuses strongly on SEYMOUR.*)

WOULD YOU LIKE A CADILLAC CAR?

OR A GUEST SHOT ON JACK PAAR?

HOW ABOUT A DATE WITH HEDY LAMARR?

YOU GONNA GIT IT!

[SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 7]

SEYMOUR. No thanks, Twoey. Kind of you to offer, but—

PLANT.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A BIG WHEEL

DININ' OUT FOR EV-ER-Y MEAL

I'M THE PLANT WHO CAN MAKE IT REAL

YOU GONNA GIT IT!

I'M YOUR GENIE, I'M YOUR FRIEND

I'M YOUR WILLING SLAVE.

TAKE A CHANCE, JUST FEED ME AND

Y'KNOW THE KINDA EATS, THE KINDA RED HOT

TREATS

THE KINDA STICKY, LICKY SWEETS I

CRAAAAAAAVE!

(*With the word, "Crave," THE PLANT opens wide, emitting a gust of air that "blows" SEYMOUR us. to a seated position on the windowseat.*)

COME ON, SEYMOUR, DON'T BE A PUTZ

TRUST ME AND YOUR LIFE'LL SHORTLY RIVAL KING  
TUT'S

SHOW A LITTLE 'NITIATIVE, WORK UP THE GUTS  
AND YOU'LL GIT IT!

(RONNETTE and CHIFFON quickly slip onstage and pose under stage R. fire escape, on which CRYSTAL remains seated.

*THE GIRLS will remain there through the rest of the scene, posed Greek-Chorus-style and singing backup. Meanwhile, LIGHTS focus on SEYMOUR on the window seat, framed against a fiery red sunset, musically pondering THE PLANT's suggestions:)*

SEYMOUR.

I DON'T KNOW  
I DON'T KNOW  
I HAVE SO  
SO MANY STRONG  
RESERVATIONS  
SHOULD I GO  
AND PERFORM  
MUTILATIONS?

(LIGHTS restore. SEYMOUR climbs off windowseat and starts toward down L. corner of shop, thinking.)

PLANT. (*panning to maintain focus on SEYMOUR*) You didn't have nothin' til you met me. C'mon, kid, what'll it be? Money? Girls? One particular girl? How 'bout that Audrey? Think it over! There must be someone you could eighty-six real quiet-like and git me some lunch!

(*THE PLANT begins to tap one of its root-legs in time to the music as it prepares to sing the next verse.*)

HOW'S ABOUT A ROOM AT THE RITZ  
WRAPPED IN VELVET, COVERED IN GLITZ  
(A LITTLE NOOKIE GONNA CLEAN UP YO ZITS)  
AND YOU'LL GIT IT!

SEYMOUR. (*to himself, turning away from THE PLANT and starting to move slowly c. along edge of shop platform [SEE APPENDIX — NOTE 8]*)

GEE, I'D LIKE A HARLEY MACHINE

PLANT. Now you're cookin!

SEYMOUR.

TOOLIN' AROUND LIKE I WAS JAMES DEAN

PLANT. Yeah!

SEYMOUR.

MAKIN' ALL THE GUYS ON THE CORNER TURN GREEN

PLANT.  
SO GO GIT IT!

(*Getting into the spirit of the music and thinking about that Harley, SEYMOUR does The Twist with himself, moving stage R. along the platform edge. US. of him, THE PLANT rocks out, kicking both its root-legs high and singing:)*

IF YOU WANNA BE PROFOUND  
AND YOU REALLY GOTTA JUSTIFY  
TAKE A BREATH AND LOOK AROUND  
ALOTTA FOLK DESERVE TO DIE!

SEYMOUR. (*abruptly stops dancing, down R. of PLANT*) Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. That's not a very nice thing to say.

PLANT. (*smacking SEYMOUR with a root, for emphasis*) But it's *true*, isn't it?

SEYMOUR. No. I don't know anybody who *deserves* to get chopped up and fed to a hungry plant.

PLANT. (*slowly panning toward the shop door*) Mmmmmm . . . sure you do.

(*And at this very opportune moment, ORIN and AUDREY appear up c., outside the window. THE PLANT returns to its innocent "Upright Neutral" position and remains motionless. Through the window, we see ORIN and AUDREY moving quickly toward the shop.*)

ORIN. Stupid woman! Christ, what a friggin' scatterbrain!

AUDREY. I'm sorry Doctor! I'm sorry Doctor!

ORIN. Now get the hell in there and pick up the goddam sweater, you dizzy cow!

AUDREY. (*Enters shop. ORIN stays in doorway.*) Yes, Doctor! Right away, Doctor! (*To SEYMOUR, who remains motionless at the DS.R. corner of the shop, watching.*) Hi, Seymour. I left my sweater here before. (*exits R. into workroom*)

ORIN. C'mon, move it, ya little slut. How do ya like that stupid dame? Forgets her friggin' sweater. (*as AUDREY re-enters with sweater and moves toward him*) Christ, if your stupid head weren't screwed on! (*He slaps her.*)

AUDREY. Orin! That hurt!

ORIN. Move it!

(*ORIN and AUDREY exit. SEYMOUR runs to the door as if to follow them, then stops cold. As MUSIC builds, he and THE PLANT slowly turn toward each other to exchange a dark look of mutual understanding.*)

SEYMOUR and PLANT. [SEE APPENDIX — NOTE 9]

IF YOU WANT A RATIONALE

IT ISN'T VERY HARD TO SEE—

STOP AND THINK IT OVER, PAL

THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!

THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!

*THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!*

SEYMOUR.

HE'S SO NASTY, TREATIN' HER ROUGH

PLANT.

SMACKIN' HER AROUND AND ALWAYS TALKIN' SO

TOUGH

SEYMOUR.

YOU NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN

ENOUGH

PLANT.

I NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH.

Both.

(I) (YOU) NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN  
ENOUGH!

PLANT.

*SO GO GIT IT!*

BLACKOUT [SEE APPENDIX — NOTE 10]

SCREENS CLOSE PARTWAY

#### SCENE 4

[MUSIC CUE 12.J Forestage. Screens are open just far enough to form a "door." (Note: Because the screens are left in a slightly open "door" position in this scene, to provide an U. C. exit, the shop area must be kept dark and the Forestage lights tightly focused.) Eerie organ MUSIC plays. A crypt-like trap door opens in the Forestage floor, from which an antique dentist's chair ominously emerges, surrounded by a virtual torture chamber of old-fashioned dental equipment. Attached to the stage L. side of the chair is a small tray. Attached to the other side, a drill. We are now in the office of

*ORIN SCRIVELLO, D.D.S. SEYMOUR nervously enters stage L., holding a paper bag which reads "Mushnik's Skid Row Florists."*

ORIN. (*emerging through "door" u. c.*) Next!

SEYMOUR. I guess that's me, Dr. Scrivello.

ORIN. Do you have an appointment?

SEYMOUR. We met yesterday. Seymour Krelborn.

ORIN. Oh, of course. The guy with the plant.

SEYMOUR. Right.

ORIN. And the band-aids.

SEYMOUR. Right.

(*SEYMOUR timidly pulls a gun from the paper bag and levels it.*)

ORIN. And the gun.

SEYMOUR. R . . . right.

ORIN. So why are you pointing a gun at me, Seymour?

SEYMOUR. I . . . I . . .

ORIN. (*crossing L., toward SEYMOUR; sweetly taking charge*) Hey. Are you a little bit nervous about seeing a dentist?

SEYMOUR. No . . . no, I'm not nervous, I—

ORIN. (*easily taking the gun away from SEYMOUR, depositing it on the tray, and grabbing him around the shoulder at the same time*) It's only gonna hurt a little.

SEYMOUR. No, you don't understand. I don't want my teeth examined, I—

ORIN. Of course you want your teeth examined. (*twisting SEYMOUR's arm painfully behind his back*) Say "Ah"!

SEYMOUR. No!

ORIN. (*twisting harder*)

SAY "AH"!

SEYMOUR. (*in pain*)

AAAAAHHH!

ORIN. (*wrenching SEYMOUR down into a "tango-dip" position and looking into his mouth*) Oooh, your mouth is a mess, kid. You've got cavities. You've got plaque. You're impacted. You're abscessed!

SEYMOUR. I am?

ORIN. You need a complete oral examination. We'll start with that wisdom tooth!

SEYMOUR. NO!

ORIN. (*flips SEYMOUR up out of the "dip" and spins him into the chair, where he will remain through the rest of the scene*) We'll just rip the little bugger outa there. Whatdya say?

SEYMOUR. I gotta go!

ORIN. There's always time for dental hygiene, Seymour! Have you ever seen the results of a neglected mouth? (*From behind the chair, he pulls out a large picture of a nauseatingly neglected mouth: diseased gums, rotten teeth.*) Look, Seymour! This could happen to you!

SEYMOUR. It could?

ORIN. Unless I take immediate action! Let's get started!

(*ORIN drops the picture and crosses us. of SEYMOUR to stage R. side of chair.*)

SEYMOUR. Wait! Aren't you gonna give me Novocain?

ORIN. What for? Dulls the senses!

SEYMOUR. But it'll hurt!

ORIN. Only til you pass out!

(*ORIN picks up the drill. It makes a threatening buzz.*)

SEYMOUR. What's that?

ORIN. That's the drill, Seymour!

SEYMOUR. It's rusty!

ORIN. (*fondly*) It's an antique. (*with sincere respect and admiration*) They don't make instruments like this, any more. Sturdy, heavy, dull. (*beat; getting excited*) This is gonna be a challenge. This is gonna be a pleasure. I'm gonna want some gas for this one! (*starts up c.*)

SEYMOUR. Gas?

ORIN. Nitrous oxide.

SEYMOUR. Thank God. I thought you weren't going to use any . . .

ORIN. (*stops at opening in Screens and turns back to SEYMOUR; sweetly*) Oh the gas isn't for you, Seymour. It's for me. (*getting excited again*) I want to really enjoy this and I find that a little giggle gas before we begin increases my pleasure enormously. In fact . . . (*A Great Idea dawns on him.*) I'm gonna use my special gas mask! Just relax, Seymour. I'll be with you in a moment.

(*ORIN disappears through the Screens. SEYMOUR is alone.*  
*He takes the gun from the tray and sings:)*

## (13) "NOW (IT'S JUST THE GAS)"

SEYMOUR.

NOW

DO IT NOW!

WHILE HE'S GASSING HIMSELF

TO A PALPABLE STUPOR,

THE TIMING'S IDEAL AND THE MOMENT IS SUPER  
TO READY AND FIRE AND BLOW THE SICK BASTARD  
AWAY!

ORIN. (*laughing offstage*) HAhahahahahahahahehehehe-  
hhyahyahayhayyahay!

SEYMOUR.

NOW

DO IT NOW!

JUST A FLICKER OF PRESSURE

RIGHT HERE ON THE TRIGGER

AND AUDREY WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THAT PIG  
FOR ANOTHER DAY

ORIN. (*laughing offstage*) Hahahahahahahahaheyheyhey-  
heyahayahayyahay!

SEYMOUR.

NOW . . . FOR THE GIRL!

NOW . . . FOR THE PLANT!

NOW . . . YES, I WILL!

ORIN. (*still offstage*) Hahahahahahahahaheyheyhey-  
heyahayahayyahay!

SEYMOUR.

BUT I CAN'T

(*SEYMOUR deposits the gun back on the tray. Higher than a kite, ORIN appears from behind the Screens, wearing a huge clear plastic bubble over his head. A long tube trails from the back of this "gas mask". He stands directly us. of SEYMOUR, who remains seated but turns to look at him.*)

ORIN. Ohhhboy, Seymour, I am flyin' now! Oh, the things we're gonna do to your mouth! Henhenhennhenhenhenyeah!  
Well, I guess I've had about enough of this stuff. I'll just take the mask off now and . . . (On a MUSICAL CHORD, he tries to

*pull it off. It won't come. MUSICAL CHORD. He tries again.)*

Hey . . . Seymour . . . Guess what?

SEYMOUR. What?

ORIN. It's stuck!

SEYMOUR. What?

ORIN. The mask—it's stuck! I can't get if off! Jesus Christ, I could asphyxiate in here! Hey Seymour—gimme a hand, will ya?

(*ORIN leans in toward SEYMOUR. Pause. He holds this position. SEYMOUR very slowly turns away, getting an idea.*)

SEYMOUR. Well—

ORIN. (*taken aback*) Well? (*beat*) He says well? (*Another beat. Then slowly and quietly with a good-natured but serious "C'mon, don't kid around" attitude.*) Uh, Seymour . . . I don't think you understand . . .

DON'T . . .

BE . . .

FOOLED IF I SHOULD GIGGLE  
LIKE A SAPPY, HAPPY DOPE.

IT'S JUST THE GAS—

(*He giggles.*)

IT'S GOT ME HIGH—

BUT DON'T LET THAT FACT DECEIVE YOU.

ANY MOMENT I COULD DIE!

THO' I GIGGLE AND I CHORTLE

BEAR IN MIND I'M NOT IMMORTAL.

WHY THIS WHOLE THING STRIKES ME FUNNY,

I DON'T KNOW—

(*He stumbles down l. c., laughing.*)

HAHAHAHAHEHEHEHEEEE

(*Then he realizes something:*)

—'CAUSE IT REALLY IS A ROTTEN WAY TO GO.

(*ORIN sinks to the ground, ds. of SEYMOUR, and silently struggles to get the mask off.*)

SEYMOUR. (*to himself*)

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS AN ETHICAL DILEMMA.

'LESS I HELP HIM GET THE MASK REMOVED,

HE DOESN'T HAVE A PRAYER  
TRUE THE GUN WAS NEVER FIRED,  
BUT THE WAY EVENTS TRANSPired,  
I CAN FINISH HIM WITH SIMPLE  
LAISSEZ FAIRE.

(*ORIN remains on the ground, rolling about, trying in something like slow motion to get the mask off, as if he were floating in space.*)

SEYMOUR. ORIN.  
WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS NOW!  
A TRICKY MORAL  
PROBLEM.  
DO I HELP REMOVE THE DO IT NOW!  
MASK OR LET HIM GO  
FOR LACK OF AIR?  
COULDN'T SHOOT HIM HELP ME NOW!  
WHEN I TRIED,  
BUT THE FATES ARE ON  
MY SIDE.  
I CAN OFF THE GUY BY NOW!  
STAYING IN THE  
CHAIR!

ORIN. (*convulses with laughter . . .*) Hahahahahahaha-hahahahahahaeeeeeeeeyyyyyyennnnnh!

(. . . *Then falls on his face in a dead faint. For a moment, we think he might be dead. Then, suddenly, his head pops up and he sings:*)

ORIN.  
DON'T . . . BE . . .  
FOOLED IF I SHOULD CHUCKLE  
LIKE HYENAS IN A ZOO,  
IT'S JUST THE GAS—  
(*laughs weakly*)  
IT TURNS ME ON.  
BUT DON'T LET MY MIRTH DECEIVE YOU,  
ANY MOMENT I'LL BE GONE!  
ALL MY VITAL SIGNS ARE FAILING,

'CAUSE THE OXIDE I'M INHALING  
MAKES IT DIFFICULT AS HELL TO CATCH MY BREATH!

(*Emitting a long, agonized gasp, ORIN pulls himself partway up, then falls backward, landing with his arms limply draped over SEYMOUR's knees in a peculiar "semi-crucifixion" pose.*)

ARE YOU DUMB? OR HARD OF HEARING?  
OR *RELIEVED* . . . MY END IS NEARING?

ARE YOU SATISFIED?

(*with his last breaths*)

I . . . LAUGHED . . . MY . . . SELF . . . TO . . .

(*On the MUSICAL BEATS which follow, ORIN silently convulses four times, as if laughing or hicoughing, without making a sound. Then, on the last beat, he freezes in mid-convulsion.*)

SEYMOUR. Death? (*ORIN suddenly drops to the floor.*)

### BLACKOUT

### CODA

[MUSIC CUE 13-A.] Darkened Forestage. Screens still in "door" position. SEYMOUR and ORIN are gone. As the Dentist's chair disappears through its trap door, we find CRYSTAL in a pool of light on the stage R. fire escape.

CRYSTAL.

SHING-A-LING

WHAT A CREEPY THING TO BE HAPPENIN'

PLANT. (*offstage*) Feed me!

RONNETTE and CHIFFON. (*appearing in a pool of light stage on L. stoop*)

SHANG-A-LANG

FEEL THE STURM AND DRANG IN THE AIR—

PLANT. (*offstage*) More, more!

(*The Screens open. MELODRAMATIC MUSIC continues and LIGHTS come up in the shop to reveal SEYMOUR, gingerly lifting a severed hand from a blood-stained bucket. He carries the hand to the open-mouthed PLANT, who loudly snarfs it down.*)

PLANT. (*continued*) More, more!

(*SEYMOUR repeats the procedure with a string of intestines. Guilty and sickened by his deeds, SEYMOUR picks up a white bundle from the floor: ORIN's uniform. MUSIC builds. SEYMOUR runs out of the shop, dashes across the Forestage, and stuffs the uniform into the down R. trash can. THE PLANT laughs hysterically, licking its chops, as the terrified SEYMOUR runs offstage. The MELODRAMATIC MUSIC gives way to a brief honkeytonk piano riff as the placard reading "Little Shop of Horrors" flies in, the screens close, and the GIRLS exit.*)

**BLACKOUT**

**END ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

### SCENE 1

*In Black, MUSIC CUE 14 begins, Screens open, and the placard flies out. LIGHTS up simultaneously on shop and Forestage. AUDREY TWO (Pod #4) is now absolutely enormous, sitting up c., dominating fully a third of the playing area. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 11] The sign in the window now reads: "Mushnik and Son". Two new red telephones (Phone A & Phone B) sit on the stage L. work table. And on a shiny new work table, stage R., are two more telephones (Phone C & Phone D). At rise, AUDREY is on Phone C and MUSHNIK is on Phone A. RONNETTE and a CUSTOMER are down c., on the street. CRYSTAL and CHIFFON are strolling across Forestage from stage R. to stage L., chatting Ad. Lib. Everyone is talking at once. A cacophony of sound. The effect of this and the song which follows is one of orchestrated chaos.*

MUSHNIK. (on Phone A) Mushnik and Son, please hold. Audrey will be right with you. (*hangs up, crosses to CRYSTAL and CHIFFON on Forestage*) URCHINS! Look, here's ten apiece. Deliver these to the Dutch Pavilion and these to the Japanese Consulate. (*Girls exit, one right and one left.*) Audrey, I'm late for the lawyers. Tell Seymour to see that Corman gets his Wolfbane! (*As MUSHNIK crosses*

RONNETTE. Step right up and see the Amazing Audrey Two. The Strangest the most Interest-ing . . .

CUSTOMER. I've seen it.

RONNETTE. Not unless you've seen it recently, you ain't. She's got Amazing, Multi-Colored Warts!

CUSTOMER. Warts?

RONNETTE. And she's over six feet tall!!

AUDREY. (on Phone C) Five thousand dollars-worth of African violets, two thousand dollars-worth of baby-blue-eyes. The pink, the green the yellow the purple.

(Phone D rings.) Yes ma'am. Nice delphiniums, geraniums, nasturtiums, forsythia, japonica, wisteria, you name it, we sell it!

*Forestage to exit R., SEYMOUR enters Forestage R., carrying a large white box. SEYMOUR heads L., toward the shop. As they pass each other, SEYMOUR calls to MUSHNIK:)*

SEYMOUR. I got those bridal wreaths to Elizabeth Taylor's suite, Mr. Mushnik. She's real pretty.  
*(MUSHNIK exits, stage R. SEYMOUR enters the shop and takes over for RONNETTE, who has been hustling the CUSTOMER. She exits shop and climbs to perch on fire escape. To CUSTOMER:) Yessir, here you go. Good-bye now. Come again!*

CUSTOMER. Let's go.

RONNETTE.  
*(leading him into shop) You won't believe it. Simply won't believe it. There it is.*

CUSTOMER. Remarkable!

RONNETTE. You said it. Want some flowers?

CUSTOMER. You bet. I'll take three of those and five of those and six of those and ten of those. . . .

*(CUSTOMER exits.)*

(Phone C rings.)  
 Mushnik and Son,  
 Skid Row's  
 Favorite Florists.  
 Oh yes sir. Funerals are our specialty!  
 Camellias,  
 magnolias,  
 hepaticas, and  
 gorgeous gladiolas!

(Phone D rings.)  
 Mushnik and Son,  
 Skid Row's  
 Favorite Florists

(Phone C rings.)  
 Can you hold please?

(Phone B rings.)  
 Mushnik and Son,  
 can you hold?

*(SEYMOUR and AUDREY are now alone in the shop, coping with the ringing telephones:)*

AUDREY. *(crossing L. to pick up the ringing Phone B) Seymour, can you help me with these phones? (Phone A rings. She speaks into Phone B:) Skid Row's Favorite Florists, can you hold? (She puts B on desk, crosses R., and picks up Phone C.)*

SEYMOUR. *(picks up Phone A and answers:) Mushnik and Son, Skid Row's Favorite Florists, can you hold, please?*

(*He puts Phone A on the desk and picks up Phone B.*)

**"CALL BACK IN THE MORNING"**

AUDREY. (*into Phone C*) Now, you were saying? (*sings*)  
FLOWERS FOR A PROM CORSAGE?

(*She hangs up Phone C and picks up Phone D.*)

SEYMOUR. (*into Phone B*)  
FLOWERS FOR AN ENTOURAGE?

AUDREY. (*into Phone D*)  
FLOWERS TO THE FUN'RAL HOME?

SEYMOUR. (*into Phone B*)  
LEAVING FROM ST. ANDREW'S ROMAN  
CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NINTH AND VINE?  
(*Phone C rings. SEYMOUR hangs up Phone B and picks up Phone A from desk.*)

AUDREY. (*still on Phone D*)  
FORTY DOLLARS.  
(*Picking up Phone C, she sings into it:*)  
HOLD THE LINE.

SEYMOUR. (*into Phone A*)  
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

AUDREY.  
FINE.

(*Hangs up Phone D. Puts Phone C to her ear and hears some terrific news!*)

SEYMOUR. (*still into Phone A*)  
THEY'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNING!  
(*hangs it up*)

AUDREY. (*into Phone C*)  
CAN YOU HOLD?  
(*She covers mouthpiece of Phone C with her hand and excitedly sings to SEYMOUR:*)

THE ROSEBOWL!!  
SEYMOUR, THE ROSEBOWL!  
YOU KNOW THAT BIG,  
INFLATED ESTIMATE WE WROTE?  
FOR THE ROSEBOWL?  
WELL, IT'S THE ROSEBOWL!  
IT SEEMS THEY WANT TO BUY  
THE FLOWERS HERE  
FOR EVERY SINGLE FLOAT!

(Phones ring in rhythm: D-B-A-A.)

AUDREY. (spoken) You can't keep the tournament waiting!

(They switch places: SEYMOUR crosses to stage R. work table.  
AUDREY hands him Phone C and crosses to stage L. work table.)

SEYMOUR. (picks up Phone D and sings into it, still holding Phone C in his other hand)

MUSHNIK AND SON . . .

AUDREY. (picks up Phones A & B and sings into Phone B)  
CAN YOU HOLD?

SEYMOUR. (into Phone D)  
PLEASE HOLD

(puts Phone D on desk)

AUDREY. (into Phone A)  
CAN YOU HOLD?

SEYMOUR. (Holding Phone C receiver to his chest, he sings, aside.)

IT'S JUST AS THE PLANT FORETOLD

AUDREY. (sings into Phone B)  
JUST A MINUTE  
(then hangs it up, still holding Phone A)

SEYMOUR.  
IT'S BUSINESS LIKE WHO'D HAVE EVER GUESSED.

(puts Phone C back to his ear)

AUDREY. (into Phone A)  
MUSHNIK AND SON

SEYMOUR. (into Phone C)  
THAT WAS ME!

AUDREY. (into Phone A)  
PLEASE WAIT

SEYMOUR. (into Phone C)  
THAT WAS ME . . .

AUDREY. (Holding Phone A to her chest, she sings, aside.)  
THE BUSINESS IS DOING GREAT . . .

SEYMOUR. (into Phone C)  
ON CHANNEL THREE!

AUDREY.  
SO WHY AM I FEELING SO  
DE-PRESSED?

SEYMOUR. (hangs up Phone C and speaks to AUDREY:) I get

two tickets to the game! (*He picks up Phone D from desk and speaks into it.*) Mushnik and Son, Skid Row's Favorite Florists!

AUDREY. (*into Phone A*)  
SEVEN THOUSAND BOUTONNIERES?  
(*Phone C rings and SEYMOUR picks it up. AUDREY speaks, making a note of something.*) Carnations or the yellow roses?

SEYMOUR. (*into Phone C. Phone B rings.*)  
PLEASE, I'VE ONLY GOT TWO EARS!  
(*into Phone D*) Allergic to chrysanthemums?

AUDREY. (*into Phone A*)  
HOLLYHOCKS ARE HARDIER  
WHICH ONES WOULD YOUR WIFE PREFER?  
(*She puts Phone A down on desk and picks up Phone B.*)  
SEYMOUR. (*puts Phone D on desk and sings into Phone C*)  
WERE YOU WAITING LONG?  
I'M SORRY, SIR!  
(*spoken*) One minute and I'll get her for you!

AUDREY.  
SEYMOUR, THAT REPORTER—  
SEYMOUR. Her? I thought we finished yesterday.  
AUDREY. (*They switch places again: she crosses to SEYMOUR and hands him Phone B.*)  
SHE WANTS ANOTHER INTERVIEW  
SAID TO BRING THE PLANT WITH YOU

SEYMOUR. (*handing her Phone C*)  
AUDREY, IT'S THAT NEW ACCOUNT  
AUDREY. (*into Phone C*)  
SORRY, THAT'S THE RIGHT AMOUNT

SEYMOUR. (*Still holding Phone B in one hand, he picks up Phone A from the desk with the other, and sings into it.*)

DAISIES ONLY COME IN WHITE

AUDREY. (*into Phone C*)  
SIR, I'M TOO WORN OUT TO FIGHT.  
(*She hangs up Phone C.*)  
SEYMOUR. (*into Phone A*)  
SORRY, THOSE ARE OUT OF STOCK.

AUDREY. (*turning to the clock*)  
SEYMOUR, LOOK! IT'S SIX O'CLOCK!  
SEYMOUR. (*into Phone A*)  
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING, WILL YOU? (*hangs it up*)  
AUDREY. (*into Phone D*)  
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING, WON'T YOU?  
(*hangs it up*)

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.)

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

TELL ME THE BAD TIMES

(*She turns and moves toward him, arm extended.*)

ARE CLEAN, WASHED AWAY

AUDREY. (*Just as she gets to SEYMOUR, she loses her nerve and crosses past him, up on stage L. stoop.*)

PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S  
STILL STRANGE AND FRIGHTENIN'  
FOR LOSERS LIKE I'VE BEEN  
IT'S SO HARD TO SAY . . .

(CRYSTAL, and CHIFFON enter stage L. Forestage and take positions just outside the shop, watching and smiling. On the stage R. fire escape, RONNETTE continues to observe.)

AUDREY. (*really letting loose*)  
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR!

SEYMOUR and GIRLS.  
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR!

AUDREY.  
HE PURIFIED ME!

SEYMOUR and GIRLS. (*SEYMOUR poses himself with one foot on the trash can, as the hero of a musical comedy should.*)  
HE PURIFIED YOU!

AUDREY. (*passionately*)  
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR!

SEYMOUR and GIRLS.  
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR!

AUDREY.  
SHOWED ME I CAN—

(*grabbing the stoop rail in a gesture of determination and triumph*)

SEYMOUR and GIRLS. (*SEYMOUR heroically hoists himself completely up onto trash can.*)

YES YOU CAN!

ALL.  
LEARN HOW TO BE MORE

AUDREY.  
THE GIRL THAT'S INSIDE ME

SEYMOUR and GIRLS.  
OOH, OOH, OOH  
SEYMOUR. (*moving onto stoop toward her*)  
WITH SWEET UNDERSTANDING . . .

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:*)

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-*

*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!

(*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 girl-friend . . .

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 sync 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-*

*ing it under SEYMOUR's nose) Then how do you explain this??!*

SEYMOUR. A picture of a baseball cap?

MUSHNIK. Your baseball cap. (*Still holding up the picture, he starts to slowly back SEYMOUR across the Forestage toward the down l. trash can. PLANT pans to follow them.*) The police found it in Scrivello's office, showed it to me, and asked if I could identify it.

SEYMOUR. Did you?

MUSHNIK. No. They don't suspect you at all, Seymour. But they don't know about the dots, the uniform, the girlfriend . . .

SEYMOUR. I didn't do it!

(*MUSHNIK has now backed SEYMOUR all the way to the down l. trash can. SEYMOUR sinks to a sitting position on it. MUSHNIK towers accusatorially over him.*)

MUSHNIK. Then come with me to the police and tell them that!

(*SEYMOUR rises and crosses down l. c., trapped, confused and torn. THE PLANT focuses on them strongly and sings:)*

PLANT.

HE'S GOT HIS FACTS ALL STRAIGHT

MUSHNIK. (*stepping up onto step of stage l. stoop*) Just so my conscience will rest easy.

PLANT.

YOU KNOW HE'S ON YOUR TRAIL

MUSHNIK. (*up onto the stoop itself*) If you don't, I'll have to go tell them myself.

PLANT.

HE'S GONNA TURN YOU IN!

MUSHNIK. Now, will you come?

PLANT.

THEY'RE GONNA PUT YOU IN JAIL!

SEYMOUR. O . . . Okay.

PLANT.

HE'S U.S.D.A. PRIME

MUSHNIK. (*turns us. and starts toward shop*) I'll go lock up; we'll head over.

PLANT. (*spoken*) FOR MY SUPPERTIME!

(*MUSHNIK enters shop and moves quickly stage R. into the work room. THE PLANT returns to upright neutral position just long enough to seem immobile while MUSHNIK passes through. As soon as MUSHNIK has disappeared into the work room, THE PLANT's focus returns to SEYMOUR. The sunset casts long, foreboding shadows.*)

PLANT. (*continued*)

COME ON, COME ON

THINK ABOUT ALL THOSE OFFERS!

(As *THE PLANT* sings the following, *SEYMOUR*, shaken and terrified, slowly crosses to the shop, enters it, moves to the ds. right corner, and stands there in anguished indecision.)

COME ON, COME ON

YOUR FUTURE WITH AUDREY!

COME ON, COME ON

AIN'T NO TIME TO TURN SQUEAMISH!

COME ON, COME ON

I SWEAR ON ALL MY SPORES—

WHEN HE'S GONE,

THE WORLD WILL BE YOURS.

(*PLANT* returns to upright neutral.)

MUSHNIK. (*enters from back room*) Okay, Seymour, let's go.

SEYMOUR. (*Stands frozen, ds. of right work table. He will not move or look at MUSHNIK from now through the end of the scene.*) Er . . . don't you want to collect the day's receipts so you deposit them in the morning?

(*MUSHNIK crosses to just left of SEYMOUR. Meanwhile, outside the shop, CRYSTAL and CHIFFON appear stage L. and lights pick up RONNETTE on stage R. fire escape. US. of SEYMOUR and MUSHNIK, THE PLANT begins to slowly drop into "Feeding" Position.*)

MUSHNIK. You put them in the safe, didn't you?

SEYMOUR. Er . . . no.

GIRLS. (*In a trance-like, Greek Chorus fashion:*)  
COME ON, COME ON . . .

MUSHNIK. Why not?

SEYMOUR. I . . . forgot the combination.

GIRLS.

COME ON, COME ON . . .

MUSHNIK. It's thousands of dollars. Where is it?

GIRLS.

COME ON, COME ON . . .

SEYMOUR. In the plant.

MUSHNIK. In the plant?

GIRLS.

IT'S SUPPERTIME . . .

SEYMOUR. I . . . thought that'd be safest place. No thief would ever look in there, right?

MUSHNIK. The money's inside the plant?

GIRLS.

AW, SUPPERTIME . . .

(SEYMOUR nods.)

MUSHNIK. So how am I supposed to get it?

GIRLS.

SUP-PER-TI-HI-I-IME . . .

SEYMOUR. Just . . . Knock.

MUSHNIK. (*beat*) Knock?

(MUSHNIK shakes his head, then crosses to US.L. of PLANT. He glances back at SEYMOUR, then decides "what the hell" and knocks on THE PLANT three times. Very slowly, now, THE PLANT begins to open. MUSHNIK just stands there, gaping at it in awe. When THE PLANT is fully open, MUSHNIK hesitates for a moment, then shrugs and climbs inside to look for the money. As soon as he's in, THE PLANT very slowly begins to close. MUSIC gets louder and stranger. It takes MUSHNIK a moment to realize what's happening, and when he does, it's too late. He cries, "Seymour!" as THE PLANT raises its "jaw", then chomps down mightily. Simultaneously with the chomp, there's a MUSICAL CHORD. MUSHNIK screams. A second MUSICAL CHORD as THE PLANT chomps again. Another scream. A third, more sustained MUSICAL CHORD as

*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.*

**(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!

(*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?

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 . . . buble-lah . . . (*sings*)

HEY, SEYMOUR KRELBORN, YOU PRINCE YOU  
MY NAME IS BERNSTEIN  
I'M WITH NBC  
I CAME DOWN HERE TO CONVINCE 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.

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.

(*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,

SEYMOUR OLD BOY,  
THOUGH IT MEANS YOU'LL BE BROKE AGAIN  
AND UNEMPLOYED,  
IT'S THE ONLY SOLUTION,  
IT CAN'T BE AVOIDED  
THE VEGETABLE MUST BE DESTROYED!

(*Beat. He looks up.*)

BUT THEN . . .

THERE'S AUDREY,  
LOVELY AUDREY.

IF LIFE WERE TAWDRY AND IMPOVERISHED AS  
BEFORE

SHE MIGHT NOT LIKE ME

SHE MIGHT NOT WANT ME

WITHOUT MY PLANT, SHE MIGHT NOT LOVE ME ANY  
MORE!

(*CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON enter stage L., wearing sequined gowns, long gloves, high heels, and elaborately teased and styled Girl-Group wigs—all presumably purchased with their recent tips. They move in a slow, stylized, dream-like way, as SNIP simultaneously comes out of his freeze, crosses down c. to SEYMOUR, and hands him the contract.*)

GIRLS.

THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT

SEYMOUR.

WHERE DO I SIGN?

GIRLS.

YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE

SNIP. (*as SEYMOUR signs*)

RIGHT ON THE LINE

GIRLS.

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT

SNIP. (*taking contract from SEYMOUR*)

THAT'LL DO FINE.

GIRLS.

IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

SNIP.

THIS COPY'S MINE.

GIRLS.

YOU'LL MAKE A FORTUNE, WE SWEAR IT

SNIP.  
COULDN'T GOT WRONG.

GIRLS.  
IF ON THIS FACT YOU RELY—  
SNIP.

BYE-BYE, SO LONG.

(One by one, each GIRL approaches SNIP and is handed a ten-dollar bill.)

GIRLS and SNIP.  
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET  
WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM!  
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET  
WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM!

GIRLS, SNIP, and SEYMOUR.  
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET  
WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM!

(During the last line of the song, SNIP exits r. and GIRLS exit l. LIGHTS narrow on SEYMOUR, still seated on Fore-stage.)

BY . . . AND . . . BY!

(As MUSIC plays out, we see on SEYMOUR's face that he's trapped, guilt-ridden, and miserable. He's aware that his "pact with the devil" is now complete . . . and he's doomed. MUSIC ends.)

### BLACKOUT

### SCENE 3

SOUND: Thunder. LIGHTS: Lightning projection on closed Screens. SOUND: More thunder. LIGHTS: Another lightning flash. Screens open now to reveal the shop, "late one stormy night." THE PLANT [SEE APPENDIX — NOTE 13] now occupies most of the shop's playing area in one way or another: vines, leaves, tendrils, and of course its enormous trap (still Pod #4). SEYMOUR, exhausted and harried, is hunched over a typewriter at stage R. work table. A large portrait of MUSHNIK hangs prominently—with a label

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

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!

(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.)

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.

SEYMOUR. (*returning gun to his pocket and turning to her gently*) There's nothing to be scared of. (*Beat. MUSIC becomes lyrical: Somewhere That's Green theme.*) We'll go away from here. I'll take you to that little development you always dreamed about and once we're there we'll live happily ever after, I promise. (*putting an arm around her protectively and looking off into the distance*) Nice little house, nice little car . . . (*beat*) And no plants. No plants at all.

AUDREY. You're talking so peculiar, Seymour.

SEYMOUR. (*leading her toward the door, stage R.*) I'll explain everything to you tomorrow. Just go home now, Audrey. Please.

AUDREY. I can't leave you in this condition.

SEYMOUR. Don't worry about me. (*kisses her forehead quickly*) Don't worry about anything.

(*AUDREY exits. SEYMOUR closes the door to the shop behind her. MUSIC: Tic Toc theme. As SEYMOUR turns from the door, he pricks his finger on a vine. THE PLANT emits an interested "Oooh," to which SEYMOUR responds with a dirty look. He crosses R. to his typewriter, tries to work, but hurts his injured finger on a key and exclaims, "Ouch." THE PLANT snickers and returns to upright neutral position. Meanwhile, the clock advances to midnight. As it chimes twelve, THE PLANT speaks threateningly:*)

PLANT. Feed me!

SEYMOUR. Under no circumstances.

PLANT. Feed me!

SEYMOUR. I will *not*, so stop asking.

PLANT. *FEED ME!*

SEYMOUR. (*rises and crosses L.*) I can't take much more of this. Look, I'll run down to the corner and get you a pound of rare roast beef. Maybe that'll hold you til *Life Magazine* gets here.

PLANT. (*shaking its pod a sullen "no" and lowering its "chin"*) Uh Uh. No way.

SEYMOUR. Look, it's my last offer. Yes or no?

(*[MUSIC #19.] AUDREY enters stage R. Forestage, wearing a white nightgown and clutching SEYMOUR's jacket around her shoulders. She seems troubled and Fay Wray-like. She sighs and leans plaintively on the fire escape. As AUDREY*

*enters, THE PLANT slowly pans stage R. It magically seems to be aware of her presence. When MUSIC ends, it turns back to SEYMOUR and says in a conciliatory tone:)*

PLANT. It's better than nothing.

SEYMOUR. Done. Fine. Great. And don't think you're getting dessert. (*SEYMOUR exits. THE PLANT opens its "mouth" and pans R., toward AUDREY, holding strong focus on her.*)

(19) "SOMINEX/SUPPERTIME" (REPRISE)

AUDREY.

I COULDN'T SLEEP

I TOOK A SOMINEX

BUT VOICES IN MY HEAD KEPT SAYING:

*(She moves to down L. Forestage. In the shop, THE PLANT pans to follow her.)*

GO TO SEYMOUR

TALK TO SEYMOUR

*(THE PLANT subtly nods "yes.")*

I DRANK SOME TEA

BUT GEE, THE FEELING WASN'T GONE

SEYMOUR, SWEETHEART

TELL ME DARLING

WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?

PLANT. *(sings from inside shop, straight in AUDREY's direction. [MUSIC CUE 19-A.]*

HEY, LITTLE LADY, HELLO.

AUDREY. *(turns with a start) Who . . . Who said that?*

PLANT.

YOU LOOKIN' CUTE AS CAN BE.

AUDREY. *(moving toward shop) Is somebody in there?*

PLANT.

YOU LOOKIN' MIGHTY SWEET!

AUDREY. *(opening the door slowly) Seymour? Seymour?*

PLANT.

NO IT AIN'T SEYMOUR—

*(The PLANT rises to its full height. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 14]*

AUDREY, just inside stage L. doorway, sees it and freezes in shock.)

IT'S ME!

AUDREY. Oh my God!

PLANT.

YOUR FRIENDLY AUDREY TWO!

(*Beat. Spoken strongly and in rhythm:*)

THIS PLANT IS TALKING . . .

(sweetly) To you.

AUDREY. I don't believe it.

PLANT. Believe it, baby. It talks.

AUDREY. Am I dreaming this?

PLANT. No. And you ain't in Kansas, neither.

AUDREY. (*turns forward on MUSICAL CHORD*) Something's very wrong here.

PLANT. (*smooth*) Relax and go with it, doll. Do me a favor, will ya sweetheart?

AUDREY. (*innocently*) A favor?

PLANT. I need me some water in the worst way. ("looking" down toward stage l. branch) Look at my branch. I'm a goner, honey. (*sings*)

COME ON AND GIMME A DRINK. [SEE APPENDIX — NOTE 15]

(As *THE PLANT* resumes singing and grows more forceful, AUDREY's physical attitude become more Fay Wray than ever. She leans against the doorframe, clutching it in graceful terror.)

AUDREY. I don't know if I should.

PLANT.

HEY LITTLE LADY, BE NICE.

AUDREY. (*moves to just in front of stage l. work table, clutching it behind her, with honest but attractively-posed fear*) You just want water, right?

PLANT.

SURE DO, I'LL DRINK IT STRAIGHT.

AUDREY. (*her protective instincts getting the better of her*) Your branches are dry, poor thing.

PLANT.

DON'T NEED NO GLASS AND NO ICE.

AUDREY. (*She relents and helpfully crosses to stage r. refrigerator.*) I'll get the can.

PLANT.

DON'T NEED NO TWIST OF LIME!

AUDREY. (*Pulling a watering can from atop the refrigerator, she moves closer to THE PLANT, poised to pour water into ITS open "mouth."*) Here you go.

PLANT. (*as its stage R. Branch descends upon AUDREY, entangling her in its tendrils*)  
**AND NOW IT'S SUPPERTIME!**

(AUDREY screams and begins to fight with the Branch, desperately trying to escape. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 16] It pulls her to and fro during the following:)

PLANT. Relax, sweetheart, and it'll be easier. Come on, join your dentist friend and Mushnik. They're right inside.

(The Branch shovels AUDREY toward the Pod, which opens wide and chomps down on her. She is now inside the Pod from the waist up, bouncing up and down with it as it “chews”.)

AUDREY. Help!

SEYMOUR. (*charging in from L. with the roast beef, which he drops*) Audrey! No! Get offa her! Get offa her!

(He pries THE PLANT open and pulls AUDREY out. She has clearly been badly wounded and has to lean heavily against him for support. The Pod and branches lower to the floor, as if in disappointment, and lie perfectly still.)

SEYMOUR. (*continued*) Audrey . . . are you alright?

AUDREY. (*wilted, exhausted, and clinging to him*) Yes. (*She collapses to the floor.*) No.

SEYMOUR. (*MUSIC [CUE 19-B] begins as he sinks to his knees to cradle her in a “Pieta” pose.*) Don’t die, Audrey. I need you. Please, please don’t die.

AUDREY. (*fading gracefully, softly, with total sweetness and calm*) You know, the plant just said the strangest thing just now. It said that Orin and Mr. Mushnik were already inside.

SEYMOUR. (*quietly tortured*) It’s true. I did it. I fed them to it.

AUDREY. (*looking into his eyes*) And that’s what made it so big and strong and you so famous?

SEYMOUR. I’ve done terrible things. But not to you. Never to you.

AUDREY. But. (*Pause. Then, with great resolve:*) I want you to, Seymour.

[MUSIC CUE: 19-C]

SEYMOUR. What?

AUDREY. When I die—which should be very shortly—(*lyrically*) Give *me* to the plant, so it can live to bring you all the wonderful things you deserve.

SEYMOUR. You don't know what you're saying.

AUDREY. But I do. (*pulling herself prettily but with some difficulty to her knees, like a wounded Saint Joan having a vision*) It's the one gift I can give you. (*beat; beaming now in saintly self-sacrifice*) And if I'm in the plant, then I'm part of the plant. (*beat*) So in a way . . . We'll always be . . . Together. (*They are now both on their knees, facing each other.*)

(19-C) "SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN" (REPRISE)

YOU'LL WASH MY TENDER LEAVES  
 YOU'LL SMELL MY SWEET PERFUME  
 YOU'LL WATER ME AND CARE FOR ME  
 YOU'LL SEE ME BUD AND BLOOM.

(*She starts to try to rise, leaning on SEYMOUR for support. He rises to help her.*)

I'M FEELING STRANGELY HAPPY NOW,  
 CONTENTED AND SERENE.

(*She collapses against him a little.*)

OH, DON'T YOU SEE?

FINALLY I'LL BE

(*She kisses him gently on the nose.*)

SOMEWHERE . . .

(*She turns forward.*)

THAT'S . . .

(*And reaches out toward the place she's always dreamed of*)  
 GREEN!

(*She reaches further, takes her last breath, and dies as SEYMOUR scoops her up into his arms. MUSIC swells romantically (19-D). LIGHTS mirror the mood. The sunset goes nuts. The image is one of Wagnerian splendor as SEYMOUR stands for a moment, holding the dead AUDREY in his arms, and us., THE PLANT's mammoth trap opens very slowly. SEYMOUR turns us. and carries AUDREY slowly, ceremoniously, toward it. A choir of unseen voices*

*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.)*

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.

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

America . . . Thousands of you . . . *Eating*. That's what you've had in mind all along, isn't it?

PLANT.

NO SHIT, SHERLOCK!

SEYMOUR. We're not talking about one hungry plant here. We're talking about . . . *World Conquest!*

PLANT.

AND I WANT TO THANK YOU!

SEYMOUR. You're a monster and so am I!

PLANT.

*FEED ME!*

SEYMOUR. You ate the only thing I ever loved!

PLANT. Too bad!

SEYMOUR. (*rises, pulls out gun, turns, and fires*) Take that. (*Drum plays two rim-shots to indicate the sound of the gun firing. THE PLANT laughs.*) And that. (*two more rim-shots*) And that. And that. And that. And that and—

PLANT.

GIVE UP, KRELBORN!

SEYMOUR. (*crossing to stage l. work table*) Never! (*producing a container from a shelf under the table and flourishing it*) Here! Rat poison! (*crosses to plant and forces a handful of poison into the Pod [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 18]*)

Eat that! EAT IT! EAT IT! EAT IT!

PLANT. (*It spits the poison out.*) Feh! Give up, small fry.

SEYMOUR. (*crossing to stage r. work table and pulling a machete out from under it*) Maybe you're tough on the outside. But in there! In that pod . . . I'll hack you to bits! I'll get you from the inside! Open up! (*He moves to just r. of the Pod and tries to pry it open with the machete. THE PLANT resists.*) OPEN UP! OPEN UP! OPEN UP!

(*At last, the pod opens. SEYMOUR braces himself, takes a few steps down c., and brandishes the machete in the air.*) NOW!

(*Sustaining the cry "Now!" like Custer crying "Charge", SEYMOUR turns, runs to the PLANT and dives inside. The Pod slams shut on him, chews, and freezes. MUSIC ends. A long beat of silence. Then THE PLANT opens a little, and neatly spits the machete out onto the floor. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 19] After another moment's silence, CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, CHIFFON, and PATRICK MARTIN appear*

stage L. The GIRLS wear white lab coats decorated with green World Botanical Enterprises insignias. MARTIN carries a carton of empty flower pots.)

MARTIN. Mr. Krelborn? Mr. Krelborn? (All four enter the shop, the GIRLS crossing to c. and MARTIN holding at the stage L. work table, where he deposits his carton.) Okay girls. (He distributes a pot to each of them.) All you have to do is snip some of the smaller leaves and replant them in these pots. The truck's waiting outside. (MUSIC [CUE #21] in. He steps out of shop and calls out toward the audience with great importance:) Open the van, boys! We're ready to start loading!

(THE GIRLS look at each other ominously. Musical chords. They begin to move, CHIFFON crossing up R., CRYSTAL up L., and RONNETTE crossing down L., by the work table. Each finds a leaf hanging on a vine, removes it, and places it in her pot. Once RONNETTE has taken her cutting—while the other GIRLS are getting theirs—she moves ceremoniously to ds.c. edge of the shop. She holds her leaf-pot in both hands, like a religious icon, faces the audience, and sings with serious Gospel fervor:)

RONNETTE.  
SUBSEQUENT TO THE EVENTS YOU HAVE JUST  
WITNESSED  
SIMILAR EVENTS IN CITIES ACROSS AMERICA,  
(She steps off of the shop platform onto the Forestage. Right through the "wall." us. of her, CRYSTAL and CHIFFON start moving d.c. with a similar attitude.)  
EVENTS WHICH BORE A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE  
TO THE ONES YOU HAVE JUST SEEN—  
BEGAN OCCURRING . . .

(On the vamp between verses, CRYSTAL and CHIFFON fall into step and move in a stately manner to positions on the Forestage, flanking RONNETTE. Screens close behind them.)

GIRLS.  
SUBSEQUENT TO THE EVENTS YOU HAVE JUST  
WITNESSED,

CRYSTAL.  
HAVE JUST WITNESSED!  
GIRLS.  
UNSUSPECTING JERKS FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA  
CRYSTAL.  
CALIFORNIA!  
GIRLS.  
MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A NEW BREED OF  
FLYTRAP  
CRYSTAL.  
YES THEY DID!  
GIRLS.  
AND GOT SWEET-TALKED INTO FEEDING IT  
*BLOOD* . . .

(As they continue to sing, they move with slow, synchronized processional steps to the edge of the Forestage.)

GIRLS. (*continued*)  
THUS THE PLANTS WORKED THEIR TERRIBLE WILL,  
FINDING JERKS WHO WOULD FEED THEM THEIR  
FILL  
AND THE PLANTS PROCEEDED TO GROW . . .  
AND GROW . . .  
(They reach the edge and stop.)  
AND BEGIN WHAT THEY CAME HERE TO DO,  
WHICH WAS ESSENTIALLY TO  
*EAT CLEVELAND!*  
AND DES MOINES!  
AND PEORIA!  
AND NEW YORK!  
AND THIS THEATRE . . .

(CRYSTAL and RONNETTE run to the stage L. stoop and take positions there. CHIFFON runs to the stage R. stoop. Meanwhile, us. of them, the Screens open to reveal clouds of smoke that swirl around the AUDREY TWO, now with huge and powerful new branches, which make it wide as the shop itself. And something else has appeared on this creature. Flowers. Four of them. And in the center of each blood-red bloom is the face of a dead character: MUSHNIK, SEYMOUR, ORIN, and AUDREY. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 20]

DEAD FACES.

THEY MAY OFFER YOU FORTUNE AND FAME  
LOVE AND MONEY AND INSTANT ACCLAIM  
BUT WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU,  
DON'T FEED THE PLANTS!

DEAD MUSHNIK.

THEY MAY OFFER YOU LOTS OF CHEAP THRILLS

DEAD SEYMOUR.

FANCY CONDOS IN BEVERLY HILLS

DEAD ORIN.

BUT WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU,

DEAD AUDREY.

DON'T FEED THE PLANTS!

DEAD FACES and GIRLS.

LOOKOUT! HERE COMES AUDREY TWO!

PLANT.

LOOKOUT! HERE I COME FOR YOU!

(Now this massive thing—this PLANT—starts moving down toward the audience, using its Branches like a monstrous botanical crab, to pull itself along. As the DEAD FACES and GIRLS continue to sing, THE PLANT keeps coming toward us . . . toward us . . . )

DEAD FACES and GIRLS.

HOLD YOUR HAT AND HANG ONTO YOUR SOUL!  
SOMETHIN'S COMIN' TO EAT THE WORLD WHOLE!  
IF WE FIGHT IT, WE STILL GOT A CHANCE.

(THE PLANT stops. If it went any further, it would be in the first row. The Branches fan out, menacing the audience. The Pod pans the house, snapping at it, showing its teeth to one side and then to the other.)

BUT WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU—  
THO' THEY'RE SLOPPIN' THE TROUGH FOR YOU—  
PLEASE WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU,  
DON'T FEED THE PLANTS . . .

DEAD AUDREY and DEAD SEYMOUR.

WE'LL HAVE TOMORROW

DEAD FACES and GIRLS.

DON'T FEED THE PLA--A--ANTS!

(On the last word, THE PLANT opens wider than we have ever seen it. And as it does, vines suddenly come cascading

*down at the audience from the ceiling over their heads.  
The entire theatre, then—stage and audience—has been  
taken over by the AUDREY TWO. THE PLANT's "jaws"  
come snapping forcefully closed on the last beat of MUSIC.  
And LIGHTS go to—)*

*BLACKOUT*

*THE END*