

~~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.~~

~~SHA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA~~

~~SEYMOUR.~~

~~DOO-DOO-DOO-DOO!~~

~~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

~~WOW! POW! LOOK OUT BELOW!
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW
TA 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 In-
terstate. Not fancy like Levittown. Just a little street in a little
suburb, far far from Urban Skid Row. The sweetest, greenest
place - where everybody has the same little lawn out front and
the same little flagstone patio out back. And all the houses are so
neat and pretty. 'Cause they all look just alike. Oh, I dream
about it all the time. Just me. And the toaster. And a sweet little
guy. Like Seymour -~~

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

~~AUDREY. (*continued*)~~

~~A MATCHBOX OF OUR OWN
A FENCE OF REAL CHAIN LINK~~

revealing it to be AUDREY TWO—now over four feet tall and sporting huge, dangerously spiked leaves.)

ALL. (continued)

TODAY!!!

(On the last notes of music, a display sign reading "Here It is!" flies in to dangle over and point to the PLANT. This is Pod #3. The puppeteer inside keeps it absolutely motionless until the script indicates otherwise. On applause after the number, SEYMOUR moves up c. to fold up the ladder, AUDREY moves to the refrigerator, and MUSHNIK takes a clipboard from the work table. Out on the Forestage, CRYSTAL and CHIFFON enter r. and take positions on the down r. stoop. CHIFFON silently starts doing CRYSTAL's nails.)

MUSHNIK. (finding a notation on his clipboard) Seymour, did you send out that order for Mrs. Shiva?

SEYMOUR. Mrs. Shiva?

AUDREY. (taking a black-bowed arrangement from the refrigerator and handing it to him) Mrs. Shiva.

SEYMOUR. Mrs. Shiva . . . Er, I forgot.

MUSHNIK. (exploding) You forgot? How could you forget an order like that? (crosses to SEYMOUR and grabs the arrangement from him) The Shivas are our most important funereal account! A big, enormous family and they're dropping off like flies! I'm telling you, Krelborn, if we lose their business over this . . . YOU . . . ARE . . . FINISHED!!!

(Still bellowing, he exits L. Abashed, SEYMOUR just stands there. After a moment of embarrassed silence, AUDREY takes a "Get Well Soon" arrangement from the refrigerator and crosses to the stage L. work table. She will continue to work on the arrangement intermittently throughout the following scene.)

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.)*

RONNETTE. *(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~~

~~(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, BEFUDDLED, 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—~~

~~(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 ~~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 digusting.

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 turns 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
CRAAAAAAAAVE!~~

(*With the word, "Crave," THE PLANT opens wide, emitting a gust of air that "blows" SEYMOUR vs. 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.*)

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)

AAAAHHH!

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.

~~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*)~~

~~LET UP YOUR HEAD~~

~~WASH OFF YOUR MASCARA.~~

~~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' duel 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 girlfriend . . .

PLANT.

YOU GOT NOWHERE TO RUN!

MUSHNIK. And it begins to look like a motive!

PLANT.

HE KNOWS YOUR LIFE OF CRIME!

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

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

I THINK IT'S SUPPERTIME!

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

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

~~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.