

SEYMOUR/AUDREY

AUDREY: I'll bet you got a lotta dates now, huh?

SEYMOUR: Not dates exactly. But a lotta garden clubs have been calling – asking me to give lectures.

AUDREY: Gee

SEYMOUR: Imagine me, giving lectures. 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 Sizzlers

AUDREY: Me neither

SEYMOUR: Or ride a motorcycle.

AUDREY: Oh its no big deal. And besides, its dangerous.

SEYMOUR: It is?

AUDREY: Extremely dangerous. Gee I'd better go and fix my face. My date'll be here any minute.

ORIN/GIRLS

- ORIN: Excuse me ladies, which way to thirteen-thirteen Skid Row?
- GIRL: I'm afraid that information will cost you a dollar.
- ORIN: Hey, no prob. Here you go.
- GIRL: It's right over there. But if you're like the thousands of others flocking down to see Audrey Two, you better come back tomorrow, man. This shop is *closed* today. Ooooooh took your dollar!
- ORIN: I'm not here to buy posies, girl. I'm here to pick my date.
- GIRL: Your date? You ain't by any chance talkin' about a girl with a black eye? And several other medical problems?
- ORIN: As a matter of fact...
- GIRL: You're him! You're the one! Who do you think you are, treating her that way? Get outa here and don't come back! Beat it!
- ORIN: Lady! Lady! Lady! Please! I'm friendly! Truce! Pacem! You want some nitrous oxide? (*whoop, manic laugh*) this stuff is great...

VOICE OF PLANT (ALT. SEYMOUR)

PLANT: FEED ME! Food! FOOOOOOD!

SEYMOUR: Lay off Twoey, can't you see I'm busy?

PLANT: Tough titty. Tell it to the marines!

SEYMOUR: Watch your language!

PLANT: GRUB!

SEYMOUR: 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. C'mon Krelborn, I'm starvin'! I ain't et since Mushnik and that was a week ago.

SEYMOUR: Look just hold out one more night, then you'll never be hungry again I promise.

PLANT: Chowtime, Krelborn! Food! Food! Food! Feed me food!

MUSHNIK (ALT. AUDREY):

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

AUDREY: Its an Audrey Two!

MUSHNIK: Put that Audrey Two in the window where the passers-by can see. My God, I'd have never believed it. My Children, I'm taking us all to dinner!

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

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

AUDREY: He's a professional.

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

EXTRA ROLES:

MARTIN: Krelborn? Seymour Krelborn?

SEYMOUR: Leave me alone.

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

SEYMOUR: I'm not interested.

MARTIN: Let me explain in more detail. 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. 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. Why with the right advertising this could be bigger than hula hoops!

PUPPETEERS (ALT. SEYMOUR/VOICE):

A medium size puppet will be supplied (with one arm for each jaw), perform actions to "FEED ME (GIT IT!)" to Spotify New Broadway Cast recording.

PLANT: Feed me.

SEYMOUR: I beg your pardon?

PLANT: Feed me!

SEYMOUR: Twooey you talked! You opened up your....trap, your thing, you said

PLANT: Feed me Krelborn, feed me now.

SEYMOUR: I can't

PLANT: I'm starvin'!

SEYMOUR: Oh boy, look, maybe I can squeeze a little outta this one, but...

PLANT: I need some food! More! More!

SEYMOUR: But there isn't any more. Whaddya want me to do? Slit my wrist?

PLANT: Mmmmm!

SEYMOUR: Look how about I run down to the corner and pick you up some nice chopped sirloin?

PLANT: Must be blood.

SEYMOUR: Twooey that's disgusting

PLANT: Must be fresh!