Libretto Vocal Book

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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

Book and Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN

Music by ALAN MENKEN

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Puppets Designed

by

MARTIN P. ROBINSON
"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 Lesser; 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
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

Originally produced by the WPA Theatre (Kyle Renick Producing Director)
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

SEYMOUR—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.”
THE SET

The set for LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS may be thought of in three parts:

THE SHOP (Mushnik’s Skid Row Florists) is a large, curved, raised area which occupies most of the Upstage playing space. Up Left, it has a large display window with a windowseat. Down Left is a door to the outside. Up Right is another door, this one to an offstage workroom. There are two counter-height worktables—one with a cash register Down Left and another Down Right, on the wall behind which is a peg for Mushnik’s jacket and scarf. There are stools at both worktables. Upstage Center, on a narrow stretch of wall, there is a coat rack and a large clock which is rigged to perform B-movie tricks, denoting the passage of time. In Act One, Scene Three, the shop undergoes something of a transformation. This includes replacing the bedraggled flowers which have previously lined the windowseat with lots of brightly colored new ones. Also in this scene, the wall behind the Stage Right worktable revolves to reveal a flower-filled refrigerator. A further description of the shop’s transformation appears later in the script. In Act Two, Scene Three, the shop area is augmented by vines which hang from above.

THE FORESTAGE (Skid Row) occupies the Downstage playing space and represents the street outside the shop. There are tumbledown stoops at the far Stage Right and Stage Left sides, at least two trash cans—one Down Right and one Down Left, and a fire escape with ladder, Stage Right. There should be entrances onto the Forestage from both Stage Right and Stage Left, so actors can get on and off at either side, without entering the shop.

SCREENS, painted to depict Skid Row flop-houses and derelict buildings, divide these two areas. When they are closed, they obscure the shop from view. When they are open, both the shop and the street may be seen and are used in simultaneous action. It is possible to replace the Screens with similarly painted curtains or a curved drop which flies in and out.

NOTE: It is suggested that the entire set be more or less realistic in terms of its architecture and then made somewhat more stylized through the imaginative use of color.
FOR DAVID EVANS
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 1) 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!
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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?
SEYMOUR. (offstage) Nothing, Mr. Mushnik.
MUSHNIK. (mumbling in something that resembles Yiddish as he returns to the paper) Aron g'vorn g'voxen, akebebble, mit tzibeleh.

(The clock advances. When it hits eleven, AUDREY appears down r., sporting a black eye. She runs across the Forestage, 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 BOSSES 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!
(refer 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 . . .

(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 hasn't 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.)
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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.
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.)

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,
thens 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 DSl.
stoop, reading an oversized monster movie magazine. Si-
multaneously, a quick beat of Ad. Lib. exuberance and
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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 din-
nner. 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 any-
where, 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
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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 SUPPLEMENT.
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 very quickly 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?
SEYMOUR. Special? Er . . . no . . . it’s a secret formula, but it’s . . . uh . . . not hard to come by.
INTERVIEWER. I see, well thanks for dropping by and—
SEYMOUR. I’d like to remind our listeners that the Audrey Two is on display exclusively at Mushnik’s Skid Row Florists . . .
SEYMOUR. (shouting to be heard) Open six days a week, ten to six!
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
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 DOO
DOOP, THEY SURE DOO DOO DOO—
MUHNIK.
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!
MUHNIK. 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.
MUHNIK. Forget about Audrey. I've got three more radio in-
terviews lined up for tomorrow and the Skid Row Herald Ex-
aminer wants a picture!

(With a flourish, MUHNIK 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, MUH-
NIK snaps several photos of SEYMOUR, posing with
PLANT, CRYSTAL, & CHIFFON.)
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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?
RONETTE. Sit down, Seymour. Now we gonna sing for ya.

(SEYMOUR sits on stage 1. 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 ’PRECIPATE 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
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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 daydream 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:)

BLANKOUT

SCENE 3

[MUSIC CUE 7.] Lights come up to reveal SEYMOUR, empty-
ing garbage into the stage r. trash can. RONNETTE is
perched on the stage l. stoop. vs., 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 balletically 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 vs. 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
gleeefully.) 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!
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

(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 Plaque.
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 INFlict!

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.

SOMEBODY 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 some-thing, 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—
(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!
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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-AI-AI-AI-AI-IDÉ!

(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 lit-
tle 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 AP-
PENDIX—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
CRAAAAAAAHAAVE!
(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.)
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 window seat 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, mov- ing stage r. along the platform edge. vs. of him, THE PLANT rocks out, kicking both its root-legs high and sing- ing:)

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 AU- DREY 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, Doc- tor! Right away, Doctor! (To SEYMOUR, who remains mo- tionless 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.] 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
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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 vs. 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) Hahahahahahahahahahahehehehehehehehehhyahayhayhayhayhay!

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) Hahahahahahahahahahaheyheyheyheyheyhayhayhayhayhay!

SEYMOUR.
NOW . . . FOR THE GIRL!
NOW . . . FOR THE PLANT!
NOW . . . YES, I WILL!

ORIN. (still offstage) Hahahahahahahahahahahaheyheyheyheyheyheyheyhayhayhayhayhayhay!

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 vs. 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! Henhenhennhennhennhennhennhennyeah! 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 it 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.)

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
(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 some-
thing like slow motion to get the mask off, as if he were
floating in space.)

Seymour.
WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS
A TRICKY MORAL
PROBLEM.
DO I HELP REMOVE THE
MASK OR LET HIM GO
FOR LACK OF AIR?
COULDN'T SHOOT HIM
WHEN I TRIED,
BUT THE FATES ARE ON
MY SIDE.
I CAN OFF THE GUY BY
STAYING IN THE
CHAIR!
Orin. (Convulses with laughter . . .) Hahahahahahahahaha-
hahahahahahaeereeeeyyyyyyynnnnnh!

(... 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
case 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!
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

(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) URGHINS! 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 Interesting . . .

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!!

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

62
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. Goodbye 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... . . .

(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?
“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!
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

(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)*
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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 stool 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, miser-
ably) 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—


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 tri-
umph)
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 . . .
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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 synch down c.)
I THINK IT'S SUPPERTIME!
SEYMOUR. (turning back toward MUSHNIK, throwing den-
tist'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?


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:)
(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. vs. 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 sloo-ly, 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! Oooooh! 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 cooly, 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 ... bubble-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, RON-
NETTE 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.
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

(producing a contract from her purse and handing it to the amazed SEYMOUR)
WE’LL SEND SOMEONE DOWN, LET’S SAY THURSDAY
(Shetakes awad 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.)
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

SNIPE. 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
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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

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 wi’h 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!
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

(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!

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
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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.J])
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 grace-
ful 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, clutch-
ing it behind her, with honest but attractively-posed face) 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. re-
frigerator.) 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.
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) "SOMEBODY 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.)
SOMEBODY . . .
(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 vs., THE PLANT’s mammoth trap opens very slowly. SEYMOUR turns vs. 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." vs. 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, vs. 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]
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
PROPERTIES

A. On stage—shop
   1. Stage right
      a. Work table with
         1. Bud vase with 3 dead roses
         2. Half eaten sandwich on wax paper
         3. Can containing small gardening tools
         4. Planter mister
         5. Skid Row Daily News with the headline “Scientists Baffled By Total Eclipse”
      6. Stool
      b. 3 coats hooks on stage right wall with
         1. Mushnik’s hat, coat and scarf
   2. Upstage center
      a. 3 coat hooks on wall with/
         1. Old sweater
         2. Old lab coat
   3. Stage left window
      a. 2 palates with vases of dead flowers including one bunch of dead roses
      b. Center of window
         1. Mortar and pestil
         2. Watering can
         3. Plant sprayer
         4. Vase with 4 dead roses
         5. Large aspirin bottle
         6. New cash register covered with a cardboard box
   4. Door—“open/closed” sign
   5. Stage left work table
      a. Top
         1. Adding Machine covered with cobwebs
         2. Receipt pad
      b. Inside
         1. 2 red phones
         2. Receipt spindle
         3. Dictionary
      c. On shelves
         1. Flashlight
         2. Paint scraper
         3. Can of rat poison
         4. Clipboard

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B. Forestage
   1. Stage right
      a. Trashcan
   2. Stage left
      a. Trashcan with old sandwich
      b. 3 horror magazines on stoop
C. Off stage right
   1. In refrigerator
      a. Shiva arrangement
      b. Get well arrangement
   2. On prop table
      a. Camera
      b. Radio
      c. Tips can
      d. Fingernail polish
      e. Large white gift box
      f. Mushnik portrait
      g. Bucket with sponge
      h. Contracts
      i. Money
      j. Machete
      k. 10 adhesive strips
      l. 2 bags of garbage
      m. Audrey II—Pod #1
   3. New work table with/
      a. 2 red phones
      b. 2 receipt pads
      c. Receipt Spindle
   4. Typewriter table with/
      a. Typewrite attached to table
      b. Typing paper on shelf
   5. Blood bucket with/
      a. Bloodied work gloves
      b. Intestines
      c. Hand wearing studded bracelet
   6. Audrey II—Pod #3 and #4
   7. 2 Audrey II giant leaves
   8. 2 Audrey II grabber branches
   9. 2 Audrey II finale branches
D. Off stage left
   1. On prop table
      a. Audrey II—Pod #2
      b. Paper bag labeled roast beef
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

c. Oversize horror magazine
d. Wooden tray with 3 flower pots
e. 3 cuttings
f. Autograph book and pencil
g. Money
h. Contracts
i. Mrs. Luce purse with/
   1. Money
   2. Contract
j. Mushnik’s skid row florist bag containing a gun
k. 4 palates with vases of new flowers

SCENE CHANGES

A. End of Act I scene 1
   1. Strike
      a. Stage right work table
      b. 2 palates of dead flowers
      c. Adding machine and cobwebs
      d. “Open/Closed” sign
      e. Old sweater and lab coat
   2. Set
      a. Audrey II—Phase #3 to downstage right with cover
      b. Audrey’s sweater to up center hook
      c. Ladder in front of window with dustrag over top rung
      d. 4 new flower palates
      e. New cash register from window to stage left work table with cover
      f. Phone “A” on stage left work table
      g. Clipboard and pencil on stage left work table
      h. Stool next to stage left work table

B. Act I scene 3
   1. Set blood bucket and gloves on stage left work table

C. Intermission
   1. Strike
      a. Audrey II—Phase #3
      b. Ladder
      c. Get well arrangement to refrigerator
      d. “Florist” sign in window changed to “& Son”
   2. Set
      a. Stage right work table and stool
      b. Stage left work table add:
         1. Phone “B”
2. 2 receipts pads
3. Receipt spindle
4. Stool
5. Audrey II—Phase #4 and giant leaves
6. Orin's leather jacket off right with price tag added
7. Monster magazine on stage right fire escape
8. Strike stage left monster magazine

D. End of Act 2 scene 1
   1. Strike
      Stage right work table
      Stage left stool
   2. Set
      a. Typing table stage right
      b. Grabber branches
      c. Machete hanging on side of typing table
      d. Vines with 3 cuttings
      e. Dictionary on top of stage left work table
COSTUME PLOT

ACT ONE

Seymour:
Khaki pants
Shirt
Baseball cap
Glasses
Sneakers

Mushnik:
Suit
Sleeveless cardigan
Hat

Audrey:
Low-cut black dress
White fake fur jacket
Lamé clutch bag
Work apron
Add: Lamé top w/ belt for date w/ Orin
Add: Leopard sling for "Somewhere that's Green"

Orin:
Black jeans
Dentist shirt
Black leather jacket
Boots

Crystal, Ronnette & Chiffon:
Skirts
Sneakers and socks
Blouses/sweaters
Jackets

1st Customer:
Sportcoat
Slacks
Bow tie
2 Bums:
   Plaid shirts
   Long overcoats
   Jeans
   Sneakers
       (all distressed)

ACT TWO

Seymour:
   Khaki pants
   Cardigan sweater
   White shirt
   Necktie
   Glasses
   Sneakers

Audrey:
   Low-cut black dress
   Floral patterned sweater and red belt (Act 2, s. 1.)
   Rainslicker, hat and boots (Act 2, s. 3)
   White nightgown
   Mules trimmed with maribou
   Man’s jacket (To match the one Seymour wears in Act One,
       Scene Two)

Urchins:
   Sequinned Girl Group gowns c. 1960–63 (Act 2, s. 2)
   Gloves
   Pumps
   White smocks (Act 2, s. 3)
   Green skirts
   Green sneakers and socks

Mushnik:
   The same

2nd Customer:
   Tux

Bernstein:
   Trench coat
   Hat
Mrs. Luce:
    Suit
    Hat with veil
    Purse
    Pumps

Skip Snip:
    Slacks
    Blazer
    Shirt
    Loafers

Patrick Martin:
    Green 3-piece suit
APPENDIX
ADDITIONAL NOTES ON PLANT MANIPULATION

ACT ONE, Scene One

NOTE 1—The leaves of Pod #1 are rigged so that Seymour can inconspicuously cause them to "wilt" with the thumb of his upstage hand:

NOTE 2—Puppeteer, concealed in window-seat, slips arm through trap door in bottom of Pod #1:

NOTE 3—When screens close after Scene One, stage crew brings Pod #3 onto the hidden shop set. Meanwhile, Puppeteer disengages from Pod #1 and begins to prepare for his appearance as Pod #3. If using the original New York puppet designs, this procedure is as follows:
a) Put on Root leggings.
b) Put on Root shoes.
c) Enter pot of Pod #3, which has been pre-set on shop set, behind closed screens.
d) Buckle safety belt.
e) Stage Crew lowers pod and trunk onto puppeteer
f) Settle in; engage locking system to keep pod closed—this saves puppeteer from having to manually hold the pod closed during the ensuing twenty-minute wait
g) Find comfortable position with good back support, lip undulations to audience.

**ACT ONE, Scene Two**

**NOTE 4—Pod #2:**

**ACT ONE, Scene Three**

**NOTE 5—“Wilt” position:**
NOTE 6—Throughout the dialogue (pp 49–50) before GIT IT, the PLANT remains in upright neutral position:

... except where stage directions indicate otherwise. On lines other than those with stage directions, the puppeteer should move only to provide lip synch. Keeping the Plant’s movement restrained at this point will help the number to build later on.

NOTE 7—NOTES ON GIT IT. Each time the Plant gets to the end of a verse and the words “GIT IT,” it “nails” Seymour with strong focus:

On the verse beginning “HOW’D YOU LIKE TO BE A BIG WHEEL,” the plant undulates sensuously from side to side in time to the music.

On the “I’M YOUR GENIE” verse, it rubs up and down Seymour’s leg, then does a big circle around the rim of the pot on the lines beginning “YOU KNOW THE KINDA EATS.”

At the end of this verse, on the word “CRAVE”, it opens its mouth wide at Seymour, as if to emit a gust of strong wind:
In the fourth verse, the first root-leg flops rhythmically out of the pot on the word "PUTZ" and the second root-leg comes out on "KING TUT's:"

Nail Seymour on the following "GIT IT" and remain immobile during Seymour's "I DON'T KNOW" verse.

NOTE 8—On the music between the line "... Get me some lunch" and the lyric "HOW'D YOU LIKE A ROOM AT THE RITZ" the Plant begins tapping its Stage Left root-foot in time to the beat. During Seymour's "HARLEY" verse, the Plant, us., uses a root leg to scoot itself a little closer to him.

NOTE 9—At the end of GIT IT—on the first "THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANTFOOD TO ME!"—the PLANT points to the door with its stage left root-foot, then to itself.

On the second, the Plant does the same.

On the end of the third, "THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANTFOOD TO ME," both root-feet go to the mouth. From this point on, as the number builds to a climax, the PLANT goes
crazier and crazier, flailing its roots wildly, rocking-and-rolling its pod to the music.

On the final “GO GIT IT,” however, the Plant turns very simply to Seymour, then returns to a neutral position in its pot on the last two orchestral beats before blackout.

NOTE 10—After ACT ONE, Scene Three, puppeteer should hold with zero movement until full blackout, resisting the temptation to collapse from over-exertion while the audience can still see him. After screens close, puppeteer opens the pod, gets some fresh air, and breathes deeply during Act One, Scene Four.

ACT TWO, Scene One

NOTE 11—At the top of Act Two, Pod #4 is in upright neutral position and should remain so, with zero movement, until musical intro to “SUPPERTIME” (page 72).

NOTE 12—PLANT drops into “Feeding position” (see pp 75–76) by lowering the bottom of The Pod to rest on the stage floor. When Mushnik climbs in, he does so by making sure that his feet step through a slit in the pod lining, onto the inner surface of the Pod’s lower jaw. He then drops to a kneeling position to “look for money.” SAFETY NOTE: As the Pod slowly closes on Mushnik, the actor should be careful to crouch low enough that his head will be clear of the Pod when it “chomps” down. While “eating Mushnik,” after the three musically underscored “chomps,” the Plant shakes its Pod violently from side to side through blackout.

ACT TWO, Scene Three

NOTE 13—During ACT TWO, Scene Two, while screens are closed, Pod #4 has been augmented by two large “Grabbing Branches” which extend into the shop from offstage pivot points, converging behind the Pod:
The stage l. branch sits flat on the floor. The stage r. branch is upright, resting on the refrigerator. Stage Crew will manipulate these branches from offstage.

As lights come up on ACT II, Scene Three, Pod #4 is in upright neutral position. On its first line of dialogue, it begins to drop into a "Lips Forward" position, facing Seymour.
NOTE 14—On three counts, the entire Plant rises. Puppeteer stands, supporting the weight of the Pod, just above the knees:

Stage Crew manipulates Stage Left Grabbing Branch to rise simultaneously.

NOTE 15—On lyric “COME ON AND GIMME A DRINK,” the Pod starts to grind from side to side on the beat while the Stage Crew manipulates the Grabbing Branches to make them rustle ominously. This movement continues until Audrey says “HERE YOU GO.”

NOTE 16—By the PLANT’s line, “AND NOW IT’S SUPPER-TIME,” Audrey has positioned herself directly under the stage r. Grabbing Branch. Its Stage Crew manipulator now lowers the Grabbing Branch down onto her. Audrey entangles herself in the flopping tendrils and moves to make it seem as if she’s actually fighting with them. (The actress and the ambient movement of the Branch itself will accomplish this. The Stage Crew manipulator merely supports the Branch in an upright position and hangs on.)

On the Plant’s line “They’re right inside,” the Puppeteer opens the pod wide and Audrey simulates being “thrown” into the Plant’s jaws by disengaging herself from the Grabbing Branch and hurling herself toward the open Pod. Stage Crew manipulator follows through with the Grabbing Branch, as if it had tossed her in and now can retract.
Once she has been “thrown,” Audrey stands bent forward with her torso between the jaws. She and the Pod bounce up and down together as it “chews” and shakes her vigorously:

After Seymour pulls Audrey out, the Puppeteer lowers the Plant into “Feeding position.”

NOTE 17 — When Seymour deposits Audrey into the Pod, he does so by lowering her in, feet first. He must be sure to allow her feet to pass through the slit in the Pod’s lining. Once her feet are in position, SEYMOUR lowers her torso to rest on the Pod’s lower “lip.” From this position, the actress accomplishes the “disappearing” effect by pulling herself down with her legs, toward the back of the Pod, through the slit in the lining. The Puppeteer tilts the lower “lip” up to help her. Simultaneously, the Puppeteer slowly closes the upper “lip.” Once the Pod is closed, the actress crawls through the Puppeteer’s legs, and exits, unseen by the audience, through the opening at the back of the pod and under a camouflaged cloth panel in the us. set wall. The Puppeteer should be careful to move as little as possible while the actress exits and to maintain zero movement during the following scene.

NOTE 18 — A pouch of prop “rat poison” is mounted inside the Pod, near the lifting bar. During the Patrick Martin scene, the Puppeteer has put on a black glove and taken a handful of this “poison” from the pouch. Seymour mimes the forcing of rat poison into the Pod and the Puppeteer flings a handful of the prop poison out of the Pod with his gloved hand, thus giving the effect of having spit the poison out.
NOTE 19—The machete may be thrown by either the Puppeteer or Seymour. After the machete is thrown, the Pod is completely still until the screens close.

NOTE 20—As soon as screens are fully closed, the Puppeteer in Pod #4 stands quickly and moves to a position just behind the screens. Simultaneously, the stage r. and l. work tables are pushed us. and Grabbing Branches are cleared, so there will be room for the assembled Finale Plant, just behind the closed screens. Stage Crew enters with the Finale Branches, equipped with foam rubber life-cast "Dead Faces," and clips the Finale Branches to the Pod. These large pieces are held up and supported from behind by Stage Crew who also operate the hand-puppet-like moving mouths of the life-casts.

When the screens open, the complete Finale Plant should be in place and ready to move ds. On solo lines in the song DON'T FEED THE PLANTS, the mouths of the rubber life-casts lip-sync the words. The actual singing may be on tape, or sung on offstage microphones by the cast.

On the words, "LOOKOUT, HERE COMES AUDREY TWO," the entire Plant begins to move as far ds. as is safe and practical:

At the very end of the show (see pages 95–96) vines which have been rigged in drop-boxes suspended over the auditorium are sprung. During the ensuing blackout, the entire Plant backs us. into curtain call position.
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#1 LITTLE SHOP PROLOGUE

OFF STAGE SPEECH

LITTLE SHOP

GIRLS

LITTLE SHOP LITTLE SHOP LITTLE SHIORA TERROR

CALL A COP LITTLE SHORA TERROR NO OH OH NO - NO

NO CRYSTAL

MONETTE


SHING-A-LING WHAT A CREEPY THING TO BE HAPPENING LOOK

SHING-A-LING SHING-A-LING THING HAPPEN-ING
LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOP-A HOREAS
OH OH NO
OH OH N
NO
(GIRLS CURL THEIR WAISTS)

(NUDE CRASH)

WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE?

NOTHING MR. MUSHNIK!

TICK TOCKS

CUE: AUDREY ENTERS SHOP
TEMPO AD LIB (CRYSTAL)

A-larn goes off at seven and you startup town you put in your 8 hours for the人物's have always

BEEN 'TIL IT'S FIVE P. M. (GIRLS) THEN YOU GO

DOWN TOWN WHERE THE FOLKS ARE BROKE WHERE YOU GO DOWN TOWN WHERE YOUR LIFE'S A JOKE WHERE YOU GO

DOWN TOWN WHEN YOU BUY YOUR TOKEN YOU GO HOME TO SKID ROW (HOME TO SKID ROW)

CRYSTAL (GIRLS)

DOWN TOWN WHERE THE CABS DON'T STOP DOWN TOWN WHERE THE FOOD IS SLOP

MUSHUK
DOWN TOWN WHERE THE HOP-HEADS FLOP IN THE SNOW.

DOWN ON SKID ROW.

(BRIDGE) GIRLS

UP-TOWN YOU CA-TER TO A MILLION JERKS UP-TOWN YOU'RE MESS-ENGERS AND MAIL-ROOM CLERKS

EAT-IN' ALL YOUR LUNCHES AT THE HOT DOG CARTS—THE BOSS-ESTAKE YOUR MONEY AND THEY BREAK YOUR HEARTS AND

UP-TOWN YOU CA-TER TO A MILLION WHORES, YOU DIG-IN-FECTEURS IN THEIR BATH-ROOM FLOORS, YOUR

MUSHNIK & WINDS

MORNING-BLUL-A-TION AFTER-NOON'S A CURSE—AND FIVE O'CLOCK IS EVEN WORSE—

THAT'S WHEN YOU GO
Downtown where the guys are drips—
Downtown where they rip your slips—

Downtown where relationships are no go—
Downtown where skid row—

Row—
Row—
Row—

Downtown skid row, skid row,
downtown skid row,
downtown skid row,

Poor all my life—'ve always been poor—
I keep asking God—what'm I for—

And he tells me "Gee I'm not sure"—
"Sweep that floor kid"
OH!
I STARTED LIFE AS AN ORPHAN CHILD OF THE STREET, HERE ON SKID ROW.

HE TOOK ME IN, GAVE ME SHELTER, A BED, CRUST OF BREAD AND A JOB.

(TREATED LIKE DIRT CALLS ME A SLOB WHICH I AM)

SO I LIVE.

(SLIGHTLY SLOWER)

THAT'S YOUR HOME ADDRESS YOU LIVE
WHEN YOUR LIFE'S A MESS YOU LIVE

DOWNTOWN
DOWNTOWN

WHERE DEPRESSIONS JUST STAND TO DOD

DOWNTOWN
DOWNTOWN

DOWN ON SKID
(Seymour)

Some one show me a way to get out—a here
cause I constantly pray I'll get out—a here

(All)

Row

Please, sir, don't go to far, I'll get out—a here
some one give me my shot or I'll rot here

Row

Show me now and I will I'll get out—a here
I'll start climbing up hill and get out—a here

Down-town there's no rules for us
Down-town 'cause it's dangerous

Some one tell me I still could get out—a here
Some one tell lady luck that I'm stuck here

(Except Audrey)

Down-town where the rainbow's just a no-show
When you live

(Seymour + Audrey)

God it sure would be swell to get out—a here
Bid the gutter farewell and get out—a here

Down-town where the sun don't shine
Down-town past the bottom line
#38 DA - DOO

Girls

DA

Doo

SHOOP DA - DOO

SNIP DA - DOO

DA DA DA DA DA DA Doo

NOPE DA - DOO

GOOD FOR YOU

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

DA -

Doo OOPS - EE - DOO
A-U-BREY TWO

SHA LA LA LA LA LA LA DOO DOO DOO DOO
#4 GROW FOR ME

I've given you
sunny - 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
plant food - And water to sip - I've given you potash - You've given me
zip - Oh God how I miss you - Oh Poo how you tease - Now
please
Grow for me. I've given you
southern exposure to get you to thrive I've backed you back hard like I'm supposed to - You're
BARELY A-LIVE I'VE TRIED YOU AT LEVELS OF MOISTURE FROM DESSERT TO MUD I'VE

GIVEN YOU GROWLIGHTS AND MINERAL SUPPLEMENTS, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME BLOOD?

2 x 5

4 x 5

VAMP

I'VE GIVEN YOU

SUN-LIGHT I'VE GIVEN YOU RAIN LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT HAPPY LESS I OP-EN A

VEIN I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW DROPS IF THAT'LL AP-PEASE NOW

A TEMPO

PLEASE OH PLEASE

"GROW FOR ME?"

ATTAKA
#5 You Never Know

LAST TIME:

CUE: SEYMOUR: "I'd like to remind our listeners . . . ."

CUE: MUSHNIK: "The address! The address!"

MUSHNIK: "Oh well it's great advertising!"

I can't believe it—It couldn't be happening. Pinch me girls—It couldn't be happening.

ALL OF THIS SUDDEN SUCCESS—COMING OUT OF THE BLUE—

Doo Doot Doo Doot Doo Doot Doo Doo Doo
I put a sign up—right in the front window.

Advertisement right in the front window.

Stop in and see the amazing new plant Audrey two two too.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.

The really remarkable thing is that people they do.

Doo doo doo doo doo they sure doo doo.

Sexy monkey that twirl of a klutz finally did something right Audrey two.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo.

Drives 'em nuts what a blessing this.

Wonderful plant should exist and should rake in the bucks for me hand over fist.

Dialogue.

One day he...
(RONETTE)

PUSHED A BROOM NO THING IN HIS NEWS BUT GLOOM AND DOOM. THEN HE LIT A FUSE. AND

GIVE HIM ROOM STAND A-SIDE AND WATCH THAT NOT-A BLOW. CHIFFON EXPLOSION!

BANG KER-BOOM.” DON’T IT GO TO SHOW YOU NEVER KNOW CHIFFON SEYMOUR WAS

IN A FUNK. HE WAS NUMBER ZERO WHO’D A THUNK HE’D BECOME A HERO

JUST A FUNK. HE WAS A FORGET-TOON SO AND SO. THEN ONE DAY

“CRASH KER-PUNK.” DON’T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW.

All the world used to screw him — BIFF, KHAM, POW. NOW THEY INTERVIEW HIM

Ah

AND THEY CLAMOR TO PUT HIS REMARKS ON THE AIR

Ah
ALL THE WORLD USED TO HATE HIM

NOW THEY START IN'T APPRECIATE HIM

AND ALL BECAUSE OF THAT STRANGE LITTLE PLANT OVER THERE

OBSERVE HIM

HERES A CHAP EVERYTHING IS LAND ING IN HIS LAP I JUST CUT MY HAND AND

IN A SNAP SOMETHING OUT OF EDGAR ALLEN POE HAS HAPPENED

(OH) GIRLS

Doo Wap!

(ZAM KA-ZAP) DONT IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW ONE DAY YOURE

SINGIN HASH FEEL IN SO REJECTED LIGHT-NIN FLASH YOU GET RESURRECTED
MAKE A SPLASH NOW YOU RATTLE THE BIG BRA-US-SI-MD AND WITH A

THUNDER CRASH "CRASH KER-PLUNK" "BAM KER BOOM"

"ZANG KA-ZUNK," "ZAM KA-ZOOM," "ZOW-EE, POW-EE," "HOLY COW!" HE

ORDER UP A RAIN-BOW TO GO "WOW POW!" LOOK OUT BE-LOW" DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YOU NEVER KNOW.
#6  SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN

Audrey

I know Seymour's the greatest but I'm dating a semi-sarcastic so I 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.

TEMPO PROD RUBATO 15

MATCHBOX OF OUR OWN  A FENCE OF REAL CHAIN
LINK A GRILL OUT ON THE PATIO
POSAL IN THE SINK A WASHER AND A DRIPPER
ER 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 GETTY CROCKER AND I
LOOK LIKE DONNA REED THERE'S PLASTIC ON OUR
FURNITURE TO KEPT IT NEAT AND CLEAN IN THE
PINE SOL SCENTED AIR SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN
TWEEN OUR FROZEN DINNER AND OUR BED-TIME NINE FIFTEEN
WE SNUGGLE WATCHING LUCY ON OUR
BIG E. NORMOUS TWELVE INCH SCREEN IN
HIS DECENDER BRIDE—HE'S FATHER—HE KNOWS BEST
OUR KIDS WATCH HOWDY DOODY AS THE
SUNSET'S IN THE WEST A PICTURE OUT OF
BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS MAGAZINE
SAR FROM SKID ROW I DREAM WE'LL
GO SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN

25
Closed for renovation

For spiffing up and expanding 'cause customers are flocking and
business has been booming we need refrigeration in our new improved display so we're

Closed for renovation today.

So now we're due for painting, new
PLUMBING AND RE-tiling we'll make a shipshape showplace of a little shop and then to-mor-row we'll be open

(SONG)

we're

closed for ren-o-va-tion for swabbing down and broom-ing 'cause busi-ness has been thriv-ing since

S.M.

and A.

...
OTHER BUNCH OF PEONIES

GERANIUMS ANEMONES

ANOTHER DOZEN DAISIES PLEASE.

FOREVER WITH GRATIS HOME DELIVERIES ON PAY IN FULL AND C.O.D.'S

GET-ME-NOTS AND FLEURS-DE-LIS.

WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION TODAY.
#8 BE A DENTIST

When I was young er just a bad little kid
My ma ma noticed funny things I did

Like shootin' poppies with a B.B. gun
I'd poison guppies and when I was done

I'd find a rusty cat and bash in its head
That's when my ma ma said (Crystal, Rosette, Chiffon)

Say? She said "My boy I think some day
You'll find a way to make your natural tendencies pay You'll be a

V.S.
DEN-TIST
YOU HAVE A TA-LENT FOR CAUSING THINGS PAIN SON, BE A

CRYSTAL: RONETTE CHIFFON

YOU’LL BE A DEN-TIST PAIN!

DEN-TIST
PEOPLE WILL PAY YOU TO BE IN-HU-MANE. YOUR

SON, BE A DEN-TIST IN-HU-MANE.

TEM-PER-AMEN WRONG FOR THE PRIEST-HOOD AND TEACHING WOULD SUIT YOU STILL LESS SON, BE A

AH

DEN-TIST
YOU’LL BE A SUCC-ESS.

DEN-TIST
YOU’LL BE A SUCC-ESS HEREHE IS GIRLS THE LEAD-ER OF THE PLAQUE.

CRISTAL: RONETTE

WATCH HIM SUCK UP THAT GAS OH MY GOD. HE’S A DEN-TIST AND HE’LL NEVER EVER BE AN-Y GOOD

ALL 3

WHO WANTS YOUR TEETH DONE BY THE MAR-RAS DE SAD-E OH THAT HURTS I’M NOT NUMB

AW SHUT
UP OPEN WIDE HERE I COME! I AM YOUR

DE-ENTIST AND I ENJOY THE CAREER THAT I PICKED I AM YOUR

DE-ENTIST GOOD-NESS GRA-CIOUS DO YOU LOVE IT!

DE-ENTIST AND I GET OFF ON THE PAIN I INFLICT WHEN

DE-ENTIST FITTING BRACES DO YOU REALLY LOVE IT.

I START EXTRACTING YOUR MOLARS YOU GIRLS WILL BE SREAMING LIKE HOLY ROLLERS

OO DON'T TRY IT DO AH

AND THO' IT MAY CAUSE MY PATIENTS DISTRESS

DE-ENTIST DO DISTRESS
SOMEBODY IN HEAVEN: ABOVE ME— I KNOW THAT MY MAMA'S PROUD OF ME

...CAUSE I'M A DENTIST... AND A SUCCESSFUL DENTIST...

CESSID SAYS AH SAY

AH! NOW

(A TEMPO) SPIT!

5 82-86
HE'LL THINK A-BOUT IT

HE'LL THINK A-BOUT IT

GOTT IN Himmel NO THE KID JUST SAID HED MULL IT OU-ER

IF HE LEFT ME IF SEYMOUR LEFT ME WHY THEN I'D BE RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED WHEN I WAS

BROKE AND STARVING

CLOSE TO BANKRUPT BE-SET BE-F UDDLED AND BE REF

THAT'S WHAT I'D BE IF SEYMOUR LEFT

SIR

SEYMOUR 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! Say-Mour I want to be your dad!

I want to see you climbing up my family tree I used to think you left a stench but now I see that you're a mess! So I'm proposing be my son!

Musik and son sounds great there.

Words with the ring of fate so say you'll incorporate fate with me a florist's

Dream come true Musik and his boy-chik

You what business we'll do for F. T.
MUSH-NIK AND SON

THAT'S THAT!

FINALLY I'M YOUR BRAT

CONSIDER THE MATTER

CLOSED AND DONE

NOW TO THE

WORLD LET'S STICK

OUR SENIOR AND JUNIOR

SCHTICK! THRU THIN AND THRU THICK

THRU

SLIP-PY AND SLICK

(SEE: SO COME KISS ME QUICK

LM: PLEASE

DON'T MAKE ME SICK (BOTH: MUSH-NIK

AND

SON

)

36
Sudden Changes

Lady Luck came and found me
Thanks a million for making the magic you do

Thanks to you, sweet petunia

"Mushnik's takin' aussenah and some day when I own this whole shop, I'll remember I owe it to you"

Seymour: "See you later!"
#11 GIT IT

AUDREY: FEED ME FEED ME FEED ME

"SEY-MOUR FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG" SPOKEN: "THAT'S RIGHT BOY, YOU CAN DO IT."

HA HA HA... "CAUSE IF YOU FEED ME SEY-MOUR I CAN GROW UP BIG AND STRONG.

WOULD YOU LIKE A CADILLAC CAR? OR A GUEST SHOT ON JACK PAAR HOW ABOUT A DATE WITH HE-DY LA-MAR? YOU GONNA GET IT

HOW DO YOU LIKE TO BE... A BIG WHEEL DIN-IN OUT FOR EVERY MEAL?"
I'M THE PLANT CAN MAKE IT ALL REAL YOU GONNA GET IT

I'M YOUR GENIE I'M YOUR FRIEND I'M YOUR WILLING SLAVE

TAKE A CHANCE JUST FEEL ME AND YOU KNOW THE KIND OF EATS THE KIND OF RED HOT TREATS THE KIND OF

STICKY LICKY SWEETS I CRAVE — COME ON SEYMOUR DON'T BE A PUTZ

TRUST ME AND YOUR LIFE'LL SURELY RIVAL KING TUT'S SHOW A LITTLE INITIATIVE WORK OF THE GUYS AND YOU'LL

SEYMOUR

GET IT I DON'T KNOW I DON'T

OH DON'T KNOW

I HAVE SO MANY

KNOW I DON'T KNOW

SO SO MANY

39
STRONG RESERVATIONS

GO AND PERFORM MULTICATION

LACTIONS THINK ABOUT A ROOM AT THE RITZ

WRAPPED IN VELOUR COVERED IN GLITZ A LITTLE NOOKIE GONNA CLEAN UP YO' ZITS AND YOU'LL GET IT

SEE NICK A HARLEY MACHINE TOOLIN' A-ROUND LIKE I WAS JAMES DEAN

Makin' all the guys on the corner turn green so go get it

AND IF YOU WANNA BE PROFOUND IF YOU REALLY GOT TO JUSTIFY

GIRLS

AH
TAKE A BREATH LOOK AROUND A LOTTA FOLKS DESERVE TO DIE.

AH

SEYMOUR

IF YOU WANT A RATIONAL IT

IF YOU WANT A RATIONAL IT

ISN'T VERY HARD TO SEE STOP AND THINK IT OVER PAL THE

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

GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME

YOU NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH

YOU NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH

SO GO GET IT!
ORIN: "I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT." (SEYMOUR)

(ORIN)

GAS-SING HIMSELF TO A PALPABLE STUPOR, THE TIMES IS DEAR AND THE MOMENT IS SUITABLE TO... READY AND FIRE AND BLOW THE SICK BASTARD AWAY (HA-HA-HA, ETC)

(ORIN)

Flicker of pressure right here on the trigger and AUDREY won't have to put up with that pig for another day.

NOW FOR THE GIRL. NOW FOR THE PLANT.

NOW, YES I WILL, BUT I CAN'T. (DIALOGUE)

CHE: ORIN: "HEY SEYMOUR..."
DON'T BE FOOL... I SHOULD GIGGLE LIKE A MARY HAPPIER Dope ITS JUST THE
DOOD A DODA accel.
GSR. ITS GON' ME HIGH, BUT DON'T LET THAT FACT DECEIVE YOU # ANY MOMENT I COULD
DIE. THE I GIGGLE AND I CHORTLE BECAUSE I DID I'M NOT IMMORTAL WHY THIS
WHILE THING STAYS HE FINALLY I DONT KNOW. 'CAUSE IT REALLY IS A ROTTEN WAY TO
GO.

SEYMOUR

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A ETHICAL DILEMMA LESS I HELP HIM GET THE MASK REMOVED HE DUNNO A PRAYER TO THE
GOD WAS NEVER FIRED BUT THE WAY EVENTS TRANSPARED I COULD FINISH HIM WITH SIMPLE LAISSEZ FAIRE.

SEYMOUR

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A TRICK. MORAL PROBLEM SHOULD I HELP REMOVE THE MASK OR LET HIM GO FOR LACK OF AIR, COULDN'T

NOW DO IT NOW HELP ME

V.S.
Shout him when I tried but the fates are on my side I could off the only by staying in the chair.

Now!

(SLOW-TEMPO II) (S.O.S.)

Don't be fooled if I should chuckle like H.E.-was in a zoo it's just the gas! It turns me on. But don't let my laugh deceive you. A very moment I'll be gone. All my vital signs are failing cause the smoke I'm inhaling makes it difficult as hell to catch my breath.

Dumb or hard of hearing or re-living an end is nearing. Are you satisfied I've laughed myself to death?

Y.S.
# 13 A-CODA

(TEMPO, AD LIB)  (CRYSTAL)

SHING-A-LING  WHAT A CREEPY THING TO BE

(CHIFFON)  (KONETTE)  SHING-A-LANG,

FEEL THE STORM AND DRANG IN THE AIR.

(ROCK TEMPO)
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING

FLOWERS FOR A PROM CORSAGE.
FLOWERS FOR AN EN-TOUR-AGE

FLOWERS TO THE FUNERAL HOME LEAVING FROM ST. ANDREWS ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NINTH AND VINE.

FORTY DOLLARS HOLD THE LINE

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING THEY'LL
Can you hold? The be there in the morning.

Audrey

Rose Bowl. Seymour the Rose Bowl you know that big inflated estimate we wrote—

For the Rose Bowl well it's the Rose Bowl seems they want to buy the flowers here for ev'ry single float

(Spoken: You can't keep the tournament waiting) Mushnik and

Audrey

Can you hold? Can you hold? Just a minute

Seymour

Son please hold it's just as the plant foretold it's
MUSH-NIK AND
BUSINESS LIKE WHO'D HAVE EVER GUessed.

SON PLEASE WAIT THE BUSINESS IS DOING GREAT SO

THAT WAS ME THAT WAS ME ON CHANNEL THREE

WHY AM I FEELING SO DEPRESSED?

SEVEN THOUSAND BOU-TAN-NIERS CARNATIONS OR THE YELLOW ROSES?

HOLY HOLKS ARE HAR-DI-ER WHICH DOES YOUR WIFE PREFER?

PLEASE I'VE ONLY GOT TWO EARS, AL-LEGIC TO CHRYS-A-NTHI-MUMS

WERE YOU
WAITING LONG I'M SORRY SIR ONE MINUTE AND I'LL GET HER FOR YOU

FIRST SINGER

SHE

HER? I THOUGHT WE FINISHED YESTERDAY.

SECOND SINGER

SORRY THAT'S THE RIGHT AMOUNT.

AUGUST THE NEW ACCOUNT

SIR I'M TOO WOUNDED TO FIGHT

SECOND SINGER

SORRY THAT'S SIX O'CLOCK.

IT'S A RITUAL

DAISIES ONLY COME IN WHITE

SECOND SINGER

SORRY THOSE ARE OUT OF STOCK.

CALL BACK IN THE MORNING, WON'T YOU?

SECOND SINGER

CALL BACK IN THE MORNING, THANK YOU.

CALL BACK IN THE MORNING WILL YOU?

SECOND SINGER

CALL BACK IN THE MORNING, CAN YOU?

CALL BACK IN THE MORNING.

CALL BACK IN THE MORNING.
SUDENLY SEYMOUR

LIFT UP YOUR HEAD—WASH OFF YOUR MASCARA—HERE TAKE MY TIE—NEEK WIFE THAT
LIPSTICK AWAY—SHOW ME YOUR FACE—CLEAN A STRAIGHT-NIN—I KNOW THINGS WERE BAD BUT
NOW THEY'RE OKAY SUDDENLY

SEYMOUR IS STANDING BEHIND YOU YOU DON'T NEED NO MAKE UP DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND SUDDENLY
SEYMOUR IS HERE TO PROVIDE YOU SWEET UNDERSTANDING

SEYMOUR'S YOUR
(Audrey) Nobody ever treated me kindly
Daddy left early, Mama was poor

I'd meet a man and I'd follow him blindly
He's swap his fingers me, I'd say

"Sure!"

Suddenly

Seymour is standing beside me
He don't give me orders
He don't condescend

Suddenly

Seymour is here to provide me, sweet under
Standing

Seymour, my friend

(Seymour) Tell me this feeling lasts till forever
Tell me the bad times are cleaned away

Please understand that it's still strange and frightening for losers like I've been
It's so hard to say.

Suddenly

53
AUDREY

SEYMOUR

HE PURIFIED

ME

SUDDENLY

SUDDENLY SEYMOUR

HE PURIFIED YOU

SEYMOUR showed me I CAN

LEARNED HOW TO

SUDDENLY SEYMOUR AH

YES YOU CAN

(AUD + SEY)

BE MORE THE GIRL THAT'S INSIDE ME (YOU)

WITH SWEET UN- DER

BE MORE THE GIRL THAT'S INSIDE YOU

(S.A.)

STANDING WITH SWEET UN- DER STANDING WITH SWEET UN- DER

STANDING WITH SWEET UN- DER

STANDING WITH SWEET UN- DER

STANDING SEYMOUR YOUR MAN

STANDING SEYMOUR YOUR MAN
MUSICAL: "It's hard to keep things clean
around here, especially when they
only remove our garbage once
a month."

THIS... a dentist's uniform.  

*Audrey* II

He's got your number now.

He knows just what you've done.

You got no place to hide.

You got no where to run.

He knows your life of crime.

I think it's supertime.
HE'S GOT HIS FACTS ALL STRAIGHT-

YOU KNOW HE'S ON YOUR TRAIL-

HE'S GONNA TURN YOU IN-

THEY'RE GONNA PUT YOU IN JAIL-

HE'S GOT THE GOODS AND I'M-

ALL SET FOR SUPPER-TIME-

COME ON COME ON THINK ABOUT ALL THOSE FEARS-

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 SPOKES

WHEN HE'S GONE THE WORLD WILL BE YOURS

COME ON COME ON

COME ON COME ON

COME ON COME ON

IT'S

SUPPER TIME

SUPPER TIME

SUPPER TIME

(VAMP)

CHE: MUSH WIK KNOCKS DO PLANT

PSYCHEDELIC DEATH SOUNDS (CLUSTERS)

FINE
#17 THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT

(DIALOGUE)

1-8

(VAMP UNDER DIALOGUE)

CUE: "SEYMOUR"

"SWEETHEART"  "DOLL FACE"  "BUBBLETA"

BERNSTEIN

Hey Seymour, krelbourne you prince-you
My name is Bernstein, I'm with N.B.C.

I came down here to convince-you
To do a weekly T.V. show for me

Seymour krelbourne gardening

Tips
For half an hour on Sundays at four

T.V.'s first home gardening
34

PROGRAM.

YOU'LL MAKE A MINT AND OUR

37

RATINGS WILL SOAR.

CHORUS I

GIRLS

THEY SAY THE MEK SHALL IN-HER-IT.

YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE.

40

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MER-IT

IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

44

THEY SAY THE MEK GON'NA GET IT,

AND YOU'RE A MEK-LITTLE GUY.

48

YOU KNOW THE MEK ARE GON'NA GET WHAT'S COM-IN' TO 'EM BY AND
(1st X) \[ \text{BY.} \]

CUE: "CUTIE"

"SWEETNESS"  "SEYMOUR"  "BABYDOLL"

(MRS. LUCE)

I'd like a word with you Lou-Er. I'm sure you know me, the Ed-i-tors wife.

We want your face on the cou-er of the De-cem-ber third is-sue of Life.

Yes the front of Life Ma-ga-zine.

Now that's an honor we so sel-dom grant.

We'll send some-one down, let's say Thurs-day for shots of you and your beau-ti-ful plant.
They say the meek shall inherit it. You know the book doesn't lie.

It's not a question of meekness. 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.

(First x)

Cue: Skip, snip, William Morris Agency

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 KIND OF BOOKINGS MY OFFICE CAN DO.

SHOW THE PLANT, THEN TALK, ANSWER QUESTIONS.

IT'S EDUCATIONAL LUCRATIVE TOO. MY FUTURE'S

STARTING I'VE GOT TO LET IT. STICK WITH THAT

PLANT AND SEE MY BANK ACCOUNT WILL THRIVE. WHAT AM I

SAYING NO WAY, FORGET IT. IT'S MUCH TOO

DANGEROUS TO KEEP THAT PLANT ALIVE. I TAKE THESE
OF-FERS THAT MEANS MORE KILLING WHO KNEW Suc-CESS WOULD COME WITH MES-SY NAS-TY STRINGS. I SIGN THESE

CON-TRACTS THAT MEANS I'M WILLING TO KEEP ON

DO-ING BLOOD-Y, AWFUL, EVIL THINGS.

NO NO THERE'S ONLY SO FAR YOU CAN BEND.

NO NO THIS NIGHT-MARE MUST COME TO AN END.

NO NO YOU'VE GOT NO AL-TER-NA-TIVE SEX-HOURLY BOY THO' IT

MEANS YOU'LL BE BROKE A-GAIN AND UN-EMPLOYED IT'S THE ON-LY SO-LU-TION IT CAN'T BE A-VOID-ED THE

VEG-ET-A-BLE MUST BE DE-STROYED BUT THEN THERE'S

V.S.
AUDREY, LOVELY AUDREY,

IF LIFE WERE TAW-DRY AND I'M-PON-RICHED AS BE-FORE SHE MIGHT NOT

LIKE ME. SHE MAY NOT WANT ME WITHOUT MY PLANTS SHE MIGHT NOT LOVE ME AN-Y-

MORE.

(SHEMAY)

WHERE DO I SIGN? RIGHT ON THE

(THEY SAY THE HEIR SHALL IN-HER-IT.) YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE.

LINE. THAT'LL DO FINE THIS COPY'S

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF HER-IT. IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

MINE. COULDN'T GO WRO-NG BYE BYE SO LONG

YOU'LL MAKE A FOR-TUNE WE SWEAR IT. IF ON THIS FACT YOU RE-ELY.
YOU KNOW THE NEEK ARE GON'NA GET WHAT'S COM- IN' TO 'EM
YOU KNOW THE NEEK ARE GON'NA GET WHAT'S COM- IN' TO 'EM
YOU KNOW THE NEEK ARE GON'NA GET WHAT'S COM- IN' TO 'EM
YOU KNOW THE NEEK ARE GON'NA GET WHAT'S COM- IN' TO 'EM
YOU KNOW THE NEEK ARE GON'NA GET WHAT'S COM- IN' TO 'EM
AND                          BYE...
#19 - Sominex Supertime II (Reprise)

(AUDREY) "Mm Mm, no way"

CUE: SEYMOUR: "It's my last offer, yes or no?"

PLANT: "It's better than nothing."

(SEYMOUR) "Done, Sue, great and don't expect any dessert."

(AUDREY)

I COULDN'T SLEEP I TOOK A SOMI-NEK BUT

VOICES IN MY HEAD KEEP SAYING GO TO SEYMOUR TALK TO SEYMOUR

I DRANK SOME TEA BUT SEE THE FEELING WASN'T GONE

SEYMOUR SWEETHEART TELL ME DARLING WHAT'S BEEN GOING

(AUDREY) "Hello, Hey little lady hel-lo..."

(AUDREY: SPOKEN) "Who said that?"

YOU'RE LOOKIN' CUTE AS CAN BE

(AUDREY): "Is somebody in there?"

YOU'RE LOOKIN' MIGHTY SWEET

(AUDREY): "Seymour?"
NO IT AIN'T SEY-MOUR

"IT'S ME!"

"OH MY GOD!"

YOUR FRIENDLY AUDREY TWO

THIS PLANT IS TALKING TO YOU

"BELIEVE IT BABY IT TALKS"

"AND YOU AIN'T IN KANSAS NEITHER"

"SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG"

CUE: "I'M A GONER HONEY"

"HERE"

COME ON AND GIVE ME A DRINK"

"I DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD"

HEY LITTLE LADY BE NICE"

"YOU JUST WANT WATER, RIGHT?"

SURE DO I'LL DRINK IT STRAIGHT"

"YOUR BEANCHES ARE DRY"

"POOR THING"

DON'T NEED NO GLASS AND NO ICE"

"I'LL GET THE CAR"

DON'T NEED NO TWIST OF LIME"

"HERE WE GO!"
AND NOW IT'S ALL PER-TIME

FASTER

(VAMP)
19B "DEATH OF AUDREY"

19C "GREEN REPRISE"

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
I'M FEELING STRANGELY HAPPY
NOW - CONTENTED AND SERENE

OH DON'T YOU SEE
FIN'LY I'LL BE

SOMewhere THAT'S GREEN
CUE: "I've got a truck waiting outside" (SLOW) 5

RONETTE

SUBSEQUENT TO THE EVENTS YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED

SIMILAR EVENTS IN CITIES ACROSS AMERICA

EVENTS WHICH BORE A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO THE ONES YOU HAVE JUST SEEN BEGAN ACCELERATING

CURIOUS

SUBSEQUENT TO THE EVENTS YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED

UNUSUAL REACTING TELLS FROM MAINLAND TO CALIFORNIA MADE THE REACTION

QUAIN TALE A NEW BREED OF FLY-TRAP AND GOT SWEET-TAILED INTO FEEDING IT

BLOOD

THUS THE PLANTS WORKED THEIR TERRIBLE
WILL FINDING JERKS WHO WOULD FEED THEM THEIR FILL AS THE
PLANTS PROCEEDED TO GROW AND GROW AND BE-
GIN WHAT THEY CAME HERE TO DO WHICH WAS ESSENTIALLY
TO EAT CLEVELAND AND DES MOINES
AND PEORIA AND NEW YORK AND THIS
THEATER

THE DEAD:

MUSHNIK
SEYMOUR
OR AUDREY

THEY MAY OFFER YOU FORTUNE AND FAME LOVE AND MONEY AND INSTANT ACCLAIM

52 BUT WHAT EVER THEY OFFER YOU DON'T FEED THE PLANTS

MUSHNIK
SEYMOUR

THEY MAY OFFER YOU LOTS OF CHEAP THRILLS FANCY CONDOS IN BEVERLY HILLS

56 BUT WHAT EVER THEY OFFER YOU DON'T FEED THE PLANTS
GIRLS & AUDREY!

LOOK OUT HERE COMES AUDREY TWO

AUDREY II

LOOK OUT HERE I COME FOR YOU

MEN

HERE I COME FOR YOU HERE I COME FOR YOU

(GIRLS & AUD.)

HOLD YOUR HAT AND HANG ON

HOLD YOUR HAT AND HANG ON

HERE I COME FOR YOU

TO YOUR SOUL SOMETHINGS COMING TO EAT THE WORLD WHOLE

IF WE FIGHT IT NEVER STILGot A CHANCE BUT WHAT EVER THEY OF-
Fer you
Tho' they're slop-pin' the trough for you

Please whate'er they of fer you don't feed the plants

We'll have to-mor'roo

Don't feed the plants

(Segue, playoff)