

SEYMOUR

His son. I'm his son.

#9A – Sudden Changes

(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.)

Who cares if I've been a little on the anemic side these past few weeks? So what if I've had a few dizzy spells, a little lightheadedness. It's been worth it, old pal.

(HE puts the bucket away up C. and starts toward the door.)

Well, Twoey. I'm a little hungry. I'm gonna run down to Shmendrik's and get a bite to eat. I'll see you later...

(MUSIC CUE: WILT. THE PLANT "wilts" suddenly, tilting sharply to one side and remaining there, very still.)

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.)

AUDREY II

Feed me!

SEYMOUR

I beg your pardon?

AUDREY II

Feed me!

SEYMOUR

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

AUDREY II

Feed me, Krelborn! Feed me now!

SEYMOUR

(looking at hand)

I can't!

AUDREY II

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—

AUDREY II

(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...

AUDREY II

More! More!

SEYMOUR

I haven't got any more. What do you want me to do? Slit my wrists?

(AUDREY II 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?

AUDREY II

Must be blood!

SEYMOUR

Twoey, that's disgusting.

AUDREY II

Must be fresh!

SEYMOUR

I don't want to hear this.

#10 – *Git It*

SEYMOUR

(rises and crosses up C., toward workroom)

You eat blood, Audrey Two. Let's face it. How'm I supposed to keep on feeding you?
Kill people?

AUDREY II

I'll make it worth your while.

SEYMOUR

(stops dead in his tracks)

What?

AUDREY II

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

SEYMOUR

(moves L.C. of AUDREY II)

Look, you're a plant. An inanimate object.

AUDREY II

(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?

AUDREY II

Like deliver, pal. Like see you get everything your secret, greasy heart desires.