

Seymour, Audrey, Mushnik

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

25

laughter from MUSHNIK, AUDREY, and SEYMOUR in the shop. Then MUSHNIK takes charge:)

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

SEYMOUR. An Audrey Two.

MUSHNIK. Put that Audrey Two in the window where the passers-by can see. My God, I'd never have believed it. (*crossing stage R. to prepare to leave: taking off sweater, putting on coat, hat, and scarf*) My children, I'm taking us all to dinner!

(*MUSIC out*)

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

(*She crosses to coat rack up c.*)

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

AUDREY. (*putting on her jacket*) He's a professional.

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

AUDREY. He's a rebel, Mr. Mushnik. But he makes good money. And besides . . . he's the only fella I've got. Enjoy dinner. Goodnight, Seymour.

SEYMOUR. Goodnight.

(*AUDREY exits.*)

MUSHNIK. (*collecting his newspaper from R. work table*) Poor girl.

SEYMOUR. Are we still going to dinner?

(*[MUSIC 3-D.] THE PLANT wilts. [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 1]*)

MUSHNIK. (*crossing c. to SEYMOUR*) You're not going anywhere, Krelborn. You're staying right here and taking care of this sick plant. How come it's fainting all the time?

SEYMOUR. I told you, it's been giving me trouble. It just *wilts* like this. The Audrey Two is not a healthy girl.

MUSHNIK. Strictly between us, neither is the Audrey One.

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

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

SEYMOUR. I know.

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

SEYMOUR. I know.

MUSHNIK. (*turns*) You do?

SEYMOUR. I do.

MUSHNIK. So fix! Goodnight.

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

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

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

Audrey, Chiffon, Ronnette & Crystal

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.

Orin, Seymour, Audrey

ORIN. (*Continued, MUSIC OUT sharply as door opens and he pokes his head in.*) Hey, how ya doin'?

SEYMOUR. Fine, thank you. But the shop's closed.

ORIN. (*enters shop*) I'm not here to shop, I'm here to . . . (*sees THE PLANT and crosses to it*) Hey. This must be that plant they're talkin' about on the news. Whatdya call it?

SEYMOUR. An Audrey Two.

ORIN. Cute name. Catchy. Nice plant. Big.

SEYMOUR. Thank you, I raised it myself. Now, if you don't mind I'm not really supposed to let anyone . . .

ORIN. I hear it's some kind of new species or something.

SEYMOUR. That's what they tell me. But you'll have to leave now, we . . .

AUDREY. (*enters from back room*) It's okay, Seymour. This is my boyfriend. Seymour, Orin Scrivello. (*ORIN snaps a finger at her.*) D.D.S.

ORIN. (*putting an arm around SEYMOUR*) I'll tell you something, guy. You say you raised this thing, right?

SEYMOUR. Right.

ORIN. (*punctuating his remarks with friendly but painful little*

side-jabs, arm-punches, and neck-grabs) Well if I were you I sure as hell wouldn't keep it under a barrel down in a Skid Row dump like this. This avocado here could be your ticket to the stars. You could take it to any florist shop in town and name your price. Hell, somebody'd make you a goddam *partner* to get their hands on this.

SEYMOUR. I don't care. I'm happy here.

AUDREY. Seymour's very loyal.

ORIN. (*drops SEYMOUR and turns to her sharply*) Somebody talking to you?

AUDREY. Oh . . . no . . . (*beat*) Excuse me.

ORIN. Excuse me what?

AUDREY. Excuse me, *doctor*.

ORIN. (*pleased*) That's better.

Seymour , Audrey 2

PLANT. *Feed me!*

SEYMOUR. I beg your pardon?

PLANT. *Feed me!*

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

PLANT. Feed me, Krelborn! Feed me now!

SEYMOUR. (*looking at hand*) I can't!

PLANT. I'm starving!

SEYMOUR. (*He rips off a band-aid, outstretches his hand over the pod, and tries to squeeze something from a finger.*) Oh boy, look, maybe I can squeeze a little out of this one, but—

PLANT. (*Still in upright position, it "nibbles" at the air, hoping*

that something will drop from SEYMOUR's fingertips.) I need some food!

SEYMOUR. I know, I know, but you can't get blood from a . . .

PLANT. More! More!

SEYMOUR. I haven't got any more. What do you want me to do? Slit my wrists? (*THE PLANT turns toward SEYMOUR and does a big, expectant, open-mouthed "take". SEYMOUR pauses a moment to take this in, then backs up a bit toward the door, trying a new tack:*) Look . . . How 'bout I run down the corner and pick you up some nice chopped sirloin?

PLANT. Must be blood!

SEYMOUR. Twoey, that's digusting.

PLANT. Must be fresh!

SEYMOUR. I don't want to hear this.

(11) "GIT IT"

PLANT. (*sings, still upright*)
FEED ME!

SEYMOUR. Does it have to be human?

PLANT.
FEED ME!

SEYMOUR. Does it have to be mine?

PLANT.
FEED ME!

SEYMOUR. (*He sinks miserably to a sitting position c., on edge of shop platform.*) Where am I supposed to get it?

PLANT. (*as its trunk extends and its pod rotates to a forward*

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.*)

Audrey & Seymour

AUDREY. What a day, what a day. Seymour, do you mind locking up for me? I'm all in.

SEYMOUR. (*rises, takes the large white box with which he entered from the windowseat, and exits into back workroom*) Uh, one minute, Audrey. I want to show you something.

AUDREY. (*crossing to stage L. work table and straightening things there*) Can't it wait til tomorrow?

SEYMOUR. (*offstage*) It won't take long. I've been shopping for a new wardrobe like you told me to and . . . (*He reappears wearing a black leather jacket.*) Ta da . . . (*beat*) What do you think?

AUDREY. (*in shock*) Seymour.

SEYMOUR. You don't like it?

AUDREY. (*She is overcome with emotion. She can barely speak.*) I . . . I . . . I don't know. I . . .

(*She runs out of the shop onto stage L. Forestage, stopping at the stoop and wilting gracefully against the rail.*)

SEYMOUR. (*removing the jacket and dropping it to the floor*) I'll take it off. I'll take it back. I'll burn it. (*crosses out of shop, toward AUDREY*) Just don't cry. Please. (*to himself, miserably*) Look what I did. (*to her*) I only bought it to impress you. That's all I ever meant to do.

AUDREY. (*regaining her composure somewhat, and crossing down c.*) I don't know what's come over me. I guess I've been a

little under the weather, lately. (*She sits c., on the edge of the Forestage.*)

SEYMOUR. (*moving to just up R. of her*) It's Orin isn't it? You've been down in the dumps ever since his mysterious disappearance. You miss him, don't you?

AUDREY. Miss him? I never felt so relieved as when they told me he'd vanished. It was like a miracle. (*beat*) Not to mention all the money I've saved on Epsom salts and ace bandages.

SEYMOUR. (*sits beside her*) Then what's the matter?

AUDREY. I feel guilty, I guess. I mean, if he met with foul play or some terrible accident of some kind . . . then it's partly my fault, you see. Because secretly . . . I wished it.

SEYMOUR. Audrey, you shouldn't waste one more minute worrying about that creep. There's alotta guys would give anything to go out with you. Nice guys.

AUDREY. I don't deserve a nice guy, Seymour.

SEYMOUR. That's not true.

AUDREY. (*Getting emotional, she rises and crosses to stage L. trash can.*) You don't know the half of it. I've led a terrible life.

SEYMOUR. Audrey, don't—

AUDREY. I deserved a creep like Orin Scrivello, D.D.S. You know where I met him? In The Gutter.

SEYMOUR. The gutter?

AUDREY. The Gutter. It's a nightspot. (*sits on trash can*) I worked there on my nights off when we weren't making much money. I'd put on cheap and tasteless outfits. Not nice ones like this. Low and nasty apparel and I'd . . .

(*She turns away from him, leaning her head against the stoop railing, starting to cry softly. [MUSIC CUE 15.] SEYMOUR rises and goes to her.*)

SEYMOUR. (*kneeling beside her*) Audrey, that's all behind you now. You don't have anything to be ashamed of. You're a very nice person and I always knew you were. Underneath the bruises and the handcuffs, you know what I saw? A girl I respected. I still do.

Martin, Seymour, Audrey 2

(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!