## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey II | Seymour Side 1 (Page 1 of 2)

START

PLANT: Feed Me!

SEYMOUR: I beg your pardon?

PLANT: Feed Me!

SEYMOUR: Twoey, you talked. You opened your... trap, your thing, and you said ---

PLANT: Feed me, Krelborn! Feed me now!

SEYMOUR: I can't!

PLANT: I'm starving!

SEYMOUR: Oh boy, look, maybe I can squeeze a little out of this one, but –

PLANT: 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 anymore. What do you want me to do? Slit my wrists? 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. 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: What?

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

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

## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey II | Seymour Side 1 (Page 2 of 2)

PLANT: Does this look inanimate to you, punk? 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.

**END** 

## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey II | Seymour Side 2 (Page 1 of 2)

## START

PLANT: FEED ME! FOOD! FOOOOOOD!

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

PLANT: Tough titty!

SEYMOUR: Watch your language!

PLANT: 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: If only you'd eat meat. If only you'd touch a mouse or flies. But no... You're so particular.

PLANT: C'mon, Krelborn. Feed me. I ain't et since Mushnik and that was a week ago!

SEYMOUR: 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: And *then* you'll find me somebody?

SEYMOUR: Then you'll never be hungry again. I promise.

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

**END** 





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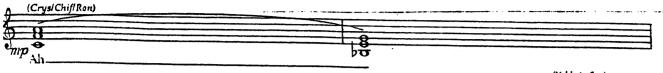
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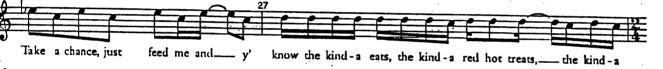
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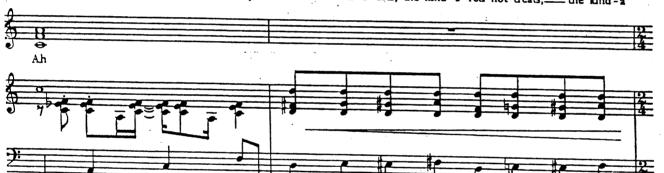
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