Audrey | Seymour

Side 1 (Page 1 of 2)

START

AUDREY: You know, sometimes I think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on you.

SEYMOUR: 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 awarm 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? No offense but what with all the interviews and photo sessions, a big, important experimental botanist has to look the part.

SEYMOUR: 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: You'd go shopping with me?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: You'd be seen with me in a public place? Like a department store?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: 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.

AUDREY: You've got a lotta dates now, huh?

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

AUDREY: Gee.

SEYMOUR: Imagine me, giving lectures. I never even finished grade school.

Audrey | Seymour

Side 1 (Page 2 of 2)

AUDREY: That doesn't matter. You have life experience.

SEYMOUR: Some experience. I don't even know what it's like to fly on an airplane.

AUDREY: Me neither.

SEYMOUR: Or eat a fancy dinner at Howard Johnson's.

AUDREY: Me neither.

SEYMOUR: Or right a motorcycle.

AUDREY: Oh, it's no big deal. And besides, it's dangerous.

SEYMOUR: It is?

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

END

Audrey II | Seymour

Side 2 (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.

Audrey II | Seymour

Side 2 (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

Audrey | Seymour

Side 3 (Page 1 of 2)

START

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!

AUDREY: Seymour! what's the matter with you?

SEYMOUR: *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? Don't you think I'm trying to think of someway... something... someone...

AUDREY: Seymour – You're hysterical. 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 not you told me he left you? The one that said he was going out to hi sister's house in....

SEYMOUR: Czechoslovakia. Right. He could be gone a very long time. Audrey... Could I ask you something?

AUDREY: Anything.

SEYMOUR: Well, just suppose for a minute there'd never 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: Then it's settled.

AUDREY: What's settled? 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: Right. They'll snap the photo, we'll be famous. I'll take that T.V. job, and we'll have a nice, quiet, normal life together. No more night feedings. No more squalling for blood!

AUDREY: What feedings? What blood? I don't get it, Seymour. Bullets, knives, rat poison. You're scaring me.

Audrey | Seymour

Side 3 (Page 2 of 2)

SEYMOUR: There's nothing to be scared of. 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. Nice little house, nice little car... and no plants. No plants at all.

AUDREY: you're talking so peculiar, Seymour.

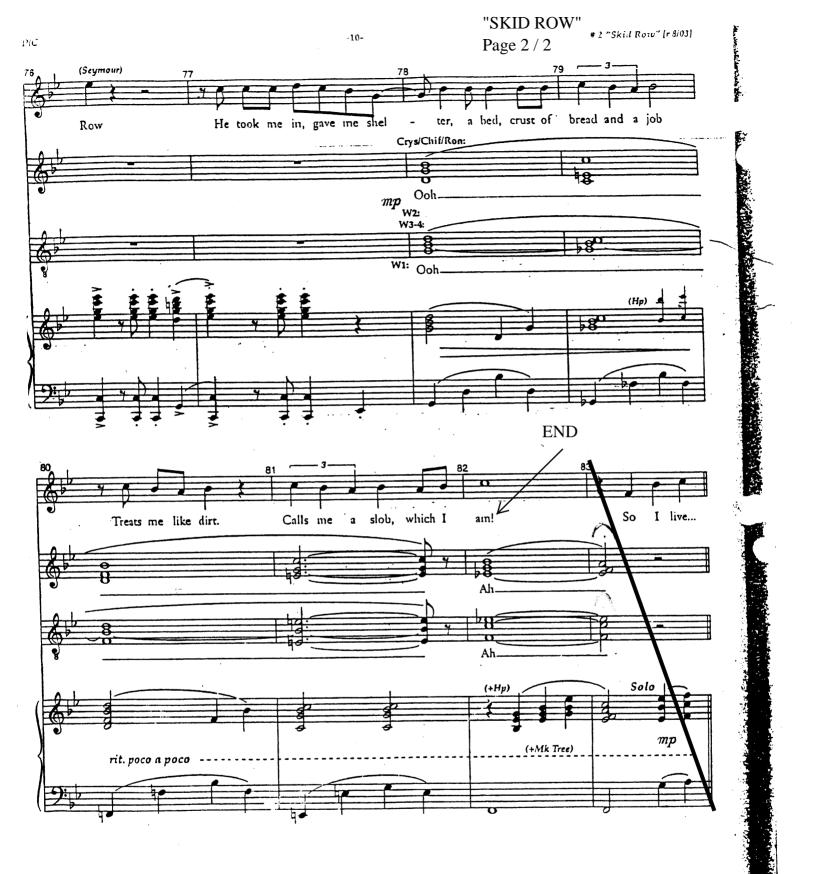
SEYMOUR: I'll explain everything to you tomorrow. Just go home now, Audrey. Please.

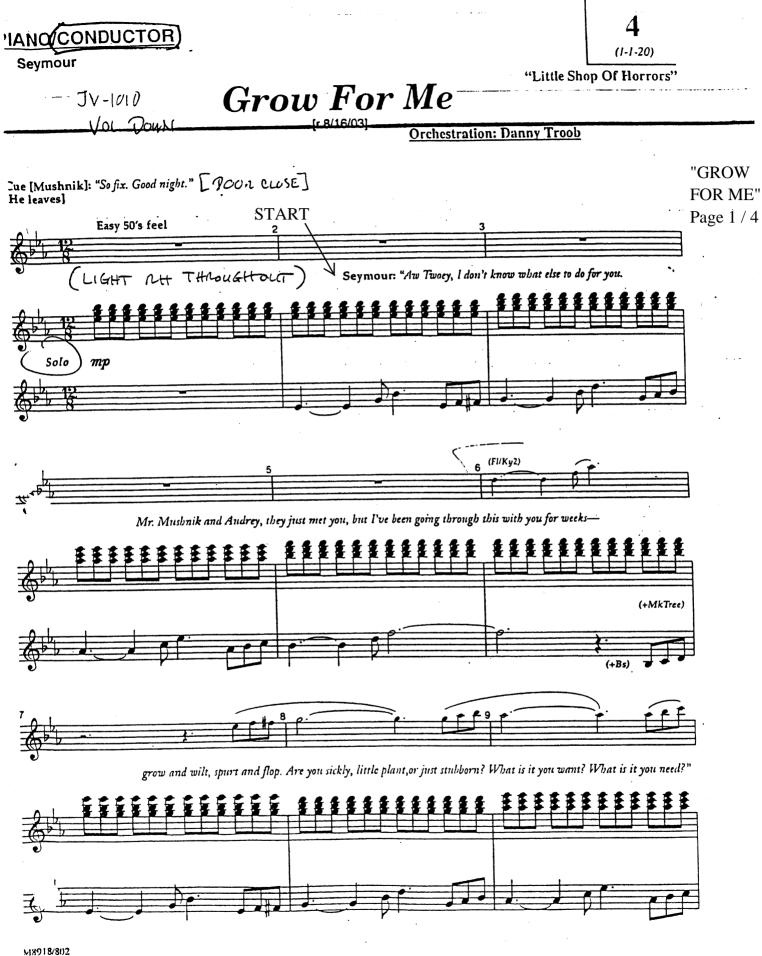
AUDREY: I can't leave you in this condition.

SEYMOUr: Don't worry about me. Don't worry about anything.

END







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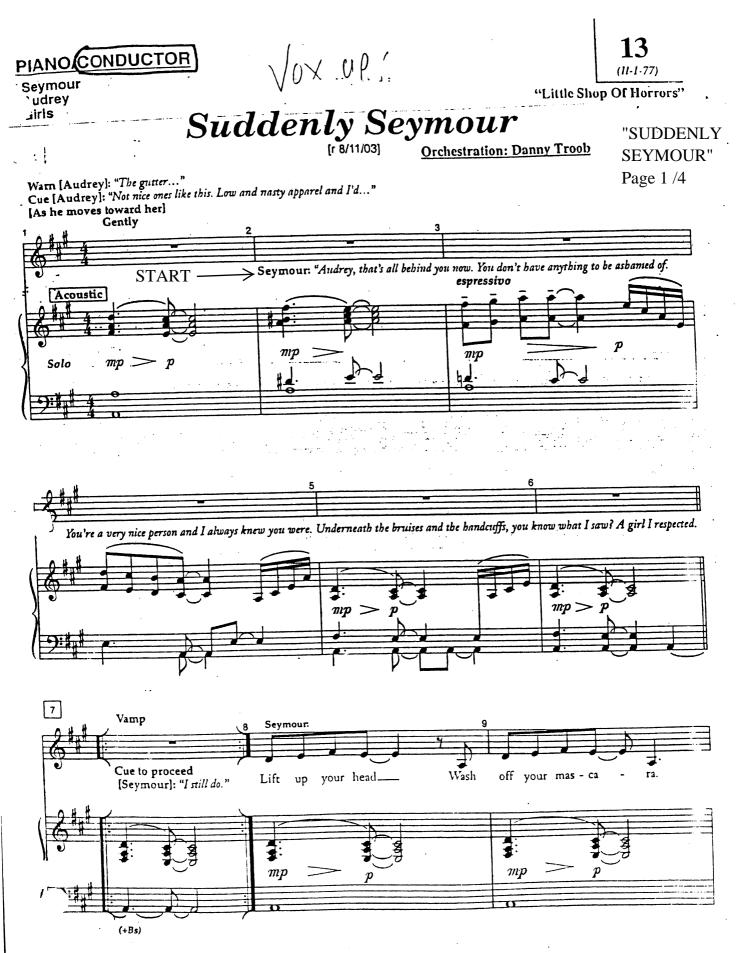


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