

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 little lightheadedness. It's been worth it, old pal. 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...

(The plant wilts suddenly)

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 on the left hand again.

Side 2

I know you think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on me. But, 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. A loa garden clubs have been calling— asking me to give lectures— imagine me, giving lectures. I never even finished grade school. And, I know I need new clothes, Audrey, but I'm a very bad shopper. I don't have good taste like you."

Audrey

Oh no. It's just a daydream of mine. A little development I dream of. Just of 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 prey... '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.

Mr. Mushnik

So, she finally comes to work. Don't tell me good morning, what morning? It's two o'clock in the afternoon. Not that we had a customer. Whohascustomers when you run a flower shop on Skid Row? Audrey, you better go back there and see what Seymour's... Audrey, where did you get that shiner? Audrey, that greasy boyfriend of yours— he's been beating on you again? Look, I know it's none of my business, but I'm beginning to think he's maybe not such a nice boy...

Orin

The gas isn't for you, Seymour. It's for me. I really want to enjoy this and I find that a little giggle gas before we begin increases my pleasure enormously. In fact...I'm going to use my special gas mask! Just relax, Seymour. Ohhhboy, Seymour, I am flyin' now! Oh, the things I'm going to do to your mouth! Henhenhennhenhenhenyeah! Well, I guess I've had enough of this stuff. I'll just take the mask off now and...Hey...Seymour...Guess what? It's stuck! 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?

Side 2 (Mrs. Luce) - with a British accent of your choosing

My darling, my precious, my sweet, sweet thing. So delighted to make your acquaintance. Cutie... sweetness... Seymour... babydoll... I'd like a word with you, lover. I'm sure you know me...the editor's wife. We want your face on the December third issue cover of Life. Yes, the front of *Life Magazine!* Now that's an honor we so seldom grant. We'll send someone down, let's say Thursday for shots of you and your beautiful plant!

Audrey II

Feed me.

Feed me!

Feed me, Krelborn! Feed me now!

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

Crystal, Ronnette, Chiffon

Girl, I don't know who this mess is you hangin' out with, but he is hazardous to your health. So dump the chump, get another guy, and let him protect you. And we got one all picked out. A little botanical genius. And she ain't talkin' about George Washington Carver. Mm, mm mm. This child suffers from low self-image.