SEYMOUR 1 Grow For Me

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.*)

Start

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.*)

(4) *"GROW FOR ME"*

SEYMOUR.

[redacted]

I'VE GIVEN YOU PLANTFOOD
AND WATER TO SIP
I'VE GIVEN YOU POTASH.
YOU'VE GIVEN ME—ZIP.
OH GOD HOW I MIST YOU

OH POD HOW YOU TEASE
SO PLEASE—
GROW FOR ME.

(*He crosses to the windowseat and deposits the PLANT there.* [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 2])

I'VE GIVEN YOU SOUTHERN EXPOSURE
TO GET YOU TO THRIVE
I'VE PINCHED YOU BACK HARD,
LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TA,
YOU'RE BARELY ALIVE
I'VE TRIED YOU AT LEVELS OF MOISTURE,
FROM DESERT TO MUD.

(*returning to the work table to tidy-up*)

I'VE GIVEN YOU GROW-LIGHTS AND MINERAL SUPPLEMENTS.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
BLOOD?

(*As he works, he pricks his finger on a rose thorn.*)

SEYMOUR. (*speaking*) Ouch! (*THE PLANT opens its flytrap-like "mouth". But SEYMOUR doesn't catch it.*) Damned roses! Damned thorns! Clumsy me. Hey, Twoey, look what I did! (*He shows the finger to THE PLANT and notices that it is open.*) Hey, you opened up! I wonder what made you do that?

(*SEYMOUR moves toward THE PLANT, unconsciously dropping his finger to his side as he does. As the finger disappears from its "view", THE PLANT closes. SEYMOUR looks at THE PLANT again, sees that it is closed, and shrugs. He lifts his finger to look at the wound. THE PLANT opens. SEYMOUR notices this. He begins to catch on. He slowly hides his finger behind his back and as he does, THE PLANT slowly closes. SEYMOUR raises his finger slowly. THE PLANT slowly opens. Now SEYMOUR decides to try to trick it. He very quickly hides his finger, then quickly lifts it again. As he does this, THE PLANT closes and opens, mirroring his timing exactly. SEYMOUR turns away with an "uh oh" expression.*)

SEYMOUR. (*continued*) I think I *know* what made you do that. Well, I guess a few drops couldn't hurt. Long as you don't make a habit out of it or anything. (*sings*)
I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNLIGHT
I'VE GIVEN YOU RAIN
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT HAPPY
'LESS I OPEN A VEIN!
I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW DROPS
IF THAT'LL APPEASE
NOW PLEASE—
(*SEYMOUR gingerly extends his bleeding finger toward THE PLANT. THE PLANT vibrates in anticipation.*)
OH PLEASE—
(*SEYMOUR squeezes his finger over THE PLANT, extracting a drop or two of blood. The pod opens, snapping at the drops like a puppy, begging for more.*)
Grow for me?

Stop

(*SEYMOUR exits into the back room. As MUSIC builds, we see THE PLANT begin to grow . . . and grow . . . and grow . . . until, on the last chord of the music, it gives a little circular flourish—almost seeming to bow.*)

BLACKOUT [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 3]

SCREENS CLOSE

SCENE 2

[MUSIC CUE 5.] Screen closed. Forestage. MUSHNIK, CRYSTAL, CHIFFON, and RONNETTE sit on stage R. *stoop, gathered around a little transistor radio. We overhear the program they are listening to: the end of an interview with SEYMOUR.*
(*SOUND: Interview Tape.*)

INTERVIEWER. (*tape*) And thus we conclude our interview with Seymour Krelborn, the young botanical . . . Do you mind if I call you a genius?
SEYMOUR. (*tape*) Gosh, no.
INTERVIEWER. The genius who has developed a new breed of plantlife, hitherto unknown on this planet. The Audrey Two. Oh, just one last question, Mr. Krelborn. Do you feed it anything special?