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 talking position*)
FEED ME, SEYMOUR
FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG.
That's right, boy, you can do it!
FEED ME SEYMOUR
FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG!
Henh, henh, henh.
'CAUSE IF YOU FEED ME, SEYMOUR
I CAN GROW UP BIG AND STRONG.

(*PLANT returns to upright neutral position.*)

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.*)

WOULD YOU LIKE A CADILLAC CAR?
OR A GUEST SHOT ON JACK PAAR?
HOW ABOUT A DATE WITH HEDY LAMARR?
YOU GONNA GIT IT!

[SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 7]

SEYMOUR. No thanks, Twoey. Kind of you to offer, but—

PLANT.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A BIG WHEEL
DININ' OUT FOR EV-ER-Y MEAL
I'M THE PLANT WHO CAN MAKE IT REAL
YOU GONNA GIT IT!

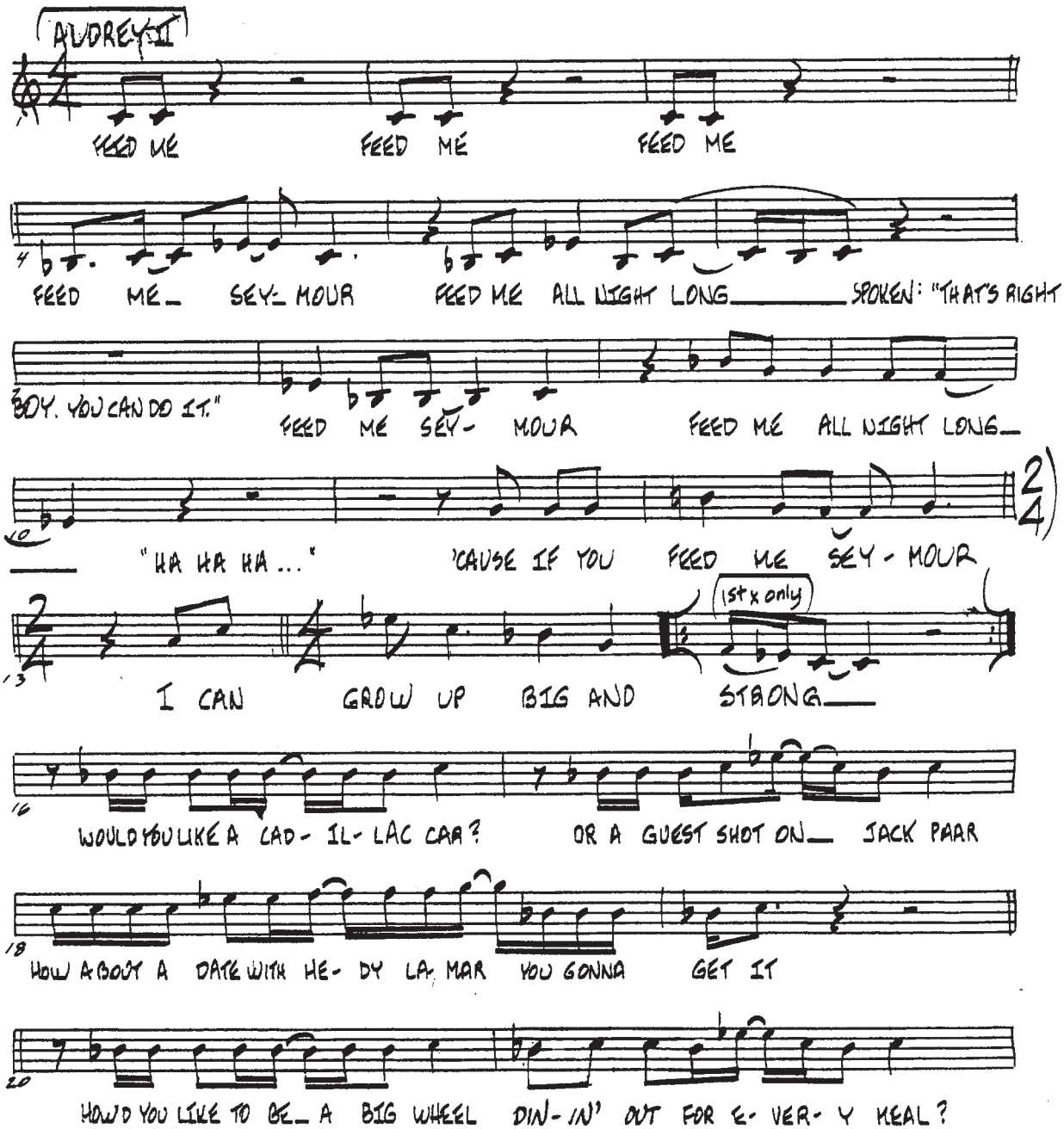
I'M YOUR GENIE, I'M YOUR FRIEND
I'M YOUR WILLING SLAVE.
TAKE A CHANCE, JUST FEED ME AND
Y'KNOW THE KINDA EATS, THE KINDA RED HOT TREATS
THE KINDA STICKY, LICKY SWEETS I
CRAAAAAAAAAAVE!

(*With the word, "Crave," THE PLANT opens wide, emitting a gust of air that "blows" SEYMOUR* US. *to a seated position on the windowseat.*)

COME ON, SEYMOUR, DON'T BE A PUTZ
TRUST ME AND YOUR LIFE'LL SHORTLY RIVAL KING TUT'S
SHOW A LITTLE 'NITIATIVE, WORK UP THE GUTS
AND YOU'LL GIT IT!

(*RONNETTE and CHIFFON quickly slip onstage and pose under stage* R. *fire escape, on which CRYSTAL remains seated.*

#11 GIT IT


AUDREY II
FEED ME FEED ME FEED ME
FEED ME_ SEY_MOUR FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG_____ SPOKEN: "THAT'S RIGHT
BOY. YOU CAN DO IT."
FEED ME SEY- MOUR FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG_
"HA HA HA..." 'CAUSE IF YOU FEED ME SEY-MOUR
1st x only
I CAN GROW UP BIG AND STRONG_____
WOULD YOU LIKE A CAD- IL- LAC CAR? OR A GUEST SHOT ON_ JACK PAAR
HOW ABOUT A DATE WITH HE- DY LA MAR YOU GONNA GET IT
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE_ A BIG WHEEL DIN-IN' OUT FOR E- VER- Y MEAL?


22
I'M THE PLANT CAN MAKE IT ALL REAL YOU GONNA GET IT
24
I'M YOUR GENIE I'M YOUR FRIEND I'M YOUR WILLING SLAVE
26
TAKE A CHANCE JUST FEEL ME AND YOU KNOW THE KIND OF EATS THE KIND OF RED HOT TREATS THE KIND OF
28
STICKY LICKY SWEETS I CRAVE
COME ON SEYMOUR DON'T BE A PUTZ
31
TRUST ME AND YOUR LIFE'LL SURELY RIVAL KING TUT'S SHOW A LITTLE 'NITIATIVE WORK UP THE GUTS AND YOU'LL
SEYMOUR
GET IT I DON'T
KNOW
I DON'T
GIRLS
OH
DON'T KNOW
33
KNOW
I DON'T
KNOW
I HAVE
SO
SO MANY
OH
36
KNOW
SO