

Read #3
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
AUDREY, PLANT

AUDREY. I don't believe it.

PLANT. Believe it, baby. It talks.

AUDREY. Am I dreaming this?

PLANT. No. And you ain't in Kansas, neither.

AUDREY. (turns forward on MUSICAL CHORD) Something's very wrong here.

PLANT. (smooth) Relax and go with it, doll. Do me a favor, will ya sweetheart?

AUDREY. (innocently) A favor?

PLANT. I need me some water in the worst way. Look at my branch. I'm a goner, honey. Come on and gimme a drink.

AUDREY. I don't know if I should.

PLANT. Hey little lady, be nice.

AUDREY. You just want water, right?

PLANT. Sure do, I'll drink it straight.

AUDREY. (her protective instincts getting the better of her) Your branches are dry, poor thing.

PLANT. Don't need no glass and no ice.

AUDREY. (She relents and helpfully crosses to stage R. refrigerator.) I'll get the can.

PLANT. Don't need no twist of lime!

AUDREY. (Pulling a watering can from atop the refrigerator) Here you go.

PLANT. and now it's supertime!