

**LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS - Read #8**  
**PLANT, SEYMOUR**

**SEYMOUR.** 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 again on the left hand and . . .

**PLANT.** Feed me!

**SEYMOUR.** I beg your pardon?

**PLANT.** Feed me!

**SEYMOUR.** Twoey, you talked. You opened up your . . . trap, your thing, and you said—

**PLANT.** Feed me, Krelborn! Feed me now!

**SEYMOUR.** (looking at hand) I can't!

**PLANT.** I'm starving!

**SEYMOUR.** (He rips off a band-aid, outstretches his hand over the pod, and tries to squeeze something from a finger.) Oh boy, look, maybe I can squeeze a little out of this one, but—

**PLANT.** (Still in upright position, it "nibbles" at the air, hoping 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!

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**SEYMOUR.** Twoey, that's disgusting.

**PLANT.** Must be fresh!

**SEYMOUR.** I don't want to hear this.

**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.** Where am I supposed to get it?

**PLANT.** FEED ME!

**SEYMOUR.** 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 all coincidence, baby? The sudden success around here?  
Your adoption papers?

**SEYMOUR.** 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.