

AUDREY TWO and SEYMOUR

PLANT. FEED ME! FOOD! FOOOOOD!

SEYMOUR. Lay off, Twoey. Can't you see I'm busy?

PLANT. *(Petulantly)* Tough titty!

SEYMOUR. Watch your language!

PLANT. GRUB!!!

SEYMOUR. *Gimme a break!* I gotta finish my speech for the lecture tour. It's all about *you!* Gimme some peace and quiet or I'll tell 'em the truth.

PLANT. Don't get cute with me. I made you and I can break you.

SEYMOUR. Go ahead, break me! Do you think it's easy living with the guilt?

PLANT. Aw, cut the crap and bring on the meat!

SEYMOUR. If only you'd eat meat. If only you'd touch a mouse or flies. But no ... you're so particular.

PLANT. *(in a childlike falsetto)* C'mon, Krelborn. Feed me. I ain't et since Mushnik and that was a week ago.

SEYMOUR. Look, just hold out one more night, can you? That's all I ask. *Life Magazine* will be here in the morning to take our pictures ...

PLANT. *(Ominously)* And *then* you'll find me somebody?

SEYMOUR. *(With meaning he obviously does not wish to divulge)* Then you'll never be hungry again. I promise.

(A beat of silence and then an earth-shaking bellow)

PLANT. Chowtime, Krelborn! Food! Food! Food! Feed me, food!

(The PLANT continues to chant: "Food! Food! Food! Feed me, food!" as SEYMOUR loses control and starts shouting)

SEYMOUR. I can't take it! Stop squalling! You're driving me crazy! Just shut up, will ya? For God's sake, shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!