

(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 work room)* You eat blood, Audrey Two. Let's face it. How'm I supposed to keep 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 LC 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!

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 'NIATIVE, WORK UP THE GUTS
AND YOU'LL GIT IT!