

*reading: "Our Founder". SOUND: Thunder. LIGHTS: Lightning in the us. window.*

PLANT. (*dropping into a lips forward position as thunder fades*)

FEED ME! FOOD! FOOOOOD!

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

PLANT. (*looking away petulantly*) Tough titty!

SEYMOUR. Watch your language!

PLANT. (*with a large, circular lip-synch movement*)

GRUB!!!

SEYMOUR. *Gimme a break!* I've 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! You think it's easy living with the guilt?

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

SEYMOUR. (*crossing to stage L. work table and flipping furiously through a dictionary*) 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. (*without turning toward it*) 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 earthshaking bellow:*)

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

(*SOUND: Thunder. 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!