

SEYMOUR: Aw Twoey, I don't know what else to do for you. Mrs Mushnik and Audrey, they just met you but I've been going through this with you for weeks. Grow and wilt, spurt and flop. Are you a sick little plant? Or just plain stubborn? What is it you want?

[SEYMOUR sits at the table and sings as he tends the PLANT]

4 – “GROW FOR ME”

SEYMOUR: I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNSHINE, I'VE GIVEN YOU DIRT
YOU'VE GIVEN ME NOTHING BUT HEARTACHE AND HURT
I'M BEGGING YOU SWEETLY, I'M DOWN ON MY KNEES
OH PLEASE – GROW FOR ME

I'VE GIVEN YOU PLANT FOOD AND WATER TO SIP
I'VE GIVEN YOU POTASH, YOU'VE GIVEN ME ZIP!
OH GOD HOW I MIST YOU, OH POD HOW YOU TEASE
NOW PLEASE – GROW FOR ME

I'VE GIVEN YOU SOUTHERN EXPOSURE TO GET YOU TO THRIVE
I'VE PINCHED YOU BACK HARD LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TA,
YOU'RE BARELY ALIVE
I'VE TRIED YOU AT LEVELS OF MOISTURE FROM DESERT TO MUD

[Tidying the worktable around the plant]

I'VE GIVEN YOU GROW LIGHTS AND MINERAL SUPPLEMENTS
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, BLOOD?

[As he works, he pricks his finger on a rose thorn.]

SEYMOUR: *[spoken]* Ouch!

[The PLANT opens it's flytrap-like "mouth". But SEYMOUR doesn't catch it]

Damned roses! Damned thorns! Clumsy me. Hey! Twoey! Look what I did!

[He shows the finger to THE PLANT and notices that it is open]

Hey! You're opening up! I wonder what made you ... do that?

[SEYMOUR unconsciously drops his finger to his side as he does. As the finger disappears from it's "view", THE PLANT closes. SEYMOUR looks at the THE PLANT again, sees that it is closed, and shrugs. He lifts his finger to look at the wound. THE PLANT opens. SEYMOUR notices this. He begins to catch on. He slowly hides his finger behind his back and as he does THE PLANT slowly closes. Now SEYMOUR decides to trick it. He very quickly hides his finger, then quickly lifts it again. As he does this, THE PLANT closes and opens, mirroring his timing exactly. SEYMOUR turns away with an "uh-oh" expression]

Extended instrumental

SEYMOUR: I think I know what made you do that. Well, I guess a few drops couldn't hurt. As long as you don't make a habit out of it or anything.

SEYMOUR: *[sings]* I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNSHINE, I'VE GIVEN YOU RAIN
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT HAPPY 'LESS I OPEN A VEIN!
I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW DROPS IF THAT'LL APPEASE *[sighs]*
OH PLEASE –

[SEYMOUR extends his bleeding finger toward THE PLANT. THE PLANT vibrates in anticipation]

OH, OH OH PLEASE –

[SEYMOUR squeezes his finger over THE PLANT, extracting a drop or two of blood. The pod opens, snapping at the drops like a puppy, begging for more.]

SEYMOUR: *[sung]* Grow for me?