

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Crystal | Orin

Side 1 (pg 1 of 1)

START

ORIN: Excuse me ladies, which way to thirteen-thirteen Skid Row?

CRYSTAL: I'm afraid that information will cost you a dollar

ORIN: Hey....no prob. Here ya go.

CRYSTAL: It's right over there. But if you're like the thousands of others flocking down to see the Audrey Two, you better come back tomorrow, man. This shop is closed today! Oooo...took his dollar!

ORIN: I'm not here to buy posies, girls, I'm here to pick up my date.

CRYSTAL: You're date??? You ain't by an change talkin' about a girl with a black eye?? And several other medical problems??

ORIN: As a matter of fact..

CRYSTAL: (ad lib go off on him). What?? Get the hell outa here. Who do you think you are treating her that way? Get lost loser...beat it!!

ORIN: Please...please! I'm friendly! Truce! Pacem!! You want some nitrous oxide?

CRYSTAL: Get lost, Vitalis-brains: The last thing Audrey needs is more of your kind.

END

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Orin | Seymour | Audrey | Mushnik

Side 2 (Page 1 of 2)

START

ORIN: Hey, how ya doin'?

SEYMOUR: Fine, thank you. But the shop's closed.

ORIN: I'm not here to shop, I'm here to... Hey. This must be that plant they're talkin' about on the news. Whatdya call it?

SEYMOUR: An Audrey Two.

ORIN: Cute name. Catchy. Nice plant. Big.

SEYMOUR: Thank you, I raised it myself. Now, if you don't mind, I'm not really supposed to let anyone...

ORIN: I hear it's some kind of new species or something.

SEYMOUR: That's what they tell me. But you'll have to leave now, we...

AUDREY: It's okay, Seymour. This is my boyfriend. Seymour, Orin Scrivello. D.D.S.

ORIN: I'll tell you something, guy. You say you raised this thing, right?

SEYMOUR: Right.

ORIN: Well, if I were you, I sure as hell wouldn't keep it under a barrel down in a Skid Row dump like this. This avocado here could be your ticket to the stars. You could take it to any florist shop in town and name your price. Hell, somebody'd make you a goddamn *partner* to get their hands on this.

SEYMOUR: I don't care. I'm happy here.

AUDREY: Seymour's very loyal.

ORIN: Somebody talking to you?

AUDREY: Oh... No... Excuse me.

ORIN: Excuse me what?

AUDREY: Excuse me, *doctor*.

ORIN: That's better. I'm telling you, kid, this thing's a big green goldmine. Get your ass outa this dump and take the plant with you.

MUSHNIK: *What?!*

ORIN: Mushnik's Skid Row Florists? Feh, it's like a joke. You hear me talkin'?

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Orin | Seymour | Audrey | Mushnik

Side 2 (Page 2 of 2)

SEYMOUR: I hear you.

MUSHNIK: He hears him.

AUDREY: Shouldn't we be leaving now? ... I'm sorry.

ORIN: Sorry, *what?*

AUDREY: I'm sorry, Doctor... Doctor... Sorry, Doctor.

ORIN: You gotta train 'em, eh stud? Well, my bike's outside and double-parked. But you think about what I said, scout... I mean it. You think about it.

SEYMOUR: Sure. Sure, I'll think about it.

MUSHNIK: He'll think about it.

ORIN: You do that. Okay, Audrey! You got the handcuffs?

AUDREY: They're right in my bag.

ORIN: Then let's go.

END

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Orin | Seymour

Side 3 (Page 1 of 2)

START

ORIN: *Next!*

SEYMOUR: I guess that's me, Dr. Scrivello.

ORIN: Do you have an appointment?

SEYMOUR: We met yesterday. Seymour Krelborn.

ORIN: Oh, of course. The guy with the plant.

SEYMOUR: Right.

ORIN: And the band-aids.

SEYMOUR: Right.

ORIN: And the gun.

SEYMOUR: R.... Right.

ORIN: So why are you pointing a gun at me, Seymour?

SEYMOUR: I... I....

ORIN: Hey. Are you a little bit nervous about seeing a dentist?

SEYMOUR: No... No, I'm not nervous, I –

ORIN: It's only gonna hurt a little.

SEYMOUR: No, you don't understand. I don't want me teeth examined, I—

ORIN: Of course you want your teeth examined. Say, "Ah!"

SEYMOUR: No!

ORIN: Say "Ah!"

SEYMOUR: AAAAHHHH!

ORIN: Oooh, your mouth is a mess, kid. You've got cavities. You've got plaque. You're impacted. You're abscessed!

SEYMOUR: I am?

ORIN: You need a complete oral examination. We'll start with that wisdom tooth!

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Orin | Seymour

Side 3 (Page 2 of 2)

SEYMOUR: NO!

ORIN: We'll just *rip* the little bugger outa there. Whatdya say?

SEYMOUR: I gotta go!

ORIN: There's always time for dental hygiene, Seymour! Have you ever seen the results of a neglected mouth? Look, Seymour! This could happen to you!

SEYMOUR: It could?

ORIN: Unless I take immediate action! Let's get started!

SEYMOUR: Wait! Aren't you gonna give me Novacain?

ORIN: What for? Dulls the senses!

SEYMOUR: But it'll hurt!

ORIN: Only til you pass out!

SEYMOUR: What's that?

ORIN: That's the drill, Seymour!

SEYMOUR: It's rusty!

ORIN: It's an antique. They don't make instruments like this, anymore. Sturdy, heavy, *dull*. This is gonna be a challenge. This is gonna be a pleasure. I'm gonna want some gas for this one!

SEYMOUR: Gas?

ORIN: Nitrous Oxide.

SEYMOUR: Thank God. I thought you weren't going to use any...

ORIN: Oh, the gas isn't for you, Seymour. It's for me. I want to really enjoy this, and I find that a little giggle gas before we begin increases my pleasure enormously. In fact... *I'm gonna use my special gas mask!* Just relax, Seymour. I'll be with you in a moment.

END

PIANO CONDUCTOR

(JV-1010-148)

8
(1-3-41)

Orin
Girls

"Little Shop Of Horrors"

Be A Dentist

[Tr 8/03]

Orchestration: Danny Troob

Warn [Orin]: "...human pain and suffering."

Cue [Orin]: "Allow me to explain."

"BE A DENTIST"

Page 1 / 3

START

1 Orin: 2 3 4

When I was young-er, Just a bad lit-tle kid, My ma-ma no-ticed fun-ny things I did—

(Gtr)

(GIVE TIME)
(+Congas/Shaker)

(+Bs/Ky2)

Ac/Dry Wurly B 020

HAND!

XPASS

6 7 8

Like shoo-tin' pup-pies with a B. B. gun.— I'd poi-son gup-pies, and when I was done,—

9 10 11

I'd find a pus-sy-cat and bash in its head.— That's when my ma-ma said:—

12

13 (Orin) 14 15

She said "My boy I think some day You'll find a

Girls:

What did she say?

(+Handclaps/Fingersnaps—Rds/Brs)

(Congas/Drums cont.)

16 17 18

way to make your nat - u - ral ten - den - cies pay! You'll be a

Play (+Ky2/Bells/Gtr)

(Handclaps/fingersnaps out)

19

20 21 22

den - tist! . You have a tal - ent for caus - ing things pain Son, be a

Crys/Chif:
Ron:

Crys/Chif/Ron:

mf Be a den - tist — *p* Ooh — Pain!

HEAVY! (+Ky2)

f

(+Gtr)

(+Bs) (Bs)

23 (Orin) 24 25 26

den - tist! Peo - ple will - pay you to be in - hu - mane Your

(Crys/Chif/Ron)

mf Son, be a den - tist — *p* Ooh — In - hu - mane

27 28 29

temp - er - 'ment's wrong — for the priest - hood And teach - ing would suit — you still

p Ooh — *mp* Ooh

(+Vibes)

30 31 32

less! Son, be a den - tist! You'll be a suc -

Ah *mf* Son, be a den - tist! *Crys/Chif/Ron* You'll be a suc -

(Vibes out)

END



P/C

-3-

11 "Now (Gas)" [Tr 8/12/03]

23 *Slower* 24 25 **G.P. START** *Slowly at first* 25A *Orin:*

Seymour: "What?" [Dialogue continues] Cue to proceed [Orin]: "I don't think you understand." Don't be

mf *rit.* **G.P.**

26 27
fooled if I should gig-gle like a sap-py hap-py dope It's just the gas It's got me

Play *mp* (+C/Bells) *accel. poco a poco*

29 30
high But don't let that fact de-celve you an-y mo-ment I could die! Though I

31 32
gig-gle and I chor-de bear in mind I'm not im-mor-tal Why the whole thing strikes me fun-ny, I don't know 'Cause it

rit. poco a poco [He laughs, then realises]

Tempo 1°

-4-

11 "Now (Gns)" [Tr 8/12/03]

"NOW"

Page 2 / 2

33 (Orin) 34 35

real - ly is a rot - ten way to go. ← END

TEMPO 1°

(+Tpts/Gtr)

sub. f

(Timp)

36 Seymour 37

What we have here is an eth - i - cal di - lem - ma. 'Less I help him get the mask re - moved, he does - n't have a prayer True the

(+Fl/Cl)

mp

38 39

gun was nev - er fir - ed, but the way ev - ents trans - pir - ed, I could fin - ish him with sim - ple lais - sez faire.

"MEEK SHALL
INHERIT"

(In Falsetto, up the Octave)
START

77 78 79 80 (Tpts/Vibes)



Vamp until cue [Mrs. Luce]:
"So delighted to make your acquaintance."

81 Mrs. Luce (last x) (Flg) 82 83 84

Cu - tie sweet - ness Sey - mour ba - by - doll



86 87 88

I'd like a word with you, lov - er I'm sure you know me the ed - i - tor's wife

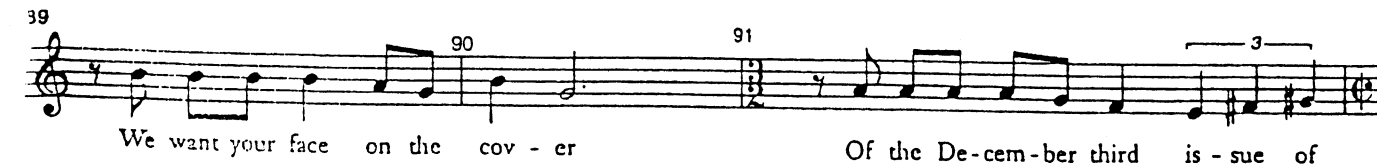


(+Bell Tree)

(+Tri)

89 90 91 3

We want your face on the cov - er Of the De - cem - ber third is - sue of



92 (Mrs. Luce) 93 94

Life. Yes the front of Life Ma-ga -

(+Tpts) (+Fls) (+Tpts) (+Fls)

(+Tri)

95 96 97

zine. Now that's an hon - or we so sel - dom

(Fls) (Tpts/Ky2)

sfz (+MkTree)

3

98 99 100

grant. We'll send some - one down, let's say

(Fls)

(Mrs. Luce)

102

Thurs - day (Tpts/Ky2)

(Fls)

sfz

103

For shots of you and your beau - ti - ful plant. ← END

104

(Fls/Ky2) *tr*

(+Ctr)

~~Crys: 107 108 109~~

~~They say the meek shall in - her - it You know the book does - n't lie.~~

~~Chif:~~

~~Ron: They say the meek shall in - her - it You know the book does - n't lie.~~

~~*mf* (+Tamb) (+Ky2)~~