

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey | Seymour

Side 1 (Page 1 of 2)

START

AUDREY: You know, sometimes I think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on you.

SEYMOUR: Oh, I don't mind. After all, I owe him everything. He took me out of the Skid Row Home for Boys when I was just a little tyke. Gave me a warm place to sleep, under the counter. Nice things to eat like meatloaf and water. Floors to sweep and toilets to clean and every other Sunday off...

AUDREY: You know, I think you oughta raise your expectations, Seymour. Now that we're getting successful, I mean. Why don't you start with some new clothes? No offense but what with all the interviews and photo sessions, a big, important experimental botanist has to look the part.

SEYMOUR: I'm a very bad shopper, Audrey. I don't have good taste, like you.

AUDREY: Well, I could help you pick things out.

SEYMOUR: You could?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: You'd go shopping with me?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: You'd be seen with me in a public place? Like a department store?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: Tonight?

AUDREY: I can't tonight, I've got a date. But I'd like to go with you another time.

SEYMOUR: Sure, I'll pencil you in.

AUDREY: You've got a lotta dates now, huh?

SEYMOUR: Not dates exactly. But a lotta garden clubs have been calling – asking me to give lectures.

AUDREY: Gee.

SEYMOUR: Imagine me, giving lectures. I never even finished grade school.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey | Seymour

Side 1 (Page 2 of 2)

AUDREY: That doesn't matter. You have life experience.

SEYMOUR: Some experience. I don't even know what it's like to fly on an airplane.

AUDREY: Me neither.

SEYMOUR: Or eat a fancy dinner at Howard Johnson's.

AUDREY: Me neither.

SEYMOUR: Or right a motorcycle.

AUDREY: Oh, it's no big deal. And besides, it's dangerous.

SEYMOUR: It is?

AUDREY: Extremely dangerous. Gee, I'd better go fix my face. My date'll be here any minute.

END

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey II | Seymour

Side 2 (Page 1 of 2)

START

PLANT: Feed Me!

SEYMOUR: I beg your pardon?

PLANT: Feed Me!

SEYMOUR: Twoey, you talked. You opened your... trap, your thing, and you said ---

PLANT: Feed me, Krelborn! Feed me now!

SEYMOUR: I can't!

PLANT: I'm starving!

SEYMOUR: Oh boy, look, maybe I can squeeze a little out of this one, but --

PLANT: I need some food!

SEYMOUR: I know, I know, but you can't get blood from a...

PLANT: More! More!

SEYMOUR: I haven't got anymore. What do you want me to do? Slit my wrists? Look how 'bout I run down the corner and pick you up some nice, chopped sirloin?

PLANT: Must be blood!

SEYMOUR: Twoey, that's disgusting.

PLANT: Must be fresh!

SEYMOUR: I don't want to hear this. You eat blood Audrey Two. Let's face it. How'm I supposed to keep on feeding you? Kill people?

PLANT: I'll make it worth your while.

SEYMOUR: What?

PLANT: You think this is a coincidence, baby? The sudden success around here? Your adoption papers?

SEYMOUR: Look, you're a plant. An inanimate object.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey II | Seymour

Side 2 (Page 2 of 2)

PLANT: Does this look inanimate to you, punk? 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.

END

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey | Seymour

Side 3 (Page 1 of 2)

START

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!

AUDREY: Seymour! what's the matter with you?

SEYMOUR: *It's* the matter with me! Don't you think I know it needs food? Don't you think I know it'll die if I don't feed it and soon? Don't you think I'm trying to think of someday... something... someone...

AUDREY: Seymour – You're hysterical. What's the big deal about a little plantfood? I think running this place all by yourself is too much for you. When did Mr. Mushnik say he'd be back?

SEYMOUR: Huh?

AUDREY: You know, in that not you told me he left you? The one that said he was going out to hi sister's house in....

SEYMOUR: Czechoslovakia. Right. He could be gone a very long time. Audrey... Could I ask you something?

AUDREY: Anything.

SEYMOUR: Well, just suppose for a minute there'd never been an Audrey Two. That I was just a nothing again, a nobody. Would you still like me?

AUDREY: I'd still *love* you, Seymour.

SEYMOUR: Then it's settled.

AUDREY: What's settled? A gun!

SEYMOUR: And bullets... And rat poison... and a machete. Tomorrow morning... Right after Life Magazine takes our picture – you know who bites the dust!

AUDREY: Seymour!

SEYMOUR: Right. They'll snap the photo, we'll be famous. I'll take that T.V. job, and we'll have a nice, quiet, normal life together. No more night feedings. No more squalling for blood!

AUDREY: What feedings? What blood? I don't get it, Seymour. Bullets, knives, rat poison. You're scaring me.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Audrey | Seymour

Side 3 (Page 2 of 2)

SEYMOUR: There's nothing to be scared of. We'll go away from here. I'll take you to that little development you always dreamed about and once we're there we'll live happily ever after. I promise. Nice little house, nice little car... and no plants. No plants at all.

AUDREY: you're talking so peculiar, Seymour.

SEYMOUR: I'll explain everything to you tomorrow. Just go home now, Audrey. Please.

AUDREY: I can't leave you in this condition.

SEYMOUR: Don't worry about me. Don't worry about anything.

END

START

Seymour.

65 66

Poor! All my life I've al - ways been poor! I - keep ask -

mf (Gtr)

+Gtr.L

68 69

ing God what I'm for And he tells me "Gee I'm not

p

71 72

sure... Sweep that floor, kid" Oh!

(Ky2)

(+Cl/B.Cl/Tpts/Gtr/Chimes)

74 75

I start-ed life as an or - phan, a child of the street Here on Skid

(Ky2)

"SKID ROW"

2 "Skid Row" (r 8/03)

76 (Seymour) 77 78 79 3

Row He took me in, gave me shel - ter, a bed, crust of bread and a job

Crys/Chif/Ron:

mp Ooh

W2:
W3-4:

W1: Ooh

(Hp)

END

80 81 3 82 83

Treats me like dirt. Calls me a slob, which I am! So I live...

Ah

Ah

(+Hp) Solo

rit. poco a poco ----- (+Mk Tree) *mp*

PIANO CONDUCTOR

Seymour

4

(1-1-20)

"Little Shop Of Horrors"

JV-1010

Grow For Me

Vol Down

[r 8/16/03]

Orchestration: Danny Troob

Cue [Mushnik]: "So fix. Good night." [Door close]
He leaves]

"GROW
FOR ME"
Page 1 / 4

Easy 50's feel

START

(LIGHT RT THROUGHOUT)

Seymour: "Aw Twoney, I don't know what else to do for you."

Solo mp

5

6 (Fl/Ky2)

Mr. Mushnik and Audrey, they just met you, but I've been going through this with you for weeks—

(+MkTree)

(+Bs)

7

8

9

grow and wilt, spurt and flop. Are you sickly, little plant, or just stubborn? What is it you want? What is it you need?"

10 Seymour: 11 12

I've giv-en you sun-shine— I've giv-en you dirt You've giv-en me

(+Bell Tr/Cym) *mp*

(+Bs)

13 14

noth - in'— but heart-ache and hurt! I'm beg-gin' you

15 16 17

sweet - ly— I'm down on my knees.— Oh please— grow for

(Ky2)

18 19 20

me.— I've giv-en you plant food— And wa-ter to sip I've giv-en you

(Sxs)

21 22

pot - ash. — You've giv - en me zip. Oh God how I

23 24

mist you — Oh pod how you tease. — Now

26

please grow — for me. I've giv - en you

mf (Mk Tree)

27

28

south - ern — ex - po - sure — to get you to thrive I've pinched you back

mp f.Sx(Tpts)

29 30

hard, like I'm s'posed ta, You're bare-ly a-live I've tried you at

(B.Sx)

31 32

le-vels of mois-ture, from de-sert to mud. I've

(T.Sx/Tpts)

33 34

giv-en you grow lights and min-e-ral sup-ple-ments. What do you want from me, blood?

cresc. f 8va (+Bells) mf

END

35 36

(Bans/Kx2) (Sxs)

mp

PIANO CONDUCTOR

Seymour
Audrey
Girls

Vox up!

13

(11-1-77)

"Little Shop Of Horrors"

Suddenly Seymour

[r 8/11/03]

Orchestration: Danny Troob

"SUDDENLY
SEYMOUR"

Page 1 / 4

Warn [Audrey]: "The gutter..."

Cue [Audrey]: "Not nice ones like this. Low and nasty apparel and I'd..."

[As he moves toward her]
Gently

1 2 3

START → Seymour: "Audrey, that's all behind you now. You don't have anything to be ashamed of."

Acoustic *espressivo*

Solo *mp* > *p* *mp* > *p*

5 6

You're a very nice person and I always knew you were. Underneath the bruises and the handcuffs, you know what I saw? A girl I respected.

mp > *p* *mp* > *p*

7 8 9

Vamp Seymour

Cue to proceed [Seymour]: "I still do." Lift up your head— Wash off your mas - ca - ra.

mp > *p* *mp* > *p*

(+Bs)

11 12

Here, take my klee - nex Wipe that lip-stick a-way. — Show me your face, —

13 14 15

Clean as the morn - ing. I know things were bad, — But now they're — o —

16 17 18

kay. — Sud - den - ly Sey - - mour —

(bring out) (+Mk Tr) mp (+Ky2)

19 20 21

— Is stand - ing — be - side you You don't need — no

"SUDDENLY SEYMOUR"

22 23 24 25

make - up Don't have to — pre - tend. ———— Sud - den ly

mp *espress.*

E1A A7 C#

26 27 28

Sey - mour ———— is here to — pro - vide you ————

29 30 31

sweet un - der - stand - ing ———— Sey - mour's — your

(+Mk Tr)

Starts to Rock
(Seymour)

3

34

35

friend. ← END

Audrey:

No-bod-y e - ver treat-ed me kind - ly Dad-dy left ear - ly, Ma-ma was poor

(+Fls)

(+Gtr)

(+Tri)

36

37

38

I'd meet a man and I'd fol-low him blind - ly He'd snap his fin - gers,

39

40

41

me, I'd say "sure" Sud - den - ly

mf