



**Fine & Performing Arts**

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December 2013

Dear Applicant,

For over forty years, the Wallace Community College Fine Arts Department has impressed Wiregrass area patrons with professional quality productions. The College takes pride in the professionalism it brings to every aspect of each show.

This year, the Wallace Theatre Department will open its 42nd season with the Broadway musical hit, *Little Shop of Horrors*. Please note this is a musical theatre production – acting, singing and dancing will be required. This production, to be held on April 10-12, 2014, promises to attract one of our largest audiences. We will also be performing a high school matinee on Wednesday, April 9 at 9:30 a.m.

Enclosed you will find detailed information concerning auditions. Auditions are scheduled for Wednesday, December 11 at 1:30 p.m. in Bencze Theatre. Please bring your script copy, the COMPLETED application form and professional attitude! The audition process will take approximately two minutes for each applicant. You will be reading/singing the designated pages listed in this packet. Please be prepared to read for your most desired role; the director may require readings for additional characters, if desired. You will find the material in the audition packet. To prepare for the musical portion, please see song clips at [www.mitshows.com](http://www.mitshows.com). During auditions, you will be singing a cappella. Music will not be provided.

Please take note that if you receive a part, you will be required to take a *Theatre Workshop Course* or *Music Workshop Course*. Both of these courses will serve as our rehearsal time. Please do not register for these courses until the cast list is posted.

Thank you in advance for your participation in the Wallace Community College Theatre Department and your investment in the future of performing arts in the Wiregrass area! If you have any questions, please feel free to contact us at the emails listed above.

Sincerely,

Claudia Bryan, Savannah Granberry  
Directors

## **Little Shop of Horrors Character Description**

Comedy-horror-rock musical, about a hapless florist shop worker who raises a plant that feeds on human blood and flesh.

### **Main Cast**

Seymour – insecure, naïve florist clerk hero, *tenor, soloist*

Audrey – Bleached-blond, Seymour's secret love, *soprano, soloist*

Mr. Mushnik – boss of the florist shop, *baritone or bass, soloist*

Chiffon – spunky, female street singer, *soprano or alto, soloist*

Crystal – spunky, female street singer, *soprano or alto, soloist*

Ronette – spunky, female street singer, *soprano or alto, soloist*

Audrey II (voice) – male or female, *bass or alto, soloist*

Audrey II (manipulation) – male or female, no speaking parts, but on stage interview will be taken at auditions

Orin – handsome dentist with sadistic tendencies, *tenor, soloist*

Patrick Martin – male, played by same actor who plays ORIN

### **Supporting Cast**

Voice/Narrator – small speaking part, *member of the ensemble*

Customer – small speaking part, *member of the ensemble*

Interviewer – small speaking part, *member of the ensemble*

Bernstein – small speaking part, *member of the ensemble*

Patrick Martin – small speaking part, *member of the ensemble*

### **Ensemble Members (will be placed by directors)**

Mrs. Luce

Skip Snip

Wino #1

Wino #2

**Wallace Community College**  
**Little Shop of Horrors Audition Form**  
**BRING COMPLETED FORM TO AUDITION**  
**PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT IN BLUE/BLACK INK**

Role you are most interested in: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Cell-Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_ Current GPA (required): \_\_\_\_\_ ACT/SAT: \_\_\_\_\_

High School Diploma: \_\_\_\_\_ Year: \_\_\_\_\_

College major: \_\_\_\_\_ Are you currently enrolled at WCC? \_\_\_\_\_

What other outside activities/clubs are you involved in at WCC or in community?

\_\_\_\_\_

Are you involved in any other extra-curricular activities? \_\_\_\_\_

Will you be employed while attending Wallace? \_\_\_\_\_

List of **theatre experience** to include (acting, student directing, set design, technical experience). Please list year with activity. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

List of **musical experience** to include (chorus, show choir, music lessons). Please list year with activity.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

List of **dancing/choreography experience** to include (musicals, private lessons, dance team). Please list year with activity. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Honors/awards: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Will you accept another role given by the directors? \_\_\_\_\_

List any work/personal conflicts  
for the show dates, April 10-12, 2014.

\_\_\_\_\_

List any work/personal conflicts  
for rehearsals T/R 12:00-2:30.

\_\_\_\_\_

Attach  
headshot  
here

## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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*picks some food out of the down L. trash can; SEYMOUR, up C., starts tending to the flowers in the window; MUSHNIK ushers AUDREY back into the shop, where she collects a bunch of limp roses from the stage R. work table, and works at getting the lifeless stems to stand up; MUSHNIK dejectedly returns to the stage R. work table and his newspaper.*

*Meanwhile, WINO #1 has moved up L., outside the shop window. On a MUSIC CUE, SEYMOUR, MUSHNIK, and AUDREY think they hear something outside. Could it be a customer? They look. It's just the WINO. He coughs disgustingly. On a MUSIC CUE, AUDREY, SEYMOUR, & MUSHNIK sigh and turn back to what they were doing. The clock advances to six and chimes. AUDREY crosses up C. to deposit her lifeless roses on the window-seat.)*

MUSHNIK. Look at that! Six o'clock and we didn't sell so much as a fern. I guess this is it. (*He crosses to door and reverses the sign in it from Open to Closed.*) Don't bother coming in tomorrow.

AUDREY. You don't mean.

SEYMOUR. You can't mean.

MUSHNIK. What, what what don't I mean? I mean I'm closed, forget it, kaput.

AUDREY. You can't.

MUSHNIK. *Kaput!* Extinct! I'm closing this God and customer forsaken place.

*(AUDREY nudges SEYMOUR forward.)*

SEYMOUR. Mr. Mushnik, forgive me for saying so, but has it ever occurred to you that maybe what the firm needs is to move in a new direction?

AUDREY. What Seymour's trying to say, Mr. Mushnik, is . . . Well, we've talked about it and we both agree . . . (*confidentially, to SEYMOUR*) Seymour, why don't you run in back and bring out that strange and interesting new plant you've been working on? (*SEYMOUR exits up R.*) You see, Mr. Mushnik, some of those exotic plants Seymour has been tinkering around with are really unusual and we were both thinking that maybe some of his strange and interesting plants—prominently displayed and advertised—would attract business.



LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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*(As Thunder fades, SEYMOUR keeps shouting "Shut Up!" in a frustrated frenzy, almost banging his head on the desk. PLANT resumes neutral upright position. AUDREY enters L., wearing a yellow rain slicker. Thunder fades.)*

AUDREY. *(closing door behind her)* Seymour! What's the matter with you?

SEYMOUR. *(crossing to stage R. work table)* 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? *(sits at work table, babbling senselessly:)* Don't you think I'm trying to think of some way . . . something . . . someone . . .

AUDREY. *(crosses quickly to him)* Seymour—*(She slaps him daintily.)* You're hysterical. *(beat)* 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 note you told me he left you? The one that said he was going out to his sister's house in . . .

SEYMOUR. Czechoslovakia. Right. He could be gone a very long time. *(turns his head away, afraid to ask:)* Audrey . . . could I ask you something?

AUDREY. Anything.

SEYMOUR. *(looking down)* Well, just suppose for a minute there'd never even *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. *(looks up)* Then it's settled.

*(He rises and crosses down C. to edge of shop platform.)*

AUDREY. *(following him)* What's settled? *(He pulls out a gun. [MUSIC CUE 18.] 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. *(with great intensity)* Right. They'll snap the photo, we'll be famous, I'll take that T.V. job, and we'll live a nice, quiet, normal life together. No more night feedings. No more squalling for blood!

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



little under the weather, lately. (*She sits c., on the edge of the Forestage.*)

SEYMOUR. (*moving to just up r. of her*) It's Orin isn't it? You've been down in the dumps ever since his mysterious disappearance. You miss him, don't you?

AUDREY. Miss him? I never felt so relieved as when they told me he'd vanished. It was like a miracle. (*beat*) Not to mention all the money I've saved on Epsom salts and ace bandages.

SEYMOUR. (*sits beside her*) Then what's the matter?

AUDREY. I feel guilty, I guess. I mean, if he met with foul play or some terrible accident of some kind . . . then it's partly my fault, you see. Because secretly . . . I wished it.

SEYMOUR. Audrey, you shouldn't waste one more minute worrying about that creep. There's alotta guys would give anything to go out with you. Nice guys.

AUDREY. I don't deserve a nice guy, Seymour.

SEYMOUR. That's not true.

AUDREY. (*Getting emotional, she rises and crosses to stage L. trash can.*) You don't know the half of it. I've led a terrible life.

SEYMOUR. Audrey, don't—

AUDREY. I deserved a creep like Orin Scrivello, D.D.S. You know where I met him? In The Gutter.

SEYMOUR. The gutter?

AUDREY. The Gutter. It's a nightspot. (*sits on trash can*) I worked there on my nights off when we weren't making much money. I'd put on cheap and tasteless outfits. Not nice ones like this. Low and nasty apparel and I'd . . .

(*She turns away from him, leaning her head against the stoop railing, starting to cry softly. [MUSIC CUE 15.] SEYMOUR rises and goes to her.*)

SEYMOUR. (*kneeling beside her*) Audrey, that's all behind you now. You don't have anything to be ashamed of. 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. I still do.

(15) "SUDDENLY SEYMOUR"

SEYMOUR. (*sings*)  
LIFT UP YOUR HEAD  
WASH OFF YOUR MASCARA.



## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

*light and begins to examine something down there very intently. He speaks without looking up, his voice dripping sarcasm.) Oh, that's right. He did, didn't he? Forgive me, boychik.*

AUDREY. Seymour, what's he talking about? What's he doing?

SEYMOUR. (*guiding her to the doorway*) Why don't you run along like he asked, Audrey? I'll catch up with you later. I'll call for you, if that's okay.

AUDREY. Of course it is. Goodnight, Seymour. Goodnight, Mr. Mushnik.

(*She steps outside the shop. MUSIC CUE 15-A: two MELODRAMATIC CHORDS. In time to them, she grabs the doorpost in confusion and worry, then quickly turns and exits.*)

MUSHNIK. (*still on the floor, examining something he has picked up with his paint scraper*) Little red dots. All over the floor.

SEYMOUR. You're acting pretty strange, Pop.

MUSHNIK. (*taking an envelope from his jacket pocket*) I had a pretty strange afternoon, son. After my lawyer's appointment, I was called to the police station.

SEYMOUR. The police.

MUSHNIK. (*lifting a "little red dot" from his paint scraper, sifting it into the envelope, then placing the envelope back in his pocket*) Yes. It seems they made a routine investigation into the disappearance of this motorcycle dentist. And when they did—It seems they found a Mushnik's Skid Row Florists bag . . . In . . . His . . . Office!

SEYMOUR. What's that supposed to mean?

MUSHNIK. Exactly what I asked myself, Seymour. And then I began to think about certain things I've noticed around here, lately. (*MUSIC CUE 15-A resumes with two more MELODRAMATIC CHORDS. He rises in time to them, then speaks:*) *Little red dots all over the linoleum!*

SEYMOUR. (*stepping toward him*) I . . . I spilled some Hawaiian Punch and it stained.

MUSHNIK. Hard to keep things clean around here, isn't it? *Especially when they only remove our garbage once a month!*

(*[MUSIC CUE 16.] MUSHNIK leaves the shop, depositing flashlight and scraper on table as he goes, and begins to move slowly and deliberately across the Forestage, toward the down R. trash can. THE PLANT slowly moves from upright*



LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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

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

FEED ME! FOOD! FOOOOOOD!

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!



## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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ANF *~jabs, arm-punches, and neck-grabs*) 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 goddam *partner* to get their hands on this.

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

AUDREY. Seymour's very loyal.

ORIN. (*drops SEYMOUR and turns to her sharply*) Somebody talking to you?

AUDREY. Oh . . . no . . . (*beat*) Excuse me.

ORIN. Excuse me what?

AUDREY. Excuse me, doctor.

ORIN. (*pleased*) That's better.

(*Outside the shop, MUSHNIK enters L. and stands by the door, eavesdropping. Inside, ORIN turns to SEYMOUR and resumes his aggressively friendly manner.*)

ORIN. (*continued*) 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. (*to himself*) What?!

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

SEYMOUR. I hear you.

MUSHNIK. He hears him.

AUDREY. Shouldn't we be leaving now? . . . (*ORIN turns quickly toward her with a threatening attitude.*) I'm sorry.

ORIN. Sorry, what?

AUDREY. (*desperate to placate him*) I'm sorry, Doctor . . . Doctor . . . Sorry, Doctor.

ORIN. (*Satisfied, he turns to SEYMOUR.*) You gotta train 'em, eh stud? (*He gives SEYMOUR a macho punch on the arm. SEYMOUR timidly tries to return it in kind. A dismal failure.*) Well, my bike's outside and double-parked. But you think about what I said, scout . . . I mean it. You think about it.

SEYMOUR. (*just trying to get rid of him*) Sure. Sure, I'll think about it.

MUSHNIK. (*crossing down to stage L. stoop*) He'll think about it.

ORIN. You do that. (*crosses to door and barks:*) Okay, Aud-



## Voice

# Little Shop of Horrors

## PROLOGUE

*A very large placard bearing the words LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS hangs suspended in dark, swirling fog. WINO #1 sleeps peacefully on the far left edge of the Forestage. (MUSIC CUE 1) A VOICE NOT UNLIKE GOD'S thunders in serious, prophetic tones:*

VOICE. On the twenty-first day of the month of September, in an early year of a decade not too long before our own, the human race suddenly encountered a deadly threat to its very existence. And this terrifying enemy surfaced—as such enemies often do—in the seemingly most innocent and unlikely of places.

*(The placard flies out to reveal CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON, posed in front of the closed Screens. They face us, laugh, and begin to sing:)*

(1-A) “LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS”



LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

SEYMOUR. (*Re-enters R., carrying Pod #1—a large but sickly looking plant—unlike any you have ever seen.*) I'm afraid it isn't feeling very well today.

AUDREY. (*crossing c. to SEYMOUR*) There. Now isn't that bizarre?

MUSHNIK. (*joining her*) At least. What kind of a weirdo plant is that, Seymour?

SEYMOUR. I don't know. It looks like some kind of flytrap, but I haven't been able to identify it in any of my books. So I gave it my own name. I call it an Audrey Two.

AUDREY. (*deeply moved*) After me?

SEYMOUR. (*shy and gazing at her*) I hope you don't mind. (*to MUSHNIK, then crossing to windowseat*) You see sir, if you put a strange and interesting plant like this, here in the window, maybe—

MUSHNIK. (*returning to R. work table and sitting*) Maybe what? Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? Just because you put a strange and interesting plant in a window, people don't suddenly . . .

(*[MUSIC CUE: 3-A.] Door chimes and opens. All three heads turn. A CUSTOMER enters the shop.*)

CUSTOMER. Excuse me. I couldn't help noticing that strange and interesting plant. What is it?

AUDREY. It's an Audrey Two.

CUSTOMER. I've never seen anything like it before.

SEYMOUR. No one has.

CUSTOMER. Where did you get it?

SEYMOUR. Well . . .

(*MUSIC 3-B in*)

SEYMOUR. (*continued*) You remember that total eclipse of the sun a couple of weeks ago?

"DA DOO"

(*CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON pop into view up L., outside the shop window. As SEYMOUR, stage c., tells his tale, they sing back-up with appropriate Girl Group hand gestures. No one onstage seems to notice them.*)



## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

SEYMOUR. (*moving stage R., trying to escape them*) Yes, it's all true. Now please.

RONNETTE. (*She trips him as he tries to pass. He goes sprawling, face down, to the ground. Now that he's where she wants him, she looks down coolly and speaks:*) There's another big hot-shot lookin' for you, Seymour. From uptown. He's been askin' all over, where can he find you? You're famous, Seymour. (*BERNSTEIN, played by the same actor who played ORIN, enters stage R. He is a fast-talking media-maven.*)

BERNSTEIN. Is that him?

RONNETTE. That's him, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN. (*gives RONNETTE several dollars*) Thank you, girls. (*RONNETTE distributes money to the other GIRLS and all three exit, L.*) Seymour Krelborn! Sweetie, honey, baby, pussycat!

SEYMOUR. (*pulling himself off the ground and sitting on stage R. stoop*) Er . . . do I know you?

BERNSTEIN. (*standing beside him, one foot on stage R. stoop*) Of course not, but are you gonna be happy when you *do* (*spoken in rhythm*) Seymour . . . sweetheart . . . dollface . . . bubble-lah . . . (*sings*)

HEY, SEYMOUR KRELBORN, YOU PRINCE YOU  
MY NAME IS BERNSTEIN

I'M WITH NBC

I CAME DOWN HERE TO CONVINCE YOU  
TO DO A WEEKLY T.V. SHOW FOR ME

"SEYMOUR KRELBORN'S GARDENING TIPS"

FOR HALF AN HOUR, ON SUNDAYS, AT FOUR

T.V.'S FIRST HOME GARDENING PROGRAM

YOU'LL MAKE A MINT AND OUR RATINGS WILL SOAR!

(*He hands SEYMOUR a contract and swiftly exits R. CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON enter L., group themselves c., and sing as SEYMOUR examines the contract in amazement.*)

GIRLS.

THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT  
YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE  
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT  
IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY  
THEY SAY THE MEEK GONNA GET IT



LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

SEYMOUR. (*continued*) I think I *know* what made you do that. Well, I guess a few drops couldn't hurt. Long as you don't make a habit out of it or anything. (*sings*)

I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNLIGHT

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

NOW PLEASE—

(SEYMOUR gingerly extends his bleeding finger toward THE PLANT. THE PLANT vibrates in anticipation.)

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.)

Grow for me?

(SEYMOUR exits into the back room. As MUSIC builds, we see THE PLANT begin to grow . . . and grow . . . and grow . . . until, on the last chord of the music, it gives a little circular flourish—almost seeming to bow.)

BLACKOUT [SEE APPENDIX—NOTE 3]

SCREENS CLOSE

SCENE 2

[MUSIC CUE 5.] Screen closed. Forestage. MUSHNIK, CRYSTAL, CHIFFON, and RONNETTE sit on stage R. stoop, gathered around a little transistor radio. We overhear the program they are listening to: the end of an interview with SEYMOUR.

(SOUND: Interview Tape.)

INTERVIEWER. (*tape*) And thus we conclude our interview with Seymour Krelborn, the young botanical . . . Do you mind if I call you a genius?

SEYMOUR. (*tape*) Gosh, no.

INTERVIEWER. The genius who has developed a new breed of plantlife, hitherto unknown on this planet. The Audrey Two. Oh, just one last question, Mr. Krelborn. Do you feed it anything special?



LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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WOW! POW! LOOK OUT BELOW!  
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW  
YA NEVER KNOW?

MUSHNIK. (*offstage R.*) Krelborn!!

(SEYMOUR obediently exits R. [PLAYOFF MUSIC 5-A.]  
GIRLS Ad. Lib. laughter and good-natured mockery of  
SEYMOUR's awkward dancing. AUDREY rushes in, stage  
L. She is out of breath and her arm is in a chic leopard-print  
sling.)

CRYSTAL. (*Sees AUDREY and executes a "hold everything"  
arm gesture that cues PLAYOFF MUSIC to stop.*) Well, look  
who's here.

AUDREY. Hi, Crystal. Hi, Ronnette. Hi, Chiffon. Am I late?  
Did I miss it?

RONNETTE. (*crosses to AUDREY*) Sure are.

CHIFFON. (*joining her*) And sure did.

AUDREY. (*crosses down L., past them*) Seymour's first radio  
broadcast. I wanted to cheer him on. I tried to be on time,  
but . . .

CRYSTAL. Don't tell me.

THREE GIRLS. You got tied up.

AUDREY. No, just . . . handcuffed . . . a little.

(CRYSTAL and CHIFFON cross L. and position themselves  
on the down L. stoop.)

RONNETTE. (*crossing and sitting on edge of Forestage, just  
down R.C. of stage L. trash can*) Girl, I don't know who this mess  
is you hangin' out with, but he is hazardous to your health.

AUDREY. That's for sure, but I can't leave him.

CHIFFON. Why not?

AUDREY. He'd get angry. And if he does this to me when he  
*likes* me, imagine what he'd do if he ever got mad.

CRYSTAL. So dump the chump, get another guy, and let him  
protect you.

CHIFFON. And we got one all picked out.

RONNETTE. A little botanical genius.

CRYSTAL. And she ain't talkin' about George Washington  
Carver.

AUDREY. Seymour?



If you are auditioning for Audrey or any other female part, be prepared to sing piece listed. You will sing *a capella*.

AUDREY

32 (AUDREY) NO-BODY EV-ER TREATED ME KIND-LY DAD-DY LEFT TEAR-LY MA-MA WAS POOR

36 I'D MEET A MAN- AND I'D FOL-LOW HIM BUND-LY HE'D SNAP HIS FIN-GERS ME, I'D SAY

40 "SURE" SUD-DEN-LY

42 SEY-MOUR IS STANDING BE-SIDE ME HE DON'T GIVE ME

46 OR-DERS HE DON'T CON-DE-SCEND SUD-DEN-LY

50 SEY-MOUR IS HERE TO PRO-VIDE ME SWEET UN-DER

54 STAND ING. SEY-MOUR'S MY

END

56 FRIEND

60 (SEYMOUR) TELL ME THIS FEEL-ING LASTS 'TILL FOR-EV-ER TELL ME THE BAD-TIMES ARE CLEAN WASHED-A-WAY

64 (AUDREY) PLEASE UN-DER-STAND THAT IT'S STILL STRANGE AND FRIGHT-NING FOR LOS-ERS LIKE I'VE BEEN IT'S SO HARD-TO-

SAY. SUD-DEN-LY



If Seymour, be prepared to sing piece listed. You will sing *a capella*.

**#16** SUDDENLY SEYMOUR

6  
1-6

BEGIN  
(SEYMOUR) / ADDRESS

VAMP

7 LIFT UP YOUR HEAD\_ WASH OFF YOUR MAS-CAR - A HERE TAKE MY KLEE-NEX WIPE THAT

11 LIP-STICK A-WAY\_ SHOW ME YOUR FACE\_ CLEAN AS THE MOR-NING\_ I KNOW THINGS WERE BAD BUT

15 NOW THEY'RE\_ O. - KAY\_ SUD-DEN\_ LY

18 SEY-MOUR\_ IS STAND-ING BE-SIDE YOU YOU DON'T NEED\_ NO

22 MAKE UP DON'T HAVE TO\_ PRE-TEND. SUD-DEN\_ LY

26 SEY-MOUR\_ IS HERE TO\_ PRO-VIDE YOU SWEET UN\_ DER

30 STAND\_ ING. SEY-MOUR'S\_ YOUR <sup>↑</sup> Friend

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Audrey II's audition piece. You will sing *a capella*.

## #16 - SUPPERTIME

MUSCHNIK: "IT'S HARD TO KEEP THINGS CLEAN  
AROUND HERE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY  
ONLY REMOVE OUR GARBAGE ONCE  
A MONTH." THIS... A DENTIST'S UNIFORM

Audrey II

HE'S GOT YOUR NUM - BER NOW -

HE KNOWS JUST WHAT - YOU'VE DONE -

YOU GOT NO PLACE - TO HIDE -

YOU GOT NO - WHERE - TO RUN -

HE KNOWS YOUR LIFE OF CRIME -

I THINK IT'S SUP - PER - TIME -

2

4

(2x)



## Mushnick's Music Audition Piece

Please be prepared to sing a capella.

Handwritten musical score for Mushnick's Music Audition Piece. The score is written on two staves. The first staff begins with the lyrics "OUR LEFT!" and a measure with a whole note. The second staff begins with a yellow sticky note labeled "BEGIN" and a circled "MUSHNICK". The lyrics "SEX-MOUR" are written below the first staff. The second staff continues with the lyrics "SEX-MOUR" and "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY". The number "33" is written below the second staff.

OUR LEFT!

BEGIN

MUSHNICK

SEX-MOUR

SEX-MOUR

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY

33



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32 SON? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY OWN A-DOPT-ED BOY?

35 I NEVER LIKED HIM MUCH BEFORE BUT COUNT THE CASH THAT'S IN THE DRAWER I'VE GOT NO CHOICE I'M MUCH TOO

38 SAY YES! SEY-MOUR I WANT TO BE YOUR DAD!  
POOR WHAT FOR?

41 I WANT TO SEE YOU CLIMB-ING UP MY FAM-'LY TREE I USED TO THINK YOU LEFT A

44 STENCH BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU'RE A MENSCH SO I'M PRO-POS-ING BE MY SON!

47 MUSH - NIK AND SON \_\_\_\_\_ SOUNDS GREAT THREES

50 WORDS WITH THE RING OF FATE SO SAY YOU'LL IN - COR - FOR -

53 ATE WITH ME \_\_\_\_\_ A FLOR - IST'S

56 DREAM \_\_\_\_\_ COME TRUE MUSH - NIK AND HIS BOY - CHIK

9 YOU WHAT BUS -'NESS WE'LL DO FOR F. T. D



Orin's Audition Piece. You will sing a capella .

**BEGIN**

**(ORIN)**

DE- EN-TIST YOU HAVE A TA-LENT FOR CAUSING THINGS PAIN SON, BE A

**(CRYSTAL RANETTE CHIFFON)**

YOU'LL BE A DEN-TIST PAIN!

DE- EN-TIST PED-PLE WILL PAY YOU TO BE IN-HU-MANE. YOUR

SON, BE A DEN-TIST IN-HU-MANE.

TEM-PER-A-MENTS WRONG FOR THE PRIEST-HOOD AND TEACH-ING WOULD SUIT YOU STILL LESS SON, BE A

OH SON, BE A

**END**

DE- EN-TIST YOU'LL BE A suc-CESS.

**(RONETTE)**

DE- EN-TIST YOU'LL BE A suc-CESS HERE HE IS GIRLS THE LEAD-ER OF THE PLAQUE.

**(CHIFFON)**

WATCH HIM SUCK UP THAT GAS OH MY GOD.

**(CRYSTAL)**

HES A DEN-TIST AND HE'LL NEVER EVER BE AN-Y GOOD

**(ALL 3)**

WHO WANTS THEIR TEETH DONE BY THE MAR-AUS DE SADE OH THAT HURTS

**(ORIN)**

I'M NOT NUMB AW SHUT