

<p>SM TO-DO: (PRESHOW)</p> <p>Prep Stopwatch</p> <p>Check in w/ FOH for House Hold</p> <p>Switch Headsets</p> <p>GO TO THE BATHROOM</p> <p>Refill Water</p> <p>Take Cough Drop</p>	<p>HEADSET CHECK:</p> <p>Spot 1 (Cyrus)</p> <p>Spot 2 (Alex)</p> <p>ASM (Catalina)</p> <p>Prod. Swing (Kayla)</p> <p>Puppeteer (Liz)</p> <p>Light Op (Matt)</p> <p>Sound Op (Emma)</p> <p>Dresser (Abbey)</p>	<p>HOUSE OPEN:</p> <p>Preshow: LX 0.5 GO</p> <p>Places Confirmed/House Turned Over:</p> <p>House Half/Curtain Speech: LX 0.6</p> <p>House Out/Speech Complete: LX 0.7</p> <p>Top of Show: LX 1/START</p> <p>STOPWATCH</p> <p><i>Auto-follow LX 2</i></p> <p>BOTH SPOTS: Sweep Whole Room</p>
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. X

LX 3

(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:)

Auto-follow LX 4
LX 4.2

Music Change LX 5/Deck 10

(1-A) "LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS"

Girls:

LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA TERROR
CALL A COP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
NO!
OH OH OH NO-OH!

LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
BOP SH'BOP
LITTLE SHOPPA TERROR
WATCH'EM DROP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
NO!
OH OH OH NO-OH!

T
U
R
N



Chiffon: (as **CRYSTAL & RONNETTE** sing back-up)

SHING-A-LING

LX 6

WHAT A CREEPY THING
TO BE HAPPENIN'

Lookout! Lookout! Lookout! Lookout!

LX 6.2

SHANG-A-LANG

LX 6.4

FEEL THE STURM AND DRANG
IN THE AIR!
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
SHA LA LA
STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE
DONCHA MOVE A THING

Ronnette:

YOU BETTER

Girls:

YOU BETTER
TELLIN' YOU, YOU BETTER
TELL YOUR MAMA
SOMETHIN'S GONNA GET'ER
SHE BETTER

EVERYBODY BETTER
BEWARE!

LX 7

(DANCE BREAK)

LX 7.5

Girls:

OH, HERE IT COMES, BABY

LX 8

TELL THE BUMS, BABY

OH, OH, N'-NO

OH HIT THE DIRT, BABY **X**

LX 9

RED ALREADY, BABY

OH, OH, NO!

LX 10

OH, OH, N'-NO

ALLEY OOP

HAUL IT OFF THE STOOP, CHILD

I'M WARNING YOU

LOOKOUT, LOOKOUT, LOOKOUT, LOOKOUT

LX 11

RUN AWAY!

CHILD, YOU GONNA PAY

LX 11.2

IF YOU FAIL, YEAH

LOOK AROUND!

SOMETHIN'S COMIN' DOWN

DOWN THE STREET FOR YOU!

T
U
R
N

Girls:

YOUBETCHA!

LX 11.2

BET YET BUTT YA BETCHA!

BEST BELIEVE IT, SUMP-'N'S COME TO GETCHA!

YOU BETCHA!

BETTER WATCH YOUR BACK AND YOU

TAY-

LX 12

YAY, YAY, YAY, YAY, YAIL

Ronette:

COME-A, COME-A, COME-A

LX 13

Girls:

LITTLESHOP

LX 14

LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS

Auto-follow LX 15

BOP SH'BOP

YOU'LL NEVER STOP THE TERROR

LITTLE SHOP

LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS

NO!NO NO N'NO!

LX 15.2

NO NO N'NO!

Auto-follow LX 15.4

NO NO N'NO-OH OH OH!

X MUSICAL BUTTON

LX 16

APPLAUSE COMPLETE

LX 17

Music Cue: TICK TOK
Auto-follow LX 18

T
U
R
N

ACT ONE

Scene 1

As we move from Prologue to scene lighting, **CRYSTAL**, **RONNETTE**, and **CHIFFON** take places on the down L. stoop, near the sleeping **WINO**. They will remain there for a while, idly reading monster-movie magazines. US., in the shop, **LIGHTS** come up on Mr. **Mushnik** at the work table, reading the *Skid Row Daily News* and waiting for customers who do not arrive. In fact, customers very seldom if ever arrive around here. What few flowers are in evidence are on their last legs – wilted, faded, and decaying. The clock moves slowly, accompanied by tic-toc music, from nine o'clock to ten. Suddenly, there is an ear-splitting crash from the off R. workroom. **MUSHNIK** shouts in the direction of the noise, without getting up.

LX 18.2

Music Cue: CRASH

MUSHNIK: What did you break now, Krelborn?

SEYMOUR: (offstage) Nothing, Mr. **Mushnik**. X

LX 18.4

MUSHNIK: (mumbling in something that resembles Yiddish as he returns to the paper) Aron g'vorn g'voxen, akebebble, mit, tzibeleh.

Music Cue: TICK TOCK

(The clock advances. When it hits eleven, **AUDREY** appears down R., sporting a blackeye. She runs across the Forestage, past the **GIRLS**, and into the shop. As she enters, the doorbell sounds. The clock hits two and stops.)

MUSHNIK: (continues) So, she finally decides to come to work.

AUDREY: Good morning Mr. **Mushnik**.

MUSHNIK: What morning? It's two o'clock in the afternoon.

(He picks up a half-eaten sandwich from the work table and starts to cross out of the shop.) Not that we had a customer. Who has customers when you run a flower shop on Skid Row? (dumps the sandwich in the down L. trash can)

AUDREY: I'm sorry. X

LX 18.6

Music Cue: CRASH

(She is hanging up her jacket as we hear another loud crash from the workroom.)

MUSHNIK: (shouted from Forestage) Seymour, what is going on back there?

SEYMOUR: (offstage) Very little, Mr. **Mushnik**!

MUSHNIK: (quickly moving back into the shop) Audrey, you'd better go back there and see what he's... (He gets a good look at her for the first time.) Audrey. Where'd you get that shiner?

AUDREY: (evasively grabbing some roses from the windowseat and crossing to the down R. work table to arrange them)
Shiner?

MUSHNIK: Audrey, that greasy boyfriend of yours – he's been beating up on you again? (She doesn't answer.) Look, I know it's none of my business, but I'm beginning to think he's maybe not such a nice boy.

AUDREY. You don't meet nice boys when you live on Skid Row, Mr. Mushnik.

(**SEYMOUR** enters up R. with several trays of plants.)

SEYMOUR. I got these plants repotted for you, Mr..... (He trips over his feet and falls, sending trays and pots flying across the room.)

MUSHNIK. (shouting as **SEYMOUR** tumbles) Seymour! Look what you done to the inventory!

AUDREY. Don't yell at Seymour, Mr. Mushnik.

SEYMOUR. (looking up from the floor) Hi, Audrey – you look radiant today. (beat) Is that new eye makeup?

AUDREY. (rising to exit up R. workroom) I'll clean it up before any of the customers get here.

MUSHNIK. Well that ought to give you plenty of time.

 (He steps outside the shop.)

LX 19

Look, God, what an existence I got! Misfit employees, bums on the sidewalk, business is lousy. My life is a living hell. You! Urchins! Off the stoop! It ain't bad enough I got the winos permanently decorating the storefront? I need three worthless ragamuffins to complete the picture?

RONNETTE. Aw, we ain't bothering nobody. Are we Crystal?

CRYSTAL. No we're not, Ronnette.

MUSHNIK. You ought to be in school.

CHIFFON. We're on the split shift.

RONNETTE. Right. We went to school 'til the fifth grade, then we split.

T
U
R
N

MUSHNIK. So how do you intend to better yourselves?

CRYSTAL. Better ourselves? Mister, when you from Skid Row, ain't no such thing. **X**

LX 20

(2) "DOWNTOWN (SKID ROW)"

Music Cue: SKID ROW
BOTH Spots on Trio

Crystal.

ALARM GOES OFF AT SEVEN
AND YOU START UPTOWN.
YOU PUT IN YOUR EIGHT HOURS
FOR THE POWERS THAT HAVE ALWAYS BEEN.



WAITRESS OFF FIRE ESC

LX 20.2

Waitress: Sing it, child.

Crystal.

TIL IT'S FIVE P.M.

WINO #1. (*sitting up, suddenly*)

THEN YOU GO
(*He collapses again.*)

Girls.

DOWNTOWN
WHERE THE FOLKS ARE BROKE
YOU GO
DOWNTOWN
WHERE YOUR LIFE'S A JOKE
YOU GO
DOWNTOWN
WHEN YOU BUY YOUR TOKEN, YOU GO –
HOME TO SKID ROW!

LX 21

(*moving c. with MUSHNIK, singing and dancing*)

HOME TO SKID ROW!

WINO #1. (*sitting up again*)

YES, YOU GO

(*As they continue singing, WINO #2, enters stage R., singing back-up and panhandling.*)

All.

DOWNTOWN

Crystal.

WHERE THE CABS DON'T STOP.

All.
DOWNTOWN

Mushnik.
WHERE THE FOOD IS SLOP.

All.
DOWNTOWN
WHERE THE HOP-HEADS FLOP IN THE SNOW!
DOWN ON SKID ROW!

Girls.

X UPTOWN YOU CATER TO A MILLION JERKS
UPTOWN YOU'RE MESSENGERS AND MAILROOM CLERKS
EATIN' ALL YOUR LUNCHES AT THE HOT-DOG CARTS
THE BOSSES TAKE YOUR MONEY
AND THEY BREAK YOUR HEARTS

LX 22

*(The GIRLS continue singing, down R. **AUDREY**, meanwhile, comes out of the shop to empty a pan-full of **SEYMOUR**'s broken flowerpots in the down L. trash can.)*

AND UPTOWN YOU CATER TO A MILLION WHORES
YOU DISINFECT TERRAZZO ON THEIR BATHROOM
FLOORS
YOUR MORNING'S TRIBULATION, AFTERNOON'S A CURSE
AND FIVE O'CLOCK IS EVEN WORSE –

Wino#1.
THAT'S WHEN YOU GO

All.
DOWNTOWN

LX 23

Audrey.
WHERE THE GUYS ARE DRIPS.

All.
DOWNTOWN

Audrey.
WHERE THEY RIP YOUR SLIPS.
DOWNTOWN
WHERE RELATIONSHIPS ARE NO-GO.

(She sits on the stage L. trash can.)

All.
DOWN ON SKID ROW! 1 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

T
U
R
N

SEYMORE. (*Lights crossfade sharply to him in the shop, still on his knees, cleaning up the mess.*)

POOR!

LX 24

ALL MY LIFE, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN POOR!
I KEEP ASKING GOD WHAT I'M FOR,
AND HE TELLS ME,
"GEE, I'M NOT SURE...
SWEEP THAT FLOOR, KID"

OH!

LX 24.2

(*He rises.*)

BOTH spots switch to SEYMORE

I STARTED LIFE AS AN ORPHAN,
A CHILD OF THE STREET, HERE ON SKID ROW!

(refers to **MUSHNIK**, outside)

HE TOOK ME IN, GAVE ME SHELTER,
A BED, CRUST OF BREAD, AND A JOB –
TREATS ME LIKE DIRT,
CALLS ME A SLOB,

WHICH I AM!
SO I LIVE...

LX 26

Others.

DOWNTOWN

Seymour.

THAT'S YOUR HOME ADDRESS, YA LIVE

Others.

DOWNTOWN

Seymour.

WHEN YOUR LIFE'S A MESS, YA LIVE

Others.

DOWNTOWN

Seymour.

WHERE DEPRESSION'S JES' STATUS QUO!

Others.

DOWN ON SKID ROW

Seymour. (*moving c. and turning forwardly, lyrically*)

SOMEONE SHOW ME A WAY TO GET OUTTA HERE
CAUSE I CONSTANTLY PRAY I'LL GET OUTTA HERE
PLEASE WON'T SOMEBODY SAY I'LL GET OUTTA HERE
SOMEONE GIMME MY SHOT OR I'LL ROT HERE!

T
U
R
N

Seymour

SHOW ME HOW AND I WILL,
 I'LL GET OUTTA HERE
 FOR US,
 I'LL START CLIMBIN'
 UPHILL
 AND GET OUTTA HERE
 SOMEONE TELL ME I
 STILL
 RAINBOW'S
 COULD GET OUTTA HERE
 SOMEONE TELL LADY
 LUCK
 THAT I'M STUCK HERE!

Others.

DOWNTOWN
 THERE'S NO RULES
 DOWNTOWN
 CAUSE IT'S
 DANGEROUS
 DOWNTOWN
 WHERE THE
 JUST
 A NO-SHOW!
 WHEN YOU LIVE...

LX 27

(*ALL, except **SEYMOUR** and **AUDREY**, are now moving in a very dramatic, dreamlike, West Side Story-ish way.*
SEYMOUR, *still in shop, simply stands and sings, looking off into the distance at "dreams that won't come true."*
AUDREY, *seated on the Forestage, does the same.*)

Seymour & Audrey.

GEE, IT SURE WOULD
 BE SWELL
 DON'T
 TO GET OUTTA HERE
 BID THE GUTTER FARE-
 WELL
 AND GET OUTTA HERE
 I'D MOVE HEAVEN AND
 HELL
 TO GET OUTTA SKID
 I'D DO I-DUNNO-WHAT
 TO GET OUTTA SKID
 BIT A HELL OF A LOT
 TO GET OUTTA SKID
 PEOPLE TELL ME
 THERE'S
 NOT A WAY OUTTA SKID
 BUT BELIEVE ME I
 GOTTA BET OUTTA

Others.

DOWNTOWN
 WHERE THE SUN
 SHINE
 DOWNTOWN
 PAST THE BOTTOM
 LINE
 DOWNTOWN
 GO ASK ANY WINO,
 HE'LL KNOW

WARN
Deck- Clock
With LX 31 & LX 35

DOWNTOWN!
 DOWNTOWN!

DOWNTOWN!

All.

SKID **ROW!**

MUSICAL BUTTON

T
 U
 R
 N

LX 28

LX 29

(At the end of the number, <i>life returns to normal</i>)	[MUSIC CUE 2-A.]	LX 30
 ALL ENSEMBLE CLEAR		LX 30.2
 CAST SETTLED		CLOCK/LX 31
TABLEAU #1: (<i>Mushnik DR w/ clipboard, Audrey UR filing nails, Seymour S @ DL Stool</i>)		LX 32
	↓	After 5 beats LX 33
TABLEAU #2: (<i>Mushnik UC, Audrey S @ DL Stool, Seymour @ cash register</i>)	↓	LX 34
		After 5 beats CLOCK/LX 35
TABLEAU #3: (<i>Mushnik @ Front Shop Door, Seymour asleep @ DL Stool, Audrey asleep @ UC Stool</i>)		LX 36

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.

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...

(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)

LX 36.8

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

Music Cue: Da-Doo

T
U
R
N

“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.)

Girls.

DA-DOO

LX 37

SEYMOUR. I was walking in the wholesale flower district that day.

Girls.

SHOOP-DA-DOO

*Auto-follow LX 38
Spot 1- Seymour
Spot 2- 1st Cust.*

SEYMOUR. And I passed by this place where this old Chinese man –
Girls.

CHANG-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. – He sometimes sells me weird and exotic cuttings –
Girls.

SNIP-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. – ‘Cause he knows, you see – strange plants are my hobby!

Girls.

DA-DA-DA-DA-DA
DA-DOO

WARN:

“These next two cues are back-to-back, so I will only say the Q# for the first GO”

SEYMOUR. He didn’t have anything unusual there that day.

Girls.

NOPE-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR. And I was about to – you know – walk on by.

Girls

GOOD FOR YOU

SEYMOUR. When suddenly and without warning, there was this...

LX 38.2

Seymour and Girls.

TOTAL EXLIPSE OF THE SUN!

LX 39

(Musical DING)

LX 40

SEYMOUR. It got very dark. And then I heard a strange humming sound, like something from another world.

Auto-follow LX 41

SEYMOUR. (to himself, turning away from **THE PLANT** and starting to move slowly C. along edge of shop platform [SEE APPENDIX – NOTE 8])

GEE, I'D LIKE A HARLEY MACHINE

PLANT. Now you're cookin!

WARN

DECK 40- Verbal

Dentist Platform ON

Seymour.

TOOLIN' AROUND LIKE I WAS A JAMES DEAN

PLANT. Yeah!

Seymour.

MAKIN' ALL THE GUYS ON THE CORNER TURN GREEN

Plant.

SO GO GIT IT!

(Getting into the spirit of the music and thinking about that Harley, **SEYMOUR** does The Twist with himself, moving stage R. along the platform edge. US. of him, **THE PLANT** rocks out, kicking both its root-legs high and singing :)

IF YOU WANNA BE PROFOUND
AND YOU REALL GOTTA JUSTIFY
TAKE A BREATH AND LOOK AROUND
ALOTTA FOLK DESERVE TO DIE!



SEYMOUR SNAPS OUT OF IT

LX 104

SEYMOUR. (abruptly stop dancing, down R. of **PLANT**) Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. That's not a very nice thing to say.

PLANT. (smacking **SEYMOUR** with a root, for emphasis) But it's *true*, isn't it?

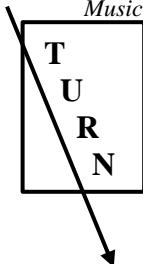
SEYMOUR. No. I don't know anybody who *deserves* to get chopped up and fed to a hungry plant.

PLANT. (slowly panning toward the shop door) Mmmmmmmmm.....sure you **do**.

LX 105

Music Cue: Git It Cont.

(And at this very opportune moment, **ORIN** and **AUDREY** appear up C., outside the window. **THE PLANT** returns to its innocent "Upright Neutral" position and remains



*motionless. Through the window, we see
AUDREY moving quickly toward the shop*

ORIN. Stupid woman! Christ, what a friggin' scatterbrain!

AUDREY. I'm sorry, Doctor! I'm sorry, Doctor!

ORIN. Now, get the hell in there and pick up the goddamn sweater, you dizzy cow!

AUDREY. (Enters shop. **ORIN** stays in doorway.) Yes, Doctor! Right away, Doctor! (To **SEYMOUR**, who remains motionless at the DS.R. corner of the shop, watching.) Hi, Seymour. I left my sweater here before. (exits R. into workroom)

ORIN. C'mon, move it, ya little slut. How do you like that stupid dame? Forgets her friggin' sweater. (as **AUDREY** reenters with sweater and moves toward him) Christ, if your stupid head weren't screwed on! (He slaps her.)

AUDREY. Orin! That hurt!

ORIN. Move it!

(**ORIN** and **AUDREY** exit. **SEYMOUR** runs to the door as if to follow them, then stops cold. As MUSIC builds, he and **THE PLANT** slowly turn toward each other to exchange a dark look of mutual understanding.)

Seymour and Plant. [SEE APPENDIX – NOTE 9]

X IF YOU WANT A RATIONALE

LX 107

IT ISN'T VERY HARD TO SEE –
STOP AND THINK IT OVER, PAL
THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!
THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!
THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!

Seymour.

HE'S SO NASTY, TREATIN' HER ROUGH

Plant.

SMACKIN' HER AROUND AND ALWAYS TALKIN' SO

SLOW

1 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

2 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

3 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

4 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

FAST (Double

Tempo)

1 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

2 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

3 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

4 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

5 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

6 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

7 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

8 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

9 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

10 / 2 / 3 / 4 /

CALL NOTE:

Keep an eye on the cast... this could be visual

LX 105.2

Music Cue: SLAP