



**Stage Door Entertainment LTD**

***Little Shop of Horrors***

**Audition Material**

Auditions will take place on **Thursday 10th July**, from **6pm - 9pm** at **Portobello Town Hall**.  
5 minute slots will be allocated.

We will only accept one audition number per candidate, and we would encourage participants to choose a song that best shows off their voice.

Please note, there will not be a large ensemble for this show. There are a select number of featured ensemble members who will be cast from the audition process. If you would like to audition for the ensemble, please sing a song from the audition pack which best showcases your performance ability.

- [Seymour](#)
- [Audrey](#)
- [Audrey II \(Voice\)](#)
- [Orin & Others](#)
- [Crystal, Ronette & Chiffon](#)
- [Mr Mushnik](#)

## **Seymour (Grow For Me)**

### **Lyrics:**

I've given you sunshine  
I've given you dirt.  
You've given me nothing  
But heartache and hurt.  
I'm beggin' 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 s'posed ta.  
You're barely alive.  
I've tried you at levels of moisture  
From desert to mud.  
I've given you grow-lights  
And mineral supplements.  
What do you want from me- Blood?

### *Instrumental*

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-oh please-grow for me!

### **Backing Track (Full Song):**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IVnwMIXJVvs&list=PLO\\_03Ezw63IXI-I6fF9i46OIJjRhw7FH\\_&index=4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IVnwMIXJVvs&list=PLO_03Ezw63IXI-I6fF9i46OIJjRhw7FH_&index=4)

## **Audrey (Somewhere That's Green)**

### **Lyrics:**

I know Seymour's the greatest  
But I'm dating a semi-sadist  
So I've got a black eye  
And my arm's in a cast.  
Still, that Seymour's a cutie  
Well, if not, he's got inner beauty  
And I dream of a place  
Where we could be together at last

### *Instrumental*

A matchbox of our own  
A fence of real chain link,  
A grill out on the patio  
Disposal in the sink  
A washer and a dryer and an ironing machine  
In a tract house that we share  
Somewhere that's green.

He rakes and trims the grass  
He loves to mow and weed  
I cook like Betty Crocker  
And I look like Donna Reed  
There's plastic on the furniture  
To keep it neat and clean  
In the Pine-Sol scented air  
Somewhere that's green

Between our frozen dinner  
And our bedtime, nine-fifteen  
We snuggle watchin' Lucy  
On our big, enormous twelve-inch screen

I'm his December Bride  
He's Father, he Knows Best  
Our kids watch Howdy Doody  
As the sun sets in the west  
A picture out of Better Homes and Gardens magazine

Far from Skid Row  
I dream we'll go  
somewhere that's green.

### **Backing Track (Full Song):**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xs01ILxaGy8&list=PLO\\_03Ezw63lXI-l6fF9i46OlJjRhw7FH\\_&index=6](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xs01ILxaGy8&list=PLO_03Ezw63lXI-l6fF9i46OlJjRhw7FH_&index=6)

## **Audrey II - Voice (Feed Me)**

### **Lyrics:**

Would you like a Cadillac car?  
Or a guest shot on Jack Paar?  
How about a date with Hedy Lamarr?  
You gonna git it.

Would you like to be a big wheel,  
Dinin' out for every meal?  
I'm the plant that can make it all real  
You gonna git it

I'm your genie, I'm your friend  
I'm your willing slave  
Take a chance, just feed me and  
You know the kinda eats,  
The kinda red hot treats  
The kinda sticky licky sweets  
I crave

Come on, Seymour, don't be a putz  
Trust me and your life will surely rival King Tut's  
Show a little 'nitiative, work up the guts  
And you'll git it

### **Backing Track (2:06 - 2:55):**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VOQYUr\\_gKzs&list=PLO\\_03Ezw63IXI-I6fF9i46OIjRh7FH\\_&index=8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VOQYUr_gKzs&list=PLO_03Ezw63IXI-I6fF9i46OIjRh7FH_&index=8)

## **Orin & Others (Dentist)**

### **Lyrics:**

When I was younger, just a bad little kid  
My mama noticed funny things I did  
Like shooting puppies with a B.B. gun  
I'd poison guppies and when I was done  
I'd find a pussycat and bash in its head  
That's when my mama said

*What did she say?*

She said, "My boy, I think someday  
You'll find a way to make your natural  
tendencies pay

You'll be a dentist  
You have a talent for causing things pain  
Son, be a dentist  
People will pay you to be inhumane  
Your temperament's wrong for the  
priesthood  
And teaching would suit you still less  
Son, be a dentist  
You'll be a success

*Here he is, folks the leader of the plaque!  
Watch him suck up that gas!  
Oh, my god!  
He's a dentist and he'll never ever be any  
good*

*Who wants their teeth done by the  
Marquis de Sade?  
Oh that hurts!  
I'm not numb!*

Oh, shut up. Open wide. here I come!  
I am your dentist

*Goodness gracious!*

And I enjoy the career that I picked  
I am your dentist

*Fitting braces*

And I get off on the pain I inflict  
When I start extracting those molars  
You girls will be screaming like holy rollers

*Dentist!*

And though it may cause my patients  
distress  
Somewhere in heaven above me, I know  
that my mama's proud of me  
'Cause I'm a dentist- and a success  
Say ah! Say ah! Say ah!  
Now spit.

### **Backing Track (Full Song):**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gXljulKDMg8>

## **Crystal, Ronette & Chiffon (Skid Row)**

### **Lyrics:**

Alarm goes off at seven  
And you start uptown.  
You put in your eight hours  
For the powers that have always been.  
Till it's five P.M.

*Then You go*

Downtown  
Where the folks are broke.  
Downtown  
Where your life's a joke.  
Downtown  
When you buy your token,  
you go  
Home to skid row.

*Yes, you go*

Downtown  
Where the cabs don't stop

Downtown  
Where the food is slop  
Downtown  
Where the hop-heads flop  
in the snow  
Down on Skid Row

Uptown you cater to a million jerks.  
Uptown you're messengers and  
mailroom clerks  
eating all your lunches at the  
hot dog carts.  
The bosses take your money  
And they break your hearts.

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

### **Backing Track (0:00 - 1:37):**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QWnKQ1Wt6IM&list=PLO\\_03Ezw63IXI-l6fF9i46OIjRhW7FH\\_&index=2](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QWnKQ1Wt6IM&list=PLO_03Ezw63IXI-l6fF9i46OIjRhW7FH_&index=2)

## **Mr Mushnik (Mushnik & Son)**

### **Lyrics:**

Seymour, how would you like to be my son? (Aah!)  
How would you like to be my own adopted boy  
I never liked him much before  
But now the cash, it's in the drawer  
I've got no choice - I'm much too poor  
Say yes!

*What for?*

Seymour, I want to be your dad  
I want to see you climbing up my family tree  
I used to think you left a stench, but now I see that you're a mench  
So I'm proposing be my son!

Mushnik and son!  
Sounds great  
Three words with a ring of fate  
So, say you'll incorporate with me  
A florist's dream come true  
Mushnik and his boychick, you  
What business we'll do for F.T.D  
How 'bout it, Seymour, be my son!  
Just say the word, I'll have my lawyer on the phone!

*Now, Mr Mushnik, don't be rash  
You always said that I was trash!*

Oh I was joking!

*Sir, I'm choking!*

'Scuse the physical expression  
Of my pride of the sweet paternal mishegoss  
I've had pent up inside!

### **Backing Track (0:40 - 2:03):**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=algKG5Tnwpw>