

THE ASYLUM FOR WAYWARD VICTORIAN GIRLS: THE MUSICAL  
BY EMILIE AUTUMN

## WHO'S A LITTLE LEECH?

(DR. LYMER, EMILY)

**DR. LYMER:**

A SUPERIOR CREATURE!  
A GIFT FROM THE GODS TO THE MAD  
THE DESPERATE, DEATHLY DESPONDENT, DISGUSTINGLY SAD,  
DISAPPOINTED, AND DOWN ON THEIR LUCK,  
WHOSE DISTINGUISHING FEATURE,  
AND WHY I AM PROTECTIVELY CLAD,  
IS, NO, NOT THE THREE SETS OF TEETH THAT COULD PIERCE THE HIDE  
OF AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT,  
RATHER MORE RELEPHANT  
IS THE MAGNIFICENT, TRULY SPECTACULAR,  
MARVELOUS, HARDLY BELIEVABLE,  
AND UNACHIEVABLE BY ANY OTHER CONCEIVABLE PARASITE:  
THE UNEARTHLY ABILITY TO SIMPLY SUCK!

WHO'S A DARLING?  
WHO'S A DEAR?  
WHO'S A LITTLE BLIND?  
BUT YOU NEVER MIND,  
FOR YOUR PAPA IS HERE.  
WHO'S A LITTLE MIRACLE,  
AND PROOF EMPIRICAL,  
OF HEAVEN ABOVE?  
WHO'S A LITTLE LEECH?  
WHO'S A LITTLE PEACH?  
WHO'S A LITTLE LOVE?

LOOK! SOME LUSCIOUS JUICY VEINS!  
TAKE A LITTLE BITE,  
WHATEVER WILL DELIGHT  
ALL YOUR THIRTY-TWO BRAINS.  
WHO'S A LITTLE SANGUIVOROUSLY CARNIVOROUS?  
PLEASE, DON'T BITE MY GLOVE!  
WHO'S A LITTLE LEECH?  
WHO'S A LITTLE PEACH?  
WHO'S A LITTLE LOVE?

WIGGLE WIGGLE WIGGLE...

WILLINGLY, AND RATHER THRILLINGLY,

I WATCH YOU WRITHING AS YOU WAIT,  
WANTING ONLY WHAT YOU SO RIGHTLY DESERVE.

MAN! WON'T YOU HOLD HER DOWN MORE TIGHTLY!  
I MIGHT HAVE HIT SOME SORT OF NERVE.

NO, NO, WAIT, GET THE PLATE!  
BLESS MY SOUL, GRAB THE BOWL,  
AND THE SALT!

**EMILY:**  
WHAT IS THAT FOR?  
STOP! YOU'RE KILLING IT!

**DR. LYMER:**  
GOD DAMN YOU, YOU'RE SPILLING IT!

SHE IS MOST PARTICULARLY FILLED WITH DEMON BLOOD,  
THE CAUSE OF EVERY ILL.  
LET'S BLEED THE BITCH UNTIL  
SHE'S DRAINED OF EVERY BLOODY DROP!

THERE WE ARE.

JAR...

WHO'S A WONDROUS LITTLE WORM?  
HERE'S A FLESHY SLICE.  
DOESN'T THAT LOOK NICE?  
OH, YOU'RE SWEET WHEN YOU SQUIRM.  
ISN'T IT DIVINE THAT WHAT YOU LIKE TO DINE UPON  
IS WHAT WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF?  
WHO'S A LITTLE LEECH?  
WHO'S A LITTLE PEACH?  
WHO'S A LITTLE LOVE?

WIGGLE WOO...

YOU ARE EXOTIC, AND AQUATIC.  
DID YOU KNOW THEY'RE IMPORTED FROM FRANCE?  
FANCY FANCY FRANCE, FANCY FRANCE!  
ONCE THEY WERE BRITISH,  
THE QUEEN'S LOYAL SUBJECTS,  
BUT NOBODY OBJECTS TO FOREIGN ROMANCE!

STILL, ALTHOUGH THEY'RE HERMAPHRODITES,  
SELF-REPRODUCIBLE,

SUPPLY CAN'T KEEP UP WITH DEMAND.

NOW HER HAND...

THUS I FELT IT WAS RIGHT  
THAT I MAKE THEM REUSABLE.

SERVANT! THE SCISSORS!  
NOW WATCH, THIS IS GRAND!

WHEN SHE'S PLIANT AND PALE,  
AND HE'S FULL TO EXCEEDING,  
I CUT OF HIS TAIL SO THAT  
HE CAN KEEP FEEDING,  
AND FEEDING AND FEEDING AND FEEDING AND FEEDING,  
AND SHE CAN KEEP BLEEDING AND BLEEDING AND BLEEDING AND...

YES!

YES!

YES!

WHO'S A DARLING?  
WHO'S A DEAR?  
UTTERLY HUMANE,  
FRIEND TO THE INSANE,  
FROM OPHELIA TO KING LEAR,  
AND IF YOU COULD SPEAK,  
I'D SURELY HEAR YOU SQUEAK,  
"DEAR DOCTOR LYMER, I LOVE YOU TOO!"

WHO'S A LITTLE LEECH?  
HERE'S A LITTLE CLUE:  
WHO'S A LITTLE PEACH?  
IT'S A LITTLE YOU!  
WHO'S A LITTLE DIAMOND,  
SLITHERY AND SLIMY,  
DEAREST LITTLE DOVE?  
WHO'S A LITTLE LOVE!

YOU MIGHT FEEL A LITTLE PINCH.