## CHIFFON Say what?

**ORIN** 

You see, girls, my line of work requires a certain fascination with human pain and suffering. (*He inhales again and gives a little whoop.*) This stuff is great. Allow me to explain.

([MUSIC CUE 8b.] GIRLS clap out a rhythm and move into a back-up group formation. They will maintain this attitude throughout his number: and ultra-cool, Shangri-La-style detachment, with appropriate hand gestures.)

## **8 DENTIST**







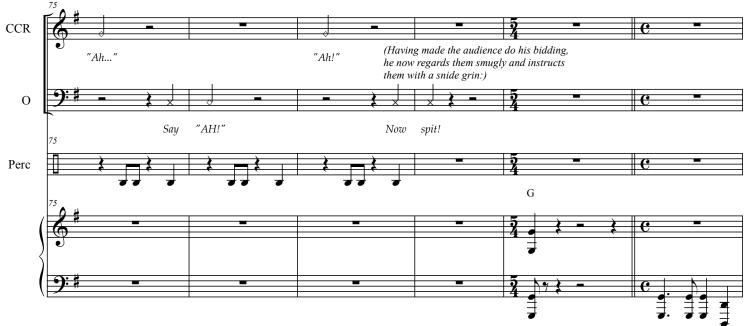






(The GIRLS clap out the rhythm as ORIN moves DS. Toward the audience. He addresses the house directly.)





(On the last beat of the number, he strikes a "Leader of the Pack" pose with his back to the audience. We see for the first time that the back of his Dentist's uniform is applicated with a peculiar "bike club" insignia: a bleeding tooth and the letters "A.D.A." On PLAYOFF MUSIC, RONNETTE and CHIFFON exit R. CRYSTAL climbs to perch herself on the fire escape, down R. ORIN puts on his leather jacket and crosses the Forestage, toward the shop. Shop LIGHTS restore. SEYMOUR crosses to stage L. work table, putting things in order.)



ORIN (Continued, MUSIC OUT sharply as door opens and he pokes his head in.) Hey, how ya doin'?

SEYMOUR Fine, thank you. But the shop's closed.

ORIN (enters shop) I'm not here to shop, I'm here to... (sees THE PLANT and crosses to it) Hey, this must be that plant they're talkin' about on the news. Whaddya call it?

SEYMOUR An Audrey Two.

ORIN Cute name. Catchy. Nice plant. Big.

SEYMOUR Thank you, I raised it myself. Now, if you don't mind, I'm not really supposed to let anyone...

ORIN I hear it's some kind of new species or something.

SEYMOUR That's what they tell me. But you'll have to leave now, we-

AUDREY (enters from back room) It's okay, Seymour. This is my boyfriend. Seymour, Orin

Scrivello. (ORIN snaps a finger at her.) D.D.S.

ORIN (putting an arm around SEYMOUR) I'll tell you something, guy. You say you raised

this thing, right?

SEYMOUR Right.

ORIN (punctuating his remarks with friendly but painful little side-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 outta

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.