

Orin #1 / Ensemble

40

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

AUDREY. Oh, it's no big deal. And besides, it's dangerous.
SEYMOUR. It is?

AUDREY. Extremely dangerous. *(beat)* Gee, I'd better go fix my face. My date'll be here any minute.

(She exits up R. [MUSIC CUE 8-A.] SEYMOUR takes the stool from the worktable, crosses to the window, and sits there, back to audience, as LIGHTS fade in shop and come up on the Forestage. ORIN enters down R., wearing a black leather jacket and a smug, self-satisfied expression. He positions himself stiffly, just c. of the down R. stoop and speaks to the GIRLS.)

ORIN. Excuse me, ladies. Which way to thirteen-thirteen Skid Row?

CRYSTAL. *(producing a tin can marked "Tips" and handing it to CHIFFON)* I'm afraid that information will cost you a dollar.

ORIN. Hey. No prob. *(dropping a dollar into the can)* Here you go.

CHIFFON. *(handing the can back to CRYSTAL)* It's right over there. But if you're like the thousands of others flocking down to see the Audrey Two, you better come back tomorrow, man. This shop is closed today. *(She slaps CRYSTAL's hand and squeals gleefully.)* Ooooh, took his dollar!

ORIN. I'm not here to buy posies, girls. I'm here to pick up my date.

CRYSTAL. *(eyeing him)* Your date?

CHIFFON. *(with a glance to CRYSTAL)* You ain't by any chance talkin' about a girl with a black eye?

CRYSTAL. And several other medical problems?

ORIN. As a matter of fact . . .

(Suddenly, the GIRLS descend upon him full-force, CRYSTAL and CHIFFON backing him to c. and RONETTE, who has been watching from the stage L. stoop, approaching him from behind.)

GIRLS. *(shouted; Ad. Lib)* That's him! That's the one! Who do you think you are, treating her that way? Get outa here and don't come back! Beat it! Get lost! *(Etc.)*

RONETTE. *(spinning him around to face her)* Yo!

ORIN. Ladies! Ladies! Please! I'm friendly! Truce! Pacem!

Start
→

male ens read Orin / Female ens read All urchins

(*He removes an inhaler from his pocket and offers it.*) You want some nitrous oxide?

CRYSTAL. (*backing him up to stage L. C.*) Why don't you get lost, Vitalis-brains? The last thing Audrey needs is more of your kind.

ORIN. My kind is a very nice kind, ladies. I'm not a monster.

RONNETTE. What else would you call it?

ORIN. I would call it . . . (*quickly inhaling some nitrous oxide*) I would call it an occupational hazard.

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 8-B.] GIRLS clap out a rhythm and move into a backup-group formation. They will maintain this attitude throughout his number: an ultra-cool, Shangri-La-style detachment, with appropriate unison hand gestures.*)

"DENTIST"

ORIN.

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER,
JUST A BAD LITTLE KID,
MY MAMA NOTICED FUNNY THINGS I DID—
LIKE SHOOTIN' 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—

GIRLS. (*toneless and in rhythm*) What did she say?

ORIN.

SHE SAID, MY BOY I THINK SOME DAY
YOU'LL FIND A WAY
TO MAKE YOUR NAT-U-RAL TENDENCIES PAY!
(*He unzips his leather jacket . . .*)
YOU'LL BE A
(*And removes it, revealing a white Dentist's uniform.*)
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 PRIEST—
HOOD

STOP

Orin #2 (customer)

22

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?

STOP

"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.*)

male & female ens read Customer

Orin callback

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

55

ORIN SCRIVELLO, D.D.S. SEYMOUR nervously enters stage L., holding a paper bag which reads "Mushnik's Skid Row Florists."

start
→

ORIN. (*emerging through "door" U. C.*) Next!

SEYMOUR. I guess that's me, Dr. Scrivello.

ORIN. Do you have an appointment?

SEYMOUR. We met yesterday. Seymour Krelborn.

ORIN. Oh, of course. The guy with the plant.

SEYMOUR. Right.

ORIN. And the band-aids.

SEYMOUR. Right.

(*SEYMOUR timidly pulls a gun from the paper bag and levels it.*)

ORIN. And the gun.

SEYMOUR. R . . . right.

ORIN. So why are you pointing a gun at me, Seymour?

SEYMOUR. I . . . I . . .

ORIN. (*crossing L., toward SEYMOUR; sweetly taking charge*) Hey. Are you a little bit nervous about seeing a dentist?

SEYMOUR. No . . . no, I'm not nervous, I—

ORIN. (*easily taking the gun away from SEYMOUR, depositing it on the tray, and grabbing him around the shoulder at the same time*) It's only gonna hurt a little.

SEYMOUR. No, you don't understand. I don't want my teeth examined, I—

ORIN. Of course you want your teeth examined. (*twisting SEYMOUR's arm painfully behind his back*) Say "Ah"!

SEYMOUR. No!

ORIN. (*twisting harder*)

SAY "AH"!

SEYMOUR. (*in pain*)

AAAAHHH!

ORIN. (*wrenching SEYMOUR down into a "tango-dip" position and looking into his mouth*) Oooh, your mouth is a mess, kid. You've got cavities. You've got plaque. You're impacted. You're abscessed!

SEYMOUR. I am?

ORIN. You need a complete oral examination. We'll start with that wisdom tooth!

SEYMOUR. NO!

ORIN. (*flips SEYMOUR up out of the "dip" and spins him into the chair, where he will remain through the rest of the scene*) We'll just rip the little bugger outa there. Whatdya say?

SEYMOUR. I gotta go!

ORIN. There's always time for dental hygiene, Seymour! Have you ever seen the results of a neglected mouth? (*From behind the chair, he pulls out a large picture of a nauseatingly neglected mouth: diseased gums, rotten teeth.*) Look, Seymour! This could happen to you!

SEYMOUR. It could?

ORIN. Unless I take immediate action! Let's get started!

(*ORIN drops the picture and crosses us. of SEYMOUR to stage R. side of chair.*)

SEYMOUR. Wait! Aren't you gonna give me Novocain?

ORIN. What for? Dulls the senses!

SEYMOUR. But it'll hurt!

ORIN. Only til you pass out!

stop

(*ORIN picks up the drill. It makes a threatening buzz.*)

SEYMOUR. What's that?

ORIN. That's the drill, Seymour!

SEYMOUR. It's rusty!

ORIN. (*fondly*) It's an antique. (*with sincere respect and admiration*) They don't make instruments like this, any more. Sturdy, heavy, dull. (*beat; getting excited*) This is gonna be a challenge. This is gonna be a pleasure. I'm gonna want some gas for this one! (*starts up c.*)

SEYMOUR. Gas?

ORIN. Nitrous oxide.

SEYMOUR. Thank God. I thought you weren't going to use any . . .

ORIN. (*stops at opening in Screens and turns back to SEYMOUR; sweetly*) Oh the gas isn't for you, Seymour. It's for me. (*getting excited again*) I want to really enjoy this and I find that a little giggle gas before we begin increases my pleasure enormously. In fact . . . (*A Great Idea dawns on him.*) I'm gonna use my special gas mask! Just relax, Seymour. I'll be with you in a moment.

PIANO CONDUCTOR

Orin

DENTIST MUSIC SIDE

8

(1-3-41)

"Little Shop Of Horrors"

Be A Dentist

START

1 Orin: 2 3 4

When I was young-er, Just a bad lit-tle kid, My ma-ma no-ticed fun-ny things I did—

(Gtr) *mf*

(+Bs/Ky2)

6 7 8

Like shoo-tin' pup-pies with a B. B. gun.— I'd poi-son gup-pies, and when I was done,—

9 10 11

I'd find a pus-sy-cat and bash in its head.— That's when my ma-ma said:—

12 13 (Orin) 14 15

She said "My boy I think some day You'll find a

(+Handclaps/Fingersnaps—Rls/Brs)

(Congas/Dr. cont.)

16 17 18 3

way to make your nat - u - ral ten - den - cies pay! You'll be a

Play

19 20 3 21 22 3

den - tist! . You have a tal - ent for caus - ing things pain Son, be a

(+Ky2)

(+Gtr)

(+Bs) (Bs)

23 (Orin) 24 25 26

den - tist! Peo - ple will - pay you to be in - hu - mane

27 28 29

temp - er - 'ment's wrong - for the priest - hood And teach - ing would suit - you still

(+Vibes)

30 31 32

less! Son, be a den - tist! You'll be a suc -

Ah *mf* Son, be a den - tist! *Crys/Cliff* You'll be a suc -

CHIE / Ron:

(Vibes out)

cess!"

cess H

(Gtr)

(Cont

The image shows a musical score for the piece "Dentist" [r 3/03]. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with the lyrics "cess!". The second staff is another vocal line with the lyrics "cess H". The third staff is a guitar line labeled "(Gtr)". The fourth staff is a bass line labeled "(Cont". The score is written in a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature.

END