

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 outta 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 U.S. 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!

(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.

(ORIN disappears through the Screens. SEYMOUR is alone. He takes the gun from the tray and sings:)

#11 – Now (It's The Gas)

SEYMOUR

NOW

DO IT NOW!

WHILE HE'S GASSING HIMSELF

TO A PALPABLE STUPOR,

THE TIMING'S IDEAL AND THE MOMENT IS SUPER