

AUDREY

Extremely dangerous.

(beat)

Gee, I'd better go fix my face. My date'll be here any minute.

(SHE exits up R.)

#7A – Orin's Play-on

(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.)

Oooh, 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 RONNETTE, 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 outta here and don't come back! Beat it! Get lost! (Etc.)

RONNETTE

(spinning him around to face her)

Yo!

ORIN

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

(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.