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.*)

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. (*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"
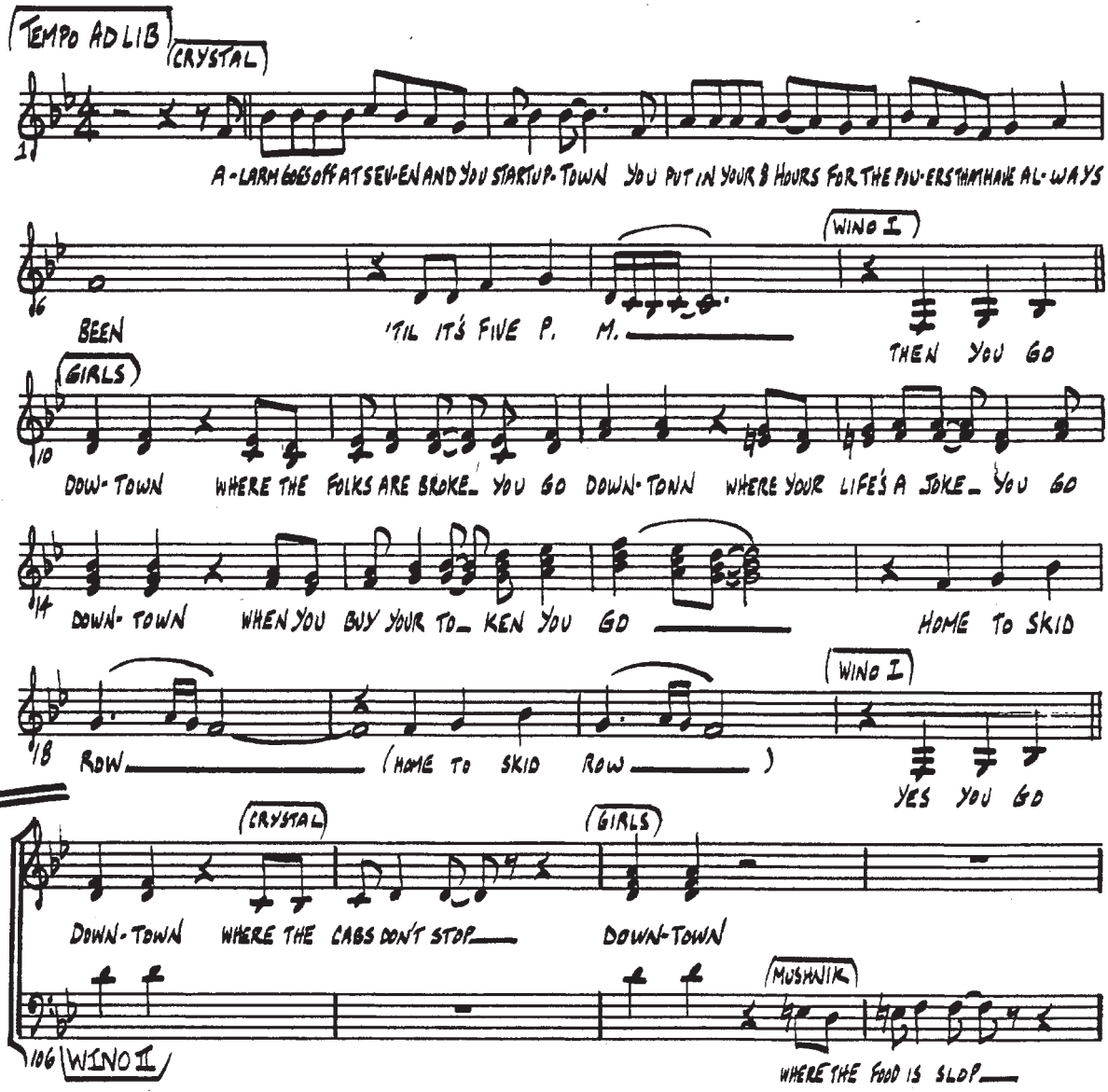
ORIN.
WHEN I WAS YOUNGER,
JUST A BAD LITTLE KID,
MY MAMA NOTICED FUNNY THINGS I DID—
LIKE SHOOTIN' PUPPIES WITH A B.B. GUN.
I'D POISON GUPPIES, AND WHEN I WAS DONE,
I'D FIND A PUSSYCAT AND BASH IN ITS HEAD.
THAT'S WHEN MY MAMA SAID—
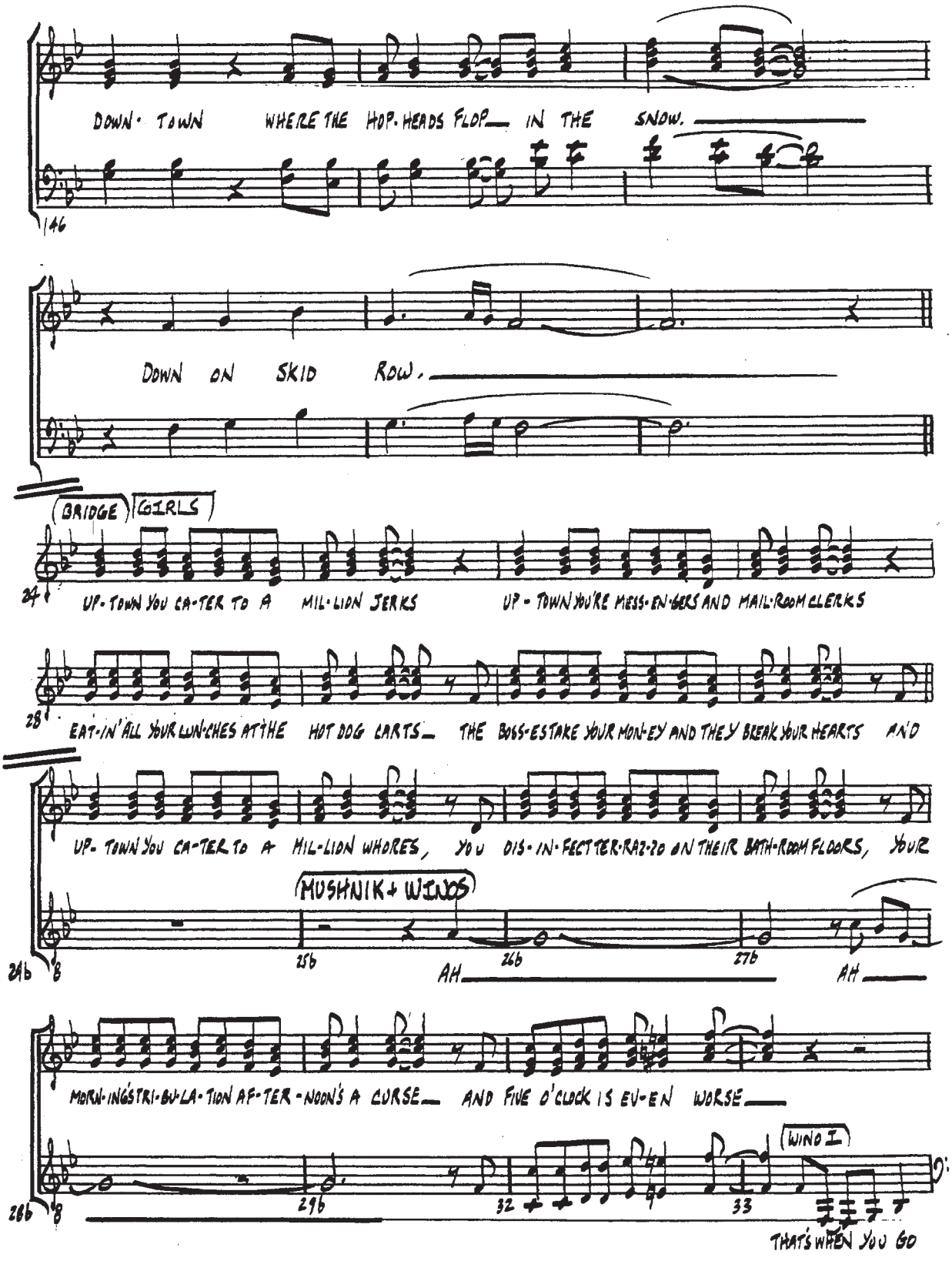
GIRLS. (*toneless and in rhythm*) What did she say?

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

#2 SKID ROW


TEMPO AD LIB
CRYSTAL
A-LARM GOES OFF AT SEV-EN AND YOU START UP-TOWN YOU PUT IN YOUR 8 HOURS FOR THE POW-ERS THAT HAVE AL-WAYS
WING I
BEEN
'TIL IT'S FIVE P. M.
THEN YOU GO
GIRLS
DOW-TOWN WHERE THE FOLKS ARE BROKE YOU GO DOWN-TOWN WHERE YOUR LIFE'S A JOKE YOU GO
DOWN-TOWN WHEN YOU BUY YOUR TO-KEN YOU GO
HOME TO SKID
WING I
ROW (HOME TO SKID ROW)
YES YOU GO
CRYSTAL
GIRLS
DOWN-TOWN WHERE THE CABS DON'T STOP
DOWN-TOWN
MUSHNIK
WHERE THE FOOD IS SLOP
WING II


DOWN · TOWN WHERE THE HOP · HEADS FLOP IN THE SNOW.
146
DOWN ON SKID ROW.
BRIDGE
GIRLS
24
UP · TOWN YOU CA · TER TO A MIL · LION JERKS
UP · TOWN YOU'RE MESS · EN · GERS AND MAIL · ROOM CLERKS
28
EAT · IN' ALL YOUR LUN · CHES AT THE HOT DOG CARTS THE BOSS · ES TAKE YOUR MON · EY AND THEY BREAK YOUR HEARTS AND
UP · TOWN YOU CA · TER TO A MIL · LION WHORES, YOU DIS · IN · FECT TER · RAZ · ZO ON THEIR BATH · ROOM FLOORS, YOUR
MUSHNIK + WINOS
24b
25b
AH
26b
27b
AH
MORN · INGS TRI · BU · LA · TION AF · TER · NOON'S A CURSE AND FIVE O'CLOCK IS EV · EN WORSE
WIND I
28b
29b
32
33
THAT'S WHEN YOU GO