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

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!

(*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.

#8 BE A DENTIST




ORIN
DE- EN-TIST
YOU HAVE A TA-LENT FOR CAUS-ING THINGS PAIN
SON, BE A
CRYSTAL ROXETTE CHIFFON
21
YOU'LL BE A DEN-TIST
OO
PAIN!
DE- EN-TIST
PEO-PLE WILL PAY YOU TO BE IN-HU-MANE.
YOUR
25
SON, BE A DEN-TIST
OO
IN-HU-MANE.
TEM-PERA-MENTS WRONG FOR THE PRIEST-HOOD
AND TEACH-ING WOULD SUIT YOU STILL LESS
SON, BE A
29
OO
OO
AH
SON, BE A
DE- EN-TIST
YOU'LL BE A SUC-CESS.
ROXETTE
33
DE- EN-TIST
YOU'LL BE A SUC-CESS HERE HE IS GIRLS THE LEAD-ER OF THE PLA QUE.
CHIFFON
CRYSTAL
137
WATCH HIM SUCK UP THAT GAS OH MY GOD.
HE'S A DEN-TIST AND HE'LL NEVER EVER BE AN-Y GOOD
ALL 3
ORIN
41
WHO WANTS THEIR TEETH DONE BY THE MAR-QUIS DE SADE
OH THAT HURTS
I'M NOT NUMB
AW SHUT