

Read #6

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

ORIN, CRYSTAL, CHIFFON, RONNETTE

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

**CRYSTAL.** I'm afraid. that information will cost you a dollar.

**ORIN.** Hey. No prob. Here you go.'

**CHIFFON.** 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 . . .

**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!

**RONNETTE.** (spinning him around to fence 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.