

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS - Read #7
ORIN, MUSHNICK, SEYMOUR, AUDREY

ORIN. Hey, how ya doin'?

SEYMOUR. Fine, thank you. But the shop's closed.

ORIN. (enters shop) I'm not here to shop, I'm here to . . . (sees THE PLANT and crosses to it) Hey. This must be that plant they're talkin' about on the news. Whatdya call it?

SEYMOUR. An Audrey Two.

ORIN. Cute name. Catchy. Nice plant. Big.

SEYMOUR. Thank you, I raised it myself. Now, if you don't mind I'm not really supposed to let anyone . . .

ORIN. I hear it's some kind of new species or something.

SEYMOUR. That's what they tell me. But you'll have to leave now, we . . .

AUDREY. (enters from back room) It's okay, Seymour. This is my boyfriend. Seymour, Orin Scrivello. (ORIN snaps a finger at her.) D.D.S.

ORIN. (putting an arm around SEYMOUR) I'll tell you something, guy. You say you raised this thing, right?

SEYMOUR. Right.

ORIN. Well if I were you I sure as hell wouldn't keep it under a barrel down in a Skid Row dump like this. This avocado here could be your ticket to the stars. You could take it to any florist shop in town and name your price.

SEYMOUR. I don't care. I'm happy here.

AUDREY. Seymour's very loyal.

ORIN. (drops SEYMOUR and turns to her sharply) Somebody talking to you?

AUDREY. Oh . . . no . . . (beat) Excuse me.

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ORIN. Excuse me what?

AUDREY. Excuse me, doctor.

ORIN. (pleased) That's better. I'm telling you, kid, this thing's a big green goldmine. Get outa this dump and take the plant with you.

MUSHNIK. (to himself) What?!

ORIN. Mushnik's Skid Row Florists? Feh, it's like a joke. You hear me talkin"?

SEYMOUR. I hear you.

MUSHNIK. He hears him.

AUDREY. Shouldn't we be leaving now? . . . (ORIN turns quickly toward her with a threatening attitude.) I'm sorry.

ORIN. Sorry, what?

AUDREY. (desperate to placate him) I'm sorry, Doctor . . . Doctor . . . Sorry, Doctor.

ORIN. (Satisfied, he turns to SEYMOUR.) You gotta train 'em, eh stud? Well, my bike's outside and double-parked. But you think about what I said, scout . . . I mean it. _You think about it.

SEYMOUR. (just trying to get rid of him) Sure. Sure, I'll think about it.

MUSHNIK. (crossing down to stage L. stoop) He'll think about it.

ORIN. You do that. (crosses to door and barks:) Okay, Audrey! (She obediently joins him at door.) You got the handcuffs?

AUDREY. (embarrassed and miserable) They're right in my bag.

ORIN. Then let's go.