

Dentist  
Audrey

PLANT.  
SO GO GIT IT!

(Getting into the spirit of the music and thinking about that Harley, SEYMOUR does *The Twist* with himself, moving stage R. along the platform edge. vs. of him, THE PLANT rocks out, kicking both its root-legs high and singing:)

IF YOU WANNA BE PROFOUND  
AND YOU REALLY GOTTA JUSTIFY  
TAKE A BREATH AND LOOK AROUND  
ALOTTA FOLK DESERVE TO DIE!

SEYMOUR. (*abruptly stops dancing, down R. of PLANT*) Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. That's not a very nice thing to say.

PLANT. (*smacking SEYMOUR with a root, for emphasis*) But it's true, isn't it?

SEYMOUR. No. I don't know anybody who *deserves* to get chopped up and fed to a hungry plant.

PLANT. (*slowly panning toward the shop door*) Mmmmmmm . . . sure you do.

(*And at this very opportune moment, ORIN and AUDREY appear up c., outside the window. THE PLANT returns to its innocent "Upright Neutral" position and remains motionless. Through the window, we see ORIN and AUDREY moving quickly toward the shop.*)

ORIN. Stupid woman! Christ, what a friggin' scatterbrain!

AUDREY. I'm sorry Doctor! I'm sorry Doctor!

ORIN. Now get the hell in there and pick up the goddam sweater, you dizzy cow!

AUDREY. (*Enters shop. ORIN stays in doorway.*) Yes, Doctor! Right away, Doctor! (*To SEYMOUR, who remains motionless at the DS.R. corner of the shop, watching.*) Hi, Seymour. I left my sweater here before. (*exits R. into workroom*)

ORIN. C'mon, move it, ya little slut. How do ya like that stupid dame? Forgets her friggin' sweater. (*as AUDREY re-enters with sweater and moves toward him*) Christ, if your stupid head weren't screwed on! (*He slaps her.*)

AUDREY. Orin! That hurt!

ORIN. Move it!