

ORIN, CRYSTAL, RONNETTE & CHIFFON

(The GIRLS should get familiar with all three parts as they may be asked to play any of the roles)

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

CRYSTAL. *(producing a tin can marked "TIPS")* I'm afraid that information will cost you a dollar.

ORIN. Hey. No prob. *(dropping a dollar into the can)* 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)* Yes, girl! 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 RONNETTE, 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 outta 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 produces an inhaler from his pocket and offers it)* You want some nitrous oxide?

CRYSTAL. 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.