## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Crystal | Audrey Side 1 (pg 1 of 1)

## **START**

CRYSTAL: Well, look who's here!

AUDREY: Hi Crystal! Am I late? Did I miss it?

CRYSTAL: Sure are...and sure did!

AUDREY: Seymour's first radio broadcast. I wanted to cheer him on. I tried to be on times, but...

CRYSTAL: Don't tell me...you got tied up!

AUDREY: No, just...handcuffed...a little

CRYSTAL: Girl, I don't know who this mess is your hangin' out with, but he is hazardous to your health!

AUDREY: That's for sure, but I can't leave him.

CRYSTAL: Why not:

AUDREY: He'd get angry. And if he does this to me when he *likes* me, imagine what he'd do if he ever got

mad!

CRYSTAL: Do dump the chump, get another and let him protect you! And I got one all picked out! A little

botanical genius...and I ain't talkin' 'bout George Washington Carver!

AUDREY: Seymour?

CRYSTAL: Bingo!

AUDREY: Oh, we're just friends. I could never be Seymour's girl. I've got a past.

CRYSTAL: And who amongst us has not?

AUDREY: I don't' even deserve a sweet, considerate, suddenly successful guy like Seymour.

CRYSTAL: Girl, you suffer from low self-esteem!

## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

Crystal | Orin Side 2 (pg 1 of 1)

## **START**

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 ya go.

CRYSTAL: 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! Oooo...took his dollar!

ORIN: I'm not here to buy posies, girls, I'm here to pick up my date.

CRYSTAL: You're date??? You ain't by an change talkin' about a girl with a black eye?? And several other medical problems??

ORIN: As a matter of fact...

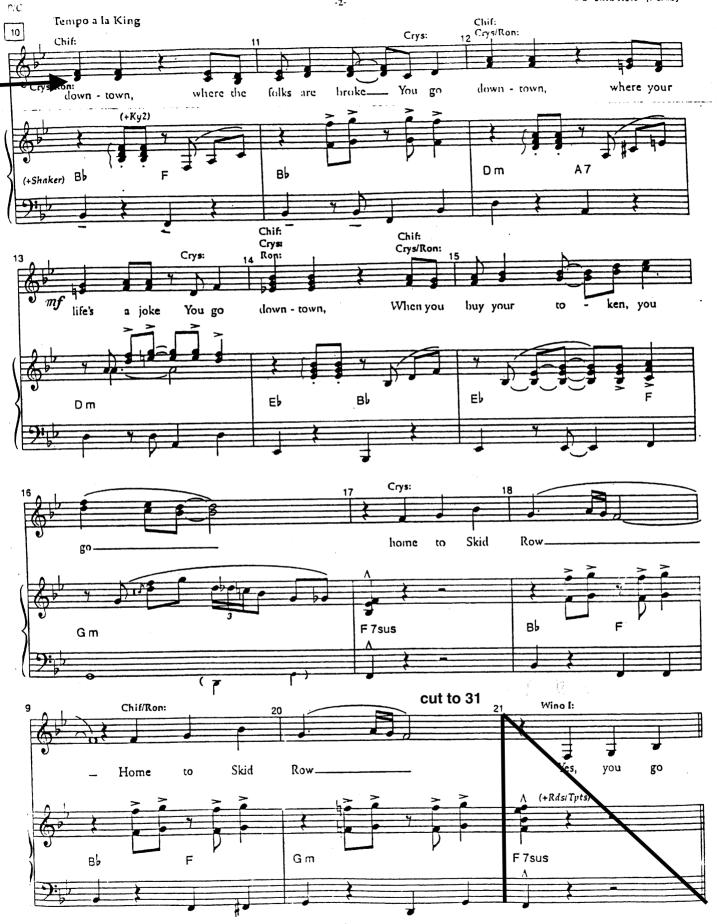
CRYSTAL: (ad lib go off on him). What?? Get the hell out here. Who do you think you are treating her that way? Get lost loser...beat it!!

ORIN: Please...please! I'm friendly! Truce! Pacem!! You want some nitrous oxide?

CRYSTAL: Get lost, Vitalis-brains: The last thing Audrey needs is more of your kind.

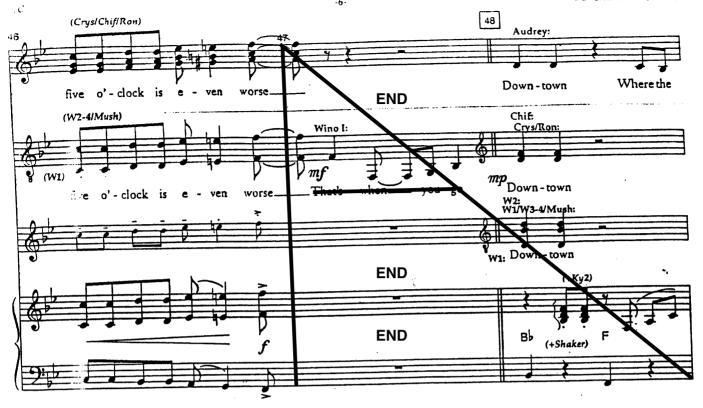
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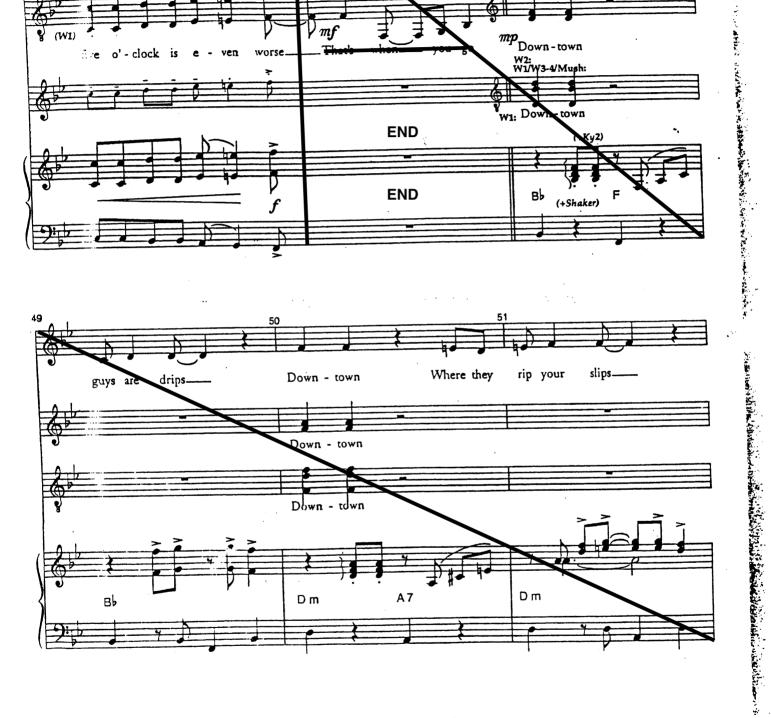


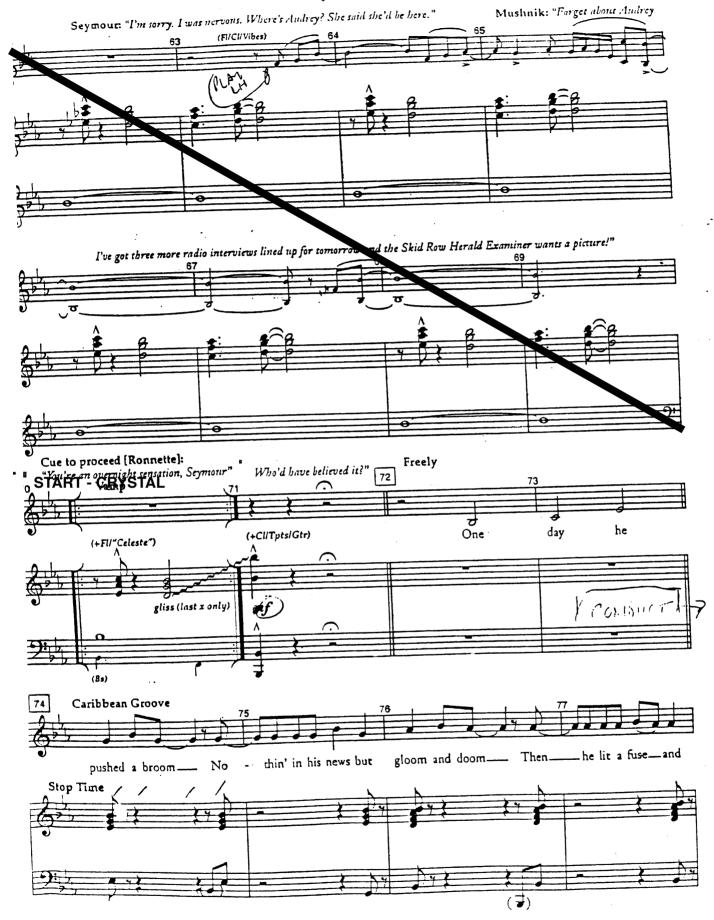






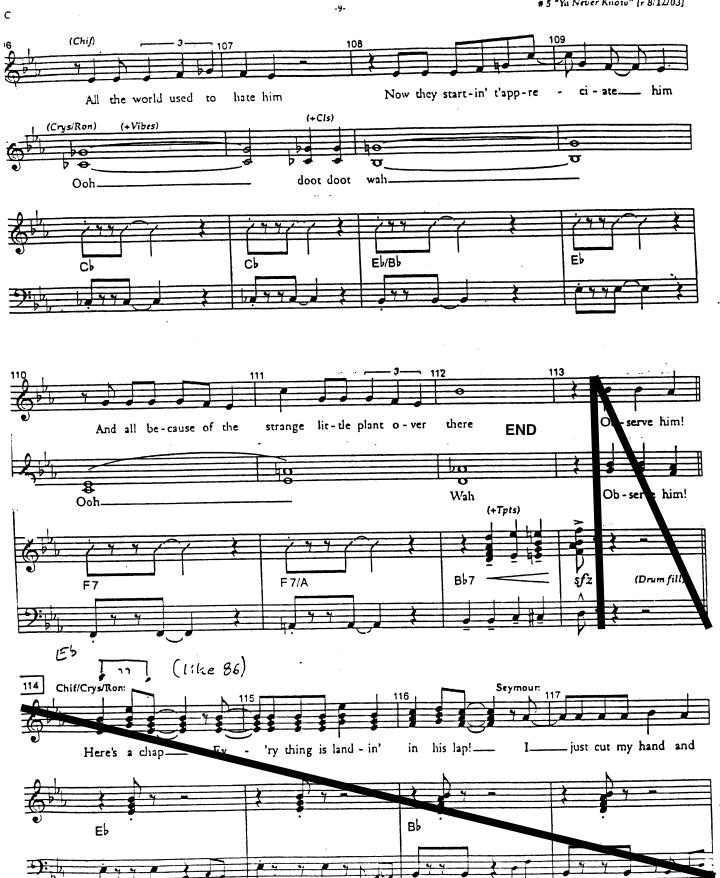












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