light and begins to examine something down there very intently. He speaks without looking up, his voice dripping sarcasm.) Oh, that's right. He *did*, didn't he? Forgive me, boychik.

AUDREY. Seymour, what's he talking about? What's he *doing*?

SEYMOUR. (*guiding her to the doorway*) Why don't you run along like he asked, Audrey? I'll catch up with you later. I'll call for you, if that's okay.

AUDREY. Of course it is. Goodnight, Seymour. Goodnight, Mr. Mushnik.

(*She steps outside the shop. MUSIC CUE 15-A: two MELODRAMATIC CHORDS. In time to them, she grabs the doorpost in confusion and worry, then quickly turns and exits.*)

MUSHNIK. (*still on the floor, examining something he has picked up with his paint scraper*) Little red dots. All over the floor.

SEYMOUR. You're acting pretty strange, Pop.

MUSHNIK. (*taking an envelope from his jacket pocket*) I had a pretty strange afternoon, *son*. After my lawyer's appointment, I was called to the police station.

SEYMOUR. The police.

MUSHNIK. (*lifting a "little red dot" from his paint scraper, sifting it into the envelope, then placing the envelope back in his pocket*) Yes. It seems they made a routine investigation into the disappearance of this motorcycle dentist. And when they did— It seems they found a Mushnik's Skid Row Florists bag . . . *In . . . His . . . Office!*

SEYMOUR. What's that supposed to mean?

MUSHNIK. Exactly what I asked myself, Seymour. And then I began to think about certain things I've noticed around here, lately. (*MUSIC CUE 15-A resumes with two more MELODRAMATIC CHORDS. He rises in time to them, then speaks:*) *Little red dots all over the linoleum!*

SEYMOUR. (*stepping toward him*) I . . . I spilled some Hawaiian Punch and it stained.

MUSHNIK. Hard to keep things clean around here, isn't it? *Especially when they only remove our garbage once a month!*

(*[MUSIC CUE 16.] MUSHNIK leaves the shop, depositing flashlight and scraper on table as he goes, and begins to move slowly and deliberately across the Forestage, toward the down* R. *trash can. THE PLANT slowly moves from upright*

neutral to lips forward position, then pans its focus as if able to see MUSHNIK through the shop wall.)

SEYMOUR. What does that have to do with . . . (*starts out front door, following MUSHNIK*) Where are you going?

MUSHNIK. If you want something removed in a hurry, it's best not to dispose of it on Skid Row!

SEYMOUR. What are you talking about?

(*They are both down* R. *now.* US., *THE PLANT is focused on them. MUSHNIK reaches into a trash can and pulls out ORIN's dentist's uniform.*)

MUSHNIK. *THIS!* A dentist's uniform!

(*On a MUSICAL CHORD, MUSHNIK tosses the uniform at SEYMOUR, who turns* US. *holding it in horror.*)

(16) "*SUPPERTIME*"

PLANT. (*Starts to sing in a sultry, insinuating, tone. Although MUSHNIK and SEYMOUR don't hear them, the words are the thoughts in SEYMOUR's head:*)

HE'S GOT YOUR NUMBER NOW.

MUSHNIK. (*sits on down* R. *stoop*) I saw it last week and didn't think twice.

PLANT.

HE KNOWS JUST WHAT YOU DONE.

MUSHNIK. And the little red dots seemed innocent enough.

PLANT.

YOU GOT NO PLACE TO HIDE.

MUSHNIK. But then I catch you kissing the Dentist's girlfriend . . .

PLANT.

YOU GOT NOWHERE TO RUN!

MUSHNIK. And it begins to look like a motive!

PLANT.

HE KNOWS YOUR LIFE OF CRIME!

MUSHNIK. Once he's out of the way, you move in, right?
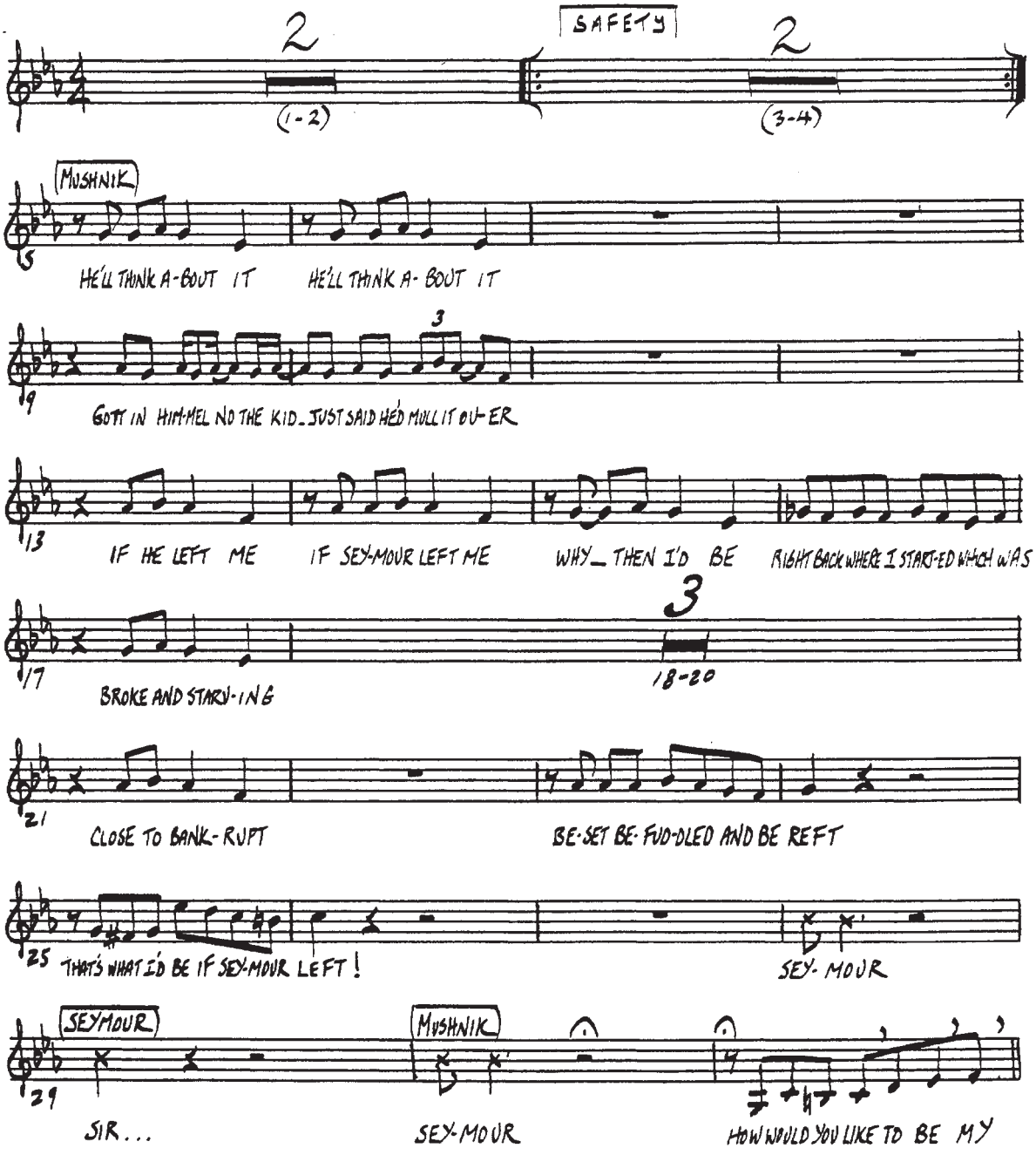
PLANT. (*with a big, circular lip synch down* C.)
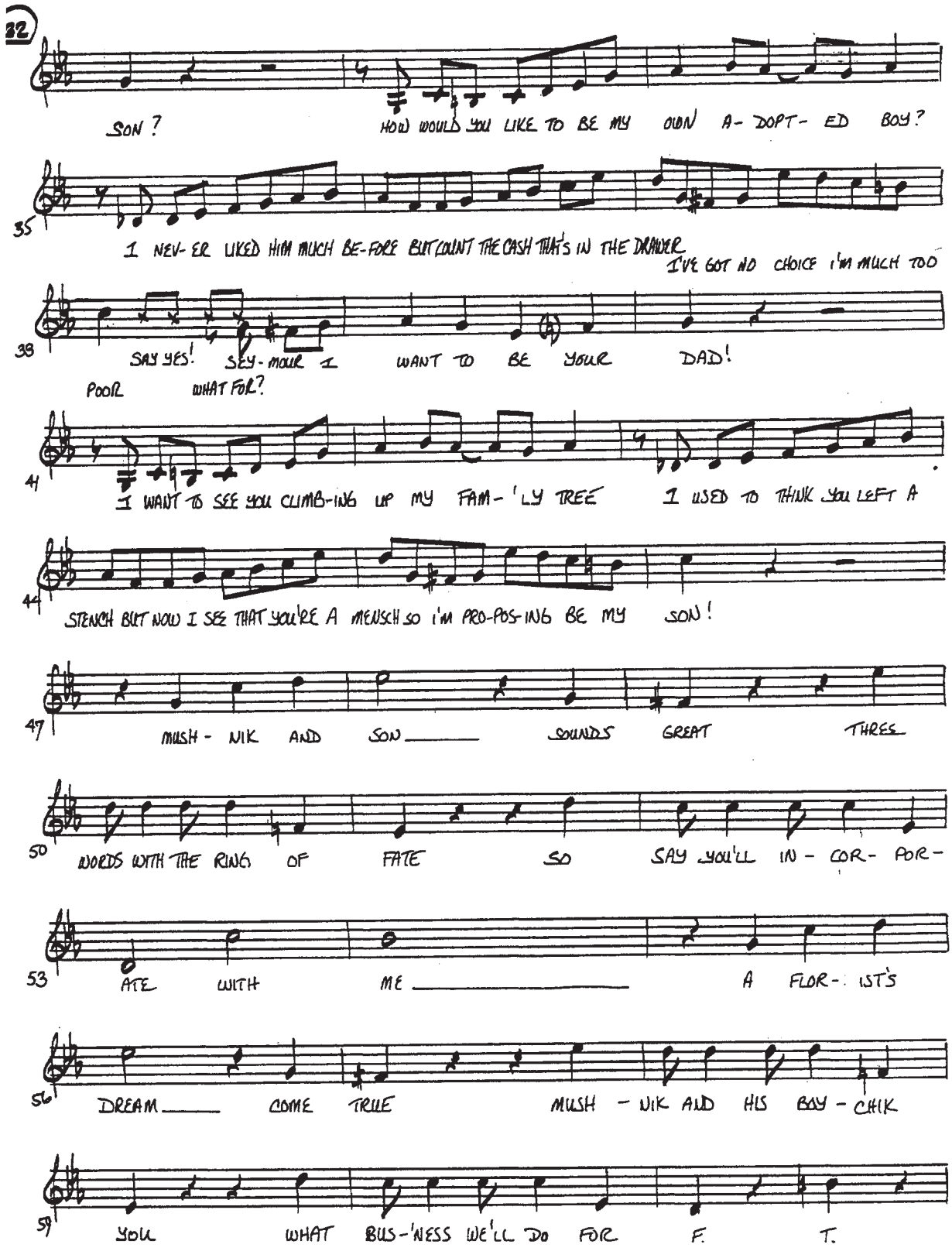
I THINK IT'S SUPPERTIME!

SEYMOUR. (*turning back toward MUSHNIK, throwing dentist's uniform* US. *of trash can*) I'm innocent! I'm innocent!

MUSHNIK. (*rises, pulling a snapshot from his pocket and hold-*

#9 MUSHNIK AND SON




22
SON?
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY OWN A-DOPT-ED BOY?
35
I NEV-ER LIKED HIM MUCH BE-FORE BUT COUNT THE CASH THAT'S IN THE DRAWER
I'VE GOT NO CHOICE I'M MUCH TOO
38
SAY YES! SEY-MOUR I WANT TO BE YOUR DAD!
POOR
WHAT FOR?
41
I WANT TO SEE YOU CLIMB-ING UP MY FAM-'LY TREE
I USED TO THINK YOU LEFT A
44
STENCH BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU'RE A MENSCH SO I'M PRO-POS-ING BE MY SON!
47
MUSH-NIK AND SON
SOUNDS GREAT
THREE
50
WORDS WITH THE RING OF FATE
SO
SAY YOU'LL IN-COR-POR-
53
ATE WITH
ME
A FLOR-IST'S
56
DREAM
COME TRUE
MUSH-NIK AND HIS BOY-CHIK
59
YOU
WHAT BUS-'NESS WE'LL DO FOR
F.
T.