

(9) "MUSHNIK AND SON"

MUSHNIK. *(On forestage, aside)*

HE'LL THINK ABOUT IT?

HE'LL THINK ABOUT IT?

SEYMOUR. *(Calling outside as he starts to spray THE PLANT)* I don't like that guy, Mr Mushnik. And you should hear the way he talks to Audrey.

MUSHNIK.

GOTT IN HIMMEL, NO

THE KID JUST SAID HE'D MULL IT OVER!

SEYMOUR. *(To himself as he works)* No wonder she looks so unhealthy. It's enough to make you sick.

MUSHNIK.

IF HE LEFT ME

IF SEYMOUR LEFT ME

WHY THEN I'D BE

RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED

WHICH WAS

BROKE AND STARVING

SEYMOUR. Sweet and good and beautiful as she is, she deserves a prince, not a sadistic creep like him!

MUSHNIK.

CLOSE TO BANKRUPT.

SEYMOUR. *(Sits RC, on shop step, near PLANT)* What a louse.

MUSHNIK.

BESET, BEFUDDLED, AND BEREFT

THAT'S WHAT I'D BE IF SEYMOUR LEFT!

SEYMOUR. He's a disgrace to the dental profession.

MUSHNIK. *(An idea occurs to him. He lights up and starts toward the shop)* Seymour –

SEYMOUR. Sir?

MUSHNIK. *(In the doorway, with great affection)* Seymour –  
*(Sings)*

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY SON?!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY OWN ADOPTED BOY?

(I NEVER LIKED HIM MUCH BEFORE  
BUT COUNT THE CASH THAT'S IN THE DRAWER  
I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!  
I'M MUCH TOO POOR!)

SAY YES.

SEYMOUR.  
WHAT FOR?

*(SEYMOUR watches in shock as MUSHNIK sings and dances his proposition like a demented refugee from Fiddler on the Roof)*

MUSHNIK.  
SEYMOUR, I WANT TO BE YOUR DAD!  
I WANNA SEE YOU CLIMBING UP MY FAMILY TREE.  
I USED TO THINK YOU LEFT A STENCH  
BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU'RE A MENCH,  
SO I'M PROPOSING!  
BE MY SON!

*(Pulling SEYMOUR up and clasping his shoulders)*

MUSHNIK AND SON  
SOUNDS GREAT  
THREE WORDS WITH THE RING OF FATE  
SO SAY YOU'LL INCORPORATE WITH ME  
A FLORIST'S DREAM COME TRUE  
MUSHNIK AND HIS BOYCHIK, YOU  
WHAT BUSINESS WE'LL DO FOR F.T.D.

*(SEYMOUR starts backing towards the door. MUSHNIK stays at him)*

HOW 'BOUT IT, SEYMOUR?  
BE MY SON?  
JUST SAY THE WORD,  
I'LL HAVE MY LAWYER ON THE PHONE!

SEYMOUR.  
NOW, MR MUSHNIK, DON'T BE RASH  
YOU ALWAYS SAID THAT I WAS TRASH

*(In a frenzy of paternal enthusiasm, MUSHNIK grabs SEYMOUR perilously close to the throat)*

MUSHNIK.  
OH, I WAS JOKING!

SEYMOUR. *(Spoken)* Sir, I'm choking!

MUSHNIK.

*(Sung)* 'SCUSE THE PHYSICAL EXPRESSION OF MY PRIDE  
OF THE SWEET PATERNAL MISHEGOSS I'VE HELD PENT-UP –  
*(Chanting, rocking and looking to heaven)*  
INSI-AY-AY-AY-AY-AY-AT-IDE!

*(SEYMOUR moves out onto the forestage to ponder this strange behaviour. MUSHNIK follows. Lines are spoken in rhythm to MUSIC)*

SEYMOUR. Gee.

MUSHNIK. So?

SEYMOUR. Well ...

MUSHNIK. Well?

SEYMOUR. I ...

MUSHNIK. You?

GO AHEAD AND SAY IT, SEYMOUR.  
TELL ME THAT YOU WILL.

SEYMOUR.  
GEE, I'D REALLY LIKE TO, BUT ...

MUSHNIK.  
I'LL HOLD MY BREATH UNTIL ...

*(MUSHNIK takes a deep breath and holds it. His face turns red. SEYMOUR relents)*

SEYMOUR.  
OKAY ... YOU WIN ...  
I'LL BE ...YOUR ...  
SON!

MUSHNIK. *(Exhales in relief)* Hooray, I win! He'll be my son!

SEYMOUR.  
DRAW UP THE PAPERS, DAD  
I'M TOUCHED, I TEALLY AM  
AND SOMEDAY WHEN YOU'RE EIGHTY-THREE  
I'LL LET YOU COME MOVE IN WITH ME

*MUSHNIK.* You swear?

*SEYMOUR.* I promise!

*MUSHNIK.*  
WHAT A SON!

*(They tango together)*

*BOTH.*  
MUSHNIK AND SON  
THAT'S THAT

*SEYMOUR.*  
OFFICIALLY, I'M YOUR BRAT!

*BOTH.*  
CONSIDER THE MATTER CLOSED AND DONE.  
NOW, TO THE WORLD, LET'S STICK  
OUR SENIOR AND JUNIOR SHTICK.  
THROUGH THIN AND THROUGH THICK,  
THROUGH SLOPPY AND SLICK.

*SEYMOUR.*  
SO COME KISS ME QUICK!

*MUSHNIK.* Please, don't make me sick!

*BOTH.*  
MUSHNIK –  
AND SON!