

MUSHNIK and SEYMOUR

MUSHNIK. *(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. I had a pretty strange afternoon, *son*. After my lawyers appointment, I was called to the police station.

SEYMOUR. The police.

MUSHNIK. 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 Florist* 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. *Little red dots all over the linoleum!*

SEYMOUR. 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!*

MUSHNIK leaves the shop, heading deliberately towards a trash can)

SEYMOUR. What does that have to do with ... 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?

MUSHNIK. *(MUSHNIK reaches into the trash can and pulls out ORIN's dentist uniform.) THIS! A dentist's uniform!*