

Orin, Seymour, Audrey

(SEYMOUR is in the shop, putting things in order. ORIN enters)

Orin: Hey, how ya doin'?

Seymour: Fine, thank you. But the shop's closed.

Orin: (enters shop) I'm not here to shop, I'm here to... (sees THE PLANT and crosses to it) Hey. This must be that plant they're talkin' about on the news. Whatdya call it?

Seymour: An Audrey Two.

Orin: Cute name. Catchy. Nice plant. Big.

Seymour: Thank you, I raised it myself. Now, if you don't mind I'm not really supposed to let anyone...

Orin: I hear it's some kind of new species or something.

Seymour: That's what they tell me. But you'll have to leave now, we...

Audrey: (enters from back room) It's okay, Seymour. This is my boyfriend. Seymour, Orin Scrivello. (*ORIN snaps a finger at her*) D.D.S.

Orin: (*putting an arm around SEYMOUR*) I'll tell you something, guy. You say you raised this thing, right?

Seymour: Right.

Orin: (*punctuating his remarks with friendly but painful little side-jabs, arm-punches and neck-grabs*) Well if I were you I sure as hell wouldn't keep it under a barrel down in a Skid Row dump like this. This avocado here could be your ticket to the stars. You could take it to any florist shop in town and name your price. Hell, somebody'd make you a partner to get their hands on this.

Audrey: Seymour's very loyal.

Orin: *(drops SEYMOUR and turns to her sharply)* Somebody talking to you?

Audrey: Oh . . . no . . . *(beat)* Excuse me.

Orin: Excuse me what?

Audrey: Excuse me, doctor.

Orin: *(pleased)* That's better. *(to SEYMOUR, aggressively friendly once again)* I'm telling you, kid, this thing's a big green goldmine. Get your ass outta this dump and take the plant with you. Mushnik's Skid Row Florists? Feh, it's like a joke. You hear me talkin'?