

Read #1
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
MUSHNIK, AUDREY, SEYMOUR

MUSHNIK. Look at that! Six o'clock and we didn't sell so much as a fern. I guess this is it. (*He crosses to door and reverses the sign in it from Open to Closed.*) Don't bother coming in tomorrow.

AUDREY. You don't mean.

SEYMOUR. You can't mean.

MUSHNIK. What, what what don't I mean? I mean I'm closed, forget it, kaput.

AUDREY. You can't.

MUSHNIK. *Kaput!* Extinct! I'm closing this God and customer forsaken place.

SEYMOUR. Mr. Mushnik, forgive me for saying so, but has it ever occurred to you that maybe what the firm needs is to move in a new direction?

AUDREY. What Seymour's trying to say, Mr. Mushnik, is ... Well, we've talked about it and we both agree ... (*confidentially, to SEYMOUR*) Seymour, why don't you run in back and bring out that strange and interesting new plant you've been working on? (*SEYMOUR exits up R.*) You see, Mr. Mushnik, some of those exotic plants Seymour has been tinkering around with are really unusual and we were both thinking that maybe some of his strange and interesting plants -prominently displayed and advertised -would attract business.

SEYMOUR. (*Re-enters R., carrying Pod #1-a large but sickly looking plant-unlike any you have ever seen.*) I'm afraid it isn't feeling very well today.

AUDREY. (*crossing c. to SEYMOUR*) There. Now isn't that *bizarre?*

MUSHNIK. (*joining her*) At least. What kind of a weirdo plant is that, Seymour?

SEYMOUR. I don't know. It looks like some kind of flytrap, but I haven't been able to identify it in any of my books. So I gave it my own name. I call it an Audrey Two.

AUDREY. (*deeply moved*) After me?

SEYMOUR. (*shy and gazing at her*) I hope you don't mind. (*to MUSHNIK, then crossing to windowseat*) You see sir, if you put a strange and interesting plant like this, here in the window, maybe-

MUSHNIK. (*returning to R. work table and sitting*) Maybe what? Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? Just because you put a strange and interesting plant in a window, people don't suddenly . . .