

# The Florist's Tale

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Rated: G

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Summary: In response to my feedback for her "A Cabbie's Tale," VirginiaR said, "Feel free to write your own 'The Florist's Tale'". Okay!

Story Size: 714 words (4Kb as text)

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"It happened again."

Audrey's beautiful eyes widened with excitement. "Tell me."

"Okay. So I was down at the wholesale flower district today, and I got to talking to Mike."

"That guy with the little stand over by the Daily Planet?"

He nodded. "That's the one. So anyway, he was sitting there, minding his own business, and he felt a rush of wind blow by. He looked over and saw a pile of cash where a bunch of flowers used to be."

Audrey smiled widely and clapped her hands. "That's just like what happened to Chang!"

"I know! And I've talked to some of the other guys down at the market and they've said the same thing. It's happening all over the city."

Audrey sighed as her eyes looked up, as if she could see through the ceiling and search the sky. "Superman's got a girlfriend."

There was a dreamlike quality to her voice, the one that always drew him in. Gosh, if only she'd see what was right in front of her, recognize how much he loved her. But he was just a dorky guy with glasses and hardly a penny to his name — not nearly good enough for her. But in his dreams — the ones where they were married with two perfect kids, living in a three-bedroom house, surrounded by a white picket fence — he'd be her hero.

Audrey suddenly shuffled in her tight clothing over to the window of their shop, using a rag to clear away a layer of dust, trying to enliven the look of the one sad bouquet of flowers on display. "Do you think he'd ever come here?" she asked as she looked out the window.

He shrugged. "Maybe. He's been down here in the slums before. Some of the mob guys ain't too happy with him flying in and messing up their deals."

Audrey nodded thoughtfully, then suddenly turned. Her face lit with inspiration. "We need a cart. You know, outside. It probably takes too long for him to come through the door." She tottered on her impossibly high heels to a small table in the corner. "Help me with this."

Together, they picked up the table and moved it outside, right in front of their storefront window. Audrey placed a bouquet of flowers on it, then stood back to admire her work. She smiled. "Now maybe he'll buy flowers from us."

A deep voice yelled from the corner of the street. "Let's go, Audrey. I don't frickin' have all day."

Audrey's eyes dilated in fear as she apologized. "I'm sorry, doctor!" She turned and said quietly, "I have to go. Cover for me, okay?"

"Sure," he said. But he couldn't stop a flash of jealousy from burning in his heart. Her boyfriend was so nasty, always treating her rough. If only Audrey loved him instead, he'd treat her like a queen.

Seymour went back inside "Mushnik and Son's" flower shop, then went down into the basement. He looked curiously at the odd plant he had bought from the old Chinese guy, the one he had picked up after that total eclipse of the sun. It seemed like some sort of Venus flytrap, but didn't quite match any of the examples in his gardening books. He laughed quietly and thought, hey, if Superman could come from another planet, maybe this plant could have, too.

"Come on, Audrey II," he said with a frown as he looked at the plant's wilted leaves. "I've given you sunshine. I've given you dirt. You've given me nothing but heartache and hurt. I'm beggin' you sweetly. I'm down on my knees. Oh, please — grow for me!"

THE END

Author's Note: I obviously don't own any of the characters or lyrics to "Little Shop of Horrors," which was the very first show I ever saw on Broadway. (Well, okay, technically it was Off-Broadway, but I did see it with Ellen Greene!) Nor do I own Superman, for that matter. But I suspect you knew that already. :)