

FORBIDDEN FRUITS



Forbidden Fruits

Written by

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Based on the stage play:

Of The Woman Came The Beginning Of Sin And Through Her We All Die

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INT. DALLAS - NORTH PARK MALL - MORNING

A white fluffy Scottish Fold cat (think Taylor Swift's cats), claws at a destroyed BARBIE DOLL. Around the cat's neck is a bedazzled cherry collar, spelling out its name - SHIRLEY TEMPLE (9, incredibly inbred).

The sound of CRASHING. The cat looks up, MEOWING loudly.

WE PULL OUT to see that Shirley stands in the middle of a glossy floor full of broken glass. WE TRACK WITH HER as she meanders towards the sound, the beans of her paws land on yellow caution tape.

The floor of the mall is littered with toys, debris... and blood.

COP 1
Who's this pretty princess?

COP 1 (30s, male, in a Justin's cowboy hat) lifts Shirley up. They're standing in front of a large fountain. The mall looks like it's been through hell.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS prop up a massive, neon FREE PEOPLE sign that's fallen.

A WORKER pulls a piece of black lace off the sign. It's caked with something that looks like flesh.

Shirley nuzzles into Cop 1's neck.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
(Whispering in a cute voice)
Do you know what happened here?

COP 2 (O.S.)
Oh god!

COP 2 (20s, male, matching hat) runs up to Cop 1, covering his mouth with a handkerchief.

COP 1
Get it together.

COP 2 shakes his head, gagging.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
What?

Shirley claws at him.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
 (to Shirley)
 WHAT?

COP 2
 We... I just... you're going to
 have to see this mess to believe
 it. The cameras are all out from
 the storm.

Shirley bites Cop 1, hissing, and runs off. She hops up on
 the edge of the fountain, drinking the water.

And then, what looks like a **dead body floats towards her.**

COP 1 (O.S.)
 (walking up to the
 fountain)
 Do you think we need to get
 homicide in here?

In the water, a FRUIT CHARM BRACELET remains from the corpse.

FEMALE DETECTIVE (O.S.)
 (walking up)
 I've been here all day. Looks like
 we have a body count.

INT. JETTA - MORNING

SUPER: Two Retail Seasons Ago (aka six months)

Alanis Morissette's "Hand in My Pocket" (covered of course by
 Olivia Rodrigo) blasts on shitty car speakers.

Red nails reach for a Starbucks latte in the car cup holder.
 It's APPLE (late 20s, a real life Bratz doll with brains) –
 an *identical fruit charm bracelet on her wrist.*

She feels someone staring at her in the car facing the
 opposite direction next to her. She looks over to see a TEXAS
 DAD (50s) in a mint green polo that matches his mint green
 Range Rover.

TEXAS DAD
 (Mouthing, confident)
 Hey.

Apple looks down to see that he's JERKING OFF to her. She
 acts as if her drivers seat is a bejeweled throne, stoic and
 used to admirers.

She smiles at him, motioning for the Texas Dad to roll down his window. He does so excitedly. She acts as if she is about to join him in the self pleasure, but instead, throws her HOT LATTE at him – burning his exposed dick.

WIDE ON: the Northpark mall lot where the cars are parked. Apple starts the car and drives it to another spot a row over. She gets out, SLAMMING her door, fabulous.

APPLE (V.O)

And then I threw my hot coffee on
his dick –

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BASEMENT - LATER

CHERRY (looks 26, could be 33 – think Anna Nicole Smith if she never married rich), grabs clothes out of empty dressing rooms. They pile up to her chin.

Apple gingerly steams boho blouses. She never does the hard labor.

CHERRY

Apple, wait. Your coffee or your
latte?

APPLE

Latte. But stop. This is serious.

CHERRY

Right. Oh my god. Sorry.

APPLE

Honestly, I think he had a crush on
me. I think if I licked his polo it
would taste like limes. He doesn't
deserve to taste delicious. I
wanted to squeeze out of all his
juices.

CHERRY

You know what the most beautiful
part is? I got you a coffee this
morning. Like, I had the
forethought to like, go to Dunkin',
and get an EXTRA coffee. It's like,
we rebelled against the patriarchy
together.

APPLE

Cherry. You need to work on this compulsion to make yourself the main character in everyone else's stories. It's exhausting.

CHERRY

I like to be in stories that are more interesting than mine. Can you blame me, babe?

Cherry giggles, slurping from her iced coffee.

Apple grabs a X-Acto knife from the table.

APPLE

THIS BETTER be something I can sell the shit out of!

She stabs the new shipment box with the knife, ripping it open.

APPLE (CONT'D)

I keep telling Sharon to stop ordering those *tiny bolero jackets*. I'll never make manager if I have to hustle that garBAUGE —
(pulling out a skirt)
Ooooooh!

CHERRY

Glitter mini skirts!

APPLE

The Hilary Duff collab is back! Thank GODDESS.

CHERRY

I'm such a Gordo.

APPLE

No, you're a Miranda. Fig's a Gordo.

STATIC, as a voice comes over Apple and Cherry's walkies — they look like early 90s cell phones and are clipped to their pants.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Right on cue.
(into her walkie)
Hi, Fig.

Whenever characters are talking off screen over a walkie, their text is in italics.

FIG (O.S.)

*Babes I have a customer friend
coming down looking for HOT PINK
CORDUROY PANTS. Do you copy? HOT
PINK —*

FIG (20s), the resident goth not hip enough to work in the fitting rooms, but the best employee, runs down stairs.

FIG (CONT'D)

*(finishing her thought in
person, still on the
walkie)*

*HOT PINK CORDUROY. DO YOU COPY?
Y'ALL —*

CHERRY

We copy! Wait — like actually hot pink or like fuchsia?

APPLE

Stop finding excuses to come down here, Fig.

FIG

(to Apple)

I'm not!

(to Cherry)

Let me ask her.

(into the walkie)

LOVE Y'ALL.

Fig runs back upstairs, her walkie still on.

Apple shakes her head, stabbing open another box with the X-Acto.

FIG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(To the customer)

*Hey love, like actually hot pink or
like fuchsia?*

(Back in the walkie)

*She wants hot pink. Like real hot
pink. Gross.*

CHERRY

Okay but like straight leg or flare?

As Fig rattles on, Apple and Cherry try on the Hilary Duff collab. They strip down to their matching day of the week underwear, not caring who is around.

FIG

She's running away from me. She wants her alone time. I can see it in her eyes. Bitch. I bet she wants a straight leg she doesn't seem adventurous enough to even CONSIDER a flare - shoot. I think she just heard me call her a bitch. She's picking out the ugliest necklace in this whole place. Wow. That's impressive.

CHERRY

(into her walkie)

I don't know how to help you Fig if you don't COMMUNICATE to me HOW to help you. We talked about this.

FIG

Do you guys have coffee? I'm dying up here - I'll come back d-

Apple TURNS OFF the walkie. Cherry grabs the X-Acto knife opening another box, but suddenly she shrieks.

BLOOD drips over her lengthy acrylic manicure.

APPLE

I keep telling you that your mani is a safety hazard.

Cherry wraps an old receipt around her bloodied pinkie, keeping it in place with a velvet scrunchie.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Let's take lunch. My ovaries are screaming for Sweetgreen.

CHERRY

What about Sharon?

APPLE

Fuck Sharon. I need to bathe in a Buffalo Chicken Bowl.

CHERRY

Extra tahini!

They literally drop everything - including their walkies, which thump onto the sparkle floor.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - UPSTAIRS FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Cherry and Apple walk up the floral spiral staircase to the UPPER LEVEL of the store (where the cash register lives). A sea shell chandelier floats above them. They pass through the maze of fairy lights and appropriated patchwork kimonos to Fig.

Apple shoots her a look, and Fig drops everything. The girls walk out of the store together.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - SAME

MONTAGE: the dynamics of the mall - think any 90s high school lunchroom scene.

- Cherry and Apple go to Sweetgreen, cutting to the front of the line. They are VIP here. They both get overstuffed salads and immediately start shaking them loudly.

- Fig meets up with them with her Panda Express (the only place she ever goes for lunch).

- Apple gets her daily free green juice from the JAMBA JUICE GIRL who worships her.

- Apple and Fig roll their eyes, waiting on Cherry at Sonic. She flirts with SONIC BOY, waiting for her cherry limeade. He points at her pinkie and mouths "You're bleeding."

- They pass Mrs. Field's cookies, and divert their eye contact. Bottom of the food chain...

- They land at their usual table. A group of HIGH SCHOOLERS scram. They stab their salads in unison.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - FOOD COURT

The girls stroll over to the trash bins, their lunches devoured.

Apple offers out her Fruit Adventure Tic Tacs.

APPLE

Cherry tag all those Hilary Duff mini-skirts when we get back. I want them ready to sell by this afternoon.

Fig pops two Tic Tacs in her mouth.

CHERRY
This afternoon?

FIG
Momfluencer window, Cherry. DUH.
It's *Friday* —

CHERRY
Oh!

Cherry dumps 10 Tic Tacs in her mouth.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
(mouth full)
Tic Tacs are my Adderall.

APPLE
You need a new addiction like I
need a tiny bolero jacket. So three
retail seasons ago.

FIG
You've evolved, Cherry.

The girls throw away their food next to Auntie Anne's.

APPLE
I'm basically selling for two
employees now. So I need all stems
on deck.

FIG
Wait, are you preggy?

CHERRY
No she's talking about —

APPLE
Don't say her name. SHE DOES NOT
WORK HERE ANYMORE. And obvi not
pregnant. What if I had a boy and
had to name him like Bob or some
shit?

A girl in a blue and white striped uniform and hat waves at
Fig from behind the counter. It's the AUNTIE ANNE'S GIRL
(19), sweet shell, spicier center.

FIG
We could ask Sharon to hire someone
new? Just to replace She Who Shall
Not Be Named?

APPLE

I don't need another disappointing
mini-me who exclusively wears
ribboned pigtails.

CHERRY

We don't need anyone else, Fig.
I'll hand crochet the buy one get
one free totes till I lose all
feeling in my fingertips if it
helps Apple land manager.

(to Apple)

Ride or die. Sharon needs to go.

Cherry holds out her bloody pinkie, but Apple brushes past,
sighing.

APPLE

I'm going to go tinkle. Alone,
please.

Fig and Cherry head to the escalator.

APPLE (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)

Don't take that in heels, girls.
101.

Apple descends the stairs just as the Auntie Anne's Girl
darts out with a samples tray.

AUNTIE ANNE'S GIRL

Hey, Fig.

FIG

Oh, hey! Free samples!

Cherry SWATS a pretzel bite out of her hand like it's on
fire.

CHERRY

Have you been eating Auntie Anne's,
Fig?

Note: Cherry pronounces it Ohntie Onne's.

AUNTIE ANNE'S GIRL

It's Auntie Anne's.

Cherry gawks at Pumpkin then whips to Fig.

CHERRY

I don't care what they do at Ren
Faire, being goth is no excuse for
enjoying a Pepperoni Pretzel
Nugget.

Cherry drags her away.

Fig looks back over her shoulder, waving at Auntie Anne's
Girl.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Do NOT wave at her. She bleeds
marinara.

Auntie Anne's Girl watches them go. To her, this was a small
victory.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - UPSTAIRS FLOOR - LATER

Apple and Cherry hang out by the cash register. They load too
many necklaces onto each other.

A CUSTOMER passes Apple in an absurdly oversized wide-brimmed
straw hat. A baby is swaddled around her chest in luxury
linen. Must be a Momfluencer.

APPLE

Oh my god, do you have sand in your
ass-crack? Because you are GIVING
me Beach Babe. You must buy. Like,
Pammy Anderson could never.

MOMFLUENCER

I'm not sure it's big enough? I
want to block both my face... *and*
my baby.

Cherry and Fig smirk. Apple's about to work her magic. SHARON
(adult, direct) comes in over the walkie.

SHARON (O.S.)

*Cherry you're needed in the
dressing rooms.*

The fruits all turn off their walkies, ignoring.

APPLE

That's so thoughtful of you. If I
had a baby, I honestly don't think
I'd ever think of them.

Apple saunters over to a table. Glassware is stacked over a silk table cloth.

APPLE (CONT'D)
What's her name?

MOMFLUENCER
Oh! It's a boy.

APPLE
Sorry.

The Momfluencer looks confused.

APPLE (CONT'D)
All you need is a little fabric,
sweetie. Just a little...

Apple runs her fingers across the silk and then stops at the edge.

She WHIPS it off the table in one motion. The glassware jiggles, but then stops, nothing moved.

Cherry and Fig mini-clap, excited.

MOMFLUENCER
Houdini over here.

Apple flicks the silk up to the ceiling like a glorious bed spread.

She lets it cascade over the Momfluencer. She looks like a ghost.

MOMFLUENCER (CONT'D)
Um...

Apple whips to Fig, mouthing FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Fig darts to the computer.

Apple picks up the bottom of the silk, and lifts it up over the Momfluencer's face, letting it hang on top of the hat's brim.

APPLE
Galveston. Virgin Mary. Holy being.

MOMFLUENCER
Are you poet?

APPLE
No, I'm a witch.

Apple takes her shoulders, turning her to look in the mirror.

APPLE (CONT'D)
We conjure confidence here at Free
People, love.

The Momfluencer smiles wide. Apple reaches behind her as Fig passes, covertly putting a \$400 tag in her hand. Apple sticks it to the bottom of the fabric.

LATER

Fig checks out the Momfluencer who offers up a thick, black American Express.

Across the room, Apple and Cherry chuckle.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Turning water into wine? Not
impressed. I can turn a table cloth
into a trendy veil.

CHERRY
Jesus could never. We should
celebrate at Paradise tomorrow
night!

SHARON (O.S.)
*Apple. I need you and Cherry
downstairs. A baby wearing mini
Uggs dropped a deuce in the
dressing rooms.*

APPLE
(into the walkie)
*Cherry's got it! Just wrapping up a
four hundred and fifty four dollar
sale, Sharon.*

Cherry hangs her head, as they both head downstairs.

Behind them, Auntie Anne's Girl watches through the window, the sample tray in her hand.

Fig waves goodbye to the Momfluencer and sees the girl. She darts over.

FIG
OMIGOD Hi!

She grabs a handful of pretzel bites and stuffs them into her mouth.

FIG (CONT'D)
Have you ever tried them all
together at once?

Auntie Anne's Girl shakes her head.

FIG (CONT'D)
So good. You're a life saver, girl.
Wait, what's your name?

Fig grabs another bite and looks over her shoulder. Coast is clear. She chomps it.

PUMPKIN
Pumpkin.

Fig coughs. Then stops. Her eyes widen.

FIG
Deadass?

PUMPKIN
Deadass what?

FIG
Wait... is that the flavor?

PUMPKIN
No, it's my name.

Fig SCREAMS. Pumpkin's startled.

FIG
(whispering, pointed)
I knew you were special.

PUMPKIN
You did?

FIG
Sorry we have a rule against Auntie
Anne's. It's like, bottom of the
food chain. Next to Mrs. Field's.

PUMPKIN
It's okay. My job doesn't define
me. My hotness and my personality
define me.

APPLE (O.S.)
(over walkie)
*Fig, I'm sending a tween and her
mom up to you please be sure to re-
iterate that crop tops are fine for
10 year olds. But not in the way I
told you to say it.*

FIG.
(into the walkie)
Sure, Apple!

PUMPKIN
Who's that?

Beat.

FIG
Why don't you come back tomorrow.
And just don't bring the pretzels
they're like poison here.

She walks off, then pivots running back.

FIG (CONT'D)
ACTUALLY ACTUALLY bring the
pretzels! But just the cinnamon.
Apple loves cinnamon. Naturally.

Pumpkin's face brightens.

PUMPKIN
Thanks, Fig.

FIG
Thanks, Pumpkin.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - MORNING

The mall is still asleep. Apple slurps her latte, eating an oversized Trader Joe's bag of unsalted almonds.

She unlocks the door to Free People and heads inside. It's still dark.

She sets down the bag of almonds and unlocks the side door.

Then flips on the lights. For the back, for the side, for the front -

APPLE JUMPS.

The last light reveals: Pumpkin. She's standing in the open front door, holding a tray of pretzels.

A long beat.

Apple slowly walks up to Pumpkin.

Beat.

She waits for Pumpkin to say something.

PUMPKIN
(Nervous)
Freshly baked pretzels?

Fig and Cherry enter through the side door GIGGLING. They stop in their tracks when they see Apple and Pumpkin.

Cherry looks at Fig. Fig shrugs, turning red.

Slowly, Apple reaches to Pumpkin's tray and takes a mini pretzel. She plops it in her mouth, never breaking eye contact with Pumpkin.

Cherry's jaw drops. Fig brightens.

APPLE
(Chewing)
Cinnamon sugar?

PUMPKIN
Yes. Cinnamon sugar.

APPLE
I love Cinnamon.

PUMPKIN
I heard.

Pumpkin looks at Fig. Apple tracks her gaze. But then is back at Pumpkin, not skipping a beat.

APPLE
Do I know you?

PUMPKIN
Um. I... I don't think so. I've only been here for a week.

Apple smiles.

APPLE
Are you looking for a job, babe?
Bright and early?

PUMPKIN
I have a job.

APPLE
You like this "job?"

PUMPKIN
I get that dough.

APPLE
Right.

Beat.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Then why are you here?

Beat.

PUMPKIN
Yes.

APPLE
Yes, what?

PUMPKIN
Yes, I'm looking for a job.

APPLE
Oh. Groovy. We're always hiring
boho babes here at Free People.

Apple walks back to the counter.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Fig. Get me an application.

Cherry GASPS. She's getting intimidated now, her feathers
ruffled.

Apple beckons for Pumpkin to join them. She awkwardly sets
her samples tray on a table of tarot candles, and walks over.

They study her for a moment — like animals smelling each
other's butts.

CHERRY
How do you take your coffee?

PUMPKIN
I don't. It makes me vom. I drink
tea.

A beat.

CHERRY

We'll work on that. Do you like to read books?

PUMPKIN

Books?

CHERRY

Yeah like. Paper.

PUMPKIN

Yes.

CHERRY

Hmm. Do you ever feel really alone?

Pumpkin doesn't know what to do with this.

PUMPKIN

I have a heart tattooed on my pinkie. I think anyone that has a tiny heart tattooed on their body is deeply alone. I think I got this tattoo because my family couldn't afford to get me American Girl dolls as a child. I think maybe I wish I was a doll, myself. I'd like for someone to braid my hair.

Apple loves this.

CHERRY

Oh my god so rude but like... what is your name?

FIG

Pumpkin.

A long beat. They all look at each other.

PUMPKIN

No, yeah, it's really Pumpkin.

CHERRY

Hm that's so weird cause like... a pumpkin isn't a fruit.

FIG

(covering, oops)

Oh. I mean, yeah, we are all fruits here at Free People.

APPLE

Except Sharon.

FIG

Except Sharon. She's the manager
but we've all been here longer than
her.

CHERRY

It's so f'ed up. Apple should have
been the manager, like -

PUMPKIN

I don't mean to interrupt but a
Pumpkin is a fruit.

Apple beams.

CHERRY

What?

PUMPKIN

Yes. Pumpkins have seeds. That
makes them fruits.

A beat.

APPLE

What are you up to tonight?

PUMPKIN

I was gonna go home and make
chocolate cake with my mom.

Apple seems disturbed by this.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

I'm just being honest.

APPLE

Okay but like, what do you WANT to
be up to tonight?

The girls all tuck their hair behind their ears, revealing
that they're all wearing FRUIT FRIENDSHIP CHARM BRACELETS.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - NIGHT

The last SHOPPER is ushered out by a SECURITY GUARD, a woman
with lip injections juggling seven Neiman Marcus bags.

He pulls back the MASSIVE METAL GATE that's already closed
over the door. It's stuck.

The lights begin to go off in the empty mall, one by one,
until - we see Pumpkin come out of the bathroom.

She peeks her head around the corner, still in her Auntie Anne's uniform.

She watches as the guard finally gets the gate open, turning his back to her.

She runs quietly towards Free People.

LATER

Pumpkin stands outside the store as the last light goes off in the mall.

It's ominously dark, giving Pumpkin goosebumps.

She begins to turn back but then —

Something SWOOPS DOWN ON HER HEAD. She yelps.

FIG (O.S.)
(Whispered)
Burn it.

Fig has come up in the shadows, now holding Pumpkin's blue and white hat, grinning.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - MOMENTS LATER

Fig leads Pumpkin through the empty store, an uncanny valley. Pumpkin stares at the mannequins — they stare back.

FIG
So are you like, from Oklahoma?

PUMPKIN
What? No.

FIG
Wait really?

PUMPKIN
Yeah. I live in Plano.

FIG
Why wouldn't you just work in the mall in Plano? I'm sure they have a sick Auntie Anne's there.

A beat.

PUMPKIN
I like it here better.

FIG

Are you sure you aren't from
Oklahoma?

PUMPKIN

I'm sure.

FIG

Woah. Thats crazy cause I was
getting such a Scissor-tailed
Flycatcher vibe from you.

Pumpkin bumps into a mannequin. Its head falls off.

FIG (CONT'D)

Happens all the time.

(then)

It's the state bird of Oklahoma.

PUMPKIN

What? Oh, right. Of course.

FIG

I'm really good at state birds. No
one liked me in high school so I'm
really good at state birds.

PUMPKIN

What's the state bird of Texas?

A long beat. They begin to descend the basement stairs.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

Are we allowed to be down here?

FIG

Technically, no.

(Getting upset)

Holy shit. Holy shit I'm blanking
on that one. Oh god. Oh no.

PUMPKIN

Are you from Texas?

FIG

Yeah I'm from Irving by the Cowboy
Stadium. Apple is from Grapevine,
kinda close to you! And Cherry is
from Highland Park.

PUMPKIN

Woah.

FIG

Don't worry, she's not rich. After her family, like, died she didn't inherit anything. Life insurance is such a broken system, ya know?

PUMPKIN

...After her family DIED?

FIG

NORTHERN MOCKINGBIRD.

A beat.

FIG (CONT'D)

The state bird of Texas. Its the Northern Mockingbird.

Fig stops in front of two purple velvet curtains. Pumpkin can see candles lit behind them.

FIG (CONT'D)

I can't believe I forgot that one -
I literally have their tail
feathers in my bra.

She pulls out two GREY BIRD FEATHERS out of her boobs.

FIG (CONT'D)

What did you bring as your offering?

PUMPKIN

...Offering? I haven't gotten my paycheck yet.

APPLE (O.S.)

Hurry up! It's time to make a fruit salad!

Fig pushes back the curtain, to reveal a candlelit basement. On the floor drawn in white powder is what resembles an **alchemy circle**.

In front of it, Apple is standing by with her arm out. On her finger, a gold ring with a roach holder attached. A blunt burns.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Blow me.

Fig bows her head, then takes a puff of the blunt. She then leans in close to Apple's ruby stained lips and shares the smoke with her.

Apple looks at Pumpkin.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Blow me.

PUMPKIN
I don't really smoke.

APPLE
This isn't smoking, it's praying.

Beat.

Pumpkin inhales the blunt, then blows it into Apple's mouth. They lock eyes. Cherry is watching, a massive pile of clothes in her arms. She dumps them on the floor.

Cherry and Fig continue to yank clothes off the racks, making cushions on the ground in specific places within the circle.

APPLE (CONT'D)
You're a natural. Welcome to
Paradise, babe.

LATER

Apple, Fig, Cherry and Pumpkin sit on piles of merchandise under their asses. A large cornucopia of fruit is in the center, price tags still on the apples. Apple hands them gold dishes from a box of miscellaneous returns.

Fig places her feathers in hers.

Cherry pulls a large plastic Franzia bag from a bedazzled cowboy boot from the box. *It looks like blood* – Pumpkin pales. Apple hands her an aqua watering can from the box and Cherry squeezes the contents of the bag into it.

PUMPKIN
(whispering, to Fig)
What's that?

FIG
Communion. The returns box is a
great place to stash our shit. Shh.

Cherry passes Apple back the can and she holds it up.

APPLE
This is our garden.

Apple takes a sip of the communion.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Of the tree. Winter.

She passes it to Fig, who drinks.

FIG
Of the root. Summer.

To Cherry, who stares longingly at it. Apple side eyes her and she passes it to Pumpkin.

Cherry pulls a Cherry Blossom La Croix out of her bag and chugs it instead.

CHERRY
Of the bush. Spring.

PUMPKIN
Is this blood?

APPLE
Dark.

FIG
That one's the wine.

APPLE
Cherry's sober.

Cherry takes another sip of La Croix as Pumpkin sips the wine.

FIG
Say "of the..."

CHERRY
It's where your fruit grows. And peak season.

PUMPKIN
Oh. Uh, of the dirt? And uh.. Halloween?

CHERRY
Vine. Pumpkins grow on vines. I googled to confirm you were a fruit.

APPLE
Cherry, you need to be more trusting. Another unattractive quality we have to work on.

CHERRY

Sorry, I love a good background check. Every good girlboss needs to protect their inner circle.

FIG

Y'ALL HALLOWEEN IS IN FALL...

APPLE

I know.

FIG (CONT'D)

THAT'S BANANAS!

APPLE (CONT'D)

We've finally completed the retail season.

CHERRY

Well, are we sure? Because some scientists believe pumpkins are actually vegetables...

APPLE

I'm sorry Cherry, do you literally hate women?

CHERRY

... What?

APPLE

I thought you were ride or die.

CHERRY

I am! I'm both ride AND die!

APPLE

So are you staying or are you going?

A singular tear drops slides down Cherry's cheek.

CHERRY

(Breaking)

OMG we did it. This is cosmic. The retail cycle is complete!

Cherry looks over at Pumpkin and smiles. She grabs a small baggie from her bra full of a white powder.

PUMPKIN

Is that cocaine?

FIG

Eye shadow. From Claire's!

She spreads an inner circle around them on the floor, completing the pattern.

CHERRY

Sorry, I wanted to be sure before we closed the alchemy circle. But I think the stars are telling us this is a safe space.

Cherry looks up at the fairy lights.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Welcome to Paradise, Pumpkin.

APPLE

I already said that.

Cherry moves faster. The circle closes.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

Apple takes an oversized heirloom tomato from the cornucopia. They toss the fruit around to each other (an energy ball of sorts) as they chant. Pumpkin tries to mumble along but has to stop, she's too focused on not dropping the tomato.

APPLE / CHERRY / FIG (CONT'D)

Goats milk, thigh gaps. Rose petals, strep tests. Truffle oil, dating apps. Blood clots, juice press. Say it till you believe it: wine is the blood of Christ. And I am Christ. Christ tastes like rose. Christ always gets her way.

Apple drinks from the watering can.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Note — Pumpkin, we say rose for the chant, but we change it for the seasons. Pinot for fall. Continue.

APPLE / CHERRY / FIG (CONT'D)

Suck out her poison, but never behead the snake. A soft rage, you shall never betray.

Cherry takes a large bite out of the tomato, ending the chant. They all sit down.

APPLE (CONT'D)

So now that everything is super clear, lets talk the agenda for the night -

PUMPKIN

Sorry, but what is freakin' going on?

APPLE

What do you mean, babe?

PUMPKIN

Sorry like, is it weird that I'm confused by this?

CHERRY

Yeah.

PUMPKIN

Are you guys witches?

CHERRY

No, were millennials.

FIG

I'm gen-z.

APPLE

What is your definition of a witch?

PUMPKIN

Uh. Broomsticks. Spells. Nicole Kidman.

APPLE

We come to this place for magic.

FIG

Not just to be entertained but somehow reborn together.

CHERRY

Dazzling images on a huge screen.

PUMPKIN

What?!

APPLE

Sorry, the Nicole Kidman AMC ad is the perfect spell. We do it every movie night.

FIG

You'll come with!

APPLE

To answer your question, I've intensely studied Pagans and Wiccans, Brujería, Hoodoo — mostly powders, potions and like, bone-casting. The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn —

PUMPKIN

What's that?

APPLE

Just a secret society in the late 19th century. A lot of study of the occult — alchemy, astrology, astral projection.

FIG

Where your consciousness can exist without your body. I'm into the unknowns of the universe. *Anything's possible, Pumpkin.*

CHERRY

Fig has a degree in Astrophysics.

APPLE

Anyways, it was run by men and all about power —

CHERRY

So it failed. Obviously.

APPLE

Our magic isn't some witchtok rip off fluffy bunny bullshit.

Fig smiles at Pumpkin.

APPLE (CONT'D)

It's not consumerist or capitalist, it's authentic. To put it simply, *our magic* is the mundane stuff you would've been executed for in Salem.

CHERRY

Being too feminine.

FIG

Being too smart.

APPLE

Ultimately, creating something of
our own, on our own. Without men.
That's why I created Paradise.

PUMPKIN

But is the magic real?

No one answers this.

APPLE

We only have three rules. One — we
follow the Shine Theory.

CHERRY

The Shine Theory. Women illuminate
when they surround themselves with
other women who glitter instead of
trying to dim their glow.

APPLE

Two — banish Vindicars.

FIG

VINDICAR! A DEMON THAT THRIVES ON
THE MISERY OF OTHERS. A DEMON THAT
MAKES YOU VIEW OTHERS PAIN AS YOUR
SUCCESS. VINDICAR.

CHERRY

And we only text boys in emojis.
RIGHT, FIG?

FIG

NORMAN IS NOT MY BOYFRIEND.

APPLE

Better not be.

CHERRY

Uh you ditched me to hang out with
him last night. I thought we were
gonna walk wistfully through the
parking lot at sunset together. I
had to be wistful by myself.

APPLE

Cherry, I was thinking you really
needed a confessional tonight but
Fig, it might really serve you. You
need to speak with Marilyn.

FIG

Okay. Why? But okay.

PUMPKIN

Is Marilyn the manager?

FIG (CONT'D)

Sharon's the manager.

CHERRY

Marilyn *Monroe*, Pumpkin. She is the ultimate femme martyr.

PUMPKIN

You pray to her?

APPLE

No. Confess. She knows everything about us.

Pumpkin's phone starts to RING in her pocket. The rest of the girls look incredibly confused.

CHERRY

Fig, you didn't take her cellular?

FIG

I have a lot on my mind!

Apple sharply stands, blowing out all the candles.

APPLE

(To Pumpkin)

Absolutely no phones down here. We leave them at the register upstairs. And NO flash photography. It's super unflattering. That's not a rule, it's an oath.

Apple approaches Pumpkin with the last candle, holding it close.

APPLE (CONT'D)

9am sharp tomorrow. For your trial run.

PUMPKIN

Doesn't Sharon have to hire me?

Apple smiles.

APPLE

Make a wish.

Pumpkin holds Apple's gaze, something in it both sweet and sinister.

Pumpkin blows out the candle.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - MORNING

Pumpkin's nails pick at a furry cloth that's replaced the silk throw Apple sold. She's staring at the open doorway.

An EX-FIANCE (30s, in stained sweats) walks through, first customer of the day.

Pumpkin darts towards her, maybe too aggressively.

Fig is at the counter. She picks up her walkie.

FIG
(into the walkie)
The game is rigged. This broad is
wearing *Hanes* sweatpants.

DOWNSTAIRS

Apple and Cherry drop the clothes in their arms and huddle around their walkies.

APPLE
(into the walkie)
Hanes are quietly back in. *Julia*
Fox to thank for that. There's
potential — if *Pumpkin* sees it.

UPSTAIRS

Pumpkin turns on her walkie for all to hear. A look we haven't seen before washes across her face: confidence.

Pumpkin approaches the woman, acting like she's folding shirts.

Pumpkin clocks the pants. The flip flops. And then a tan line where a wedding ring used to be.

PUMPKIN
I love your sweats. Athleisure is
out, Adam Sandler Core is in.

DOWNSTAIRS

Apple cheers with her fist. Cherry looks jealous.

UPSTAIRS

The Ex-Fiancé musters a smile. Pumpkin sees she's been staring at the *You're A Jewel Printed Maxi Dress*.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
 I wore that on a date last week.
 It's my lucky charm.

The Ex-Fiancé's face drops. She moves to another dress across the store.

Fig looks worried.

FIG
 (into the walkie)
Apple, she's gonna need you.

APPLE (O.S.)
Hold.

Pumpkin walks towards the woman, but then passes her instead, picking up her cell phone. As if someone called.

PUMPKIN
 Hi, you. I had so much fun last
 night, too.

Fig's eyes dart to the back of the store. Where, for the first time, we see a door that reads: MANAGER.

FIG
 (into the walkie)
*She's gonna get fired before she's
 hired if Sharon catches her on the
 fucking phone!*

Pumpkin loudly FAKES a phone call from a date.

PUMPKIN
 (on her phone)
 You liked the *You're A Jewel Maxi
 Dress*? Aw, thank you. My tits do
 look bonfire in it.

This catches the attention of the Ex-Fiancé. Pumpkin turns away, smiling.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
 (on her phone)
 I'm at work I can't talk. Wait. You
 want to take me to *Nobu*? On a
second date? Wow!

The woman turns on her heel and starts to walk back towards the *You're A Jewel* dress.

FIG
 (into the walkie)
*Fuck me fucking backwards cowgirl
 y'all she's making moves. The woman
 in Hanes is moving TOWARDS THE
 MAXI...*

DOWNSTAIRS

Apple and Cherry's eyes bulge.

APPLE
 (about Pumpkin)
*This bitch. And you didn't think
 she was a fruit.*

CHERRY
 She has to stick the landing.

APPLE
 She'll Bring It On just like
 Kirsten Dunst.

UPSTAIRS

Pumpkin heads back to the woman, boldly taking the dress off the rack for her.

PUMPKIN
 (into phone)
*Yeah, sweetie. I'll wear the Mojave
 Moon Corset tonight. Pairs well
 with sashimi.*

She hangs up.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
 Sorry about that. You're a small,
 right?

The woman smiles, taking the dress. Pumpkin walks off.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
 (into the walkie)
Wait for it.

A beat before.

EX FIANCE
 Excuse me!

Pumpkin turns.

PUMPKIN

Uh hm?

EX FIANCE

Are there some other pieces you think...

PUMPKIN

Would step that hot bod of yours back on its worthy throne?

EX FIANCE

I'm newly single. I don't know how to date, really. Or what to wear...

PUMPKIN

That's okay. At Free People, our clothes do the work for you. You got an Amex?

LATER

Fig checks out the Ex-Fiancé. She just dropped \$700.

Pumpkin stands at the top of the stairs, like she can finally breathe.

APPLE

Boo!

Apple comes up behind her. She twirls Pumpkin, but says nothing.

Apple ducks into Sharon's office.

Beat.

Pumpkin presses her ear against the door. The conversation is too muffled to make out anything.

Fig says goodbye to the Ex-Fiancé. And then frantically picks up her phone and texts. She says something into her walkie.

Fig looks around the store cautiously. Pumpkin takes a step back, hiding herself behind a mannequin.

Pumpkin hears Cherry coming up from the basement — as Fig darts out the front of the store.

Fig runs up to a boy (must be Norman), and kisses him.

CHERRY

What're you doing?

Pumpkin JUMPS.

PUMPKIN
I think I just saw —

CHERRY
What?

PUMPKIN
Nothing.

CHERRY
Are you spying?

PUMPKIN
What?

CHERRY
On Apple and Sharon.

PUMPKIN
Oh. I —

CHERRY
I'm sure she's in there advocating
for you. She always does for me.
She uses her girlboss powers for
good.

Cherry holds up a fluffy pink planner. It reads "CHERRY'S
PLANS."

Cherry opens it. Each day of the week is labeled with
stickers.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Something you should know, if you
DO get hired, is that Apple has a
strict calendar for me, for my
like, ya know, mental health. On
Wednesdays I HAVE to go to therapy
at lunch. And someone HAS to cover
for me. If you're lucky, maybe that
can be you!

PUMPKIN
Okay. That's good you see a
therapist.

CHERRY
It's retail therapy, Pumpkin.

Cherry scoffs.

PUMPKIN

Apple makes a calendar for you?
Isn't that controlling —

CHERRY

She helped me get sober. Like,
fun/hot sober, not sad sober. And
now she's helping me with my... you
know what. I shouldn't dump truck
my issues on you. Apple has me
working on that, too. I have a bad
case of main character syndrome.

Cherry shuts the planner and walks off.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Cover the register!

Pumpkin presses her ear against the door again.

SHARON (O.S.)

I don't want what happened last
time to happen again.

APPLE (O.S.)

(Timid)

It won't. She's different.

Pumpkin can hear Apple's tone is pointedly different — in
this room she has less power.

SHARON (O.S.)

When I start keeping a closer eye
on you — I don't want any attitude.

The phone RINGS.

Apple comes out of the office, shutting the door before
Pumpkin can see in.

APPLE

What are you doing?

A beat.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Pick up some glow and the dark
mascara from Claire's would you?

Apple lets her fingers graze Pumpkin's as she saunters off to
the register.

APPLE (CONT'D)
And tonight – don't wear panties
with any holes in them.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BASEMENT - THAT NIGHT

Spell For The Perfect Fruit Salad (aka, a new fruit joins) – First, you must buy glow in the dark mascara from Claire's (it is available in the Princess's First Makeup Kit). Choose a partner, someone you want to get to know better. Apply the mascara to their fluttering eyelashes. Say the chant. If you are new, follow the leader.

The fruits sit in a circle. The Paradise set up is in full swing – extra candles tonight.

Apple puts the mascara on Pumpkin as Cherry does on Fig.

APPLE/CHERRY
Say it till you believe it – safety
exists in the basement filled with
silk.

Apple hands Pumpkin the mascara.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Now you.

Pumpkin puts it on Apple, Fig on Cherry.

PUMPKIN/ FIG
Safety exists in the basement
filled with silk.

APPLE/CHERRY
Men do not crave the way our lips
tilt. And I can reclaim what is
mine.

PUMPKIN/FIG
And I can reclaim what is mine.

Apple, Cherry and Fig begin to undress down to their day of the week panties. Fig has a hole in hers.

APPLE
Fig!

FIG
I'll buy new ones when I get paid!

APPLE
Confessional tonight.

FIG
I know I know.

Apple is practically naked first, throwing off her slip dress.

The vibe becomes progressively celebratory for the three, think Matisse's "The Dance."

Apple walks up to Pumpkin, and pops open an Amethyst ring. Inside are four fuchsia sequins. They match the Hilary Duff collab mini skirt.

APPLE
Here at Free People we really
believe in the free the nip
movement. But like, totally up to
you, Pumpkin.

She puts the sequin on her fingertip.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Open up.

PUMPKIN
I don't take drugs from strangers.

APPLE
We're not strangers. We're sisters.
And you're hired.

PUMPKIN
Really?

She places it on her tongue.

APPLE
Really, babe. You complete us. Duh.

Cherry pulls out another Franzia-esque bag. This one's a darker red than the previous Franzia bag. Cherry pours it into three shot glasses.

She hands them to Fig and Apple, keeping one for herself.

PUMPKIN
What is that?

The girls giggle.

Apple turns on music over the basement speakers — it's Robyn's "Dancing On My Own."

APPLE

Let's just say it's not wine. But
one thing at a time for you, babe.

The girls do the shot, swallowing the sequin. Pumpkin
swallows it with her saliva.

They all smile, the *thick burgundy shot staining their teeth*.

Apple blows out the last candle, leaving the room washed in
the hot red flashing exit light. They begin uncontrollably
dancing.

Pumpkin studies them — like she's watching a strange mini
rave. Her nerves begin to fade and she takes off her shirt,
fuck it.

After a few minutes, Apple shoves Fig playfully towards the
stairs. Confessional time.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - UPSTAIRS FLOOR - LATER

The store is still dark and Fig lights a single black candle
next to a pile of shirts. The joy drains from her face.

The THUMPING of the music can be heard below.

Fig does a movement — something between a mime and TikTok
dance. She then begins to speak.

*Note: During confessionals, the speaker's gaze falls directly
to camera — not as if they're breaking the fourth wall, but
as if we in fact are Marilyn.*

FIG

Forgive me Marilyn for I want to
build an Ikea couch with Norman. I
want to speak to him with words,
not emojis. It's my mother's dream
come true.

Beat.

FIG (CONT'D)

She always wanted me to be a part
of someone else's toolbox. To be
used and put away.

Beat.

FIG (CONT'D)

My mother said it used to make her hopeful, to see me as a child in a school girl skirt and pigtails. To see me in a uniform. Controlled. Tamed. I watched her love someone endlessly and give up on herself. I got a tongue piercing so I wouldn't give up on myself. I got a physics degree so I wouldn't give up on myself. I allowed myself safety in this basement so I wouldn't give up on myself.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

The girls are still dancing, but Cherry has taken it to another level.

PUMPKIN

What did we take?

APPLE

It's a sequin, babe. I wouldn't lie to you.

Beat.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Chill, babe! No lies just love. It's Paradise! You're Free People fam now.

Apple goes to Cherry, jumping up and down with her. Pumpkin watches them. In the red light, Apple's starting to look like an evil circus clown.

Beat.

She's pulled in with them.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - UPSTAIRS FLOOR - SAME

FIG

But then... I met him one day and he told me his name was Norman. Like... like the movie Psycho. And now, for WEEKS, I have loved him. I hate him for this. I worry one day I will get the same haircut as my mother.

A beat.

FIG (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, I want to build a
couch with him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

All the fruits head out to their various cars in the empty parking lot.

Pumpkin, sweaty, waves goodbye still overwhelmed by the night.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Pumpkin gets in the car, turning on her phone. There are 10 missed calls from her MOM. Her phone background is a family portrait (Mom, Dad, and Pumpkin) on a sunny vacation.

She dials back her Mom. The headlights of the other cars turn on as the other girls leave.

PUMPKIN
(Into phone)
Hey mom, sorry was held late at
work. I'll pick up Betty Crocker on
the way home.
(after a few beats)
... Yeah, it's her.
I'm not sure. But I'm gonna find
out.

Pumpkin turns on the car and her headlights illuminate Apple's Jetta that's still there. She closes tiny velvet curtains over the back window.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
(still on the phone)
Preheat the oven to 450.

Pumpkin hangs up.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - DAY

Cherry finishes helping a TEEN CUSTOMER in the dressing rooms. She walks past Pumpkin and Apple who are folding camis.

She turns off her walkie, tossing it in her purse. Lunch break.

CHERRY
 (putting in headphones)
 Tahini time!

Pumpkin walks over to Cherry's purse when her back is turned, and flicks the walkie back on.

LATER

Pumpkin is in a dressing room listening to Cherry's walkie. It sounds like she's *fucking*.

MONTAGE: Pumpkin spends the next few weeks following Cherry on her breaks. Cherry always puts on "Closer" by NIN, which could overlay this sequence.

- Cherry heads to the desolate rich people wing of the mall. She walks into Lacoste. WE PULL OUT to see someone in an Auntie Anne's uniform watching. It's Pumpkin in her version of an invisibility cloak.

- Pumpkin watches Cherry go inside a Burberry, and moments later a BURBERRY EMPLOYEE leaves, putting a sign on the door "Be Back in 30." Moments later, a MALE CLAIRE'S EMPLOYEE (20s), think Cole Sprouse cameo, approaches the store. Cherry suddenly runs up to the door, unlocking it, and pulling the Claire's employee inside.

- Pumpkin sees Cherry and the SONIC GUY (20s) she always flirts with, think Dylan Sprouse, walk into Tom Ford together. Once again, she sees a employee leave for lunch. Pumpkin peers through the glass and sees Cherry and the dude *fucking* on the checkout counter.

- Pumpkin, now dressed completely in Free People, confidently walks into Versace. She hides in a dressing room and waits. Minutes later, she hears moaning from across the dressing room. She pulls back the curtain to reveal: Cherry, spread eagle in a ballgown, *fucking* the MRS. FIELD'S COOKIES EMPLOYEE (30s) think Machine Gun Kelly cameo.

PUMPKIN
 Hey babe, I have a customer who is
 looking for the Dignity Slip Dress.

MRS. FIELDS EMPLOYEE
 FUCK!

He grabs his pants, tripping over Cherry's dress train.

PUMPKIN
 Would you mind showing me where you
 guys hide the extra stock?

CHERRY
 Sure babe, it's right under the
 Boundaries Bralette.

MRS. FIELDS EMPLOYEE
 Shit, I gotta go. I bet I burnt the
 snickerdoodles.

He runs off. We hear the VERSACE EMPLOYEE come back into the
 store, shouting to the dude.

VERSACE EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
 UM CAN I HELP YOU?

MOMENTS LATER

Cherry and Pumpkin hide in the dressing room.

CHERRY
 (raw)
 Will you please just help me get
 this fucking dress off.

Pumpkin begins to undo the corseted back of the gown.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
 (peppy, shifting)
 Where's the craziest place you've
 had sex?

PUMPKIN
 ... I'm a virgin.

CHERRY
 Oh my god! That's adorable. You
 know, I've been thinking, we
 totally look alike. Like, you're
 totally my mini me.

PUMPKIN
 Mini me?

CHERRY
 Yeah. We should get matching
 tattoos.

PUMPKIN
 You could get a heart on your
 pinkie to match mine.

CHERRY
 Uh no that's okay. Maybe something
 else... A cherry!

Beat.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
(Breaking a bit)
Please don't tell Apple about this.

PUMPKIN
Why?

CHERRY
I have enough unattractive
qualities.

PUMPKIN
So what, Apple doesn't like sex?

CHERRY
Apple doesn't like when I have sex
on Wednesdays.

PUMPKIN
But you always have sex on
Wednesdays.

	CHERRY	PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
What?		Well isn't today Wednesday?

Pumpkin looks down and sees her Tuesday day of the week
underwear.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
Free pass if you're wearing
Tuesday, right?

CHERRY
I'm supposed to be at therapy. But.
Look, the schedule IS really
useful. She just wants to be sure I
don't get dickwhipped and have time
for myself.

PUMPKIN
What's so wrong with dick?

Beat.

CHERRY
Apple means well but I think she's
a little biased. Because her dad
was such a piece of shit to her
mom.

PUMPKIN
What did he do to her mom - ?

The Versace employee interrupts.

VERSACE (O.S.)
UM ARE Y'ALL STEALING? CAUSE IF
YOU'RE STEALING THERE ARE CAMERAS
IN HERE Y'ALL.

PUMPKIN
I won't tell Apple, Cherry. A mini-
me would never do that, right?

CHERRY
Totally. Also, your secret is safe
with me, mini-me. Cause she also
doesn't like virgins.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Pumpkin sips a morning tea. She's scrolling through her
Pinterest app looking at ideas for cherry tattoos.

Beat.

She searches "apple tattoos" and scrolls.

Cherry KNOCKS on her car window, waving.

Pumpkin opens her glove compartment grabbing a book on State
Birds. She tosses it in her ying and yang crocheted purse.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - UPSTAIRS - AFTERNOON

Cherry tries flower crowns on Pumpkin, attempting to fix a
bad hair day. Apple clocks this from the lingerie section.

APPLE
(To Pumpkin)
Babe!

Apple beckons with her fingertips for Pumpkin to come over.
Pumpkin abandons Cherry for Apple.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Let me show you how it's done.

Apple starts to french braid Pumpkin's hair. It is perfect.
They watch each other in a mirror framed by seashells.

APPLE (CONT'D)
You look like an American Girl
Doll.

Suddenly, a BANGING SOUND comes from the front of the store.
The blood drains from Apple's face.

PUMPKIN
What is that?

APPLE
Nothing —

Pumpkin looks over Apple's shoulder and catches a glimpse of a SOMEONE with long, ribboned pigtails BANGING THEIR FOREHEAD AGAINST THE GLASS WINDOW.

Before Pumpkin can get a look at her face, Apple GRIPS HER ARM, spinning her away.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Don't engage.

Fig runs up to them.

FIG
She's here again.

APPLE
Cherry take Pumpkin downstairs.

FIG
I'm gonna get Sharon.

APPLE
DO NOT GET SHARON. Grab me the Stevie Nicks boho hat and a goddamn kimono and we'll go out the side door.

As Cherry leads Pumpkin downstairs —

CHERRY
(Under her breath)
Vindicar.

The BANGING leads us into —

INT. FREE PEOPLE - UPSTAIRS FLOOR - DAY

Fig SLAMS the cash register shut. She hands Pumpkin the key, heading out to "lunch."

FIG
Thanks for covering me, Pump!

She exits. After a beat, Fig's phone LIGHTS UP with a text – she's left it there. It's from a number saved as "👤🔒🔑."

It simply reads: 🍎🔒🔑?

Pumpkin cracks the code and picks up her walkie.

PUMPKIN

(Into walkie)

Hey Sharon, could ya cover me at the cash register for a sec? Gotta drop the kids off at the pool. Chipotle guac runs right through me.

She drops her walkie to the ground without waiting for a response. She walks out of the store carrying Fig's phone.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL – APPLEBEE'S – MOMENTS LATER

A knife stabs the saddest iceberg lettuce salad. It's NORMAN (20s), sweet liberal arts boy, nervously eating as Fig sits across from him in a booth.

NORMAN

Uhh... bee emoji, boy and girl kissing emoji, red heart emoji, red question mark emoji –

FIG

Norman, they aren't watching me here. Just verbally ask me what you want to ask me.

NORMAN

Like use real words?

FIG

Yeah. Apple hates family friendly restaurants. We are safe here –

NORMAN

(Bursting)

– WILL YOU BE MY GIRLFRIEND?

A LOUD GASP comes from the next booth. WE PULL OUT to see Pumpkin in the booth seat right behind Fig. She's up against the back wall, her knees pulled to her chest, hiding behind a Blue Crush Bahama Mama tropical cocktail.

Fig starts to turn around, but Norman grabs her hand.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
What do you think?

Fig blushes.

FIG
(Mumbled)
...yes.

NORMAN
What?

FIG
I said yes.

NORMAN
SHE SAID YES, EVERYONE!

The entire restaurant starts clapping and celebrating the couple.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
And that's not even the best part.

DINER
How could it get any better?

NORMAN
(To Fig)
I got us tickets to see Ed Sheeran!

The restaurant is even happier about this than the last announcement.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Just texted them to you.

The CHORDS of the Psycho shower scene PING Fig's phone.

Fig checks her pockets.

FIG
I thought I left it at the —

Her face drops. She looks over the top of the booth to see Pumpkin holding it.

PUMPKIN
Spooky ringtone, babe.

INT. APPLE BEES - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fig shoves Pumpkin into a stall.

FIG

What do you want?

PUMPKIN

I was just bringing you your phone.

FIG

Sweetgreen for a week. Sonic limeades for a month? Ugh, fine. I'm saving up my commission for grad school. I guess I might not even get in, but —

PUMPKIN

I don't need your money, Fig!

Fig studies her.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

I still have all my Starbucks gift cards saved from Christmas. Oh wait, I'm sorry, you think I'm trying to blackmail you? Wow.

FIG

No! I dunno. I just. I don't want to lose... it's been really hard for me to make friends. Just like a Great Horned Owl.

PUMPKIN

Really? I feel like you are more a Rosy-Faced Lovebird. Super social and kind.

FIG

Wait, did you learn about birds?

A beat.

FIG (CONT'D)

(Genuinely touched)

For me?

Pumpkin nods.

FIG (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen Psycho?

PUMPKIN

No ew I hate horror movies.

FIG

Okay well Norman was named after Norman Bates. Because he is such a momma's boy.

PUMPKIN

Aw! So cute.

FIG

I know. He's so loving. He's my favorite boy in the world, Pumpkin. Please don't take that from me.

PUMPKIN

What? That's not what I'm trying to —

FIG

Cherry and Apple don't get it, okay?

PUMPKIN

Uh I mean I think Cherry gets it. She's fucking all of the Food Court on Wednesdays.

FIG

WHAT? She's not supposed to have sex on Wednesdays!

PUMPKIN

Yeah. I just don't understand all these secrets, you know? Why wouldn't Apple be totally cool with —

FIG

You don't get it! You're new here, Pumpkin. Apple could never understand a Hitchcockian love story.

A beat. A silent stand off.

PUMPKIN

I won't say anything to Apple. But only if I really understand why I shouldn't. What're you so afraid of? I just care about you.

Then —

FIG
(Deadly serious)
We can't let history repeat itself.

PUMPKIN
Fig, you really aren't making any sense. We are in a bit of a pickle here.

FIG
... SO YOU KNOW HER NAME?!

PUMPKIN
Huh?

FIG
Did Cherry tell you?

PUMPKIN
Tell me what?

FIG
About the girl banging her head on the glass, Pumpkin!

A beat.

FIG (CONT'D)
(Whispered)
She was Apple's mini me.

PUMPKIN
Apple had a mini me?

FIG
Pickle isn't a fruit. Pickle isn't a fruit. Pickle isn't a fruit.

PUMPKIN
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, FIG. What happened?

Fig takes a deep breath.

A beat.

FIG
Pickle was the perfect beach babe — ribboned pigtails with zero daddy issues. Apple immediately knew she had found her mini-me, it's a guttural feeling, like finding a soulmate — ya know?
(MORE)

FIG (CONT'D)

They were as glued together as Pickle's glitter fake lashes but then... then... Pickle met Ashton.

Fig gets a little nervous.

FIG (CONT'D)

Ashton was Avril SK8er Boi hot. A true bad boy. It rubbed off on Pickle, she even started wearing mini Ugg boots to rebel against the Free People dress code. It got nasty, fast. Apple was FURIOUS.

A beat.

FIG (CONT'D)

After Pickle skipped her third Paradise, because obviously Ashton was more important, Apple told us we were gonna try something fucking lit. A hex. She didn't tell us against who, just that they deserved it. Next thing we knew, Ashton was in a COMA. Like, some Grey's Anatomy type shit. They think he was poisoned or something.

PUMPKIN

Holy shit.

Someone enters the bathroom, and goes into the stall next to them.

Fig steps on the toilet looking over.

FIG

What are you even doing in here?
LEAVE.

The person scrams. Fig drags Pumpkin out of the stall and pushes a trash can in front of the door.

Then she's back in Pumpkin's face.

FIG (CONT'D)

It got really crazy – the police got involved and Pickle got committed to a hospital for a while. That's when corporate brought in Sharon.

PUMPKIN

Why?

FIG

They thought Free People could
become a toxic workplace and they
wanted someone to oversee us.
That's why Apple's so terrified of
her.

PUMPKIN

Terrified?

FIG

Yeah. Sharon could fuck it up for
all of us.

A beat. Fig looks unsettled.

She grabs Pumpkin's face.

FIG (CONT'D)

I can't let them hurt Norman.

INT. APPLEBEES'S - LATER

Pumpkin stands guard outside the restaurant. Behind her,
Norman pays for their meal.

Pumpkin takes out her phone and googles: Free People employee
Pickle boyfriend in coma hex?

A few random Quora articles come up about pickles... and then
a single image.

She clicks on it - think "The Shining" ballroom photo. It's a
group photo of 20 or so female Free People employees. She
spots the one girl in ribboned pigtails - this must be
Pickle.

Behind her, Norman and Fig finish paying.

Pumpkin zooms in slowly on the photo - noticing Fig, Cherry
and landing CLOSE UP on Apple's grainy, smiling face.

FIG (O.S.)

Thanks, P!

Pumpkin puts the phone away.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BASEMENT - DAY

Fig and Pumpkin try on the new Jessica Simpson shoes. They
are insanely high heeled and laced up the top like a
victorian bootie.

Apple is helping a CUSTOMER WITH BAD HAIR EXTENSIONS who's interested in buying them.

APPLE
(To the customer)
Jessica was the better of the
Simpson sisters. She would NEVER
lip sync on SNL.

The customer agrees, and Apple packs up the shoes.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Let's ring these up for you, love.

The customer heads back to the dressing room, excited. Apple turns over her shoulder to Fig and Pumpkin.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Can we please sell out these god
forsaken stilettos? I'm so close to
hitting my quota AND they are
burning my retinas.

Apple joins the customer.

Fig starts to do the mime/TikTok dance we saw her do before her confessional, correcting Pumpkin.

FIG
It's more like this.

She's creating a small, invisible box around her with the movements.

FIG (CONT'D)
Now, you can do a confessional on
the go. Isn't that great?

Fig's phone PINGS with an alert.

FIG (CONT'D)
Oh! Whataburger is here!

PUMPKIN
Omg! You got extra pickles, right?

Apple whips around, dropping the customer's shoes.

Fig freezes.

FIG
(Covering)
Uhh, yeah. And I got extra
mustard... too!

Apple does the Confessional Dance. She adds one extra motion on the end, as if closing a door.

APPLE
You forgot to close the
confessional door, Fig. Naughty.

She kneels down taking Pumpkin's heels off.

APPLE (CONT'D)
No woman should be asked to wear
these. Let's go on a field trip.

She takes Pumpkins's arm.

APPLE (CONT'D)
(to Fig)
That walking hair extension was
about to buy seven dresses off me
for her ex-boyfriends wedding — can
you close the deal? Do the Ultimate
Influencer spell I taught you —
you're probably going to need it.

They walk off.

FIG
(under her breath)
I'm the top seller.
(louder)
I'M THE TOP —

But Fig pivots away. She knows better.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - PANDORA STORE

Apple and Pumpkin are slurping on Jamba Juice Cherry Breeze smoothies, strolling. Apple is fiddling with something in her mouth.

She then pulls out a tied cherry stem.

PUMPKIN
I thought people doing that was
just a myth.

Apple smiles.

APPLE
I'm magic.

They stop in front of the Pandora store.

MOMENTS LATER IN THE STORE

Apple and Pumpkin stare down at various charm bracelets.

APPLE

You know my mom wanted to name me Sarah. It was my dad who wanted it to be Apple. It made him think of Eden. Of the woman who was there from the beginning. The true OG. He was always super religious.

Beat. Apple looks at Pumpkin, then back at the bracelets.

APPLE (CONT'D)

He was focused on the apple, but all I could think about was the garden. I could make a garden out of anything. Sandboxes, church sermons, oversized Costco boxes. You know what I mean, Pumpkin?

PUMPKIN

Your own paradise.

APPLE

Exactly. Women who don't have a garden won't grow. What did that one bitch say... "a room of one's own?"

PUMPKIN

Virginia Woolf?

APPLE

No, that doesn't sound right. Anyways. We have to create spaces for ourselves. Rip out the weeds, cut up the snakes, because there will be people that trample through.

(a beat)

There's always work to be done to protect it, but we can do it together, you know?

PUMPKIN

Do what together?

APPLE

Look. I know you and Cherry are engaging in mini-me relations —

PANDORA EMPLOYEE
Are you looking to buy -

APPLE
Just looking KAYTHANKSBYE!
(back to Pumpkin)
I'm happy for you two. I can't be
Cherry's only friend. I acknowledge
co-dependence.

PUMPKIN
What, cause her whole family died?

APPLE
This isn't about that this is about
you. And I think you deserve more
than being a mini-me. Do NOT repeat
this, but I don't abide by
hierarchal structures in female
spaces and I think referring to
another woman as "mini" is archaic.

Apple picks up a charm bracelet and begins to slip it on
Pumpkin's wrist.

APPLE (CONT'D)
I've evolved out of those ways of
thinking, truly. When I met you, I
felt this connection. Like blood.

PUMPKIN
You did?

APPLE
Did you?

Beat. Apple smiles.

PANDORA EMPLOYEE
Are you going to buy -

APPLE
LEAVE US!
(to Pumpkin)
Paradise is something we could
build together. Run the store,
together. You still have a lot to
learn, but I think you're special.
And I don't think many people are
special.

Pumpkin has started to sweat. Apple touches a bead of it with
her fingertip. She licks it off.

APPLE (CONT'D)
 (to the employee)
 Can you make a pumpkin charm?

EXT. PANDORA STORE - LATER

Pumpkin and Apple leave the store, a tiny box with a bow on it in Pumpkin's hands. She opens it.

APPLE
 Don't. Save it for Paradise.

They pass the large mall fountain, in front of it is a Toy's "R" Us. Apple stops by the window.

Inside there's a massive pink Barbie Dream House populated with Barbies with all with different careers.

APPLE (CONT'D)
 Barbie is the ultimate girl boss. I wish I could hold down that many jobs.

Apple keeps walking, but Pumpkin hangs back. She's staring at the Barbie in the attic window, who stares back at her through tiny, black binoculars.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The black binoculars reflect Apple's smiling face as she opens the present.

APPLE
 O M G, Pumpkin! Detective Barbie is my fave, look at her little khaki trench. You shouldn't have.

PUMPKIN
 You needed a talisman!

APPLE
 So true.

CHERRY
 My talisman is Shirley Temple.

PUMPKIN
 The dead child actress?

CHERRY

No. My nine year old Scottish Fold.
It's the same type of cat Taylor
Swift has.

FIG

She discovered Ed Sheeran!

Apple goes to put the Barbie in her glitter fanny pack, but
Pumpkin stops her.

PUMPKIN

No! She should be a part of the
group.

Pumpkin sets the Barbie on a folding table in the corner.
She's got the best seat in the house.

APPLE

We should name her Marilyn.

Cherry and Fig clock the charm bracelet on Pumpkin's wrist.
Pumpkin walks past them, smiling.

CHERRY

You think Pumpkin is Apple's new
best friend?

FIG

Protégé, mini-me, best friend, I
mean you can have more than one —

CHERRY

Are you fucking HIGH? That makes
zero sense, Fig.

Cherry smiles at Pumpkin and waves.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

(to Fig)

Keep your enemies closer.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - SHARON'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Pumpkin arrives to work before the other fruits.

She opens a bright pink "Detective Barbie" app on her phone.

She checks the coast is clear and beelines to Sharon's
office.

PUMPKIN
 (knocking)
 Hey Sharon, could I talk to you for
 a sec?

The door creaks open.

MONTAGE: Seasons changing, secrets bubbling.

- Paradise session, they change from pinot noir to rose.
- Apple and Pumpkin bond in Dave and Busters. They play games, giggling. They pass Fig and Norman. She pushes him into the ball pit. They hide under the balls.
- Cherry teaches Pumpkin how to fold chino pants. It doesn't look quite right. Pumpkin, alone, folds the whole table this way. Later, Fig, perturbed, has to refold them all the right way.
- Paradise where they each pull drawings out of their bras. The sketches are all titled: Manifesting the Ideal Day
- Pumpkin makes a large lingerie sale to a YOUNG MALE CUSTOMER. When she's not looking, Cherry puts sale tags on everything.
- Fig and Norman in her car in the parking lot. She shows him **a grad school acceptance letter**. Apple walks by outside. Fig throws a blanket over Norman, but not before Apple sees him.
- Paradise: they share their sketches. Fig's is of her astral projecting herself. Pumpkin's is of her with Apple on a mechanical bull. Cherry's is of her and Apple drinking lattes. Apple's is of her and Pumpkin riding a mechanical bull. The two girls squeal, *twinsies*. Cherry crumples her drawing, pissed as hell.
- Cherry, Apple and Pumpkin are downstairs working in the fitting rooms, each with hot Starbucks. When Apple goes to the bathroom (of course bringing Pumpkin along) Cherry spills Pumpkin's tea all over an expensive maxi dress. She leaves the cup behind with Pumpkin's name on it.
- The fruits enter the breakroom, seeing a new sign - "No more beverages downstairs. Thanks. Love, Sharon."

Suddenly, ending the montage, Sharon comes on over walkie -

SHARON
 (over the walkie)
*Pumpkin, come to my office fifteen
 before your shift tomorrow.*

APPLE
(To Pumpkin)
Don't worry babe, I'll come with.

PUMPKIN
It's okay. I'll talk to her alone.

Cherry smirks. Apple fumes.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The sign from Sharon sits in the middle of the circle.

APPLE
A snake is attempting to enter our
garden, ladies. Sharon may be
plotting to fire Pumpkin.

Apple takes a black candle out of her fanny pack.

APPLE (CONT'D)
We must protect our crops. By any
means necessary.

Fig goes pale when Apple pulls out a lighter.

FIG
Okay wait, I know we all hate
Sharon but -

CHERRY
OF COURSE we all hate Sharon. She's
corporate.

PUMPKIN
I don't hate Sharon.

APPLE
What are you even saying, Pumpkin?
She could destroy us.

CHERRY
This is why Apple needs to be
manager. Plus Sharon literally
wears black combat boots everyday.

FIG
They are Gucci, though.

A beat. Apple turns to Pumpkin.

APPLE

Sharon is threatening you, Pumpkin.
I'm trying to protect you.

PUMPKIN

Protect me? I'm not scared of her.
She's trying to protect all of us.

APPLE

From WHAT?

No one answers.

APPLE (CONT'D)

We really don't know what Sharon is
capable of. This is why we need to
do a hex.

FIG

Dude. Come on.

CHERRY

What if we just did some like cute
dark magic? Like... the spell for
eternal dandruff?

APPLE

No. Stop fucking around. She's a
real threat and you know how I
handle real threats.

A long beat.

Pumpkin stares at the Barbie still sitting in the corner.

PUMPKIN

Is this what you did to Ashton and
Pickle?

Apple holds her anger deep inside, stoic as ever.

APPLE

Me? We all did that hex, INCLUDING
Pickle. And we went into it
agreeing we trust whatever the
outcome may be.

FIG

APPLE WE CAN'T DO THIS.

APPLE

Hey, maybe just be grateful it
isn't Norman.

Fig freezes.

Fig takes the lighter from Apple and lights the candle herself.

CHERRY

Fig!

APPLE

Do you not trust me, babe?

CHERRY

I —

APPLE

I thought I was your best friend.

CHERRY

You are! Oh my god duh, you are.
You are the apple of my eye. Let's
do it.

Pumpkin stays silent. Apple lets the dark wax drip onto Sharon's name.

How to Perform a Hex — First, you will need a piece of paper with the name or drawing of the person you want to hex, a black candle, and matches. Hold the paper in front of you. Think of all the wrongs this person has done. Light the candle, letting the black wax drip onto the paper. Say the hex spell and if you're body begins to shake, lean in.

APPLE

(The spell)

What you have done to me, may it
rebound on you tenfold. I curse
your ugliness and cruelty.

She looks over at Fig and Cherry.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Uh... hello?

They finally join in.

FIG/CHERRY

I condemn you, snake.

They all stare at Pumpkin.

APPLE

Babe, it won't work unless you join
in. We're doing this for you.

Sweat is forming on Pumpkin's brow.

APPLE (CONT'D)
You want to stay, right?

A beat.

PUMPKIN
I condemn you...

Pumpkin and Apple trade a loaded stare.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
Snake.

The wax completely obliterates the note.

EXT. FREE PEOPLE — NEXT MORNING

The sound of RATTLING. And then BANGING. Apple is pulling at the locked doors of the store.

APPLE
What in the tit —

Cherry and Fig hover behind her.

The early morning crowds of the mall filter in behind them.

CHERRY
Did Sharon lock us out?

FIG
She said she wanted to talk to
Pumpkin alone.

APPLE
FUCK.

FIG
Why are you freaking out? Pumpkin's
a big girl.

APPLE
Because I don't know what Sharon
will say to her. She's still very
vulnerable.

Apple pulls a Auntie Anne's to go bag from her purse and starts chomping Cinnamon Pretzel Nuggets.

CHERRY
I thought we hated Auntie Anne's?

APPLE

GOD do you have any of your own
personality traits? You need to go
to confessional tonight!

The sugar covers Apple's shirt like dandruff.

On the third balcony, a figure in the crowd gets close to the
railing.

CHERRY

You know I hate locking up by
myself. And I have nothing to
confess!

APPLE

Well, who told Pumpkin about
Pickle?

A beat.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Who fucking told her?

A long beat.

Suddenly the figure jumps from the balcony.

PUMPKIN (O.S.)

Told me what?

Pumpkin is standing at the door.

SPLAT.

SCREAMING.

MOMENTS LATER

The fruits push through the crowds. SECURITY GUARDS try to
hold people back.

The fruits look down on the now dead jumper. Apple pales.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

I think the hex backfired.

CHERRY

(Looking at the jumper)

We never said Sharon's name in our
spell, Apple. What if the hex
hit... her instead?

FIG

What if it's our fault?

A beat.

APPLE

Let's get out of here.

Pumpkin stays back, watching as blood starts to seep across the cement mall floors towards her Mary Janes.

Through the crowds, she sees two bloodied ribbons attached to two pigtails. We realize **the jumper is Pickle.**

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pumpkin rushes to her car after work. Apple's Jetta is still parked there, the little velvet curtains closed shut.

INT. CAR - SAME

Pumpkin gets in her car and locks the doors.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - SAME

Cherry starts to close out the store, but walks past Sharon's office, noticing the door cracked open.

She can hear Apple and Sharon talking. All we see through the crack are Sharon's combat Gucci boots and Apple.

Cherry hides in the shadows listening.

SHARON (O.S.)

What did you do to Pickle?

APPLE

I didn't - I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry. I never thought she
would resort to something like
that. Please don't fire me. Please!

SHARON (O.S.)

Apple, you need to tell me what you
did.

APPLE

I'm an empath, Sharon. I am just
trying to make the world a better
place!

SHARON (O.S.)
Have you tried to do that before
Apple? To someone else?

Beat.

APPLE
What are you talking about?

Beat.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Are you going to tell corporate?

Cherry bumps into a mannequin, revealing she's been hiding
outside.

Apple storms out of the office, putting her hard shell back
on.

Cherry follows.

CHERRY
Do you feel bad?

APPLE
What?

CHERRY
About Pickle. Do you feel bad?

A beat.

APPLE
Why would I feel bad? I didn't push
her.

CHERRY
(Quiet)
You didn't?

A beat.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
It's all falling apart.

APPLE
Not on my watch.

She pushes past Cherry.

INT. FREE PEOPLE — BASEMENT — SAME

Cherry, solemn, turns off lights in the basement. She's closing out the store.

She pulls a hidden, tiny gin bottle from a sequin cowboy boot. She downs it.

She stands in the darkness for a moment, before she turns on a lava lamp.

INT. CAR — SAME

Pumpkin opens up the Barbie app on her phone.

Across the parking lot, Apple walks up, keys in hand. She waves at Pumpkin. Pumpkin waves back, nervous now. Apple notices.

Pumpkin starts her car.

INT. BASEMENT — SAME

In the strange hue of the lava lamp, Cherry moves the Detective Barbie to sit across from her.

INT. CAR — SAME

Pumpkin has the app open, and scrolls past weeks of camera footage.

INT. BASEMENT — SAME

We're close with the Barbie and realize: **the tiny binoculars are actually a tiny camera**. A red recording light flashes from inside her trench.

INT. CAR — SAME

Pumpkin scrolls through the videos then stops. On the LIVE CAM she sees Cherry start to do the Confessional dance.

She leans in close to the camera.

CHERRY
(through the camera)
Marilyn, forgive me for I have
sinned. I thought I could be her
antidote. How foolish.
(MORE)

CHERRY (CONT'D)

She will always be that cartoonish poison apple. And I will always be Snow White. I mean, we both know I could rock a bob. There I go again, making myself the main character in someone else's story. Apple would hate that.

She takes another mini bottle of gin out of her jacket pocket.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

We're with Cherry in the basement. She continues and her gaze is directly at us now, similar to Fig's confession.

CHERRY

A lot of people in Highland Park think I died in a fire. I never corrected them. If your entire family dies in a fire, don't you sort of die, too? I don't really see myself as alive, except when I'm with Apple. Men for sure don't see me as alive. They think it's fun to fuck a ghost. Wrap me in stained lace. Put me in an emotionless painting. Drown me with diamonds.

She takes out a pink lighter.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Diamonds are a girl's best friend. You said that, didn't you? Wait. Is Shirley Temple my best friend? Is Apple my best friend? Oh, Marilyn, will you please tell me who to love already?

She takes another swig of gin, but lets most of it run down her chest.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

I miss the ones I loved who died in a house with a two minute burn time while I was fucking the prom king in the Dunkin' Donuts parking lot. Shirley Temple came and found me. In her meows she told me of the freak gas leak. I was too late. We were the only survivors.

INT. CAR - SAME

Pumpkin watches the video, her pulse quickening...

INT. APPLE'S JETTA - SAME

Apple watches Pumpkin through a small slit in her velvet curtains. WE PULL BACK SLOWLY.

CHERRY (V.O.)

Oh Marilyn. Punish me for not dying. I wasn't worthy enough to die. I am too boring, so I must be kept on earth. I am Snow White, a cursed thing that sleeps through anything important. But Apple, well, she is the dangerous thing. She is the story worth telling.

IN THE WIDE, we see Apple's sitting on a bed in the back of her car.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

CHERRY

I mean, come on. She straight up poisoned her dad. How much more interesting could she get?

Cherry turns on the lighter, hovering it close to her alcohol-drenched chest.

Beat.

She clicks it off.

SHARP CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Apple wakes up in her car. In the sunlight, we now see a hot plate is plugged into the dash. Teeny bell jars full of strange liquids line the interiors.

She pulls up her rainbow sleeping mask, and stretches.

We realize Apple's living situation: **she has been living out of her car this whole time.**

LATER

IN A WIDE, we see Apple drive her Jetta across the parking lot to a stand alone Starbucks. She runs inside.

LATER

She runs back out in heels and new clothes (she's changed in the Starbucks bathroom) and now has a latte in her grasp.

Apple drives the car back across the parking lot to a new spot.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - LATER

Apple blazes through the mall doors, a you'd-never-know level of fresh today. She's in the Hilary Duff collab sequin mini skirt and wearing a Julia Fox inspired dark eye.

She flicks on Alanis' "All I Really Want," covered by MUNA, in her AirPods.

As she walks through the mall, she smiles at everyone who passes. They all get out of her way.

INT. BAKED BY MELISSA - MOMENTS LATER

A tiny green icing leaf is squeezed on top of a tiny red cupcake, the finishing touch on an apple.

WE PAN UP to Apple's sparkling eyes.

APPLE

Parfait.

She grabs the Baked by Melissa box.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BREAK ROOM

Apple sets down the cupcakes. We see that each of the girl's individual fruits are drawn in icing. Fig has not yet arrived for her shift. Shirley Temple (the cat) licks the cherry cupcake.

APPLE

Cherry, you brought Shirley Temple to work? She's gonna destroy the monochromatic yarn baskets!

CHERRY

Shirley Temple is my new mini-me. I needed her here.

Cherry shoots Pumpkin a look.

PUMPKIN
I'm allergic to cats.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Of course you are.

APPLE
Everyone look at my Baked By
Melissa! Everyone please comment on
my Baked By Melissa!

They all stare at the cupcakes, almost scared to eat them.

Pumpkin crosses to the counter where the coffee machine and
tea bags live.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Listen babes, I know yesterday was
a little wack. But really, it's not
my fault, because I also googled it
and Mercury was in retrograde
yesterday. So.

Fig comes into the break room, absolutely drenched from the
rain.

FIG
Tornado season.

APPLE
See! I told you. Mercury in
retrograde.

FIG
No. Tornado season. It is just
tornado season. I didn't bring my
umbrella with me even though I saw
it was raining. I walked here. I
just wanted the water to wash away
all our sins.

No one responds to this. Some of the rain drips onto Shirley
Temple. She hisses.

FIG (CONT'D)
Why is Shirley here?

CHERRY
Please refer to her with her full
proper name.

Pumpkin chimes in by the tea and coffee station, setting down
a mug she just drank from.

PUMPKIN

Cherry is having a nervous
breakdown.

CHERRY

WHAT? Pumpkin, I went on a hot girl
jog this morning. Could someone who
is having a nervous breakdown go on
a JOG?!

FIG

I might be having a nervous
breakdown. Is it weird that I
walked here? Are we going to talk
about Pi -

APPLE

(Ignoring them)

Pumpkin! Do you know how hard it is
to make a cupcake look like a
pumpkin? But I got it done, just
for you.

FIG

GUYS OUR PARADISE HAS A BODY COUNT.

APPLE

EVERYONE PLEASE EAT YOUR B BY M,
PLEASE.

One by one, the girls eat their one bite cupcake. Pumpkin
hesitates. Shirley Temple meows, wanting one.

CHERRY

(Petting Shirley)

Sorry my simple syrup queen, none
for you. I'll feed you some Chicken
of the Sea later.

Shirley Temple purrs. Pumpkin still hasn't eaten hers.

APPLE

Pumpkin?

Apple picks up the pumpkin cupcake in the palm of her hand.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Swallow your seed.

Pumpkin and Apple hold intense eye contact. Apple slowly gets
closer to her.

Pumpkin opens her mouth, sticking out her tongue cautiously. Apple places the cupcake on it. Without breaking eye contact, Pumpkin swallows.

HARD SLAM TO:

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BASEMENT - LATER

Pumpkin vomiting into a glitter Doc Marten. The other fruits surround her. She is the only one who is ill.

PUMPKIN

APPLE. What in the hell was in my
Baked By Melissa?

APPLE

What? What do you mean -

PUMPKIN

Did you put something in -

Pumpkin vomits again, now in a Birkenstock. Apple goes to hold her hair.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

Don't touch me!

FIG

We really need to walkie Sharon.

APPLE

Don't you dare, Fig!

CHERRY

Hey Apple, could we side bar for a
hot sec?

APPLE

Not now, Cherry.

CHERRY

It's actually a 911.

Apple rolls her eyes, but the two step aside.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Okay I'm just gonna ask ya - did
you decide to "GIRL BOSS" again?

APPLE

What the freak are you talking
about?

CHERRY
 You know. Like how you "GIRL
 BOSSED" your dad?

APPLE
 (harsh)
 STOP. TALKING.

Behind them, Pumpkin vomits into a furry slipper.

APPLE (CONT'D)
 Okay, who the fuck did this to
 her? Seriously! I know it wasn't
 me, and I know it wasn't the Baked
 By Melissa chick because I caught
 her blowing the Mrs. Field's
 employee —

CHERRY
 Wait, she's hooking up with
 him too?

FIG
 What do you mean by "too,"
 Cherry?

APPLE
 — So I have the ultimate blackmail
 on her. Now. Who did this?

The girls are all silent.

CHERRY
 Maybe the hex worked.

APPLE
 What? The hex was against Sharon.

CHERRY
 No, the hex was against *the snake*.
 Whoever the snake is. We never
 actually used Sharon's name in the
 spell.

FIG
 Are you saying the snake was
 Pickle?

Pumpkin looks up for a moment, locking eyes with Apple.

FIG (CONT'D)
 Look. I'm fucking SCARED. OKAY!?
 And you know it's bad when the
 SCIENTIST is scared.

CHERRY
 Maybe Pumpkin is the snake.

Apple gets very close to Cherry's face.

APPLE

You are so fucking ugly right now,
Cherry. I don't care how much Rare
Beauty mascara you use. Your
insides are on fire. And I can
smell the smoke.

Cherry holds her breath.

APPLE (CONT'D)

EMERGENCY PARADISE TONIGHT. NO
EXCUSES.

Shirley Temple starts to lick up Pumpkin's vomit.

APPLE (CONT'D)

We will find out who the snake
really is.

INT. FREE PEOPLE - BASEMENT - LATER

Pumpkin holds her hot tea staring down at a sleeping Shirley Temple.

Fig ducks into a dressing room, closing the curtain.

INSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM

FIG

(into her phone)

Don't pick me up here tonight. I'll
meet you at Ed Sheeran.

BY THE RETURNS BOX

Pumpkin sees Cherry come downstairs and slowly starts to tip the tea cup over Shirley Temple.

INSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM

FIG (CONT'D)

(into her phone)

It's not safe here.

BY THE RETURNS BOX

Pumpkin shoots Cherry a threatening glance, beginning to tip the hot tea on Shirley. But just as Cherry's about to SCREAM, Pumpkin moves her aim. She dumps the tea into the returns box.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The fruits sit in a circle holding pinkies. Shirley Temple weaves around them. Only black candles are lit. It's the messiest we've seen the Paradise set up, but Detective Barbie still perches on the nearby counter.

APPLE

As we all know, Marilyn Monroe was murdered by the United States government on August 4th, 1962.

Apple pulls a Williams Sonoma bag out from behind her.

APPLE (CONT'D)

After her love affair with our John F. Kennedy, she knew too much. They had underestimated her due to her beauty and perfectly placed mole. She had to be eliminated. A feminine sacrifice.

Apple then pulls out a packaged 6 inch CLEAVER KNIFE. She passes it to Cherry.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Can you open this?

Fig and Pumpkin share a look, eyes *bulging*.

Cherry, shaken, attempts to open the hard plastic.

APPLE (CONT'D)

We cannot let her death be in vain, so the question remains — who is our JFK?

Cherry is failing — her nails are too long. Annoyed, Apple grabs it back and rips it open.

She then takes a knife sharpener out of the bag and begins sharpening the cleaver.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Is it you, Fig? Are you are John F. Kennedy?

Fig holds her breath.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Or is it you, Cherry? Are you our handsome president, the ultimate traitor?

Cherry looks as if she is about to cry.

APPLE (CONT'D)
SOMEONE FUCKING SAY SOMETHING.

Shirley Temple jumps in the middle of the circle, roaming.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Fine, then. I didn't want it to
come to this, but in order for the
truth to be revealed, for Marilyn
to truly speak to us, we'll have to
do a sacrifice.

Shirley Temple meows.

APPLE (CONT'D)
(winging it)
We must offer up Shirley Temple!

Everyone's jaws hit the sparkle floor.

FIG CHERRY
What the fuck - ?! Apple, NO!

PUMPKIN
Have you ever killed something
before, Apple?

A beat.

Cherry runs to her kitten.

CHERRY
Apple, she's all I have left.

APPLE
What, am I just nothing to you
then?

CHERRY
No, it's just... she's my family.

FIG
(Breaking)
ENOUGH! That's it!! I'm done with
this coven!!!

CHERRY
... This is a coven?

FIG

You know, I took this job to like,
be able to wear floral lingerie as
summer dresses and earn some cash
for grad school applications and
guess what FUCKERS — I GOT IN!
That's right!! I'm outta here!!!

She starts to pack up her things.

FIG (CONT'D)

This isn't worth the forty percent
discount anymore.

CHERRY

No. No, Fig you can't go! You
aren't the snake! You aren't John
F. Kennedy!

FIG

You know what — Apple, I was the
one that told Pumpkin about Pickle.
And I'm glad I did — I mean look
what happened! Why won't anyone
talk about what happened? She
fucking died. I WASHED HER BRAIN
MATTER OFF MY FISHNETS.

Beat.

CHERRY

Fig, without you we don't complete
the retail season cycle —

FIG

Cherry, look at yourself! You're
turning into a lip glossed shell.
Can't you see she is poison?

Fig is looking at Apple, but Cherry is looking at Pumpkin.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Emily?

FIG/EMILY

(turning)

Norman. I told you to wait in the
car!

APPLE

Fig, why is he calling you Emily?

NORMAN

Fig? Like... Newton?

CHERRY
Is your name fucking EMILY?

A long beat.

FIG/EMILY
You know what. YES. MY NAME IS
EMILY. MY NAME IS FUCKING EMILY.
Wow, that feels so good to say. Who
in the fresh hell would name a baby
FIG? It is mind boggling to me that
you're all named after quirky
fruits.

NORMAN
Uh... is this a cult?

Fig/Emily takes his hand.

FIG/EMILY
Oh also. I'm IN LOVE with Norman.
And I'm gonna talk to him with my
WORDS. Not emojis. TAKE ME TO ED
SHEERAN, BABY!

Fig/Emily pulls him towards the stairs. Norman turns —

NORMAN
Nice to meet —

But Cherry grabs the cleaver and **STABS NORMAN IN THE FACE.**

He SCREAMS bloody murder. THE CLEAVER IS LODGED IN HIS CHEEK.

Fig WAILS, rushing to his side.

Pumpkin stares dumfounded, then she glances at the Barbie.

Cherry rushes to Apple, clinging to her in sobs.

CHERRY
Did I do good Apple did I do
good...

Apple holds her, motionless.

In utter chaos, Fig/Emily and Norman dart up the stairs, the
cleaver still lodged in Norman's cheek.

Cherry chases after them.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Wait, Fig! I can feel this ending!
I don't want this to end! I don't
care if your name is Emily!

Pumpkin and Apple stare at each other, both shaken.

PUMPKIN
What did you do?

Pumpkin runs up after them.

Beat. Apple, alone.

Suddenly Shirley Temple jumps on the counter knocking over the Barbie.

Apple walks over to prop Marilyn back up and halts.

Inside the trench she sees a tiny red light flashing. Her stomach drops.

She pops off the head, and sees that it's a tiny camera. *She realizes Pumpkin's been filming her this whole time.*

APPLE
Vindicar.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - NIGHT

Pumpkin grabs her phone from the register, and runs outside of the store.

Cherry is having a full blown panic attack.

CHERRY
EMILY! EMILLLYYYY!

But they're gone.

Pumpkin moves slowly away from the store, her phone's power coming back on.

Then —

LOUD CLANKING METAL echoes from another wing of the mall.

APPLE
Pumpkin —

Pumpkin jumps. Apple's behind them now.

CHERRY
What's that sound?

CLANKING closer now.

Each of their phones begin to PING with alerts. Pumpkin reads hers and pales.

PUMPKIN
Oh god.

TORNADO WARNING IN DALLAS COUNTY

IN EFFECT

CLANKING – they whip to the glass mall doors next to them.
A massive metal protective gate begins to close over them.

CHERRY
There's a tornado?

PUMPKIN
In affect –

On Pumpkin's phone it flashes: ALL NIGHT.

The gate SLAMS SHUT.

APPLE
Great. This gives us time to
process our trauma.

Pumpkin, hiding her hand shaking, dials someone.

APPLE (CONT'D)
(watching)
What are you doing?

Pumpkin keeps dialing.

CHERRY
Shirley Temple gets really
triggered by natural disasters.
Fire. Wind. Water. All the
elements. I need to go get her –

APPLE
No. Stay with me.

Apple grabs Pumpkin's phone. She sees that it says: MOM.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Aw.

She hangs up and hands the phone back to Pumpkin.

APPLE (CONT'D)
No use in wasting battery. Cell
towers go down when tornados hit
here.

Pumpkin's face drops.

CHERRY
This isn't gonna get like, bad,
right?

A beat.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Apple, you're not going to...
girlboss again, right?

APPLE
Do I need to, Cherry?

Loaded beat.

Apple grabs Cherry's hand, pulling her away. A mini bottle of
gin falls out of her pocket.

APPLE (CONT'D)
Pumpkin. Cherry and I are going to
go trauma bond in the Forever 21.

CHERRY
(brightening)
Really?

PUMPKIN
What?

Pumpkin looks suddenly unsettled, knowing what "girlboss"
means now.

APPLE
Turn on your walkie.

Apple turns on Cherry's and then her own.

APPLE (CONT'D)
I'll walkie you when we're done.

PUMPKIN
So I should just...

APPLE

I'm not going to tell you what to
do, Pumpkin. I'm not your hot mom.
Or dad.

Apple punts the bottle of gin out of their way, leaving.

SHARP CUT TO:

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Pumpkin races through the mall. She tries to pull back the
large metal gates that have closed over various glass doors.

They're immovable.

She's sweating. She continues to dial her mom.

She sees a light at the end of a bathroom hallway and runs
towards it.

INT. FOREVER 21 - SAME

Apple and Cherry stand outside a now shuttered Forever 21.
Half-dressed mannequins line the windows.

Cherry jostles the locked door. Apple pulls a key from her
purse.

She opens the door, coolly.

CHERRY

(beaming)
You kept it?

APPLE

Of course babe, this place meant
the world to us. Our first
Paradise.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - SAME

Pumpkin approaches the glass door to the parking lot. But
another metal gate begins to shut.

She runs faster.

PUMPKIN

Please.

It clanks closed. And locks.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

No!

She smacks her body against the gate. Ow.

She dials 911. It keeps RINGING.

She walks out to the center of the mall, her breath sharp, panicking. She spins around, seeing that every glass door is gated shut.

They're trapped.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

(to anyone)

HELP!!!!!!

INT. FOREVER 21 - SAME

Cherry weaves through the littered store — cardboard boxes, dissected mannequins, mounds of last season's jeans.

Apple follows her slowly, and flicks on the lights.

Cherry lifts up a velour tracksuit. She starts to undress, trying it on.

CHERRY

Wanna play Simple Life?

APPLE

Not now, Cherry.

CHERRY

C'mon, it will be like old times.
I'll let you be Paris!

APPLE

I'm Paris, always.

CHERRY

Oh my god... are you mad at me?

APPLE

You just stabbed Norman in the
cheek with a Williams Sonoma
cleaver.

CHERRY

I did that for you!

APPLE

What? I didn't ask you to do that.

CHERRY

You didn't have to. You showed me
the knife —

APPLE

CHERRY. OHMIGOD. Are you the victim
or the main character? Because
honestly, it's exhausting to keep
track of the ways you manipulate
narratives.

A beat.

CHERRY

Am I your best friend?

APPLE

I don't have "best friends" Cherry.
You know I don't believe in
hierarchy in female relationships.

CHERRY

Best friends are equals.

A beat.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

Am I your equal?

Apple starts to advance on Cherry slowly, flicking clothes
out of her way with her feet, pushing her towards the back of
the store.

APPLE

You know, when we first met, when I
was just a salesgirl not yet a
saleswoman, I was so hopeful. The
second I sold you that Jonas
Brothers band tee — I felt a
connection between us, Cherry. A
possibility to build something,
something bigger than any boy band.
Paradise. An Eden. But I guess
that's all over, now. At least...
for you.

CHERRY

What?

Apple moves closer. Cherry starts to back up now.

APPLE

You just had to self destruct. It was inevitable, really. Such an unattractive quality.

CHERRY

It's not my fault! Bad things follow me. They just do. Bad things follow me. I say that because it is a fact.

APPLE

Have you ever thought, maybe, just maybe — YOU are the bad thing?

Cherry's back hits the register.

CHERRY

(quiet, but bold)

Bad things just happen to me. But you MAKE bad things happen to you. You just can't help yourself.

Apple gets up in her face.

APPLE

Even if I did believe in BFFs, I wouldn't want to be one with you. You're codependent, you're a liar, and you hate other women. And you're FUCKING THE MRS. FIELD'S COOKIE BOY.

CHERRY

YOU KILLED YOUR DAD, APPLE! FUCK!

Beat.

APPLE

SO? At least I'm not fucking BORING.

Cherry surrenders, crumbling into a ball, crying. Apple saunters away, and then suddenly darts to the front door.

She locks, it and then starts to pull down the heavy metal gate over the glass windows.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - PHONE STORE - SAME

Pumpkin picks a lock to a phone store with her green barrette. She looks up — hearing the SHRIEKS from the other side of the mall.

She grabs the other side of the door. It's open. *Thank Goddess.*

Inside, she rips open a charger for sale. She plugs in her phone. It only has 3% battery. It's not charging.

HOWLING WIND from outside.

INT. FOREVER 21 - SAME

Cherry looks up, wiping her tears, and sees Apple yanking the gate down.

A switch happens in Cherry, a deep survival instinct, the one that saved her from *the fire*. It's the one we haven't seen before.

She darts to the front door and smacks her hands up against the glass.

CHERRY
You're the snake, Apple!

SMACK.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
LET ME OUT YOU FUCKING BITCH.

Apple manages to pull down one side of the metal gate and lock it.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
You never helped me for me you
helped me for YOU! I didn't even
have a drinking problem!

APPLE
Hiding mini bottles of tequila in
cowboy boots is a problem!

CHERRY
It was gin! And it's Texas! WHAT
ELSE IS THERE TO DO?!

As Apple struggles with the gate, Cherry gets incredibly close to the glass between them. It fogs.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
You know what's the most pathetic
thing about you, Apple? You're
ALONE.

(MORE)

CHERRY (CONT'D)

You're as alone as the *bottom of the ocean* where even those *glow in the dark creepy creatures* can't survive. The depths of LONELINESS. I may be alone because I lost my family, but you're alone because you CHOSE TO.

APPLE

You know nothing about MY FAMILY!

CHERRY

You can't accept love. If I cared anymore, I'd feel SORRY FOR YOU.

APPLE

Shut up, Cherry.

CHERRY

There's no hope for you. You can try to lock me in here, but I'll get out. I always get out.

A beat.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

WHY? Why do you hurt the people that love you the most? You don't have to do that.

APPLE

You can't trust the people who say they love you the most.

CHERRY

That's the most fucked up thing I've ever heard.

A darkness washes over Cherry.

CHERRY (CONT'D)

I guess since we're no longer best friends, I can truly be who I really am. And boring people aren't good at keeping secrets. *Are they?*

This hits Apple hard. For the first time, we see what looks like fear wash across her face.

APPLE

Don't.

CHERRY

The world deserves to know who you
really are, Apple.

Suddenly, Cherry grabs a mannequin torso next to her and
SLAMS IT INTO THE GLASS. It shatters.

Beat.

Cherry jumps through the glass and starts running away. Apple
chases after her.

INT. NORTH PARK MALL - SAME

Pumpkin's hands feel across the dark walls - she finally
reaches a breaker. She pumps it, and pulls it up. Nothing.

She does another one. Nothing.

But across the mall - an escalator turns on.

EXT. MALL - SAME

The storm is howling as ambulance lights reflect off Fig's
face. She's been sobbing.

FIG

I love you, Norman! They said
you'll be okay! Just a little scar!
Just like Harry Potter - !

We hear the ambulance doors SLAM and its SIRENS as it pulls
away.

A GUST of wind blows Fig backwards.

Beat.

A PING on her phone from Norman. Fig brightens.

It's over. I can't believe you made me miss Ed Sheeran.

She looks up, and SOBS. She presses the side button on her
walkie, which is still on.

FIG (CONT'D)

(into her walkie)

Guys, Norman broke up with me.

Pumpkin's voice comes through.

PUMPKIN
 (into her walkie)
Fig! FIG! We're trapped. It's on lockdown.

FIG
OMIGOD, you are also in a crisis. Are you okay?

PUMPKIN
No!

FIG
Wait. I know a way in! In the employee manual they –

PUMPKIN
Call 911!

Fig watches as the ambulance speeds away, debating.
 She runs towards the mall.

INT. MALL - SAME

Apple runs after Cherry. Cherry wobbles in her lace up Jessica Simpson stilettos.

CHERRY
What are you gonna girlboss me like your dad?

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCALATOR

Fig skids to a stop, hearing the screaming.

FIG
 (into the walkie)
Guys? Are you okay? I have a way out!

AT THE OTHER END OF THE MALL

Apple looks past Cherry, who's too busy punting back insults, to see she's approaching: **the escalator.**

Cherry darts down the escalator, and Apple skids to a stop at the top.

Suddenly, Cherry looks up at Apple, her face pales.

CHERRY
Apple! OH MY GOD APPLE MY SHOE!

One of Cherry's laced stiletto heels is caught in the teeth of the machine.

Her fingers shake trying to unlace it. But her nails are too long.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCALATOR

Fig runs up to the scene, seeing Cherry trapped and Apple just standing there at the top.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
Fig slash Emily, I'm stuck!

Fig runs up to the footpath. But just as her weight hits it, the footpath buckles under her, collapsing.

Fig SHRIEKS, nearly slipping into it. She rips her ankle out, falling backwards.

She watches the steps of the machine ferociously churn in front of her. *That was close.*

FIG
Apple, it's gonna eat her!

Apple does nothing.

Fig runs to the opposing escalator, going upwards. She winces. Her ankle looks unnaturally twisted. Gagging, she runs up the steps, trying to reach Cherry.

Cherry's nails are too long. She's not making any progress untying the shoe. She looks down at the broken footpath. *She's getting closer.*

She RIPS OFF three of her fake nails, SHRIEKING, some 127 hours level shit.

Fig is now on the other side of the escalator next to Cherry.

FIG (CONT'D)
Grab my hand, Cherry!

Cherry tries to reach for her, but Fig's side of the escalator is going too fast. Fig keeps running backwards.

FIG (CONT'D)
(to Apple)
Do something!

Apple just stands there.

FIG (CONT'D)
Do something or I'll tell everyone
you didn't!

Apple suddenly runs down the escalator.

Fingers bloodied, Cherry finally undoes the laces of the shoe and pulls out of it.

CHERRY
I did it!

But she's yanked back down, smacking her face on the sharp edges of the stairs.

She looks up, shocked, and spits out a tooth.

CHERRY (CONT'D)
NO!!!

Cherry goes to stand up, but her hair is caught in the machine.

Her body edges closer to the broken footpath.

Fig launches down her stairs.

FIG
Apple, grab Cherry's arm, then grab mine! It'll give you leverage to pull her out!

Apple hesitates.

FIG (CONT'D)
APPLE, DO IT!

Apple grabs Cherry's arm, then just at the right moment, grabs Fig's.

The bottom of the stairs begin to eat Cherry's dress fabric like a shark.

Pumpkin suddenly runs up at the bottom of the escalator. She SCREAMS watching this all.

Fig and Apple GROAN, pulling hard. Fig sees Apple's hand slipping on Cherry's arm. It reaches Cherry's wrist, right next to the fruit friendship charm bracelet.

Apple and Fig lock eyes. A darkness Fig has never seen before. It scares her.

PUMPKIN

I know where the breaker is, I can
stop it!

Pumpkin darts off.

Just as Cherry reaches the end of the stairs, her hair
choking her in the machine's teeth... Apple's grip lands
directly on the bracelet.

CHERRY

(To Apple)

Am I the main character now?

Apple snaps the bracelet, letting Cherry go.

Cherry is sucked into the bottom of the machine.

Apple falls backwards and then Fig whips her over to the
other side of the escalator.

The sound of BONES CRUNCHING.

Not even a scream.

Apple and Fig ride the escalator up, utterly shook, laying on
the stairs. Apple's face is sprinkled with Cherry's blood.

*Note: Unfortunately for us, we have researched actual
escalator kills. And they happen. Sometimes like this.
Wouldn't recommend looking it up, take our word for it.*

AT THE TOP

Apple and Fig look down on what's left of Cherry's mauled
body. It looks as if she has gone through a paper shredder.

The escalator stops. Pumpkin runs back to the scene.

PUMPKIN

Cherry! I stopped the —

Pumpkin freezes and immediately pukes.

Fig suddenly panics. She dodges down the escalator.

FIG

Run, Pumpkin!

PUMPKIN

Where?!

Fig gets to the bottom of the escalator.

FIG
 (to Pumpkin)
 I know a way out! RUN!

PUMPKIN
 What about Cherry —

FIG
 RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! She'll —

But before Fig can get out the words "kill us all," the large glass doors next to her BUST THROUGH the metal gate sending FLYING GLASS RIGHT AT HER.

Everyone ducks. Apple is now at the bottom of the escalator.

Beat.

Fig stands, shaken. Wind GUSTS through the open window, flying down the mall hallways. A wind tunnel.

FIG (CONT'D)
 Close one, y'all!

But then a HOWLING comes from around the corner. A LARGE AUNTIE ANNE'S SIGN SOARS TOWARDS FIG FROM THE HALLWAY.

FIG (CONT'D)
 (turning towards it)
 Cinnamon sugar pretzel nuggets!

IT SLICES FIG/EMILY RIGHT THROUGH THE TORSO.

Fig/Emily's body collapses in half.

Long beat.

Apple walks over to Pumpkin, pulling her close. Pumpkin's doing everything to avoid looking at the massacre.

APPLE
 Jessica Simpson killed Cherry. And
 salted bread killed Fig.

PUMPKIN
 What? APPLE.

Apple wraps her arm around Pumpkin, but Pumpkin jerks away.

APPLE
 Let's go wash off.

The two push through the wind towards the fountain.

INT. NORTHPARK MALL - FOUNTAIN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Apple and Pumpkin approach the massive mall fountain. Pennies litter the bottom of it.

Pumpkin's eyes dart around — *should she run?* She catches eyes with the Barbie Dream House across from them in Toys R Us. Multiple Detective Barbies are in the window.

Outside the large glass door next to them, gated by metal, she can see the weather. Dark skies, tree branches whip by.

PIANO CHORDS vibrate throughout the mall. Pumpkin SCREAMS. Apple grins. She holds up her phone.

APPLE

Connected to the mall speakers. Oh
did I not tell you? I curate the
mall's soundscape.

The chords are the beginning of Alanis Morissette's
"Uninvited" covered by Billie Eilish.

APPLE (CONT'D)

Didn't you wonder why Alanis was
always playing?

Apple's eyes stay locked on Pumpkin — blood droplets on her eyelashes. She removes her bloodied outfit, tossing it to the side.

Pumpkin eyes her walkie.

Beat.

Pumpkin starts to undress. Apple smiles. They're both in their day of the week underwear and bralettes.

Apple steps into the fountain, shivering.

Pumpkin watches her.

APPLE (CONT'D)

What?

PUMPKIN

Go get us pennies. To make a wish.

Apple smiles, and dives under the water.

Pumpkin rushes to her walkie, pressing the side button down. She whispers into it.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)
*Sharon - if you can hear this - get
help. Apple and I are in the
fountain.*

Apple comes up for air, and Pumpkin tosses the walkie aside.
She jumps in the water.

Apple hands her a penny.

APPLE
What are you wishing for?

PUMPKIN
I can't tell. Or it won't come
true.

The girls close their eyes - Pumpkin one eye open - and toss
their pennies at the shooting water in the middle of the
fountain.

Apple then wades closer to Pumpkin.

APPLE
Lay back.

Pumpkin does so. Apple begins baptizing Pumpkin with the
water.

APPLE (CONT'D)
I think it was always meant to be
the two of us. The rest of them
were just background noise.
Together we can create something
new.

PUMPKIN
A new Paradise?

APPLE
Yes. A new garden. And this time,
it will be unbreakable.

PUMPKIN
Why?

APPLE
You know why.

A beat.

PUMPKIN
Tell me a secret.

APPLE

You haven't earned that yet.

PUMPKIN

How can I earn it?

APPLE

How bout you tell me one?

PUMPKIN

Do you know who I am, Apple?

A beat. Pumpkin sits up and pulls away.

APPLE

You finally asked.

Apple wades around the fountain, circling her.

APPLE (CONT'D)

You're Pumpkin from Plano. Daughter to an overbearing, widowed mother. You always felt like there was a puzzle piece missing. You relied on imaginary friends at too old of an age. You were always searching for a sister to braid your hair.

PUMPKIN

I didn't know I had one.

Beat.

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

Until our dad died.

The final puzzle piece falls into place and we realize: Apple and Pumpkin are sisters. They share the same father.

APPLE

(genuinely surprised)

Wait. You didn't know about me? I knew about you since I was a kid.

PUMPKIN

My mom told me when I graduated. My friends got trips to Epcot for graduation, I got that.

(a beat)

She thought I'd finally be old enough to handle it.

APPLE

Do you feel old enough to handle it?

PUMPKIN

No. I thought my dad was too kind to have a mistress.

APPLE

Mistress? My mother was his wife.

PUMPKIN

So was mine.

APPLE

It's not their fault they married a monster.

PUMPKIN

A monster?

APPLE

He needed to be stopped.

Beat. Pumpkin moves backward slowly.

PUMPKIN

I came here to find you, you know? I really, *really* wanted to be wrong... but I always suspected...

APPLE

What?

PUMPKIN

Did you do it?

APPLE

It's not about what I did. It's what *he did to me*. To my mother. To you.

PUMPKIN

He didn't do anything to me! He loved me — and my mom — and you TOOK THAT FROM ME.

APPLE

Loved you? If he loved you why'd he keep you a secret?

PUMPKIN

Just say what you fucking did, Apple. I NEED TO HEAR YOU SAY IT.

APPLE

No.

PUMPKIN

What? WHY.

APPLE

Why? So *Detective Barbie* can solve the case? How stupid do you think I am?

PUMPKIN

You're a twenty eight year old woman who accepted a Barbie doll as a gift.

APPLE

I wanted you to feel welcomed. Special. I knew who you were the moment you walked in the door. That's why I gave you the job.

PUMPKIN

Sharon gave me the job!

APPLE

Get her name out of your mouth!

PUMPKIN

I never even wanted to be a part of this! You never even asked, you just ASSUMED. I only said yes to get closer to you. And then you ended up being even more psycho than I thought. **Like... Paradise isn't real, Apple. What you're doing is dangerous!** It's all just a plastic place for you hide behind glitter and lace. But I fucking found you. I know you. You can't hide anymore.

Apple's face drops. Rage bubbles up in her body.

APPLE

Oh my god. You're the snake.

PUMPKIN

What?

APPLE

You took a sip of my latte. Coffee makes you vom.

(MORE)

APPLE (CONT'D)

My cupcake didn't make you sick.
You did it to yourself. To set me
 up?

PUMPKIN

If you don't fucking say what you
 did to our dad, Apple...

APPLE

Or what? You know you're worse than
 I am, Pumpkin. And I'm horrifying.
 You want destruction. You crave
 chaos. You're a fucking tornado.

PUMPKIN

Well, you're a terrible friend and
 an even worse sister.

Pumpkin lunges towards Apple in a butterfly stroke, FINALLY
 BREAKING. She grabs Apple by the shoulders pushing her under
 the water. Apple comes up for air, struggling back.

APPLE

You're just like him!

Apple yanks at Pumpkin's hair, causing her to slip backwards.

Apple dodges across to the center of the fountain. But
 Pumpkin grabs her foot under water, pulling her down.

The sisters both come up for air, holding each other back.

PUMPKIN

You know what? I AM. AND I'M
 NOTHING LIKE YOU.

Pumpkin and Apple topple backwards, smacking Apple's head on
 the edge of the fountain. It's bleeding. Pumpkin goes pale.

Apple begins to strangle Pumpkin, who fights back. It's a
 battle to survive. Pumpkin scratches at Apple's face. Blood
 from her head wound runs down her shoulders.

*This is shot like the other confessionals. Apple is looking
 directly at camera, which is placed where Pumpkin's drowning
 face would be.*

APPLE

Daddy's little girl. Daddy's little
 angel. *He poisoned me first.* A
 childhood full of his venom. A slow
 death. Mom... why won't you just
 let me protect you? Why do you hate
 me for saving you?

Pumpkin is losing consciousness. The splashing slows.

APPLE (CONT'D)
 Snake poison was the perfect way to
 kill him. You're just like him.
 No... you're just like her.
 Abandoning me for eliminating a
 monster. How could she not see? I
 am the antidote. I am Eve. I am
 reborn.

The water stops splashing. Pumpkin is dead.

A blood drop trickles off Apple's forehead onto Pumpkin's
 face under the water.

APPLE (CONT'D)
 Forgive me Marilyn, for I have
 sinned.

Beat.

The sound of CRACKLING suddenly comes over the walkie.

SHARON (O.S.)
 Pumpkin are you there? Pumpkin are
 you safe?

Apple climbs out of the fountain.

She walks over to the walkie.

She studies it for a moment, and then throws it into the
 fountain.

Behind her, the wind tunnel picks up.

Apple moves towards us like an eerie mannequin, soulless now,
 against the wind.

Suddenly the window of the Toys "R" Us busts, **sending glass
 flying**. The dream house starts to fall — as Apple takes off
 running — CLEARING THE FRAME.

SHARP CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA — STARBUCKS — 16 HOURS LATER

"Don't Know Why" by Norah Jones (or something equally coffee
 shop serene) BLEEDS IN. A STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE creates perfect
 latte art as eager customers line up for their morning treat.

On the NEWS behind the employee, a REPORTER stands in front of the North Park Mall entrance — the sign tilted from the tornado.

A banner below the report reads TORNADO SEASON PEAKS - STRIKES MULTIPLE TEXAS CITIES.

REPORTER

After a brutal tornado season for the south, a storm struck down at many points in the Dallas Metroplex. At the North Park Mall this tornado hit its peak, leaving many of the stores destroyed. The search for any known survivors... continues.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

(Reading a label)

Pumpkin Spice Latte for —

REPORTER

We will keep you posted as this story develops.

APPLE (O.S.)

That's for me.

We PULL BACK to see chipped red nails reaching for the latte. It's Apple — damp, crusty from her head wound, her hair like a rat's nest. Think Winona Ryder at the end of "Heathers" lighting her cigarette. She hasn't slept.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

(Concerned)

Do you want whipped cream with that?

APPLE

Abso-fucking-lutely.

The whip cream drips over the name "Apple" as we —

SHARP CUT TO:

INT. DALLAS - NORTHPARK MALL - SAME

A Starbucks cup with the name "Sharon" written in shitty cursive.

We track with it and her black Gucci combat boots as they walk through the destroyed mall.

The boots approach the fountain, and we're back at the beginning of the film.

Suddenly, Shirley Temple runs up to Sharon, jumping in her arms. We finally reveal Sharon in all of her glory – think Alanis Morissette or Jamie Lee Curtis in an iconic Canadian tuxedo.

SHARON

I've been here all day. Looks like we have a body count.

We realize that the voice of the "Female Detective" at the beginning of the movie belongs to Sharon.

COP 1 (O.S.)

M'am you can't be in here! This is a crime scene.

Sharon takes out her BADGE.

SHARON

(Holding the cat)

Sharon Sullivan. Dallas PD Homicide Unit. I've been undercover on this case for months. Show some respect.

She drops the cat, and WE PAN OUT to reveal the same cops, and multiple other workers cleaning up the mall.

They're staring at the fountain.

COP 2

Do you have any idea what the hell happened here?

Sharon squats down next to the debris, studying it, as the FORENSICS TEAM takes Pumpkin's body out of the water behind her.

SHARON

There's a woman named Apple. She was a suspect in her father's murder, he was poisoned but there was never any hard evidence against her. When she became a person of interest in another poisoning case, I was sent undercover to work with her at Free People. We thought she was dangerous – didn't know what she would do next.

COP 1

How does that have anything to do
with this?

SHARON

Well, do you think a tornado could
strangle someone? Cause I don't.

Sharon puts on gloves and pulls something out of the fountain
— it's a walkie.

She places it in an evidence bag.

INT. SCOTTSDALE - STARBUCKS - SAME

A unicorn pop slides into a Starbucks bag.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

Unicorn Pop for Chrysanthemum!

Apple, who has been barely keeping it together in the other
corner, perks up hearing the name. CHRYSANTHEMUM, in the
You're a Jewel Printed Maxi Dress, leaps up from her chair
leaving behind a group of cute girls.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Caramel Ribbon Crunch Frappuccino
for Poppy!

Apple watches as POPPY, another beach babe, grabs her order.
The group of ladies leave the coffee shop, heading across the
sidewalk.

INT. DALLAS - NORTHPARK MALL - SAME

Sharon holds up Pumpkin's bloodied clothes with a pair of
tweezers.

SHARON

I let the employees do some weird
witchy shit in the basement, hoping
I could catch her doing something
incriminating on camera. Wasn't
until Apple's sister showed up that
I made any progress infiltrating.

Sharon slides it into another evidence bag.

COP 1

Was she working with the cops?

SHARON

No. She had no idea I was undercover. But she had it out for her sister and I was able to use that at least.

COP 2

Use what? Did she find anything?

SHARON

Just a confession from their friend Cherry, but that -

Sharon suddenly whips around to the Toys "R" Us.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Wait.

INT. SCOTTSDALE - STARBUCKS - SAME

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

Bluebonnet - your Mango Dragonfruit Paradise drink!

Apple's eyes widen. She looks at the drink, then out the window to see the girls are headed towards -

A free standing, solitary FREE PEOPLE STORE. Think: the Marfa Prada store but in Arizona.

Apple grabs Bluebonnet's drink and runs outside. She passes by her Jetta - it's clear it's literally been through a tornado.

INT. DALLAS - NORTHPARK MALL - SAME

Sharon darts towards the Toys "R" Us, seeing that Detective Barbies litter the floor. Shirley Temple is already there, licking one of them.

Sharon reaches down and picks it up. A RED FLASHING LIGHT blinks.

SHARON

Holy shit.

COP 1

What's that?

SHARON

You know these things are fucking cameras. And look - it's on.

Sharon pulls a REAL WALKIE from her jacket pocket.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(into the walkie)
*Call for back up. I think we got
her.*

COP 1
Do we know where she is?

SHARON
I think I have a pretty good
fucking idea.

EXT. SCOTTSDALE - FREE PEOPLE - MOMENTS LATER

Apple stands, her feet at the edge of the store's door. She's holding out the cup like a zombie.

Bluebonnet catches her gaze. She walks over to Apple.

BLUEBONNET
Thanks! I'm such a grump when I
don't have my Mango Dragonfruit
Paradise.

A beat. An energy shifts in Bluebonnet and she grabs Apple's wrist.

BLUEBONNET (CONT'D)
(Bubbly)
Oh my god babe, I'm absolutely
obsessed with your bracelet.

Bluebonnet raises her arm to reveal a flower charm bracelet.

BLUEBONNET (CONT'D)
(to the girls)
Flowers, look!

Marilyn Monroe's "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" slowly bleeds in.

Bluebonnet grabs Apple's arm holding it up for the Flowers, revealing:

Apple's fruit charm bracelet still holding on for dear life.

The other girls smile in unison, holding up their matching flower bracelets.

A beat.

BLUEBONNET (CONT'D)

Are you looking for a job, babe?

Apple grins, a look of satisfaction bleeds across her face.

SHARP CUT TO BLACK.

BYE FOR NOW... BABES.