

TURNOVER: A NEW LEAF

A Floral-Herbal Musical

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PLOT SUMMARY

TURNOVER is an herbal fable about a queer family turning a Vietnamese family's life around. It plots a tanning salon by a nightclub, respectively Tan Salontro and FigLeaf Nightclub.

In Dirty City, a Cilantro arrives. Rau Răm is an Asian immigrant and expectant mother hoping to start a tanning salon business. When no one can spare a plot of land, Malus Crabapple welcomes her with a neighboring open plot. Rau is a bit hesitant due to Malus's gay nightclub known as FigLeaf. But FigLeaf patrons have a liking for Rau's body oil that spices up their skins. Rau happily takes their money but cannot support their "lifestyles." But the major turnover would be Rau's son: Parsley ("Turnover").

This teen operates the day-to-day Tan Salontro business and spends the nights with his mom ("A Natural"). Later, Malus introduces Parsley to their teenage nibbling, Pyrus. Parsley helps Pyrus with issues that they have with the other flowers ("Grow a Pair"). Pyrus pays Parsley with a new beverage, called Miracle, and invites him to hang out ("Test the Water").

Parsley asks his mom to see a movie with Pyrus. She reluctantly lets him go. At Cantaloupe Outlets, Parsley and Pyrus pose in a photo booth ("Photosynthesis"). Pyrus takes him clothes shopping. He discovers a liking for different floral styles, especially crop tops ("Crop Top"). Nearby, Rau picks a fight with Malus due to Parsley's sudden sense of freedom. They soon bump into Parsley and Pyrus. Rau gets upset at Parsley's crop top. Malus explains Rau's prejudice to Pyrus ("Soiled").

Parsley is grounded ("Fertile"). Soon, Pyrus helps Parsley sneak out. They have the time of their lives ("Dirt on You"). However, herbs are not accustomed to the nightlife and this one is especially underaged. Parsley ends up in the hospital, getting their stoma pumped.

Rau sees the light of their ways with Malus ("Green Card"). FigLeaf shuts down due to the violation of underage drinking laws. Pyrus visits Parsley, letting him know that they prepare to move ("Sterilize"). Rau offers Pyrus a summer job if they ever are around again. After all, it is a family business ("Turnover").

What are the turnovers of this sunny salon and this night saloon? How a growing child flips over to and accepts the darkness is the petal of this floral coming-of-age story.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PARSLEY RĂM, teen, Rau's son

RAU RĂM, adult, Parsley's mother and the owner of Tan Salontro

PYRUS CRABAPPLE, older teen, Malus's nibbling

MALUS CRABAPPLE, adult, the owner of FigLeaf Nightclub

Orchestra

DJ CAULIFLOWER, the alias for the production's music director, who may briefly interact with the performers.

✿ Androgyny Botany: Each character resembles the androgynous nature, with open-ended vocal requirements

✿ People of the Global Majority most represent the experiences of these flowers and herbs; cast accordingly

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. "Turnover (A New Start)" Rau, Malus
2. "A Natural" Rau
3. "Grow a Pair" Pyrus, Parsley
4. "Test the Water" Parsley
5. "Photosynthesis" Parsley, Pyrus
6. "Crop Top" Pyrus, Parsley
7. "Soiled (The Family Name)" Rau, Malus, Parsley, Pyrus
8. "Fertile" Parsley
9. "Dirt on You (Your Botany Brings the Dirt to the Yard)" Pyrus, Parsley
10. "Green Card" Rau, Malus
11. "Sterilize" Pyrus, Parsley
12. "Turnover (A New Leaf)" Company

SCENE 1

DIRTY CITY

Dirty City is if Grand Rapids was entirely Frederik Meijer Gardens. The city is scaled down so that a single block takes a single step. Empty plots of land scatter about. It is between seasons. Any season.

RAU enters. Her hair is unearthly. Her tan gleams. She is expecting a new seed. She tries to plant herself in an empty plot of dirt.

A picket that reads "Curb the Herbs" projects upon that plot.

RAU moves to another empty plot of land. The same message projects. RAU repeats. The message repeats.

The Sun sets.

RAU collapses on the concrete with her body facing the sunset. She feels her belly.

RAU

Sun... A leaf is not meant to turn from this light.

MALUS enters, opposite of the sunset. They are barely clothed.

MALUS

Turn over to the night.

RAU turns away from the sunset.

RAU

Chào. Aren't you an angel?

MALUS

Hello. Aren't all Figs?

RAU

Any Fig is a malice!

MALUS

That's my name: Malus Crabapple. I am a Fig-

RAU

Ment of my imagination.

MALUS

Does your imagination include a better life for yourself here?

RAU

Any plant can imagine. A Cilantro can dream! This city needs its garnishes. Imagine Dirty City's first-ever tanning salon. I *dream* of a better life for my family here...

MALUS

You immigrants have wild dreams. *But imaginations*. You cannot imagine people like me living by your family, let alone amongst yours, wherever you come from.

RAU

You don't know where I come from.

MALUS

Like a leaf, my people are open enough to fly all around the world. You took a leave from Southeast Asia? All your last names are like... *Weed (re: Nguyen)?*

RAU

Răm. Rau Răm. There are more family names out there in Vietnam. And no. You don't know the daily life I came from.

MALUS

Well Rau, I won't judge your days if you don't judge my nights.

RAU

I don't know where your nightlife comes from.

MALUS

It stems from birth.

RAU

You chose this light. This lifestyle you have. It is not something you are born with. You are not natural. I cannot imagine a life without light.

MALUS

You keep this up and your salon stays an imagination.

RAU

I cannot keep this up. No plot of land in Dirty City will ever let me plant myself.

MALUS steps onto a colorful plot of land.

They push aside an adjacent block of concrete to unveil untouched soil.

MALUS

Make your roots at home.

RAU reluctantly plants herself next to MALUS.

RAU

(Relaxing)

Im lang. (translation: "Shut up")

MALUS

(Puzzledly)

Make your bed.

A tanning bed rolls out.

RAU

Shut up.

MALUS

I wasn't born with lightheartedness. *I chose it.*

SCENE 2

TAN SALONTRO

The heart of Dirty City lightly transforms into a tanning salon. An Open/Closed sign hangs. It faces "Closed."

RAU

Im lang. Im lang. Im lang! Im lang!

MALUS

Imagine Dirty City's first-ever tanning salon's first-ever customer!

RAU

Im lang. I refuse to imagine you Figs.

MALUS

I may be a Fig but not a figment of your imagination!

RAU

Figures...

MALUS

We may have different figures and feel
differently for other figures, but we bleed the
same eukaryotic cells.

RAU

You are crazy to think I'd let your kind use my
tanning bed. You ain't got shit on you!

MALUS

Wash that mouth out with soap.

RAU

We Cilantros are soap! I mean... Do you have
bullshit on you?

MALUS

My business adheres to the capital and makes
profits. So yes. What's your worth?

RAU

That'd be ten bullshits, please...

MALUS

That's a start.

MALUS hands a manure-laced bill to
RAU. They lie in the tanning bed
and close the lid.

The tanning bed does its magic.

1. "TURNOVER (A NEW START)"

RAU

IT'S MY TURN...
I WAS HANDED A BAD CARD.
THIS PLACE HAS NO REGARD.
THEY TREAT ME LIKE I'M FROM SPACE, AFAR.
I HAVE LEAVES THAT COULDN'T HOLD WATER.
I WAS GONNA COME APART.
BUT YOU HAD A HEART?
I HAVE A NEW START.

MALUS gets out of the tanning bed.
They inspect themselves.

RAU (CONT'D)

TURN AROUND.

NICE TAN.

MALUS

NOT A FAN.

RAU
NOTHING FANCY.

MALUS
YOU WILL SEE THAT FANCY GETS THE FANS.

RAU turns the "Closed" sign to
"Open."

Crickets chirp.

MALUS (CONT'D)
Well, I'll try to get my pals en root. You're
on your own in this soil. It is all your turn
from here.

MALUS exits.

RAU
IT'S MY TURN...
I DON'T DESERVE MY GREEN CARD.
IT IS NOT THERE TO BE ON GUARD.
I HAVE LEAVES THAT CAME SO FAR.
BUT NO TREE, ESPECIALLY ME, CAN REACH THE STARS.
I DON'T HAVE THE HEART.
I SHOULD STOP...

RAU sits on the tanning bed. She
exposes her belly. She pulls out a
bottle of body oil.

RAU (CONT'D)
I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE.

RAU rubs her belly with tanning
body oil. It gleams with her tan.

Lights move in and out. Support is
audible.

RAU (CONT'D)
My body oil? You like this foreign stuff?

Lights are positively responsive.

RAU (CONT'D)
This ain't from Dirty City. This oil is from my
dirty ol' village!

RAU sprays body oil about.

Either animated silhouettes or a
colorful light show demonstrate
that business is booming with
patrons coming in and out.

Financial quarters roll by with
the rising and setting Sun.

RAU (CONT'D)

TURNOVER!
THE WORLD IS NOT OVER.
WHAT GOES AROUND, COMES AROUND.

TURN AROUND!
I NOW HAVE A NEW BUSINESS VENTURE.
AFTER GOING THROUGH WHAT I CAN KINDLY PUT: AN ADVENTURE.

I'VE SHED EUKARYOTIC CELLS.
NO ONE CARED WHAT I HAD TO SELL.
I WAS STUCK IN THE GREEN CARD PRISON.
THE ONLY LIGHT THROUGH THE BAR WAS OUR SUN.

I'VE MADE MY BED, BUT NOW I CAN FLIP IT AROUND TO THE COOLER
SIDE!

TURNOVER!
TURN AROUND!

Several tanning beds roll out.

Bullshit rains down on RAU.

MALUS steps in.

RAU (CONT'D)
(Deceptively)
THIS IS THE START OF A FLORAL
FRIENDSHIP.

MALUS
(Doubtfully)
THIS IS THE START OF AN
HERBAL FRIENDSHIP.

MALUS gathers bullshit and leaves
the rest to RAU. They exit.

RAU turns the "Open" sign to
"Closed." RAU lies in a tanning
bed and closes the lid.

RAU (CONT'D)
BUT THE BEST TURNOVER I EVER HAD...

RAU opens the lid. Her belly is no
more.

Direct sunlight lands on a
distinct soiled tanning bed.

RAU (CONT'D)
IS MY SUN...

PARSLEY leaps out of the lit
tanning bed.

End of "TURNOVER (A NEW START)"

RAU (CONT'D)

Turn around...

PARSLEY turns around.

RAU (CONT'D)

You missed a spot. But son, do you shine...

PARSLEY

Mom... Don't embarrass me in front of the sneezeworts!

(to the audience)

Don't ya worry, loyal customers. We'll open up the salon again on the first light of dawn. Now, try not to fight over our complimentary moisturizers!

PARSLEY tosses moisturizers into the audience. He gets to work sterilizing the place.

RAU

Us Cilantros are all about presentation. Parsley Răm is a natural.

SCENE 3

It is night. Dance music distantly echoes from FigLeaf next door.

RAU uses a tanning bed as a desk to do paperwork and count bullshit.

PARSLEY perches by the window.

PARSLEY

Mom... Who is out at night?

RAU

A light with no sense of direction, son.

PARSLEY

But the sound sure likes going this way.

RAU

Sounds don't feed us.

PARSLEY

A light with no sense of direction... So, there is light. They are just lost.

RAU

The light is artificial. They chose to not follow what is natural.

PARSLEY

But our tanning beds... Its light don't come from the Sun?

RAU

They paint skins with UV. It is like if you split the spectrums of sunlight onto a palette.

PARSLEY

What is a spectrum?

RAU

I don't know... But don't ask Malus. Malus—

PARSLEY & RAU

Has malice intent.

PARSLEY

I know... But they—

RAU

He and his customers pay our rent. His bullshit is unnatural.

PARSLEY

Artificial is artful. I'm down with it.

RAU

Artificial is awful. You sound high.

PARSLEY

Nothing is blunt as you, Mom.

RAU

No one I need to be more direct with than you, Son.

2. "A NATURAL"

RAU

NATURE...
NURTURED FROM THE LIGHT OF OUR SUN.
IT'S NATURAL.

PARSLEY nears RAU.

RAU (CONT'D)

PLANTING THEIR HOT FEET ON OUR GROUND.
THEY'RE NATURAL.
BUT IT'S NOT AS WARM AS A MOM'S HUG.

RAU hugs PARSLEY.

RAU (CONT'D)

COMES NATURAL.
WHAT'S NOT? THAT WOULD BE THE TICKLES!

RAU tickles PARSLEY.

PARSLEY eventually gets up, gets Tan Salontro ready for the morning, and gets ready for bed. He opens a tanning bed and plants a blanket in it.

RAU (CONT'D)
(Repeatedly)

A NATURAL.

(Eventually)

SON. YOU ARE A... NATURAL!

End of "A NATURAL"

RAU (CONT'D)
Your planter is made. Now go lie in it.

PARSLEY lies in bed.

PARSLEY
I am a natural at lying.

RAU tucks PARSLEY into bed.

RAU
You speak the truth, Parsley. Ngu ngon, my Sun.

RAU exits.

SCENE 4

The morning light returns.

MALUS, fully clothed, steps into the sunrise this time.

MALUS
Cow, Parsley.

PARSLEY leaps out of bed and turns the "Closed" sign to "Open."

PARSLEY
Chào. Ya Crabapple sure always sweet, but ya can never sweeten your pronunciations?

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)
No malice.

MALUS
Yes, Pyrus!

PARSLEY
Pyrus?

MALUS

My nibbling.

PARSLEY

Another Crabapple?

MALUS

Another one in town.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

And I wanna get out of this Dirty City.

PARSLEY

Doing our city dirty, huh?

(Genuinely)

You'll fit in real well.

MALUS

Tanning beds come in all shapes and sizes.
There are all sorts of tanning beds. There will
be one that matches your body.

PYRUS (O.S.)

I don't want nobody to see me around you. Let's
go back to FigLeaf!

PARSLEY

I always wanna go to FigLeaf.

MALUS

Now now, you may have the spirit of a Fig. But
only adult plants are allowed at nightclubs.
And, *your mother would lose her freakin'*
aldehyde.

PYRUS (O.S.)

Would you mind if we go shopping after? You
said we would visit Cantaloupe Outlets!

MALUS

You will never find me amongst those hipsters.
How about a trip to Celery Mall?

PYRUS (O.S.)

But you said we could go where I wanted! You're
more of an Apple Blossom than a Crabapple.
Celery Mall only sells to house-old plants.

MALUS

Take that back!

PYRUS (O.S.)

Per FigLeaf's policy: No returns. No, Malus.

PARSLEY

Pyrus. How often are you burnt by Malus?

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

Never as much as our Sun.

PYRUS walks in, with sunburns.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

I wanted a good tan...

MALUS

And you can get it here.

PYRUS

But I wanted to get it naturally.

MALUS

We're not the only ones susceptible to sunburns. The Cherrys and Maples are, too.

PARSLEY

Our tanning beds can be set at any level that is comfortable with you.

MALUS

See, Parsley. Always level-headed.

PYRUS looks down at PARSLEY.

PYRUS

I'm gonna level with ya Cilantros. You can spice up my skin, but it won't spice up my life.

(to MALUS)

Don't look at me... I'll meet you back at FigLeaf.

MALUS

You seedlings enjoy yourselves!

MALUS exits.

PYRUS

I ain't no seedling anymore!

(to PARSLEY)

Do your thing, little herb.

PARSLEY leads PYRUS around tanning beds in Tan Salontro.

PARSLEY

Which thing?

PYRUS

No more small talk. Not even from a little herb such as yourself.

PARSLEY

I mean, which tanning bed? Low or high pressure?

PYRUS

No pressure at all.

PARSLEY

Why would you want that? Pressure is fun.

PYRUS

You can say that as a kid.

PARSLEY

I do many things as a kid.

PYRUS

You're not stuck watching plants change colors everyday?

PARSLEY

Well, there's mudwrestling and singing in the rain. Since school's out, there are different things to do. Where do you go to school?

PYRUS

Tetra High Center of Learning.

PARSLEY

I've heard about THC. A high school rich enough to not have a resource officer.

PYRUS

Yeah. But, it doesn't stop other flowers from being fashion polices.

PARSLEY

And I'm here to police only your membrane.

PYRUS

They police that, too. They get under my membrane.

PARSLEY

Under?

PYRUS

They go beyond the outer body shaming. Their thorns reach my core. My nucleus. The one thing I am.

PARSLEY

Why don't you have two things?

PYRUS

Hold up. Back up.

PARSLEY

Why don't you have a backup nucleus...?

PYRUS

What are you implying?

PARSLEY

Be brave and um...

PYRUS

You be brave and spit it out.

3. "GROW A PAIR"

PARSLEY

YOU ARE NOT BEYOND REPAIR.

YOU DO NOT NEED TO CARE.

YOUR EYES SHOULD STARE.

YOUR SMILE SHALL SCARE.

YOUR MATES CAN'T COMPARE.

YOU NEED TO GROW A PAIR.

PYRUS

I NEED TO SUNNILY PREPARE.

I LIVE IN A WORLD THAT'S NOT FAIR.

MY SKIN WILL JUST FLAIR.

MY NERVES WILL GO MEDIUM RARE.

MY "FRIENDS" WILL COMPARE.

I CANNOT GROW A PAIR.

PARSLEY stops at a tanning bed.

PARSLEY

HERE IS YOUR LAIR.

PRESSURE IS NOWHERE.

A BADGE OF HONOR IS WHAT YOU'LL WEAR.

IT WILL BE OKAY, I SWEAR.

THAT A GOOD MEMORY YOU'LL SHARE.

YOU'RE GONNA GROW A PAIR.

The tanning bed is ready for
PYRUS.

PYRUS gets in the tanning bed and
closes it.

PARSLEY (CONT'D)

(Repeatedly)
IT'S IN THERE.

PYRUS

(Repeatedly)
GROW A PAIR...

PYRUS leaps out.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

I AM NOT BEYOND REPAIR.
I DO NOT NEED TO CARE.
MY EYES SHOULD STARE.
MY SMILE SHALL SCARE.

MY MATES CAN'T COMPARE.

I HAVE TO GROW A PAIR.

PYRUS gets in another tanning bed
and closes it.

PARSLEY

DON'T WEAR IT OUT.

Pyrus tries all the tanning beds.
They increasingly resemble a pear.
They eventually head to PARSLEY's
side.

PARSLEY (CONT'D)

YOU'RE LIKE A PEAR.

PYRUS

WE'D MAKE A GREAT PAIR.

End of "GROW A PAIR"

PYRUS pulls out a glass bottle.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

Let's test our water.

PARSLEY distances.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

It's only fifteen percent...

PARSLEY

I can't drink that.

PYRUS

Why not?

PARSLEY

I'm not old enough.

PYRUS

And so ain't I. But I'm fine. *I feel old
enough.* And I'm like only a few years older
than you. Besides, this is worth 72 bullshits.
You're old enough to count that high?

PARSLEY

You don't need to spew much. Look, it's on me.
If you feel bad about it, I'll take a few bull.

PYRUS

Nah, I need to save every bullshit I can, so I
can finally cut off my carbon-dated parents.

You've heard my experience with the flowers at
school. Now imagine that but 72 times that at
home.

Just a sip. You'll feel right at home.

PYRUS opens the bottle.

PARSLEY takes a sip. He spits some
of it out.

PARSLEY

It's a miracle that I got any left in my mouth.

PYRUS

That's the name of the liqueur: Miracle! Well,
I'll let you and one of your new friends be.

PARSLEY

Friends?

PYRUS

Miracle and I, silly herb! And now that we're
friends, friends go shoppin' together!

PARSLEY

Can Miracle come along?

PYRUS

*Miracle needs to stay a no-show or we'll be
shown the door by the po-po. Don't start poop!*

PYRUS takes the bottle from
PARSLEY. They exit.

4. "TEST THE WATER"

PARSLEY enters a newfound state
that is akin to being introduced
to alcohol for the first time.

PARSLEY

(Repeatedly)

Glucose is clear...

PARSLEY passes out.

End of "TEST THE WATER"

SCENE 5

RAU enters. She towers over
PARSLEY.

RAU
Parsley... Sleeping on the job? I'm going to
garnish your wages.

PARSLEY
You're gonna make my allowance fabulous?

RAU
(Amusedly)
No... Though, the joke is a garnish in itself.
You've worked hard.

PARSLEY
I hardly play. I'd like a vacation.

RAU
Where would you like to go?

PARSLEY
Cantaloupe Outlets.

RAU
An American shopping center? Well, we can stop
by after grabbing some ingredients at the
Vietnamese supermarket.

PARSLEY
You like the butcher?

RAU
Someone's gotta split water into oxygen.
Besides, he and I are just old friends.

PARSLEY
I made a new friend...

RAU
A classmate from Ivy League Junior High? Son,
you're finally making friends! Name?

PARSLEY
Pyrus.

RAU
A relative of Malus...?

PARSLEY
You actually listen to Malus's spiels?

RAU

Yes. Even the unnatural can sound appealing.
How did you two meet? Isn't Pyrus *not from here?*

PARSLEY

They are in town. One of the first things Malus introduced them to was our salon.

RAU

Did *they* try out our tanning bed? Ooh, which one?

PARSLEY

All of them.

RAU

Wow. In town for a day and already our number one customer.

PARSLEY

Yes. And I wanna get to know our number one customer at the business of all business: Cantaloupe Outlet.

RAU

What are you two going to do there?

PARSLEY

We're gonna go see "Popcorn."

RAU

Oh no. That movie is for adults. And besides, I don't need you to have nightmares about what heat does to corn. It's not a pretty sight.

PARSLEY

There's no kernel of truth in what you said.

RAU hands bullshit to PARSLEY.

RAU

Here's twenty bullshit to see Veggie Tales.

PARSLEY

God...

RAU

Godspeed with Pyrus. Now, go get yourself ready as a plum.

PARSLEY gets in a hugh tanning bed and closes it.

The tanning bed tilts up and transforms into a photo booth.

SCENE 6

CANTALOUPE OUTLETS

Clothing racks scatter about.

PARSLEY and PYRUS stand inside the photo booth.

5. "PHOTOSYNTHESIS"

PARSLEY & PYRUS
(Repeatedly)

$6\text{CO}_2 + 6\text{H}_2\text{O} \rightarrow \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 + 6\text{O}_2$

A photo collage prints out of the photo booth.

End of "PHOTOSYNTHESIS"

PARSLEY and PYRUS exit the photo booth. They hold film merch.

PYRUS

Good thing "Rotten Tomatoes" is for teens. I'd certify that it is *freshhh*.

PARSLEY

Well, I'd mark it down for the scene where despite the kids' fruits of labor they ended up diced tomatoes.

PYRUS

Who knew tomatoes can be such squares, *like you?*

PYRUS bumps into a clothing rack. They are fixated on the clothing aisle.

PARSLEY appears bewildered. He walks about until a floral crop top catches his eyes. He holds the crop top like a talisman.

PARSLEY

Huh?

PYRUS

Are you a square, Parsley?

PARSLEY

No...

PYRUS

Just checking. Boobs come in all shapes and sizes. Go ahead, little herb. Milk it.

PARSLEY

Aren't these for...?

PYRUS

They're not just for flowers like me. How about I wear one and you wear one?

6. "CROP TOP"

PYRUS

CHOP CHOP!
MAKE YOURSELF A ROCK.
YOU CAN'T BE STOPPED.
WHEN YOU PUT YOURSELF IN A CROP TOP!

PYRUS puts on a crop top.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

CAN YOU TOP MINE?

CHOP CHOP!
MAKE YOURSELF A ROCK.
YOU CAN'T BE STOPPED.
WHEN YOU PUT YOURSELF IN A CROP TOP!

PARSLEY puts on a crop top.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE ON TOP?

PARSLEY

TOP OF THE CROP!

CHOP CHOP!
MAKE YOURSELF A ROCK.
YOU CAN'T BE STOPPED.
WHEN YOU PUT YOURSELF IN A CROP TOP!

PARSLEY & PYRUS

CHOP CHOP!
MAKE YOURSELF A ROCK.
YOU CAN'T BE STOPPED.
WHEN YOU PUT YOURSELF IN A CROP TOP!

End of "CROP TOP"

MALUS marches in from a different side of Cantaloupe Outlet.

RAU tails MALUS.

RAU

You cropped my profits!

MALUS

I ain't done nothing! I don't know what you mean. Besides, you've only lost track of 72 bullshits, which is negligible if you calculated the mean of yesterday's gross revenue.

RAU

But I cannot predict the maintenance that will go into my tanning beds. 72 bullshits was a lot of us for one of your people. It's not any FigLeaf patron. It's not you specially. It is one of your species.

MALUS

My Pyrus?

RAU

They tanned and dashed.

MALUS

I loaned- I mean gave them enough to cover seven appointments? You sure your Parsley didn't stash the bullshit?

RAU

How could you frame my son?

MALUS

Picture this: They're a teenager now, growing into adulthood, and bullshit will be their top priority.

RAU notices PARSLEY and PYRUS. She heads towards them.

RAU

Im lang. I'm gonna crop your top off!

PARSLEY

Mom?

RAU

Plants around this outlet are watching a Cilantro make a scene. Take it off, now.

MALUS

You're the Cilantro always making a scene, Rau. You're pulling off the crop top, Parsley.

PYRUS

This little herb could not be more on top of the world. His plot is where it needs to be.