

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

Hell! Any Fig is a malice!

MALUS

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

RAU

Figment of my imagination.

MALUS

Does ya imagination include a better life for ya-self 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

Ya immigrants got wild dreams. *But imaginations*. Ya cannot imagine people like me living by ya family, let alone amongst yours, wherever ya come from.

RAU

You don't know where I come from.

MALUS

Like a leaf, my kind of people are open to flying all over the world. Ya accent ain't like a brussels sprout.

RAU

Klootzak (Dutch: An Insult).

MALUS

Watch ya Dutch.

RAU

Watch what you say. I do not have an accent.

MALUS

Okay, well ya *look* like ya took a leave from Southeast Asia? All ya last names are like... *Weed (re: Nguyen)we?*

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 ya days if ya 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.

(MORE)

RAU (CONT'D)

You are not natural. I cannot imagine a life without light.

MALUS

Ya keep this up and ya salon stays an imagination.

RAU

I cannot keep my stems up. No plot of land in Dirty City will ever let me plant myself. I moved this far for what? I move... what?

1. "MOVE THE PLOT FORWARD"

MALUS

(Repeating)

MOVE THE PLOT...

FORWARD...

MALUS steps onto a colorful plot of land. They push aside an adjacent block of concrete to unveil untouched soil.

MALUS (CONT'D)

MAKE YOUR ROOTS AT HOME.

RAU

THIS IS YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD?

MALUS

ROOT FOR ME...

RAU

IM LANG (Vietnamese: "Shut up").

MALUS

(Puzzledly)

MAKE YA BED.

A tanning bed rolls out.

RAU

SHUT UP.

MALUS

I WASN'T BORN WITH LIGHTHEARTEDNESS.
I HAVE CHOSEN IT!

NOW YA CHOOSE:

MOVE THE PLOT FORWARD...

RAU

OR...?

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                                MALUS
LEAVE THE PLOT HOLE...
                                (Repeating)
MOVE THE PLOT FORWARD...
LEAVE THE PLOT HOLE...

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RAU reluctantly plants herself next to MALUS.

WHOLE . . . RAU

RAU & MALUS
MOVE THE PLOT FORWARD...

FORWARD! RAU MALUS YOU'RE WHOLE!

SCENE 2

SALONTRO

The plot grows thick. The tanning salon magically moves forward, lightly transforming the heart of Dirty City. 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 ya
imagination!

Figures... RAU

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 beds. You ain't got poop on you!

MALUS
Wash that mouth out with soap.

RAU

We Cilantros have good tastes! I meant to say:
do you have bullshit on you?

MALUS

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

RAU

That'd be ten bullshits, please...

MALUS

That's a start of a plot.

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

RAU

IT'S THE TURN OF AN ERA!
I WAS DEALT A BAD HAND.
THIS AREA HAS NO REGARD.
THEY TREAT ME AS AN ALIEN.
I HAVE GROWN THESE LEAVES THAT COULDN'T EVER HOLD THIS WATER.
I WAS GONNA COME APART.
BUT I GUESS YOU DO HAVE 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

YA WILL SEE THAT FANCY GETS THE FANS.

RAU goes out and gets a potted
herb. She puts it on a shelf then
turns the "Closed" sign to "Open."

Crickets chirp.

MALUS (CONT'D)

I'll try to get my pals en root. You're on your
own in this soil. It is all ya turn from here.

MALUS exits.

RAU
THIS PLACE PLOTS AND LEAVES ERROR...
I CAN'T EARN MY GREEN CARD
IF I DO NOT STAY ON MY GUARD.
MY LEAVES HAVE COME SO FAR.
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME LEAVE!
I DO NOT HAVE THE HEART TO BELIEVE...
I KNOW MY ROOTS, BUT...
STEM!
IT'S DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO PLOT FOR-

RAU hugs the potted herb.

RAU (CONT'D)
I MISS YOU, BROTHER.

RAU sits on the tanning bed. She pulls out a bottle of body oil and rubs her belly with it. It gleams with her tan.

Lights move in and out. Positive whispers are audible.

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

Lights are positively responsive.

RAU (CONT'D)
This oil is not found in 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!

Business is booming. Several tanning beds roll out. Bullshit rains down on RAU.

MALUS steps in. They do not seem so happy about RAU's success.

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.

A seedlike object transfers from RAU's tanning bed to another.

RAU (CONT'D)
BUT THE BEST TURNOVER I'VE 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 "MOVE THE PLOT FORWARD"

RAU (CONT'D)
Turn around...

PARSLEY turns around.

RAU (CONT'D)
You missed a spot. But son, do you shine...

PARSLEY
Me (Vietnamese: "Mom")... Don't embarrass me in front of the sneezeworts!
(MORE)

PARSLEY (CONT'D)
(to the AUDIENCE)

Don't you 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.

RAU (CONT'D)
But your trichomes is getting unnaturally long.

PARSLEY sits on a tanning bed.

RAU takes out a pair of scissors.
They say the phrase with each cut.

RAU (CONT'D)
(Repeating)
I love you... I love you not...

PARSLEY
I love you... I love you more...

RAU
What kind of numbers of cuts would I need for
me to love you?

PARSLEY
Odd... Mom... For once, please no math-

RAU
What is the airspeed velocity of an unladen
dandelion seed?

PARSLEY
Thirty centimeters per second. Last math probl-

RAU
We got thirty seconds left. What is the square
root of a boxwood tree?

PARSLEY
I'll learn square roots when I start middle
school in the fall.

RAU

Is this cut worthy of a Flores Elementary graduate?

PARSLEY

My class would have a good laugh.

RAU

How was your last class before the ceremony?

PARSLEY

Fruitful! Ms. Red's partner visited.

RAU

That's delightful. Who is he?

PARSLEY

Her name is Golden Delicious. She is an archaeologist.

RAU

Oh, she is... *She...*

PARSLEY

Ms. Red's final lesson was that Fig weddings are more fabulous than any other kind.

RAU

Schools should not be teaching minors that! Schools should be teaching kids major subjects, like math and science.

PARSLEY

History!

RAU

Here's a story: seedlings exist only because stamens and pistils love one another.

PARSLEY

A kid at recess once told me that is like the legendary tale of the bird and the bee.

RAU

Kids fall for so many rumors these days. Plus, that's does not add up. Birds and bees don't go together. It's bird plus bird. Bees and bees.

PARSLEY senses the irony.

Dance music distantly echoes from FigLeaf next door.

PARSLEY

Something's buzzing at FigLeaf.

RAU

The Figs are hosting another party. You can always count on that.

RAU uses a tanning bed as a desk to do taxes 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 our 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 paid our rent for a while. But we paid off our plot of land. Salontro is independent of FigLeaf.

PARSLEY

Yet, Salontro is still dependent on FigLeaf.

RAU

Depends on the years to come.

PARSLEY

We would go under without them.

RAU

We will never turnover for them.

PARSLEY

You change business models everyday.

RAU

Well, their bullshits are unnatural.

PARSLEY

The bullshit is helping business bloom.

RAU

They never helped us bloom. Grew, not bloomed.

PARSLEY

Without them, we are doomed.

RAU

Never will we be when the sun is around.

PARSLEY

Sun?

RAU

The one thing that grooms all things nature.

2. "A NATURAL"

RAU

NATURE...

NURTURED FROM THE LIGHT OF OUR SUN.

IT'S NATURAL.

PLANTING THEIR HOT FEET ON OUR GROUND.

THEY'RE NATURAL.

BUT IT'S NOT AS WARM AS A MOM'S HUG.

COMES NATURAL.

WHAT'S NOT? THAT WOULD BE THE TICKLES!

RAU hugs then tickles PARSLEY.

RAU (CONT'D)

(Repeatedly)

A NATURAL.

SON. YOU ARE A... NATURAL!

End of "A NATURAL"

PARSLEY

Will the sun always be around?

RAU

The sun will never turn over to the dark side.

PARSLEY

What about an eclipse?

RAU

What?

PARSLEY

In science class, we found out that the moon can sometimes get in the sun's way.

RAU

The moon sounds unnatural... Anywho like you, the sun has a bedtime.

PARSLEY

Ugh.

RAU opens a tanning bed and plants a blanket in it.

RAU

Your planter is made. Now go lie in it.

PARSLEY lies in bed.

PARSLEY

I am a natural at lying.

RAU

You speak the truth, my son.

PARSLEY

Mom. I wonder who'll be my moon...

RAU

Ngu ngon (Vietnamese: sleep well), my son.

RAU exits.

SCENE 4

The morning light returns.

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

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

MALUS

Cow, Parsley.

PARSLEY

Chào. You Crabapples sure always sweet, but you can never sweeten your pronunciations?

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

No malice.

MALUS

Yes, Pyrus!

PARSLEY

Pyrus?

MALUS

My nibbling.

PARSLEY

Another Crabapple?

MALUS (CONT'D)

Another pear in town.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

And I wanna get outta this Dirty City.

PARSLEY

Doing our city dirty? You'll fit in real well.

MALUS

Tanning beds come in all shapes and sizes. And there will be one that matches your body.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

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

PARSLEY

I always wanna visit FigLeaf.

MALUS

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

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

Ya said ya'd take me to Cantaloupe Outlets, not make this salon my outlet...

MALUS

Ya will never find me among those hipsters. How about a trip to Celery Mall?

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

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

MALUS

Take that back!

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

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

MALUS

You're digging a deeper hole for ya-self.

PYRUS

Ain't that what we're supposed to do as plants?!

MALUS

Even plants can get overheated.

PARSLEY

You're all making a mountain out of a molehill.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

Shadeeee. Ya all add to my sunburns.

3. "AMOUNT TO ANYTHING"

PYRUS walks in, with sunburns.
Their entrance intersects a rocker
and an acned teenager's presence.

PYRUS

MOUNTAINS OUTTA MOLE HILLS.
NO REST. DISTRESS. A MESS. CARELESS.

PYRUS knocks over the potted herb.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

I DELIVERED BRUISES AND I GOT INTO TROUBLE AT SCHOOL.
SO, I'LL SPEND THIS SEASON WITH MY ONE WEIRD UNCLE.
I WON'T KNOW MALUS...

ALL BECAUSE REALLY

I WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.
I WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.
I WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.
ANYTHING!

SUNBURNS. PIMPLES. ACNE. BIG DEAL.

I AIN'T ALWAYS THIN-SKINNED, BUT MY THICK SKIN HAS NOT LOOKED
REAL COOL.
SO, I'LL WASTE MY SUMMER NEXT TO A CILANTRO.
MAKE FUN OF THEIR TASTES...

ALL BECAUSE IN LIFE,

I CARE NOT TO AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.
I CARE NOT TO AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.
I CARE NOT TO AMOUNT TO ANYTHING.
I DON'T CARE!

ANYTHING!

End of "AMOUNT TO ANYTHING"

PYRUS (CONT'D)

I just wanted a good tan...

MALUS

And ya can get it here.

PYRUS

But I wanted it naturally.

MALUS

We're not the only families 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

I'm gonna level with ya Cilantros: ya can spice up my skin, but it ain't ever spice up my life.

(to MALUS)

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

MALUS

Ya seedlings enjoy yourselves!

MALUS exits.

PYRUS

I ain't no seedling anymore, Malus! Do your thing, little herb.

PARSLEY leads PYRUS around the tanning beds in Salontro.

PARSLEY

High pressure tanning beds?

PYRUS

I ain't letting no middle schooler pressure me.

PARSLEY

No pressure at all, it is then. Where do you go to school?

PYRUS

Tetra High Center of Learning.

PARSLEY

THC, in the upper peninsula? The school's 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 just police your membrane. And weed out the troubles in your brain.

PYRUS

They police me. They get under my membrane.

PARSLEY

What did they do?

PYRUS

They reacted.

PARSLEY

To...?

PYRUS

Me shutting down the school's power grid... So they ain't look at me no more.

PARSLEY

My classmates would think you're loads of fun!

PYRUS

What do middle schoolers even do for fun?

PARSLEY

Mudwrestling and singing in the rain!

PYRUS

I'm not sure what to make of it. Fun or not, in the end, I'm the one who shuts the party down.

PARSLEY

A rose and thorn for you.

PYRUS

Don't get me started on the roses. They are mean and the brighter fashion police.

PARSLEY

How?

PYRUS

They go beyond outer body shaming. Their thorns reach my core. My nucleus.

PARSLEY

Your nucleus needs to toughen up.

PYRUS

My nucleus needs to grow thorns, like them.

PARSLEY

You pears need to stop comparing yourself to others.

PYRUS

Easy for you to say. You haven't gone through puberty yet, little herb.

PARSLEY

You'll grow out of anything.

PYRUS

Wow, rich coming from a middle school poop head.

4. "GROW A PAIR"

PYRUS

YOU NEED TO GROW UP.

PARSLEY

TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!

PYRUS

YOU AIN'T SHIT.

PARSLEY

I AM THE SHIT.

PYRUS

YOU ARE

PARSLEY & PYRUS

A NUMBER TWO.

PYRUS

GROW UP, HERB.

PARSLEY

GROW UP, PEAR!

PYRUS

I NEED TO GROW ONE?

PARSLEY

YOU GOT SKIN IN THEIR GAMES.

PYRUS

I AIN'T THICK.

PARSLEY
HIGH SCHOOL *AIN'T* SHIT.

I NEED PYRUS

PARSLEY & PYRUS
TO FACE THE HEAT.

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                                PYRUS
STOP  COMPARING...

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GROW A PAIR.

PARSLEY

PYRUS chooses a tanning bed, gets in it, and closes it. After it does its magic, they get out.

PYRUS
HERB... THIS AIN'T NATURAL.

PARSLEY
DUDE... I FEEL POWERFUL.

YOU PEARS.

PYRUS
I AM STILL GROWING.

PARSLEY
WE *BOTH* NEED TO GROW UP.

CILANTROS. PYRUS

PARSLEY
AND CRABAPPLES.

PARSLEY & PYRUS
WE DO MAKE A GREAT

TEAM.	PARSLEY	SMOOTHIE.	PYRUS
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NOT SO SMOOTH... PYRUS (CONT'D)

PARSLEY
LET'S GET SOME FOOD!

PARSLEY shares a fertilizer
popsicles with PYRUS.

PARSLEY (CONT'D)
HERE'S TO GROWING UP!

PYRUS
FERTILIZER NEVER...?

PARSLEY
GETS TOO OLD!

PYRUS
DEFINITELY!

PARSLEY
YOU KNOW WHAT IS COOL IS THAT

PARSLEY & PYRUS
WE'D MAKE A GREAT PAIR.

End of "GROW A PAIR"

PYRUS pulls out a glass bottle.

PYRUS
Let's test our water.
(Scaring PARSLEY)
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 heard my life 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 I got any left in my mouth.

PYRUS
That's the name of the liqueur: Miracle! Well, I'll let ya and one of ya 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!

PARSLEY
Wash your mouth out with soap!

PYRUS
Wash yours with Miracle!

PYRUS takes the bottle. They exit.

5. "TEST THE WATER"

PARSLEY enters a newfound state that is akin to being introduced to alcohol for the first time. The lake forms. The tides rise. PARSLEY wobbles. They stay put and yet also journey to far-off lands. They break in their sea legs. They slowly pass out.

PARSLEY
(Repeatedly)
Glucose is clear...

End of "TEST THE WATER"

SCENE 5

RAU enters with a box of distinct body oil. She towers over PARSLEY. She helps PARSLEY up.