

TURNOVER: A NEW LEAF

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A Floral-Herbal Musical

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## PLOT SUMMARY

TURNOVER: A NEW LEAF is a floral-herbal musical centering the transformation of two neighboring businesses: FigLeaf, a queer nightclub, and Salontro, an immigrant family-owned beauty salon.

In Dirty City, a Cilantro arrives. Rau Răm is an Asian immigrant and expectant mother hoping to start a 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, 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 ("Move the Plot Forward").

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

Parsley asks Rau to go with Pyrus to the movies. She reluctantly lets him go. At Cantaloupe Outlets, Parsley and Pyrus pose in a photo booth ("Photosynthesis"). Pyrus then takes him clothes shopping. He discovers a liking for different floral styles, especially crop tops ("Crop Top"). Nearby, Rau picks a fight with Malus over finances. They soon bump into Parsley and Pyrus. Rau's world turns upside down when she sees Parsley's crop top. Malus explains Rau's prejudice to Pyrus ("Soiled").

Parsley is grounded ("Fertile"). Soon, Pyrus helps Parsley sneak out. With their guest DJ Cauliflower, 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 blackouts and ends up in the hospital, getting his stoma pumped.

Rau and Malus see the light of their ways and have earned their green cards. Rau feels that Malus's "lifestyle" is as natural as the greens around, whereas Malus sees Rau less as invasive and more invested in the community ("Green Card"). FigLeaf shuts down due to the violation of underage drinking laws. Pyrus visits Parsley, letting him know that they are preparing to go back to school. Rau offers Pyrus a summer job if they are ever around again. After all, it is a family business ("Turnover").

TURNOVER plants coming-of-age themes of family dynamics, performative activism, body image, and the duality between nature versus nurture.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**PARSLEY** RĂM, preteen, Rau's son

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

**PYRUS** CRABAPPLE, older teen, Malus's nibbling

**MALUS** CRABAPPLE, adult, Pyrus's uncle and the owner of FigLeaf

## Orchestra

**DJ CAULIFLOWER**, the alias for the production's music director, who briefly interacts 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. "Move the Plot Forward" Malus, Rau
2. "A Natural" Rau
3. "Amount to Anything" Pyrus
4. "Grow a Pair" Pyrus, Parsley
5. "Test the Water" Parsley
6. "Photosynthesis" Parsley, Pyrus
7. "Crop Top" Pyrus, Parsley
8. "Soiled (The Family Name)" Rau, Malus, Parsley, Pyrus
9. "Fertile" Parsley, Pyrus
10. "Dirt on You" DJ Cauliflower, Pyrus, Parsley
11. "Fig Leaf" Malus
12. "Green Card" Rau, Malus
13. "Turnover (A New Leaf)" Parsley, Rau, Pyrus, Malus

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 have 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 people are open enough to fly all around the world. Ya kind of accent is not like a brussels sprout. It sounds like ya took a leave from Southeast Asia? All ya 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 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. 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 (translation: "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...?

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

RAU reluctantly plants herself next to MALUS.

RAU  
WHOLE...

RAU & MALUS  
MOVE THE PLOT FORWARD...

RAU  
FORWARD!

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!

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 beds. You ain't got poop on you!

MALUS  
Wash that mouth out with soap.

RAU  
We Cilantros have good tastes! I meant... 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  
Mom... Don't embarrass me in front of the  
sneezeworts!

(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. Dance music distantly echoes from FigLeaf next door.

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 pay our rent. His bullshit is 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 (translation: 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 house-old plants.

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.

PYRUS

I NEED

PARSLEY & PYRUS

TO FACE THE HEAT.

PYRUS

STOP COMPARING...

PARSLEY

GROW A PAIR.

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.

PARSLEY (CONT'D)  
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.

RAU

Have you got any pride, son?! Get up, it's "pride" month! This evening is our pride special!

PARSLEY

(Dizzily)

Did you get the goods, mom?

RAU

Good grief, son.

PARSLEY

(Dishonestly)

*I may have caught a fungal infection.*

RAU

I dabbed anti-fungi oil on you everyday... Now's not the day to sell yourself short. Speaking of infection...

RAU puts on rainbow gear. She stops PARSLEY from wearing them.

There is an influx of multicolor lights, representing patrons.

PARSLEY

Fun guys all around! Happy Pride!

RAU and PARSLEY throws out body oil left and right.

Bullshit is thrown all about.

RAU

*Happy Pride!* Get thirty-one percent off your order when you wear Salontro merch at checkout! Buy our rainbow merch! Parsley... Upsell these by sixty-nine percent. Sell sell sell!

PARSLEY places stickers on the body oils.

PARSLEY

Made from bees' knees, these body oil will do more for you this Pride Month. At just several bullshits more than our plain oils, your knees will be buzzing in no time.

(Leveling with a lower light)

Kids and short knees like me get a discount!

RAU

You're indoctrinating the kids?!

The multicolor lights stop moving.

RAU (CONT'D)

Don't count your blessings, Parsley... Um... I want kids to know that they are to be respected as adults. Discounts are handouts. At Salontro, we will always support your lifestyles.

The lights flicker in disapproval.

PARSLEY

*You were born this way!*

The multicolor lights move about.

RAU

*That phrase seems to always work on them.* Happy Pride! Love your fit. Happy Pride! You're so floral today. Happy Pride! Tis the season for a gay apparel. Happy Pride! Thank you for supporting small business owners. Happy Pride!

(MORE)

RAU (CONT'D)

*Immigrant family-owned business. Happy Pride!*  
That looks so natural on you!

Once the body oil runs out and the  
light fades, PARSLEY turns the  
"Open" sign to "Closed."

RAU (CONT'D)

These flowers and their bullshit are unnatural!  
*Happy Pride... Hahahaha!*

RAU counts bullshit before she  
trashes her rainbow gear.

PARSLEY

Rest assured, money is the most unnatural thing  
about this world...

RAU

Why were you sleeping on the job? I'm going to  
garnish your wages.

PARSLEY

You're gonna make my allowance fabulous?

RAU

No... Though, *your joke is a garnish in itself.*

RAU notices the knocked over  
potted herb.

RAU (CONT'D)

Is this some kind of joke?! No no no... Why is  
my brother knocked over?

PARSLEY

That is not a person...

RAU

Yes, he was!

PARSLEY

That is a model.

RAU

Yes, he was a model.

PARSLEY

My uncle?

RAU

The light of our lives that went dark too soon.

PARSLEY

Too soon?

RAU

He should have laid off the booze.

PARSLEY

Booze?

RAU

His addiction laid him off from work and society, and due to his unnatural rests.

PARSLEY

Well, I'd like to rest.

RAU

Alright. You've been laid off.

PARSLEY

I need a vacation.

RAU

Where would you like to go?

PARSLEY

Cantaloupe Outlets.

RAU

An American shopping center? Well, we can stop by grabbing some ingredients at their intimate Vietnamese supermarket.

PARSLEY

You like the butcher?

RAU

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

PARSLEY

I made a new friend...

RAU

Is it 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. Unnatural pears are most 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 a 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 businesses: Cantaloupe Outlets.

RAU

What are you two going to be doing 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 for *Veggie Tales*.

PARSLEY

*Shuck. You are so corny-*

RAU

Their fanbase may be annoying to tolerate. That documentary is like a religion to them. But, they know what's natural and not.

PARSLEY

*God, no they don't-*

RAU

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

PARSLEY gets in a tanning bed and closes it. The other tanning beds disappears.

SCENE 6

CANTALOUPE OUTLETS

A tanning bed tilts up and  
transforms into a photo booth.  
Clothing racks scatter about.

PARSLEY sits inside a photo booth.

PYRUS enters.

6. "PHOTOSYNTHESIS"

PYRUS  
PHOTO?!

PARSLEY  
PHOTOSYN!

PYRUS sits alongside PARSLEY.

PARSLEY & PYRUS  
(Harmonically repeating)  
PHOTOSYNTHESIS!

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

PARSLEY  
FOE?

PYRUS  
SIX CARBON DIOXIDE MOLECULES PLUS SIX DIHYDROGEN MONOXIDE  
MOLECULES EQUALS...?

PARSLEY  
SUGAR!

PYRUS  
AND SIX OXYGEN MOLECULES!

PARSLEY & PYRUS  
 $6\text{CO}_2 + 6\text{H}_2\text{O} \rightarrow \text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6 + 6\text{O}_2$   
(Harmonically repeating)  
PHOTOSYNTHESIS!

A CHEMICAL REACTION!

PARSLEY	PYRUS
GLUCOSE.	CARBON
OXYGEN.	DIOXIDE.
SUGAR!	WATER.

PARSLEY & PYRUS  
DIRECT SUNLIGHT!

The photo booth flashes. It prints  
out photographs.

End of "PHOTOSYNTHESIS"

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

PYRUS  
We needed that breather. Good thing it was  
rated PG-12, little herb.

PARSLEY & PYRUS  
*Rotten Tomatoes* is the all-time greatest movie!

PYRUS  
It deserves to win the Raspberries.

PARSLEY  
I'd certify that it was *freshhhh*.

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

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

PYRUS bumps into a clothing rack  
and fixates 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 (CONT'D)  
Huh?

PYRUS  
*Ya might be the square, Parsley.*

PARSLEY  
I'm no square...

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

PARSLEY  
Aren't these for...?

PYRUS

They're not just for flowers like me. But these would be perfect for our summer solstice rave!

PARSLEY

What's a rave?

PYRUS

It's a party where tomatoes are not invited, given their bad views.

PARSLEY

I wanna go! But Malus is gonna be there...

PYRUS

Malus is going on their annual camping trip during the summer solstices. Trying to get their tan on.

PARSLEY

Who's in charge?

PYRUS

Berry, our security guard, who sleeps on the job.

PARSLEY

Haha, oh Berry. Well summer solstice is my all nighter!

PYRUS

I still don't think ya can, little herb.

PARSLEY

You're not so big either.

PYRUS

Well, the music is gonna be for little big flowers like me. We have a famous guest DJing.

PARSLEY

What's their name?

PYRUS

It's a secret. But the DJ certainly loves shouting their name at the top of their stomata to start a song. Such a weird vegetable.

PARSLEY

Pyrussss. Is this half-shirt the key to being allowed in?!

PYRUS

Only if ya can top mine!

7. "CROP TOP"

PYRUS wears a crop top.

PYRUS  
(Repeating)  
NOW, IT'S YA TURN.  
PICK A PATTERN.

PARSLEY soon picks a t-shirt.

PYRUS snatches the shirt from  
PARSLEY. They toss the shirt away.

PYRUS (CONT'D)  
NO NO. RETURN!

THE CREAM OF THE CROP THAT IS FASHION.  
NO SHIRT CAN EVER TOP THIS!

PARSLEY  
A CROP TOP...?

PYRUS tries on various crop tops.

PYRUS  
WHERE TO FIND ONE THAT FITS?  
WEAR ONE THAT SUITS YA PERSONALITY.

PYRUS's belly flops out.

PARSLEY  
THERE GOES YOUR BELLY.

PYRUS puts a crop top on PARSLEY.

PYRUS  
YA CANNOT BE STOPPED WHEN YOU PUT YA-SELF IN THIS CROP TOP!

PYRUS puts on a crop top. They nab  
another crop top.

PARSLEY  
(Adapting)  
IT FEELS SO WARM YET SO COOL...

PYRUS  
IT CUTS TO YA HEART'S BOTTOM.  
IT HAS YA FEELING ON TOP!

PARSLEY dances a crop circle. They  
are rocking the crop top.

PYRUS (CONT'D)  
YA CANNOT BE STOPPED WHEN YOU'RE DANCING IN ROCKING CROP  
TOPS!

PARSLEY snatches the crop top from  
PYRUS's hand.

PARSLEY  
I TOP YOURS!

PYRUS  
YA BOTTOM FEEDER!

PARSLEY  
I'M ON TOP!

PYRUS  
I'LL CROP YOU!

PYRUS chases PARSLEY around,  
displaying an allegory of what it  
means to crop tops off in life.

PARSLEY spreads moisturizer on one  
end of the crop top.

PYRUS nabs the moisturized end of  
the crop top and does a tug-of-war  
until PYRUS slips their grasp and  
it is securely in PARSLEY's hand.

PYRUS (CONT'D)  
YOU'RE THE TOP OF THE CROP TO TOP IT ALL OFF!

PARSLEY  
(Blushingly)  
NO ONE PULLS THEM OFF LIKE ME...

PARSLEY & PYRUS  
CROP TOPS!

End of "CROP TOP"

MALUS marches in from the other  
side of Cantaloupe Outlet.

RAU tails MALUS. She is holding a  
popcorn bucket, filled with water.

RAU  
You cropped my profits!

MALUS  
*Oh, the humidity.* Ya took me to the screening  
of *Popcorn* to tell me this?

RAU  
Someone's got to pop the thought in your  
aldehyde.

MALUS

I ain't done nothing!

RAU

You've done nothing... for anyone!

MALUS

Then explain how you've been here this long.

Beat.

MALUS (CONT'D)

Love that reminder that I've done everything?

RAU & MALUS

We've been neighbors for years in...

RAU

Business.

MALUS

Home.

RAU & MALUS

(Disingenuously)

I trust you.

MALUS

Ya only lost track of 72 bullshits, negligible if ya calculated the mean of yesterday's gross revenue.

RAU

But the maintenance cost of all my tanning beds!

MALUS

Apply for some seed funding!

RAU

Seed fund- Seedling... Parsley said there was a seedling who tried out all our tanning beds. It is one of your species.

MALUS

My Pyrus?

RAU

They tanned and dashed.

MALUS

I loaned- gave them enough to cover seven appointments? Ya sure your Parsley didn't pocket the bullshit?

RAU

(Hoarsely)

Horseshit! How could you frame my son?

MALUS

Picture this: They're about a teenager now,  
growing into adulthood, and their top priority  
is bullshit. Like all teenagers!

RAU notices PARSLEY and PYRUS. She  
heads towards them.

RAU

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

PARSLEY

(Vietnamese)

*Me (translation: "Mom")?!*

RAU

The plants around this outlet are watching a  
Cilantro make a scene. Pull it off now!

MALUS

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

PYRUS

This little herb is on top of the world. His  
plot is going places.

RAU

(to PYRUS)

Im lang, *đồ vô học* (translation: *uneducated  
person*)!

MALUS

Parsley, what ya mom say? I ain't heard this  
insult before.

PYRUS nods to PARSLEY.

PARSLEY

(Vietnamese)

*Me... ("Mom") You're the ignorant one. Con đĩ  
(translation: "Bitch")!*

MALUS

(to RAU)

Not only did ya moisturize ya skin, but ya  
mouth too. Cause ya mouth be foaming!

PYRUS

(Laughing)

Whatever ya said. I can't believe ya said it.  
Ya son of a bitch...



RAU  
(Heartbroken)

*Thang chó đê (translation: "Son of a bitch")...*  
End this scenery at once.

RAU drags PARSLEY away from PYRUS  
and MALUS.

SCENE 7

8. "SOILED (THE FAMILY NAME)"

RAU  
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR ALDEHYDE?  
DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN THE PUBLIC'S EYE?  
WILL YOU LEARN YOU'RE NEVER RIGHT?  
DON'T YOU EVER EVER LIE!

PARSLEY  
CAN I LIVE WITHOUT HAVING TO HIDE?  
MAY I MAKE A BED WHEREVER I DECIDE?  
DO I REALLY HAVE ANY RIGHTS?  
TIL THEN, I WILL ALWAYS LIE!

RAU  
I cannot let you lie six inches under like your  
uncle!

DON'T TOIL WITH ME.  
HOW SHALLOW CAN YOU BE?  
THE FAMILY NAME IS NOT SURFACE LEVEL.  
YOUR ANCESTORS ARE WHO YOU FACE OR DEFACE.

RAU (CONT'D)	PARSLEY
It is a crime.	It's not a crime.
Don't make me cry.	Don't make me cry.

MALUS  
SUCH A DISGRACE.  
NO MORE OF OUR NEIGHBOR'S SAKE.  
WE SHOULD BE NO SAVING GRACE.  
THEIR RESPECT IS NOTHING BUT FAKE.

FATE IS NOT IN OUR HANDS.  
FAITH IS FOUND IN THIS LAND.  
THROUGH THE DIRT,  
THERE IS HURT.

PARSLEY  
If you did not want me to conform to the  
ecosystem, why did you name me "Parsley?!"

*Me, soil the family name...* Who was it that  
didn't give me a foreign name like you, Rau?!

RAU

You are so grounded, *anh thanh niên*  
(translation: "Young man")!

PARSLEY

Young man... Thank you for the validation, mom.  
Young men cannot be grounded! I am no longer a  
seedling.

RAU

YOU SOILED THE FAMILY NAME.  
IS THIS ALL A GAME?  
BROUGHT LOCALS TO DEFAME.  
DON'T END OUR REIGN.

MALUS

YOU SOILED THE FAMILY NAME!  
WE HAVE MORE TO GAIN.  
BRING TO US FAME.  
BULLSHIT WILL RAIN.

RAU (CONT'D)

YOU MADE US THE DIRT BENEATH THEIR FEET.  
THE ROOT OF THEIR EVIL GOALS AND FEATS.

YOU SOILED THE FAMILY NAME!  
YOU FOILED GENERATIONS OF BUSINESS!  
YOU SOILED OUR BLOODLINE!

YOU BURIED US SIX INCHES UNDER.  
YOU PAINTED DARKNESS ON A BLANK CANVAS.

SON, YOU SET US BEYOND DUSK.  
YOU DUSTED US.

YOU SOILED THE FAMILY NAME.

PARSLEY

IN THE NAME OF FAMILY, I GAVE  
YOUR LIFE SOIL!

MALUS

IN THE NAME OF FAMILY, YOU  
GAVE OUR LIVES SOIL!

MALUS lets PYRUS keep the crop  
top. They exit.

RAU

IN THAT CASE, YOU'RE THE GROUNDEST ONE OF THEM ALL!

PARSLEY crawls into a department  
store's tanning salon.

RAU exits.

The department store transforms  
into Salontro.

End of "SOILED (THE FAMILY NAME)"

## SCENE 8

SALONTRO

9. "FERTILE"

It is night. A tanning bed holds a soiled blanket.

PARSLEY pops out from underneath the blanket.

PARSLEY

THE WORLD REVOLVES AROUND MORE THAN YOUR SON.  
WHY CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?  
AN HERB WHO NEEDS THEIR PLANT FRIENDS.  
PLANET, TOPPED OFF WITH CROPS AND VEGETABLES.  
YOU DON'T SEE MY PRODUCE-  
IT IS TRULY FUTILE.

IN THIS "SOILED" FAMILY,  
I AM MEANT TO GET DIRTY, REAL DIRTY.  
HOW ELSE WILL I EVER BEAR FRUIT?  
I AM FERTILE.  
VOLATILE!

FIGLEAF WOULD NEVER DEFER MY SMILE.  
A CLEAR COMMUNITY WHO WOULD ACCEPT ME AND ALL...  
THE WHILE MOM KILLS ME TO PUT IT MILDLY.  
THIS WILL BE MY TRIAL.  
I'M WILDER THAN A CHILD.

AM I TO SNEAK OUT?  
MY MAMA...  
THIS WILL NOT HELP ME COME CLEAN, WITHOUT MEANS.  
MY DROP WILL NOT BE SO FRUITFUL.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

IT AIN'T FUTILE!

PARSLEY looks out the window.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE) (CONT'D)                      PARSLEY  
LET'S GET WILD!                      RECONCILE!

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE) (CONT'D)  
YOU BELONG IN AN OPEN FIELD.

PARSLEY  
I LONG FOR WHAT'S QUEER ANY ANYWHERE SO SURREAL.

PYRUS tosses the crop top to  
PARSLEY.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)  
WEAR THIS BEFORE IT GOES OUT OF STYLE.  
YOU HAVE MADE ME REALIZE:  
IN LIFE, YOU CAN BE FERVENT.

PARSLEY thinks on it.

PARSLEY  
I AM FERTILE!

PARSLEY climbs out of the window.

End of "FERTILE"

**SCENE 9**

FIGLEAF

PARSLEY lands by PYRUS on the dirt.

DJ CAULIFLOWER  
We got a Cilantro in the yard!

PARSLEY  
And you are?

DJ CAULIFLOWER  
A Cauliflower. The Cauliflower. DJ...

DJ CAULIFLOWER holds a microphone towards the AUDIENCE.

PARSLEY  
(Whispering)  
Huh, sneezeworts. It's DJ Cauliflower...

DJ CAULIFLOWER  
What are you all, houseplants?! You know who I am, Dirty City! We gotta act like weeds all up in this cement. Me, I'm a godsend...

10. "DIRT ON YOU"

DJ CAULIFLOWER  
DJ CAULIFLOWERRRR!

PYRUS  
I love this song!

PARSLEY  
Which one? DJ Cauliflower always start their song like that-

PYRUS  
Don't make me squash you into pesto, Cilantro.

PYRUS & DJ CAULIFLOWER  
DO NOT FUCK AROUND  
AS MY ROOT'S IN THE UNDERGROUND.

PARSLEY  
FIGLEAF'S THE UNDERGROUND?

PYRUS & DJ CAULIFLOWER  
JUST STICK AROUND  
WE'LL HAVE YOUR STEMS MAKING SOUNDS.

PARSLEY  
(Repeatedly beatboxing)  
EH. OPE. EH. OPE. EH. OPE. EH. OPE.

PYRUS & DJ CAULIFLOWER  
PLAY ALONG AND YOU'LL TEND TO A GARDEN.  
PRAY ALONE THAT YOUR CROPS ALWAYS GET DONE.

PARSLEY  
CAUSE...?

PYRUS & DJ CAULIFLOWER  
I GOT DA DA DA DIRT ON YOU.  
DA DA DA DIRT ON YOU.  
ROOT FOR ME.  
WATER ME.  
WATER ME. WATER ME.

PYRUS hands liqueur to PARSLEY.

PARSLEY incrementally drinks.

The lake forms. The tides rise.

DJ CAULIFLOWER  
WHAT ARE WE?

PYRUS  
DIRTY!

DJ CAULIFLOWER  
DIRTY, BABY...

GIVE ME THAT MOTHERFUCKING BULLSHIT!

PYRUS makes bullshit rain on DJ  
CAULIFLOWER.

PARSLEY  
Mother... Bullshit f'd over my mom!

PYRUS  
We also are fucking over every adult in this  
Dirty City!

PARSLEY  
I see... Dirty.

PYRUS  
Dirty City... Where ya live? Are ya drunk?

PARSLEY

I never felt so alive!

Sunshine reigns.

DJ CAULIFLOWER

That little herb is on their own little island!

Rainstorms brew. The stormy ocean  
descends. A lighthouse appears.

PYRUS gets washed away.

PARSLEY literally breaks his sea  
legs.

PARSLEY

Can a plant... Can a plant drown...?

DJ CAULIFLOWER

IF WATER GETS PAST OUR ROOTS, WE IN TROUBLE.  
WHEN THE BAR AIN'T YOURS, TIME BEHIND BARS IS DOUBLED.

PYRUS searches for PARSLEY.

PYRUS

I need two bars of rest!

DJ CAULIFLOWER stops the music.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE) (CONT'D)

Parsley! Parsley!

PARSLEY

(Vomiting)

Py- Pesto-

DJ CAULIFLOWER resumes the music.

DJ CAULIFLOWER

THAT'S SOME REAL DIRT, DID SOMEONE GET THAT ON TAPE?

The lighthouse morphs into camera  
flashes, akin to the photo booth.

PYRUS

(to DJ CAULIFLOWER)

YOU'RE GOOD AS DIRT, HANGING OUT WITH ALL THE GRAPES.

PYRUS searches for PARSLEY in the  
blinding light show.

DJ CAULIFLOWER

Excuse me. All my hype men are homemade! Now,  
someone compost that on all social medias!

DO NOT FUCK AROUND  
AS MY ROOT'S IN THE UNDERGROUND.

DO STICK AROUND  
WE'LL HAVE YOUR STEMS IMPOUND.

The camera flashes morph into  
ambulance lights and sirens.

PYRUS swims to PARSLEY.

PYRUS  
THERE'S DIRT ON YA...

PYRUS drags away PARSLEY.

The ambulance lights morph into  
police lights and sirens.

PARSLEY (OFFSTAGE)  
THERE'S DIRT ON YOU...

PARSLEY vomits.

PARSLEY & PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)  
TWO.

Handcuffs are audible.

End of "DIRT ON YOU"

## SCENE 10

### 11. "FIG LEAF"

Shadow play and puppetry happen in  
the back of FigLeaf.

MALUS (OFFSTAGE)  
A tree's lifetime worth of generation ago, in  
the suburb of Dirty City by the banks of Lily  
River, there lived a young pear named Malus.  
Their birthday was on the shortest day of the  
year. The winter solstice. A day also known as  
the founding of FigLeaf.

That day was special. My parents kicked me out.  
I laid naked on the concrete, freezing to  
death. An Orange found me. They sheltered me  
here in their nightclub. Figs flock from around  
the world to meet a miracle named Malus.

But something stark happened: a Cilantro walked  
into the bar. A post traumatic memory revisited  
Orange. Orange was an agent who fought in the  
war on the Cilantro's home turf.

(MORE)

MALUS (OFFSTAGE) (CONT'D)

Orange faced endless horrors as swamps of herbs stood their ground despite the chemical fires. Soon, Orange gave me their deed and left into the moonlight.

I used to eclipse my light. I once hid my life. But FigLeaf gave me the might to show my light. I require the cross pollinations of the bees and bees... They bequeath me peace. FigLeaf let me piece together my queer-

I believe in the science of FigLeaf. With a stomata filled with sugar and water, I took over the tradition and honored the two other elements: earth and air, which symbolized the life-giving forces of nature. However, I did not teach Pyrus these traditions.

As was the winter solstice being the birth of FigLeaf, the summer solstice is the end of FigLeaf.

End of "FIG LEAF"

RAU drags in MALUS. She slaps MALUS across the face. She needs to say something but cannot find the words.

MALUS (CONT'D)

Thang chó đê...? That's what I am.

RAU

I'm the bitch here. Where was my son?

MALUS

Fortunately not in the sky like that sun...

RAU hands MALUS some bullshit.

MALUS (CONT'D)

What's this?

RAU

For all the drinks that Parsley didn't pay for.

MALUS

This is some bullshit.

RAU

Don't put it on the house-

MALUS

There won't be a house. Dirty City is shutting us down. They got the proof. In the liqueur. Pumping out of your seedling's stoma.

(MORE)



MALUS (CONT'D)

Underage drinking... I should have been there  
to card your kid.

RAU

*They got dirt on you.* I'm sorry to hear that.  
It's not just my kid who still needs to grow up  
and face the consequences.

MALUS

It would be immigrants who'd take my job  
away... They were right all along...

RAU

That is your problem.

MALUS

The problem is not that Parsley did not earn  
their adult card.

RAU

It is what, huh?

MALUS

It is that you never deserved ya card.

12. "GREEN CARD"

RAU and MALUS have a sibling-esque  
argument.

RAU

THIS SUBJECT ALWAYS LEAVES ME BLUE.

MALUS

BUT YA HAVE FOLKS RED IN THE FACE.

RAU

I MAKE THE ORANGES GO WILD.

MALUS

YELLOWWWW!

RAU

WE LIVE IN A VIOLET STATE.

MALUS

BUT THE GRASS... THOSE PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS-

RAU

AGREEING...

I AGREE...

I PLANTED HERE AS A NONCITIZEN.

BUT ANYWHERE, I AM A REAL PLANT.  
THAT IS MY GREEN CARD.

MALUS

Ya took away my rights.

RAU

You almost took my son's life.

MALUS

Ya took away my livelihood.

RAU

Have you ever lived in the hood of the woods?

MALUS

What does my privilege have to do with anything?

RAU

You can start over.

MALUS

The queer community I built?!

RAU

It carries over. The love.

MALUS

I thought...

RAU

You can always hide it underneath your soil.  
And wait to reveal yourself when the light is right.

MALUS

So hide in the soil again is what ya saying?

RAU

Many plants want the chance to start over. To turn back into the seeds.

MALUS

Save ya pseudo-wisdom in the closet.

RAU

I have ever politician in my closet.

MALUS

Excuse me?

RAU

Representatives from across the nation come to Silantro. When they get comfortable, they'll tell me anything.

MALUS

What about the council in our hometown?

RAU

Dirty City did me dirty. They already lined my pockets with tax cut for small businesses. They cannot do more. But I got neighboring cities in my pockets for you.

MALUS

I don't matter. Pyrus does. Pyrus is going to be in bigger trouble without me in the plot.

RAU

I'm moving Pyrus's plot forward.

MALUS

That's the usual backwards reasoning you do.

RAU

I'm giving back to a lost soul what you've gave this lost immigrant.

MALUS

When did ya get wise?

RAU

When my baby gets dumb.

MALUS

When did ya see the light?

RAU

When my kid played at night.

MALUS

When are ya okay with his "disorder?"

RAU

I don't know. What is order? When I see to it that one's disorder is another's order.

An olive branch hangs above RAU and MALUS.

MALUS

Ya mind is disordered, but ya heart is trying to find its focus-

RAU hugs MALUS.

MALUS (CONT'D)

Hey. Where did this olive branch come from?

MALUS embraces RAU.

MALUS (CONT'D)

You hug like a tree hugger. That is like the gayest thing ever.

RAU humorously detaches.

RAU  
Have I earned my green card?

MALUS  
That's not for us geezers to decide.

RAU  
That's for the...

RAU & MALUS  
Future generation of seedlings.

MALUS floats off.

End of "GREEN CARD"

**SCENE 11**

SALONTRO

RAU remains planted in the space.

Business is dead. The place is an  
allegory for a dead houseplant.

RAU looks inside the bullshit  
register. They pull out a single  
bullshit bill.

PARSLEY (OFFSTAGE)  
Can I turn the sign to "open?"

RAU  
I'm open for business. You are not.

PARSLEY (OFFSTAGE)  
(Vietnamese)  
*Me...*

RAU  
*Me as in meh or me?*

PARSLEY (OFFSTAGE)  
Vietnamese words are funny.

RAU  
Especially Vietnamese plants.

PARSLEY (OFFSTAGE)  
Mostly the Cilantros's musical taste.

RAU  
Hey. Wash that mouth out with soap.

PARSLEY enters with soap.

PARSLEY  
(to the AUDIENCE)

Raise your hand if you think we taste like soap?

If an audience member raises their hand, PARSLEY throws the soap at them.

PARSLEY (CONT'D)

This is your next meal. Let me know if we really taste like that.

RAU

You talking to nobody and wasting our soap does not make a good case for you being not sick.

PYRUS (OFFSTAGE)

And I have a bad case ahead of me.

PYRUS enters. Their skin holds minor burns.

RAU

Pyrus... In the flesh.

PYRUS

I certainly don't look fresh, Ms. Răm.

RAU

Summer's coming to an end. But there's light at the end of the tunnel as you return to school.

PYRUS

I need school, so I don't end up a "*đo vô học*" (*translation: an uneducated person*).

PARSLEY

*Me (Vietnamese)*, you're the one who needs to be educated.

RAU nods in agreement.

PYRUS

Enlighten me.

RAU

There is more to darkness than meets the eyes.

PYRUS

FigLeaf was the only light in the nightlife.

RAU

I'm sorry that your uncle has to start over.

PYRUS

I'm glad he helped you get started. It's ya turn to give Malus the tips.

RAU gives PYRUS the last bullshit.

RAU

I'll give you one: to my son, say good-

PYRUS

Goodbye. I know.

Beat.

PYRUS (CONT'D)

Good riddance?

RAU

I don't know. Just have something good to say to him this time...

PYRUS

Little herb, as I stared into your eyes... You were seeing the light... I hope ya realize...

PARSLEY & PYRUS

You will amount to everything.

PYRUS

I will never amount to anything. I won't mount a proper apology. But for once, I do care. This is despair. Don't look at this pear.

PARSLEY

You always amount to everything.

PYRUS gives a crop top to PARSLEY.

PYRUS

Don't throw up on this one, okay?

PARSLEY

And don't let the flowers bully you!

PYRUS

Ah, another school year at THC. I'll climb high on a mountain.

RAU

I'm sorry things didn't work out the way they did. But you can.

As MALUS had done for RAU, RAU moves a plot of land for PYRUS.

RAU (CONT'D)

Make sure you grab a tax form on your way out!

PYRUS

Taxes?

RAU

You must pay the government bullshit to work.

PYRUS

You're referring to adulthood?

RAU

You're experienced enough to intern. And that bullshit you pocketed is your first paycheck.

PYRUS

Why?

RAU

I owe your uncle.

PYRUS

I'd probably get the salon shut down.

PARSLEY

Oh shut up, poop head.

PYRUS

I'd be supervised by *that*? I'll clean that dirt in your mouth.

RAU

Finally, someone else up for the task.

PYRUS

I cannot thank you enough, Ms. Ram.

RAU

It's my turn to help you start over.

PARSLEY

You're welcome back any time!

PARSLEY hugs PYRUS.

RAU

With Malus's intent, there's a plot of land for you here.

RAU opens a colorful tanning bed for PYRUS.

13. "TURNOVER (A NEW LEAF)"

PYRUS

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 another tanning  
bed. They inspect themselves.

RAU

TURN AROUND.

NICE TAN.

MALUS

BIGGEST FAN.

RAU

NOTHING FANCY.

MALUS

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...

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.

PARSLEY

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!

Water rains down.

PARSLEY & RAU	PYRUS & MALUS
THIS IS THE SPARK OF A FLORAL	THIS IS THE SPARK OF AN
FRIENDSHIP.	HERBAL FRIENDSHIP.

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

PARSLEY, RAU, MALUS, PYRUS, DJ  
BUT THE BEST TURNOVER WE'VE EVER HAD...

A tanning bed opens.

PARSLEY, RAU, MALUS, PYRUS, DJ (CONT'D)  
IS THE SUN!

End of "TURNOVER (A NEW LEAF)"

**END OF SPACETIME**