

THE CRISPER

Written by

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INT. A CRISPER DRAWER IN A FRIDGE - AFTERNOON

The Crisper is somehow sterile yet dirty. Vacuous yet the characters always huddle together.

Some APPLES: GALA and HONEYCRISP, CARROTS, A BAG OF MIXED GREENS, CELERY and a PEACH are dropped into the Crisper.

GALA

Wow, it's so nice in here!

HONEYCRISP

It's so much nicer than the farmer's market. Constantly looking at the cheeks of another apple in that quote un-quote display.

MIXED GREENS

Is this a Beverly Hills fridge? Wow, I finally have privilege that I'll have to check.

PEACH

I was worried I'd never leave the market. I was the last peach.

CARROTS

This is what I always imagined heaven looks like. Do you think this is heaven?!

MIXED GREENS

Hello, yes! We made it! We're good!

The fruits and vegetables, with the exception of Celery, celebrate.

A great, ancient hacking cough of a laugh disrupts the joy.

CELERY

Who's there?

A small, shriveled, molded CANTALOUPE sits in the darkest corner. The laugh turns into a bit of a frightening coughing fit. They strain to see what it is and then:

An old, hardened LIME rolls up.

LIME

Don't mind him. He's been here too long.

The new group is shocked by the Lime's appearance.

CELERY

Yeah. Seems like it.

The Cantaloupe mumbles something incomprehensible.

LIME

Well, you might as well make yourself comfortable. I'll just go ahead and say it: you're all doomed—

CELERY

Okay, hey, I'm sorry, it's just I'm—I think we all are a little confus—

MIXED GREENS

Where exactly are we?

LIME

Well—

PEACH

We've all been good. So heaven. Yeah?

GALA

Yeah!

CARROTS

We acted just like everyone else!

HONEYCRISP

Yeah, there's no case we were worse than anyone else.

LIME

Look! I don't know and don't care who you are. It's about time you came around to face some facts. This place isn't for the weak. It's time to toughen up. Okay? I've been here so long and, well, it's made me *the way I am*.

CARROTS

Yeah, I don't wanna be rude but—

HONEYCRISP

You look different than the limes at the store.

PEACH
 (quickly)
 We all have our flaws!

GALA
 We're all snowflakes.

LIME
 I have no problem with who I am.
 Being here over time made me...*this
 way*.

CARROTS
 I want to say *crisper* than the
 average lime I'm used to seeing?
 (Off the looks of the others.) But
 maybe that's wrong.

Some MUSHROOMS flop up, he's cut into slices and in a ziploc
 bag. The voice has an ethereal echoing effect.

MUSHROOM
 Hi, new friends. Welcome to the
 crisper.

MIXED GREENS
 Right, we know that. What we want
 to know is: Is this heaven?

MUSHROOM
 This is the crisper drawer.

HONEYCRISP
 We got that!

CELERY
 Ok. Fine, this is the crisper. So,
 what happens in the crisper?

MUSHROOM
 Some of us stay, some of us go.
 Some of us return.

They wait for more. There is none.

MUSHROOM
 That is all I know.

CARROTS
 (re: the ziploc)
 Are you like extra crisp in that
 get up?

MUSHROOM

I suppose not.

CELERY

Wait a minute...

They all look around at the hidden dank, deep pockets of the drawer. There is an assortment of fruits and vegetables in various states of decay. A chilling look into their future. Some moan or wail for help.

CELERY

I think we are in hell.

The door opens majestically and Mixed Greens is picked out and lifted away.

MIXED GREENS

(fading away gleefully)

I always knew I was better than all of you!

CARROTS

Hey!

PEACH

Why Mixed Greens?! What did we all do?

GALA

Surely we'll be chosen next.

CARROTS

And then we'll be in heaven!

MUSHROOM

One cannot be certain.

The Cantaloupe laughs uproariously again.

CANTALOUPE

I think it's time you throw away any notion you may have ever had.

CELERY

About heaven?

CANTALOUPE

About anything!

GALA

But we did our best! Well, some of us did our best.

CARROTS

If this is hell, I shoulda been so much worse!

PEACH

God wouldn't let me go to hell.

CELERY

I think your actions have more to say about it than god.

LIME

I used to think only citrus went to heaven.

CANTALOUPE

Past. Future. Heaven. Hell. What does it all matter?

PEACH

I think we should leave him alone.

CANTALOUPE

Leave me! Leave me to my present!!!

Cantaloupe cackles.

HONEYCRISP

(to Gala)

It's ok. That thing will be back soon. And we'll be outta here. Apples are popular. Don't worry. If nothing else we'll be maintained better than (points to Cantaloupe). We always get attention, we're apples!

Lime points to all the other fucking apples in the fridge.

LIME

How 'bout them apples?

GALA

But, we're in the crisper! Where apples belong. Surely we'll be taken care of if the hand knows that.

MUSHROOM

You're in the fresh drawer actually. That's a clear divide between us.

CANTALOUPE
 (coughing/laughing)
 The hand doesn't even know the
 difference!

Gala cries.

LIME
 That thing didn't even know you
 were two different apples. It's
 hopeless here.

CELERY
 It's not hopeless.

PEACH
 We'll all be out of here soon. To a
 better place. I'm sure. Everyone's
 making better choices now. Fruits
 and veggies are in.

CANTALOUPE
 You know how many cookies were in
 that bag with me? (coughs) I was
 forgotten.

HONEYCRISP
 Everyone is making better choices
 now.

CANTALOUPE
 How many cookies were in the bag
 with you?

The Cantaloupe howls with laughter.

The new group are in various states of despair.

CARROTS
 It was nothing but snacks and
 sweets in my bag!

The Cantaloupe laughs but it seems like maybe it should focus
 more on its breathing.

LIME
 Our destiny was chosen for us. It's
 a simulation.

CELERY
 That doesn't mean anything.

MUSHROOM
 Nothing means anything.

The Cantaloupe weakly cackles.

CELERY

So we don't know where we were, we
don't know where we are and we
don't know where we are going.

MUSHROOM

That, I am sure of.

PEACH

So what do we do now?

MUSHROOM

None of us know. (Then.) Your best
perhaps?

HONEYCRISP

This is hell.

MUSHROOM

This is what you make of it.

CARROTS

I still don't understand. Should I
be good or bad..? What!?

The camera pulls out as they fade away.

CARROTS

I'm that root now, huh, you're just
gonna paint me as that root. Fine,
fine. I'll try to be good. (Beat.)
But if any of you are bad, I'm
gonna be bad too.

FADE TO BLACK.