

FEELING RIPE

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A FRUIT BOWL rests in the middle of a large oak kitchen table.

In it resides ORANGE 1 and ORANGE 2 (THICK COCKNEY ACCENTS) and TWO SPANISH poor excuses for BANANAS. Both still attached to each other...just.

The poor fruit has been there a few weeks now. Their time coming to an end.

They're all asleep. Snoring away, dreaming of what they once were. Fresh and ripe.

**THUD** - POV ORANGE 1 as he begins to stir. His vision blurred, before clearing.

Staring back at him - very wide-eyed, are FOUR FRESH ORANGES, still in their netting.

A few seconds pass--

FRESH ORANGE 1:  
(Cockney, very friendly)  
HELLO!

Orange 1 screams!

The Fresh oranges all scream!

Everyone wakes in the bowl - *all screaming!*

BANANAS:  
What - what - what is it?!

ORANGE 2:  
What's happening -

ORANGE 1:  
Who are you!

ORANGE 2:  
Who's who?

ORANGE 1:  
Them!

FRESH ORANGES:  
Us?

ORANGE 1:  
You!

BANANAS:

Who?!

A HUMAN enters the kitchen - the footsteps cause everyone on the table to freeze - hold their breath - not even a blink.

A few slammed draws later, the human leaves.

ORANGE 1:

She's gone.

The bananas are shaking with fear.

ORANGE 1:

I said she's gone!

BANANA 1:

You said that last time! Then what happened?

BANANA 2:

She came back and skinned poor Sebastián alive!

FRESH ORANGE 2:

Why do you sound like that?

A beat.

ORANGE 2:

There're french-

ORANGE 1:

Spaaaaanish.

BANANA 1:

You are stupid!-

BANANA 2:

Ignorant!-

ORANGE 1:

Alright-alright! Let's just calm down a little. Let's figure this out.

ORANGE 2:

What's there to figure out? We're going in the bin!

The bananas start to cry. Orange 1 sits there dead pan as the hysteria escalates between the three.

ORANGE 1:  
SHUT UP!

Silence.

ORANGE 1:  
(to fresh oranges)  
Look. We don't mean to be rude. But  
there's no room-

ORANGE 2:  
(conflicting Orange 1's  
calm approach)  
So i'm afraid you'll have to do  
one!

A beat.

FRESH ORANGE 3:  
(to bananas)  
Is it true that you guys have  
spiders inside you-

FRESH ORANGE 1:  
I was just thinking that!

BANANA 1:  
You English and you're stereotypes!  
You are stupid!-

BANANA 2:  
Ignorant!

ORANGE 2:  
Pretty sure I saw a snail on you  
the other day - was gonna tell ya  
but you were asleep. He was kinda  
cute.

BANANA 2:  
Idiot.

Confused glances make their way around the bowl. The bananas  
begin to whisper to each other - "is that true?"

FRESH ORANGE 2:  
Fact of the matter is. We're fresh.

FRESH ORANGE 4:  
Ripe.

FRESH ORANGE 2:  
Firm.

FRESH ORANGE 3:  
Freshly picked.

FRESH ORANGE 1:  
Freshly packaged.

FRESH ORANGE 4:  
And well. We're Orange.

ORANGE 1:  
We're Orange.

The fresh oranges all glance at each other. They mean no malice and feel a little awkward.

FRESH ORANGE 1:  
(full of sympathy)  
You're bruised.

FRESH ORANGE 3:  
You've gone soft.

The bananas pipe up - outraged!

BANANA 1:  
Don't listen to them!

BANANA 2:  
We are all beautiful! If only  
Sebastiàn was here!

BANANA 1:  
He would know what to do.

The bananas begin to cry - again.

Orange 1 turns to them all, they are all looking at him to give them an answer. A plea leaps from their eyes. "What do we do!"

ORANGE 2:  
We're going in the bin. Aren't we.

Orange 1 nods in defeat.

ORANGE 1:  
At least we'll still be together.  
Hm? Guys i've known you my whole  
life. We've seen a lot in these  
last two weeks-

The HUMAN enters the kitchen again, she isn't a lone.  
Everyone freezes as before.

Muffled conversation is heard as we stay on the terrified faces.

The human picks up the fruit bowl. She sees that the fruit isn't really great for eating - she pulls a face, before putting it back down.

FRESH ORANGE 1:  
(whispering)  
That was close!-

The fresh oranges are suddenly grabbed from the table - a synchronized gasp leaves their mouths.

The fruit in the bowl wait in fear - they can only hear the massacre taking place.

One of the fresh oranges is lobbed into the fruit bowl. Frozen stiff, like a shell shocked soldier.

FRESH ORANGE 3:  
She. She. She just. Her hands...she  
clawed their eyes. She squeezed. So  
much blood...I'm all alone.

Orange 2 scuffles over towards the fresh orange.

ORANGE 2:  
No you're not.

They all group together as close as they can.

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT DAY.

POV of ORANGE 1: still in the bowl, still alive.

Something feels different - it's a little more squashed, as though there's less room some how.

His vision clears. In the bowl staring daggers at him are SIX FRENCH BANANAS.

The SPANISH bananas are no where to be seen!

A few seconds pass when --

FRENCH BANANAS:  
(sternly)  
Bonjour!

He screams!

END.

