

WATERMELON

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The morning after a party, Elise and Sara go into the store for a Plan B but end up creating a scheme to steal a watermelon.

INT. ELISE'S CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Early morning, SARA, 19, in the passenger seat and ELISE, 19, in the drivers seat. Their visor mirrors are open and they fail to clean up the remnants of eyeliner and knotted hair from the night before.

ELISE
We look like shit.

Elise closes her mirror, unable to look at the monster in it for another moment.

SARA
We?

Sara turns back to her own reflection.

SARA (CONT'D)
Fair enough.

ELISE
I just need to get a plan b and we can get the fuck out of there.

SARA
I need to come in?

ELISE
You're supposed to be there for your friends in sickness and in health.

Sara closes her mirror.

SARA
Fine.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Elise and Sara hobble to the front of the store in tiny dresses never meant to see daylight.

Outside the front door is a LARGE CASE OF WATERMELONS. Sara is entranced. She taps her bra to feel for cash.

SARA
Fuck.

ELISE
What is it?

Elise makes an umbrella for her eyes with her hands - it's beautiful. The watermelons.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

SARA

I left my wallet at home last night.

Elise digs into her bra and counts some cash.

ELISE

I only have enough for the Plan B.

SARA

I hate my life so fucking much.

ELISE

Let's just get this over with.

As Elise goes into the store, Sara keeps her attention on the melons.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AISLE - DAY

Elise sits on the floor and compares two boxes of Plan B. A shadow suddenly covers her.

Sara, with something huge under her dress, blocking the view of her face.

ELISE

What is that? What are you doing?

SARA

Watermelon.

ELISE

We don't have enough money.

SARA

Don't have money for, this baby, under my shirt?

Elise looks back at the boxes.

ELISE

Not feeling very baby-forward today.

Sara adjusts the watermelon and strains as she leans over.

SARA
 (Whispered)
 I'm stealing this fucking
 watermelon.

Elise snaps up.

ELISE
 Sara!

SARA
 We're in too deep.

ELISE
 Who's we?

SARA
 Us.

ELISE
 Give me the damn-

Elise grabs the watermelon belly and pulls on it. They
 wrestle on the floor of the aisle.

A PHARMACIST walks by the aisle and stops. Both girls freeze
 mid wrestle. The pharmacist decides it's better to keep
 walking.

SARA
 You know you want in on this.

Sara sits cris-crossed in front of Elise.

SARA (CONT'D)
 When was the last time you got to
 eat a big, fat, juicy watermelon?

Damn.

ELISE
 Fuck.

SARA
 I know.

ELISE
 ...It's been a while.

SARA
 Some would say too long.

Sara grabs Elise's hand and places it on the watermelon.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AISLE- DAY

Elise judges Sara's pathetic and sweaty attempt to hold the watermelon up in a belly position.

ELISE
You're gonna get us caught.

SARA
You try and hold up a goddamn watermelon with perfect precision...

BEAT.

SARA (CONT'D)
Remind me to never actually get pregnant.

ELISE
Hold on.

Elise gets right up behind Sara, wraps her arms around her, and grabs the melon.

SARA
Quit it!

ELISE
I saw this in an article!

SARA
What fucking article?!

ELISE
Just walk!

They waddle down the aisle, wrestling each other for dominance.

A PREGNANT WOMAN, 30, turns the corner and freezes like you would in front of a bear. Elise and Sara step out of the belly cradling position.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Hello. Ma'am.

PREGNANT WOMAN
First pregnancy?

SARA
Yes.

ELISE
No.

Sara shoves Elise with her elbow.

SARA (CONT'D)

Elise, silly, she was asking me.

Sara squats and sways from side to side to keep herself from dropping the melon.

PREGNANT WOMAN

I know the feeling. My first was a late bloomer, too.

The pregnant woman places a hand on the watermelon- oh, something is not right. She pulls back her hand immediately.

SARA

Hard, cold stomachs run in my family.

Silence. Horror. Confusion.

ELISE

Pregnant bodies are just all so different.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Well, yes - you two take care.

The pregnant woman turns her cart out of the aisle.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECKOUT - DAY

CASHIER, 25, hunches behind the checkout counter as the world's loudest criminals approach.

SARA

(whisper yelling)
Stop being a baby.

ELISE

(Whispering)
Shut up.

Elise grins at the cashier. The pregnant woman joins in line behind them. Sara waves at her.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Just this.

Elise hands the cashier the Plan B. The cashier takes in just what exactly he's looking at.

ELISE (CONT'D)

She's pregnant enough for the both of us.

Beat.

CASHIER
Is that a watermelon?

The pregnant woman behind them gasps.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Wow.

SARA
My stomach looks strange because
the baby is Invisalign.

ELISE
(Whispered)
In vitro.

SARA
(to Elise)
That's what I said.

ELISE
(To Sara)
No you said Invisalign.

SARA
(To Elise)
Don't correct me in front of-

They both realize the cashier is still standing there. The cashier leans into the mic at the register.

CASHIER
Can I get Jerry to register 5?

CUT TO:

JERRY, 45, the winner for world's biggest beer gut stands with his arms crossed. The bulge of watermelon in Sara's dress is bugling alright.

JERRY
Yep. That's a melon.

SARA
Who made you the expert on female
anatomy?

JERRY
Please remove it from your dress so
we can move on with the day.

ELISE
Did you just ask her to remove her
dress?

JERRY
Ma'am-

A hero is in our midst.

PREGNANT WOMAN
How dare you shame this young
woman's changing body?

The pregnant woman digs through her purse.

PREGNANT WOMAN (CONT'D)
That's it. This is going on
facebook.

JERRY
Ma'am, just look at it sliding
around!

ELISE
It's a late bloomer!

Sara adjusts the melon. The pregnant woman begins recording.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Hello all, this sexist manager at
Rolph's hates mothers!

Jerry is not getting paid enough for this. He grabs the Plan B off the belt and hands it to the cashier.

JERRY
Just scan the damn thing.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Elise and Sara race toward the car like two stupid children. They were now the proud owners of a Plan B and a watermelon.

ELISE
We are so fucking kick ass.

Sara looks up and sees the pregnant woman walking past. Sara lifts her hand to wave-

SPLAT!

Watermelon, smashed in half on the concrete.