

New York Pineapple

Cameron Bench

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NEW YORK PINEAPPLE

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Peter, a pineapple, sits in cuffs at empty table while Detective Tangerine and Detective Lime watch from behind two-way mirror. They sit in silence. A clock ticks loudly. Walt, a watermelon, bursts through the door.

WALT

Sorry I'm late. Traffic was a nightmare!

PETER

Oh. Hey Walt.

Walt sets his briefcase on the table.

WALT

So What happened yesterday?

Walt sits. He begins pulling papers from his briefcase.

PETER

Look, I don't feel like doing this, I just want to confess and be done.

WALT

You don't call me down here at \$500 an hour for "I just want to confess!" Start at the beginning!

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

PETER V.O.

I woke up, had breakfast...

We see Peter pour a tall glass of vodka and dump pills into it. He then drinks it.

PETER V.O.

But it didn't sit well.

Peter violently vomits into kitchen sink.

PETER V.O.

So I just hung out.

We see Peter tying a make-shift noose while drinking vodka from the bottle. He fastens noose to ceiling fan and sets chair underneath. He jumps, but the ceiling fan

breaks. He falls and the fan falls on top of him.

PETER V.O.

Then I thought, you know, I should go  
murder Alice.

INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT

Peter knocks takes a swig of vodka. Alice opens her door.  
Peter pushes past her then collapses in the entryway.

PETER V.O.

Then I strangled her to death. Very,  
very violently.

We see Alice and her roommate drag Peter to the couch.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT

WALT

I'm gonna **step** out a minute.

Walt exits room to speak to the Detectives.

DETECTIVE TANGERINE

Over here Mr. Melon.

Walt is taken to the room behind the two-way-mirror.

INT. BEHIND THE MIRROR

WALT

So what's the deal?

TANGERINE

We're unsure whether Mr. Pineapple  
truly believes he killed his ex-wife.  
She was in here about an hour ago to  
make a statement. According to her,  
Mr. Pineapple showed up at her place,  
drunk, and **immediately** passed out.  
After a while, Mr. Pineapple wakes up  
screaming and runs into the street.

LIME

it was at that point Mr. Pineapple  
began shouting very loudly at a cat  
that he'd murdered his wife.

WALT

You gotta be kidding me.

LIME

We're still waiting on the psych-eval and drug test to come back. Those results will determine next steps.

Walt mutters as he re-enters the interrogation room. He sits.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

PETER

Do you think I can get the chair? Or lethal injection?

WALT

Kid, why are you doing this?

Peter opens his mouth as if to speak, takes in a breath, but simply shuts it again. There is a brief pause.

PETER

I'm just so tired, Walt.

WALT

Are you still taking your meds?

PETER

I took all of them. Yesterday. It didn't fix anything.

WALT

Do they know that?

PETER

They will. I peed in a cup.

WALT

I know you've had a rough time since she left you. But this, this is. . .

PETER

I can't do this anymore.

WALT

Kid,

Walt pauses, thinks, looks at the two way mirror, then reaches out and holds Peter's hand.

WALT

I know.

FADE TO BLACK.