

FRUIT PUNCH

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ALPHA CHI SORORITY HOSUE KITCHEN - EVENING

An exceptionally fashionable and bratty looking girl wearing a y2k-esque outfit, MADDIE (21), storms through the front door of the elegant home.

She crosses through the foyer of the house and struts towards the kitchen, tossing her handful of shopping bags onto the marbled counter with dismissal.

Whipping out her sparkly phone, she snaps multiple selfies and aggressively pops her gum.

She stops to check the time, startled by the sound of another girl, EMILY (19), cute in an unconventional way, covered in sweat entering the room.

Emily frantically runs to the countertop on the side of the room, placing a pile of groceries down onto the counter with difficulty.

EMILY

Please don't be mad...

MADDIE

Where the *hell* have you been? You were supposed to be here an hour ago!

Emily sighs a breath of relief as she sets the remainder of the boxes onto the counter.

Maddie rolls her eyes.

EMILY

Maddie, I'm so sorry. There were cops outside of target and six different car accidents and-

MADDIE

If you don't think you're good enough to pull this off then just say it.

EMILY

No, no. I can do it-

MADDIE

Then shut the fuck up and help me.

Emily scurries over to the other counter and picks up the boxes, setting them next to the empty punch bowl.

EMILY

Why are you doing this again? I mean, its a little extreme.

Maddie slams her hands down on the table.

MADDIE

Did I say that you were allowed to ask questions? And because that stupid bitch Becca is trying to take my spot as president!

EMILY

But aren't you already president?

Maddie sighs.

MADDIE

Majority rules, Emily. They like her better than me, and now they're gonna pay.

She gives an eerie smile.

EMILY

Couldn't we just, I don't know, put nair in their shampoo or something? I mean, do you even know what you're doing?

MADDIE

(matter-of-factly)

Uh, yeah. I found the recipe on Pinterest. And nair isn't permanent, death is.

Emily briefly looks at her in disbelief then pulls out her phone.

She opens snapchat and slides her finger across the screen to view Snap-Maps.

Maddie notices and glances over at her screen.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me that they're almost here?!

EMILY

(stammering)

I, well-

Maddie paces around hectically, her hands on her head.

MADDIE
Fuck! Okay, okay.

She pulls out her large iPhone with a glitter-infested phone case.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Hey Siri, open Pinterest board
"Cocktail Recipes".

SIRI
Opening Pinterest board, "Cocktail
Recipes".

Emily leers at Maddie with a judgmental expression.

EMILY
Really?

Maddie looks Emily up and down

MADDIE
Are you really trying to act like
you have better taste than me?

Emily sheepishly looks away and back to her phone.

Maddie presses a few buttons on her phone and pulls up the recipe.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Okay, it says three cups of rat
poison...

Emily ignores Maddie and keeps scrolling through her phone.

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Hey! Are you listening?

EMILY
Oh, uh, yeah. Sorry.

Emily opens a box of rat poison and dumps in an assumed two cups.

MADDIE
Now six cups of punch mix.

Emily opens two boxes of punch mix and dumps one of them into the bowl.

She pauses.

EMILY

Maddie, I don't think this is a good idea. We're going to get caught!

Maddie puts her hands on her hips and gives Emily a cold scowl.

MADDIE

You know, you should try acting a little bit more grateful and trusting of my judgement. If it wasn't for me being the President of this chapter and our moms being such good friends, you would've been an Alpha Omicron Pi.

ELMILY

I know, you're right. I owe you for that.

Maddie brings the bowl over to the sink.

MADDIE

(while filling the bowl
with water)

No one ever said being an Alpha Chi was easy, Emily.

Emily nods her head with a fearfully agreeing expression.

Maddie pulls a ladle out from a drawer beneath her, giving the bowl a good stir.

All of the sudden a collection of valley-girl voices are heard from nearby the house.

EMILY

Oh my god, this is really happening.

Maddie paces around, flustered, ladle in hand.

MADDIE

Hide the boxes you idiot!

Emily grabs the boxes, stuffing them into the cabinet under the sink.

Maddie turns on the wireless speakers and puts on an upbeat pop song.

Girls begin flooding through the front doors, a drunken mess looking for food in the kitchen.

BECCA (21), blonde and bubbly, the epitome of a sorority girl, approaches Maddie.

BECCA

Hey Maddie! Why weren't you at the frat house? Josh was asking about you, but don't worry, I kept your seat warm.

Maddie and Emily exchange nervous glances that quickly morph into fooling smiles.

She motions to the punch bowl.

MADDIE

How...thoughtful of you, Becca. Well Emily and I just wanted to do something special for you all. We made this big bowl of jungle juice so the party could...keep going!

The girls begin crowding around the bowl, snatching cups from the cabinets and serving themselves.

SORORRITY GIRL 2

Maddie you're such a sweetheart!

SORORRITY GIRL 3

Seriously! This is so much better than the party, all they had were Natty Lights.

MADDIE

Help yourselves, girls. I got the recipe off Pinterest.

A few minutes pass by and the girls suddenly begin experiencing some symptoms from the drink: shortness of breath, stomach pain, nausea.

BECCA

(While clutching stomach)
Maddie, what did you put in this drink?

Maddie gives an evil smirk.

MADDIE

(Shrugging her shoulders)
What, you don't like it?

BECCA

No, I just-

Becca projectile vomits onto the floor as the others promptly follow behind her.

One by one, the girls collapse to the floor.

Sounds of wincing in pain, gagging, and crying are heard.

Maddie begins maniacally laughing.

MADDIE

I did it! They'll never be able to
take my legacy away from me.

She pulls out her phone and begins recording the mess.

EMILY

Maddie this is too much, I'm-I'm
calling the police!

Maddie reaches over to Emily and places her hands on her shoulders.

MADDIE

I think you're right.

Emily begins to hyperventilate.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Emily it's going to be okay. Here,
just take a shot or something to
calm down a little.

Emily nods her head.

Maddie carelessly steps over the dying girls to grab a bottle of vodka out of the freezer.

Unwaveringly, she hands the frosty bottle to Elizabeth, a concerned expression on her face.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Her.

Emily confidently grabs the vodka, taking a long pull of the drink.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

A little more...

Maddie pushes the bottle back up to Emily's lips.

Emily takes another long pull of the vodka.

Her face goes blank and she drops the bottle out of her hands, clutching her stomach.

EMILY

Maddie...what did you do to me?

She places her hand over her mouth and runs over to the sink, collapsing on the floor shortly after.

Maddie walks over to her, standing over her convulsing body, laughing to herself.

MADDIE

You really thought I wouldn't kill
you too?

She walks over the fridge and pulls out a bottle of wine.

Twisting the cork out, she pours herself a glass of wine and walks over to a chair at the counter.

She kicks a body out of the way sits down, indulging in her wine.

Emily is heard in the background sputtering blood.

Maddie changes the song and turns up the volume to mute out Emily.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I hated that shitty artist. None of
them have any taste.

PAN OUT TO:

INT. SORORRITY HOUSE FOYER - EVENING

Maddie is seen in the kitchen laughing to herself with utter happiness, aloof to Emily convulsing on the floor.

FADE OUT.