

Animal Crackers

by

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FADE IN:

A

I told Angie she could bring wine or bread or something.

B

Friday? Is Carson coming, too?

A

To dinner? Yeah. Obviously. They're living together.

B

(more exasperated sound than word)

Ugh.

A

What? I thought you liked Carson.

B

I thought I liked Carson, too. But now he's a vegetarian.

A

So? Angie's such a plant pixie she won't eat animal crackers.

B

You know how to spot a vegan at a party, right?

A

You don't have to; they identify themselves. That's an old joke.

B

Yeah, but that's Angie. She knows *why* she doesn't eat meat.

A

It's all about the water supply.

B

Right? How much water it takes to process a pig versus how much to grow broccoli.

A

What about Carson?

B

He's a vegetarian because Angie's a vegetarian. And she does most of the cooking, so -

A

(interrupts, finishing  
B's thought)

Vegetarian by association.

B

I don't care why anybody eats whatever they eat: moral conscience, religion, environmental crap -

A

(interrupting)

Personal health

B

Sure, personal health, allergies. That, too. Doesn't matter to me. Just so long as they're thoughtful. You know, authentic.

A

How do you know Carson's not the real deal?

B watches and waits for a couple of beats.

A

What?

B

What's he do for a living?

A

I dunno. That Etsy, crafty thing in his basement.

B

(leading)

Yes...

A  
(as it dawns)

Ohhhh...

B  
Yes. "Ohhh."

A  
Huh. Vegetarian leatherworker. Can  
you even *do* that?

CUT TO BLACK