

Twizzlers

by

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FADE IN:

A

I hate licorice.

G

The red kind, too?

A

That's not licorice. The red kind's Twizzlers. Maybe Red Vines.

G

Why are you telling me this?

A

You remember that birthday cake? The one with the robot on it?

G

Oh yeah. Your seven... *seventh* birthday, right?

A

Yeah. That's the one. Dad put licorice on it.

G

Right. To make those... *things*... on the arms of the robot. That was cool.

A

No. It was licorice. I hate licorice. Your birthdays were always better.

G

You think? Like... the one we had in bed?

A

Oh. Right. Mom... well... I still don't know what she did to her back... but... something.

G

Yeah. Something. And the one
where Piper ate the parakeet.

A

Was that on your birthday? I
thought... huh... I guess it was on
your birthday.

G

Uh-huh. Fourteen. I think I had
that parakeet maybe fifteen
minutes before that damn dog--

A

That was one mean terrier. I've
never seen a dog so mean.

G

That was the year before Carrie
pitched a fit and trashed my
scarf.

A

Oh. That was a cool scarf.

A

Yeah. Chenille.

A

I remember. I love how that thing
felt. Okay, you win. Your
birthdays officially suck more
than mine.

G

Damn straight they do.

FADE OUT