

Twizzlers  
by  
Brian Fuller

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