

**"MEAT EATER"**

by

Cass Eastham

INT. CAR. DAY.

SAM parks and turns off the car. CHRIS sits in the passenger seat. Sam notices that Chris is troubled and is not getting out of the car.

SAM

Look. It's like jumping off the diving board. Once you get past the first step, it's all downhill from there.

CHRIS

Except a diving board doesn't end in a bloody massacre.

SAM

(trying to support instead of snigger)

There will be no blood.

Chris glares at Sam.

SAM

(assuring)

There will be no blood.

Defeated, Chris looks out the window again.

SAM

Hey, don't knock it until you try it.

CHRIS

Now you're sounding like dad.

Sam knows it wasn't meant as a compliment but takes it as one.

SAM

Thank you.

CHRIS

Fine. Let's get this over with.

Chris aggressively takes off her seatbelt and gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER WAITING. DAY.

Sam strolls into the diner. Chris drags her feet behind

him.

FLO  
How many?

SAM  
Two, please.

FLO grabs two menus and begins to lead them away. Sam gestures for Chris to go on without him.

SAM  
I'm going to the restroom.

Flo and Sam leave for a table. Sam watches them carefully, and rummages through his pocket before he turns to go the other direction.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER. DAY.

Flo leads Chris to a booth table. Chris sits down with a laborious sigh.

FLO  
Coffee?

CHRIS  
Yes. Two please. And cream for the  
butthead.

FLO  
You got it.

As Chris looks over the menu, Sam sits down looking particularly smug and picks up the other menu.

CHRIS  
(exasperated)  
Why doesn't this place serve tofu?

SAM  
Because tofu is gross.

Chris rolls her eyes.

SAM  
(laughs)  
Just stick a fork in it and get it over  
with! You'll like it! I swear!

CHRIS  
But it's murder!

SAM  
Yep. It's murder. Tasty, tasty murder.

CHRIS  
How can you be so passive about murder?

SAM  
Listen. The doc said you're not getting enough protein. You can fix it with pills and beans but—

CHRIS  
But the pills make me sick and the beans make me fart.

SAM  
Right. So if you're not going to do any of that, you're just going to have to eat real food like the rest of us.

CHRIS  
But it's murder!

SAM  
Can you tell me the difference between a live plant and a dead plant?

CHRIS  
Well, of course, but—

SAM  
Then eating a salad is murder too.

Chris and Sam stare each other down. Chris is failing to find suitable retort and Sam is trying not to smile at her suffering.

SAM  
(supportive)  
Trust me.

Flo approaches table with order pad and pen at the ready.

FLO  
What can I get ya?

SAM  
(professionally)  
Two aborted chicken fetuses, a slab of  
fried pig's ass, and a hot cup of shoe  
polish, please.

Chris visibly gags.

FLO  
(dead pan)  
And how would you like your aborted  
chicken fetuses cooked?

SAM  
Actually, that's for her. Over-medium, I  
guess. She's never had eggs before.

Flo jots down the order.

FLO  
And for you?

SAM  
French toast plate.

Flo goes away.

CHRIS  
How come I gotta eat the over-medium  
chicken fetuses and you get the french  
toast?

SAM  
Because I had a nice juicy bleeding slice  
of cow for dinner last night and with it  
came enough protein to last me a week.

CHRIS  
At least just stop describing it like  
that. Gawd!

SAM  
Chris. We're human. Which means we're  
omnivores. Whether it was intentional or  
by accident, we are genetically designed  
to require both meat and veggies in our  
diet to be healthy. Would you like to know  
how I know this?

CHRIS

How?

SAM

Because it's delicious.

Chris rolls her eyes and sighs.

SAM

You'll like them.

CHRIS

If I try them, and I hate them, will you finally leave me alone about it?

SAM

(nods, honorably)

I promise.

Flo returns with plates in her hands.

SAM

(Cont.)

But I also promise you'll like them if you try them. You just have to get yourself beyond that mental barrier and you'll be fine.

Flo sets down a French toast plate in front of Sam and a plate of fried eggs and ham, which are green, in front of Chris.

Chris stares at the green eggs and ham.

CHRIS

Sam?

SAM

I am.

CHRIS

(anger mounting)

Sam?

SAM

If you don't eat your meat, you can't have any pudding.

Chris buries her face in her hands, trying to be mad but is smiling.

SAM

How can you have any pudding if you don't  
eat your meat?

Chris is trying not to laugh and glare at same at the same  
time.

SAM

(serious but friendly)  
You'll like them.

Chris takes in a deep sigh as she considers the green eggs  
and ham.

CUT TO:

CREDITS

Chris       Patience Gonzalez

Sam         Megan Kennedy

Flo         Danielle Setherley

Mag         Barbara Shapiro

CUT TO:

Sam lounges smugly while slurping coffee. Chris is digging  
into the green eggs and ham like she's starving to death.  
Half the plate is already empty.

CHRIS

(over a mouthful)  
Holy crap these are good.

CUT TO:

CREDITS

Written and directed by Cass Eastham.

FADE OUT:

THE END

