

SORRY, DUDE... I'M TRYING TO GO VEGAN, SO I'M GONNA HAVE TO EAT YOU

A COMEDY DUET

by
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CHARACTERS: RALPH and BOB, two teenagers. Ideally, RALPH should be bigger than BOB, but if not, references to size in the script can be omitted. The characters may also be female, in which case the names should be changed to RENEE and BETH and the words “dude” and “man” may be dropped from both the script and the title. If cast with one male and one female, RENEE should be the female and BOB should be the male.

AT RISE: RALPH and BOB on a bare stage. BOB is wearing a heavy sweatshirt.

BOB: Hey, Ralph.

RALPH: Hey, Bob.

BOB: How's it going?

RALPH: Eh.

BOB: Just “eh”?

RALPH: Yeah. Just “eh”.

BOB: Why just “eh” and not “good”?

RALPH: I went to the pet store today.

BOB: And that was bad?

RALPH: They had bunnies.

BOB: Bunnies are cute.

RALPH: The bunnies at the pet store are very cute.

BOB: And looking at the cute bunnies somehow had a negative impact on the quality of your day?

RALPH: Very negative.

BOB: Why?

RALPH: I ate bunny once.

BOB: Really?

RALPH: I mean, not out in the woods and stuff. It was in a restaurant. They had bunny on the menu. Except they called it “rabbit.”

BOB: Ralph, it's not exactly secret knowledge that bunnies and rabbits are the same thing.

RALPH: No, I knew. It's just... if the menu had said “bunny” instead of “rabbit” I probably wouldn't have ordered it.

BOB: Because “bunny” is a cuter sounding word?

RALPH: Right.

BOB: Bummer.

RALPH: And I was looking at these cute little bunnies in the pet store, and thinking about how I'd eaten one, and it made me feel awful.

BOB: I'm sorry.

RALPH: And then I was thinking about all the other animals I'd ever eaten, and how deep down inside, they probably weren't that different from the bunnies.

BOB: I dunno... we've only dissected frogs in biology class, so I couldn't tell you.

RALPH: I've done terrible things, Bob. I've eaten hamburgers covered in bacon. I've eaten bacon on hot dogs. I've eaten hot dogs covered in beef gravy and sausage with pepperoni and fish sticks.

BOB: You fit all that onto one hot dog?

RALPH: It was a foot-long. And do you know the worst part?

BOB: You got heartburn?

RALPH: I loved it. I loved it all. And I still crave it. Right this moment. Right now, as I'm standing here talking to you, my heart is lusting after a roast beef sandwich with a side of chicken tenders.

BOB: Are you saying you want to become a vegetarian?

RALPH: No. I have too much to atone for. Too much innocent animal blood on my hands. I have to go further than vegetarianism.

BOB: You mean...

RALPH: That's right. I have to go vegan.

BOB: That seems kind of extreme.

RALPH: No more extreme than a lifetime stained with the guts and entrails of feisty furry friends.

BOB: Ralph, veganism is hard. How are you going to stick with it if you're craving meat every waking moment for the rest of your life?

RALPH: I have to do something to cure myself of the urge to eat meat.

BOB: Hypnosis?

RALPH: I'm a carnivore, Bob, not a smoker. I need to do something so carnivorous that I'm satiated yet so repulsed that I can never be carnivorous again.

BOB: You're already repulsed by the bunny thing, and you once ate a hot dog covered in beef gravy and sausage with pepperoni and fish sticks, yet you still crave meat. I don't think gorging yourself on a whole herd of cattle is going to do the trick.

RALPH: I'm not thinking about cows.

BOB: Pigs?

RALPH: No.

BOB: Deer?

RALPH: No.

BOB: Rhinoceros?

RALPH: I need to go cannibal for a day if I'm going to kick this thing.

BOB: Cannibal?

RALPH: There's no other way.

BOB: That's gross. And kind of disturbing.

RALPH: That's the idea.

BOB: Who were you going to eat?

RALPH: You've been a good friend, Bob. I'm sure you'll make a good meal.

BOB: What?

RALPH: There's no one I'd rather have sloshing through my intestines than you.

BOB: People don't eat their friends! Pick someone else! You've got a whole school full of people to choose from!

RALPH: The cheerleaders are too skinny to be satisfying. The jocks would put up too much of a fight. The teachers are old and leathery and would probably be too hard to chew. The drama kids are too weird, and that goes double for the math team. The goths are just... no. So that leaves you.

BOB: Ralph, you've put way too much thought into this.

RALPH: Plus, you're too small to put up much of a fight, and your legs are too short to run away. *(Omit if RALPH is not bigger than BOB.)*

BOB: You've put way, way too much thought into this. *(Omit if RALPH is not bigger than BOB.)*

RALPH: I'm thinking about majoring in philosophy when I get to college.

BOB: And that'll make you... what? "Ralph, the Cannibal Philosopher"?

RALPH: "Ralph, the Vegan Cannibal Philosopher."

BOB: You're talking about killing me!

RALPH: And it makes me really sad. Which is, y'know, part of the idea. To traumatize myself so deeply that I'll never be able to eat meat again.

BOB: I think it'll traumatize me more deeply than it does you.

RALPH: Sorry about that.

BOB: It's illegal! You'll go to jail!

RALPH: Not if I eat all the evidence.

BOB: You can't eat my bones! *(Omit if RALPH is not bigger than BOB.)*

RALPH: You're not that big. I think I can manage. *(Omit if RALPH is not bigger than BOB.)*

BOB: Are you going to at least knock me out with a frying pan, or give me some Novocaine for the pain or something?

RALPH: Your dying screams will add to the trauma for me.

BOB: Ralph, this is seriously messed up!

RALPH: *(with a Scottish accent)* Get in my belly!

BOB: No! You do not get to go quoting *Austin Powers* to me!

RALPH: What am I supposed to say? "Use the force, Bob"?

BOB: If I could use the force, the last thing I'd do is let you eat me!

RALPH: Guess it's a good thing you're not a Jedi, huh?

BOB: I'd go Dark Side all over your sorry behind!

RALPH: Don't let anger and hatred consume you.

BOB: You're talking about eating me. What do you expect?

RALPH: It's not like I'm doing this in a mean-spirited kind of way.

BOB: I'm thinking that the act here counts for more than the intention behind it!

RALPH: You make it sound so ugly.

BOB: It is ugly! It's very ugly. It's like a troll! With hemorrhoids! On its face!

RALPH: That's gross, man. Look, if you're going to be like that, then we might as well just get it over with.
Come here.

BOB: No.

RALPH: Please?

BOB: No!

RALPH: All right, fine. We'll do it the hard way.

(RALPH tries to grab BOB and misses.)

Don't drag this out, man.

BOB: You can't seriously expect me to give up without a fight.

RALPH: I was kind of hoping.

(RALPH starts throwing punches at BOB, which BOB dodges.)

BOB: What is this, a boxing match now?

RALPH: You're forcing me to beat you into submission so I can eat you!

BOB: Here's a news flash! You're not beating on me if you can't land a punch!

(RALPH lands a punch.)

Ow!

RALPH: There. I landed one.

(RALPH grabs BOB. BOB starts thrashing, kicking, and screaming.)

BOB: Leggo! Leggo! You're insane!

RALPH: Will you stop kicking? That hurts!

BOB: Good!

RALPH: I guess it's too much to ask you to take off your sweatshirt so I don't have to eat it, too?

BOB: It's entirely too much to ask!

RALPH: Fine, be that way.

(RALPH bites into BOB's shoulder.)

BOB: OWWW! You're biting my freaking shoulder!

RALPH: That's the idea!

BOB: Did you break the skin? Am I bleeding?

RALPH: Not yet. You probably would be if it weren't for your dumb sweatshirt. Hey, wait a minute.

BOB: What?

RALPH: Before we get all the way to the bleeding part, do you have any kind of communicable diseases I should know about?

BOB: No, I don't have any—yes! Yes! I am a walking Petri dish of blood borne pathogens!

RALPH: You're lying.

BOB: No, I'm not lying.

RALPH: What have you got, then?

BOB: Uh... cooties!

RALPH: Cooties?

BOB: Yes, cooties!

RALPH: That's lame, man.

BOB: Just because it's lame doesn't mean that I don't have it.

RALPH: Even if you do, it would just add to my misery, which is kind of the point, so I guess it's cool.

(RALPH bites into BOB's shoulder again.)

BOB: OWWW!

RALPH: I'm still not breaking skin. Boy, this is hard.

BOB: What did you expect?

RALPH: I expected to be able to at least break the skin.

BOB: You have sissy teeth! You're not cut out for this! Give it up!

RALPH: But if I give it up, I'm going to go back to eating animals.

BOB: Better them than me!

RALPH: But I feel bad for the bunnies.

BOB: The bunnies hate you, Ralph. They think you're dumb and ugly.

RALPH: How do you know?

BOB: They told me so.

RALPH: Bunnies can't talk.

BOB: No, but sometimes they spell out messages in their food, and they're mocking you behind your back, Ralph!

RALPH: You're lying again.

BOB: Do you blame me?

RALPH: It's really sad in a very unsatisfying kind of way to see you acting so pathetic. Maybe I should just give this up.

BOB: Yes! That's an excellent idea. Except that the sad part isn't that I'm acting pathetic, it's that you're acting crazy.

RALPH: Plus, my jaw hurts.

BOB: My shoulder hurts from where you were biting it with your jaw.

RALPH: This isn't going to work, is it? Not without me putting in a lot more effort than it's worth.

BOB: Are you serious? The effort involved means more to you than my life?

RALPH: Sorry, dude. It's your life, but it's my effort.

BOB: Are you going to let go of me now?

RALPH: Yeah... I guess so.

END OF FREE PREVIEW