

SALAD PLEASE

Written by

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EXT. TREELINE - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the edge of a small wooded area. Large shadowy figures move in the brush. Twigs SNAP loudly and a man's SCREAM is heard followed by a GURGLE. CHOMPS and GROWLS indicate something is being feasted upon. A wolf's HOWL echoes through the night.

EXT. RUN DOWN DINER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

GARY, 45, large grey werewolf, and THEO, 17, small black werewolf, emerge from the treeline into a diner parking lot. Gary wipes his mouth with a massive paw and yawns.

GARY

Look, a diner. Let's grab a snack.

THEO

You just ate, Dad.

GARY

Yeah, but I'm still hungry. That guy was too thin to be a full meal. Should have waited for his beefy friend. He probably tasted like gravy.

Theo shrugs and follows his Dad to the diner.

INT. RUN DOWN DINER - NIGHT

The wolves walk through the door of a typical old diner and lumber over to a booth in the corner. The decor is 1950's themed with paint peeling from the wall. PATRON 1, 25, drunk, quickly finishes his food.

PATRON 1

Whoa, Im out of here. I knew I shouldn't have had that twelfth beer. Luck of the Irish, my ass.

He throws money on the counter and runs out of diner. GARY smirks and squeezes his massive frame into the booth table.

GARY

I hate St. Patty's Day. Bunch of stupid people drinking disgusting green beer. That shit will cause cancer, you know.

THEO slides his small frame easily into the booth seat opposite his father.

THEO

No, it won't. It's just food coloring. It tastes like crap though.

GARY

Might as well cause cancer. I'm going to have dyed green liver stuck in my teeth for weeks.

Gary picks his fangs with one of his claws. A look at his fingertip causes a shudder.

GARY (CONT'D)

Eww, that must be the drunk from Mctafferty's. I knew that was a bad idea.

Theo gags and shakes his head at his father.

THEO

That's gross. You're embarrassing me, Dad.

GARY

Oh, hush up. I'm not that bad. Who are you trying to impress, anyways?

THEO

No one, I just don't like when you act like an animal.

Gary smiles and shows his fangs, followed by his claws to Theo.

GARY

We are animals. Don't you forget it. Stop being your Mother's son and lighten up.

Theo sticks his tongue out at his dad.

THEO

I am my Mother's son. She's got some class to her. You, however...

GARY

Hey, I have class, I always hold my pinky up when eating a tasty treat.

Gary winks at Theo.

THEO

Whatever, Dad. You're incorrigible.

FRYCOOK, 20s, wearing a stained apron, bobs his head to 50'S ROCK playing on the jukebox. He cracks three eggs onto the grill top behind the counter and places two strips of bacon beside them. The bacon SIZZLES.

GARY

MMMM, bacon. And stop using big words around me. You know I hate that. Little smarty pants.

THEO

That is so disgusting and I'm 17, I'll use any word I want. I'm technically an adult now.

Gary cocks his head to the side. He stares at his son through squinted eyes.

GARY

What? You don't like bacon? What is wrong with you? Did you eat a hippy or something?

Theo's lip curls in disgust, his sharp white fangs on display.

THEO

No, Dad. I don't eat meat. I prefer tofu.

GARY

Tofu? Really? Damn, you did eat a hippy. You're a werewolf, remember? Of course you eat meat.

Theo drops his head in shame at his father's words. His claws dig at the table creating deep ridges in the cheap wood. Splinters and wood dust pile up in front of him.

THEO

I don't want this. I never asked to be a wolf. I just want to be normal.

GARY

You're just a little pup, you don't know what you want. You may be 17 but you're far from the alpha here. Just listen to your Pop and you'll be fine.

THEO

But...

Theo opens his mouth to protest but stops. He wipes the dust pile off the table and grabs a menu.

THEO (CONT'D)

Let's see what they have here.

GARY

The same thing every diner has.
Stop trying to hide behind
something. You're never going to
get anywhere being so timid.

A DING from the entrance causes Gary to turn his head to the diner door as it opens. PATRON 2, mid 50s, dirty and disheveled, limps into the diner and takes a seat. Gary licks his lips at the sight of him and grabs Theo's arm.

GARY (CONT'D)

Look, aged meat. Probably salty. If
our server doesn't hurry up, I'm
eating that walking jerky stick.

THEO

No, Dad. Please, not another one.
You've already ate two drunks and a
chihuahua tonight.

Gary slams his paw on the table which causes the whole thing to shake. The impact knocks over the glass ketchup bottle and the salt and pepper.

GARY

Hey, didn't we already go over this
before we got in here? Plus, in my
defense, the chihuahua was an
appetizer.

Patron 2 sees the commotion and leaves the diner immediately, leaving his coffee and some change behind.

GARY (CONT'D)

See what you made me do? There goes
my jerky.

BERTA, 60s, plump woman in a hair net and an old brown apron approaches.

THEO

Look, our server is coming. Just in
time. Try to be nice, will you?
We're already not very liked as it
is.

GARY

Liked? We eat people, of course they don't like us. Small price to pay for tasty meat snacks.

Berta greets the two wolves with a crooked smile and southern accent.

BERTA

Hi there, fellas. Happy St Patrick's Day. What can I get you two tonight? Our specials are corned beef with cabbage and potato soup.

Gary smiles his werewolf smile, all fangs.

GARY

Steak. Rare. With a side of steak. Add bacon to it.

Berta nods and jots down the order on her notebook.

BERTA

One carnivore special. Sounds delicious. Anything to drink?

GARY

Water. If you bring it in a bowl, I'll tear your face off.

Berta smiles and nods.

BERTA

No problem, sweetie. I'd never mistake a handsome wolf like you for a common mutt.

GARY

I like you. You may not be my dessert after all.

She turns her attention to Theo.

BERTA

What about you, darlin? The same?

Disgust creeps over Theo's face. He puts down the menu and sheepishly looks at Berta.

THEO

Salad, please.