

SALAD PLEASE

Written by

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INT. DINER - NIGHT

GARY, 45, large grey werewolf, and THEO, 17, small black werewolf, sit in a booth table opposite one another.

A small placard on the table reads: "Werewolf rights are everyone's rights. We run with the pack." A St. Patrick's Day menu sits beside it.

GARY

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

THEO

It's just food coloring.

GARY

Might as well cause cancer. I'm going to have 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. A small piece of green flesh hangs off the end.

GARY (CONT'D)

Must be the drunk from McTafferty's. Want some?

Gary holds out his finger.

Theo gags.

THEO

That's gross.

GARY

Well, excuse me, Mr. Fancy Pants.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

FRYCOOK, 20s, wearing a stained apron, bobs his head to 50'S ROCK playing on the jukebox. He places two strips of bacon on the griddle. The bacon SIZZLES.

SERVER, mid 50s, salt and pepper hair in a bun, prepares a fresh salad.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

GARY
MMMM, bacon.

THEO
MMMM, salad.

Gary cocks his head to the side.

GARY
What? You don't like bacon?

Theo's lip curls in disgust. He fidgets with the placard.

THEO
I... I'm a vegan, Pop.

A DING from the entrance catches Gary's attention.

PATRON, mid 50s, dirty and disheveled, limps into the diner and takes a seat. He signals for coffee. Gary licks his lips at the sight of him and grabs Theo's arm.

GARY
Look! Aged meat.

THEO
Not another one. You've already ate two drunks and a chihuahua tonight.

Gary slams his paw on the table.

GARY
I put the chihuahua out of its misery. Shaky little bastard was a an affront to our kind.

Patron jumps at Gary's outburst. He leaves the diner.

Gary watches as the man retreats.

GARY (CONT'D)
Look what you did. You cost me my jerky with your vegan nonsense.

THEO
Nonsense? I never asked for any of this. I just want to be normal and get out of this stupid town.

GARY
This stupid town is the only town that halfway accepts us.

THEO
And why is that, Pop?

GARY
Because we keep the things worse
than us out of town. Politicians,
Catholic priests, and the IRS. We
eat people, but we don't make a
habit of screwing them.

Theo slumps back in the booth and crosses his arms.

THEO
I still want to leave.

GARY
And how do you plan on doing that?
Most places would notice a giant
wolf that whines too much.

Theo throws his arms out in exasperation.

THEO
I'll shave! No one will know.

GARY
That only worked for Ron Perlman.

THEO
What about Hugh Jackman?

Gary snarls and points his index claw at his son.

GARY
Huge Jackass is just a hairy tap
dancer that sings show tunes. He's
not a wolf... or a wolverine.

THEO
So, I'm just stuck here? What kind
of life is that?

Gary leans forward and bares his fangs.

GARY
A short one if you don't show some
respect for your alphas.

THEO
Respect? You "alphas" are the
reason things are so screwed up
right now.

Gary points his right thumb at his chest.

GARY

We screwed things up? What exactly is your generations addition to society? Gourmet Tide pods? Short attention spans? Bitching about every little feeling you have?

THEO

Do you really think I'm dumb enough to do all those things?

GARY

You're bitching now aren't you?

Server approaches from behind the counter. She sees the argument, turns on her heels, and retreats.

THEO

I just want to be accepted, Pop. Why can't I just be who I am?

GARY

Be whoever you want as long as you keep that hippy shit to yourself.

THEO

That's just it! I am who I am because of a hippy.

GARY

I've warned you about them. It only takes one to ruin your life.

Theo drops his head. His claws dig at the table.

THEO

I was hunting and stumbled upon one. I was chewing on his leg and all he kept saying was "Whoa, man. Like chill, dog dude."

GARY

Chewing on his leg? You're not a house mutt. Go for the throat!

THEO

I tried that with his girlfriend. She just kept saying "Choke me, Daddy. Choke me!"

GARY

Women are strange creatures. Nothing but trouble.

THEO

I still have the smell of patchouli
and sandalwood in my nose. Since
then, I just haven't been able to
look at meat the same way.

Gary reaches across the wrecked table and pats the back of
Theo's paw.

GARY

I don't like it, but I can't say
that I blame you.

Theo's eyes light up.

THEO

You mean I can leave town?

GARY

No, dumbass. Eat grass if you want
to. Be different. That doesn't mean
deficient. Just stick around town.
I'll take you out when you turn 18.

THEO

Really?

GARY

Yeah, yeah. Now where's our server?

Gary snaps at the server behind the counter. She saunters
over and gives a smile. "Berta" is written on her name tag.

BERTA

What can I do for you tonight?

GARY

Steak with a side of bacon. Coffee
as a drink. Just brink the pot.

Berta jots down the order and nods. She turns to Theo.

BERTA

For you?

Theo glances at his father. Gary gives a wink. Theo puffs out
his chest, throws his shoulders back, and sits up straight.

THEO

Salad, please.

END