

PETA

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JOSH (30) handsome in colorful clothes struts around the room, adjusts the curtains and the pillows on the couch while he speaks on the phone wedged under his chin.

GEORGE a miniature Schnauzer follows him around.

JOSH

Oh I am so happy I found him. He sounded great on the application. ...He's name is Charles.

He stops. One hand on his hip. Listens on the phone.

JOSH

No...we haven't actually met yet, but I'm sure he's perfectly all right...He's even a PETA member.

Josh pets George then continuous to straighten up the room.

JOSH

That says a lot about a person. Doesn't it? People For The Ethical Treatment Of Animals!

A rumbling sound of a loud car is heard from outside.

Josh smiles as he moves towards a window.

JOSH

Well, we'll just have to wait and see how cute he is...I'll let you know.

Josh peeks out the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

A small hybrid car is parked in the driveway. The front yard is beautiful with bright colorful flower beds.

A big loud Dodge Ram truck rolls up the driveway, parks behind the hybrid.

BACK TO SCENE

Josh stares with confusion and concern at the truck.

JOSH

I better go. Someone just drove up.
No. I don't think it's him...Bye.
Love you too mom.

THROUGH WINDOW

CHARLES (30) dressed in boots, jeans, flannel shirt and long hair topped with a John Deer hat steps out of the truck.

Josh yelps.

JOSH (O.S.)

I have no idea who you are, but you
better not be Charles.

The door bell RINGS.

BACK TO SCENE

George barks.

Josh straightens his clothes, heads into the --

FOYER

-- where George waits. He wags his tail in excitement.

Josh opens the door.

Charles smiles. Reaches out with his hand. Josh reluctantly takes it. Charles shakes his hand firmly.

CHARLES

Hi there. I'm Chuck...looking for
Josh.

Dismayed, Josh places his hand on his chest.

JOSH

Chuck?...

Charles chuckles.

CHARLES

Real name is Charles, but I've been
Chuck to everyone ever since I ate
a whole plate of raw hamburger
patties when I was a kid.

Josh gags. Charles laughs.

CHARLES

You know, like ground chuck. Was sicker than a dog for five days.

Josh nods.

JOSH

Yes. I get it...I'm Josh.

He gestures to George.

JOSH

This is George.

Charles pets the dog.

CHARLES

Hi there Georgie...I love dogs. Used to have a few hunting dogs myself.

Stunned, Josh steps aside.

JOSH

I'll show you to your room.

Josh leads the way to --

CHARLES' BEDROOM

-- where he enters followed by Charles.

Charles glances around the room. Nods with approval then throws himself down on the big bed. Including his boots.

CHARLES

Yeah, I can live here.

Josh scrunches his face in disgust.

INT. HOUSE - JOSH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh paces while he speaks on the phone. George lies on the bed. Watches him.

JOSH

(whispers)

No!...He's Not cute at all... He's some kind of country rube or hick or something.

He sits down on his bed. Shoulders slumped.

JOSH
 He even laid down on the bed with
 his boots on!

He listens for a moment. Hugs George.

JOSH
 What am I gonna do?... Okay, talk
 to you tomorrow. Night night. Hugs
 and kisses.

Josh puts the phone away. Gets up. Heads to the window. Peers
 out at the big truck in the driveway. Mutters to himself.

JOSH
 Not exactly the kind of ram I had
 in mind.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The sound of a KEY in the door.

The door opens. Charles enters. He carries two grocery bags.
 George greets him at the door.

CHARLES
 Hi there Georgie. You hungry boy?

Charles heads on into the --

KITCHEN

--followed by George who wags his tail.

Charles puts the bags on the counter. Unpacks.

The bags are full of different kinds of meats, eggs, cheeses,
 milk and frozen pepperoni pizza.

CHARLES
 Mmmmmm...I am starving. How 'bout
 you George?

The dog licks his mouth, wags his tail.

LATER

Charles sits at the kitchen table. A glass of milk, a plate
 of eggs, bacon and sausages in front of him. He digs in.

George eats from a plate on the floor.

The sound of a KEY in the door from the distance.

JOSH (O.S.)
Geoorge...I got your favorite food
with me. Extra tofu and lentils.

Charles looks up from his food. Frowns.

CHARLES
Tofu and lentils?

George licks his plate.

JOSH (O.S.)
Geoorge. Where are you? I have yum
yums for you.

Josh appears in the doorway with a grocery bag. At the sight
of George licking his plate, Josh's eyes bug out in horror.
He drops his bag.

JOSH
George!

Josh rushes to George. Tears him away from the plate. He
glares at Charles.

JOSH
What did you give him? You fed him
meat didn't you? Oh my god! Oh my
god!

Josh picks up George. Forces his mouth open. Sticks his
fingers down the dog's throat. George gags.

Josh is teary eyed.

JOSH
C'mon George. Be a good boy. Throw
up for me.

Charles is stunned.

CHARLES
What the hell are you doing man?

JOSH
What am I doing??? I'm trying to
get him to throw up you moron!

CHARLES
What the hell for? Is he allergic
to bacon?

JOSH
Bacon??? Oh, my poor George.

Josh cries.

CHARLES

What's wrong with bacon? He liked it.

JOSH

What is wrong with you? You said you were a PETA member, but you eat food like you're a fucking carnivore...and you hunt too.

Charles stares at Josh perplexed.

CHARLES

I am a peta member... People Eating Tasty Animals...

Josh gasps. Drops George. Clutches his chest. He staggers to his feet.

JOSH

I'm a vegan. You know how offensive you are to me?...I Want you out of this house. Now!

CHARLES

A vegetarian? So what?

JOSH

Not a vegetarian. A vegan. I don't use any animal products of any kind and I want you out right now.

Charles gets up.

CHARLES

My lease says I can stay for six months.

JOSH

I don't give a fuck about the lease! I want you to leave right now. I hate you!

Josh pulls on Charles' shirt.

Charles shoves Josh.

A fight breaks out. George barks at both of them.

The two men tumble onto the floor. Both fight hard.

They roll on the floor. Past a cupboard.

Josh manages to open the cupboard. Reaches in to grab a can of...purple Silly String.

He fires away at Charles' face. Most of the silly string attaches to Charles' hair. Josh rubs it in.

Charles punches Josh in the face.

The fight continues. They both swing at each other.

INT. HOUSE - JOSH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Josh, in jeans only, stares into the mirror. One eye is swollen shut. He's got cuts and bruises all over his body.

He touches his swollen eye. Winces.

JOSH

Ouch. I hate you Chuckie.

George watches Josh. Barks then turns his back to Josh.

Josh glances at George.

JOSH

What? You're on his side?

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Josh enters from his bedroom with George in tow.

Charles enters from his bedroom. His head a big nasty mess of hair and Silly String. He looks totally stupid.

Josh stares at his hair. Fights to hold back a laugh.

Charles sheepishly eyes Josh with his cuts and bruises.

CHARLES

I just...wanted to...say I'm...

JOSH

...What?...

CHARLES

You know...sorry...

Josh shrugs.

JOSH

Hurts like hell...but no biggie.

Josh struggles not to laugh.

JOSH
Sorry about your hair.

Charles looks upward to his hair.

CHARLES
I deserved it.

Josh pads up to Charles. Touches his hairball.

JOSH
My bruises will go away, but I
don't see how you're going to get
that Silly String out.

Charles' turn to shrug.

CHARLES
No biggie. I guess I'll have to cut
it off.

JOSH
I got clippers...

INT. HOUSE - JOSH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Charles sits bare chested in a chair in front of the mirror.
Josh runs clippers across his head. Clumps of Silly String
hairballs fall to the floor.

Josh loves it. Charles is not so sure.

When finished, Josh admires his work. Charles looks pretty
good. Handsome even.

Charles runs his hands across his head.

CHARLES
Feels weird...I'm gonna miss my
hair.

JOSH
You look good actually.

Their eyes briefly meet in the mirror.

INT. HOUSE - JOSH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh lies in his jeans only on his bed. Charles dabs his
wounds with a cotton swab.

Josh winces in pain.

George sits nearby on the bed. He watches with interest.

Josh gazes at Charles as he works.

JOSH
Have you ever tried it?

CHARLES
Tried what?

He cleans a scratch on Josh's lower stomach. Puts on some sort of ointment.

JOSH
You know...

Charles seem offended.

CHARLES
Dude, I'm straight.

Josh rolls his eyes. Slaps him gently.

JOSH
Tofu, you asshole!

CHARLES
Oh. No, I haven't.

Charles band-aids Josh's wounds.

JOSH
It wouldn't hurt you to try.

Charles carefully tends to Josh's wounds.

CHARLES
I'm sorry I gave George some eggs
and bacon.

JOSH
And he loved you for it. Bastard!

They chuckle. George whines.

Charles finishes with the TLC.

CHARLES
I'm leaving tomorrow. A friend of
mine across town offered me a spare
bed until I find a new place.

Josh rises to rest on his elbows.

JOSH

...I've been thinking...I'd be willing to try again. Start over so to speak.

CHARLES

Why would you do that?

JOSH

It's not like I like you or anything...It's for my cause. All you have to do is give the vegan lifestyle a try for a week.

CHARLES

You're harsh. Don't know if I can do that.

Josh gazes into Charles' eyes.

JOSH

...please.

CHARLES

You sure?

JOSH

Yes.

George barks. Wags his tail.

JOSH

We both agree.

A smile from Charles.

CHARLES

...Okay. I'll do it...Doesn't mean anything though.

JOSH

...you all say that...

FADE OUT: