

MAD MEAT

Written by

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EXT. LAS CARNES LOCAS HQ - DAY

A mid-20's REPORTER faces a CAMERAMAN, with PROTESTERS gathered behind her holding picket signs.

TESSA SMITH

Hello everyone, I'm Tessa Smith
with WTHC News.

We switch to the perspective of the camera.

TESSA SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm here today outside of the Las
Carnes Locas headquarters, where
demonstrators have been gathering
for three days now to protest the
popular Mexican chain after
allegations of extensive animal
abuse by controversial vegan
activist CHRISTY DONOVAN.

The screen cuts to a series of photos of Christy, 32, a dirty
blonde force of nature, throwing mud at fur-wearing
celebrities on the red carpet, angrily riling up crowds of
protestors, aggressively biting into a stick of celery, etc.

TESSA SMITH (V.O.)

According to reports, Donovan is
now preparing to meet face-to-face
with Las Carnes CEO STAN PECHUGA to
discuss the allegations. The
restaurant released a statement
earlier saying the actress will
tour the facility and see first-
hand Las Carnes's top secret
treatment process.

The photos of Christy are replaced by one of TONY SHELBY, 38
and balding with the waxy, slightly off-putting complexion of
a figure from Madame Tussaud's.

TESSA SMITH (CONT'D)

Tony Shelby, the company's vice-
president, spoke to the press today
to explain the purpose for this
high-profile meeting.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS BOX - EARLIER

Shelby stands in front of a podium dressed in a pristine suit, almost ominous in his total composure. Cameras flash in his face.

SHELBY

Now, I don't know where these charges are coming from, but the Las Carnes Locas family has always prided itself on using only the best of the best. We're currently investigating how this leak... I mean allegation... Came to light. Hopefully this meeting will allow both parties to come to an... Understanding.

RANDOM REPORTER

Tony, what does Stan Pechuga have to say about this? Why has he been so silent this week?

SHELBY

Mr. Pechuga is a very, very busy man, but I can assure you he's extremely concerned about the reputation of his company. Thank for your time. No more questions.

The reporters shout out unintelligible questions at Shelby as he leaves the podium.

EXT. LAS CARNES LOCAS HQ - CONTINUOUS

The reporter once again faces the audience.

TESSA SMITH

Some have called Donovan's allegations a PR stunt in order to promote her new film, "Mad Cow Mary." Others have questioned Donovan's dedication to the vegan movement after an incident earlier this year where the actress was spotted wearing a leather jacket to an animal rights rally. Donovan herself could not be reached for comment-

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Christy puts down the remote after shutting off the television. She wears a large t-shirt and her hair is a mess, as if she just got out of bed. She leans back and sighs.

CHRISTY

You forget to check the label one time....

Christy's dog SNOWBALL, a white Pomeranian, trots out to greet her. Christy picks up the dog and begins cuddling it.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Hey Snu-Snu. At least I have one friend, right?

Snowball barks, clearly trying to get away.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

What, are you hungry? Here...

Christy walks over to the fridge. A post-it-note is stuck onto the fridge, reading "Mad Cow Mary PR Event Tomorrow @1".

Christy opens the fridge and takes out a package labeled "Vegan Bacon." She grabs a bowl labeled "SNOWBALL" from the counter, fills it with the bacon and puts it on the ground. Snowball sniffs it then backs away, growling.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

C'mon, its good for you! No preservatives, no artificial colors, no road kill.

Christy tears off a bit of the fake bacon and pops it in her mouth. She grimaces, then puts on a fake smile and loudly swallows. She rubs her stomach.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

See Snowball? So good!

Snowball looks at her, unamused. A sudden knock at the door distracts him and he runs toward it, barking furiously.

EXT. CHRISTY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MR. JONES, 34, British, and built like a secret service agent, stands outside the door.

MR. JONES

Ms. Donovan? I'm here to take you to your meeting.

Christy opens the door a crack and stares at Mr. Jones suspiciously.

CHRISTY

I wasn't expecting anyone.

MR. JONES

Apologies for the confusion. The name is Jones, Mr. Jones. Mr. Pechuga sent me to pick you up. He wanted to make sure you arrived at your meeting without any... Delays.

CHRISTY

Well... He certainly thinks ahead for a murderer. Though a little advance warning would have been nice. Give me a minute.

Christy closes the door, a bit too loudly.

INT. CHRISTY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Christy, now dressed in a business casual suit and heels, grabs her purse from the kitchen counter. She looks at her half-eaten breakfast and it looks back at her, unappealing. She sighs, then walks out the door

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS CARNES LOCAS HQ - LATER

The outside of Las Carnes Locas is still crowded with PROTESTORS. Mr. Jones drives the car slowly through the crowd to avoid hitting pedestrians.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Christy looks out the window at the picket signs, half directed at Las Carnes Locas and half directed at her. Some examples are "It's not Vegan if You're Cheatin'" and "The Only Thing Locas is Donovan."

CHRISTY

(sighing)

Animals would never be this cruel.

The car finally makes it through the crowd and enters a large iron gate, which closes behind them to keep out the aggressive protesters.

EXT. LAS CARNES LOCAS HQ - CONTINUOUS

Shelby is waiting for Christy with two BODYGUARDS.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

As the car stops, Mr. Jones hands her a card with a number on it.

MR. JONES

Dial this number when you're ready
to be taken home.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

One of the bodyguards opens the side door and helps Christy out.

SHELBY

Ms. Donovan! Tony Shelby, Vice-
President of Marketing Operations.
So glad we could finally meet in
person.

He reaches out a hand. Christy glances at the hand
disgustedly, then reluctantly shakes it.

CHRISTY

I wish I could say the same.

Shelby laughs.

SHELBY

Please, follow me.

Shelby walks into the facility, the bodyguards close behind.
Christy follows.

INT. LAS CARNES LOCAS HQ - CONTINUOUS

Shelby talks to a skeptical Christy as they walk through a
modern office environment. Employees in business attire can
be seen working through large glass windows.

SHELBY

We're so happy you could join us
today.

(MORE)

SHELBY (CONT'D)

We have a packed schedule for you: A full tour of our facilities, a detailed presentation of our operations from our lead scientist, and a taste test of our newest product, El Matador Supreme.

CHRISTY

I don't eat meat, so you can cancel the taste test. In fact, cancel all of your little activities. I came here to get Stan Pechuga to admit he mistreats animals. And that's what I plan to do.

Shelby smirks.

SHELBY

Very well.

He motions to one of the guards.

SHELBY (CONT'D)

Tell Peterson in marketing to cancel the tour and the presentation.

The guard nods and leaves the group. Shelby looks at Christy.

SHELBY (CONT'D)

Peterson was very excited about the tour. He'll be so disappointed. We'll leave in the taste test for now, in case you get hungry later.

Christy gags slightly. Shelby smiles as they reach a large elevator.

SHELBY (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. Pechuga has a very busy schedule today so he'll be a bit tardy, but he promised he would find time to fit you in. Follow me please.

CHRISTY

The driver you sent told me Mr. Pechuga wanted me here right on time.

SHELBY

Yes, well, I'm afraid you'll have to pardon him for his prior obligations.

(MORE)

SHELBY (CONT'D)

In an industry like ours certain inconveniences are a part of the job description.

The elevator dings open, and the two walk in. The bodyguard stays behind.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Shelby presses a button as the door shuts.

CHRISTY

Your friend isn't coming with us?

SHELBY

Oh, he doesn't have clearance for this area.

CHRISTY

And I do?

SHELBY

Ms. Donovan, you're our guest for today. Our secrets are your secrets.

The door dings open and Shelby exits. After a hesitant beat, Christy follows him. She is beginning to get nervous.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As they walk, Shelby's phone buzzes. He picks it up and listens for a beat.

SHELBY

Yes sir. Very good sir.

He hangs up then turns to Christy.

SHELBY (CONT'D)

It's your lucky day! Mr. Pechuga has found a break in his schedule to meet with you.

CHRISTY

How... Fortunate.

SHELBY

Indeed. Please follow me.

The two arrive at a large unmarked door with a keypad. Shelby types in a four digit code and the two enter.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is metal and sparsely decorated, with only a few leather couches and a glass table. Shelby motions to one of the couches.

SHELBY

Please wait here for a minutes while Mr. Pechuga prepares for your meeting. I will prepare one of our finest conference rooms for the occasion.

Shelby is halfway out the door when-

CHRISTY

Mr. Shelby?

He stops and looks back, annoyed at Christy for wasting his time.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Mr. Shelby, how can you work at a company like this? The whole meat industry... Packaging up innocent animals for food... It disgusts me.

Shelby thinks for a moment before answering. When he does, it is with confidence and authority.

SHELBY

Ms. Donovan, I believe in one thing more than anything. Before God, before fate, before the United States of America. I believe in the food chain, specifically that we are at the top of it. What we do here at Las Carnes Locas is nothing more than what any other predator does in the wild. We all are hunting for our next meal. Humanity just happens to have it a little easier. You may love your little furry friends, but if the roles were switched there is no doubt in my mind that they would be serving up humans for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Christy digests his words. They do not go down easy.

SHELBY (CONT'D)
Any more questions before I go?

Christy somberly shakes her head. He nods curtly, then leaves. The door clicks behind him with a loud beep.

Christy sits down on a couch and waits. A security camera can be seen blinking in the corner, but she does not notice it.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The back of a SHADOWY FIGURE can be seen watching Christy through a security feed. He flips a switch on a large control panel.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Christy continues to wait when she suddenly hears a soft buzzing sound. It grows louder and louder until it is a loud hiss.

CHRISTY
What the....

The room suddenly begins to fill with a purple gas.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Shit!

Christy rushes at the door and desperately tries to open it, but it won't budge. She begins typing random combinations into the control panel, but they do not work.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Help! Someone help me!

No one responds. The room becomes a thick fog of purple gas. Christy begins coughing as the room spins around her. Suddenly spent of energy, she sinks to the ground, back to the locked door.

As Christy begins to pass out we

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CHRISTY'S HOME - THE NEXT DAY

Christy lays in her bed, peaceful and asleep. She is dressed in the same clothes she wore before, minus the shoes and jacket. The clock reads 12:53.

As she slowly begins to wake, she suddenly jumps up in a panic. She wildly looks around her, taking quick, sharp breathes of air. When she realizes she is home, she slowly begins to calm down.

CHRISTY

How the....

She quickly touches her face and chest, making sure everything is all right.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

How did I get here?

She slowly gets out of bed, testing her legs. She rubs her head.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Ugh, what a hangover. What happened yesterday?

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Christy walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge, pulling out some toast and vegan bacon. After cooking the bacon, she grabs Snowball's bowl and dumps some in.

CHRISTY

Snowball! Breakfast!

Snowball trots in and Christy places the bowl in front of him. Snowball stares at the bowl.

SNOWBALL

Woman, if you think I'm eating this crap for the third day in a row you have another thing coming. I was bred for steak, not for tofu.

Christy jumps back and screams. Snowball looks at her mockingly.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

What... did you see one of those cockroaches again?

(MORE)

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)
 If you find it save it for me. It
 least bugs have some damn protein.

Christy can only stare at him, wide-eyed.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)
 OK then... I'm going to play with
 that dead squirrel I found. Call me
 if you bring some steak home for
 once.

Snowball trots off, leaving Christy to comprehend what just
 happened.

CHRISTY
 I'm... I'm going crazy. Yes, that's
 it. This whole thing with the
 protests... I'm just stressed.

She lightly slaps her face a few times then attempts to
 regain her composure.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
 Dogs can't talk... Dogs CAN'T talk.

A loud beeping noise interrupts her freak out.

CLOSE-UP:

Christy's cell phone beeping on the kitchen counter.

Christy picks up the phone and stares at the alert.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
 Shit, my meeting!

She grabs her jacket from the kitchen counter and throws it
 on, then rushes out the door.

INT. PR EVENT BACKSTAGE - LATER

A busy production set with WORKERS rushing everywhere.

JOANNA, 24, Christy's nervous, fresh-out-of-college
 assistant, is getting chewed out on her cell phone.

JOANNA
 (on the phone)
 Yes, I'm sure she'll be here any
 moment. No, she hasn't called. Yes.
 Yes. No. I'm sorry.

She pauses, listening to the voice on the other side of the line.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Yes, I know I'm worthless. Yes sir,
very worthless. I understand sir.
Goodbye.

Joanna hangs up and sighs, defeated. Christy then rushes in, out of breath from trying to get to the event.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Christy! Where have you been? We're
about to start!

CHRISTY

Sorry! Crazy night last night,
barely even remember it. I've been
out of it this entire morning.

JOANNA

Well, here are your notes. The
animals are already on stage, ready
when you are.

Christy grabs the notes, then rushes out to the stage.

INT. PR EVENT STAGE

A colorful sound stage with a single CAMERAMAN absently checking his cellphone and two bored-looking COWS.

Christy walks on the stage, the spotlight blinding her. She covers her eyes to get used to the glare. The cameraman straightens up and prepares to begin shooting.

CHRISTY

Ah, my head.

CAMERAMAN

All right Ms. Donovan, glad you
could make it. We're live in
5...4...3...2...1....

CHRISTY

Hello, Christy Donovan here. I'm
with my friends Milky and Spot.

She motions to the cows.

COW #1

Hey Phil, get a load of this chick.

Christy looks at the cow, speechless.

COW #2

Damn. Definitely some lean meat on those bones. Is it lunch time yet?

CHRISTY

I... Uh....

The cameraman looks at Christy, worried.

CAMERAMAN

Ms. Donovan, we're live... Say something.

COW #1

Aw you know they'll never feed us a prime cut like her. Every day it's the same greeny, crunchy, nasty crap.

COW #2

I tell ya Jim, one of these days I'd love to get some fried chicken.

COW #1

Oh, you're telling me! All greasy and oily and salty.... Heaven.

COW #2

De-fuckin'-licious.

The two cows laugh to themselves. Christy stares at them, horrified, then stumbles slowly off the stage.

CAMERAMAN

Ms. Donovan! Where are you going!
Ms. Donovan?

INT. PROMOTIONAL EVENT BACKSTAGE

JOANNA

Ms. Donovan, where are you going?
This event is live!

CHRISTY

I just need some air....

JOANNA

Ms. Donovan wait!

Christy stumbles out a door marked "Exit."

EXT. PR EVENT - CONTINUOUS

Christy walks outside in a daze. RALPHIE, a bulldog, sniffs the ground nearby while his OWNER waits impatiently.

OWNER

C'mon Ralphie, you've been trying to shit for ten minutes.

RALPHIE

Can you give a dog some peace for crissakes? I don't watch you when you try to pee.

Ralphie pauses.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)

All right sometimes I do, but that's only because you do it in the water bowl and it weirds me out.

Ralphie notices Christy staring at him. He walks over to her, tail wagging.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you looking at hot stuff? You never seen a canine with bladder issues?

CHRISTY

Oh, gross.

OWNER

(to Christy)

Sorry, he gets a bit rowdy when he needs to use the bathroom. Hey, aren't you that girl on the TV? The crazy vegan chick?

RALPHIE

Ah vegans. Can't stand vegans. I swear you humans don't get it sometimes. You get to be at the top of the food chain and you waste it by eating tofu!

CHRISTY

What did you say?

OWNER

Excuse me?

CHRISTY

No, I was talking to....

RALPHIE

What, are you talkin' to me? Are YOU talkin' to ME? Get it? It's a joke because there's no way you'd be talking to me.

CHRISTY

What do you mean about the food chain?

RALPHIE

Wait... Wait! ARE you talking to me?

CHRISTY

Yes... Unfortunately.

RALPHIE

No freakin' way! OK, OK, OK. Um... Tell Bozo the Clown over there he smells like a turd wrapped in vomit wrapped in a second turd.

CHRISTY

(to owner)

He thinks you smell bad.

OWNER

Uh, what?

RALPHIE

Amazing! Incredible! The boys at the groomers are gonna get a kick out of this.

CHRISTY

Focus. Back to the food chain. Why did you say the food chain?

Ralphie looks at her, not used to having an actual human to talk to.

RALPHIE

Uh, well. The food chain, y'know. Humans at the top, everyone else below. And yet some of you idiots only eat leafy greens! Ridiculous I tell you. If I was in your spot I would be feasting on pulled pork until I got diabetes!

CHRISTY

That sounds exactly like what
Shelby said... Wait... Shelby...
The meeting... The gas....

In a flash, Christy's lost memories of the previous day come back to.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I need to get to Las Carnes Locas.

RALPHIE

Wait, is that the place with the
bomb ass nachos? Finding those in
the trash is like celebrating
Hanukkah in July!

Christy looks at Ralphie.

RALPHIE (CONT'D)

What? Dogs can't be Jewish? I had a
Bar Mitzvah, OK?

She pulls out the number Mr. Jones gave her the day before and dials it on her cellphone.

CHRISTY

Mr. Jones? Yes, it's Christy
Donovan. I need you to take me to
Las Carnes Locas. I'm at 31st and
Main. Fifteen minutes? Perfect.

Christy hangs up the phone, crouches down, and gives Ralphie a big hug.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

You're amazing, thank you!

To the owner

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Feed him pulled pork tonight!

She then runs off, leaving the speechless owner behind with Ralphie.

OWNER

Vegans are weird, man.

He looks down to see Ralphie peeing on his shoe.

OWNER (CONT'D)
Aw, dammit Ralphie!

CUT TO:

INT. SHELBY'S OFFICE - LATER

Shelby is organizing papers at his desk when he hears a commotion outside his door. Christy bursts into the office with a bodyguard close behind her.

CHRISTY
We need to talk.

Shelby smiles smugly.

SHELBY
Welcome back Ms. Donovan. I have to say, I did not expect you back so soon.

BODYGUARD
Sorry, sir. I told her she had to wait outside, but she was very persistent.

The bodyguard grabs her by the arm, but Christy escapes his grasp.

CHRISTY
Let go of me.

BODYGUARD
Should I escort her from the building sir?

Shelby waves him off.

SHELBY
Let her be, she's harmless. Please leave us, Ms. Donovan clearly has something she wishes to discuss.

The bodyguard nods and leaves.

SHELBY (CONT'D)
Well, now that you've arrived in my office so very unexpectedly why don't you have a seat.

Christy remains standing.

CHRISTY
I'll stand.

SHELBY
Very well.

CHRISTY
What the hell did you do to me?

SHELBY
I have no idea what you mean.

CHRISTY
You know exactly what I mean. I remember it all. The waiting room, the gas, waking up in my room the next day. I can understand animals. I hear all the terrible things they say, and I know it's your fault!

Shelby observes Christy thoughtfully, taps his pencil on his desk once, twice, then answers.

SHELBY
You do realize how crazy that sounds? Talking to animals? Insane to say the least. Not to mention you have no proof of our involvement, even if your claims WERE true.

Christy looks defeated, depressed. The waterworks might begin any second. She knows what he says is true.

CHRISTY
I just want to know what's going on.

Shelby thinks it over.

SHELBY
Very well Ms. Donovan. You have made your point.

He grabs the phone on his desk and dials a number.

SHELBY (CONT'D)
Yes? It's Shelby. Ms. Donovan is back. Yes, already. It's earlier than I thought too sir. Oh? Very good sir. Yes, very good. I'll bring her down.

He stands.

SHELBY (CONT'D)
Please follow me.

CHRISTY
Where are you taking me?

Shelby laughs.

SHELBY
Where do you think? It's time to
meet the big man himself. Now hurry
please. Mr. Pechuga is extremely
busy.

He exits, leaving Christy alone in the empty office. After a
moment, she rushes to catch up.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS CARNES LOCAS HQ - CONTINUOUS

Shelby leads Christy to the elevator they used the day
earlier.

CLOSE-UP:

Shelby presses the button labeled B as the door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS CARNES BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The elevator opens and Shelby leads Christy into a massive
laboratory with dozens of scientists experimenting on various
live pigs, chickens and cows.

The animals are being tests in various ways, including a cow
running on a treadmill, pigs playing mahjong, and chickens
playing a trivia game while scientists watch and take notes.

Some of the animals' conversations can be overheard:

TREADMILL COW
C'mon Bruce, three more laps! Pump
those legs. You can do it baby.
Who's Lean Beef? You're Lean Beef!

PIG #1

And then I tells him, Doris, I tells him that if he keeps gaining weight the way he is, I'll eat him myself!

PIG #2

You know he's always had body issues since you first started seeing him! Besides, didn't you say it's improved your sex life?

CHICKEN #1

Ok next question: What country is Istanbul in?

CHICKEN #2

Ummm, I don't know.

CHICKEN #1

Turkey!

CHICKEN #2

I hate this game.

Finally they arrive at a large wooden door. Shelby knocks twice, then swings it open.

CUT TO:

INT. PECHUGA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Christy enters to see MR. PECHUGA, 62, with rimmed glasses and a graying mustache, sitting at his desk. Pechuga looks up and nods at Shelby, who leaves silently.

PECHUGA

Please, have a seat Ms. Donovan. You've had a very long day, you must be tired.

Christy slowly sits in a large armchair across from Pechuga.

PECHUGA (CONT'D)

You have questions for me. Please, ask them.

CHRISTY

First off, what the hell did you do to me? Why can I talk to animals? And why are they all such...

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Assholes! Also, how is any of this legal? You have a cow running on a treadmill back there! The FDA would have a field day with this.

Pechuga laughs.

PECHUGA
You may have missed your calling Ms. Donovan. You could have been a great police interrogator.

He stands.

PECHUGA (CONT'D)
Please, walk with me. I promise all your questions will be answered.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS CARNES BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Pechuga and Christy slowly walk throughout the facility.

PECHUGA
In another life, I was like you Ms. Donovan.

CUT TO:

INT. PECHUGA'S HOME - 50 YEARS AGO

A YOUNG PECHUGA plays with a golden retriever, RUSTY.

PECHUGA (V.O.)
I loved animals. I adored them. I had a dog, Rusty who I loved like a brother.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - 50 YEARS AGO

Young Pechuga stands in front of a grave with the name "Rusty" on the tombstone.

PECHUGA (V.O.)
He died when I was fifteen. I was devastated.

(MORE)

PECHUGA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
From that point on, I promised
myself I would never eat another
animal or animal product again.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS CARNES BASEMENT - PRESENT

CHRISTY
You were vegan? But you own one of
the biggest restaurants in the
world! What happened?

Pechuga smiles patiently.

PECHUGA
In due time. As I was saying...

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LABORATORY - 40 YEARS AGO

A an older, lab-coat wearing Pechuga studies a pulsing brain
in a poorly-kept laboratory.

PECHUGA (V.O.)
I studied animal biology in
university in order to learn from
the creatures I loved. I studied
their brains, trying to understand
how they worked, what made them
tick. Before long I became an
expert in my field.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY - 20 YEARS AGO

A MIDDLE-AGED PECHUGA stands in a darkened basement, mixing
various vials with a crazed look in his eyes.

PECHUGA (V.O.)
Unfortunately, I soon became
obsessed with a simple idea. The
idea that the only true way to stop
humanity from eating animals was
creating a way to let them
understand them. Listen to them.
Speak to them directly.

(MORE)

PECHUGA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I spent nearly two decades
 developing a formula that would
 allow one to talk to animals.

Pechuga finally holds up a purple vial triumphantly. He connects it to a large machine connected to a metal chamber, then turns the machine on.

PECHUGA (V.O.)
 My work took over everything. My
 life, my friendships, my dreams.
 After losing nearly everything I
 had, my work was finally complete.
 But a number of big name
 corporations attempted to destroy
 my progress in order to protect
 their interests. I was left with
 one choice, to try it on myself.

The younger Pechuga locks himself in the chamber, which quickly fills with purple gas. Pechuga sinks to the ground, passed out.

CUT TO:

INT. LAS CARNES BASEMENT - PRESENT

Pechuga stops and sighs.

PECHUGA
 It was then that I learned a
 terrible truth. The animals we care
 for, the animals we fight to
 protect... They just don't care.

CHRISTY
What?

PECHUGA
 Don't pretend that you haven't
 noticed. Tell me, have the animals
 you encountered today given a rat's
 ass if humanity chooses steak or
 soy?

Christy remains silent.

PECHUGA (CONT'D)
 Exactly. This is why we did what we
 did. I knew you were like me. You
 supported veganism out of love, out
 of the misguided belief that you
 were doing what was right.
 (MORE)

PECHUGA (CONT'D)

But now you know the simple reality. We are all part of system Ms. Donovan, a food chain that has existed since the beginning of time. And who are we to disrupt that chain?

Christy takes it what he has said. She slowly nods, understanding, accepting.

CHRISTY

So what happens now? Are you stuck like this? Am I stuck like this?

PECHUGA

Oh, heavens no. I developed a serum decades ago that reverses the changes.

He pulls a vial out of his pocket.

PECHUGA (CONT'D)

You may have it, but first you must make a choice.

CHRISTY

What do you mean?

PECHUGA

Your first option is to take my serum. To do so I require that you drop your claims of animal abuse. I believe we both know now that the truth of what I do is much less... Believable. Continue your little vegan experiment if you wish, but leave my livelihood out of it. Forget Las Carnes Locas. Move on.

CHRISTY

And my other option?

Pechuga smiles.

PECHUGA

Well, Ms. Donovan, to put it bluntly, you could work for me.

CHRISTY

WORK for you? After all this?

PECHUGA

I believe you could do great things in this world if you worked for the right cause. Your dedication to veganism, while misguided, is proof of your potential. I would be honored to have you work as a public representative for my organization. Help the food chain continue its charge. You could even think of it as being a watchdog on my business practices if you wished.

Christy is silent.

PECHUGA (CONT'D)

Whatever you choose, I'm afraid I must know now.

Pechuga holds the vial out toward her. Christy stares at it. Before her answer can be heard we

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. WTHC NEWS - THREE MONTHS LATER

Two REPORTERS, one male and one female, sit behind a news desk.

MALE REPORTER

-And that's the last time this little kitty will be climbing up public monuments!

FEMALE REPORTER

I'll bet, Tom. I'll bet. And now, with entertainment news we have Tessa Smith.

TESSA SMITH

Thanks, Jane. Christy Donovan is still making headlines after her disastrous PR event for "Mad Cow Mary" that many believed would doom the star's promising acting career.

(MORE)

TESSA SMITH (CONT'D)

Donovan continues her shocking transformation from animal rights pioneer to the public face of Las Carnes Locas despite very publicly accusing the company of animal abuse only a few months ago. For more we have-

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Christy turns the TV off and sits by the kitchen counter.

CHRISTY

Some people just don't get it.

Snowball walks over and looks at her expectantly, head cocked.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Oh Snowball, you must be starving!
Let me get you something to eat.

She opens the fridge and pulls out some chopped up steak. She grabs Snowball's dog bowl and puts half the steak in the it. The other half she puts on a plate and starts eating herself.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Well, what do you think?

SNOWBALL

Eh, I've had better.

Christy looks at Snowball, shakes her head and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.