

INT. LIVING ROOM, AFTERNOON

ADRIAN (mid-20s) and his girlfriend RACHEL (mid-20s) enter into LAURIE's (50s-60s) home. Adrian is visibly nervous as Rachel embraces Laurie, her mom.

RACHEL

Mom! It's good to see you!

LAURIE

It's good to see you too, sweetheart!

While this interaction is taking place, Adrian is being jumped on by a yapping chihuahua, CHEWY. Laurie turns around to yell at the dog.

LAURIE

CHEWY! OFF! OFF!

She pries away the dog before addressing Adrian, who is laughing nervously.

LAURIE

I'm so sorry. If he jumps on you again just yell at him, it's fine.

ADRIAN

Oh, no... that's ok, I-

Laurie pulls Adrian into a hug.

LAURIE

But it's so great to finally meet you!
I've heard so much about you!

ADRIAN

Good things, I hope.

Laurie lets go. Chewy returns and continues jumping at Adrian. He doesn't want to swat at the dog, so he continues the small talk.

LAURIE

(giggling)

Oh, you're a jokester! I saw that little post you made on Facebook of you and Rachel at that festival-

Chewy becomes more aggressive and Adrian becomes more anxious, but he keeps smiling along as Laurie speaks.

LAURIE
-and I was just cracking up at that
video she did of you dancing...

Suddenly, Chewy makes a snarling noise and bites Adrian on the leg.

ADRIAN
SHIT!

Laurie and Rachel realize what just happened. Both are shocked.

LAURIE
CHEWY!

RACHEL
Oh my God, are you OK?

ADRIAN
I'm fine. I'm so sorry.

Rachel rushes off to get some bandaids, knocking a pill bottle on the floor in the process.

LAURIE
No, no, no, *I'm* the one that should be
sorry.

Laurie glares at Chewy, who is now sitting shamefully by the hallway.

LAURIE
He's always been crazy with new
people, but this- this has never
happened before.

Rachel returns with bandaids and tends to Adrian's minuscule wounds.

LAURIE
We can put him down, if you want.

RACHEL
It's your decision, babe.

ADRIAN
What? No, that's okay, it's not too
bad at all.. it was my fault- I didn't-

LAURIE

And we wouldn't want him biting any of the neighborhood kids.

RACHEL

But we don't want to pressure you into anything.

LAURIE

And I could even buy a new rug when he's out of the picture...

ADRIAN

You don't need to put the dog down. He's ok now. He was eating something and now's he's quieted down.

Rachel's brow furrows.

RACHEL

What was he eating?

Attention turns to the hallway, where Chewy lays dead next to the overturned bottle of pills.

CUT TO TITLE

INT. LIVING ROOM, AFTERNOON

Adrian sits, dazed on the couch. Rachel holds the dead dog in her arms.

RACHEL

(annoyed)

Oh, God. This is so embarrassing.

LAURIE

This is a disaster. We were supposed to go to dinner. I've had these reservations for months.

RACHEL

Who said we weren't going to dinner?

Adrian looks up from his trance.

ADRIAN

I thought we'd call the vet, or animal control or something?

LAURIE

Animal control takes forever. I'm starving.

Rachel looks towards Adrian sympathetically.

RACHEL

I am pretty hungry, aren't you?

Adrian looks like he's about to speak, but he can't find the words.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT, EVENING

Laurie, Rachel and Adrian are eating at a restaurant. Adrian is pushing his food around uncomfortably and smiling at the conversation when he has to. Laurie and Rachel are laughing, telling stories.

LAURIE

She was a rascal, this girl. At one point she was running to get the door and she slipped on the floor in her little footsie pajamas!

RACHEL

Mom! Oh my God! You tell this story to *everyone!*

ADRIAN

My mom always tells the story of when I was little and I was an only child, so I tried to dress up our dog-

Everyone goes quiet at the mention of a dog. Adrian slows down.

ADRIAN

-as... the pink Power Ranger...

There is a pause until Laurie starts laughing.

LAURIE

That's actually really funny because you just killed my dog.

ADRIAN

What?

LAURIE

Oh, nothing. I just wanted to address the elephant in the room that you killed my dog.

RACHEL

Come on, Mom, he didn't *kill* the dog.

LAURIE

Well, maybe it was just his recklessness that killed Chewy, but tomato to-mah-to, right?

ADRIAN

I never overdosed your dog!

The waiter arrives at the table with fear in his eyes. He glances quickly at Adrian and slides the check onto the table. Rachel tries to take the check.

LAURIE

Honey?

RACHEL

It's my treat.

LAURIE

No, no, let me get this one.

Laurie starts grabbing at her purse frantically. Chewy's corpse accidentally falls out of her purse and into her leftover food. She puts her head in her hands out of frustration.

RACHEL

That's it, Mom. I don't care how you think Chewy died, but he deserves to be buried somewhere other than a plate of rigatoni.

EXT. GRAVEYARD, NIGHT

The three stand solemnly in a graveyard over someone else's gravestone. Laurie stands far back with her arms crossed. A distraught Rachel is closer to the grave. Adrian's arm is around her, hover-handing her shoulder.

RACHEL

Adrian? Any words?

ADRIAN

Um... Chewy. I only knew you for a very short amount of time, but in that time you took a liking to me. Some may say you bit your way into my heart.

RACHEL

(muttering)

Too soon, babe.

ADRIAN

(muttering)

I'm sorry I didn't have anything prepared.

Laurie finally steps up to the plate.

LAURIE

Chewy. Baby. This isn't the fate you deserved. That being said, despite your shortcomings and your sharp teeth, you had a heart of gold and you wouldn't have wanted me to hold a grudge.

She stands to Adrian's side and takes his hand.

LAURIE

Adrian. I've chosen to see past your psychopathy. You make my daughter happy, and that's enough for me.

Chewy is half-covered in dirt. He's surrounded by candles and mementos of his past, like dog toys and the empty bottle of pills he ate.

Rachel looks longingly at Adrian with more affection than ever.

RACHEL

Imagine us telling this story to our kids.

Rachel and Laurie both chuckle. They start laughing harder and harder until they're hysterical. Adrian is wedged in between them, expressionless. Roll credits.