LIVING THE LIE
INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Dramatic music plays as HAROLD, a well-dressed man in his 40’s, walks into the room. He strolls to a well-stocked counter of booze.

KELLY, a well-dressed woman in her 40’s, sheepishly enters the room behind him. Harold pours himself a drink in an old-fashioned style glass, and downs it in one gulp.

    KELLY
    Please, Harold, can we talk about this?

    HAROLD
    Nothing to talk about, Kelly. You made your feelings clear.

    KELLY
    If only I had known-

    HAROLD
    Then what? Would it have changed anything?

    KELLY
    Of course.

    HAROLD
    How can I believe that? How can I believe anything now?

A knock at a door on the opposite side of the room draws their attention.

    HAROLD
    What?

The door opens and JEEVES pops his head in.

    JEEVES
    Excuse me, Mr. Tallowman, but your son is asking when you were coming down.

    HAROLD
    It’ll be a moment, Jeeves. Tell
him to be patient.

JEEVES
Of course, sir.

Jeeves exits. Harold turns to Kelly.

HAROLD
What I don’t understand is how you managed to keep it hidden all these years.

KELLY
I didn’t hide it.

HAROLD
You did. The uneaten portions. The polite refusals. The mysterious excursions to... You know where I’m talking about.

KELLY
You can’t just say it.

HAROLD
I wouldn’t let the name pass my lips.

KELLY
I needed it. He needed it.

HAROLD
No one needs that. I gave you everything.

KELLY
Harold...

HAROLD
Everything.

Harold sits in a chair. Kelly crosses the room and stands next to him. Harold looks away from her, his chin resting on his hand.

HAROLD
What are we going to do? How can
I go out there and talk to him with this hanging over us?

KELLY
We’ll have to put on a strong face. We always have.

HAROLD
It didn’t feel like a lie before.

KELLY
I’ve always supported you. I’ll support him as well.

HAROLD
It’s unhealthy.

KELLY
It’s protein.

HAROLD
You can get it elsewhere.

KELLY
It makes me gag, Harold.

INT. MAIN HALL – DAY

A room full of partygoers enjoy punch, cake, and a full bar. A small band plays on a stage at the head of the room, and people dance. A huge banner reads: PETA THANKS SEAN TALLOWMAN.

Harold and Kelly walk into the room and cheers erupt through the crowd. SEAN, a young man in his early twenties, walks to the microphone amidst the crowd.

SEAN
Ladies and gentlemen, I’d like you to welcome my greatest inspiration, lifelong PEAT members, rock solid vegans, and the true hosts of this awesome party: my parents, Harold and Kelly Tallowman.

Harold and Kelly smile and wave.
HAROLD
So the locked refrigerator in the basement?

KELLY
If you think you smell steak later, it may not be the neighbors.

HAROLD
It makes me gag, Kelly.

KELLY
I know it does, Harold.

A variety of people approach the couple and shake their hands, engaging in shallow conversation.

THE END.