

By

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The Book of Hosea

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CONTINUED:

HEY!

He rushes TJ, LOWERING HIS SHOULDER AND TACKLING HIM INTO A TABLE.

Josiah pops right back up and towers over his victim. Travis writhes in pain, grabbing at his knee, hollering like an injured child.

**START** Josiah turns to his wife.

JOSIAH:  
You alright?

OLDER WAITRESS:  
I called the police.

**STOP** Rue is in shock.

LATER

Rue finishes up with a POLICE OFFICER getting her statement.

RUE:  
I'm okay. I don't need anyone to look at me. Thank you.

The officer thanks her and leaves. Rue steps to a nearby booth where Josiah sits patiently.

RUE:  
I guess that turned out better than you were expecting.

JOSIAH:  
What? That's not why I came here Rue.

RUE:  
Well whatever reason you have. Thank you.

JOSIAH:  
Can you sit for a minute?

RUE:  
Um, yeah. For a few.

She slides in, keeping her eyes on the table.

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