

By

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The Book of Hosea

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CONTINUED:

JOSIAH:
(eyes on plate)
For our situation.
(looks at her)
That I can't take you away for a few
days.

Her eyes start to water.

RUE:
It's not all on you.

She takes a breath to calm herself. Her tears fail to form.

RUE:
Let's not talk about it here okay?
We'll be alright. We can't ruin this
yummy food we rarely have.

She smirks. He brightens up.

JOSIAH:
True that.
(looks around)
We're not getting refills are we?

They start cracking up, causing the OLD COUPLE next to them
to pass them a look.

He looks around for the waiter. She checks her phone.

TJ TEXT:
Yooooo! What up?

She contemplates texting back for a split second, but puts
the phone down and just stares at it.

41 INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

41

START

Slow night. There are maybe ten PATRONS in the relatively
small bar. No games play on the TVs just SPORTS TALK SHOWS.
Josiah sits in at a corner table pounding beer after beer.
His text alert begins to go off. Ding, ding, ding. One after
another. He is oblivious. The only thing that draws his
attention is when a HOST on TV speaks...

HOST:
...if you keep up with the Gala, like
I know so many of you do, the stars
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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HOST: (CONT'D)
came out today. TRAVIS JONES makes his
entrance here...

Josiah's eyes shoot to the TV. After taking a second to take it in he leans in wide eyed, nearly dropping his drink. Gracing the screen is Travis walking down a small red carpet scene. Flashbulbs explode, he eats it up, cheesing and striking poses. And right by his side is Rue all dolled up in a fancy dress.

STOP

(CONTINUED)