

By

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The Book of Hosea

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CONTINUED:

SAP:

Ha ha that was a good one. I'm not offended at all.

Josiah gives him a slick grin and sips his beverage. Sap goes back to cooking. Josiah watches the crowd while nursing his beer. He glances at Sap a couple of times like he is contemplating talking to him. He finally...

JOSIAH:

Hey. You still keep up with any of your boys?

SAP:

(cooking)

Yeah. Few of em. One signed here this summer. Meet up every couple weeks. Shoot the breeze. You fishing for an autograph?

JOSIAH:

Nah. Were uh... We had a few financial set backs at the center. Long story. I was thinking about having a fund raiser event. Maybe we could have a few special guests, draw in a crowd.

SAP:

(turns to Josiah)

Yeah! Heck yeah man. I'm down. I'll make some calls. That'd be awesome for the kids. I Skyped Romo one time on game day. Team lost their minds. Lost the game too, his speeches were never very Hollywood written. But yeah they'll probably be willing to give a donation.

JOSIAH:

Dude. You the goat. In life, not so much on the field.

SAP:

Oh freakin' comedian. You like your burger crispy right? Thought so.

**START** They share a laugh and are quickly interrupted by...

MARK (O.S.):

Look at these two bozos.

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A clean cut, authoritative looking fellow, MARK 30s, in khakis and a polo, with a stitched police badge on the right breast, marches up. He sticks out a hand to aggressively shake the two pals'. An empty holster rests along his hip.

SAP:

Boy you better calm down rolling up in here like that. You scaring my family. We are aloud to bar-b-q in our own back yard ain't we?

MARK:

Relax. I don't have my blues on. Everyone's safe.

**STOP** The three buds chuckle. Josiah grabs Mark a beer.

SAP:

Well, perfect timing as always Mark. Time to eat.

JOSIAH:

You got bacon on mine right? Mark musta smelled his friends sizzlin'.

Josiah cracks himself up. His friends quickly put an end to his laughter as they roll their eyes.

JOSIAH:

I thought it was a good one.

SAP:

Man, let's eat.

Josiah drops his head in shame. Sap yells for everyone to eat. The friends begin making their plates. The other guests join them for some good grub and better conversation.

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