

TAKE AWAY

By: Cameron Lehr

CAST,

BOBBY: 20's Husband

MARSHA: 20's Wife

FRANK: 20's Waiter

Ref: A Fight Referee

Announcer: A Fight Announcer

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BOBBY and MARSHA sit in a booth across from one another after a lovely meal. FRANK enters.

FRANK

Are you guys still working on that
or are we ready for a box?

MARSHA

Oh we couldn't eat another bite,
we'd love a box thank you.

Frank leaves to get a box and the check.

BOBBY

Oh Marsha this evening has been
just swell hasn't it?

MARSHA

Bobby baby when I'm with you life
is swell.

Frank enters with the box.

FRANK

Did you guys want me to box it for
ya?

BOBBY

Oh yes please if you don't mind.

FRANK

No worries.

The lights dim and the announcer yells over a microphone.

ANNOUNCER
Lets get ready to
ruuumbbblleeeeeee!

The REF enters.

BOBBY
What the?

MARSHA
What's going on?

REF
Annndddd Fight.

Frank punches their leftovers sending food everywhere.

ANNOUNCER
Ohhhh, that's definitely not going
to reheat well folks.

Frank lands several aggressive blows on the couples leftovers
sending the food to the floor. The second their food lands on
the floor Frank lays over the top of it like he's pinning a
wrestler.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Ohhh and Frank sends em' to the
matt early in the first round.

The Ref kneels down and starts the count.

REF
One, two, three, four, five...
That's the five second rule folks!

Frank briefly celebrates then slowly gets to his feet. He
takes a check out of his apron.

FRANK
(Out of breath)
Here's that whenever you guys are
ready.

BLACKOUT