

NINTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

WENDY (33), an attractive brunette, is looking at her phone.

WENDY

We should go to La Scala for our anniversary this year.

INT. HOME - OFFICE - DAY

JUSTIN (37) sits at the computer stroking his beard. He sucks in air at the mention of his wife's request.

JUSTIN

Yeah?

Wendy enters the office.

WENDY

Yeah. I've wanted to try it for a while now.

JUSTIN

Yeah, but, it's new.

WENDY

It's not new, it's been there for 14 years.

JUSTIN

Yeah, but it's new to me.

WENDY

It's Italian food, you love Italian food.

JUSTIN

I love pizza and Fazoli's.

WENDY

Anyway, it's our ninth wedding anniversary and we're going to La Scala. I'll send you a link to their menu so you can look over it and avoid having food panic when we get there.

INT. RESTAURANT - TABLE - NIGHT

Justin looks at the brick walls, low lighting, and how everyone is better dressed than him.

Wendy notices his concern.

AMY, an attractive red-headed server in her mid-20s, approaches and places a chunk of bread on the table along with a small bowl of green speckled oil.

AMY

Hello, I'm Amy, and I'll be your server today. What can I get you to drink?

WENDY

I'll have a glass of the Rubicone.

JUSTIN

I'll just have a Coke.

AMY

Sounds good, I'll get those right out for you.

Amy leaves the table.

Justin points to the green speckled oil.

JUSTIN

What is that?

WENDY

It's for dipping your bread into.

Justin tears off a piece of bread, dips it into the oil, and then takes a bite.

WENDY (CONT'D)

What do you think?

As Justin chews the first bite, he dips another piece of bread into the oil.

JUSTIN

Um, it's not great.

WENDY

Then why are you dipping a second piece?

JUSTIN  
I just want to look like I know  
what I'm doing.

WENDY  
(laughs)

Justin looks over the menu as he continues to dip and eat  
pieces of bread.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
What are you getting?

JUSTIN  
Um, I don't know.

WENDY  
I thought you looked over the menu  
at home?

JUSTIN  
I did.

WENDY  
Are you having food panic?

JUSTIN  
Maybe?

WENDY  
(laughs)  
What am I going to do with you?

JUSTIN  
Love me all up and dip me in oil?

WENDY  
Eww, no.

Amy returns with their drinks.

AMY  
Are you ready to order?

JUSTIN  
Um, I'll have the Fettuccine  
Alfredo with Chicken.

AMY  
Okay, do you want soup or salad  
with that?

The panic is visible on Justin's face.

JUSTIN  
 Uh, what kind of soup do you have?

AMY  
 Red Pepper and Tomato Basil. The  
 Tomato Basil is kind of creamy.

JUSTIN  
 Let's go with the Tomato Basil. I  
 also want an appetizer. The Bru--

Justin attempts to sound it out, but gives up and instead  
 points to a picture of four small slices of bread topped with  
 cheese and chunks of tomato.

AMY  
 The Bruschetta Basillica?

JUSTIN  
 Yeah, that one.

Amy turns toward Wendy.

AMY  
 And for you?

WENDY  
 I want to try the Pescado Limon,  
 and I'll have the salad with  
 Italian dressing.

AMY  
 The Pescado Limon is great here,  
 you'll love it.

Amy takes the menus and leaves the table.

WENDY  
 I'm surprised you ordered the soup,  
 since, you know, you hate tomatoes.

JUSTIN  
 I panicked. I should have ordered a  
 salad.  
 (beat)  
 And a glass of wine.

Amy returns a few minutes later and places the Bruschetta  
 Basillica on the table, along with Justin's soup and Wendy's  
 salad.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 Thanks.

AMY  
You're welcome. Need anything else?

JUSTIN  
No, I think we're good.

AMY  
Okay, I'll be back with your food  
in a few minutes.

As Amy leaves the table, Justin's expression shows that he regrets his decisions.

JUSTIN  
There's so much tomato here. The  
soup is tomato, the bread has  
tomato on it, if there's tomato on  
my Fettuccine Alfredo I'm going to  
lose my mind.

Justin dips his spoon into the soup, brings it to his mouth,  
and hesitates before finally eating it.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Ugh, that's terrible.

Justin then eats a piece of the Bruschetta Basillica and  
makes a displeased face.

WENDY  
Not good?

JUSTIN  
It's okay, but it'd be a lot better  
without the tomatoes.

Wendy eats a piece.

WENDY  
Oh, this is really good.

Justin dips a piece of bread in the tomato soup and takes a  
bite.

JUSTIN  
Nope. Not even the bread can save  
this soup.

Justin pushes the bowl to the side.

WENDY  
You know Amy is going to comment on  
how you didn't eat the soup.

JUSTIN  
Yeah, I'm already dreading her  
response.

Amy returns with the food and places it on the table.

AMY  
Didn't like the soup?

Wendy gives Justin a knowing look.

JUSTIN  
I have a love/hate relationship  
with tomatoes. I love ketchup and  
pizza sauce, but I hate chunks of  
tomato.

AMY  
I totally understand. I'm just the  
opposite, I love tomatoes, but  
don't care for ketchup.

JUSTIN  
Yeah, it's a curse.

AMY  
Alright, well, let me know if you  
need anything else.

JUSTIN  
Okay, thanks.

Amy leaves the table.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Your fish looks good, except for  
the asparagus.

Wendy takes a bite of the fish.

WENDY  
It's delicious, and stop  
complaining about asparagus, its  
good for you, and it makes your pee  
smell funny.

JUSTIN  
That's not a real plus in my book.

Justin looks at his chicken.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Um, this chicken looks like it's  
mostly fat and gristle.

WENDY

What? I doubt it. Just try a bite.

Justin takes a bite of his chicken Alfredo.

JUSTIN

Holy crap, this might be the best pasta I've ever had. That chicken is an optical illusion or something, it's delicious.

WENDY

See, it's not so bad here.

Time passes and Wendy and Justin have finished their food, but continue to sit and talk.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Try one of these.

Wendy puts a small green pea sized berry onto Justin's plate.

JUSTIN

What is it?

WENDY

It's a caper.

JUSTIN

What's a caper?

WENDY

It tastes like a light olive.

JUSTIN

Why would I want to try something that tastes like an olive? I hate olives.

WENDY

You might like it, just try it.

JUSTIN

I've never even heard of a caper, other than a crime caper.

WENDY

Yes you have, Hannibal Lecter eats them.

(beat)

Sautéed with brains.

JUSTIN

Wait, so you want me to eat this thing because it will bring me one step closer to being Hannibal Lecter?

WENDY

(laughs)

Sure.

Justin reluctantly stabs the caper with his fork and eats it. His face shows his displeasure.

JUSTIN

Not only is that nothing like a light olive, it's ten times worse than an olive. I'll leave the capers to Hannibal Lecter.

WENDY

(laughs)

You're ridiculous.

JUSTIN

I know. Alright, you ready to had to Von's?

WENDY

Yeah, I'm ready to take a walk and dig through some vinyl.

JUSTIN

While you're doing that, I'm going to see if they have any new film books.

Wendy and Justin get up, walk to the door, and out into the night.

FADE OUT.