

(Name of Project)

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(Based on, If Any)

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Sunlight pours through an eastern window, filling the Formica counter and tiled floor with a sort of dull, hazy glow. The kitchen is rich with deep yellows and greens, exuding a homie warmth.

JIM (early thirties) sits at the kitchen table, skimming through the Sunday paper. His wife, JOAN (early thirties) joins him, carrying a pot of coffee in one hand, and a plate of muffins in the other.

Their interaction throughout the scene is playful, affectionate, and casual.

Joan places the muffins on middle of the table with a dull thump and sits across from Jim.

JOAN  
(triumphantly)  
Now, I'm satisfied.

JIM  
I'm loving this. The queen of the "carb-watchers", making muffins for Sunday brunch...

JOAN  
(settling in)  
Blah. I'm tired of counting every bite of food I eat.

JIM  
My wife. Brilliant, beautiful, and obsessive compulsive.

Jim goes back to reading his paper. After a moment, he stops, and sniffs.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Is that banana-nut?

JOAN  
(amused)  
That got your attention.

She gives him a muffin. He offers her a smile, as if to say "touché", takes the muffin, and goes back to his paper.

JIM

By the way, you know what your son said to me last night?

JOAN

I love how whenever he does something you think is weird, he suddenly becomes "my son" instead of "our son"...

JIM

(grinning)

That's because he gets his insanity from his mother's side.

Joan throws a small piece of muffin at Jim, and misses terribly. Jim doesn't even have to dodge it.

JIM (CONT.) (CONT'D)

I think that's where he also gets his clumsy athletic skills. That was a nice throw, though, Derek Jeter...

Joan throws a bigger piece and hits him in the chest. He looks down at his lap, and then at the floor, with a smile.

JIM (CONT.) (CONT'D)

You know you're going to have to clean this up.

JOAN

It was worth it.

Satisfied, she sits down, and takes a triumphant sip from her coffee cup. Jim, amused, kneels down and cleans up the mess himself.

JOAN (CONT.) (CONT'D)

So?

JIM

So what?

JOAN

What did my son say to you last night?

JIM

Ahh...he's our son. I should take some responsibility too.

JOAN

Well, that's mighty big of you...

JIM

So, he tells me that he's going to give up solid food and go on a "juice diet". He heard on TV that it'll make him healthier than anyone he knows. So, he figures he'll be a better soccer player if he is healthier than everyone else.

JOAN

I suppose it has a certain logic to it.

JIM

Wait until you hear how he intends on IMPLEMENTING this new plan.

JOAN

Okay...

JIM

He is going to drink nothing but orange juice and apple juice for the rest of his life. Or at least until he becomes the fastest kid in gym. And yes, I'm quoting him.

JOAN

(laughing)

I can't wait to hear what your response was...

JIM

Well, I didn't want to tell him no. So I told him I knew a guy once who drank nothing but orange juice for three weeks, and his face turned orange. Then I told him that everywhere the guy went, people called him "Pumpkin Head".

JOAN

That was quick.

JIM

Yeah, well, this whole parenting thing...you've got to think on your feet.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

JIM (CONT.) (CONT'D)

You should have seen his face. I think it's probably the funniest thing I've ever seen. You've never seen an eight year old with eyes so big before.

He takes a bite of his muffin.

JIM (CONT.) (CONT'D)

By the way...these are fantastic.

JOAN

Thanks. Oh, are you going to have time to take a look at the washing machine today? Or are you going to put it off for another week?

JIM

Ahh...shit. I'm sorry, I forgot. I'll do it tonight after the movie, okay?

JOAN

You're terrible.

JIM

What? I said I'd look at it tonight.

JOAN

And when we come back from the movie, and I remind you again, you're going to say "oh, okay, sure...just let me call Alan first, before it gets too late." Then you'll fix yourself a snack and sit in front of the TiVO and watch Breaking Bad. Then you'll sit down and play X-Box with your son. Then you'll sit down in your office to do a little work for whatever presentation you've got to do this week. Then we'll get ready for bed, I'll ask you if you had the chance to look at the washing machine, and you'll say "ahh...shit. I forgot." And then your week will be too busy to get to it, and you'll promise me UP AND DOWN that you'll get to it on Sunday, when you're off...

JIM

Okay, okay, I get the point. I'm a procrastinator. You married a procrastinator. This is not news to you.

A beat goes by, and the two share a smile.

JOAN

(affectionately)

Eat your muffin.

He makes a show of taking another bite with a smirk. Shaking her head, she takes a section of his newspaper, and they both read in silence.

END