

A DUEL!

Written by

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LOGLINE: A petty disagreement between neighbors escalates to the point of a "Hamilton-Burr" styled duel.

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EXT. SUBURBS - FRONT LAWNS - DAY

Two houses, almost perfect reflections of each other, stand side by side.

XANDER (late 20s, pencil-pusher with no productive outlets, house on the left) steps out of his parked car. There's a smile on his face. *Today was a good day!*

SQUISH!

His face falls. He looks down.

He's stepped in dog poop. A big one.

Just like that, his day is ruined.

Fuming, he turns to face the other house.

XANDER

BARRY!!!

In the other yard, BARRY (late 20s, loves his lawn mower more than his wife, house on the right) waters his lawn. It's still a good day for him.

BARRY

Howdy neighbor! How's it hangin'?

XANDER

"How's it hangin'?! " I'll tell how it's hangin'! Your dog shat on my driveway again!

BARRY

My dog?

XANDER

It's certainly not my shit!

BARRY

I don't even have a dog.

XANDER

Bullshit.

BARRY

Nope. I don't have one of those either.

XANDER

Why I oughta'!

Angrily shaking his fist, Xander marches over to Barry's yard. Barry recognizes an impending threat.

BARRY
Whoa! Hey!

Barry flicks his hose to fend Xander off with the water.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Stay back!

This seems to work. Xander stays back for now.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I can't have your "shitted-up"
shoes dragging across my grass!
This yard is my baby!

XANDER
It's your shit!

BARRY
I don't know what you're talking
about.

XANDER
(challenging)
Oh?

Xander looks at Barry, Barry's lawn, then back at Barry. Still making eye contact, he drags the soiled shoe across Barry's grass.

BARRY
My baby!!!

Barry drops to his knees and starts comforting the grass.

BARRY (CONT'D)
It's okay! It's all gonna be okay.
You'll be alright.

He looks back to Xander.

BARRY (CONT'D)
You bastard!!!

XANDER
Serves you right!

BARRY
If it's a fight you want, then it's
a fight you'll get!

Barry stands up.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Meet here. Dawn. We'll settle this
like the gentlemen we are.

XANDER
You don't mean...

BARRY
Oh, I do.

XANDER
A duel it is, then!

BARRY
I trust you own a flintlock?

XANDER
What kind of man would I be if I
didn't?

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Xander approaches a STORE EMPLOYEE.

XANDER
Excuse me. Do you know where I
could find the flintlock pistols?

INT. BARRY'S HOME - NIGHT

Barry loudly rummages through various trunks and drawers in
search of something.

TINA (late 20's, Barry's wife, not entertained) enters. She
looks at her husband, incredulous.

TINA
What are you looking for?

BARRY
My flintlock, babe.

TINA
God dammit, did you challenge
another person to a duel?

BARRY
You know me so well.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

Xander exits the store, visibly lacking a new flintlock pistol.

XANDER

I still can't believe they didn't have any. I'm gonna look like an idiot tomorrow.

He pulls out his phone and starts Googling.

XANDER (CONT'D)

If Amazon doesn't have same-day shipping, I'm just getting a rapier.

INT. BARRY'S HOME - NIGHT

Barry continues his search with Tina watching disapprovingly.

Suddenly, Barry finds something. He pulls out his flintlock pistol.

BARRY

Aha! There she is!

TINA

We can't afford to keep buying 18th-century ballistics! What'd he do, cut you in line at Starbucks?

BARRY

That guy had it coming too, for the record.

Barry exits the room.

TINA

My mother was right.

EXT. SUBURBS - FRONT LAWNS - DAWN

Xander stands alone on his lawn, rapier in hand.

XANDER

God, this is embarrassing.

Barry exits his house, marching like a British soldier in sweatpants, flintlock in hand. He meets Xander, and regards him.

BARRY
(re: rapier)
What's with this?

Xander stammers for an excuse.

XANDER
My, umm... I loaned my flintlock to
a friend. He hasn't returned it
yet.

BARRY
So you brought a sword to a gun
fight? What happened to your backup
flintlock?

XANDER
(still scrambling)
Yes! My backup flintlock! A thing
that I definitely have! Uhh... gun
maintenance.

BARRY
"Gun maintenance?"

XANDER
Yep. Had to... had to give it to
the "gun-maintainer"... to maintain
it.

Barry narrows his eyes. Xander sweats. *Has he been found out?*

The tension breaks.

BARRY
(jovial)
God, I hate it when that happens.

XANDER
(nervously laughing)
I know, right?

BARRY
Do you wanna just do swords
instead?

XANDER
Uh...

BARRY
I'll go get my rapier too. Brb.

Barry returns to his house.

XANDER

Fuck. This was a mistake. This was a mistake. This was a terrible idea!

Barry emerges once again, this time with a sword in hand.

BARRY

Alrighty! You ready?

XANDER

(too quickly)

NO!

(recovering)

I mean, umm... maybe we shouldn't?

BARRY

Are you backing out?

XANDER

NO! No, I was just thinking...

(epiphany)

YOUR GRASS!

BARRY

"My grass?"

XANDER

Well I'd just feel terrible if I got blood all over it. I know you don't like your grass getting dirty.

Once again, Barry narrows his eyes as Xander sweats profusely. *Will it work this time?*

BARRY

Ha. Yeah, I would. You're right. But it's a bit late to find a different spot.

XANDER

We could always reschedule!

BARRY

True! Yeah, we could probably figure something out later.

XANDER

Yeah.

BARRY

Yeah.

Silence passes between them for a few awkward moments.

XANDER

Well... in the meantime... since
it's early, and we're both up... do
you wanna grab a coffee or
something?

Barry shrugs.

BARRY

Yeah, I'm down for that. Where were
you thinking?

XANDER

Starbucks?

BARRY

I fucking love Starbucks!

The pair walk away down the street, disappearing off into the distance.

With neither of them the wiser, a mangy, stray DOG scampers up to Xander's driveway. It squats, just about to relieve itself.

THE END