

"Chris, what will happen when we get old?"

"I don't know. I already know I'll probably have robot legs cause my knees suck."

"My poor baby. I think you'll have sexy robot legs."

"Well thanks a lot!"

"What do you think will happen to me then?"

"You will have an odd obsession with fish."

"Eh?"

"You heard me. You and I will sit on our porch in are white picket fence surrounded yard, watching our grandchildren running around with their parents sunbathing for a chance of relaxation. I will be polishing my robot legs and you will be rocking back and forth going 'I remember when they invented fish.'"

"No Chris... I think you'll be saying that WHILE polishing your legs. I will be inside dying from cancer."

"You better not die from cancer! I already have our deaths planned out."

"Oh, you do now?"

"Yep. Want to hear it?"

"We get hit by a bus."

"Better! We will be lying in bed, you with Alzheimer and me reading you a book you wrote so you could remember how we met, and we will die in each others arms."

"You do know that is how 'The Notebook' goes, right?"

"I thought someone stole my idea-"

"Okay, while you re-plan our deaths, I am gonna be inside - in bed very naked - waiting for you. But you have to put our daughters to bed or you don't get a piece of this action."

"Yum-yum bum-bum."

"How I fell in love with you I will never know."

Chris hurries into the living room. He picks up each daughter in each of his arms. They begin to protest. "We were watching Spongebob!" Chris runs up the stairs and drops them each in their beds. He kisses them good night, sings a quick song, and runs out of the room to jump on Lance.

"God Chris, no wonder you have bad knees!"

TA-DA!