

Script: JOINT CUSTODY

INT. MOM'S TOWNHOUSE, LISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is packed with stuff Lisa has guilted her parents into buying: A huge flat- screen TV, computer and a vanity piled high with Kiehl's products and Mac makeup. Lisa is typing on her sidekick. Her brother Joel Enters.

JOEL

Tough day in Home Ec? Need a stiff one?

LISA

Oh, come on. It was for a party this weekend. It was a bottle of Peach Schnapps.

JOEL

It's a slippery slope, Lisa.

LISA

Don't try to lecture me.

JOEL

I'm not. I'm trying to fix things. Mom is bringing Terry to your little meeting tomorrow and Dad is bringing his own date. I'm here for you on this.

LISA

(Scoffing)  
Yeah, right.

JOEL

What happened? We used to be close. I let you come downstairs when my friends were over. I took you to your first concert.

LISA

Please, the Backstreet Boys were for you. You belted "I Want It That Way" the whole ride home. I wanted to slice my ears off.

JOEL

That was a good song! But, wait. The point was that I'm here for you.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Here for me? You weren't here for any of the stuff with Mom and Dad. And now you're going to skate out of here to Manhattan just like you skated out of here to college in California. You're a skater.

JOEL

Like a cool Avril Lavigne Skater boy?

LISA

Like a flaming gay ice skater.

JOEL

I'm just trying to help while I'm here.

LISA

We've been doing fine without your help for years.

Lisa leads him out of the room.

LISA (CONT'D)

Have fun in Manhattan. See you at Thanksgiving.

JOEL

Come on, Lisa, don't shut me--

Lisa closes the door.

JOEL (CONT'D)

(Very small)

--out.