

Script Savages, ROLES: Reed/T.J., Male, 13-17

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

T.J. is sitting at the computer. A large cardboard box filled with various items is on the floor next to him. Reed enters.

REED

Get off the computer. I need to use it.

T.J.

Is it important?

REED

Yeah, I need to send my stunt idea to Fear Factor. Get this, you make people kill their own cat while biking through a pool filled with mayo. And here's the twist: the seat on the bike is made of razor blades!

T.J.

I can't believe I share genes with you.

REED

What?

T.J.

People aren't going to kill their own pets!

REED

They will if they want to be on TV. So come on, off the computer.

T.J.

Hang on, there's just twenty seconds left on my auction. Nineteen, eighteen... I've got a bidding war going.

REED

Really? What are you selling?

T.J.

Baseball trophy.

(CONTINUED)

REED

You don't have a baseball trophy.
You were kicked off the team for
betting on games.

Reed pulls a trophy out of the box.

REED (CONT'D)

Hey! This is my trophy!

1 T.J.

You never use it.

REED

You don't use a trophy! You look at
it, you appreciate it, you rub it
in other people's faces... Besides,
it's my trophy!

T.J.

Then how am I supposed to make
money? I'm too young to get a job,
too old for a lemonade stand, too
unhealthy to give blood, Dad won't
let me panhandle...

REED

You could mow lawns or shovel
snow...

T.J.

Hmm... sit at a computer... lift
heavy snow... I just can't decide.
Oh wait, yes I can.

REED

You can't just sell stuff that
doesn't belong to you!

T.J.

All right, what if I give you ten
percent?

REED

IT'S MY TROPHY!

T.J.

(looking at computer screen)
Not anymore. It belongs to...
NeverWonAnything@yahoo.com.

(CONTINUED)

REED
NOOO!! Undo! Undo!

He stares at the screen in defeat. Then turns menacingly towards T.J. and picks up the trophy.

REED (CONT'D)
NeverWonAnything's not gonna want
this trophy when I get through with
it.

T.J.
Daaaaad!!