

MUGGED

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AT NIGHT

TOM (40), at a dinette table slams the lid of his laptop.

TOM
Fuckity, fuck-fuck! Mother-fucker!

Tom presses his palms against his temple. BETH (40), wearing a nightgown enters.

BETH
What in the world is going on?

TOM
It's this fucking writing challenge. Some soulless, satanic, piece of shit moron decided that we should write a one page script. ONE PAGE! Who the fuck does that!?

BETH
Then why put yourself through it?

TOM
Because if I win, I get a mug and that would prove that I write good.

BETH
Well.
(re: Tom's confused look)
It would prove you write well.

TOM
Whatever! Same difference.

Tom stands - paces. Beth, rolls her eyes - exits.

THE NEXT MORNING

Tom, haggard, unshaven at the dinette - still at it.

Beth, wearing a bathrobe, holding a black marker in one hand, removes a white coffee mug from a cabinet with the other.

Beth writes on the mug: "WORLD'S GOODEST WRITER". She fills the mug with coffee, places it next to Tom at the dinette.

TOM (CONT'D)
Okay, I got it down to six pages.
Just have to figure out how to cut five. Think you can help?

Beth looks at Tom, dumbfounded. She shakes her head, picks up the mug - exits.