

SIBLING WAR SLIDES FOR GINGER AND PETER

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* NOTE: some scenes have been added or modified for casting purposes*

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PETER

Ginger, I don't have time to act in your play. I really need to do well tonight and you're ruining my concentration.

GINGER

Peter, it will only take 20...no 10 minutes top. If you would just look at th...

PETER

No! Go find someone else.

Ginger stops.

GINGER

No, it has to be you! I wrote it for...

Peter turns away from Ginger, cutting her off. He grabs the ball from behind her. She moves away and goes back to her camera and grabs the script lying next to it. She makes her way to the back to Peter.

GINGER (CONT'D)

PETER

(Reading from her script)

He shoots and he...

"You keep bothering me and I will call my brother!"

Peter throws the ball toward the hoop, but it rides on the rim and falls to the ground. Devastated, he glares at Ginger.

PETER

Move or leave! Choose one!

Ginger is undeterred. She looks down at her script and goes to speak when the script is ripped from her hands. Peter holds it over her head.

GINGER

Well, since you already have the script...

Ginger and Peter glare at each other. After a moment of silence, Peter tosses the script over to the camera and walks to the basket. Ginger runs over to the camera and retrieves her script. She looks over at Peter and then starts to dance in a circle, chanting.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I curse thee, Peter, to miss this shot. Walalalalala.

Peter stops and looks over at Ginger.

PETER

What are you doing, Ginger?

Ginger ignores Peter and continues to dance. She flops to the ground, flailing her arms up and down.

GINGER

Walalalalalala, I summon the forces
of failure upon Peter and the sport
called Basketball.

PETER

Stop that!

Peter getting agitated starts to freeze up as he looks at the basketball in his hands. He looks up at the clock and pales a little. Ginger continues to chant.

GINGER

You will loose by the power of me,
the caster of all jinxes!!!

Peter is focused on the clock as the ticking gets louder. He starts to lose the grip on the ball as it falls from his hands and across the gym floor, Petrified, he looks over at Ginger, who continues to chant wildly. Peter rushes over and lifts her off the ground and holds her by her shirt.

PETER

God dammit, Ginger! Take it back. I
swear I will rip that script into
tiny pieces if you keep it up!

GINGER

Are you really sure you wanna do
that? I heard jinxes are really bad
when you provoke the caster.

INT.GYM-A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Ginger is sitting on the floor near the three point line looking up at her brother Peter, who is examing the ball with a devastated position.

GINGER

You know..

Peter slowly turns his head to look at Ginger who is smiling up at him.

PETER
What now? Ginger!

Undeterred ginger smile broadens.

GINGER
I bet if you take the shot it will
go in.

Ginger leans playfully back pretending to fall over then with all her weight falls forward not judging her strength she puts her hand down to support her, realizing her silly mistake she beams up toward peter who is shaking his head in denial.

PETER
Its not going to work, you saw i
already missed, its all ruined the
games in one hour and I'm
completely doomed.

Ginger strenghtens up and looks a Peter for a moment.

GINGER
You know there's a solution to your
problem.

PETER
What not another one of your stupid
curses.

GINGER
First of all their NOT stupid
second of all yes but the opposite
if I reverse the curse you will
magically be able to make your
shot.

PETER
Your an idiot

Ginger folds her arms and frowns. Peter and Ginger stare at each other for a moment, Peter shakes his head a bunch of times. After a while Ginger turns to head toward her camera to leave when peter blocks her path.

GINGER
What are you doing?

Peter reluctantly stands taller

PETER
Is it really gonna work?

Ginger looks at Peter for a moment as a huge cat like smile stretches across her petite face.

Ginger sticks out the ball for peter to grab, but he just glares at her.

GINGER
Best out of three. I win, you read
my lines!

Peter is a little intrigued. He looks up at the clock and then back down at her.

PETER
What do I get when I win?

GINGER
I'll...pack up and leave!

PETER
And my laundry.

Ginger cringes in pain, but takes a breath.

GINGER
Alright, fine. Even your disgusting
laundry.

Peter smiles wide and grabs the ball from Ginger.

PETER
Deal!

Peter walks toward the foul line, Ginger follows. He tosses the ball to her.

PETER (CONT'D)
Little ones first!