

“Tattle-Tale”

An older BROTHER sneaks into the kitchen, sees the candy jar. He looks around, then slowly lifts the lid. As he reaches into the jar and slooowly extracts a piece, he is STARTLED by ...

LITTLE SISTER

Busted!!

BROTHER

Ahhh!!

The lid drops and makes a loud noise as he tries to catch it and fumbles it, making even more noise.

LITTLE SISTER

You're in trouble now.

BROTHER

You little ... you better not tell Mom.

LITTLE SISTER

What'll you give me if I don't?

BROTHER

(threateningly)

You mean, what'll I do to you if you do.

“Tattle-Tale” (2)

She steps right up to him, not intimidated.

LITTLE SISTER

Then you'll be in even more trouble.

He knows she's right.

BROTHER

Ok, I didn't mean that. I'll be nice to you for a week, just be quiet.

LITTLE SISTER

Two weeks. And a dollar.

BROTHER

A dollar! It's only a piece of candy.

(he thinks, gets a new strategy)

You know what? Go ahead and tattle.

Go ahead. Just remember: Nobody likes a tattle-tale. Not even Mom.

He walks.

LITTLE SISTER

Ok! One week. And a quarter!

“Tattle-Tale” (3)

BROTHER

(over his shoulder)

Tattle-tale brat.

He’s gone.

LITTLE SISTER

(to herself)

I’ve got to work on my negotiation skills.

