

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

INT. WEIGHT ROOM. DAY.

HAROLD leans back with trepidation on a bench. He grabs hold of a weightless barbell above him and begins pressing.

CHRIS and REGGIE watch HAROLD from afar. REGGIE blinks in disbelief.

REGGIE  
(grimaces at HAROLD)  
My pinkey is twice the size of his bicep.

CHRIS  
(to REGGIE)  
Go help him warm up.

REGGIE  
(to CHRIS)  
Listen, hot-shot! You play darts with cotton-balls? Coach said don't be late for practice or waddle home and tell it to somebody who cares!

CHRIS  
(sends REGGIE over)  
Just spot him for three sets of eight!

REGGIE  
 (to himself, as he concedes)  
 Yeah, three sets of eight. Don't talk  
 numbers with me, I got seven siblings. I'm  
 an expert on fractions!

REGGIE meanders with reluctance over to HAROLD.

REGGIE  
 (to HAROLD)  
 Hey. You.  
 (points to barbell)  
 Load up ten more.

HAROLD  
 (doesn't get it)  
 Huh?

REGGIE  
 (to HAROLD)  
 You heard me. Load up ten more.

HAROLD  
 (sighs)  
 Uh... I don't think that I can-

REGGIE  
 (explodes and goes crazy)  
 -LOAD UP TEN MORE! DO IT!! Do it NOW!!  
 What is that, a pixie stick!? You wanna  
 flutter, little fairy!? Load up ten more  
 NOW!!!

HAROLD  
 (struck with fear, loads up more  
 weight)  
 O-okay!!

In panic, HAROLD loads the weight, scurries to the  
 bench, and presses the barbell again. As HAROLD  
 soldiers through, REGGIE grins at CHRIS. CHRIS gives  
 REGGIE a scolding look.

REGGIE  
 (innocent)  
 What!?