

RODRICK (O.S.)

OWWWWW!

*RODRICK runs in holding the tinfoil toothpick ball.*

RODRICK (CONT'D)

Who put this between the couch pillows?!

GREG

So THAT'S where it went!

RODRICK

This thing just stabbed me in my buttock!

GREG

I'm actually relieved it turned up. I kinda lost track of it last week.

RODRICK

Don't lie, liar! You put it there to puncture my body, like a butt landmine!

GREG

I did not!

*RODRICK grabs him and pulls him close.*

RODRICK

You think you can fight back, huh?! Well, remember this, turd-breath: *(high/low gestures)* I'm up here and you're down here. And you just signed your own funeral. Oh, yeah. When you least expect it, you better expect it. 'Cuz I will never rest until I destroy you with all the arsenal of my incredible evil.

*RODRICK hisses like a demon cat and exits, holding his rear.*