

BASKETS

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"Movie Star"

written by:
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TEASER

INT. AUDITION WAITING ROOM

CHIP, in his full clown attire, sits nervously in a small room with ten other clowns. The other clowns are dressed as circus clowns, as opposed to CHIP. CHIP is dressed as a Pierrot clown. An intern carrying a stack of papers enters.

CHIP

Hi, yeah, do you have some ice water?

INTERN

Skittles?

CHIP

(politely)

Uh, no, water.

SKITTLES

That's me.

SKITTLES, one of the clowns, slowly puts the magazine he was reading down, puts his wig on and follows the INTERN into the room, with the INTERN shutting the door behind them. CHIP takes a deep breath. Shortly after the door shuts, it opens and SKITTLES exits.

CHIP

(to another clown)

It was probably his wig. Last minute adjustments, rookie mista-

INTERN

Baskets.

CHIP

Me! That's me. Were you able to find some water or should-

INTERN turns around and walks back into the room. CHIP quickly gets up and repositions his outfit.

CHIP (CONT'D)

(to the same clown)

Wish me luck.

The clown ignores him.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITION ROOM

JACK, the assistant director, plays on his phone while sitting at a folding table in front of an empty space with a single folding chair. CHIP clears his throat, closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath as he walks in.

CHIP

If possible, I had an entrance planned that I'd like to start with.

JACK

(looks up from his phone)
Next.

CHIP

Ok, no entrance. I'll start with some miming.

CHIP starts to 'shovel dirt.' The INTERN grabs his arm.

INTERN

Come on.

CHIP

No, this is part of my routine. It's called miming, a popular form of clowning-

INTERN

I mean come on, audition is over.

CHIP

(realizing)
What.

INTERN

I'm sorry, but please leave.

CHIP

(to JACK)
I didn't even get to my gags.

JACK is back on his phone, paying no mind to CHIP.

CHIP (CONT'D)

(to JACK)
Hey! I'm talking to you!

The INTERN grabs his arm.

INTERN

Sir!

CHIP
(to JACK)
Let me clown for you!

JACK looks up from his phone, smirks, and then gets back to his game. This sends CHIP over the edge. He shakes the INTERN off of him.

CHIP (CONT'D)
That's what you like, huh?! You wanna
see me lose my flippin mind?!

CHIP grabs the folding chair and launches it across the room. JACK shoots his head up, dropping his phone.

CHIP (CONT'D)
You did this!

CHIP grabs a fake plant from the corner of the room and throws it to the ground. CHIP now has JACK's full attention.

CHIP (CONT'D)
When someone performs for you-

CHIP looks for things to throw in the empty room. He grabs JACK's satchel from the ground and throws it against the wall.

CHIP (CONT'D)
-you pay attention!

CHIP yells as he ruffles all of JACK's papers on the table.

CHIP (CONT'D)
Manners!

CHIP grabs JACK's phone from the ground.

CHIP (CONT'D)
How much does this cost?!

JACK
(stuttering)
S-six hundred.

CHIP gently puts the phone down and storms out.

CHIP
(to JACK)
You made a huge mistake!

CHIP slams the door behind him. JACK and the INTERN stand in silence. CHIP is heard yelling from outside the door.

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CHIP (CONT'D)
I studied in France!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT

MARTHA locks her front door and turns to her car. Across the street, PETE, an old man with older ideals, sits in a folding chair outside of his apartment.

PETE

I've had my eye on you for quite a bit of time now.

MARTHA

(oblivious)

Thank you, Pete. That's really sweet of you.

PETE

You got a man?

PETE answers her question before she can answer.

PETE (CONT'D)

He aint gotta know what we do.

MARTHA

My dad doesn't really care what I do anymore, on the count of his Alzheimer's.

PETE

Why don't you take that dress off?

MARTHA

Are you hitting on me?

PETE

Heaven's no!

PETE unbuckles his belt.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm givin' you what you want.

MARTHA

Oh boy. No, please stop.

PETE stops and gives her a flirtatious grin.

PETE

You is one of them hard to get womans,
huh? Alright then, have a nice day,
Martha.

MARTHA

(uncomfortable, but still
polite)
You too, Pete.

PETE

Let me watch that perty ass get into
that car.

MARTHA is grossed out by the comment and enters her car backwards. She struggles to orient herself correctly in the car, hitting the car horn with various body parts. PETE stares with a perverted smile.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S CAR

MARTHA drives silently as an upset CHIP still in his clown attire sulks in the passenger seat. MARTHA decides to break the silence.

MARTHA

So how did it go?

CHIP

(sarcastic)
Great, Martha, can't you tell by the
way I'm jumping for joy?
(serious)
Learn to pick up on social cues.

MARTHA brushes off the insult and tries to change the subject.

MARTHA

Well my day hasn't been too great
either. My neighbor, Pete, said some
pretty sexual things to me this
morning.

CHIP

Nobody likes a liar, Martha.

MARTHA

Sorry.

CHIP

I was just really parched.

MARTHA

I have some water in the back.

CHIP checks the backseat.

CHIP

Desani? You paid for that? Plus he wouldn't even look at me.

MARTHA

Did you ask him nicely?

CHIP

That's not how auditions work.

MARTHA

My dad, before he got Alzheimer's, used to always say, "sometimes to gain respect, you have to demand it."

CHIP

What did you just say?

MARTHA

I said before my dad got-

CHIP

(frustrated)

It was a joke. I was making fun of your dad for having Alzheimer's.

MARTHA

Oh.

CHIP

But seriously, turn the car around, I'm getting that part.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

INTERN walks to her car in a scarcely occupied parking lot. Loud opera music plays and CHIP jumps out from behind the bushes.

The INTERN screams and drops her papers. CHIP pantomimes grabbing an arrow from behind his back and shoots it straight into the air. He then spins and acts as if to catch the arrow in his teeth. The INTERN, frightened, rushes into her car as CHIP continues to perform.

CHIP

No! Please! Five minutes!

INTERN starts her car and shuts the door.

CHIP (CONT'D)

I need this!

INTERN steps on the gas. As a last ditch attempt, CHIP jumps in front of her car, smacking against the windshield. He rolls off as the car drives away with clown makeup smeared across the windshield.

CHIP watches the car drive away as all hope leaves his body. His clown makeup is warped as a tear rolls down his cheek, messing the makeup up even more. Across the parking lot, in his car, JACK, the assistant director, is mortified. He saw the whole thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S FRONT YARD

CHIP, now in his street clothes, is drenched in sweat as he knocks on his neighbor's door. An old woman answers the door and hands him a five dollar bill.

OLD WOMAN

(patronizing)

And one more for doing such a terrific job.

CHIP

Great.

CHIP grabs the money from her hand, grabs the lawn-mower and moves on to the next house.

CUT TO:

INT. BASKETS HOUSE

MARTHA and MRS. BASKETS sit on the couch as they watch CHIP drag himself to the next house.

MRS. BASKETS

Poor Chip. I remember auditioning back in the day.

(MORE)

MRS. BASKETS (CONT'D)

Nothing is more stressful than being judged for doing something you love.

MARTHA

I didn't know you used to perform.

CHIP is seen struggling to get the lawn mower started.

MRS. BASKETS

Oh yes, sweetie! After cheer leading fell through, I would sing and dance- I couldn't do comedy though. Chip must've gotten that from his father. I was always considered the belle of all balls.

MARTHA

Why don't you perform anymore?

CHIP is seen through the window flailing his arm up and down, desperate to start the lawn mower.

MRS. BASKETS

You know, raising twins really takes a lot out of you, especially Chip. Do what you love while you still have your youth and beauty.
(halfheartedly)
Mine's almost all gone!

MARTHA

Come on, MRS. BASKETS. I'm sure you can still sing and dance. We should do a karaoke night or something.

MRS. BASKETS eyes light up.

MRS. BASKETS

Yes! Oh my gosh, that would be a hoot! Did you want to throw the party at your place?

MARTHA

(unsure)
I can. But my neighbor has been coming on to me lately-

MRS. BASKETS

Does Chip know?!

Before Martha can answer, the house phone rings. MRS. BASKETS gets up to answer it.

MARTHA
Actually, Chip and I-

MRS. BASKETS ignores MARTHA's answer as she walks to the phone.

MRS. BASKETS
Oh! This will be so much fun! I'll have to get my old machine out of storage.

MRS. BASKETS answers the phone.

MRS. BASKETS (CONT'D)
Hello?
(a beat)
I'll get him, one second.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S FRONT YARD

CHIP finally gets the lawn mower to start. Just as the lawn mower starts, MRS. BASKETS opens her front door and yells for CHIP.

MRS. BASKETS
Chip! Phone call!

CHIP sees that she is calling for him, but can't hear her over the noise of the lawn mower.

CHIP
What?!

MRS. BASKETS
There's someone on the phone for you.

CHIP
What?!

MRS. BASKETS
You have a phone call.

CHIP gets louder and more frustrated, MRS. BASKETS stays at her constant, cheerful self.

CHIP
I can't hear you!

MRS. BASKETS
Someone called and would like to speak with you.

CHIP

I can't hear you over the lawn mower!

MRS. BASKETS

It sounds like a man, but I don't want to assume. You know what assuming does-

CHIP finally stops the lawn mower and yells back.

CHIP

WHAT?!

MRS. BASKETS

You got a phone call. I don't think you could hear me over the sound of the lawn mower.

CHIP leaves the lawn mower in the yard to go answer the phone. But before leaving, he gives the lawn mower a nice kick. The whole front end snaps off.

CUT TO:

INT. BASKETS HOUSE

CHIP storms in and picks the phone up off of the counter.

CHIP

Yes?

JACK (V.O.)

Hi, is this Chip?

CHIP

(suspiciously demanding)
Who is this?

INT. JACK'S DESK

JACK sits at his desk, leaning back in his chair with his phone on speaker.

JACK

Jack Windham. You auditioned for me earlier.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

CHIP

Oh, the jack ass who doesn't respect the art of clowning. Is this a customary denial phone call?

JACK

No, it's not.

CHIP gets serious.

CHIP

Did I get the part?

JACK

Oh God no.

CHIP

Then what do you want?

JACK

I'm working on a private film. We have a role that I think you'd be perfect for.

CHIP

I swear if you're lying to me...

JACK

No lies, we shoot tomorrow though. Are you interested?

CHIP

Obviously. Are you going to fax the contract to me or do I sign it when I get there?

JACK

Contract?

CHIP

You must be new to Hollywood.

JACK

Fine, we'll have a contract ready for you when you get here. I'll call you later with the details.

CHIP

Cool, thanks, bye.

CHIP hangs up with a smile on his face. He towards his room.

MRS. BASKETS

Did you get the part?

CHIP

Better, I got a movie gig.

MRS. BASKETS

Ahhh! My little Chip is going to be a star!

MARTHA

Aren't you gonna finish mowing your neighbor's lawn?

CHIP

Did you hear her? I'm going to be a movie star.

MARTHA

Yeah, and that's great, but you already started-

CHIP

No offense, Martha, but I'm really starting to get some mentally retarded vibes from you.

MRS. BASKETS

Chip!

CHIP

Sorry! Ok?! But do you think Tom Cruise mows lawns?

MARTHA

I don't know, he might like the exercise.

CHIP

It was rhetorical! Sometimes I wish I could erase the things you say.

CHIP disappears upstairs. MARTHA looks at the ground, feeling hurt.

MRS. BASKETS

(jokingly; eye roll)
Celebrities. Am I right?

MRS. BASKETS laughs at her joke. MARTHA fakes a smile.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WAREHOUSE

A small, low-budget production takes place. CHIP, in his clown attire, walks up to JACK.

JACK
Baskets the clown!
(jokingly)
Don't trash the place, now!

CHIP
(serious)
Why would I do that? Do you have the contract?

JACK sifts through his satchel and pulls out a sheet of paper. He hands it to CHIP.

JACK
Here we are. Had one of our guys whip it up last night.

CHIP signs the paper without reading it and hands it back to JACK. JACK is confused but brushes it off.

CHIP
When do we start?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE SET

The set is dressed to be a children's birthday party. CHIP does breathing exercises and then physical exercises. He lays on the ground and sticks his feet straight into the air.

JACK
Places!

CHIP is snapped out of his routine.

CHIP

Wait! I didn't get a script yet.

JACK

You don't have any speaking lines.

The nerves start to get to CHIP.

CHIP

Speak through emotion. Perfect.

JACK

Action!

CHIP starts to clown. He grabs a handful of glitter from his pocket and sprinkles it over the stage. JACK, along with most others on set, are confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cut! Cut!

CHIP

I'm sorry, was I supposed to provide my own music?

JACK

No, there is no music. I need you to do some tricks for me. Pull a rabbit out of a hat, shoot fire out of your sleeve. Something.

CHIP

That's sounds more like a magician.

JACK

What's the difference?

CHIP starts cracking up, but realizes JACK was being serious.

CHIP

Really?! Magicians rely on cheap gags and illusions.

JACK

And what you're doing is...?

CHIP

Real.

JACK

Can you just pretend to be a magician for the film?

CHIP

I'm sorry, but I have to draw the line somewhere. I can't jeopardize my brand.

JACK looks at CHIP with disbelief.

JACK

Alright, fine, I'll clear it with the writers. Everyone take five.

CUT TO:

INT. BASKETS HOUSE

MRS. BASKETS sits on the couch watching a video of her dance recital when she was 16. She has a wide smile and a single tear. She picks up the phone and calls DALE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARBY'S

DALE walks up to the entrance when his phone rings.

DALE

Hello?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

MRS. BASKETS

Dale, it's mom. Clear your calendar for tomorrow night.

DALE

(skeptical)
Why?

MRS. BASKETS

We're having a karaoke night!

DALE

That sounds stupid. But Nicole and the girls are having a "Girls Only Family Night" so I'll need to be out of the house anyway.

MRS. BASKETS is ignorant to his unenthusiastic behavior.

MRS. BASKETS

Yay! Can you do me a favor and find *my* song for my karaoke machine?

DALE
What's your song?

MRS. BASKETS
Oh, stop Dale. You know my song.

DALE
No, I don't, I didn't even know you
listened to music.

MRS. BASKETS
Silly Love Songs by Wings!

DALE
Why don't you just pull it up on the
computer? Use Limewire or something.

MRS. BASKETS
I want to do this right, Dale.

DALE
Ok, well I'm busy so have Chip do it.

MRS. BASKETS
He's busy starring in a movie.

DALE
Right, he's probably playing a plant
or something. Look, mom, I gotta go.
Good luck with your jukebox.

DALE hangs the phone up and walks into Arby's.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT

MARTHA walks to her car but is stopped by the sight of a
shirtless PETE.

PETE
There she is.

MARTHA
Hi Pete. How are you today?

PETE
Better now that you let them melons
out.

MARTHA is wearing a long sleeve shirt and an overall dress.

MARTHA

Ok. Look, Pete, you're really nice,
but can you please stop talking to me
with sexual intentions?

PETE

(rhetorical)
Can quail mate with other mid-sized
birds?

MARTHA

I'm not really a bird expert, so I'm
not sure.

PETE

Is it hot out here?

PETE starts to take his pants off. Martha speed walks into
her apartment and locks the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEST BUY

MRS. BASKETS walks with a young employee.

MRS. BASKETS

Can you believe there wasn't *one*
karaoke store on this whole street?

EMPLOYEE

I didn't know karaoke stores were a
thing.

MRS. BASKETS touches the young mans arm as she chuckles at
his comment. The EMPLOYEE is uncomfortable.

MRS. BASKETS

Now you're really making me feel old.

EMPLOYEE

Well, here it is.

MRS. BASKETS and EMPLOYEE stand in front of a small shelf
with two karaoke books on it.

MRS. BASKETS

(dejected)
This is it?!

EMPLOYEE

Yeah, it's not too popular. Plus one
karaoke book is like the price of an
iPod shuffle.

MRS. BASKETS

What's an iPod shuffle?

EMPLOYEE

It stores a bunch of songs and then plays them at random.

MRS. BASKETS

That sounds so fun! You never know what song is next!

EMPLOYEE

Would you like me to grab one for you?

MRS. BASKETS

Do you think Costco carries them?

EMPLOYEE

I'm not sure.

MRS. BASKETS

How many do you have?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE SET

CHIP sits nervously on a bench. JACK enters and CHIP impatiently approaches him.

CHIP

What did the writers say?

JACK

About what- Oh, you doing whatever you were doing. Yeah, he said no can do.

CHIP

He? Can I talk to him? Maybe convince him?

JACK

You can try, he's right over there.

SCOTT, a writer even younger than JACK, pours himself a cup of coffee. CHIP runs over to him.

CHIP

Hey, writer.

SCOTT

Yeah, what's- oh shit, I know you!

CHIP

You do?

SCOTT

Yeah! My friends and I like to get high and laugh at the clowns at the rodeo. Your set was TIGHT.

CHIP

Thank you, would you like me to sign something?

SCOTT

Nah. I'm good, man. What can I do for you?

CHIP

They want me to play more of a magician than a clown. I think it'd be better if-

SCOTT

If you did your thing. I got you, man. You the clown. You do the funny. Do what you need to do.

CHIP

Thank you! Sorry to be a pain, it's just when people hear "Baskets the Clown," they expect something.

SCOTT

Totally get it, man. Your brand. That's all we are in corporate America. Everything we do is in an attempt to sell ourselves-

JACK

Places!

CHIP

(under his breath)
Thank god.

CHIP and the other actors take their places to shoot the birthday party scene.

JACK

Action!

CHIP starts to clown around with glitter again. The children are still confused. He is interrupted by the voice of a young child, TIMMY.

TIMMY

That's him! That's the clown that touched me!

CHIP

What?

TIMMY enters the scene with OFFICER.

OFFICER

That's the clown that molested you?

CHIP

Hey! I've never even seen this kid in my entire life!

TIMMY

Yes, officer sir, that's him.

CHIP

(to Timmy)
You shut the fuck up!

All the kids gasp.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Sorry!

(to JACK)

I swear he's lying! I would never-

JACK

Cut! Dammit, Baskets! Don't break the forth wall! Stay in character!

CHIP

This is part of the movie?

JACK

Yes! Everyone go ahead and reset.

CHIP

I play a child molester?

JACK

Jesus, yes! You're Baskets the child molesting clown.

CHIP attempts to scoop his glitter up off of the ground. He puts it in his pocket and walks off set.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MRS. BASKETS ROOM

MRS. BASKETS pulls a large box from her closet. She places the box on the bed and opens it to reveal an old dress.

She smiles as she takes the dress out of the box. She holds the dress up to herself as if to try it on, but the dress is a quarter her size. She throws it in the trash.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE SET

CHIP storms up to SCOTT.

CHIP
Hey! You made me a-
(whisper yells)
Child rapist?!

SCOTT
No, man. You're a child *molester*.

CHIP
What's the difference?! It makes no sense!

SCOTT is offended by this personal attack.

SCOTT
You ignorant clown. Everything I write has purpose! I finaled in two contests. What have you done?

CHIP
I studied in France!

SCOTT
Anybody can pay their way on the escalator of success! Real talent climbs the ladder!

SCOTT storms off. CHIP looks for JACK, finds him, and runs up to him.

CHIP

Hey, that prima dona writer won't change the script, so I'm out.

JACK

Fine. You aren't getting paid though.

CHIP

You said even if it doesn't work out I'd get paid.

JACK

Yeah, if we determine that it doesn't work out. The contract doesn't protect you from quitting.

CHIP

Fire me then.

JACK

No.

CHIP

Fine.

CHIP takes out a cigarette as he walks away. JACK yells at him.

JACK

No smoking in here!

CHIP chucks the cigarette as far as he can.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT

The karaoke party is underway and everyone is bored out of their minds. MRS. BASKETS sits at the end of the table. DALE, MARTHA, and Ms. Basket's friends (MAGGIE, WANDA, and NAN) all sit at the table in silence.

DALE

Well, I'm out. The girls should be done with family night soon and I'd rather wait in the garage again.

MRS. BASKETS

You can't leave yet, Chip isn't even here yet.

DALE

(offended)

He's the hoopty dooty all of a sudden
just because he's a freakin movie
star?!

DALE laughs through his anger making everyone uncomfortable.

DALE (CONT'D)

No thanks. The only thing Chip could
make interesting is a suicide.

Everyone cringes at the distasteful joke.

MRS. BASKETS

If you're going to be a downer then
just leave!

DALE

That's what I'm doing!

DALE composes himself.

DALE (CONT'D)

Ya'll have a lovely evening now.

DALE exits.

MRS. BASKETS

Now that he's gone, how about some
karaoke? We don't have a huge
selection, but I th-

MAGGIE

Actually, it's getting pretty late and
I think we're just going to head out.
Right girls?

WANDA

Uh, yeah. It is late.

NAN

I have appointments.

MRS. BASKETS

Just go. You all are too old to stay
up and party anyway. Don't want you to
miss the early bird specials!

The women quickly and silently leave. MRS. BASKETS sulks in
her sadness as MARTHA attempts to comfort her.

MARTHA
I'll sing karaoke with you, MRS.
BASKETS.

MRS. BASKETS angrily grabs a cookie and shoves it in her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE SET

The actors, including CHIP, take their places to continue the birthday party scene.

JACK
Action!

TIMMY
That's him! That's-

CHIP starts yelling at the top of his lungs.

CHIP
Ahhhhhhhhhh!

TIMMY and OFFICER attempt to talk over him as he continues to yell.

TIMMY
The man!

CHIP
Ahhhhhhhhhh!

OFFICER
That's the man that molested you?!

CHIP
Ahhhhhhhhhh!

TIMMY
Yes!

JACK
Cut!

CHIP stops yelling and looks at JACK. JACK realizes he's been beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get the hell out of here. Somebody pay
him.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S CAR

CHIP slouches in the passenger seat, looking out the window.

MARTHA

At least you got paid, right?

CHIP

Yeah.

CHIP looks at the 25\$ Red Lobster gift card in his hand.

MARTHA

Everything happens for a reason.

CHIP

Did you not receive enough attention as a child? You don't always need to speak.

MARTHA

I'm just trying to make you feel better about getting fired.

CHIP

I wasn't fired! I left on my own terms.

MARTHA

Either way, it sounds like you're better than them.

CHIP takes a beat to let it sink in.

CHIP

(whispers; heartfelt)
Thank you.

MARTHA

What?

CHIP

Jesus. Nevermind, deafy.

CHIP notices a can of pepper spray in the car.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Why do you have pepper spray?

MARTHA

I got it to defend myself against my neighbor Pete. He's the one that I was telling you about. The one that-

CHIP

You're really committing to this bit,
aren't you?

CHIP tosses the pepper spray on the floor of the car in
disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT

CHIP and MARTHA enter the karaoke party to see MRS. BASKETS
and PETE talking at the table.

MRS. BASKETS

Ah! Martha, I saw Pete through the
window. It looked like he was sad to
be missing out on all the fun, so I
invited him over.

MARTHA

(hesitant)
Uh...ok.

PETE

(grinning)
Hey Martha.

CHIP

(to PETE)
What is wrong with you?

PETE

Excuse me?

CHIP

You think you can harass Martha?

PETE starts to get a bit scared.

PETE

I aint harassin her-

CHIP

Some women can handle the attention of
a man and Martha is not one of them!
So back off, pervert.

PETE goes to speak but CHIP cuts him off.

CHIP (CONT'D)

And even if Martha was interested in
men, she wouldn't be interested in
you.

PETE

(to MARTHA)

I'm real sorry. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.

MARTHA

It's ok, Pete. We can put it behind us and just enjoy this karaoke party.

PETE

(surprised)

This is a karaoke party?

MRS. BASKETS

It's supposed to be, but I couldn't find any of my karaoke books.

PETE

Well shit, I got tons of karaoke books.

CHIP

Do you have Silly Love Songs?

PETE

By Wings?

CHIP

Yeah.

PETE

I should.

CHIP

I'll split a Red Lobster gift card with you for it.

PETE

How you gonna split a gift card?

CHIP

I'll use twelve fifty and then give you the card and you can use the rest.

PETE

(skeptical)

How do I know there'll be twelve fifty left on the card?

CHIP

Fine! You can take the whole thing.

PETE

Deal. Be right back.

PETE leaves. MRS. BASKETS smiles at CHIP. CHIP catches MRS. BASKETS smiling at him.

CHIP

You owe me a trip to the Red Lobster.

END ACT THREE

END TAG

INT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT

MRS. BASKETS and PETE sing a duet of *Silly Love Songs* by Wings. MARTHA stands by enjoying the show. She notices CHIP outside, smoking a cigarette.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTHA'S APARTMENT

CHIP smokes a cigarette while looking out into emptiness. MARTHA enters from the house.

MARTHA

Hey. I wanted to thank you for helping me with Pete.

CHIP

I wasn't helping you. I was helping myself. He was making me uncomfortable with the looks he was giving you.

MARTHA

Oh, ok. Well thanks anyways.

CHIP

Yeah.

CHIP takes a drag from his cigarette.

MARTHA

I really do think you're going to make it. I'm not just saying that.

CHIP continues to stare off into the distance. A slight smile cracks across his face. He quickly discards the smile and turns to Martha.

CHIP

Can you go back inside and make sure Pete doesn't try anything with my mom?

MARTHA

Oh. Yeah, of course.

MARTHA walks back inside, leaving CHIP to his loneliness. CHIP puts the cigarette in his mouth as he reaches into his pocket.

He pulls out a handful of glitter and spills it all over the street. He takes a deep breath and watches the wind sweep the glitter away.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW