

Sketch Summaries

Queen of Couture

Abigail, your average 30-year-old, enters a high-fashion clothing store with big expectations... that are someone exceeded in the most obscure way.

Dave's New Client

At a friend's birthday dinner, talent agent Dave talks about his new clients, causing confusion amongst the group.

Debt

Larry, an elderly father of two, makes a startling announcement to his children about his financial decisions.

QUEEN OF COUTURE

by

Kendall Whitmore

kwhitm21@student.scad.edu

INT. FASHION STORE - DAY

ABIGAIL(30s) walks into the store. It's a posh, modern store with sleek countertops and racks of clothing that costs more than your rent.

CELERY(20s) a worker with a cutting-edge hairstyle and an outfit that would confuse Lady Gaga, stands behind the counter. She perks up right away when she sees Abigail.

CELERY

Hi hon, welcome to Couture Shore.

ABIGAIL

Hi! I just wanted to buy a new dress for a special occasion.

CELERY

Ah, well you came to the right place. Take a good gander. If you need me, my name is Celery.

ABIGAIL

Oh, like the vegetable?

CELERY

No, it's French. You know, like "C'est ler ree".

ABIGAIL

You mean "C'est La Vie"?

CELERY

Um, no. My stepdad is Canadian, I know these things.

ABIGAIL

Oh, uh, okay.

Abigail takes a few steps into the store. Suddenly, JUNIPER(20s), a flamboyant man with terrible boundaries, appears in front of her. She jumps back, startled.

JUNIPER

Hello! I see you need a guide in these rough waters of couture.

ABIGAIL

Oh, well, I guess-

JUNIPER
Right this way.

Abigail warily follows Juniper deeper in the store. They stop in front of a rack of clothing. Juniper looks Abigail up and down for an uncomfortably long time.

JUNIPER
I have the perfect dress for you.
It screams.

He says this like he's going to complete the sentence, but he doesn't. A pause.

ABIGAIL
It screams what?

JUNIPER
No. It just *screams*. Oh miss Helen!

The lights dim and a spotlight illuminates. The most obnoxious music you've ever heard plays. Out struts HELEN, a model adorned in drag-queen level makeup and a floor-length dress made of feathers. She poses.

ABIGAIL
Oh wow, you guys use models?

JUNIPERS
Mannequins are for those who fear The Awakening. I presume you enjoy this dress?

ABIGAIL
Oh, well, it's beautiful! But I need something a bit more... subdued. It's for my sister's baby shower.

Juniper shudders.

JUNIPER
Babies. Ugh. They're like chihuahuas that have rights.

Celery looks up from her phone.

CELERY
I've been telling you, we should outlaw them!

Juniper nods.

JUNIPER
Amen sister.

He turns back to Helen.

JUNIPER
Helen, shoo. There's some leftover
bread crusts in the break room.

Helen struts away. Juniper walks further into the store and Abigail follows. He scans the racks for a moment and then has another "aha" moment.

JUNIPER
You need something that proves you
are not just an aunt, but an aunt
that's down to get nasty nasty.

ABIGAIL
I'm not sure about *that*, but okay.

JUNIPER
I have just the thing. Oh,
Zaddison!

The lights dim again, spotlight illuminates, and the music continues. ZADDISON, another model, struts out wearing a silk robe, the same heavy makeup as the previous. Once she gets to Abigail and Juniper, she takes off the robe to reveal a crochet bikini with a word on each boob and the crotch: THIS BITCH KNITS. Abigail gasps.

ABIGAIL
Oh my goodness!

Juniper gasps with realization.

JUNIPER
Oh, do you not knit? I'm so sorry.

ABIGAIL
No, just... just... it's a *bikini!*

Juniper looks at Abigail, confused.

JUNIPER
You said it was a baby *shower*? I
mean if you prefer to be nude
that's your right, but-

ABIGAIL
No, it's not an actual *shower*.

Juniper pauses and looks at Abigail like she's crazy.

JUNIPER
Are you sure?

Abigail stares in shock back at him.

ABIGAIL
Yes, I'm sure!

Abigail turns to Zaddison.

ABIGAIL
I mean, you know what I'm talking
about, right?

JUNIPER
Don't speak to the merchandise!
Shoo! Shoo!

Zaddison struts away. Abigail sighs, defeated.

ABIGAIL
I knew this place would be too
fancy for me. I guess I'll just
head to Goodwill.

Abigail starts to walk away but Juniper grabs her arm.

JUNIPER
Goodwill? I GoodWON'T let that
happen. We will find something for
you darling.

Juniper takes her hand. Abigail looks at Juniper with a
smile.

ABIGAIL
Really?

JUNIPER
I didn't want to have to do this,
but I must. Jenny, come out here.
It is a FASHION EMERGENCY.

The lights dim, spotlight shines, and music plays. Out walks
JENNY, who looks shockingly normal. She wears a pretty floral
dress. She smiles sweetly at Abigail, who is pleasantly
surprised. The lights turn on again.

ABIGAIL
Wow. That's a really lovely dress.

JUNIPER

Ah, see? I knew we'd find something for you. Oh, and it's backless!

ABIGAIL

Perfect for the hot weather!

JUNIPER

Yes, yes. Give us a twirl, Jenny!

Jenny spins around, revealing that the dress is basically a hospital gown. Her ass hangs out. Most likely pixelated. Abigail covers her eyes in horror.

ABIGAIL

Oh my!

Celery and Juniper look over at Abigail, confused.

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry, but I cannot wear that!

Celery waves her off.

CELERY

Oh honey, just bring a towel when you take the subway and you'll be okay.

ABIGAIL

No! Listen, I tried to be open. I wanted to be more fashion-forward. I wanted to impress my sister and her cool friends. But now I know this isn't *me*. I'm sorry.

A pause. Juniper, Celery, and Jenny clap.

JUNIPER

There is nothing more posh than self-discovery, honey.

Abigail smiles at the group when her phone suddenly rings. She picks it up with a sigh.

ABIGAIL

Hey sis. Yeah, I'm excited for the shower tomorrow. Wait... it's a pool party?

Juniper and Celery gasp and look at each other excitedly. Abigail looks up at them.

ABIGAIL

I guess this bitch is bout to
knit!

Out struts Zaddison in the bikini again, followed by Helen.
The crowd dances around Abigail to the obnoxious music.

THE END.

DAVE'S NEW CLIENT
by

Kendall Whitmore

7kenwhitmore7@gmail.com

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A group of friends in their 30s, HANNAH, SCOTT, DAVE, and MICHELLE all sit at a table. They laugh and banter, clearly having a grand ol' time.

HANNAH

Guys, thanks so much for taking me out tonight. I really needed this, especially after the crazy week I had.

SCOTT

Hannah, it's your *birthday!*

MICHELLE

Yeah, you deserve a good one, especially after working so hard.

Hannah smiles gratefully and turns to Dave.

HANNAH

Speaking of work... Dave, you have to tell us about this new client!

Dave chuckles and waves her off.

DAVE

Oh, Hannah, I don't want to distract from your big day.

MICHELLE

Come on, you've been so top secret about it for so long.

Scott playfully nudges Dave.

SCOTT

Yeah, come on man!

DAVE

Okay, okay... so I've been scouting for musical talent, and I think I've found the next big thing.

The table breaks out into a bunch of "Ooo's".

HANNAH

Dave, that's awesome!

Dave lets out another chuckle.

DAVE

Yeah, it's alright. They can be real rascals sometimes, though.

SCOTT

Oh, it's a band?

DAVE

Yeah, yeah, a trio of sorts.

MICHELLE

What do they call themselves?

DAVE

Alvin and the Chipmunks.

Michelle laughs, confused.

MICHELLE

That's a silly name.

DAVE

Really? I mean, I think it's completely fitting.

Dave sips his wine nonchalantly. Michelle, Hannah, and Scott look around at one another.

HANNAH

How is it fitting, Dave?

Dave looks at them for a moment, baffled.

DAVE

(incredulous)
They're chipmunks.

Dave goes back to eating. The group looks at each other, concerned. Scott forces out a laugh and puts a hand on Dave's shoulder.

SCOTT

I'm sure Dave means they're just little uh... pipsqueaks! Like fun little guys. Not *actual* chipmunks. Right, Dave?

Dave scoffs, still puzzled.

DAVE

Um, no, they're chipmunks. With the tail, the fur, everything. And they're real wise guys. I wish the restaurant didn't have a no-rodent

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
policy. Would've been fun to have
them out tonight to celebrate
Hannah's big 3-1!

The group once again is bewildered, but Michelle leans in
curiously.

MICHELLE
How did you find these chipmunks,
Dave?

Dave smiles, remembering fondly.

DAVE
Well, they actually found me.

SCOTT
They went to your studio?

Dave laughs.

DAVE
No, no! They came to my house.

HANNAH
To your *house*?!

DAVE
Yeah, those rascals had been
driving me crazy for days, so I
catch em, next thing you know,
they're singing Funkytown on my
kitchen counter. They've really
got pipes.

Dave lets out one last chuckle before enthusiastically
turning to Michelle.

DAVE
Now Michelle, I know you're
working on a big new case!

Michelle waves him off.

MICHELLE
Yeah yeah, double-homicide,
vehicular manslaughter, whatever.
Um, back to the chipmunks...

Dave looks around, upset, realizing.

DAVE
Oh my god, I knew you guys would
be like this. So prejudiced. You
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

know, just because they're a little different from us doesn't mean they aren't capable of having the same talents!

HANNAH

Dave, that's not the issue here, the issue is that you're being cra-

Scott puts out a hand to quiet Hannah before turning to Dave with an earnest expression, like a parent to an overly-imaginative child.

SCOTT

Listen, uh, buddy, do you have any recordings of them?

Dave sighs and pulls out his phone.

DAVE

Yeah, I have a song we recorded in the studio today. They're mainly doing cover stuff right now, but it's still pretty solid.

Dave presses play. Hot 'N Cold by Katy Perry plays, but it just sounds like you took the original version and pitched it up a shit ton. The friends all stare at each other in disbelief as Dave does a little shoulder dancey dance.

DAVE

They're groovy, right? And they say they got these friends they collab with, which are basically the girl version of them but there's like a romance going on-

Hannah slams down her hand.

HANNAH

Stop! Stop this!

Dave pauses the music and looks at her with a startled expression.

HANNAH

Listen Dave, I know it's been a while since you've had a hit. But as your friend I *cannot* let you lose your mind like this.

DAVE

Lose my mind? If anything, I've gained so much knowledge!

Dave turns to his friends with a sly expression.

DAVE

Especially from Simon. You see, he's the brainiac of the group-

HANNAH

ENOUGH! You're seriously insane, Dave, and I really don't know if I can be your friend if you don't acknowledge that these chipmunks AREN'T REAL!

Hannah puts her head in her hands. Michelle comforts the clearly distressed woman. Dave looks down, saddened by the situation.

DAVE

Wow. You really think I would lie about a potential music revolution? These chipmunks are real, and not just in life, but in my heart. I guess I should just leave.

Dave gets up and leaves the distraught and confused group at the table.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Dave exits the restaurant onto the street. On the ground, the three beloved CHIPMUNKS, ALVIN, SIMON, and THEODORE sing.

CHIPMUNKS

Happy birthday to yo-

Dave signals for them to stop.

DAVE

She's not coming out guys.

The three chipmunks slump with an "Awww..." Dave starts to walk home, the chipmunks following.

SIMON

Looks like somebody needs a trip to Funkytown!

Dave sighs and smiles.

DAVE
You guys get me.

The chipmunks start singing "Funkytown" in their beautifully squeaky voices as the four walk off into the sunset.

DEBT
by

Kendall Whitmore

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A man in his 70s, LARRY, sits in an armchair. His son, JAMES, and daughter, KELLY, sit on the couch sipping on mugs of coffee.

JAMES

Thanks for having us over.

KELLY

Yeah, we've missed hanging with you, Pops.

She reaches over and playfully punches his shoulder.

LARRY

Yeah, yeah, I've really missed you guys too.

Larry looks down, saddened.

JAMES

What's up Dad? You okay?

LARRY

There's actually something I need to tell you both.

Kelly and James turn to each other, concerned.

KELLY

What is it? You're freaking me out.

Larry takes a deep breath, mustering up his courage.

LARRY

I'm in debt. Crippling, terrible debt.

James and Kelly looks distraught, a hand brought to their hearts.

JAMES

Oh my god!

KELLY

Dad, if it's money you need, don't even hesitate to ask. We're family!

Larry looks up at Kelly with a petrified expression.

LARRY
It's not money they want.

JAMES
But you said you were in debt.

KELLY
And who's they?

Larry takes in another deep breath.

LARRY
It's... it's KohlsCash.

James and Kelly stare at him in shock.

KELLY
KohlsCash?

JAMES
Like the reward program at the
department store?

Larry nods, fear building in him.

LARRY
Yes.

KELLY
Dad, how did this happen?

LARRY
Well, I was shopping at Kohls -
you know how I've always loved
their affordable linen bedsheets-

JAMES
They are God-defying levels of
soft.

LARRY
Exactly. And I saw that they
opened up a KohlsBank where there
were KohlsCheckbooks and KohlsTMs.

KELLY
KohlsTMs?

JAMES
Kohls-themed ATMs. God Kelly, keep
up!

LARRY

And I talked to a KohlsBank Teller
and look out a KohlsLoan and now I
am 50,000 KohlsDollars deep in
KohlsCash KohlsDebt.

KELLY

God, Dad, how did you get *that* in
debt?

Larry hangs his head solemnly.

LARRY

I love that damn Kohls. The fresh
smell of the KohlsAir. The aisles
of endless BOGO deals. The
fluorescent lighting hitting my
American skin.

A beat as Larry basks in this glory.

LARRY

I've ingested things I cannot even
speak of into this body of mine
but I cannot even begin to tell
you the euphoria I feel when I
hear "Would you like a bag, sir?"

KELLY

Oh my god, you're addicted!

JAMES

Wait, is this is why you're
wearing a maternity shirt?

Larry stands up. His shirt unravels to reveal a striped
maternity shirt with "Bun In The Oven" printed with swirly
letters on the tummy. It hangs down to his knees.

LARRY

It was 7.99 and the cotton blend
doesn't irritate my psoriasis!

KELLY

And these mugs that say "Certified
Forklifter?" You're a retired
accountant.

Kelly turns the mug, the text in plain font.

LARRY

They were just a dollar. A DOLLAR!
I had to.

JAMES

But, Dad, are these really
necessary? I mean this one says
"Spitters Are Quitters?"

James turns his mug, the text in swirly font.

LARRY

You ungrateful rats!

He slaps James arm, who drops the mug and it shatters on the
floor. A moment as Kelly and James stare at him in horror.

Larry realizes who he's become. He sits back down and puts
his head in his hands.

LARRY

Good golly garsh. I'm just like my
father. Alone and obsessed with a
department store.

JAMES

Dad, don't say that!

KELLY

Yeah, Grandpa was crazy. I mean,
didn't he get the Macy's star
tattooed?

Larry stands up again and turns around.

LARRY

I guess I've kept his legacy.

Larry lifts his shirt to reveal a tramp stamp that reads "My
Kohl's Cash" with an arrow pointing downward.

Kelly and James gasp.

JAMES

Dad, that's not even tasteful!

Suddenly, two OFFICERS burst through the door of the home.
However, in place of their badges is the Kohl's logo.

OFFICER #1

Which one of you owes \$50,000 in
KohlsCash?

Larry still stands with his tattoo revealed.

KELLY

Seriously?!

Larry drops his shirt and turns around, facing the officers.

LARRY

Please, no, not in front of my children.

OFFICER #2

Sir, I'm afraid we have no choice.

Officer #1 raises a gun and points it at Larry. James shrieks and jumps in front of him, his arms raised.

KELLY

Fellas! No! I can fix this.

The officer lowers the gun.

OFFICER #1

You can?

Kelly lowers her arms and nods, catching her breath. Then, suddenly, she holds up a container of lotion.

KELLY

I actually have this soothing cream I got from Dillard's the other day and I think it will really deescalate things-

OFFICER #2

Geez, there's a whole family of them!

Officer #1 speaks into his walkie-talkie.

OFFICER #1

We're gonna need backup on these freaks.

Larry steps in front of his children defiantly.

LARRY

What can I say? We love a good dea-

BOOM BOOM BOOM. A whole SWAT team bursts in, firing rounds and rounds at Larry, his maternity shirt quickly riddled with bullet holes. Bullets ricochet off the walls. A black and white photo of a man holding Macy's bags falls to the ground. It's dramatic as hell.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A shadowed figure smokes a cigarette and looks into the window at the scene of Larry's demise.

They turn. It's the KOHL'S OVERLORD. They wear a fedora, suit, sunglasses. They're terrifying.

OVERLORD (V.O.)

Larry Stapleton. Poor soul
couldn't outlive the demons of his
father. Not even the strongest of
perfume samples can save him now.
It's a cruel world out there for
department store lovers, bound to
end in tragedy. Another man,
murdered in Kohl'd blood.

A title card flashes on the screen: Murdered in Kohl'd Blood.
Coming soon to KohlFlix.

THE END