

HOME AT LAST  
Pete - Side

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INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter and Mike talk.

PETER

Dude, why don't you ever wanna shoot hoops with me?

MIKE

I just don't like basketball, okay?

PETER

Alright. Relax.

MIKE

I lied. I love basketball. It's a beautiful sport.

PETER

Uh... Then I guess that brings me back to my original question.

MIKE

I can't play. I never...learned.

PETER

Dude, what do you mean you never learned?

MIKE

My Dad never taught me, okay?

PETER

Oh... Was he like... Was he crippled or something?

MIKE

What? No. He just... He left when I was really young.

PETER

Oh... Went to go buy a pack of cigarettes and never came back? That sort of thing?

MIKE

Me and my mom were out grocery shopping. I was like...two and a half. We came back, and he had stolen all our stuff.

PETER

Good thing you had groceries.

MIKE

Somehow that didn't help my Mom.  
All my childhood... I just remember  
her crying.

PETER

Dude, if it makes you feel any  
better, I brought my Dad to third  
grade once. To talk to my class  
about working for a toy company. He  
was the President and always  
brought home like kick ass toys.  
Anyway, so I brought him to class.  
I think we stopped and played catch  
at the park first. Whatever. So  
we're in class, and like the entire  
time, he's got this huge booger. It  
was so embarrassing. And then at  
the end he just kept like...  
Rubbing my head and calling me  
sport. The other kids made fun of  
me for like a week and a half.

MIKE

That sounds pretty terrible.

PETER

Yeah. But you know... Thankfully,  
time heals all wounds.  
Unfortunately, though, time doesn't  
teach you how to play basketball...  
And I really don't have the  
patience for it. So... I'll let you  
know how it goes. Go team Pete!