

GIBBLER "PILOT" SPEC

By

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based on characters from FULL HOUSE

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. CHIP'S ROOM - DAWN

KIMMY GIBBLER(36), soon to age out of her accidental hipster persona, nods her head, a hard night of partying coming to an end. The TV is on, but she doesn't pay attention from her post in the bed.

She succumbs to exhaustion, passing out next to her one night stand, CHIP (24), a trust fund art student.

We see the TV as it segue's from a late night infomercial to the local Channel 6 TV show-- WAKE UP SAN FRANCISCO!

We see Rebecca Donaldson in the TV, as the show opens with her delivering a special message.

REBECCA

As our viewers may have heard, over our scheduled vacation my longtime co-host, once brother-in law, and forever a friend, Danny Tanner, has retired from his seat on Wake Up San Francisco. It is not our place here to talk about the rumors surrounding his departure, but only to remember the indelible mark he left on this show and our great city. As we move forward into a new era of Wake Up San Francisco, let us take a moment and remember but a few of the many great moments we had with Danny on these airwaves.

BEGIN T.V. MONTAGE

- Danny and an animal trainer with exotic birds.
- Danny jamming with Jesse and the Rippers.
- Danny making a souffle in a cooking segment.

END MONTAGE

Kimmy is sound asleep, SNORING. It sounds like a pig at the trough.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE/OPENING CREDITS

Late 80's/ early 90's Miller-Boyett style intro, but with Kimmy Gibbler and her friends cavorting in Mission District style places like taqueria's, Dolores Park, laundromat's, etc. The song is "Everywhere You Look", but covered by a hip band, "TV on the Radio" would be cool.

ACT 1

INT. CHIP'S ROOM - MORNING

Chip has just woken up and slides to the end of the bed. Shaking himself off, he looks at the woman sleeping next to him--Kimmy Gibbler.

Chip sits at the end of the bed for a moment. His nose turns up, smelling something stinky. He looks down at Kimmy's feet, sticking out from under the blanket.

He leans in close, sniffing to investigate. Kimmy stirs, waking up.

CHIP

Sorry, didn't mean to wake you.

Kimmy sits up, confused.

KIMMY

Um. That's okay.

CHIP

I'll be right back. Morning constitutional.

KIMMY

Yeah, sure.

Chip exits. Kimmy's wide eyes widen even more, she darts her head around.

KIMMY

Who IS he?

She bolts out of bed to hurriedly examine the surroundings. Chip's room looks like the results of an Urban Outfitters/IKEA shopping spree.

Kimmy is looking for something specific. She finds a stack of mail next to a MacBook on the desk. She picks it up and looks at the name on a letter--Chip Denton.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Ah ha! Chip.

Chip re-enters the room, surprised by what he sees.

CHIP

What are you doing?

KIMMY

Hi Chip! I was just looking for some scratch paper.

CHIP

Why?--that's my mail?

KIMMY

I like to write down my dreams in the morning.

CHIP

Bullshit. You looking for money?

KIMMY

No--I...couldn't remember your name.

CHIP

Shit. Like you even need to know it.

KIMMY

Hey, I thought you were going to make a poo?

CHIP

Nah, just pissed.

KIMMY

That doesn't constitute a constitutional.

CHIP

Whatever. I have some stuff to do, so you should be going.

KIMMY

Okay... Mind if I get a bump for the road?

CHIP

Fine, whatever.

Chip grabs his mirror off the corner of the bed and finds the baggie with the drugs on the floor, it is near empty.

(CONTINUED)

CHIP

What the fuck! Where'd it all go?!

KIMMY

Yeeaaaah, you passed out after we--and you know, there was a Twilight Zone marathon, so I kinda kept the party going.

CHIP

Fuck! You fucking skeevy old lady!

KIMMY

You can't talk to me like that, jerk!

CHIP

I shoulda listened to my boys and not gotten an inch near you! Get the fuck outta here!

KIMMY

My pleasure, Romeo!

Kimmy starts throwing her party clothes from last night on.

CHIP

And if I see you around you better have something for me.

EXT. VALENCIA STREET - DAY

Kimmy's doing the walk of shame, but the smile on her face and skip in her step wouldn't indicate it.

The city bustles with STREET KIDS, DELIVERY PEOPLE, and BICYCLISTS, some who spectate and SNICKER.

Kimmy comes to cross paths with a sunglasses wearing BUSINESS WOMAN.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Kimmy?!

KIMMY

Michelle.

MICHELLE

Wow! Where are you headed to dressed like that?

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Just home. What are you doing in this neighborhood?

MICHELLE

A meeting, I'm looking for Chi Chi's, the restaurant.

KIMMY

Yeah, that yuppie place. You're going the right way. But I doubt they serve breakfast.

MICHELLE

Lunch weirdo. It's almost noon, and they're supposed to have amazing tapas.

KIMMY

Not my kind of place. It's part of the new front, this whole place is getting gentrified.

MICHELLE

You're white stupid.

KIMMY

Yeah but I was part of the first wave of Caucasians, so I have a claim to stake...Anyhow, how's the fam?

MICHELLE

I'm sure you've heard...things.

Kimmy, bright eyed and bushy-tailed, looks as though she has not heard "things".

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, they're all great. But whatever you hear? It's all bullshit. But I'm sorry I can't catch up, I have these guys waiting for me.

KIMMY

Hey, how's DeeJ?

MICHELLE

She's doing really well actually.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Good. Don't tell her you saw me,
kay?

MICHELLE

Yeah. Sure. You got it dude.

INT. KIMMYS APARTMENT - DAY

Kimmy enters her shared apartment, which were it not for its location in a trendy neighborhood in a trendy city, would certainly be condemned. Years of accumulated show flyer's and posters line the walls, clothes piled everywhere, empty bottles, records, plants and the detritus of her and her roommates rough lifestyle.

Kimmy wades thought the mess towards her room.

INT. KIMMYS ROOM - DAY

The landscape of mess continues into Kimmy's room. The major difference is that her room is populated with many more stuffed animals. She flops face first down upon her bedless mattress.

INT. KIMMY'S BATHROOM - LATER

Kimmy stands under the shower. The bathroom door opens and MARNA (33, freelance graphic designer/roommate) bolts in, quickly sitting upon the toilet.

MARNA

Morning darling.

KIMMY

Hey doll face.

MARNA

How'd things work out last night?

KIMMY

Not sure. Wait. Yeah, not good. Is it just me or do guys keep getting younger in this city?

MARNA

We're the last regiment wandering the battlefield in a war that was lost years ago.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Don't flush kay?

MARNA

Do I ever? Shit. Will you help me lug those bags of clothes to Crossroads today?

KIMMY

Sorry, I'm trying to pull myself together for work.

MARNA

What're we going to do about rent?

KIMMY

As for me? I'm pulling myself together for work.

MARNA

Great. And it'll be two weeks before you're paid.

ROGER (37, internet sex cam worker/roommate) walks in.

ROGER

Hey girls.

KIMMY

Morning.

Roger begins brushing his teeth as Marna finishes and gets off the toilet.

ROGER

Any idea why the internet's out?

MARNA

Did you reset the router?

ROGER

Hello! Like 5 times.

KIMMY

Wait... I think I might have forgotten to pay that.

MARNA

What?!

ROGER

Girl! That's my bread and butter! Don't be effing with me!

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Sorry! End's haven't been meeting--

ROGER

--That's an end that HAS to meet.
No loose internet connection ends.

MARNA

I'll go login and put it on my card
right now.

Marna leaves the bathroom. Kimmy turns the shower off.

KIMMY

Sorry.

Roger, still brushing, mad dogs her. Kimmy wraps her towel
around herself.

Roger spits and rinses.

MARNA (O.S.)

Shit! I can't get on, cause the
internet's out!

Roger looks in the toilet.

ROGER

Y'all are nasty.

Roger flushes the toilet.

INT. CURIO HUTCH - DAY

Kimmy's behind the counter at her retail job. A weird store
that sells taxidermied animals, ferns, and other odd items.

Kimmy's manager ABRAM (38, skinny with a handlebar mustache)
steps out from the room behind a beaded curtain and joins
her. Abram looks Kimmy up and down.

ABRAM

Keep showing up like this and I'll
hang you on the wall with the other
creatures.

KIMMY

Can I get fronted some of my pay?

ABRAM

Ask that again and it'll be the
last paycheck.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

I had to try. And sorry I was late today.

ABRAM

Late?! I hadn't even noticed, stupid... I swear, if it weren't for my affinity with strange birds.

KIMMY

I'm sorry.

ABRAM

Just water the plants please.

EXT. CURIO HUTCH - LATER

Kimmy stands near the storefront, back against the wall, smoking a cigarette. VIOLET, (33) bandmate and retail music store worker, approaches, walking down the street with a midi pad under her arm. Violet and Kimmy notice each other.

VIOLET

Hey bitch.

KIMMY

Hey.

VIOLET

Getting off?

KIMMY

Nope, goofin' off.

VIOLET

Check out what I got.

Violet shows off her new gear. Kimmy WHISTLES.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Let's get outta here, head over to the practice spot.

KIMMY

Can't.

(affected)

Tryin' to stack paper yo.

VIOLET

You're gonna end up rotting here, girl.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Before then, can you loan me a hundred or two?

VIOLET

No way...

Violet starts off down the sidewalk again, turning back to say:

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Get your buns to the spot. We need be ready for tonight!

Kimmy flicks her cigarette butt off into the gutter.

INT. CURIO HUTCH - LATER

Kimmy's back behind the counter, her co-worker LYLA (22), naive hipster gal, beside her.

LYLA

Can't believe you took off with that dope Chip.

KIMMY

He seemed like a nice guy at the time.

LYLA

You embarrassed yourself! Nobody even cared if you're, like a little older than us. I don't know what you think playing Ms Fun N' Flirty was supposed to prove.

KIMMY

I was just having fun. And being flirty.

LYLA

Yeah right. You were a depressing mess. You just try too hard, like look at your clothes!

KIMMY

Hey! I've had this outfit since high school. I was at the vanguard of fashion that you think I'm ape-ing.

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

Mmmhmhmm.

KIMMY

My band got on a bill tonight at the Knockout. You should come down, embarrass yourself amongst MY friends. Here's the flyer.

Kimmy shoves an old school photocopied flyer into Lyla's hand.

LYLA

I dunno.

(indicating to a design)

Who are those weird guys?

KIMMY

That's just for a goof. It's Wayne and Garth.

LYLA

I dunno. Is that, like country music?

KIMMY

From Wayne's World.

LYLA

What's that?

Kimmy looks flabbergasted, as a BOBO CUSTOMER (39) approaches with her item for purchase, a hand blown glass kinda thing.

BOBO CUSTOMER

Hi.

Lyla moves to ring up whatever the thing is, punching buttons on the register.

BOBO CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Wait I wanted to ask if you had more of these. In different hues maybe?

Lyla sighs.

LYLA

We have another display, towards the back.

With an indication, Lyla leads Bobo Customer towards the back.

(CONTINUED)

Alone, Kimmy looks down at the register. She pushes a button and KA-CHING, the cash drawer opens.

Kimmy sees a drawer stocked with bills. But then FOOTSTEPS and the SWOOSH of the beaded curtain snap her out of it. She slyly shuts the drawer.

Abram approaches.

ABRAM
Slow today eh?

KIMMY
Looks like it.

ABRAM
Anyone want to go home early?

KIMMY
Well, I have a show tonight.

ABRAM
I admire your adult understanding
of priorities.

ACT 2

INT. THE KNOCKOUT / BAR - NIGHT

Kimmy is sitting at the bar, flanked by Violet and bandmate DAWN, (27) drummer and drunkard.

KIMMY
Who cares if we didn't work out
your new gear. Let's just play our
set like we practiced.

VIOLET
Sure, but our shit's not tight
enough yet.

KIMMY
We have the songs. Don't worry
about how tight we are.

DAWN
Fuck yeah. We'll just do like we
practiced.

VIOLET
If we blow this. We ain't getting
another shot at gigs.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

We have tits. We'll get another shot.

KIMMY

That's sexist... But Violet, you sound too corporate.

DAWN

Speaking of--bartender, another shot!

KIMMY

We're on first anyhow. No one will notice us. Good or bad.

VIOLET

I know this is just fun for y'all, for now--

MARNA

S'up bitches.

Marna has appeared, cutting in.

MARNA (CONT'D)

(to Kimmy)

Wasting your money on drinks?

KIMMY

(indicating to drink)

No. This was comped.

MARNA

Good. Came up with any money?

KIMMY

Not yet.

The bartender, JOE (40), has approached and pours a shot for Dawn.

MARNA

(to group)

I look forward to your public debut, ladies.

INT. THE KNOCKOUT - LATER

Kimmy (behind keyboards), Dawn (on drums), and Violet (guitar and vocals) are onstage. There is a small audience of PUNKS and INDIE KINDS awaiting.

VIOLET
Hi! Y'all ready?

A small smattering of YEAH'S.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming out. We are HAVE
MERCY!!

Violet rips into a three chord riff, her band comes in right behind her.

INT. THE KNOCKOUT /BAR -LATER

Dawn, Violet, Kimmy and Marna sit at the bar. The RAUCOUS SOUNDS of another band can be heard coming from the stage.

MARNA
You guys were fuckin' awesome!

VIOLET
Yeah right! There was nobody here.

DAWN
Shit. I saw lotsa guys getting into
it.

VIOLET
Just drunks. They wanted to get
into US.

DRUNK BRO cuts in from the floor and gets between them.

DRUNK BRO
Fuck! You guys rock, I love it.

VIOLET
Piss off, asshole!

Violet shoves Drunk Guy off and he departs.

KIMMY
Violet! He was being nice!

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET

He was being an asshole. We sucked.

MARNA

I thought you were good.

Joe pours the crew a round of shots.

JOE

Good set.

KIMMY

Calm down, Violet. We had fun.

DAWN

I thought we were awesome.

VIOLET

I'm sorry. We need practice.

A familiar face, Chip, appears and cuts in through the crowd.

CHIP

Cunt! I knew that was you!

Chip thrusts a finger at Kimmy. Kimmy's crew reacts with HEY'S and WHOA'S.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Bitch! You owe me!!

DAWN

You better back the fuck up
motherfucker!

KIMMY

It's alright Dawn. Hi Chip.

CHIP

I knew that was you up there. You
owe me, you scandalous little twat.

MARNA

Hey! you can't talk shit like that,
asshole!

CHIP

She fuckin' robbed me, took all my
coke and shit!

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET
Shut this fucker down!

Violet lays into Chip, hooking him in the ribs with a solid PUNCH. Dawn reaches over and LANDS ONE to Chip's skull.

EXT. THE KNOCKOUT /IN BACK

Kimmy smokes a cigarette, Chip sits next to her, dazed and confused.

KIMMY
I'm sorry. My friends just got my back is all. And they get carried away.

CHIP
That was SO not cool.

KIMMY
I thought we were having fun. I owe you, I know... But you can't be such a jerk.

CHIP
Yeah. Fine....Lemme get a drag.

Chip reaches and Kimmy hands him her cigarette. Chip takes a draw and COUGHS. He hands it back.

CHIP (CONT'D)
So, you're like, a band.

KIMMY
Yeah. We are.

CHIP
Cool. I thought you were just a crazy old lady.

KIMMY
Yeah, I am.

Chip's head bobs about.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
I'm lost. Completely lost. You could call it flying autopilot, were I a piece of million-something dollar machinery. But a plane's an asset. Cared for, maintained...and potentially missed.

(CONTINUED)

CHIP

Can you watch my shit? I'm going to
the bathroom.

Chip manages to stand up--hobbling, he leaves to find the
bathroom.

Kimmy is left alone with her cigarette and Chip's bulky
jacket. She looks at the jacket contemplatively.

INT. THE KNOCKOUT /BAR -LATER

Kimmy fly's into the scene --rejoining Marna, Violet and
Dawn. Holding Chip's jacket, Kimmy yanks Marna away.

KIMMY

Let's go!

MARNA

What the--?!

EXT. THE KNOCKOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Kimmy drags Marna, in a mad hustle away from the bar.

MARNA

What did you do?!

KIMMY

I may have saved our apartment.

In the background, Violet and Dawn burst out of the bar, in
pursuit.

INT. KIMMY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Assembled on and around the couch, deliberating, are Kimmy,
Dawn, Marna, Violet and Roger. Kimmy throws Chip's bulky
jacket on over her puny frame.

KIMMY

Okay, is everyone ready?!

EVERYONE

YEAH!

KIMMY

I mean, I didn't do anything wrong
right? He's a total twerp!

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET

He's like a creepy date rapist
practically!

KIMMY

He didn't do any raping. Let's be
clear about that.

DAWN

Maybe he would have though--

MARNA

--Yeah, if you resisted at all.

DAWN

He seems like the type.

VIOLET

Fuck! Enough already! Check the
pockets.

With a PHEW, Kimmy shakes her hands in the air and then thrusts them into the deep pockets. She begins pulling items out and setting them on the coffee table.

KIMMY

...lighter...AND matches...OOoo,
there's cards here...ATM, Credit,
Drivers license--I feel kinda bad
about that--and this...

Kimmy pulls out a bag, with a copious amount of cocaine.

MARNA

There's no cash?

Kimmy looks at the bag of coke in awe.

MARNA (CONT'D)

There's no cash!

Kimmy snaps out of it.

KIMMY

I don't get it. He's a total rich,
broseph.

ROGER

Duh! Of course...rich kids don't
carry cash! It's all on cards now.
They don't want the stink of the
proletariat on them.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET

We can run up that credit card.

KIMMY

No way Jose! That's too evidency.
Let's keep this theft petty.

MARNA

Shit. What are we gonna do?

One by one, everyone's gaze in the room slowly gravitates to the bag in Kimmy's hand.

Kimmy licks her chops, desirous of that fine cocaine.

INT. KIMMY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kneeling down, Kimmy, Marna, Violet, Dawn and Roger simultaneously do a massive line off of a full length mirror that has been laid out on the floor. They EEEEE and AHHH with glee, this is some good shit.

ROGER

Whooo, this is some Marina boys
shit!

INT. KIMMY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Kimmy, Marna, Violet, Dawn and Roger dance wildly, with HIP MUSIC BLASTING.

Everyone is sweaty, beers have been produced, i'ts like a fever dream.

INT. KIMMY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - LATER

They are all playing twister. In a tangle up, bodies collapse upon each other.

Kimmy falls on top of Roger, swooning momentarily. She leans in to try to kiss him, Roger EW'S and shoves her off.

INT. KIMMY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Violet, Dawn and Roger and heaped up and in various states of sleep.

Marna and Kimmy face each other, lying on the floor, still awake, but just barely.

(CONTINUED)

MARNA

Kimmy. Are we gonna be okay?

KIMMY

Yeah. Of course we will sweetie.

MARNA

We won't make rent...We should have sold all that coke.

KIMMY

We're not drug dealers.

MARNA

Yeah. We're not. We're just drug thieves. I think that's worse.

KIMMY

No way....Shit, Chip's really gonna kill me now.

MARNA

Just forget it, it'll all work out.

KIMMY

Yeah.

Kimmy runs a finger through her friends hair. They close their eyes and descend into sleep.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Kimmy, Roger, and Marna stand outside, looking at the building of their former apartment. They are surrounded by their aquired belongings and much of their trash. Roger is holding his computer monitor.

ROGER

This isn't fair! Marna and me had OUR share of the rent!

MARNA

Hey, we're all in this together okay!

KIMMY

Y'know. I think we outgrew that place anyhow. On to bigger and better things.

Kimmy looks from Marna to Roger.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Whatta you say guys?

MARNA

If you weren't so damn chipper and optimistic, I dunno what I'd do.

ROGER

Well, fuck. You my girls, I'm with you. Whatever, as long as we find a new spot that's near BART.

MARNA

And it somehow needs to be cheaper, yet more spacious.

EXT. MISSION DISTRICT STREET - MINUTES LATER

Roger, Marna and Kimmy, push and drag overflowing shopping carts down the street. looking for their next home.

PASSERSBY spectate, but the crew doesn't pay much attention, as they GAB to each other.

Kimmy's cart hits a crack in the sidewalk and topples over, spilling its contents all over the sidewalks.

Marna LAUGHS first, then Roger and Kimmy join in.

EPILOGUE

INT. KIMMY'S NEW APARTMENT BUILDING / HALLWAY - DAY

Kimmy, Roger and Marna stand in the hall outside the door of their new apartment. The detritus of their life surrounds them.

Kimmy holds the key, on the verge of opening the door.

MARNA

The price was right.

ROGER

This shit is not even close to BART.

KIMMY

This'll be great guys. We have a nice little mom and pop downstairs, and we're closer to the park. So come on! Let's do this.

INT. KIMMY'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

The door swings open. Kimmy is carrying Marna in her arms, like newlyweds. The three enter and flick on the lights.

This place sucks. Clearly it is a small studio: poorly painted, small kitchen and dirty floors.

Roger and Marna's faces drop with disappointment.

Kimmy looks around, enthused.

KIMMY

Isn't this great guys?! A fresh start.

CUT TO BLACK