

Inspector #4 - TV Pilot by Franklet

1. INT. TEXTILE FACTORY - DAY

The rolling sound of several conveyors belts is drowned out by the loud KENNY G music blaring over loud speakers placed around the factory. Thirteen conveyor belts are manned by an array of disinterested looking workers. Near the end of each belt is an INSPECTOR, occasionally removing a piece of clothing deemed unfit, otherwise dropping a small piece of paper into each newly filled plastic bag of white underwear.

Camera pans across the belts and comes to rest above belt NUMBER FOUR. A tall, slightly chubby MARCUS TUBBS, 26, vigorously examines each piece of underwear that passes under his nose, pressed less than a few inches above the conveyor belt - tossing pair after pair of white underwear into a large bin labeled REJECTED. It's his first week on the job, having just graduated from ITT.

MARCUS

...rejected rejected rejected rejected
maybe... no rejected...

TEEDY

TUBBS!! Just what in the sam hell do
you think you is doing? Those is
perfectly good drawers you tossing.

MARCUS

Sorry Mr. Teedy! They just weren't up
to company standard. See the
Inspector's Manual is quite clear about
dangling threads or mis-sewn
waistbands, sir - I can't just let
them...

TEEDY

Dammit, Tubbs! I am just plum tired of
your shenanigans! You find a way to
make them drawers good enough or the
only undies you'll be sorting are the
pair you wears to the unemployment
office!

MARCUS

Yes, Mr Teedy.

TEEDY

In fact, I thank you need to see Ms. Box. I'mma sign you down for tonight, right after you done workin'. You'll thank me one day, son.

Marcus sighed and continued working. He managed not to throw every other pair of underwear into the REJECTED bin, instead throwing every seventh pair out.

2. INT. OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

CHRISSEY, 26 sits behind a tastefully designed cherry wood desk. Behind her are bookshelves full of self-help books. On the wall is a diploma from the East Texas Institute of Cosmotology and Psychotherapy.

CHRISSEY

So, Mister, um, Tubbs is it? Nice to meet you. I'm Christina Box, the company therapist. I see here you were referred by your floor supervisor, Mr. Teedy?

MARCUS

Yes, Ms. Box.

CHRISSEY

Call me, Chrissy.

Marcus, sitting upright, taps the arm of the couch four times. As he prepares for the fifth tap, Chrissy clears her throat.

CHRISSEY

Ahem. Yes. Is there anything you'd like to talk about first, Mr. Tubbs? May I call you Marcus?

MARCUS

Sure. I don't know really. I've never done this before. You know, therapy and all.

CHRISSEY

It's ok, Marcus. Don't be nervous. I'm here to be your friend. You can feel...

Marcus's lips are moving, but he is not saying anything.

CHRISSEY

Are you trying to say something?

MARCUS

the sign...oh! I'm sorry, go on!
Please!.

CHRISSEY

So, let's talk about your life Marcus.

MARCUS

I'd rather not.

Marcus stares off towards the wall as uncomfortable silence envelopes the room.

3. INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The TUBBS FAMILY sits around a dinner table covered in mounds and mounds of traditional American junk foods.

At the head of the table sits ROY GEORGE TUBBS, 52. To his right is his second wife, SUNNY CROCKETT-TUBBS, 45. To her left is her step-daughter MAGGIE TUBBS, 19. Across the table from Maggie is HARRIET TUBBS, 22. To the left of Harriet is PARKAY TUBBS, 25. Seated to the right of Harriet is Parkay's twin brother, Marcus Tubbs, 26.

ROY GEORGE

Quiet down ya'll. I just wanna say how happy it makes me that after all these years, we're still going strong as a family. Would someone pass the Velveeta?

Roy George accepts the slab of Velveeta from Parkay, after she slices off a large chunk for herself.

The dining room is decorated in numerous styles - with a poster size picture of the family prominently above and to the right of where Roy George sits. On the same wall are recently signed pictures of the cast members of *Saved By The Bell*. Next to that is a large portait of the Tubbs

family standing behind a wooden cut out painted to resemble the opening title card painting in *Family Ties*. Underneath that are cross stitched placards of each of the Tubbs children's names in rhinestone studded photo frames. On the adjacent wall is a huge velvet painting of Monica Lewinsky, surrounded by a portrait of the Virgin Mary and Roy George dressed in a Ghostbusters costume.

SUNNY

So, Marcus, tell us about Tammy? Where is she from? What does she do? When did she go blind?

HARRIET

Mom, that's not funny. It's her nose, right? Somehow she can't smell anything, right?

Harriet passes a massive plate of hot dogs to Maggie.

MAGGIE

Maybe she's from New York. I hear New York girls aren't at all particular. And everyone knows they're used to the smell of garbage.

PARKAY

(burps.)

Marcus takes a gallon sized drum of chili from Harriet.

MARCUS

You guys are really funny. I don't smell that bad anymore. Besides, Tammy's different. She's a hairstylist - she knows how hard it can be in today's world and she understands that people are different.

ROY GEORGE

It's ok, son. Women may joke about us at the dinner table, but everyone knows we Tubbs men are...

HARRIET

(coughs) PICKLES (coughs)

Roy George cuts Harriet a sharp glance. Sunny coughs. Marcus glares. Maggie accepts a pyramid stack of hamburgers from Sunny, after taking 5 passes the stack across the table to Marcus.

ROY GEORGE

...Romeos in the sack. Now, Harriet. Janeane says it's not constructive to talk about each other's sexual dysfunction at the dinner table.

MAGGIE

What does Janeane know? She got her degree from America Online Keyword Dr Phil.

ROY GEORGE

That Dr Phil. What a guy. I wonder how he stays so trim.

Roy George becomes distracted sucking on chicken bones dipped in mayonnaise. Sunny hands a tray of Twinkies to Roy George who passes it to Parkay who passes it to Harriet.

MARCUS

Chrissy says we only bring up other's sexual dysfunction as a way to introduce our...

Marcus pauses as everyone looks at Harriet, who has removed the cream filling from a twinkie and is now eating a hot dog covered with the cream filling. Sunny puts her face into her hands.

HARRIET

What's everyone staring at?

4. INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

Marcus sits in a large overstuffed recliner. TAMMY HANDY, 47 storms out of a side door, carrying a suitcase in one hand and horrid looking, English Bulldog under the other arm. Her hair is red, big, and stringy.

TAMMY

I'm damn tired of this, Marcus! You ain't done nothing but sit around watching them stupid ass shows since I moved in. I ain't havin' it no more! Me an Conway Twitty here is gonna go stay over at Merlene's until I find a new place.

MARCUS

But, Tammy! No, please, I'm sorry, it's just I'm not doing well at...

TAMMY

I don't care no more, Marcus. I been sleepin' wit Wayne Jenkins from up yonder at Waffle House since Christmas. He ain't weird like you! He does it right! He don't need no pickles to...

Tammy's voice fades after she says "pickles;" the shot zooms on Marcus, stone-faced, who turns back to the TV, taps the arm of the chair 4 times when the front door slams, shaking the walls, causing a framed picture of Marcus and Tammy to fall and shatter. Tammy's t-shirt saying "JESUS For President!" is clearly visible, while Marcus is obscured by the cracks in the glass. Marcus sighs and turns up the TV volume.

CUT to CLASSROOM

5. INT. CLASSROOM - EARLY EVENING

Marcus sits, nervously fidgeting, as he surveys the thirty or so people sitting around him. Upon hearing his name called, Marcus approaches the podium and taps the microphone four times.

MARCUS

My name is Marcus Tubbs and I am a sexual compulsive.

ENTIRE GROUP

Hi Marcus!

MARCUS

Tonight is my first time here, and I don't want to bore you all with the details of my life, so I'll just sit back down now.

Marcus returns to his seat in a brisk, goofy walk. He sits down with an embarrassed flush across his face and stares at the floor.

Several other compulsives stand up to speak, but Marcus pays only cursory attention. A deep, lusty female voice speaks for a few minutes and finally Marcus looks up at:

PENNY QUICK leans into the podium, allowing her open blouse more exposure to the crowd, as her story draws to a close.

PENNY

And I grabbed the purple costume tail and squeezed until I reached climax - while Ted pulled my hair until I collapsed to the ground and he sang softly in my ear "I love you, you love me, we're a happy family, with a great big hug, and kiss from me to you, won't you say you love me too, you fucking cuntwhore!"

MARCUS (V.O.)

I don't know what I'm doing here. Why does Tammy insist I come? I'm not like these people. My family would never let me live this...What is she talking about...I can't...Pickle. Pickle. Pickle. Pickle.

Marcus faints. Penny stops talking and takes a few short, gasping breaths into the microphone as scattered applause comes from the rapt audience. As the last "pickle" is heard, fade out.

CUT TO LIVING ROOM

6. INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

Marcus wakes from reverie. He goes into a side room, and comes back out wearing a white t-shirt and white briefs, with black socks. He's holding a hairbrush. He walks to a large stereo system and turns on a CD. A girlish laugh comes booming out of the speakers. Marcus holds the hairbrush up to his face

MARCUS

"Yo I'll tell you what I want / what I really really want / So tell me what you want / what you really really want / I'll tell you what I want / what I really really want / So tell me what you want / what you really really want / I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I wanna really / Really really wanna zigzag ha."

Chrissy walks in, just as Marcus slides across the floor into the foyer, singing into his hairbrush.

CHRISSY

Ahem. Excuse me. Mr. Tubbs?

Marcus drops the hairbrush. He stares, mouth agape at Chrissy, obviously fumbling for an explanation. Chrissy blushes, and holds up a black pocketbook. Marcus slowly backpedals into the living room.

CHRISSY

The door...open...music so loud...I didn't mean...you left this today...I am so sorry...I should let you get back...

Marcus falls backward into his recliner. His head falls into his hands and he whimpers quite loudly.

CHRISSY

Oh, oh, Marcus, don't...it's really ok, It's really a great song...

Marcus looks up, tears running down his face.

MARCUS

It's just, everything is breaking up.
I'm about to lose my job and my family
thinks I'm a loser and my girlfriend
left me tonight and now you. I'm just
not meant to be happy.

Chrissy, with a hesitant expression, picks up the
hairbrush and kneels in front an astonished Marcus.

CHRISSEY

"If you want my future, forget my
past / If you wanna get with me better
make it fast / Now don't go wasting my
precious time...

Marcus, looking into Chrissy's eyes begins to mouth the
words

CHRISSEY

If you get your act together, we could
be just fine.

CUT TO TEXTILE FACTORY.

7. INT. TEXTILE FACTORY - LATE MORNING

Marcus lip synchs as he happily plucks each seventh pair
of underwear from the conveyor. A young man, RICHARD
VIXEN, 24 approaches.

RICHARD

Sup, kid. What's got you so high today?
I heard Teedy sent you in with that
sweet shrink chick yesterday. Man is
she something!

MARCUS

I guess. Her name's Chrissy.

RICHARD

So, what's up? Teedy gonna fire you?

MARCUS

Dunno man, but I'm not sure I care
right now! Tammy left me last nite.

RICHARD

Really? That's good news, I hated that dog - Kenny Rogers or whatever his name is. Is that why you're so up?

MARCUS

Can't really talk about it - but I've met someone new

RICHARD

Really? One of those freaky chicks at that group you go to? Oh! Oh! That hot Barney chick, it's her right?

MARCUS

I said I can't talk about it.

RICHARD

Whatever, man I'd wear that suit anyday, that chick is sweet. I wonder if she's into lesbians.

MARCUS

You're disgusting. Time for lunch. See you later, Richard.

Richard watches Marcus walk across the factory floor towards a set of offices. Marcus pulls a plastic wrapped pickle out of his brown paper lunch bag just as he turns toward Chrissy's office.

8. INT. OFFICE - DAY

Chrissy is behind her desk, examining papers, not looking up as Marcus enters. Marcus sits down on the couch, close to Chrissy's desk, holding his pickle and staring intently at Chrissy.

CHRISSEY

Hello, Mr. Tubbs. Is there something I can help you...

Chrissy looks up and sees Marcus's expression, then notices he's holding a pickle. She coughs and chokes at the same time. Marcus rushes to her.

MARCUS

Chrissy?? What's wrong, I'm sorry, are you ok? What...

CHRISSEY

Mr. Tubbs! Marcus. We can't do this. I am your psychologist. We **work** together. If anyone found out...I could lose my job, my license, my entire life...

MARCUS

Then I'll quit. I go somewhere else for therapy. I need you, Chrissy.

CHRISSEY

Marcus. I. We can't...

Marcus leans toward her for a kiss. The door to her office slams open and Teedy walks in.

TEEDY

Ready for my session, Ms. Box, I's...

Marcus flies backwards toward the couch. Chrissy slams downward into her chair. The pickle in Marcus's hand slips out and lands at Teedy's feet. Teedy stares at it in confusion.

TEEDY

TUBBS!! Get yer pickle-eating self out of here and quit bugging Ms. Box. She don't have time for yer foolishness! Go! Get back to work! And don't let me catch you tossin' drawers!

Marcus slowly picks up his pickle and dashes from the office. Teedy sits down staring in open appreciation at Chrissy.

TEEDY

So. Ms. Box. You ready to fix all my problems?

Chrissy looks at the door in exasperation.

FADE OUT.

9. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Tubbs family sits in the living room around an empty space. A karaoke machine is set up. A lone microphone is in the empty space. The lighting is dim. Marcus, Parkay, Maggie, and Harriet are seated on a huge sectional sofa. Sunny is seated in a large recliner. Upbeat music (Britney Spears - Toxic) starts to play. Roy George comes out of the darkened hallway dressed like an airline stewardess. Everyone but Marcus shouts with glee and excitement. Roy George grabs the mic.

ROY GEORGE

Baby can't you see / I'm callin' / A
guy like you / Should wear a warnin' /
It's dangerous / I'm fallin'

Despite his bulk, Roy George manages to dance quite well, getting lost in his performance. He ends a verse with a coy laugh, his body facing away from his family, his head turned back, his lower right leg kicked up. FREEZE FRAME.

WIPE.

10. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus now stands in the empty space, all the lights are out. A spotlight shines on him. The family is frozen amidst their frenzy over Roy George. Huge smiles and over the top joy on all their frozen faces. An ephemeral head shot of Chrissy hangs over Marcus's left shoulder. Slow music begins to play (Night Ranger - Sister Christian). Marcus sings dramatically.

MARCUS

Motoring / What's your price for flight
/ You've got him in your sight / And
driving thru the night / Motoring /
What's your price for flight / In
finding mister right / You'll be
alright tonight.

The lighting suddenly changes, resembling stage lighting. Marcus is suddenly decked out in 80's new wave gear, with lots of make up and Flock of Seagulls hair. He turns to the transparent head shot of Chrissy and sings. 80's music plays (Human League - Don't You Want Me)

MARCUS

Don't, don't you want me? / You know I
can't believe it when I hear that you
won't see me / Don't, don't you want
me? / You know I don't believe you when
you say that you don't need me / It's
much too late to find / You think /
you've changed your mind / You'd better
change it back or we will both be sorry

The lighting falls away and quiet piano begins to play. A spot comes up on Marcus, dressed like Patrick Swayze in *Dirty Dancing*.

MARCUS

Now I've had the time of my life / No I
never felt like this before / Yes I
swear it's the truth / and I owe it all
to you...

Chrissy emerges from the hallway, dressed like Jennifer Grey in *Dirty Dancing*. They meet.

CHRISSY

'Cause I've had the time of my life /
and I owe it all to you

They start dancing in sync.

MARCUS & CHRISSY

I've had the time of my life / No I
never felt this way before / Yes I
swear it's the truth / And I owe it all
to you.

FADE OUT.

11. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The entire Tubbs family stares at Marcus still sitting on the sofa - singing loudly to himself while squirming around, oblivious to himself. Roy George is still holding the microphone but is transfixed by Marcus.

MARCUS

Yes I swear it's the truth / and I owe
it all to you.

SUNNY

MARCUS! What's wrong with you? Your dad was singing, it's not your turn!

Marcus snaps out of reverie and realizes what he's been doing.

MARCUS

I'm sorry guys. I have to go. I've got too much on mind. I'll see you all next week.

Marcus leaves briskly.

12. INT. CAR - NIGHT

Marcus is driving. Cars are passing by at low speed. The streets are wet and dark. Camera pans to rear view mirror. Tail lights sweep by. A hand comes up to the mirror and slowly twists it so Marcus's mouth is visible as he drives. He begins to lip sync to the song playing on the radio. Marcus makes a call.

MARCUS

Hi. I need an address for a Christina Box. 143 Alpine. Great. Thanks.

Marcus stops short and turns around in the middle of the street. He opens a CD case and puts in a CD. Rapid piano playing starts. Marcus stares intently at the tilted rear view mirror as he drives. He occasionally bangs the steering wheel with his fists as he gets into the song.

MARCUS

I can see a new horizon underneath the blazing sky / I'll be where the eagle's flying higher and higher / Gonna be your man in motion, all I need is a pair of wheels / Take me where my future's lyin', St. Elmo's Fire

Marcus reaches Chrissy's house. He knocks on the door. After a few minutes he realizes she isn't there. He gets back in his car and sullenly begins to drive home.

MARCUS

I have to stop doing this. I can't live my life through pop songs. I can't keep hoping and hoping I'll find that special someone, I've just got to accept that I'm just stuck alone. That's it. From now on, I'm just gonna live my life and stop trying to make it a pop song.

Marcus adjusts the rear view mirror so that it faces normally. He turns down the radio that was playing "We Don't Need Another Hero - Tina Turner."

13. EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

He pulls into his driveway, to find Chrissy sitting on his porch.

CHRISSY

Hi, Marcus. Listen I'm so sorry about today, I just don't know what to do. I've never felt like this before. I don't understand it. We don't even know each other. I've worked so hard to get where I am, I can't just throw it all away. I know there's a reason we were brought together, but don't you think it's for the best that we just cool off and see where it goes?

MARCUS

I don't know anymore Chrissy. You're all I can think about. I can't keep doing this to myself. I've got to find some way to be happy and I don't think that's going to happen working at Claremont. Maybe you're right. Definitely. Let's just be friends.

CHRISSY

That's wonderful, Marcus, I knew you'd understand. I'll see you tomorrow at work.

MARCUS

Bye, Chrissy.

CHRISSEY

Bye, Marcus.

Chrissy drives away.

14. INT. CAR - NIGHT

Chrissy is crying. She tilts her rear view mirror down to fix her makeup. She clearly wishes she could have said something to Marcus. She turns on the radio and looks down at the tuner in shock. She looks back at into the mirror with a look of consternation. The song playing is "No More I Love You's - Annie Lennox"

CHRISSEY

Jesus, Chrissy. Get yourself together.
What is wrong with you? Just start the
car and go home. You don't want this.
You can't have this. Ok. I can do...

The song on the radio ends and another comes on. It's "The Sign - Ace of Base." Chrissy turns the radio off and drives away.

15. EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Marcus falls backwards into a sitting position on the steps, elbows on his knees. His head is supported by joined hands. The sound of cars passing by in the background. Marcus looks up. Sad music plays.

MARCUS

If I / Should stay / I would only be in
your way / So I'll go / But I know /
I'll think of you every step of / The
way / And I / Will always / Love you,
oohh / Will always / Love you / You, My
darling you / Mmm-mm

Marcus slowly stands up and looks melodramatically in the direction Chrissy drove. He slowly turns around as the music rises and the jazzy end chorus of "I Will Always Love You - Whitney Houston" plays. He enters his house

and the door shuts as Whitney croons "YOOOOUUUUUU." Slow
fade out as Whitney sings the last 2 bars.

16. INT. BROADWAY STAGE - NIGHT

The entire cast of characters performs a dance number to
N*SYNC's - Bye, Bye, Bye.

END EPISODE ONE.