

MEDIOCRE

"Pilot Episode"

written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. BEDROCK HOMES HQ - DAY (2008)

Dressed in his best Dockers, button down shirt and tie, TONY (early 20's), is seated across from SKIP TUCKER (60's), who's reviewing Tony's resume.

SKIP

When did you graduate from Community College?

TONY

I'm actually still pursuing my two year degree. It's part of my five year plan.

SKIP

Do you have any real estate experience?

TONY

No, but I just got my license.

SKIP

Sales experience?

TONY

I did some medical sales in high school.

SKIP

Is that slang for dealing drugs?

TONY

No sir. I sold rubber gloves to my classmates.

SKIP

Rubber gloves?

TONY

We had to dissect a fetal pig in science and our teacher was selling gloves for fifty cents. So I decided to sell mine for a quarter. Shut down his operation in three periods.

SKIP

I like that.

TONY

Thank you.

SKIP

So why do you want to sell new homes?

TONY

I really want to help people achieve the American dream.

SKIP

Aww...that's sweet.

TONY

And I really wanna make a lot of money.

SKIP

Now that's what I like to hear.

(reaches in pocket; grabs keys)

Welcome to Bedrock Homes.

Skip hands Tony keys to a model home.

INT. TONY'S OVERLEVERAGED HOME - NURSERY - NIGHT

Tony with his arm around his wife, BROOKE (early 20's), are standing over their sleeping toddler, Hope (3), trying to speak quietly.

TONY

He already gave me keys to the model.

BROOKE

You promised to try real estate part-time.

Tony removes his arm from Brooke's shoulder.

TONY

And miss an opportunity like this? We're barely making it. I say carpe dizzle.

BROOKE

We bought this house, moved away from family for a better life and you quit your union job?

TONY

This is a career.

BROOKE

You didn't even give two weeks notice. You'll never be able to go back.

TONY

First, I don't like your mindset.  
Second, they want me to start  
tomorrow. So I said carpe dizzle and  
quit.

BROOKE

I'm gonna kick the carpe outta you and  
cut off your dizzle.

TONY

Do you know what it's like to make six  
figures?

BROOKE

I'm a stay-at-home mom. Do you?

TONY

No, but wouldn't it be nice to never  
worry about money? To go somewhere  
exotic on vacation, like Sandals.

BROOKE

You just want unlimited dinners.

TONY

(loudly)  
From this day forward there's no  
limit. Not for me...not for you...  
(pointing at Hope)  
And no limit for her.

BROOKE

You're putting her to bed if she wakes  
up, Master P.

TONY

(softly)  
They're givin' me a BlackBerry,  
Brooke. I'll get your e-mails in my  
car.

BROOKE

I never e-mail you and you've never  
sold anything. Ever.

TONY

Remember my rubber glove operation?

BROOKE

Right...you're totally qualified.

Tony holds up his real estate license.

TONY

This is our ticket to a better life.  
The market's red hot and it's the best  
time to get in.

FINANCIAL COLLAPSE - MONTAGE

The WALL STREET BELL RINGS as bankers on the trading floor  
throw up hand signals like gang members having epileptic  
seizures.

A NEWS ANCHOR is giving a report with a line graph indicating  
a plummeting economy.

Rows of "Foreclosure" signs hang in front of suburban homes.

EXT./INT. BEDROCK HOMES HQ - DAY

Tony straightens his tie, checks his breath, opens the door,  
and walks into corporate Armageddon.

A BUSINESS MAN lights several baskets full of documents on  
fire, setting off the sprinklers.

TONY

What's goin' on?

BUSINESS MAN

(while sprinting past Tony)  
We're finished!

The "suit" smacks into the conference room window like a  
confused pigeon.

Tony arrives at the doorway of Skip Tuckers office, who opens  
his window and leaps out.

TONY

Oh my God!

Sprinklers rain down on a silent, soaked, Tony, as the  
business man is seen crawling and engulfed in flames in the  
background.

END OF COLD OPEN