

Fuller House

"Pilot"

By

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COLD OPEN

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

DJ TANNER, wearing dark sunglasses and smoking a cigarette, sits at a blackjack table.

DEALER

You can't smoke in this section.

The dealer slides an ashtray towards DJ.

DJ

Oh I'm sorry I didn't know.

DJ takes a deep drag from the cigarette and blows the smoke directly into the dealer's face.

DJ (cont'd)

All done.

The audience gasps.

DJ puts her cigarette out in the ashtray.

The PIT BOSS, a small, balding man approaches the table.

PIT BOSS

Is there a problem?

The dealer nervously looks at DJ.

DJ

No problem gramps.

The audience laughs.

DEALER

No problem here.

The Pit boss looks at DJ suspiciously before turning and walking away. The focus turns back to the game.

DEALER (cont'd)

You have 14. What would you like to do?

DJ

Hit me!

DJ slams her hand hard on the table. The dealer throws down a King. 24. Bust.

(CONTINUED)

DEALER

24. Bust.

The dealer goes to pull the cards away but DJ grabs her wrist.

DJ

Not on my mother fucking watch.

DJ turns and whistles.

Suddenly out of nowhere a MASKED MAN sprints to the table carrying two large duffle bags. The man pulls out a gun and demands everyone at the table empty their pockets. DJ jumps up and helps collect cash, jewelry, cell phones, the works before running off.

DEALER

You'll never get away with this!

**CLOSE UP** on the masked man as he pulls back his mask. It's not a man at all. It's KIMMY GIBBLER!

KIMMY

(to camera)

We already have.

DJ and Kimmy sprint towards the exits laughing and high fiving.

EXT. CASINO PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

JESSE KATSOPOLIS, sits in the driver's seat of a 1989 Mustang convertible wearing a fresh white Hanes t-shirt.

The audience applauds.

JESSE

Come on let's go!

DJ and Kimmy jump into the car without using the doors.

The audiences hoots and hollers.

KIMMY

Do you think they recognized us?

Kimmy blows a giant bubble with the gum she is chewing.

DJ

No way. They don't know what hit them.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY  
Wooo!

Kimmy grabs Jesse's head with excitement.

JESSE  
Hey, watch the hair huh?

The audience laughs.

Jesse floors the car and they drive off into the distance.

**ROLL OPENING CREDITS**

**TITLE: FULLER HOUSE**

EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse's car pulls up outside a modern San Francisco apartment.

KIMMY  
Thanks Jesse. Smell you later!

Kimmy covers her nose and the audience laughs.

DJ  
Another fun night Uncle Jesse.

DJ hugs Jesse.

JESSE  
DJ, can I talk to you for a second?

Kimmy leans in to listen.

JESSE (cont'd)  
Alone!

More laughter from the audience.

DJ  
Kimmy go wait inside, I'll be there  
in a minute.

Kimmy hops over the car doors and heads into the apartment.

JESSE  
Look DJ, it's been great spending  
all this time with you...

(CONTINUED)

DJ  
But?

JESSE  
How'd you know there was a but?

DJ  
There always is.

JESSE  
But...I can't help you and Kimmy  
rob people anymore.

DJ  
Oh come on Uncle Jesse.

JESSE  
I appreciate you letting me be  
involved. After your Aunt Becky and  
I got divorced, it was pretty rough  
for me. The Ad agency I ran with  
Joey went under, the Beach Boys  
wouldn't return my calls and I  
couldn't even find a solid blow  
dryer. But now I have to do my own  
thing.

DJ  
And what exactly is your own thing?

JESSE  
I haven't told anyone this yet but  
I'm working on an App.

DJ  
What!? That's great! What is it?

JESSE  
It lets you know, in real time,  
where the closest batch of Hanes t  
shirts are. So if you're running  
low, you can just pop in and pick  
up 6 to 12 of them. It's called  
Shallow V.

DJ  
That sounds great.

JESSE  
Thanks for understanding. You  
always were my favorite.

DJ and Jesse hug.

(CONTINUED)

The audience goes "Awwwww"

DJ jumps over the doors and out of the car.

JESSE (cont'd)  
I'm going to get these car doors  
fixed real soon!

The audience laughs.

DJ  
If you change your mind, let me  
know. there'll always be a spot for  
my favorite Uncle.

DJ turns and runs into the house.

JESSE  
Wait, I'm your ONLY Uncle.

The audience laughs.

INT. POLICE STATION - THE NEXT DAY

AGENT 1 and AGENT 2 are sipping on coffee.

AGENT 1  
Did you hear about what happened  
during the casino robbery?

AGENT 2  
Hear about it? Man I lived it!

LEAD DETECTIVE REBECCA DONALDSON storms through the door.

REBECCA  
Hey you guys cracking the case or  
cupping each other's tiny  
grapefruits?

The audience gasps.

AGENT 1  
Uhhh, sorry Detective Katsopolis!

Agent 2 hits Agent 1 on the arm.

AGENT 1 (cont'd)  
I mean Donaldson!

The audience laughs.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Since my divorce people get confused. It's OK, I understand. What I don't understand is how we haven't tracked down these masked robbers!

AGENT 1

Nobody is talking.

REBECCA

And what about all the cameras?

AGENT 1

This was covering each and every one.

Agent 1 holds up a giant wad of chewed gum.

REBECCA

God damn these are some professionals.

AGENT 2

We do have a picture of them leaving the parking lot.

Agent 2 hands Detective Donaldson an 8 by 10 picture of a car. We see on the back of the car there is a sticker that says "If You're Close Enough To Read This...HAVE MERCY!"

Detective Donaldson laughs.

REBECCA

Fellas, it's time for me to pay a visit to an old friend.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The popular downtown San Francisco coffee shop "You Got It Brewed" is bustling with people.

Owner MICHELLE TANNER is frantically running around.

CUSTOMER 1

Excuse me, I ordered a nonfat latte.

MICHELLE

Oh I'm sorry. I'll have that over to you right away.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER 1  
That's what you said five minutes ago.

Michelle runs over and grabs two large coffees that are sitting on the back counter.

MICHELLE  
Two large coffees!

CUSTOMER 2  
That's me.

Michelle hands the coffees to the customer.

CUSTOMER 2 (cont'd)  
Thank you.

Michelle begins to walk away as Customer 2 clears her throat. She points to a nearby sign that reads "If You Thank Us And We Don't Say 'You Got It Brewed,' Coffee Is On The House!"

MICHELLE  
Company policy. You think I would remember since I made it!

Michelle slaps her own forehead with her hand.

The audience laughs.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
I'll refund your money.

Michelle goes into the cash register and pulls out 5 dollars and hands it back to Customer 2 who takes it and exits.

CUSTOMER 1  
Hey what about my latte!?!?

MICHELLE  
I'm sorry, we are a little understaffed today.

CUSTOMER 1  
That's not my problem.

MICHELLE  
No, it's mine.

Michelle looks at a framed picture of last month's "Best Employee Award." It's her sister DJ giving a thumbs up.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER 1  
Is that your sister? You look  
alike.

MICHELLE  
She used to be.

CUSTOMER 1  
Oh did she die in a fire?

MICHELLE  
Something like that.

Sad music plays as the camera slowly zooms in on DJ's picture.

CUSTOMER 1  
Oh was it carbon monoxide? I hear  
you can't even smell that stuff.  
Scary.

The music stops and the camera turns back to Michelle.

MICHELLE  
Something like that...

The sad music plays and the camera again slowly zooms in on DJ.

CUSTOMER 1  
Well what did she die of?

The music stops. The camera goes back to Michelle.

MICHELLE  
Hey you got some yap on you!

CUSTOMER 1  
Excuse me.

Customer 1 points to another sign that reads "If We Say 'You Got Some Yap On You' Then You Get To Manage The Store For The Rest Of The Day.

MICHELLE  
Shit, not again!

Michelle hands over her apron to Customer 1.

CUSTOMER 1  
Looks like I'm in charge of the  
coffee today. Speaking of, where IS  
the coffee?

The audience laughs. Classic first day question.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jesse is on his back fixing an old 1968 Chevy and whistling along to a Mumford & Sons song on the radio.

JESSE

I'll tell you what, these guys can really sing!

The audience claps. They also like Mumford & Sons.

REBECCA

I never took you for a banjo kind of guy.

Jesse knows that very familiar voice. It's his ex-wife and popular Detective Rebecca Donaldson.

JESSE

Do you make a habit of showing up places uninvited?

The audience is very tense. Someone laughs nervously but is shushed by one of their embarrassed relatives. After the show they'll say something like "I mean Jesus these tickets were a gift you moron."

REBECCA

Well there's been a string of robberies and I just wanted to see if you were OK.

Jesse slides out from under the car and looks at Rebecca who is leaning up against a support beam inside the garage.

She has a big wad of Red Man Chewing Tobacco tucked inside her cheek.

Jesse wipes his greasy hands on his Hanes white t shirt before walking over to Rebecca.

JESSE

I see you're chewing again.

REBECCA

You're not my father.

Rebecca spits into a tin can that is off to the side.

TING.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

You're right, your father is doing  
30 years in San Quentin.

The audience gets really tense. Like dime-sized butthole  
tense.

REBECCA

How dare you?

Jesse puts his head down. He is embarrassed he went too far.  
It's just the only way he knows how to score points against  
Rebecca.

JESSE

I'm sorry. It's the only way I know  
how to score points against you.

REBECCA

This isn't why I'm here. Why don't  
you tell me how long you've been  
involved?

JESSE

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

REBECCA

Look Jess, don't let what happened  
between us send you down the wrong  
path. Come clean and I can cut you  
a deal.

Jesse starts speaking in one word sentences, his classic  
defense mechanism when he feels threatened.

JESSE

I. Don't. Know. What. You. Are.  
Talking. About.

REBECCA

You can't protect DJ and Kimmy  
forever.

JESSE

She's a good kid. They both are.

REBECCA

They're not kids anymore.

There is a pause. Rebecca reconsiders her approach.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA (cont'd)  
You working these days?

JESSE  
Here and there. Got some investors  
lined up for Shallow V.

REBECCA  
Don't tell me you're still wasting  
your time on that bullshit t shirt  
app.

JESSE  
What's bullshit about telling  
people where they can find  
something they want? Something they  
need.

REBECCA  
You're the only one who wears plain  
white t shirts outside of your  
clothes. They are undershirts you  
fucking wanna-be greaser.

The crowd gasps. This time Rebecca went too far and she  
knows it.

REBECCA  
I went too far, and I know it.

Jesse doesn't respond. Instead he looks up at the ceiling.  
This was the unspoken sign Becky and Jesse used when they  
were married that signified the end of a conversation.

REBECCA  
Just be careful, we're on to you  
guys.

Rebecca exits.

Jesse is still looking at the ceiling.

JESSE  
Oh man, looks like I gotta clean up  
there.

The audience laughs with relief. They are thankful Jesse  
still has his sense of humor.

INT. APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

DJ and Kimmy are seated on two chairs at the opposite ends of a well decorated living room. They are both counting the stacks of money sitting in front of them.

DJ

I got almost six grand here. What about you?

KIMMY

Wait, we were supposed to be counting?

The audience laughs.

KIMMY (cont'd)

Just kidding, I've got \$4400 here!

DJ

Oh god damn this feels good. This calls for a celebration.

KIMMY

I'm one step ahead of you.

Kimmy pulls out a bottle of Champagne from her knapsack and pops the cork. The champagne starts to overflow so she has to chug it directly from the bottle.

The audience laughs.

DJ

Oh wonderful, putting your germs all over that.

KIMMY

I don't have cooties.

DJ

That's not the d's I'm worried about.

Kimmy makes a 'come on DJ' face at DJ.

The front door swings open, it's Michelle. She has stains all over her work clothes.

MICHELLE

Where the hell were you DJ?!?!

(CONTINUED)

DJ  
What?

MICHELLE  
You were supposed to work today.

DJ  
No I have Thursday off.

MICHELLE  
Today's Tuesday!

DJ covers her mouth from embarrassment.

MICHELLE (cont'd)  
Ever since you started robbing  
casinos you haven't been the same.

DJ  
That's not fair.

MICHELLE  
'You Got It Brewed' was supposed to  
be our place. Ever since you and  
Gibler turned to a life of crime  
it's been just me.

Michelle starts crying.

DJ  
I'm sorry.

MICHELLE  
Stuff your sorrys in a sack. Or is  
there someone else's hard earned  
money in there?

The audience goes "ohhhhh." What a fucking burn from Michelle.

DJ  
That's not fair.

KIMMY  
Hey drink some champagne, squirt.

MICHELLE  
Fuck off Kimmy.

KIMMY  
Hey I'll knock your goddamn block  
off if you ever talk like that to  
me again.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Oh ya? You and what army?

KIMMY

The only army I need. Elbow nation!

Kimmy lunges at Michelle with her elbows out but is stopped by DJ.

DJ

Quit it, both of you!

MICHELLE

Fuck this. I'm like Kimmy's belly button: Outie.

The audience goes crazy. Another great fucking burn.

Michelle runs to her room.

DJ

She just needs some time to cool off. And we need to find a replacement for Uncle Jesse.

KIMMY

I've got just the guy.

EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

DJ and Kimmy are sitting on the hood of a car looking up at the stars.

KIMMY

You ever wonder what it's like to be someone else?

DJ

Sure, sometimes I see celebrities in magazines and I think they must have the best lives you know?

KIMMY

Yeah. It's like we're all technically living on this earth but everyone's experience is really different.

There is a beat as both DJ and Kimmy consider that deep statement. Suddenly there is a long hiss. Kimmy is definitely farting. The smell hits both of them almost instantly. DJ squirms in her seat but she doesn't want to say anything because it would embarrass Kimmy.

(CONTINUED)

Kimmy is making a face that says "Kill me now." She also squirms as the phrase 'silent but deadly' has never made more sense.

DJ

Do you want to walk around to the other end of the car?

KIMMY

YES!

DJ and Kimmy jump off the hood and walk around to the back of the car.

Suddenly a speeding car with a really cool spoiler pulls into the parking lot.

KIMMY (cont'd)

This is our guy.

DJ

Oh don't tell me...

STEVE HALE, DJ's former love interest gets out of the car.

The audience gasps!

STEVE

So you finally called. Ready to get to the next level?

Steve pulls up his shirt and reveals a back tattoo that reads "Next Level Kind Of Guy".

DJ

You called Steve?

KIMMY

I knew you'd say no but he's the best driver in the bay area. I've been following his blog and he's won almost 5 street racing events.

STEVE

You follow "DragThisWay.com"?

KIMMY

It's a great site.

DJ

Ok Stevie, what can you do for us?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Well, you guys have been pretty successful but you've also been pretty sloppy.

DJ

Not likely-

STEVE

Oh very likely. Have you seen this?

Steve holds up the 8 by 10 picture of their car leaving the casino robbery.

DJ

What the hell is that?

STEVE

Let's just say if you want my help, we gotta do things my way.

DJ

And what does that entail?

STEVE

For starters, no more gum. You're giving yourselves away.

Kimmy pops the giant bubble she was blowing.

The audience laughs.

DJ

Anything else?

STEVE

Yeah, you guys can do whatever you want when you're in the casino, but inside my car, it's my rules.

KIMMY

Sounds good to me. I'm in!

STEVE

What do you say DJ? Just like the good old days?

DJ

Alright but I don't want you taking left turns over 70 miles per hour. I know that's when you get into trouble.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

I guess Kimmy's not the only one  
reading DragThisWay.com.

DJ

What can I say? I like the guy who  
runs it.

DJ and Steve are now looking deeply into each other's eyes.  
The flame has been rekindled. They move closer to each other  
and it looks like they may kiss.

Suddenly the wind shifts and blows Kimmy's old, stale fart  
into the scene. Everyone starts sniffing.

DJ (cont'd)

I'm going to go over here.

STEVE

Yeah good idea!

KIMMY

I gotta make a phone call over  
there!

DJ, Steve and Kimmy all walk in different directions.

The audience laughs.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

"You Got It Brewed" is almost empty. It's closing time and  
Michelle is cleaning up. A customer, wearing a "You Got It  
Brewed" apron walks over.

CUSTOMER 1

Thanks for letting me take over the  
shop today.

MICHELLE

Rules are rules.

The customer hands over the apron and exits.

Michelle walks over to the radio that is playing Mumford &  
Sons and shuts it off.

The front door swings open.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

We're closed.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA  
I'm not here for coffee.

The audience goes "Ohhhhhh" because they are surprised it's Rebecca and also because it's a great line.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jesse is standing in the middle of the room speaking directly into a camera.

JESSE  
So in conclusion, the real reason I want to be on Shark Tank is I believe in my company. This idea has legs. Millions of people wear t-shirts and if just a small percentage of them used Shallow V, then we would be making lots of cash. So sharks, who wants to swim with me and make Shallow V a household name? Thank you and I look forward to hearing back from you.

Jesse walks over and shuts off the camera.

MICHELLE  
Hey Uncle Jesse!

Jesse jumps back startled for a moment.

JESSE  
Michelle, you scared me. I think I need to get a guard dog or something.

MICHELLE  
Ya right, with your luck you'd probably lose it!

The audience laughs. Jesse apparently has bad luck with pets.

JESSE  
What can I do for you?

MICHELLE  
Have you ever been asked to do something and were unsure if you should do it or not?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Once after a few drinks, your Aunt Becky wanted me to try this thing called an upside lawnmower-

MICHELLE

Ok forget I asked!

The audience laughs.

JESSE

What's wrong?

MICHELLE

It's just, somebody I love asked me to do something that could get someone else I really love into trouble and I don't know if I should do it.

JESSE

I think you have to follow whatever is in your heart. Be honest to Michelle and the rest will take care of itself. Does that help?

MICHELLE

Not really. Actually it was pretty unhelpful.

JESSE

That's my girl.

Jesse gives Michelle a hug.

MICHELLE

Well, see you later Uncle Jesse.

Michelle exits but before she leaves a note drops out of her pocket.

The camera zooms in on it.

It reads "Michelle's To Do List: #1 Wear a wire for Aunt Becky to record DJ and Kimmy #2 Pick up some fresh apples.

Dramatic music plays.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Steve is standing up in front of DJ and Kimmy going over the plan.

STEVE

Ok let's review. Kimmy what are you going to do once we get to the casino?

KIMMY

Ask to be taken to the high rollers blackjack table because I'm a high roller. Then once I'm there I will say I just want to watch. When they tell me that is not allowed I will drop to the ground pretending to have a heart attack. Because there is no phone in the high roller section, the dealer will have to leave to get help.

STEVE

Yes!

DJ

Once I see the dealer run out of the high roller section, I call in a bomb threat.

STEVE

What's your name?

DJ

Shaquille O'Neal.

STEVE

And what are your demands?

DJ

Everybody out of the casino in the next 30 seconds or I blow the place to smithereens.

STEVE

Yes!

DJ

Once everyone starts clearing out, I make my way to the high rollers section where I tell whatever kind soul is still waiting with Kimmy to scram.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

And once they leave, we take the  
chips. All of them, stuff them in a  
sack and walk out the front door.

Steve starts clapping.

STEVE

Bravo!

KIMMY

But there's just one thing. What  
about the cameras?

STEVE

Oh Kimmy, Kimmy, Kimmy, you  
disappoint me. Your face will be  
covered in this.

Steve tossed a tube of orange and white face paint to Kimmy.

DJ

Because of the Giants big game!

KIMMY

The casino will be crawling  
with Giants fans.

DJ

Genius.

DJ and Kimmy high five.

The front door opens, Michelle walks in.

STEVE

What's up kiddo?

MICHELLE

Ugh, this guy?

The audience laughs.

DJ

Hey, Michelle can I talk to you?

DJ walks over to Michelle so they can talk in private.

Steve drops down and starts cranking out pushups while  
Kimmy is still fascinated by the tube of face paint.

(CONTINUED)

DJ (cont'd)  
I owe you an apology Michelle.

MICHELLE  
You do?

DJ  
I've really let you down at  
the coffee shop. I was supposed to  
be right there with you and I guess  
I just lost track of what  
was important to me.

The audience goes "Awwww."

MICHELLE  
Well, it's OK. I love you.

DJ  
I love you.

They hug.

MICHELLE  
Are you guys planning your  
next scheme?

DJ  
Yeah listen to this. So  
Kimmy's going to have a heart  
attack...

The camera slowly zooms out. The audience is like "oh shit  
is DJ really telling Michelle all her secrets? She's wearing  
a wire!"

EXT. CASINO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Detective Donaldson sits in a car with Agent 1  
riding shotgun and Michelle in the backseat. They are  
waiting for DJ and Kimmy to exit the casino so they can nab  
them.

REBECCA  
You sure about this Michelle?

MICHELLE  
Yes, they should be here  
any second.

AGENT 1  
I got a bad feeling about this.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Maybe that's the burrito you  
ate for lunch?

The audience laughs.

REBECCA

You sure they said they'd be at  
the Bright Sky Casino?

MICHELLE

Yes I'm sure. I don't know why  
the recorder didn't work but I'm  
sure that's what she said.

AGENT 1

I got a baaaaaaaaaad feeling  
about this.

Rebecca takes out her pouch of Red Man Chew and stuffs  
it inside her cheek.

MICHELLE

Anyone see the Giants game?

REBECCA

I did, what a great ending.

Agent 1's phone rings. He picks it up.

AGENT 1

Hello? Ok. Really? Aw Shit!

He hangs up.

AGENT 1

The Royal Oak casino just  
got knocked off. Looks like we're  
in the wrong place.

REBECCA

God dammit!

Agent 1 points at Michelle.

AGENT 1

Looks like this one may be  
playing for the bad guys.

MICHELLE

Who me?

Michelle makes a pretty funny face.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

You know, once you cross the line there's no going back. It's like Field of Dreams which is a movie that you probably don't remember. One, because it's before your time and two, because of that time you got amnesia and your entire memory was erased.

MICHELLE

I thought this was the right place, I swear.

AGENT 1

I told you I had a baaaaaaad feeling about this-

REBECCA

Oh will you shut the fuck up?

INT. APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

DJ and Kimmy are sitting on the floor and counting their money.

KIMMY

24 thousand dollars!

DJ

Damn it feels good to be a gangsta!

Michelle enters.

MICHELLE

Congratulations. Looks like you guys had a nice day.

Michelle walks to the stairs to head up to bed.

DJ

Hey Michelle, I know what you did and I'm thankful.

MICHELLE

I just looked after someone I loved, you'd do the same.

The audience goes "awwww."

MICHELLE (cont'd)

So what are you going to do with the money?

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

I'm going to buy a bunch of  
face paint, this shit is awesome!

DJ

I'm going to save some and then  
I'm going to invest some.

MICHELLE

Invest huh? I know just the place.

DJ

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

DJ AND MICHELLE

Shallow V!

DJ and Michelle run to each other and hug.

The audience cheers.

Fade out as sweet Mumford & Sons plays.

**END EPISODE.**