

# The Rescues

A thirty-minute animated pilot

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COLD OPEN

**INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY**

Close on a heinous green female shoe, strapped too tight, the fat ever-so-slightly spilling over the buckle.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*Ah, Marge. It looks like she baking  
bread in them shoes...*

Gus sounds to be an older African American male with a white beard and an earring.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*Everything about Marge was pretty  
bland...*

PAN UP TO REVEAL MARGE (41) from behind, her lumpy ass uncomfortably wedged upon an even lumpier office chair.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*Except when it came to rescuing  
animals...*

POP TO:

**EXT. ROARING RIVER - FLASHBACK**

A ferocious rain storm whips through an overflowing river. Marge crosses into frame, water up to her waist, with a moderately-sized sheepdog over her shoulder.

BACK TO:

**INT. MARGE'S OFFICE - PRESENT**

Marge leans closer to her computer screen and opens a WEBCAM FEED of her beige living room. She zooms in on a LANKY BLACK CAT looking out the window, paws outstretched on the glass.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*No one paid much attention to Marge at  
work...*

A MAN, STAN, drops a manila envelope on Marge's desk.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE

Hey, Stan! Wanna see my new kitty?

STAN

No.

Unbeknownst to Marge, Stan crosses off.

MARGE

His name's Marty. I rescued the poor  
guy at Coney Island over the weekend...

MUSIC CUE: A funky, dixieland brass band strikes up.

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. CONEY ISLAND - OVER THE WEEKEND**

Four cool cats play brass instruments on the Coney Island boardwalk.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*Marty wasn't what you'd call an  
"indoor" cat...*

MARTY steps out and blasts a nice little solo on the trumpet. The music continues over a MONTAGE:

1. Marty walks down the boardwalk with a swagger, shaking hands and helping an old lady cat cross the bike path.
2. Marty comes upon a bunch of cats playing craps in the drain pipe and is handed the dice. Without breaking stride, Marty casually tosses them against the wall and continues down the boardwalk.

MARTY

(WALKING AWAY) Hard ten.

Close on the dice: double fives. The defeated crowd throws their collective paws in the air.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(CALLING BACK) You can owe me.

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

3.

He smiles as he turns the corner and smoothly shakes his sleeve -- two dice fall into the trash can.

3. A group of animals are huddled under the Merry-Go-Round like old men at the race track, yelling at the ponies as they pass by. FROM THEIR POV: We see the PINK HORSE cross the finish line. Groans from the crowd as Marty collects his winnings. Hold for a beat on two large, menacing WHITE CATS.

4. Marty comes upon the oldest cat we've seen yet -- he's in bad shape, wheezing and peeing a little at the same time. Marty gives him a warm embrace.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Arrite, pop. Arrite.

Marty hands him the entire wad of cash and gives him a kiss on the forehead. The old cat brightens and pats Marty on the cheek.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Can't stay, pop. Tina's got a fancy  
feast waiting.

5. Marty turns into his apartment, a little nook underneath the ferris wheel. As he turns the corner, though:

THE MUSIC STOPS as we hear horrible FEMALE SCREAMS.

GIRL (O.S.)

Ahh! Marty, help!!

FLIP TO:

**INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - SAME**

We see TINA, a sexy Italian cat, on the bed, struggling. Standing on either side of her are the menacing white cats from the carousel, VLAD and BORIS, who speak in thick Russian accents.

MARTY

Whoa, whoa, whoa... get your hands off  
of her!

VLAD

You cheated us.

(CONTINUED)

BORIS

The same pink horse. He always win.

MARTY

Well, she's a strong Philly, knows the track well--

Boris punches Marty in the face.

VLAD

You play games? (MENACING TOWARD TINA)  
We like games, too...

**BORIS**

I like tether ball, boggle... (TO VLAD)  
Oh, and what's that one we always play where you act like you are the famous person and people have to guess who you are and then you say "oh, I'm sexy lady from Alaska with retard son and I shoot moose from helicopter with shotgun"--

VLAD

Not those games, idiot! The game where we burn this ferris wheel to the ground with girlfriend sleeping underneath if we don't get our money back!

MARTY

(HANDS UP) Alright, alright, just give me the girl and I'll get you the money.

VLAD

(SQUEEZING TINA HARDER) Get back!

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

5.

Marty backs out of the apartment, shaken.

MARTY

Eeeasy, comrade. This will all be  
resolved in a matter of m--

CLUNK! Out of nowhere, a massive, green heinous shoe stomps  
into frame.

MARGE (O.S.)

Ma! Look at that kitty! Aww, he looks  
scared...

Marge's hand swoops in and picks Marty up. He flails about  
and claws Vlad, spraying blood across his white fur.

VLAD

Ahhh!

MARTY

(SQUIRMING) No! Let go of me, lady!

MARGE (O.S.)

Settle down, I'm rescuing you!

VLAD

(HOLDING BLOODY GASH) Ah ha! You play  
more games?! We teach your girlfriend  
how to play with matches while you get  
our money!! You got one week!

From Marty's POV: As he's carried away, Boris and Vlad close  
in on Tina.

GUS (V.O.)

*Just like that, Marty's whole world was  
a speck.*

Google earth shot from Coney Island to...

**EXT. SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC - PRESENT**

A bland, quiet street. Hondas. White people with HMO plans. We poke through an overgrown hedge and discover animals everywhere in the backyard.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*Six-two-nine Lily Pond Avenue was kinda  
like a refugee camp for pets...*

A line of animals wait to drink from a tiny pond. A three-legged pony trots in and out of frame. Pan up a small hill to a nondescript, one level house. An old dog takes a dump on the lawn.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*...a two-room rambler with a big 'ol  
backyard shitter. (THEN) And us...*

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. FISHBOWL - SAME**

A black goldfish with a white beard and tiny, diamond earring looks to camera.

GUS

*...The Rescues.*

Gus winks at the camera and swims off.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Marty paws "S.O.S." on the dusty bay window and sighs. Just then, a FAT ORANGE CAT, JEB, tackles him against the window, erasing the S.O.S. They both land on the ground with a thud. Jeb playfully pins Marty beneath him, laughing hysterically.

JEB

Got ya!

Marty punches Jeb in the throat.

MARTY

Don't like to be touched, Jack.

JEB

(GASPING) No, I'm Jeb. That's Jack.

ANGLE ON a DROOLING MONKEY sitting at a desk, surfing the Internet.

JEB (CONT'D)

(WHISPERS TO MARTY) He's a little... I don't want to say "downs-y" but, yeah.

Jeb adjusts a pair of drool cups hanging beneath Jack's head. Jack hands Jeb some papers off the printer.

JEB (CONT'D)

Thanks, Jack. (THEN) He keeps me up to speed on what's going on in the world.

(READING) Whoa! Pippa's prego?

Jack shrieks and throws a fit as Marty reaches for the keyboard.

MARTY

Easy, pal, I'm just trying to pull up the bus schedule.

Jack puts Marty in a head lock and gnashes his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

JEB

Jack, you let him go this instant!

Jack tosses Marty to the floor and goes back to surfing the web. Jeb leads a woozy Marty across the room.

MARTY

Jesus! That thing's insane!

JEB

Yeah, Jack will definitely bite your face and testicles off if you try to use the internet. So don't.

MARTY

Kinda buried the lead on that one, eh?

Jeb lumbers up to the couch, then the window sill.

JEB

So here's where I nap in the morning and here's where I nap in the afternoon, and here's where I nap on the weekends.

PARROT (O.S.)

Brawwk! Weekends!?

ANGLE ON an AGING JEWISH PARROT, JOY, perched in a cage hanging above.

JOY

Wish my daughter would fly over and visit me on the weekends. But noooo. She had to go and marry an orthodontist with a practice in Boca. Brawwk!

She buries her beak in a romance novel.

(CONTINUED)

Jeb and Marty come upon a kitty condo lined with industrial carpet.

JEB

Aaaand, here we are, my room. Well, our room now, bro.

MARTY

(POINTING TO AIR DUCT) Where's that vent go?

Marty walks in and continues to search for an escape.

JEB

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Ooooh. Yeah, I usually wipe my feet before I...

Jeb wipes his feet and rushes in.

CUT TO:

**INT. JEB'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Along the wall, like posters of Michael Jordan in a little boy's bedroom, are a series of photos of cats from famous viral YouTube videos (swinging from ceiling fan, dancing the Mambo, playing the piano, and so on.)

Marty and Jeb stare at the wall.

MARTY

Jesus.

JEB

I know, right? Over a billion hits combined. What I wouldn't give--

MARTY

No, there's no vent on this wall, either? Unless...(LOOKS UP) Bingo.

Suddenly, the kitty condo shakes and thumps.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?!

Marty runs over to the window. Jeb follows.

JEB

Oh, that's just Roscoe.

A VERY OLD BASSET HOUND, ROSCOE, steadies himself on the kitty condo as he climbs up a tall bookshelf.

JEB (CONT'D)

Hey Roscoe, whatchyadoin?

ROSCOE (O.S.)

Ending it all, Champ.

He climbs up out of frame. Jeb turns to Marty and smiles.

JEB

Did you catch that?

MARTY

The four-hundred-year-old dog climbing on top of us? Hard to miss.

JEB

You know why he called me champ?

MARTY

Because he thinks the word champ means annoying?

JEB

Ha! (THEN) No, that's not why. People call me champ because of this. The Lily Pond Bell.

Jeb rings a small, SILVER BELL attached to his collar.

(CONTINUED)

JEB (CONT'D)

Marge awards it once a year to her most talented pet, which is decided every year at the Lily Pond Pet Show...

As Jeb drones on, Marty climbs the wall toward the vent on the ceiling, using Jeb's YouTube Cat picture frames for footing.

JEB (CONT'D)

It's part Star Search, part Fear Factor, and part Broadway, but that's just because *Rent* is kind of my go to. (THEN) Anyway, you're in luck, because the show is Sunday!

Marty loses his balance and one by one the frames crash to the ground, shattering. Marty hits the ground with a thud. Jeb rushes over to help.

JEB (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's okay. You didn't mean it. How could you know that these are so important to me?

One last frame falls on Marty's head.

MARTY

That's it! Get me the hell out of here!

JEB

I know, the first day can be kind of hard. But this is really a lovely place to live. Everyone's very, happy here--

Just then, Roscoe drops into frame having hung himself.

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

12.

ROSCOE

(SMILING) I'm at peace.

The problem is, Roscoe's hung himself with dental floss. Which holds for a couple of seconds, then snaps.

Roscoe falls to the floor taking down the bookshelf with him. It falls into the bay window, shattering it. Marty sees his chance and bolts out the window.

JEB

(FOLLOWING) Wait, you're not supposed  
to go out there!

Marty sprints down the steps, under the hedge, over the garden hose and out toward the street.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Out of breath, Marty stops and looks in both directions.

MARTY

Hey, Pecker!

Angle on a WOODPECKER in a tree.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Which way to Coney Island?

The woodpecker points. Marty takes a deep breath and sets off. But just as he starts to leave, a car pulls into the driveway.

JEB (O.S.)

(FRANTIC) Carrrr!

From out of nowhere, Jeb tackles and smothers Marty like a secret service agent protecting the President.

JEB (CONT'D)

I got you, bro! Don't move!

They're squished together, face to face, for an uncomfortably long time.

(CONTINUED)

JEB (CONT'D)

(SUPER INTENSE) Hooooold! Hooooold!

Marge's Saturn pulls into the driveway blasting *The Pina Colada Song*.

MARGE (O.S.)

(SINGING ALONG) IF YOU LIKE PINA  
COLADAS / GETTIN' CAUGHT IN THE RAIN /  
IF YOU'RE NOT INTO YOGA / IF YOU HAVE  
HALF A BRAIN...

MARTY

Brutal.

Marge turns off the car.

JEB

Okay, it's safe.

They stand up and dust themselves off as Marge gets out of the car.

MARGE

My little guys! Jeb, I hope you showed  
Marty around.

JEB

Well, I started to but... I don't know  
how to say this. (GRIMACING) Roscoe  
tried to kill himself again.

[NOTE: Though the animals speak to Marge, she only hears animal sounds. With the exception of Joy, the old Jewish parrot who Marge speaks freely with.]

MARGE

Is that right, Jebby-Webby?

(CONTINUED)

JEB

I'm afraid so...

JEB (CONT'D)

MARGE

...I thought after the  
cutting had stopped he was  
feeling better--

(BABY TALK) Jebby-Webby do  
you know that you're the  
most talented little kitty  
the entire world?

Jeb smiles, purrs, and rubs against Marge's thick ankles.

JEB (CONT'D)

Wow, that's so nice of you to say,  
Marge. I'm feeling really good about my  
act. Voice is strong. Feeling limber.

As Jeb does a couple of high leg kicks, Marty tip-toes out  
of the driveway.

MARGE

(TO JEB) Oh, and do I have a surprise  
for you!

She takes out a brand new camcorder.

JEB

Oh my God. Is that what I think it is?

MARGE

I'm going to film the talent show and  
put it up on YouTube! (THEN) Isn't lay  
away great!

JEB

(SPEECHLESS) I thought this day would  
never come. I'm going to be a star.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

15.

JEB (CONT'D)

I have to... I have to... pee a little  
bit, first.

He does. Then runs into the house, passing Joy in the  
window.

JEB (CONT'D)

Joy! How do I lose five pounds by  
Sunday?

JOY (O.S.)

Brawk! Not by eating my kugel!

ANGLE ON Marty, about to bolt...

MARGE

Oh, no you don't!

Marge takes out an electric collar and clips it on Marty's  
neck.

MARGE (CONT'D)

There. Now you're free to go wherever  
you like.

She lumbers out of frame toward the house, leaving Marty  
alone.

MARTY

Seriously?

He checks to see if the coast is clear.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(SMILES) This is too easy.

Marty surreptitiously begins walking down the driveway...

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Marge fixes herself a generous wedge of cheesecake and makes  
a phone call on the land line.

(CONTINUED)

Through the kitchen window, in the distance we see Marty sneaking toward the road.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) Hey Ma, I know "Wheel" is about to start, but I really need--

MA

(LOUD SCREAMING THROUGH PHONE)

Through the window, we see Marty getting closer and closer to the edge of the driveway.

MARGE

(INTO PHONE) You're right... You're right... I do know better... I'll call you in thirty minutes.

She hangs up the phone.

JOY (O.S.)

Y'know, you really shouldn't interrupt people's programs.

ANGLE on a disappointed Joy.

JOY (CONT'D)

You don't have any boundaries. (THEN)

And you wonder why you're not married.

Awkward silence. Marge takes a bite of cheesecake. And then another.

Through the window, we see Marty reach the edge of the driveway. He turns and faces the house and sticks up both middle fingers.

JOY (CONT'D)

And that's an awful lot of cheesecake for the daytime--

Marge SLAMS the plate down and crosses off.

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

17.

Through the window, we see Marty grabbing his nuts and doing one last, "up yours". He turns and walks directly into the fence, horribly electrocuting himself.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Marty lays on the ground, stunned. He looks at the invisible fence and then tugs at his collar.

MARTY

(PASSING OUT) I'm doomed.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

**INT. JEB'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Jeb tends to a twitching Marty in bed, still recovering from the electrocution. Jeb is covered in face cream and wears his pajamas.

JEB

I know it hurts, but the electric fence keeps us safe. There are a lot of dangerous things in the world and what's more important than keeping the people we love safe?

MARTY

(MUTTERING) Tina... I'm going to keep you safe... mmpphsthsss...

Jeb puts a finger to Marty's lips.

JEB

Shhhh. Get some rest, bro. I'll be right over here if you need me.

Jeb puts on an elaborate humidifying mask which startles Marty.

JEB (CONT'D)

(MUFFLED, THROUGH MASK) For my vocal chords. Lubricates my trachea.

Marty drifts out of consciousness...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MARTY'S CONEY ISLAND APARTMENT - DREAM SEQUENCE**

Vlad, the White Russian cat, holds Tina down while Boris affixes an electric fence collar around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

19.

They slowly push her toward an invisible electric fence.  
Over screams and a massive explosion...

BACK TO:

**INT. JEB'S BEDROOM - PRESENT**

Marty wakes up, panting. Looks over at Jeb, fast asleep  
wearing the mask. He shoots out of the room...

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Marty spots a set of scissors on the desk. WIDEN TO REVEAL  
Jack, the slightly-retarded monkey, fixated on the computer  
screen.

Marty sneaks over and carefully lifts the scissors off the  
desk. In the process, he catches a glimpse of the computer  
screen which stops him dead in his tracks.

MARTY

Wow.

It appears to be a baboon threesome of some sort.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(SHIELDING EYES) That is... red. And  
way different than I thought it would  
look.

The screen changes, revealing something way more graphic.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Whoa! Good God, man. (THEN) Y'know,  
they can track your IP address...

Marty gags and coughs up a hair ball, startling Jack who  
freaks out. Marty grabs the scissors and darts away.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Marty sneaks down the hill to the edge of the pond, where he  
sees a power line running the length of the property.

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

20.

He tugs at his collar a couple times and then, resigned, reaches the scissors to the wire, closes his eyes and begins to snip.

ROSCOE (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that.

REVEAL Roscoe, standing at the foot of the pond.

MARTY

Why not?

ROSCOE

No one's ever beat the fence.

MARTY

Never?

ROSCOE

Not since the old lady installed it back in '97. (THEN) Thought I had I chance when the whole Y2K thing went down.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. MARGE'S LIVING ROOM - NEW YEARS EVE, 1999**

Marge and her mother sit watching Dick Clark's Rockin' Eve.

MARGE/MA

Five! Four! Three! Two! One!...

CUT TO:

**EXT. BACK YARD - NEW YEARS EVE, 1999 - SAME**

Roscoe stands at the edge of the yard, a suitcase in each hand. When the clock strikes midnight, he clips the power line with a pair of hedge clippers.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NEW YEARS EVE, 1999 - SAME**

Marge and Ma hold hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne." Joy the Parrot sings along, too.

(CONTINUED)

DICK CLARK (ON TV SCREEN)

I don't know about you folks, but I  
think the best is yet to come!

We hear an explosion O.S. Then, through the window, we see  
Roscoe run across the back yard, on fire.

BACK TO:

**EXT. BACK YARD - PRESENT**

Marty begins to cut the wire anyway.

MARTY

Well you survived, didn't you?

ROSCOE

Yeah. (THEN) But I don't pee out of the  
same place.

Roscoe raises his hind leg and begins to piss into the pond.  
But the stream comes from five different places. He finishes  
with a shiver and shakes off five different parts of his  
body. He then walks to his doghouse, passing Marty.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

Marty looks at the wire, then at his groin area, then slowly  
backs away from the wire. Roscoe peeks his head out of the  
doghouse window.

ROSCOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good call. (THEN) C'mon in, I'll make  
you a cocktail.

CUT TO:

**INT. ROSCOE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Roscoe stands at his wet bar -- overflowing with liquor and  
prescription pill bottles. He dumps a handful of pills into  
a rocks glass and muddles them to a powder. Adds a healthy  
pour of Jack Daniels. Takes a sip.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE

Gettin' there.

Adds a couple more pills and takes another sip.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

There she is.

He hands the drink to Marty, seated on the couch.

MARTY

Thanks. Nice place you got here.

Wide shot of the room. It's got a nice cabin-y feel -- exposed beams, potbelly stove, an old turntable playing Miles Davis. Roscoe joins him on the couch and raises his glass.

ROSCOE

To life.

MARTY

Says the guy who hung himself with dental floss this morning. (THEN) Okay, I'll bite. Why'd you do that?

ROSCOE

Because I'm a thirty-two-year-old dog, I'm not supposed to be alive. The old lady's gotten me four knee replacements, all new teeth, and removed fifteen tumors from my spine.

He holds up his glass and takes a sip.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Working on my fifth liver.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

Wait, you've been here for thirty-two  
years?

ROSCOE

And counting.

Off that, Marty furiously hacks at his electric collar.

MARTY

(STRUGGLING) Jesus! I can't get this  
thing off!

ROSCOE

Yeah, that's kind of the point.  
Requires opposable thumbs.

MARTY

So it never comes off?! Ever?

ROSCOE

Only seen it happen once.

MARTY

When?

ROSCOE

When the champ won the bell.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK**

MR. HAVERSHAMP, an old British silversmith, removes Jeb's old collar and sets it on the table. From a box he lifts out a new collar with a shiny silver bell hanging from it.

A YOUNGER ROSCOE walks into the room and searches through a couple of drawers.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE

You know where Marge keeps the plastic shopping bags and rubber bands, Jeb?

JEB

Actually, now that I've won the Lily Pond Bell would you mind calling me Champ?

ROSCOE

Sure. (THEN) You know where Marge keeps the plastic shopping bags and rubber bands, Champ?

JEB

Under the sink.

ROSCOE

Thanks.

As he exits, Roscoe pulls the bag over his head, secures it with a couple rubber bands and takes a series of deep breaths.

BACK TO:

**INT. ROSCOE'S HOUSE - PRESENT**

Marty excitedly crosses to the door.

MARTY

So all I gotta do is win a stupid talent show? Piece of cake.

(CONTINUED)

ROSCOE

Not exactly. Marge is a sucker for that  
*Rent* song about the hundreds of  
thousands of minutes or whatever the  
fuck. (THEN) We all are, actually.  
Champ does a bang-up job with it.

MARTY

Yeah, well if I can't beat that fat  
orange blob in a talent show, you  
better save a couple plastic bags for  
me.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Jeb stands with his back facing the mirror and we hear the  
opening chords to "Seasons of Love" on the stereo beside  
him. He taps his foot for a few beats and then begins  
meowing the lyrics.

JEB

(SINGING) MEOW, MEOW, MEOW, MEOW-MEOW-  
MEOW-MEOW, MEOW, MEOW, MEOW, MEOW MEOW-  
MEOW...

OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR: Marty starts to walk in to the room  
but stops when he hears Jeb singing. It sounds amazing.  
Jeb's really soaring now in kind of an operatic soprano  
voice with heavy vibrato.

MARTY

(SOTTO) Damn. Kid's got some pipes.

Jeb breaks into an interpretive dance while singing the  
chorus.

(CONTINUED)

JEB

Meow, meow, meow, meooooooooooooooooooooow-  
meow. Meow, meow, m--

Marty enters with a shit-eating grin and taps Jeb on the shoulder.

JEB (CONT'D)

(STARTLED) Oh! Oh my... Sorry, I didn't  
hear you come in.

MARTY

Was that an angel I heard crooning away  
in here?

JEB

(BLUSHES) No, that was me.

MARTY

I've never heard *Rent* sound so...  
current.

JEB

It must be the new choreography I'm  
working on.

MARTY

Must be. (SITTING DOWN) Keep going,  
please.

JEB

Really?

Marty enthusiastically nods as Jeb pushes play and begins  
again from the top.

JEB (CONT'D)

(SINGING) MEOW, MEOW, MEOW, MEOW-MEOW-  
MEOW-MEOW, M--

MARTY

Hmmmm...

Jeb stops.

JEB

What? Am I a little pitchy?

MARTY

No, it's nothing.

JEB

Please tell me, this is the most  
important performance of my life.

MARTY

Well, you want this to go viral on  
YouTube, right?

JEB

I've never wanted anything more in my  
entire life.

MARTY

Yeah, well, I was just thinking to  
myself, "How many viral videos have I  
seen involving show-tunes from *Rent*?"

JEB

I imagine there are hundreds--

MARTY

Zero. I've seen zero viral videos  
involving show-tunes from *Rent*.

Jeb sits down, panicked.

JEB

Why do you think that is?

MARTY

Because singing about AIDS is a bummer.

JEB

I never thought about it that way.

MARTY

Thank god I'm here.

Jeb sighs. Marty puts his arm around him and points to the viral video stars hanging on Jeb's wall.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Come on, man, learn from your heroes.  
This guy here slid across the floor in  
a cereal box, over and over again! This  
broad did the mambo. This cat grabbed a  
ceiling fan and flew around the room  
like a goddamn maniac!

JEB

(DEFEATED) Yeah, you're right. I'll  
never be like them.

MARTY

Quit being such a goddamn pussy. I've  
got two words for you...

Jeb looks up.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY (CONT'D)

Paddy-cake.

Jeb stares at him blankly.

JEB

I need a couple more words, not  
following.

Marty takes a seat, facing him.

MARTY

Paddy-cake, man! No one's ever seen two  
cats play paddy-cake before. They'll  
love it! (THEN) Here, follow me.

Marty raises his paw.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Paddy-cake...

Jeb tentatively pats his paw.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Good! (THEN) Paddy-cake...

Jeb pats the other.

MARTY/JEB

Bake-ker's man!

In total synch, they clap, pat both hands, and slap their  
thighs at the same time.

JEB

Whoa! That was amazing!

GUS (V.O.)

*Those boys paddy-caked all day and all  
night...*

They pick up the pace.

(CONTINUED)

GUS (V.O.)

*And this wasn't any bullshit, baby game  
of paddy-cake...*

TIME DISOLVE  
TO:

**INT. JEB'S ROOM - LATER**

Marty and Jeb stand, back to back.

MARTY/JEB

Five, six, seven, eight!

They jump to face each other and effortlessly begin an incredibly elaborate slapping routine with the syncopation and rhythm of black schoolgirls double-dutching. It's awesome.

Like an Olympic figure skater finishing a flawless performance, Jeb holds the final pose, breathing heavily.

JEB

We did it! Oh my God that was so...  
invigorating!

Jeb leaps into Marty's arms and hugs him.

MARTY

(BACKING OFF) Okay, okay, that's  
enough.

Close on Jeb, smiling ear to ear.

CUT TO:

**INT. JEB'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Jeb and Marty lay in their beds -- Marty's asleep, Jeb's wide awake staring at him.

JEB

(WHISPERING) Marty? You asleep?

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

Yeah.

JEB

Oh.

A beat.

MARTY

What is it, kid?

JEB

Oh, well... I just wanted to say that this was pretty much the best day of my life.

MARTY

Seriously?

JEB

Yeah. (THEN) Remember when I said I wanted to be an internet star more than anything?

MARTY

Yeah, it was like two hours ago.

JEB

Well even more than that, I've wanted a brother. (THEN) You see, my real brother left a long time ago.

MARTY

Really? (THEN, PERKING UP) How'd that son-of-a-bitch get out of here?

FLASHBACK TO:

**EXT. MARGE'S DRIVEWAY - FLASHBACK**

Marge pulls into the driveway with Ma in the passenger's seat, "The Pina Colada Song" blaring.

MARGE (O.S.)

IF YOU LIKE PINA COLADAS...

SPLAT! We hear this. Marge, unfortunately, does not.

MARGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...GETTIN' CAUGHT IN THE RAIN...

MARGE (CONT'D)

Did you hear something, Ma?

Marge slowly backs up and we hear another SPLAT followed by a series of CRUNCHES. The song mercilessly continues as we see Jeb staring out the window, frozen.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. JEB'S BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT**

Jeb collects himself.

MARTY

Wow, man. That's... heavy.

JEB

Yeah, I struggled for a long time until you showed up. Still binge on occasion.

(THEN) But I think tonight is going to be the first night in a long, long time that I don't cry myself to sleep.

(THEN, CHIPPER) Gnite, bro!

Jeb turns over and happily drifts off to sleep. An uneasy Marty takes a deep breath and tugs at his collar.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**EXT. BACK YARD - DAY**

From the POV of the video camera, we see a small stage set up under an oak tree. Above it hangs a huge "10th Annual Lily Pond Bell!"

An OLD BAWDY DRUNK SKUNK, ELAINE, is finishing her stand-up routine. She holds a glass of chardonnay and tugs on a Virginia Slim.

ELAINE

I gave up prostitution years ago. It  
wasn't the work that got me, it was the  
stairs!

The crowd bursts out laughing.

ANGLE ON Jeb waiting in the wings, looking in both directions. The stage manager, a FLAMBOYANT BITTER GERBIL, walks up to Jeb.

GERBIL

Your number's next.

JEB

Wait, no, we're not ready. I mean, my  
partner's not here yet.

GERBIL

Well then you'll have to forfeit.  
Sorry.

The gerbil starts to walk away. Jeb stops him.

JEB

Wait.

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. STAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jeb stands center stage with his profile facing the audience. He takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

JEB

(RESOLVED) Five, six, seven, eight!

As rehearsed, Jeb jumps and turns the other way. He then begins Paddy-caking with... nobody.

JEB (CONT'D)

Paddy-cake, paddy-cake, bake-kers  
man...

The crowd becomes restless and starts to boo.

HECKLER (O.S.)

Are you air-paddy-caking?!

Jeb pauses, takes a deep breath, and presses on.

JEB

...Bake me a cake as fast you ca--

SMACK! A shoe hits Jeb in the face. He holds his cheek and nervously looks in each direction. Humiliated, he slinks off stage.

Suddenly, the opening chords to Rent's "Seasons of Love" fill the air. Confused, Jeb looks up and sees Marty being lowered to the stage on a tire swing. But instead of "meowing" the lyrics, he plays the verse on the trumpet.

The crowd applauds the spectacle. As the song continues, we see the following DISNEY-ESQUE MONTAGE:

1. As the song kicks into the chorus, Marty dismounts the tire swing and vaults himself into the adoring crowd.
2. Jeb in the wings, mouth wide open, horrified.
3. Out of nowhere, Marty leads a group of animals in a STOMP-like synchronized dance break that ends with him jumping into the pond. The crowd shrieks. Is he Okay?
4. Even better. He's underwater with a school of koi, who gather around him and sing back-up.

MARTY/KOI

SEASONS OF LOOOOVE / SEASONS OF  
LOOOOVE...

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

35.

As the chorus ends, Marty catches a ride from a baby seal who breaches out of the water, sending Marty through the air toward the stage as the song swells to a finish.

He does a double flip and sticks the landing while hoisting his fist in the air.

MARTY

AIDS!

Marge excitedly runs on stage with a trophy.

MARGE

I think we have a new champion!

The crowd goes crazy and carries Marty off on their shoulders.

CROWD

Marty! Marty!

A defeated Jeb lumbers away with his tail between his legs.

CUT TO:

**INT. JEB'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Jeb sits at his vanity and stares into the mirror. He reaches his paw toward the mirror and delicately meets its reflection.

JEB

Paddy-cake...

He bursts into tears. Loses his shit in a very feminine manner. Through tears, he spots the three-legged pony in the mirror.

PONY

I think you need to see something.

FLIP TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING**

Jeb, Pony, and Jack the Monkey are crowded around the computer.

(CONTINUED)

ON SCREEN: It's a YouTube video of the original cast of *Rent*, standing side by side across the stage in their iconic *Rent* stance, singing "Seasons of Love."

JEB

So what, I've seen this a million  
times. (THEN) Wait, is that Marty?

Yes, it is. Someone has superimposed Marty as a member of the cast and he mouths along with Mark, Roger and the gang. It's actually pretty amazing.

JEB (CONT'D)

Whatever. It's just a stupid mash-up.  
What's the big deal?

Pony looks at Jack, then back to Jeb. She steadies herself by resting her remaining front hoof on the desk and slowly inches her nose toward the computer screen.

JEB (CONT'D)

What are you pointing at, girl?

Pony lets out a frustrated grunt and sticks out her gnarly pony tongue and points with it, quite accurately now, to a box displaying the video's hits: 2 million and rising. Jeb gasps, startling Pony who tips over and crashes out of frame.

Just then, Marty enters through the doggy door on the other side of the room. All the other animals scurry off, leaving Jeb, who does a dramatic slow-clap. Marty sighs and then approaches Jeb with an apologetic smile.

MARTY

Look, pal, you don't understand--

JEB

I understand enough to know that I'm  
not looking at my pal.

From the other side of the door we hear the other animals eavesdropping.

(CONTINUED)

ANIMALS

Snap! / Oh-no-he-didn't. / I just took  
a shit right here, so watch your step.

The front door opens and Marge's heinous green shoe lands on  
Jeb's tail. He screams.

MARGE (O.S.)

(FLUSTERED) Oh, I'm so sorry Jebby-  
Webby! Now be a good boy and let Mr.  
Havershamp take off your collar so he  
can engrave Marty's name on the bell.

Jeb stares Marty in the eye.

JEB

Judas, must you betray me with paddy-  
cake?

He scurries off to his room as Marge opens the door.

MARGE

Come in, Mr. Havershamp!

MR. HAVERSHAMP (O.S.)

(ENTERING) Right. Tally ho, my dear.

MARGE

Sorry?

MR. HAVERSHAMP

That's British for hello.

MARGE (O.S.)

Fancy! (THEN) Okay, well make yourself  
at home, you know where the Lipton is.

MR. HAVERSHAMP

I do, indeed.

(CONTINUED)

MARGE (O.S.)

(FLUSTERED) Ma's waiting in the car, I gotta get her back to Coney Island before dark or she'll go on and on about not having a rape whistle. (THEN) I mean really, what does a seventy-four year-old woman need with a rape whistle?

MR. HAVERSHAMP

Well, I wouldn't have the slightest--

MARGE

Anyway, there's a couple Pringles left in that Pringles tube but feel free to pop a new one from the case of Pringles in the garage.

JOY (O.S.)

Brawk! Why don't you offer him a slice of cheesecake?

Marge shoots Joy a look. She picks up Marty and hands him to Mr. Havershamp.

MARGE

And this is Marty, our little star!  
When I come back we're going to have a big 'ol party!

She exits, farting a little on the way out. Mr. Havershamp looks down as Marty sticks his neck out.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

(RE: COLLAR) I believe you'll be  
needing this?

Jeb enters solemnly, ringing the bell as he walks, like it's a funeral procession. Marty rolls his eyes as Jeb climbs up to meet Mr. Havershamp. He sits on the table and dramatically silences the bell around his neck.

JEB

(TO MARTY) It tolls... for thee.

Mr. Havershamp takes off Jeb's ornate collar and replaces it with a generic one. Jeb looks at himself in the mirror.

JEB (CONT'D)

Now I know how Robin felt when they  
took away his cape.

MARTY

You're the only guy I know who  
associates himself with Robin instead  
of Batman.

Marty gathers his belongings in a small suitcase. Jeb stands behind him.

JEB

Oh, so now you're leaving?

MARTY

Yep. As soon as Mr. Belvedere over here  
takes this goddamn torture device off,  
I'm going home.

(CONTINUED)

JEB

But this is your home... I don't  
believe this, you-- you, waltz in,  
sully the most sacred event of the year  
and then... split!? Just like that?

Mr. Havershamp takes off Marty's collar.

MARTY

(SMILES) Just. Like. That.

Mr. Havershamp starts engraving the bell. Marty rubs his  
naked neck for the first time, sighs, and heads for the  
door.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm just not cut out for canned food  
and carpets and... that woman.

JEB

That woman rescued you!

MARTY

I didn't ask to be rescued!

JEB

Oh, of course you didn't. Not Marty the  
tough guy!

Jeb gets in his face.

JEB (CONT'D)

(LIKE FONZIE) "Hey, look at me, I'm  
Marty and I'm a tough guy."

MARTY

(GAY VOICE) "Oh look at me, I'm Jeb and  
have a blubbering girl's voice!"

(CONTINUED)

Marty turns to leave.

JEB

Great, go back to living in the gutter  
with a bunch of criminals.

MARTY

I will. And you can stay here and live  
with a bunch of pets that nobody else  
wants.

Jeb is frozen, seething with anger.

JEB

I don't even know who you are anymore.

MARTY

That's because you don't know who I am!  
You don't know anything about my life!  
For your information, I've gotta great  
fucking life. I live in a ferris wheel.  
A ferris wheel, for God's sake! With a  
woman who loves me and, I might add,  
who is phenomenal in the sack.  
Absolutely dynamite. She does this  
little twisty thing with her left paw  
while... (THEN) Yeah, I gotta go. Keep  
the bell. It suits you--

WIDEN TO REVEAL JEB, Transfixed on the TV.

JEB

Marty.

MARTY

Don't Marty me, pal. I'm done. Smell ya  
later.

JEB

No, look.

Jeb turns Marty around and points to the TV. Live local news coverage of the Coney Island Ferris Wheel engulfed in flames.

MARTY

Holy shit. Turn it up. Turn it up!

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

Tragedy struck Coney Island tonight as two, unidentified arsonists set fire to the iconic Coney Island Ferris Wheel. Fortunately, the park was closed, so no one was hurt...

JEB

Oh, thank God.

REPORTER (ON SCREEN)

...Unfortunately, the same can't be said for hundreds of stray cats who plummeted to their fiery, gruesome deaths.

We see various shots of cats jumping off the top of the ferris wheel, engulfed in flames.

Marty stands in shock.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

My god. This is all my fault. This is  
all my fault. (THEN, RESOLVED) I gotta  
go!

Just then, Mr. Havershamp puts the collar on Marty.

MR. HAVERSHAMP

(PROUDLY) The Lily Pond Bell.

The bell rings as it fastens into place.

MARTY

(LOOKS AT COLLAR) No! No! Ahhhhh!!!

Marty sprints out the front door...

JEB

Marty, don't!

Jeb races after him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Marty runs to the edge of the yard and gets shocked and  
falls to the ground, twitching.

JEB

Oh my God. Oh my God. Marty, are you  
okay?

MARTY

(MUMBLES) Pretty far from okay...

JEB

What can I do?

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

Find Roscoe. Tell him I need as many plastic shopping bags as he can muster up. He'll know what that means. I'm... done.

JEB

Yeah, well I know what that means too. And you've got a lot to live for. You've got me. You've got Marge.

MARTY

Marge?! (SITTING UP) If it wasn't for Marge, my friends would be alive right now, but instead they're--

He's interrupted by brass instruments which we can barely hear in the distance. They get louder and louder.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That sounds like my band. (LOOKS AROUND) Am I in... heaven?

JEB

(LOOKING AROUND) Well, I like to think so...

Just then, Marge's car comes screeching to a halt in the driveway. She flings open the back door to reveal Marty's band mates from Coney Island, wailing away.

Marty races over to them.

MARTY

Leroy!? Ladanian! Barack! What are you guys doing here!?

(CONTINUED)

LEROY/LADANIAN/BARACK

Hey, Marty! / What's up, negro? / Slap  
me some skin!

They all hug. Through tears of joy, Marty spots Tina. She runs into his arms.

TINA

Baby! Oh, baby! I thought I'd never see  
you again. Those awful Russian cats lit  
everything on fire and--

Marge emerges from the trunk. Her clothes are smoldering and half of her hair is gone.

TINA (CONT'D)

That woman is an angel. She saved us.

MARTY

No way.

He looks at Marge and then back to Tina.

MARTY (CONT'D)

For real?

Marty slowly walks up to Marge, nestles his face on her leg, and purrs.

Mr. Havershamp races out.

MR. HAVERSHAMP

Heavens to Betsy, what happened?

MARGE

(FRANTIC) I heard the news on the radio  
and went straight there. It was awful.  
Just awful! I rescued as many as I  
could, but there are still more. I can  
save more!

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Havershamp jumps into the passenger side.

MR. HAVERSHAMP

I'll help. (THEN) You're an amazing  
woman, Marge.

Marge peels back out of the driveway and is off, "The Pina Colada Song" doppler-effecting out of earshot.

Marty and Tina are locked in a loving embrace. Tina looks around for the first time.

TINA

Um, where are we?

MARTY

I'm still trying to figure that out.  
(THEN, ENTHUSIASTIC) It takes a little  
getting used to, but I think you're  
going to like it here...

TIME DISSOLVE  
TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

A rocking party is in full swing. Marty works the room like a made man.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*And so it turns out Jeb was right. This  
was Marty's home, after all...*

He walks by the three-legged pony and catches her as she starts to fall. Pony thanks him and he gives her a playful smack on the ass. Which causes her to tip over.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*He even taught an old dog some new  
tricks...*

Marty demonstrates the "hidden dice" trick to Roscoe, who gives it try. Hard tens.

(CONTINUED)

GUS (V.O.)

*And the YouTube hits just kept on  
coming...*

Jack looks like he's going to attack Marty and then raises his arm in victory, pointing to Marty's YouTube video: 10 million hits! Everyone cheers, demanding an encore performance.

CROWD

Marty! Marty! / Encore!

Marty looks over to his band.

MARTY

You boys got your horns on ya?

LEROY/LADANIAN/BARACK

Of course! / Yeah, man! / Does a cat  
shit in a box?!

They take the stage as Pony sets up the camera and presses record with her tongue.

Through the camera we see Marty, quieting the crowd.

MARTY

You're too kind. (THEN) I learned a lot  
over the last few days. Go easy on  
Roscoe's punch and it'll go easy on  
you...

ANGLE ON Roscoe, pissing in five different directions.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Try as you may, you can't beat the  
fence...

He gives his collar a comedic tug. Everyone laughs.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY (CONT'D)

...and the worst thing you can do to  
someone is stab him in the back...

ANGLE ON JEB in the corner, taking this in.

MARTY (CONT'D)

...especially when all he's trying to  
do is give you a pat on yours.

Jeb smiles.

CROWD

(TO MARTY) How 'bout an encore, champ?!

MARTY

Nah, nah. There's only one champ in  
this room. Ladies and gentleman, please  
put your hands together for Jeb. My  
brother.

Marty motions to Jeb, weeping.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Butch it up, bro. (THEN) 'Cause we're  
about to make you the most viral  
Internet star since Kim Kardashian.

Jack pushes "record" on the camera and gives Marty the "go"  
sign.

MARTY (CONT'D)

This cake ain't gonna pat itself...

Jeb rushes on stage and stands back to back with Marty.

MARTY/JEB

Five, six, seven, eight!

(CONTINUED)

"Pilot"  
CONTINUED:

THE RESCUES

49.

The band kicks into a funky groove as Marty and Jeb paddy-  
cake the shit out of themselves. The crowd goes wild.

*GUS (V.O.)*

*But for some reason, trouble seemed to  
follow that cat wherever he went.*

PAN OVER TO:

**EXT. NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - SAME**

Marge speaks to the neighbors.

MARGE

Thank you so much. It'll just be until  
I can find them a permanent home.

Marge hands over a couple animals who scurry off.

As the brass band continues in the distance, WIDEN TO REVEAL  
two large white cats peering over the fence, eyes fixated on  
Marty. On their vindictive stare, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END

\*