HEAVENLY HUG

Written by

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INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY

Three framed photographs of toilet paper hang on the wall. A roll of toilet paper with an American flag pattern is the centerpiece of a modern table.

Seated at the head of the table is LEONARD PARKINSON (54). Across from one another is TY PARKINSON (20), Leonard’s son, and BOB (40), the Parkinson’s lawyer.

Ty’s face is buried in a stack of documents. He blindly clicks his tight-gripped pen on the table.

BOB
One more and it’s official.

Bob looks at a frustrated Leonard as he slides the document to Ty.

LEONARD
Ty, sign the damn thing and you can go do whatever you do, whenever you do it.

Ty reveals a partially botched hairdo as he raises his face.

TY
No problem. All I gotta do is sign this and one day I’ll take your place as king of the turd tickets.

Ty carelessly scribbles on the document and buries his face back in the pile.

BOB
Outstanding.

Bob stands up and adjusts his tie.

BOB
Congratulations, Ty. I’m sure your father is thrilled for your commitment to the future of his legacy.

Bob and Leonard shake hands.

LEONARD
Happy Holidays, Bob.
Bob leaves the office.

Leonard walks to the window and stares down skyscrapers at parade rest.

Leonard turns to Ty.

Leonard exits the office.

Ty throws the toilet paper centerpiece at the door.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A peculiar man hesitantly knocks as he enters the office. This is MITCH RIDDLE (41). He fiddles with his bifocals and gives a paranoid glance over his shoulder, then shuts the door.

Mitch picks up the toilet paper from the floor and pets it like a kitten.

Mitch asks Ty who he is. Ty is confused and asks if he is Ty Parkinson. Mitch explains that people say that when you see him, your head explodes. Ty asks why and Mitch asks if he still has his head.
TY
Yes.

MITCH
I have a message for you regarding the future of your company.

A beat.

TY
Dude, what are you doing?

Mitch halts his caress of the toilet paper. He sets it on the table and pulls an old tape player from his coat.

Mitch presses play.

MONOTONE RECORDING (V.O.)
December sixteenth, two thousand and one. Dos trienta y uno por la manana. My name is Mitch Riddle. Your father is sick with heart condition. Soon, he will be very sick with heart condition.

Ty’s cheek twitches to restrain emotion.

MITCH
It’s the number one leading cause of death.

MONOTONE RECORDING (V.O.)
When you relieve Leonard Parkinson as Chief Executive Officer, two German twins will attempt to take control of Parkinson Industries and its subsidiaries.

MITCH
Including, Heavenly Hug toilet paper.

MONOTONE RECORDING (V.O.)
Including, Heavenly Hug toilet paper.

The tape player clicks off.

TY
That’s it?

MITCH
That’s it.
TY
Who’s Mitch Riddle? Is he your boss or something?

MITCH
(extends a handshake)
I’m Mitch Riddle, a pleasure. Are you sure my head hasn’t exploded yet? My face has got to be here somewhere--

TY
Security!

Mitch backs up toward the door.

MITCH
I don’t speak German, but I am more than willing to provide my services in resolving the matter.

TY
Get outta here!

MITCH
Where in the fuck is my face? My contact information is on the other side of the tape, don’t forget -- Mitch Riddle.

Mitch exits the office.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

Ty sits at the head of the table. He wears a proper suit and a stylish cut with a slick part. Seated around the table is Bob, GRETSCHEN (43) and ASSOCIATES.

BOB
(whispers to Ty)
I hate to say it, but I think it’s time to sell to the Germans.

TY
Everyone hear that? Bob here thinks it’s time to throw it in.

Ty stands up and walks behind the associates.

TY
Time to throw it in, right Bob?
BOB
Calm down, Ty.

TY
I’m just getting started, Bob. What better way to get it started than to throw it in.

Ty stops at Gretchen.

TY
How about you, Gretchen?

GRECHEN
I’m sorry?

TY
Do you want to throw it in?

GRECHEN
Mr. Parkinson?

Ty takes Gretchen’s notebook from her and throws it in the middle of the table.

TY
Come on everyone, throw it in.

Everyone takes what is in front of them and throws it in the middle of the table.

TY
Wallets and credit cards, let’s go.

Reluctantly, their personal belongings go in the pile.

TY
Now get the hell outta here.

Everyone slowly stands up and exits the office. Bob goes for his wallet.

TY
Get out, Bob.

Bob shakes his head as he exits the office.

Ty empties his desk and throws various items at the table’s pile. He stops -- Mitch Riddle’s tape rests on top.

Ty plays the tape.
MONOTONE RECORDING (V.O.)
Soon, he will be very sick with heart condition.

Aggravated, he turns the tape over.

MONOTONE RECORDING (V.O.)
My name is Mitch Riddle. My contact information is as follows.

Ty’s ready to write.

MONOTONE RECORDING (V.O.)
I will give you a moment to get a pen and-or paper to copy my contact information.

Ty throws the tape player in the pile.

INT. TACO TUESDAY’S – DAY
Mitch Riddle is next in line to place his order.

CHRISTY (16), a pretty female employee chews gum with a smile.

CHRISTY
Welcome to Taco Tuesday’s, how may I help you?

Mitch adjust his bifocals.

MITCH
Oh my gosh,
(looks at her name tag)
Christy, I have never been here before! These tacos look so amazingly tasty!

CHRISTY
Oh my gosh, welcome! I am so glad you decided to join us for lunch!

MITCH
That is so nice of you, I am just so excited and it’s not even Tuesday.

Mitch’s phone rings.

MITCH
(covers his phone)
Pardon me.
CHRISTY
No problem, order when your ready hun.

Mitch answers the phone.

MITCH
Hello?

TY (V.O.)
Mitch Riddle?

MITCH
Yes?

TY (V.O.)
This is Ty Parkinson.

MITCH
(checks his head)
Okay.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY

TY
Remember that problem you told me about a year ago?

INT. TACO TUESDAY’S - DAY

Mitch points to the menu and gives Christy a thumbs up.

MITCH
The German twins.

TY (V.O.)
Yeah--

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY

TY
--the Germans. Is your offer still good?

INT. TACO TUESDAY’S - DAY

MITCH
Of course it’s still good. It’s all good. Let me finish up here and I’ll call you in a quick.
Mitch hangs up the phone.

CHRISTY
You are such a nice man. So that’s a number two with extra sauce and a side of twisters?

MITCH
I can’t wait to savor the flavor.

Mitch lunges at Christy.

MITCH
Spit out your gum, dumb dumb!

Christy gets freaked out.

MITCH
Can I get that to go? I’m in a rush.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY

Ty waits for the phone to ring.

TY
(looks at his watch)
Seriously?

The phone rings and Ty answers.

TY
Mitch?

EXT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - PARKING LOT - DAY

MITCH
I have a great lock on the first German. I’ll call you back when I have a status update.

Mitch hangs up.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY

TY
Status update?
Mitch walks toward ALEXANDER (35), a German business man.

MITCH
Howdy there, a ding dang doo.

ALEXANDER
Yes? Do I know you?

MITCH
My name is Mitch Riddle and --

ALEXANDER
And?

MITCH
I just got fucking fired.

ALEXANDER
I’m sorry to hear that, Mitch. Better now than later.

MITCH
Yeah, I hear that. I’m like so fucking fired. They put my ass in a jack in the box and turned the crank.

Mitch walks to his car and opens the trunk.

ALEXANDER
(laughs)
I love those jack in box.

MITCH
(puts on gloves)
Oh yeah, they couldn’t get enough of it. Round and round we go. Am I fired today? No. Am I fired today? No. Am I fired today?

Mitch takes a six pack of Heavenly Hug and presses it against Alexander’s head. He holds a pistol to the six pack and pulls the trigger. Alexander effortlessly falls into the trunk and Mitch shuts it.

Mitch dials on his phone.

MITCH
He’s dead.
INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY

TY

Dead?

A chill runs down Ty’s body as he holds the phone away from himself in a statue pose.

MITCH (V.O.)
Oh my gosh, he never saw it coming either. It was just downright crazy, Ty. I’ve never seen someone slide into my trunk that easy. It never happens that way. I gotta go, I’ll call you back.

TY
Mitch?

Ty drops the phone on the floor.

TY
I’m going to prison.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - MALE RESTROOM - DAY

NIELS (35), Alexander’s twin brother, sits on the toilet. He searches for toilet paper, but no luck.

NIELS
(speaks German)
Oh shit.

MITCH (O.S.)
What in the hell is that smell?

A fresh roll of Heavenly Hug is being passed by Niels’s feet.

NIELS
Thank you.

MITCH (O.S.)
Did you know that Heavenly Hug is fifty percent more absorbent than the leading brands?

Niels is confused.

NIELS
Thank you.
MITCH (O.S.)
How do they do it? Papa Bear says it feels too soft, but Momma Bear says it feels too rough. So Baby Bear comes along and says, fuck it, I took a couple semesters of chemistry in college. I’m going to make a toilet paper that feels just right.

The toilets flush and the two exit their stalls.

NIELS
Thank you.

MITCH
Anytime.

Mitch begins to wrap Niels in toilet paper like a mummy. Oddly, Niels doesn’t do anything except look confused.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - DAY

The office is cluttered and disorganized. Ty sits in the corner, a train-wreck, looking through is his employee’s wallets and belongings.

Ty’s phone rings and he quickly answers it.

TY
Mitch?

MITCH (V.O.)
What’s up. I’m just trying to find a place to hide the body.

TY
Oh my God.

MITCH (V.O.)
That’s the easy part, I’ll be there as soon as I can.

Ty hangs up the phone and constructs a pretend set of handcuffs out of paper.

INT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - EVENING

Mitch hesitantly knocks as he enters the office.

TY
Come in.
MITCH
Hello?

TY
I never wanted them dead.

Mitch jerks his head.

MITCH
You didn’t want me to kill them? I thought that was what we originally agreed on?

TY
Who the hell are you?

MITCH
Ty, my name is Mitch Riddle.

Mitch awkwardly embraces Ty.

MITCH
I’m just a man that enjoys the touch of a heavenly hug. No one is going to take that away from me. Not even you, Ty.

Mitch searches the office.

MITCH
Can help me look for my face real quick?

FADE OUT.