

HEAVENLY HUG

Written by

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FADE IN:

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  
You as well, Mr. Parkinson.

Bob leaves the office.

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

LEONARD  
There is no shame in what I do,  
son. People wipe their asses with  
my product and then, I wipe my ass  
with their money.

Leonard turns to Ty.

LEONARD  
Do I even have to tell you which  
one cleans the ass better?

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  
Hello?

TY  
Who the hell are you?

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

MITCH  
Are you Ty Parkinson? I've heard  
people say that your head explodes  
when you see him.

TY  
Yeah, why?

MITCH  
Oh my gosh, do I still have my  
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 treinta 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  
it's 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, GRETCHEN (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?

GRETCHEN  
I'm sorry?

TY  
Do you want to throw it in?

GRETCHEN  
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?

EXT. PARKINSON INDUSTRIES - PARKING LOT - DAY

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 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.