

HEIR!

Written by

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Spank Submission information:

Log line: *A young man with the IQ of a gnat must step out of his father's shadow and take over the family soda business. But with enemies lurking around every corner, he'll learn the meaning of the old adage: heavy is the head that does the dew.*

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Director: Joanna Simmons (Story Pirates, OSFUG, *I'm Coming*)

Cast List: Brian Morabito, Peter Johnston, Kate Villa, Dan Selinger, Bridgette Rizkalla, Brady O'Callahan, Mike Poole, Stephen Buckley, Juliet Prather

Places the show has been put up: Has not been produced before.

UCBT References: Allie Kokesh, Nicole Drespel

Lights up on a funeral. A casket sits in the middle of stage, running from upstage to downstage. Upstage of the coffin, rows of chairs are packed with funeral goers. Splitting the rows down the middle is a podium. A young man, TOMMY MOUNTAIN, is standing at the podium. A pastor stands behind him for support.

TOMMY

Tim Mountain was many things;
a father to me, a sailor to the
ocean, a clone to his clone, and a
husband to my mom-

Tommy is smiling, but is also sincerely choking back tears.

TOMMY

Nice mom. He was a real catch.
Unlike his piece of shit clone who
died in a boat fire.
I watched, I painted it, and I'm
done talking about it.

The funeral goers mumble in agreement as Tommy looks around. Tommy returns to his speech.

TOMMY

He was famous for his work ethic,
for putting his hands in people's
mouths when they yawned, and for
inventing Mountain Dew. He did the
Dew. He did it so good. Dude was
always doin' the Dew. Every day and
night, did the Dew. Don't try and
do the Dew better than that dude
did the Dew, dudes. Amen. - And
now, mom - You wanna talk before we
make him worm food?

PASTOR

(solemnly)
Ms. Nancy Reagan-Mountain, would
you like to speak?

NANCY REAGAN-MOUNTAIN climbs up to the podium. She is clutching her pearls and has a black hat on. She lifts the veil to speak.

NANCY

(like the bud light
commercial- but very
somberly)
Whuzzaah.

EVERYONE
 (very seriously)
 WHUZAAAAHHHH!

NANCY
 My husband, Tim Mountain... I was with him when he died, in his final moments. Just as he was ascending to the concert in the sky where he and all the dead members of Led Zeppelin - just one - John Bonham, were about to totally wail so hard. And they sounded amazing. Tim just holding a guitar, pretending it's his penis (which we all think is funny)! It's a great bit. Still funny in death. And John Bonham is just rippin' it on the drums like he did in that 7 min drum solo in the Zeppelin classic - "Moby Dick" - which we know most famously as a song and not a book.
 (she bows her head)
 As the mountain family motto clearly states: Books are for nerds.

EVERYONE
 (solemnly)
 Books are for nerds.

Brenda, hidden in the crowd, whimpers.

TIMINA
 (in the crowd - to the whimpering woman, Brenda)
 Shut up, Brenda! Cousins aren't allowed to cry at my dad's funeral!

PASTOR
 Before we lay Nancy's beloved nerd - sorry husband... Does Tim Mountain's Daughter, Timina want to speak?

TIMINA
 I've eaten an oyster today so I probably shouldn't.

PASTOR
 (slightly confused)
 Ok. Uh, sure. I guess now we'll listen to the song that Timothy J.
 (MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Mountain chose to play as we bury
him. Tommy?

TOMMY

(he salutes)
SIR YES SIR.

Motley Crue's hit "Girls Girls Girls" blares over the
speakers.

Nancy Reagan-Mountain begins to weep.

Blackout.

The song continues as the following plays on the screen.

Projections: Spinning newspapers/fake magazines (pop
magazine: All your soda news" "Soda Magazine: Pop is dead:
Soda tycoon dies from... Overdose? Car crash? Sleep Apnea?
Lyme disease?"

The title flashes on screen: HEIR.

Lights up on a board room. The standard board room table sits
in center stage, with overly puffy leather chairs surrounding
it. The people we saw at the funeral sit around the table, no
longer dressed in black. SARAH BURKE, stands at the head of
the table. BRENDA, DR. PIBB, NANCY, SARAH, TIMINA, JAKE SHIT
and TOMMY.

SARAH

Thank you all for gathering here
today. My name is Sarah Burke,

TOMMY

(through a pretend cough)
Boring name.

SARAH

...and I am the lawyer for both the
Mountain family. I know there's
been a lot of anticipation bubbling
up about this document....

(no one laughs - one
person cries a little)

I'm sorry. This is a serious matter
and I apologize for my use of soda
puns.

SARAH

We can now begin the reading of the
will.

TOMMY

Thank you.

Tommy picks up the will.

SARAH

You can't read this. I'm sorry I...

DR. PIBB

NO HE **CAN** READ! THAT BOY CAN READ!

JAKE SHIT

He can't read! The boy can't read!

NANCY

My boy can read!!

(FAINTS)

TIMINA

I've seen him read! Seen it with my own eyes!

BRENDA

(happy to be included)

I have a book that I cannot put down!

SARAH

(cutting everyone off)

I mean LEGALLY! I'm not saying Tommy can't read, I'm saying I am the only person ALLOWED to read this for the first time! You will all receive copies. Okay?

Everyone settles down.

BRENDA

I actually don't need a copy. I'm reading something already, but thank you for offering.

Brenda pulls out a copy of the book "Jennifer's Body" to read.

Tommy puts on his reading glasses.

SARAH

You don't have to put those on. Again, you're not reading.

TOMMY

(aside)

We'll see.

Sarah opens the will.

SARAH

This is the last will and testament of Timothy Jay Mountain. The following statement was written by Mr. Mountain regarding his estate and has been signed in the presence of two witnesses. I am the executor of the will. Let's begin. It reads: "wazzzupppppp. I..."

Everyone bows their heads.

EVERYONE

(solemnly)

wazzzupppppp.

SARAH

"It's your absolute boy, Tim Mountain. I probably died doing some cool shit like Bugatti surfing, doing coke off of Steven Tyler's dentures, or I gave into my Lyme disease. Whatever. Here's all my shit. To my dear friend, ultimate rival, and primary care physician Dr. Pibb, I leave my third and least favorite Fiat. My 1972 Fiat Spider."

Dr. Pibb is dressed like the KFC Colonel, but for the soda Mr. Pibb.

DR. PIBB

Ah 1972, that was the year that PIBB Industries went from motor oil to soda. God bless that man.

TIMINA

Did he leave anything to me? His oldest daughter and namesake that he wouldn't give up on even though he thought I was going to be a boy: Timina?

SARAH

No. "To my son, Tommy. Since you can read, I leave you the Mountain Dew Empire."

JAKE SHIT
 Terms of parliamentary
 procedure! Sustained! Prima
 Nocta!OBJECTION!

TOMMY
 Whaaaaaaaat?! All of it? I
 mainly wanted bubbles.

SARAH
 You can't... is that from
 Braveheart?

JAKE SHIT
 You don't deserve this company, you
 fuckbois.

TOMMY
 You noticed!

JAKE SHIT
 I have worked too long and too hard
 as your father's #2. This isn't
 over! You can be sure of that.
 (backing away toward the
 door)
 I will have this company! I will
 set it on the right path, or my
 name isn't JAKE SHIT! SHIT. ALWAYS.
 RISES.

JAKE SHIT leaves and slams the door.

NANCY
 Wait is that his real name? Jacob
 Shit? S-H-I-T? It's not even
 spelled like Schitt's Creek the
 show? S-C-H-I-T-T, I think
 Catherine O'Hara should work more.
 Or less, I can never remember.

SARAH
 And finally to my cousin Brenda, I
 leave you the entirety of my
 library of rare books.

Brenda looks up from her book, Jennifer's Body.

BRENDA
 Oh no thank you, I'm actually in
 the middle of a book.

She returns to her book, Jennifer's Body.

SARAH
 That concludes the reading of the
 will.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

Additional materials including copies of the document will be sent to each of you by my office. Per Mr. Mountain's request, this document will appear as an article on Barstool Sports.

Everyone starts getting up from their seats and hovers near the door in conversation. Tommy pulls Dr. Pibb aside.

TOMMY

Hey Dr. Pibb...

DR. PIBB

Please, call me doctor pibb.

TOMMY

Ok. Thanks, Dr. Pibb. I was just wondering if you wouldn't mind helping us out with the business while we're getting back on our feet....

DR. PIBB

Oh! That's what you wanted to talk about? Not elbows or knees? Look, I'm just a licensed physician. I don't know the first thing about "tearing the soda industry a new bubble" to use your father's words. My brother took over the family business, I just fix bodies. (calling out to the rest of the group)
C'mon gang, let's go yell at a sprinkler.

NANCY

Tim would be so proud of us!

Everyone leaves.

TOMMY

I'll catch up with you guys later, save some hot yelling air for me.

Tommy walks over to Sarah.

TOMMY

So wait... what does this mean?

SARAH

You're the sole heir of the Mountain Dew corporation, responsible for everything that entails.

TOMMY

So wait... what does this mean?

SARAH

This means you have a job now, Tommy. A purpose.

TOMMY

Is that a mammal?

SARAH

No. Having a job means you have to be a responsible adult. It means no more making videos about how you could have been Post Malone. No more creating haunted houses so you can play the ghost version of Post Malone, "Spooky Undead Malone". No more lubing up ferrets and sending them on worldwide tours claiming they're Post Malone. It's time to grow up.

TOMMY

So I have to run the company? And where does one keep a plump dolphin?

SARAH

What? No, I said purpose. I think you can do it. Tommy, this is a tremendous responsibility. People depend on you for their jobs, and for the refreshing, neon taste of Mountain Dew. Just like they depended on your father. Now if you have any questions, you have my number. I'd suggest going to your father's old office on Monday to get started.

Blackout.

Post Malone's "Better Now" plays with dolphin noises interspersed.

TITLE CARD: TOMMY'S LAST DAY OF FREEDOM

On screen, we see a montage of a cropped cutout of TOMMY mooning inserted into various landmarks and sensitive situations.

The Wall Street Bull, the cast of Blue Bloods, Grant's Tomb, Improv Asylum, Magnolia Bakery, the top of a NYC tour bus, in one of those Best Buy commercials with the grey background, a Banksy installation, blurry in the background of Brian Morabito's outdoor headshot, in a dog park, next to Mulligan, Walking down the street having a laugh with Malala, mooning a blown up photo of himself mooning stuff, a picture with the Paul brothers (Jake and Logan) that says "Best Friends"

End Montage

Lights up on an executive's office. Large mahogany desk, plenty of pens and papers, and a few golf clubs on the wall. This is Tim Mountain's old office.

SKIZ, Tommy's assistant, brings Tommy into the office.

Contrary to his position at Mountain Dew, Skiz is very much a character from a Surge (the hardcore citrus soda) commercial.

SKIZ

Well, dude. This is your dad's...I mean...your office.

Skiz weeps just a little bit.

TOMMY

I know. I miss him too, man.

They bro-hug.

SKIZ

Do you think he's going to come back?

TOMMY

.... no. Skiz.

SKIZ

Well. I guess you can use the phone until he does. ... and Frank Utz is on line 2. Don't pick up line 1... I'm trying to win tickets to Counted Crows.

TOMMY

Don't you mean Counting Crows?

SKIZ

No, they counted them all.

Skiz leaves the room. Tommy walks over to the desk and picks up the phone. Lights up on downstage left, where FRANK UTZ is standing and talking on the phone.

TOMMY

FRANK UTZ! The Chip with the Dip!
The Crunch with the Munch! The Pop
that I just can't stop! MA BOI!

FRANK UTZ

What's going on, Mountain Man! Look
at you on the mainline!

TOMMY

Yeah! Feels weird! Kinda nervous...

FRANK UTZ

You're gonna be a natural at this.
Business and shark semen are in
your blood! Just like they're in
mine and everyone else who's rich!

TOMMY

I actually have a business question
or two if you have a minute....

FRANK UTZ

Sorry dude! Can't hear ya! It's
chip-bakin day! I gotta run!
(yelling to someone
before he hangs up)
Hand the cat to ME if he's biting
you!

Frank hangs up and lights down on downstage left. Tommy puts down the phone.

Skiz pokes his head in from the other room.

SKIZ

TOMMY, there's someone else on the
phone for you! Line 3. And heads
up, I'm close on the tickets.

Tommy picks up the phone. Lights up on downstage right, where LESLEY NESTLE is standing and talking on the phone.

LESLEY NESTLE

Tommy! Hello! It's Lesley Nestle of
Nestle, held by the Westley-Blestly
Corporation. I just wanted to call
and say: So sorry for your loss,
and also: So happy for your gain!

TOMMY
 (Solemn)
 Thank you.

Tommy's mood changes.

TOMMY
 (joyously)
 And...Thank you! Today's my first
 day. I'm still getting through the
 papers on his desk.... most of
 which are reminders to not lick the
 outlets... but I...

LESLEY NESTLE
 Not to crowd you already, but we
 were in the middle of an X-mas
 cross-promotion when your dad, you
 know, bailed... so...

TOMMY
 Would you mind actually, as a
 friend, answering a question or
 two. Before we get to business...
 I...

LESLEY NESTLE
 Definitely, let's schedule a lunch.
 Just wanted to keep the cross-
 promotion cross-talk on 'top of
 mind' as we say in the business
 world.

TOMMY LESLEY NESTLE
 What does top of mind mean... Ok bye bye!

Lesley hangs up. Blackout downstage right.

TOMMY
 You got this, Tommy. Remember. It's
 in your blood. You're a mountain!

Tommy picks up line 1. Lights up upstage on Skiz talking on
 the phone.

TOMMY
 Hey Skiz --

SKIZ
 Is this Fat Duck and Ronnie Boys of
 KD109.6 The MUSE???

No --- TOMMY SKIZ
 And the secret phrase is:
 Chappaquiddick was a cover up
 for a larger series of
 murders.

TOMMY
 No, Skiz it's Tommy! Can you help
 me with some paperwork?

SKIZ
 FUCK YOU DUDE! I CAN'T WAIT FOR
 YOUR DAD TO GET BACK.

TOMMY
 Do I have any other calls?

SKIZ
 Yeah. There's someone from the Salt
 Lake City bubble plant. Says
 there's something wrong with the...
 low... yield syrup dispenser...? He
 said you'd know what that meant.

TOMMY
 See I don't know what that means...
 could you...

The phone clicks and he's on the line with someone else.
 Lights up on downstage left, where BENNY stands.

BENNY
 This is Benny down at the SLC plant
 and I'm sure you're aware we've
 been having trouble with this issue
 for the last couple of months and
 we need a decision on the
 replacement parts cost-benefit
 analysis today, sir.

TOMMY
 I don't... Wait. Cost.. what?

Phone rings.

TOMMY
 Hold on.
 (he picks up the next
 line)

Lights down on BENNY. Lights come up downstage right on
 ROCKY.

ROCKY

This is Rocky down at the Tampa Bay plant - we were promised a thorough investigation into water contamination from the B valve and we've been stopped up for weeks. What's going on?

TOMMY

I'm .. just... sorry, what's your name?

ROCKY

It's Rocky. Is this that crap assistant again? I thought I was talking to the CEO.

Phone rings again. Tommy just picks it up without saying goodbye. Lights up upstage on PAUL.

PAUL

This is Paul from St. Paul Distributors... I called a week ago about an ammonia leak. I filed a report. What the fuck else am I supposed to do? This is life-threatening...

TOMMY

(immitating Skiz)

Uhhhh this is Skiz I'm just an assistant this is a wrong number. ...Teddy Kennedy drowned that poor girl.

PAUL

What the --

Tommy rips the phone out of the desk and begins to hyperventilate...

Jake Shit enters. He is holding a bunch of notecards. They are slang reference notecards.

JAKE SHIT

Hey...

He checks the cards.

JAKE SHIT

You fuckhouse.

TOMMY

Ah, Jake! Thank god, a friend.

Tommy runs over and hugs Jake.

JAKE SHIT
Ah yes. Friends...

He checks the cards again.

JAKE SHIT
My dude-cottage. I wanted to see how your first day was going... any problems? Any issues? Any life altering decisions?

TOMMY
Honestly, I just wanna get out of here. Today was really long and everyone keeps making me use the phone. What time is it?

JAKE SHIT
It's 10:30 AM -

TOMMY
Oh my god I've been awake for literally 16 minutes.

JAKE SHIT
Let me make things easier for you! Just sign a few documents and you can leave for the day! Big boss men sign the large papers and leave early, don't they? How
(checks cards)
Dope is that?

TOMMY
So dope!! Thank you Jake Shit. I know you sound and smell like a congested goblin, but I'm going to overlook it because you're being so frickin' rad.

Tommy signs the documents and leaves. Tommy turns to Jake just before he leaves.

TOMMY
There's one guy on the phone who said he's gonna die... so can you grab that? Skiz - I'm in for those tickets.

The door closes behind Tommy.

JAKE SHIT

He signed it! The company is mine!
I thought this was going to take a
lot more negotiation! Now I can
finally transform this hell into
Shit Mountain Sodas! The greatest
soda company in the world! THIS
SHIT HAS SAILED!

Blackout.

On the screen above stage, we see a paper spinning. We see a series of headlines pop up as the paper spins: "Shit On Top of the Mountain. Tommy Mountain, CEO of Mountain Dew, gives up company after 17 minutes of work". "Jake Shit, Fmr #2 at Mountain Dew, becomes CEO of newly minted Shit Mountain Sodas." "Jake Shit, CEO of Shit Mountain Sodas: Very Secretive About Plans For New Company." "Jake Shit: Big Gains! But what is he hiding?"

Lights up on a dreary sports bar. A sign hangs in the back: BuTT-alo Wild Wings

Tommy is sitting at the bar reading the paper.

TOMMY

I don't understand... how can this
be?

Nancy enters and flips the paper over in Tommy's hand, it was upside down.

TOMMY

This makes less sense. Who is
former Philadelphia mayor Michael
Nutter??

NANCY

This is serious, Tommy. This isn't
what your Dad wanted. He left the
company to you, and now Jake Shit
has completely taken control. Your
father's legacy is at stake.

TOMMY

What must I do?

NANCY

You've gotta work something out.
Build up a defense and figure out
the best way to strike back. Once
you're ready, I'll arrange the
mediation.

TOMMY

No need, I shall mediate in the mountains.

NANCY

So none of this is landing.

TOMMY

Speaking of landing, can I use the company jet to remove a dead dolphin? He did **not** qualify for the Indy 500. He was 1/10 of a second short. And bone dry. Actually can you take care of it? Adios Mon Frere.

Blackout.

We see a picture of a mountain appear on the screen. As the lights come up, we see that the stage is split into three parts. "Man of Constant Sorrows" plays.

Tommy walks onstage with climbing gear on his back. Downstage right, he walks by a blind man sitting on a rock.

TOMMY

Hello, old man. My name is Tommy Mountain and I wish to pass. I am making a journey into the mountains.

BLIND MAN

Okay.

TOMMY

(pleading)

Please, sir. I wish to seek the summit so I can learn to defeat my foe.

BLIND MAN

Sure, good luck.

TOMMY

Very well, a test of strength it is.

Tommy karate chops and kicks all around the blind man who is unfazed.

TOMMY

You are a worthy foe, I cannot beat you. Take my life.

BLIND MAN

I'm leaving now, please don't follow me.

TOMMY

I will not follow *anyone*. I will lead. The first test... HAS BEGUN!

Blackout.

Lights come up on center stage, where there is a small pile of wood. Tommy walks up to the small pile of wood.

TOMMY

Time to mediate on all the tough shit in my brain.

Tommy meditates. He says the word "Yum" over and over again.

As Tommy meditates, two men burst onto stage. They are fighting, and one of the men pulls out a knife to rob the other. Tommy continues to meditate. The man being robbed won't hand his wallet over, so the guy with the knife punches him. And grabs his wallet. The man who was punched falls to the floor behind Tommy. Tommy opens his eyes, refreshed.

TOMMY

Well. Done. Me. I have learned much.

Blackout.

The lights come up on Tommy sitting downstage left. He is still in the mountains. He is walking around aimlessly.

TOMMY

Now if I want to turn off the lights outside and go to sleep....
hmmmm...

Skiz Enters.

SKIZ

TOMMY! I'm so glad I found you on this small hill in New Jersey!

TOMMY

Skiz! You found me!

SKIZ

Your scent is easy to follow. No time for smell-talk! Jake Shit has taken over the company. I don't know what he's planning.

(MORE)

SKIZ (CONT'D)

You have to come back and save your father's legacy! No one has licked an outlet in our office in over a week.

TOMMY

Let's save this company, Skiz.

Blackout.

Newspapers spin on screen - "Just to remind you, Jake Shit is probably hiding something." "Another reminder: Jake Shit Spins Shit into Gold." "Jake shit is actually good? His mother weighs in."

Lights up. Downstage right stands a large sign.

Applause greets Jake Shit as he walks out on the stage to give a Tedx. Jake Shit is wearing the same thing as he was earlier.

JAKE SHIT

Thank you! It's an honor to be giving a Ted Talk. I thought they were only for people named Ted but I was very wrong. I'm Jake Shit. CEO of Shit Mountain Sodas. Yes I have a pointy voice. Just try to forget about it. I'm here today to talk about corporate responsibility. As many of you know that I've taken over this company over the last year and we've made some changes.

(cackles)

He clicks to the next slide. The slide is titled "Profits mean progress, progress means saving the world."

JAKE SHIT

I've been told that I sound spooky and slimy and downright diabolical. In college, I was nicknamed "the vocal prototype for Satan" which was shockingly very sexy to my first, and current, wife - Natalie. I have decided to use my power for good and not the evil that was so clearly built into my vocal cords. Even though I sound like I would pollute a river tomorrow just for a little fun..

(MORE)

JAKE SHIT (CONT'D)

I'm actually trying to build a more sustainable future for our planet. That's why I was so jazzed to take it over! I have been pushing for a carbon neutral future at Mountain Dew and, at Shit Mountain Sodas, my first act was to create a compostable bottle and go carbon neutral by 2025.

Slide changes - "The Elephant In The Room: A Side Note"

JAKE SHIT

Now, I'd like to address the elephant in the room: I stole this company. I took the company from someone who was ill-equipped to run it so that we, as a company, could survive, continue creating jobs and further make the hard decision that make the world a better place. I made the hard choice. BACK TO THE BOTTLES!

Slide changes - a picture of the bottle of the future - The Shit Container

JAKE SHIT

Actually, hold on.

Slide changes - "OK NOT JUST YET, ONE MORE THING."

JAKE SHIT

I assured the Mountain family that I would both take care of their legacy and their oldest son: Tommy.

Slide changes - A picture of Tommy.

JAKE SHIT

...If he ever returns from the mountain retreat that he went on to Meditate and "save the company." We're hoping he's safe.

A commotion is heard off-stage.

TOMMY

NOT SO SAFELY ANYMORE!

Tommy comes on stage wearing a pair of rip off pants and fake beard.

TOMMY

It is I! Tommy Mountain! And I'm
here to SAVE MY FAMILY'S LEGACY!
AND THE COMPANY! AND....

(dramatic pause)

The LEGACY!

The audience gasps!

He rips off the pants to reveal another pair of the same
pants under them.

TOMMY

Fooled?!? Me too. I mediated for
the length of 6 Coachellas on Mount
Dew in scenic southern New Jersey.

JAKE SHIT

Tommy!! I'm so glad you're safe!

Jake Shit cackles.

TOMMY

But you sound so spooky! It sounds
like you don't mean it!

JAKE SHIT

I'm sorry I'm just so happy to have
you back in my clutches.

TOMMY

See that was....

JAKE SHIT

...yeah I heard it. Definitely
creepy. Listen, Tommy. We want you
back! I want to help you find your
purpose.

TOMMY

DORSAL EARNHARDT JR IS DEAD.

JAKE SHIT

Tommy, look at what we've built. I
want to do right by the world and
your father would be proud and...
why are you fucking ripped?

TOMMY

I thought there was gonna be a
fight.

JAKE SHIT

Why.

TOMMY

Your nails were so long! Usually that means a fight is coming.

JAKE SHIT

What? You thought I was going to scratch you to death?

TOMMY

Among other things.

JAKE SHIT

You used among right! You did learn something in the mountains!

Jake takes Tommy under his arm.

JAKE SHIT

In front of all of these people, tell us what you want to do.

Tommy takes his time, seriously considering his heart's desire.

TOMMY

My dream job? Every day, I want someone to put two pina coladas in front of me, one is virgin
 (he winks)
 And one is with alcohol.
 (he winks with both eyes)
 And I have to tell them apart.

JAKE SHIT

That... doesn't sound like running a company. Would you agree?

TOMMY

...wow. I never thought about it like that.

JAKE SHIT

Tommy my boy. How about we make you the official pina colada tester at Shit Mountain Industries.

A smile sneaks across Tommy's face.

TOMMY

You got it, New dad.

JAKE SHIT

Oh. No.. no no. Definitely not.

Blackout.

Girls Girls Girls plays.

Bows.