

SCHITT'S CREEK
"Pilot"

Written By
Dan & Eugene Levy

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The prime minister sits with his back to the camera, staring out the window with his fingers steepled. PARLIAMENTARY AIDE enters the office.

AIDE
You called, sir?

PRIME MINISTER
Yes George. Please cancel my meeting with the Bildeberg Group.

AIDE
Yes sir.

PRIME MINISTER
It is time for us to heal the divide in this country once and for all.

The camera looks over his shoulder. The only thing on his desk is a notepad with the words SHIT CREEK written on it.

PRIME MINISTER
Make some rich elites live in a small town.

AIDE
Very good, sir.

The aide leaves the room.

PRIME MINISTER
Their business now belongs to the government... All in favour?

The camera pans to skeletons covered in cobwebs and a sign that says SENATE.

He smiles.

PRIME MINISTER
Passed!

He bangs a gavel.

Shots of multiple indoor pools, golden statues, a dog dressed in expensive furs. RICH DAD and his RICH WIFE run into each other in the hallway. They shake hands.

RICH DAD
Hello, I'm your rich husband.

RICH WIFE
And I am your rich wife. And those two people over there are our children.

A shot of GAY SON and SPOILED DAUGHTER lying in two adult-sized cribs, each holding enormous rattles.

RICH DAD and RICH WIFE's handshake is interrupted by a loud KNOCKING on the door.

RICH DAD
That's the door to the outside!

The door BURSTS open, a SWAT team pours into the house. The PARLIAMENTARY AIDE marches into the living room.

AIDE
I have some bad news.

RICH DAD
What, did my giant cheque to the government not go through?

AIDE
No. You need to go live in a small town.

RICH DAD
What the hell is the meaning of all this? I'm rich!

The SWAT cops tackle each family member to the ground and restrain them with zip ties.

GAY SON
You're violating my rich safe space!

RICH DAD looks up at the parliamentary aide.

RICH DAD
You can't hurt him, he's rich!
We're all very rich!

(CONTINUED)

AIDE

I'm sorry, Mr. Rich.

The AIDE punches RICH DAD in the face and the screen goes black.

3 EXT. MAIN STREET, SHIT CREEK - DAY

3

RICH DAD, RICH WIFE, GAY SON and SPOILED DAUGHTER wake up on the main strip of downtown Shit Creek. There is a sign a few meters away from them: WELCOME TO SHIT CREEK. The CN tower is visible in the distance.

RICH DAD

Where are we?

RICH WIFE

None of us know how to read.

They get up and start walking around.

RICH DAD

What is that godawful smell?

He looks at his pant leg: there is shit seeping from inside his pants onto his shoes.

RICH DAD

Aw, I shitted myself!

The RICH WIFE holds up several diamond necklaces, all of them covered in excrement.

RICH WIFE

Oh my God! My jewels! My precious jewels! Somebody... shitted on them!

RICH DAD

Not to worry, everyone. We can buy our way out of this problem.

RICH DAD tries to walk through the door of the convenience store, but his pockets are too full of MONEY.

RICH DAD

The doors in this town are too small for my money! I can't fit through!

GAY SON

I need somewhere to shop in this bad town! If I don't shop, I can't be gay!

(CONTINUED)

SPOILED DAUGHTER

And if I don't shop, I can't be a woman OR a slut!

RICH DAD

Let's ask that man for help.

There is a giant wooden sign pointing to where the MAYOR is standing.

MAYOR

I'm the mayor of Shit Creek, Shit Pile. This is my son Poop Kid, and that over there is my mother, Giant Shit.

RICH DAD

Well, shit to meet you. Haha.

MAYOR

I'm going to be very frank with you, sir: the people in this small backwards town don't appreciate your kind.

The mayor suggests a long nose with his fingers.

RICH DAD

What?

MAYOR

Haha, I'm just messing around with you buddy.

Everyone laughs uncomfortably.

RICH DAD

Haha. Phew.

MAYOR

Or am I?

The mayor shoots them a dirty look.

MAYOR

Anyway, you should come by my place tonight for a big feast. Just because you're rich and I'm a giant piece of shit doesn't mean we can't be in the same room.

RICH DAD

Great, we'll be there. But first,
we have to move into our new home.

4

INT. BARN FILLED WITH ANIMALS - DAY

4

RICH DAD

So this is it, guys. It's not much,
but it's home.

The animals are so loud that we can barely hear him speak.

RICH WIFE

Ugh, this place is so much smaller
than our previous home!

She hangs her coat on a horse's head.

GAY SON

Why does this SOFA have a FACE?

He tries to sit on a pig but it runs away. He struggles to
stand up from the mud.

GAY SON

Is this a selfie? I don't know how
to get up! Where's my medal for
seventh place?

The SPOILED DAUGHTER screams. The whole family turns to look
at her. She is standing in front of a fully-grown grizzly
bear.

SPOILED DAUGHTER

This isn't a millennial!

RICH DAD

That's terrible! We'll have to get
that fixed tomorrow.

The family unpacks their suitcases, hanging their clothing
on anything they can reach - animals, hay bales, farming
tools - oblivious to the fact that this isn't a regular
house.

RICH DAD

Honey, can I talk to you about
something?

RICH WIFE

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

RICH DAD

Well, I've been thinking about it for a while, and I've realized that I am your rich husband.

RICH WIFE

Yes, and I am your rich wife.

RICH DAD

And those people over there are our rich children.

RICH WIFE

That's right.

They shake hands.

5

INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

5

RICH DAD

Where I come from, which is a wealthy place, the MAYOR doesn't try to sneak POOP into your caviar.

The entire table laughs. The table is covered with plates of caviar, burritos, mashed potatoes, and dirt.

MAYOR

And to drink, we have jugs of hot pee pee.

A well-dressed butler places jugs of steaming urine onto the table.

RICH DAD

So, tell me, what is there to do in this town?

MAYOR

Well, let's see. We have Poop Mountain, and Shit's Creek, of course. And every Saturday night, the whole town gets together and does racism.

RICH DAD and RICH WIFE exchange glances.

RICH DAD

Racism. Well, that's awfully... um...

(CONTINUED)

RICH WIFE
[interjecting] Kind of you!

RICH DAD
Why, yes! That's awfully kind of you.

GAY SON
[to butler] Um, excuse me. But do you have anything that's a little more... gay?

The STUDIO AUDIENCE, which has been silent until now, erupts in hysterical laughter.

SPOILED DAUGHTER
This is so BORING. I wish I was at home in Money City, where I can shop and get abortions.

Mayor's hot rugged son, JASON, enters.

JASON
Sorry I'm late, everybody. I had to deliver these twin foals.

He holds up a pair of twin foals, still covered in afterbirth.

GAY SON's eyes bulge out and his tongue rolls onto the table like a cartoon wolf's. SPOILED DAUGHTER begins furtively masturbating under the table.

GAY SON
Ooh la la!

SPOILED DAUGHTER
I want be slutty!

MAYOR
That's alright, JASON. You're just in time to meet Mr. and Mrs. SHIT, and their kids. Ummm...

GAY SON
Professional Boner! Ha ha, that's right! My name is... Professional Boner!

SPOILED DAUGHTER
And I'm... Sex Girl!

(CONTINUED)

RICH WIFE
[to RICH DAD, whispering] Those
aren't our children's names!

RICH DAD
They aren't?

JASON
Well it's awful nice to meet y'all.

MAYOR
Say, Jason-why don't you show our
younger guests around? I was just
about to get down to, ahem,
business with Mr. and Mrs. Poo Poo.

GAY SON
That would be great!

SPOILED DAUGHTER
I want to have sex!

JASON
Well, Dad, I've been working in the
fields all day. I'm awful hungry-

The MAYOR stands up and throws a jug of piss at JASON. It
narrowly misses his head, smashing against the wall behind
him. A shard flies off and cuts JASON's face.

MAYOR
I said DO IT!

JASON
I'm sorry puppaw!

MAYOR
You anguish your mother's soul.

JASON exits with GAY SON and SPOILED DAUGHTER

6

EXT. NIGHT. THE MAYOR'S HOUSE

6

GAY SON
You seem pretty on edge. Maybe we
should have sex.

SPOILED DAUGHTER
I want to fuck the farm boy.

JASON
We will all have sex soon. But
first, do you guys want to go see a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JASON (cont'd)
basketball game? The Shits are
playing the Warriors at the Big
Bowl.

Gay son and Spoiled daughter roll their eyes.

7 INT. 30,000 SEAT BASKETBALL ARENA

7

The Shit's Creek Shits are playing the Golden State Warriors in a regular season NBA basketball game. The arena is packed with screaming fans. GAY SON, SPOILED DAUGHTER and JASON carry hot dogs, large bags of popcorn and beer down to their seats.

GAY SON
Small town life sucks!

SPOILED DAUGHTER
I hate this hick shit!

8 EXT. NIGHT. BACKYARD OF THE MAYOR'S HOUSE.

8

MAYOR
And that over there is the fifth
kind of flower that we grow.

RICH DAD
Wow!

The mayor stops walking and turns to face the couple.

MAYOR
Listen, I brought you guys here
because I need your help with
something secret. But you have to
promise me that you won't tell
anyone. Deal?

RICH DAD AND RICH WIFE
Okay.

The mayor leads them through a gap in the fence.

9 EXT. NIGHT. SHIT'S CREEK COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS.

9

There is a ferris wheel, a methamphetamine-making contest, bathrooms every few meters, Simple Plan performing on a stage. Fair-goers carry assault weapons, enormous bibles, and horses slung across their shoulders. The CN tower is visible in the distance.

The MAYOR, RICH DAD and RICH WIFE make their way through the crowds.

(CONTINUED)

RICH DAD
This is incredible!

MAYOR
Follow me.

They make their way onto the main stage where the MAYOR cuts off Simple Plan.

MAYOR
Hello, Ladies and gentlemen. I am happy to announce that for the first time in years, someone from the big city has decided to visit our town. Please give a very warm welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Creek!

A bright spotlight shines on RICH DAD and RICH WIFE. They smile and wave to the applauding townsfolk.

MAYOR
I'm also pleased to announce that as payment for their food and lodging, Mr. and Mrs. American Pie have agreed to become Shit Creek's new drug mules!

The crowd goes wild with excitement. Rich Dad and Rich Wife look at each other, horrified.

MAYOR
When I ran for mayor, I ran on a platform of better drugs for everybody. That means, no more meth cut with rock candy!

The crowd cheers.

MAYOR
No more heroin that's actually Ovaltine!

The crowd cheers some more.

MAYOR
And, best of all, no more oxycontin pills that are actually your drug dealer's baby teeth!

The crowd goes fucking nuts. Rich Dad moves towards the mayor to interject.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

Mr. and Mrs. Shit are going to bring us the newest, high-quality, HBO miniseries drugs everyone is talking about. And if they don't do it, we will kill them!

The crowd roars.

MAYOR

They're going to their first drug deal right now!

Sparklers go off on both sides of them. A banner drops down that says MAYOR 2020.

10 INT. 30,000 SEAT BASKETBALL ARENA 10

There is a halftime dirt-bike show. A dirt-bike flies into the air, making a tremendous VROOOM sound.

GAY SON

Not gay enough for me, pal!

11 INT. NIGHT. TORONTO WAREHOUSE 11

RICH DAD and some drug dealers are standing around a table, trying to do a drug deal. RICH DAD places a burlap sack filled with cash on the table.

RICH DAD

Do you have the drugs?

DRUG DEALER

Twenty pounds of powdered drugs, in condoms covered in honey, as requested.

He puts the silver briefcase on the table. RICH DAD picks up the briefcase. DRUG DEALER grabs his wrist.

DRUG DEALER

Careful-these are from Quebec.

RICH DAD

Yikes!

DRUG DEALER

God speed.

12 INT. NIGHT. TORONTO GAS STATION BATHROOM 12

Sweating and shirtless, RICH DAD lowers the condoms full of drugs into his mouth, massaging them down his throat, his whole body convulsing. At one point, he breaks down, falls to his knees, weeping, and prays to God. He prays for forgiveness. He prays for his family. He's shaking. Snot runs down his chin. The light above the sink flickers constantly. This scene consists of a single shot lasting 30 to 45 minutes.

13 INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT 13

On a karaoke system attached to the Mayor's large TV, Rich Mom sings the last few notes of The Tragically Hip's "Hundredth Meridian."

RICH WIFE

"...Where the great plains begin."

MAYOR

Fantastic!

MAYOR and MAYOR's WIFE applaud. Everyone is drinking Harvey Wallbangers.

MAYOR

Rich wife, you've really got talent.

RICH WIFE

Thank you, Mayor. Being rich, I spend a lot of time singing karaoke. Of course, my karaoke machine is made of live minks sewn together.

Everyone laughs.

MAYOR

Can I get you another Harvey Wallbanger.

RICH WIFE

Maybe in a moment. I should call Rich Dad first, and see how he's doing.

MAYOR'S WIFE

Oh honey, you don't want to do that. You know how men are about smuggling drugs in their stomachs.

She giggles.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

You're telling me!

The studio audience laughs and whistles.

MAYOR

Say, rich wife-why don't you put down that phone, and come with us? There's a part of the house you haven't seen yet.

RICH WIFE

Well- I suppose...

14 INT. MAYOR'S HAREM - NIGHT

14

The Mayor's basement rec room has been converted into an Arabian Nights style harem from the Golden Age of Cinema. Rural women in Wal-Mart loungewear recline on giant cushions.

MAYOR

I'd like to you meet my wives.

RICH WIFE

Wive....ZZZZ!?

MAYOR

It may seem strange to you, because you're from the city. You see, in Shit Creek, nine in every ten biological males is born with a single, huge eye, and a snake tail instead of legs. We take those monster babies and throw them in the abandoned Asshole Mine, where they live out their freakish days in darkness. It happens because of GMOs. That means there are few males, but many women. In order to reproduce at maximum efficiency-and who doesn't want to reproduce at maximum efficiency?-we practice polygamy. Right, Wife Number One?

MAYOR'S WIFE

That's right. This is my choice. I have agency.

MAYOR

She has agency.

(CONTINUED)

OTHER WIVES

We have all chosen to do this. We have agency.

RICH MOM

This makes me want to puke! All these women-in captivity! It's awful.

WIVES

We like this. It's fun and cool.

MAYOR

Meet my beautiful wives.

Close-up of each wife as they're introduced. Each one does a signature combat move when her name is spoken, like this is a fighting game and the MAYOR is choosing which character he will be.

MAYOR

Meet Carmen, Lucy, Jezebel, Sandra, Cathy, Horace, Justine, The Bridge, Fourteen, Secret Face, Missy K, Angela, Angela D, Martinique, Cathy, Barbara, Gerard Manley Hopkins, the Twins, Gustave, Chikki Chikki Wowie, Brexit, Marmella, Lucy, Cathy, Hoxha, Veridian, Pamplemousse, Pamela Jane, Jane Johnson, Joni Mitchell, Joker, Ms. Rippley, Butternut Slay Queen, Ice Wife, Coco Weather Channel, Cinderella Two, Cathleen, Sara, Sarah, Main Wife, Parkour, Jeunesse, Cloazepam, Nikki, Rich, Smiley, Lonesome Dove, Female Firefighter, Uncompromising Brunette, Crystal, and Melatonin.

RICH WIFE

And I suppose I'm supposed to be your next wife?

MAYOR

How did you know?

RICH WIFE

You just handed me this wife application form that tells me to list any allergies.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

We eat a lot of thai food.

RICH WIFE

I'll never be your wife! Never!

She goes for the door.

MAYOR

Ice wife! Get her!

RICH WIFE

I love rich dad! I will never leave him!

ICE WIFE

I summon the power of... arctic storm!

Blue ice powers shoot from ICE WIFE's outstretched hands and hit RICH WIFE. Instantly RICH WIFE is frozen in a giant block of ice. Her hands are raised in astonishment, frozen in place.

MAYOR

This just got... interesting!

The wives cackle in unison.

15

EXT. DAWN. TORONTO HIGHWAY

15

RICH DAD staggers back to Shit Creek covered in sweat, delirious.

RICH DAD

Maybe being rich isn't what it's cracked up to be.

The STUDIO AUDIENCE goes "Awwwwwwwww," affectionately.

INT. SHIT CREEK STADIUM

RICH DAD walks unknowingly into Shit Creek stadium, onto the basketball court where the NBA game is going on, and right onto center court, where he faints.

FLASHBACK - RICH DAD'S CHILDHOOD

RICH DAD is a scrappy youth playing stickball in the Old Neighbourhood. He scores a run and all the other kids cheer.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG KID

Never forget where you came from,
Rich Dad!

FLASHBACK - OFFICE OF RICH DAD'S OLD BOSS

BOSS

With a stomach like that, you could
go far, Rich Dad.

He throws a bag of drugs on his desk, and slides a stack of
\$100 bills toward RICH DAD.

FLASHBACK - THE SAME OFFICE

The office is now RICH DAD's, who is older and wearing a
rich person suit. He leans on the desk and addresses a group
of employees.

RICH DAD

And that's how I got to be rich!

END FLASHBACK

RICH DAD regains consciousness and slowly gets up from the
court. The game has stopped and the entire arena is staring
at him.

The mayor walks over to him.

MAYOR

Mr. Shit, great to see you. Got any
drugs for me?

RICH DAD stumbles away from the Mayor, cradling his stomach.

MAYOR

There's no way you're getting these
drugs. They're mine. My baby!

The crowd gasps. The mayor chuckles softly.

MAYOR

Are you sure about that, Mr. Poo
Poo?

He touches a button on a remote and a video feed of Rich
Wife frozen into a massive block of ice appears on the
jumbotron. RICH DAD furrows his brow, confused.

RICH DAD

Mr Mayor, I know my wife, and I
know that she would never consent
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICH DAD (cont'd)
to being frozen into a block of
ice.

MAYOR
Mr. Poop, If you want to see your
wife again, hand over those drugs!

RICH DAD can barely process this. The white of his left eye
is entirely flooded with blood.

The mayor grabs a basketball from the floor and starts
dribbling it.

MAYOR
Tell you what, Mr. Shit, I'll make
it simple for you. If you can beat
me and my Shit's Creek Shits in a
game of basketball, I'll set your
wife free and you can keep the
drugs. But if you lose...

He throws the ball at RICH DAD, who remains motionless, the
ball bouncing off his arm.

MAYOR
You're my drug mule for the rest of
your life. Do we have a deal?

RICH DAD
Deal.

The teams take the court again, with RICH DAD now captain of
the Golden State Warriors. There is a tipoff and play
continues. He does not know how to play basketball.

The Warriors start losing badly to the Shit's Creek Shits.

Gay Son wakes up from a long nap in the bleachers.

GAY SON
(groggy)
Wait, is that... DAD???

GAY SON shoves his sister awake. They start shouting at
their dad from the upper bowl and running down the stairs
towards the court. RICH DAD looks up at them.

RICH DAD
Those are my kids!

Suddenly, he grabs his stomach. Something isn't right.

(CONTINUED)

VFX SHOT OF ONE OF THE DRUG CONDOMS BURSTING INSIDE RICH DAD'S STOMACH

We zoom in to Eugene Levy's face.

RICH DAD
Uhhhhhhhh... Ruh-roh!

He farts.

RICH DAD gets super good and focused at basketball. No one has seen shotmaking like this in a professional basketball game before.

A 'playing good basketball' montage ensues. RICH DAD nails 19 successive 3-pointers.

STEPH CURRY
(on the phone) Hey Chuck, you gotta see this! This kid out here, I think he just invented rock and roll!

RICH WIFE runs onto the sidelines. She is sopping wet, and still wearing most of the large block of ice around her torso, like a barrel. She tries to hug GAY SON and SPOILED DAUGHTER through the ice.

GAY SON
How did you escape?

RICH WIFE
This town might know about shit, but they have a thing or two to learn about hot piss.

She winks at her kids.

The Shit Creek Shits call a timeout and RICH DAD meets his family court side. His skin is pale and veiny and his pupils have disappeared.

GAY SON
Dad, what the hell are you doing?

RICH DAD
I'm winning the big game.

SPOILED DAUGHTER
But dad, you don't have to do this. You're rich, remember?

(CONTINUED)

RICH DAD
I'm not rich anymore. Because
money... money doesn't mean
anything. Not when you're

RICH DAD looks at the TV audience.

RICH DAD
High as fuck on drugs.

RICH DAD takes a huge toke from a blunt and walks back onto the court. Faeces runs down his pant leg.

The Golden State Warriors are down one point with eight seconds left in the game. The crowd is going nuts. Kevin Durant passes the ball to RICH DAD. All five of the Shit's Creek Shits players on the court rush towards him. He looks at the hoop and the shot clock: he's running out of time. 4 seconds.

He pushes one of the Shits aside and stretches his arm out, like Michael Jordan at the end of Space Jam. All of his other limbs stretch out to a similar length, as well as his neck. He does a slam dunk, and then collapses at half court.

The crowd goes wild and rushes onto the court.

'Roses' by OutKast starts playing.

We get an overhead shot of Eugene Levy, spread eagle in the middle of the court. The camera pans back from his eyes. He has a big goofy grin on his face. One of his arms has not returned to its original length. The camera keeps panning, into to the sky above the stadium, above the city, above Ontario, eventually encompassing the whole Earth. And on and on, as Earth becomes a blue speck and disappears, overcome by the light of our yellow sun.

THE END