

**From Container of Sharks!**

*By Don Zolidis*

*Two bros, SPENCE and TRIPP, are presenting their idea to a room full of investors on television.*

SPENCE, a bro

TRIPP, a bro

Yo yo yo what up?!

SPENCE

What is UP, sharks!

TRIPP

Great entrance, Tripp!

SPENCE

Back at ya, Spence!  
*They high-five.*

TRIPP

You know how I'm doing?

SPENCE

How are you doing, bro?

TRIPP

I am AWESOME, bro. You know why?

SPENCE

Why, bro?

TRIPP

Because I have solved ALL of our problems!

SPENCE

All of them? No way, Broseph.

TRIPP

Oh yes, Brotato. All our problems. Let me break it down for ya.

SPENCE

*He approaches the sharks. To Ramina:*  
You are super cute by the way.

<RAMINA

*Get away from me. >*

SPENCE

No doubt, no doubt. Fiery. I love it. But let me lay it out for you peeps. I don't know about you, but I have a best friend.

TRIPP

Yup.

SPENCE

And his name is Fuzzbutt, because he is a FUZZY DOG.

*Spence either shows a picture of a big fluffy dog, or a big fluffy dog is actually brought on stage.*

TRIPP

Fuzzy dog, yo! I be petting him all the times.

SPENCE

He's so fuzzy.

TRIPP

He's like if fur and fuzziness had a baby in dog form.

SPENCE

I love him more than my parents.

TRIPP

Not hard to do!

SPENCE

Sometimes I wrap my arms around him and bury my face in his tummy and I think this is what heaven would be like if heaven was even more awesome than it already is.

TRIPP

No doubt.

SPENCE

But that got my brain gears moving – because what happens with Fuzzbutt?

TRIPP

The dog sheds, yo!

SPENCE

Like a MANIAC.

TRIPP

For reals, I'm sitting in my crib and tumbleweeds of fuzz roll by.

SPENCE

It's in the air. We are inhaling it constantly.

TRIPP

It is doing significant brain damage.

SPENCE

The doctors say we will never recover.

TRIPP

We might have only a few months to live.

*Short pause.*

SPENCE

Death, yo. It is the great equalizer.

TRIPP

No doubt, bro.

*They contemplate the folly of existence.*

SPENCE

Bro did you just contemplate the folly of existence?

TRIPP

I did, Brosaurus.

SPENCE

As did I.

TRIPP

Deep.

SPENCE

But anyway I solved the problem!

TRIPP

For real!

SPENCE

What do I like more than petting my fuzzy dog?

TRIPP

Nothing.

SPENCE

True. But second?

TRIPP

Rolling on the ground.

SPENCE

That's right. So I invented fuzzicize!

*Tripp brings out a snuggie-type bodysuit or footie pajamas. Helps Spence into it.*

TRIPP

This is my favorite part, right here.

SPENCE

Thanks, bro. So what I do – now as soon as I'm done petting Fuzzbutt –

TRIPP

Love him.

SPENCE

I rolls on the floor like this.

*Spence gets on the ground and rolls around.*

TRIPP

Sometimes I help.

*He helps roll Spence around.*

SPENCE (*while being rolled*)

All the dog fur sticks to me! So not only am I cleaning the floor, I'm getting exercise, and it's fun.

TRIPP

And I keep rolling him until the floor is clean. Sometimes we both get in these and we race each other.

SPENCE

Good times.

TRIPP

Yes they are, bro. Yes they are.

SPENCE

You complete me.

TRIPP

So what do you say, sharks? Are you ready to roll?