

STACKS ON STACKS: A CHARLES SCHWAB WEALTH MANAGEMENT  
COMMERCIAL PARODY  
(By Chris Rogers)

INT. RESTAURANT

STEVEN (late-20s) and his DAD (60s) sit at a table in a high-end restaurant.

DAD  
Those new glasses?

STEVEN  
They are. Do I look smarter?

DAD  
Yeah, a little.

STEVEN  
Hmmm.

DAD  
You're making money now. Are you investing?

STEVEN  
Well, I've been doing some research.

DAD  
Let me introduce you to my broker.

STEVEN  
Uh, do you get your fees back? If you're not happy?

Dad laughs.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Wow... You're laughing.

DAD  
That's not the way the world works.

STEVEN  
Well, the world's changing...

RUDY (20s) struts up to the table. He wears a black BASEBALL CAP and SUPREME-style streetwear.

RUDY  
(to Steven)  
Damn right the world's changing.

Rudy lifts his shirt, revealing a PISTOL tucked in his waistband.

Steven throws his hands up.

STEVEN

Take whatever you want. I won't resist.

Dad and Rudy share a hearty laugh.

DAD

Meet Rudy, my broker.

STEVEN

Your *broker*? What about Mr. Bellflower from Goldman? He seems more your speed.

DAD

That fossil?!? Like you said, son, the world's changing.

RUDY

I got Pops in that 401 Yay.

STEVEN

401 yay?

RUDY

Truth. Yay, yayo, devil's dandruff, fishscale, white lady, Freud's lil' helper, Pewdiepie, Coco Krispies, Coca-Cola and I ain't talkin' 'bout soda. Whatever. Pops slides over that cash. I procure that shit. I cut that shit and BOOM! Stacks on stacks... ON STACKS. Fuck a mutual fund.

DAD

Right over my head -- all that financial jargon! Glad Rudy's here to navigate *THAT* minefield!

STEVEN

How much money have you given this guy?

DAD

He manages my entire portfolio.

RUDY

Turn that sixty-two to one-twenty-five, that one-twenty-five to two-fifty, two-fifty to half a 'mil! Real knows real, playboy!

DAD

It's true. He's very good at what he does.

STEVEN

Those are just Jay-Z lyrics! This guy's a drug dealer not a stock broker!

RUDY

I'm an entrepreneur -- American Fuckin' Dream.

Rudy hands a WAITER a small baggie of powder.

STEVEN

You're selling coke to the waiter!

The Waiter passes Rudy a WAD OF CASH.

RUDY

I got houses, cars, women *AND* dogs. What else you need to know?

STEVEN

Where you went to school? Where you *interned*? For starters-

Rudy snatches the glasses off Steven's face, puts them on.

RUDY

(whiney voice)  
*Um, do I look smarter? Am I in the will, Daddy?*

DAD

(laughing)  
Spot on! Sounds just like him!

Rudy tosses the glasses back to Steven.

RUDY

Yo Pops, ready for some return on that investment?

DAD

I most certainly am!

Rudy tosses Dad a bag of coke. Dad snorts a couple bumps off his car key.

DAD (CONT'D)  
YOWZERS! MY OUTLOOK IS TRENDING  
POSITIVE!  
(to Steven)  
Want a *TOOT*, son?

STEVEN  
No. Thank you.

DAD  
NERD!

Rudy lifts his shirt, reveals the pistol once more.

RUDY  
(to Steven)  
For real tho... I'ma need that  
cash. And your phone.

Steven hands over his wallet and phone.

RUDY (CONT'D)  
World's changing like a mother  
fucker and you played yourself.

DAD  
FUCK BOI DOWN!

CUT TO:

CHARLES SCHWAB LOGO

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Are you asking enough questions  
about how your wealth is managed?  
Wealth management at Charles  
Schwab.