BALLS OUT

A ~~Truly~~ Somewhat AWESOME Original Screenplay

by

THE ROBOTARD 8000

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FADE THE FUCK IN:

A brief, painful MONTAGE establishing THE COD:

CAPE motherfucking COD.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - SUNNY DAY

Clogged with doughy tourists bulging out of their bathing suits. A long line of cars waiting to park snakes out onto the main road. In the distance, we HEAR the persistent sound of a STUCK CAR HORN getting louder.

A BRAND NEW BMW barrels past the line of waiting cars. Steam billows from its severely dented grill.

With no regard for anyone, the Beamer swerves in front of an old lady and skids to a stop across the last two handicap spaces.

JIM SIMMERS (38) calmly exits the vehicle and begins to peel off his robe and pyjamas one piece at a time as he marches towards a trash can.

He’s down to his underwear as he snatches a newspaper out of the PARKING ATTENDANT'S hand and buck naked by the time he squats into the trash can to take a shit.

It’s a scene, man. He’s folded in half, ass submerged in the trash can, knees dangling over the side. Jim flips to the sports page, seemingly unaware of the slack-jawed GAWKERS crowded around.

The STUCK CAR HORN in the background is accented by a short GRUNT of relief as Jim finishes.

He struggles to get out of the can, then pushes past the horrified crowd, bee-lining for the ocean. Naked as a jaybird, he strides purposefully into the cold waters of the Atlantic.

The wailing CAR HORN rises in CRESCENDO as we...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A POT OF BOILING WATER FOR NO GOOD REASON...

...no good reason whatsoever.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS EARLIER

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The barking dog next door wakes Jim up two hours too early, just like always.

He's wearing those same pyjamas, slips on that same robe, walks through his sad little apartment, into...

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

The proper place to shit. But Jim's only pissing this morning. Long and pungent.

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jim sets out his cereal, his juice, his milk and his fiber additives. He adds eight frozen raspberries - not seven, not nine but eight - to his bowl.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jim is now dressed in the uniform of middle management: a short-sleeved dress shirt, maudlin tie, and pleated Dockers®. A backpack slung over both shoulders completes his lame appearance.

He picks up a book, "*365 Morning Affirmations*", turns to an earmarked page, looks in the mirror...

JIM
You're a winner, Jim Simmers.

But he's not.

EXT. JIM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jim peeks out. Looks around. The coast is clear. But the second he steps onto the sidewalk, A BIG ASSHOLE DOG - the same one whose barking woke him earlier - menaces him.

Jim stands motionless while the four-legged cocksucker barks maniacally at him.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR, a short, shaved-bald fireplug of a dude, steps outside.

JIM
A little help here.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
I'm so sorry. I don't know why he's like that with you.
(to the dog)
Hoag! David Hoag, you come here!

David Hoag trots back to his owner.

JIM
I don't wanna sound like a broken record here, but you kind of promised to keep him locked up.

The Gay Neighbor ignores him, fixated on a string dangling from his dog's ass.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
What'd you eat, Hoagster? Huh?
(looks waaay up there)
You've been scavenging, haven't you Hoagie?

JIM
Okay...so...you'll leash your dog from now on, right?

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
(pulling the dog's legs apart)
Huh? Oh, absolutely.

Jim shakes his head and proceeds to enter...

INT. SPORTY KIA SPECTRUM (WITH RACING STRIPE) - MORNING

Jim straps in and drives off, cranking Duran Duran's "The Reflex" on his shitbox's crappy stereo.

EXT. MID-CAPE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Empty. Yet there's a stoplight. And Jim stops at it despite being the only car out.

AN SUV PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM. Jim turns downs his music, self-conscious. Still the light remains red, taunting Jim. The SUV runs it, but Jim waits.

And waits. A TRUCK barrels through the light without stopping. Finally it turns green. Jim pulls off.

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - MORNING

A Dunkin' Donuts, a convenience store and a Post Office. Jim's parks his car politely, climbs out and heads into...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jim places a newspaper on the counter while a HOT YOUNG CLERK rambles on the phone, ignoring him.

HOT YOUNG CLERK
First he fucks the shit out of me, then beats the shit out of me, which would be fine if I wasn't the one smuggling his crack into prison when I'm visiting his brother. Shit, it's not like he's gonna help me get my baby back from the Jamaican assholes we met at the rage...

Jim is both intrigued and embarrassed by her conversation.

JIM
Can I please--
(she holds up her finger)
Can I please--
(finger goes up again)
Look, I just need--

HOT YOUNG CLERK
(into the phone)
Hold on one second, Juno!
(to Jim)
Here!

She punches a few buttons on the lottery machine and shoves the resulting tickets at Jim.

HOT YOUNG CLERK
Five quick picks, two megabucks and a daily double, 0-5-0-8, and one Cape Cod Times!

Jim pays her and snatches his shit, irked.

HOT YOUNG CHICK
You might as well burn your money, man. You're never gonna win.

Jim heads out.

EXT. VALID INSURANCE BUILDING - DAY

Jim pulls up to a nondescript, multi-story, "God please kill me" office building.

INT. VALID INSURANCE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

An endless sea of cubicles filled with people doing things and saying things we couldn't care less about. Jim makes his way to Cubicle 18-C and takes a seat.

He opens his top drawer and pulls out a lottery ticket. Checks the numbers against the results in the newspaper...

Jim sighs. No luck.

As he settles in and puts on his headset, a familiar scent catches his attention.

JIM'S P.O.V.

as OLIVIA - curvy, gorgeous, wafting sensuality - glides up the stairs to the SECOND TIER.

Her ass is fucking perfect. Seriously. Her ass is actually perfect and there's nothing Jim can do about it.

JILL (O.S.)
Six years later and you're still infatuated...

Jim turns...

IN THE CUBICLE DIRECTLY ADJACENT TO HIS --

JILL SUMMERS (early 30's) - hip, chunky, vibrant, ballsy - sits with her feet on her desk and an unplugged electric guitar in her lap.

JIM
You really wanna start?

She motions for him to hold on.

JILL
(into headset)
Yes, ma'am, I understand...

She mouths to Jim, "*I don't understand*."

JILL (CONT'D)
(into headset)
Yes, ma'am, I understand.

Jill mutes the headset.

JILL (CONT'D)
Forty three seconds till the coffee rush. Hold my spot if you beat me?

JIM
I always beat you.

Jill un-mutes the headset.

JILL
(into headset)
Can you hold while I look up your policy? Thank you.

Jill punches the hold button and takes off.

Jim is about to follow, but...

He's interrupted by an annoying BUZZING from his desk phone.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)
(exasperated)
Jim, I've got a woman on line nine-- she just...she won't fucking listen to reason. Any chance you can help me out here?

JIM
Not a problem.

CO-WORKER (O.S.)
Thanks, man. I appreciate it.

Jim punches a button, unleashing the Kraken.

JIM
(into headset)
Valid Insurance, Jim Simmers speaking. How may I be of ass--

The woman on the other end immediately launches into a hysterical tirade. Her words are indecipherable, but her rage is unmistakable.

JIM
Okay, slow down a minute. Does the letter indicate the reason for the termination of your policy?

Her response is another forty-five second burst of insane chattering.

INT. COPY ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

A bored CO-WORKER stands over the open copy machine hitting the "start" button over and over, seemingly hypnotized by the moving light.

Jim approaches with a stack of papers, still dealing with the customer. Jim covers the microphone on his headset.

JIM
(to Bored Co-Worker)
Uh, you mind?

The Bored Co-Worker snaps out of his trance, and steps aside.

JIM
(into headset)
I agree with you, ma'am. Now if you would just give me your policy number, I can--

Jim runs off copies while the woman runs her mouth.

INT. FILE ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Two lazy co-workers, SCHOOLEY and McCORKLE, stand around gossiping.

MCCORKLE
...so I got three fingers in, right? And the chick leans right into my ear and says, "more", and I'm like, "honey, any more and I'm not gonna be able to drive the van"...

His buddy laughs. Their moment of bullshitting is interrupted when Jim approaches. His headset is still buzzing with the irked customer.

JIM
(into headset)
Ma'am can you hold on a second?
(to Schooley and McCorkle)
Uh, guys, I've gotta get in there.

The two slackers shoot him a dismissive look and walk off.

SCHOOLEY
Whatever you say, Captain Overtime.

As Jim searches through the files...

JIM
Ma'am, I really want to help but...

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jim gets in line at the coffee maker. JILL already has her coffee and Jim doesn't and that's funny to her. She smirks.

JILL
Sucker.

He points to his headset, manages a sheepish smile.

JIM
(into headset)
I understand that it runs in your family, however, your child does weigh in excess of four hundred pounds so--

Jim has to pull the headset away when the woman screeches at him.

JILL
Dude, hang up. Life's too short.

But Jim is committed. Plus he's next in line for coffee, right behind...

BLAKE HENDERSON, 29 (but says he's 27), an overconfident, overachieving dick. The kind of guy who has a big ass coffee cup that says "BIG ASS CUP" on the side.

Jim watches in horror as Blake dumps his lukewarm coffee into the sink and pours the last of the fresh coffee into his "big cup." He shakes the pot to ensure that he's literally taken every last drop.

BLAKE
(gun-points at Jim and says...)
Fuck right, I did.

Blake struts off leaving Jim with an empty pot and an angry customer.

JIM
(into headset, exasperated)
Please, please, please, just tell me what I can do to make this--

CLICK. Jim snatches the fucking headset off his fucking head.

JIM
Fuck.

He catches Jill smirking from across the room.

Jim sighs and starts on a new pot. He sorts through the various brands of shit.

JIM
No Starbucks?

In the trash lay the last empty bag of Starbucks. Jim holds up seven brands of crap: Maxwell House, Folgers, Munter's Brown Roast, etc.

VOICE OVER LOUD SPEAKER (O.S)
Jim Simmers, please report to Mr. Whiteman's office.

He hurriedly selects the bag of Munter's Brown®, starts the maker on "quick brew".

JILL
Why don't you just grab a cup up on the second tier?

JIM
It doesn't work like that, Jill. Just because Mr. Whiteman called me to his office doesn't mean I have second tier privileges.

JILL
Dude. The White Man's not calling you up there to chit-chat, he's calling you up to promote. And you're the most promotable guy I know.

JIM
I don't know about the most promotable, but I've definitely done the work.

The coffee brews oh so slowly. Excruciating. Jim checks his watch...

JILL
You've got it coming, Jim. Don't worry.

The coffee machine CHIRPS. But now Jim wants to ensure that he has the "right" cup. Each time he picks one up, he puts it back, choosing another.

JIM
(intense)
I feel like this has to happen, you know? I feel like I've done everything that I'm supposed to do and I've waited as long as I possibly can...it *has* to happen today.

JILL
Easy, turbo...

Finally Jill grabs a cup for Jim and pours.

JILL
It's just a promotion--

JIM
It's a career, Jill. It's a job now, but it becomes a career by the end of the day. It has to.

JILL
Right. Or I'm sure you'll kill everyone here.

She punches him playfully in the arm and walks away.

Jim steels himself, takes a sip of his coffee... disgusting. Pours it out.

INT. MR. WHITEMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Whiteman sits behind his desk, a serious look etched upon his serious face. Jim enters, ebullient.

MR. WHITEMAN
(somber)
Jim...

It's all there...in that one word. His face drops.

JIM
No.

MR. WHITEMAN
This wasn't easy...

JIM
No.

Blake enters smugly, sipping Starbucks from his Big Ass Cup.

BLAKE
Yeah.

MR. WHITEMAN
Look, we deliberated for a long time. It was torturous. You guys were both eminently qualified.

JIM
Then why? Honestly, why?

BLAKE
Don't do it to yourself, Jim.

MR. WHITEMAN
He's right. Accept it, Jim Simmers, because this is how it is.

JIM
No offense to Blake, but I've been here longer, my output is higher, I work harder than anyone I know. This doesn't make any sense. Tell me why?

MR. WHITEMAN
Jim, what so many people on Earth don't understand...

BLAKE
...don't even fathom...

MR. WHITEMAN
...is that so much of life is based on popularity.

JIM
Are you kidding?

MR. WHITEMAN
No. Blake is more popular than you, and I think that counts for something.

Silence. Jim gnaws on his lip. Mr. Whiteman notices Jim's hand clenching.

JIM
I need to leave early today.

MR. WHITEMAN
I think that's a good idea.

BLAKE
Yeah. I just need you to do one little thing before you leave.

INT. JIM'S CUBICLE - DAY

Blake plops a big ass stack of files on Jim's desk. He gives Jim the gun point and walks off.

EXT. CORDDRY HOUSE - EVENING

Jim pulls up and approaches the most perfect house in this perfect neighborhood.

We HEAR birds CHIRPING, sprinklers SPRINKLING...and the SOUNDS of a violent struggle inside. Jim knocks.

INT. CORDDRY HOUSE - EVENING

REBECCA CORDDRY (36), a sweet-faced, dainty buttercup answers.

REBECCA
Jim!

Rebecca is the spitting image of a 1950's housewife.

JIM
Hey, Becca. Is Rob...

Horrible SCREAMS emanate from inside the home.

JIM (CONT'D)
(re: the sounds)
Well, I guess he is home.

REBECCA
Come on in.

INT. CORDDRY LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A perfect little suburban living room. Jim sits on the couch. Rebecca sits across from him.

REBECCA
He'll be with you in a minute, he's just putting Junior down.

THE HALLWAY that connects to this living room is alive with the SOUNDS of SOME HORRIBLE FIGHT. Jim looks, sees nothing.

REBECCA
So, how've you been?

JIM
Eh. It's all been kind of "eh" lately.

Then we see it, at the end of the hallway...

ROB CORDDRY, five foot six, 152 pounds of wiry persistence, clamps a choke hold around the neck of his stepson JUNIOR, 14, a massive construct of rage and retardation.

The fight SLAMS them out of view.

JIM AND REBECCA

continue with their small talk.

JIM
So...I bet you're glad to have Rob home.

REBECCA
I am. Whenever he's gone, Junior and I count the days until the off season.

JIM
I bet.

Not much to talk about.

DOWN THE HALL

Junior charges out backwards slamming Rob into a wall until further rewrites.

JIM GRINS AT REBECCA

They struggle for a topic.

JIM
So...do you guys have plans for while he's home?

REBECCA
He's just back, so we haven't really made any plans.
(taps Jim's leg)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I know he can't wait to go out with the guys though.

Jim sighs.

JIM
Yep. The guys out on the Cod.

From deep within the bowels of this home we hear...

ROB (O.S.)
AAHH! OH FUCK MY GOD! FUCK MY GOD!

REBECCA
You know what, maybe you oughta go on back and give him a hand.

Jim stands. Rebecca hands him a baseball bat.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEACHCOMBER BAR - NIGHT

A local dive with a tropical theme. Rob has bandages over his eye, the pain in his damaged sternum is excruciating as he tries to sit.

Rob pounds the bar, tears welling in his eyes.

ROB
Oh, motherfuck!

JIM
(concerned)
He's really gotten big, Rob.

ROB
AHHH! He's--OH FUCK!

Rob is in so much pain he has to smash a glass on the floor.

ROB
I've gotta stand. I can't sit, man.
(takes a breath)
Yeah, the boy's gotten big. Each time I come home, it's like he's grown another three inches.

JIM
Uh, doesn't that kinda...scare you?

ROB
No, the doctor said his rage will wain as he gets older.

ROB (CONT'D)
Really, my main concern is the weight set that Becca bought him. I swear, it's like he's training, you know. I mean, he broke my choke-hold three times before I could lock it in.

JIM
He's probably watching those ultimate fights or something.

ROB
(all sentimental)
I'm away so much, it just kills me. I mean, I'm sure deep down he's a good kid...and Rebecca's such a great mom with such a great vagina it's like, I wish I could put them in a time capsule when I'm away.

Then, Rob looks at Jim, suddenly and deeply worried himself.

ROB
Do you think he's training, Jim? Do you think he's training to kill me?

Jim ponders the question: is the retarded boy training to kill his stepfather?

JIM
Nah. I mean, you've only been his stepdad for what, five years?

ROB
Six.

JIM
Okay, six. The point is, these things take time. He'll come around.

LARRY (O.S.)
Rob!

Jim and Rob turn to see LARRY WILLS, 40's, decked out in a tank-top, flip flops and lifeguard shorts. He's a beach parking lot attendant by day and thieving playboy by day, too.

Larry is escorted by a MILF who hasn't yet learned that she's being taken advantage of.

LARRY
Welcome home, man.

Larry moves in to hug Rob. Rob retreats.

LARRY
Ahh...the boy's gotten bigger, huh?
(to the MILF)
Hon'.

She digs up a twenty from her purse.

LARRY
Babe, Rob's been gone for four months fishing and shit.

Beat. She reluctantly hands him her credit card. Takes a seat.

LARRY
(eyebrows raised)
We've talked about this.

She storms off, pissed. Larry focuses on the guys.

LARRY
I mean, I hate to be rude but, Jesus, bitch...
(waves the MILF's credit card)
Drinks on me.

ROB
(re: another MILF)
Hey, isn't that that married woman you hooked up with last time I was here?

ANOTHER CUTE MILF ACROSS THE BAR stares at Larry.

LARRY
Hmm, I don't remember.

He waves. She waves. He motions at his cock, 'you want this?' She waves. He motions again, 'you want this?' She waves. He stands and yells...

LARRY
You want this?! Huh?

His boys shake their heads, 'good ole Larry.'

LARRY
(to the guys)
I don't even care, man. I'll do it. I'll do it cuz I'm totally hard.

He has a full on, blasting erection tightening his lifeguard shorts.

ROB
Christ man, put that away before you get somebody pregnant.

LARRY
You better watch out, man, or it'll be you.
(to the irked Waitress standing right there)
Six shots and keep 'em coming.
(the Waitress doesn't move)
What? You want some of this? Huh?

Now she moves. And now we know Larry Wills.

INT. BAR - AN HOUR LATER

The guys are loosened up with liquor. The drinks keep coming.

JIM
Ten years with this company and I'm still stuck on tier one, with crappy coffee and stupid customers.

ROB
Don't sweat it, man, they'll get you the next time.

JIM
Easy for you to say, your life is set.

LARRY
No one's life is set, Jim.

JIM
No, seriously. Rob's got the family set up, Larry, you've got all those women and the monster cock...I mean what the fuck?

LARRY
Your problem, Jim, and I don't wanna make it sound like I'm judging you, but even if you had a cock half the size of mine, you'd probably still want mine cuz it's so fucking big.

JIM
You don't understand, I've done everything right.

JIM (CONT'D)
I’ve followed every rule, I’ve worked my ass off, yet I’m almost forty years old with no girlfriend, no money, and a medium-sized cock at best.

LARRY
You’ve got more money than me, Bro.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Jim’s co-workers, Blake, Olivia, Jill, and Blah-blah enter. Jill sees Jim and detaches from Blake’s crew.

AT THE BAR

Jill joins the guys.

LARRY
Gimme some of that, Jill.

JILL
Don’t give me the sweet talk, twelve inch, I know you’re a piece of shit inside.

She gives him a peck on the cheek. Breaks out a BOX OF CIGARS with a bow on it.

JILL
I got these to celebrate your promotion, but...you know...

She hands out cigars.

JIM
Yeah, well there’s no point in smoking them now.

JILL
You’ve gotta be kidding. These are Cubans.

She waves a cigar under his nose.

JILL
Just because you didn’t get the promotion, doesn’t mean these cigars are any less enjoyable.

ROB
...or less illegal.

Jim hands the cigar back to her.

JIM
Might as well give mine to him...

He points to Blake, who is sitting across the room with Olivia glomming all over him.

JILL
No matter how long you stare at that perfect ass, she's always gonna be wrong for you.

ROB
She's right. What you need is that.

Rob points at a SLIGHTLY DUMPY CHICK across the bar.

JIM
No thanks.

LARRY
Ha! I fucked her. I pushed her stomach right into her forehead.

The WAITRESS arrives. Hands Jim a bill.

WAITRESS
Blake said this round is on you, something about congratulating him.

Jim looks over and Blake gives Jim the gunpoint.

JIM
First of all, I don't congratulate him. Second of all, it's not even my card.

LARRY
Damn right, that's my chick's money we're spending. Send it back.

WAITRESS
Fine, I'll do it. But Blake's gonna be pissed.

As she moves to leave...

JIM
Wait.

Jim hands her his credit card.

JILL
You are such a flounder.

Jill pinches the Waitress's butt, they walk away talking.

JIM
I'm not a flounder. It's the right move, right guys?

ROB
Let me ask you this, are you gonna be bitching about it next week?

JIM
What am I supposed to do? It's over, he won.

ROB
If you accept it, then it's over.

JIM
So, what? I do what exactly?

LARRY
You take that bitch by the love handles and fuck the cash out of her.
(off their looks)
Fuck you guys, it's a metaphor.

ROB
Mongo's right. He's fucked up, but he's right. You gotta march right into that White Man's office and demand your promotion.

LARRY
Yeah! You earned that shit, and shit.

Jim looks at Blake. Blake has it all. And doesn't deserve any of it. Jim knocks back his shot.

JIM
You know what? You guys are right, you're absolutely right. That promotion is mine!

He pounds the bar in emphasis.

JIM
Fuck Blake and fuck The White Man. Tomorrow I'm gonna march into that office and take what's mine!

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The dog barks, Jim awakens with kick-ass in his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Eight motherfucking raspberries.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jim reads his morning affirmation with extra special sauce.

JIM
(into mirror)
You can have it all, Jim Simmers.

But he can't.

EXT. JIM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The four-legged cocksucker rushes Jim, but Jim beats him to the car. Victory!

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
(calling out as Jim drives off)
Sorry!

EXT. MID CAPE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Jim waits for the signal while others don't. For a split-second, he looks around as if he might...

Nope.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SIDEWALK - DAY

An insane BLACK HOBO rants. He's the only black person on Cape Cod. Above him TWO MUNICIPAL WORKERS fuck around with a power line.

BLACK HOBO
This Earth is not fit for man! Only in the afterlife can one find truth and justice. Come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, join me! Let go of this Earth and join me...

The Black Hobo pulls out a toy pistol and puts it to his head. He sees Jim pull up in his Sporty Kia Spectrum (with racing stripe). Jim gets out and heads toward the store.

BLACK HOBO
You! Dolemite! Join me!

Jim speeds up but the bum rushes him.

BLACK HOBO
Join me and I will complete your training. With our combined strength we can end this destructive conflict and bring order to the galaxy.
(suddenly lucid)
I know why you're unhappy.

Jim stops.

BLACK HOBO
This is not your Earth. You can never find justice here amongst the wicked, but fear not. The afterlife awaits you. True heaven. True joy.

Jim stares at the magical Negro and senses truth in his words. This is what he's been waiting to hear.

BLACK HOBO
The big payoff is coming.

KRRZZZAAPP!

ABOVE THEM --

The Municipal Workers rear back, trying to avoid a severed, flailing power line.

But Jim is too riveted by the Hobo to notice the wire. Or the puddle of water he's standing in.

BLACK HOBO
(with zealotous zeal)
The big payoff is coming and--
(suddenly terrified)
OH, SHIT MUTHAFUCKA!

The Bum jumps back as the wire makes contact with the water and fries Jim alive.

CUT TO:

AN EMPTY VOID - POST DEATH

Jim stands in space. Nothing above him, nothing around him.

JIM
Where am I?
(realizes)
Oh, my God. The black bum was right.

Jim smiles in a way we've not seen before. True joy.

JIM
Come. Come take me...

Jim falls to his knees, arms beckoning upward like Shawshank Redemption.

Long beat.

JIM
I'm ready, um, Lord, or whoever. Hook me up.

Jim looks out, still Shawshanked...absolutely nothing.

JIM
Come!

BEHIND JIM --

A magnificent tunnel of light opens up, beckoning...

But Jim is still looking forward, clueless as always.

He stands.

JIM
Really?

The light behind him grows even more magnificent'er. If only he'd just turn around...

JIM
No?
(then)
I don't even get this? Seriously! No pearly gates? I've waited for so Goddamn long...I mean, I'm not damning you, but come on!

EVERYTHING SUDDENLY GOES BLACK.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jim explodes into consciousness. The Black Hobo is pounding on his chest.

BLACK HOBO
Don't you die on me, man. You've never backed away from a fight in your life!

Jim tries to push the Bum off. A COP CAR PULLS UP.

The Black Hobo punctuates each word with a head slap.

BLACK HOBO
Say you, say me! SAY YOU, SAY ME!

The COPS rush the bum. They snatch him away. Jim stands up. Groggy. The bum breaks free and does a flying kick into Jim's chest.

BLACK HOBO
Don't die on me!

The Cops pin the bum down. Handcuff him.

One of the COPS steps to Jim.

COP
Are you okay, sir?

Jim looks down. His feet are smoldering. His mind reeling.

JIM
No.
(looks up to heaven)
I'm really, really disappointed.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - TIME LAPSE

Jim lays on the couch submerged in a bout of existential depression. OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW the sun goes up and down as the world turns. Days pass, Jim doesn't move, half asleep, half awake.

Finally, he sits up.

REAL TIME:

Jim picks up the remote with a sigh. Turns on the TV.

THE TELEVISION is suddenly alive with Tom Cruise.

TOM CRUISE
(from "Mission: Impossible")
Jim?

The image JUMPS forward to an anguished close-up.

TOM CRUISE
Why, Jim? Why?

That's weird. Jim switches the channel. Low and behold...

THE TELEVISION offers more Tom Cruise on this channel.

TOM CRUISE
(from "Jerry Maguire")
Help me. Help me help you. Help me help you!

Jim switches the channel. And again...

TOM CRUISE
(from "All The Right Moves")
Doesn't this seem just a little bit too crazy?

JIM
Yes. Yes, it does.

Jim changes the channel.

THE TELEVISION won't stop. It's like Tom Cruise is speaking directly to Jim.

TOM CRUISE
(from "The Color of Money")
It's like a nightmare, isn't it?

JIM
This is nuts.

TOM CRUISE
Man, it just keeps getting worse and worse, doesn't it?

Jim hits the remote. And there he is again, in tight close-up.

TOM CRUISE
(from "Days of Thunder")
When I'm driving, I got a guy on the radio who talks to me. I can't see him but he talks to me.

JIM
So what's your point?

The image FREEZES. Jim changes the channel.

TOM CRUISE
(from "Cocktail")
What does it mean? NOTHING!

JIM
That much I figured out on my own.

Click.

TOM CRUISE
(from "Magnolia")
In this big game that we play -
LIFE - it's not what you hope for,
it's not what you deserve...it's
what you TAKE!

The image FREEZES. Jim stares for a long moment, trying to process the universe's code. He hits the remote one last time...

TOM CRUISE
(from "Risky Business")
Sometimes you just gotta say what
the fuck. Make your move.

The television's holy glow takes us to...

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

SUNLIGHT. The barking dog wakes Jim. He gets up.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

He pulls out his penis with his hand and steadies it to shoot pee out of the tip. It's a magnificent stream, powerful after days of build up.

When droplets hit the seat, Jim ignores them and moves on.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jim pulls out his cereal, his juice, his raspberries and his fiber additives. He looks at his boring breakfast, turns to the freezer and grabs a vat of ice cream...

Jim spoons it from the carton as he walks out.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

He stands before the mirror, shoveling ice cream into his maw at an alarming rate. He stares at his reflection for a long moment.

JIM
What's the point?

Jim tosses the half empty carton of ice cream over his shoulder and moves on.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jim exits the house lethargically, dragging his backpack behind him. Within seconds, that asshole dog is upon Jim, snarling and barking like the asshole he is.

Jim doesn't slow, doesn't acknowledge the dog in any way. Just proceeds to his sporty KIA (with racing stripe) and climbs in.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
Come back here, Hoagster! Bad Hoagie! That's a bad Hoagie.

The dog continues to snap and snarl as Jim cranks "THE REFLEX" and pulls away.

EXT. STOPLIGHT - MORNING

Same scene, different day. Jim's sporty KIA slows to a stop. "THE REFLEX" continues to blare even as a carload of judgemental TEENS pulls up beside him.

They laugh at Jim. They laugh at his gay music. Some even point at him while they do it. Teens can be so cruel. So cruel.

But it doesn't affect Jim in the least. And he's done waiting at this stupid light.

He steps on the accelerator and zooms away.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

The Cute Clerk babbles away on the phone as Jim makes his way to the magazine rack. Grabs himself a copy of LOOSE & JUICY magazine and proceeds to the counter.

The clerk sees Jim, punches some buttons on the Lotto machine. Jim shakes his head, 'no.'

Opens the magazine to the centerfold and holds it up.

The clerk is horrified.

Jim tosses some bills on the counter and leaves.

EXT. VALID INSURANCE COMPANY - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Workers gather around as Blake shows off the brand new BMW M-3 that he bought with his promotion bonus.

Olivia is particularly impressed.

As Jim walks by, disgusted, Blake winks and shoots him the gunpoint.

INT. VALID INSURANCE COMPANY - MORNING

Jim chucks his backpack into his cubicle as he heads for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He pauses when he sees people crowded around the broken coffee machine. Drops his head exasperated, then...

Looks up to the empty coffee room on the second tier.

Decides.

STAIRWAY TO THE SECOND TIER - CONTINUOUS

As Jim ascends the stairs, his CO-WORKERS gawk.

CO-WORKERS
(fearful)
What's he doing? / He's crazy!

Jill rushes over to stop him but freezes at the first step. She doesn't dare set foot on it.

JILL
(looking up at Jim)
Jim, come back! You can't go up there!

But Jim keeps going.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - SECOND TIER - CONTINUOUS

Olivia stands alone, shocked to see...

Jim walking right toward her. He takes the creamer out of her hand, then grabs the entire pot of coffee and walks out.

Olivia squints, piqued by Jim's robust flavor.

INT. KITCHEN - FIRST TIER - MOMENTS LATER

Jim pours a cup, adds his cream, and leaves the gourmet coffee for the rest of his co-workers.

They gather around the pot, sniffing it like wine.

CO-WORKER
Smell the aroma.

Jill pours a small sip. Swirls it around in her mouff.

JILL
Oh, my God...no clumps.

CO-WORKER 2: THE SPAWNING
And it doesn't taste like mud.

INT. JIM'S CUBICLE - MORNING

Jim has his headset on, leaned all the way back in his chair, talking to a customer...

JIM
(into headset; flat, emotionless)
I'm trying to help you, ma'am but you've got to answer the question, okay? How fat are your kids?

While the person on the line yells Jim twirls his chair, waiting for his turn to speak.

He notices Jill in her cubicle, talking to a customer on the phone as she applies the final touches to a pencil sketch.

JILL
(into phone)
Yes, sir, I'm checking for you right now.

She holds it up for Jim to see.

ANGLE ON THE DRAWING

revealing a realistic rendering of Jim joyfully feeding Blake into a meat grinder.

JIM

spins away in his chair, offering no reaction.

JIM
...Ma'am...okay, sorry, *sir*. Sir, I understand, but "husky" isn't a medical diagnosis.

Jill sighs, breaks out her eraser and changes the smile on drawn Jim's face to a frown.

JIM
I need a number... What do I mean? Like combined do your twins weigh more than your car?...Offended? Sorry. Please, just give me a number...
(almost falls out of his chair when he hears the number)
You're fucking kidding me. How much?
(awed)
Are they like, seven feet tall? No?
(punches his keyboard)
Well, I'm looking at the actuarial table now and unless your twins are LeBron James and Shaquille O'Neal, they ain't gonna qualify.
(interrupts the customer's rant)
Hold on--hold on--hold on, I just gotta ask this. I mean, there's no way on earth any reputable firm is gonna insure those orcas of yours, but I feel the need to ask to satisfy my own curiosity. Why'd you ever marry a fat chick?

Click. Jim takes off the headset. Leans forward, despondent. His phone rings incessantly.

BLAKE (O.S.)
(behind him)
Hard day, huh?

Jim looks up. Blake drops a load of files on his desk.

BLAKE
Make these a priority.

WE STAY WITH BLAKE

as he struts through the office, finger pointing and being obnoxious. He slaps Jill's ass then takes a donut out of CO-WORKER 2: THE SPAWNING'S petite hand.

After one bite, Blake tosses the donut and heads upstairs.

BLAKE'S OFFICE - SECOND TIER - CONTINUOUS

Blake enters and is shocked to see...

Jim standing there with the files.

BLAKE
Um...

Jim holds out the files and drop kicks them...papers fly all over the room. Jim gives Blake the gunpoint...

JIM
Fuck yeah I did.

...and walks out.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DUSK

Beautiful. Right on the water. The sound of heterosexual sex emanates from inside.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everything about this place says "old money", including the old money lady, MAUREEN, being pounded from behind by Larry.

Larry's face is curled in disgust, tears streaming down his cheeks.

And yes, he does indeed have a clothespin on his nose.

MAUREEN
(near climax)
Oh, yes! Oh YESSS!!! Fucky me Lenny! Fucky me like you need a job!

Larry punches a pillow in olfactory agony. Without warning, A MAN appears in the doorway.

LARRY
Shit!

Larry pulls out, grabs the lamp from the night stand defensively. Maureen stays right where she is.

LARRY
Jim? Is that you?

Yep. It's Jim.

JIM
I need to talk to you, Larry. Now.

Larry is torn. Money on the bed, friend in crisis.

JIM
Seriously, I need to talk.

MAUREEN
That's it. Mood ruined.

She grabs a robe and heads to the bathroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

While Jim talks, Larry steals. He rifles through drawers and jackets.

JIM
I think I'm having a meltdown, Larry.

LARRY
Watch for Maureen.

JIM
I died--I saw the other side and there's nothing.

Larry holds up a diamond watch.

LARRY
(re: the watch)
Too personal? Yeah.
(sets it back down)
Is the shower still running?

JIM
Are you paying attention, man?

Larry notices a big ass change jar and starts stuffing his pockets. He freezes when Maureen enters, wearing only a towel.

An awkward beat. Errant coins slip from his fists.

LARRY
Um, Jim, can we deal with your meltdown later?

JIM
Are you joking? All the times I've picked you up when you were drunk, or bailed you out of jail? You can't listen to me for five goddamn minutes?

LARRY
(whispers)
I'm kinda working here, Jim.

Jim throws Larry against the wall and digs through his pockets. Pulls out a pirate's booty.

JIM
You're not working. Why don't you just tell her instead of stealing! Man-up and sell your cock with some respect.

Maureen isn't even slightly phased.

MAUREEN
What? You think his stealing is news to me? I leave this crap out on purpose.
(slaps Larry's ass)
Go ahead. I'll take a rain check.

Larry nonchalantly pockets the watch. Jim just shakes his head.

INT. JIM'S CAR - LATER

Jim drives aggressively. Larry leans over to check the speedometer.

LARRY
Did you really die and shit?

Jim grabs one of his melted shoes from the back seat, drops it into Larry's lap.

JIM
What do you think?

Larry stares at the shoe.

LARRY
These cost like ninety--

JIM
That's not the point!

LARRY
Oh.

JIM
The point is: there *is* no point. There's nothing, man. Some people have it all, and some people have shit.

He pulls up to Rob's house.

JIM
I have shit.

INT. ROB'S GARAGE - DAY

Rob is in his garage cleaning dried blood off of his hooks and spiked clubs. Larry and Jim enter.

LARRY
Whoa! That's sick!

ROB
(proud)
Yeah, I designed it for the new guys on the job. Nothing worse than seeing some noob half-spiking his club in a wounded harp seal's head without making the kill shot. It's almost cruel.

Larry notices an instructional poster on the wall detailing the proper way to kill baby seals.

LARRY
I don't know how you do it, Rob. How can you look into that cute little face and smash it. How do you smash their adorable little faces off?

ROB
Hey, I've gotta support my family. And you know what, it's racist against cows to care about harp seals.

JIM
(vexed by that fucked up sentence)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

ROB
Cows are thinking creatures too, but no one minds killing them. Why are harp seals so special?
(off the guys' faces)
Cows make great pets and they're very protective unlike harp seals that have a horrible side no one ever sees.

LARRY
(dead serious)
Come on, Rob. Don't try to justify your murder by player hating on harp seals. They don't hurt anyone and shit, you do!

ROB
You're out of your element, short bus! You wouldn't believe what I've seen those creatures do. I've seen that white fur covered in blood...and not always their own.

Before it can turn into an argument, Jim jumps in.

JIM
Enough!

Silence.

JIM
No more fighting about baby harp seals. You guys don't seem to understand, there's no God, there's no heaven, there's nothing! All we get is this! And for me, this--this whole thing--everything...it's been a waste!

ROB
What's going on?

LARRY
He died and now he's getting all--

ROB
What do you mean he died.

JIM
I was electrocuted. I saw the other side and there. Was. Nothing!

ROB
Um...

JIM
Look, these rules that we live by, they're meaningless. Why not grab a woman by her tit and tell her you want to fuck her?

LARRY
I do it all the--

JIM
Shut up, Larry. Why have any restraint at all? Why not do whatever you fucking want, whenever the fuck you want, cuz ultimately it doesn't matter at all...THERE'S NO FUCKING PAYOFF...TO ANY OF IT!

MONSTROUS GROANS rumble from inside the house. Rob instinctively tightens his grip on the club.

ROB
(staring at the walls)
You're scaring Junior.
(then)
You need to calm down...

JIM
(calmly)
No. Fuck no. I don't need to calm down. I have spent my entire life "calming down." From here on out, I'm getting what I want.

Beat.

LARRY
Um, what is it? What do you want?

Jim grabs a sharpie and writes on the wall...

1. "That job."

2. "That car"

3. "That chick"

JIM
(as he writes)
I want that promotion. I want that Beamer that Blake bought with that promotion. And you know what? I wanna fuck Olivia. I wanna fuck her in the ass.

The guys are quiet, mesmerized by Jim's new outlook.

Just then, Rebecca enters with a plate of fresh baked cookies...and two black eyes.

REBECCA
(sing-songy)
Who wants cookiiieees?

Larry reaches for one, burns his hand...too hot.

JIM
And I want those.

Jim grabs a handful of cookies.

JIM
ARGHH!

Melty chocolate that would normally be delicious scalds Jim's hands. But he pounds them down, disintegrating his mouth with abandon.

JIM
Oh, god!

ROB
Dude, wait till they cool--

JIM
Fuck that...ARRG!

Jim eats damn near every one, his face clenched in agony.

REBECCA
Maybe you could leave this last one for somebody else.

Jim snatches the last cookie off the plate and belligerently smashes it all over his face before he eats it.

INT. VALID INSURANCE COMPANY - NIGHT

The office is dark, shut down, except for one room.

INT. FILE ROOM - NIGHT

Jim holds a list, picking through the infinite rows of files. He drops the ones that match into a basket.

Jill enters.

JILL
This better be good, you calling me in here at midnight.

He hands her the basket.

JIM
(terse)
Verify that all contact information in these files is current.

JILL
Excuse me. Do I work for you?

JIM
Didn't mean to be curt, I'm just really focused right now.

She flips through the files.

JILL
These are all Blake's clients.

JIM
Yep.

JILL
What are you up to, Turbo?

JIM
Taking back what's mine.

EXT. MR. WHITEMAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A barbecue for all the people who matter is in full swing. Brie cheese, fine champagne, and stiff upper lips abound. Schooley and McCorkle are off to the side, doing what they do...

SCHOOLEY
...holy shit, your fist must have smelled like ham salad.

MCCORKLE
Still does. I've been soaking my hand in tomato juice for two weeks and it still reeks like spoiled cock-garbage.

McCorkle holds out his hand. Schooly leans in, takes a long whiff and instantly recoils from the stench.

SCHOOLEY
Holy Jesus! That smells just like my dream.

Meanwhile, at the center of the party, Blake has a crowd of rich folk entranced.

BLAKE
...and I've got a little poem that I'd like to read in honor of this occasion, if I may.

He unfolds a slip of paper and begins to read.

BLAKE
"It's easy to grin, when your ship comes in, and you've got the stock market beat. But the man worthwhile, is the man who can smile, when his shorts are too tight in the seat."

The crowd laughs haughtily. Blake's unearned popularity is mind-numbing. Olivia stands off to the side, stunning and bored.

Mr. Whiteman's WIFE pats Blake's head like a good dog.

MRS. MR. WHITEMAN
So entertaining...and popular too. I've always thought you'd fit in nicely.

Blake's moment in the sun is dashed when...

TRACY, A FOUR-FOOT TALL, 300-POUND ADOLESCENT, ENTERS LIKE A TASMANIAN DEVIL, screaming and stealing food from everyone and slamming it into her face.

TRACY
(between bites)
BANNH! Spicy bean burgers...BORPH!

EXT. BACKYARD - NEW ANGLE

Jim and Rob escort a number of other obese, crippled, and differently-abled people into the backyard.

Mr. Whiteman approaches, outraged.

MR. WHITEMAN
What the hell are you doing? Who are these people...what are these people?

In the background, Tracy chases down a woman with a plate of ribs.

TRACY
BAAARRG! Jimme more meat sauce!

ANGLE ON

Olivia and Mrs. Mr. Whiteman watching from afar.

MRS. MR. WHITEMAN
What in blazes is wrong with that horrible child?

OLIVIA
(bored)
If I had to guess, I'd say Prader-Willi syndrome.

TRACY

flattens the woman with a backside clothesline.

OLIVIA NODS.

OLIVIA
Yep, that's Prader-Willi, alright.

MRS. MR. WHITEMAN
What *is* that?

OLIVIA
It's a rare genetic disorder that causes compulsive eating and irrational behavior.

TRACY eats the ribs off the ground, screaming to the sky like a victorious predator.

TRACY
BAAAAARRRRG!!!

BACK TO JIM AND MR. WHITEMAN

MR. WHITEMAN
Explain, Jim. Now!

JIM
These are your policy holders. I thought you should meet the people your company has been paying millions of dollars in claims to.

Jim grabs BLINDY, a fifty-year-old wheezing blind man with an oxygen mask over his face.

JIM
This is Blindy, he--

BLINDY
(rasping)
Trevor. My name is--

JIM
This is Blindy Trevor. He's...
(reads Blindy's file)
Twenty-three-years-old with absolutely no history of health problems. Yet as you can see, he's at least fifty, blind as a bat and suffering from advanced emphysema.

Mr. Whiteman squints. Outrage gives way to "tell me more."

ANGLE ON BLAKE

as he exits the house, zipping up. He spots Jim with Whiteman...this can't be good.

BLAKE
Hey!

Blake rushes over. Wedges himself between Jim and Mr. Whiteman.

BLAKE
How dare you, Jim Simmers. This is a private function on private property and you are specifically not invited. Now pack up these mongoloids and get--

MR. WHITEMAN
Quiet, Blake. Don't say another word.
(to Jim)
Continue...

Jim points to a woman (FRANCESCA) in an overturned wheelchair. She feebly attempts to fight off...

TRACY, who violently yanks at a candy bar that has somehow gotten tangled in Francesca's hair.

JIM
And that is Francesca. Look at her...

TRACY
Mounds! Mounds! JIMME MOUNDS!

Tracy can't get the candy bar out of Francesca's hair, so she starts gnawing on the crippled woman's bouffant.

FRANCESCA
Get it off me! Get it off me!

ROB
(to Jim)
Jim?

JIM
Not yet.
(hands Mr. Whiteman a file)
On paper, Francesca is twenty four years old, never been sick a day in here life, and makes her living as a lifeguard.

FRANCESCA
Oh GOD! It HURTS!

JIM
But as you can see, she can't swim. She can't possibly swim.

Tracy drags Francesca by her hair. Francesca flails, trying to cling to her wheelchair.

TRACY
BAARRRAHRR! JIMME MORE NOUGAT!!

MR. WHITEMAN
Get to the point, Simmers.

JIM
The point is that you have been defrauded, Mr. Whiteman. By one of your own employees.

Stunned faces all around.

BACK TO OLIVIA AND MRS. MR. WHITEMAN

as they survey Tracy's path of destruction.

MRS. MR. WHITEMAN
My god. How do we stop her?

OLIVIA
You can't. She can't help herself.

Mrs. Mr. Whiteman sighs, shakes her head as she regards the collection of misfits on her lawn.

MRS. MR. WHITEMAN
Goddamn circus people.

Olivia shoots her a chastising look and moves toward the action. STAY WITH Mrs. Mr. Whiteman as she plucks the olives from her martini glass and pops them into her mouth. Just as she's beginning to chew...

WHHHUMMP! Tracy knocks her to the ground.

TRACY
OLIVES AND POPEYE!!!

Tracy, her face a deep brown smear of chocolate and hair, grabs Mrs. Mr. Whiteman by the ears and tries to forcibly suck the pre-chewed olives from her mouth.

Mrs. Mr. Whiteman manages a MUFFLED, HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM...

...one that only Mr. Whiteman can hear. He cocks his head like a dog, then turns to see his wife under retarded assault.

MR. WHITEMAN
(panicked, to Jim)
For the love of god, call off that creature!

Rob remains standing with his hands behind his back.

JIM
Rob?

Rob unclenches his hands, revealing a baseball bat tight in his grip.

ROB
(with a gleam in his eye)
I'm on it.

Whiteman watches Rob move to save his wife. He turns back to Jim.

MR. WHITEMAN
Who has dared defraud me?

OFFSCREEN, we HEAR a series of horrible “THWACKS”, punctuated with pained cries from Tracy.

TRACY (O.S.)
BAAAAARGGGH!!!! PIE! JIMMY MORE PIE! BAAAAAARRRRGH!

BLAKE
Now is not the time for this discussion, sir. I mean, your wife is being mauled by a four hundred pound goonie bird. Perhaps we should--

MR. WHITEMAN
Didn’t I tell you not to speak?
(to Jim)
I want names.

JIM
(indicating the retard army)
Why don’t you ask them...

MR. WHITEMAN
Well speak up. Who sold you your policies?

One by one, they all say the same thing... “Blake Henderson.” Mr. Whiteman is aghast.

MR. WHITEMAN
(to Blake)
Henderson is this true?

BLAKE
No--well, yes, but not really. Kind of. It’s very complicated...

Jim hands his stack of files to Mr. Whiteman.

JIM
It’s all right there.

The White Man levels his cold blue eyes on Blake.

MR. WHITEMAN
Blake, you’re fired.

BLAKE
But I--I’m the most--what about my popularity?

MR. WHITEMAN
Get out.

Blake looks at Jim, gives him the gunpoint.

BLAKE
I...I never thought you had it in you.

Blake skulks off. Whiteman clasps Jim on the shoulder.

MR. WHITEMAN
I guess you're my man now, Jim Simmers. Congratulations.

He walks Jim into the heart of the barbecue. The crowd embraces him.

Olivia moves to his side. Jim takes the glass of champagne from her hand and gulps it down...just like he's gonna do her in a few days.

WE PULL BACK, past a table where...

ROB HAS TRACY PINNED FACE DOWN --

knee in her back, caressing her face with the tip of his bat, gently cramming cake down her gullet.

Tracy squirms, Rob enforces the pin, whispering...

ROB
Shhh. Shhhhhhhh.

INT. VALID INSURANCE COMPANY - NEXT DAY

LOW ANGLE TRACKING SHOT PULLING JIM

in SLOW MOTION as Jim enters the office like a rock star.

Jim nods to his former co-workers who gaze upon him in awe. High fives are slapped. Jim gives the "you know it" nod to all those who are now beneath him.

HE GETS TO THE STAIRS --

Pauses. Looks back at the adoring crowd.

A single tear in his eye.

As Jim takes that first monumental step towards true happiness, the crowd erupts in applause.

JIM
(sotto; heartfelt)
Today, I win. I win it hard.

Jim climbs to the top of the stairs. He absolutely MUST give them one last parting glance.

EVEN SLOWER MOTION as Jim looks down, not at his fans but at his defiant erection. His hard, hard defiant erection. He sticks it out for the crowd below, just a little bit...but enough.

Goddamn he has gusto.

BLACK

SUPER: "45 Minutes Later..."

INT. JIM'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

A palatial high tech office dominated by a huge oak desk, a big screen TV and a wet bar.

Jim is slumped in his chair, miserable.

The phone is ringing, the files before him sit unaddressed. He doesn't even have his kick ass boner anymore.

Without warning, Rob and Larry barge in followed closely by JIM'S NEW SECRETARY.

LARRY
Look at these digs. This place is fucking opulent and shit.

SECRETARY
I'm sorry sir...these men DO NOT have an appointment and I....

JIM
(to Secretary)
They're fine, Cindy. Leave us.

SECRETARY
Yes, Mr. Simmers.

She leaves. Rob prowls the office like a kid in a candy store.

ROB
This office is incredible, man.

JIM
(without enthusiasm)
Yeah.

Rob crosses to the big screen.

ROB
Holy shit! Is that a fifty-inch?

JIM
Sixty.

Larry spies the Johnnie Walker Blue label at the wet bar.

LARRY
Johnnie Walker Blue? GODDAMN, that shit is almost as good as Johnnie Walker Green! Can I have some?

ROB
The Blue is better than the Green.

LARRY
No it's not. Can I have some?

ROB
Yes it is. Right, Jim?

LARRY
Look fool, everyone knows the Green is the best. Cuz it costs more. Can I have some, Jim?

ROB
How do you figure?

LARRY
What color is money, man? Ipso facto, motherfucker...

Rob just shakes his head.

LARRY
Can I have some...?

JIM
Take it.

LARRY
Take the Blue? Like all of it?

JIM
Take the whole bottle. I don't care.

ROB
What's wrong with you, man? I mean, you've got the sweet office, the Johnnie Walker blue...you're living the life now, man.

JIM
I dunno. It seems like it should be...better.

BAMN!!!

INT. THE BEACHCOMBER BAR - DAY

The bar is empty except for our guys. Jim has a mean buzz going.

ROB
Man, I don't know any other job that let's you get drunk in the middle of the day.

A WAITER steps up. Drops off a few beers.

JIM
(to the waiter)
Hey, what's the most expensive drink in this place?

WAITER
This is a dive bar, dude.

JIM
Come on, what's the most expensive drink you've ever served?

The Waiter thinks for a moment.

WAITER
Well, some rapper from New York was once in here, throwing his black rap money around. He ordered...what was that...oh yeah, he ordered a Long Island Iced Tea made with all top shelf liquor.

JIM
Perfect. We'll take six.

WAITER
I'm gonna need a deposit on that.

LARRY
(tipsy)
NO! No. Jim, no.

JIM
It's okay, Larry.

Jim pulls out a credit card. As he's handing it to the waiter, Larry snatches it. Inspects it.

LARRY
Holy shit...company credit. That shit's gangsta.

The Waiter grabs the card from Larry and heads to the bar. Jim drops his head, frustrated with everything.

JIM
Bargh.

ROB
Bargh? Why bargh? You're in the game now. You're checking off the list, man. In a year or so you'll be able to afford that car, and--

JIM
A year? Fuck a year. I got enough in my savings to buy that car now. Outright.

LARRY
Out-motherfucking-RIGHT!

ROB
You can't spend your savings on a car, Jim.

JIM
Why? Why can't I do it?

ROB
Because it's just not done. Savings are--they're for...later.

JIM
I personally have conclusive fucking proof that there is no later. Sometimes, you just gotta say I don't give a fuck--

LARRY
--and steal a bitch's money.

JIM
(nodding)
Sometimes you've got to go large or stay at home.

Rob has no idea what he's talking about. But Larry does. He and Jim bump knuckles.

LARRY
Players do what they want to, suckers do what they can.

JIM
FUCKIN' A RIGHT! That! That right there...
(points into Larry's mouth)
That's what I'm talking about.

The Waiter arrives with their drinks in tall, precious glasses. Jim grabs his, downs it, wipes his mouth.

JIM
Let's do this!

EXT. BMW DEALERSHIP - DAY

A fleet of shiny Beamers and our three guys.

Rob is cradling four sloshing Long Island Iced teas in his arms, staining everything in his vicinity.

Larry holds a small BRIEFCASE while trying to eat a scalding pizza, too drunk to understand that it needs to cool.

Jim has an even meaner buzz going. When the CAR SALESMAN comes over, Jim glares at him.

SALESMAN
(thick country accent)
Hey, ya'll. Looking to buy or just lookin'?

The Salesman looks behind him, unable to comprehend why Jim is glaring so viciously. Rob hands Jim a drink.

JIM
(points at a car)
I want that silver M-3, right there. How much?

SALESMAN
Oh, that's a beaut'. It's fully loaded, ya'll. I reckon.

JIM
Look, no pitch, this is gonna be the easiest sale you'll ever make. How much?

SALESMAN
Well, now, lemme just tell you'n what this here lil'o jewel gots under the hood.

The Salesman is getting progressively more country with each exchange.

JIM
I've got cash. How much?

LARRY
Yeah, how much?

SALESMAN
Well, as I'm sure you'n alls knows, the Beamer M W is not for the common, man. But, now, I wouldn't reckon you is--

JIM
How. Much?

SALESMAN
Well, that'd all depend. You see, this one here, that you'se is gazing upon, this one's the Tiger Edition. It's got double aluminum crank shafts and--

JIM
I don't care. How much?

SALESMAN
I'm sure you wanna know what you're gettin'. And what you'd be gettin'.

While the Salesman talks, Jim grabs the briefcase and cracks it open. It's full of cash.

SALESMAN
...I mean, one might mosey on down to the hoosegow with a big ole posse'a desperados and commence to demanding all kinds'a things, I reckon. But don't mess with Texas, that's where I'd be hailin' outta, ya know--

JIM
Why won't you answer?

SALESMAN
Sir, I see you're serious--

JIM
NO! That's not an answer. A proper answer is a number. A number that will allow me to hand you this cash and drive off with that car.

SALESMAN
But, now don't get yer dander up, cowboy. I'm gonna lay down the statistics--

JIM
Motherfucker! How much is the car? You're in the business of selling cars! Just give me a price.

Silence. The Salesman seems to finally have grasped that he needs to shut the fuck up and give Jim a price.

SALESMAN
Hey now, I'm here to work with you. We got different financing options that a fella such as yerself may want to choose from.

JIM
Different from a briefcase full of cash?

The Salesman's mouth moves, but he can't form a sentence that is a direct answer.

Rob rolls his eyes, grabs a slice of pizza, peels off the cheese and slams it sauce-first into the Salesman's face.

The molten sauce scalds him and sets him screaming.

SALESMAN
PRAAAAAHHHHHHH-YA'LL!!!

Rob kneels beside the writhing Salesman and begins peeling off another piece of pizza.

ROB
(whispers)
How much?

INT. BRAND NEW B.M.W. - LATER

The guys are packed in, riding in style. Jim fiddles with the stereo as he drinks and drives.

JIM
(to Rob)
What the hell got into you back there?

LARRY
Yeah, you went all Vietnam or some shit, like that salesman was a freakin' harp seal or something!

Rob squints, trying to process what he just did.

ROB
The dude was wasting our time.

JIM
Yeah but it cost me an extra two grand to keep him from pressing charges.

ROB
Like you say, sometimes you just gotta say, who the fuck cares, right?

LARRY
I don't. I don't care about shit!

ROB
Button it, Rainman. You'd have to understand to care.

Jim swerves, irked that his radio sucks...

JIM
This stupid car doesn't have satellite!
(looking back)
How can this be the ultimate driving machine and not have satellite?

All of a sudden, Jim comes up on tail lights. He hits the brakes.

JIM
What the--

EXT. MID-CAPE HIGHWAY - "SUICIDE ALLEY" - NIGHT

A TWO LANE STRETCH OF HIGHWAY with flexible plastic pylons going down the center. Jim's new beamer is being cock-blocked by a FAMILY OF TOURISTS driving half the speed limit.

Nothing but open road in front of them.

INT. JIM'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Jim rides the tourists' bumper.

JIM
Oh, my God!

He hits the horn.

ROB
I don't get it. The speed limit is 65, why is this douchebag driving 40 miles an hour?

LARRY
You know, the speed "limit" isn't the speed "requirement." It's the limit. It's the fastest you're allowed to go. So really, this guy is just choosing not to ride at maximum capacity.

ROB
Yeah, but there are also speed minimums. It's as unsafe to drive slow on a highway as it is to drive fast.

LARRY
No. No, Rob. No. Slow is always safer.

ROB
You're a retard, just like my boy...but without the strength.

JIM
Did you just call your stepkid a retard?

Robert gulps the last drop of the last Long Island.

ROB
Fuck yeah I did. Cuz he is.

LARRY
Whoa.

ROB
Look, there's no harm in calling a spade a spade as long as you appreciate the spade.

LARRY
(serious as a heart attack)
You're a goddamn racist, man. And it sickens me.

Jim has had enough. He pulls into the center of the road to pass - the pylons strike his Beamer - THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!!

An oncoming car forces him back into his lane.

ROB
Hey, be careful man. Those pylons--

JIM
I know what I'm doing. No stupid plastic pylons gonna hurt The Ultimate Driving Machine®.

LARRY
Yeah, but some of them...

JIM
I do whatever I want. All the time.

LARRY
Yeah, but...

Jim lays on the horn, pulls back into the center of the road. THWACK!! THWACK! THWACK!

SHKA-BANG!!!

The Beamer strikes a SOLID pylon, mangling the grill.

The car horn WAILS, stuck. Steam wafts into the atmosphere. As the car limps to the breakdown lane...

LARRY
Some of them are filled with concrete.

A beat.

Until Rob bursts out in a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

ROB
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH you fucking asshole HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Whatever. Jim jams the car into gear. He stabs at the radio switching stations.

JIM
Goddamn analog radio. Goddamn everything. Goddamn every fucking molecule in the goddamn world.

EXT. OLD MONEY BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

From off in the distance we hear it. We hear it coming...

The horn.

Jim's new newly fucked up Beamer pulls in front of the house, horn blaring. The back door opens. Before Larry can set both feet on the sidewalk, Jim tears off.

Larry shakes his head. Sighs. Digs a clothespin from his pocket, clamps it on his nose, and walks to the front door.

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the silhouette of Rob's massive son, standing on the roof, screaming at the moon. Not howling, screaming...

JUNIOR
Moon! Moooooooon!!!

His screams meld with the sound of...

Jim's car horn. The beamer pulls up. Rob gets out. Jim tears off and leaves his friend to face his son.

Alone.

ROB
MOOOOOOON!!!

Junior turns away from the moon and locks eyes with Rob. He squints, 'oh, yeah, it's on.'

Rebecca comes out with a roll of tape. Rob holds out his hands so she can tape his knuckles.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jim enters. Tosses his keys. Heads straight for the bedroom.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sleep eludes him as Jim stares at the ceiling, contemplating his fate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The neighbor's dog is barking. Jim's eyes snap open. He sits up with purpose.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

It's a disaster area. Jim enters and paints another yellow layer. He pees indiscriminately, all over the floor, the toilet, the walls...whatever. He exits without flushing.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jim strolls in wearing sweats and a wife beater. He grabs a stick of butter from the fridge. Takes a box of Strawberry Nestle's® Quick from the cabinet.

He jams the butter in the Quick and takes a bite. And that shit is good.

While he eats his strawberry butter, Jim collects various wash rags from his kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jim is now wearing a T-shirt over the wife beater, and he's holding a pile of other shirts and pants. He puts them on, layer after layer.

Then he starts wrapping his hands with the rags.

EXT. THE GAY NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jim bangs on the door, wrapped in cotton armor. The Gay Neighbor answers.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Morning, Jim. What's with the--

JIM
Where is he? In the back?

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Who?

Jim pushes past him.

INT. THE GAY NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jim freezes when he sees...

AN ENTIRE WALL COVERED FLOOR TO CEILING WITH FRAMED PHOTOS OF THE GAY NEIGHBOR'S DOG...

FUCKING.

Dozens of pictures of Hoag mounting other dogs. Hundreds of them really. Poodles and Schnauzers, Shih-Tzus and Beagles, all getting pounded from behind.

Tiny Dachshunds and Chihuahuas are barely visible beneath Hoag's massive chest. The Shepherds and Labradors look sad. The Dobermans look frightened. There are many emotions, because there are so many pictures of so many dogs getting fucked.

And the centerpiece of the collection is photo of the Gay Neighbor giving a big thumbs up as Hoagie piledrives a defeated Great Dane.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
(self-conscious)
Please don't think I'm weird. It's a long story.

Jim stares at him.

Long silence.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
I'm out of my mind...you know that, right?

Jim shakes it off and marches past him.

EXT. THE GAY NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

160 pounds of four-legged, cocksucking, Bull Mastiff yanks against his spiked chain, crazed, frothing. This is a very serious dog. Jim takes a deep breath.

JIM
(without looking back)
Let him off.

The Gay Neighbor moves from behind Jim, and approaches his dog. He seems a bit frightened by his own beast.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Jim, I can't let him off. Look at him.

JIM
This has to happen.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Do you understand you're on his property? Hoagie is a full bred Bull Mastiff, he'll kill you, man.

The dog snarls, raging against his restraints.

JIM
So be it. Let him off.

The Gay Neighbor reaches for Hoag's collar. Looks at Jim one last time.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Are you sure, Jim?

Jim nods. The Gay Neighbor releases Hoag. Hoag charges at Jim, leaps...

Jim throws up his arms just in time to protect his throat, but the savage animal knocks him to the ground. Hoag sets upon Jim with a ferocity that is primal.

Jim can do little more than offer his limbs to the whirlwind of fangs.

JIM
OH GOD!

The dog locks onto Jim's calf. Hoag shakes violently, tearing off strips of bloody flesh. Well not flesh exactly, it's just cloth soaked with Jim's blood.

Jim flails for a large grilling fork sitting next to a barbecue grill.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
(*subtitled*; speaks in Japanese)
Hoag, he's going for the fork!

The dog advances to the back of Jim's neck and locks on. This could be the death of Jim.

JIM
OH GOD!

But Jim has the fork. With all his might he shoves the fork into Hoag's back. Hoag YELPS. Jim tries to scramble to his feet but falls due to the severe wound on his calf. Blood pours out of his pant cuff. He'll die soon.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Hoag, he's lost tremendous blood.
You must sweep the leg...NOW!

Despite a fork protruding from Hoag's back, the animal is in top form. Again it gets airborne...

ON JIM - SLOW MOTION:

Hoag flies through the air with a clear line to Jim's throat. But at the last second--BAMN!, Jim clocks him with a round house punch to the head.

Jim screams, certain that he's broken his hand.

But Hoag is also hurt. And more importantly, he's cautious.

The two circle each other. Both bloody.

Jim looks for a way out. The back gate is fifteen feet away. The Gay Neighbor shakes his head...

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
You'll never make it, Jim. What you've begun cannot be undone.
(quoting "Wanted")
We get our orders from a loom. Of FATE!

Hoag is regaining his aggression, snarling and lunging. Jim scrambles to find anything that will help him not die.

Lighter fluid. A sustained squirt burns Hoag's eyes. Jim looks around for matches, cuz this fight is that fucked up. He reaches for the matches but...

The Gay Neighbor is there first. The dog looks at his master.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
No mercy! No mercy!

Hoag charges. The moment of truth is upon Jim and he answers the call...Jim charges.

JIM
AAHHHH!!!

HOAGIE (THE DOG)
AAHHHH!!!

Hoag gets ahold of Jim's thigh, but Jim has a firm grip on that fork. He shoves it in a bit deeper. Hoag pulls back just long enough for Jim to...

Thrust his fist down into Hoag's throat, making it impossible for him to bite down.

Jim's eyes are watering from the pain.

ZOOM INTO JIM'S MIND:

SUPER: *Monday, November 18, 1985 9:46 PM EST...*

The infamous Monday Night Football game between the New York Giants and the Washington Redskins plays on television. YOUNG JIM, 15, watches with his FAMILY.

ON TV: Lawrence Taylor blitzes and drops onto Joe Thiessman's leg, snapping it like a piece of celery.

Everyone watching turns away in horror.

BACK TO THE FIGHT:

Jim seizes the moment. He presses down on Hoagie's little paw with his knee, and drops his shoulder into the dog's leg joint...

"CRACK"

HOAGIE (THE DOG)
AAAHHHHHHH!!!

David Hoag drops to his side. His lower leg juts outward at a sickening angle.

Jim stumbles back while the dog writhes, forever crippled should it manage to live.

Jim picks up a brick. Raises it for the killing blow...

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Enough!

Jim freezes.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Enough, Jim. You've made your point.

The Gay Neighbor moves between Jim and the dog. He reaches to calm Jim who is still flush with adrenaline. He takes Jim's hand and raises it high.

THE GAY NEIGHBOR
Winner and new champion: Jim Simmers!

Despite the absurdity and horror Jim's just been through, he smiles. Looks over at Hoag, who has crawled under the porch, whimpering in the shadows.

An eruption of raucous APPLAUSE. Jim looks up to see...

THE NEIGHBORS from every house gathered around the fence, clapping wildly.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Jill rocks out on guitar with the rest of her power trio, DEBORAH on bass, JOSIE on drums. They suck in that special way that only girl bands can.

The band stops when they hear the whine of a car horn...it's getting closer.

JIM PULLS UP --

Approaches the garage still wearing his soiled battle clothes. He looks like shit hit with a brick...wiped on a curb...and stepped on by a bum.

JILL
Holy crap! You look like brick-hit shit. What happened to you?

JIM
I fucked up a dog. An asshole dog. An asshole dog who had it coming.

She turns to her bandmates.

JILL
Let's take five.

INT. JILL'S COTTAGE - DAY

Definitely the home of an art chick. Pop art on the walls, paintings on the floor that are too cool to hang. Pez dispensers on the mantle, you get the idea.

At the kitchen table, Jill unwraps Jim's bloodied knuckles. Jim has the hundred yard stare now.

JILL
Jesus. From the look of these wounds it looks like you could've been killed.

JIM
I beat him, Jill. Do you understand what level I'm on now?

JILL
Um...I, uh, no. No I don't.

There's even more blood on his arm. She grabs a pair of scissors and cuts away the layers of cotton.

JIM
Jill, it's like, you know how those kids from the ghetto are all fearless when you meet them?

JILL
You've met kids from the ghetto?

JIM
That's not the point. I'm telling you, I'm on a whole 'nother level.

Jill pauses.

JILL
Jim...seriously, you've been acting kinda weird lately...

JIM
That doesn't matter, Jill.
(re: his exposed wounds)
Use the Kettle One.

JILL
That's gonna burn--

JIM
Jill, did you not hear me? Nothing matters, not even pain.

Jill pours the Kettle One vodka on Jim's wound -- Jim spazzes out.

JIM
AH! Monkey fucking ball pincher!

He pours ice over his arm. Sits. Grabs the bottle from her hand and takes a swig...and barfs it right back up. Onto her shoulder.

Jill hops up.

JILL
Jesus!

Jim takes another swig. It pops right back out again.

JIM
(sotto)
How do people drink this stuff straight?

Jim notices Jill glaring.

JIM
Sit down, Jill.

JILL
What?

JIM
Sit down. Listen to me, nothing you think matters, matters. I don't care that I threw up on you, Jill. But you can't fathom that because you're still...
(motions waist-level)
Here. I'm...
(motions something up high)
Here. I faced down a beast that would have ripped you to bits. I've looked death in the face and stabbed it. With a fork.

Jill backs away from him.

JILL
You're starting to freak me out here...

JIM
Don't be scared, Jill. What you're seeing is not an emotional break down, it's a moment of clarity.

JIM (CONT'D)
I've been focused on the wrong things. You've helped me see that.

He takes her hands.

JILL
I have?

JIM
Of course, Jill. I thought the job and the car were important, but they're not. None of that was ever going to make me happy, I see that now.

She likes where this is going, but bites back a smile. Dramatic pause.

JIM
I need to fuck Olivia. Probably in her ass.

The words hang heavy in the air. Jill looks at Jim incredulously.

JILL
How can you...how can you say that to me?

JIM
What?

Jill tries to contain the hurt she feels as she caps the vodka, trashes the rags.

JIM
Is my new found magnitude overwhelming you?

JILL
No, dude. It's the fact that you're an asshole.

Jill leaves before the tears can overtake her.

INT. JIM'S BEAMER - DRIVING - DAY

As Jim pulls away from Jill's house, he dials a number on his cell and punches the speakerphone button. After a moment...

OLIVIA (OVER SPEAKER)
(groggy)
Hello?

JIM
Olivia. Thank God... Look, I just realized that I need to get this thing on the road so I'm gonna pick you up tonight...
(thinks)
But you know what? Fuck tonight, that's too soon. It's gonna take me about a week to prepare, then I'll come get you...

Jim figures out the calendar date in his head.

JIM (CONT'D)
The nineteenth. Saturday. One week from today. I'm gonna pick you up at eight. Dinner's gonna be great. Then, there's gonna be soft music and rose petals--fucking great.

OLIVIA (OVER SPEAKER)
Who is this?

JIM
Also, you're gonna bring a red bathing suit. That shit is hot.

OLIVIA (OVER SPEAKER)
Jim?

JIM
No panties, either. I mean, I doubt you'd have them on, but if I see a panty line the deal's off. Alright, great. This is great. Later.

He hangs up in her face. Nods to himself, thoroughly satisfied.

INT. STOP & SHOP SUPERMARKET - DAY

Larry and Jim walk through the aisles at a presidential clip.

LARRY
I'm flattered that you came to me and shit. But tapping the ass of a girl like Olivia is a big deal and I don't know if there's time to train you.

Larry scratches his nuts while he scans the shelves. The scratching is notable to Jim, and several passersby.

JIM
I've gotta get this done, Larry and I really want to maximize the experience. I'm ready to take it all the way.

LARRY
Ready are you? What know you of ready?

Larry has a superior air about him. Like a guru who wants his ego stroked. And his cock too.

JIM
Fucking Yoda? Dude, I'm serious! I'm getting a shot at the title and I need to knock this outta the park.

LARRY
He has much anger in him--

JIM
Stop that!

Larry raises his eyebrows, warning. Jim lets it go.

LARRY
Are you gonna get mad at me?

JIM
No.

LARRY
Good, cuz for eight hundred years have I trained playahs. My own counsel will I keep on who is to be trained.

Jim rolls his eyes. Larry grabs the crotch of his shorts and violently rakes it against his pubes.

LARRY
A playah must have the deepest commitment, the most serious mind.
(off Jim's face)
This shit is relevant, Jim.

JIM
So are you gonna help me or not?

Larry looks off into the distance, dead serious.

LARRY
This one a long time have I watched... All his life has he looked away...to the future, to the horizon, never his mind on where he was. What he was doing.
(looks Jim in the eye)
Adventure, hmmph. Excitement, hmmph. Playahs crave not these things. You are reckless, Jim.

A RANDOM DUDE chimes in as he passes.

RANDOM DUDE
(chuckles)
So was I if you remember.

Jim rolls his eyes. Larry pulls down a box of Nix "one treatment" pubic delousing cream.

LARRY
Honestly, I don't think you have the heart to be a true go-hard-in-the-paint playah.

That's it. Jim snatches the box from Larry, rips it open, squeezes out a generous dollop and...

THRUSTS HIS HAND DEEP INTO LARRY'S JUNK.

He rubs the crab medicine vigorously. Larry is both shocked and impressed.

LARRY
Will you finish what you begin?

JIM
I won't fail you. I'm not afraid.

Larry smiles maliciously.

LARRY
You will be. You will be...

MUSIC UP:

BEGIN FUCK MONTAGE:

as Larry helps Jim take his fuck game to the next level.

INT. JIM'S BATHROOM - DAY

Larry hands Jim a towel.

LARRY (V.O.)
One thing you gotta know is that you’ve gotta masturbate fifteen times a day. You’ve gotta tug and tug and tug and tug until your dick doesn’t give a shit.

Larry grabs Jim’s hand and slaps a gob of Vaseline into it.

INT. JIM’S BATHROOM - DAY

Jim and Larry stand before the sink.

LARRY
Remember that whole Sam Kinnison bit about how the key to eating pussy is licking the alphabet?

JIM
No, but continue.

LARRY
It’s bullshit. It’s like putting leaded gas in your car, it can’t be-

JIM
What?

LARRY
(exasperated)
It can’t be done. Leaded gas is old and gone, so is the American alphabet. But the Japanese alphabet...

Larry pulls out a STENCIL with Japanese letters on it and tapes it to the mirror.

LARRY (CONT'D)
The Japanese alphabet is like teaching your tongue kung fu.

Jim leans in begins licking the mirror through the stencil.

INT. JIM’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim sits in front of his computer, watching porn, in the middle of a beatoff session. Larry enters and slaps a choke hold on Jim from behind.

LARRY (V.O.)
You’ve gotta learn to pull out of the pussy. As many times as it takes. Eventually, you find your quan.

JIM (V.O.)
Quan?

Jim struggles to keep pace despite the oxygen loss.

INT. SOME CHICK’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry’s spiel continues seamlessly as Jim watches him FUCKING A REDHEADED CHICK.

LARRY (CONT'D)
(while fucking)
...the Quan is a euphoric state in which a man has pulled outta that pussy so many times that he can go for hours.

Larry pulls out of the pussy. Just stands there, arms outstretched, Christlike.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Larry shouts commands as Jim works the Japanese stencil with his tongue.

LARRY
Faster! I SAID FASTER!

Jim speeds up...until suddenly, he suffers a severe tongue cramp. Larry grabs Jim’s tongue and rolls it in his hands until Jim pushes him away.

INT. JIM’S KITCHEN - DAY

Larry pulls out a ripe cantaloupe.

LARRY
Now, I understand you’re interested in “entering the Brown Derby”, correct?

Jim nods. Larry stabs a small hole in the cantaloupe. Presents it to Jim.

LARRY
Have at it.

Jim approaches the melon tentatively. Steels himself. Eases his manstick forward. He grimaces in pain...

JIM
It's too small.

LARRY
Size matters not. Judge me by my size do you?

Larry pulls out his shit. Jim gets scared. Backs away. Larry lines up the cantaloupe...

ANGLE ON LARRY FROM BEHIND

Larry thrusts with mondo-gusto...

<u>WA-POW!!!!</u>

Orange fruit guts splatter everywhere, including Jim's face.

JIM
(incredulous)
I don't...I don't believe it.

LARRY
(solemnly)
That is why you fail.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Filled with steam. Larry rubs Jim's shoulders as he steps up to the mirror. Jim leans in and writes his name in perfect Japanese with his tongue.

High fives!

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Larry eats cereal while Jim cranks one out to Bill O'Reilly's news hour, his dick not giving a shit.

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC rises as...

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jim has four different sized melons lined up. Each has a small hole in them. Larry blindfolds his pupil. Jim moves in just as...

The Gay Neighbor enters through the kitchen door. His eyes go wide in amazement as...

WA-PAPAPAPOW!

Four varieties of melon drip off of The Gay Neighbor's face. He smiles deliciously.

END MONTAGE.

INT. THE BEACHCOMBER BAR - EVENING

Jim and Larry sit with a row of drinks. Jim taps his fingers on the table, eyes locked on the clock.

JIM
I've got two hours before I'm supposed to pick her up. Am I ready?

Larry squinches his face dramatically. Makes Jim sweat a bit.

LARRY
No more training do you require--

JIM
Enough of the Yoda, Larry.

LARRY
Okay okay. Truth is, most of that shit was overkill.

JIM
Yeah, I kinda figured.

LARRY
I mean, I trained you to be a black belt ninja when all you needed was a blue belt.
(mischievous)
Or should I say, a blue belt.

Larry's last sentence only makes sense after he digs out a BLUE PILL from his pocket. It's covered in lint, buried in pennies and nickels, but there it is...

JIM
Viagra®?

LARRY
One pill to rule them all
(before Jim can react)
Sorry.

SCREAMS from the ladies room. Rob exits hastily. Sniffs his fingers as he rejoins the guys.

LARRY
Why were you in the chick shitter?

ROB
You never get tired of seeing new ass, n' shit.

Rob tries to get a high-five, Larry denies him.

LARRY
Wait, what? I thought you were the king of monogamy

ROB
I don't know, lately, the whole same-old-hole-for-the-rest-of-your life bit seems...unfulfilling.

JIM
(to Larry)
How much lead time do I need with this Viagra®? An hour? Two?

LARRY
Hold on, Jim.
(to Rob)
Rob, come on, don't go off the grid. You're the family guy. You're all about your wife and kid. That's you, you know?

ROB
Yeah, but watching you and Jim, I don't know. There's something to it. I mean, like Jim always says, 'sometimes you just gotta say fuck it'...and give up.
(then)
Right, Jim?

Jim ignores him, snaps his fingers in Larry's face.

JIM
Focus, Larry. How much lead time?

LARRY
In a minute, Jim, this is important shit.
(to Rob)
Wait, what are you talking about? The kid? Your marriage?
(tries to joke)

LARRY (CONT'D)
Killing those defenseless baby seals and shit?

ROB
I'm talking about all of it. I mean, my wife is so fucking sweet...I can't lie, it irks me. It kinda seems fake. And Junior, I'm pretty sure I love him but...I try to be gentle with him, every night when I'm putting him to bed, I try to be gentle, and then I find this...

He pulls out a Martial Arts magazine: "*Ten Ways to Kill With Your Hands*."

LARRY
Yeah. Yeah, that's pretty fucked.

ROB
See? And that ain't the half of it. You don't know, Larry. You just don't know.

LARRY
Oh, come on. You're living the American dream, man.

ROB
On the outside. Just like you guys think those baby harp seals are so warm and cute. But you don't know. You <u>do</u> <u>not</u> <u>fucking</u> <u>know</u>...

WE ZOOM INTO ROB'S MIND

A COMPUTER ANIMATED world of snow. The Canadian arctic. Just like in those classic Coke® commercials, we see a MOMMA POLAR BEAR and her BABY BEAR playing with a ball.

LIVE ACTION ROB is a short distance away, watching from astride his snowmobile.

ROB
Awww...

Baby Bear paws at the ball, accidentally knocking it into a hole in the ice. Baby Bear tries to reach the floating ball but has no luck. Momma Bear just smiles..."Isn't he precious?"

Just then, a BABY HARP SEAL pops up in the water. Locks eyes with Baby Bear. They smile, not as lovers but as friends. The tableaux is so cute it hurts.

The fluffy white baby harp seal nudges the ball so that his new friend can retrieve it. The Baby Bear leans over the hole and...

Without warning, the Baby Harp Seal latches onto the Baby Bear's throat! Blood gushes from the "bahhing" Baby Bear's mangled throat as...

FIVE MORE BABY HARP SEALS erupt from beneath the water and pounce on the Baby Bear.

ROB
OH, FUCK!

Like piranha, the Baby Harp Seals ravage the Baby Bear, taking him down, consuming him even as he fights for his life. Soon there is nothing left but bone and red snow.

Momma Bear's eyes are wide with shock. Even MORE BABY HARP SEALS emerge from the water and swarm toward the Momma Bear. She finally comes to her senses and takes off running.

They flop after her shockingly fast. Within seconds, they're on her, devouring her hind quarters before she even realizes it. Momma Bear roars in agony as the reality of her pain reaches her brain...

Rob winces as the bloodthirsty Seals finish her off, leaving nothing but a nasty swath of guts and bones.

Time to leave. Rob tries to fire up his snowmobile but it won't turn over!

THE BABY HARP SEALS HEAR HIM!!!

They flop towards him, a seething mass of crimson fur and teeth. Rob yanks the starter cord furiously.

They're closing in! He's not gonna make it!!

JIM (V.O.)
What's the fucking lead time, Larry?!

BACK IN THE BAR

Jim is holding Larry by the collar while Rob trembles silently.

LARRY
(to Jim)
I don't know, an hour...maybe two.

JIM
Fuck it.

Jim slams back the pill with a shot of whiskey.

Just then Jill enters. Sees Jim and deliberately avoids him as she makes her way to the far end of the bar.

Jim stares at her but she refuses to meet his gaze.

JIM
I'm outta here.

Jim storms his way to the exit.

We stay with Rob and Larry. Rob continues to tremble, traumatized by his memory. Larry moves in, wraps his arms around Rob in a comforting embrace.

LARRY
(softly)
I didn't know.

EXT. OLIVIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

An upscale condo in one of the Cod's many gated communities. We HEAR the legendary sound of Jim's stuck car horn approaching.

Jim's busted Beamer pulls up. Jim kills the engine - which has no effect on the horn - and climbs out, dressed in his finest.

He walks the walk as he walks to the door and knocks with unbridled confidence. Seconds later, the door swings wide to reveal Olivia, dressed to the nines.

JIM
You look fucking <u>awesome</u>.
(motions a circle)
Spin.

Just a slight hesitation before she obliges. No panty lines are visible. Jim nods, satisfied.

JIM
Let's go.

Jim offers his arm and leads her toward his bleating vehicle.

OLIVIA
Is that...is this your car?

JIM
(confident, ignoring the horn)
Yep. It's the all-new 2009 BMW M3. With a snarling V8 engine and unparalleled driving dynamics, this sweet baby redefines the ultimate driving experience.

Jim opens the passenger side door for her.

OLIVIA
But what's up with the --

JIM
Get in.

INT. JIM'S BEAMER - DRIVING - NIGHT

The horn is relentless and we won't stop writing about it. While Jim drives, he moves his mouth in some weird pattern but not making a sound. Olivia watches him quizzically.

OLIVIA
(yells over the horn)
What's that you're doing, Jim?

Jim can't hear her over the drone of the horn.

OLIVIA
(louder)
JIM! What is that you're doing with your mouth?

Jim turns to her, smiles and nods his head.

OLIVIA
(at the top of her lungs)
Your mouth! What are you doing with your MOUTH?

JIM
Oh. It's Japanese. It's the Japanese alphabet.

It's hard to tell if Olivia is impressed or skeptical.

OLIVIA
You speak Japanese?

JIM
Only with my tongue...

Jim flashes a devious smile. Olivia just seems confused.

INT. RESTAURANT BY THE BAY - NIGHT

Jim and Olivia are halfway through a bottle of wine, picking at their expensive meals in silence. Jim can't help but eye her hungrily. Like a pig eyes an apple. Or a junkie eyes an uncollapsed vein.

JIM
How's your lobster?

OLIVIA
It's unbelievable. Firm, yet succulent.

JIM'S INNER VOICE (V.O.)
Just like those tits.

JIM
And what about these potatoes, huh?

OLIVIA
Mmmmm. They're insane! It's like the truffles not only provide a satisfyingly pungent note but somehow, they make them seem almost impossibly creamy.

JIM'S INNER VOICE (V.O.)
Just like the peppery twang of your quivering snitchie.

JIM
And the wine?

Olivia swirls the wine in her glass, sniffs it and takes a healthy sip.

OLIVIA
It's got a great intensity and balance. And a rounded, almost almondy flavor that really sets my tongue atwitter.

Jim closes his eyes...

JIM'S NO LONGER INNER VOICE
(outloud, loudly)
Just like the chewy chocolate center of your perfectly formed ass!

Heads turn in the restaurant but Olivia doesn't bat an eyelash. And Jim doesn't seem the least bit embarrassed. He looks her straight in the eye.

JIM
Permission to speak freely?

OLIVIA
Granted.

JIM
I want to fuck you, Olivia. I want to fuck you more than anything I've wanted to do in the last two weeks.

OLIVIA
Of course you do. Everybody does.

JIM
But I'm not everybody, Olivia. Unlike the others, I am a unique snowflake, created for just one purpose...to fuck you stupid.

Olivia rolls her eyes - she's heard this before.

JIM
I AM worthy, Olivia. And I'm more than capable. In fact, I've been training?

OLIVIA
(intrigued)
Training?

JIM
For what seems like my entire lifetime. Everything before fucking you is prologue. Every last thing I've ever done has been meaningless next to putting myself inside you and moving in and out in a rhythmic manner.

Jim speaks with an earnestness that is somehow charming.

JIM
You are my Rushmore, Olivia. You are my Everest.

An impossibly long beat.

OLIVIA
Sure. What the fuck.

Jim beams with delight. But then a thought hits him that brings him down.

JIM
One question.
(beat)
Did you bring it?

Olivia smiles. Opens her purse and withdraws a skimpy red bikini. Jim's eyes go wide.

THUMMM-WACKKKK!

Jim's sudden onset boner slams against the underside of the table, sending the silverware dancing. Olivia smiles, impressed.

JIM
(to a passing busboy)
Check please. Right Goddamn now.

As Jim stands, his Viagra®-enforced cock catches the underside of the table and lifts it up.

OLIVIA
Wow. That's gusto!

Jim eases back - WHUMP! - and the table drops. But the tablecloth is caught on Jim's zipper. Jim smiles.

JIM
Watch this.

He puts his hands on his hips and swivels sharply like a golfer. In one fluid motion, he yanks the table cloth like a magician...just far enough to send dishes crashing to the floor.

Every head in the restaurant turns. A WAITER rushes over.

WAITER
What have you done?

Jim stuffs a wad of cash into the Waiter's shirt pocket. Points to Olivia.

JIM
My name is Jim Simmers, and I'm a winner.

And then, he yanks the rest of the tablecloth off. Pulls out another wad and tosses it in the Waiter's face.

JIM
Fuck yeah I did.

Olivia is so caught up in the moment that she smashes her wine glass against the wall and follows Jim out.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL - NIGHT

A nice enough room. Jim and Olivia enter. She's all over him. He stops her.

JIM
Hold on. I can't afford for this to suck.

He grabs a bouquet of roses and thrusts them in Olivia's face.

JIM
These are for you.

Before she can sniff them he snatches them away and starts tearing off the petals.

Olivia doesn't give a damn. She goes into the bathroom.

Jim tosses the petals on the floor forming a path to the bed.

Then, Jim boldly strips buck naked and stands on the bed with his hands on his hips.

Jim's jaw drops when Olivia steps out of the bathroom wearing her red bikini.

HER BODY IS SICK! She smirks, confidently. Does a spin so he can see that ass in it's natural habitat...a thong.

JIM
Oh my God.

OLIVIA
You ain't seen nothing yet.

The top comes off. His jaw drops further. You know those tits from Playboy in the 1970s? The ones that defied gravity without the aid of silicone? Yeah, they're like that.

Yet it's nothing. It's fucking nothing. Because when Olivia slides her thong down...

..Jim's eyes fill with wonder as...

...WARM AMBER LIGHT beams from between her legs, bathing the room in it's supernatural glow.

Jim stares like a child. It's like when John Travolta opened that briefcase in Pulp Fiction.

Except, this is pussy.

This is magical pussy.

OLIVIA
That's right.

CLOSE ON JIM'S FACE, overjoyed as she moves towards him. He's gonna get it. It's actually gonna happen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON JIM'S FACE, a mask of sheer and utter disappointment as it rocks back and forth.

Olivia rides him, out of her mind with pleasure.

OLIVIA
Oh, fuck my God! Oh, Jesus of goddamn Gods!

Jim couldn't care less. If he cares about anything, it's that this moment is the most disappointing moment in his disappointing life.

OLIVIA
Jim! Jim! You are the God of fuckery! My God! Oh my fuck-God!

Jim holds his face, shakes his head...this is SUCH a letdown. Such a soul-crushing letdown.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jim staggers out, half-dressed, looking like a rape victim.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
...and don't forget to bring some water back too. I'm dehydrated!
(then)
And get yourself an energy drink! You're gonna need it.

Jim wanders down the hall in a haze, trying to process why his life has no meaning.

EXT. JIM'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Jim leans against the door, bummed. And he still has that boner. It points him to...

The Black Hobo (from page 20) ranting to a flock of seagulls.

BLACK HOBO
(to the seagulls)
...you have spent too many years at sea, searching for fish when there's biscuits right here on the Titanic!

Jim walks up.

BLACK HOBO
(in a Chinese *accent*)
You wirr destloy yourse'ves and the shaorin temper if you don't stop dis endress soich!
(to Jim; suddenly lucid)
Welcome Dolemite, how has it been?

JIM
Terrible.

BLACK HOBO
Drop it, sucka! Drop it like it's hot.

JIM
I just had the best pussy on Earth. And it sucked.

BLACK HOBO
That's an ox and a moron, of which you are both?

JIM
What?
(thinks)
Oxymoron?

BLACK HOBO
Shove it.

JIM
But it's true. It's fucking true.

BLACK HOBO
Don't be like these birds, Jimberly.

BLACK HOBO (CONT'D)
Don't be out at sea when there's biscuits at home. On the Titanic.

Jim's mind races trying to decipher the bum's words. He can't crack the code.

JIM
Just tell me what you mean?

The Bum just babbles. Jim throws a trash can at his seagulls, sending them flying. He turns and marches for the Beamer.

INT. JIM'S BMW - NIGHT

Jim speeds through the night, lost and alone.

EXT. MID CAPE HIGHWAY - STOPLIGHT - NIGHT

Both lanes have cars stopped at the light. The horn of death bears down on them.

Jim's screaming Beamer swerves around the stopped cars and blows through the intersection.

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE - LATER

Jim slaps the car into park, causing it to lurch. He gets out. Doesn't bother to close the door.

JIM
(calls out)
Rob. Rob! ROB!!!

Jim pounds on Rob's door, desperate. Rebecca answers, smiles sweetly...then socks Jim in the head.

JIM
Hey--what the hell?

REBECCA
(flustered)
He's gone you, you, you...hole!

JIM
Where?

REBECCA
No, the point is he's gone because of you!

JIM
Yeah, but where is he? I need to talk to him.

REBECCA
Listen to me, you pig! Stop cunting on yourself and listen! We had it all--our family ass worked until you had to shit in your hand and wipe it in our marriage's face!

Jim's face twists trying to deconstruct her awkward use of profanity.

JIM
Jesus, Rebecca. Can you just tell me where he is?

REBECCA
Rob never damn cared about all the bullshit you and Larry craved! Now he's fuck-ass crazy in the streets looking for God only knows what!

JIM
If you don't know where he is, just say it.

She socks him again. The neighbors' lights come on.

REBECCA
He never stayed out all night! Not in forty-two years of marriage.

JIM
What the hell are you talking about?

From inside Rob's house we hear a mighty groan...

JUNIOR (O.S.)
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADDY!!

Jim looks towards the door. Hears chains rattling.

REBECCA
You hear that? He misses his father! Cocking up a marriage is fuck enough, but raping a father away from his man-child is runny shit on a bag of fuck!

The words impact Jim. Deeply. They make him say...

JIM
So you don't know where he is?

REBECCA
Maybe you should ask my son.

She pulls out an IRON KEY.

JIM
You wouldn't...

Rebecca sprints inside the house. Jim sprints for his car. Fighting a dog is one thing, fighting Junior is...suicide.

INT./ EXT. JIM'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

He fumbles with the keys. Even over the horn he hears...

JUNIOR (V.O.)
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADDY!!

Jim turns the ignition. Slams it into reverse. Pure terror floods his face when...

JUNIOR CHARGES OUT OF THE HOUSE!

He's huge. He's naked. And he's got MMA gloves on, grasping a MONKEY WRENCH in each hand.

Jim hits the gas...

JIM
FUCK!

But he was in reverse! Slams into a car. Now he's done for because...

JUNIOR IS COMING!

The mighty beast lowers his shoulder barreling down on Jim's beamer. BUH-WHAM! He rams the driver's side like a T-Rex, denting the door. Glass shatters.

JUNIOR
(bellowing)
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADDY!!

JIM SLAMS IT INTO DRIVE --

He pulls away. Junior gives chase Terminator 2 style.

JIM
Holy Jesus.

JUNIOR HURLS ONE OF THE WRENCHES --

Jim SEES IT rocketing towards him in the rearview--leans, just as the wrench shatters the rear window and - THWUNK - lodges into the stereo.

More gas. Junior slowly recedes in the rearview...

INT. THE BEACHCOMBER BAR - NIGHT

Only the dregs are here. Maureen sits waiting, watching the front door. It opens...

The sound of Jim's car horn floods in behind him as he enters. He sees Maureen, approaches like he's got something to say.

JIM
Where's Larry? I need to talk to him.

MAUREEN
I'm waiting for him now. If you want to sit, be my guest.

JIM
That's probably a bad idea...

He sniffs...no odor...so he takes a seat.

JIM
You know, I was gonna decline cause I thought the stench would be too stomach churning, but I must say... you're surprisingly fresh.

She smiles with pride.

MAUREEN
Yeah. It's these charcoal-lined panties I bought. As a surprise for Larry.

Now Jim and Maureen both stare at the door. Every time it opens, the car horn spills in, annoying the patrons.

They sit in silence for a long awkward moment.

MAUREEN
He should've been here four hours ago. I don't know what's taking him so long.

JIM
Ah, he's probably caught in traffic.

JIM (CONT'D)
That redhead lives in Chatham and the mid-cape was jammed coming from that direction.

MAUREEN
What?

JIM
What?

MAUREEN
What redhead?

JIM
I don't know, one of his girls. I forget her name.

A look of shock and anger contorts Maureen's face.

JIM
(off her expression)
Are you kidding?

She can't muster a response.

JIM
I mean, you can't be surprised that he bangs other women, right? Shit, the guy steals from you.

MAUREEN
I don't...

JIM
Come on! What about the clothespin?

MAUREEN
It was a game! Or at least I thought it was!

Maureen is devastated. Close to tears.

JIM
Hey look, if it's any consolation, he complains about you the least.

Maureen stands up. Rushes for the door just as...

The car horn screams to announce Larry's entrance.

LARRY
(to Maureen)
Sorry I'm late. I was just--

MAUREEN
You were fucking a redhead!

She storms out. Larry knows not to follow. He turns, locks onto Jim.

LARRY
What the hell did you tell her?

JIM
Thank God you're here, Larry. I fucked Olivia and it was great, but it <u>really</u> sucked and I--

LARRY
Dude, what did you say to Maureen?!

JIM
Nothing. She wondered where you were, so I told her--

LARRY
You told her I was banging the redhead? What's wrong with you?

Jim looks at him as if he'd just sprouted a second head.

JIM
What's wrong with ME? I'm baffled, man. This baffles me. I mean, how am I the bad guy?

LARRY
(incredulous)
You told my girl that I was fucking someone else!

JIM
YOUR GIRL? What the fuck? You're a fucking gigolo, man. With all the fucked up shit you do, how is it possible that she didn't understand this?

LARRY
It doesn't matter, Jim. You <u>never</u> - never ever EVER - say that shit to someone's girl.

JIM
I didn't even know she was your girl, Larry!

LARRY
Neither did I. But no matter how weird mine and Maureen's shit is, you know that you shouldn't have made her feel bad, right? Right?

Jim thinks. Fuck. Larry's quite probably right.

LARRY
You've changed, Jim.
(dead serious)
I thought you were a blue belt.
But you're not. You're just a
selfish asshole.

Larry executes a dramatic about-face and marches defiantly out the door. And of course, the ever-present screech of Jim's car horn is there to greet him.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - 2:58 A.M

Jim sits in the dark, lost and alone. He's reached the end of his rope. His past life is destroyed, there is no future, there is just purgatory.

Unless...

He picks up the remote. The television splashes the darkness with shifting light. Jim leans forward, surfing the channels with urgency.

JIM
Come on...

Channel after channel, Jim searches for the man formerly known as Tom Cruise.

TIME DISSOLVE:

Sunlight fills the room. Jim sits bleary eyed as he continues to search for salvation by television.

He stops.

He knows what he must do. Jim pisses himself. He pisses himself hard and fast.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim puts on his pyjamas and his robe.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jim, soaked with urine, pours his cereal and throws his berries at the bowl.

Jim grabs the Strawberry Quick® and dumps it all over his balls.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM

Jim stands in front of the mirror.

JIM
You've won, Jim Simmers.

But he hasn't. Not by a long shot.

Jim heads out, bringing us back to where it all began and...

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - SUNNY DAY

Clogged with doughy tourists bulging out of their bathing suits. A long line of cars waiting to park snakes out onto the main road. In the distance, we HEAR the persistent sound of a STUCK CAR HORN getting louder.

Jim's Beamer barrels past the line of waiting cars. Steam billows from its severely dented grill.

With no regard for anyone, the Beamer swerves in front of an old lady and skids to a stop across the last two handicap spaces.

Jim calmly exits the vehicle and begins to peel off his robe and pyjamas one piece at a time as he marches towards a trash can.

He's down to his underwear as he snatches a newspaper out of the PARKING ATTENDANT'S hand and buck naked by the time he squats into the trash can to take a shit.

It's a scene, man. He's folded in half, ass submerged in the trash can, knees dangling over the side. Jim flips to the sports page, seemingly unaware of the slack-jawed GAWKERS crowded around.

The STUCK CAR HORN in the background is accented by a short GRUNT of relief as Jim finishes.

He struggles to get out of the can, then pushes past the horrified crowd, bee-lining for the ocean. Naked as a jaybird, he strides purposefully into the cold waters of the Atlantic.

The wailing CAR HORN rises in CRESCENDO as we...

CUT TO:

AN EMPTY VOID - POST DEATH

Complete silence. Jim stands in space. Nothing above him, nothing around him. He clasps his hands over his eyes - not this again.

JIM
Unbelievable...

That's it. Jim gives up. He sits cross-legged. After a moment, he just lies back.

Then...he squints. Jim turns around, and sonuvabitch...

The MAGNIFICENT TUNNEL OF LIGHT that he missed before is right there.

JIM
Get the fuck outta here...

Jim stands and walks tentatively towards the light.

CLOSE ON A POT OF BOILING WATER FOR NO GOOD REASON...

...no good reason whatsoever.

Actually, there's a damn good reason, but we'll get to that in a minute. Right now there's two words you need to know: Hot Dogs.

American hot dogs splash into the boiling water so they can cook, American style.

ALL AMERICAN VOICE (O.S.)
(super intense)
No. No you don't do that. You release them at a forty-three degree angle so as to minimize splashing.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

All American superstar, THOMAS DOUGLAS CRUISE. Star of *Risky Business*, the *Mission: Impossible* series, and most recently, the comedy super-smash *BALLS OUT*.

INT. HELICOPTER - GALLEY - DAY

Tom Cruise is in his lavish helicopter teaching his personal chef BASKERVILLE how to make hot dogs to perfection. Always perfection.

BASKERVILLE
Mr. Cruise, I understand.

TOM CRUISE
I've measured the water precisely to allow the exposed skin of these Oscar Meyer® granddaddy franks to harden to perfection.
(a beat to build up intensity)
Always perfection.

Tom Cruise stares into Baskerville's soul until Baskerville averts his eyes.

TOM CRUISE
Baskerville!

The chef turns to face his master.

TOM CRUISE (CONT'D)
Never look away.

He is so fucking intense.

PILOT (O.S.)
Calling Tom Cruise. Come to the cockpit. STAT!

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Tom Cruise thrusts himself inside. He locks eyes with his PILOT and CO-PILOT. Points his fingers at them with ferocity, just to let them know who the fuck he is, then says...

TOM CRUISE
What is it? What is happening at this precise moment?

His pilot squints. Points out to the ocean below...

PILOT
Look, Tom Cruise...<u>danger</u>!

TOM CRUISE'S INTENSE P.O.V.

Jim is floating, face down in the ocean. Naked.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Tom Cruise sees the naked floating Jim and doesn't like it, not one goddamn bit.

TOM CRUISE
Danger, huh?
(points in their faces to let them know who the fuck he is)
I hate danger. Danger is a fucking asshole!

Tom Cruise storms out, ready for action.

INT. BELLY OF THE CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Tom Cruise grabs a rope, ties it around his leg, ready to jump.

BASKERVILLE
Tom Cruise, that's not the way you tie--

TOM CRUISE
I know that, Baskerville. But I don't have time to do the research.

Tom yanks open the bay door. He jumps. Backwards.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Tom Cruise falls, arms out, Christlike. Better still, Tom Cruise-like. His eyes are closed for maximum intensity.

But gradually, his perfect form is perverted by factors like gravity and the heavy rotor wash that causes the rope to entangle his body.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

About five feet above the surface, Tom Cruise's rope yanks taut, caught around his left arm and ankle...

TOM CRUISE
AAAHHHH!!!

Both primary joints, shoulder and hip, are violently dislocated.

INT. BELLY OF THE CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Baskerville looks down, sees his master screaming in agony.

TOM CRUISE
(screams up)
Baskerville! Oh, God! Baskerville, I'm in tremendous pain!

BASKERVILLE
I'll bring you back up. Let me--

TOM CRUISE
No! NO! Danger cannot win. Not this time. This time I make danger MY bitch!
(with steely-eyed intensity)
Lower me.

BASKERVILLE
(to himself)
Goddamn you. Goddamn you, you magnificent bastard.

He lowers the rope and Tom Cruise splashes face first into the mighty Atlantic.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Tom Cruise is drowning. He's tangled in rope with half his body immobilized and he's drowning.

Jim is nearby. Tom Cruise cringes in agony as he ~~awkwardly~~ valiantly swims towards him.

INT. BELLY OF THE CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Baskerville and the CO-PILOT scan the ocean below, searching for any sign of their heroic employer. Then they see it...

Tom Cruise's hand gives the thumbs-up from beneath the very ocean that is killing him. They hit the button on an electric winch. It's winchy thing turns...

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Tom Cruise uses his one good arm to clasp around Jim's throat in a choke hold. As the rope pulls tight...

TOM CRUISE
AAAAAHHHH!!!! GOD!!

He dangles, hips and shoulders being ripped further from their sockets by the added weight of Jim, who, if he's not already dead, is surely being strangled to death.

INT. BELLY OF THE CHOPPER - MOMENTS LATER

Although severely damaged, Tom Cruise fights to save Jim's life, beating on his chest.

TOM CRUISE
Don't you die on me, man. You've never backed away from a fight in your life, you bitch! Fight...
(smacks Jim)
Fight!
(smacks Baskerville)
FIGHT!

Jim coughs.

BASKERVILLE
He's alive!

Tom Cruise staggers over to a seat, collapses into it, exhausted. Baskerville is horrified when he notices...

BASKERVILLE
Master! Your...your leg...

Tom Cruise's left arm and leg hang slack, flopped at weird angles.

Tom Cruise hops up on his one good leg and slams his hip back into socket with a sickening pop.

He lets loose an intense groan accompanied by tears and snot. Now for the shoulder.

The same thing. Another groan. More tears and snot.

Tom falls to his knees, then looks up at Jim with damp eyes, burning with full intensity.

Jim's face is calm. He looks at the man who saved him. Everything leading up to this moment now makes sense.

JIM
I've finally seen the light. I finally understand what you were talking about.

JIM (CONT'D)
I used to think that sometimes you gotta say what the fuck--or whatever, that that was the right thing to do. But now I know, Tom Cruise. I know that it was the wrong movie.

BASKERVILLE
(heartfelt)
I too lived my life out of place. Years ago, I was all *Days of Thunder* until I nearly killed a man. And when I saw *Cocktail*, I became even more confused. But then, when I realized that *The Outsiders* and *Far and Away* were--

TOM CRUISE
ENOUGH! This man has finally gotten out of his own way, and you're confusing him with your imprecise bullshit. BEGONE!

He points to the cockpit. Baskerville skulks off.

Tom Cruise looks at Jim. Intensely.

TOM CRUISE
Look, if there's one thing I've learned having climbed a thousand mountains, it's that...
(one last beam of intensity)
You've gotta learn to live with what you are, my friend.

Jim contemplates this. It makes hella-sense to him.

JIM
Fuck yeah I do.

They shake hands. Tom Cruise yanks him into a manly embrace and we FREEZE FRAME triumphantly!

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)
YEAH!

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Upon golden sun we set hither. Jim walks toward us wearing Baskerville's pristine white chef's uniform (with matching hat). He's serene as he breezes right past the still blaring BMW.

Here he goes (again) on his own. Going down the only road he's ever known.

EXT. JIM'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Jim enters the house. Beat. He exits and heads around back to his dusty SPORTY KIA SPECTRUM (WITH RACING STRIPE). Jim smiles as he climbs into it and fires it up.

EXT. ROB'S GARAGE - EVENING

Rob is packing up his shit, forlorn. Jim approaches. Notices Rob's array of SEAL HOOKS lined against the wall. Each more horrendous in design than the next.

Rob begins packing his hooks into a stylish attache' case, one at a time.

JIM
What are you doing, Rob?

ROB
What does it look like I'm doing? I'm packing my shit.

Jim is calmer than Lake Placid on a placid day.

JIM
Do you think what you're doing is smart?

ROB
I don't know if it's smart, but I know I'll be gone. And that's a start.

JIM
Why are you doing this?

Rob stops packing. Sets down a disturbingly bloodstained gaff.

ROB
I'm doing it because of you.

Jim remains silent.

ROB (CONT'D)
I saw the light, Jim. I mean, there's a whole world out there that doesn't involve the shit I have to deal with here.

He waits for Jim to respond, but Jim remains silent.

ROB
Sure, I'll miss her. And the boy. But you know what? There's more to life than this domesticated bullshit, right? Right?

Jim slowly shakes his head, 'no'. Rob is crestfallen.

ROB
But how can you say that, Jim? After all you've been through and all of the glorious things you've achieved for yourself in these last two weeks, how can you honestly say that?

JIM
Because it's the truth. Don't make the mistakes that I made, Rob. Don't give up what you've got for what will never be. (deep)

Jim grabs Rob by the shoulders, as a father would, and stares into his soul with Cruise-like intensity.

JIM
A wise man once spoke to me, Rob. And he told me something really important, something I'd like to share with you.

ROB
I'm listening.

Jim takes a deep cleansing breath and closes his eyes as he recalls the words that changed his life...

JIM
He said, "Don't be like these birds, Jimberly. Don't be out at sea when there's biscuits at home. On the Titanic." (fucking deep)

Jim opens his eyes.

JIM
And you know what? He was right. I heard him, but I was just too proud to *listen*.

Holy fucking shit. The simple truth of the Black Bum's words and Jim's understanding of them hits Rob like a ton of bricks.

ROB
(rocked to the core)
My God, you're right. You're so...right, Jim. What am I doing?
(realizing)
Oh God, what have I done?

Without warning, the door from inside opens and the hulking mass that is JUNIOR fills the doorway. Beneath the rage and retardation, lies the soul of a gentle mongoloid.

And it is that gentle beast who stares into his stepfather's eyes.

JUNIOR
Moon?

Rob can't help but be overcome with emotion.

JUNIOR
(plaintive)
Moon?

A single tear slides down Rob's cheek as his face opens into a loving smile.

ROB
Moon, Junior. Moon.

Rob rushes to Junior and they embrace. The word "step" evaporates from their relationship forever.

Just then Rebecca appears in the doorway, love and forgiveness filling her eyes.

REBECCA
Awww, my boys.

Rebecca joins her family in a three-way hug. The veneer of domestic bliss has been restored.

A peaceful wind blows through Jim's hair. The wind of change. Jim walks off into the night like Kang in "Kung Fu."

EXT. LARRY'S HOVEL - NIGHT

Jim rings the door bell. He gets some unknown gunk on his finger. Wipes it off just as Larry answers.

LARRY
Jim, get out of here. I will fucking kill you, so get out of here.

JIM
(calm)
I'm sorry, Larry.

LARRY
No. Fuck you and your stupid chef costume. What are you a chef? A fucking cook? Get off my porch, you maker of food!

JIM
I really am sorry.

Beat.

LARRY
She won't answer the phone. I can't even tell her the very things you just said to me. And it's because of you.

JIM
What?

LARRY
You fucked up my shit, Jim.

JIM
Larry, I was so focused on myself and my needs that I didn't give a hot fuck about yours.

LARRY
Yeah. That was crazy, huh? We were all popping melons, and shit.
(thinks to himself)
Remember that time Rob hit that hillbilly with the pizza?

JIM
You mean last week?

LARRY
Yeah. Those were good times, huh? Good times...

MAUREEN (O.S.)
Times can be good again, Larry.

Larry is shocked to see Maureen approaching. But why is he surprised?

LARRY
Maureen?

He licks his finger and holds it up - no prevailing winds. He sniffs the air repeatedly.

LARRY
How were you able to...?

He kneels and takes in a good whiff at crotch level.

LARRY
Nothing!

MAUREEN
I did some research, Larry. It's gone.

Larry, still kneeling, realizes...

LARRY
Well, hell, while I'm down here...

Maureen instantly turns giddy. She knows what he's about to ask. He takes her hand in his...

LARRY
Maureen Duplexis Nassoon? Will you be my bottom chick?

MAUREEN
No more redheads?

LARRY
No more blondes either. Just me and you and a dog named Boo.

Maureen is so emotional that she can't speak. All she can do is nod her head 'yes'. Larry takes her in his arms and tongues her down with both passion and love.

LARRY
(re: his massive erection)
Look at that, baby. Just look at it. No Viagra®. That's all you.

Maureen smiles. She turns to Jim and grabs him up in a hug.

MAUREEN
Thank you, Jim! Thank you for reuniting us!

Jim smiles warmly.

JIM
Riunite™ on ice...

MAUREEN AND LARRY
(giving the thumbs up)
...that's nice!

FREEZE FRAME on the thumbs up, a snapshot of happiness and joy that could and should be framed and hung in the National Gallery.

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)
YEAH!

INT. VALID INSURANCE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

An endless sea of cubicles filled with people doing things and saying things we couldn't care less about.

Except for Schooley and McCorkle, who are wasting time in the corner. Schooley nonchalantly carries a BABY by its ankle. The baby doesn't seem to mind.

MCCORKLE
Cute kid.

SCHOOLEY
Thanks.

MCCORKLE
Where'd you get it?

SCHOOLEY
I bought it.

MCCORKLE
You bought it?

SCHOOLEY
Yeah. From some Jamaicans.

MCCORKLE
How the fuck did you buy a white baby from some Jamaicans?

SCHOOLEY
I gave them a kilogram.

Beat.

MCCORKLE
You can get a kid for one kilo?

SCHOOLEY
Yep. And I did.
(then)
Wanna thumb its soft spot?

MCCORKLE
Of course I do.

As Schooley holds out the baby and McCorkle moves in, our attention shifts to the door.

The theme from *AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN* SWELLS as Jim, still wearing Baskerville's gleaming white chef's uniform, enters the building and strides across the office with purpose.

All heads turn as he closes in on Jill's cubicle...

INT. JILL'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Jill stands, her back to the entrance, feeding documents into a paper shredder. Jim slides up from behind her and kisses her on the neck.

Jill turns, reacts with pleasant surprise as she removes the earplugs from her ears. Jim pulls her close and kisses her with a heretofore unseen gusto.

They separate, staring lovingly into each other's eyes. The music RISES IN CRESCENDO and...

WA-PAPP!!!

She wallops Jim square in the nose, sending him tumbling backward on his ass. Blood cascades from his busted snout, saturating his white uniform.

JILL
Fuck you, Jim Simmers. Fuck you in your clammy white ass!

JIM
(gurgling through blood)
Jill...

JILL
I don't know who you think I am, but I am not the kind of girl who you can shit all over and then expect to get weak in the knees just because you come waltzing in here in a sexy uniform...

Jim struggles to get his feet.

JIM
Jill...

She kicks him back down on his ass, then wipes her bloody shoe on his pants.

JILL
I may not have a perfect ass or a magical hoo-hoo, but I have self-respect. I have respect, Jim. For my SELF!

JIM
Jill...

Jim once again tries to stand, dizzy from blood loss.

JILL
And just because you've finally had a spiritual reawakening, don't think that...

Jim clasps a hand over Jill's mouth.

JIM
Just shut up and listen. No more games. You're the one that I want, Jill. You're the eight raspberries in my cereal. The heavy whipping cream in my Munter's Brown Roast. The Strawberry Quick™ on my butter stick.

Jim gazes longingly into her violet eyes

JIM
I've known this, in my heart, since the first day we met, but I was too stupid to understand it. Until now.

He removes his hand from her mouth and takes her face in his hands.

JIM
I love you, Jill. And I mean it. And I believe we are meant to try and see if we can be together and then be okay with it if it doesn't work out.

Jill is apoplectic.

JILL
Wow. I think I just threw up in my vagina. Just a chunky little bit.

JIM
I just hope it was from the heart.

She grabs Jim's bloody face and mashes it against her own in a disgustingly pure yet potentially infectious kiss. Jim scoops her off of her feet and...

JOE COCKER & JENNIFER WARNES (O.S.)
(singing)
Where the eagles cry, on a mountain high...

INT. VALID INSURANCE - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

...carries her out of her cubicle and across the floor of the main office.

INTERCUT with REACTION SHOTS of all the people we haven't seen for, like, half the movie or more:

CO-WORKER 2: THE SPAWNING

drops his bagel, shocked.

MR. WHITEMAN

smiles, nods in approval.

BLAH-BLAH

pumps his fist 'right ON'!

BLAKE HENDERSON

dressed in overalls, peering in the window from behind a push mower. He can't help but smile.

And finally...

OLIVIA

looking down from the second tier. After a moment, she can't help but collapse into a beaming smile.

OLIVIA
(calling out)
Way to go, Paula!

She begins to clap...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Way to go!

The office erupts in APPLAUSE.

We follow Jim as he carries Jill toward the exit. Just as they are framed in the warm glow of the sun spilling through the door, Jill reaches up and grabs the chef's hat from Jim's head and gingerly places it on her own head.

Jill smiles through the blood on her face. Jim matches her smile and...

FREEZE FRAME.

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)
YEAH! FUCKING YEAH!

And with that, we...

FADE THE FUCK OUT: