

Anticipated Rating: R

Title: Balls Out

Coverage Date: 2/24/09

Submitted To: JS

Reason: Consideration for finance/investment

Form: Screenplay

Author: The Robotard 8000 \

Genre: R-rated Comedy

Pages: 101

Time: Present

Locale: Cape Cod, MA

Budget: Low-Mid **Status:** No Information Given

Producer[s]: No Information Given

Production Co.'s: No Information Given

Director: No Information Given

Talent: No Information Given

STATUS: No Information Given

Nutshell: “Slackers” meets “Balls of Fury” meets “Sex Drive”

PREMISE: After Jim Simmers, a fiber-eating, rule-following loser, has a near death experience and discovers that there is no “heaven,” he swaps his good-guy philosophy for a grab-what-you-want zeitgeist that rocks his world. But after he gets 1. The Job 2. The Car and 3. The Pussy, he finds that his life is still empty.

	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor
STORY:			>X	
STRUCTURE:				X
CHARACTERS:				X
DIALOGUE:				X
COMMERCIALITY:				X

Pass:	X
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SYNOPSIS: JIM SIMMERS, 38, drives a busted BMW M-3 into a beach front parking lot in Cape Cod. Cutting off the long line of waiting cars and parking sideways across two handicapped spaces, Jim gets out of the car, shedding his clothes as he walks to a trash can. He sits in it, takes a dump and then, butt naked, walks down to the shoreline.

Cut to TWO WEEKS EARLIER. Jim prepares his fiber-rich, nutritious breakfast, gets dressed in his pleated Dockers and heads out to his Kia Spectra to start his day. His fiber breakfast is made redundant when the GAY NEIGHBOUR’S full-grown BULL MASTIFF rushes him. Jim waits, helpless, for the neighbor to drag his psycho dog away. Jim, timid, reminds the gay that he kinda

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promised to keep his dog confined. The owner is too preoccupied with examining the string hanging out of his dog's enormous ass to answer.

Later, Jim waits on an empty highway for the light to change. He's the only one. Everyone else blows the light. Finally he pulls up to a non-descript "please kill me" office building. Inside, co-worker, JILL interrupts his glass-eyed ogling of smoking hot OLIVIA walks up to the second floor, to tell him to hurry so he doesn't miss the coffee. But, because he takes another co-worker's call as a favor, he ends up behind BLAKE HENDERSON, 29 but tells people that he's 27 who pours the last of the fresh coffee into his big ass cup that says "Big Ass Cup" on the side. Blake makes a finger gun, "shoots" Jim and says, "fuck yeah, I did."

But it's all good because Jim has been on the exec track, working overtime for 6 years. And he's sure that today is the day his boss will announce the promotion. But when Jim meets with the Bossman, he finds out that BLAKE got the promotion because he's "more popular." And that counts for a lot in this world.

Jim stops off at the perfect suburban home to see his friend, ROB. Rob's perfect suburban house wife, REBECCA answers the door and they make small talk over the HOWLING SCREAMS like there's nothing weird about Rob forcibly subduing his freakishly strong, rage-filled retarded teenage stepson with a choke hold.

Later at the bar, Rob waxes sentimental about how he's worried about Junior, Jim is worried about Rob, but their talk is interrupted by the arrival of LARRY WILLS, 40s, sporting lifeguard shorts, a giant boner and a MILF. Larry tells the MILF to fork over the credit card and then sends her over to the corner while he hangs with his boys. He catches the cocktail waitress staring at his giant dick and thrusts his hips at her, shouting, "you want a piece of this?" That's how Larry rolls. They guys get wasted and Jim is filled with liquid courage to NOT just lie down and take it... but to go after this job promotion.

The next morning he is all set to go for it... but when he stops at the liquor store for his daily lottery ticket, he stops to chat with a BLACK HOBO while standing in a puddle of water. Up above, an electrical line snaps and comes right at Jim, frying him where he stands. Jim, realizing that he's "died," falls to his knees in gratitude that his boring, hopeless, loser life is over. He is ready to head towards the light, but, loser-like, is facing in the wrong direction and doesn't see the glowing tunnel. A very wretched Jim is resuscitated by the bum.

Alone in his apartment, adrift in a sea of existential depression, Jim flips through the channels where different shots of TOM CRUISE from different movies appear to be communicating with Jim. Telling him, essentially, that "sometimes you just gotta say what the fuck."

The next day he eschews his bowl of heart conscious fiber rich cereal and 8 raspberries for a carton of ice cream, shoveling it down with reckless abandon. He blows the stoplight, buys a copy of LOOSE AND JUICY instead of his regular lotto ticket, and pulls into the parking lot where Blake is showing off his new BMW M-3. There's no coffee. But Jim's a new man. He marches up to the SECOND floor, the executive's domain and helps himself to the gourmet

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coffee while his coworkers look on with awe and fear. Later, Blake drops an armful of files on Jim's desk, as per usual. Jim picks up the pile, walks up to Blake's office and drop kicks them across the room. As per most unusual. Jim gives Blake the "gunpoint" and says, "fuck yeah, I did." And walks the fuck out.

Jim pulls up to an OLD MONEY MANSION. He goes inside where his buddy LARRY is banging the matching OLD MONEY PUSSY. The pussy must be good because her shit smells so bad Larry has to wear a clothespin on his nose while slamming her from behind. Larry reluctantly pulls out when Jim pulls the "Friend in Need" card.

Jim and Larry go to meet Rob who is sharpening his collection of BABY SEAL HUNTING HARPOONS. Even Larry is disgusted by this. But NAME tries to explain that seals are vicious creatures, and that he is a misunderstood hero. Jim launches into his tired about how there is no heaven and he's going to go after what he wants. He wants the Job, he wants the Car and he wants to Fuck Olivia... in the ass.

That night Jim and Jill break into the insurance company where they work and hijack Blake's files. The next day, Blake holds court at the snobby upper-crust garden party that the Bossman has thrown in his honor when a 4-foot tall 300-lb adolescent girl comes charging into the backyard, screaming and stealing food from everyone. Meanwhile, Jim and Rob escort a number of other obese, crippled and differently-abled people into the backyard. Jim quells the Boss' outrage when he tells him that these people have all been fraudulently insured *through his company*. Outrage gives way to "tell me more." Jim has the host of assembled freaks tell the Boss who insured them. It was Blake. The boss fires Blake and hires Jim on the spot.

The next day, the entire first floor applauds as Jim climbs the staircase to the second floor. He salutes them with a proud erection tenting his Dockers. But 45 minutes later, when Rob and Larry bust into the opulent office with it's own wet bar, they find Jim slumped in his chair. Right back in the throes of his depression. The three go to a bar, and expense the most expensive drinks the bar serves and then go to the BMW dealership to blow Jim's savings on The Car. Jim's victory ride down the highway is cock-blocked by a FAMILY OF TOURISTS. Jim says What The Fuck and rams down the median, slamming through the pylons... until he rams into a SOLID PYLON which mangles the grill and sets his horn on permanent blast.

The next morning the gay neighbor's MASTIFF disrupts Jim's sleep. Again. Jim's eyes narrow and he moves to his closet, pulling on every stitch of clothing that he owns. He marches into his neighbor's house, pausing for a moment at the solid wall of photos commemorating the Mastiff fucking every bitch in the neighborhood. The gay neighbor averts his eyes. "Don't judge." But Jim isn't here to judge. He marches into the back yard where he goes mano y mano with the animal. After a fierce fight, Jim breaks the dog's leg to the cheers of the neighbors who have gathered to watch. The dog slinks off under the house. Beaten.

Jim, triumphant, still in his soiled, bloody battle attire heads to Jill's house to share the moment. He tells her that he understands that he's been focused on the wrong thing. She waits, expectant, hopeful. And he tells her that what he really needs is... (she's breathless)... to fuck Olivia.

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Probably in her ass. Jill throws him out. Then bursts into tears. Jim calls Olivia from the car and tells her that he will pick her up for a date in one week. She's to bring a red swimsuit and no panties. Seriously. If he sees a panty line, this shit's off.

Jim turns to Larry to train him. In one week, he's got to become man enough to tap that perfect ass. Larry, voices his doubts, but puts Jim through some hardcore training; Jim has to masturbate 15 times a day "until his dick don't give a shit," he learns to write the Japanese alphabet with his tongue (fuck Sam Kinnison and his pussy American alphabet), and in order to enter the "brown derby," Larry trains Jim to explode melons with his dick using just a tiny hole drilled into the side. It's tough, but Jim does it all. Then, hours before the "date," Larry reveals his true secret; a tiny blue pill. Just then, Rob announces that he's leaving his wife. Larry and Jim are having such a great time that Rob wants somma that. Rob has a meltdown, and a flashback to the first time he saw "innocent" baby seals take out an adorable baby polar bear and the eat the heartbroken mother for desert. While Rob trembles in the back seat, Jim says Fuck It and downs the Viagra.

He picks up Olivia and propositions her over the dinner table... where his dick literally picks the table up. Olivia is impressed, and shrugs. What the fuck. They go back to the hotel where Olivia strips. When she slips out of her thong, Jim's eyes widen as the room is suddenly bathed in a WARM GOLDEN LIGHT. Olivia literally has a magical pussy. He moves towards her. BUT MOMENTS LATER... as "Olivia rides him, out of her mind with pleasure," Jim suffers the most devastating let down of his life. Jim staggers out of the room, looking like a rape victim, leaving Olivia on the bed begging for more.

Jim goes to Rob's house where Rebecca lets him have it. Rob has left her. And it's Jim's selfish fault. Jim goes to the dive bar where he runs into MAUREEN (Larry's stanky old money woman), and lets it slip that Larry's probably late because he's out crushing other women. Larry gets there just in time to be left by a devastated Maureen. Larry turns on Jim. He can't believe that Jim fucking told his woman that he was fucking other women. Larry tells Jim that he's changed. He's a selfish asshole now. Larry leaves.

Jim goes home. He flips through the channels searching for Tom Cruise. Nothing. He stands, suddenly filled with resolve. He goes to the beach; it's the opening scene. He takes a dump in the trash can and walks to the water buck naked... he's trying to walk towards the light.

Cut to a pot of boiling water. It's TOM CRUISE on his helicopter teaching his beloved MANSERVENT how to cook the perfect hot dog. Suddenly they see JIM DROWNING in the Atlantic far below. Tom Cruise knows what he must do. Execute a heroic rescue. And he does. With an arm and leg dislocated, he hauls Jim from the water and they rise on a zip line back to the helicopter where Tom snaps his own joints back into place. When Jim wakes up, he's staring into Tom's bizarrely intense eyes. He finally gets it. He's been following the wrong Tom Cruise movie. It's not about saying what the fuck. It's about living with what you are. Jim finally gets it.

Later, Jim is flying down the road in his beamer, sporting the manservant's chef outfit. He goes to Rob's place first. Talks Rob back into staying with his family and hangs out long enough to see the retarded stepson finally call Rob "daddy." Then Jim goes to see Larry where he reunites Larry

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and Maureen (a new, much more “fresh” Maureen). Jim stays long enough to see Larry in awe that Maureen no longer stinks. Then, finally, Jim heads back to the office, BMW horn still blaring, to get to Jill. At first she slugs him and then kicks him when he falls, but he kisses her into submission and carries her out of the office.

COMMENTS: While the premise is not without promise, the predictable and melodramatic character work undermines the opportunities for relatable, genuine humor. The writers go for the shallow, crass gags every time. While that kind of stupid can be funny, and similar R-rated comedies have enjoyed a brief heyday, the success of the recent derivatives (Balls of Thunder, Hot Rod, Sex Drive, Zach and Miri) of the genre-defining movies (Superbad, Old School, Something About Mary) is dying off. Movies and scripts that ape the recent flush of great R-rated comedies go for the easier, more derivative versions of the originals until all that’s left are washed out, grade D jokes with none of the intelligent satire, and character-driven, extremely relatable humor of the originals.

The dialogue in this script is consistently childish. The gag of giving a grown man a ridiculously immature voice has been done, but when done effectively, it’s balanced against characters with more believable voices and personalities. In this script, every single character is so blown out, that, even for broad comedy, it loses the crucial relatability that audiences need to be able to truly engage with a movie.

The plot and structure are also sub par. The protagonist follows a too-predictable track from “wanting” to “getting.” Everything goes his way with too few complications and rising stakes. The set up with how Jim is treated at the office is a good start. The audience will happily wait 60 minutes to see Jim give it back to Blake. But when he gives it back right away, we have nothing left to hope for. The “relationship” with Olivia should be stronger, and the love story with Jill leaves even more to be desired. The writer steals his own thunder by having the protagonist arcs too early, making the second act unbearably long.

The protagonist’s need is unclear, which steals the thunder from the climax and his character “arc.” The writers rely on gags and shock humor to carry the script. They neglect story, character development and solid dialogue.

There are some very funny moments. The garden party that Jim crashes with Blake’s clients is very funny and has a great deal of potential. The scene where Jim throws the files back at Blake and drinks the executive coffee is similarly good, but, as mentioned, comes too early.

The script needs relatable, believable characters, more realistic dialogue, genuine, character-based humor and less reliance on stock gags and shock-value jokes to carry the story. Overly-impressed with its own form of stupid-funny, this script fails to effectively execute the basic elements of solid storytelling. Likely to suffer a similar embarrassing fate as Balls of Fury without a page one character/dialogue rewrite.

PROJECT: Pass