

**BALLS OUT**

**"THE INFAMOUS LONG LOST LOTTERY SCENE"**

A ~~Truly~~ Somewhat AWESOME Deleted Scene

by

THE ROBOTARD 8000

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.

Goddamn right he can!

**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.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING**

The Hot Young Clerk is on the phone, slaps Jim's  
 lotto tickets onto the counter. Jim grabs them with  
 gusto, a bad-ass in his own mind.

**INT. JIM'S CUBICLE - MORNING**

Jim removes his back pack and marches toward the kitchen. A few seconds later, Blake and a SECOND TIER CO-WORKER sneak into Jim's cubicle.

BLAKE  
(whispers)  
Give me the ticket.

The Co-Worker hands Blake a lottery ticket. Blake swaps it out with the ticket Jim bought yesterday.

He and the Co-Worker leave, snickering.

**INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - MORNING**

Jim has a fresh pot of Munter's Brown Roast waiting for him. Jill walks up to him.

JILL  
So are you really gonna do it?

Jim reaches into the fridge. Grabs the cream.

JIM  
Yep, I'm really gonna do it, just as soon as I get a little coffee in my...

Jim freezes recognizing the magnificent scent of...Olivia and her perfect ass.

The sea of PLEBES parts as she moves to the fridge and gently takes the carton out of Jim's hand.

And like that she's gone, leaving a gaggle of awestruck mortals in her wake. Including Jim.

JILL  
Eyes on the prize, Jim.

JIM  
You're right.

Jim looks into the fridge, no more cream.

He digs up a carton of powdered creamer, spoons two heaps into his cup, then, without needing to taste it, dumps the resulting slop into the sink, his gusto noticeably depleted.

**INT. JIM'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

Jim enters and begins pacing, silently working out his upcoming conversation with The White Man.

Jim takes a deep, calming breath. He catches sight of the newspaper in the corner of his eye.

JIM  
 (to himself)  
 Maybe I'll just check the numbers first.

Jim opens his desk and removes the lottery ticket. He unfolds the newspaper to the results page and compares the numbers.

The first number, "4"... matches.

The second and third numbers, "6" and "13"...match.

Jim's getting excited.

"26"? Check. "31"? Check.

Holy shit, Jim's got five numbers and a cresting bulge in his pants.

The last number...

"42!!!"

GODDAMMIT! GODDAMMIT! Maximum gusto floods from Jim's balls, flushing his skin with man-glow.

JIM  
 Oh, my God! Finally.

Jim holds the ticket up to Jesus Christ.

JIM  
 Thank you!  
 (louder)  
 THANK YOU!  
 (yelling)  
 Ladies and gentleman.

**INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Jim stomps to the center of the office, hops up on a co-worker's desk. A MICROPHONE descends from the ceiling just like at a boxing match.

JIM  
 Ladies and gentleman can I have your attention!

Heads turn all around the office.

JIM  
 Ladies and gentleman, I want your  
 goddamn attention! Come here!  
 (to Dunkin' Donuts)  
 I really want your attention!  
 (way too loud)  
 LET'S GO PEOPLE!  
 (yells up to the tiers)  
 ALL OF YOU UP THERE WHO HAVE IT  
 ALL. ESPECIALLY BLAKE. BLAKE!  
 BLAKE!! BLAAAAAKE!!!

A nervous crowd gathers, including Blake and The  
 White Man.

JIM  
 Attention! Okay, okay...I have an  
 announcement to make...  
 (perfect beat)  
 Fuck you.

Jim lets that settle as a trusty wind begins to blow  
 through his hair and two huge American flags unfurl  
 from the ceiling behind him.

JIM  
 I've spent my whole life waiting  
 and watching while fucking life  
 passes me over, but no more!

Throughout the speech, An IT Tech Named Dunkin'  
 Donuts moves next to Jim, trying to suck up. Every  
 time he pats Jim's back, Jim violently shrugs him  
 off.

JIM  
 (points at his bulge)  
 Look at that! Look! That's the  
 biggest it's ever been. I'm  
 tumescent!

He paces back and forth on the desk top.

JIM  
 Today is the day that everything  
 changes. Today is the day that I  
 get what I want...no, I get what I  
 deserve.

BLAKE  
 (tries to warn him)  
 Um, Jim--

JIM  
 No! No, Blake! This is my time!

BLAKE

Jim, I think you wanna--

JIM

Don't you presume to think for me, muthafucka. I run this shit, not you! You don't know what it's like seeing a mediocre mind like yours excel! You're what's wrong with America--

BLAKE

You're not a winner, Jim. You didn't win.

Stunned silence.

JIM

What? What did you just say to me?

BLAKE

Check the date on your ticket, asshole.

Jim glances down at the ticket. He doesn't want to look at it.

BLAKE

Go ahead and check, Jim. We'll wait.

The crowd dies a thousand times waiting for Jim to look. Jim finally musters the strength...

Today's date - not last night's - is on the ticket. Fuck. The gusto drains, his erection is gone...Jim is beyond humiliated.

Jill holds her forehead.

JILL

Jesus.

Another moment of death. Jim crumbles to the floor and curls into a fetal position...

A SHADOW LOOMS OVER HIM. Jim looks up. Sees...

THE WHITE MAN

In my office, Jim Simmers. Now.

**EXT. THE WHITE MAN'S OFFICE - LATER**

All eyes are on the closed door.

It opens, Jim mopes out and walks the walk of shame.

**EXT. MAIN OFFICE AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Jim climbs back onto the desk top and stands before those who are less retarded than him.

JIM  
(meek)  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
(O.S. his penis curls inside his  
pelvis)  
I want to apologize for my  
outburst.

Jim goes to his cubicle, straps on his backpack, and walks out.

**EXT. CORNER - 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 walking.

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.