

BALLS OUT

The ~~Fatter~~ Ballsier First Draft

by

THE ROBOTARD 8000

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 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 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 wet THUD, followed by a short GRUNT of relief as Jim finishes.

He struggles to get out of the can. Considers wiping his ass with the bloody bandage wrapped around his left arm but opts instead for the obvious choice...the business section, then the local section, then an inky page of want ads.

Jim 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. He cleans a few errant droplets off the seat and brushes his teeth. Cleans off the dribble and shaves his face. Wipes the stubble off the sink. Turns on the shower.

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - 13 MINUTES 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 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 for no reason. And
 Jim stops at it despite being the only car out.

AN SUV PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM. Jim turns down 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 black
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.

HOT YOUNG CHICK

You're never gonna win, Jim
Simmers!

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, one he will likely occupy for the rest of his goddamn life.

He opens his top drawer and pulls out a short stack of lottery tickets. Checks them against the lottery results in the newspaper...

No luck. Jim drops the old tickets into the shredder and places today's tickets into the top drawer.

As he 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.

Jim's moment is shattered by his ringing phone.

JIM
Valid Insurance, Jim Simmers
speaking. How may I be of
assistance?

CALLER
(in monkey language)
Mrenh mreh? Mre meh mran mre mran??
Mree mrhn mruh mre meh meh mruh???

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

CALLER
Mrenh.

JIM
Okay, let me pull it up. What's
your policy number?

CALLER
M'oo, M'ah, M'oo oo, ah M'reh.

ANGLE ON JIM'S COMPUTER

as he types "M'oo, M'ah, M'oo oo, ah M'reh" and hits enter.

JIM

Okay, I think if you look at page two of your notice, you'll find a very clear explanation as to why your policy was terminated, ma'am.

CALLER

(defensive)

Mruh mhrr mree muh mrah!

JIM

Well, I'm sorry you feel that way, ma'am. However I must point out that you were less than forthcoming regarding your daughter's...

CALLER

Mranh mre manh! Mre meh--mer mre mre manh!

JIM

With all due respect, I think it's somewhat presumptuous of you to think that any insurance carrier is not going to have a problem covering a four-hundred-pound twelve-year-old with fat cancer.

CALLER

M'MRUCK MOR MREMER M MREMER MUCK
MENGOTT! M'MIG M'REN RENH
M'AAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Jim punches a button on his phone and makes her someone else's problem.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jim gets in line at the coffee maker. CO-WORKERS are gathered around JILL SUMMERS (early 30's) - hip, chunky, vibrant, ballsy - as she recounts another one of her legendary weekend escapades.

JILL

...every time I swear I'm not going back to The Beachcomber, one of you blinkered ass-hats drags me back in there, and something always happens that negates the fact that Roger makes kick ass drinks and doesn't charge for them...

As Jill continues, Jim gets antsy wanting to hear the story. But 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 strolls up to Jill's circle and briefly ruins the vibe by laughing way too hard. Silence. Having fucked up Jill's story, Blake rushes off to catch up to A WHITE MAN who looks like he runs this place.

JILL
(re: Blake)
Dickless child.
(tries to remember her story)
So anyway, Beachcomber, kick ass
drinks--oh yeah, so this guy pulls
out his balls and starts sobbing...

Jim rushes to make a new pot of coffee, hoping to catch Jill's story. He's sorting through the various brands of shitty coffee.

JIM
No Starbucks?

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

People are riveted by Jill's story.

JILL
...and at this point, I know the
guy creeping up on the floor is
really going to light the match,
but I'm torn. Do you let the balls
be ignited or do you tell a sobbing
man that heartbreak doesn't warrant
full frontal?...

Jim is dying. He can't decide. Finally he picks a bag, starts the maker on "quick brew", leans towards Jill...

JILL

...and trust me, once you do that to a ferret, it doesn't matter whether lemonade was fresh-squeeze or not...

The coffee brews oh so slowly. Torturous.

JILL

...but the chick had shown up anyway, so the one-armed guy wasn't even able to pick it up and put it on ice!

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.

Finally he pours his coffee. Rushes over to the circle just as the crowd bursts out in laughter.

JIM

What? Jill, what?

THE WHITE MAN

Wow, Jill, you've topped yourself yet again. But now it's time to get to work. Let's go, let's go.

They disperse, leaving Jim standing alone with his coffee. He takes a sip...disgusting. Pours it out.

Jill notices Jim all alone and walks back to him.

JILL

(jokingly)

Hey, stud. Why not head up to the second tier for some fresh brew. I mean we all know you're gonna be working there by the end of the day.

JIM

Yeah, well I haven't gotten the promotion yet.

JILL

Dude. The White Man's not hanging out down here because he likes plebes. He's here to promote. And you're the most promotable guy I know.

JIM
I don't know about the most
promotable, but I definitely have
put in the most time.

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

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. It's just a promotion,
if you don't--

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

She twists his nipple and walks away.

INT. VALID INSURANCE - FIRST FLOOR - LATER

Jim exists. So does the GUY who rushes up to him.

GUY WHO RUSHED UP TO JIM
Jim! Nothing's working.

Jim looks around, THE ENTIRE OFFICE is bewildered by
their flickering computers.

INT. SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANTIC HANDHELD CAMERA AS...

Jim is led in by the Guy Who Rushed Up To Him. AN
I.T. TECH NAMED DUNKIN' DONUTS stands over the
network, sweaty and defeated. He looks at Jim...

AN I.T. TECH NAMED DUNKIN' DONUTS
Jim. It can't be fixed.

Despite wearing a short-sleeved shirt, Jim rolls up his sleeves. For the first time since we've seen him, Jim is enthusiastic.

JIM
(flat out psyched)
That's what you said last time when
the flux capacitor went out.

Jim's tone is confident. And he maneuvers the machinery confidently. Confidence.

AN I.T. TECH NAMED DUNKIN' DONUTS
You keep calling it that, Jim, but
there's no such thing as...

JIM
I don't care what you call it. You
went to the Rochester School of
Techno-Failure, bubba. Nothing is
what you can tell me. Nothing.

The Guy Who Rushed Up To Jim watches in awe as Jim sets upon the tubes and servers and high tech gadgetry.

Jim has seized this moment of Shatner magnitude.

JIM
It's overheated. The fans are
dead. I'm gonna try something--

AN I.T. TECH NAMED DUNKIN' DONUTS
I told you it can't be fixed, you
pig.

Beat. The harsh comment disturbs everyone.

GUY WHO RUSHED UP TO JIM
(to An I.T. Tech Named Dunkin'
Donuts)
Why do you talk to people like
that? Seriously?

Jim cracks open a computer. Tweaks it so that blah blah blah and miraculously fixes the problem.

An I.T. Tech Named Dunkin' Donuts' mouth is agape.

AN I.T. TECH NAMED DUNKIN' DONUTS
I don't...I don't believe it.

JIM
That is why you fail.

Jim struts out like an entirely different, utterly kick-ass version of himself.

INT. VALID INSURANCE - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The guys emerge from the server room triumphant. Everyone in the office CLAPS. But before Jim can absorb his accolades, Dunkin' Donuts has his hands up, hogging the glory.

Jill nudges Jim.

JILL

As long as you know it was you.

JIM

As long as I can fire that guy on my first day on second tier.

A VOICE SPEAKS OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER --

VOICE (O.S.)

Jim Simmers, would you please report to The White Man's office.

Jim grins. This is it.

INT. THE WHITE MAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The White Man is behind his desk, looking more serious than ever. Jim enters, ebullient.

THE WHITE MAN
(somber)

Jim...

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

JIM

No.

THE WHITE MAN
This wasn't easy...

JIM

No.

THE WHITE MAN
Easy, turbo. Look...

JIM

No.

Blake enters.

BLAKE

Yeah.

THE WHITE MAN

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.

THE WHITE MAN

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, this doesn't make sense. Tell me why?

THE WHITE MAN

Jim, what so many people on Earth don't understand--

BLAKE

Don't even fathom!

THE WHITE MAN

What I think you missed in your bid for this promotion was that so much of life is based on popularity.

JIM

Are you kidding?

THE WHITE MAN

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

Silence. Jim gnaws on his lip. The White Man notices Jim's hand clenching.

JIM

I need to leave early today.

THE WHITE MAN

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 housewife
answers.

REBECCA

Jim!

Rebecca is damn near a 1950's housewife. The kind of
woman who grins no matter how hard she's been
punched.

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, clamped by choke hold onto the back of his son 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. And with the global warming throwing the spawning months out of whack, I sometimes wonder how Junior and I are going to make it without him.

JIM

I bet. Spawning is...you know, harp seals are crazy 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)

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. Jim helps Rob sit on a bar stool. Rob has bandages over his eye, the pain in his damaged sternum is excruciating.

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. 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 wanna see the 'lil fella grow,
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?

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

JIM
No. He loves you, and he knows you
love him.

LARRY (O.S.)
Rob!

Jim and Rob turn to see LARRY WILLS, 40's, 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
 Hmmmm, 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 in 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. There ain't a hole on this
 planet I can't fuck a baby into.
 (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

Yeah, but he's always killing seals and shit.

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. 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, An IT Tech Named Dunkin' Donuts, Jill, and blahblah 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.

LARRY
But, Jill, seriously...

JILL
Look, Larry: there's a seventy five
percent chance I'm gonna fuck
someone from this bar tonight, but
a zero percent chance it's gonna be
you.

(to Jim)
How're you doing, Jim?

JIM
Not as good as Blake...

Blake is across the room with Olivia glomming all
over him.

JILL
Jim, chicks like that can't fuck
for shit. What you need is that...

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
(re: Blake)
Blake said this round is on you,
something about congratulating him.

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 hands her his credit card.

JILL

You are such a pussy.

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

JIM

I'm not a pussy. 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.

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
tumescant!

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--

No! No, Blake! JIM 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.

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.

KRRZAAPP!

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 zealous 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? What the
fuck, Lord? 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. CORNER - 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.

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...

SUNLIGHT.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

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.

This time 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? What's the
goddamn motherfucking ass-raping
point, you fucking asshole dickface
queerbag?

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 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 GAPING VAGINA 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 seems 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.

GUY WHO RUSHED UP TO JIM

Smell the aroma.

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

JILL

Oh, my God...no clumps.

AN I.T. TECH NAMED DUNKIN' DONUTS

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...

JIM
 ...Ma'am...okay, sorry, *sir*. Sir,
 I understand, but "husky" isn't a
 medical diagnosis. 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 An IT Tech Named Dunkin' Donuts' 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!

Flies buzz around the fuck zone as 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 hunches over when he gets a blast of...

JIM
Holy Jesus, what is that stench?

Maureen doesn't bat an eye.

MAUREEN
Watch it, youngster. I could buy your death.

JIM
You're gonna get it for free if you don't seal up that hate pit.

LARRY
Aw man, why you gotta be all disrespectful and shit?

JIM
I'm sorry guys but...
(absorbing another waft)
...holy Jesus, it smells like a fucking cow died in there.

He points directly at Maureen's vagina which is still propped up like a wrinkled old cat in heat.

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

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

JIM
Come on, man. Life is too short for stinky pussies.

MAUREEN
That's it. Mood ruined.

She grabs a robe and heads to the bathroom.

MAUREEN
(to Jim)
By the way, it's called vaginosis, young man. It's a bonafide medical condition.

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? I'm--
-

LARRY
You've gotta watch for Maureen,
Jim! She's a mean old--

JIM
She's got a goddamn landfill
between her legs, man. You can
smell her coming from a mile away!

MAUREEN (O.S.)
I heard that.

Maureen enters, wearing only a towel.

An awkward beat.

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...I mean I *do* have vaginosis.

(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 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 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. It advocates a clean, sharp blow to the head and frowns upon snapping them open at the neck and drinking their blood.

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.

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

REBECCA
(sing songy)
Who wants cookiiiiies?

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. RECORDS 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. THE WHITE MAN'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. Blake has a crowd of rich folk entranced.

BLAKE
...but I'm torn. Do you let the balls be ignited or do you tell a sobbing man that heartbreak doesn't warrant full frontal?

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

The White Man's WIFE pats Blake's head like a good dog.

MRS. THE WHITE MAN
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 PRADER-WILLI GIRL ENTERS LIKE A TASMANIAN DEVIL --

screaming and stealing food from everyone and slamming it into her downy face.

** Prader-Willi Syndrome is a rare form of mental retardation that causes compulsive eating and irrational behavior. And this girl has it.*

And it's really funny to look at.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4kzv0KcCf8&feature=related>

Please please please cut and paste that link.

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

EXT. BACKYARD - NEW ANGLE

While Tracy terrorizes the crowd like a whirling dervish, Jim and Rob arrive, escorting a fleet of obese, crippled, and otherwise differently-abled people into the backyard.

The White Man approaches, outraged.

THE WHITE MAN
 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!

Tracy flattens the woman with a backside clothesline. She eats the ribs off the ground, screaming to the sky like a victorious predator.

TRACY
 BAAAAARRRRG!!!

THE WHITE MAN
 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.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Yet as you can see, he's at least
 fifty, blind as a bat and suffering
 from advanced emphysema.

The White Man squints. Outrage gives way to "tell me more."

ANGLE ON BLAKE

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

BLAKE
 Hey!

Blake rushes over. Wedges himself between Jim and The White Man.

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--

THE WHITE MAN
 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 her 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 The White Man 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!!

THE WHITE MAN

Get to the point, Simmers.

JIM

The point is that you, The White
Man, have been defrauded. By one
of your own employees.

Stunned faces all around.

ANGLE ON:

Olivia and Mrs. The White Man watching from afar.
Olivia's interest is piqued whereas Mrs. The White
Man is merely irritated.

MRS. THE WHITE MAN

Goddamn circus people. They're
ruining the neighborhood.

Olivia shoots her a chastising look and moves toward
the action. STAY WITH Mrs. The White Man 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. The White Man by the ears and tries
to forcibly suck the pre-chewed olives from her
mouth.

Mrs. The White Man manages a MUFFLED, HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM...

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

THE WHITE MAN
(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.

The White Man watches Rob move to save his wife. He turns back to Jim.

THE WHITE MAN
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! BAAAAARRRRGH!

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--

THE WHITE MAN
Didn't I tell you not to speak?
(to Jim)
I want names.

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

THE WHITE MAN
Well speak up. Who sold you your policies?

One by one, they all say the same thing... "Blake Henderson." The White Man is aghast.

THE WHITE MAN
(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 The White Man.

JIM
It's all right there.

The White Man levels his cold blue eyes on Blake.

THE WHITE MAN
Blake, you're fired.

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

THE WHITE MAN
Get out.

Blake looks at Jim, gives him the gunpoint.

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

Blake skulks off. The White Man clasps Jim on the
shoulder.

THE WHITE MAN
I guess you're my man now, Jim
Simmers. Congratulations.

The White Man 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 Jonnie Walker Blue label at the wet
bar.

LARRY
Johnnie Walker Blue? GODDAMN, that
shit is almost as good as Johnny
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 Jonnie 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!
'Cept when it sticks to my enormous penis.

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 shakes his head, exasperated.

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

JIM
Did you just call your kid a
retard?

Robert gulps the last drop of the last Long Island.

ROB
Fuck yeah I did. Cuz he is. And I
hate him for it.

LARRY
Whoa.

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 in an attempt to pass. 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
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA 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

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

JUNIOR
Moon! Moooooooooon!!!

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. Dials his phone on speaker.

While it rings he paces feverishly.

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 tomorrow night...

(thinks)

But you know what? Fuck tomorrow night, that's too soon. It's gonna take me about a week to prepare, then I'll come get you...

Looks at his calender.

JIM (CONT'D)

The nineteenth. Saturday. 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

Who is this?

JIM

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

OLIVIA

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, thoroughly satisfied.

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...

The entire house is a shrine dedicated to screenwriter Derek Haas. Every poster for every movie in every language on every wall...

The Spanish "2 Fast, 2 Furious" poster, the Russian poster for "Catch That Kid", the Botswanan poster for "Invincible", a film even Derek Haas himself wouldn't be caught dead watching.

And on every poster, the name of his writing partner Michael Brandt has been crossed out with a sharpie.

The framed headshots of Derek Haas bear an uncanny resemblance to The Gay Neighbor - he's actually been shaving his head to look more like Derek Haas!

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 the shelf of "Silver Bear" books autographed by Derek Haas.

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?

THE GAY NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
 Hoagie is a full bred Bull Mastiff,
 he'll fight you to the death.

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!!!

HOAG (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 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"

DAVID HOAG (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.

INT. VALID INSURANCE COMPANY - DAY

Jill sits at her desk, bored. She looks up when she hears the faint whine of a car horn...it's getting closer.

The rest of the office looks up when they hear the horn descend upon the front entrance of Valid Insurance.

JIM ENTERS

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 is standing by the time Jim gets to her.

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.

He grabs her soda and downs it.

JIM
I need your help with something.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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
weird.

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 shit
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
I need your help, Jill.

It's an honest plea, from deep down inside.

JIM
There's one thing left that I must
do. I must.

JILL
What?

Dramatic pause.

JIM
I need you to help me fuck Olivia.
Probably in her ass.

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

JILL
You're kidding me, right?

JIM
What?

Jill tries to contain the hurt she feels as she caps
the vodka, trashes the rags, and heads for the door.

JIM
 You don't wanna help me, fine! I
 know someone who knows vagina even
 better than you!

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 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. And 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!

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 Jedi 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. Players 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 pulls down his own pants and begins
masturbating while Jim tries to digest everything.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim sits in front of his computer, watching porn, in
the middle of a beatoff session when 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.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jim and Larry enter with two HEFTY LADIES. The girls
combine for a solid four bills, and that's buck
nekkid.

LARRY (V.O.)
 If you're gonna be a player, you've
 gotta be able to fuck anything...or
 anyone. Fat, deformed, it doesn't
 matter. Besides, being picky is
 gay. Pussy must become fungible.
 All of them will be the same. In
 the end, all sex becomes
 masturbation.

Jim looks uneasy as the twin titans of tubby begin to undress.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Crowded with people. Jim and Larry jog the sand.

LARRY (V.O.)
 You can't be scared of anything.
 Sex and, you know, sexiness in
 general, has to be as natural as
 breathing and shitting. You've
 gotta be totally comfortable with
 rejection and erections.

Jim and Larry grab strangers and dry hump them hella hard. A LIFEGUARD shoves Jim, 'what the fuck?!'

Jim gets way too worked up, grabs the lifeguard and humps him. The lifeguard socks Jim in the side of the head. He and Larry take off running.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Larry enters and dramatically hands Jim a DVD. He walks out double-dramatically.

LARRY (V.O.)
 You've gotta be able to nut to shit
 unheard of by the ranks and files
 of mankind.

Jim looks at the DVD... "9/11 - RAW AND UNCUT." Jim puts the DVD in...

TIGHT ON HIS FACE:

Yep. He's cranking to bodies jumping out of the buildings.

(Too soon?)

LARRY (V.O.)
 Remember that whole Sam Kinnison
 bit about how the key to eating
 pussy is licking the alphabet?

INT. JIM'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jim and Larry stand before the sink.

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.

MOMENTS LATER

Jim 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...

WA-POW!!!!

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.

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC:

SHOTS OF JIM...a sex machine...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jim humps people on the beach, drops to the ground,
and humps the sand. Larry times him on a stop watch,
for no good reason...no good reason at all.

INT. TWIN TITAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim is the meat in a Twin Titan of Tubby sandwich.
While he makes coitus, Larry rifles through their
shit.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Larry eats cereal while Jim beats off to Bill
O'Reilly's news hour.

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?
Your son? Your marriage?

(tries to joke)

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, 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 do not fucking know...

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 chord 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 awesome.

(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.

JIM (CONT'D)
 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 28) 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. 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 fuck?

REBECCA
(flustered)
He's gone you, you, you...asshole-fucker!

JIM
Where?

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

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

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

REBECCA
Listen to me, you pig! Stop cunting on yourself and listen!

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 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
 Jesus, Rebecca. Can you just tell
 me where he is?

REBECCA
 Your car horn is piss!

What she means is that the car horn has been blaring
 the entire time.

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 fuck?

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

JUNIOR (O.S.)
 DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADDY!!

Rob looks towards the door. Hears chains rattling.

REBECCA
 You bitch 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 his 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.)
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADDY!!

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)
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADDY!!

JIM SLAMS IT INTO DRIVE --

He pulls away. Junior gives chase Terminator 2 style.

JIM
Holy Jesus.

JUNIOR HURLS ONE OF 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 on her stinking vagina, 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 got. As a surprise for Larry. They're much more effective than the baking soda ones.

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. 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 the 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 really 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 never - 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)

LARRY (CONT'D)
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...

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 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 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 wet THUD, followed by a short GRUNT of relief as Jim finishes.

He struggles to get out of the can. Considers wiping his ass with the bloody bandage wrapped around his left arm but opts instead for the obvious choice...the business section, then the local section, then an inky page of want ads.

Jim 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
Mothercunting son of a bitch...

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's 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...danger!

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. COCKPIT - 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. 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!

"WRAP IT ALL UP IN A NEAT LITTLE BOW" MONTAGE:

as Jim gets his life together.

JIM FINALLY WINS THE LOTTERY. He apologizes to
 OLIVIA and they are now hanging out and fucking each
 other on the regular.

AT THE BAR, JILL finally gets drunk enough to go home
 with LARRY and his monster cock. It's a match made
 in porno.

ROB MOVES OUT after declaring himself gay. HE TAKES
 UP WITH THE GAY NEIGHBOR. Because Massachusetts
 allows gays to get married, they move to Provincetown
 and make beautiful sex together.

FADE OUT:

THE END

(Just kidding)

FADE THE FUCK BACK IN:

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Upon golden sun we set hither. Jim walks toward us wearing Baskerville's pristine white chef uniform (with matching hat). He's serene as he breezes right past the still blaring BMW.

He continues, 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 (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
father'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.

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 humping the sand, 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.

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:

AN I.T. TECH NAMED DUNKIN' DONUTS

drops his bagel, shocked.

THE WHITE MAN

smiles, nods in approval.

GUY WHO RUSHED UP TO JIM

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, her sullen expression 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!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MID-CAPE HIGHWAY - DAY

A HELICOPTER SHOT following a 1963 Cadillac convertible as it makes its way down the Cod's main route of travel. The soothing voice of THE WHITE MAN puts our story to bed.

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.)
And so ends the story of Jim
Simmers and the two most important
weeks he ever lived on the Cod.
Cape motherfuckin' Cod.

CLOSING IN ON THE CONVERTIBLE to reveal that's it's packed with our main characters - Jill, Larry, Maureen, Rebecca, Rob and Junior, with Jim behind the wheel.

Everyone looks happy.

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Jim going balls out was ultimately
the best thing that ever happened
to him, and his friends.

THE CONVERTIBLE slows to a stop at a familiar stoplight. Jim looks both ways - no oncoming vehicles in sight.

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At least it seemed that way...

He smiles, eases the car into the intersection and....

KA-MOTHERFUCKING-BAMMMMMMN!!!!

...AN 18-WHEELER TRUCK APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE AND
SLAMS INTO THE CONVERTIBLE WITH THE FORCE OF AN
EXPRESS TRAIN, decimating the car and its passengers!

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yep. They're all dead now. And
that's why you've got to follow the
rules, people.

(MORE)

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.)
The rules *need* to be followed. So
follow them!
(rising to a scream)
CONFORM!

JUNIOR'S SEVERED HEAD BLEEDS GREYONAISE ALL OVER THE
CONCRETE --

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
CONFORM!

LARRY'S EXPLODED TORSO HANGS LIKE A DEFLATED BALLOON
ALONGSIDE MAUREEN'S FROM THE GRILL OF THE SEMI --

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
CONFORM!

ROB AND REBECCA'S SHREDDED LIMBS LIE STREWN ACROSS
THE ASPHALT, ENTWINED FOR ALL ETERNITY -

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
CONFORM!

AND FINALLY, JIM'S LIFELESS BODY, CRUSHED AND
MUTILATED LIKE A BAG OF SMASHED ASSHOLES, STARES UP
FROM ITS PLACE ALONGSIDE JILL'S LIFELESS CORPSE...

...A CONTENTED SMILE ON HIS FACE.

THE WHITE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
CONFORM!

FADE OUT:

AND FUCK YOU.