

NEW BALLS PLEASE

Written by

Kevin Loughnane

INT. PALATIAL BEDROOM - MORNING

MAX sleeps in a huge custom made bed with two BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. The Blonde wakes and observes Max, a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

She turns to the bedside locker, grabs a large dildo and some lube, and dives under the sheets.

Seconds later Max's eyes pop open.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CHUCK (30s) lies prone on his single bed with a half eaten slice of pizza for company. He rolls over, crashes to the ground, and cries out in pain.

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Chuck sits among the other PATIENTS with a nasty looking black eye. Max enters, his eyes dancing around the room.

For an Octogenarian he's super fit, tanned, and doesn't look a day over seventy. Max sits down and smiles. No danger of it becoming contagious with this sullen lot.

Max claps his hands. Chuck watches him with his good eye, as the other patients look up from their cell phones, kindles, and magazines.

MAX

Hands up whose dying?

Max's hand shoots up.

MAX (CONT'D)

Cheer up you guys. We're all going to die.

He points at a clock on the wall.

MAX (CONT'D)

Matter of time is all.

A middle aged woman finally takes the bait.

WOMAN

I know who you are. Pervert. You make me sick.

Max spots the crucifix around her neck.

MAX

You believe in God, I respect that.
In fact I'm a great admirer of his
work.

Max's gaze falls to her voluptuous breasts. She clamps her
hands over her cleavage.

WOMAN

Stop it you sex maniac.

MAX

I'm simply marvelling at what is,
without doubt, the pinnacle of his
achievements, creatively speaking
that is.

(looking to the Heavens)

Thanks for the tits, you're the
man.

Chuck bursts out laughing. The Woman springs out of her
chair, eyeballing Chuck.

WOMAN

Jerk.

She spins towards Max.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Asshole.

She storms out of the waiting room. Max looks at Chuck,
shrugging his shoulders.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Max sits opposite his DOCTOR.

MAX

You breaking up with me, after all
these years?

DOCTOR

She's one of my best patients.

MAX

Hypochondriac huh? Figures.

DOCTOR

Help me out Max, please. No more
wise cracks in the waiting room.
It's bad for business.

MAX

Bad for business? You've got to be kidding me. I know a guy in Florida whose son's just retired. Now they're going to be neighbors. That's got to be a wet dream for you guys.

The Doctor laughs. Max pulls two cigars from his blazer and hands one to the Doctor.

MAX (CONT'D)

Woke up this morning with a dildo up my ass, which got me thinking, when's the last time you gave me the pleasure?

EXT. TENNIS CLUB, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Chuck, wearing an eye patch, coaches a group of KIDS. One of them fires a ball at Chuck, on purpose, hitting him in the chest.

CHUCK

Hey. Get over here.
(muttering to himself)
You little shit.

KID

What did you just call me?

CHUCK

Go pick up twenty balls.

KID

You pick them up, one eyed Jack.

Other kids gather around, giggling.

CHUCK

I want to talk to your Mom after.

KID

You don't want to do that.

Chuck crouches down to the eight year old.

CHUCK

Are you threatening me?

The kid nods. Chuck laughs at the absurdity of it all. The boy suddenly transforms into a sad little Angel.

KID

Mom he touched me. Down there.

Stunned silence. Even the other Kids are impressed by his performance.

CHUCK

Another budding actor huh.

KID

You talking to me?

The boy saunters off, after his De Niro impersonation, leaving Chuck rooted to the spot.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - DAY

A despondent Chuck drags his sorry ass homewards. ROSE (late 70s) shuffles in his direction carrying grocery bags.

A TEENAGE GUY flies around a corner on an electric scooter, wearing headphones. He overtakes Rose, clipping one of her bags with his handle bar.

Rose loses her balance and falls. The teenager, oblivious to what's just happened, zips past Chuck, who rushes to her aid.

CHUCK

Are you okay?

She frantically rummages in one of the bags and pulls out a bottle of rum, cradling it to her chest. No broken bones, or bottles of liquor. Chuck's day gets crazier by the minute.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Chuck places her grocery bags on the counter. Rose plucks two glasses from a cabinet.

ROSE

Be a dear and get us some mint from the garden will you?

Chuck frowns.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You know what mint looks like, right?

CHUCK

I really should get going.

ROSE

And there was me thinking you were
my knight in shining armor.

She studies him as he desperately ransacks his brain for an appropriate response. Rose grabs a large knife from the counter.

Chuck almost jumps out of his skin. Rose bursts out laughing.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Now you definitely need a drink.

Rose chops a lime in half.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tears of laughter cascade down Rose's cheeks, while a sullen Chuck drinks his mojito.

ROSE

You're going to need a better story
than that. You can borrow mine if
you like.

She sips her mojito.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I was fucking this guy.

Chuck chokes on his mojito. Rose smiles as the memories light up her cerebral cortex like the fourth of July.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Like rabbits on LSD. My nipples
were so hard, I almost poked his
eye out.

Chuck's eyes pop.

ROSE (CONT'D)

True story. And if you tell it
right, guaranteed to get you laid.

Chuck knocks back his mojito.

ROSE (CONT'D)

They'll look at that eye patch and
see multiple orgasms, trust me.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

A BRUNETTE holds Max's head firmly between her breasts. He sucks on her pert nipples.

The penis shaped pool, with a pair of hot tubs at one end and a fountain at the other, is teeming with Beautiful WOMEN.

One of them fires a stream of Mai Tai into Max's mouth, with a super soaker.

An elegantly dressed CANDY, middle aged, strides over to the pool holding a cell phone. Max sees the phone and the look of concern on her face.

The Mai Tai sniper aims at Candy but Max stops her and climbs out of the pool, naked of course. Nice ass, until Candy helps him into a bathrobe. She hands him the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chuck sits on the couch looking at a painting of a Bengal Tiger hanging over the fireplace. A large tomcat hops onto the other end of the couch, startling him.

They stare at one another for a moment. The cat advances.

CHUCK

Hey there, what's your name?

The cat hisses, pouncing on him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rose is making more mojitos when she hears Chuck ROAR and her cat scream.

ROSE

Oh shit.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Candy's eyes well up with tears.

MAX

Hey, cover all the bases if you want, I'm still going to hit a home run. Always do, right?

She nods. He hugs her.

MAX (CONT'D)
Only reason he wants to do more
tests, is to unlock the secrets of
my eternal youth.

Max gestures to his amazing home and his pool full of
stunning ladies.

MAX (CONT'D)
If you can fill the unforgiving
minute, with sixty seconds worth of
distance run.

CANDY
This is not the time for Kipling.

Ouch. Max looks hurt for a split second, before grabbing
Candy and diving with her into the pool.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Chuck holds an ice pack to the scratch marks on his forehead.

ROSE
Sorry about Churchill, you're in
his spot.

The cat glares at him from across the room. Chuck swiftly
slides to the other end of the couch. Rose lifts up her
glass.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Cheers.

He's too busy feeling sorry for himself to raise his glass.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Scratch marks and an eye patch.
Your sex appeal has just
skyrocketed, am I right?

Chuck grimaces and pouts in equal measure.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Oh don't be such a pussy.

Rose points at the Tiger painting.

ROSE (CONT'D)
My great grandfather lost a leg to
a Bengal Tiger during the Sikh wars
in India and survived.
(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Whenever I tell that story people
gasp and say, oh what a miracle.

She sips her Mojito.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So you can imagine the look on
their faces when I tell them what
actually killed him.

Chuck finally grabs his drink and takes a mouthful.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Gout and Syphilis.

The sweet tasting cocktail explodes from Chuck's nose and
mouth. Rose soldiers on.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Anyway back to my point, which is,
how did he do it?

She pauses.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Not the Gout and the Syphilis. We
know how he got them, Gin and
Trollop.

Chucks eyes pop like Champagne corks.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Well? Any ideas? Come on Chuck I'm
trying to impart some much needed
wisdom here, while I still can.

Chuck thinks about it for a moment.

CHUCK

Stiff upper lip?

ROSE

Oh he had a cast iron one I'm sure.

She wills him on with a her unwavering gaze.

CHUCK

He was a fighter. A guy who never
gives up. Eye of the Tiger.

ROSE

Most likely, but he also happened
to be a Doctor. We're all good for
something right?

She sips her drink.

ROSE (CONT'D)
So what are you good for Chuck?
Apart from the obvious, of course.

She looks at his eye patch, winking.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DONNA (30s) sits across from a GUY who clearly believes he is the centre around which everyone else rotates.

He's a black hole that thinks he's a star. And Poor Donna is already desperate to escape. The Guy raises his hand at a passing WAITER.

GUY
Bring us two Martinis. Shaken, not
stirred. Black olives.

The Waiter nods and departs. The Guy stares at Donna's breasts.

GUY (CONT'D)
When your sister told me about your
situation, did I flinch?

Donna frowns.

GUY (CONT'D)
Okay you got me, maybe a little,
but then I was overcome with a
sense of purpose. As Tony Robbins
says, every problem is a gift.

Donna is about to explode when suddenly her Cell phone rings. She takes the call.

DONNA
Hey Sam, what have they done now?
(listening)
Oh my God. But he's okay?
(listening)
Is Greg there?
(listening)
Yeah put him on.

Donna explodes like a volcano.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I told you what would happen if you
laid a finger on him.
(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

I don't care what he did.

(listening)

Grounded? If I were you I'd be more worried about my stilettos stomping all over your ass.

She hangs up. Everyone in the restaurant stares at her.

The waiter arrives with the Martinis. Donna grabs both glasses.

She knocks back one, then pours the second over her date's head, before storming out.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - NIGHT

A DOCTOR talks with Donna.

ALAN (9) wears a neck brace and his head is heavily bandaged.

GREG (11) and SAM, the baby sitter, sit nearby.

The Doctor marches off. Donna wraps her arms around her Son.

ALAN

Ah Mom that hurts.

But her overwhelming love and concern makes her squeeze him even tighter. Alan CRIES out. But this time it's directed at his brother.

DONNA

What?

ALAN

He's taken a picture of me.

Donna looks over at Greg, who taps away on his cell phone.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Mom do something. He's putting it on Facebook.

Donna grabs the phone and stares at the screen in disbelief.

DONNA

Whose Tory?

Donna scrolls through his messaging. She GASPS. Greg panics and tries to snatch back the phone. She grabs him by the ear.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Oh you are so dead when we get home.

A WOMAN sitting nearby locks eyes with Donna. Donna holds out Greg's phone.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Here you go.

The Woman's eyes dart back to her Magazine.

DONNA (CONT'D)
There's pictures too, look.

Donna pummels the screen with her index finger, until a beautifully manicured hand lands on her shoulder.

Donna spins around and faces SUE, her sister. Sue inhales deeply through her upturned nose.

SUE
Oh Donna.

DONNA
Yeah I had a Martini, which I hate, but he ordered anyway. But you know what? It was fucking amazing. I even hesitated, for a split second, before tossing the other one all over his pompous ass.

Everyone, including her kids, stare at her in disbelief.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sue hands a cheque to a nurse.

DONNA
I'll pay you back.

SUE
I look forward to meeting him.

Sue struts towards the exit. Donna runs after her.

DONNA
Fuck Disney, there is no Prince charming, or Princess for that matter.

Donna pounds her chest.

DONNA (CONT'D)
 I am the solution to my problems.
 No one else. Just me. Got it.

This rocks Sue on her Valentino heels.

DONNA (CONT'D)
 Come on kids. Say goodbye to your
 Aunt.

Donna marches off with her kids scurrying after her.