

## DAD ASSES Under 5 Minute Pitch

### LOGLINE

Over 24 hours, a recently divorced accountant gets fired, gets his car stolen, and becomes an accidental drug trafficker. The only escape from these problems is to become a beige pants badass--aka a Dad Ass.

### PITCH

I'm a Smart ass Redneck with a Shakespearian sensibility. Currently, a Baltimore based actor & improviser, I was born in Florida, reared in Texas, and I'm in the midst of a lifelong experiment to determine what happens when half the people you love are Redneck Christians, and the other half are Artsy Progressives.

I write comedy features about people damaged by a headlong crash into the immortal truth that Jesus Loves You, but everyone else thinks you're an asshole. My protagonists stand outside life's beehive and will have to get stung, if they want something sweet.

Have you ever said, in a voice somewhere between Sarcasm and Self-Pity: Could this Day get any Worse? And shortly thereafter found out the answer was Oh Hell Yes?

That's the theme of my action-comedy Feature: Dad Asses. Think Dog Day Afternoon Meets Nobody.

Eugene Heffernan's life isn't going down the toilet, but he is definitely swirling the bowl. A nearly middle aged schlub carrying too many pounds and too few dollars, his morning begins on a treadmill beside Cori, his long distance running daughter. Within four minutes, he hits the metaphorical wall, tumbles off the machine and slams into an actual wall.

While driving Cori to school, she cancels plans to spend the weekend together, blaming it on a friend, but soon admitting her embarrassment with her Dad's post-divorce apartment & lifestyle.

Eugene arrives at work just in time to be laid off without severance. Driving home, he gets pulled over by an attractive cop about his age. He flirts, finds out her name is Sharon, and tries for a phone number. All he receives is a ticket and her friendly rebuke that, "It's not illegal to have no game, it's just sad."

Eugene returns to his apartment with bags from multiple fast food joints, and mopes his way through a cholesterol choked, dark night of the soul.

The next morning, thinking of his daughter, he cleans his apartment and heads out to meet his best friend Mark for breakfast.

His Jeep is gone. Stolen.

On the upside, Sharon arrives to take the police report. They connect a bit over their shared status as single parents, he tries again for the phone number, and while his lack of game has gotten cuter; it remains sad.

While picking up a rental car, Eugene discovers that he only had Collision coverage on the Jeep. He gets nothing for it being stolen.

At that moment, Eugene hatches a plan to unleash the power of insurance fraud. He gets full coverage on the rental car, and heads out to find, and destroy, his Jeep.

A Find a Phone App leads Eugene and Mark to the stolen jeep. After battering it with the rental car, Eugene grabs his personal effects, and asks Mark to get his gym bag out of the back. Mark grabs it, not noticing the nearly identical bag beside it.

Gunshots pepper the air around them.

In their haste to escape, Mark sprains an ankle and bangs his head. After the rush of fear passes, the two friends revel in their new status as New Balance wearing, beige pants Bad Asses—Dad Asses.

They are too excited to notice two problems: One, they have a bag filled with heroin, not gym funk, and, two, the dealer's phone was mixed in with the belongings Eugene pulled from the Jeep. The man who shot at them is now tracking them.

After dropping Mark at the hospital, Eugene meets up with his ex-wife, Emma. While driving her home, the two get cut off by the dealer and his crew. The divorced couple peels out, beginning a simultaneously half assed and high speed chase across Baltimore.

Eugene outrives the criminals, who end up totaling their car. The rental car is dented but drivable. Emma is home safe. The threat seems over.

Just as Eugene finishes dumping the drugs down a sewer, he gets a call from a concussed and confused Mark. The dealer and his crew want the drugs in exchange for Mark's life.

They meet in an abandoned parking lot. With a combination of dumb courage, all purpose flour masquerading as dope, Mark setting his shirt on fire, and violent dissension within the drug dealer's crew: Eugene and Mark survive and ride off in a rental car that looks like the biggest loser at a demolition derby.

After returning the now literally on fire rental car, Eugene decides to walk home.

Siren and police lights. His third meeting with Sharon. They chat. He turns to leave without asking for her number. She asks why. He has accepted that having no game isn't a crime, it's just sad. She tells him what's really sad is quitting just before you reach your destination.

Sharon hands him a piece of paper with her number and Thursday 730pm written on it.

Eugene's walk home just got a whole lot easier.