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DODGEBALL: A TRUE UNDERDOG STORY  
**UNDERDOGS**

by

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Based on the True Story

Revised Draft  
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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - DAY

A HOMELY MAN fingers his dark circles and thinning hair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Tired of the same old you?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Smiling at a PRETTY GIRL, a GEEKY MAN casually leans against the bar, knocking his drink over in the process.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Tired of being out-of-shape and out-of-luck  
with the opposite sex?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Struggling with a heavy package, an OVERWEIGHT WOMAN watches as two MEN fight to hold a door open for a STUNNING BLONDE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Tired of being over-weight and under-  
attractive?

The Overweight Woman finally makes it to the door, just in time for it to close in her face. Sigh.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Well suffer the shame and embarrassment of  
yourself no longer!

CUT TO:

INT. GLOBO GYM - DAY

A huge warehouse of a space: chrome, glass and neon abound. It's more techno-dance club than gym.

QUICK CUTS OF "HARD BODIES":

Wearing Globo Gym outfits, beautiful MEN and WOMEN aerobicize, lift and flirt as music THUMPS and BUMPS.

Finishing one last crunch, WHITE GOODMAN (30's) pops into frame. Overly tan with a ropy musculature, White sports successful "Pat Riley" hair and wears his polo shirt tucked snugly into his windbreaker pants.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Oh, hello there. I'm White Goodman, owner,  
operator and founder of Globo Gym America  
Corp. And I'm here to tell you that you  
don't have to be stuck with what you've  
got.

White begins touring through Globo Gym, turning corners as we  
CUT TO different camera angles.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 (to passing man)  
 Hey Rory, looking good.  
 (back to camera)  
 Here at Globo Gym we understand that  
 "ugliness" and "fatness" are genetic  
 disorders, much like baldness or  
 necrophilia. And it's only your fault if  
 you don't hate yourself enough to do  
 something about it.  
 (a big smile)  
 And that's where we come in.

White turns a corner, passing rows of BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE on stair-  
 masters, all talking on cell phones.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 Globo Gym employs a highly-trained staff of  
 Personal Alteration Specialists, like Alec  
 here...

White stops next to ALEC, patting him on the shoulder as the  
 muscle-bound Austrian watches over a WOMAN doing leg curls.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 Making her work, Alec?

ALEC  
 Yah. Is sveat like pig.

WHITE GOODMAN  
 Atta boy.  
 (continuing on)  
 And with our competitively-priced on-site  
 cosmetic surgery, we can turn that  
 Frankenstein you see in the mirror every  
 morning, into a Franken-Fine.  
 (beat)  
 Just think of Globo Gym as your one-stop  
 Shame Reduction Center.

CUT TO:

# THE SHAME REDUCTION CENTER

Doors swing open revealing a MUMMIFIED WOMAN, wrapped head-to-  
 toe in gauze, offering a thumbs up as she's wheeled by.

BACK TO:

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
 Of course, you'll still be you, in a  
 "legal" sense, but think of it as a  
 thinner, more attractive, better you than  
 you could ever become without us.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
How do I know? Well I'm not only the  
founder of Globo Gym...

FLASH CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A 500 POUND, BED-RIDDEN, NAKED MAN.

Thankfully, a black bar covers his sweaty genitalia. The  
caption reads: White Goodman, 1987.

WHITE GOODMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm also a client.

BACK TO:

INT. GLOBO GYM / FRONT DESK - SAME

White casually hands out towels to passing GYM MEMBERS.

WHITE GOODMAN  
So come on down and join the winning team.  
(beat, a motto)  
Because here at Globo Gym: We're better  
than you, and we know it."

White's salesman smile is replaced by the Globo Gym Logo. It's  
then that we PULL BACK to reveal that we're actually watching a  
TELEVISION SCREEN in...

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT - DAY

...where the sound of a man's LAZY SNORING fills the room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Sign-up for a gold membership and receive a  
complementary wheat-germ enema.  
(beat)  
So don't delay! Get off that couch today!

A BLACK CAT jumps up on a ratty couch. BEER BOTTLES and FAST  
FOOD CARCASSES pass in the foreground as the cat walks up the  
SNORING MAN's, body; over his ancient boxer-shorts and onto the  
belly of his stained tank-top.

The cat stops. Sniffing then licking one particular tasty stain-  
as we continue TRACKING, finally stopping on...

THE MAN'S FACE.

Unshaven and turned away from us, he could be any 30-something,  
slightly out-of-shape male.

The Man continues to SNORE soundly, even as the black cat enters  
frame and walks up onto his head. The cat makes a small circle  
and then SITS ON THE MAN'S FACE.

Instantly the man's snoring, and his breathing, stop. The black  
cat begins to PURR -- its eyelids getting heavy.

A long moment passes without the man breathing -- surely he must be dead. A beat longer, then...

MAN

Ahhh!

The man bolts up! The cat goes flying and we get our first look at, PETER LaFLEUR (30's).

Handsome in a thrift-store sort of way, Peter clutches his chest and swallows huge gulps of air. Sporting "couch-head" and one EXTREMELY BLOOD-SHOT eye, Peter fingers cat hair from his tongue, spitting it out.

PETER

Eh.

The cat sits by the window, innocently licking itself. Peter hurls a shoe at the cat, missing as, CRASH! The shoe smashes through the window.

Nonchalantly, the cat jumps through the new opening.

PETER (CONT'D)

Swell.

Peter groans and gets up, scratching his ass.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

PULLING BACK from two different colored sneakers, we see Peter riding his ancient 10-speed through the morning streets.

He pedals this ritual route nearly asleep -- cutting across traffic, jumping a curb, ducking a low-hanging awning.

Riding down a wheelchair ramp, Peter pedals past a fenced-in

JUNIOR-HIGH PLAYGROUND

where a P.E. CLASS plays dodgeball -- throwing bright red balls at each other. Peter pedals past without a glance.

We PUSH IN on the game as THWAT! A NERDY KID gets drilled in the face by a dodgeball. An off-screen Bully taunts...

BULLY (O.S.)

You suck, Winston! You're out you little pussy!

Winston crawls to his knees, blindly feeling around for his glasses when WHACK! He's mercilessly hit again as we move to...

EXT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM - DAY

A sweetly dilapidated three-story white stucco building. It's been on this corner for over 50 years.

The muted sound of TECHNO MUSIC can be heard coming from across the street. Peter turns to see its familiar source:

GLOBO GYM.

A gleaming monolith of fitness. Huge walls of black mirrored glass make the building look more like the Death Star than a gym. Streams of BEAUTIFUL GYM MEMBERS pour through its doors.

Peter sighs then bends down to lock-up his bike.

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / FRONT DESK - DAY

Two grown men man the front desk: DWIGHT (30's, African-American), a cynical coward and his sweet but dim sidekick, OWEN (20's, white) who wears an "I Heart Robots" t-shirt.

Dwight flips through a magazine, while Owen rolls-up gym towels. Dwight glances at Owen, noticing something.

DWIGHT

What are you doing?

OWEN

I'm folding the towels like you told me.

DWIGHT

No. You're rolling the towels. I told you to fold them. Squares. Squares is folding. I'm not going to trust you with the towel-folding responsibility if you're gonna be creative about it.

Owen fingers his glasses back against his face.

OWEN

Sorry Dwight. I'll redo them.

DWIGHT

I don't mean to be a hard-ass, but I didn't get to be the assistant manager around here by folding the towels any-which-way I pleased.

(beat)

Now I gotta go make some chocolate.

Dwight heads to the bathroom just as the front door opens and Peter breezes in...

PETER

Buenos Dias "O", how's my little tax shelter this morning?

OWEN

Hey, Peter. Everything's ship-shape.

Peter cruises behind the counter and grabs a JUICE BOX from the mini-fridge.

PETER

Great. I'm gonna catch a power-nap in my office. Wake me for lunch.

(noticing)

Nice work with the towels. I like the rolling. 'Very "Day Spa."

Owen brightens.

OWEN

Thanks, Peter.

Peter slaps Owen on the back and heads off.

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MAIN WEIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter moves past the 10 year-old equipment nodding his hellos to his gym members, the ELDERLY and the UNWASHED.

GORDON (O.S.)

Hey, Peter!

Hopping off a bicep machine, GORDON (30's) a chubby Asian guy, sporting a perfectly matched Nike ensemble, hurries to catch up. Peter doesn't break stride.

PETER

Hey, Gordon.

GORDON

Did you catch the game last night?

PETER

Can I say yes?

Peter keeps walking. Gordon follows like a puppy.

GORDON

It was the Ontario Amateur High School Curling Championships.

PETER

Curling?

GORDON

Yup. This team of total unknowns, that no one thought even had a shot, managed to upset...

PETER

How do you even hear about these things?

GORDON

I subscribe to "Sports".

Gordon hands Peter the magazine and the title is indeed, "Sports", a dashing CROQUETTE PLAYER graces the cover, with the tagline, "Something Wicket This Way Comes." Peter nods.

PETER

I see. Gordon, did you ever play sports in school?

GORDON

I was the team manager for my college's Badminton Club, and we went to semi's three years in a row.

PETER

But you never actually played?

GORDON

Not as such, no. It turns out I'm not very coordinated.

PETER

I don't think that's true, Gord. Look at what you're wearing.

Gordon looks at his ensemble -- he never thought of that.

PETER (CONT'D)

Juice box?

Peter hands Gordon the juice box and, magazine in hand, peels off, leaving Gordon to suck on the beverage, happily.

GORDON

Thanks, Peter!

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter cruises down the paint-chipped hallway passing a man who, with his eye-patch, colorful bandana and puffy shirt, looks very much like a pirate of the Caribbean. This is: STEVE THE PIRATE (30's).

Without breaking stride, Peter simply says...

PETER

Morning, Steve.

Steve The Pirate nods to Peter as he passes.

STEVE THE PIRATE

Argh, Peter.

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is small and cluttered. Black and white photographs of better times in Average Joe's history hang on the walls.

Peter enters and stops short at the sight of

KATE VEATCH (20's).

Prettier than a summer sunset and smarter than a graphic calculator, Kate sits in a chair, her back to Peter.

PETER

If you're my mail-order bride, one: you're three weeks late and two: you look nothing like your picture. I specifically requested a harelip. I made no bones.

Peter tosses the "Sports" magazine into the trash can.

KATE

(standing, confused)

Oh, uh, no. I'm Katherine Veatch, Felcher & Sons, Savings & Loan.

Peter looks a little confused --- "Savings & What?"

KATE (CONT'D)

Your bank.

Peter blanches -- the bank is bad. Suddenly, Dwight bursts in.

DWIGHT

Hey Peter, someone from the bank's supposed to stop by today, so you might want to take off early so you don't have to hide in the ball locker this time.

Peter smiles -- caught.

PETER

Thank you, Dwight.

DWIGHT

No problem. That's what I'm here for.

Dwight notices Kate but doesn't make the connection.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Hey. How's it going.

Dwight disappears and Peter turns to Kate, all smiles...

PETER

So, you're from the bank.

KATE

Yes.

PETER

Well, you're very pretty for a banker.

KATE

I'm not a banker. I'm a lawyer.

PETER

Really? What kind of law?

KATE

Sexual harassment mostly.

PETER  
Oh.

KATE  
But I also handle real estate and tax law.  
Which is why I'm here.

PETER  
Of course, yes. Please, have a seat.

Peter shoves debris off a chair for Kate, then he sits on the corner of his desk. A moment passes as they stare at each other, each waiting for the other to begin. Finally...

KATE  
(cautious)  
Do you know why I'm here?

PETER  
You mean, cosmically? Or...

KATE  
Mr. LaFleur, I'm here because you've defaulted on your second mortgage and the property note has been purchased.

Kate hands Peter a thick document.

PETER  
Whoa. Hang on. We're in default?

KATE  
No, you're in foreclosure. You were in default during the six months we sent you delinquency notices.

PETER  
I thought those were warnings.

KATE  
They were warnings.

PETER  
Interesting...

KATE  
Mr. LaFleur, I assure you, this situation is serious.

PETER  
Right, seriously, enough kidding around.  
Let's get serious here.

Clearing his throat, Peter picks up the document, pretending to look it over.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I see, and uh, how did this happen?

KATE

By law, anyone can buy a second mortgage note from the bank and, if it's in default, foreclose on it.

PETER

So...what? We make our payments to someone else now?

Kate's face changes, Peter's not getting it.

KATE

No. The company that bought your note has foreclosed on it.

PETER

I see. I see.

(beat)

And what does that mean exactly?

KATE

It means that you have 90 days to pay off the balance of your second mortgage, or your gym becomes their gym.

PETER

And how much money is that?

KATE

\$50,000.

PETER

Only \$50,000? I thought you said this was serious.

(digging through his desk)

Personal check be alright? If you could wait until the first of the month to cash it though...

KATE

Mr. LaFleur...

PETER

Do you like Italian food?

KATE

What?

PETER

We should continue this over dinner tonight, your treat.

KATE

I really don't think that would be appropriate.

PETER

You're right, you're right. We'll pretend you never asked.

KATE  
I didn't ask.

PETER  
Exactly. You're very good at this.

KATE  
Have you been drinking?

Peter cups his hand to his mouth and SNIFFS his own breath.

PETER  
(unsure)  
I don't...think so.

KATE  
Mr. LaFleur, I've been assigned to the company that has purchased your mortgage. I'm here to audit your books and assess any tax liabilities there may be. I'm not here to suffer through your feckless attempts at school-boy charm, is that clear?

PETER  
Feckless?

KATE  
Now, I'd like to take a look through your financial records if you don't mind.

Peter stares blankly.

KATE (CONT'D)  
You do keep financial records, don't you? Invoices, revenue reports, operating cost data -- taxable income?

PETER  
No, of course. Yes. We keep them. We've got a whole closet full.

KATE  
Great.

Opening the door, Peter steps aside to reveal a closet stuffed with invoices, dusty financials, and cobwebbed data off all kind. It's every accountant's worst nightmare, in triplicate.

PETER  
We just don't really file them.

KATE  
You don't say.

PETER  
Can I ask you something else?

KATE  
I really wish you wouldn't.

PETER

You said you're assigned to "the company" that bought us out. Which company? Who would want to buy this place?

KATE

It's right there, on the last page.

Peter flips to the last page in the document, reading it...

PETER

(of course)

Globo Gym.

CUT TO:

INT. GLOBO GYM / CARDIO ROOM - DAY

30 CLASS MEMBERS, wearing small plastic cowboy hats, straddle stuffed-animal horses and "ride" them in place; some of the advanced members even wear chaps. This is Cardio Cowboy Class.

CARDIO COWBOY INSTRUCTOR

Yahoo! Get your little doggies along!

One hand to holding their steed and the other vigorously swinging an imaginary lasso, the class works up quite a sweat.

The CARDIO COWBOY INSTRUCTOR, complete with fringed leather gloves, hollers his directions with a slight lisp...

CARDIO COWBOY INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Come on! Feel the burn Cowpokes! It's hot, you've been riding the range for lo' these many nights. If you feel the burn lemme hear ya yahoo!

CARDIO COWBOY CLASS

Yahoo!

CARDIO COWBOY INSTRUCTOR

Rattlesnake!

Instantly, the entire class rears their horses back, holding them there in a difficult squat position. - We then REVERSE TO:

PETER

staring on in wonder. Suddenly, RONNIE, the perfectly manicured assistant manager, appears, explaining...

RONNIE

Cardio Cowboy Class. The latest advancement in aerobic workout. It's newer than new.

PETER

When do they castrate each other?

RONNIE

Oh, they don't do that in beginners anymore.

(beat)

Mr. Goodman is just finishing up some taping for his home video series, if you'll follow me, please.

INT. GLOBO GYM / MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beautiful GYM MEMBERS pass, sweating in their designer outfits as techno music THUMPS and BUMPS and disco balls spin out a light show. Globo Gym is a deeply bizarre hybrid of Old-Tyme fitness and New-Fangled pseudo-science.

Ronnie leads Peter along a black path that twists through the main floor passing row after row of state-of-the-art equipment.

INT. WHITE GOODMAN'S VIDEO SHOOT - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting in a chair next to a confused and sweaty fat man named JERRY, White Goodman finishes his salesman pitch...

WHITE GOODMAN

...And that's what's so great about our new series: "Fit or Fallow." Jerry here has signed a contract authorizing us to permanently sterilize him if he doesn't reach the fitness goals we've set. So either way, Society wins. Right, Jer?

JERRY

Um, I'm not really comfort--

WHITE GOODMAN

That's the spirit. Thirty-five pounds in twenty-one days is a long shot, but it's a chance we're willing to take with you.

(to the camera)

And it's a chance you should be willing to take at home. So hit stop on your VCR, workbook what we've just gone over, and we'll see you tomorrow for lesson twelve: How to starve yourself sexy.

(beat)

Good luck. And remember: It's your fault that you're fat, but I'm here to change all that.

White smiles, giving a thumbs up to the camera.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Cut! We're clear!

White quickly pulls his hand from Jerry's back, wiping it off with a nearby towel.

WHITE GOODMAN

Jesus! Can we get someone to hose this beast down? He's stinking like a shit-sausage up here.

PA's and CREW MEMBERS hustle about as White walks off set toward Ronnie and Peter.

RONNIE

Mr. Goodman, this is Peter LaFleur of Average Joe's.

WHITE GOODMAN

Of course, of course. How are you Peter?  
(tossing his towel at Ronnie)  
Add three pounds to the scales in the women's locker-room before you go home.

RONNIE

Of course, sir.

WHITE GOODMAN

Walk with me, Peter.

White slips on a Globo Gym pullover and walks out into...

INT. GLOBO GYM / 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Peter and White stop at a railing overlooking the main floor. White smiles, over-joyed with the hard bodies working out.

WHITE GOODMAN

Look at that. Is that not Eden before you? The ripped abs. The firm pecs. The taught buttock. It's perfection. Human perfection.

(beat)

Do you know what you need to look like that?

PETER

A lobotomy and \$100 running shoes?

WHITE GOODMAN

(oblivious)

That's right, commitment. Commitment to winning the daily war against sloth. Against fat. Against the unhealthy habits that weaken the body and slow the mind, leaving you nothing more than prey.

(beat)

You see Peter, there are only two types of people in this world: predators and prey. You're either a wolf or a wildebeest. And in my world, there's no room for the latter.

PETER  
That's really fascinating Mr. Goodman, and  
part of me actually means that, but...

WHITE GOODMAN  
Walk with me.

White moves off. Peter follows.

INT. GLOBO GYM / 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Peter and White walk past rows of sleek, HUMMING exercise bikes,  
treadmills and televisions.

WHITE GOODMAN  
I know why you're here, Peter. You're here  
because I bought out the second mortgage on  
your gym.

PETER  
Yes.

WHITE GOODMAN  
And you need \$50,000 in the next 90 days or  
your gym becomes my gym.

PETER  
Right. I was hoping we could work out a  
deal. I was thinking--

WHITE GOODMAN  
Do you know what separates us, Peter?

PETER  
Evolution?

WHITE GOODMAN  
Success. I am successful and you are not.  
My gym makes money. Yours does not. My  
gym's worth four million dollars, your gym  
isn't worth four. I have stock holders.  
You don't even have cup holders.

Peter cocks his head -- cup holders?

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
You see Peter, it's an economic and  
evolutionary imperative that my gym consume  
your gym. You're the sickly and I'm the  
strong, and it's my duty to thin the herd  
for the betterment of Society. It's  
business, true. And business is business,  
but sometimes business can be a pleasure.

White's face changes. He's no longer a simple fitness  
enthusiast, he's become something much darker.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

In '90 days, I'll be bulldozing that shit-heap you call a gym into permanent nothingness. And I can only hope that you and the mongrel race that comprise your membership are inside it when I do.

White walks off.

PETER

Whoa! We're just starting the negotiation process here! You didn't even hear my counter offer to your unilateral decision!

WHITE GOODMAN

(over his shoulder)

Me'Shell will show you out.

Peter hustles around the corner.

PETER

Who's Me'Shell?

WHAM! Peter runs smack into a massive chest, knocking himself to the floor.

Standing there is 6' 6" and 300lbs of African-American male muscle! Sporting a shaved head, a pearly white smile and large name-tag that reads: Me'Shell, this is ME'SHELL JONES (30's).

PETER (CONT'D)

You're Me'Shell.

EXT. GLOBO GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Me'Shell shoves Peter out the door. Stumbling down the steps, Peter clutches a bush to keep from falling, it's awkward.

Just then, two BEAUTIFUL WOMEN head into Globo Gym. Peter nods nonchalantly...

PETER

Ladies.

CUT TO:

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MAIN WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Where JUSTIN REDMOND (15), skinny but determined, grips a bar with massive 45lbs plates on each side, psyching himself up...

JUSTIN

One time. One time.

Grunting, Justin lifts the bar, precariously balancing it on locked-elbows. One last moment of hesitation and then...

WHAM!

The bar crashes down on Justin's sternum, pinning him there. Squirming, Justin's eyes roll back, his feet kick wildly...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ack! Ack!

ENTERING FROM THE HALLWAY,

Peter and Dwight walk right past the struggling Justin.

PETER

Get everyone together in the mini-gym.

DWIGHT

Strip Bingo?

PETER

Cabinet meeting.

Dwight's face changes -- that's serious.

DWIGHT

Aye-aye, Skipper.

Dwight peels off. Peter stands there as Justin chokes to death in the background. Casually, Peter turns around...

PETER

Need a spot?

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MAIN WEIGHT ROOM - LATER

A BAG OF ICE is pulled away to reveal the ruler-shaped red mark on Justin's chest.

PETER

What are you doing lifting that much weight anyway? It's dangerous.

JUSTIN

Yeah, well it'll be worth it when I make the cheerleading squad and prove to everyone, including Amber, that I'm not a loser.

PETER

Hang on. You want to become a cheerleader to prove that you're not a loser?

JUSTIN

Yeah.

PETER

Man, high school has changed. Well, can you at least tell me why?

JUSTIN

You'll just think I'm a loser just like everyone else.

PETER  
I won't think that about you as far as you know.

Justin looks a little embarrassed, then finally...

JUSTIN  
Okay. Well...

HOKEY FLASHBACK DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

We TRACK ACROSS a series of HUGE MALE CHEERLEADERS, each more muscle bound than the next. We move past burly, crossed forearms and skim over a forehead sticking up between two huge triceps. We stop and move back, DIPPING DOWN to see...

JUSTIN

sweating nervously, a white paper #13 pinned to his T-shirt.

ON THE BLUE TRYOUT MAT,

a giant MALE CHEERLEADER tosses a tiny FEMALE CHEERLEADER into the air. She spins in a blur, falling back toward the earth. The Male Cheerleader catches her perfectly, setting her down.

MALE & FEMALE CHEERLEADER  
Go Donkeys!

THREE HIGH SCHOOL CHEER JUDGES,

including the object of Justin's fantasy, AMBER (17), sit at a folding table, marking their clipboards accordingly.

BOY CHEER JUDGE  
Excellent work Tommy and Jen!  
(checking list)  
Next! Boys line, #13! Justin Redmond!

Justin bolts front and center, a little over-eager...

JUSTIN  
Justin Redmond, ready and super-psyched!

Justin does a couple of "super-psyched" hand motions. Then looks at Amber...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Hey, Amber.

The other judges are a little freaked out by Justin's enthusiasm. Amber smiles awkwardly at Justin.

AMBER  
Hey, Justin. Good luck.

BOY CHEER JUDGE

Okay, uh, great. And from the girls tryout pool we need girl #00! Martha Johnstone!

WHIP PAN TO:

MARTHA JOHNSTONE.

Instantly we see a little problem. Martha tips the scales at somewhere near 350lbs. If she were three inches shorter, she'd be a circle.

Justin blanches, as Martha, wearing a cheerleader skirt and jogging bra, heads toward the center of the mat.

JUSTIN

Uh...

BOY CHEER JUDGE

Okay, let's toss to a chair, then hands, then a liberty, and cradle out, okay? I want to see smiles and lots of energy. On my count.

Martha turns her back to Justin, getting in position for the maneuver. Justin takes a deep breath and places his hands on her hips. Just before they begin, Martha leans back and whispers seductively...

MARTHA JOHNSTONE

I'm not wearing any panties.

Instantly, the blood drains from Justin's face. Then...

BOY CHEER JUDGE

One, two, three!

Justin lifts Martha into the "sitting" position on his shoulder, his entire body shakes violently under her immense carriage. The vein in Justin's forehead to bulges and nearly triples in size, looking very much like a jumbo-twisty straw.

BOY CHEER JUDGE (CONT'D)

Toss to a chair! One, two, three!

With all his might, Justin heaves Martha into the air, but gravity kicks in and WHAM! Martha comes down hard, BAM! They CRASH to the mat floor, a heap of flesh and limbs.

Instantly everyone rushes over to the fallen duo, crowding around. WHISPERS of concern turn to GASPS of horror as we PUSH through the crowd to reveal that...

Justin and Martha are locked in what looks like an illicit, and perhaps illegal, blend of Hasbro's Twister and the Kama Sutra.

BOY CHEER JUDGE (CONT'D)

(simply)

Holy shit.

Both parties squirm, but can't manage to untangle the mess of flesh they're in. Justin lets out a muffled cry for help from under Martha's plus-sized skirt...

JUSTIN  
Hewrkr!p!

Two BURLY CHEERLEADERS manage to pull Martha off of Justin, THLUP! Wet-headed and gasping for air, Justin looks over the sickened faces of the other cheerleaders, stopping on Amber's.

HOKEY FLASHBACK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MAIN WEIGHT ROOM - SAME

Sitting on the corner of the bench, Justin looks a little sheepish and Peter looks like he just ate a spoonful of shit.

PETER  
Well, I hope you got a tetanus shot.

JUSTIN  
God, you see? That's why I've got to make the cheerleading squad this year. I'll prove to Amber that I don't suck.

PETER  
Relax, Justin. You don't need to join some team. Girls will like you if you just be yourself.

JUSTIN  
That hasn't really worked so far.

PETER  
Okay. Good point.

Just then, Dwight leans in the doorway.

DWIGHT  
Cabinet's assembled.

PETER  
Be right there.  
(beat)  
Look, don't worry about this Amber situation. It'll all work out in the end, trust me.

JUSTIN  
Really? You think so?

Peter smiles reassuringly...

PETER  
I have no idea, but I'm excited to find out.  
(getting up)  
Come on.

JUSTIN  
What's going on?

PETER  
We've got a problem.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

This circular office, enclosed in one-way mirrored glass, offers a near 360° view of Globo Gym.

Shirtless, White has strange alligator clamps attached to his nipples and a remote control in one hand.

We PULL BACK to reveal that White is staring at a GLAZED DOUGHNUT on a paper plate. White speaks softly to himself.

WHITE GOODMAN  
You want it? You want that doughnut don't you, fat boy? Go ahead, have a bite. One bite won't hurt you.

Trance-like, White reaches for it and suddenly, ZZZZZ! He shocks himself, grabbing hold of the desk corner to keep from falling over.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
(breathless)  
That's what you get, Fatty Fat Face.

The double doors open, and Me'Shell enters.

ME'SHELL  
Ms. Veatch is here to see you.

White gathers himself, removes the nipple clamps and primps ever-so-slightly.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Show her in.

Kate enters with Me'Shell.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Katherine, good to see you. I trust all is well with our acquisition of Average Joe's.

KATE  
Yes. But...

WHITE GOODMAN  
But what?

KATE  
Well, there's just something that's puzzling me.

WHITE GOODMAN  
And that is?

KATE  
Mr. Goodman, you've hired me to advise and assess, and I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't tell you that I think this is a spectacularly bizarre business decision -- Average Joe's Gym has no tangible assets to speak of, the building itself is condemnable and their market share isn't even calculable in comparison to yours. In short, Average Joe's poses no threat to Globo Gym or its interests. So I'm left, like I said, a bit puzzled.

WHITE GOODMAN  
That's what I like about you, Kate. You have a certain sauciness which I find very attractive.  
(beat)  
We should mate.

KATE  
What?

WHITE GOODMAN  
Date. We should date. Socially.

White offers a strangely creepy smile in Kate's direction causing her to stifle a cough, covering her mouth.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

KATE  
Yeah, I'm fine. I just threw-up in my mouth a little bit.

WHITE GOODMAN  
I have a strong affect on women, Kate.

KATE  
Mr. Goodman, I'm sorry, but I don't date clients.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Don't crap where you eat. I understand. Pity though. You have such fine bone structure and muscle-mass. Perhaps I could purchase one of your eggs for fertilization.

KATE  
You know, I think I'll just be going now.

Kate heads for the door, but Me'Shell subtly steps in her way. No one leaves until White says they can leave.

WHITE GOODMAN  
But I haven't answered your puzzlement.

White steps towards his reflection in the window that over-looks Average Joe's across the street.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Do I find that gym and its membership repulsive? Yes. Does it sicken me every time I see it festering there across the street from my gym? Yes. But that's not why I'm doing this. I'm doing this because it's the natural order of the world. I am doing this because they are the weak and I am the strong. I'm doing this, quite simply Kate, because I can.

(beat)  
That gym must be destroyed.

White's eyes narrow as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MINI GYM - MOMENTS LATER

The mini-gym is not much bigger than the basketball court itself. We TRACK OVER rows of folding chairs seeing: Dwight, Owen, Gordon, Justin and Steve The Pirate. We also see FRANK (30's), a wiry red-head who always wears a short-sleeved dress shirt.

Peter stands in front of the gym, addressing his people.

PETER  
So that's the deal. We need \$50,000 in the next 90 days or Average Joe's is history. Any questions?

Silence. Owen adjusts his glasses and raises his hand.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Owen.

OWEN  
Uh, yes. Peter, is that \$50,000 Canadian?

PETER  
No. We're talking about \$50,000 American.

OWEN  
Well, and I'm just spit-ballin' here, but why don't we just pay it off in Canadian dollars and save ourselves some money?

Peter, ever the patient teacher...

PETER  
Okay again, our debt is \$50,000 American, \$67,000 Canadian.

OWEN

How are we gonna come up with \$117,000?!

Instantly everyone BURSTS into a worried MURMUR -- \$117,000 is much worse than anyone thought. Peter tries to explain.

PETER

No. Please, everyone please, we don't owe in both Canadian and American dollars. Just one.

The crowd continues its worried MURMUR. Suddenly, an idea hits Dwight and he stands up, shouting over everyone.

DWIGHT

I've got it!

They turn and looks at Dwight expectantly...

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Car wash!

Peter looks slightly confused as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

BEAUTIFUL BOOBS

slathered in soap and pressed up against a car window. They nearly burst from their bikini top restraint. We're...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Where at least 16 BEAUTIFUL CO-EDS, wearing the most revealing bikinis, LAUGH and GIGGLE as they spray each other with water.

The line of HOOTING and HOLLERING MALE CAR OWNERS goes around the block. It's a gratuitous moment before we...

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

Where we see Peter and the other Average Joe's members staring in disbelief at the line of cars heading into the other car wash. A speedo-sporting Owen shakes his head, crest-fallen.

OWEN

I mean, what are the chances? Same day. Right across the street. Golli-day.

Peter does his best to console...

PETER

It's a competitive market place, Owen.

DWIGHT

Well I said we should've waxed our bikini lines, but did anyone listen to me?

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(looking at Owen)  
I mean, it looks like he's smuggling Velcro  
down there.

Owen looks down, really?

PETER  
Okay, let's stop finger-pointing. We got  
beat fair and square. And I for one am  
going to go over there and congratulate  
those ladies personally.

Peter's about to head over when Gordon, wearing a Nike sports  
ensemble, walks up. His nipples jut through the spandex like up-  
turned tic-tacs.

GORDON  
Uh guys, not to be a nay-sayer or anything,  
but we've been out here for like seven  
hours and the only customer we've had is  
that weird guy who keeps paying Justin to  
wash his truck.

WHIP PAN TO:

JUSTIN

on his hands and knees, Speedo bottoms riding up his ass, scrubs  
the chrome hubcap of a huge MONSTER TRUCK.

Holding his BARKING PITBULL on a chain leash and fondling his  
crotch with his free hand, the WEIRD GUY (30's), shirtless and  
wearing cut-off shorts, watches Justin.

WEIRD GUY  
That's it boy. Get in there, nice 'n deep  
like.

BACK TO:

PETER, DWIGHT & GORDON

PETER  
Yeah, that's not good.

DWIGHT  
Maybe we should go digital.

PETER  
What?

DWIGHT  
(caught)  
I don't know.

Dwight kicks a bucket in disgust as we move to...

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / PETER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Where the tired crew of Average Joe's stands around and watches as Peter adds up the day's profits...

PETER  
...Minus soap and sponge purchases, minus  
parking lot rental fee and chamois  
procurement, we come to...

Everyone holds their breath, hoping against hope that they've made a dent in the \$50,000 mountain...

PETER (CONT'D)  
Negative \$1,327.23.

Peter shows the, "\$1,327.23" read-out to the guys.

PETER (CONT'D)  
For those of you keeping score at home,  
we're now in the hole \$1,327 and 23 cents  
more than we were yesterday.

JUSTIN  
So we're actually further away from saving  
this place?

PETER  
'Fraid so.

Everyone GROANS. Dwight chimes in.

DWIGHT  
Wait, Peter, I've got another idea, and  
it's just crazy enough to work.

PETER  
Does it involve me wearing women's clothing  
or shaving my pubic region?

That sort of catches Dwight off-guard...

DWIGHT  
Short answer "yes." Long answer "no" with  
an "if."

PETER  
Alright, that's it. Let's call it a night.

The group looks at each other, no one wants to move first.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Really. It's okay. I'll close up. We'll  
take a crack at coming up with \$51,327.23  
tomorrow. Everyone just go home.

The group slowly peels off, dejected. Peter closes his office door and moves over to his desk, staring at the calculator read-out. He quickly adds the -\$50,000 to the total, to arrive at the \$51,327.23 needed to save Joe's.

Peter tears off the paper and shoots it at his trash can, missing as the paper ball ricochets out. A small metaphor.

PETER (CONT'D)

Perfect.

With a sigh, Peter picks up the paper, tosses it into the trash can and is about to turn, when something catches his eye.

Peter bends down and pulls out Gordon's copy of "Sports". We can't see what he sees, but clearly it's got Peter's attention. He laughs to himself as we...

CUT TO:

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / FRONT DESK - NIGHT

The team is just about out the front door when Peter rushes in.

PETER

Hang on! I know how we can get the money.

Everyone stops, turning.

OWEN

How?

Peter holds the magazine high for all to see.

PETER

Dodgeball.

DWIGHT

What?

Gordon nearly slaps his forehead.

GORDON

Of course! The Las Vegas International Dodgeball Open. I can't believe I didn't think of it first.

DWIGHT

Okay. Again, what?

PETER

Tell 'em, Gordo.

GORDON

It's an annual event in Las Vegas, that's why they hold it every year there. And the best part is that it's open to any team that wins a regional qualifying match.

DWIGHT  
How is dodgeball gonna get us the money we  
need to save Joe's?

PETER  
The first place award is a cash prize.

JUSTIN  
How much?

Peter smiles, handing the magazine to Justin.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
\$51,327.23.  
(beat)  
Wow, that's weird.

Dwight's not convinced...

DWIGHT  
But boss, no one here even knows how to  
play dodgeball.

JUSTIN  
I do.

PETER  
You do?

JUSTIN  
Yeah. We had to play it in P.E. last year.  
They made us watch a film about it and  
everything.

PETER  
Could you get your hands on that film?

JUSTIN  
Sure, I guess.

DWIGHT  
Come on, dodgeball?

PETER  
Solid point Dwight, but do you think it's  
just a coincidence that the first place  
prize, is precisely the amount we need to  
save this place?

DWIGHT  
Yes.

PETER  
Exactly. And coincidence is Destiny's  
retarded love-child.

Everyone looks at each other, blinking -- not getting it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 But if you love that love-child, if you  
 embrace it, and nurture it, and rub its  
 belly, coincidence can become Destiny.  
 (beat, the truth)  
 Besides, does anybody have a better way to  
 raise \$51,327.23?

The group looks at each other -- not really.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Okay then. Dodgeball it is.

CUT TO:

GRAINY BLACK & WHITE 16MM FOOTAGE

An ancient white logo for *Über-American Instructional Films* ©  
 1947 comes up followed by a baritone voice...

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
*Über-American Instructional Films*, teaching  
 America's youth since 1938.

The film STUTTERS in the gate then we move to...

EXT. A SUPER HAPPY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY [BLACK & WHITE]

Where we find 11 year-old TIMMY, his back to us, painting a  
 white picket fence. Birds CHIRP and the sun SHINES as Timmy  
 goes about his chore with patient pleasure. A moment then...

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Hey there, Timmy.

TIMMY  
 Ah!

Timmy jumps a foot, SCREAMING and clutching his chest.

TIMMY (CONT'D)  
 Holy mackerel, mister! You scared the  
 jeepers out of me!

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 How would you like to take a break from  
 that fine lead-based paint and learn about  
 Dodgeball, America's seventh fastest  
 growing team sport?

TIMMY  
 Boy would I!

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Well, come on then!

Smiling ear-to-ear, Timmy hurries off camera.

## INT. CHINESE OPIUM DEN - DAY

Decked out in Oriental rugs and tapestries, CHINESE OPIUM ADDICTS smoke long pipes, and litter the floor in all forms of glazed-eyed repose. Timmy enters frame in complete wonderment.

TIMMY

Wow. Where am I, mister?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You're in a Chinese Opium Den, Timmy.

TIMMY

Good golly, why?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is where the sport of Dodgeball was born.

TIMMY

You're joshin' me.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the contrary, dodgeball was first invented in 15th-century China by opium addicted China-men.

TIMMY

Really?

Suddenly, an ANCIENT SKETCH OF "CHINA-MEN" throwing large scaly fish at each other fills the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sure, but back then the China-men threw rotting fish at each other instead of the ADAA approved balls we use today.

BACK TO:

TIMMY

who scratches his head, confused.

TIMMY

The ADAA?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That's the American Dodgeball Association of America. Come on, I'll show you.

Timmy runs off screen as we move to...

## INT. 1940'S GYMNASIUM - DAY

We move through this 1940's style gym, passing a climbing rope, wooden bleachers and basketball hoops...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The ADAA was formed to implement a standard set of rules in preparation for Dodgeball's exhibition in the 1936 Berlin Games.

(beat)

Dodgeball is played with seven players on each team.

BINK! Through the magic of cinema, FOURTEEN DODGEBALL PLAYERS, suddenly appear, all wearing satin ADAA warm-ups.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And eight rubber balls.

BINK! A satchel of RED RUBBER BALLS, each a little bigger than a bowling ball, appear. The two teams of seven square off.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dodgeball is played on a space a little smaller than a basketball court. The object is very simple: eliminate the opposing players by hitting them with one of the eight balls in play at all times.

DODGEBALLER #1 throws a ball, hitting DODGEBALLER #2.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Once hit, a player is out and must sit down. Once all the players on one team are eliminated, the opposing team wins.

Timmy smiles brightly.

TIMMY

Wow, that is simple. I can't wait to get the fellas together and play.

Timmy's about to rush off, when...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hang on a second there, Sport.

Into frame walks a super-debonair Clark Gable look-alike. He smokes a refreshing cigarette and wears a BOMBARDIER JACKET with a fashionable white SILK SCARF. He is...

TIMMY

(over-joyed)

Patches O'Houlihan!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That's right Timmy. Patches O'Houlihan, captain of the 1936 Olympic bronze medal team, 7 time ADAA all-star, and Eugenics enthusiast is here to take you the rest of the way.

TIMMY

Jeepers! Really?

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
 (flicking his cigarette away)  
 You betcha Timmy, and you almost missed the  
 most important rule.

TIMMY  
 I did?

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
 Sure. If you catch a ball that's thrown at  
 you before it hits the ground...

Dodgeballer #1 throws a ball at Dodgeballer #2 who catches it.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
 Then the player who threw the ball is out,  
not you. Plus, one of your own players  
 gets to come back into the game -- it's a  
 two player swing!

Dodgeballer #2's partner, DODGEBALLER #3 jogs in, high-fiving  
 his teammate as Dodgeballer #1 walks off with his head down.

TIMMY  
 Golly! That's great to know Mr.  
 O'Houlihan!

Patches musses Timmy's tow-head.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
 You can call me Patches. And be careful  
 not to step out of bounds.

Timmy looks down -- his foot is on the out-of-bounds line.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
 That'll eliminate you just as quickly as  
 getting hit would, Champ.

Timmy steps off the line, thankful for the advice.

TIMMY  
 Gee thanks Patches! I can't wait to start  
 my own team at school!

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
 That's the spirit Timmy, you'll be an all-  
 star yet.

We PUSH IN on Patches as he lights a refreshing cigarette,  
 exhales and looks directly in the camera.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
 And with hard work and practice, you too  
 could be a 7 Time ADAA All-Star like me,  
 Patches O'Houlihan. Just remember the five  
 D's of dodgeball: dodge, duck, dip, dive  
 and dodge.

(beat)

(MORE)

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
Until next time, take care of your balls  
and they'll take care of you.

Patches turns and walks away as we slowly fade out and the Über-American Instructional Films logo pops up. A beat then the film STUTTERS and unspools to white. We're back in...

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MINI GYM - DAY

Peter steps in front of the portable white screen.

PETER  
Okay guys, any questions?

Everyone looks at each other, confused. They don't really know enough to have questions. Peter takes this as a good sign...

PETER (CONT'D)  
Great. I've signed us up for the sub-regional qualifier, tomorrow at the Waldorf Rec. Center.

DWIGHT  
But Peter, we haven't even practiced yet.

PETER  
I know that Dwight, but we have to win at least one regional match in order to qualify for the Vegas Open and tomorrow's regional is our last chance.

Peter looks over his team, they don't look very confident.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Everyone just relax. The best way to learn any sport is to play it. Trust me.  
(beat)  
So go home and get some rest. I'll be in my office if anyone needs me.

The group breaks up, heading out the door.

Last in line, Owen tosses the remains of his STRAWBERRY SHAKE down the throat of a large RUBBER TRASH CAN.

A moment, then the trash can starts to shake and suddenly Me'Shell bursts forth, muscles rippling. He's been hiding in the trash can the whole time.

He wipes the shake from his face, licking his palm menacingly.

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / PETER'S OFFICE - LATER

Peter enters his office and stops short, tilting his head to get a better look at...

KATE'S ASS

which juts out of Peter's financial records' closet. Peter smirks, taking a moment to admire Kate's caboose.

PETER

Don't have an office of your own, huh?

Startled, Kate, THUD! hits her head on an open file drawer.

KATE

Ow!

Sweaty and disheveled, Kate rubs the lump, scowling at Peter.

KATE (CONT'D)

I have an office. I have a very nice office with a window and air conditioning. But what I don't have in my nice office with a window and air-conditioning is a closet over-flowing with thirty years of financial transactions devoid of any discernible filing system known to man.

PETER

It a very a delicate balance of chaos theory and the Dewey Decimal System.

Kate rolls her eyes and continues working. Peter notices an LPGA magazine in Kate's open briefcase. He picks it up.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, I didn't know you were into golf.

KATE

Not surprising. You don't know anything about me.

PETER

Exactly my point. Let's fix that, how 'bout dinner?

KATE

No.

PETER

Lunch?

KATE

No.

PETER

Okay then, brunch it is.

Kate stops her organizing and looks directly at Peter.

KATE

Please take this the wrong way: You're not my type.

PETER

What type is that?

KATE

Oh, you know, the type that inherits a marginally profitable business from his uncle and in the span of less than three years, through a stunning combination of stupidity and a severely misplaced sense of self-entitlement, manages to run that business straight into the ground.

(beat)

You know, the irresponsible, immature type.

Peter leans against his desk, nodding along.

PETER

Okay, I think that's tough but fair. But at least I'm not working for the bad guys.

KATE

The what?

PETER

White Goodman. Globo Gym. The bad guys. You're on their team. I mean, it's okay if you've got a little thing for bad boys.

KATE

First of all, I've been hired to do a job, and that's what I'm doing. My job. I'm sorry if you don't approve. So if you don't mind, I'd like to get back to doing it.

Kate moves past Peter, and rifles through a pile of folders.

PETER

Look, I don't know why you're doing all this preparation for our title transfer. It won't happen. I've got a foolproof plan to pay off our debt.

KATE

Really? And what could that possibly be?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GLOBO GYM / MAIN ROOM - DAY

WHITE GOODMAN

Dodgeball, eh?

A huge banner reads, "Scholastic Fitness Exam!" The main floor of Globo Gym has been given over to balloons, fat-free sorbet and 100 3RD GRADERS and their TEACHERS.

The children wait in line to have their moment with Globo Gym's Santa Clause, White Goodman who stands by an scale holding a clipboard. Me'Shell stands next to him, the remains of strawberry shake still on his head.

White fiddles with the scale as he talks to Me'Shell.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

If he thinks a few rubber balls can save his gym, he's in for a surprise. If dodgeball's the weapon of choice in my little duel with Peter LaFleur. So be it.  
(beat)

We're going to field our own dodgeball team and we're going to win that tournament.

White marks his clipboard, shaking his head as he leans down to tell the cute-as-a-button 10 YEAR-OLD GIRL the bad news...

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Well Tiffany, you're six pounds overweight. You better stop eating or you'll get fat and then no boy will ever marry you. Okay, honey?

White taps her on the nose as Tiffany's eyes well with tears.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

(baby voice)  
Sowwy, but wittle tears don't burn fat.  
Next!

CUT TO:

INT. WALDORF RECREATIONAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

This multi-purpose center is nearly empty. The bleachers hold a smattering of BORED SPECTATORS. Apparently this tournament isn't the hottest thing in town. We CRANE DOWN on...

AVERAGE JOE'S SQUAD

standing awkwardly on the dodgeball court, preparing for their first match. Each team member wears a ratty Average Joe's T-shirt. Peter is nowhere to be found.

JUSTIN

We can't play if Peter's not here.

Gordon holds the ADAA rule book open to an appropriate page.

GORDON

Actually, the ADAA states that we can play with, "a minimum of six, a maximum of seven" for all tournament play.

DWIGHT

You want us to play with six people?

GORDON

No. I'm just saying it says we can.

A little hung-over and finishing a cigarette, Peter arrives.

DWIGHT  
Bad morning, boss?

PETER  
Bad mornings always follow good nights,  
Dwight.

Gordon tosses Peter a ratty Average Joe's T-shirt. He recoils.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Jesus, what is this?

GORDON  
Softball uniforms from 1977. I found them  
in storage. ADAA rules stipulate that we  
all wear matching uniforms.

PETER  
Well mine matches the smell of urine.

JUSTIN  
Mine too.

Owen notices something a little strange...

OWEN  
Hey, why's the bank lady here?

Everyone turns to see Kate standing near the entrance area.

PETER  
Well now, let's find out.

Smiling to himself, Peter moves off. A moment passes then  
Dwight looks over at Frank, the guy who's never said anything.  
Dwight takes him in a moment, then says simply...

DWIGHT  
Shut up, Frank.

CUT TO:

ENTRANCE AREA

PETER (O.S.)  
I've got some pom-poms and a skirt in my  
trunk.

Kate spins to see Peter.

KATE  
Excuse me?

PETER  
For you to cheer us to victory.

KATE  
I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm here  
to see if you did in fact purchase...

Kate opens her leather briefcase, and pulls out an invoice.

KATE (CONT'D)

...six pairs of erotic water-wings from  
Stan's Pool House of Pleasure?

PETER

You didn't come down here to ask me if I  
purchased adult-themed pool equipment.

KATE

(here we go)  
I didn't?

PETER

No. You're here because you're curious  
about this dodgeball thing and you think we  
might actually be onto something.

(beat)

Plus, you can't stop thinking about me.

KATE

You're an idiot.

(shoving the invoice at him)

If you'll just verify this invoice, I'll be  
on my way.

Peter smiles, changing tactics...

PETER

Tell you what: you sit in the stands and  
cheer us on, I mean really cheer, and when  
this is over I'll tell you everything you  
want to know about that invoice.

Kate smiles to herself, she can't believe this guy.

KATE

Is this really the only thing you do, Mr.  
LaFleur? Make silly passes at women who  
find you far less than charming?

PETER

No, but's it's the only thing I do well.

Peter winks and runs off, leaving Kate frustrated but a little  
intrigued.

THE DODGEBALL COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Our team stands in a small circle, waiting to play.

GORDON

How many teams are in this tourney anyway?

PETER

(distracted)

Two.

Peter watches Kate take a seat in the stands. Bored, Kate checks her watch. Peter smiles to himself.

GORDON  
Two plus us?

PETER  
Uh, no, two total. The dodgeball guy on the phone said enrollment's been down the last couple years.

The team looks a little concerned.

PETER (CONT'D)  
But that's good news for us because all we have to do is beat this other team and bingo, we're in the Vegas Open.

JUSTIN  
Who's the other team?

Peter pulls out a folded piece of paper.

PETER  
(reading)  
Troop #417.

DWIGHT  
Oh great, we're playing Boy Scouts.

Gordon pops his head out of the circle and points...

GORDON  
Uh, not quite.

Everyone turns to see...

GIRL SCOUT TROOP #417

their immaculate uniforms and sashes ripple menacingly as they strut toward us in super-cool SLOW-MOTION.

The Average Joe's squad looks a little concerned as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

A REFEREE'S WHISTLE.

We CRANE BACK and away showing the entire court: Average Joe's on one side, Girl Scout Troop #417 on the other. The Referee looks back and forth between each team.

REFEREE  
Average Joe's ready! Troop #417 ready!  
(beat)  
Dodgeball!

The Referee blows his whistle and the game is on!

CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS OVER A MONTAGE OF:

The Girl Scouts SCREAM war cries and ferociously throw balls.

The Joe's Squad looks a little confused and out-gunned -- ducking and dodging more than throwing.

A Girl Scout dives out of the way. BONK! Owen gets hit. Justin covers-up and is hit by three balls at once.

Dwight gives his best juke move and head-fake, but THWAP! No use. CRACK! Frank, the voiceless one, goes down.

Uncoordinated Gordon tries to catch a ball, but drops it.

Steve The Pirate charges the line SCREAMING!

STEVE THE PIRATE

Argh!

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! He's riddled by dodgeballs, eliminated.

Sitting in the stands, Kate can't help but cringe.

Peter yells instructions to Dwight, as suddenly WHACK! He's hit in the face, knocking him flat on his ass.

We PUSH IN on Peter's dazed face as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALDORF RECREATIONAL CENTER / PRESENTATION AREA - LATER

Girl Scout Troop #417 and Average Joe's, along with a smattering of FANS, stand waiting for MR. RALPH, the tournament organizer, to hand out the 1st place plaque.

DWIGHT

We just got our asses handed to us by a bunch of eleven year-old girls.

PETER

I know Dwight. Thanks for the re-cap.

MR. RALPH

And without further adieu, it gives me great pleasure to award the first place--

Suddenly Mr. Ralph's ASSISTANT sneaks up, whispering to his boss, something's wrong. Then...

MR. RALPH (CONT'D)

Uh, well, it seems there's a problem. Unfortunately for Girl Scout Troop #417, during the ADAA-required random drug screening, one of your players' urine tested positive for steroid use. I'm afraid, by rule, your team must be disqualified.

The Girl Scout team is furious. All of them instantly look right as we quickly TRACK ACROSS, stopping on

BERNICE

a huge, hairy girl scout who looks more like a 38 year-old body-builder than an 11 year-old girl. Bernice begins to sob openly as a BLONDE GIRL SCOUT marches up to her, tossing her own beret into Bernice's massive chest.

BLONDE GIRL SCOUT  
God damn you, Bernice!

Mr. Ralph finishes his oration...

MR. RALPH  
...So then, by the power vested in me by the American Dodgeball Association of America, the winner of this year's Waldorf Recreation Center Dodgeball Jamboree and Crafts Fair, is...Average Joe's Gym!

WHIP PAN TO:

AVERAGE JOE'S SQUAD,

who are absolutely stunned. Half a beat then they ERUPT IN JUBILATION. Dwight grabs the cheap plaque, holding it high in the air as a ROCKIN' TUNE kicks up, taking us to...

EXT. O'HOULIHAN'S - NIGHT

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of this local dive bar, before we go...

INT. O'HOULIHAN'S - CONTINUOUS

Where we PULL BACK from the CHINTZY DODGEBALL PLAQUE to reveal the entire squad there, HOOTING and HOLLERING, beer-soaked and smiling. Kate is among them and, she's finding it hard not to get caught up in the moment.

Peter, holding a pitcher of his own, finishes his speech.

PETER  
And lastly, I would like to thank anabolic steroid abuse and say that the Las Vegas Open better watch out, cuz we gonna bring the meanest, leanest most baddest-assed dodgeball team ever to hit sin city!

EVERYONE  
Whoo!

And the party resumes, music kicking back up as we PUSH THROUGH the crowd, past BAR PATRONS stopping at the front door as...

WHITE GOODMAN

enters, flanked by SIX HUGE MEN, Me'Shell Jones among them. White spots Peter and his crew and makes his way toward them. The crowd parts, sensing a show-down.

Meanwhile, Peter chats-up Kate.

PETER

Come on, admit it, there's a certain musk at work here.

Kate LAUGHS for the first time.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah-ha! She laughs ladies and gentlemen!  
(checking his watch)  
Who had 7:30 Saturday night?

Kate smiles, she's had a beer or two herself.

KATE

I'll admit that, in spite of yourself, you have brief moments when you're not completely...

Kate stops short, seeing White and his group standing right behind Peter.

PETER

What? When I'm not completely what?

WHITE GOODMAN (O.S.)

Pathetic.

Peter turns to see White and his cronies. The entire bar looks on.

PETER

Oh, hey White. I thought Nazi Camp got out at eight? Did you skip arts & crafts?

White looks over to Kate, sizing up the situation.

WHITE GOODMAN

Hello, Kate. I wasn't aware that I was paying you to socialize.

KATE

I'm off the clock.

WHITE GOODMAN

Well, isn't that convenient for you.

(cold beat)

I thought I'd come by and congratulate you on your victory by disqualification today and introduce you to the team that will be crushing you in the Las Vegas Open.

(MORE)

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

(beat)  
My team.

We TRACK ACROSS White's team, each one bigger and scarier than the last -- if it were possible for NFL linebackers to mate with each other, these men would be their offspring.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

My men are agile, mobile and extremely hostile. My men are perfect physical specimens. Your men are stool specimens.

(beat)  
These are the Globo Gym Purple Dragons.

PETER

Yeah, I'd like to see one of them spell "purple."

ME'SHELL

P-U-R-P-L-E, bitch.

PETER

Okay, solid. Nice work.

GORDON

Wait a minute, how can you be entered in the Las Vegas Open? You never even won a regional qualifying match.

WHITE GOODMAN

You'd be amazed what bribery can get you.

(to Peter)  
And you should quit now and save yourself the embarrassment of losing with these losers in Las Vegas, LaFleur.

PETER

Alliteration aside White, I think I'll take my chances with this team.

WHITE GOODMAN

Team? What team? You've got a crude assembly of the severely unathletic and the mildly retarded. And your best player thinks he's a pirate.

The gathered crowd "OOHs" -- that one stung. Steve The Pirate nearly jumps out of his seat but Peter intercedes.

PETER

First of all, he's more of a pirate than you'll ever be. And secondly, you can't scare us.

Peter stands eyeball to eyeball with White.

PETER (CONT'D)

We'll play you anytime, anywhere.

White smiles...

Really? WHITE GOODMAN

SMASH CUT TO:

THICK WHITE CHALK

drags across rugged parking lot pavement, forming the outline of a court. We're...

EXT. O'HOULIHAN'S / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Where the entire bar, and then some, has gathered.

ERRT! ERRT! ERRT! Trucks and cars come to abrupt stops, turning on their headlights -- CHUNK, CHUNK, CHUNK -- illuminating the rectangular playing court.

With the night air, the white light from the headlights, and the 250 people standing so closely together, this looks more like an old-school rumble than a pick-up dodgeball game.

SOUVENIR VENDORS roam the growing crowd, selling foam #1 hands, churros, oranges and inflatable tchotchkes. ON-LOOKERS exchange money: taking and making ridiculous bets.

Kate watches the building spectacle, amazed and worried.

ON THE BLACK-TOP COURT:

White leads his team through practiced stretches and throws -- they look unbeatable.

Average Joe's team stands in a small circle, confused, cold and frightened. Nervous, everyone is talking at once...

DWIGHT  
Would now be a bad time to remind everyone that earlier today we got ass-thumped by a troop of eleven year-old girl scouts?

PETER  
Relax, we can take these guys. We'll just start with the small ones and work our way up.

JUSTIN  
I think they ate their small ones, Peter.

GORDON  
Is this court regulation? I don't think this court is regulation, do you?

PETER  
Come on guys, we'll be fine. These guys aren't so tough.

ME'SHELL (O.S.)  
Ah!

Our team turns to see Me'Shell, as he tears apart a dodgeball with his teeth, then begins to chewing it like cud.

Everyone looks at Peter -- are you serious?

PETER  
Okay, this might've been a bad idea.

DWIGHT  
Might've?

PETER  
Don't worry. I'll just call the whole thing off, we'll forfeit and everyone will go home. No harm, no foul.

The Team looks at Peter, not buying it.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Trust me guys. What are they going to do?  
Force us to play?

Peter heads out of his circle toward center court just as a WOMAN standing on top of a car, holds an air horn high.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Hey, White! We forfeit...

WOMAN WITH AIR HORN  
Game on!

WHAAAA! The air horn sounds and WHAP! Peter is instantly hit in the face by a dodgeball, and goes down hard, out cold.

Dwight and the rest of the squad see what's going on and bolt, ducking and dodging on-coming dodgeballs that WHIZ past them.

Dwight turns just in time to duck a ball that WHIPS past his head, hitting a RANDOM VENDOR...

RANDOM VENDOR  
Aie!

Dwight turns to see Me'Shell smiling at him.

DWIGHT  
Screw this.

Dwight tries to run off the court but is roughly shoved back into the game by some TOUGH-LOOKING PATRONS.

The rest of the team does their best, ducking and dodging the onslaught. Steve The Pirate is the only one crazy enough to throw a ball back, but WHACK! He's taken out quickly.

Fairly nimble, Justin avoids a three ball burst.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Hey, kid! Nice work. Here, catch.

White tosses his dodgeball high in the air. Justin looks up and White pulls another ball from behind his back, PEGGING Justin in the gut.

Oof! JUSTIN

White gives Kate and a wink and a thumbs up. Kate is weirded-out by the attention.

Owen covers up in the fetal position, as THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! He's out. Frank ducks one ball, only to be hit by two more.

Chubby and out of breath, Gordon takes a toke on his inhaler just as WHACK! He gets hit in the throat, doubling over.

As Average Joe's team is decimated, the crowd CHEERS wildly, laughing and high-fiving -- all except Kate, who looks on wishing she could do something.

We also catch the portentous outline of a MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR, watching the dodgeball action with a seasoned eye.

Suddenly, Dwight's the only one left. He turns to see Me'Shell clutching a ball and taking aim. Dwight decides to try the only thing left...

DWIGHT  
Whoa! Brother! Brother! Come on, man!  
We gotta stick together! This is the White  
man's game. We gotta squash the hate, dog.  
Right? Brother?

ME'SHELL  
I ain't your brother. But you my bitch.

And with that Me'Shell whips his ball, tagging Dwight in the testicles. The crowd "OHs!" -- an audible wince as Dwight doubles over and falls to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. O'HOULIHAN'S / PARKING LOT - LATER

The parking lot is empty. O'Houlihan's neon sign offers the only glow. Everyone has gone home. Everyone except Peter who, rubbing his head, bends down to unlock his bike.

The spokes of a wheelchair enter frame. Then a voice...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
That was the worst god-damned dodgeball  
display I've seen in forty years.

Backlit by the street lamp, Peter can only make out the outline of a MAN in a wheelchair smoking a cigarette.

PETER  
Yeah, well everybody's a critic these days.

## MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR

I ain't no critic but I know everything there is to know about the greatest sport ever to grace this miserable rock. I know how it's supposed to be played. You gotta crap thunder and piss lightening out there. And you all ran around like a bunch of dickless chickens in heat. No team work. No strategy. No fire in your belly, son.

(beat)

If you want dodgeball victory, you gotta grab it by its haunches and hump it into submission. That's the only way.

Peter looks around, a little worried by this strange fellow.

## PETER

Okay, Crazy Guy, I'm gonna leave now.

## MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR

I ain't crazy. And I ain't a guy.

The man wheels forward into the light, revealing his bombardier jacket and silk scarf. The O'Houlihan's sign is framed perfectly behind him as he flicks away his cigarette and says with a growl...

## MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR (CONT'D)

The name's Patches O'Houlihan. And I'm your new coach.

Patches smiles through his yellowed teeth. Peter looks dubious.

## DWIGHT (PRE-LAP)

Patches O'Houlihan?

CUT TO:

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MINI GYM - DAY

Peter and the team stand around, waiting. Dwight's still trying to figure this out.

## DWIGHT

That guy from the dodgeball film?

## PETER

Yeah. He wants to coach us.

## DWIGHT

And you said yes?

## PETER

I didn't really have a choice. Besides, given our showing last night, I think the steady hand of a seasoned dodgeball coach might benefit us all.

Dwight shrugs.

DWIGHT  
 Alright. But he's not weird or anything,  
 is he?

PETER  
 No, no. He's totally normal.

BOOM! The gym doors fly open.

An inspiring MILITARY MARCH rises as Patches O'Houlihan, backlit by an amazing amount of light, motors toward us, stopping short to take a long last drag of his cigarette.

He flicks it away and looks over the squad with a steely gaze.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
 I love the smell of queef in the morning.

Dwight looks at Peter -- normal?

PETER  
 I mean, you know, normal for us.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
 Line-up, ladies!

Peter and the team hurry to line up. Patches wheels past them, sizing each one up as he goes. Finally...

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
 Know this: you are all nothing. You are worse than nothing. You are less than nothing. But I'm here to change that.

(beat)  
 I will train you. I will mold you. And I will make you reborn in my image as dirt-eating, sheep-licking, death-defying dodgeball players.

(deadly serious)  
 Or I'll kill you all trying.

Patches smiles through yellow-stained teeth.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
 My name is Patches O'Houlihan, and I am your God.

Patches BLOWS into his coach's whistle as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE TRAINING MONTAGE:

We TRACK ACROSS the faces of our team, drenched in sweat and very near collapse as they sprint on their treadmills.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.)  
 Come on ya pansies! I ain't even broke a sweat yet!

Thumbing the joystick forward on his motorized wheelchair, Patches keeps pace nicely on his own treadmill.

CUT TO:

PETER AND THE SQUAD`

engaged in all manner of old-tyme calisthenics: toe-touches, sit-ups, jumping jacks, rope-climbs and knee bends, very clearly near death.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.)  
Jesus Mother of Holy Shit! I've got more  
talent in my bed pan! Pick it up, girls!

Passing by with an armful of papers, Kate stops and leans in the doorway to watch the torture.

CUT TO:

THE TEAM

as we TRACK ACROSS their faces, each one an image of wondered horror -- they're looking at...

THE DODGEBALL OBSTACLE COURSE.

Part Rube Goldberg wet-dream, part Indiana Jones' booby trap:

A corridor of SPRING-LOADED BAMBOO POLES. A BALANCE BEAM with sections cut-out, replaced with up-turned nails. MONKEY BARS, dripping with oil, traverse a KIDDIE POOL filled with brown septic water. Dropping SANDBAGS plummet to the floor randomly throughout the course.

Lastly, a number of MINIATURE CATAPULTS surround the course, each loaded with ROTTING FISH.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.)  
If you're going to be true dodgeballers,  
you must learn the ancient dodgeball dance  
of those God-damned Godless China-men.

Dwight leans over to Owen, whispering...

DWIGHT  
How the hell did he build this thing?

Owen shrugs -- beats him.

WHOOSH! Peter ducks as a FLYING FISH smacks an unsuspecting Gordon in the face, crumpling him to the ground.

Peter takes in the insanity of the obstacle course.

PETER  
I don't know Patches, it looks pretty  
simple to me.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
That's why you're doing it blindfolded,  
LaFleur.

Patches pulls off his scarf, throwing it to Peter.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
If you're going to be the captain of this  
squad, you've got to be able to dance this  
dance in the dark!

Peter looks at the course again -- you gotta be kidding me.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
Let's go my little moon sprites! We ain't  
got all day!

MUSIC kicks back up as we see the team negotiate the course:

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dodge, duck, dip, dive, dodge!

Justin shimmies through the bamboo poles, WHACK! taking one in  
the shins, doubling him over, then SMACK! one across the nose,  
sending him to the ground, both hands covering his face.

Owen makes a mistake and THUD! is punched in the genitals by a  
boxing glove on an accordion hinge.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dodge, duck, dip, dive, dodge!

Steve The Pirate falls from the monkey bars and lands --SPLAT!--  
face-first in a kiddie pool of brackish water. Steve spits out  
some of the water -- gross.

For his part, the blindfolded Peter seems to be making his way  
until, SPLAT! He's hit flush in the face by a flying fish.  
Frustrated, Peter pulls off his blindfold just in time to  
WHOOSH! duck the MACHETE that would've decapitated him.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dodge, duck, dip, dive, dodge!

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MINI GYM - DAY

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
You catch a ball, one of their's goes out  
and one of yours comes back in! That's how  
you hurt 'em! That's how you win!

Each team member, his back to us, spins on Patches' whistle  
ready to catch a dodgeball already on its way.

Everyone handles the drill well, except for Gordon who keeps  
dropping ball after ball, each one more embarrassing than the  
last.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
 Holy hell son! You're about as useful as a  
 cock-flavored lollipop!  
 (whistle blow)  
 Next!

CUT TO:

THE DODGEBALL OBSTACLE COURSE

Where the team, though struggling, has started to find the rhythm of this "dance" which seems to be a disturbing blend of the Macarena and a Peyote-induced hallucination.

CUT TO: \*

EXT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM - DAY

Owen and Dwight dump trash bags into the dumpster, ducking and dipping in time to the dodgeball rhythm playing in their heads.

INT. WEST DAVENPORT HIGH - DAY

Justin cruises the hallways, practicing his dodgeball dance. Suddenly, he spots the beautiful AMBER and --WHACK!-- runs right into an open locker door.

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / HALLWAY - DAY

A door opens and Peter dodgeball dances down the hallway. Kate leans out of Peter's office, puzzled at the sight.

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MINI GYM - DAY

A GOLF MANNEQUIN,

and other sporting goods store mannequins, are jury-rigged into a rudimentary pulley system which shuttles them back and forth like shooting gallery ducks.

THE TEAM

rolls and dodges on-coming balls being shot at them by Patches, who sits on what looks like a modified gas-powered tractor mower -- THWOOP! THWOOP! THWOOP!

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.)  
 Let's go you bunch of females!

Balls WHIZ past the team as they dodge and return fire.

Peter's ball misses the target mannequin, rolling to a stop in front of...

KATE

who was just passing by. She picks up the ball, curiously.

PETER (O.S.)  
Little help?

A moment of hesitation, then Kate rockets it back underhanded.

WHACK! The ball hits dead-on, knocking the mannequin flat. An amazing throw. Everyone stares at Kate, dumbfounded.

KATE  
What? Eight years of softball.

PETER, DWIGHT AND FRANK

stand together by the Golf Mannequin that holds a 9-Iron.

DWIGHT  
Oh, she's gotta be a lesbian.

PETER  
I don't care if she's from Pluto, that girl can play.

Peter heads off in Kate's direction. And now Frank, the background player, finally says something...

FRANK  
Too bad there isn't a spot on the team for her.

An idea slowly slides across Dwight's face. And Dwight, who's never liked Frank, grabs the 9-Iron from the golf mannequin and, CRACK! smashes Frank's ankle.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Ah!

Frank falls to the floor, HOWLING in pain.

DWIGHT  
(calling out to the others)  
Oh my God! Frank broke his ankle!

CUT TO:

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / PETER'S OFFICE - LATER

Frank is on crutches. The team pleads their case to Kate.

JUSTIN  
Please?

GORDON  
We need you.

DWIGHT  
Frank's ankle won't be healed in time for the tournament.

FRANK  
Actually, the doctor said that I should be fine...

DWIGHT  
Shut up, Frank.

KATE  
I don't know...

Peter steps in.

PETER  
C'mon guys. She works for Globo Gym.

KATE  
What's that's supposed to mean?

PETER  
Well what do you think White would say if he found out you're playing on our squad?

KATE  
Firstly, that presupposes that I care what White Goodman thinks -- he's my employer not my father. And secondly, if I let what a man thought stop me from doing what I wanted, I'd be wearing a bra right now.

That gets everyone's attention.

KATE (CONT'D)  
And for the record, I find White Goodman extremely creepy and Globo Gym and everything it stands for, loathsome.

PETER  
If you really hate what they stand for, prove it. Play with us and you'll get a chance to beat White Goodman, Globo Gym and every loathsome thing they stand for.

(beat)  
Time to put your mouth where our balls are.

KATE  
Excuse me?

JUSTIN  
Please, Kate? We need you.

Kate thinks for a moment, looking over the team, each one more desperate than the next. They really do need her. Finally she breaks into a smile and says...

KATE  
Okay boys, let's get it on.

A HIGHLY MARKETABLE POP song slams up as we...

CUT TO:

QUICK CUTS:

Peter ducks, rolls and throws. Kate hits a mannequin dead center. Justin dives to catch a ball.

The team, Kate included, does "quick feet" drills: ducking, dipping, diving and rolling with every blow from Patches' whistle -- with Kate on-board, they're starting to improve.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.)  
Good! Good! That's it!

INT. THE DODGEBALL OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

Though it's still a ridiculous feat, the team moves through the obstacle course with better timing -- even the blindfolded Peter doesn't look completely lost.

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / MINI GYM - DAY

The team ducks and dives, dips and dodges the balls shot at them by Patches. They return fire with precision.

Sitting on his gas-powered dodgeball launcher, Patches likes what he's seeing...

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (O.S.)  
You got it now! Crap that thunder! Piss that lightning!

They continue to work hard as we RISE UP to the gym rafters where we spot none other than Me'Shell, hanging precariously in a Mission Impossible-like harness. He SNAPS another picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLOBO GYM / WHITE GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The SOUND of strange, OBESE LOVE-MAKING can be heard as we TRACK OVER a porn-sized videotape box for: *Chunky Sex, Vol. 2: The Return of Dr. Orca*.

We continue on, passing an open jar of MAYONNAISE, floating past an OBESE COUPLE coupling on the TV screen, and slowly we spin 180° to reveal...

A SHIRTLESS WHITE GOODMAN, rubbing mayonnaise into his nipples, mad with pleasure.

Suddenly, Me'Shell bursts in holding his photographs.

ME'SHELL  
Sir, I think you should take a look --

Me'Shell stops short at the sight of White's activity.

ME'SHELL (CONT'D)  
Uh, I'm sorry, sir.

Flustered, White knocks over the mayonnaise jar as he grabs for his shirt. Me'Shell dutifully averts his eyes.

WHITE GOODMAN  
What have I said about knocking?! Always knock! Always!

White fumbles awkwardly trying to turn the television off, hide the porn box and dispose of the condiment jar.

ME'SHELL  
I'm sorry, sir. It's my fault completely.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Of course it is! What's so important that you need to interrupt me during my private reflection period?

ME'SHELL  
These.

Me'Shell hands White his surveillance photographs.

WHITE GOODMAN  
(rifling through them, concerned)  
Cardiovascular training, coordinated attack patterns, Pagan dance rituals -- it's all here.

\*  
\*  
\*

ME'SHELL  
They're getting better, sir.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Yes, I can see that, Me'Shell. And I also see that our lovely Kate has chosen the role of Benedict Arnold in our little Shakespearean Dodgeball Tragedy.

(beat)  
No matter. I'm through playing games. It's time to finish this game once and for all. It's time to unleash my secret weapon.

ME'SHELL  
Secret weapon?

CUT TO:

INT. GLOBO GYM / UNDERGROUND TRAINING FACILITY - NIGHT

White and Me'Shell walk past the Globo Gym team whose members: run on FANCY TREADMILLS, play VIRTUAL-DODGEBALL, and practice hitting WOODEN CUT-OUTS of Average Joe's squad.

WHITE GOODMAN

Great leaders are only as great as their secret weapon, Me'Shell. Hannibal had elephants. Vader had the Death Star. And I have Fran.

White turns toward a darkened section of the room.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Darling?

From the shadows, a WOMAN (50's) steps forth sporting gold lamé hip-huggers, a low-cut purple top and make-up that looks to have been applied by spatula in a dark closet. This is...

F.R.A.N.

She ambles over awkwardly, there's something not right about her, not human...

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Meet Full Release Android Nine, F.R.A.N. for short. Created by the U.S. military in an attempt to curb the number of international incidents by over-zealous, over-seas G.I.'s. F.R.A.N. was designed to "service" troops stationed abroad.

Peering into the hollow mechanical eyes, Me'Shell is sickened.

ME'SHELL

She's the ugliest thing I've ever seen.

WHITE GOODMAN

And that early design flaw allowed me to pick her up for a song at last year's military surplus auction.

(beat)

And with some modest re-wiring, she's now the most lethal dodgeball robot in existence. Observe.

White hands F.R.A.N. a dodgeball.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

F.R.A.N., game on.

Instantly, F.R.A.N.'s eyes flash red and she spins facing the hi-tech dodgeball court. CHUNK, a wooden cut-out of Peter pops up, racing across the width of the court. F.R.A.N. fires...

CRACK! Peter is beheaded as THUNK! the ball imbeds itself in the brick wall behind. Steam curls from the new-formed crater.

WHIZZ-CHUNK, WHIZZ-CHUNK. F.R.A.N. jogs back to White.

ME'SHELL

(amazed)

You're the Michael Jordan of dodgeball.

Suddenly, F.R.A.N. turns to Me'Shell and speaks in a stilted, computerized voice...

F.R.A.N.  
May I toss your salad?

ME'SHELL  
Wha-?

F.R.A.N.  
Please defecate on my chest. You are my daddy.

White taps a button on F.R.A.N.'s neck, turning her off.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Unfortunately, I haven't been able to over-ride her "dirty-talk" protocol. No matter. She won't need to utter a word to destroy Peter LaFleur and his squad of human failures.

(beat)  
With F.R.A.N. on our side, this game of charades is most definitely afoot.

We PUSH IN on White's menacing face as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

#### THE DODGEBALL OBSTACLE COURSE - NIGHT

Alone, Peter continues working -- trying to get a handle on this ancient dodgeball dance. Moving with a near grace, Peter twitches, ducks, rolls and shuffles as flying fish, bamboo poles and dropping sandbags narrowly miss him.

Taking out the last of her boxes, Kate leans in the doorway, and watches Peter with something approximating admiration. Kate smiles then moves on as we PUSH IN on Peter's practice.

Peter makes a wrong move and slips on scattered ball-bearings and falls flat on his back -- THUD! Peter rips off the scarf from his head in frustration.

PETER  
Motherfu--

CUT TO:

#### EXT. AVERAGE JOE'S GYM / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kate balances the box on the hood of her car, awkwardly digging into her pocket for the keys when...

WHITE GOODMAN (O.S.)  
Hello, Kate.

KATE  
Ah!

The box falls to the pavement as Kate clutches her chest, startled. White Goodman steps from the darkness.

WHITE GOODMAN  
How was dodgeball practice?

KATE  
Fine, thank you.

WHITE GOODMAN  
I hope you haven't been neglecting your duty to me. I want my take-over of this flop house to run smoothly.

KATE  
First of all, Average Joe's isn't yours yet. And secondly, I'm giving your account to a colleague of mine at the bank. He doesn't care who he works for.  
(sharply)  
I don't work for you anymore.

White steps toward Kate, backing her against her car.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Wonderful, now that I'm no longer your client, I hope we can end all of these coy games.  
(lascivious beat)  
Admit it, Kate. You're hiding feelings for me.

KATE  
Yeah, contempt.

WHITE GOODMAN  
(oblivious)  
Join me and we can rule the fitness world together. Think of it, Kate. I could teach weight-training, you could teach cardio-dance. I would be king and you would be my dancing queen.  
(dorky beat)  
You know, like the song.

PETER (O.S.)  
I never liked that song.

White spins to see Peter joining the mix.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I never much liked the 70's to be honest. But I think that had more to do with the corduroy shorts actually.  
(glancing at her)  
Hey, Kate.

WHITE GOODMAN  
This doesn't concern you, LaFleur.

PETER

Well, not as much as your hair does, that's for sure. But none-the-less White, I'm going to have to ask you to get off of my property. Now.

White smiles, he knows this isn't the time or the place.

WHITE GOODMAN

Enjoy it while it lasts, LaFleur. Because after Vegas, it'll be all mine.  
(turning to Kate)  
Good evening.

White tries to put his hand on Kate's shoulder but only manages to graze it before Kate, with blinding quickness, grabs White's arm, barring it as she SLAMS him into the side of her car, WHACK! It's a pretty cool move.

KATE

You don't get to touch me. Ever.

White picks himself up, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth with his thumb. White backs away as he calls out.

WHITE GOODMAN

Nobody makes me bleed my own blood!  
Nobody! It's over between us, Kate! Over!  
You two losers deserve each other!

White continues to back away as Me'Shell, riding a MOPED, comes to a quick stop. The timing is eerie. White climbs on back wrapping his arms around Me'Shell, White tucks in close, offering a middle finger as the scooter speeds off.

Peter takes a moment, then says...

PETER

Well, at least that wasn't weird.

KATE

Yeah.

Peter gathers up the files, putting them back in the box.

PETER

(re: the financial records)  
Guess you probably know more about Joe's than I do at this point.

Kate takes the box and puts it in her car, closing the door.

KATE

Yeah, that was something I wanted to talk with you about. And it's not that I think we can't win in Las Vegas, but even if we do win the \$51,000, that doesn't change the fact that you'd still be operating at a 23% loss every month.

PETER

That sounds like it's probably a bad thing.

KATE

Well it is unless you plan on entering a dodgeball tournament every time you're in financial trouble.

(beat, honestly concerned)

You don't plan on doing that, do you?

PETER

Of course not, Kate. Don't be silly.

(beat)

There are plenty of Curling Tournaments out there too. Gordon told me about them.

KATE

I'm being serious, Peter. I mean, you've gotta have a plan or you're just going to be back in this same situation in six months from now.

PETER

I have a plan.

KATE

Really? What's your plan?

PETER

To show up.

KATE

What?

PETER

It's been my experience that when you show up, things happen. Sometimes they're bad things and sometimes they're good things. But they're things. And they happen. But only if you show up.

(beat)

We're going to show up for that tournament and see what happens. Then afterward, I'll show up to work and see what happens.

Kate thinks for a moment, then...

KATE

That might be the single stupidest thing I've heard in my lifetime.

Kate rolls her eyes and gets into her car. Peter leans in.

PETER

Now, can I ask you something?

KATE

Why do I feel like I'm about to get hit with a cream pie?

PETER  
Are you seeing anybody?

Kate is caught a little off-guard. She answers coyly...

KATE  
Well, I guess you could say I've got my eye  
on somebody.

PETER  
And does this somebody look a lot like me?  
Kate smiles, looking over Peter then says...

KATE  
Disturbingly so.  
Kate drives off, leaving Peter with those words as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Lovely shots of the brilliant Theme-park of gaudiness that is Las Vegas. Neon strippers, gilded fountains and \$5 lobster all seem to make sense here.

INT. MGM GRAND / TOURNAMENT CHECK-IN DESK - NIGHT

Various DODGEBALL TEAMS from all over the world register at the check-in desk, above which a sign reads: "The 53rd Annual Las Vegas International Dodgeball Open, Ballsdeep in Amercia!"

We push past it toward the huge double doors and into...

INT. DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT FLOOR - DAY

Entering through the players' tunnel, Average Joe's squad is led by Patches. The moment they step out of the tunnel, everyone, even Peter, is awe-struck by the court's size. This is like nothing they've seen before.

Plexi-glass walls encase a polished wooden court. Rows of stadium seats surround the court on all sides, angling up and back as far as the eye can see. The whole thing looks more like a gladiatorial pit than a dodgeball court.

DWIGHT  
Holy, sh--

OWEN  
--It. Is so big. Hello!

Owen's greeting ECHOES back.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN.  
Get a good look at it boys. Smell it.  
Taste it.

(MORE)

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
Rub it against your privates because this  
is where the mustard meets the marmalade  
tomorrow.

(beat)

Okay. I'm gonna go get me some whores.

With that, Patches wheels off. The team looks around, the  
spectacle is truly intimidating. Everyone looks a little  
overwhelmed. Peter does his best to assuage their fears.

PETER  
Everyone just relax. So it's a little  
bigger than we're used to, that's okay  
because the court hasn't changed. It's  
exactly the same size.

GORDON (O.S.)  
Actually Peter, it's a foot and a half  
wider.

Everyone turns to see Gordon winding up his tape measure.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
This is an international court, which means  
it's also three feet longer too.

That's not the news everyone was hoping for.

PETER  
Okay, put that thing away.  
(beat)  
What I meant was, metaphorically the court  
is exactly the same size as the one we're  
used to.

JUSTIN  
I don't know Peter, maybe this was a  
mistake.

OWEN  
Did you guys know they're going to televise  
this on television? No one told me that.

PETER  
Hey guys, come on. We'll be fine. We've  
trained hard, we're hungry for victory and  
we've got a lunatic for a coach. I don't  
see how we can lose.

WHITE GOODMAN (O.S.)  
I do.

White and his Globo Gym team arrive on the court, squaring-off  
with Peter's squad.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Looks like you've decided to go through  
with this little plan of yours, LaFleur.

PETER  
Looks like you have too.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Touché.

Off to the side of the group, Owen stares starry-eyed at F.R.A.N. -- ANGELIC MUSIC lets us know he's smitten. White notices Owen noticing F.R.A.N.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, I almost forgot. Let me introduce you to our newest team member. F.R.A.N.?

F.R.A.N. steps forward, Dwight recoils...

DWIGHT  
Gross.

WHITE GOODMAN  
She may not be much to look at, but she's deadly with a dodgeball.

White hands F.R.A.N. a dodgeball.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Show them.

F.R.A.N. turns and quickly fires the ball. We...

WHIP PAN TO:

A JANITOR

cleaning the seats in the stands. WHACK! He's hit in the head by the dodgeball, instantly falling slack to the ground. Another JANITOR runs over SCREAMING!

JANITOR #2  
Larry! Oh, God! Larry! Why?! WHY?!

Janitor #2 cradles Larry in his arms, holding onto the only man he's ever loved...

JANITOR #2 (CONT'D)  
NOOOOOO!!!

We CRANE-UP above him, as he shouts to the heavens.

BACK TO:

WHITE GOODMAN  
Deadly.  
(beat, smiling)  
Good luck tomorrow.

And with that, White and his crew strut off. Peter's team is a little shaken by the confrontation.

JUSTIN  
(looking over)  
I think that guy might really be dead.

Peter shares a concerned look with Kate as we...

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

AN ANCIENT, DEFLATED DODGEBALL

stirring ORCHESTRAL MUSIC comes up as we move slowly over the stitched leather ball.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.)  
It's a game of glorious tradition.

We move over old dodgeball warm-ups, shoes, a rule book, banners and the 15th Century drawing of "China-Men" throwing fish at each other.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A timeless battle requiring strength,  
agility and a vast reservoir of gumption.

It's now clear we're in the middle of a hideous sports-intro package. BLACK & WHITE footage of "classic" dodgeball moments dissolve one into the other.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A game played throughout the world, but  
known by only one name: Dodgeball.

INT. DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT FLOOR / ESPN 8 DESK - DAY

We get our first look at COTTON MCKNIGHT (30's) the pleonastic play-by-play announcer for the tournament.

COTTON MCKNIGHT  
Hello everybody and welcome to this year's  
annual Las Vegas International Dodgeball  
Open, brought to you exclusively on ESPN 8,  
the Ocho.  
(beat)  
My name is Cotton McKnight, and with me as  
always is my partner in crime, Pepper  
Brooks. Pep?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Cotton McKnight's color commentator, Pepper Brooks (30's), whose nose clearly resembles the drooping, bulbous head of a circumcised penis.

PEPPER BROOKS  
Thanks Cotton. I tell you what, this  
tournament looks to be the best in nearly a  
decade. With 32 teams in play, four wins  
gets you into the championship game but  
it's a fifth win that gets you the  
\$51,327.23.

COTTON MCKNIGHT

Well folks, there's an electricity in the air, a palpable hue of anticipation; immortality five simple victories away.

(beat)

It's all up to these brave warriors now, who as we speak, prepare for this mortal battle of flesh and will like the knights of yore...

CUT TO:

A TOILET

Justin's head lurches into frame as he PUKES his brains out.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

The squad sits on fold-out chairs, looking nervous. Gordon signs for a large Fed-Ex'd cardboard box. Justin walks in from the bathroom, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand...

JUSTIN

Sorry, nerves.

PETER

What's in the box, Gord?

GORDON

Well, I figured that a real dodgeball team should have real dodgeball uniforms, so I threw out those old ratty ones and designed these myself...

Gordon rips open the top...

GORDON (CONT'D)

I hope they fit.

...and pulls out a BLACK LEATHER CORSET.

PETER

Nice.

GORDON

Wait, this isn't right.

Gordon continues to dig, pulling out all manner of S&M paraphernalia: gimp-balls, strange leather underwear, and bondage gear of all kind. Even Dwight blanches at a particularly painful looking strap-on dildo...

DWIGHT

Jesus Gordon, I don't even like that stuff in my porn.

GORDON  
I don't understand, this isn't what I ordered.

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL / CONVENTION ROOM - SAME

Where a group of S&M ENTHUSIASTS open an identical cardboard box, pulling out Average Joe's shiny new DODGEBALL UNIFORMS.

The S&M Enthusiasts are confused, this isn't what they ordered either. An ELDERLY S&M ENTHUSIAST, decked with hard-core piercings, is absolutely nauseated by the uniforms...

ELDERLY S&M ENTHUSIAST  
You people are sick.

BACK TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Where the squad looks a little concerned.

JUSTIN  
What're we going to do?

KATE  
We'll just play in what we've got on now.

GORDON  
We can't. The ADAA requires that we wear matching uniforms.

DWIGHT  
I don't think they require...  
(holding up a pair)  
...ass-less chaps, okay?

PETER  
Everyone just relax. We've got plenty of time to find some other uniforms.

Just then Patches bursts through the door in his wheelchair.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Come on ladies! We gotta be on the court now or we forfeit the game! Let's go!  
Chop-chop!

Peter looks at his squad, they look at each other -- gulp.

INT. DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

DODGEBALL FANS pack the stands around Center Court waiting for the match to begin.

A team of sweater-clad SOCCER MOMS, sporting frighteningly similar "hair-helmets" stretch, waiting for their opponent. The REFEREE checks his watch.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Well Pepper, it looks like we might have  
our first forfeit of the tournament by the  
relatively unknown team from Average Joe's  
Gymnasium, sending these scrumptious Soccer  
Moms to the salacious sixteen...

Suddenly...

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
(simply stunned)  
Oh my sweet Jesus.

WHIP PAN TO:

AVERAGE JOE'S TEAM,

in a stunning amount of leather and rubber, hurry toward us.

Peter, in leather short-shorts and a long-sleeved rubber top  
with holes cut out for the nipples, walks up to the Referee.

PETER  
We're here. We're ready.

The Referee looks over the team, clad in their S&M regalia.

REFEREE  
(unfazed)  
Okay.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE REFEREE

BLOWS his whistle, game on!

Instantly the Soccer Moms are all over our team, taking the  
upper-hand as our guys do their best to dodge and return fire in  
their unwieldy uniforms.

Justin gets hit and goes out. Dwight and Steve the Pirate run  
into each other, then WHACK! get eliminated.

A HOT SOCCER MOM nails Owen in the face, pumping her fist.

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
Now that's what I call a MILF!

Peter pegs a Soccer Mom. Gordon clumsily drops a ball, sigh.  
Patches O'Houlihan can't believe his squad is folding on him.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Come on boys! Don't roll-over on me now!  
Fight! Aim for their testicles!

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Well folks, it looks like Average Joe's  
might be heading home early.

Then the tide begins to turn as Kate rifles one underhand,  
WHACK!, blind-siding a Soccer Mom. The ball rolls away, caked  
in foundation make-up and eye shadow.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Look out! She's got a cannon on her!

Kate nods to Peter -- come on, let's do this. Peter throws a  
ball, ricocheting it off the plexi-glass and hitting a Soccer  
Mom from behind -- THUNK!

The crowd CHEERS wildly!

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
An amazing throw by the captain, Peter  
LaFleur!

Average Joe's starts to gain confidence: Steve The Pirate,  
ducks and returns fire. Justin picks up two balls, tossing one  
of them to Dwight as they both throw, eliminating two Moms.

The Soccer Moms are suddenly on their heels: ducking and  
dodging, lost. An ELIMINATED SOCCER MOM sits down on the bench  
and eats an ORANGE WEDGE from a Tupperware container.

Kate and Peter run to the mid-court line and throw at the same  
time, hitting the final two Moms.

The Referee BLOWS his whistle, motioning to Joe's side.

REFEREE  
Winner! Joe's!

Confused, the team stops, looking around: Wait, we won?

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Yeah! That's the sweet-dicked magic!

Exhausted but happy, the squad hug and high-five each other.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Average Joe's Gym wins in a shocking upset!

The team moves off the court and comes face-to-face with the S&M  
CONVENTION FOLK, who wear Average Joe's dodgeball uniforms.

S&M GUY  
Hi.

CUT TO:

A HUGE TOURNAMENT BRACKET

mounted on the wall. Each of the 32 teams has its own wooden  
card with its name and logo.

Peter stands with his team watching as Average Joe's wooden logo is moved into the next round.

PETER  
One down. Four to go.

Peter watches the Globo Gym card advance as well. He looks across the room and sees White, standing with Me'Shell and F.R.A.N., staring back at him. The two share a look.

STUPENDOUS MUSIC kicks as we CROSS-CUT between Average Joe's and Globo Gym during a...

STUPENDOUS DODGEBALL MONTAGE:

Dressed in their super-slick dodgeball uniforms, Peter and his team play against an MARINE CORPS TEAM sporting camouflage t-shirts, short-shorts and face paint.

Balls are thrown, players duck and dive. In the stands the S&M Convention Folk, who have become fans of Average Joe's, CHEER.

Owen dodges a ball, but steps out-of-bounds.

REFEREE  
You're out-of-bounds! You're out!

Steve The Pirate throws and misses. Justin ducks, picking up a ball.

Gordon drops another ball, this is getting embarrassing. On the sideline, Patches shakes his head in disgust.

We TRACK a ball thrown by MARINE as it's caught by Peter. We stay with Peter, FOLLOWING his return shot as it...

MISSSES A MEMBER OF THE GLOBO GYM TEAM.

Suddenly, we're in the Globo Gym match against a COMANCHE INDIAN TEAM, who wear ceremonial head dresses, war paint and moccasins.

Globo Gym makes short work of them, clearly overwhelming the Native Americans, who spin and duck as best they can. White nails a Comanche Player in the back of the head -- THUNK!

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Now that's what I call Wampum!

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
They gotta lay off that fire-water before game time, Cotton.

ON THE BIG BOARD Globo Gym's placard is advanced.

Average Joe's plays hard against a FRATERNITY TEAM, decked-out in their house "letters". Eliminated team members do keg-stands on the sideline as they HOOT and HOLLER.

Dwight makes a nice duck, roll and throw.

Gordon dives for a ball, almost holding on this time, but not quite. Patches throws his water cup down in disgust.

Peter lobs his ball high into the air. Two FRAT BOYS look up as, WHACK! they're eliminated by Justin and Kate.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Ouch! Someone just de-pledged.

The Crowd CHEERS! The S&M'ers high-five each other and the many others who have begun to pull for the Average Joe's squad.

IN THE GLOBO GYM MATCH, White and his team face the LAS VEGAS POLICE DEPARTMENT.

F.R.A.N. zeroes in on an UNFORTUNATE OFFICER and WHIZZ-CRACK! hits him in the thigh with such velocity that his entire leg is torn out of its socket, sending the man to the floor SCREAMING, his leg bent behind him at an inhuman angle.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (CONT'D)  
Ooh! That's gotta hurt!

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
He's gonna feel that one tomorrow partner,  
I guarantee you.

White deflects a ball with the one he's holding, then pelts an unarmed, PORTLY OFFICER in the ass -- winning the game for Globo Gym. White OINKS loudly, taunting...

WHITE GOODMAN  
Whooh! That little piggy goes wee-wee-wee  
all the way home!

White high-fives his team, as the Vegas Cops look on, pissed.

ON THE BIG BOARD

Globo Gym's placard is advanced to the finals.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SEMI FINALS

The Joe's squad stands at the midline, facing off with their opponent: a team comprised of heavily TATTOOED CONVICTS.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
In a tough match-up, Average Joe's hopes  
not to drop the soap against last year's  
champions: the Lompoc County Convicts, here  
on weekend furlough.

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
Watch your balloon-knots down there, boys.

On the court, the REFEREE goes through some final instructions as Owen extends his hand toward a LARGE CONVICT.

OWEN  
Good luck.

The Large Convict sucks back a hideous amount of snot and THWAT!, spits it straight into Owen's chest; backing away with his arms raised -- fuck you. Owen touches the loogie, gross.

CUT TO:

THE REFEREE'S WHISTLE BLOWS!

Instantly our squad is in over their heads. Ducking and dodging in a panic under the onslaught. In quick succession:

Owen, Justin and Steve the Pirate are hit.

Peter manages to eliminate a Convict, ducking return shot.

Kate rockets one underhand, but this time it's caught by a CREEPY CONVICT, who licks the ball seductively.

Defenseless, Dwight is about to be eliminated by a Convict, when he points off-court and calls out...

DWIGHT  
Look! They're raping the Warden!

The Convict turns to look as Dwight grabs a ball and WHACK! eliminates him. Dwight smiles but is suddenly hit himself.

Five players are left on the Convict team. Just Peter and Gordon remain for Joe's, neither one holds a ball.

A Convict Player throws at Peter, who dives out of the way. In mid-air Peter sees another ball coming at him, he twists his body but it's no use -- he gets hit on the knee, and lands awkwardly on the point of his shoulder.

PETER  
Ah!

The Crowd OOHs! The S&M'ers hug each other, nervous.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Ooh! Peter LaFleur goes down hard!

Thinking quickly, Gordon turns to the Referee and calls...

GORDON  
Time-out!

REFEREE  
Time! Time-out!

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
I don't like the way he landed Cotton, that looked bad.

Patches, Kate and the others hurry onto the court and huddle around Peter who holds his shoulder, cringing in pain.

KATE  
Are you okay?

PETER  
It's my shoulder. I think I heard a pop.

Average Joe's looks grave. Without Peter, how can they win?

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Alright son, ya did good. Let's get 'em up.

Owen and Steve The Pirate, help Peter to his feet. Everyone in the audience APPLAUDS. Everyone except White Goodman and his cronies who look on with nefarious delight.

AT THE ESPN 8 DESK,

Cotton McKnight embroiders the moment...

COTTON MCKNIGHT  
What a warrior. What a competitor. It's true what they say ladies and gentlemen: this sport doesn't build character, it reveals it.

Just then, Pepper Brooks SNEEZES loudly.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (CONT'D)  
Gesundheit, partner.

Dabbing at his phallic nose with a tissue, the milky snot takes on a very different light.

PEPPER BROOKS  
Thanks, Cotton. Guess I'm just allergic to excitement!

ON THE COURT FLOOR

Where, unfortunately for Joe's, Gordon is now their only hope, and he's sweating from nerves. Dwight walks up to him.

DWIGHT  
Hey Gord, don't be nervous, okay? Don't even think about how everything we've worked for is riding on you right now. And that if you fail you won't just be failing yourself, you'll be failing the only people in your life who care about you and guaranteeing the destruction of our gym. So just put all that out of your head, okay?  
(slapping Gordon on the ass)  
Stay loose and go get 'em.

If Gordon looked nervous before, now he looks like he might vomit. Dwight walks over to the squad, winking.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Don't worry guys, gave him a pep-talk.  
We're all set.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Jesus H. Crap-Mas! Of all the players to  
have out there when the whole pop-tart is  
on the line!

#### ON THE COURT

Timidly holding his dodgeball, Gordon stares at the five  
opposing Convicts. Gordon swallows against his dry throat.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Well, it looks like it's all over but the  
crying for this scrappy Average Joe's  
squad.

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
You said it partner. It was a nice ride  
while it lasted, three on one maybe, but  
this? There's just no way.

The Referee makes sure both sides are ready, then calls out...

REFEREE  
Dodgeball!

All five Convicts rush the mid-line. Gordon drops his ball and  
closes his eyes, waiting for the final humiliation.

The Convicts throw -- THUP-THUP-THUP! We hold on the Convicts a  
moment, watching as their faces change. They can't believe what  
they're seeing.

WHIP PAN TO:

GORDON,

standing in a strange crane-like position, holds all five balls -  
in various angles of his body -- he caught them all.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Winner! Joe's!

THE TEAM GOES WILD!

Hugging Gordon as they bounce up and down with excitement.  
Gordon sneaks a look at Patches, desperate for his approval.

Slowly, Patches smiles and gives Gordon a thumbs-up.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Nice catch, Dorothy.

## IN THE STANDS

White and his team watch the celebration, fuming.

ME'SHELL

Don't worry sir, we won't lose to them.

WHITE GOODMAN

Unfortunately, I can't take that chance. This tournament is being televised. My image is being televised. And this game is no longer a game. It's a metaphor. The skilled versus the skill-less. The perfect versus the flawed. Winners versus losers. It's a metaphor Me'Shell, a metaphor I can't afford to lose.

Watching the celebration, White rubs his chin pensively.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

Peter LaFleur is their heart. A heart we must take from them.

Me'Shell snaps open a large BOWIE KNIFE and gets up to do it.

ME'SHELL

No problem.

WHITE GOODMAN

No no, Me'Shell. Never turn a leader into a martyr. I've got a better way to deal with him.

(beat)

Besides, why kill a man once when you can own his soul forever?

We PUSH IN on White's malevolence as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The team changes out of their uniforms. Peter, his arm in a sling, enters the ante room where Patches is waiting for him.

PETER

You wanted to see me, Patches?

Patches wheels around to face Peter.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN

Ya did good out there today. Real good. You're a leader, LaFleur. Those men and that dyke in there, believe in you.

PETER

Kate's not a--

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Here. This is for you.

Patches tosses his white silk scarf to Peter.

PETER  
Oh, I can't accept this.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
You earned it. You're a hell of a player,  
Peter. You can play with my balls anytime.

Peter smiles. It's a touching moment. Then...

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (CONT'D)  
What do you say we go get a couple of  
blistering hand-jobs to celebrate? My  
treat.

PETER  
No, that's okay. I think I'll just stick  
with the scarf. Thanks, though.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Suit yourself, queer.

With that, Patches wheels off and we move to...

INT. DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT FLOOR / ESPN 8 DESK - LATER

Cotton McKnight gives us the closing teaser for tomorrow's big  
match-up.

COTTON MCKNIGHT  
Average Joe's, the most unlikely of  
candidates, a scrappy team of misfits and  
outcasts, short on talent but big on heart,  
has made it to the championship match to  
face the inexorable doom machine that is  
the Globo Gym Purple Dragons.

(beat)  
And to be honest folks, I never would've  
dreamed it possible. But with 7-Time ADAA  
All-Star Patches O'Houlihan at the helm, I  
guess it must be the luck of the Irish.

CUT TO:

AN ENORMOUS "LUCK OF THE IRISH" SLOT-MACHINE SIGN

Two TECHNICIANS secure the two-ton sign to the ceiling of  
THE MGM GRAND HOTEL.

Peter and the team walk through the lobby. Patches wheels out  
in front of them, calling back over his shoulder...

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN  
Tomorrow we're gonna cock-punch those Globo  
Gym bastards.

Justin sidles up to Peter.

JUSTIN  
You really think we have a shot against  
Globo Gym, Peter?

PETER  
As long as we've got Patches with us, I'm  
not worried one bit.

SNAP! The cables holding the "Luck of the Irish" sign break and  
WHAM!!! Smash down on top of Patches, instantly crushing him to  
death.

Peter's team stands there stunned, as a wheel on Patches'  
wheelchair spins aimlessly, smoke rising up through it.

An EXPLODING bulb on the sign let's us...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE LUSTY HERMAPHRODITE BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of this flashing NEON SIGN before we go...

INT. THE LUSTY HERMAPHRODITE BAR & GRILL - SAME

Where Dwight, Justin, Owen, Gordon and Steve The Pirate, sit  
with empty pitchers in front of them.

GORDON  
What are we gonna do tomorrow without  
Patches?

DWIGHT  
We're gonna get killed, that's what.

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Argh, 'tis a sorry state of affairs.

Owen cleans his spectacles with the corner of his shirt.

OWEN  
Come on guys, we made it this far without  
Patches.

JUSTIN  
No Owen, we didn't.

OWEN  
We didn't?

STEVE THE PIRATE  
(standing)  
Gar, Steve's got to drain the sea monster.

## AT THE BAR

Peter, his shoulder still wrapped and grouchy from the pain, sips his beer. Kate sidles up to him.

KATE

Hey, the guys are a little worried about tomorrow's match. Maybe you should go over there and give them a pep-talk.

PETER

Yeah? What should I tell 'em?

KATE

I don't know, peppy things.

PETER

Oh, peppy things. Peppy like how I can't move my arm an inch in any direction? Or peppy like how the tiniest chance we had to win tomorrow was crushed, at the same time as our coach, by a giant two-ton sign with a sense of humor? Or peppy like we'd should consider ourselves lucky if we make it out of that game alive tomorrow. Peppy like that?

KATE

I'd go a little peppier, actually.

PETER

Then maybe you should go talk to them.

KATE

What? You're going to give up?

PETER

Nope. Already did that. Now I'm on to phase two: getting drunk.

Kate's seen this before, and she can't take it...

KATE

This is so typical of guys like you. And let me save you some therapy time, Peter. You're not worried about losing tomorrow because that's nothing new to you. You've lost your whole life.

(beat)

The truth is: you're so terrified we might actually win tomorrow, that you'd rather give up than find out.

Peter can't stand this any more...

PETER

( Gimme a break, Kate. Do you know what the odds are that we'll win? Do you? I checked.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
We're a 50 to 1 underdog in every sportsbook in town. Do you have any idea what that means?

KATE  
It means they're giving us a chance, which is more than I can say for you.

That's it. This conversation is over. Peter slugs back the last of his beer and heads for the back-door.

PETER  
Yeah. Well. See ya.

KATE  
Wait a minute, where are you going?

PETER  
Bed. Care to join me? Didn't think so.

Leaving Kate, Peter turns down the...

BACK HALLWAY

where suddenly, Steve The Pirate steps out of the restroom.

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Gar Matie, where ya headin'?

Peter continues on, not acknowledging Steve.

STEVE THE PIRATE (CONT'D)  
Oi, Peter?

Steve puts his hand on Peter's shoulder and WHOOM! In a flash, Peter SLAMS Steve against the wall, pinning him there.

PETER  
(a slow growl)  
You. Are not. A pirate.

Peter holds Steve there a moment, then shoves him aside and disappears out the back door, leaving Steve confused and hurt.

BACK IN THE BAR

The team gathers up their stuff.

KATE  
Let's go, guys. We need to be rested for tomorrow.

Suddenly, Owen notices F.R.A.N. entering the tavern alone. The others head out the door, but Owen turns to Dwight...

OWEN  
Uh, Dwight, I'll catch up with you all later, okay? I've, uh, gotta poop.

DWIGHT  
Whatever, man.

Dwight heads off, leaving Owen to stare at F.R.A.N., smitten.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Peter ambles past TOURISTS and GAMBLERS, turning down a  
DESERTED ALLEY

when suddenly: ERR! A BLACK LIMOUSINE cuts him off. The limo's  
back-door swings open, revealing...

WHITE GOODMAN  
Ride with me.

Me'Shell and his biceps stand behind Peter, there's no choice.

PETER  
Okay, but I want the \$20 before you blow me  
this time.

Me'Shell shoves Peter into the limo slamming the door shut as  
the limousine PEELS away.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Dejected, Steve The Pirate meanders, muttering to himself...

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Gar, Steve be a pirate. A true pirate, to  
his very bones he be.

Suddenly, Steve stops short, looking across the street at:  
THE TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL CASINO.

STEVE THE PIRATE (CONT'D)  
(stunned, breathless)  
Shiver me timbers.

INT. THE LUSTY HERMAPHRODITE - NIGHT

Owen takes a final swallow of his drink and heads over to  
F.R.A.N. who sits alone at the bar.

OWEN  
Pardon me miss, but I was wondering if...

F.R.A.N.  
You have the largest penis I have ever  
seen.

OWEN  
I, uh...?

F.R.A.N.  
I am in an extreme state of arousal.  
Please make intercourse with my face.

Not missing a beat, Owen motions to the bartender...

OWEN  
Check please.

INT. MGM HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kate, Dwight, Gordon, and Justin walk down the hallway. Turning the corner, Justin accidentally bumps right into a YOUNG COUPLE dressed in cheerleading warm-ups.

JUSTIN  
Sorry.

Justin side-steps, not really making eye contact, then...

AMBER (O.S.)  
Justin?

Justin turns to see Amber, the cheerleading love of his life.

JUSTIN  
Amber? Geez, what are you doing here?

AMBER  
We're here for the National Cheerleading Championships.

JUSTIN  
Wow, the NCC's.

AMBER  
Yeah, we're in the finals tomorrow. What are you doing here?

JUSTIN  
I'm in the dodgeball tournament. We're in the finals too.

AMBER  
That's great, congratulations.

Kate and the others wait patiently as LANCE, the jerk cheerleader Amber's with, tugs on her arm.

LANCE  
Come on babe, I wanna ride the roller coaster.

JUSTIN  
Hey Lance, how's it going?

LANCE  
Get bent, helmet. Let's go Amber.

Lance pulls Amber along, she looks back over her shoulder.

AMBER

Nice to see you Justin, good luck tomorrow.

Still a little stunned, Justin almost forgets to reply...

JUSTIN

Oh yeah, you too. Good luck. Go get 'em.

Amber and Lance disappear around the corner, but not before Lance gives Justin the finger. Kate and the others notice.

KATE

Don't worry about that jerk, Justin.

DWIGHT

Yeah, he'll probably fall off the roller coaster and break every bone in his body.

KATE

Nice, Dwight. Come on, let's...  
(realizing)

Wait a minute, where's Steve?

CUT TO:

INT. TREASURE ISLAND HOTEL CASINO - NIGHT

Steve the Pirate wanders through the casino floor agog at what he sees: pirate-themed walls and waiters, music and decor.

Just then, two actors dressed as PIRATES pass Steve and nod in solidarity at their ignoble thespian demise. A smile sweeps across Steve's face. He's come home.

Steve continues on, staggering through this waking pirate dream as we pick up a BAR WENCH cocktail waitress delivering "free" spirits to THREE DRUNK FRAT BOYS.

BAR WENCH

Two beers and a piña colada.

The Frat Boys grab their alcohol and don't tip.

FRAT BOY #1

Thanks, Wench.

His buddies snigger. The Bar Wench rolls her eyes - assholes - and turns to go just as FRAT BOY #2 grabs her ass.

BAR WENCH

Hey!

Instinctively the Bar Wench wheels, tossing a Sex on the Beach into his face. Instantly the Frat Boys stand, surrounding her.

FRAT BOY #2  
Are you crazy?  
(pointing at his head, serious)  
I've got gel in my hair, dude.

FRAT BOY #1  
Let's see how she likes it.

FRAT BOY #3 grabs her, causing her to drop her tray. Frat Boy #1 rears back with his piña colada about to toss it into her face when suddenly a GLOVED HAND grabs his wrist, stopping him.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Avast thar, landlubber.

Confused that someone would dare touch him, Frat Boy #1 follows the gloved hand, leading him up to see the twisted smile of...

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Gar, ye bilge rats be owing this goodly wench an apology.

FRAT BOY #1  
Get lost, Freak.

Frat Boy #1 shoves Steve and, in a flash, it's on. Frat Boy #1 takes a wild swing at Steve, who deftly ducks it and grabs him by his collar and belt buckle, picking him up and tossing him into Frat Boy #2. The pair SMASH into a BLACK BEARD MANNEQUIN.

Frat Boy #3, the biggest one, grabs Black Beard's cutlass from the heap and charges Steve, swinging wildly.

Steve parries the blows with panache, then backward somersaults onto a BLACK JACK TABLE, jumping Frat Boy #3's next swing and grabbing hold of a low-hanging chandelier that Steve uses to launch himself, feet-first, into Frat Boy #3, knocking him to the ground and out cold.

The whole spectacle is over before it begins. PATRONS and PIT BOSSES stand in slack-jawed awe at the display as a bevy of CASINO COPS swarm in to drag our semi-conscious Frat Boys away.

Steve picks up the Bar Wench's tray, handing it to her with a humble nod.

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Argh, this be yours, Miss.

The Bar Wench smiles, just as the Casino Cops grab Steve. \*

CASINO COP  
Let's go, Liberace. \*

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Argh, Steve's got a dodgeball match he be playin' in tomorrow. \*

CASINO COP  
Well, you're gonna miss it, pal. Cuz  
you're ours until we straighten this out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Steve is dragged off leaving the Bar Wench holding her tray.

DISSOLVE TO:

AN AMORPHOUS LUMP WRITHING UNDER A BEDSPREAD. We're...

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Strange grunts of passion can be heard. The groaning builds, slowly becoming a solitary voice that releases what can only be the full-throated howl of a robotic orgasm. F.R.A.N. has climaxed for the first time.

Owen and F.R.A.N. emerge from the sheets, glowing.

F.R.A.N.  
No male has ever made me feel such things.  
What kind of sex was this?

Owen, now a smooth operator, smiles to himself as he says...

OWEN  
Making love, baby. Making love.

He gives F.R.A.N. a post-coital cigarette, lighting it as we  
PUSH IN on the flame and...

MATCH CUT TO:

A ZIPPO FLAME

held in front of a Cuban cigar. It puffs it to life. We're...

INT. WHITE'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Where White sits across from Peter in a gaudy sunken living room. Me'Shell looms behind Peter.

WHITE GOODMAN  
So, that's the deal. I give you \$100,000  
and you sign over the deed to your gym.  
End of plucky story.

White puffs his cigar, sure of himself. Peter scoffs.

PETER  
If you think you can just buy me off White,  
then you're dumber than I thought.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Oh, I don't think that I am dumber than I  
think you thought that I once was.

That one even confuses White, who takes a moment to straighten his thoughts out, then continues...

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

You see Peter, in business knowing what a man desires is important, but not as important as knowing what he doesn't desire. And I know that you don't desire to run a third-rate gym in a second-class neighborhood for the rest of your life. It's just not in you.

Peter's caught by the words, but manages a poker face.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

You know as well as I do that you're going to lose tomorrow, that's why you're gonna walk away \$100,000 richer by making the smart play here.

PETER

Sorry White. Not interested.  
(standing)  
Do you guys validate?

WHITE GOODMAN

Peter, if you truly weren't interested, you would've already walked out that door.

Peter stares at White, hating every bit of this proposition, but hating more that it's starting to make sense to him.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

I don't know if you've ever seen what a \$100,000 looks like except maybe in the movies; but I assure you, something gets lost in the translation.

White motions to Me'Shell, who places a BRIEFCASE on the coffee table. White CLICKS the case open, revealing a surprisingly small stack of bills and a half-eaten apple.

Me'Shell sheepishly grabs the apple, apologizing.

ME'SHELL

Sorry. I got hungry waiting at the bank.

Peter sits down on the couch and picks up the cash. One hundred one-thousand dollar bills. It's more money than he's ever seen.

WHITE GOODMAN

Take the money. Invest it in something and forget all about this dodgeball business.  
(sliding a pen over)  
Just sign it Peter, and you're a winner.

Peter looks down at the contract. \$100,000 has never been more real to him. Peter stares at White for a long moment, then finally picks up the pen and signs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS - MORNING

The sun rises over the eastern mountains. In this bright light, Las Vegas looks clean, strange, new.

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - MORNING

Kate walks across the hall and knocks on Peter's door.

KATE

Peter? Peter, it's time to get up.

No answer. She pushes the door open, calling in...

KATE (CONT'D)

Peter?

INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kate walks into the room and sees that it's empty. No luggage. No toiletries in the bathroom.

KATE

Peter? Everyone's already headed to the locker room. Peter?

On the TV screen, Kate sees the words: "Your Check-out has been confirmed. Thank you for Staying at the MGM Grand!"

Kate is stunned.

INT. MGM HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Dressed in their dodgeball uniforms, the rest of the team, head through the lobby. Justin is last in line when suddenly...

AMBER (O.S.)

Justin!

Amber rushes up to him, frantic.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I've been looking for you everywhere!

JUSTIN

Really? I mean, why? What's going on?

AMBER

Lance fell off the roller coaster and broke every bone in his body! He can't compete!

JUSTIN

Oh my God, that's awful.

AMBER

He was the center kewpie with me! Without the center kewpie, we can't do our routine.

JUSTIN  
Oh, no.

AMBER  
You gotta do it.

JUSTIN  
What? Me? No, I can't.

AMBER  
Please! You're the only one in Las Vegas who knows our routine.

JUSTIN  
But I haven't done it since the try-outs and you remember how that turned out.

Amber cringes, remembering.

AMBER  
Yeah, that was pretty gross.  
(beat, shaking it off)  
Please Justin, you've got to help us! If you don't we can't compete! Please!

JUSTIN  
I can't. I've got the dodgeball championships at noon.

AMBER  
You'll be back in time. I promise.

Torn, Justin turns to see his team disappearing from sight. Seeing the desperation in Amber's eyes, finally he decides...

JUSTIN  
Alright. I'll do it.

Amber SQUEALS, hugging Justin who can't help but smile.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
When is it?

AMBER  
Right now!

JUSTIN  
But I have to tell the guys...

No time. Amber grabs Justin's hand, yanking him off screen as we spin 180° and catch Kate coming at us, distraught. She hurries past us, stopping short as she nearly runs into...

WHITE GOODMAN and his cronies.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Why Kate, you look distraught. Like you're missing your star player right before the big game.

Kate looks shocked, then quickly angers.

KATE  
What did you do to Peter?

WHITE GOODMAN  
Nothing. I simply made him an offer a man  
with his priorities wouldn't refuse.

Kate stares daggers at White, trying not to look hurt.

KATE  
How much?

WHITE GOODMAN  
The amount isn't important. Everyone has  
their price, I was just surprised his was  
so low. I mean, you can hardly even  
demolish a dilapidated gym for \$100,000  
nowadays, am I right?  
(beat)  
But I guess that's what you get for casting  
your lot with trash like Peter LaFleur.  
Good luck to you.

White leads his team off, as we hold on Kate's heart-break.

GORDON (PRE-LAP)  
I can't believe Peter would leave us for  
\$100,000.

CUT TO:

INT. AVERAGE JOE'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight sits with his head in his hands...

DWIGHT  
I believe it. He knows we're going to get  
killed out there.

OWEN  
Gosh, I'd kill myself for \$100,000.

DWIGHT  
Yeah, I'd kill you too.

KATE  
Knock it off, Dwight. Look you guys, I  
know it's hard, but it's not impossible.  
We can still do this. We'll just have to  
play with six, right Gordon?

GORDON  
Yeah, but we need a minimum of six,  
otherwise ADAA rules stipulate that we must  
( forfeit.

DWIGHT  
And in case you haven't noticed, we're two short of that number. We're still missing the teenage love puppy and Steve The Pirate.

That last bit catches Owen funny...

OWEN  
Who's Steve The Pirate?

Dwight looks at Owen, puzzled by the question...

DWIGHT  
The only guy on our team who dresses like a pirate.

OWEN  
Wait, there's a guy on our team who dresses like a pirate?

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIONAL CHEERLEADING CHAMPIONSHIPS - DAY

A huge CROWD that has gathered to watch the NCC finals.

NEAR THE MAT

Dressed in a cheerleading uniform, Justin stands just off stage with the other WEST DAVENPORT CHEERLEADERS. He checks his watch. It's 7 minutes to noon -- he's cutting it really close.

A ribbon in her blonde hair, Amber bounces up to Justin.

AMBER  
You ready?

JUSTIN  
(smiling, deeply in love)  
You bet.

Justin looks over at Lance, who lays on a GURNEY in a full body cast. Justin gives Lance the thumbs-up.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the uniform Lance.

LANCE  
(muffled)  
Ferck Oo!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And now the last squad in the final competition, let's hear it for the West Davenport High Chargin' Donkeys!

The crowd CHEERS and Justin runs out with the team. A CLUB MUSIC MIX blasts from the speakers as we begin a montage of:

JUSTIN

moving and turning, jumping and clapping, in perfect sync with the rest of the team. Justin even uses some of his dodgeball dance moves to spice things up a bit. The crowd loves it.

Justin comes to the finale with Amber in front of him. She sneaks a peek at him, Justin winks at her confidently.

A breath, then he lifts her, tossing Amber high into the air where she spins in slow-motion for a long moment, then WHOOSH! regular speed returns and Amber descends in a blur...

Justin catches Amber perfectly! As they both hit their marks in-time, smiling broadly as the music cuts out.

The crowd goes WILD! So do the West Davenport Donkeys. Amber screams with joy and hugs Justin.

AMBER

You did it! You did it! That was perfect!  
You were perfect!

Justin is caught up in the moment, then suddenly remembers...

JUSTIN

Oh my God! I gotta go!

AMBER

What? You're not staying for the trophy?

JUSTIN

Sorry Amber, I've got my own trophy to win.

Justin hurries off, leaving Amber a little disappointed.

A moment passes, then Justin rushes back in, grabbing hold of Amber and kissing her -- hard. Justin lets go. Amber swoons.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Now I'm going.

And with that, he's gone, just like the Lone Ranger.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Where things are much the same...

DWIGHT

(covering one eye, imitating)  
Argh! Shiver me timbers. Blow the man  
down. Steve. Steve The Pirate.

Owen blinks, confused.

OWEN

Nope, not ringing any bells.

DWIGHT  
(disgusted)  
Forget it.

Suddenly the door bursts open it's...

JUSTIN  
Sorry I'm late guys, but you'll never  
believe what happened to me.

KATE  
We're just glad you're here.

DWIGHT  
Yeah, you're just in time for us to  
forfeit.

JUSTIN  
Forfeit? Why?

CUT TO:

INT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT / "LAST CHANCE" CASINO AREA - DAY

This section of the airport has been given over to the gambling  
gods. Peter sits at the Sportsbook bar looking miserable. Just  
then, a MAN in full cycling gear rides up. He steps off his  
bike and orders from the bartender...

MAN WITH BIKE  
Just an ice water, please.  
(noticing Peter)  
Hey, Lance Armstrong, competitive cycling  
champion and embodiment of the American  
spirit. Nice to meet you.

Lance extends his hand, Peter shakes it dubiously.

PETER  
Likewise.

LANCE ARMSTRONG  
Say, aren't you supposed to be playing in  
the LVIDO dodgeball finals right now?

PETER  
Uh, how did -- ?

LANCE ARMSTRONG  
I'm addicted to The Ocho. Can't get  
enough.  
(checking his watch)  
Better hurry up or you're gonna be late.

PETER  
Actually Lance, I decided to quit.

That hits a nerve with Lance. He sighs...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LANCE ARMSTRONG

Boy, I know what that's like. When I had brain, lung and testicular cancer, all at the same time, I thought about quitting cycling too. But with faith and the love and support of my friends and family I beat cancer and went on to win the Tour de France 4 times in a row. But I guess you probably have a really good reason to quit.

(beat)

So, what are you dying from that's keeping you from the finals?

PETER

Well currently, it feels like shame.

LANCE ARMSTRONG

That's okay. Heck, I guess if a person never quit when the going got tough, he wouldn't have anything to regret for the rest of his life, right?

(beat)

Good luck to you, Peter. I'm sure this decision won't haunt you forever.

With that, Lance Armstrong pats Peter on the back and we...

CUT TO:

PETER JOLTING AWAKE.

He was actually asleep at the Sportsbook bar. Disoriented, Peter rubs his eyes and looks up at the television which shows Lance Armstrong giving an post-victory interview.

Just then, a KENO WAITRESS sidles up to Peter.

KENO WAITRESS

Keno?

Peter's still lost in his thoughts.

PETER

What?

KENO WAITRESS

You wanna play Keno?

Peter gets up and pays his tab, suddenly in a hurry.

PETER

Sorry, can't. I'm late for something important. Besides, I've never been very good at picking random numbers.

KENO WAITRESS

Just pick your birthday, that's what I do. That way, it's like you're betting on yourself.

Peter stares at the waitress for a long moment, as mental  
tumblers click in place. Peter has a plan. He smiles, kissing  
the Keno Waitress squarely on her lips. \*

PETER  
Thank you.

He tosses a \$50 on her tray and rushes out the door, briefcase  
in hand. The Keno Waitress shrugs, moving off as we PUSH IN on  
the TELEVISION where we hear a very familiar voice...

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.)  
And finally, it has come to this.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DODGEBALL CENTER COURT

Shafts of light cut through the pitch, illuminating the court.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.)  
The one true test. Some say, it's the only  
test.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC OF ANTICIPATION rises as:

A MAINTENANCE MAN buffs the center court to a mirror shine.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A litmus test born of sorrow and pain,  
forged in the sweet-fire of courage and old-  
fashioned "Charlie" hustle.

We TRACK ACROSS a row of tournament edition dodgeballs.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It's the final Scantron test, and you must  
check deep within yourself to see if you  
possess that #2 pencil of destiny.

BLEACHERS are wheeled out and locked into place.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...and finally, dear patron, it has come to  
this: one last chance dance with that  
fickle Succubus, Lady Luck.

FANS have their tickets ripped as they move through turnstiles.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the Las  
Vegas International Dodgeball Open,  
championship match!

INT. DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT FLOOR / ESPN 8 DESK - CONTINUOUS

Cotton McKnight, looking ever the serious sportscaster...

COTTON MCKNIGHT

Hello everybody and welcome to what you've all been waiting for, a David and Goliath story, truer than the Bible itself -- the championship dodgeball match here on ESPN 8, the Ocho. I'm Cotton McKnight and with me as always is my compadré, Pepper Brooks. Pep?

PEPPER BROOKS

Thanks Cotton. You know, I spoke with White Goodman before today's match and he told me that his team really wants to win.

A long moment as Pepper blinks into camera. That's the end of his point. Cotton jumps in, taking over.

COTTON MCKNIGHT

Right you are, and it seems as though the stage is set for Darwin's cruelest play to unfold here today. So don't go anywhere folks, the schadenfreude is about to begin.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Kate stands with the Referee and the DODGEBALL CHANCELLOR, the conversation isn't going well...

DODGEBALL CHANCELLOR

I'm sorry Miss, but there's nothing I can do. Rules are rules. You don't have enough players.

(to the Referee)

Inform the committee and Mr. Goodman of Average Joe's forfeit.

(to Kate)

I'm sorry. Better luck next year.

The Dodgeball Chancellor and the Referee leave the locker room. Kate turns to see the team, distraught.

KATE

Look, you guys, I know it's hard, but...

CRASH! Dwight throws his dodgeball in disgust.

DWIGHT

Save it, Kate. It doesn't matter. We would've gotten slaughtered anyway. Peter or no Peter.

Resigned, the team starts packing their bags. When suddenly...

PETER (O.S.)

Now that's not what I call a winning attitude, Dwight.

Everyone turns to see Peter leaning against the door-frame.

JUSTIN

Peter!

Kate steps in front of everyone.

KATE

You think you can just waltz back in here?  
What about the \$100,000 bribe?

Peter looks a little surprised by the question, but shrugs.

PETER

Guess I'd rather take my chances with you  
guys. Teamwork and all that.

DWIGHT

That's stupid. We're gonna get killed.

PETER

That seems to be the popular opinion,  
Dwight. But who here remembers the 1985  
Patriots?

Gordon's the only one, he raises his hand. Peter explains...

PETER (CONT'D)

They were a wild-card team with the worst  
uniforms in the NFL and a quarterback who  
wore a neck brace. But they made it all  
the way to the Superbowl to face the 15-1,  
Chicago Bears. The Patriots were a 20  
point underdog, the biggest in Superbowl  
history, no one gave them a chance in Hell.  
And do you know what happened?

GORDON

They lost 46-10.

PETER

Exactly. They lost 46-10 in one of the  
worst Superbowl defeats in history.

Peter's smiling, but the rest of the team isn't getting it.

OWEN

Uh Peter, I don't understand.

PETER

We're supposed to lose, guys. We're a 50  
to 1 long shot. There is no reason on this  
earth, that we should win this game.

(beat, looking over his troops)  
But what if we did? What if the skies  
parted, and the seas boiled, and the Gods  
of Sport were thwarted just this once.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

What if justice was on our side, one time  
for all the freaks and losers and the  
unathletic who've suffered humiliation in  
P.E. and never had a chance in this life?  
What if?

HEART-PUMPING MUSIC begins to rise as Peter moves through the  
room, grabbing each one of our underdogs by their shoulders.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to Dwight)  
What if, this is that moment?  
(to Justin)  
What if, the ball bounces our way?  
(to Gordon)  
What if, this time, Luck is on our side?  
(to Owen)  
What if, we play like Dodgeball Gods today?  
(and finally, Kate)  
And what if, just what if, we go out there  
and win?

Inspired, Peter starts a chant...

PETER (CONT'D)

What if? What if? What if?

Slowly, everyone joins in...

EVERYONE

What if? What if? What if?  
(it grows louder)  
What if?! What if?! What if?!

PETER

Now let's go out there and see what if!

The team ROARS its excitement rushing out of the locker room.  
All except Kate, who looks at Peter.

KATE

Nice of you to show up.

PETER

Yeah well, like I said, things tend to  
happen when you do.

Kate smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get out there before they  
give our trophy to someone else.

INT. DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT / CENTER COURT - MOMENTS LATER

The stands are packed. A NERVOUS BUZZ fills the air as people  
aren't sure if Average Joe's team is going to show.

Amber and the cheerleaders sit next to the S&M folk and the other ousted DODGEBALL TEAMS. Everyone anxiously waits.

Even Frank, the voiceless one, has arrived on crutches to watch his former team go for the gold. \*

On the court, White and his team warm-up confidently.

INT. DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT FLOOR / ESPN 8 DESK - SAME

Cotton McKnight vamps for time...

COTTON MCKNIGHT

Well folks, I don't know what to tell you, the referee is down there talking to the tournament committee members, something's going on and --

(plugging his ear)

I'm being told that Average Joe's is forfeiting the championship match.

Suddenly in the crowd, Amber SCREAMS...

AMBER

They're here!

The crowd rises to their feet, craning their necks to see...

PETER AND THE AVERAGE JOE'S SQUAD

running out of a smoky tunnel, COOL MUSIC pounding behind them.

The crowd CHEERS wildly! White is livid.

The Referee looks to the COMMITTEE MEMBERS, who confer with glances and nod their approval -- Average Joe's can play.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)

It looks like Average Joe's can play -- but wait, they've only got six players.

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)

A bold strategy, Cotton.

Joe's goes through some quick warm-ups. Owen and F.R.A.N. share a loving, slightly awkward, glance.

Justin notices Frank in the stands, he leans over to Dwight.

JUSTIN

Wow, look. Frank's here.

DWIGHT

Man, I really hate that guy.

Peter heads to center court to meet with White and the Referee.

REFEREE  
 Okay you both know the rules.  
 (to Peter)  
 You receive no quarter for playing a man  
 short, you understand?  
 (Peter nods)  
 Okay, shake hands and let's have a clean  
 match.

Peter and White shake hands.

WHITE GOODMAN  
 You're making a huge mistake LaFleur.  
 (beat)  
 Prepare to be humiliated on cable  
 television.

PETER  
 Hey White, I'm gonna kick your ass.

White laughs as they part. A moment then we...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE REFEREE'S WHISTLE BLOWS!

And the game is on. Balls fly. Players duck and throw, dodge  
 and jump. For the first few moments we enjoy the chaos of the  
 game. The match seems evenly drawn. Our scrappy team is  
 holding their own.

The crowd, Amber, the S&Mers cheer with all they've got.

Then, Globo Gym makes it move:

White and a TEAMMATE tag Kate, WHACK-SMACK! She's gone.

At the same moment, Peter retaliates, hitting White on the  
 shoulder, but his ball ricochets into the air and is caught by a  
 GLOBO GYM-ER before it hits the ground -- eliminating Peter.

With their two best players out, things get rapidly worse for  
 Average Joe's:

Gordon twists out of the way of one ball but is hit by another.

Owen spins and is about to fire on an opposing player when he  
 realizes it's F.R.A.N. She stops too, holding her dodgeball.

OWEN  
 Hi.

F.R.A.N.  
 Hey.

Dumbly smiling, they're both too in love to throw at each other.  
 Then, BAM! BAM! each is hit -- eliminated.

Dwight misses and in turn is pegged in the hip by Me'Shell. Suddenly, it's just Justin left, facing six Globo Gym-ers.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)

Well, it's all up to Average Joe's youngest member --'he's gotta make a play here, Pepper.

In the crowd, a worried Amber grips the hand of an S&Mer.

On the bench, Peter and the others won't look at each other, though they're all thinking the same thing: it's over.

On the balls of his feet, Justin dodges two balls then dives toward the Joe's bench, catching a ball as he slides to a stop.

In a flash, Kate leaps off the bench, diving to catch a ball that would've eliminated the prone Justin. It's a slick play, especially so because now Peter's off the bench and in the mix.

Amber and the others ROAR, hugging with relief and excitement.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Holy smokes! Just like that, a three-player swing! Joe's isn't done yet!

In the crowd, Amber can't hold in her excitement any longer...

AMBER

Justin! I love you!

Shocked, Justin looks into the stands to see a blushing Amber.

JUSTIN

I love you t--

WHACK! Justin takes one in the chops, going down hard. Amber winces.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)

Ooh! True love hurts, folks!

Not missing a beat, Peter races forward catching a ball with his left hand and - in one motion - switches it to his right and tags confused Globo Gym player! The crowd CHEERS!

Suddenly there are two players left on each side. White and Me'Shell for Globo Gym, Peter and Kate for Joe's.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Two players left on each side, what a match! What a sport!

Kate dodges White's throw as Peter makes a break to pick-up a ball stumbling badly and falling to the floor.

Me'Shell seizes the opportunity, hurling his ball right for the defenseless Peter. At the last moment, Kate dives in front of Peter, taking the dodgeball bullet for him.

Time slows as Peter looks at Kate, amazed by her sacrifice.

Speed returns as Kate gets up to walk off the court, but not before White, unable to hold himself back, takes dead-aim at the eliminated Kate, whipping his ball at her, THWACK! smacking her flush in the mouth -- clearly an intentional cheap shot.

Kate falls to the hardwood. The crowd BOOS heartily. On the bench, Dwight and the others are furious.

The Referee BLOWS his whistle, stopping play. He pulls a strange RED TASSEL from his pocket, waving it at White.

REFEREE  
That's a warning!

WHITE GOODMAN  
What?! It was an accident! Gimme a break,  
Ref!

But the referee isn't buying it...

REFEREE  
Turn! Kneel!

WHITE GOODMAN  
Oh, sweet Linus!

White SLAMS his dodgeball into the court, furious with the call.

As custom dictates, White and Me'Shell turn and kneel. Peter rushes over to help Kate whose mouth is bloody.

PETER  
Jesus, are you okay?

KATE  
Yeah, I'm fine.

PETER  
Why'd you do that? Are you nuts?

KATE  
This is your fight, Peter. Go fight it.

REFEREE  
Sorry Miss, but you're out, gotta get off  
the court.

Helping her to her feet, Peter glares over at White. To applause, Kate heads off. Peter walks back to center court.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Players to your positions!

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Folks, it looks like it's gonna be two on  
one, a ménage-a-trois of pain.

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)  
Usually you pay double for that kind of  
action, Cotton.

The Referee BLOWS his whistle and, fast as lightening, Peter jumps a ball from Me'Shell, then hurls his own, WHACK! eliminating the huge man. Average Joe's bench CHEERS!

At the same time, White snatches a ball from near the sideline and launches at Peter who sees it a split-second too late.

THUD!

Hit squarely in the chest, Peter is eliminated. It's over.

The moment is drawn out: The crowd looks on, shocked. Kate, Dwight and the others are heart-broken. White smiles, evil.

Then suddenly, the Referee blows his whistle, waving his hands wildly and rushing toward us.

REFEREE  
No elimination! Double-fault!  
(pointing at White's foot)  
You stepped out of bounds on the throw!

White looks down. Indeed, his foot is on the line.

WHITE GOODMAN  
What!? This is outrageous!

REFEREE  
It's ADAA Continuation Rule 113D, sir.  
(motioning to the committee)  
Sudden Death!

The crowd goes NUTS! Free dodgeball!

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
(gravely serious)  
A double-fault, final-play elimination  
hasn't occurred since the Helsinki Episode  
of 1919, and I think we all remember how  
that turned out.  
(beat)  
Ladies and gentlemen, prepare to see the  
greatest happening in sport: Sudden Death  
Dodgeball.

Quickly things change: the lights on the court go black, save for two spotlights. One for Peter, the other for White.

The usual red dodgeballs are taken away, replaced by ATTENDANTS with two racks of BLACK DODGEBALLS, complete with Jolly Roger's. One rack for White, one rack for Peter.

The Referee calls White and Peter to center court.

REFEREE

This is Sudden Death. Only striking the opposing player eliminates him. Catching a ball does nothing. Understood?

Peter and White nod, staring daggers at each other.

PETER

Hey, White. Last chance, I'll flip you for it.

WHITE GOODMAN

Too late, LaFleur. It's time for you to learn how inferior you truly are.

REFEREE (O.S.)

Players take your positions!

White and Peter part, followed only by their spotlights.

The squad can hardly watch. Kate peers through her fingers.

Peter exhales a breath of nervous energy, and sound falls away as he pulls something from his pocket...it's PATCHES' WHITE SILK SCARF.

PETER

Talk to me, Patches. Talk to me.

Suddenly, Patches O'Houlihan appears in a white fuzzy thought-bubble above Peter's head, floating there in his wheelchair.

PATCHES O'HOULIHAN (V.O.)

Listen up Crotch Stain, remember the five D's: dodge, duck, dip, dive and dodge. Remember 'em, trust 'em and use 'em like a toothless Bangkok whore.

Peter takes one black dodgeball off his rack, placing it at his feet, then pushes the rack of remaining balls away from him.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)

What's this? Peter LaFleur is playing with only one ball?

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)

You only need one to live a happy life, Cotton. I know.

Ceremonially, Peter ties the scarf around his eyes, adopting a strange crouching position as he waits.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)

In 23 years of broadcasting, I thought I'd seen it all folks, but it looks like Peter LaFleur has actually blindfolded himself.

PEPPER BROOKS (O.S.)

He's preparing to commit hari-kari, Cotton.

White looks on, confused and chuckling...

WHITE GOODMAN  
You've really lost it, LaFleur.

The Referee is unfazed by the whole spectacle.

REFEREE  
Players ready...Dodgeball!

With a strange spasm, Peter begins the ancient dodgeball dance, moving and sliding, ducking and dipping to his own internal rhythm -- the spotlight following his every move.

In a flash White fires a barrage of his black dodgeballs from his rack -- an impossible amount to avoid.

But somehow, each ball, one after the other narrowly misses Peter as he half-turns, ducks, shimmies, claps and shuffles out of the way. WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

The Crowd CHEERS in amazement!

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.)  
Impossible! Simply and truly impossible!

White keeps firing and missing. Frustrated, he turns to his rack, snatching his final dodgeball as...

Peter's dance takes him back to his lone dodgeball. Without breaking rhythm, or taking off his blindfold, Peter scoops up his ball and throws. We FOLLOW it as it whips through the air.

White turns back to us just in time to...

WHACK!!!

Get hit so hard in the face that the force lifts him off his feet and sends him flying back ten feet, where he hits the floor with a sickening THUD! White's out cold.

Peter stops, pulling off his blindfold to see his victory. Like a waterfall being turned on, sound rushes back as...

THE AVERAGE JOE'S SQUAD

bursts from their bench, running toward Peter, SCREAMING in jubilation. They pick him up, carrying him on their shoulders.

The CROWD goes WILD, storming the court. The Globo Gym team is furious. Except for F.R.A.N. who jumps up to join the celebration.

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, I've been to the Great Wall of China. I've seen the pyramids of Egypt. I've even witnessed a grown man satisfy a Camel.  
(MORE)

COTTON MCKNIGHT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But I have never, in all my years as a sportscaster, seen something as improbable, as impossible, as what we've witnessed here today.

(dramatic pause)

The little team that could, Average Joe's Gymnasium, underdogs throughout, stand before us aglow in prefect victory, as true Dodgeball Champions.

The Average Joe's players hug each other, jumping up and down. Peter and Kate rush toward each other, hugging -- ORCHESTRAL MUSIC lets us know this is the moment.

Peter looks into Kate's eyes and is about to plant one on her when Kate suddenly looks past him...

KATE

Joyce?

PETER

Huh?

Peter turns to see a very handsome woman who bears a disturbing resemblance to Peter himself: this is JOYCE (30's).

KATE

You said you were in Guam!

JOYCE

I caught an earlier flight. I wouldn't have missed this for the world.

KATE

You're amazing.

The two women kiss, one long, passionate kiss. Peter is dumbfounded. Dwight sidles up to Peter amid the chaos.

DWIGHT

Told you she was a lesbian.

PETER

Wow. Good call.

Kate turns as she hears this.

KATE

Wait, I'm not a lesbian.

PETER

You're not?

KATE

No. I'm bisexual.

Before Peter can smile, Kate grabs the back of his neck and plants one on him. The place erupts even louder. Kate grabs Joyce and suddenly there's a steamy three-way kiss going on.

Dwight can't believe it.

DWIGHT  
Oh, snap.

The DODGEBALL CHANCELLOR, escorted by two CASINO COPS, holds the over-sized novelty check for \$51,327.23 and a BIZARRE TROPHY. He shoves his way through the crowd, handing it to Peter. The crowd quiets.

DODGEBALL CHANCELLOR  
On behalf of the American Dodgeball Association of America, it's my honor to present you with this check in the amount of \$51,327.23. Congratulations!

Peter holds the check and trophy aloft as the crowd CHEERS!

PETER  
Yeah!

Suddenly we see Steve The Pirate and a CASINO COP, pushing their way through the throng. \*

CASINO COP  
Hey, Pal. I gotta guy here thinks he's a pirate. Says he's with you. \*

Steve looks into Peter's eyes, ashamed. Then, Peter smiles. \*

PETER  
Constable, I can assure you that he's with us and he is most definitely a pirate. \*

CASINO COP  
Whatever. Just take him on the crazy train with you when you leave. \*

The Casino Cop hands him over. Steve smiles at Peter. \*

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Gar, Peter. \*

PETER  
Gar, Steve. \*

Peter and Steve embrace, friends again. \*

Just then, White Goodman, his face creased with the pattern from Peter's dodgeball, shoves his way to the front.

WHITE GOODMAN  
What are you so happy about LaFleur?! None of this matters!

White clutches the contract Peter signed, waving it around.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)  
You signed your stupid gym over to me last night! You lost! I won! Your gym is mine!  
(to the Joe's Squad)  
Suck failure, freaks!

The Joe's squad is thunderstruck. This can't be true.

OWEN  
Peter, is that true?

Peter looks over his team, they're hanging on his answer. Finally...

PETER  
Yes. It's true.

UGH. The team and the crowd let out a wounded, "Ooh."

PETER (CONT'D)  
It's true I sold Average Joe's to White.  
It's true that every man has his price.  
(sly beat)  
And it's also true that money won is twice as sweet as money earned.

Peter pulls out a RED TICKET STUB. Everyone looks confused except White who suddenly looks worried.

WHITE GOODMAN  
What is that?

PETER  
Oh this? This is the ticket stub I'll use to pick up my winnings at the sportsbook.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Winnings? What winnings?

PETER  
Gosh, I thought I told you. You see, I took that \$100,000 bribe you gave me and bet it on us to win.

DWIGHT  
What're you, crazy? What if we lost?

Peter looks over his team, and finally says something honest.

PETER  
Well, that was a possibility. But, I'd rather lose a game than lose my friends.

Our Underdogs smile, touched by the sentiment. Peter smiles too, but now it's for a completely different reason...

PETER (CONT'D)

More importantly, does anyone know what 50 times \$100,000 is?

OWEN

\$50,000?

KATE

\$5 million. Oh my God, Peter -- that's amazing.

WHITE GOODMAN

Stick it in your ear, LaFleur! I wouldn't sell you your gym back for \$10 million! It's gone! Forever!

PETER

You're right. I can't make you sell Joe's back me. So I guess I'll take your advice and invest it in something, like, say, a controlling stake in Globo Gym.

(waving)

Hi, White. I'm your new boss.

That's it. White can't take it anymore. He snaps.

WHITE GOODMAN

What? No. No. You can't!

White shoves the Casino Cop out of the way, grabbing his pistol in the process. The crowd backs away, frighten. White points the pistol at Peter.

WHITE GOODMAN (CONT'D)

No! This isn't how it's supposed to end! This isn't the natural order! I'm the winner! You're the loser!

White cocks the weapon, taking aim. It's all over.

Suddenly, WHACK! White's arm is hit by a crutch, sending his pistol flying. White's shocked, but Peter doesn't miss a beat, stepping in a popping White in the nose with a straight right, THUMP! White falls flat on his ass. Instantly, the cops jump in, cuffing White.

The moment over, everyone turns to see Frank standing there holding a crutch. He waves sheepishly.

PETER

Thanks, Frank.

FRANK

No problem. Just glad I could do something for the team. Sorry I'm late. It takes a long time to crutch your way to Las Vegas.

DWIGHT  
(to Justin)  
I've always liked that guy.

The cops drag White passed Peter, who waves smugly.

PETER  
Adios, White. Say "hi" to prison for me.

The team gathers together for a photograph, holding the check and the trophy high as the flash flashes and we freeze and...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE COVER OF "SPORTS" MAGAZINE

our Underdogs on the cover, smiling. A moment then we...

CUT TO:

EXT. GLOBO GYM - DAY

Except this isn't Globo Gym. The sign atop the huge building has been switched with AN ENORMOUS NEW AVERAGE JOE'S SIGN.

PETER AND THE SQUAD

watch the newness with awe. Everyone's there. Justin with a very pregnant Amber. Owen holding hands with F.R.A.N.. Even Frank's crutches are gone. It's better than perfect.

JUSTIN  
It's amazing how everything just seemed to work out in the end.

Peter takes it all in, and smiles happily.

PETER  
It sure is, Scooter. It sure is.

Peter tussles Justin's hair. And we move to...

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

...where White Goodman, looking miserable in his denim jumpsuit, clips the thick yellow toenails of a HUGELY OBESE MAN (700 pounds easy) who reclines on his bunk, shirtless and picking his teeth with a menacing SHIV.

HUGELY OBESE MAN  
Make sure you dig the funk outta my big one before you get to work on that bunion, boy.

WHITE GOODMAN  
Yes, Rodney.

HUGELY OBESE MAN  
And when you done with that, my stretch marks need a rub. They itchin' again.

Indeed, the stretch marks that run across Rodney's stomach do look itchy if not just plain icky.

White shudders at his fate then glances at the caged television hanging in the hallway. It's playing a very familiar commercial. White's eyes narrow. And we PUSH IN on the TV...

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - DAY

A HOMELY MAN stares into his bathroom mirror...

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Tired of the same old you?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A GEEKY MAN smiles at a PRETTY GIRL. She walks off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tired of being out-of-shape and out-of-luck  
with the opposite sex?

(beat)

Well, come to a place where you're always  
welcome!

EXT. NEW & IMPROVED AVERAGE JOE'S / GLOBO GYM - DAY

Globo Gym has been redesigned. Gone are the sleek lines and techno music. Everything is new, bright and clean while still maintaining an old-school charm. It's big a mom-and-pop shop.

INT. NEW & IMPROVED AVERAGE JOE'S / GLOBO GYM - CONTINUOUS

Peter appears from around a corner.

PETER

I'm Peter LaFleur, owner and operator of  
Average Joe's Gym, and I'm here to tell you  
that you're great just the way you are.

Peter passes HAPPY GYM MEMBERS working-out on new equipment.

PETER (CONT'D)

But if you feel like losing a few pounds,  
getting healthier and making some good  
friends in the process, then Joe's is the  
place for you.

IN THE NEW "PRO SHOP" Gordon helps a PATRON to select gym shorts.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Gordon can help you find the perfect  
workout gear for your body type.

OWEN & F.R.A.N. stand in front of a classroom full of INTERESTED COUPLES. F.R.A.N. is bent over with Owen behind her, instructing.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Need help in the bedroom? Let Owen and  
F.R.A.N. give you some pointers.

The blackboard reads: "How to Have Hot Sex for a Lifetime."

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Or if you just want to give your heart a  
good work out, try our new Swashbuckling  
aerobics class...

STEVE THE PIRATE leads the "Swashbuckling" aerobics class. The  
room is packed, filled with CLASS MEMBERS sporting eye-patches  
and bandanas.

STEVE THE PIRATE  
Argh!

SWASHBUCKLING CLASS  
Argh!

Peter continues his stroll through Joe's.

PETER  
And forget about expensive membership dues.  
Average Joe's is about giving back to the  
community. We offer low student rates.  
Right guys?

Holding hands and dressed in their cheerleading outfits, Justin  
and a very pregnant Amber enter frame.

JUSTIN & AMBER  
You bet!

Peter continues on.

PETER  
But if you're not a student, don't worry.  
Just talk to Kate, she's our financial guru  
and also teaches our "alternative  
lifestyle" class. She'll make it work for  
you -- no matter what your income.

KATE looks up from behind her desk and smiles

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And if you've got any questions about our  
facilities, just ask Dwight. He's the full-  
time manager and is here to help.

DWIGHT, smiles as he helps a SEXY WOMAN use a thigh-machine.

Finally, we come to...

THE MINI GYM

Where Peter walks past an ENORMOUS VELVET PAINTING OF PATCHES O'HOULIHAN: holding a dodgeball in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

PETER (CONT'D)  
And don't forget, youth-league dodgeball classes are forming now.

We PULL BACK from Peter, who we now see is surrounded by a gaggle of 10 YEAR-OLD KIDS.

PETER (CONT'D)  
So come on down and learn a great game the way it's supposed to be played!

That's their cue, and the kids don't miss it -- hurling dodgeball after dodgeball at Peter who takes the hits smiling, but suddenly takes a really hard shot to the teeth.

He staggers back, holding his mouth...

PETER (CONT'D)  
Owl Motherfu--

CUT TO BLACK.