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Dodgeball: A True Underdog Story

By Rawson Marshall Thurber

Tired of the same old you?
Tired of being out of shape
and out of luck with the opposite sex?
Tired of being overweight
and under-attractive?

Yeah.

Oh, hello.

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

Hey, Rory. Looking good.

At Globo Gym we that understand "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.

That's where we come in.

Globo Gym employs
a highly trained, quasi-cultural staff
of personal alteration specialists.

With our competitively priced
onsite cosmetic surgery,
we can turn that Frankenstein
you see in the mirror every morning
into a Franken-fine.

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.

How do I know?

Well, I'm not only the founder of Globo Gym,
I'm also a client.

That's me, six years and 600lbs ago,
before I knew how much I hated myself.

That all changed once I founded Globo Gym.
But don't just take my word for it. Listen
to these Globo gymers tell you how it is...

That feels good.

Oh, the tickle machine.

Crash, no. Crash, out.

Bad dog. No grundle.

Come on down and join the winning team,
because here at Globo Gym,

we're better than you.

And we know it.

Spare me.

Mr La Fleur, this is Doris
from the Department of Water and Power.

We've been trying to reach you,
but your phone was disconnected.

We'll be shutting off
your water and power at 5pm today
due to an eight-month overdue account.

Thank you and have a nice day.

This is Seth from Videorama.

The following DVDs are now overdue.

Drunken Hussies 3, Backdoor Patrol 5
and Mona Lisa Smile. Thank you.

Come on, baby, be there.

Be there.

It's gonna be a good day.

I'm proud of you.

We're just around the corner.

My gym's here. I promise we're almost there.

You guys are lifesavers.

I appreciate the effort.

Don't pull a hammy over it.

Gimme that garbage.

Shouldn't you be on a treadmill?

Hey, Peter.

- How's my little tax shelter this morning?

- Everything's shipshape.

Don't hold out on me. What's happening?

It's just I'm trying

this new voicemail-dating thing.

And, like, no one's even left me a message,
and it's been almost two months.

There's someone out there for everybody.

- You think?

- Absolutely.

In some cases, there's two somebodies for
one person. I like to call that "the jackpot".

See you later, dater.

- Hey, Peter.

- Hey, Gordon.

- I'm wailing on my glutes.

- Sounds great.

I'm gonna shock the biceps later,
then some cardio. Keep the body guessing.

- I like to keep my body guessing.
- Sure. I wanted to ask you something.
- Did you catch the game last night?
- Can I say yes?

Amateur curling championships
on ESPN8.

- I had no idea.
- You missed a doozy. Really great stuff.

I feel dumb for asking,
but how did you hear about it?

- OSQ. Obscure Sports Quarterly.
- Of course, the OSQ.

Started reading it in college, for the chicks.

- I'm glad that worked out for you.
- Thanks, Peter.
- Bye.
- Love the orange and love the headphones.

When I come back,
I want you on a different machine.

- You need a spot?
- I'm cool, Pete.

OK, come on. Let's get this out of here.

You OK?

- You're like a human Chinese puzzle.
- Thanks, Pete.

All that weight is dangerous.

It'll be worth it when I make the cheerleading
squad. Prove to Amber that I'm not a loser.

Hang on a second. You wanna become
a cheerleader to prove you are not a loser?

Yeah. Why?

Nothing. High school's
changed a bit since I was a kid.

Plus, all anyone ever remembers is
what happened at last year's tryouts.

I'm the laughing stock of the school.

I'm sure it's not that big of a deal.

What happened at last year's tryouts?

Justin Redmond. Ready and super-psyched.

- Hey, Amber.
- Hi, Justin. Good luck.

Good luck to you, making your judgments.

And from the girls' line,
we need girl number
Toss to hands, liberty and cradle out, OK?
I'm not wearing any panties.
Ready? One, two.
Liberty, ready?

- Dude.
- Can he breathe?
- Wow.
- Yeah.
- It was the worst.
- Don't worry about this Amber situation.
- It'll all work itself out in the end.
- Thanks, Pete.

You'll laugh at this one day.
I'm laughing.
Go at your own pace.
That's what it's there for.

- Who goes there?
- It's me. It's Peter.

'Tis about the matter of payment
for me membership.
Steve be a touch short this month.
That's all right.
Just pay me when you get the money.
The dread pirate Steve be in no man's debt.
I'll make a barter with you.
In exchange for your kindness,
I'll be splitting me buried treasure with you.
Once I find it, that be.
I'm flattered by the gesture, but
a couple of bucks here and there will be fine.
Thanks, Peter.

- I'll be on the StairMaster.
- OK, Steve.
- Next time, maybe just say "hello".
- Gar.

Hello.
It's not my birthday till next month,
but terrific.
I'm so sorry. Hi.
I'm Katherine Veatch with Hawthorne Stone.

- Your bank?
- Right. My bank.

- You are very attractive for a banker.
- Thank you. I'm not a banker, I'm a lawyer.
Really? What kind of law
are you involved in, pretty eyes?
Sexual harassment, mostly.
But I also handle real estate and tax law,
which is why I'm here.
- This place is in default?
- No. You're in foreclosure.
You were in default
when we sent you delinquency notices.
- I thought those were just warnings.
- They were warnings.
No one warned me. What happens now?
I make my payments out to somebody else?
You have 30 days to pay the balance
of your mortgage, or you lose your gym.
Perfect. What's the damage?
What do I owe you?
\$50,000.
Personal cheque gonna be OK? Might have
to wait till the end of the month to cash her?
I do have to switch some funds. The charity
I like to work with is gonna take a hit.
Mr La Fleur, I can assure you
this is a very serious situation.
Yeah.
This is extremely serious, Mrs Veatch.
It's Ms. I'll need to review all of your financial
statements and assess any tax liabilities.
Absolutely.
I don't know how you say "Ms" for "Mr",
but if there was a "Ms Mr",
I'm a Ms as well.
You do keep financial records?
Invoices, revenue reports, taxable income.
You kidding? I got a closet full of 'em.
I call 'em keepers.
- Problem is I've never really filed them.
- No kidding.
Just out of curiosity,
who would want to buy this place anyway?
Come on, squeeze it, squeeze it.
Yeah, come on, come on. Get it up.

One more, bitch. One more, bitch.

Yeah. Yeah.

- Now you're my bitch.

- Yeah.

Yeah, baby.

Involuntary spasm.

Look at the show. Enjoy the show.

This a bad time? I could come back.

Looks like some real dude sweat going on.

Add three pounds to the scales in the women's locker room before you go home.

Refreshment?

I've got protein paste, carb laxative...

- Suffocated kumquat, perhaps?

- I'm trying to cut down on those.

- They're good. They are good.

- Know what you mean.

Walk with me.

Hey, Brianna.

Cellulite seminar tomorrow, 0600.

Nice job, Susie.

You call that a sit-up?

Don't slack, Trevor.

I'm watching you.

There's a good energy in the gym.

Let me guess why you're here, Pete.

Because I bought out

the second mortgage on your gym.

You've got 30 days to make \$50,000,

or your gym becomes my gym.

I know we've had our differences...

Is that what you call

sleeping with three of my female trainers?

It was one night.

Or the strip-o-gram you sent me

for the Globo Gym one-year anniversary?

- It was meant to be congratulatory.

- It was also a man.

Let's not get hung up on details.

- We're both professionals.

- Really?

Last I heard, my gym makes money.

Yours doesn't.

My gym's worth over \$4 million.

Your gym isn't worth four.
I have shareholders.
You haven't even got cupholders.
- Why would I want cupholders?
- The point is
Globo Gym is a beacon
of human physical perfection.
A benchmark in the fitness community.
Your "gym" is a skid mark
on the underpants of society.
See, Peter, I wasn't born
expecting the world to do me any favours.
I earned this body
and I built this temple
out of nothing more than
a little can-do attitude and elbow grease.
And a large inheritance
from my father, Earl Goodman.
So if I choose to level Average Joe's to build
a parking structure for my members, so be it.
There's nothing you can do about it.
In 30 days, I'll be bulldozing that shit-heap
you call a gym into permanent nothingness.
I can only hope that you, and the mongrel
race that comprise your membership,
are inside it when I do.
Show Mr La Fleur out.
Turn it up high, Reggie.
I wanna burn.
So that's the deal. We got 30 days
to raise \$50,000, or Average Joe's is history.
I got ten minutes. I'll open it up to some Q&A.
No need to raise your hands,
it's an open forum. OK, Owen, kick us off.
Yes, Peter, - and I'm just spitballing here -
but why don't we pay it off
in Canadian dollars and save some money?
Just so you know, if that's a route
you want to follow, it's 50,000 American.
It would be 70,000, roughly, Canadian dollars.
- How are we gonna come up with \$120,000?
- Owen, you don't add them together.
Technically, Peter, I'm sorry to say this,
but it's more like \$73,313...

It doesn't matter. We can't come up with \$50,000. We're screwed.

Gar.

- It's an insurmountable amount of money.

- No, it's not insurmountable. Come on.

We can't just sit back and let Globo Gym take us over.

Average Joe's is too important.

Where do you go when your wife changes the locks?

- Average Joe's.

- Right.

Dwight, Owen, what will you do if Joe's goes under? Work at the airport?

- I ain't working at no airport again.

- No. Cos you hated it.

And, Steve, where do you go to do whatever it is that you do?

- Gar. Joe's be the only place for Steve.

- Gar. You're right.

Do you see? There's no way I can go back to working out at my high school.

They'd laugh at me there.

Lock me in lockers, make me eat clay.

But not here, not at Joe's.

I need this place.

You guys need this place. Come on.

I got it. I know how we can raise the money.

- How?

- Car wash.

What are the chances?

Same day, right across the street?

The girls beat us fair and square.

I am gonna be a gentleman about it and congratulate every one of them, personally.

Guys. Not to be a nay-sayer or anything, but the only customer we've had

is that weird guy

who keeps paying Justin to wash his truck.

That's it, boy.

Get in there nice and deep, like.

- That's not good.

- Gar. This sucks.

Relax, Justin, it's just a cutout.

At Globo Gym,
we're better than you and we know it.
Sign up now.
Do you smell that fitness? I do.
Rock it and shock it, baby.
You gotta burn it to earn it.
- What's in the envelope?
- Free 30-day memberships to Globo Gym.
- Cool.
- It's ajoke. He sent it to us as an insult.
Maybe we could sell 'em for cash
cos the car wash cost us money.
- We're further away from saving this place?
- Yes.
- We'll never raise enough money.
- This blows.

Guys, I know this is tough to take,
but if an impromptu car wash
doesn't raise us the \$50,000 we need,
I guess it just isn't in the cards.
Trust me here. If there was any way in
the world we could raise \$50,000 in 30 days,
short of robbing a bank, I'd do it.
We could sell blood and semen.
What? Not mixed together.
Guys, I love the enthusiasm,
I love the energy here,
but we're looking at this the wrong way.
Let's celebrate the good times
that was Joe's.
We gotta start looking at this Irish-wake style.
Let me be the first
to say goodbye to Average Joe's.
We gave it a hell of a run, guys.
Now let's try to have some fun.
I'm gonna put on "The Thong Song",
and we'll tear this place apart.
Wait, wait. Peter. Peter.
We could play dodgeball.
That's very nice, Gordon, but everyone's
tired. Playing a game isn't gonna help.
There's a tournament in Las Vegas.
I feel so dumb I didn't think about it before.
I read about

the Las Vegas International Dodgeball Open every year in Obscure Sports Quarterly.

Of course. That's a totally common thing.

The best part is it's open to any team that wins a regional qualifying match.

- How is dodgeball gonna get us the \$50,000?

- They have a cash prize for the winner.

- How much?

- \$50,000.

Guys, we are not gonna get \$50,000 for playing dodgeball.

- Why not?

- None of us know how to play dodgeball.

I do. We played it in PE last year.

They showed us this film about it.

- Can you get your hands on that film?

- Sure, I guess.

Can we please try to be serious here for one second?

You said anything we could do to raise the money. This is that anything. This is it.

Come on, show of hands.

Who wants to play dodgeball?

Come on.

Come on, Pete.

You guys had me at blood and semen.

Come here.

You want it, don't you, fat boy?

You want that doughnut.

Go ahead and have a bite.

Just a little bite.

One little bite won't hurt you.

Momma.

- Sir, Katherine Veatch is here to see you.

- Give me 30 seconds and send her in.

Yes, sir.

Thank you.

Hello, Katherine. Good to see you.

I didn't know you were dropping by.

- You asked me to come over.

- Did I?

Are you reading the dictionary?

You caught me. I like to break a mental sweat too. Grab a chair.

So, I trust everything's going swimmingly with our acquisition of Average Joe's?

So far, yeah. There's a lot to do over there, so I should probably get back.

- That is a really interesting painting.

- Thank you.

Yeah, that's me, taking the bull by the horns.

It's how I handle my business.

It's a metaphor.

- I get it.

- But that actually happened, though.

Anyway, we're a pretty tight-knit tribe here, but there's always room for one more squaw.

So, please, whatever you do, don't think of me as your boss.

- I don't.

- I don't want to get into a formal thing.

I'm White, you know.

W-h-i-t.

E.

Thanks, Mr Goodman,

but I'm contracted by the bank.

They just assigned me to your account.

Right, well. You work for the bank. Bank works for me so, ipso fact, I'm your boss.

Point is, I would love to see your pretty little bone structure around here some more.

There's no reason we need to be shackled by the strictures of

the employee-employer relationship.

Unless you're into that sort of thing.

In which case,

I got some shackles in the back.

I'm just kidding.

But seriously, I've got 'em.

I'm just doing my job, Mr Goodman.

In fact, I actually prefer it over there.

Really? You like it with those freaks over there in Loser-Town?

They're not freaks.

They're people, just like you and me.

People?

"People, just like you and me."

Oh, man.

That is what I love about you, Kate.

You've got a "personality".

That is rich. A real sauciness
that I find extremely attractive.

We should mate.

- What?

- Date.

We should date some time. Socially.

Go out and kick it.

- Are you OK?

- I'm fine.

I just threw up in my mouth a little bit.

In some cultures, they only eat vomit.

I never been there,

but I read about it in a book.

I'm sorry, Mr Goodman.

I don't date clients.

I get it.

Don't crap where you eat. I understand.

Me'Shell.

Please escort Ms Veatch out.

And, Katherine, make sure

my acquisition of that gym goes smoothly.

They're up to something over there.

I can smell it.

ber-American Instructional films,
teaching America's youth since 1938.

Hey, there, Timmy.

Holy mackerel, mister.

You scared the jeepers out of me.

How'd you like to take a break
from that fine lead-based paint,
and learn about dodgeball?

Boy, would I.

- Where am I, mister?

- You're in a Chinese opium den, Timmy.

This is where dodgeball

was invented in the 15th century,
by opium-addicted Chinamen.

Back then, the Chinamen threw
severed human heads at each another
instead of the ADAA-approved balls
we use today.

ADAA?

That's the American Dodgeball
Association of America.

Dodgeball is played with six players
on each team, and six rubber balls.

The object of the game
is to eliminate the opposing players.
Once all the players on one team are
eliminated, the opposing team wins.

Wow. I can't wait
to get the fellas together and play.
Hang on a second there, sport.

- Patches O'Houlihan.

- That's right, Timmy.

Patches O'Houlihan. Seven-time ADAA
All-Star is here to take you the rest of the way.

- Jeepers. Really?

- You betcha, champ.

If you catch a ball that's thrown at you
before it hits the ground,
the player who threw that ball is out,
not you.

Plus, another player from your team
gets to come back into the game.

- It's a two-player swing.

- Thanks, Patches.

I can't wait to start my own team at school.
Attaboy, Tiger.

But remember, dodgeball is a sport
of violence, exclusion and degradation.

So, when you're picking players in gym class,
remember to pick the bigger,
stronger kids for your team.

That way, you can all gang up
on the weaker ones, like Winston here.

Nice one, son.

You'll be an all-star yet.

Just remember the five Ds of dodgeball.

Dodge, duck, dip, dive and
dodge.

Till next time.

This is Patches O'Houlihan,
saying, "Take care of your balls
and they'll take care of you."

OK, guys. Any questions? Great.

I signed us up for the sub-regional qualifier tomorrow at the Waldorf rec centre.
But we haven't even practised yet.
We have to qualify for the Vegas Open.
Tomorrow's regional's our last chance.
Everyone, just relax. I've always found the best way to learn a sport is by playing it.
If anyone needs me,
I'll be in my office doing Mad Libs.
Thanks, Peter. Appreciate that a lot.
OK, I think everybody knows...
- Don't you have an office of your own?
- Yes, I do have an office.
A very nice office
with a view and air-conditioning.
- Rub it in.
- What I don't have in my office is a closet of 30 years of financial transactions, devoid of any filing system known to man.
Hard to believe I only got a semester of junior college under my belt.
Do you realise you haven't collected any membership fees in 13 months?
I'm curious. Is it strictly apathy, or do you really not have a goal in life?
I found that if you have a goal, you might not reach it.
But if you don't have one, then you are never disappointed.
I gotta tell you, it feels phenomenal.
I guess that makes sense, in a really sad way.
Sad? You wanna know what's sad?
Six grown men playing dodgeball.
Since I'm here, I'm gonna go ahead and do some abs, go shock it up.
I like to work out all the time for this kind of sporting event.
Gotta be limber and loose.
That's the only way to play.
Hey, you guys take vitamins?
I take vitamins all the time...
Dodgeball, eh?
If Peter La Fleur thinks a few red rubber balls can save his sorry gym,

he's in for quite a surprise.

- Sorry I'm late, guys.
- Hey, Pete.
- Bad morning, boss?
- They usually follow good nights, Dwight.
- Hey, Gord, your family's here.
- Where?
- Right over there.
- Great.

She knows I don't like it
when she watches me. I get all nervous.

- Kids take after you.
- Yeah. She's their stepmother.

I remarried three years ago.

An Internet mail-order thing.

- How's that working out for you?
- Really great. Really great.

Hey, honey.

L for love. Good times.

L for love? That doesn't mean love...

People have different translations for things.

That's a special bond that you have with
your mail-order wife. I think that's nice.

- How many teams are in this qualifier?
- Two.

If we beat this team,
we're in the Vegas Open?

- Yeah.
- That seems pretty simple.
- Who's the other team?
- I have it right here. Just a sec.
- Troop 417.
- Christ. We're playing Boy Scouts?

Not quite.

Bollocks.

Troop 417, ready.

Average Joe's, ready.

Set. Dodgeball.

I'm gonna send you to hell.

- I'm really sorry. Are you all right?
- Why would you hit a girl? Why?

I am so sorry. Are you OK?

Winner - Troop 417.

In your face.

You're adopted.

Your parents don't even love you.

And now, without further ado,
it gives me great pleasure to award...

I'm sorry.

We have a bit of a problem here.

Unfortunately for Troop 417,
during the ADAA-required
random drug screening,
one of your player's urine tested positive
for three separate types of anabolic steroids,
and a low-grade beaver tranquilliser.

I'm afraid, by rule,
your team must be disqualified.

Goddamn you, Bernice.

By the power vested in me,
I declare the winner of this year's
Dodgeball Regional Qualifying Tournament
and Grammar Jamboree to be
Average Joe's Gym.

You lied.

All I'm saying to you, Kate, is that you can
admit the real reason why you showed up.

I was in the neighbourhood and
I thought you could use a cheering section.

Kate, if you wannajoin the team,
all you have to do is ask.

Thank you, Peter. I don't.

It is obvious that you dig me.

- You're hooked on La Fleur.

- God.

I've been through this many times. I'm sorry.

You can't stay away from me. I'm so stupid.

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

What? I'm not completely what?

Pathetic.

Hey, White. I didn't think
that Nazi camp got out until eight.

- Did you decide to skip arts and crafts?

- Yes, I did.

Hello, Kate.

I wasn't aware I was paying you to socialise.

- You're not. I'm off the clock.

- Isn't it "convenient" for you, and the clock?

I dropped by to congratulate you
on your victory by disqualification
and introduce you to the team that
will win the Las Vegas Dodgeball Open.

My team.

Allow me the pleasure of introducing you to
Blade.

Laser.

Blazer.

I've believe you've met
my fitness consigliere, Me'Shell.

- We met.

- And I almost forgot our last player.

Meet Fran Stalinofskivitchdavitovichski.

In her home country of Romanovia,
dodgeball is the national sport.

Her nuclear power plant's team won
the championship five years running,
which makes her the deadliest woman
on earth with a dodgeball.

Ball me, Blazer.

Show them, Fran.

That's just her change-up.

End of demo.

We are the Globo Gym Purple Cobras
and we will, we will rock you.

I think that guy might really be dead.

Wait a minute. How can you be
entered in the Las Vegas Open?

You didn't win a regional qualifying match.

Oh, my God. We never even won
a regional qualifying match.

Yeah. Now I remember.

The dodgeball chancellor's
an extremely personal friend of mine.

I helped him shed some unwanted poundage
before beach season.

So close your rule book
on that one, Poindextor.

White, we didn't come here to "rumble".

We came here to celebrate as a team.

There's plenty of bar here
for you and the Globo-nauts.

Team?

What team?

Your best player thinks he's a pirate.

First of all, he is way more
of a pirate than you will ever be.

Secondly, we don't know who our best player
is yet. We've only had one game.

- It could be any one of us at this point.

- Go ahead, make your jokes, Mr
Jokey... Joke-maker.

But let me hit you with
some knowledge. Quit now.

Save yourself the embarrassment of losing
with these losers in Las Vegas, La Fleur.

Alliteration aside,

I'll take my chances in the tournament.

- Yeah, you will take your chances.

- I know. I just said that.

- I know you did.

- I'm not sure where you're going with this.

- I'm not sure where you're going with this.

- That's what I said.

- That's what I'm saying to you.

- All right.

Touch.

We're gonna split,

but we'll see you at the tournament.

And, La Fleur, best bring your bib
cos it's gonna get messy.

Are you all right? You OK?

Let's bounce. Cobras.

OK, guys, let's just get ourselves cleaned up
and head on home, all right?

Hey, you.

That was the worst damn display
of dodgeball I've seen in 40 years.

You want a dodgeball victory,
you've gotta grab it by its haunches
and hump it into submission.

That's the only way.

OK, crazy guy. I'm gonna go home now.

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

The name's Patches O'Houlihan.

I'm your new coach.

Patches O'Houlihan?

The guy from the dodgeball film?

- Yeah. He said he wants to coach us.

- You said yes?

I figured the steady hand of a seasoned
dodgeball coach could only benefit us.

A'ight.

But he's not weird or anything, is he?

No. No, he's totally normal.

I love the smell of queef in the morning.

I mean normal for us.

Line up, ladies.

- What does he mean, line up?

- Now.

If you're gonna learn to be

true dodgeballers,

then you've got to learn

the five Ds of dodgeball:

dodge, duck, dip, dive and dodge.

If you master the five Ds,

no amount of balls on earth can hit you.

- Queer bait, go ahead.

- Me, or...

Yeah, shouldn't we learn by dodging balls

that are thrown at us, or...

That's what this sack of wrenches is for.

If you can dodge a wrench,

you can dodge a ball.

What?

Any other questions?

My God.

Yeah. Patches, are you sure

that this is completely necessary?

Necessary?

- Is it necessary for me to drink my urine?

- Probably not.

No. But I do it anyway

because it's sterile and I like the taste.

OK.

If you're leading this squad, La Fleur, you've

got to learn to do the dance in the dark.

Here, put that on.

All right, ladies, buckle up.

It's showtime.

Dodge, duck, dip. Dive.

Dodge.

Dive.

Dip. Dive. Dodge.

I've got three weeks to whip you
suck-ass failure junkies into shape.

Come on. I get better runs in my shorts.

Catch a ball, one of their guys goes out.

One of our guys comes back in.

That's the way you hurt 'em.

That's the way you win.

Let's go. A little hustle here.

That's really good, Peter.

Come on. Only 19 miles to go.

Attaboy.

Next man.

Good luck to you, Gordon.

Remember it's 90% mental.

Okey-dokey.

If you can dodge traffic,
you can dodge a ball.

You got it, Gord.

- I'm fine. I'm OK.

- OK, there.

- Man.

- Wake up, Smithy.

Hell, son. You're about as useful
as a cock-flavoured lollipop.

Quick feet, fast hands.

Catch it and throw.

Pick up the pace. What a bunch of females.

Jesus. Gimme that.

You couldn't hit water
if you fell out of a boat.

Where's your killer instinct?

You gotta get angry.

You gotta get mean.

That's the only way you can play.

I guess I'm not really an angry person.

Are you angry now?

- Breathe it out.

- Come on, let's get going here.

Little help?

What? Eight years of softball.

- Man, she gotta be a lesbian.

- She is not a lesbian.

All I know is that dyke can play.

Come on, come on.

- Please.

- We need you. You're really good.

Owen'll be team manager if you play.

- I will?

- Shut up.

Look, I find White Goodman creepy,
just like you do...

All the more reason for you to join us.

Come on, Kate.

Time to put your mouth where our balls are.

Sorry, I can't. I'm under contract.

It'd be a conflict of interest.

Suit yourself.

All right, you heard Billie-Jean King.

No crying in the breast milk.

We got plenty of work to do. Let's go.

We punch the pizza dough down,
and it's time to sauce it up.

Boy, is my mouth watering.

You want to put a big dollop
of that tangy red on the dough,
then use the cheese to shove it to the edge.

Sir, I need you to take a look at...

No. What...

What...

What have I said about knocking?

- Always knock.

- Sorry, sir.

What is so important that you need to
interrupt me in my private reflection period?

These.

- They're getting better.

- Yes. I can see that, Me'Shell.

I'm through playing games. It's time
to end this square dance once and for all.

What about the girl? She can throw.

I'll simply have to woo Kate
a bit sooner than nature intended.

But rest assured, Me'Shell.

There's no resisting when

White Goodman puts on his shiny shoes.

- Who is it?
- It's White.
- Surprise.
- White.

What... What are you doing here?

How do you know where I live?

It's called the Freedom of Information Act.

The hippies finally got something right.

Just kiddin'. Not really.

Hey. I got some great news. Sit down.

- What is it?
- You're fired.
- I'm what?
- You're fired.

I told the bank that you were stealing
and drinking on the job. They bought it.

They signed some other
pencil pusher to my account.

Why would you do that?

I'm here to begin my courtship of you, Kate.

- You fired me so I'd date you?
- Yuh-huh.

You are a crazy little man.

I know you've been hiding
some feelings for me.

Yeah. Nausea.

If you don't leave in two seconds,
you'll know how that feels.

You like the freaky stuff, huh?

That's cool.

I can be naughty, too.

Real, freakin' naughty.

- You a naughty freak?
- Need help leaving?

This doesn't concern you, La Fleur.

Not nearly as much as your hair does.

That's for sure.

But I believe she asked you to leave.

I get it. You caught the scent
of a lesser stag in your nostrils.

Pity. I'll let you have
your little moment, La Fleur,
cos after this tournament, your gym,

your life and your gal are gonna be mine.

All mine.

To be continued...

You don't get to touch me, ever.

OK, Romeo. Let me help you up.

Get off me.

Don't you touch me.

It is over between us, Kate.

Nobody makes me bleed my own blood.

Nobody.

- At least that wasn't weird.

- Yeah.

- Do I smell cookies?

- Hey.

Dear Barbara.

I like unicorns.

I know you said no to joining the team,

but I'd like you to reconsider

as a personal favour to me.

- Peter...

- Before you answer,

you should know you'd have

your own changing room.

- Really?

- Sort of.

And there's also this.

- OK, what's this?

- I overdid.

Look at you. Two expired movie passes

and a coupon for one free back rub

from Peter La Fleur.

- Play your cards right, could be a full body.

- Will you just stop, please?

I don't want your perk package.

I don't want your back rub.

I just want to see White Goodman's face

when we win that tournament.

- You're in?

- I'm in.

Las Vegas. A city built of hot sand,

broken dreams and \$5 lobster.

A city where you can get a happy ending,

if you pay a little extra.

A city home to a sporting event

greater than the World Cup,
World Series and World War II combined.
Live from Las Vegas, it's the Las Vegas
International Dodgeball Open
here on ESPN8 - the "Ocho" -
bringing you the finest in seldom-seen sports
from around the globe since 1999.
If it's almost a sport, we've got it here.
Hello, everybody, and welcome to this year's
Las Vegas International Dodgeball Open
brought to you exclusively
here on ESPN8 - the "Ocho".
We're coming to you live from
the Las Vegas University Learning Annex.
My name is Cotton McKnight
and with me, as always,
is my partner in crime, Pepper Brooks.
Yeah. Cotton, hey.
Everybody, 32 teams in play, that means
four wins is gonna get you in the final match,
the fifth win getting you
the 50K that everyone's chasing.
Cotton.
There's an electricity in the air,
a palpable hue of anticipation.
Immortality - five simple victories away.
They've come from all over - Kathmandu
to Timbuktu, and all points in-between -
to compete in the one
true human test - dodgeball.
A reminder.
All players must be vaccinated
for cholera, syphilis and shingles
before play begins.
Again, dyslexic players
will not be allowed on the court.
Team Blitzkrieg to the tournament floor
for a first-round match.
Only ADAA balls will be used.
Personal balls of any kind
are strictly prohibited.
- Hey.
- Hey. What's in the box?
Guys, I figured a real dodgeball team

needs real dodgeball uniforms.

So I threw out those old ratty ones
and designed these myself.

All right. Now we got our thing going on,
maybe we'll start smacking each other.

I hope everything fits.

- Wait.

- Nice.

This isn't right.

This isn't what I ordered.

- What's this?

- What the hell is that? This is screwed up.

- What are we supposed to do now?

- Don't worry.

- We'll play in what we've got on.

- We can't.

ADAA rules require we wear
matching uniforms.

I don't think they require ass-less chaps, OK?

Everybody, calm down. We've got plenty
of time to find other uniforms before we play.

Ladies, we gotta get on the court
or we're gonna forfeit the game.

Come on, let's go.

Let's see some movement. Chop-chop.

I don't see any movement. Let's go.

How about those dodgeball dancers, folks?

- That is some good, clean, family fun, Cot.

- Right you are.

Here comes Germany's Team Blitzkrieg.

The reigning European champ
hopes to extend their empire here.

Appeasement be damned.

Here comes

the relatively unknown challengers,
a regional qualifying team,
Average Joe's Gymnasium.

My sweet Jesus.

That's rad.

Hey, asshole, you guys suck.

Thank you. Nice to be in Vegas.

Hi. We're all here and

we are ready to play.

- OK.

- OK.

We get our first glimpse of the Average Joe's squad, sporting unwieldy uniforms.

I feel like I'm watching a Cher video.

Average Joe's, ready.

Blitzkrieg, ready.

Dodgeball.

And we're under way. Average Joe's versus the heavily favoured German team.

Of course, S&M gear first made popular by the lyric poet, Sappho,

- from the island of Lesbos.

- Clean hit. You're out.

Leather and latex belong in the bedroom, not on the dodgeball court.

Where's that training?

Dodge, duck, dip, dive, dodge.

Captain Peter La Fleur gets eliminated and coach O'Houlihan is not happy.

This Average Joe's team doesn't look up to snuff.

Midline infraction.

You went over the line, you're out.

The Average Joe's catches a break there.

The Germans still dominating this Maginot Line-like defence.

Good toss by the submissive out there.

Just two players left for Joe...

Check that. Make it one.

Looks like Average Joe's might be heading home early.

It's all up to the only player without a Y-chromosome, Kate Veatch.

What a throw.

Hold your phone, she's got a cannon.

Yes.

- Come on, Kate.

- You're the only man out there. Give it to 'em.

Germans have a two-one advantage.

Great catch. La Fleur's back in the game.

How about that? A two-on-one switcheroo.

Now Joe's has the upper hand.

- Great deflection.

- Take it to him.

- He's ball-less now.

- He doesn't have any balls, Cotton.

Winner. Average Joe's.

My sweet dick, it's magic.

Hey, all right.

My. The Germans losing in the first round and Average Joe's wins in a shocking upset.

I feel shocked.

Losers.

You must be Daddy.

Average Joe's has shocked the dodgeball pundits and made it to tomorrow's round where we'll separate the wheat from the chaff, the men from the boys, and the awkwardly feminine from the possibly Canadian.

Don't go anywhere, folks.

It's just getting exciting.

- What the hell.

- That guy's a dickhead.

You wanted to see me, Patches?

You did good out there, real good.

You're a natural leader, La Fleur.

Those men and that muff-diver believe in you.

Kate's not a muff-diver.

Hey. That's for you.

- I can't accept this.

- You're a hell of a player, Peter.

You earned it.

I've got some hookers in my room.

What do you say we go celebrate? My treat.

No, thanks, I'll just stick with the scarf, but thank you.

Suit yourself, queer.

- Sorry.

- Justin?

Amber.

Jeez Louise, what are you doing here?

- The National Cheerleading Championships.

- Oh, yeah, the NCCs. That's so awesome.

- We're in the finals tomorrow. And you?

- I'm in the dodgeball tournament.

These are my team-mates,

Dwight, Ms Veatch and Gordon.

This is Amber.

Come on, I wanna ride the roller coaster.

- Hey, Derek. Sweet 'do, man.

- Get bent, helmet. Let's go, Amber.

- It was nice to see you. Good luck tomorrow.

- And also you. You look healthy... good.

What?

Don't worry about that guy, Justin.

He's a total jerk.

He'll probably fall off the roller coaster
and break every bone.

- Nice, Dwight.

- I'm just saying, it happens.

My cousin Ray-Ray. Boop. Dead.

Thanks, man.

Let's huddle up here.

We've got some work to do.

We got lucky in the first round.

We caught those dirty Krauts napping,
but that won't happen again,
so blow out the horse hockey
and remember what I taught you.

Blockers in the centre, funnelling, aim low
and will someone catch a goddamned ball?

It's like watching a bunch of retards
trying to fuck a doorknob out there.

Get it together.

Let's play some dodgeball.

Hands in.

One, two, three, Joe's.

- Average Joe's ready?

- Yes.

Lumberjacks, ready?

Dodgeball.

Average Joe's has a tough job,
facing the Lumberjacks.

These woodsmen probably haven't
even smelt a woman in eight months.

They must masturbate a lot, Cotton.

- Clean hit. You're out.

- In the deer gut.

- Average Joe's looking tough.

- Yes.

There's a souvenir for a lucky fan.

Timber. Peter La Fleur nails him.
That's all she wrote, folks.
Average Joe's does some clear-cutting of
their own and moves onto the quarterfinal.
Globo Gym hoping to drop an A-bomb
on the Kamikazes.
I don't know how they can play
in diapers, Cotton. I never could.
Peekaboo.
White Goodman, employing
his patented peekaboo-style attack,
tells Suzuki Toyota Oshinawa this is my dojo.
Is he gonna feel it tomorrow?
Right in his beak.
A relentless Globo Gym attack led by
their Lilliputian leader, White Goodman.
It's gotta be the hair. It's beautiful.
Feathered and lethal.
You just don't see it nowadays.
Globo Gym says, "Domo arigato, Mr Roboto",
and breezes into the semifinals.
Skillz That Killz, ready?
Average Joe's, ready? Dodgeball.
Average Joe's planning
to playa hate Skillz That Killz,
the inner-city champs for five years straight.
Skillz might be looking past Average Joe's,
doing more dancing than dodgeballing.
They better check themselves
before they wreck themselves.
Right you are, partner.
Great catch. La Fleur wheels and fires.
Winner. Average Joe's.
And Average Joe's, not blinded by the
bling-bling, advances to the semifinal.
Globo Gym's making mincemeat
of the Las Vegas Police Department.
That's gotta hurt.
B-b-b-bull's-eye.
Winner. Globo Gym.
Sportsmanship be darned.
Globo Gym hands the Las Vegas Police a 187,
and they're going to the finals.
The Poughkeepsie State Flying Cougars

are all over Average Joe's today.
It just doesn't look good for 'em. The winner
of this match faces Globo Gym in the finals.
Right in the testicles.
Ouch-Town. Population: you, bro.
Average Joe's down to their final two players.
La Fleur can't hold on.
He's gotta sit down.
- Time out. Gordy.
- Time out. Time out.
Time. Time is out.
It looks like the clock is about to
strike midnight on this Cinderella story,
turning Average Joe's
into the proverbial pumpkin.
I sure do like pumpkins, Cotton.
You won't hit 'em. They're too good,
and you suck somethin' awful.
- Yes, sir. I do.
- Our only shot is for you to get angry.
- Roger that. OK.
- All right. Hands in.
- One, two, three.
- Joe's.
You gotta get angry. Get angry now.
Gordon Pibb, alone, facing five Cougars.
It's all over but the crying.
Sayonara, auf Wiedersehen and goodbye.
- Dodgeball.
- Let the dodgeball slaughter begin.
Good deflection there.
Hang on. And another one.
Three balls at once. Who knew?
Four on one.
Pibb won't go down without a fight.
That's it.
- You're kidding me.
- He's callin' 'em out.
Now it's two on one. Who'd have thunk it?
- Go, you crazy son of a bitch. Go.
- He's on the warpath.
Incredible. It's one on one.
- I can't believe it.
- It's just not believable, Cotton.

Winner.

Average Joe's wins.

They are going to the finals
to play Globo Gym for \$50,000.

- That'll buy one heck of a pumpkin.

- Right you are, Pep.

I never would have dreamed it possible.

But with seven-time ADAA All-Star
Patches O'Houlihan at the helm,
I guess it must be the luck of the Irish.
Tomorrow we're gonna pecker-slap
those Globo Gym bastards.

Yeah.

- You really think we can beat Globo Gym?

- As long as we got Patches, we got a shot.

My God.

Well, it's probably the way
he would have wanted to go.

- What?

- What are we gonna do without Patches?

We're gonna get our taints handed to us.

- What's a taint?

- I dunno. Sounds bad.

Maybe you should
go say something to the guys.

Yeah.

They don't make a "sorry your coach just got
crushed by two tons of irony" Hallmark card.
I'll be right back.

What?

We're opening a new Globo Gym in Mexico
City. I've been boning up on my Spanish.
Me'Shell was having some digestive
problems. I hope you don't mind.

Will you shut that?

For all of us, baby.

So that's the deal. I give you \$100,000,
you sign over the deed to your gym.

Period.

End o'story.

You really think you can come here and buy
me out, you're a lot dumber than I thought.
Oh, I don't think I'm a lot dumber than you
thought I'd think that I thought I was once.

Look, Peter, I know what it's like.
Really. For all our blustery back-and-forth,
we're really pretty much the same guy.
We're both leaders. And I like
what you've done with the gym over there.
I love the whole "I'm not OK, you're not OK,
but that's OK" thing you got going.
"You can be fat as long as
you're happy inside." It works.
And they love you. Whoo, do they love you.
You're their Fonzie, Pete.
"Hey." Right?
But do you really think it's fair for them
to put all that pressure on you? All the time?
Looking to you to solve their every problem?
I mean, come on.
I know you. You know you.
And I know you know that I know you.
You're heading for a fall, Pete.
Sooner or later, Average Joe's is gonna close.
And when it does, they're gonna blame you.
I don't know if you've ever seen \$100,000,
except maybe in the movies.
But I assure you,
something gets lost in the translation.
Money. \$100,000. Dodgeball game.
Take the money.
Invest it in something.
Give it to charity, I don't care.
Just sign the contract.
Come on, guys. We got Peter.
And they got guys named Laser and Blazer
and Taser, and all kinds of asers.
Gar. Steve's gotta go drain the sea monster.
Here. Justin, your virgin daiquiri.
- Thanks, Ms Veatch.
- Nothing for me.
- Dwight says we'll get killed out there, Peter.
- Let's not talk about tomorrow.
- What are we gonna do?
- I don't know. It's a little complicated.
- But what do you think we should do?
- Yeah. Come on, tell us.
What's the plan?

What do you guys want from me?
I don't have a plan for you.
We're gonna play Globo Gym tomorrow
and we're probably gonna lose.
It's the truth. The sooner you guys get that
through your head, the easier this will all be.
Jesus Christ.
He didn't mean that.
- Is he being serious?
- He's probably just stressed out.
I've never seen him like that.
Gar, matey, where are you headed? Peter...
You are not a pirate.
OK, guys. Let's get out of here
and get some rest for tomorrow, right?
Dwight...
I'm gonna catch up with you guys later.
I'm gonna have a bathroom... go to the drink...
in the bathroom.
Whatever you do, wash your hands.
Excuse me, miss. I was wondering if...
You are the one who stares at me.
Why is this?
Because I think you're
the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.
Watch it, freak.
Go back to Treasure Island.
Fag.
Screw you.
Katie, bar the door.
It's time for the championship match
here on ESPN8 - the "Ocho".
We've seen it all here, folks.
Grit, determination, incontinence.
And it's all come down to this -
a Cinderella story.
Average Joe's Gymnasium hopes to
drive their vorpal blade snicker-snack
into the heart of the dodgeball Jabberwocky
that is the Globo Gym Purple Cobras,
and walk away with \$50,000
in stone-cold cash.
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 ESPN8 - the "Ocho".

Peter?

Peter?

Hello?

Peter?

Come on, everybody headed down...

So what happens on a double fault?

On a double fault you go to sudden-death
elimination. It's Continuation Rule 113-D.

- Whatever.

- Hey, guys, wait up.

Justin.

- I've been looking for you everywhere.

- Really? I mean, why? What's up?

Derek fell off the roller coaster
and broke every bone in his body.

My God, that's awful.

We were the centre Kewpie. With no
centre Kewpie we can't do our routine.

- No. I'm sorry.

- You gotta do it.

What?

No, no, no, no, no. I can't.

Please. You are the only one in Las Vegas
who knows our routine.

- The dodgeball championship's at noon.

- You'll be back in time. I promise.

- All right, I'll do it.

- Yes.

- I gotta tell the guys.

- No. No time.

- I gotta tell the guys.

- No time.

Average Joe's are a 50-1 underdog here today.

No one is giving them much of a chance.

What do you think, Pep?

I spoke to White Goodman before the match
and he told me that his team
really wants to win this one.

Right. And the stage is set for
Darwin's cruellest play to unfold.

So don't go anywhere, folks.

The Schadenfreude is about to begin.

- I don't understand. Why would Peter leave?

- He knows we're gonna get killed.

Hey. That's not true. I don't know why Peter left, but we can do this without him.

We just have to figure it out.

Owen, you'll have to play.

- OK, yeah.

- Great. But we'll still be two players short.

We're still missing the teenage love-puppy and Steve the Pirate.

Who's Steve the Pirate?

The only guy on our team who dresses like a pirate.

Wait. There's a guy on our team dressed like a pirate?

And now, let's hear it for the West Davenport High School Charging Donkeys.

Donkeys.

Go, Donkeys.

- We did it.

- Holy cow. My God.

- It was perfect. You were perfect.

- God, I gotta go.

Wait. Aren't you gonna stay for the trophy?

I'm sorry, Amber. I got my own trophy to win.

Now I'm going.

Here come the Purple Cobras, led by White Goodman. All business.

We haven't seen Average Joe's yet.

They haven't made it to the court.

It could be a psychological ploy, or something worse.

They're definitely not on the court, Cotton.

Their absence is noticeable.

We'll be right back after these words from our sponsors...

Can I get a bottle of water?

Aren't you Peter La Fleur?

- Lance Armstrong?

- Yeah, that's me. But I'm a big fan of yours.

- Really?

- Yeah, I've been watching the dodgeball.

I just can't get enough of it. I'm really pullin'
for you against those jerks from Globo Gym.

I think you better hurry up
or you're gonna be late.

- Actually, I decided to quit, Lance.

- Quit?

Once I thought of quittin', when I had brain,
lung and testicular cancer at the same time.

But with the support of my friends

I got back on the bike

and I won the Tour de France

five times in a row.

But I'm sure you have a good reason to quit.

What are you dying from

that's keepin' you from the finals?

Right now, it feels a little bit like shame.

If people never quit when the going got tough
they'd have nothing to regret all their lives.

Good luck to you, Peter. I'm sure

this decision won't haunt you forever.

Steve? Steve the Pirate? "Scurvy."

- No. Not ringing any bells.

- Forget it, man.

We'll play with four people. It's not
an advantage. Can't you bend the rules?

There's nothing I can do. Rules are rules.

You don't have enough players.

Inform the committee and Mr Goodman
about Average Joe's forfeit.

- Yes, sir.

- Better luck next year.

Excuse me.

Sorry I'm late. You won't believe
what just happened. Hey, guys.

You're just in time to help us forfeit.

Forfeit? Why?

Well, I don't know what to tell you, but...

Yes, I'm being told that Average Joe's
does not have enough players

and will be forfeiting

the championship match.

It's a bold strategy, Cotton.

Let's see if it pays off for 'em.

To the tournament floor we go, for the sceptre

presentation from the Dodgeball Chancellor.

Ladies and gentlemen,

by the power vested in me

by our governing body, the American

Dodgeball Association of America,

and in concurrence with our sponsors,

Lumber Liquidators and Omaha Steaks,

it gives me great pleasure

to declare the winner of this year's

Las Vegas International Tournament to be...

Wait. He's here.

Hey, guys. Sorry I'm late.

We're ready to play, Your Honour.

Too late. Your lovable band of losers already

forfeited. The trophy and money are mine.

He's right. The team already forfeited.

There's nothing you can do.

Facial, La Fleur. Total facial.

Actually, that's not true.

The committee can overrule the chancellor -

that's you, sir - by a two-thirds vote.

He's right. He's right. It's a bylaw.

- It's a bylaw.

- What's a bylaw?

- Hang on a second here, folks.

- Let them play.

We might just have a championship game yet.

Listen to this crowd.

Unbelievable.

Pepper, it's clear what the crowd wants, but

the committee members have the final say.

And it looks like they've come to a decision.

Joe's needs two "yes" votes to play.

- There's a thumbs-up. Good news for Joe's.

- Please.

- Let's see how our second judge votes.

- Thank you.

Oh, tough sledding there. It's all even. Their

fate hangs on the thumb of our final judge.

Thumbs up. Average Joe's can play.

That is pure poppycock.

You're gonna let them do that?

- Thank you, Chuck Norris.

- Thank you, Peter.

All right, captains. Shake hands,
and let's have a clean match.
Good luck, White.
Cram it up your cramhole, La Fleur.
Prepare to be humiliated on cable television.
Whatever.

- Nice of you to show up.
- Yeah, I thought so too.

What? I got a plan.
Let's play smart. Wait for two-on-ones. Cover
closely for your pick-ups. What's our motto?

- "Aim low".
- That's right.

All I'm asking is that
you give it your best for Patches.
I say we go out there, let it all hang loose,
try to have some fun.
I mean, it's only dodgeball, right?

- Put 'em in. One, two, three.
- Joe's.

Globo Gym, ready?
Average Joe's, ready?
Dodgeball.
Championship match is under way.
Average Joe's versus the Globo Gym Goliath.
Quick elimination there for Kate Veatch.
White Goodman's hit,
but that ball's up for grabs. And...

- It's caught.
- That's a catch.
- You're out, La Fleur.
- Peter La Fleur has gotta sit down.

And Joe's has lost
their two best players early.
Dwight Baumgarten still playing hard.
Hits Me'Shell Jones right on the dome.
You're mine next time.
Right in the tokus.

- Hi.
- Hey.
- You're out.
- I don't know what that was,
but it leaves Joe's on the wrong side
of a 4-2 advantage.

Joe's gets an elimination. It's two on three.
Get out.

Gordo. Lose your temper. Get mad.

White Goodman with a catch. Gordon Pibb
goes out, Me'Shell Jones comes back in.
You're out, four-eyes.

Well, it's all up to Average Joe's youngest
member. He's gotta make a play here, Pepper.
Word, Cotton.

Four Cobras and one Joe. Even a rabid
mongoose wouldn't have a chance now.

- Nice dodge.

- Stay alive. Stay alive.

They're just toying with the young man now.
He's gotta avoid getting hit. That's the key.
Justin, let's go.

What a great catch.

And another.

Peter La Fleur comes back into the game.

Just like that, a three-player swing.

Joe's isn't done yet.

Justin.

I love you.

I love you t...

Joanie loves Chachi.

Two players left on each side.

What a match. What a sport.

Throw out the rule book, folks,
it's down and dirty now. Street dodgeball.

Look out. La Fleur goes down -
he's a sitting duck.

How about that, folks? Kate Veatch takes the
bullet for Peter La Fleur. Now that's sacrifice.

As touching a moment as we've seen
on the dodgeball court all tournament.

A blatant cheap shot from White Goodman.

- That's court misconduct. That's a warning.

- Come on. Gimme a break.

- You OK?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

- Jesus. Are you sure?

- Yeah. I'm all right.

- It was an accident. I thought she was in play.

- Not a chance.

We're sweating like greased monkeys.
I can't hold on to a ball.
Sorry, miss, but you're out.
You gotta get off the court.
Watch him, man.
- Hey, Peter.
- Yeah?
Kick his ass.
- Here's the restart.
- Players, to your positions.
Looks like it's gonna be a two-on-one,
a mnage trois of pain.
Usually you pay double
for that kind of action, Cotton.
You're playing ready dodgeball.
Balls are at your feet.
Ready? Dodgeball.
It's a cat-and-mouse game, folks.
Peter La Fleur has gotta wait for his shot.
He gets the elimination.
My. Globo Gym wins.
A Cinderella story cast asunder.
Average Joe's has come all this way
for nothing. Absolutely nothing.
They're not gonna get anything, Cotton.
No elimination. Double fault.
You stepped over the line on the throw.
What? You gotta be out of your mind.
That is the worst call I've ever seen.
I'm out here busting my butt and you come in
with a bush-league call like that? Bullcrap.
ADAA Continuation Rule 113-D, sir.
Sudden death.
All right. Bring it.
I don't believe it, folks. Sudden death.
Well, let me tell you,
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.
Ladies and gentlemen, it's the greatest
happening in sport. Sudden-death dodgeball.
Pepper needs new shorts.
White, Peter, this is sudden death.

Only striking an opposing player eliminates them. Catching the ball does nothing. Both feet must remain in the triangle at all times. You may throw any time after my call. Understood? OK. Let's have a clean match. Good luck, gentlemen. This is it, La Loser. You ready for the hurricane? Just don't go cryin' to mama when I spank you in front of all these people. You don't go crying to your daddy after I wipe it up with your face.

- White?
- Yeah?
- You look awful fat in those pants.
- Players, to your positions.

This is about gamesmanship. Throw early and you're defenceless. Throw late and you're eliminated. Dilemma, thy name is dodgeball. This sport doesn't build character, it reveals it. Effin' A, Cotton. Effin' A. Come on, talk to me. Listen up, crotch stain. Remember your training and trust your instincts. You can do it. I believe in you. Bye-bye. Right. Players, turn and step in. What the hell's he doing? I don't know. Get a load of this guy. In 23 years of broadcasting I thought I'd seen it all, folks. But it looks like Peter La Fleur has actually blindfolded himself. He will not be able to see very well, Cotton. Ready? Dodgeball. Goodbye, Peter.

I always knew you were weak.
Air Goodman, comin' at ya.
Down goes Goodman.
Down goes Goodman.
Winner. Average Joe's.
Do you believe in unlikelihoods?
Average Joe's shocking the dodgeball world
and upsetting Globo Gym
in the championship match.
Unbelievable.
I have been to the Great Wall of China.
I have seen the Pyramids of Egypt.
I've even witnessed a grown man
satisfy a camel.
But never in all my years as a sportscaster
have I witnessed something as improbable,
as impossible, as what we've witnessed here.
The little team that could, Average Joe's
Gymnasium, underdogs throughout,
stand before us, aglow,
as true dodgeball champions.
On behalf of the American Dodgeball
Association of America,
it is my honour to present to you
this cheque for \$50,000.
What are you so happy about, La Fleur?
None of this matters.
You signed your gym over to me last night,
remember? You lost, I won.
Suck failure, freaks.
Peter, is that true?
Yeah, it's true.
It's true I sold Average Joe's to White.
It's true that every man has his price.
And it's also true that money won
is a lot sweeter than money earned.
- Now he's a philosophiser.
- Excuse us. Step aside, please.
Your winnings, Mr La Fleur.
Congratulations.
- Right on time. I appreciate it. Thank you.
- What is that? What winnings?
Gosh, I totally forgot to tell you. I took the
\$100,000 bribe that you gave me last night,

and I put it on us to win.

We were going off at 50-1.

Anyone? Top of your head?

What's 50 times \$100,000?

\$50,000?

\$5 million. Peter, are you kidding me?

Surprise.

Stick it in your ear, La Fleur. I wouldn't sell you your gym back for all King Midas's silver.

The gym is mine. So you can take your band of yellow-bellied losers and crawl out of here.

You're right. I can't make you sell Average Joe's to me.

So I guess I'll just take your advice and invest in something.

- Say the controlling stake of Globo Gym.

- That's preposterous. I'd never allow it.

Globo Gym is a publicly traded company.

There's nothing you can do about it.

So I would control Globo Gym

and everything that Globo Gym owns,

which, as of last night, is Average Joe's Gym.

I'm your new boss, White.

You can't be my boss. Nobody can.

I'm my own boss. I created myself.

- You're fired, pal.

- You can't do anything to me.

You're going down, La Fleur, like a sweet muffin.

- Another time, another time.

- You suck, La Fleur.

Give me that.

Man, the blindfold was crazy.

Peter.

Look. It's Steve the Pirate.

I just wanted to tell you

that I thought about what you said, and

I guess you're right.

I'm not really a pirate.

I don't know, Steve.

If you're not a pirate,

who the hell am I gonna split

all that buried treasure with?

Peter...

Gar, Steve.
We missed you.
Hey, you.
Hey, you.
- Joyce?
- Kate.
- I thought you were in Guam.
- I caught an early flight. I wouldn't miss this.
You are amazing.
- I told you she was a lesbian.
- Wow. Good call.
Hey. I'm not a lesbian.
You're not?
No.
I'm bisexual.
Snap.
All right, everybody. Smile big.
Hi. I'm Peter La Fleur,
owner and operator of Average Joe's Gym.
I'm here to tell you
you're perfect just the way you are.
But if you feel like losin' a few pounds, gettin'
healthier, and makin' friends in the process,
Joe's is the place for you.
Don't forget that youth dodgeball classes
are forming right now.
So come on down and learn a great game the
way it's supposed to be played. Right, kids?
Right.
Spare me.
I won that tournament.
Fucking Chuck Norris.
Julie Clayton & Rob Colling
Yeah. I hope you're all happy now.
Good guy wins, bad guy loses.
Big friggin' surprise.
I love happy endings.
You know, that's the problem
with the American cinema.
Can't handle any complexity in it, you know?
"Don't make me think,
I just wanna be entertained."
All right, fine.
You want a little somethin'-somethin'

for the ride home?

Check these boots out for size.

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard

And they're like, "It's better than yours"

Damn right, it's better than yours

I could teach you, but I'd have to charge

What the boys go crazy for

They lose their minds

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard

Damn right, it's better than yours

I could teach you, but I'd have to charge

You happy? Fatty make a funny?