

AIR DAD MVP: Most Vertical Person: Pup, Pup, and Away!

CHARACTERS:

Bill Blinkerman-Kaminski (BRANSON) - He's a typical American who got the white picket fence. But now that he lost his job at the pollution factory, he is having an identity crisis and a midlife crisis. He needs to find a job for his family to respect him.-

Jenny Kaminski Senior (RAINA) - Bill's wife. She always wished they could have a daughter to be named Jenny Jr., but she doesn't hold it against Bill. However, since he lost his job, troubles in their marriage are appearing.

Teddy Kaminski (ANDREW) - Bill and Jenny's son. He's fine but he does not respect his dad.

Sluggo (CHARLES) - The family dog. Like 2/3s of dogs in america today, he cannot talk. Also he does not respect Bill either.

Stinky Joe (JF) - He is Bill's best friend. They used to work at the pollution factory together, but now he is successful at making YouTube reaction videos

Coach Fido (JF) - The coach of the local professional dog basketball team, the GlaxoSmithKline Glaxos

Jimmy Muttler (DB) - He is the star golden retriever of the Glaxos

Zelda Smithkline-Muttler (DB) - She is a very wealthy dog who is Jimmy Muttler's wife

Northrop Grumman (ANDREW) - He is the bad guy.

[EXT. DAYTIME—BILL drives his son TEDDY to school in GlaxoSmithKline Grove, a quiet, idyllic suburb on an ordinary all-American day.]

BILL [Narrating]: My name is Bill Blinkerman-Kaminski. I've got a beautiful, all-American wife, an adoring all-American son, and a faithful pooch companion who is always by my side. How could life get any better, right? Well. To tell the truth, things haven't been going my way. For 20 years I was a smog tester at the pollution factory, ensuring that our smog was an effective, high-quality, all-American pollutant. Things were going great until this summer, when I got laid off because of this economy! I tried to get a job testing poison at the poison factory, but they said I didn't have enough experience.

The pollution factory was my life! I'm starting to think my son and my dog don't respect me anymore, and my wife, well, let's just say our marriage is like a martini that James Bond would not order—it's on the rocks! It's so ironic that I finally got the house with the white picket fence,

only to learn that the white picket fence factory is no longer hiring guys like me. Just my luck I guess.

TEDDY: Hey dad. Dad. Snap out of it. You almost missed the turn. I can't be late for school again.

BILL: Sorry champ. I guess I'm just a little off my game today.

TEDDY: It's okay dad. I know you can't help being a jobless loser. Yesterday at recess Timmy McLaughlin told everyone my dad is a dick-nosed geek *loser* who's lower than a dog. He said you're lower than a worm in the dirt. But I don't mind. It doesn't matter what the kids say about you. You're a grown man.

BILL: I'm sorry they're picking on you son. I'll get a job soon and you can be proud of me again.

SON: Well, they're not really picking on me. They're picking on you. They know I don't really care what they say about you. I mean if anything they're right.

BILL: Okay well. Here we are at your school. Let me walk you to the door. I know it's weird, because you're 13 and almost in high school, but I'm really lonely and bored.

SON: Okay. Just stand five feet behind me so people don't think that I want you here.

BILL: Okay tiger. That's my boy.

[BILL follows his son's orders and walks sluggishly at a distance. When his son reaches the door, he waves faintly. His son does not wave back, and heads inside to chat casually with his school chums. As BILL lingers for a moment, three COOL DADS approach him and start cracking their knuckles.]

DAD 1: Hey Bill. Nice lunchbox you got there. Is that your son's?

[BILL sheepishly hides his Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers lunchbox behind his back.]

BILL: Nah. This is mine. For when I get hungry later.

DAD 2: Power Rangers **SUCKS!** I haven't liked that shit since first grade!

[DAD 3 reveals that he has a shiny new Fortnite lunchbox.]

DAD 1 [Pretending to point a gun at BILL]: Goosh goosh goosh!! Headshot!!

BILL: Cut it out guys! Just because I have no job doesn't mean I have no feelings. The pollution factory was everything to me. But now they said the world doesn't need any more pollution. Can you imagine how it would feel if your jobs were no longer necessary?

DAD 1: I'm the quarterback of the Indianapolis Colts. My job is never going away.

DAD 2: I'm a lawyer that helps evict broke losers like you from their homes. I'll always have a job as long as there's guys like you out there.

DAD 3: I'm a genius scientist who invented a new kind of nuclear bomb that kills 30% more people than the leading brand. We'll always need war.

DAD 1: This guy's a fucking loser, let's get him boys!

[The three cool dads start wailing on Bill, punching him in his ugly face and kicking him in his little purple nuts, as he cowers on the ground. If this was a real movie, this scene could go on for about 40 minutes if they need to fill up time.]

BILL [to himself after the dads get bored and leave]: I guess I **am** a dick-nosed geek loser. [sigh]

[INT. DAYTIME—Bill arrives at home to find his wife, Jenny Kaminski Senior, filling up the dog-food bowl for their dog SLUGGER.]

JENNY: How'd it go dropping off Teddy? I don't suppose the principal offered you a *job* on your way out?

BILL [wiping his bloody nose]: Nah. Some of the other dads were mean to me again. I know I've let you down Jenny. I've let down our son. And most of all, I've let down our beloved pooch Slugger.

[SLUGGER turns toward his bowl, refusing to acknowledge BILL]

JENNY: I just—Well. You know how I feel. I mean. I go by Jenny Kaminski Senior, cause I always thought there would be a Jenny Junior. And well—I don't blame you that you've only given me a son. You know I don't. But this thing with the job. I'm just—I don't know if I can respect you anymore. When we got married, I thought you were my hero. Maybe it's just cause we had a Marvel-themed wedding and forced all our friends to buy their own costumes and our entire wedding registry was Funko Pops. But. I don't know. Since then, something has changed.

BILL: Jenny, I promise, I'm going to get back on my feet and make this family proud again. My son, well, he's my little major leaguer. He's my champ. He's my little rascal. And my dog, well, that's Slugger. That's the only affectionate sports-related nickname I withhold from our son, on account of it being our dog's name. I love that mangy little mutt. And I'll win back his respect. I'll

win back all of your respect. And heck we might have that little baby girl you've always dreamed about too.

JENNY: That's a nice sentiment. But there's a stack of bills on the table that say "PAST DUE!" in big red letters. And the picket fence hasn't gotten a fresh coat of white paint in weeks. It's starting to turn into a normal-colored picket. Like poor people have. You *NEED* a job, honey.

BILL: I understand. I'm gonna go take a walk. I need to do some thinking.

[BILL shuffles out of the front door slumped over with both hands in his pockets.]

[EXT. DAYTIME—Bill, with hands still in pockets, shuffles down a tree-lined street in GlaxoSmithKline Grove, looking for rocks to kick on the sidewalk.]

BILL: I thought I had it all. Now my wife's giving me the business? Ha. I wish I *had* a business, then she'd like me again. Even my dog wants me dead. To say nothing of Teddy, my little major leaguer.

[BILL's phone vibrates in his pocket, so he checks it, as one does with a phone.]

BILL: It's my best friend Stinky Joe. They call him Stinky Joe cause he worked at the pollution factory but he always smelled like good expensive cologne, the kind with Al Pachino on the bottle. I wonder what he wants.

[BILL looks at the text message from STINKY JOE, which is just a link to pornhub dot com.]

BILL [reading his response aloud as he types it]: Come on, Stinky Joe! You KNOW I can't go to porn hub dot com. I'm a married man!

[STINKY JOE quickly replies]: "Haha! Just trying to cheer you up bud! It was easy for me to find a new job doing reaction videos to funny stuff I see on YouTube and I get millions and millions of views. I bet you'll find a job in no time at all! See ya! With your goof ass."

BILL: Some guys, like Stinky Joe, have all the luck. Me, well, I guess everybody just wants me dead like a street dog.

[On the other side of a chain link fence, there is a pickup basketball game going on. We hear the squeaking of shoes on the court, which for some reason is like an NBA caliber wooden court, even though they are playing outside in a park. Then we see that the players of THIS particular basketball game, are not human guys, but in fact, some loveable mutts.]

BILL: ...Street dog... That's it!

[BILL puts both hands on the chain link fence and presses his greasy little dick-nose right up against the fence, and watches them play. Spellbound, he sees a golden retriever drive up the middle and bank an easy layup. The other, smaller dogs are powerless to stop him. BILL, inspired by this, approaches the court.]

BILL: Hey fellas... Pass me the rock.

MISCELLANEOUS DOG: Roh!?!?

[The dogs keep saying, "ROH?" and "ZUH?" They're looking at each other like is this mother fucker serious. He's a human man. But then a chihuahua, with a little hesitation, indeed passes him the proverbial rock.]

BILL [Looking around to see that 3 dogs are wearing shirts and 3 are naked like ordinary dogs]: Shirts vs. skins huh? Guess I'm shirts...

BILL [Dribbling the ball hesitantly]: Gee it's been a minute since I played high school ball.

[BILL checks the ball to the golden retriever on the other team, who checks it back. BILL easily runs past the retriever, who is like 2 feet tall on a good day, and the other 2 dogs are even shorter and thus even easier for a grown man to evade. BILL doesn't even pay attention to his teammates, as they are quite small as well. He walks over close to the hoop, and just kind of lobs the ball up, without even jumping. It bounces around on the rim for a long time and then goes in. Again, if this was a real movie, the director could have the ball bounce on the rim for about 15 minutes if they need to fill time.]

BILL: Hey not bad, I can get used to that.

GOLDEN RETRIEVER: Ruff! Ruff! Arrooo!!

MISCELLANEOUS KIND OF DOG: We are double teaming him, but it is not working! I am impressed by this man's sheer size and physicality, when compared to us lowly dogs.

BILL: I'm open!

[BILL's Chihuahua teammate passes Bill the ball, who is not really open, but the two dogs guarding him are far too small to stop him. He shoots a really shitty airball, then jogs over at a casual pace, gets his own rebound, weakly tosses up a shot from like 1 foot away, and it just barely goes in. His team wins 104 to 0.]

GOLDEN RETRIEVER: Ruff! Ruff! Bow wow wow!! Arooooo!!

CHIHUAHUA: Bill, this golden retriever cannot talk. Statistically speaking, he is one of the 66.7% of American dogs who cannot speak. I, however, can. And you were good back there. Damn good.

BILL: I couldn't have done it without your help Chihuahua. Thank you for passing me the rock so often.

CHIHUAHUA: This here? It's just a little pickup game. Just some common lowly street dogs trying to unwind. Balling out and shooting the rock just for fun. But you? I think you've got something. I think you could go pro.

BILL: Me? Go pro? At dog basketball?

CHIHUAHUA: Yeah. You've got size. You can make the ball go in the hoop after a few tries. And most importantly you've got heart.

BILL: Well gee I—I never thought—Me—An athlete!

CHIHUAHUA: Yeah. You know GlaxoSmithKline Arena? That giant multibillion dollar stadium in the center of our otherwise small and unassuming suburb—the one where all the pro dog basketball games are played? Go there tomorrow at noon. They have open tryouts. I think you're a shoe-in. And I know a thing or two about shoes. I'm a dog. And I chew on people's shoes. And piss on them as well.

BILL: Thanks Chihuahua. Well. I gotta get back to the old ball and chain. That's what us humans call a wife. I'm glad we met though. I'll never forget you.

[BILL shakes hands with the Chihuahua and says a tearful goodbye to the dogs, who he never sees or even thinks about ever again for his entire life.]

[INT. EVENING—BILL is sitting around the dinner table with JENNY, TEDDY, and SLUGGER, who sits at the table like a person and eats kibble from his bowl.]

BILL: How's my little major leaguer today? Did you hit any home runs in school?

TEDDY: You know I'm no good at sports, dad. In gym class I'm always running around like Naruto in the outfield. The other kids *wish* I would just sit there pulling up clumps of grass instead. It sucks to be like this. I guess it's cause I have your loser genes.

JENNY: Teddy! It's not your dad's genes that make him a loser. It's the fact that he doesn't have a job.

BILL: Well son, what if your old man became an athlete? What would you think of that?

TEDDY: You're too old. And besides, how are you going to become an athlete? Even the poison factory wouldn't hire you to test poison. You've hit rock bottom. It's time you develop a drinking problem and wait out the clock.

SLUGGER: Bow row row row row!!! Arrooo!!!

TEDDY [sighing]: It's one thing to have a loser dad. But even my faithful mutt companion is a loser. I wish Slugger could talk.

BILL: Now Teddy, you know that, statistically speaking, 66.7% of American dogs simply cannot talk. It's normal for him to be this way.

TEDDY: Well why can't we get three dogs, so that at least one of them, statistically speaking, will probably be able to talk?

BILL [sternly]: Now Teddy, you know that the government instituted a One Dog policy to prevent exactly what you're describing.

JENNY: Yes Teddy, we're lucky to have the one dog we have. Too bad the government won't institute a One Job policy for your loser father.

BILL: Not so fast Jenny. Matter of fact, I've got a job interview tomorrow at noon. I've got a good feeling about this one. But the interview is gonna be *ruff*. Ruff ruff ruff!! awwoooo!!!

JENNY: What an odd thing to say.

[INT. BASKETBALL ARENA—The next day, Bill shows up for tryouts at GlaxoSmithKline Arena. There are like 300 dogs in line before him. Slowly the line dissipates, and he reaches the front. COACH FIDO of the Glaxos stands there with a clipboard. He is a dog by the way.]

COACH: Alright and what's your name?

BILL: Bill... Bill Blinkerman-Kaminski.

COACH: And what're you here for?

BILL: I'm trying out for the team.

COACH: W—W—W—W—HUH!? But you're not—But you—So then—But—

[A group of dogs are shooting the rock on the court, and they all stop to stare in stunned silence.]

COACH: But. A human has never tried out for the Glaxos before.

BILL: Well I guess I'm the first.

[The star player for the Glaxos, a golden retriever with a scar over one of his eyes like Sub-Zero, comes up to Bill.]

MUTTTLER: Hello Bill. I am the star player of the Glaxos, Jimmy Muttler. You can tell by my signature scar over my eye like Sub-Zero of Mortal Kombat fame. I got that scar so it would be easier to distinguish me from other dogs.

BILL: It makes you look cool. You should carry a sword on your back too.

MUTTTLER: Hey not bad. Anyway. What makes you think you're Glaxo material?

BILL: I played a bunch of dogs at the street court the other day, and I rocked their asses. I bet I could beat you too.

MUTTTLER: Damn that's crazy. But there's only one thing. It might say in our rulebook that humans cannot join the dog basketball league. Can somebody please find a rulebook!

[All the other dogs are crowded around, murmuring. Coach Fido comes forth with the rulebook in paw.]

COACH: This rulebook will tell us what to do.

MUTTTLER: Yeah this is a rather unusual situation we find ourselves in.

BILL: I hope it says I can play the game. I think it would be fun.

COACH: There's nothing in here. It's just a bunch of muddy pawprints. And all the corners are chewed on.

MUTTTLER: Honestly it doesn't surprise me because it was written by dogs.

BILL: Well then. That settles that. So what do you say.... Teammate?

MUTTTLER: Okay well I guess if you claim you beat the asses of some street dogs, that is good enough for me. Welcome aboard.

COACH: I am the coach and I make those decisions. But if Jimmy Muttler says it's good enough for him, then it's good enough for me. Welcome aboard, young man.

BILL: Thank you sir.



COACH: Now it is customary for all the dogs on the team to sniff your dirty little asshole, and vice versa to their assholes. To refuse would be impolite.

BILL: Ok coach. Thank you coach. I have just one question. How much money do I get?

COACH: Well. These are dogs and there's no law about dog wages so we pay them nothing. But I guess since you're a human we have to pay minimum wage. Which is the entire salary cap of the team. You better be good, Bill.

BILL: I only played against dogs one time but it seemed really easy. I bet I can whip all their asses in this game.

COACH: Good.

BILL: Ok can I go home now.

COACH: Yeah that's cool. See you at tomorrow's practice.

BILL: Ok.

COACH: Ok bye.

[BILL puts both his hands in his pockets and walks away to go to his home.]

[INT. EVENING—BILL is at the dinner table with JENNY, TEDDY, and SLUGGER, once again having dinner, which seems to be the only thing they ever do. On their plates, they have frozen peas, brown mush, orange mush, and mashed potato mush.]

TEDDY [dismayed]: Gee, dinner again?

JENNY: That's right Teddy, we have dinner every night. It's a good time to talk about any plot advancements that may have happened in our lives.

TEDDY: I met a kid at school who's a wizard. He said he wants me to transfer to British wizarding school with him in the fall.

BILL: We don't have time for that. I have a more pertinent development to share. I finally got a job.

JENNY: That's wonderful news honey!

[JENNY goes around the table and picks up everyone's plates, and throws them right into the trash, along with the silverware and food. Then she pulls a piping hot pepperoni pizza out of the oven.]

JENNY: I prepared this much better dinner just in case we had something good to celebrate. Let's dig in, fellas.

TEDDY: I **LOVE** pizza!!

SLUGGER: Arf Arf awwooooo!!!!!!

BILL: Jenny is it OK if my friend Stinky Joe comes over for dinner to celebrate the good news?

JENNY: Yes it is.

BILL: OK good cause I already invited him without telling you.

DOORBELL: ding-dong!

TEDDY: That must be him!

BILL: No need to get up, he'll probably just let himself in, for our convenience.

STINKY JOE [Entering the room]: Hello Bill and his family. I let myself in, for your convenience. Hope you don't mind.

JENNY: Not at all Stinky Joe. Feel free to grab a piping hot slice of pepperoni pizza fresh out of the oven. Anyway. How are the YouTube reaction videos going?

STINKY JOE: I'm making millions of dollars and it's so easy. I can't imagine any job easier than this to be honest.

JENNY: Hey Bill, that reminds me. You didn't tell us what your new job is yet.

BILL: Well Jenny. I am going to be a basketball player on the GlaxoSmithKline Glaxos.

TEDDY: Isn't that the dog basketball team?

STINKY JOE: Damn that sounds easy as fuck. Even easier than my shit.

JENNY: Well I don't know about this. I guess we will have to go to a game and see. But at least they're paying you some money.

BILL: They said they'll start me as an independent contractor at minimum wage. Right off the bat!

JENNY: That's wonderful news. Luckily this is the U.S. so they do not have to give us healthcare. That would be a burden on the GlaxoSmithKline corporation that owns the team, and I do not want to inconvenience them.

BILL: That's right Jenny, I'm sure I can find us an affordable plan through the ACA exchange. Anyway my first practice is tomorrow at noon. And the first game of the season is right after practice. You should all come. And hey, Stinky Joe.

STINKY JOE: What is it, old friend?

BILL: I'm gonna put on a spectacle. Don't forget to make some of your famous reaction videos.

STINKY JOE: Sounds good buddy. Well I'm going home now. Thanks for the fresh pizza right out of the oven.

[INT. GLAXOSMITHKLINE ARENA—The next day. BILL, MUTTLER, and a bunch of anonymous loser dogs on the team are all sweaty from practice. The COACH is talking to them presently.]

COACH: Ok that was a good practice. You all showed a lot of heart. But especially you Bill. You are much taller than the dogs, and it was easy for you to dominate the game in all phases, and score a lot of points even though you're doughy and non-athletic by human standards. I think I am going to put you in the starting lineup with Jimmy Muttler and 3 anonymous golden retrievers who cannot talk and have no distinguishing features.

MUTTLER: I have a scar like Sub-Zero.

COACH: That's right. I'm glad cause it makes it easier to remember who you are.

BILL: I can't wait to trash these losers. Who are we playing tonight coach?

COACH: The Northrop Grumman Murderdogs. They're the toughest team in the league. Normally I'd say it's unwise to schedule a grueling six-hour practice immediately before a big game, but with you on our team, Bill, I think we just might have a shot.

BILL: Oh hell yeah. That's wassup.

[As game time draws near, the stands are filling up. JENNY is with TEDDY and SLUGGER, sitting next to Jimmy Muttler's wife ZELDA SMITHKLINE-MUTTLER.]

JENNY: Wow I'm so nervous for my team in tonight's big game.

ZELDA: Oh hahaha you'll get used to it. Which one is your husband?

JENNY: The human man. Did you think I was getting freaky and going intimately wild with one of the dogs? Instead of the human man?

ZELDA: Okay no yeah that makes sense. My name is Zelda Smithkline-Muttler. I'm Jimmy Muttler's wife. My family is the Smithkline family, before they married the Glaxos. So you KNOW I'm loaded—ha HAH!

JENNY: That rocks and is most definitely wassup. We got the white picket fence, recently, but then Bill didn't have a job. Now he's making minimum wage playing dog basketball though, so I think we'll be alright.

ZELDA: Ok well if you want free money just tell me. Anyway sorry I should have asked, what's your name?

JENNY: I'm Jenny Kaminski Senior.

ZELDA: Senior huh? Well, where is Jenny Jr.? Let's see the little raggamuffin.

JENNY: I—Well—Sadly. There is no Jenny Jr. yet. Maybe I should remove senior from my name. Maybe it was a stupid dream. To have a daughter of my own someday.

ZELDA: Jenny listen to me. No dream is too stupid to have. Here is \$800 to cheer you up. I'm so rich, and I'm a dog and I barely know the value of money.

JENNY: Zelda. I know you're a dog, but, does this conversation fulfill the criteria of the Bechdel test?

ZELDA: Well we mostly just talked about our husbands so probably not. Sorry.

JENNY: Ok. Thanks for the money.

ZELDA: No problem.

JENNY: Maybe someday you can come over for some piping hot pizza. I make it right in the oven.

ZELDA: I'd like that Jenny. I'd really like that.

[Suddenly, the Chicago Bulls song by Alan Parsons starts playing, and the lights go off and there's flashing shit and explosions and fighter jets flying around inside the stadium. The announcer starts to pump up the hometown crowd.]

ANNOUNCER: AAAAAAAAAAand now, your starting lineup of your Glaxos!! Jimmy Muttler!!!!  
[crowd going wild with it] And Bill!!!!!! [crowd doesn't know him but still losing their shit] And three  
other miscellaneous dogs!!!! [Absolutely losing it, they love it]

[The starting lineup starts shooting the rock into the basket, and then the Murderdogs come out  
to play, and nobody really likes them. They are from a different town, after all. COACH FIDO  
gets ready to pump up the team.]

COACH: Ok team, it's time to go over the gameplan one more time. You know what to do Bill?

BILL: Well, the rim is only 4 feet high in this league, so the dogs can dunk. So for me it's really  
just a matter of dropping the ball right in.

COACH: That's right. Jimmy Muttler, when you get the rock, make sure you pass that rock to  
Bill. And the other three, you can really do whatever you want. We probably don't need all 5  
players to win. We have what some would argue is an unfair advantage that's not really within  
the spirit of the game.

MUTTLE: People come to these games to see dogs play basketball, so yeah, they might be  
disappointed to see a man out there. But at the end of the day, this hometown crowd is amped  
up and they want to see a win. All they care about is winning. And that's what we do.

MISCELLANEOUS DOG: Bow row row row!!!! AWwooooo!!! Rufffff rrrrruff!!

BILL: That's right.

COACH: OK let's play the game now.

[They do one of those things where they all put their hand in the middle, and you see all these  
dog paws, and then there's a human hand on top cause Bill is there. And they say let's go team,  
let's get 'em.]

BILL: OK looks like I am the center because I'm three times taller than everyone else in the  
game. This should be very easy to win the tip off. Ok there it is. Ok I just grabbed the rock out of  
the air like it was nothing.

[JENNY and ZELDA cheer from the stands]

JENNY: Wow, Bill is amazing out there. Did you see that dog who tried to defend him. He  
literally just broke his legs.

ZELDA: Yes that dog is much too small compared to a man. It tried to keep up and fell and  
broke all 4 legs at once.

JENNY: Looks like an injury timeout.

ZELDA: Yeah. They're bringing out the big curtain. They're going to have to shoot that dog, like a horse.

[A veterinarian puts up the curtain on the court, then shots ring out: BANG! BANG! BANG! Again if the director wants to fill time, you could have like dozens and dozens of shots fired here, and show the crowd going wild.]

JENNY: This hometown is really pumped up. The bad guys are getting just what they deserve, and the game has barely started.

ZELDA: Yes. Most satisfactory.

[After the dead dog is removed from the court, MUTTLER inbounds the ball to BILL]

BILL: I'm gonna shoot the rock! Woosh! There it goes!

MUTTLE: This rocks. We're going to win so easy.

[There is a montage where Bill scores over 100 points just by dropping the ball into the hoop.]

COACH: Wow we're up over 100 points in the first half. I guess I could bench Bill, but I'd rather tell him to just stand around on the court. The other players can let the Murderdogs score a couple times to be nice to them.

BILL: Man this is so easy. To think, last month I was not qualified even to be a lowly poison tester. And now I am a god.

[As the buzzer buzzes for the end of the game, the Glaxos are up 217 to 15. Everyone goes nuts because their team is so good. STINKY JOE approaches BILL courtside.]

STINKY JOE: Damn dude that shit was wild back there. I was reacting to it a lot. I had my phone out, just doing faces whenever I saw you score a point. It was insane and it's getting a lot of views. I wouldn't be surprised if my reactions to your excellent performance make you famous.

BILL: Thanks Stinky Joe. This is everything I ever dreamed of. People always told me I'd never be a dog basketball star. Or. Well. It's not so much they told me that, as like, they just assumed they didn't need to say it in the first place. But I showed them. This is the best day of my life.

STINKY JOE: This is just a small taste of what you'll feel once you put on that championship ring, bud. Or when you look at it, anyway. Cause it's made for dogs and will probably be too small for you.

BILL: Thanks again for helping to make me famous Stinky Joe. I thought that pollution factory would always be our life. But now here we are, a couple of guys, really doing it big time. This rules.

STINKY JOE: Uh huh.

[They stand there in silence for a couple minutes, shuffling their feet, then they both walk away.]

[INT. EVENING—Once again we see the family BILL, JENNY, TEDDY, and SLUGGER around the dinner table to have a nice meal.]

TEDDY: Pizza again!? This is so good.

JENNY: That's right Teddy. We're going to have pizza every night if your father continues to do well at his job.

BILL: I feel like a million bucks, even though I'm technically making the federal minimum wage of \$7.25 per hour.

TEDDY: Dad. That was so awesome when they killed that dog. And you scored so many points. Do you think you have what it takes to win the championship?

[The phone rings and JENNY goes to get it]

BILL: I don't know Teddy. But I'm going to try my best. For you. And for Slugger.

SLUGGER: Bow wow wow rooo!!!

JENNY [on the phone]: Uh huh. Yeah. Uh huh. Ok. Yeah. Yeah yeah. Uh huh. Word. Yeah. Yeah I follow. Uh huh. Yeah. Ok sweet. Yeah. Hey not bad. Ok. Great. Cool. Yeah. Cool. Ok bye. [She hangs up] Guess what Bill. That was Kibbles and Bits. They want YOU to be the new face of their dog food. You're going to be on kibble bags in every pet food retailer in America.

BILL: Well that's wonderful news! And the check is in the mail?

JENNY: The check is in the mail! Now we can pay our bills, and triple the height of our white picket fence.

BILL: This is so good. Can't believe it.

JENNY: Honey, when you started exploiting a loophole in those dogs' rulebook, it lit a spark in you. Something came back to life. I haven't seen you like this in ages.

BILL: Jenny, I found my reason to live. And if a few dogs die along the way, trying to defend against me when I'm driving to the hoop with the rock, then so be it.

JENNY: That's my husband.

[As SLUGGER the dog is enjoying his pizza, we see that he is a little more fond of BILL, but he has not been won over yet. Maybe a championship would do the trick...]

[INT. Northrop Grumman Headquarters in Falls Church, VA—A menacing man, ensconced in shadow, chews on a big cigar in his big office, which says CEO on the door. His name is NORTHROP GRUMMAN, the guy who has the company named after him. On the wall he has a calendar, with important events circled. After "Send more missiles to Yemen" and "Lobby US gov't for more defense contracts," we see one written in bold red: "Dog Basketball Championship." A faithful TOADY stands by.]

GRUMMAN: The championship is fast approaching, and no one can stop this man Bill...

TOADY: Duuuuh duuuuhhh—Perhaps we should send some dog-killer missiles after the Glaxos, sir?

GRUMMAN: No... That's not my style. And we've already sold them all to the Saudis. I have something more... *diabolical*, in mind.

TOADY: But sir, the championship is just days away. How will we stop them if they're still alive by then?

GRUMMAN: Faithful toady, what is the one thing an ordinary street dog can do to stop a man such as Bill?

TOADY: Duhhhh duhhhhh give him rabies?

GRUMMAN: Yeah that's exactly right. I was expecting you would guess something stupid like using a nuclear bomb on him. But yes I intend to infect our Murderdogs players with rabies, and tell them to bite Bill at the beginning of the game. Luckily the dog basketball league plays a best-of-one championship, so we really just need to get him out of the way for like two hours.

TOADY: You've really outdone yourself this time Mr. Grumman.

GRUMMAN: Yeah I think so. This guy is not going to like it when he gets bit.

TOADY: Yeah I bet.

GRUMMAN: Uh huh. Ok well you can go now.



TOADY: Ok.

[INT. GLAXOSMITHKLINE ARENA—The day of the big championship. BILL and MUTTLER are chilling in the locker room before game time.]

BILL: The full 82-game season and all the playoffs really flew by. I think we have a damn good team though. We have never lost a game.

MUTTLER: That's right. I bet this will be easy. The Murderdogs are our toughest rivals, but we've beaten them every time and killed nearly half their roster since the season started. Their bench is pretty thin.

BILL: When we win, those fans in the crowd are going to treat us like fucking gods. We're like kings to them, they're so stupid and their lives are so miserable. The only thing that gives them meaning is watching dogs play a stupid game for babies. I used to be like them, but now I'm on top.

MUTTLER: Nothing can stop us now we rock.

[The game starts to begin, and they play the Chicago Bulls song again, but at a faster tempo because everyone's tired of hearing it all season. In the stands, JENNY and ZELDA are watching the tipoff.]

JENNY: I bet Bill will easily get the ball to start the game, like he always does.

ZELDA: Wait look... He got the ball, but... Did it seem like that Murderdog tried to bite him? He didn't even try to go for the ball.

JENNY: Damn that's wild. Oh well who cares, I bet it's fine.

[On the court, the Murderdogs are playing super aggressive with BILL, and the ref calls a foul. MUTTLER walks up to BILL before he takes his free throws.]

MUTTLER: Man is it me, or are these dogs chomping at the bit today. It seems also like they are foaming at the mouth.

BILL: Yeah I dunno what's up with that. I also noticed something else weird. Who's that chimp sitting courtside?

MUTTLER: That's the most vertical primate. He's kind of a big deal.

BILL: What makes him so vertical?

MUTTLER: Well, he likes to skateboard.

BILL: Ok now that's just crazy.

MUTTTLER: Well—

[The REFEREE points at his watch, like can you guys wrap it up?]

[MUTTTLER then signals for a timeout and the COACH just smiles. He is much too passive to have any feelings about how Muttler makes executive decisions for himself and really likes to just hot dog it sometimes.]

MUTTTLER: Well you see, people find it pretty novel to see a chimp doing that kind of stuff, like ollies and grinds and kickflips. They like to watch it.

BILL: It just seems so weird to me.

MUTTTLER: Ok but you're a man playing basketball, that's pretty weird too. Or rather, it's weird only cause you're in what some would argue is the wrong league for you.

BILL: Yeah I guess my own life is pretty weird too. I'm sorry for reacting in a negative or perplexed way about the vertical primate.

MUTTTLER: No worries dawg, but the timeout is up. Now it's time to shoot the rock.

[BILL does a classic underhand granny shot in order to shoot the rock effortlessly into the 4-foot high hoop. High up in the VIP skybox, NORTHROP GRUMMAN makes a signal with his hand, where he does that shadow puppet thing that looks like a dog, and it's chomping its teeth.]

BILL: Hey Muttler, pass me the rock! [A Murderdog bites him on the leg]  
Yeeeeeeeeooooowwwwwwwww!!! That's my leg!

[As BILL falls to the floor, his teammates and COACH FIDO run over and surround him.]

COACH: Bill. It's me. Coach Fido. Are you hanging in there? Are we losing you!?

BILL: Nah I think I'm good coach, it just hurts cause I got bit.

[Two veterinarians approach BILL with a curtain and a loaded gun, but the COACH waves them off.]

MUTTTLER: That dog is foaming at the mouth with rabies. I bet you have rabies Bill. How are we going to finish the game?

BILL: I dunno man I'm on my phone and the CDC says the incubation period for rabies in humans is generally 20 to 60 days. However, fulminant disease—whatever that means—can become symptomatic within 5 to 6 days. So I think even if this game takes 4 and a half days, I'll be good. Let's just finish the game like normal.

MUTTTLER: Ok sounds good to me.

[BILL gets back to his feet and the crowd goes completely wild. However, up in the VIP skybox, NORTHROP GRUMMAN throws his cigar onto the ground and jumps up and down, stomping on it with fury. JENNY and ZELDA are reacting too.]

JENNY: Wow that's good that Bill is OK. I bet they can win now.

ZELDA: Yes scoring more points should be an easy task for this top-ranked Glaxos squad.

[BILL sinks about 200 points over the next three and a half quarters and the Glaxos win very easily, 250 to 3. The league commissioner starts bringing out the trophy, which looks exactly like the NBA trophy, but the sphere on top is a dog's head instead of a basketball.]

BILL: This is the greatest day of my life!!! [BILL reaches to hoist the trophy in the air, but MUTTLER stops him.]

MUTTTLER: Hey Bill, that's not how we do it in this league. Put the trophy on the ground and follow my lead.

[MUTTTLER lifts his hind leg and starts peeing a powerful stream of dog pee onto the trophy. Soon the COACH and the other Glaxo dogs are joining the fun and getting crazy on it.]

MUTTTLER: Come on Bill, you've earned it.

BILL: All season long I haven't really been a team player. I pretty much hogged the ball and did everything myself cause it was easier that way. But this time, I'm happy to be a part of the team and piss all over that coveted statue.

[BILL lets loose his weiner from his pants, and he pees on the trophy along with the dogs, and all the fans and miscellaneous people are rushing onto the court to celebrate, including JENNY and ZELDA.]

JENNY: As I watch that grown man urinate on a trophy meant for dogs, I couldn't be more proud to call him my husband.

ZELDA: There are some who would say this grown man single handedly ruined a cute sport for dogs, and is now making a mockery of its most prized artifact. However, this hometown Glaxos crowd really loves to see a win. And winning was very easy this season.

[After the team has their jollies, NORTHROP GRUMMAN descends to the court and approaches BILL.]

GRUMMAN: I got to hand it to you Bill. You're the toughest bastard to ever wear a Glaxos jersey. You and I, we have our differences, but I respect how you handled yourself and shot the rock all night.

BILL: Look man I have no idea who you are, I'm just trying to celebrate with my friends.

GRUMMAN: I'm the owner of the Murderdogs. And guess what? Come next season, I'm going to buy the entire league. And then I'm going to change the rules to say that you specifically are not allowed to play in this league anymore.

BILL: Alright man. I don't feel like worrying about that cause I'm just trying to party and celebrate because we won.

GRUMMAN: Ok.

BILL: Alright man later.

[BILL runs off and starts pouring champagne on a dog. He thought it was one of his teammates, but it was just some dog. Then he is approached by the most vertical primate.]

MVP: Hey Bill, I'm the most vertical primate. I was really impressed by your performance back there.

BILL: Thanks man.

MVP: Yeah I saw you from your friend Stinky Joe's reaction videos, and I had to come react for myself, live and in person.

BILL: Cool.

MVP: I think you've really got something special. And hey. There's no rule that humans can't join the chimp skateboarding league.

BILL: Uh ohhhhhh! Don't tempt me~~~!!!!!!

MVP: Nah but seriously you should, it's really easy.

BILL: Ok actually a guy told me he's going to buy this league and kick me out of it, so I might take you up on that offer.

MVP: Okay cool. Well. Later.

BILL: Alright man. Later. Good to meet you.

MVP: Yeah. See ya.

[BILL slinks away from the vertical primate with both hands in his pockets.]

[INT. EVENING—BILL is holding court around the dinner table, with his adoring family of JENNY, TEDDY, and SLUGGER.]

TEDDY: Wow mom!!! This is the biggest pizza I've ever seen. It's so fresh from the oven.

JENNY: That's right Teddy. Your dad is like a god tonight. He won the big game.

TEDDY: I know we didn't have time to talk about it when I mentioned British wizard school earlier, but now I don't even want to go to that stupid place! I'd rather stay here with my awesome dad!

[SLUGGER looks at TEDDY and begins to speak.]

SLUGGER: Hi Teddy. And hey, way to go Bill! And Jenny, I must say this pizza is piping hot!

TEDDY: Slugger!! You can talk!!

SLUGGER: That's right Teddy. I never talked before because I never respected your dad. But now that he's successful and on top like a god, up on Mt. Olympus, I just want to express my admiration.

BILL: That's awesome Slugger. I'm glad to hear it. Now let's all enjoy a big slice of pizza.

JENNY: Honey, don't talk with your mouth full!

BILL: Me? But I wasn't—

JENNY: No silly, I was talking to the dog!

ALL: Hahahaha!

JENNY: Ok but seriously. Bill I have something to tell you. I am with child. And it is a healthy baby girl.

BILL: Ruff ruff ruff!! Awwooooo!! That's wonderful news! Air Dad has done it again!

[Then the closing credits roll, to the tune of a song called Turn Down for Mutt, which was inspired by the motion picture. You can imagine what that sounds like. Then midway through the credits, that song cuts off, and it goes to a slow R&B ballad from the '90s, like Brian McKnight or some shit. The end.]