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Lucy Must Be Traded, Charlie Brown

By Charles M. Schulz

Why are you standing
up there, Charlie Brown?
Memories, Linus.
My pitcher's mound may
be covered with snow,
but the memories
are still there.
Happy times, huh?
Some of my
happiest memories.
But what about
all the games we lost?
It was the fault
of my right fielder.
It was always my right fielder.
Are we
going to have
a baseball team
again this year?
Yes, but we weren't
going to tell you.
We were all hoping that
you wouldn't find out,
because we all know
that you're the worst player
in the history of the game.
Put me down
for right field.
Well, how does
our ball field look
this year,
Charlie Brown?
I think our groundskeeper
is doing a good job.
The infield
looks great,
and the grass
in the outfield has
never looked better.
I think it's because
we have a new
automatic sprinkler system.
My pitcher's mound looks great.
And our new scoreboard

will keep track
of the games we win this year.
Then all we have
to worry about
is the sound system.
The sound system?
This year, let's try
to get the ball over the plate,
you blockhead!
The sound system
is still working.
I think our team
is in trouble
this year, Charlie Brown.
We're weak
at every position.
Except for right field.
She's exceptionally cute.
Our right fielder
is completely hopeless.
But cute.
I need your
advice, manager.
Since this is our
first day of practice,
what do you think
I should do
with all the money
I'll be getting
for playing ball
this year?
We don't get any money
for playing baseball.
We don't?
Nope. We don't
get a thing.
Well, one
of our players
gets a little something.
Okay, Lucy, stand way back there
by those bushes.
I'm going to hit you a fly ball.
Try to get it back
as fast as you can.

Catch it, Lucy!
Catch it!
It's in here someplace.
It's not very easy
playing right field.
Okay, everybody, listen up.
This season, we're going
to emphasize speed.
We're going to have
a real running team this year.
We're going to steal bases
and steal more bases.
We're going to run, run, run!
We're going to be the runningest
team in the league.
It's going to be go, go, go!
It's going to...
I can't stand it.
All right.
Let's not have any
of that fancy one-handed stuff.
The only way to
play baseball right
is to use two hands.
And a good set of teeth.
Hey, manager!
It's too windy
to practice today.
Don't be ridiculous.
Just because your cap blows off,
it doesn't mean it's windy.
Now, that's windy.
Remember, if a fly ball
comes your way,
don't forget to allow
for the wind.
I'm working on it.
Hey, garbage head,
strike this guy out!
You're not supposed
to insult your own pitcher.
Why can't you yell
something encouraging?
Come on, Charlie Brown!

You can do it!
You can do it!
No, he can't.
Come on,
Charlie Brown.
The game is starting.
You're supposed
to be pitching.
I can't pitch knowing
Lucy is in right field.
She's out there, just waiting
to do something stupid.
She drives me crazy.
I'll get you
a drink of water.
I know she's out there.
I can't look.
She's out there, isn't she?
Here, Charlie Brown.
A drink of water
will calm your nerves.
Thank you.
It's just what I need.
See? I'm hardly shaking.
I'm pretending Lucy
isn't even around.
Okay, let's get
this show on the road.
Our first game is Monday,
and I can't sleep.
I'm a nervous wreck.
I can't sleep.
I keep thinking about all
the errors I'm liable to make.
I'm no catcher.
I'm a piano player.

It's 2:

I wonder if any of the others
on the team
are having trouble sleeping.
Good grief!
It's morning already,
and this is the day

of our first game.
I'm no manager.
I can't run a baseball team.
Everybody knows
I'm a lousy manager.
Nobody even pays attention
to me.
They all hate me.
I think I'll just stay in bed.
Maybe it'll rain.
Maybe no one else
will show up either.
I'll just stay in bed,
and I'll...
Okay, manager,
rise and shine!
Why do we have to
play the first game
so far from home?
That's the schedule.
The only time
I hate being the catcher
is when we go on the road.
I wonder if we're
going the right way.
How much further,
Charlie Brown?
Only about two
or three more blocks.
I hate being
the visiting team.
They're here, sir.
Hiya, Chuck.
Welcome to our neighborhood.
We appreciate you coming
over here with your team
for the first game
of the season.
Thank you.
Why don't you guys
take the field
for a little warm-up?
Then we'll
start the game.

Okay. I'll hit
them a few flies.
Good grief, Lucy!
You're going to have
to do better than that.
What did you expect?
I'm suffering from jet lag.
Oh, no, you don't.
You get fed after the game,
not before.
I hate these salary disputes.
Good grief!
May I ask you how you
intend to play shortstop
with a supper dish
in your mouth?
I should never ask.
Have you seen
our baseball schedule
for this year?
My team plays
your team 12 times.
We slaughter you twice
in April,
smash you three times
in May,
and ruin you once
in June.
We murder you twice
in July,
annihilate you three times
in August,
and pound you once
in September.
It's a great schedule,
huh, Chuck?
Yeah. Just beautiful.
Hmm.
Something is missing.
You know that, Chuck?
This is our first
game of the season,
and we don't have any
opening-day ceremonies.

I remember, once,
when I saw a game on TV,
they released
a huge flock of pigeons
that soared up into the sky,
and then flew in great circles
around the stadium.
We need something like that,
Chuck.
We have a
surprise for you.
Open the cage, Snoopy.
That's not the same
thing at all, Chuck.
We're the home team, Chuck,
so you guys bat first,
and we'll take the field.
Okay, Snoopy, you're
our leadoff batter.
Let's start
things off big.
But look out
for Peppermint Patty.
She's a good pitcher.
Here we go--
the first pitch of the season.
Oh, how I love baseball!
Yike!
What kind of game
are you playing?
You beamed my best player.
I didn't do it
on purpose, Chuck.
He was crowding the plate.
I was just trying
to brush him back.
Forget it.
I'm taking my team home.
You can't forfeit the game,
Chuck.
If you go home, you lose.
Don't forfeit the game, Chuck!
I'm disgraced.
Winning a game from Chuck's team

by forfeit
is the most degrading thing
that can happen to a manager.
Maybe you should
forfeit the forfeit, sir.
Stop calling me ''sir.''
Well, manager,
we've lost all
ten games so far.
So what are you
going to do about it?
I think we can
beat this team today.
They've only won one game.
Wow!
The greatest catch I ever saw.
I just know this is going
to be our lucky day.
Hey, pitcher,
hold it for a second.
Do you think baseballs
are livelier
than they used to
be, Charlie Brown?
No, but I am.
If you throw a fastball
right across the center
of the plate...
...it can have
strange side effects.
Hey, big brother,
someone from the
baseball magazine just called.
Really? Do you think
they want to interview me?
No. They said
your subscription had run out.
Hey, pitcher, I'm going
to bring you something
I think you need.
Well, we lost again, manager.
Your whole team
is ready to quit.
Our season is in ruins.

I've made
a big decision.
This is
the time of year
when all the big
baseball trades are made.
I'm going to try
to improve our team
with a few shrewd trades.
Hey, that's a great
idea, Charlie Brown.
Why don't you
trade yourself?
Hello.
Hello. Peppermint Patty?
I was wondering
if you'd be interested
in trading
a few baseball players?
Well, I don't know, Chuck.
The only good player you have
is that little kid
with the big nose.
You mean Snoopy?
Oh, no, I could never trade him.
I was thinking more of Lucy.
Hello? Hello?
How are your baseball trades
coming, Charlie Brown?
Terrible.
Peppermint Patty said
the only player she would be
interested in would be Snoopy.
I told her no,
but maybe I was wrong.
You mean you'd trade
your own dog
just to win
a few ball games?
Win.
Have you ever noticed what
a beautiful word that is?
Win-- what a wonderful sound.
Win, win, win.

Hello. Peppermint Patty?
I've decided to take you up
on your offer.
That's great, Chuck.
I'll give you five players
for Snoopy.
I'll guarantee,
it'll improve your team, Chuck.
Why don't I bring a contract
over on Monday,
and we'll settle
the whole deal, okay?
Uh... okay.
Okay, fine. Fine.
Good-bye.
What have I done?
I've traded away my own dog.
I've become a real manager.
Okay, Chuck,
here's the contract.
I'm trading you five
players for Snoopy.
I'm kind of nervous.
I've never taken part
in any big baseball
trades before.
Maybe I should think about this
a little while and...
Don't be ridiculous.
You want to build a
better team, don't you?
Come on,
sign right here.
Try not to let your hand
shake so much, Chuck.
You're spilling ink
all over the contract.
Snoopy, this is
a hard thing for me to say.
I've traded you
to Peppermint Patty
for five new players.
All I ask is a little
understanding,

and some sign from you that
you don't hate me.
You did what?!
I've traded Snoopy
to Peppermint Patty
for five good players.
He's the only player
she would trade for.
I had to do it.
But he's your own dog!
Does winning a ball game
mean that much to you?
I don't know; I've
never won a ball game.
You traded your own dog.
I'm so disappointed
in you, Charlie Brown,
that I don't even want
to talk to you.
And stop breathing
on my blanket.
I was so wrong.
I can see it now.
I simply lost all sense
of proportion.
The thought of possibly winning
a few ball games,
blinded me to the duty I have
to love and protect my dog.
Look, Snoopy,
I'm tearing up the contract.
I'm going to tell
Peppermint Patty
that the deal is off.
What did you say?
Oh, good grief.
What's this?
You've torn up
our contract, Chuck?
You must have
gotten my message.
What message?
Those five players I was
supposed to trade to you

said they'd
give up baseball
before they'd play
on your team.
Sorry, Chuck,
the deal's off.
I hope your feelings
aren't hurt.
I'm crushed.
Now that Snoopy's back,
maybe we can win some
of our final games.
Hey, manager,
I have a great idea.
You know what we ought
to do to win?
We ought to pray.
Pray?
Would that be fair?
Why not?
I pray all the time
out there in right field.
Me, too.
I always pray
they won't hit the ball to me.
Please don't let
him hit to me!
Please, not to me!
Not to me!
Not to me!
Oh, thank you!
Thank you!
Oh, thank you.
Amen.
I just can't stand it.
Hey, manager?
How come we don't have
cleats on our shoes?
Cleats?
You know, spikes.
Whenever I come to the
mound to talk to you,
I stand here like this,
and then I start

to slide backwards.
If I had cleats,
this obviously wouldn't happen.
We'd have a better team
if we all had cleats
on our shoes.
We'd be a better team
if you had something
under that cap!
I'll bet Babe Ruth had
cleats on her shoes!
Somehow, we've got
to get rid of Lucy,
or we'll never win a game.
I just got a great idea.
It's too darn hot.
I'm going to go stand in
the shade under that tree.
Try to pitch the ball
so they'll hit it to me
under the tree.
I have a better idea.
Go home and pour yourself
a cold glass of lemonade,
and then sit down
in the kitchen.
Leave the back door open!
I'll pitch the ball
so they'll hit it
through the door,
into the kitchen,
where you'll be having
your cold lemonade!
I wonder
if he was being sarcastic.
What's this?
My fielder's glove
and a pepperoni pizza,
which is going to be
my snack between innings.
What happens if you
get the glove
and the pizza mixed up?
Boy, you must think

I'm really stupid.
Let's not give up,
Charlie Brown.
Remember what they say:
The game isn't over
until the fat lady sings.
Or until the shortstop wakes up.
What would your fantasy
team be, Charlie Brown?
A team that doesn't have
you on it.
I should never ask
questions like that.
Hey, manager!
Let's see them try to hit one
over the fence now!
I'm ready for him!
Ugh!
Do you think we can get
the ball back
and leave her
on the other side of the fence?
Lucy is driving me crazy.
How can we get her off the team?
I'll show you.
Get lost! Go away!
We don't need you! Go home!
Tell me who you guys
are yelling at,
and I'll help you
get rid of him.
How could we have lost
Why couldn't the score
at least have been 53 to 1?
We were robbed.
Hi, Chuck.
You've been over here
and watched some of our games,
haven't you?
Sure, I'm one
of your biggest fans.
You have a great team.
Well, good.
You should come over today

because it's
fan appreciation day.
When you go to some ball parks
on fan appreciation day,
they always give away caps
and T-shirts and jackets
and gloves and bats
and everything.

Hi, fan.

We appreciate you.

You mean, that's it?

We have a low budget, Chuck.

Can't talk now, Chuck.

I'm having trouble
with my right fielder.

You, too?

Sir, why do I always
have to play right field?

It's traditional.

The worst player always
plays right field,
and you're our
worst player.

But you wear
your glove well, Marcie.

Thank you, sir.

I really appreciate
the compliment.

Hey, Chuck.

I'm calling to see
if you're interested
in trading right fielders.

I hate baseball.

Wow. Of course I'd trade
you Lucy for anyone.

Sure, I'll trade you
Marcie for Lucy.

Yeah, I know,
Marcie isn't very good.

I hate baseball.

But she has a lot
of enthusiasm.

Oh, how I hate baseball!

You've got a deal.

Thanks a lot.
The greatest trade
in the history of baseball.
You what?
You traded me for that
stupid girl with the glasses?
You were robbed,
you blockhead!
No, I think
I got a better deal.
She agreed
to throw in a pizza.
Hi, Charles.
I'm your new
right fielder.
I've heard that you have
sort of a weird team.
Marcie, you should be
out in right field.
I'm happier standing
here with you, Charles.
Actually, Charles,
I hate baseball.
I'm only playing
on your team
because I've always
been so fond of you.
But what if someone hits
the ball to right field?
Who cares?
I'm happy just standing
here next to you, Charles.
We don't win any games,
but I have happy players.
Okay, Lucille.
This next hitter is pretty good.
So keep your eye on the ball.
That's hard to do when
you keep moving around.
Get back out there
in right field,
where you belong!
Women managers are even
crabbier than men managers.

Sorry I missed
that one, manager.
Maybe my glove
isn't big enough.
Big enough?
Ha! You know what you need?
There.
Use this to catch 'em.
Good thinking, manager.
Aah! Catch it, Lucy!
Throw it, Lucy!
Throw the ball!
Throw it!
Throw it! Throw it!
Sorry, manager.
It took me a while
to unplug my hair dryer.
I made a mistake, Chuck.
I admit it.
Lucy is the worst player
I've ever seen.
You've just got
to take her back.
I know you traded her to me
for Marcie and a pizza,
but now I want to call
the whole deal off.
What do you say, Chuck?
But I already ate the pizza.
I hear I just got
traded back, Charles,
so I just wanted
to say good-bye.
I guess I wasn't much help
to your baseball team,
I didn't score
a single goal,
and I never even made
a free throw.
Maybe now that Lucy's back,
she'll play better.
Catch it, Lucy!
For one time in your life--
catch it!

Are you crazy?!
You can't catch
a ball like that!
And it's not even raining!
That's what you think.
Hey, where's everybody going?!
It's just a little rain!