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Major League II

By R.J. Stewart

Hello, everybody!
Harry Doyle here
welcoming
all you Wahoo maniacs
to theyear's
first session of Tribe Talk.
As you know,
the Indians had
a Cinderella season last year.
Despite the fact
that toxic owner Rachel Phelps
wanted the team to lose
so she could move it to Florida,
the Indians won
the American League East
for the first time
since divisional play began.
Rachel's gone now,
thank God,
having sold the team
to retired Indian third baseman
Roger Dorn,
after a long, hard-fought
series of negotiations.
I might be willing
to go as high as 100.
120? You just
started at 110.
Rachel,
this isn't fair.
We'll take it.
Oh, you're good, Dorn.
Even with Dorn
in the owner's box,
the Indians
are solid favorites
to repeat in the East
and go all the way
to the World Series.
And why not?
Look at the lineup
we have coming back.
First of all,
the Cuban Crusher,

the voodoo man
with the bad attitude,
Pedro Cerrano.
Even though his training methods
were a little unusual,
Pedro finished
in the top five
in homers, RBIs,
slugging percentage,
and total baldness.
Also back
is center fielder
Willie Mays Hayes,
who came out of nowhere
to lead the league
in great catches
and stolen bases.
We're told he starred in an action movie
during the off-season,
where he not only
did his own stunts,
but even his own acting,
and don't forget catcher
and team leader
Jake Taylor.
Despite chronic knee problems,
he had a fine season,
and beat out the bunt
that drove in the run
that won
the division title.
And finally, one of
the brightest young stars
in the game today-
Rick "Wild Thing" Vaughn.
Vaughn began the season
in the uniform
of the California Penal League
and had some control problems
early on.
But with the help
of a pair of black horn-rims,
he went on
to set a major league record

for strikeouts
in one season
by an ex-car thief.
All in all, things couldn't be
looking better for the Tribe.
Guys! Guys!
We signed Jack Parkman!
- Parkman? - We signed
Parkman! - Alright!
- Hey, you can add 42 homers to our lineup.
- At least.
Guys, this is theyear
we go all the way.
All the way!
All the way! All the way!
All the way!
All the way! All the way!
Listen. Sounds like a Harley.
It's got to be him.
Wild thing
You make my heart sing
False alarm.
Whoa. Look at that.
Hi, gang.
How's it going?
Appreciate you all coming out.
Good to see you.
Yeah. Nice outfits.
Those haircuts are cute.
Benny, I thought
you were still in jail.
I escaped.
That-a-boy.
What do you say, big guy?
See you in the show
some day.
Cute? Say it ain't so, Rick.
Yeah, right.
Ahh.
Jake, how you doing?
Fine.
Good to see you again, Lou.
How's the leg?
Good. Good.

Feel like a kid
again, Skip.
Good. There's a rookie in camp
I'm gonna need your help
with for a couple of weeks. Baker!
Jake, this here
is Rube Baker.
I want you to help him
with a little problem he has.
Alright.
Mr. Taylor, uh, ooh!
I- I knew you know
from which you speak.
I'm sure you can help me
with my problem,
which I'm bound to beat,
because there ain't no odds
against being yourself
no matterwhat
the percentages are.
Let me ask you
something, uh, Rube?
I bet you're wondering
how I get the nickname Rube.
No, I got a pretty good idea
how that happened.
What exactly
is your problem?
Well, uh...
Hell, that's the biggest
damn car I ever saw.
Everything I do
Got to be funky
Everything I do
People, now
Got to be funky
Honey, take a picture.
Say, Jake!
Hey, Willie!
If you ain't careful
You just might get
some funk on you
Who are they?
They are

our center fielder.
Oh.
What's up?
Hey, hey, Willie!
What's up?
Hey, welcome back.
Nice little do there.
What, you running
for office?
No, I'm just trying
to clean up my act.
Can't play the street punk
when you're making 7 figures, you know?
Who's that?
It's got to be Parkman,
our new free agent. Nice jacket.
Come on.
Let's check it out.
Say, Parkman,
I just wanted to say
that even though we're competing
for the same position,
I'm glad they signed you.
You're a good ball player.
Cut the crap, Taylor.
I don't like you.
You don't like me.
I just hope you don't blame
your bum knees when I take your job.
You want me
to bean him?
I'll just beat him out
for the job.
"Avoid spraying
toward open flame.
Contents under pressure.
Shake can before use. "
" Press-" What?
Jeez... I-I'm sorry,
Mister... Cerrano.
I, uh, just...
You are forgiven.
I love you all!
Ha ha ha!

Ha ha ha!
Jake.
Lou.
My great and good friends.
How you doing?
You OK, Pedro?
OK?
I free and clear.
Did he say free and queer?
Clear.
Free of anger and hostility that
run Cerrano's life.
Meditation is key.
Five months under
Master Hawa Masasuri.
No more voodoo,
just much peace
and wideness of love.
At one with all.
Whoo! Get up there, baby.
It's beautiful, man.
Ohh...
Awoo!
Fore!
Whoopee.
Hey, Hayes,
what are you doing?
Going deep.
I buffed up this winter.
You needed to to wear
all that jewelry.
Just remember,
you're our lead-off man.
You're paid to get on base,
not try to hit home runs.
Keep the ball
on the ground.
That's enough
for the first day.
After five pitches?
Say, what was that last pitch
you threw me?
I call it
the Eliminator.

It's a combination
screwball/split finger.
You name
your pitches now?
Yeah. Sort of
a marketing thing,
You know,
like Nolan Ryan's Express.
I'm also working on
a forkball/slider combination.
Well, whatever happened
to the boring, old
96-mile-an-hour fastball?
The Terminator?
Whatever.
It'll be there
when I need it.
Jake, I don't want to become
one of these one-year phenoms
who burns himself out
throwing nothing but gas.
I got to start thinking
in terms of a career, not just a season.
You work with Rube
on his little problem yet?
Now step and throw!
Put it down again.
He looks pretty
sharp to me.
What exactly
is his problem?
Doggone it!
Jeez, Louise!
Uh, Duke...
Rube...
what's going
through your head
just before you throw the ball back
to the pitcher?
I'm thinking,
"I don't want to screw this up. "
What are you thinking
when you throw a strike
to nail a runner

down at second base?
I'm not thinking nothing.
I just throw it.
You see what
I'm getting at?
You want the pitcher to pitch
from second base?
Aw...
If we walk somebody,
this guy's going to
turn it into an inside-the-park
home run.
Yeah. Whoa.
What's this,
your first spring babe, Vaughn?
Who, her? No.
There she is.
Ooh-whee!
Suggie-dug it now.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
Hi, baby.
Hey, Flan, how are you?
- Good to see you.
- You, too.
Good news. The General Cereals
people are interested...
The money's gone
to his head.
Yeah.
Let's go take a ride
in my limo.
There it is, man.
Watch this.
Hey.
Unh!
Aah!
Willie Mays Hayes is...
Ha ha ha!
Jesse "The Body" Ventura
is...
Together,
they're taking on the mob.
Mine fell
the hardest.

Mine are
the deadest.
These guys
play for keeps.
Coming to a theater
near you.
That spot didn't show
the real dramatic parts,
like where they kill my boa constrictor
and I vow revenge.
Oh.
Hey, you're limping.
A little.
What about you?
Yeah, well, I'm a broken-down,
has-been catcher.
You're our
lead-off man.
I sprained my knee doing a stunt
for the flick.
Ohh.
Don't worry, though.
I'm going to be fine by opening day.
Besides,
I'm a power hitter now.
What do you call
that garbage?
That's the Eliminator.
- The Eliminator?
- I got a new one I'll showya.
If you get a piece of it,
I'll let you name it.
I'd, uh, call it
The Masturbator.
Excellent pitch, man.
Cerrano fool,
but ball and blue sky-
beautiful,
like lonely snowflake.
Just pretend
the pitcher's the second baseman.
Uh!
Aah!
Aah! Oh, Jeez!

Goldarn it to heck!
Shoot.
I couldn't hit sand
if fell off a camel.
Criminelli, they're going
to send me back to Omaha,
and I don't
even live there!
I'm gone.
I'm buzzard bait.
They're gonna cut me.
I know they're
gonna cut me.
Cripes!
Rube, you look at Playboy
all the time, don't you?
No, I don't
just look at it.
I- I read
the articles.
Yeah, sure you do.
I do. I especially like
where they tell you
what the girls'
interests are,
you know, like Betsy loves
surfing, gardening,
and working
on motorcycles.
You memorize them?
Yep, I guess I do.
Bingo.
Huh?
Just do what
I told you, OK?
Could you throw that back
to the pitcher, please?
Thank you.
Louise teaches aerobics
and loves short shorts,
unicorns, and reruns
of Three's Company.
Her favorite sports are...
High!

Air hockey, checkers,
and calf-roping.
Whoo! Yeah!
Wow. Willie's really
got some power.
Off a guy who'll be bagging groceries
in a couple weeks.
Ah! Unh!
Ooh.
It must be tough
to be old.
You're out!
Hey!
- Cool play, man. I love it!
- Huh?
Damn.
One more year.
Yes.
Rube, what are
you doing?
If there's a red tag
in there,
that means
I'm outta here, right?
Uh-huh.
There's always next year.
Yeah. What the hell.
My momma always said
it's better to eat shit
than not eat at all.
In the minor leagues you'll play
every day, and think of all the-
I made the team.
I made the team! We did it!
Pedro,
guess what, man-
I'm on the rooster.
This team has completely
lost its focus.
You think April is too early
for a Roger Dorn night?
Ahh...
Uh, Lou-
Oh, hi, Roger.

I just want to say
I think carrying three catchers
is probably
a good idea.
Hold it a second,
Jake.
Jake, you're a very valuable part
of this organization.
The way you helped that kid
with his problem-
that was, uh, impressive.
Well, he's got some talent.
I guess with a little patience,
he might even become a ball player.
What Dorn's trying
to say, Jake,
is we're not carrying
three catchers.
We'd like you
to stay on as a coach.
We're gonna need you.
You'll make
a great coach, Jake.
Dorn, I'm not a coach,
I'm a ball player.
Why don't you just find
some poor schmuck
with his belly hanging
over his belt
and pastrami sticking
out of his mouth?
I'm done with baseball.
Called everywhere.
Nobody's looking for
a 41-year-old
catcher with bad knees.
It's not like you don't
have other options.
Alan Bellows wants you
to join his brokerage firm.
And Jack Pursoff
wants me to head up
one of his Pepsi
distributorships.

And you'd be
close to home.
Yeah, and I'd make a hell of a lot
more money than I would as a coach.
So what if I never made it
to a World Series.
Well, I think it's pretty obvious
what you ought to do.
Uh...
I'll tell Dorn I begged you
to come back.
Thanks, Skip.
Hey.
How you doing?
Hola, how you doing, man?
How you doing?
Alright. Alright.
Alright.
Hi, Flan.
How are you?
I hope you don't mind,
but I've set up a photo op
with an inner-city
youth group.
You mean a gang?
No problem,
I used to be in one.
Actually, I was in four or five.
No, darling.
These are first-time offenders
they're trying
to keep out of gangs.
All you have to do is
pose with one
of the juvenile hall kids
and the education director.
Do we really have
to do this now?
Are you kidding?
It doesn't hurt to show you have
a social conscience,
that you're giving something back
to the community.
You'll be fine.

Hi, Rick.
Nikki, how are you?
Fine.
This is Frankie.
He's one of my students.
He won room inspection five days
in a row to be in this picture.
You could eat prime rib
off my floor.
Way to go, Frankie.
Just a minute, Rick.
He has a problem with his flash.
Is that your new girlfriend?
Yeah. She's also my agent.
Major babe.
Does she like riding
on your Harley?
Is this thing gonna
happen orwhat?
Ready to go.
Don't tell me
you sold the Harley.
Flannery has
been great for me.
I'm not the bum
I used to be.
I kind of liked
the bum you used to be.
OK, that's it.
Thanks a lot.
Great.
Take care, Frankie.
So long, kids.
Bye! See you!
See you, Nikki.
Hey, uh, Rick?
I thought you might
want this back.
You left it
at my apartment.
I don't have much use
for it now, but thanks.
See you, Rick.
So long, Nikki.

Come on.
Alrighty, folks,
I'd have to say my next guest
is about the closest thing
baseball has to a rock star.
Please welcome,
from the Cleveland indians
Rick "The Wild Thing" Vaughn.
Now, let's get
right to it here.
This whole
"Wild Thing" label
that you've been
saddled with
this has led a lot
of people to believe
that, like, you're
borderline scary
like, you're a psycho-guy,
but you seem pretty straight.
Yeah.
So where does this
reputation come from?
From what I've read
you were mixed-up as a kid
with the cops- is that something
you want to talk about?
- No.
- Sure.
I saw this new Corvette.
Took it for a drive.
Just kind of boys-being-boys
kind of thing.
Through four states.
Four states?
That's a lot.
It ended
in a high-speed chase.
Up there around 140
orso.
When I got out of the car,
the cop had a real attitude.
Theywere gonna throw
the book at me

but my cousin dates a judge
in Colorado.
He's a transvestite.
The judge or your cousin?
The judge.
Oh! Um, let's take
a little break.
More with, uh, Rick,
right after this.
It's cool, it's overcast,
and it's foggy...
on opening day
here in Cleveland.
Hello again, everyone.
I'm Harry Doyle
along with my good friend
and partner Monte what's-his-name,
giving a big Wahoo welcome
to all the Cleveland faithful.
It's a brand-new season
and a new team spirit
as novice owner Roger Dorn
has made two very savvy
front-office moves-
acquiring free-agent
sluggerJack Parkman
and announcing
his own retirement,
eliminating a huge hole
at third base.
Hell, no. Not a great spring-
3 and 24.
Sowhat? They had a bad spring.
They did the same
thing lastyear.
The important thing is that Parkman
and Hayes are killing the ball.
Cerrano, he's lying
in the weeds.
Vaughn, he's off
to a slow start,
but look out.
They're going to erupt.
They're gonna bust loose.

They're gonna do it.
They're gonna bust loose.
They're a powder keg.
Juggernaut.
Getting close now,
as the Indians begin
their drive
for a world championship
against the hated
Chicago White Sox,
who swept the Tribe
right out of
the playoffs last year.
And listen to the roar
of the crowd
as the Indians
take the field.
Mow 'em down,
Wild Thing!
Did you ever have
that feeling
you were just born
for greatness?
Rick Vaughn
gets the starting call today.
We're told he matured
a lot over the winter.
Apparently,
he's bathing now.
Congratulations, Rick.
As you know, Monte, Vaughn's been
working on a couple of new pitches-
The Eliminator
and The Humiliator-
to complement his fastball,
The Terminator.
I heard that.
Dynamite drop-in,
Monte.
That broadcast school
has really paid off.
We're ready for the opening pitch.
Vaughn winds and fires.
It's a strike.

And we're underway.
Alright, Rickey!
Good job. Great pitch, man.
Great pitch.
Do it again!
Come on. Let's see it.
Guywas toast.
Yeah?
Vaugh winds
for the 0-2 pitch.
Called strike 3!
Called strike 6!
Called strike 9!
Inning over!
Yeah!
Alright!
Break out
the champagne!
It's in the bag.
The fat lady has
left the building!
So Vaughn sets down
the White Sox
in the top of the first.
Willie Mays Hayes
steps in.
Hayes had a great spring,
adding the long ball
to his speed.
Now batting... double 0-
Willie Mays Hayes.
Willie swinging
his shillelagh at the plate.
And Hayes
is calling his shot!
He's pointing toward
the left field bleachers.
Alright, Willie!
Right here, Willie!
What's he pointing at?
What? Does he know
someone up there?
Hayes ready
at the plate!

Alaino into his windup
and the pitch.
Here's a swing and a drive
to left and deep.
Way back... Belmonti racing
toward the wall.
This one has a chance.
It's going... going...
not quite gone.
Heh heh.
That had to be the wind.
It must've been the wind.
Top of the 3rd now.
Vaughn's been in trouble
a couple of times,
but has held
the White Sox
with his new assortment
of breaking stuff.
Humiliator lined to left,
a base hit.
Eliminator lined to right,
another base hit.
There's some real puss
lined to center.
Termini's
coming around third.
The throw
is cut off.
He'll score.
And it's 1-0,
White Sox.
What?
What?
They're hammering
this slow crap.
Think your arm
could stand the strain
of throwing this guy
a fastball?
Look, I'll throw it.
You just make sure you catch it.
I will if
it ever gets to me.

God knows what Vaughn's
going to throw next.
He's running out of names.
That'll bring up
Hank Shaw,
who led the Sox in home runs
and RBIs lastyear.
I don't know how this guy keeps
his mind on baseball,
what, with all
the paternity suits and all.
I think those are
parking tickets.
Yeah.
Vaughn has his
sign and comes set,
checks the runner
at second.
Here's the pitch
to Shaw.
Swung on and belted
into deep right field.
Back goes Cerrano.
He'll need a rocket up his ass
to catch this one.
That baby is out of here.
- Yeah!
- Yeah!
That looked like
The Terminator, only slower.
Maybe it was
his Out-Of-Stater,
or it could've been
The Hibernator.
That baby is definitely
going away for the winter.
Whatever for Vaughn,
it might be
see-you-later.
He's probably going
to become a... spectator.
Didn't have much
on that one.
4-0, Chicago.

Hayes at the plate.
And he's calling it again!
Come on, Willie!
This time for sure!
Aw, forget that!
Put the ball on the ground!
Alaino looking
in for the sign
and goes into
his windup.
Here's the swing
and a drive to deep left.
It could go this time!
Yes! Yes!
Belmonti back
to the wall again. Way back!
Come on!
Come to papa!
And it is...
Come to papa!
Caught!
You were lucky, Belmonti!
Of course, he could be pointing
at the left fielder.
Bottom of the 6th. Jack Parkman
stepping in with runners at the corners.
Parkman with two hits
already today.
Martinez leads away
from first,
Warren from third.
Parkman doing
his little shimmy.
It drives the women here
in Cleveland crazy.
Vargas, the little left-hander,
set at the belt.
Here's the pitch.
Parkman swings and drives
one to deep left center.
It looks like
he got it all!
It is good-bye,
Mr. Rawlings!

And the Indians
pull to within 1 at 4-3.
Way to go, Jack!
I bought him.
Welcome
to NewJack City!
I told you this guy
would make a difference.
- Jacksonville!
- Jack the Ripper!
- Jumpin' Jack Flash!
- Jack attack!
I used to hate Parkman
when he was with the A's.
It's amazing how a new uniform
can change your attitude about a guy.
He's still a Dick.
Last of the 9th.
2 outs and a tying run
at first,
and Pedro Cerrano
steps into the box.
Cerrano hitless today
and pretty much
all spring.
Martinez takes his lead
from first again.
Here's the pitch.
Cerrano swings, and it's a high fly ball
to center field.
And it hits a bird!
The ball drops
into right,
the bird
into short center.
Cerrano rounds first
and heads for...
center field?
Where are you going?
Cerrano kill
a living thing.
Forget the damn bird!
Run! Run!
He's alive. Ha ha!

Martinez around third,
heading for home,
and so is the bird.
Bye-bye, birdie.
I'm sorry,
but you're out, Mr. Gandhi.
Too late! Run doesn't score!
Ballgame's over!
What?
Cerrano, come on!
Well, the Indians
drop a tough one.
4-3, as Pedro Cerrano
doubles off a pigeon
and then is tagged out,
administering CPR
before the tying run
could score.
It's a funny game,
eh, Monte?
Well, at least
the bird survived.
Who cares?
It's a rat with wings.
Two months.
Two months?
What do you mean
two months?
You have enough money to run
the team for two months.
You paid too much
for the franchise.
There's another four
months in the season.
What am I supposed to do?
Increase your profits
any way you can.
Well, fans, Roger Dorn
has done a little redecorating
around the ballpark.
The outfield walls now
look like the Yellow Pages.
And any of you folks having trouble
finding a good proctologist

might want to come down here
and check out the area
around
the 375-foot sign.
As for the game,
we got a real nail-biter
here tonight.
It's a lot closer
than that 11-2 score.
Mr. Vaughn! I thought
you were starting tonight.
- I did.
- Oh. sorry.
I didn't turn it on
till the second inning.
I can't believe
you're so upset
about what
the valet said.
I'm upset
because Billy Ritter
hit a 3-run homer
off me.
He was due.
I mean, it's amazing.
The man has been in the majors
for seven years,
and he's never
hit a home run.
Never?
I thought you knew.
Oh.
May be you should throw fastballs
more often
till you're sure of
your other pitches.
I did that tonight.
I threw Ritter
an 87 mile-an-hour fastball,
and he crushed it.
Last year,
I averaged 96.
Now I reach back,
and it's just not there.

I can't believe it.
I've forgotten how to throw heat.
Look...
you'll make
a few adjustments.
In a week or two,
you'll be laughing
about this.
And don't worry
about the endorsements.
It's not your E.R.A.
they're going to be worried about.
It's your image
that's important-
wholesome...
clean-cut...
All-American.
While on
the croquet lawn,
one must be careful not
to offend one's opponent
with an onset
of unwanted odor.
Oh, bully!
That's why I use
Right Guard Sport Stick,
maximum protection
against odicious,
odorophously...
olflacty manations.
Cut! Let's just cut that.
Um, it's odiously...
odiferous...
olfactory emanations.
Right.
Odoroforous...
ofolactory...
emaranations.
Odorforous...
oflactonal...
nominations.
Odoroforous...
ofiloctagyl...
emancipations.

Whoa,
boom bapa boom
Whoa,
boom bapa boom
Whoa, boom
So Weaver doubles off
the Zippo Bail Bond sign.
And that's another team record
for RickVaughn,
the fifth consecutive
extra base hit in the inning.
And he's out by an eyelash
at third.
Cerrano doing some interesting
limbering-up exercises in right.
What a pansy.
Here's a fly ball
hit to right.
Easy play for Cerrano,
under it now, and makes the-
No! That ball is off his glove
and outta here!
Well, credit Cerrano
with an RBI.
And that play could
be a finalist
in the Trojan Ends
"Boner of the Week" award.
Take 87.
And action!
Right Guard
Sport Stick.
Anything less...
would be uncivilized.
Upside down.
Upside down.
Thank you. Cut!
Hey, Rick! Is it true
you're moving to the bull pen?
Of course not.
Where do you guys
get this stuff?
Hey, Wild Thing!
Don't worry.

You're still the best.
You stunk at the beginning
of last year, too.
Thanks, Frankie.
We don't believe what they say
about you in the papers-
You know, that you're a fluke
and all that stuff.
And that you lost
your fastball.
And that you got
no heart.
You guys want an autograph
or something?
Yeah, that'd be great.
Hey, Nikki!
You got something
Vaughn can sign?
Hi, Rick.
Hi.
Listen, I was
real sorry to hear
they took you
out of the rotation.
It's only temporary.
You're in a slump.
You'll bounce back.
Yeah.
Well, we better get back.
Hey... Nikki!
I'm sorry I didn't call you
after last season.
It's for the best.
We've both moved on
to better things.
You seeing anybody?
Yeah, yeah.
This'll crack you up.
He's from Chicago.
Big White Sox fan.
Boy, does he hate you.
Good luck, Rick.
Thanks.
What a great woman.

She's a White Sox fan!
Such a nice personality.
I bet he loves
the idea of me
sitting out here
in the bullpen.
Really sexy, too.
I've met the woman,
Rube,
I don't need
a description, alright?
A White Sox fan.
Women...
you can't live without them,
and they can't pee standing up.
Well, fans, the Indians
about to extend
theirwinning streak to...
two!
This is it!
Vaughn's
coming out of it.
I know he's
coming out of it.
This demotion
to the bull pen
has got to have been
a wake-up call.
Ring Ring!
Rise and shine, Ricky!
This is the day
we turn it around.
Flip it over.
We're in
the top of the 9th.
Leading 10-7.
Bases loaded. 2 down.
RickVaughn has come on
to try and nail it down
against Felipe Aguilar,
a dangerous
right-handed batter.
Here's the pitch!
Oh, shit!

- Alright! - Hot
dog! - No, no!
If that's not Shaquille O'Neal
in left,
that baby's outta here.
Oh, no!
You rotten mugs!
You overpaid weenies!
Wild Thing,
you make my butt sting!
I detest you!
You're all garbage!
All of you!
Back up the truck!
Back it up!
Jack, being new to the club,
how do you feel about the way
things have gone
for the Indians
so far?
I'm the onlywinner
on the team.
The rest of them
are losers,
either by choice
or by birth.
You think you can help me
with my fastball, doc?
We'll have to deal
with some deeper issues first.
I don't have
any deeper issues.
I like to keep things
right on the surface.
Well, sometimes,
there are little surprises.
Tell me, Rick, what goes
through your mind
when you throw
your fastball?
I wonder if it's
going to end up
in some guy's den.
Did you used

to think this way?
I didn't used to think at all.
Takes a lot out of you.
Well, then, Rick.
Let's get down to it.
The real problem here goes back
to when you stole that car.
You wanted to be caught,
didn't you? Punished.
Otherwise,
you wouldn't have thrown
the 0-2 fastball to fields
when everybody knows
he'll chase the two-strike
curveball in the dirt.
I'd already thrown him
two curveballs
the second one he hit
436 feet foul.
Better than 520 feet fair.
Parkman.
I saw your
little interview
in this morning's paper.
You're benched
for two games.
If you ever rip
any of your teammates-
Save your breath.
What did you say?
You ought to listen
to the radio more, Lou.
Your biggest gun just got traded
to Chicago,
as a matter of fact,
your only gun.
Au revoir.
How could you sell
my best player without asking me?
I'm on my ass.
I'm tapped out.
I'm not going to be able
to make next month's payroll.
Aw... jeez.

But I didn't sell
Parkman outright.
I got you
an outfielder.
He used to play
with the Giants.
Franklin?
Not those Giants.
And, so,
Hiroshi "Kamikaze" Tanaka,
recently
of the Tokyo Giants,
knocks himself cold
for the second time this week.
Maybe in Japan, that's actually better
than catching the ball.
Personally, I think he's trying
to get out of the lineup.
Om.
Pedro Cerrano.
How you doing?
Who your master?
My master?
It's the great
Hama Masasuri.
Thank you.
A ball player
must be a warrior...
not a monk!
Hyah!
Alright, you guys.
Let's listen up.
We won a game yesterday.
If we win one today,
that's two in a row.
If we win one tomorrow,
that's called
a winning streak.
It has happened before.
So let's see some hustle!
Let's jack it up
a little.
I got a feeling things
are about to turn around for us.

Oh, my God.
Hello, boys.
You don't mind
if come in
and visit with you
for a moment, do you?
This clubhouse is off limits
to everyone
but Indian personnel.
That does include
the owner, doesn't it?
What?
I just bought the team back
this morning
at a substantial prof it.
I retained Roger here
as the general manager.
But the money really
means little to me.
I have more than enough.
This...
is more personal.
Lastyear,
by some impossible fluke...
you ruined
a beautiful dream.
Now, you're going
down in flames,
and I want to be there
when you go splat.
Keep up
the good work, gents.
Miss Phelps...
Oh.
You...
Come on, you're not going
to let her get you down, are you?
You guys won last year
just to spite her.
Maybe she's
just what we need.
Aw, Skip, theywere
a different team last year.
Taylor!

It's not your job
to make excuses.
That's all you guys
do good!
It's either a leg thing...
or a spiritual thing...
or a psychological thing!
Or a heart attack!
Who used heart attack?
Me.
Hey!
Doctors say I got
to take some time off,
so I want you to manage the team
for the rest of the year.
You got to be kidding, Lou.
I don't have any experience
managing.
Ah, you're one of the smartest players
I ever coached.
Guys all look up to you.
Tell Dorn
you'll take the job.
Look on
the bright side-
things couldn't get
anyworse.
Hey, guys.
I got some good news
for you.
This morning

at 9:

I activated myself.
What you doin'? Schoup.
Hey.
What is this?
Que es eso?
Buddha, samurai, OK.
Peaceful inside.
Outside, warrior.
I love you, man.
I love you too much.
You know,

you have no...
you have no...
marbles!
Marbles?
Marbles! You have no marbles!
Hey, relax.
Marbles?
Marbles!
Hello, Tribe fans.
Welcome back
to major league baseball...
sort of.
Paid attendance today is...
1,412.
Some of them
were driven away
by that little 10-run 1st inning
the Red Sox put up.
Take over, Monte.
I'm in the bag.
Me?
Fly ball...
caught.
I can't believe we gotta play
a doubleheader.
Let's get going.
Come on, let's get something started.
It's okay, Pedro.
The guy made a great play.
Tough luck, man.
Come on. Look alive.
Uh-uh-uh, Vaughn,
shouldn't you get
to the bull pen?
Right now?
Yeah.
There's still somebody
in the bleachers.
Who cares?
Go on. Get out there.

Fan:

I think I loathe you!
You didn't think I'd abandon you,

did you, Vaughn?
You human piece
of cow flop!
You big steaming pile
of mastodon dung!
Bring out
the pooper-scooper!
You bush-league,
no-talent,
flash-in-the-pan
choke artist!
Huh?
Hey, where you going, Vaughn?
Huh? You looking
for your Terminator?
Yeah, you go back
in there, Vaughn.
Hey, didn't I say
go to the bull pen?
We're down by 10 runs.
You can still
get some work in.
I've had enough
of that maniac out there.
Ow!
Time!
Ball hit him!
First base!
Hayes,
go run for Rube.
My leg's hurtin'.
I'll run.
Rube's hurting worse than you.
Now get in there.
Gutless wonder
doesn't have to pitch.
Why should I have to run?
Who you calling a gutless wonder,
tin man?
I got a genuine
leg injury here, pal.
That limp's the best acting
you've done all year.
At least I don't have

some cover girl
dragging me around
by myjohnson.
What are you guys doing?
This isn't nice.
Don't touch me. Don't-
I'll show you a fight.
Come on!
I'll take on
the whole team!
You don't know
how to fight!
You wusses!
Wake up, Harry.
Look.
My God...
Good news, fans.
The Indians are showing
signs of life
for the first time
in weeks.
In fact,
they appear to be
beating the crap
out of each other.
It looks like
Willie Hayes
is trying to hit
RickVaughn.
And why not? Everybody else
in the league does.
He swings and misses.
It looks like Vaughn's
carrying his left a little low.
This could hurt him
in the later rounds.
So, what do we do?
Toss 'em, I guess.
The whole team?
Yeah.
Alright,
you're outta here!
All of ya!
Well, it's not broken,

But you'll have to stay off it
for a couple days.
Lucky son of a gun.
At least you ain't
got to hang around
to play the second game,
right?
Hey, Willie.
Willie!
I can't believe
you said that.
Shit!
I talked
to a downtown boy
in the bleachers
the other day.
He said the most grass
he's seen in his whole life
is the patch we play on
every day.
We're in the goldarn
major leagues, boys.
I don't know about you, but I've waited
mywhole life to get here.
And I'll be damned
if I'm going to act
like my best pig died
just because we ain't doin' so good.
I love to play baseball,
and I'll bet somewhere along
the liney'all did, too.
I'm ready to play ball
if you need me.
My dad figured I wouldn't
amount to much
except... well, I never
came up with anything,
but I can play ball
a little,
and playing ball
is better
than what most people
do for a living.
Just put me in someplace.

Bottom of the 9th,
Cleveland down 1-0.
Nowbatting... number 11,
Rube Baker.
Baker at the plate.
He's 0 for...
I don't know.
Who cares?
The pitch...
Baker swings and sends
a real screamer toward short.
Rapp up with it,
fires to first,
and Baker beats it
with a head-first slide.
So the Indians
have a runner.
I think
I'll wet my pants.
Way to hustle,
Rube!
Let me run for him.
You sure?
And Taylor is going
to send in Hayes to run.
Thanks. Thanks, dude.
Went to see his movie,
but it was only out two hours.
I was told, however,
that it was in focus.
Hayes getting his lead.
Canatella checks him...
and Hayes is going.
Here's the throw.
He slides...
He's safe!
Yes!
Hayes steals second.
Glad to see he remembered
where it was.
Hayes out to a good lead
at second.
Canatella comes set.
Pick-off play-

Hayes takes off!
He's going for third!
He's in there!
Hayes is beginning to look
like the player of old,
and the Indians have
something going here.
Canatella up
on the rubber again
as Hayes gets
a walking lead.
Canatella winds...
Hayes is going
to steal home!
He's safe!
So Hayes has stolen three in a row
to tie the game.
Mr. Larceny is back.
Nnn...
Jake,
Cerrano
wants to bat.
OK.
Get in there.
Go, Pedro!
Hey, Willie.
Nowbatting... number 13,
Pedro Cerrano.
Cerrano's going
to pinch-hit here,
and he's not taking
any practice swings.
He's either ready to hit,
or he's afraid he might
kill some gnats.
Hey, Pedro,
how you doing?
Shut up.
Canatella delivers.
Cerrano swings,
and it's a long drive
to deep left field,
way back.
Packer to the wall...

This ball is...
Gone!
And the Indians
finally win one!
Oh, well.
It's only one win.
Even they
can't lose them all.
Listen, Meg,
I'm thinking of coming to L.A.
I don't know if Rick and I
are good for each other right now.
The team's
showing some life,
but his E.R.A's over 6,
and he can't get it
back on track.
It's depressing.
Serious with Vaughn?
He's a lot of fun,
but I need someone
with a little more class.
My shrink was sick.
Meg, I'll call you back.
Hey.
You know, Ricky,
breaking up
with a girlfriend
can be a very
painful thing,
but it don't have to
keep you down for long.
Let me tell you something
from my own personal experience.
I- I never had a regular
girlfriend like you,
but I did get kicked
in the balls once by a mule.
Now, I thought I'd be hurting
for the rest of my life.
But you know what happened
the very next week?
What?
My mama died.

Hell, after that, I didn't care
no more about my balls hurtin'.
You see what
I'm getting at?
Alright.
Who led the Confederate forces
in the battle
of Gettysburg?
Wild Thing!
Can I talk to you
for a second?
Excuse me.
What are you doing here?
I was wondering if you wanted
to get a pizza.
I don't know.
Um, this is my last class.
But... now?
I don't know, Nikki.
Nothing I try
seems to work anymore.
Maybe you're working too hard
on yourself.
You used to go out
and just let it rip.
Here. Try and hit this.
You never used to worry
about your arm or your career.
You didn't even know
what a career was.
Now you're pitching
like it's a job.
I'm not sure
I can get back.
It seems like
so long ago.
The worst was when you brought
the kids out.
Aguilar lit me up
like a Christmas tree.
Don't worry about that.
That ball wouldn't have been out
of a lot of parks.
Name one.

Yellowstone?
Sorry.
Yellowstone.
Hey...
I know a guy
who's got a bike.
Whoo!
Aah!
Yeah!
I haven't been up here
in a long time.
I hope not.
This was our spot.
Buddha...
Jobu.
Jobu, Buddha.
I don't want no trouble
out of you two.
He's out!
He's out!
Nice catch!
Atta boy!
As general manager
of this team,
I demand to know
when I'm getting a start.
There's an old-timers' game
coming up soon.
Rackin' them up, baby!
- He's out!
- Yeah!
Yeah!
Mine! Mine!
Run it out!
I got it!
Second base!
Safe!
- Ohh...
- Ohh...
- Ohh...
- Ohh...
- Yay!
- Yay!
This can't be happening.

Not again.

Out!

He's out!

Pedro! Yes!

Ha ha!

Yippee.

Hi.

Hi.

I forgot

to give you this.

I don't expect you

to forgive me.

I was being silly,

trying to get a laugh out of a friend.

I understand why you reacted

the way you did.

I hope you don't think

I'm trying to get you back.

Then what is this about?

General Cereals is throwing

a big party tonight

at the Marriott Society Center.

They want you to come.

Really.

Mm-hmm.

So?

Can you make it?

Probably not.

I didn't think so.

After what I did

to you that day.

I messed up

a great thing.

Bye, Rick.

Tribe fans,

we're one out away

from our second consecutive

divisional title.

RickVaughn has gone

3 and 2 to Mel Koski.

Here's the pitch.

Ball 4,

and he walked him.

That'll bring up the tying run for

the Toronto BlueJays.
A little excitement
at the end-
I know I wouldn't have it
any otherway.
I'm sure you folks
feel the same.
Ha ha ha...
Oh, yes.
Time for the old Tribe
to come unglued.
Vile thing
Mr. Choke Thing
You make everything...
Embarrassing
You want to finish,
or should I bring in Dalton?
Hey, Vile Thing!
You were lucky last time!
Cerrano saved
your sorry butt!
No.
My arm's tired.
So Vaughn leaves,
and Taylorwill go to the bull pen.
I knew you'd wimp out,
Mild Thing!
You got no heart...
and forget genitalia!
You're a gelding, Vaughn!
They had you fixed!
Dalton's done
with his warm-ups,
and Pierce steps in.
Here's Dalton's
first offering,
and Pierce hits it a ton.
Oh, no!
Ha!
Damn!
Yeah!
Somebody caught it!
The Indians
win the division!

So what?
They'll blow it
in the playoffs.
Theywill. Theywill.
They'll blow it
in the playoffs.
Yaa!
Hey, I put in
a lot of time on this.
Hey, it's Vaughn!
Hey, what's up?
Good to see everybody.
How areya?
Whoa. Easy on the fives.
Got to protect
the pitching hand.
Well, it looks like
we're back in the playoffs.
I know what loyal
fans you are,
so I brought you
a box of balls.
I've signed each one,
but if you give them to Nikki,
I'll see everybody signs them.
Well, I got to run.
Nikki and I have a function
at the Marriott.
I'll see you at the ballpark.
Enjoy those.
What a puke-head.
He didn't even
have no cake.
Hey, Rick...
why don't you go
without me?
What? Come on.
These kids idolize you
because they're where
you used to be.
You're a hero to them.
It'd make their year if you hung out
for a while.
Unfortunately, you think some party's

more important.

I- I guess I can go back in
for a couple of minutes.

Don't insult
their intelligence.

They don't
want to hang out
with some jerk
I had to drag back in there.

Just leave.

Nikki-

Go.

OK.

Fine.

Hey, Rick?

This party-
did she invite you?

Yeah.

It's just
a business thing.

Goodbye, Rick.

It's a shame you have
to go in now.

It's a routine
bypass.

I tried to
put it off.

At least you can
watch the games.

Wrong.

Doctor said he'd put the TV
on Public Broadcasting
and lose
the channel changer.

He thinks baseball's
bad for my health.

I came up
with plan "B."

Got me a little transistor radio
with an earplug.

Bottom of the 9th,
game one, American League
Championship Series.

Hayes leads

away from third.
Bucek with the sign
and now into the windup.
Hayes is coming!
Baker with
a suicide squeeze.
Bucek up with the ball.
Hayes doesn't touch
the plate!
Hayes finally scores!
Yeah!
Oh, my God!
Yeah! Whoo!
You ready?
Yeah.
You sure?
Yeah. Feel good.
OK, go get 'em.
Do you have
any queens?
Go fish.
You going to say
anything to them?
No. They look
nice and relaxed,
right where
they should be.
Yoo-hoo!
Hello, team.
I know.
You all hate me.
- Uh-huh.
- Uh-huh.
Given what's happened
in the past,
I can't say I blame you,
but I wanted to say
one thing
before you take the field.
Believe it or not,
I'm proud
of every one of you.
Willie...
the all-out effort

you've given recently
has been an inspiration
to us all
and proves that you've put
that 1-for-18 performance
in last year's A.L.C.S.
far behind you.
And Pedro...
Ha ha.
Bashing the ball
like the Cerrano of old.
No way you won't improve
on the .138 you're hitting
against Chicago with runners
in scoring position.
And Vaughn...
Oh, you've had
a really tough year.
Even though your fast ball
isn't what it used to be,
there's no one the fans in Cleveland
would rather have
pitching
the most important game
in Indians history
than you.
The champagne is ready.
It's all in your hands.
Win tonight, and the loser label
is gone forever.
Go out there
and win it for Cleveland,
win it for your selves,
and win it for me.
That ought to shrink
their little sphincters.
Bottom of the 9th
here in the Windy City.
The Tribe clinging
to a 6-4 lead,
one out away from winning
the American League Championship Series.
Vaughn, trying
to close it out,

has taken Jack Parkman
to a full count
with two men on.
Baker with a sign.
Vaughn shakes him off.
He's afraid
of his fastball.
- He's screwed.
- We're screwed, Vaughn.
Vaughn's got the one
he wants now.
Pitch it!
And here's the pitch.
Parkman swings
and pulverizes one
to deep center field.
This ball has bye-bye
written all over it,
and the White Sox
win, 7-6.
Alright, Big Jack!
Strike!
Home!
Safe!
Strike 3!
Sayonara.
Don't let it get you down.
It was just one throw.
I know,
but it got me thinking.
Even Playboy's
not working anymore.
Don't worry.
We'll come up
with something.
Now, why don't you
grab yourself a shower?
Ahh.
Hey, Skip.
You got a minute?
Sure. Come on in.
What's up?
You know, Rick,
I may have to use you tomorrow

in the late innings.
Pitching staff's
pretty overworked.
Yeah. So?
I'll be ready.
Ready, huh?
Ready to run and hide
if the game's on the line?
I don't get it, Jake.
What's your problem?
You're the problem.
You used to be
this team's toughest guy.
Now you're trying
to prop yourself up
with the right woman
or shrink.
You want to be
a major league pitcher?
You have to find
something in yourself
that's yours
and nobody else's.
You had that once, Rick.
If were you,
I'd spend the rest of the night
trying to find it.
Without it, you're no good
to me or the team.
What an asshole.
What an amazing asshole.
I thought
he was my friend.
Why is everybody
so threatened
by me improving myself?
What an asshole.
Hey, you're looking good, Lou.
Forget about me.
I'm fine.
You gotta
talk to the team, Jake.
Give 'em hell. Let 'em know they're
too good to roll over and play dead.

Will do, Skip. And, hey,
we'll win this one for you.
Hey, Taylor!
Promise me one thing.
- Sure. What?
- When you talk to the team
don't give 'em
one of them corny
"Let's win one for Lou"
speeches.
I couldn't stand that.
Yeah. Promise.
Give 'em hell tonight,
Schoupie.
Look alive there, Pedro.
Rube, give this catalog a try.
I think you'll
like the writing.
Thanks.
"Frederick's
of Hollywood?"
Alright, everybody,
listen up.
I didn't want to have
to tell you this, but...
Lou's goin' under
the knife tomorrow.
Yeah.
He's not doin' so good.
Doctor told me
he might not make it at all.
As a matter of fact,
there's a good chance
that this game tonight might be
his last experience on this earth.
He had a hard time talking.
But he did say this...
win this one for me.
I might as well have
a little taste o fheaven now
just in case
I'm not headed there.
Hell! When a man's
lights are about to go out

the fat lady can't sing
if it's not over!
Come on!
Let's go.
You okay, Pedro?
That was beautiful, man.
It made me realize that there are
more important things than baseball.
I love you, man.
Oh, no.
How you doing, everybody?
Harry Doyle here welcoming all you
fanatic featherheads
to the American League
Championship Series,
where, tonight, the comeback kids
of the Cuyahoga
will begin their quest
to earn a World Series berth
for the first time
since 1954.
Out to spoil the fun are those
Pale Hosers from the Windy City,
who squeaked by the Tribe
a year ago in the playoffs
and lucked out again
in the World Series.
What else can you say
about these White Sox except...
at least
they're not from Canada.
After tonight, we'll be going to
the World Series.
Yeah, in Chicago.
Schoup ready
for the opening pitch now.
Winds and fires to Termini.
He swung and missed,
and we're underway.
Oh, no.
Baker threw the ball
to third.
I guess he felt Wilcox
didn't get enough infield practice.

Anyway...

Schoup ready again.

Winds and comes to Termini.

High, and the count

is even at 1 and 1.

Son, you throw that ball

down there again, with nobody on,

you're going to make me

very unhappy.

"The tulip lace bra

has ruffled underwired cups,

creating a curvier you,

for evening's bare neckline. "

Whoo!

Yeah!

So Baker finally gets one

back to the pitcher.

"Matching crocheted panties

are also available. "

Bottom of the 1st,

2 down, Dowling in scoring

position at second.

Bucek comes set,

fires to Cerrano.

Swung on and popped up,

and that'll do it.

Bottom of the 3rd,

still nothing-nothing.

Tanaka at the plate

as Baker leads away from second.

Bucek into the stretch,

delivers.

Tanaka swings

and lines a base hit

to left field.

Baker around third.

They're waving him home.

Get down!

Baker dives!

Oh, shoot.

He scores!

And the Indians lead

1to nothing.

Oh, shut up!

It's only one run.
Top of the 4th.
Parkman leads
away from first,
Beck from second.
Schoup comes to the stretch.
Delivers to Shaw.
There's a swing and a drive
to deep right field.
It's off the fence.
Cerrano up with it.
Beck scores.
Here comes Parkman
around third.
The relay from Miller.
They've got Parkman nailed.
The ball comes loose,
and the White Sox
take the lead, 2-1.
Welcome to
the big leagues, hayseed.
Don't stand on the tracks
when the train's coming through.
Bottom of the 4th.
Cerrano swings
and strikes out again.
That's a good pitch.
Top of the 5th,
Sox threatening again here.
Bases loaded,
2 outs, 3 and 2 on Dawson.
Schoup has to throw a strike.
The runners will be moving
on the pitch.
Here it is.
And Dawson drives one to deep center.
This is trouble.
Way back toward the wall.
Hayes racing.
Still going.
He's got it!
Not this time!
And the Indians
dodge a 3-run bullet.

What a catch by Hayes.
2 down, bottom of the 5th,
2 and 1 on Hayes,
trying to pick up
Miller from third.
Hey, Black Hammer,
read some of your reviews.
One guy said Willie Mays Hayes
couldn't play dead.
Bucek, the big Chicago
left-hander,
winds, fires...
High. Ball 3 to Hayes.
He also said
the stunts were a joke.
You do your own stunts,
or were you afraid
of getting hurt?
If get
the chance to score,
we'll see who's afraid.
I don't intend to slide.
You don't?
You better, little man.
Just 'cause your movie bombed
doesn't mean you have
to commit suicide.
Hayes waits for
the 3-0 delivery.
Low. Ball 4.
I'll be home soon,
honey.
I'll be waiting,
sweetheart.
So Bucek walks Hayes,
putting runners at the corners
as Baker comes
to the plate
with the Indians
still trailing 2-1.
Some little sheep back home probably
misses ya, huh, Rube?
The runners
take their leads.

Bucek checks,
comes to the plate,
Baker swings
and lines a drive
to the left field corner.
It's off the wall.
Belmonti up with it.
Miller scores.
Hayes flying around third.
Here comes the throw.
Come on! Aah!
Sucker!
Hayes scores!
And the Indians
lead 3-2.
I told you
I wasn't gonna slide.
You got a long way
to go, Peckerhead.
That's Mr. Peckerhead
to you, pal. Ah!
Yeah, baby.
Aha! Now we're starting
to roll, boys!
Are you alright?
Oh, yeah.
I love this British stuff.
General Spenser-Ewell was a patient
of your Uncle Richard's.
Arthur and I dined...
Top of the 7th,
3-2 Indians.
The White Sox have runners
at the corners.
Schoup is 2 and 1
to Parkman.
Parkman doing
his little shimmy.
It makes the women
here in Cleveland puke.
One more, Schoup!
Schoup delivers...
Parkman swings
and hammers a long drive

to deep left center field.
Back goes Hayes.
It's gone.
Damn.
Yes! Yes!
Parkman, you stud!
Parkman puts the Sox
back on top, 5-3.
You scumbag bum!
Sit down!
See? I told ya.
Bring out the tarp.
Cover the field.
I can't watch this anymore.
It's over.
Turn the lights out.
Bring in the bulldozers.
Turn this place
into a parking lot.
That his
elderlymother...
This is tragic stuff.
Bottom of the 8th, 2 down,
Campbell at first.
The Indians trailing by 2,
down to their last
four outs.
Taylor's got to get
something done here,
or he'll have the bottom
of the order in the 9th.
Dorn.
Yeah?
Didn't this guy used
to pitch you inside?
Yeah.
Get a bat
and step into one.
What?
Let him hit you
with the ball.
Are you crazy?
It's the only way
you'll get to play.

Roger, take one for the team.
It's not my bat.
Get in there.
- Let's go, Roger.
- Atta boy.
And Taylor is sending up...
Roger Dorn?
Dorn is 0 for the century
against this guy,
but has several
foul tips.
So Dorn inches in
and gets ready to face Bucek.
Here's the pitch.
Oh, God!
Oh! And Dorn is hit
right in the back.
And the Indians
catch a break.
They'll have runners
at first and second
with Dorn representing
the tying run.
Pinch runner.
No!
You alright?
God, that hurts.
Markley, get in there
and run for Dorn.
Uh-uh.
Dorn!
So Dorn gets his first
hit of the season,
although it doesn't look
like he's ready to leave.
Dorn!
Taylor may have to
call the cops out.
Dorn!
Ohh.
Nice game.
Well, Dorn finally leaves
after putting on
a very impressive

exhibition of stretching.
And that brings up
the potential go-ahead run
in the person
of Pedro Cerrano.
Pedro's left a small village
on the base paths tonight.
Parkman, my friend,
how you doing?
Look at the scoreboard, buddha.
I'm doing fine.
Pedro! Pedro!
Bucek's set at the belt.
Delivers...
swung on and missed.
Ooh.
And Cerrano
is down a strike.
This guy is not
messing around.
He's going
right after Pedro.
From the stretch.
He's ready.
Fires...
Strike.
That had some quickness.
So, two straight heaters,
and Cerrano is down
to his last strike.
Ohh...
Oh, you guys.
Cerrano back in the box.
That last pitch, man...
that was beautiful.
Bucek has his sign
and comes set,
here's the pitch
to Cerrano.
He swings and drives
one into deep left center.
Way back! Going...
going...
gone!

To the upper deck!
Yes!
Not as beautiful as that, though.
Heh heh heh.
Way to go, Pedro!
Big knock, baby.
Big knock!
And the Indians lead 6-5!
Look at that
scoreboard now...
grasshopper.
Oh, my God.
What a shot!
Three more outs,
we go to the series.
So what?
They'll blow it in the 9th.
Hey! Ow!
We're in the 9th.
2 down, 2 and 1 to Termini.
Once again the Indians
one out away
from the American League Championship.
Here's the pitch.
Ball 3.
And Schoup is now
only one pitch away
from putting
the go-ahead run on.
You gotta love
this kind of excitement,
don't you, Monte?
You took the words
right out of my mouth.
Here's the pitch...
Ball 4!
And the Sox have two aboard
with Beck coming up,
who already has a 2-run
double tonight.
Come on.
- Time.
- Time!
You ain't got

nobody left, Taylor!
You're old
Mother Hubbard...
and only Vaughn's
in the cupboard!
Good job.
Thanks.
Outstanding game,
Schoupie.
You fought them
all the way.
Can't believe I walked
that Punch-and-Judy hitter.
We'll get them for you.
Give me Vaughn.
You mean Rick Vaughn?
Yeah.
He's pitching to Beck,
not Parkman.
He wants the righty!
The Vile Thing!
The Grab-Your-Throat
And-Choke Thing!
Stuffit, lard-mouth.
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God.
It's him.
Crank it, Jerry.
Oh, no.
Not that damn song again!
The bad seed is back!
It's Wild Thing!
Aah!
Wild Thing
You make
my heart sing
You make everything
Groovy
Come on, wild thing
Hey, hey!
Yeah!
Nice look.
Welcome back, Vaughn.

Good to be back.
OK. Now, Beck likes them
on the outer half,
so jam him.
I want Parkman.
Parkman's not up.
Beck's the hitter.
I'll walk him.
And load the bases
for Parkman?
I want Parkman.
Wild thing
You make
my heart sing
Alright.
Go get him, Rick.
You make everything
Groovy...
Hey, when the tough
get going,
the going get tough.
OK, Ricky, baby!
Time for
some serious cheese!
The Roquefort Rocket!
The Brie Bullet!
The Parmesan Pellet!
So, in a surprise move,
Vaughn is on to pitch here.
Ball 1!
They're going to walk Beck
to get to Parkman.
Obviously,
Taylor's thinking-
I don't know what the hell
he's thinking.
New haircut...
same dead arm.
And there's ball 4,
and Beck trots to first.
So they're loaded
for Jack Parkman
who's hitting just over
.900 against Vaughn.

Parkman homered
the last time he faced him.
Nowbatting,
number 15,
Jack Parkman.
You wanted him,
you got him.
OK, Rick.
Let's get nasty.
Vaughn looking
for the sign...
and he's got it.
Swung on and missed!
Strike 1!
He had something
on that baby!
Whoo.
Boy's pumped up.
Looks like
I'll have to get serious.
Vaughn back
on the slab.
Baker gives him
the sign.
Vaughn ready,
and here it comes.
Swung on and foul
to the screen.
Parkman wasn't fooled
on that one.
Oh, he just missed it.
I got your timing now.
But I'll bet you don't have
enough hair on your ass
to throw me another one.
Here it comes, Parkman.
Old number one,
The Terminator.
You get a piece of it,
you can rename it.
Blow this chump away.
Staywith the smoke.
Just go after him.
Mr. Parkman,

you're a great ball player,
and I'd just like to say
you're standing
on the tracks,
and the train's
coming through, butthead.
Bring it here, Ricky!
So Vaughn is 0-2
to Parkman.
Swung on and missed!
Yeah!
And the Indians win it!
It's all over!
The Indians win it!
Whoo!
I gotta get
out of this business!
Oh!
That-a-boy, Rick!
I knew you could do it!
Mr. Brown, calm down!
I love this shit!
I may move to England!
I told you we'd win!
I told you in spring training
we'd win!
Yay!
Indians!
- Oh!
- Oh!
- Yeah!
- Yeah!
We're going
to the World Series now!
We're going
to the World Series!
Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!
Yeah!
Whoo! Whoo!
Yeah!
Unh!
There is no God.
Yeah!
We did it!

Hey, what's up?
Hey, baby.
Yeah!
Alright!
Thank you.
You were so wonderful
out there, Rick.
The General Cereals
reps are here.
Great game, Rick.
We'd like to offer you-
I'm sorry, fellas.
You got the wrong guy.
I'm sure you make
a great cereal,
but I like my hair
the way it is.
I don't eat breakfast
anyway.
Rick, what are you saying?
You're a great gal,
Flannery,
much too good for me.
Take a hike.
Nikki, hold it.
Nikki, I know I was a jerk
the other night,
but I want to
make it up to you.
Don't let him sweet-talk you,
Miss R.
I got World Series tickets
for the kids,
dugout boxes.
Take him back.
I forgive him.
Thank you.
These guys will really be happy
with the tickets.
Congratulations.
Wait. Nikki.
I want you to come out with me
and celebrate.
For an hour,

a year.
Whatever.
Just come out with me.
Alright.
What do you say
we start with an hour?
Well
The house is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'
Now the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'
If the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother,
come on in
Kick off your shoes
Start losin' the blues
This old house
Ain't got
nothin' to lose
See, we'll all be here
Stop spreadin'
the blues
We got a-room
on the floor
Come on, baby,
shed some blues
Yeah, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'
Well, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'
Well, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother,
come on in
Well the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'
Now, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'

Now, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother,
come on in
Walkin' up the streets
you can hear the sounds
They're some bad
honky-tonkers
And they're layin'
it down
See, we'll all be here
we got nothin' to lose
So get out on the floor
Shimmy till you
shake somethin' loose
Yeah, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'
Well, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother knockin'
Yeah, the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother,
come on in
I said the house
is a-rockin'
Don't bother,
come on in
Whoa, boom bapa boom
Whoa, boom
Bapa boom
At a glance,
I looked at you
A- just as fast,
I felt brand-new
Whoa, you
A- look at you
If I made
a pass at you
A- would you say
that we were through
Whoa, you
A- look at you

Oh, treat yourself right
Come with me
Say I do
Singing whoa,
boom bapa boom
Whoa,
boom bapa boom
Whoa, boom
Bapa boom
Singing whoa,
boom bapa boom
- Whoa, boom bapa boom
- Whoa, boom bapa boom
- Whoa, boom bapa boom
- Whoa, boom
Whoa, boom
Bapa boom
- Singing
- Whoa, boom bapa boom
- Whoa, boom bapa boom
- Whoa, boom bapa boom
- Whoa, boom bapa boom
- Whoa boom
Whoa, boom
Bapa boom