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Bad News Bears

By Bill Lancaster

Nice. Sorry, good catch.
Boys, lunch is ready.
Here we go.
Ain't no doubt about it, lady,
you got a shitload of rats down there.

Damn, is it 3:

I gotta get out of here.
But wait,
what about my basement?
Well, just call and make a follow-up
appointment. It's no problem.
But...
Bring it in, here you go.
Got one of those for me?
Nice try, you little creep.
Mr. Buttermaker.
Mr. Buttermaker. You're late.
I got held up, sorry about that.
Jesus! Are you drinking?
Hell, no. That's nonalcoholic.
I'm driving, you know.
I'm so sorry.
You hear that, Toby?
Drinking and driving don't mix.
That's right.
Stay away from crack too.
One hit of that,
and you'll wake up in prison
married to some guy
named Big Blue,
and he's branding his initials in
your ass with a hot coat hanger.
I knew a guy.
Yes, crack is bad too.
Yeah, I know.
But we are really excited
to have you do this,
and Toby is really excited to play,
aren't you, honey?
Between his trumpet lessons,
photo club, Boy Scouts and swimming,
this is his favorite, isn't it, honey?
Can you believe they tried to

keep these kids out of the league?
All kids should be able to play baseball,
no matter what their skills.
Well, I think they heard me
loud and clear.
All that aside,
forget I filed the injunction.
Just go out there and have fun.
Don't let the legalese crimp
your enthusiasm in any way.
Yeah, I got enthusiasm
flying out my ass.
Got the check?
It's a shame none of the fathers
could be here.
Is that thing glued to your fingers?
I almost forgot.
I think it's really important,
what we're doing for the kids.
I feel really good about it, don't you?
Yeah.
Toby, have fun.
- Mr. Buttermaker?
- Yeah.
Is it true you were on the Mariners?
Long ago and far away.
Here, carry that.
Where do we get the equipment?
Over there.
Sorry the stuff's so ratty,
but this is a six-team league,
and I'm afraid your boys are getting
the S-H-I-T end of the stick.
Yeah, I can spell "shit," all right.
Does she think I'm 11?
Girl softball players.
I think we all know
what that means, right?
- How you doing? Ray Bullock.
- Hey, Morris Buttermaker...
No, no, no.
No introduction necessary.
Morris "The Blade" Buttermaker.
Carving up batters, one by one.

Sound familiar? I used to watch you
over at Regis Field in high school.
You were amazing. Man, I was
just a kid, but you owned it.
It's great you're doing this, Morris.
Really.
I mean, a pro. Finally,
somebody who gets it, you know?
I gotta tell you,
a lot of these dads, they don't...
They don't understand the dedication
that it takes to run a serious program.
No offense, but that "Ms." Whitewood
friend of yours,
she's not helping things, you know.
I mean, yeah, I get it,
we were a little selective.
Kept some of the lesser players out.
But stopping the season
till we complied?
Come on.
This is a serious program.
Not because I want it that way, either.
It's for the kids, you know?
Listen to me going on and on.
You know what it takes.
Anyway, I think we're gonna
have a lot of fun.
Learn a lot from each other,
you know?
You know, I never thought
I'd hear myself say,
"Look at the ass
on that second baseman."
But look at the ass
on that second baseman.
A lot of brisket butt.
All right.
Well, listen, I'll see you around.
Or stop by, see me sometime.
I'm over at Chevy Valley Subaru.
"Quality you can drive."
All you need is a jar of honey
and a glass coffee table.

It's more fun than a taffy pull,
I promise you.
Buttermaker!
Buttermaker, they're here.
See you later, Buttermaker.
Come on.
Kid, let me explain
something to you, okay?
All right, listen up.
- Tanner Boyle.
- Yeah, here.
- Mike Engelberg.
- Here.
Timmy Lupus?
Timmy Lupus?
Raise your hand, Lupus.
He can't see you sitting behind
- Planet Fat Ass.
- Up your cornole, Tanner.
Come on, come on.
Play nice.
Hey, hey.
Let go of him.
- Prem Lahiri?
- Present.
But you don't have to use me.
I'm just doing this for
my transcript, for college.
Okay.
Let's see, Toby White...
Oh, Whitewood, I know you're here.
Matthew Hooper?
Matthew Hooper?
Okay, no Hooper.
The hell?
Garo Dara-gaga-braga-dagian.
What the hell is that,
- Aztec or something?
- Armenian.
Same shit. They both built pyramids.
All right.
- Ahmad Abdul Rahim?
- Here.
Yo, bro, what up?

Nothing much. Just ready
to play some baseball.
Twenty-five, huh?
- Ken Griffey, right?
- No.
- Satchel Paige?
- No.
No? Willie Mays?
No, it's Mark McGwire.
Mark McGwire? But he's a white.
Yes, he's from Claremont.
He's my favorite player.
Okay.
Agilar. Miguel and Jose.
You guys twins?
You can save it, son.
I don't understand a damn thing
you're saying, okay?
All right.
Got the damn
League of Nations here.
Their dad's our gardener. Mom said
we need them to fill out the team.
Okay, let's hit the field. Come on.
- Jeez. Could this team be any lamer?
- So there's no Hooper?
You don't know
a Matthew Hooper?
- You know where he is?
- Right here.
You gotta be shitting me.
That's right, I'm in a wheelchair.
Okay.
Charge it.
Oh, yeah, that's charging it, all right.
Good hustle.
There you go, bro.
Another good one.
What's the...?
What's the cripple kid's name?
- Hooper.
- Hooper. Hooper!
Roll your machine up.
Don't necessarily

have to catch it, I guess.
Can't hope for miracles, can you?
You gotta get under the ball.
There's too many gnats out here.
Give me a ball.
What the hell is that,
a baggie full of bacon?
- I'm on Atkins.
- What?
I have to eat all the time
to keep my metabolism up
so my body becomes
a fat-burning machine
so assholes like you
don't give me shit all the time!
Easy, sport.
All right, get ready. It's coming at you.
You might want to back up.
Guys, it's a bunt.
You seemed to imply you're
going to hit it out here.
Yeah. Engelberg, that's a bunt, bud.
You're supposed to pick it up,
throw the guy out at first base, okay?
Here we go again,
picking on the fat kid.
There's laws against this, you know.
Harassment!
You better shut up before I tell
somebody you touched my pecker.
Engelberg, will you throw
the goddamn ball already?
Okay, listen up.
Listen very carefully.

Rule number one:

Don't mess with the Cadillac.
Calm down,
it's a piece of crap anyway.
For your information, it's a classic.
And I got half a mind to find your old
man and kick him in the nuts so hard
he can never foul the earth
with another little shit like you.

So you keep your trap shut, okay?
We're gonna get laughed at. We only
have a week till the season starts.
Everyone's gonna laugh at us.
This game is about a lot more
than talent, son, believe me.
I'll say. I left more talent floating
in the shitter this morning
than all you retarded
jerk-offs put together.
You got a problem, dingleberry?
Give me a few minutes,
I'll squeeze out a new coach too.
I'll teach you, you little short kid!
- Jesus.
- I'll teach you to mess with me.
Does your mama change
your underwear too, you little girl?
I'm out there with the kids for nothing.
And I'm getting very tired
of having to justify myself
to parents who drop the kid off at 4:00,
call me at midnight wondering
why he's so pissed off.
- Ray, you got a minute...?
- I want to say to them, "I'm not
your babysitter. I'm your coach."
Oh, yeah.
Mr. Bill Deaver.
Hey, just checking in.
Just checking in. Listen, Ray,
I wanted to see
if maybe Jake could get a little
more playing time this season.
He's been working hard.
It would really mean a lot to him.
Yeah, sure.
- Why not?
- Really? Well, great.
Thanks a lot, Ray.
Guys.
You know, I spoke to your boy.
You know what he said to me?
- What?

- He said all that matters to him is that we win.

Even if it means giving up a little game time.

- Really?

- Yeah.

I was really touched by this.

He's a hell of a team player.

Thanks, Ray. I appreciate it.

That's the kind of

horseshit I'm talking about.

- Exactly.

- Unbelievable.

Hey, Buttermaker, you made it.

And you brought...

Oh, this is my friend Paradise.

Hi, nice to meet you.

Hey, Buttermaker, you gotta get your uniform orders in.

- Uniforms?

- Yeah.

All the good colors are taken:

Black and white, red and white,

blue and white, white and blue,

white and black,

white and red. They're all gone.

What uniforms?

"Mchte ich nicht" sweet and sour, okay? No sweet and sour.

Just Cointreau, Patr?n,

lime juice and superfine salt.

- Yes, ma'am.

- Listen, Whitewood, what's the deal

- with the uniforms?

- What about them?

I didn't... What's-her-name said that I gotta have uniforms.

Hey, buddy, give me a beer and a C&C.

Buttermaker, you don't actually buy them. You just need a sponsor.

You're the coach, it's your job.

Okay, so not only do I have to coach the bronze medalists

for the Special Olympics, but I gotta be
an Amway salesman too, is that it?
Buttermaker, don't turn this
into high drama.
Do what other coaches do:
Restaurants, sporting goods stores,
you know.
You know, I got a job.
I got houses to spray.
It's ant season, you know?
What is it about being a man
that makes everything so hard?
I own my own law firm.
I'm a single mother, and I still
have time for extension courses,
Pilates, the flower-seed business,
pottery...
You know what, I'm busy too, okay?
I got important shit to do.
I got shit stacked up
all over the place.
Important man shit, okay?
Come on, Buttermaker, let's go.
Mr. Buttermaker?
- Yeah.
- Where are we going?
I already told you,
to the batting cages.
You guys swing like Helen Keller
at a piata party.
I'm gonna do something about it.
- Tell us about the majors, coach.
- You were in the majors?
Yeah, for a little while.
Hey, Lupus, don't lean against
that door, bud, all right?
Yes, I was recently perusing
baseballstats.org
and it said Mr. Buttermaker played
pitcher for the Seattle Mariners
for two-thirds of an inning in 1984.
Two-thirds, that's it?
Well, it was the end of the season,
you know, September call-ups.

Yes, his lifetime ERA was 36.
That's lame.
Yeah, well I closed
the inning out, okay.
There's only a few thousand guys ever
set foot on a major-league mound,
and I'm one of them. What have
you done with your life, smart-ass?
Why didn't you stay?
Well, I was gonna come back,
but I had a little incident.
I punched an ump.
Really just a bitch-slap.
How the hell was I supposed to know
he was a bleeder?
Fourteen stitches.
Like that means something.
They used to stitch everything up,
goddamn it. It was like the Dark Ages.
I got stitches on my foot.
Oh, yeah?
Well, I'm in a damn wheelchair.
Anyway, after that,
I blew off a few offers,
you know, Japan, shit like that.
You know what I mean?
Shit.
What the hell?
Is he okay?
Lupus.
Lupus?
Lupus?
Lupus.
What the hell are you grinning at?
You scared the hell out of me.
Don't be leaning on the door.
How many are in there?
The infestations quite advanced.
All right, pull the pin. Throw it.
There you go. Good job, buddy.
Good job, man. You're a natural.
A natural at that shit.
Thanks.
Die! Die! How do you like that, huh?

Hey, you sprayed my foot,
dumb-ass.
Oh, yeah?
Stop it!
That shit's expensive, all right?
Hey, coach,
what's "carcinogen" mean?
Liberal propaganda.
Don't worry about it. It's just bullshit.
Buttermaker, I got these
behind the garage.
Throw them in the garbage,
in the house.
Hey, save the traps, will you?
Thanks for holding
the fort down, buddy.
I got something for you.
You're gonna dig this.
Hey, guys, come here a minute.
I got something for you.
Now you can quit your bitching
about the whole uniform thing.
Here you go.
- Harper. Heads up, buddy.
- Awesome!
Hooper.
Cannonball!
Jesus Christ.
Hey, Engelberg, if you do that again,
you'll learn how to surf.
Mr. Buttermaker,
we have a game tomorrow.
Shouldn't we be practicing?
Lupus, alcohol.
Excellent. God bless you.
- You got a future, Lupus.
- You ever play with anyone famous?
Hell, yeah, I played with people
who are famous.
What do you think? I mean,
I was in the game, you know.
Oh, I know one.
One time I struck out Mike Schmidt
in an exhibition game.

Struck his ass right out. Yeah, I did.
It was 1980.
It was two outs,
bottom of the seventh inning.
It was the bottom of the seventh...
Top of the seventh.
It was top of the seventh.
And when I put my foot on that rubber,
I was zoned in, man.
It was just one
of those times when...
You just know you got
your shit working, you know?
All right, tubby, I'm gonna throw you
something called a screwball.
It's an old-school thing. Now, it's gonna
look like it's coming right at you,
but it's gonna drop right off the table.
So you don't bail out,
you gotta stick in there.
You see what I'm saying?
Son of a bitch!
Shake it off.
Next.
- Damn it!
- I know it stings a little bit,
but it's won'th it.
Okay, here it comes.
It's all right, kid. You had a helmet on.
Imagine if you didn't.
You know what I'm saying?
What are you doing, Buttermaker?
Okay, coming at you.
Mr. Buttermaker?
- Is he dead?
- Hell, no. He's drunk.
The season starts tomorrow.
We don't got our positions,
batting order, nothing.
- What are we going to do?
- We ain't ready to play.
We got nothing but a boozer
for a coach.
We can wait till he sobers up.

- Yeah, right.

- Nothing else we can do.

Screw this, I'm taking his wallet.

- Give me! Give me...

- Hey, watch it!

- Leave me alone!

- Give me that!

Right this way. Good.

Because in this time of terror,

there is one thing we all need:

the grace of our Lord,

our heroes overseas,

and baseball.

"Casey at the Bat" by Ernest Thayer.

The outlook wasn't brilliant

for the Mudville nine that day.

- The score stood 4 to 2...

- What a fag.

Buttermaker, where have you been?

You missed the team photo.

I was just getting Gatorade

for the guys, you know.

Well, we need to talk about this.

My son can't wear this.

We'll get him another size.

No big deal.

That's not what I'm talking about.

Look, it's a legitimate business,

honey.

You know, they pay taxes

like everybody else.

All right, can you believe it?

It's here, opening day.

Well, we got a lot of great athletes

this year,

and I'm looking forward to

a great season.

Before we get started,

I do want to remind you

that it is Summer Discount Days

at Valley Chevy Subaru.

So come on down if you get a chance.

Meanwhile, so many volunteers...

And people that I want to thank...

Hey, hey, hey!
What is he...? What's his...?
Hey, get... Get the hell off my field!
I'll deal with you later,
you little punk.
Okay, let's welcome all our teams.
We got...
Ray Bullock and our returning
champs, the Yankees.
Lenny Hendricks and the Giants.
Ex-Mariner, Morris Buttermaker
and the Bears.
Bob Jones and the White Sox.
Play ball!
There you go, Mitch. There you go!
Round it, round it, round it!
There you go!
Alrighty.
That's it!
Number 9, Joey Bullock.
That's it, that's it, that's it.
Go!
Joey! Joey!
That's my boy. We worked on that.
The Yankees lead 3-nothing.
Way to go, sweetie.
That's your boy.
- Next, number 3, Danny Patello.
- Let's go, Danny!
Go two, go two, go two!
What do you think, Lupus?
Sometimes bird poo
tastes like candy.
Aren't you supposed
to be in left field?
Shit.
Where you going, coach?
Keep your drawers on, officer,
I'll get back to you.
Hey, Bullock.
Morris "The Blade".
- I'm calling it.
- What? What are you talking about?
I'm calling the game. The kids are

getting creamed out there, you know?

- Yeah, it's a bloodbath.

- Yeah.

- That'll make quitters out of them.

- They don't have to quit.

They're losing, can't you see?

The 10-run rule kicks in after three.

I think you should hang on.

Yeah, then after that,

maybe you think about...

- What?

- You know, dropping out.

- What did you say?

- Dropping out of the league.

Morris, this isn't going to work.

They don't know the fundamentals
of the game out here.

Save them the humiliation.

You don't give two shits
about these kids. I'm calling the game.

Hey, I'm just trying to help.

Where's the honor and respect for the
game from the former pro, by the way?

Who the hell are you, Shoeless Joe
walking out of the holy cornfield?

I don't buy that shit.

I'm calling the game.

All right, call it. Quit. Quit
the whole league. What I just said.

All right, call it. Quit. Quit
the whole league. What I just said.

- Forfeit.

- Time!

It's over.

Bears forfeit! Game over!

One, two, three, Bears!

You guys look like
the last shit I took.

- It's not that bad, but...

- Shut the hell up, drunk bastard!

Okay.

Hey, Bears,
thanks for batting practice.

Yeah, you guys suck.

- I'll give you batting practice!
- Come here. Come here.
- Get down off of there.
- Get your hands off of me!

Thanks. I really needed another reason for people to laugh at me.

- Need a ride?
- Go away.

Come on, hop in.

I'll take you home.

I'm not going home.

All right, what's wrong?

My dad's not from here.

He thinks baseball's stupid.

He says I should just worry about school and work.

But I want to do the things my friends do.

You know, American things.

He said if I played,

I'd just embarrass myself.

I guess he was right.

I'm just gonna run away.

Where are you gonna go?

Salt Lake City.

Why the hell would you want to go there?

I hear it looks like Washington D.C.

Listen, kid, you don't want to go to Salt Lake, trust me.

They don't even like Africans up there.

- Armenian.
- Yeah, right.
- Anyway, I think I can help you.
- Yeah?
- Yep.
- How?

Here's what you do.

You go home, you look your old man straight in the eye, and you say, "Guess what, Dad, we won today."

You know.

- But we didn't win.

- Well, I know that.
You lie your ass off. It's the only way.
Look, this is America.
Besides that, you know,
he's not going to know.
He's from Riki Tiki Tavi,
or wherever the hell it is.
I used to do it with my pop
all the time.

- Really?

- Yeah. You just tell them
what they want to hear. You know,
"I didn't take the stereo."
"I don't smoke." "She said
she was 18." You know, stuff like that.
It's all part of growing up.
The important thing is that you're right,
and they're wrong.
Maybe I'll just tell him we tied.
You could do that. That'll work.
Now, come on,
I'll take you home. Let's go.
A hundred and eighty bucks?
That's Norma Kamali. It's vintage.
They can't even make rayon
like that anymore.

- Really?

- Hey, does your mother know
you're selling that crap?
What are you doing here?
Just passing by.
After three years?
Three years?
It's been three years?
Well, you sure are growing up fast,
that's for sure.
Not fast enough, if you ask me.
There's plenty of time for that,
honey.
Just like that story about the caterpillar
who's crawling along like a worm,
and then the next thing you know,
he's in that cocoon...
...and bam!

"Look at me now, I'm...
...a moth."
Or whatever the hell they turn into.
I don't want wings.
I want nice hips and C cups.
Hey, don't talk like that.
What's wrong with you?
Come on.
So how's your mom?
She's fine. What do you care?
Amanda, listen, just because we
didn't get along so well all the time,
doesn't mean I don't
care about her, okay?
You know, adults, they...
Sometimes, I don't know, it's just...
It's like that story I was telling you
about the caterpillar
and the worm deal.
You just walked out, you jerk.
You could have said goodbye.
Well, I'm sorry.
So, what do you want?
Why are you here?
I'm coaching a team out in the Valley,
and I was just thinking, you know,
maybe you might want
to come play with us.
No way. I'm a woman now,
and we don't do that kind of thing.
Well, sure you do.
Girls play baseball all the time.
Besides that, you owe me.
I was like a dad to you.
A drunk, lazy dad.
You made me climb under houses
looking for rats.
Well, that's what my dad did.
Builds character.
- This guy bothering you, Amanda?
- No, it's okay. He was just going.
Go away, Boilermaker.
You're scaring off the clientele.
Designer jeans.

Calvins, Jordache, certified vintage.
What do you say there, Hooper?
Feeling ready today?
Gonna go get them?
What's with the eye patch?
You gonna swab the on-deck circle
for us, matey?
Playing pirate?
Mom says I have cancer of the eye.
What the hell's wrong
with you guys?
We don't want to play no more.
We took a vote.
We're disbanding the team.
So one game, you want to quit,
is that it?
We've been taking
a lot of crap in school.
By "crap," he means ridicule.
And de-pantsing.
- It's been tough.
- Really? Tough, huh?
What the hell happened
to you, Tanner?
Got in a fight.
- With who?
- The sixth grade.
The sixth grade.
So I guess you
want to quit too, huh?
Okay.
Look, guys, I know I've been lazy...
...and irresponsible, and a few
other things I could mention.
And I've let you down.
I mean, you know,
I've been an asshole.
- You know, go ahead and say it...
- You're an asshole.
When I say, "say it," I mean,
you know, it's a figure of speech.
Baseball's hard, guys.
I mean, it really is.
You can love it, but believe me,

it don't always love you back.
It's kind of like dating
a German chick, you know?
But what I do know is that once you
start quitting, it's a hard thing to stop.
I've quit just about everything
I ever tried in my life.
And as far as I can tell,
my life hasn't added up to
much more than a shitbag
full of empty promises. And I'm
not going to put that on you guys.
I haven't been as good a coach
as I can be. I know I can do it
because I know this game,
you know? And...
And we can do better, and a lot
of that's my responsibility, so...
I know you're down...
...but let's get our stuff together,
and go hit the field.
Okay?
- You with me?
- Like I said, we took a vote.
This is not a democracy!
It is a dictatorship, and I'm Hitler!
You understand me?
So get your stuff,
and get your asses on the field!
This Saturday we play the Athletics.
And you know what
that means for the Athletics?
Bad news for the Athletics,
that's what it means.
All right, guys.
Keep the ball in front of you.
Keep your knees bent, your butt down.
That way if it hops either way...
See? You use your legs. All right?
You wanna run this way.
Catch the ball like that.
Yeah!
Nice!
Swivel on the back foot, throw your

hips, and keep your eye on the ball.
You follow the ball right into here.
You see that? Okay?
Try it, spark plug.
Swing out a little bit
when you run around the base.
You want to point in this direction.
Left foot on the inside of the bag.
You're gonna push off
that left foot.
What's with the patch?
Nothing. Cat scratched me.
But don't tell Buttermaker.
Dying.
Dying.
You know,
there's a Mennonite anecdote
about a simple farm hand
who lifted a calf every morning
until one day
he found himself able
to lift a cow.
- What the hell does that mean?
- If we stay focused,
eventually our strength will build.
That's the dorkiest shit I've ever heard.
Come on, guys! Two more laps!
You're dragging ass!
Nice tits, Engelberg.
Jesus.
Buttermaker.
Glad I caught you.
I feel like we got off
on the wrong foot last week.
Said some things we
didn't mean, you know.
Let's forget about it, huh?
Sorry.
All right.
All right...
...you're sorry too, or...?
I said all right. Okay?
- How's that?
- How's what?

You feel that?

Feel what?

You know, your face

is turning a little red, Ray.

So, you know, what it might be

is those gym shorts might be

a little tight for you.

Looks like you're smuggling grapes
down there.

Smells like somebody ate

a fifth of Scotch for lunch again.

Not that it's any of your business,
you know.

- Really?

- But maybe. So...

All right. You know what, you keep
stinking up the ballpark, Buttermaker.

Yeah, okay.

You play your game,

we'll play ours, Ray. How's that?

Well, good luck with that.

The championship game's
gonna be a lot of fun.

It would be more fun

if you guys were there, huh?

Oh, we'll be there, Morris.

Don't worry about that.

Hey, I know all about you.

Minor league junkballer. What did
you have, five seconds in the majors?

May work with the ladies,

but that crap doesn't work out here.

These kids need role models.

And you're not it.

Have a nice night, Ray.

Strike three!

Engelberg,

I got something special for you.

- It's for power hitters.

- Thanks, coach.

Now batting for the Bears,
number 20, Mike Engelberg.

- What the hell is this?

- I don't know.

Buttermaker, what the hell
are you trying to pull?
Hey, it's a league bat, okay?
You're on thin ice, pal.
You try one more stunt like this again,
I'm gonna bounce you
out of the league.
Listen, Kevin, I don't think
it's gonna work out, buddy.
I still get paid though, right?
Well, sure. What do you think I am,
some asshole?
Here.
"Mombai"? You really went
all out for this one, didn't you?
It's good enough to get your
little ass drunk for a month.
Now, come on, get out of here.
You're creeping the kids out.
Drop dead, asshole.
And the final score:
Athletics, 9, Bears, nothing.
Good job.
Kiss my ass. Kiss my ass.
Bitch.
Suck it.
What are you smiling at, Henry?
Up the alley, down the street,
who's the toughest team to beat?
Bears! Bears! Yay, Bears!
Hey, come on, guys.
Sit up straight, you look like
a bunch of hound dogs.
You got nothing to be ashamed of.
You got a few hits today.
You played all six innings.
- You ought to be proud of yourselves.
- Proud of what?
These things take time, guys.
- So does heart disease.
- And torture.
And physical therapy.
I did do some simple flowcharting
and data analysis.

And if you graph out our errors
and other parameters,
compared to the last game,
we've actually improved
by a considerable percentage.
Great.
We went from suck to stink.
See, that's the spirit.
We're getting better.
Now, Friday we play the Angels.
Now, what does that mean
for the Angels?
- Bad news for the Angels.
- You're damn right, it does.
Now, come on. Get off your asses,
and let's go get some hot dogs
and some Sunny D or whatever
the hell you guys drink these days.
Just leave me alone
will you, Buttermaker.
I'm too young to have a stalker.
Come on, Amanda,
just a few games, please?
I need to make money.
I need to buy clothes, makeup.
I'm saving up for a car.
You wear makeup?
What happened to
the Barbie oven with the muffin light?
That was like 20 years ago.
I'm all grown up now.
Yeah, you're probably right.
I'm sure your arm
sucks now, anyhow.
God, that is so lame.
Reverse psychology?
You're such a loser.
Man, you must have a big one,
because I don't know what else
my mom saw in you.
You're not supposed to be
talking about my... My one.
You're 12 years old.
As far as you know,

I'm like G.I. Joe down there, okay?
I have the Internet, you know.
I'm not stupid.
Just come play with us, will you?
It'll be fun.
I'll pay for the clothes, okay?
And I'll help you out with the car
when it gets to that time.
- But you know, you just...
- No. Don't you get it? Just no.
All right,
I've been disappointed before.
All right, guys, listen up.
This is Amanda Whurlitzer.
She's your new pitcher.
A girl?
What's next, a cripple?
Oh, I forgot.
Dick.
Hey, ain't you ever heard
of "throws like a girl"?
No, I never heard that.
Get a mitt, fat-ass.
I think I just entered puberty.
Come on, Amanda.
Strike three!
Up next, number 18, Justin Cahill.
He's out!
Now batting for the Angels,
second baseman
- Yanek Goldanueva.
- Hey, Hooper, check this out.
She's gonna come with a changeup,
I can tell.
She's psyching him out.
A changeup is when it looks
like it's gonna be a fastball,
but she takes a little off of it.
Strike three! You're out!
Ball four! Take your base.
Come on, somebody hit something.
Next batter, Ahmad Abdul Rahim.
Go!
Safe!

Ahmad.
Garo.
Next up for the Bears,
Toby Whitewood.
Toby.
Ball!
Watch this, Hooper.
The catcher's good.
Just good enough to get in trouble.
Strike one!
Run, run, run!
Safe!
Yes!
All right, way to go, guys. Way to go!
Good hustle!
They're playing ball now, man.
They're playing ball.
Ball four! Take your base.
Come on, guys! Let's hold them!
- Number 28, Tyler Cohen.
- Can't win if they don't score.
Way to go, Miguel!
Good catch, buddy!
Way to go!
We need two more, guys. Two more.
Strike three!
Come on, guys! Two out.
We need one more, Amanda.
Shut them down, honey.
Get under it! Get under it!
Throw it! Throw the ball! Hurry!
Safe!
What the hell is wrong
with you, dipshit?
Come on, guys, gather in.
Garo, that was nice hustle
out there today.
And, Jose, "muy bueno," buddy.
Engelberg, you caught a hell
of a game. You all did good today.
Everyone except you,
you booger-eating moron.
Can't you catch one goddamn ball?
- Come on, Tanner.

- Even I could have caught that,
and look at me.

- Can't even move.

- Hey, guys, come on.

- Can't even move.

- Hey, guys, come on.

It's like I told you before,
there's no "I" in team.

- Yeah, but there's an M and an E.

- There should be an F and a U.

Hey, hey. Don't fall apart at the seams
on me now. Come on, guys.

Remember how bad

we sucked two weeks ago?

They smelled that shit up in Fresno.

You almost won today.

Hold your heads up high.

Everybody in.

Let's go.

- Ready. One, two, three.

- Bears!

Good hit. That was a good one.

Choke up on your bat.

About that far, okay?

Put it back on your shoulder.

Back here.

There you go, all right?

Excellent. There you go.

Yes, sir. Good cut, honey.

Last pitch, guys!

All right, guys, let's bring it in!

Sister Sledge, that kid's got
an arm on him. Who is that?

That's Kelly Leak.

Yep, he's a real badass.

I heard he spent two years in juvie.

You don't know how old he is,
do you?

He's in our grade,

but he dates an eighth-grader.

Someone told me he got

a teacher pregnant.

I heard he broke some kid's arm
who owed him money.

Why, I heard he broke
both of his arms.
I heard he puts money under
your pillow when you lose a tooth.
- That's the tooth fairy, you homo.
- Actually, he only broke one arm.
The other was just a minor fracture
at the base of the humerus.
Who cares about that crap.
Can he play?
You kidding? You saw that arm.
I don't know, honey.
I'll be fine.
I don't like the looks of the place.
I mean, look at those creeps.
- I'll be fine. I'm cool.
- You sure?
- Yeah.
- You don't want me to go with you?
No, I'm good.
Listen, don't talk to anybody
but what's-his-ass.
I'll be fine.
Amanda?
- Shut up.
- Okay.
I bet I could do what you just did.
It's easy.
- How much?
- I pull it off,
- you come play for the Bears.
- And if you don't?
Whatever you want.
Deal.
- Well, what happened?
- No deal.
No deal?
I thought you said you
were good at this.
I am. He's better.
See you later.
What does that mean?
"I'll see you later"?
I thought you said he was out.

He is. I just lost the bet, and now
I have to go out with him.
You have to go out with him?
You mean out like "out"?
You're 12.
There ain't no out when you're 12.
Calm down, Boilermaker.
It's just a show with some stupid band.
I'm not a little girl anymore.
I had my period, all right.
Do you want me to have
a stroke or something?
Shut up. I'll be fine.
Well, I'm going
to the concert with you.
Whatever.
It's just some dumb skate band.
- What the hell is a skate band?
- You know, a skate band.
The Bloodfarts.
Bloodfarts. The Bloodfarts?
Oh, I'm going with you.
Bet your ass on that.
No doubt. I'm going with you.
Strike three!
Strike three!
Strike three!
- Way to go, Amanda. Good game.
- Pitched a good game, Amanda.
No shit. Too bad we couldn't
even score one run.
Well, that's okay. We're doing better.
We tied, guys.
I know a tie's a lot like kissing your
sister, as my old coach used to say.
But the way we've been coming
along, it's more like kissing
a really hot stepsister,
or something like that, you know,
that you don't have
so much tied up in.
But anyway, I think... I'm just saying,
pat yourselves on the back.
Stay focused.

I'll catch up with you guys.

Kelly, how you doing?

- Hey, coach.

- I haven't seen you around.

- What have you been up to?

- Nothing.

Wait. I have seen you around. We haven't even talked since you pulled that little Evel Knievel stunt the other day out there, huh?

What's an "Evel Knievel"?

Don't be a smart-ass. I could have called the cops on you for that.

- Thanks, I'm real scared.

- No, I'm serious.

Vandalizing public property.

Disturbing the peace.

You're too young to be riding that thing, you know.

You're just a kid.

Kelly, this field, it's for ball players.

It's not for quitters.

If it was for quitters, it would be your field. But it's not.

I'd call your dad, if anybody knew where he was.

- Listen, old man...

- Hey, now, you listen to me.

Nobody wants you around here, all right?

Do you understand?

Do you think people like seeing your nuts?

Hey, look who it is.

Yeah, it's the Bears' best player.

Hope you're not getting wet!

Nobody picks on him but me!

Let's go! Come on!

Yeah, that's right.

Run away, bitches!

Nobody ever stood up for me before.

Yeah? Maybe if you weren't such a spaz all the time, I wouldn't have to.

All right, guys,

inside corner of the bag.

Hey, guys...

...let's bring it in.

Come on, to the dugout.

- Everybody to the dugout.

- Buttermaker.

- Yeah.

- Remember that time I played sick,
and mom went to work
and then you busted me?

- And then...

- You guys, sit down!

And then we went to Zuma
and went bodysurfing?

- We should do that again.

- Sit down.

- I got something to talk to you about.

- Mr. Buttermaker.

- Mr. Buttermaker.

- What?

I gotta leave early today.

We're doing leather tanning in art club.

All right, guys, listen up.

Okay. Oh, another class.

Great. Okay.

"To Coach Buttermaker
from league headquarters.
Regarding player safety
and league liability.

A reminder that according
to Regulation 236,
all players must wear a comprehensive
genital defense apparatus."

Now, basically, what that translates to
is that if any of you guys get hurt,
they're going to sue my ass so hard,
they're going to garnish my turds.

So wear these things.

Pass them down, sweetie.

Also, you'll wanna
write your names on them,
because that's how you get crabs.

And trust me, you don't want
to spend your Sunday afternoon

picking through your pumpkin patch
with a little comb.

Give me one.

Gotta protect the family jewels.

Who you kidding? When is
the last time you even saw them?

- Does that make any sense?

- Yeah.

Do you speak Latin?

I'm much better at Latin.

I don't need these.

- Really?

- I'll take it.

All right.

He can throw all right,
but you think he can hit?

- Let's find out.

- Here.

Is that all you got?

Okay.

Got a smart-ass here. Burn it up.

Don't hold back.

Hey, what time you get off?

Engelberg, what kind of diet
lets you eat seven hot dogs?

No buns.

I can have as many
as I want, dipshit.

My dad says the only people
who put ketchup on hot dogs...

...are mental patients...

...and Texans.

Chinese people count with beads.

Could you please remove
your hand from my space?

I think it is clearly defined
by the perimeter of my plate.

Hey, cut it out, poop-face!

Poop-face?

Are you kidding me?

Elmo flips better shit than you.

Well, perhaps you can help me
to broaden my lexicon.

Perhaps.

She don't lie, she don't lie
She don't lie
Cocaine
Hey, coach.
Out!
Three feet!
He missed it by three feet!
Three feet! Three feet!
Oh, you want to see spit?
Yeah! Oh, that's nice.
There's spit, okay?
And what are you on? I want some.
Out!
One, two, three! Angels!
Safe!
Come on, get out of the way.
Damn it!
Let go of me!
Watch it, asshole.
I said watch it!
Let go of me!
Let me tell you something...
Hey!
Put me down! Put me down!
Put me down! Damn it.
- Thank you.
- God bless you, Francois.
Sorry I'm late, but I've been
up to my ears in rat pellets all day.
That's okay.
Thank you for coming.
No sweat.
I got you something.
Infused vinegars.
Don't ask me where I find the time,
but I made them myself.
Basil and tarragon,
red pepper and oregano.
Shiso
and rice vinegar.
It's...
...great on chicken.
Yeah, well, I got a spastic colon,
but I'll give it a shot.

Buttermaker,
you deserve a celebration.
What you have done for Toby
and those children,
it is nothing short of miraculous.
I mean, we are one game away
from the championships.
It's...
...unbelievable. It's...
Congratulations. Thank you.
Well, the kids are great.
They really are.
So, it's, you know, kind of their deal.
You know, I have to admit that
while growing up,
I was never much for sports,
or the sports-type, really.
But since I've been watching you
turn the team around,
I have been thinking a lot about you.
I have that effect on women.
- Really.
- Yeah.
Well, I haven't paid for sex in years.
I think a lot of it has to do
with getting older and...
...you know,
being more distinguished.
I was thinking more along the lines
of the dangerous type.
What you hear about...
...the bad boy,
the sexy scumbag,
the serial killer
who gets married in prison.
I have never felt like that.
Until I met you.
Well, thanks.
Mr. Buttermaker.
What do you say, Whitewood?
What are doing here?
Listen, kid. I...
There's something...
...that you need to do,

and that's oil your mitt all the time.

So I came by to check

and make sure you oil your mitt.

Really?

Oh, yeah, I'm always watching.

Okay, I'll go get it.

- Be right back.

- Good deal.

Look at you.

Gorgeous.

- Gorgeous.

- I don't know, it's a little...

Looking good.

- Hey.

- What, you joined the circus?

- Tanner!

- Where's the toilet?

I gotta pinch a mean one.

Engelberg! These are my friends!

It all right, sweetie. I got a little
butterball just like him at home.

Down the hall

and to the left, fatty.

What are you jerk-offs doing here?

The Giants beat the White Sox.

If we beat the Giants,
we're in the championship.

- Really?

- Yeah, we're celebrating.

So take off the hooker suit,
let's go.

Come on.

I don't have to tell you
who we play for the pennant
when we blow past
these Giants today.

Right now, we're the hottest team
in the league.

What does that mean
for the Giants?

Bad news for the Giants!

- Here we go. One, two, three!

- Break!

Hey, Kelly, hang on.

Listen, I want you to be like
a vacuum cleaner out there today.
Anything even close to you,
you suck it up.
These boys are weak.
I don't want to blow it.
We're knocking on the door,
understand? Come on, let's go!
All right, guys, let's go.
Way to go, Kelly!
Way to go, buddy!
Way to hustle. Way to hustle.
Strike three!
I got it! I got it!
Hey, I told you I got it.
Yeah, sorry.
Way to go! Tanner.
Good job, buddy. Good job.
I ain't doing it no more.
Hey, hey, hey. Now's not the time
to punk out, okay? Understand me?
You do what I told you, you hear me?
Do what I told you.
You are not going to screw this up
for me. Understand?
Understand?
Go get your bat. You're up.
Otherwise, why are you here?
Leading off for the Bears,
Kelly Leak.
Strike one!
Come on, Kelly!
- Strike two!
- He could have hit that.
Time! Time-out.
Time!
Kelly, come here.
Come here.
Come here. What, are you playing
mind games with me now?
We're that close
to the championship.
You got daddy issues or something?
Hit the goddamn ball.

Now get in there. Come on.
Yeah!
It's a home run for Kelly Leak.
The Bears win 2-1.
The Bears advance to the finals
this Saturday against the Yankees.
Way to go, Kelly!
We're going to the championship!
See you there.
It's cold.
It's supposed to be cold.
Just keep your arm in it.
Hey, Buttermaker,
Mom's gonna be here tomorrow.
Perfect.
You know, I was thinking,
maybe afterwards,
we can go to Tony Roma's
for the Carolina Honeys, right?
Right.
Like I'm gonna take you little shits
to a fancy place like Tony Roma's.
- Do you think I'm made out of money?
- Fine. Just us, then.
Amanda, you really...
You got to quit trying
to make me daddy, because...
I didn't say that.
Just friends.
You know, we can hang out.
We can go to Zuma.
Go bodysurfing.
Why are you talking about
bodysurfing?
Remember when I played sick,
and we went to Zuma?
Don't you remember?
No, I don't remember that.
I don't know
what you're talking about.
But, you know, I was always drunk
in those days, so I forgot a lot of shit.
Look, the fact of the matter is...
You don't have any business

hanging out with me.

- I'm a damn loser, and you know it.

- No, you're not. Not to me.

Come on, Amanda.

I'm a drunk.

You said it yourself.

I make a living killing rats

to pay rent on a trailer.

In Sun Valley.

I'm a washout.

- Come on, Buttermaker...

- Just stop it!

Don't you think if I wanted

to play house with you,

I might have called you sometime in

the last three years? But I didn't, did I?

- You know what...?

- Just stop it!

You're here for one reason, and that

reason is sitting in that ice right now.

Just leave it at that, will you?

I know why I'm here.

Just felt sorry for you, that's all.

I'm just saying,

keep your glove oiled.

I mean, he came over

to check mine.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Hey.

- Don't talk to me.

I'm only here for them.

Toby.

- Yo, what the hell?

- What?

- Something wrong?

- You would know, dickweed.

- What did you say?

- You heard me.

Hey, what's up with you guys?

- He's a ball-hog!

- Yeah?

Well, that ball-hog

won your last game.

So calm your ass down.

- Stay out of it, Engelberg!

- Speak for yourself, shorty.

Taking sides, Slim-Fast?

You got a problem, Tanner?

No, you do. It's called me putting a foot up your ass.

Guys, come on!

- Break it up!

- Hey!

Hey!

- Break it up!

- Break it up!

Come on, come on, come on.

Get up, get up.

Get up!

Now, stand still and listen to me.

I said stop it. Okay?

Now, what the hell is going on?

He's a dick.

He thinks he's better than us.

- Who?

- Him.

He is. How do you think

we got this far?

Wasn't your playing,

that's for sure.

I don't need this crap, I'm out.

- Come here.

- No, stop.

You stand still. Stop it! Stop it!

I said stop it!

Now, I told him to cover for you.

So if you're going to yell at somebody, you yell at me, okay?

- You did?

- Yeah, I did.

You wanna win, right?

Isn't that what you guys

wanna do, win?

Now, quit acting like a bunch of damn babies.

Because we got a chance.

Pick your gloves up.

We got a championship to win.
The entire season
and everything we've worked for
comes down
to the next six innings
that you play.
How you do,
and the result of that effort,
is gonna have a big bearing
on how you feel about yourself
in the next year.
You gonna go through the world
seeing yourself as a winner...
...or a loser?
Because believe me,
being a winner is just...
Is just...
I don't know, is just better.
The way I see it, that trophy up there
has got your name on it.
And those guys over there
are trying to steal it from you.
- Whose trophy is it, Danny?
- Ours, coach.
Whose name is on that trophy,
Sanchez?
Yankees?
Take a good long look
at your opponents.
Do they look like champions?
Not for me to say.
But no, they don't.
You're a great team,
it's been a great season,
but it's not over yet.
Let's go finish it, huh?
One, two, three!
Yankees!
All right, let's go, guys.
One, two, three!
Bears!
Hustle up, guys. Let's go get them.
B- E-A-R-S! Go, Bears! Go, Bears!
Go, Toby!

Now batting for the Yankees,
number 10, Jimmy Wilkins.
Strike one!
All right! All right, Amanda!
Way to go, honey.
- Safe!
- Way to go, Jimmy!
Good hustle.
That's pretty good, guys.
Did you see that? Damn near got him.
Way to get down the line.
If it wasn't for Kelly and that chick,
you guys wouldn't even be here.
- Excuse me?
- You heard me.
- None of you can play won'th shit.
- Oh, yeah?
Yeah. What are you going
to do about it, Oreo?
Now batting, number 9,
Joey Bullock.
There it is!
Let's go, let's go!
Take third! Take third!
Safe!
Amanda,
your training bra's too tight!
Strike three!
We got one, we got two,
pitch this one out! Easy out.
- Ball.
- Go, go, go!
Safe!
You okay? Come on, get up.
Come on.
All right!
- You okay, sweetie?
- Here's what I'm gonna do, cracker.
Hey, get back in the dugout.
Hey!
- Break it up!
- Break it up, guys. Come on!
See you, Mr. Shitty!
Damn right, loser!

- Get off him!
- Get off of me!
- Get behind the plate. Come on.
- Get back. Get back.
Back on the field!
- Get out there!
- You guys are a bunch of punks.
Is this what you teach them?
You bowl over little girls like that?
Is that what you do?
It's called baseball,
or maybe you forgot.
Don't talk about fair play
when your kids are throwing punches.
It's horseshit baseball, and you know it!
So you watch them, okay?
You ought to take a good look
at yourself, you has-been.
Traded it all in for booze and broads,
you're disgusting.
- What did you say?
- You can't hear me?
Say it again! Say it again!
Get back to your dugout,
you crybaby!
Listen to you, crybaby.
- Get to your drug-out, you...
- Buttermaker, dugout!
Sorry, chief. Sorry.
You want to play ball, Grape-Nuts?
Let's play!
All right?
Piece of shit.
- Play ball!
- Cream it, Whitewood!
Come on, Whitewood.
Come on, buddy. Get a piece of it.
Come on, Joe.
You're better than that, son.
- Good job, Toby.
- Thanks.
I would've tagged you out,
but I was afraid your mom
would've sued the ball.

Let's go, Abdul. Let's go, buddy.

Keep it going.

Ahmad... Is it Abdul or Ahmad?

- Ahmad.

- Whatever it is.

Ahmad, let's keep it going, buddy!

Way to go!

Joey!

Hey, that was your play!

That was your play.

Get your ass over there.

Pull your head out, son.

Hey, Garo, come here.

Listen, you hit lefty, so he's gonna pitch you in tight, all right?

So I want you to lean into it and take the hit.

I can't.

See, here's the thing. If you get on, we're loaded, and Kelly is up next.

- Now, come on. Let's do it.

- I just want to hit the ball.

Well, sometimes it's better if the ball hits you.

It's called taking one for the team.

Now, let's go. Come on, Garo!

Let's go, buddy!

Be alert, guys!

Now batting from the left side of the plate, number 10, Garo Daragebrigadian.

Ball! Take your base.

That's the way, buddy! That's what I'm talking about, right there.

That's what I'm talking about.

Way to take it, buddy.

Next batter for the Bears,

- number 5, Kelly Leak.

- Come on, Kelly!

Kick some ass!

Hey, Buttocks!

- Watch this.

- Yeah.

What are you guys doing?

- Strike two!
- That's okay, Joey.
It's all right. Focus.
Just relax. Relax!
Your old man help you pee too?
"Shake it a little more, Joey.
Don't want to get any stains
on your underwear."
Keep talking, fatty.
Whatever.
God!
See you later, Joey.
Have a nice time on the bench.
Now batting, number 3.
Go, baby! Go, baby! Go, baby!
Watch it, watch it. Go! Yes!
Yes! Yes!
Get out there!
That's how you do it!
Hey, Buttermaker!
Time!
What the hell is wrong with you?
Why don't you
just put a bow on it, huh?
It's my arm. It's killing me.
Don't wanna hear it.
Want Toby in?
- No, I don't.
- Yeah, you want to win?
- Yeah, I do.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Then get it together.
Number 12, Mike Van Horn.
Safe!
Good hustle, Van Horn!
Way to beat it out!
What in the hell are you doing?
This is not T-ball!
You guys watching that?
Let's go, let's go. Good job.
Jesus Christ.
Number 14,
left fielder, Jeff Wong.

Fair ball!
Safe!
Wait. Whoa.
Hey, hey, hey ump.
What are you talking about?
He got it.
The throw was here on time.
That was stupid!
What, are you Helen Keller?
He was under the tag, coach.
Butterballs, stay in your dugout!
Keep your eyes peeled, man.
It's your job.
Stop embarrassing yourself,
crybaby.
It's a good call, ump. Very good call.
Garo, that was perfect last time.
Do the same thing. Lean in,
just get on base. Kelly's up next.
Why can't I just hit the ball
like everyone else?
Because that's selfish.
Think about the team.
I know it stings a little,
but it'll be won'th it. Come on.
Next up for the Bears...
- Let's go Garo!
- ... Garo Daragebrigadian.
Let's go, buddy.
You got this guy, Joey!
- Out.
- What in hell are you doing out there?
Get in here!
Ump, time! Time.
What the hell
is the matter with you, kid?
What's the matter with all of you?
"My arm hurts."
"Why can't I hit away
like the other kids?"
Do you remember what it was like?
The first game, they laughed at us.
Now we got their backs
up against the wall,

they're scared of us, and you want to give up. Is that the deal?

I thought you wanted to win.

I thought you wanted to be champions.

Well, do you?

Do you?!

Look...

You're up next, Kelly.

Come on, let's go.

Let's play ball.

Now batting, number 5,

Kelly Leak.

Go, Joey.

Catcher, Mike Engelberg.

Hi, Joey.

Kiss my ass.

Time.

Here comes daddy.

How you doing?

- Fine.

- All right.

The way this guy is hitting,
and the way you're pitching today,
I think maybe we ought to walk him.

Next batter's an easy out.

But I can take him.

I know you can.

- Come on, Dad.

- Hey.

Do as you're told. Come on.

Let's get them. Let's go!

Hey, hey!

What was that?

You tried to hit him.

- Did you try to hit him?

- No, it just got away from me.

That's bullshit, Joey!

Don't you ever throw at a batter!

Never ever throw at a batter!

You understand me?

You never do that! Never do that.

Get up.

You could have hurt him.

- Shari...

- You son of a bitch.
He could have hurt him.
Don't overreact.
I'm taking him home. Now.
Are you kidding?
It's the middle of the game.
He finishes the game. After that,
you can take him wherever you want.
Don't do the arm cross.
Do not do the arm cross.
Hey, Engelberg...
Yes, go.
Engelberg! Engelberg! Engelberg!
Justin...
...you're on the mound.
Strike two!
Strike three!
Going into the sixth and final inning,
Bears lead 5-4.
Okay, Jose, you and Tanner
sit this one out.
- What?
- What the hell?
Lupus, you go to second base.
Hooper go to right field. Prem...
Where's Prem? Go to the left.
Are you sure?
- Yeah, I'm sure.
- What?
- You heard me. Right field.
- Are you crazy?
I can't go out there,
I'm in a wheelchair.
- I thought you wanted to play baseball.
- Hell, no.
Why the hell would
I want to play baseball?
I'm a damn paraplegic.
So you just wanna sit here and
get splinters in your ass all season?
Is that what you want?
If you won't play ball,
why are you here?
Last time I checked,

this is a baseball team.
And you're all on the team.
Every one of you.
So do what I said.
You guys go out there
and play baseball, okay?
Whurlitzer, where are you going?
To finish the game.
- Not with that arm, honey.
- What?
You go and put it on ice.
Come on, sit down.
Toby, hit the mound.
- Really?
- Yeah, hit the mound.
You'll be all right.
I know you're not good
at listening to me,
but for a change, just sit here
and enjoy the game with me, all right?
And try to forgive an old drunk
for being an asshole.
All right, guys. Let's show the Yankees
what bad news is all about.
Look at Hooper.
I bet it's just blowing their minds.
You pitched a great game, honey.
Come here.
And Hooper, the kid in the wheelchair,
he goes to right for Whitewood.
What does that do
to your batting order?
Well, one goes to four,
four goes to five, two goes to three,
three goes to two, six goes to one,
and seven, eight, nine are cool.
I guess you know what you're doing.
Yeah, I do.
Batting practice.
All right, let's keep
the rally going, guys. Come on.
Hey, Toby, you need
to scoot up a little bit?
Batting for the Yankees,

Danny Patello.
You're out!
Here we go, Ritchie! Keep it going.
You're out!
Yes, sir. Way to go, Kelly!
Good throw, buddy. Good throw.
Two out. We need one more out, guys.
Come on.
One more out! Come on!
Next for the Yankees,
Mike Van Horn.
Come on, kill it!
Did you see that? Unbelievable.
Way to go, Hooper!
The little crippled boy did it!
And at the bottom of the sixth,
Yankees lead 8 to 5.
Pretty impressive, guys.
Way to go, Lupus. Way to go, man.
That's a hero right there.
All right.
- Hooper! Come on, man.
- Yeah, Hooper!
Get in here.
Put that thing in fourth gear.
- Good going, man.
- Great catch.
- Nice catch.
- All right, Hooper.
Hey, guys,
four more runs,
we win the game.
How about that?
Prem. Where's Prem?
You're up, buddy.
I have to remind you,
Mr. Buttermaker,
that my batting average
is well below the norm.
And what's that?
Zero for a lifetime.
Well, you're due one, man.
So get out there.
- Really?

- Absolutely, buddy.
- Let's go, guys. All right.
- Buttermaker, come here.
Excellent.
This should be fun.
Listen, I'm a little busy right now.
What the hell are you doing?
We had the lead,
and now you're putting wheelchairs
in the outfield?
I mean, you're letting Toby pitch?
What are you thinking?
You know, he's your son.
Yes, and he wants to win
just like everyone else.
Really? How would you know
what he wants?
When do you see him,
between basket weaving and ballet?
You have some goddamn nerve.
Are you actually telling me
how to raise my child?
No, I'm not telling you
how to raise your child.
But maybe somebody should.
I got a game to coach.
Leading off for the Bears,
number 19, Prem Lahiri.
Let's go, Prem.
Let's go. Keep your eye on it.
I'll be damned. Way to go!
Way to go, Prem. Way to go!
- Safe!
- Did you see that?
Way to go, buddy! Way to go!
Now batting, number 4,
Timmy Lupus.
- Strike one!
- Come on, Lupus.
- Strike two!
- Come on, Lupus!
If you want to hit the ball,
you gotta swing the bat!
Look at that! Lupus hit the ball!

Run! Run!
- Run! Run!
- Run!
- Run! Run!
- Run! Run!
- Safe!
- Lupus!
Lupus!
Lupus! Lupus!
All right, guys. Hey, Miguel.
Miguel, you know what to do.
Next up, number 14, Miguel Agilar.
Let's go, guys!
You're out!
Dadgum it!
It's okay, Prem. It's all right, buddy.
Way to hustle. Way to hustle.
Good hit, Miguel.
Lucky hit.
Sorry, Paco, "no habla".
It means you're a bag of douche,
shithead.
All right, Kelly, let's tie the game,
buddy. Let's go. Come on.
Now batting number 5, Kelly Leak.
Let's go, buddy. Let's go. Let's go.
Collins.
Ball one!
Chicken!
Ball two!
Kelly.
Kelly.
Two outs. Come on, one more.
Hey, Garo. Garo, come here.
Hit the ball, buddy.
Come on, Garo!
- Number 10...
- No pressure, guys!
- ... Garo Daragebrigadian.
- Let's get that out!
Come on, Justin!
Right to him!
Strike one!
Come on, guys!

Justin!
Strike two!
One more, baby. One more!
Come on, Justin!
Come on!
Slide! Slide! Slide!
You're out!
We won!
It was a hell of a hit, son.
I'm proud of you, man.
I'm really proud of you.
Hey, who wants a beer?
What are you doing?
We're celebrating.
- You deserve it.
- Wait. Nonalcoholic.
- What's the damn point?
- Just drink it, man.
There you go.
All right, guys...
I want you to listen up.
I wanna tell you something.
In all my years of being associated
with baseball teams,
being around them,
seeing them, whatever...
I gotta tell you,
this is my favorite team.
I'm real proud of you guys.
You played your asses off against...
Well, pretty... Pretty big odds.
But...
Look at those little bastards
over there.
Jesus Christ. Well, let's go
get this shit over with, okay?
On a game like this, kids,
I just want you all to know
that there's no losers,
and there's no winners.
I mean, technically, yeah.
But these things,
they don't mean anything.
That's some good weight. Jimmy,

you wanted to say a few words?

You guys had a good season.

You started off pretty lame,

but then you got better.

We just wanted you to know

that you got our respect.

- Respect.

- Right on.

And to the Bears...

...your second-place trophy.

Gee, thanks, mister.

Hey, let's bring it in

and give them a cheer, huh?

Bring it in here.

- One, two, three!

- Bears!

Hey, Yankees!

You can take your crappy trophies

and shove them right up your asses.

Nice.

See you next year, bitches!

Way to go, guys!

Hooper, I told you I was gonna

make you into a ballplayer, didn't I?

Good game, Buttermaker.

You too, sweetie. You too.

And by the way, I meant to

tell you this. It was Redondo Beach.

- What?

- When we went out to the beach,

surfing and all that stuff,

it wasn't Zuma, it was Redondo Beach.

You wore that stupid

yellow bathing suit.

You remember.

Of course I remember.

Next time, we'll go to Zuma.

How's that?

Okay.

Great game. I'm proud of you.

Good game. Way to go, Lupus.

This is what's called

a moral victory, Toby.

Now, it's not quite as good

as the real thing,
but it's very nice.
Way to go, Garo.
Good game, brother.
I told him we won.
Excellent.
See what I'm talking about?