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The Bad News Bears

By Bill Lancaster

Pull that in there.

Right back to home.

Let's move it.

- Yeah, not bad.

- Okay, let's go for two now.

Okay, go for the bunt.

Everybody stay alive.

Go!

On your back.

Twenty sit-ups.

Temperature today is
expected to hit 78.

And in downtown L.A.,
they're expecting...

Go!

Way to go, Chris!

Thanks, mister.

Get it in there.

Come on, fellas!

Talk it up!

I'm going to go around the infield,
then around the outfield.

You got it?

Move! Charge the ball!

Fire it in there!

Around the infield now!

We'll do it around the infield,
then around the outfield.

Hey, Buttermaker.

- What the hell took you so long?

- I had three pools to clean.

- You know my son Toby, right?

- Hi, Buttermaker.

This little guy is going to be
a great ballplayer, aren't you, son?

I really appreciate this.

It's a shame that none of the
fathers have the time for it.

- If I wasn't so busy at City Hall...

- You got my check, Whitewood?

Check?

Son, why don't you

get your bike off the car?

I thought we were going

to be quiet about the money.

- Oh, yeah. Sorry.

- It's gonna be rough.

You just got one week
till the first game.

I wanted to introduce you to
the administrators, but you're late.

You forgot to sign the check.

Check is not signed.

Oh. Helps, right?

You ask around for a woman
they call Cleveland.

She'll get things
set for you. Here.

Here's a list

of the boys on the team.

Don't let any of these bastards
give you a hard time.

Put that away.

Hang in there.

You know, I think we're doing
a really fine thing.

- Dad said you played pro ball.

- Yeah.

I thought you just
cleaned swimming pools.

- Says you were really great once.

- That's nice of him.

Get that bike off the field!

Get it off!

You're marking it up!

- And stay off the field!

- Excuse me.

- Sorry he yelled at your boy.

- That's not my boy.

My husband's uptight about
the infield, and he sometimes yells.

Jill.

- Jill, honey.

- My name is Buttermaker.

I'm coach of the new team,
and I'm looking for Miss Cleveland.

She's in the equipment room.

It's straight ahead.

Goddamn class-action suits are gonna be the ruin of this country. It wasn't so bad when the courts made us take girls. At least the ones that came could play, but now this.

- This equipment's kind of had it.

- Damn right, Mr. Buttermaker. That's because this is normally a six-team league, not seven. You're gonna have to be happy with what's left. Look, Buttermaker, the problem is your friend Whitewood. He could have got those boys in any of the other leagues. Why the hell did he sue this one? Why? We're different than the other leagues, and he knows it. We run a highly competitive program here. It's highly competitive. Want to know something? It's not us. It's the boys. It's the boys themselves that want it that way. Buttermaker, new rule book. See that you memorize it. You got not even an hour to practice on that field. Good luck, huh?

When I say your name, step forward and tell me what position you play.

- Rudi Stein.

- Pitcher. Can I play pitch...

- Sure. Regi Tower.

- I got a pretty good arm. My father said for me to play infield. Mr. Buttermaker, I'm on your team.

- Last year I was playing baseball...

- Did you really pitch a no-hitter?

I'm Tower...

My dad's a Yankee fan, and he never heard of no Buttermaker...

who ever played for the Yankees, let alone pitched a no-hitter!

I don't know who you are, but sit down and shut up.

- Can I play second or third base?

- The situation with the glasses...

Forget about the glasses.

All right, guys,

let's get one thing straight.

I was a heck of a ballplayer, but I never pitched for the Yankees.

- As a matter of fact...

- You never played major league.

But you did pitch

for Phoenix in the minors.

In 1951, you won nine games...

I lost six, had 170 strikeouts...

and had an E.R.A. Of 2.86.

Good work, kid.

Ahmad Abdul Raheem.

- Ahmad Abdul Raheem. Here.

- What position do you want to play?

I want to switch hit like my big brothers.

- I wanna play where Hank Aaron did.

- Right field.

- Aaron played right field.

- Then right field.

He also played quite a few games on second base.

- Then second base.

- Mike Engelberg.

My dad thinks I should try out for catcher.

He's invaluable. He can play third and short at the same time.

- You wanna get "kung-fued"?

- Shut up, Tubs!

Timmy Luppus?

All right, all right.

- Timmy Luppus.

- Lupus.

Crud. Does that booger-eatin' spaz
make me want to puke.

- What do you want to play, Luppus?

- Lupus.

He's shy, Coach.

Shy, my butt.

He's an idiot.

Shut up, Tanner.

He's just quiet.

Timmy and I could do

a fine job sharing right field.

Let's not talk anymore about it.

Everybody out on the field

and take any position you want.

We'll figure out

where you play later.

- Could Timmy and I play right field?

- Anyplace at all.

- Just get out there.

- Do you want us to split it?

Shut up and get out there.

Let's go, boys.

Mister Buttermaker...

I think my dad said something about
these two boys were Mexican.

They don't speak any English.

All right, let's get one.

Hey, can't you hold off of that
until after practice?

There's energy in chocolate.

I need energy.

All right, let's get one.

Damn it, Regi!

Attack that ball!

- Pay attention out there.

- It was right at me.

Attack it!

All right, get one.

Look alive.

How could you?

- Hey, Engelberg.

- What?

There's chocolate
all over this ball.
Look, Mr. Buttermaker,
quit bugging me about my food.
People always bug me about it.
My shrink says that's why I'm fat.
You're not doing me
any good, so just quit it!
Look alive. Let's get one.
Are you ready?
Let's get one out there.
- Engelberg?
- What?
That is a bunt...
B-U-N-T.
The catcher is supposed to pick up
the bunt and throw it to first base.
How was I supposed to know? You made
such a big deal yelling out to them.
Diversionary tactic, Engelberg.
Now get the ball.
Why are you always
picking on me?
Engelberg, quit your bellyaching
and throw the ball to first base!
Don't blame me.
I didn't even know it was your car.
It's dumb, parking it so close
to the field anyway.
All right, boys.
Let's get back to basics.
This is a baseball.
The object is to keep the baseball
within the confines of the field.
Wait a minute!
One wild throw, you don't think
we know what a ball is?
I don't think I like
that kind of talk.
He's been in enough
fights this week already.
He's been in enough
fights this week already.
We play like this, we'll be

the laughingstock of the league.
What do you expect?
All we got on this team...
is a bunch of Jews,
spics, niggers, pansies...
and a booger-eating moron.
Tanner, you should be
reminded from time to time...
that you're one of the few
people on this team...
who's not a Jew, spic, nigger,
pansy, or booger-eating moron.
So you better cool it, or we may be
disposed to beat the crap outta you.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

Cut it out!

Now, guys, somebody's
gonna pay for this windshield.

And I think, Engelberg,
it's gonna be your father.

Bullshit.

Come on, babe. We were
supposed to be here by 7:30.

- It looks like a baseball field.

- They did a nice job, didn't they?

I had them

leave off the anchovies...

because I didn't know whether
to use them as bats or the baseline.

Besides, most people don't like
the taste of anchovies.

- I don't like them.

- You see?

Carol, where is Frank?

Is he still practicing?

You got to keep after him.

You all look terrific.

Everybody be patient.

Pizza's on very soon.

Jill, I'm getting ready
for the slide show.

- Glad you could make it.

- I wouldn't miss it for the world.

We have one of these every year. It gets things off on a friendly note. After the start of the season, we all don't always get along so well. How are the uniforms coming along?

What?

The uniforms.

Your team uniforms.

Buttermaker,

you better get on the ball.

The best colors have been taken:

Green and white, blue and white...

red and white, maroon and white,

white and maroon.

Uniforms?

Hey, Whitewood.

What's this crap about uniforms?

What do you mean crap?

I've been meaning to ask...

You're paying me to coach.

You told me I'd be coaching kids just a couple of hours a day.

I've got a lot of pools to clean.

I can't be out looking for uniforms.

Will you be quiet

for a minute?

You've been hired

as a manager, right?

One of the responsibilities

of being a manager...

is to get a sponsor

and to get uniforms.

- You didn't tell me that.

- I'm telling you now.

It's easy. You go to different businesses and talk to the guys.

They all like baseball.

How could you possibly strike out Ted Williams?

I had a mother of a screwball.

He means Ted Williams

was a major leaguer.

You told us you never

got past the minors.
It was spring training, Vero Beach.
Struck him out a couple of times.
You're not supposed to have
open liquor in the car.
- It's against the law.
- So is murder, Engelberg.
Now put that back before
you get me into real trouble.
If you were so great, how come you
never made it to the major leagues?
Contract disputes.
- When are we gonna get uniforms?
- I'm working on it.
Ahmad, even Hank Aaron peels the
old eyelids before he takes a swing.
Maybe I should
try left-handed.
No. Not just yet.
When are we going
to get our uniforms?
I'm working on it.
The other kids got their uniforms.
When are we gonna get ours?
You worry about your hitting.
Let me worry about the uniforms.
- My hat fell in.
- Dummy.
Oh, God. You too?
- How's the vacuuming coming, Toby?
- Not enough suction.
Just move it back and forth.
It'll come.
When we're through,
can we go swimming?
Don't jump in, Engelberg.
You'll flood the valley.
How's it going, Ogilvie?
There's not enough pressure,
but I'm adjusting the intake valve.
- Got a hell of a future in pools.
- Where you been, you crud?
I've been out getting what
you creeps have been bitching for...

Uniforms.

Best pitch I ever taught her
was the curveball.

How could you teach a 9-year-old
girl to throw a curveball?

Not only a curveball, but the most
tantalizing knuckler...

you ever saw in your life.

This thing was
a thing of beauty.

It came to the plate
and disappeared.

It was like a ball
of melted ice cream.

- Here.

- Thank you, Luppus.

- Lupus.

- Lupus. Sorry.

That's superb.

Thank you very much.

Tell us about the time you
struck out Ted Williams again.

Ted Williams, 1947,

Vero Beach, Florida...

spring training,

around March 15th.

Score was tied nothing to nothing.

It was the top of the ninth.

No. It was the bottom
of the ninth.

Bases were loaded.

There was old Ted
coming up to the plate...

swinging a menacing bat.

"Strike one. '"

- What's the matter?

- Let's keep playing.

- He might be hurt.

- I think he's dead.

He's not dead!

He's drunk!

Look at him.

Had enough beer.

- What a mess.

- A lot of smoking too.
What do we do?
Nothing. He ain't any good
to us sober either.
Opening day's tomorrow. We don't
know what the batting order is.
We don't even have
our positions set or anything.
All we got is a cruddy "alky"
for a manager.
Come on, Red.
Let's straighten your hat.
Engelberg, how about buttoning the
buttons on your uniform, will you?
I been trying all morning.
It's too small.
Well, come on.
Look neater, you know.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I want to welcome you here...
to the opening game
of the season...
out here with your children
in the American spirit.
What I want is to see
every boy in America...
out on the baseball field
playing the great game of baseball.
Thank you.
Well, this is the moment
we've been waiting for.
It's opening day.
I'd like to call your attention
to our new scoreboard...
named in memory of Tommy Martin,
who played in our league.
Look out! Get back!
Get off the field!
All right, come here.
That's far enough.
- You little punk, you just...
- Cool it!
What did you think you
were doing, you little punk?

I'll deck that kid!
You'll have to get rid of the bike.
What was I...
Oh, yes.
The new scoreboard
in memory of Tommy...
Tommy Martin, and, well...
After the taking
of the team pictures today...
parents and friends
are encouraged to stay...
for the game between
the Bears and Yankees.
Come on, Indians, line up.
A second game will begin

at 3:

We urge you to return
at that time...
to see the Athletics
against the Mets.
Mr. Buttermaker,
they're taking the team pictures!
I want you to look like champions
because you're gonna be champions.
Stand up straight
and look at them.
That's it, boys.
You got that champion
look about you.
Come on, Buttermaker!
Quick!
- He's gonna take the picture!
- Can't you wait?
- My uniform's too small.
- Shut up.
Take the picture!
Okay, boys, come on.
Straighten up. Big grins.
That's perfect.
Thank you.
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming
And the rockets' red glare

The bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there
Oh say does that star-spangled
banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave
Play ball! Batter up!
First in the Yankee lineup today...
Andy Berger, number seven,
center field.
Come on, baby!
Take two of them!
You got to tag him, dummy!
What are you doing?
Joey Turner,
number two, pitcher.
Here we go.
Let's go, Joey!
Let's go, Joey!
Hey, left fielder!
Throw it in!
Come on in, Joey!
Don Jacobsen, second base.
I got a bead on it!
- Where's our shortstop?
- Aren't you the shortstop?
Was that an error?
It's an error on the throw,
but no error on the infielder...
'cause he wasn't there.
Time!
And a time-out is called
by the Bears' manager.
Tanner.
You okay?
Look, you crud,
just get back to your beer.
Get going.
Get out of here.
Atta boy, Bobby!
Come on, Bobby!
Come on in!
Slide! Slide!

Way to go!
No competition!
Hey, clutch!
Go ahead, take it.
Take two, take three.
Go on home.
Home, I said.
Trust me. Home.
Home!
Maybe we ought to...
Damn it.
Hold it up.
I just want to get a word
with the other coach, okay?
- Okay, hurry it up.
- You got it.
- Hey, Turner.
- Yeah?
What do you say we call this off?
This is getting ridiculous.
They're calling it off in 15 minutes
so let me give you a little advice.
Let your team stay out there.
That way they didn't give up,
and they won't be quitters.
I'm calling this off right now.
- I was just thinking of your boys.
- The hell you were.
The hell I wasn't.
What I saw out there today
made me sick, you know that?
Your team has no right
being on that field.
Look at yourself, Butterworth.
Look at that team.
I mean, why don't you
do this league a favor?
You and the Bears
just drop out.
I mean it.
I mean just...
just drop out.
- I mean it.
- We forfeit the game.

- You forfeit?
- Yeah.
That's it!
That's the game!
- Forfeit by the Bears!
- Come on in, fellas!
The remainder of this game
has been canceled...
by request of the Bears' manager,
and forfeited to the Yankees.
Next up,
the Athletics and the Mets.
Up the alley, down the street,
who's the hardest team to beat?
Bears! Bears!
Well, guys, it ain't so bad.
I was once in a high-school game
where the score...
Come on, guys.
It's only a game.
Nice try. Maybe next time
you'll get a chance to bat.
Hey, Tanner!
Come down, Tanner.
Get down from there.
Forget about that.
Sit down.
I want to talk to you.
I'm not listening to you, crud.
I'm leaving.
- Sit down, Tanner.
- Leave him alone.
Hey, wait a minute.
Where are you guys going?
I got to talk to you.
It's important.
I got to talk to you.
- What do you want?
- Ahmad's up a tree.
- Ahmad?
- Yeah.
- Climbed up a tree?
- Says he's not coming down.
Tell his family about it.

Said if I told them
where he was, he'd kill me.
And anyway,
I promised him I wouldn't.
How's the view up there, Ahmad?
How come you're not
wearing your clothes?
Don't deserve to wear
no uniform.
You get away from here,
Buttermaker.
This ain't your tree.
Anybody can climb up here.
Just leave me alone.
Keeping your family
waiting, you know.
Can't face them.
Why?
What do you mean?
Errors, that's why.
Easy fly balls.
There's nothing easy about
those fly balls, Ahmad.
They were tough chances.
The sun was in your eyes.
Don't give me any of
your honky bullshit.
I know they were easy.
Let's not bring race
into this, Ahmad.
We got enough problems as it is.
- Your brothers will understand.
- No, they won't.
They'd never make flubs like that.
They were all big athletes.
When they were my age,
they were captains of their teams...
and great players,
and I'm not.
I'm lousy at football,
lousy at basketball...
and I'm lousy at baseball, and I'm
quitting the whole damn thing.
Thank God Hank Aaron

didn't act like this.
What?
Don't give me that "what."
You know what I'm talking about.
What you talking about?
The 42 errors.
Forty-two errors?
Come off it, Ahmad!
Stop pulling my leg.
You know what I'm talking about.
You know all about Hank Aaron.
His first year in sandlot ball,
he committed 42 errors.
He was nine years old.
Broke his little heart.
He damn near quit.
Thank God for us he didn't.
- There'd be no great old number 44.
- Buttermaker, you're so full of...
It's common knowledge,
for crying out loud!
Ask Ogilvie!
I'm surprised you didn't know that.
He's your favorite player too.
Well.
Kind of ruins my plans.
I was thinking around the fourth
game, you'd be switch-hitting.
With your speed
and right side of the plate...
those few extra steps you get,
you'd be a tough out.
You know, bunts,
things like that.
I am kind of fast, huh?
You're very fast.
At present there are at least
two to three instances...
of cardiac arrest or heart seizure
at every major sports event...
at the Coliseum...
You're two and a half hours late.
I told you to meet me in my office.
- I couldn't find it.

- Jesus.

I couldn't believe that score...

26 to nothing.

What a beating!

My son wouldn't come out

of his room all weekend.

That's why I want

to disband the team.

- Have you told the boys yet?

- Not yet.

I was hoping to sneak away from the

office today and drop by the field.

Actually, it might be better

if you told them yourself.

I mean, they really do like you.

And I'd appreciate it.

What if the boys

don't want to quit?

That's not important. This has

been very humiliating for me.

We've obviously put these boys in

a situation they just can't handle.

- I hope you think that's fair.

- Excuse me.

Mr. Harrison is here with his 2:30

appointment about the police bill.

- Would you sign these first?

- I know this has all been my fault.

I just want to end it

as quickly as possible.

Good-bye, Buttermaker.

I know it says \$ 1.25 on the map...

but what it really is is \$2.00

because of inflation.

Hey, Boilermaker,

long time no see.

Pretty fancy neighborhood

you're working these days, Amanda.

- Coming up in the world, huh?

- What are you doing here?

I didn't have any pools to clean, so

I thought I'd drop by and say hello.

- How's your mom?

- Fine. What's it to you?

Is that the way to talk? I haven't seen you in two or three years.

If you're looking for money, you can forget it.

I'm not looking for money.

I'm not looking for anything.

- Be sociable, for crying out loud.

- What's that?

- What's what?

- It's a mitt.

- What?

- That.

Oh, yeah.

I thought, you know, if you weren't too busy...

- maybe you'd like to play catch.

- No, thanks.

Well, it was just an idea.

I mean, it's...

- How's your fastball these days?

- Why?

To tell you the truth, I'm coaching a bunch of kids some baseball.

Maybe if you're not doing anything, you can drop by the field...

and maybe join the team for old times' sake.

I knew you were up to something.

I'm through with pitching.

My mom says you almost ruined me with that sports stuff.

How?

That fastball you taught me put my arm in a sling.

It's a fine way to act toward me.

I figure you owe me a thing or two.

- Owe you a thing or two?

- I was like a father to you.

- Some father.

- Didn't I take you to ball games?

- You'd have gone anyway.

- Didn't I take you horseback riding?

Didn't I take you and your mother to the movies twice a week?

- Didn't I pay for your math tutor?
- The tutor was a drunk like you.
I got a "D" in math that year.
Didn't I let you hang around
while I cleaned the pools?
While you cleaned the pools?
Who are you trying to kid?
I'm the one who did all the work.
You sat and drank beer all day.
By the fourth pool,
you were out cold.
I had to call my mom
to come pick us up.
What about your appendix?
Who rushed you to the hospital?
Who saved your life? Would
you be alive if it weren't for me?
When you weren't
saving people's lives...
you were sitting around
the apartment drunk.
Then you just split.
You made my mother sick.
She wanted to marry you.
Boy, was she dumb.
Your mother and I didn't
get along too well, Amanda.
I liked her very much though.
I still do, as a matter of fact.
I'm just not the marrying kind.
But I guess I handled it badly, huh?
- You handled it like shit!
- Don't use that kind of language...
- You handled it like shit!
- Don't use that kind of language...
Don't tell me what kind
of language I can use.
If you're gonna talk that way...
You're not my father, and I ain't
playing baseball for you anymore.
So why don't you get back
into that sardine can...
and go vacuum the bottom
of the Pacific Ocean?

I've got business. You're blocking
my customers with your car.
All right, boys. Let's go.
Up. Everybody up.
Practice. Come on!
All right, all right.
I'm an asshole.
Go ahead and yell.
Get it off your chests.
I deserve it.
We really appreciate these
new uniforms, Buttermaker...
but we're not going to be
needing them anymore.
We've been taking a lot of razzing
in school about opening day, and...
And they were laughing at us,
picking on us.
Anyway, we took a vote
and decided that we'd quit.
What the hell happened
to you, Tanner?
Tanner got into a fight
because of it.
Who with?
- The seventh grade.
- What?
The seventh grade.
You took on
the whole seventh grade?
You want to quit, Tanner?
Crud, no.
I want to play ball.
I can understand
how you guys feel.
I haven't been
much of a manager...
or much of anything else,
for that matter.
And I'm sorry.
But this quitting thing, it's a hard
habit to break once you start.
You're a damn
good bunch of boys.

You probably deserved
a lot better than me...
but we're stuck
with each other.
Jimmy, grab a bat.
Engelberry, get your gear on,
get behind home plate.
- What for?
- We need to practice.
But we disbanded the team.
- We took a vote.
- Goddamn it!
Nobody's vote counts
around here but mine!
Get your gear, and get your fat ass
to the plate before I kick it there.
The rest of you pansy-ass quitters,
move your asses...
before I kick them all
up there into position!
We got a game with
the Athletics next Wednesday...
and that means
only one thing...
bad news for the Athletics!
You're dragging
your right foot, Jimmy.
You got to plant it.
Here, I'll show you.
Right here. Just plant it.
Make sure it stays there.
Let's look alive out there.
Let's look alive.
Way to go, Jimmy!
Good hit!
Way to go!
No, Tanner, no!
Everybody watch this.
You get down on your left knee
so that if you miss the ball...
it hits your body,
you still make the play.
Up, everybody.
All right, Engelberry,

hit it again.
That's the way to do it!
You see how easy it is?
You see how simple that is?
Just get down on your left knee.
You miss the ball, you can still
make the play. Understand?
Okay, let's do it again.
A busted bat
and a long fly ball...
Any day now
Durocher will call!
Shit!
Any second now, Ogilvie,
heart attack time.
I'll send flowers
to your funeral.
Must have sustenance.
Couldn't you at least
have unwrapped it?
I got it! I got it!
Good move!
Butterworth.
Hello, Roy.
What's your boys
doing out in the field?
Getting ready for a game
with the Athletics.
Haven't you heard?
Councilman Whitewood told the league
committee he's calling it quits.
He is. We aren't.
What are you, one of those
sadists or something?
Didn't those kids take enough
of a beating opening day?
- What the hell you trying to do?
- Win the pennant.
This schedule says that on the last
day of the season, June 19th...
the two best teams
play for a title.
We intend to be
one of those teams.

Be a lot of fun
if you were the other.
Two hands, Engelberg!
Two hands!
Guys, I want to see some
hard-nosed play out there.
Now, everybody,
once more with feeling.
First base! Second base!
Do we have to do that one?
It's so corny.
Listen to me.
Once more with feeling.
First base! Second base!
Third base! Home!
Around them bases
we shall roam!
Come on, batter!
Check the big play!
Batter can't hit!
Batter, swing!
Ball four!
Take your base.
Go home! Home!
Here! Home!
Go home!
All the way home!
Out!
Crud!
Come on! Catch it!
Who do we appreciate?
Bears! Bears!
All right, come on, guys.
Lighten up.
We finished
the whole game, didn't we?
Tanner almost got a base hit
in the fourth inning.
Matter of fact,
I thought you were safe.
- Rome wasn't built in a day.
- It took several hundred years.
We lost 18 to nothing, and
the Athletics are the worst team.

- Second worst.

- Sorry, I forgot.

Snap out of it! Nobody said

it was going to be easy.

Don't look so glum.

Well, we committed 24 errors.

Their pitcher threw a no-hitter.

But there is some good news.

Two of our runners almost
managed to get to first base...

and we did hit 17 foul balls.

That's the spirit!

Come on, guys!

Cokes and hot dogs on me.

This way.

- I said I wasn't interested.

- There's nothing to be afraid of.

I'm not afraid. I'm just through
with all that tomboy stuff.

Baseball's not tomboy stuff. It's
your country's national pastime.

It's a lot healthier than sitting
here on a stupid street corner...

selling dumb maps

to a bunch of ignorant hicks.

Look at that gut on you.

I beg your pardon.

There isn't an ounce of fat on me.

There will be if you keep
sitting around here.

- This is sure a lousy job you got.

- It ain't lousy.

Half the state of Iowa came by
last week. Cleared 85 bucks.

Bet it's more than you make.

- You saving any of that money?

- Of course I am.

What are you going
to do with it?

I'm going to get braces.

I'm going to be taking
ballet lessons pretty soon.

I'm going to be a model.

Well, now we're

getting somewhere.
Tell you what.
You come and pitch
a few games for us...
I'll pay for the modeling thing
and the ballet lessons.
Can't do anything about the braces
'cause that's big money.
Buttermaker, you're so dumb.
Those boys aren't rough.
You won't get hurt.
That's got nothing
to do with it.
I'm almost 12, and I'll...
I'll be getting a bra soon.
Well, maybe in a year or so.
I can't be playing
no dumb baseball.
You're right.
You're absolutely right.
You're turning into
a regular little lady.
It was a dumb idea anyway.
I mean, you wouldn't have
helped the team much.
You were great
when you were nine...
but girls reach their peak
athletically about that age.
Probably haven't picked up
a ball in two years anyway.
Give my love to your mom.
Don't be such a stranger.
- Hey, Boilermaker.
- Yeah?
Got my curve breaking 21/2 feet.
Then you have been
practicing, huh?
But don't give me no baloney about
a curve breaking 21/2 feet, though.
For how much?
- Ten bucks.
- Make it 20.
We got a bet.

I thought we were going
to see some curves.
Okay, the next one's coming
right between your eyes.
- Twelve ballet lessons.
- Nine ballet lessons.
They're \$3.00 a shot,
for crying out loud.
Twelve ballet lessons or no go.
I just lit that cigar.
That's terrible.
- Make it nine ballet lessons...
- I want the imported kind of jeans.
- Jeans?
- Yes.
- I'm not getting you any jeans.
- French jeans.
Do you know how many pools
I gotta clean to get imported jeans?
- What's wrong with American?
- I don't like them.
Who do you think you are,
Catfish Hunter?
Who's he?
Boys, I'd like you to meet
your new pitcher...
Amanda Whurlizer.
Jews, spics, niggers,
and now a girl?
Grab a bat, punk.
Jimmy Feldman,
Toby Whitewood.
Sixth. No, you're seventh.
Tanner...
First up for the Mets,
Roy Close...
number seven, left field.
Come on, Amanda.
Right through him!
Strike three!
You're out!
Now batting for the Mets,
David Delmardo.
What's she doing

now with the...
Ah, that's the...
That's the spitter.
Wets her fingers, you see...
and then she appears to dry them
on the peak of her cap...
but she's not really drying them
'cause she has Vaseline under there.
Strike three!
Strike three!
You're out!
When we get out to the field, take
it easy on the first few batters.
I want to see how
our infield handles balls.
Carl Paranski, number six...
The cool, calm Paranski shift!
You're holding up the game.
Let's get back in the box.
Forget it, Miguel.
Strike three!
Come on, guys!
Pay attention!
They can't win
if they don't score!
Nice work, Engelberg.
Good game.
Nice going, Tanner.
You looked beautiful.
Who do we appreciate? Bears!
Good stuff. Beautiful.
Toby, Jose, Timmy.
Lupus, you spaz! We would've won
if it weren't for you!
- Leave him alone.
- Will you cut that out?
Let's not have any shoving around.
Now cut that out!
Move over.
All I know is, when we win a game,
it's a team win.
When we lose a game,
it's a team loss.
Now, on Friday,

we play the White Sox.
What does that mean
to you guys?
Bad news for the White Sox!
Damn right.
Look alive out there.
Let's look alive.
I got it!
No, you don't!
It's over the fence!
Hey, punk!
I thought I...
I thought I told you
to quit hanging around!
Jumpin' catfish.
What a great arm!
Who is that kid?
Of course he's got a great arm.
He's the best athlete in the area.
But you don't understand.
- That's Kelly Leak.
- You guys talking about Kelly Leak?
- Yeah.
- That dude is a bad mother.
You're talking about a loan shark.
I borrowed a nickel from him.
Said if I didn't give him a dime
by Friday, he'd break my arm.
Don't know what he's talking about,
but I like him. He's got balls.
Why screw around? If the guy
can play ball, he can play ball.
Let's get him on the team.
Want to go again?
Anybody else?
Saw you throw the ball.
Got a great arm.
So-so.
We could use a good
outfielder on our team.
You call what you got a team?
What you got against
baseball anyway?
The baseball you guys play

is for faggots and old farts...
who don't have anything
better to do with themselves.
You must like
those kind of guys.
You sure hang around
the field often enough.
There's nice ass at the field.
That's why I hang around there.
- I hear you like to gamble.
- We go a dollar a game here.
Serve it.
I don't want
to play for money.
If I win, you play
baseball for the Bears.
- And if I win?
- Name it.
Well, how'd it go?
- I lost.
- What?
- You said you were good!
- I am good! He's just better!
That's the last time
I ever listen to you.

8:

- What's that?
- Nothing.

What's 8:

I lost, so I gotta go to the Rolling
Stones concert with the creep.
That's the most ridiculous
thing I ever heard of.
11 -year-old girls
don't go out on dates.
Of course they do.
They don't go out
with people like that.
You take the cake.
First you blow the game...
then you get roped into
a date with an ex-con.

You're like a chimney.
I'm sick of it.
Start the car, and let's go.
Probably lost on purpose.
You probably like the little baboon.
Blow it out your bunghole!
What if he tries something...
I'll handle it.
Rolling Stones.
Eleven years old.
I know an 11 -year-old girl
who's on the pill.
Don't ever say that word again.
Jesus, just who in the heck
do you think you are?
Your goddamn manager,
that's who.
Big wow.
Lupus, could you go somewhere else
while I'm eating?
You make me sick.
- Cripes.
- Lupus, man.
- How's it going?
- Give it!
What do you need it for?
You hardly ever play anyways.
Sit down.
We was only kidding anyways.
That looks neat, man.
We oughta do that to all the Bears.
They might play better.
Hey, Joey, you hungry?
You want my burrito?
I wouldn't eat your burrito
if you paid me to.
Go on, take it.
That's the best way to eat it.
I'm gonna kill you!
I'll knock your head down so far,
you'll have to take off your hat!
I'm gonna beat
the crud out of you!
I'll take on all

the Yankees after this!
I'm gonna kick your butt,
you little shit!
You owe me 30 cents
for that burrito!
You little shit.
That's one Bear down,
11 to go.
Come to think of it,
they ain't worth it.
Thanks. Nobody ever
stuck up for me before.
If you wiped your nose
once in a while...
people wouldn't give you
so much crud all the time.
How many times you got to be told
to quit hanging around here?
I'm just sitting here.
This field is for ballplayers,
not for juvenile delinquents.
I can play baseball better
than anybody in this league.
It's a shame we're never
going to find that out.
Because nobody here wants
to have anything to do with you.
Now get the hell out of here.
Come on, get out of here!
Something I forgot to tell you.
It's a league rule.
Cups and supporters.
Gotta be worn at all times.
- They're very uncomfortable.
- You wear them or you don't play.
Can we stop this already?
We got another hour of practice.
- What are you saying?
- I've brushed up on my Spanish.
I think he's saying something about
his being a Catholic and it's a sin.
Oh, for Christ's sake.
- It's not a gas mask.
- I know what it is.

This is a free country.
Let's be democratic and take a vote.
- There'll be no vote, Engelberg.
- What about Amanda?
You ain't strapping
one of these on me.
If she don't wear one,
I don't wear one.
Anyway, it's too small.
If she doesn't wear one,
neither do I.
- What are you doing here?
- Some asshole changed my mind.
A little harder, huh?
Who's this turkey think he is,
Mickey Mantle?
Rifle one.
They win one lousy game,
next thing you know...
they'll sue for the right
to play in Dodger Stadium.
Engelberg, did you
take my hamburger?
Hey, would you shut up?
Right on my punch line.
I pledge allegiance to the flag...
of the United States of America...
and to the republic
for which it stands...
one nation,
under God, indivisible...
with liberty and justice for all.
- I just get an eight count here.
- I know, but it's okay.
I got the whole thing figured out.
This is what I do.
I take my two outfielders,
Henry and Thor...
I play them right and left center.
Would you stop it!
You're embarrassing yourself.
Three of my White Sox
have got the flu.
I got a goddamn little Jesus freak

in Bakersfield at a revival meeting.

I am sorry!

The White Sox are gonna have to
forfeit the game. It's a forfeit.

The White Sox have to forfeit.

Two, four, six, eight.

Who do we appreciate?

White Sox! White Sox!

- Can't this thing go any faster?

- Sure.

Would you look at that?

I can't help it.

I really hate that kid.

Out.

Out!

Out!

Shit!

He's out.

Stop it! Somebody's hurt!

- Ow. Right in the balls.

- Come on, give him some air.

Get back to the dugout. It's time.

He got hit in the balls.

Cleveland! Stretcher!

- A stretcher for his balls?

- That must hurt.

Buttermaker, do I have to go?

No. We're just going
to get you checked out.

I don't wanna go.

I wanna play.

We have to check you out first.

It's a sensitive area.

- I want to play.

- Don't worry. You'll play.

You better start worrying about
your team finishing in one piece...

instead of trying
to get in the play-offs.

I just pray

he's wearing his cup.

One, two, two, two,
three, two, four, two...

ready to go back.

One, two, two, two,
three, two, four, two...
and bow.
- Very good.
- Would you like a piece of chicken?
Would you turkeys
blow on out of here?
I will not allow this!
The White Sox beat the Mets!
- Gentlemen, please...
- We're talking championships.
Young man,
I am teaching a class here.
You ain't doin' a very good job.
No one here can dance for bat turds.
Tanner, get the hell out of here!
I will kill you!
Get out! Go!
I'm hitting.841.
I'm on the Bears.
You live around here?
I got a Harley-Davidson.
Does that turn you on...
Harley-Davidson?
I don't have to remind you who we'll
be playing in the championship...
after we beat these Athletics today.
I got one last question for you.
Let's see who can answer it.
What does this game mean
to the Athletics? Ahmad?
It means a hell of a lot
of badass news for the Athletics.
Let's go!
Kelly. Kelly.
I want you handling the ball
as much as possible out there today.
This game is
too damn important for us.
Any ball you get near, go for it.
Way to go!
And so, at the top
of the third inning...
the Bears are leading

one to nothing over the Athletics.

Hey, Tanner, does he go
to the bathroom for you too?

Hey! Tanner!

Now batting, Tom McKay,
number ten, third base.

- What you doing?

- Sorry.

We got nine men out here,
you know.

Yeah. Okay.

Going into the last half
of the sixth and last inning...

the score is tied two and two.

When I give you an order,

I expect you to follow it.

You're up first this inning.

Grab yourself a goddamn bat...

and let's get the run back.

And now batting for the Bears...

number three, Kelly Leak.

Strike!

Strike two!

That was a ball, you stupid ump!

Again?

0-2, and Stein is up next.

Time.

What's the matter with you?

What are you doing up there?

You trying to win this thing or not?

I'll put Miguel in.

At least he'll try.

Just get out of here

and let me hit...

Coach.

That's the way to go.

- Kelly!

- Congratulations.

Give me ten!

We have the final score.

Bears... three runs,

four hits, three errors.

Athletics...

two runs, five hits...

- See you tomorrow at the big game.

- Thank you.

I was really scared

for a minute there.

He's just a rotten ball hog.

Yeah. I'll see you tomorrow.

Does anybody

want to go for a ride?

Want to go for a ride, Timmy?

- Let's get your elbow in there.

- The water sure is cold.

Don't worry about it.

Will you listen to me

and forget the elbow?

- Got to hold down the swelling.

- It's not that bad.

- Buttermaker?

- All right. Shoot.

I invited my mom

to the game tomorrow.

You did? That's nice.

- It's the last game of the year.

- Fine, fine.

Got a big surprise

for you after too.

- We're all going to dinner.

- What?

After that, we're going to

the drive-in. It's a double feature.

Let's play it by ear,

see how things go tomorrow.

Please don't try to blow it.

She wasn't too keen on it at first.

I had to work hard to get it set up.

Yeah. I bet you did.

I don't think it's

a very good idea, Amanda.

No excuses, Boilermaker.

It's all fixed and I'm paying...

- so you can't cry poor.

- Yes, but listen...

Last Sunday I made a killing.

A guy wanted to wallpaper

his bathroom and bought 35 maps.

Amanda, you know damn well
your mother and I don't get along.
So we're not going to dinner or
a movie or anywhere else together.
Do you understand?
Just keep your elbow in the water.
- Then just you and I will go.
- Yeah, right.
You and I will take
the whole team out...
and get some hamburgers
or pizza or something.
I was just thinking us.
Just us, no outsiders.
Then maybe we could go
horseback riding or something...
or maybe to a matinee.
Yeah. We'll see.
How does it feel?
Why do you always
change the subject?
You're always pulling that number.
The subject is your arm.
You're pitching tomorrow.
But what about after tomorrow?
After tomorrow,
we do what all ballplayers do...
we shake hands
till we see each other next season.
Then we go fishing or hunting,
make some personal appearances...
get to know the wife and kids again.
I don't have a wife and kids.
Neither do I,
but I got my pools to clean.
You've got your maps to sell
and your ballet to learn.
I could help you
with your pools.
Will you cut it out, Amanda?
It wouldn't be like you're taking me
anywhere. It would be like work.
- You could use the help.
- No, I couldn't!

And besides, you shouldn't be
wasting your time cleaning pools.

Look, Amanda,

you're a terrific kid.

You shouldn't be

hanging around with me.

I'm an old, broken-down,

third-rate ballplayer.

I like to drink too much.

I like to smoke my cigars...

without anybody bothering me,

including you.

I'm happy that way.

I'm a bum.

No, you're not.

You taught me how to pitch.

Goddamn it! Can't you get it

through your thick head...

that I don't want your company?

If I did, I would have

looked you up two years ago.

I wouldn't have waited

two goddamn years.

Did you ever think of that?

If that's the way you feel, fine.

It's no big deal.

Hi, Amanda.

- Ogilvie.

- Hey, Kelly.

Hey, Ahmad. You, me and Tanner

will play three-way.

Does anybody mind

if I warm up too?

We didn't think you needed anybody

but yourself to play catch with.

Just cool it, runt.

- Who's a faggot?

- Your mother!

What the hell is going on here?

- What the hell's the matter?

- Kelly's a crud.

He's been hogging the ball in all

these games and we're sick of it.

He's not the only reason

we got this far.
- He's most of the reason.
- Just shut up!
Maybe if you guys
played a little better...
he wouldn't have to
cover for you all the time.
Look, woman, don't you be
going and telling us how to play.
Let that turkey loose,
Buttermaker...
or I'll chew his ears off
and stick them back in his face.
You're acting like a bunch
of babies! Cut it out.
Nobody has to worry anymore
'cause I'm quitting.
No, you're not. You came this far.
You're going the rest of the way.
If it's yesterday you're worried
about, you can blame me.
I'm the one who told
Kelly to cover for you.
Why?
Why?
What do you mean, why?
We're in the championship,
aren't we?
That's what you wanted, wasn't it?
Just behave yourselves
and act like men.
The Yankees have got the field now.
Let's get back to the dugout.
I'm not gonna talk about winning.
I'm gonna talk about losing.
'Cause if you guys lose this game...
each and every one of you...
you're going
to have to live with it.
You're about the best team
I ever coached.
Play a good game.
First up for the Yankees...
number one, Chris Love, left field.

Put 'em down in order...
one, two, three.
Come on!
You want to win, don't you?
That's what you showed up for,
every damn one of you!
Let's go! Let's go!
Come on, Ahmad!
Hurry!
Throw it home!
Safe!
Did you see that, Ump?
That's not allowed!
Hey, hey!
That's enough of that!
Break it up!
All right, you mother,
see if you can kick my ass!
How's your chest feel, hon?
I know I don't have
too much up there...
but what I've got sure don't
feel too good right now.
I didn't need your help, you know.
I know.
I could have taken
all those guys myself.
- Yeah.
- Those Yankees are real turds.
They sure are.
Turner, you better
cut out that cheap crap.
Cheap crap?
We're playing clean, hard baseball.
You call spiking
an 11 -year-old girl...
Spiking? The umpire called it safe.
My team plays by the book.
- All right, pus-head.
- You got any crying to do...
cry to the umpire.
Get back to your dugout. Maybe
your team could use your help...
but I doubt it.

All right, Eddie!
You guys play by the book.
One ball, two strikes, one out!
Strike three!
You're out of there.
You better pitch better than you're
hitting or I'm gonna take you out.
Turner, she's going to
ram it down your throat!
What the hell's the matter with you?
You come here to play ball?
You play ball,
or you're going home!
You run out every hit!
I don't care
if he had you beat by a mile!
2-0.
Ball.
Way to go, Ahmad.
He's going to walk you.
He can't find the plate.
And now batting for the Bears...
number three,
Kelly Leak, at center field.
What the hell is the matter?
You don't swing at a 3-0 pitch.
Are you crazy?
Get in there and
never do that again.
Shut up. I don't want
to hear any excuses.
- Get in there.
- Come on, Kelly.
Joey!
Ball one.
Hey, pus-head!
Are you crazy?
An intentional walk
with the bases empty?
This is baseball,
not backgammon.
My first baseman is lonely.
- Rudi.
- What?

The first inside pitch you get,
lean into it and let it hit you.

- You want to win the game?
- I don't want to get hurt.
- But you want to win the game.
- Yeah.

Engelberg is up after you.

We need runs.

He's been murdering the ball lately.

Do as I tell you.

Let's get on, Rudi.

Ball one.

That's the way to take it.

That's ball one.

Take your base.

Rudi, take your base, boy.

Everybody moves! Everybody!

Come on.

Let's get a hit, Engelberg.

Well, well, well,

if it isn't "Engelpuke."

How would you like me to stick
this bat where the sun never shines?

- Sit on it, fat ass.
- Shove it.

Ease up, Joey.

Taking easy control, baby.

Ground-rule double.

Stein, get back.

Get back, will you?

It's a ground-rule double.

You can't score from first base.

Turner, why don't you build a fence
for players instead of chickens?

Keep that finger out, Engelpuke,
and I'll bust it off.

Jimmy Feldman for the Bears.

Come on, come on.

You're holding up the game.

Go! Go! Go!

Throw the ball, Chris.

Go! Go!

He's safe.

One out.

You posing for a picture?
You in love with that ball
or something?
End of the first inning.
The Bears lead two to one
over the Yankees.
- Safe.
- What?
What are you talking about?
He was out by a mile.
Do you think you gotta
kiss ass around here...
because they been here
longer than us?
There's two teams here, Umpire.
Two teams, not one.
Don't turn your back on me.
Are you a friend of Roy Turner's?
You gonna call them like that
all day, let us know now.
We may as well go home.
Get a pair of glasses.
Stein, same thing.
- No. I don't want to do it.
- Stein, we're still in the game.
This hurts.
I don't like it.
You don't have to get hit in
the back. Get hit in the arm or leg.
Don't make it obvious.
Go ahead.
Rudi Stein, number ten.
James Henry
won't take curveballs.
Buttermaker, you better take Amanda
out now. She's hurting pretty bad.
I know, but she told me
she wants to play.
Of course she does.
But if you don't take her out...
she'll throw her arm out.
Who's managing this team,
you or me?
- You.

- Shut up and play your position.

Let me worry

about the team's health.

What do you want me to do,

put in Rudi Stein?

He always swings from the hip.

Then comes Chris Love.

Strike.

You're out.

I told you not to swing,

you idiot!

Get back here! Move it!

Stein, get back in here!

- Goddamn it, you stupid...

- Yankees two, Bears two.

Everybody, sit down.

Come on. Sit down.

Sit down, Engelberg.

What's the matter with you?

Next time I tell you

to do something, goddamn it...

you do it or else

you're off this team.

And the rest of you,

what's the matter with you?

All season long, you've been

laughed at, crapped on!

Now you've got a chance

to spit it back in their faces.

And what do you do?

You're out there like a bunch

of dead fish, not listening...

bonehead plays, mistakes.

Don't you want

to beat those bastards?

All right.

Get out there now

and do the best you can.

Let's go, Joey!

- Strike two!

- What are you swinging at?

That was a ball, Joey!

Strike!

Second time in a row

you struck out.
Slide!
Safe!
Ladies and gentlemen,
the end of the top of the fifth.
The score is three for the Yankees
and two for the Bears.
Well, well, well,
if it isn't Engelpuke again.
Shove it, Turner.
That's the way, Engelberg!
Foul ball.
That's outside the line.
This is the kid that got
the double last time, right?
Yeah.
He almost whacked that
right out of the ballpark...
so don't give him
anything to hit at.
Low and outside. You got it?
Just pitch them low and outside.
- Low and outside.
- Dad, I wanted to strike him out.
All right. Play ball!
Let's go, Engelberg!
- Boy, that was close to my head!
- Time! Time!
What's this, beanball?
You tried to hit him,
didn't you?
No. It just got away.
Don't lie to me!
You tried to hit him.
You son of a bitch.
He tried to bean him.
He could have killed that kid.
You know why he threw it.
I told him to throw it
low and outside.
He could have killed that kid.
Throw the ball, Joey!
He's not throwing it! Go!
Throw the ball, Joey.

Go! Go!
What are you doing?
Throw the ball!
They just tied it up.
Billy, your arm feel okay?
Take the mound.
Chris, right field.
Harriet!
Thirteen, second base.
One, right field.
- The score is now three, three.
- Three, pitching.
This is the last inning.
Tanner, Toby, Regi, and Jimmy...
you're sitting on the bench.
Ogilvie, Lupus...
Miguel, and Jose,
you take their place.
Mr. Buttermaker,
if I go in, we lose the game.
As it is now,
we still have a chance.
A damn good chance, so be on your
toes. Now get the hell out of here.
Ogilvie will be sitting there,
putting in his asthma medicine.
It's not my fault.
Why not just forfeit?
What did they do...
give him a six-pack
before the game?
Mr. Buttermaker...
I don't know about you,
but I want to win...
so don't send me in.
Listen, Lupus,
you didn't come into this life...
just to sit around
on a dugout bench, did you?
Get your ass out there
and do the best you can.
Your attention, please.
Parents and friends...
this is the last game

of the championship play-offs.
Let's give the little folks
a big hand.
They really deserve it.
Something's wrong with Amanda.
I think I'd better
get in a relief pitcher.
Buttermaker?
Hi, Whitewood.
I've gotta talk to you for a minute.
We're busy now.
We got a championship game here.
I'm aware of that.
I've got to talk to you.
Yeah?
Listen, is it really necessary
to send in that Lupus kid now?
- He hasn't played yet.
- I know that, Buttermaker...
but we've still got a chance.
Everybody on my team
gets a chance to play.
Come on, don't give me
that righteous bullshit!
These kids have gone through too
much for you to throw it away now.
We've got a chance to win.
You started this thing
so all the boys would have...
- a chance to play baseball.
- I know why I started this!
Not only your boy,
but all the boys.
Little boys hurt easily, or maybe
you haven't been watching...
what's been going on
here this afternoon.
Get back to the stands before
I shave off half your mustache...
and shove it up your left nostril.
Hold it! Time!
Time.
Okay, Amanda, that's it.
There's three more outs,

Boilermaker, so get lost.
Rudi!
I'm warning you.
Okay, Rudi, you're pitching.
Amanda, get out in left field.
We have no more reserves.
If only my knuckler
had been working...
I would have brought
those turkeys down.
We still got a chance.
Come on.
They're doing terrible.
- Put us back in.
- Don't worry about it.
Okay, Mike.
Don't worry. We'll catch them
at the bottom of the sixth.
Congratulations. Looks like
the championship is in the bag.
That's great, huh?
That's great.
Come on, Lupus!
Catch it for once!
If everybody gets a hit,
we win the game.
But we need five runs.
- Five runs? Easy.
- No chance.
What's everybody
moping about?
- Stein, you're up, aren't you?
- Yeah.
Grab a cruddy bat.
- Watch your fingers.
- Let's go, Stein. Come on!
He's going for two!
Out.
Two to go, Billy.
We got two to go.
Grab a helmet and get
in the on-deck circle.
I'm sorry.
What are you sorry about?

That was nice hustle.
Good try.
Put it there. I like that.
Okay, Billy, two to go.
She's got a sore arm!
You're out.
All right. One to go, Billy.
Two out. Two out.
One to go.
Okay. One out to go,
and then to Pizza Hut.
All right. Batter up.
Come on, you're holding up the game.
What's the matter, Ogilvie?
The plate is over there.
Without going into much detail,
I'm zero for 14 this season.
And aside from Timmy Lupus...
I'm probably the worst
player in this league.
Would you do me a favor, Ogilvie?
Just shut up and get up to the plate
and try to hit the ball.
Come on, batter. Let's go.
Okay, Mr. Buttermaker.
Strike one.
Okay, Billy, bear down now.
One out to go, babe.
Never seen you like this, Ogilvie.
Sure ain't like algebra, is it?
Just put it over.
He ain't swingin'.
That's the way to look.
You got a piece of it.
The count is 0-2.
Ball.
Glad you all came.
Frankly, I'm surprised the little
marshmallows did this well.
2-2.
Ball.
The count is full.
Come on, Billy!
Lose control or something?

Come on, Billy, don't walk this man.
Ball four.
Take your base.
Go, Ogilvie!
On to first, boy!
He walked him.
- Get down there!
- All right!
That's the way to go.
Come on, Ahmad.
This is for Allah. And it's going
way out there, sucker.
Let's go, Steve. Get it, Steve!
Go! Go! All right!
Beauty!
He beat him with a bunt.
That's a smart play, Ahmad!
That's a smart play!
Now batting, number seven...
Miguel Agilar, second base.
Ball.
That's it.
Way to look.
I know he's small, Billy.
Just pitch it lower.
Ball.
All right, Miguel.
Way to go.
Ball, inside. 3-0.
Ball four. Take your base.
- All right, Miguel!
- You all right, Billy?
Now batting, number three,
Kelly Leak, center field.
Billy.
Hey, Turner!
What the hell are you doing,
walking a man with the bases loaded?
You're putting the tying run
on first base, you imbecile!
Couldn't even manage a food store
and he's managing a baseball team.
What's the matter?
You can't pitch to him?

Come on!

You're out!

- Engelberg. Regi.

- What's this?

- We're celebrating.

- Why are we celebrating?

Because you should be
damn proud of yourselves.

I'll drink to that.

- Skoal.

- Would you cool it with the beer?

I got a photographer here
from the L.A. Times.

I would've gotten champagne,
but you don't pay me enough.

- Who didn't get a beer?

- You're paying him?

No, he's joking.

Don't drink that.

Buttermaker, maybe next spring
you'll teach me how to hit.

You bet.

Buttermaker,
this is your second-place trophy.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you, sir.

I know we had our differences...

but at least we settled it
right here on the ball field.

My boys would like to say
something to your team. Boys.

We just wanna say
you guys played a good game.

And we treated you
pretty unfair all season.

We want to apologize.

We still don't think you're
all that good a baseball team...

but you got guts, all of you.

Let's give them a cheer. Come on.

Two, four, six, eight!

Who do we appreciate?

Bears! Bears!

Hey, Yankees! You can take

your apology and your trophy...
and shove it straight up your ass!
And another thing,
just wait till next year.