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Fear Strikes Out

By Ted Berkman

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Hi, Dad.

Hello, Jim.

You're home early.

Yep.

I'm going to work on that slide again.

Can you watch me?

Later.

Go on.

OK.

I told you that squirt of a
foreman would be trouble.

He talked to the wrong man
when he talked to me like that.

There are other jobs.

Hey, Dad, watch!

I'm the union steward.

The men expect me to speak up.

There will be other jobs.

The farther away you take off,
the sooner you get in there,
and you hook it in.

You try it.

Zip it up in there!

The sooner you take off,
the faster you're there.

All right, now.

As you come in, fall away from the bag.

Let's go. Home!

That was pretty good.

You hooked in there nice.

But you know, a low throw
would've nailed you.

Don't give me that look.

A low throw would've nailed you.

It wasn't bad, though.

Keep it up.

You'll be able to do it.

Just keep at it.

That old trouble again?

Nah. Too much gabbing
today, I guess.

I'll fix a cup of tea.

I don't like the look of it.

I've been after you to get
a checkup, haven't I?
I don't want you going away again.
Jimmy always looks so
serious when he plays.
He's a good boy.
He tries hard.
Too hard sometimes.
Nothing comes easy, and you know it.
If we work hard enough,
he could be a great ballplayer.
Just like his Dad.
You were the best I ever saw.
I was nothing like that.
Playing for a factory team?
Making a few dollars in my spare time?
No.
What I'm thinking about
is the big leagues.
The Boston Red Sox.
That's where Jim's going.
Jim.
That's enough of that, Jim.
Come on.
Let's toss a few.
Right in the old mitt.
Burn it in now.
Come on, Jim.
Like a big leaguer.
Big leaguer now.
Come on.
Let's go now!
Come on, Jim!
Let's go! Let's go!
Hustle in there!
Right here now.
Right to me, Jimmy!
Come on, Jimmy.
Come on.
That's the way to do it.
We'll show them, Jim.
That's the way!
Right to me!
You're out!

That kid can play!
What an arm!
What a game, Nice going.
What a bunch of bums!
How about that?
Great going, Jimmy.
You saved the game for us.
If you're going
to play, Mr. Tracy,
you might as well win, you know?
Bernie, good game, boy.
Hi, Mr. Piersall.
He played like a real
pro today, didn't he?
Well, Dad, we made it?
Yeah, you made it.
With luck, you made it.
It was a good enough
game for high school,
but you weren't on your
toes all the time,
and you know it, don't you?
Jimmy, you got to think ahead.
You got to be ahead of the play.
For instance, when the ball
got away from your shortstop,
why weren't you backing him up?
You got to think ahead!
Come on.
Take your shower.
Don't catch cold.
Jimmy, I'll give you a
ride over to the party.
I got two gas pumps waiting.
This is a celebration.
Skip work for once.
I can't skip work for a party.
Come on.
We won.
That's wonderful.
I thought we'd lose.
I knew you wouldn't.
The third inning, I thought we'd lose it.
Your son made a play

like a big leaguer today.
Don't think they don't know it up there.
Up where?
Boston.
What's that?
I didn't want to tell you
during the season.
I was afraid you'd get nervous.
The Boston Red Sox are interested, Jim.
Tracy's heard from them.
The Red Sox are sending
down scouts next year
to see me?
Hey, Mom.
The Boston Red Sox are sending
scouts next year to see me.
What do you think?
You deserve it, Jimbo.
What do you think, Dad?
We're on our way, Jim.
Big leagues, big money.
Everything we've ever dreamed about.
We're going up fast.
No 10 years in the minors for us,
hanging around Louisville,
Scranton, those small towns.
None of that for us.
We'll give them one year,
then the Boston Red Sox, right, Jim?
Right, Dad.
Of course, we got to be great next season
when the scouts come down.
We've got to stay in shape, keep healthy.
And nothing can stop us.
Right, Jim?
Right.
Jimmy, you going to be late for work?
Yep.
Straight home after work, son.
Doesn't he always?
Can I have the letter?
Jim!
Jim!
Hey, Jim!

Don't lose the letter!
And bring it home!
How about a little service?
Get that heap out of here.
It gives the place a bad name.
How's the big leaguer?
Heard from the Red Sox again?
Yeah.
Great, Jimmy.
It's really wonderful.
They're coming all the
way down from Boston?
That's what Tracy says.
If he says it, it's fact.
How about celebrating?
Come on, Jimmy.
Once?
I should go straight home.
We'll do a little
ice-skating.
I'm not suppose to
ice-skate.
Come on, Jimmy. Relax.
You should relax.
I got to go home.
I'll have you home before you know it.
Come on. Come on.
10 minutes.
OK. 10 minutes.
OK?
Yeah. Come on.
Hurry up those 10 minutes.
Let's go.
Maybe he had to work overtime.
There was no answer at the gas station.
Why don't you call his friends?
I did.
Nobody's home.
Nobody's seen him.
I'm going to call the police.
John, for goodness' sakes.
He's an hour and a half late.
That's like 24 hours with anybody else.
Jim's never been late before.

I know.
The gas station.
It's the gas station.
I should never have
let him take that job.
Will you stop it?
Stop what?
He's probably with Bernie
and forgot the time.
He knows it's important to get his sleep.
If he's not ready
when those scouts
come down from Boston...
Have you seen Jim?
Yes, sir.
Well, where is he?
He's downstairs in the car, sir.
What happened?
We went skating, sir, and...
I'm sorry,
Mrs. Piersall.
Jimmy.
I'm all right, Mom.
Now, Pa, it's OK.
I'm going to play.
John!
Dad!
I'll be back tomorrow,
and we'll have a cardiograph
taken at the office.
Thank you, doctor.
Jimmy... Dad's going to be all right.
The doctor says it wasn't
really a heart attack,
just a warning.
He'll have to take it easy for a while.
It was my fault.
Jimmy, it wasn't your fault.
The doctor says it could
have happened anytime
and for any reason.
Try and get some rest, son.
And don't worry.
Are the scouts out there or not?

Yeah.
No bending.
You know what the doc said.
That was two months ago.
You still got to be careful.
You ought to skip the game.
Are you going to play?
Yes.
Then I can watch it.
Let's get out and play ball.
Jim, no sliding today.
Keep your weight off that ankle
as much as you can.
Come on, Jim.
Come on.
Come on, Jim.
Throw a good one, baby.
You're out of there.
This is our last inning.
Get a hit, kid.
We're in trouble.
They don't like those two strikeouts.
I'm trying, Dad.
I know,
but we've got to show them you can hit.
Now, you got to get your hit.
Get your hit.
Strike!
Keep your eye on the ball, Jim.
Go! Go!
Safe!
Jim!
Jim, are you OK?
I told you, Dad... Worry about nothing?
This is Jim.
Hello, Jim.
Mr. Kulavitch
and silvera, scouts.
You made a nice slide.
Keep your weight off the ankle.
Sit down.
Well, good-bye, Dad.
Now, Scranton is a good beginning,
but it's only the beginning.

Remember, next year it's got to be...
Yeah. Wish me luck.
Luck won't do it.
You'll have to work hard
and think for yourself.
Aboard!
Good-bye, Jim.
Dad!
Next year!
Next year the Red Sox!
Next year...
Hey! Where's that arm?
Hey! Go!
Watch it!
Look out!
Are you OK?
What are you trying to
do, ruin the customers?
Your skirt is a mess.
What do I do now?
Tell her you're sorry.
They're friends of mine,
nurses at St. Vincent's.
Come on.
Girls.
This is Jimmy Piersall,
our latest misguided missile.
This is Joan Kelly, Doris Fleming,
Edna McGuire, and... Mary Teevan.
Mary just started at the hospital.
You almost put her back in there.
It's a nice way to treat a stranger.
I'm very sorry, miss... That's all right.
Let me.
It doesn't really make any difference.
Let me get you another mirror.
No, really. Please.
I got in the way.
You didn't get in the way.
I shouldn't go running...
Hey, Piersall, get it.
Piersall!
Well, I like the way you play baseball.
Well, now if one of us could only...

Cook. Yeah.
Cook.
Where are your friends?
They're busy.
Well, good-bye.
It was nice
talking to you. Bye.
That's all for today.
OK, men, let's hit the showers.
Jimmy, get out of that hotel room, man.
Get yourself a date.
Miss Teevan!
Miss Teevan!
Who is it?
It's Jim Piersall.
Who?
Jim Piersall. You remember?
From the ball park.
Hi.
How are you?
Fine.
How did you find out where I lived?
I called up the hospital
and told them I was your brother.
Say, can I come in?
Well, I guess it'll be all right.
I wanted to ask you out to dinner.
Then I figured maybe if I brought dinner,
you'd let me cook it.
Brought what?
Remember you said, "if one
of us could only cook"?
Yes.
Well, as it so happens, I can cook.
Well, I...
I was going out.
You have a date.
Well, no, not exactly.
You don't have to go out, then?
No.
I've got a perfectly
good steak and asparagus,
olives, muffins, ice cream,
and stuff like that.

What do you say?
I'm very tired
of eating in these restaurants
around here, aren't you?
You won't have to do anything.
I'll cook it all myself.
I'm a very good cook.
I'm practically a chef.
I need a couple of saucepans
and a double boiler
and worcestershire sauce
and muffin tins,
and... and...
I ought to light the oven to 450...
And the ice cream.
The ice cream should go
in the icebox right away.
It should go in there right now.
Yes, sir.
The trick is to do these
before you get comfortable.
All right.
Here. Come on.
You got to wear this.
How long do you expect to be in Scranton?
Just one year. Then Boston,
if I'm good enough.
You'll be good enough.
You think so?
Why, sure.
You can't just stand there and watch
while I do dishes.
OK.
Let's go.
Come on.
Come on.
OK, Piersall, that's all.
That's all?
Jimmy, what's the matter?
You saw me at the plate.
You hit almost every one.
With no power.
With nothing.
Jimmy, now, are you or are you not

the third leading batter in the league?

What league?

I've got to get out of
the minors this year.

I know it.

You have an off day.

You'll get over it.

Doubleheader tomorrow.

Pop's coming.

He's never seen me

play professional ball.

I'm in real trouble.

Your father knows baseball.

He knows how these things are.

He knows what it takes

to make the majors.

So do these guys.

Every week, reports go to Boston...

How I'm running bases,

how I'm fielding, how I'm hitting.

There's only 15 games left.

I've got to make a showing.

Jim!

Hi, Pop.

Everything under control?

Sure. How are you?

Fine. You look all right.

You look good.

Yeah, I feel good.

I'm having a great year.

Yes, you are.

There's 15 games to go,

and I'm batting third in the league.

Well, that isn't first.

Mary.

I'd like you to meet my Dad.

All right. Give me

that beautiful cup.

Baby, ain't it lovely?

Guys, let's get some pictures.

Here's to the guy that

made the difference.

Jim, Jim, look!

Here's a telegram!

Look at that.
It's a telegram.
What's the matter, Jimmy?
What's wrong, Jim?
I wish I didn't have to go home tomorrow.
I wish we had more time
to think things out.
There's time.
Listen, you...
you don't want to be
tied down to a ballplayer
all your life, living
in trains and hotels.
No, you don't.
It doesn't make any difference.
There's no security in it,
and one bad year, and I'd be out of it.
So you'd do something else for a while.
Well, there's a great
career waiting for me
loading freight cars for
the international silver.
I can't do anything.
I don't know how to do anything else.
You're going to make the Red Sox.
Mary, you don't understand.
The competition is terrific.
You're terrific.
I got my folks to support.
If I got married, I'd
have to live with them.
That would mean four people
living in that house
that wasn't even big enough for three.
It's not possible.
It's impossible.
I have to go in now.
Mary?
I don't care what happens.
I love you, Mary.
Jimmy, I love you.
Let's get married.
Let's go back to Waterbury
and get married, OK?

OK?
Yes.
Right now.
I can't just walk out on my job.
Why not? Talk to them. You can do it.
Talk to them.
All right. I'll ask
the head nurse tonight.
I'll wait.
It may take a while.
I'll call you.
I'll wait.
You go ahead.
I'll call you at the hotel.
Promise?
Yes.
Jimmy, come on.
The old ballgame.
You're just what we
need, a center fielder.
No. I've got
to get upstairs.
I've got a phone call
coming. Please?
Come on, Jimmy.
Play ball.
The weatherman says tomorrow will be fair
and slightly warmer
with probable evening showers.
We now bring you Hal Morrison's
sports review.
Good evening, fans.
With no ballgames in the majors today,
rival managers juggled lineups
for the crucial games ahead.
Locally, the whole town's
talking about Jim Piersall,
the flashy young outfielder
of our pennant-winning
Scranton club.
Bug-eyed Piersall fans
are boosting him
as a hot major league prospect.
Some are even comparing him

to the immortals of yesteryear.
Let's get a few things straight, folks,
in all this hullabaloo.
Young Piersall has had... Hey...
just one season of professional ball.
Scranton is a long way from Fenway Park.
Would you turn that down
in there, please?
More than one rookie
has flashed like a comet in the minors
and fizzled out like a wet firecracker...
Your radio's on awfully loud!
Will Jim Piersall make the Red Sox?
Turn it down!
Has he the wrist power, the stamina,
the vital extras...
Your radio's on a little bit
loud in there, you know!
Turn it off, will you, please?
Will he be wearing
a major league uniform?
Turn it...
Turn it off!
Hello.
Hello, darling.
It's all fixed.
I can go with you tomorrow.
That's great.
It's 25 minutes since we became engaged.
Do you love me?
I love you, Mary.
I love you, Jimmy.
I love you, Mary.
I love you.
Get up.
Jimmy.
You know.
Jimmy.
Well, you got to.
I can't.
No, no.
You have to.
Why does breakfast

have to be at 7:

It just does.

So get up, OK?

Jimmy, I can't.

You can't?

Please.

All right.

You just stay there.

I'll tell you what.

You stay there, and I'll bring you
some breakfast in bed, all right?

How would that be?

Marvelous.

On a tray?

Yes.

What would you like to have most?

What are you doing?

What... Jimmy!

The ice! No!

Stop. God!

Is it cold?

Freezing!

Let go of the arm.

I'm going to need that
in a couple of months.

Tell me what team

you're going to be with,
and I might mail it to you.

If it isn't Boston, don't bother.

Really!

You know, we need traffic lights already.

I'd like to know

what we'll do when the baby comes.

Find a bigger house.

I think it's kind of cozy like this,
don't you?

You warming up?

No.

All right. OK.

Dirty trick.

Ready?

Yes.

Good morning.

Your son put an entire

windowsill filled with snow
down my back.
Jimmy!
Yes, he did.
I'll take him over my knee.
We missed the boat, Jim.
We didn't make it.
"No trip to the majors for Jim Piersall."
"The Boston Red Sox
"have decided the outfield flash
"isn't ready for the big leagues yet.
"He'll be sent down
to Louisville next spring
for further training."
Well, what do they want, Dad?
I was the best fielder in the league.
I stole bases.
I scored runs.
What do they want?
What you didn't give them... hitting.
That's what they want.
"What do they
want from me?"
A man can rot in the minors.
Jimmy. Jimmy.
It's not the end of the world.
It's another year.
Jim.
Come on. Sit down. Feeding time.
Sit down.
Come on.
Fine little girl, Jim.
6 pounds, 8 ounces.
Well, how's Mary?
OK. She's OK.
Why can't I go in?
You'll be in soon.
Your mom's with her now.
Well, you know how I
feel, don't you, Jim?
Thanks, Dad.
How did you make out after the fifth?
I got my hit in the seventh.
Great.

That's fine.
Great. Great.
That makes 15 straight days in a row.
We're going to double it.
Come on in.
Hello, Daddy.
Are you OK?
Yes.
Look.
She's beautiful.
Isn't she, Dad?
You're a lucky boy, Jim.
And you've got to give her the best.
Jimmy.
You really think she's beautiful?
Yeah.
She's pretty small.
You'd be surprised
how those small ones can fill up a room
once they start crawling around.
What we need is a new house...
A place she can really grow up in,
with rooms for everybody.
What do you think, Mary?
I think it would be wonderful,
but we can't afford it.
Sure, we can.
Look at how I'm hitting.
I've got the whole league on the run.
I'm going to make the majors.
Why shouldn't we have a nice place?
We're going to have one.
Jim's right. It's time
we got out of that dump.
Sorry, folks. My girl
needs her beauty sleep.
See you in the morning, dear.
Bye.
I'll see you in the car.
Jimmy?
Are you really serious
about getting a house?
Sure, I am.
I've never been more serious in my life.

You just hurry up and
get out of the hospital
and get back up to Waterbury
and find one, OK?
OK.
And I'll keep on hitting, OK?
Jim!
Hi, Dad.
Jimbo!
Great season!
Hey, you look wonderful.
Where's Mary?
She has a meeting with the contractor.
Wait till you see the new house.
Real high class. We're
moving in tomorrow.
Tomorrow?
Have you heard from Boston?
You will.
Reporters.
Come on.
I'll introduce you.
Ed Slade from the Sentinel.
Hello, Jim.
Hank Evans from the Danbury Globe.
OK, fellas, start pitching.
What's the story about Boston, Jim?
You going up there next season?
I guess you'll have
to ask Mr. Cronin.
Buying a house, aren't you?
Does that mean you're
set with the Red Sox?
Papers there say the Sox want you
if you can hit big league pitching.
It'll be lots tougher.
We can outhit anybody in the league.
Lots of stars in that Sox outfield.
We can outplay anybody in the business.
The boy's had a long trip, Slade.
You've got your story.
Right, Jim?
Thanks, Jim, very much.
Good-bye,

Mr. Piersall.
Thanks for coming.
Thanks for calling us.
We're on our way, Jim.
Come on.
You want to drive?
No, you drive.
I'll take you to the new house.
You'll like that.
No, Dad... let's go home.
I want to see Mary.
I want you to see Eileen.
Mary?
Yeah. Yes.
Listen.
Finally, finally.
Listen, I've got to finish packing.
Jimmy.
I bought a new highchair
today for Eileen.
When we move, I'll put it in the room...
Mary.
What?
We're not moving in.
What?
We're not taking the house.
What happened?
I don't understand.
What happened?
It's too expensive.
I thought it was a bargain.
Yes.
But it's too much.
Jimmy.
What's the matter?
Nothing.
Jimmy, please.
Jimmy...
I know something's wrong.
Now, please tell me.
Jimmy.
Jimmy...
I'm sorry.
I can't.

It's his nerves.
That's what it is, nerves.
He'll be all right when
he hears from Boston.
Good morning, gentlemen.
Honey, can I get
a spring training roster?
I'll write you from Florida.
Send Piersall in.
Mr. Cronin
will see you now.
Hello, Jim.
How's the boy?
Fine, Mr. Cronin.
Good. Sit down.
Have a good winter?
Yes, sir.
Keep in shape?
Yeah. Yes, sir.
Jim, we want you to start the season
with the Sox.
Mr. Cronin.
Ever since I was a kid,
I've wanted to play
in the Red Sox outfield.
Ever think about the infield?
No.
We got a big hole at shortstop, Jim.
With your speed and your arm,
you could fill it.
And as an infielder,
you wouldn't be expected to hit so hard.
What do you say?
I don't know.
I do.
You can do it.
I... I've been trained
for the outfield.
I've never played shortstop,
and I don't know anything about it.
We'll have you in the Red
Sox lineup opening day.
Now, Monday you leave for Florida.
Arrange transportation

for Piersall to Sarasota.

Yes, sir.

Mr. Cronin.

Do you mind if I call my father first?

Sure, Jim.

Here you go.

Waterbury, Connecticut, 2095-J.

Glad the spot opened up for you, Jim,

'cause we want you with us.

We're loaded with outfielders.

You'll do OK at short.

Pick it up in no time.

Be out in a minute, boy.

Hello, Dad?

Jim?

It looks like I'm going

to make the Red Sox.

We finally made it.

We made it, Jim.

Great.

That's great...

Great, Jim. Great.

Now, listen, Dad.

They want to put me at shortstop.

Shortstop?

Jim.

Mr. Cronin says they've got

an opening for me there.

We made it, Jim.

We made it.

Short, outfield, what's the difference?

Needs a little work, that's all.

Just a little hard work.

Come home fast.

The next train.

OK.

Jimmy.

Jimmy, where have you been?

We've been worried sick.

What took so long?

Where's Dad?

At the bus station.

We were waiting all afternoon.

He went down there to see

if he could find you.
What happened?
Listen, listen.
I went to Boston.
Yes? Yes?
They don't want me there.
Who doesn't?
No, they don't want me there.
Cronin and the Red Sox.
Mary, they want to get rid of me.
Jimmy.
They tried to put me at shortstop,
and I can't play it.
No, no, no, no.
I can't play that.
I don't want to go to spring training.
I don't want to go there.
You don't have to go.
I don't have to go.
You don't have to do anything
you don't want to do.
I don't want to be hurt.
I don't want to be hurt.
Mary!
Jim!
Dad, Dad, he's sick,
and we've got to get him to a doctor.
I talked to him this afternoon.
He doesn't even want
to go down to spring training.
Jim!
Jim!
Jim!
Jim?
What are you doing here?
What's this I hear
about you not going down
to spring training?
Is that right, Jim?
Doesn't sound like you.
We don't go in for that
kind of stuff, do we?
Now, it's no time to get cold feet.
They put you in the infield.

So you'll have to work a little harder.

So what?

You're making the majors, Jim.

That's what counts.

What have we been fighting
for all these years?

What have we been pouring our blood into?

Jim.

Now... boy, this is no time to buckle up.

You want them to call you yellow?

If that's what you want,
you're no son of mine then.

You promise me you'll be
on that train tomorrow.

Come on, Jim.

Promise me.

I'm waiting, Jim.

OK.

I'll go.

Now, that's more like it.

For a minute there, you know,
I thought you were going
to ditch everything.

Fine thing, trying to put a scare
into your old man.

Come on. Harder.

That's not good enough.

That's not hard enough.

That's not hard enough.

You take it easy.

Come on. Throw harder. Throw harder.

Show me more.

We got games to win.

Take a break, now, Jimmy?

No, I... I... Cool off?

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Got to work.

Got to work.

Got to work.

Got to work.

The Boston Red Sox baseball club
of the American League

welcomes you to Fenway Park
for this season's opening game
with the Chicago White Sox.
This is the first
of a four-game series.
Play ball!
Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah! Yeah!
Can you see me standing back there?
What do you think we're playing here,
high-school ball?
Keep your eye on me, mister.
Knock it off and play ball.
Watch the play, will you?
Come on.
Come on. Come on.
Come on. Come here.
Come here.
You're up.
We need a hit, man, and
you've got to get it.
You haven't had one for four days.
You going to get one?
I'll get my hit.
You get yours.
That's all I'm asking.
Shut up.
I said break it up!
I won't stand for this kind of fighting.
You're up.
Get into the dugout, Jim.
You're benched for the day.
You can't bench me,
Mr. Cronin.
I said you're benched.
You're out of the game.
You're suspended, Piersall.
As of right now, you're suspended.
Now get to the showers.
Jimmy?
Mary.
Jimmy.

What are you doing here?
I wanted to see you.
How come?
I just wanted to see you.
Are you all right?
Well, sure, I'm all right.
I'm fine. I'm fine.
You were there today?
Yes.
See what he did to me?
That Cronin suspending me,
kicking me off the team for two weeks.
I'm the one player
that plays to win games.
I play to win games,
and he won't let me play.
He won't let me play.
Jimmy, maybe you should
take a rest for a while.
Don't you turn against me, Mary.
Don't turn against me.
I won't lift the suspension
until Jim's ready to settle down.
He'll settle down
if you put him in the outfield.
Put him in the outfield
where he knows everything,
and I'll guarantee you
he'll play a whale of a game.
What do you say, Jim?
You ready to cut out the yelling
and play ball?
You heard Mr. Cronin.
Yes, sir.
Will be starting in center field.
In right field for Boston, Jim Piersall.
Jim!
Jim.
Now, you show them, Jim.
Don't let me down.
I said you were at bat, Jim.
Let's go?
Come on, Jim.
It's your hit, Jim.

You can do it.
Let's go, Jim.
Come on, Jimmy.
Show them how.
Burn it right on in, Eddie.
Come on.
Burn it, Eddie, burn it in.
Strike!
Come on, Jim!
Let's go!
Ball.
Come on.
Hit it, Jim.
Strike!
Put some wood on it, Jimmy.
All the way!
All the way!
All the way!
All the way!
All the way, son!
All the way!
All the way!
All the way!
How was that?
How was it?
Was it good enough?
Please, tell me.
Did I show them?
Get in that dugout!
Answer me, Pop.
Did I show them?
I showed them.
Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.
I showed them.
Pop. Pop. Pop.
Was it good enough?
Was it good enough for you?
Tell me that I did good.
No.
No. No. No.
God!
No!
I don't want to go!
I don't want to go!

I don't want to go!
I don't want to go!
Jimmy, let's go.
Come on.
Let him go!
Don't hurt him! Don't do this to him!
Let me in.
I'm Piersall.
Get away!
Get away from me!
I'm Piersall.
Let me in.
Jimmy! Jimmy!
Jimmy! Jimmy!
I want to play!
I want to play!
Don't hurt him!
Don't hurt him!
Let me play!
Ticket these for Piersall.
Yes, sir.
Mr. Piersall?
Yes.
I'm Dr. Brown.
I'll be taking care of Jim.
Where is he?
Jim's a pretty sick boy.
He's had a breakdown, a mental breakdown.
Can I see him?
No.
Just for a minute?
No. I'm sorry.
I suggest you go home.
I'll contact you tomorrow.
We may have a clearer picture then.
Excuse me, please.
Doc...
You handle Jim easy, won't you?
I know.
Hello, Jim.
I'm a doctor, Jim.
I'm here to help you.
I want to give you something
to make you relax.

Jim, first I want to take the straps off.
Would you like me to take
the straps off, Jim?
I want you to trust me, Jim.
I mean to help you.
I have a feeling we're
going to be friends, Jim.
I want you to trust me.
You've had a rough couple of hours.
Would you like to rest, Jim?
Would you like to have some sleep?
I can help you have some sleep, Jim.
Give me your arm, Jim.
I'm not going to hurt you.
Give me your arm.
I want to help you, Jimmy Piersall.
Can you hear me... Jimmy Piersall?
You know that name.
That's your name, Jim.
Jimmy Piersall.
Can you hear me?
Jim?
I got here as quickly as I could.
Thanks.
I'm sorry this couldn't wait.
Sit down.
I need your help.
What is it?
We're not getting anywhere.
It's three weeks
and still no contact with Jim.
I've tried almost everything,
and there's only one other possibility.
I need your consent for that.
Electroshock.
I can't even promise anything.
And I won't minimize the risk.
I can tell you
if we don't make contact with Jim soon,
he may withdraw so far
we'll never reach him.
That doesn't leave me
much choice, does it?
He may not recognize you, Mary.

Hello, Jimmy.
It's so good to see you.
Everybody sends their love to you.
Mom and Dad and Eileen.
You should see Eileen now.
She's walking, Jimmy.
We're all fine... Jimmy.
The Red Sox are taking
care of everything for us.
And Mr. Cronin
calls all the time
to see how you are.
Mary.
Jimmy.
He wanted to get rid of me.
He...
Mr. Cronin... wanted to hurt me.
He wanted to hurt me, didn't he?
No.
He wanted to... hurt me.
He... he put me
in here!
Why did you let him put me in here?
Jimmy!
Now, that was wrong.
That was wrong.
You shouldn't have done that to me.
Mary, why did you put me in here?
Mary, Mary!
M-mary, Mary.
I don't understand.
I don't understand.
What's that, Jim?
I don't understand the things I do.
Maybe I could help you understand,
if you want me to.
Hello, Jim Piersall.
How are you this morning?
Getting used to these sessions?
Got a letter.
Anything interesting?
Yes. A picture of my baby... Eileen.
Pretty little thing, isn't she?
You know, Jim, she's got your eyes.

My wife says she has my appetite.
I bet her grandma takes care of that.
Your mom's quite a cook, isn't she?
Yeah.
When I was a kid,
I couldn't get home from
school fast enough.
Pretty good pals, you and your mom.
We were a regular team.
We did laundry, you know.
And, I'd pour the hot
water over it, and...
I remember once when I was a kid...
She was away a lot.
And then your father took care of you.
Yeah. We were
a regular team, too.
We'd... play baseball all the time.
You were happy with your father?
Sure.
He's a wonderful man.
Well, when I won a big game or something,
nothing was too good for me.
How about when you lost?
No. I didn't lose.
You mean, you won every game you played?
No. I mean, you don't win every game.
I lost sometimes.
What happened then?
What did they say, Mary?
Can we see him?
No.
Why can't I see my own son?
Dad, Dr. Brown
is doing all he can.
We've got to go along...
There must be something I can do.
I know Jim.
He's up there alone with strangers.
If they'd just give me a minute with him,
I know I could help that boy.
Dad, we've got to leave that to Dr.
Brown.
You know the rule in these sessions, Jim.

This time is yours.
You don't have to say a thing.
But if anything's on your mind...
Look... I like you, doc,
but I don't think we're getting anywhere
with this thing.
It's just going to be like last week
and the week before.
Well, since we have to spend
this hour together anyway...
how about watching the ballgame?
It's been a long time
since you've seen a ballgame, hasn't it?
High curve.
The ball's going into right field
and it's...
foul by inches.
It's a long belt
down the left field line.
It's a hit!
Make your turn.
A stand-up double.
Go to third.
He reached second fine.
But he should have gone on to third.
He played it safe.
Don't make me laugh.
Say, he made a mistake.
He should have gone to third.
If I'd done something like that,
Dad would've made my life miserable.
How, Jim?
Well, you know, doc, he would've...
I don't know, not talk
to me or something.
That would have been pretty tough?
Yeah, but... he's my father,
and I wanted to do good for him.
I owe him something, don't I?
You have a little girl, Jim.
Would you like her
feeling she owed you something?
Look, doc. Let me get
you something straight.

I love my Dad.
He's the biggest thing in my life.
He kept me in line.
If it hadn't been for him...
Pushing me, driving me...
I wouldn't be where I am today.
Hello, doctor.
How are you,
Mr. Piersall?
Mary tells me Jim's feeling better.
There's been considerable
improvement, yes.
Good.
Sit down.
Well, I...
I want to apologize for
busting in on you.
And...
we appreciate
everything you've done for Jim very much.
But now that he's feeling better,
isn't it about time he came home?
Well, no.
It's not that simple.
Physically, Jim's getting back to normal,
but he's not nearly ready to go home.
When will he be ready?
I can't tell.
Do you know what they're saying?
He'll never be ready.
"That mental institution looks like
it will be Jim Piersall's
permanent address."
That's not true.
Three million readers think it is.
Every day you keep him here
makes it harder for him to come back.
Mr. Piersall,
Jim has been sick.
Mental illness is no different
from any other kind.
Try telling that to the people outside!
You let my boy come home.
I'm sorry. It's out

of the question.
Jim is coming home,
even if I have to go to the papers
and the ball club about it.
Mr. Piersall, Jim is my
patient, my responsibility.
He's making progress here,
and I won't have that interrupted.
Why not ask Jim how he feels about it?
Jim isn't ready to talk to you
or even see you.
I'm sorry,
Mr. Piersall.
It's me, Jim.
You know they tried to
keep me out of here?
Fat chance.
How are you, boy?
You know, I was... I was telling the doc,
what's the sense in hanging around here
when your family can give
you everything you need?
Come on, Jim.
You stick around here,
and they'll make you an invalid for life.
We know that, don't we?
We got to fight this thing, Jim.
Just fight it!
Start feeling sorry for
yourself, and you're through.
You know that's what the
sportswriters are saying,
that you're through?
That you're washed up.
You'll never play again.
You put your things together
and go down there and tell that doc
that we got to get back
so we can tell them we're not washed up!
You just listen to me, Jim.
We can still make it.
No, Dad.
It won't work anymore.
I... I can't make it.

It's all right, Jim.
You're OK.
I'm trying, Dad.
I'm really trying,
but it takes everything I got.
Jim, listen to me.
Dad, please.
Listen to me now.
You've always listened
to me, haven't you?
Haven't you?
All my life
I've been splitting my gut to please you,
and I never could.
No matter what I do, it's not enough.
Dad... you're killing me.
No. I'm trying
to help you.
No, you're not!
You don't care about me.
You never gave a damn.
"Win, Jimmy, win."
That's all you ever cared about.
You've been killing me for
years, and it's too much.
I can't give you any more.
I've got nothing left to give.
Now, get out of here.
Get away from me.
Go on.
Get away from me.
Get away from me!
Get out!
Get that guy out of here!
Get him out!
Jim, Jim, Jim.
I wanted to kill him.
But you didn't, Jimmy.
Everyone... all of us,
we have irrational impulses.
It takes a sane man to control them.
Help me.
Help me.
Help me.

Help me.
All right, Jimmy.
I'll... I'll try
to help you.
You wanted to hurt your father.
There was a reason.
You know the reason.
You know the reason, Jim.
What it is... tell him no!
Tell him I couldn't... I couldn't do it.
Tell him I couldn't.
I wanted to say no for all the...
Every time that he wanted
me to do something,
and he wouldn't let me say no.
You couldn't satisfy that man.
I couldn't satisfy him.
He wanted good things for me...
big league baseball and big money.
It was for me he wanted that.
He's a good man, doc.
Yes, he is.
He didn't want to hurt me.
No.
Jimmy, your father had his dreams.
He wanted you to make them come true.
But it didn't work.
It never does.
You had dreams of your own,
needs of your own.
You couldn't go on living
out someone else's dreams.
I can't ever see him again.
What will I ever say to him?
When you're ready to see him,
you'll know what to say.
What about baseball?
What will I do?
Well, that's up to you, Jimmy.
Do you want to be a ballplayer?
Is that what you want,
to be a ballplayer?
Yeah.
Yeah.

But I don't know
if I can. There's...
Everybody... knows about
me, where I've been.
He's right down there.
You sure it's OK?
Jim wants to see you,
Mr. Piersall.
He asked for you.
Mary.
Hi, Dad.
Hello, son.
You have a good trip up?
Fine. Fine.
How's the family?
OK.
Fine. Fine.
I'm trying to get back into shape.
It's, pretty tough.
Doc Brown... Doctor Brown
comes out sometimes.
We throw it around a bit.
You think I'm out of shape,
you should see him.
Just stay well, Jim.
You know, I was thinking,
might be good to take another try
at the Red Sox outfield...
even if I don't make it.
Might not make it.
Opening day next spring,
he wants to be in Fenway Park.
It won't be easy.
Good crowd out there.
Yeah.
Good luck, Jim.
Jimmy.
Hi.
Jimmy.
Jimmy, don't go out there today.
You're scared.
Yes.
Well...
I'm scared, too.

Mary, I love you.

You don't know how much I love you.

Look, I know it's not going
to be easy out there.

But,

I... I want to.

I want to play.

So?

OK?

So go ahead now.

Go on.