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Fever Pitch

By Lowell Ganz

Eighty-six years of banging
our heads against the big green wall...
but we finally did it.
That part you know.
That part everybody knows.
But I got a story
you don't know.
It's about this schoolteacher
friend of mine named Ben.
This is him, back in 1980,
when he was a kid.
The little guy
was going through a tough time.
His parents had just got divorced,
and his mom dragged him up here to Boston...
where he didn't know nobody.
One day Ben's mom says,
"Enough mopin 'around, "
and she calls her brother Carl
to take him somewhere...
anywhere, just to get
the kid out of the house.
Uncle Carl didn't have
any children of his own...
so he wasn't exactly
what you'd call "kid sawy. "
I'm not gonna have to change hi m
or anything, am I?
Carl, look at him.
He's seven, you dope. Come here.
Carl wasn't the kind of uncle
who was gonna take you to the circus...
or the zoo or a puppet show...
but he did know the greatest place
to bring any kid-
The heart and soul of Boston,
Fenway Park.
That was also the day I met Ben.
The pretty boy with the glasses?
That's me, Al Waterman. I sell sponges.
Now that's the Green Monster, kid.
- Monster?
- Yep.
I taught the boy

what I knew about the game...
and Carl taught him what he knew.
Hey, Zimmer, you idiot,
what are you batting this bum leadoff for?
Dwight Evans parked
a couple homers, the Sox won...
and by day's end, poor Ben had become
one of Gods most pathetic creatures-
- a Red Sox fan.
- Wow!
And that's where the story begins.
Careful, kid.
They'll break your heart.
You could have gone over right there.
Come on, you gotta be aggressive, man.
- Take off the training wheels.
- Hey, I got a crowbar under the seat, okay?
So don't make me
knock your teeth out.
What are you doing?
Audrey and Tammy, are you guys talking
to each other on the phone?
We're conferencing Amanda. She's home sick.
Amanda likes that song, Mr. Wrightman.
Can you turn it up, please?
Okay, so I asked for no ham, double turkey,
but it looks like they gave me double ham.
- Do you want me to go back?
- Uh, no. Just toss some of it in my mouth.
- And that teacher's here with those kids.
- What?
That teacher you talked to on the phone,
about coming in, having a tour.
Oh, oh, God, that's today?
- They're here.
- Oh, no.
Okay, uh, just pretend that youre me
and take them around and- Hi.
- There they are.
- Ben Wrightman. We talked on the phone.
- Nice to meet you.
- Yes, yes, I've been waiting for you.
Hi, I'm Lindsey Meeks.
Excuse me.

Can I get anyone
something to drink?
Vodka martini, straight up.
Three olives, please.
Hey, I asked you to behave.
Uh, are you allowed to hit them?
Yeah, actually.
Do you wanna take a swipe at him?
I'll hold him if you want.
- Maybe later.
- Uh, okay. As I said on the phone, Lindsey...
I teach honors geometry,
ninth grade.
And every year I pick
a few promising math students...
to meet someone who's pursued
mathematics as an educational discipline...
and has made practical use
of that education.
So, thanks for having us.
All right, the client
I'm working for right now...
is this really cool company
called Marquis Jet...
and they're trying to figure out how to
make renting private jets more affordable.
Wow. Now that's the way to go.
Yeah, and they're growing
like crazy...
so they'd have to buy more jets
in order to meet the demands.
Now let me ask you guys
a crazy question.
Are any of you in the habit
of looking at numbers-
You know, addresses, license plates,
phone numbers- and adding them up...
and rearranging them in your head
to make more interesting patterns?
Oh, my God,
she knows my secret shame.
Well, step into the light, my friend,
because this is the church of numbers...
and every day is Sunday.

- She was a major hottie.
- Major?
- Colonel hottie.
- Yeah, she went optic for you, Mr. Wrightman.
- Optic?
- Yeah, I saw her glance to the pants.
- No way. - Yeah.
- What do you mean?
- I mean she was totally-
- No, no, not you. You. What did you mean?

Nothin', you know.

Well, come on, man.

You saw her.

What? Wait. Are you saying
that she's out of my league?

She is bringing some serious heat, man.

I don't know if you got the bat speed.

Oh, I got the bat speed. I got plenty
of bat speed. I could hit her best cheese.

Ezra, I need those
customer satisfaction data reports.

- I put them on your desk, Lindsey.

- Good lad. Keep me posted.

You got it.

- Those kids were cute.

- Which kids?

- The ones from earlier today.

- Oh. Yeah.

Maybe I should become a teacher
or a college professor, you know.

The hours would be better. You get summers free.

It's so much less competitive.

- Oh, my God, Jack is leaving.

- What?

Jack is leaving
the company next summer.

What that- So, do you think they're gonna
bring someone in from the outside?

- I have- I don't know. - Or do you
think they're gonna promote from within?

I thought you were
becoming a teacher.

Low blood sugar. I didn't eat yet.

Hi.

Hi. I didn't wanna interrupt.
It sounded like you were involved
with some major corporate hoo-ha.
Oh, well, there's a position
about to open up...
so it might get
mildly murderous around here.
Oh. Wha-Wha-Wha-
I want your job! I'm the boss!
Wha-Wha-
Yes. So, um-
Why am I here? Um-
I just wanted you to know that you really
got through to the kids today.
You know,
they're really juiced.
Oh, thanks. They were- They were great.
Well, you're welcome.
Thank you.
So, is the conversation over?
You mean 'cause neither of us
are speaking?
Yeah.
No. Yeah, I also-
I came back because I just-
I wanted to ask you if I could
ask you out sometime.
Socially.
I won't be bringing the kids.
Oh!
Uh-
- Hike.
- Get him! Get him!
- Oh!
- All right, good "D." Good "D."
I know why she wouldn't go out with me.
She thinks I'm not in her class.
- She said that?
- No. I could see it on her face.
- "Like I would really date a schoolteacher. "
- Ouch.
Down, set, hike.
Yeah, go, go, go!
Ben, what are you doing? It's two-hand touch.

You were down back there.
And back there and back there.
What's the matter with you?
Come on, guys.
Sorry. Sorry, guys.
All right, Lindsey,
so what's the matter with this one?
He's not smart?
He's not attractive?
He was.
It's just, you know-
- I don't know. It's hopeless.
- Oh, boy, here we go.
You're right, I'm an idiot.
I'm about to turn 20-10...
and the dating market is,
shall we say, bearish.
And instead of becoming more open
and available, I'm becoming less open.
Come on, people.
Talking isn't burning calories.
Let's go. Start pedaling.
Come on.
Maybe you should date
a different kind of guy.
Why? What do you mean?
Well, all the guys you date are sharp
and competitive and successful.
- It's like you're dating yourself.
- Ding, ding, ding.
Wh-What's wrong
with the schoolteacher?
- Well-
- He's a schoolteacher.
Which means he has
a small... income.
All right, people, let's shut your piehole
and speed it back up. Come on!
- Come on!
- Die, you Nazi spin-bitch.
Hey! Go, run a post. Go!
Oh!
Who did that?
That's it.

You're coming with me, mister.

What do you think,

this is your own private playground?

Get in here.

Thanks, man.

I owe you one.

Go ahead.

Hey, Ben, are you going
to watch the Celtics later?

Uh, I don't know.

You know, there are other sports
besides baseball.

I would debate you, Ed, but that would only
lead to me being dragged away in handcuffs.

Hey, speaking of baseball, Ben, wanna help me
coach the J. V. team this year?

Why? You're doing a great job.

I mean, you cant just go by wins and losses.

Aw, come on, Ben.

The kids listen to you.

I think it's going good
the way it is, you know?

You coach the team,
and I help out whenever I can.

Then, if I don't make it or-

Hey, Rita, when did I get this message
from Lindsey Meeks?

A tip might be where it says

"Time Called:

Come on, pull!

So, do you think it'll be a problem
that youre more successful than him?

- Who says I am?

- Well, I mean, at least financially.

It's not like he's playing a flute
with a hatful of dollar bills in front of him.

- He's a teacher.

- Teaching's a cool thing.

Yeah. Besides, why does everything
in my life have to be a trophy?

- I mean, who am I trying to impress?

- Hey, we're on your side.

No, I know.

It's just that I hate when people-
- Ow!
- Oopsie.
Oh, just kill me.
Just take a hammer and kill me.
Oh, shit. Who is it?
I -It's me. It's Ben.
Your date?
Oh, God, no.
Oh.
I'm sick. Come back.
I'll call you tomorrow. Go away.
Wait, wait, wait. What kind of sick?
You okay? You in pain?
I-
ate at this new place.
I think-
Are you faking it? 'Cause we don't
have to really do this if you don't-
Mommy.
Ernie, go away.
Ernie, don't eat that!
Oh, shit.
Uh-
So, you wanna pull the plug
on this thing or-
All right, here we go.
Come on.
All right, we're almost there.
Okay. Okay.
Now sit right here.
Oh, God!
All right. Okay.
Here. Pick your head up.
Up. Okay, up.
Uh, all right. Um-
Do you have any, like,
pajamas or a nightgown?
In the top drawer.
Top drawer. Okay.
All right, here we go.
Well, Wonder Womans been looking for these.
I gotta call her.
Let her know they're here.

- Okay. All right. I'll help you up.
- Mm-mm.
- Get up.
- I'm sorry about this.
- Don't worry. Come on. Come on.
- I'm so sorry.
I'm gonna help you change, all right?
I won't look. I promise.
- Uh-huh.
- Okay.
Okay, I looked.
Let's get this on.
Get your arms through.
Okay, here we go. You're gonna be okay.
You're gonna be okay.
There's nothing left
to throw up, I promise.
And if you do, here's Mr. Hamper.
Okay? All right.
Here. Drink this
when you feel like you can, okay?
- Thank you. Thank you, Bill.
- All right.
It's Ben.
Okay, go back to sleep.
- Hey.
- Hi.
How you feeling?
Uh, I mean, I'm not about to enter
any pie-eating contests.
Did you clean up my bathroom,
or did I dream that?
Me? No. Uh, the vomit elves came in.
And, uh, really adorable.
Really cute little things.
I mean, little caps and little barf bags.
Well, thank you.
I mean, you really,
really went above and beyond.
Uh, no, please. It wasn't a big deal.
You were very ladylike.
Hardly any "chunk age. "
- What's in the bag?
- I got some, uh-

I got some movies just in case you woke up.
Not in case you woke up.
I knew you were going to wake up.
In case you woke up in the middle of the night.
Yeah? Anything good?
Uh, mostly animated
pornography from Japan.
And a little something
I like to watch too when I feel sick.
Well, for me, it's Annie Hall.
- Wh-What did you say?
- Annie Hall.
Whoa, this is like-
This is unbelievable.
Road House.
Are you feeling- Is this crazy?
I mean, what are the odds?
Spooky.
No, she cannot
have my assistant.
Because I trained Carrie.
I like her.
Listen. Do we have to settle this right now?
I'm with a... person.
Yes. Thank you.
Okay, I'll speak to you tomorrow. Bye-bye.
I'm really, really sorry.
Actually, I'm sorry. I ate everything cool.
I just left you a pile of sauce.
That's okay. Actually, I'm the worst.
I eat off everybody's plate.
In fact, my friends, they call me "the seagull. "
Oh, hi, seagull.
Nice.
No, really, I appreciate you being cool
about the phone thing...
because I once went on a date with this guy
who got so angry I was on the phone...
that he grabbed it out of my hand,
and he threw it in the fish tank.
I would never do that.
What are your pet peeves?
What stresses you out?
- Mm, I got-

- And I'm only asking...
because frankly
the men I meet are highly-
I date poodles basically.
And I'm really relaxed,
you know? Totally.

- Son of a- Stop ringing.

- I got it.
Let me do it.
Let me do it.
Hello? Uh, no, she isn't.
May I take a message?
This is Ben.
I'm her houseboy/sex slave.
Okay. You betcha.
Bye-bye.
Call your mother.
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
So you don't have a cell phone...
- a BlackBerry, a pager, nothing?
- No.
Well, what if
some sudden crisis occurs...
like your father has a heart attack
or something?
- My father died two years ago.
- Oh, I'm sorry.
I just found out this morning,
so it's been a rough 24 hours.
You know, maybe I should get a cell phone.
That's a good idea.
- You're funny, Ben-
- Wrightman.
- Wrightman. Yeah.
- Yeah.
- You forgot my last name.
- No, I just blanked.
I know why you forgot. That's all right.
I bet when you talk to your friends...
you call me Ben the schoolteacher,
am I right?
- Well?
- That's okay.
What do you call me

to your friends?

I call you Lindsey...

the vomit girl,

the puker, Pukey.

Everyone says, "You going out with Pukey tonight?" I'm like, "Yeah. Why?"

"You wanna play video games or something?"

I'm like, "No, I'm going out with Pukey. "

That's horrible.

Hey, anything I've said about you would be an understatement, really.

- Hey, Lindsey!

- Hi!

- Hi.

- Hi, I'm Ben the schoolteacher.

Ian. Sarah.

- Steve. Molly.

- Oh, thanks for having me.

- Robin and Chris.

- Welcome aboard.

Well, let's start

the interrogation.

No, no, it's not like that.

Here. It's for the urine sample.

Shoot, I wish you would have told me.

I just took a whiz in your bushes.

Do you want to-

Show him the house.

- Lindsey, this Ben guy has got such a good vibe.

- Good.

- And he's nothing like the guys you usually date.

- I know.

- And how cute is he?

- Yeah? Well, I'm really glad you guys feel this way...

because if you didn't, I was gonna

have to find three new friends.

- No, no, no, I really think you've got something here.

- Me too.

Yeah, but... something's

not quite right.

- Robin.

- No, no, he's great.

He is. I love him.

He's a doll.

- But he's not 22.

- So?

So, where's he been?

Why is he still on the market?

- Um-

- Maybe he hasn't found the right person yet.

Well, by now he should be
with the wrong person.

How has he not been
tranquilized and tagged?

Let me get this straight.

You got two season tickets
behind the Red Sox dugout?

- Mm-hmm. Yeah. My uncle left them to me.

- Behind the dugout?

Yeah. Well, not really behind, like next to it.
Fifteen feet away.

You can see right into it at a certain point.

It's pretty awesome.

Let me ask you this.

Do you find my wife
attractive at all?

'Cause we could work
something out.

Well, do you?

You know what you need to do? You need to
go to his apartment and go through his things.

You need to go through his closets,
sofa cushions. You need to get on his computer.

And what exactly
am I looking for?

Anything that explains
why hes still single.

My company can run
a credit check on him.

You know, he could be
a deadbeat dad.

This is an insane asylum.

So, uh, when they wheeled out

Ted Williams at the all-star game-

I was there.

I was 10 feet away from him.

Old men crying.

Tears.

Tough old guys.

I even started

to lose it, you know.

I got a program.

I could show you.

If Lindsey ever breaks up

with you, I'll kill her.

Lindsey, do you remember

that guy Maureen Durst went out with?

- Uh, sort of. Why?

- Terry whats-his-name?

We all thought

he was great too.

- Well, what happened?

- Oh, my God. She went to his apartment and-

Shh. My story. Stand by.

She's at his place.

He's in the shower.

She wants to make the bed, so she goes

to the closet. Guess what she finds.

Oh, I don't know.

What'd she find?

Two large plastic bags containing

all of the hair and nail clippings...

from his entire life.

Eww!

- Eww!

- That's a true story.

I'm telling you, there is a reason

this Ben guy is still single.

- Come on!

- I promised him we'd wait.

- We're always waiting for him.

- I gave him my word.

You guys wait?

- Yeah.

- Come on, man.

- Did anyone die because youre here?

- No, no, no.

I got another anesthesiologist

to cover for me.

All right, are you ready?

Hey, come on! God.

A new season.

A clean slate.

Yep, this smells like the year.

- Hey, you wanna know something?

- What?

- I like you.

- I like you.

No, I mean, I really like you. I even wrote down a list of all the things I like about you.

You made a list?

Yeah. I don't have it with me, but I can remember it.

I'll skip down because the first six are all body parts.

Uh, number seven:

I like that you drink in the afternoon.

Number eight:

out of the side of your mouth a little bit.

And it's like- it's like an adorable stroke victim.

I do?

No, it's very cute.

It really is. Uh, number nine.

You know, when you're getting ready in the mirror, just when you're about finished... you go like-

It's so cute, I wanna kill myself.

It's fantastic. Uh-

- Hey, when's your break?

- Hmm?

- For your school vacation. When do you get off?

- End of March.

- That's when you're in Baltimore, right?

- Yeah.

Well, it's a really big deal in my family, because it's my dad's birthday and Easter... and my sister's anniversary all in the same week.

- A cluster.

- Yeah. Uh-

So, uh, how would you like to come?

Ooh, too fast?

Too serious?

No, why?
Did I look like I was just-
- You were a little.
- No, 'cause-
No, I-I made-
I have a previous commitment.
- Oh, plans?
- Yeah, yeah.
Um, see, I didn't tell you about it,
'cause I knew you were gonna be away.
I figured it wouldn't matter,
but every year during Easter vacation...
uh, me and my friends,
we go down to Florida.
You and your buddies go down
to Florida for spring break? At your age?
No, no, no, not spring break.
Spring training with the Red Sox.
Oh, you get to train
with the Red Sox?
Are you allowed to do that?
Well, we don't actually-
We watch the games.
Aren't those just practice games?
Yeah, yeah, but there's
more to it than that.
We scout the players.
We-We say which players they should keep...
- which they should get rid of.
- And the Red Sox ask your opinion?
Well, not yet.
But if they ever do, uh-
Okay, I've been avoiding this.
There's something
you don't know about me.
Oh, God, here comes
the bag of hair.
The thing is, uh,
I am a Red Sox fan.
- Yeah?
- No, I'm like a big, big Red Sox fan.
I know. I mean, I've been
to your apartment...
and seen the Red Sox dish towels

and glasses and the Yankee toilet paper.

- It's like you live in a gift shop.

- It's worse.

See, when I was a kid,

I moved here from New Jersey...

and I didn't have

any friends or anything...

so my Uncle Carl started

taking me to Fenway Park.

I just-

I got lost in the game.

I mean, the ballpark

and the people.

The color, the sounds.

The smells.

And then he got cancer

and he died.

He left me his season tickets.

And it's a passion.

I mean, it's a very,

very big part of my life.

And it's been a problem

with me and women.

Oh, ah, I know those women.

The "pay attention to me"

and "why aren't you talking to me?"

- Yeah. Exactly.

- God, those women are so pathetic.

Yeah, it's like,

"What are you getting so worked up for?"

- I mean, you're not even doing it, you're watching it. "

- Yeah.

It's like, "Hey, how about sometimes

I like to be 11 years old. "

- Yeah. - I like being part of something

that's bigger than me-than I.

It's good for your soul to invest

in something that you can't control.

You're a romantic.

Hmm?

You have a lyrical soul. You can love

under the best and worst conditions.

I don't know.

Well, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, I guess so.
Hey, uh-
You took a really big chance
inviting me to meet your family.
Now I'm gonna take a chance. A big one.
Lindsey, will you
go to opening day with me?
Yes.
Yes. Yes!
You hear that?
She said yes!
Mary, look. Merry Christmas.
Clarence, look how
everyone showed up. It's amaz-
We're going to opening day.
It's official. We're going.
- Whoo-hoo!
- Whoo!
What did Dad do to his hair?
- I can't even look at him.
- I know.
How could you let him?
He's 60. It's a big
psychological milestone.
He's struggling with it.
He thinks he looks good.
Now don't start with me.
Listen, I forgot to tell you that Donna-
Stop it! Out!
Outside! Out.
I don't know
what's with him lately.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I forgot to tell you. Donna called.
- And they're on their way.
- Okay.
Good.
He is scaring the dog.
How can you stand it?
He fanned me with a magazine for four years
when I was going through menopause.
I can put up with this.
Go back in and talk to him.
He misses you.

Okay. One more.

Yeah, but do you see
him ever playing in a Yankee uniform?

- Hi.

- Hey, kiddo.

- Want a cookie?

- No, thanks.

- Your mama says you've been busy.

- Ooh.

No Red Sox fan has forgotten
last October and Aaron Boone.

- Hey, is this about the Red Sox?

- Yeah.

That next year is the year.

Steve Levy is in Fort Myers

with some of the members of the set...

known as Red Sox Nation.

Down here in Fort Myers, Florida,
the story is always the same.

- When the calendar page flips to March-

- Are you interested?

No, I just, you know-

I mean, I have a friend

who is interested.

Oh, the schoolteacher.

When are we gonna meet

this future breakup?

Thanks, Dad.

That's really encouraging.

Well, I thought you would have

brought him with you.

Well, you know,

he wanted to come.

It's just that, um, well,

he has this tradition, you know.

And it's very important

to him every-

The Sox are right there! The Sox are right there!

Where do the Sox rank

in terms of importance in your life?

I'd say Red Sox,

sex and breathing.

I have season tickets to Fenway Park.

I haven't missed a game in 11 years.

I love the Red Sox. They're gonna win.
All the way this year, baby!
Do you have a job?
Do you work for a living?
Of course I do. Yeah, I'm a teacher.
I mold young minds.
- Can you help these guys out?
- Can you believe this asshole?
29th of May, Seattle, all right?
You know what?
I gave it to the lady down at the bakery.
Ben, all I got so far
is the 21st and 22nd, man.
We're only on May. We've been here
for four hours. Let's try to speed this up.
30th of May, we're still at Seattle.
Who wants a Sunday game?
These guys can have
whatever games they want.
All I ask for
is the first Yankee game.
You went to six Yankee games last season,
you selfish pig bastard.
You got to go to every great game.
Lowe's no-hitter.
Your mother's hysterectomy?
I put her out for free, remember?
- She had insurance for that.
- Attention, morons.
- You went last year.
- You guys want Yankee tickets? You wanna talk Yankee tickets?
- Yes.
- Really.
Okay, well, I wanna
see you dance for me.
You don't wanna dance?
I don't wanna embarrass you.
I don't wanna embarrass you.
I'll just take this. Everyone just go.
Ill go talk to some kids in the street.
I see a little bit there. That's pretty nice.
That's it. The doctor
is giving me something.
The doctor is giving me

some magic tapping there.

Oh, I like that a lot.

Yeah, that's- Oh!

Al I right, Little League, you wanna go?

You want some of this?

- How's this, Ben? This is dancing for tickets.

- I'm dancing, Ben.

- Troy, sit on the beanbag, please.

- Hey, I started, Ben.

Gerard, I guess you don't want them, huh?

- This is worth tickets.

- I'm not dancing. This is totally stupid, man.

Fine. Hey, hold out

for the Royals, huh?

You are on a total power trip,

you know that, man?

- This is totally ridiculous, man.

- I was dancing first, remember?

You said dance,

I started dancing.

You call that Yankee dancing?

No, no, that's like Devil Ray dancing, okay?

That's Devil Ray.

I'm talking about Yankee dancing.

That's what I'm talking about. Yeah, get into it.

Yeah! How bad do you want it?

Yeah, that's nice. I love it. Come on in.

That's it!

Come on! Whoo!

That's right. I'm-

Hey, what are you doing here?

I thought you weren't coming in until tomorrow.

You look fantastic.

- I got in last night.

- You know Troy, Kevin and Gerard.

- Everyone else, this is Lindsey.

- Hi.

Hi, Linds.

- Party?

- No, it's draft day.

This is the day we organize the whole season,

who gets to go to what game with me.

But don't worry.

You're still going to opening day.

Yeah, thank you. Can I talk to you about something really quickly?

Sure, yeah, no problem.

Quick break, everybody.

There's some nice Pakistani cold cuts there, courtesy of Mrs. Segal.

I still don't think they're worth two Sunday tickets.

- Whoo-hoo!

- Hey! Hey!

Come here.

Wait, I got you something.

I set aside some great games for you too.

Hmm? For when we go to the games together.

Thanks.

It's what the players wear.

It's authentic.

I gotta be honest.

This is getting me hot.

Listen. Um, you know,

I saw you on ESPN.

Oh. We looked like morons, didn't we?

Uh, yeah, yeah, total.

Not you so much, but-

Well, it's very hot, you know. It's Florida.

You start seeing things.

Um, you know, Ben...

I didn't realize how big this Red Sox thing is with you.

What?

Hey, I told you.

See, this is-This always happens.

Every time I-

Whoa, whoa, whoa, don't jump off a building.

We're just talking.

- Sorry. Knee jerk.

- Ben, come on, man. The cold cuts are gone.

- Let's go in there.

- Two minutes!

Wow. I really hit

a nerve there, didn't I?

Uh-

Yeah.

Come here.

Thank you.

I think there's a better approach
to this whole Red Sox thing.

- Really?

- Yeah. After all, if I want this promotion...

I am going to have to push myself
really hard this summer.

And I've never really been very good
at servicing myself, my job and a relationship.

Wait, wait.

We're not breaking up, are we?

- No, no, this is a good thing.

- Okay.

You're gonna be so consumed with all of this
that you won't feel neglected all summer.

No, no, yeah,

I'm not gonna feel neglected.

And I won't feel guilty
for having to do my job.

Yeah, you shouldn't.

So, what I'm saying is,
I think this is perfect.

All right. Go, Sox!

We got 'em right here, folks. Come on down.

Cut your deficit and balance your budget.

Programs here!

Get your programs here!

- Hi. Hi.

- Hey.

Peanuts! CrackerJacks!

Who wants peanuts?

Who wants CrackerJacks?

Peanuts! CrackerJacks!

Who wants-

It's unbelievable, right?

You can't even believe how-

- Look, right here, go. This is it.

- Thank you.

Is this amazing? Is this crazy?

Would you look at these seats?

They're-They're very red.

No, I mean, their proximity to the field.

This is Fenway Park.

- Oh.

- You can't buy these seats. You have to, like, inherit them.

It's like a guy offered me \$100,000

for these once.

- And you didn't sell them?

- No, if I ever need the money that bad...

I can always call up a rich old lady

and give her some sweet lovin', you know?

That's what I'm all about.

Hey, what's up, Al?

- How you doing?

- I'm on dialysis.

Right on, buddy.

Hey, Al, this is Lindsey.

Hi. Al Waterman.

Here, have a sponge.

- Thank you.

- Al is the first guy I ever met...

- at my first Red Sox game ever.

- Really?

Yeah, he's aged horribly.

Hey, the Belnaps.

- This is Artie. Viv. This is Lindsey.

- Hello.

- Hi, Lindsey.

- Hello.

- Been divorced 20 years, still share the seats.

- Really.

- Hey, Ben.

- Sheri!

- How you doing? Where's Teresa?

- She's right here.

Oh, my God. What happened?

You look fantastic!

I lost 200 pounds.

I had my stomach stapled shut.

- A doctor or you did it yourself?

- Oh, real funny.

Hey!

This is quite a little group

you have here.

Well, it's my summer family.
Let's hear it for Jordan Leandre.
Ladies and gentlemen,
throwing out the first ball today...
New England's own Stephen King.
Right down the middle.
Did you tell Schuyler?
Okay, al I right, listen.
Um, excuse me.
What time is the game over?
Uh, it's not like a Broadway musical
where it ends with a big Hawaiian number.
It's like youre missing
all the ambience and all the fun.
- I know.
- The players are right there.
I have a meeting at 5:30 and had to
leave work at noon to meet you here...
- so my people aren't prepared.
- Right. Okay.
You know what?
I left work early...
so you're gonna have to figure it out
for yourself, and I'll call you later.
Wakefield.
That's a foul.
- What makes that a foul?
- See that foul pole there?
That's Pesky's Pole.
That's this guy Johnny Pesky.
Yeah!
Hey, what are you doing
on Saturday?
Mm, you tell me.
- You know what's really great about baseball?
- Hmm?
You can't fake it. Anything else in life,
you don't have to be great in-
business, music, art-
I mean, you can get lucky.
- Really?
- Yeah, you can fool everyone for a while, you know?
It's like- Not- Not baseball.
You can either hit a curveball

or you can't.

- That's the way it works, you know?

- Hmm.

You could have a lucky day, sure,
but you can't have a lucky career.

It's a little like math.

It's orderly.

Win or lose, it's fair.

It all adds up.

It's, like, not as confusing
or as ambiguous as, uh-

- Life?

- Yeah.

It's- It's safe.

Oh, yeah! Yeah!

- Hey.

- Hi.

What, did you buy out
the bookstore?

Actually, I bought every book
they had on the Red Sox...

because I'm tired of being
the most ignorant person here.

Now who is

Carl Yaz-a-strezem-
Yastrzemski.

- She's not a genius, this one.

- No.

Johnny Damon!

You got the sweetest ass in the league!

Very nice.

Do you believe in this?

"The Curse of the Bambino"?

- Hey, that's not funny. That's enough of that.

- But Babe Ruth was the Bambino.

That's right.

He played for the Red Sox.

They were great.

I mean, they were the Yankees.

They won the World Series
in 1912, 1915...

1916, 1918.

They were royalty.

The elite.

Al should know. He was there actually.
He's 136 years old.
He looks great for his age.
1919, their miserable, greedy pig of a boss...
decides to sell Babe Ruth to the Yankees
to finance a Broadway musical.
No, No, Nanette.
I would never ever see that piece of crap.
And since 1918, the Red Sox
have not won a World Series.
Yeah, the Yankees have won 26.
And the thing is the Sox don't just lose,
they raise it to an art form.
Tony C.,
best young player in baseball...
catches one in the eye at 22,
he's finished at 26.
Armbrister runs into Carlton Fisk,
costs us the Series.
Bucky friggin' Dent.
You remember the time
Roger Moret went catatonic?
The grounds crew had to carry him out
in a wheelbarrow.
Buckner.
Grady Little sticking
with Pedro in the eighth inning.
Ooh, stop it.
You're killing me here.
And that, milady,
is the Curse of the Bambino.
Number 19, Gabe Kapler.
Okay, I'm ready.
Let's go meet Mom and Dad.
Nothing.
- A laugh? A giggle?
- This is not a man's closet.
- What do you mean?
- You have one pair of dress shoes.
You're like a man-boy-
half man, half boy.
You should see the way
my sister's husband dresses.
He had a professional come in

and do his closet. It's like suit, suit, suit-

All right, okay, okay.

I see what this is all about.

You want your parents to like me
more than they like your brother-in-law.

No, it's not-Yes!

Is it so horrible that

I want my parents to like you?

Okay. I think we have enough stuff
in this closet. We can fool 'em.

He looks like a skunk.

You're the one that told me
to grow it out.

Well, what else could I say?

It looked ridiculous on you. A man your age-

Now, I understand that you're a teacher, right?

You were?

Yes, for 27 years.

- And, okay, now you're the principal, right?

- Mm-hmm.

And you-

Did you ever tell me what your dad does?

- I sell golf carts.

- Wow. Okay, that gives us nothing to talk about.

I don't really know much about it.

That's funny, 'cause every other guy
she's gone out with...

has tried to get

a free golf cart out of me.

No, I like golf. Great sport.

It's just I don't really get out much, you know?

- We love it.

- Yeah?

They play all the time.

We tried to get on the country club here,
but it's very difficult.

It's almost impossible. I had to call
the manufacturer of my golf carts...

- a guy named Dave Johnson, and said-

- Jensen.

- No, Dave- Dave Johnson.

- Jensen.

- Jensen?

- Hi. Sorry were late. He was watching the Red Sox game.

- How'd they do?
- No, no. La, la, la, la, la!
- Help me! Help me! Help me!
- What's wrong?
Oh, help me! Help me!
Help me! La la la la!
La la la la. La la la la.
Okay. Okay.
It was awesome.
Struck out the side.
Okay, it stopped.
It stopped. Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!
- Whew!
- Um-
- Thank you.
- Yeah. Ben tapes the Red Sox games...
so he doesn't wanna know
the score.
And he can't cover his own ears
'cause he's got lobster fingers, so I do it.
That's sweet.
- Hey, how'd it go last night?
- Fabulous.
Mr. Myerson wants to see you.
Oh, God. If one of the windows would open,
I would jump.
And your mom's on line one.
Hi, Mom. Hi. Listen, where are you?
Can I call you back?
What? You had a 10:00 a. m. flight.
- My Ben?
- Yes, he has been great.
He took us out to breakfast.
Right now he's washing your father's balls.
What?
- Here's one.
- Thanks, Ben.

He got us a 10:

tee time at the country club.
How?
One of his student's fathers
has something to do with the sprinklers.
- Can I talk to him for a second?

- Oh, sure.

Benny? Lindsey.

Oh, thanks.

Hi, Linds.

Hey, what are you doing?

Took a sick day.

All right.

Well, I'll see you tonight then.

- All right. Bye-bye.

- Honey-

Uh, sweetheart,

don't talk in my backswing.

- Well, you were lined up wrong.

- I wasn't lined up, I-

Please, don't talk in my backswing.

You know better than that.

Just take a mulligan.

Lighten up.

- He's so short with me.

- I know. I know. But you know what?

- You talked in his backswing. Did you talk in his backswing?

- Yes, I did.

- Don't even look at him. Look this way. Let him swing.

- Okay.

Manny! Manny! Manny!

Oh.

She handled a project for a food service company like yours a few months ago.

Gave them a model predicting the impact of every possibility.

- Sounds like what I need.

- Morning.

You'll love her.

This lady is a dynamo.

Unstop... pable.

When she wakes up, I wanna see her.

Well, let's go for a coffee.

You know what's happening here?

You're being colonized.

- What?

- Colonized. It's like- It's like in the old days.

When the French and the English would go into Asia and Africa...

and they'd raise their flags and they'd impose

their culture and they'd colonize.
It's like, Sarah, when you cut your hair off
because that guy liked short hair.
Wait a minute.
I mean, you guys are married.
Isn't that a part of it,
accommodating each other?
You know, how many kids
are we gonna have?
Where are we gonna live?
What pizza place are we gonna order from?
Doesn't it require
some pliability?
Because maybe that's something
I've been lacking in my life.
Isn't it affecting your work?
No, not so much.
You know what I just realized?
You're rooting
for her relationship to fail.
- No.
- What?
- That's right.
- Why would I do that?
Never mind.
No. No, come on, tell me.
All right. You and Lindsey are both
very competitive, especially with each other.
- She's more competitive than I am.
- I am not.
And when you were both starting out,
you were the more successful one.
But now Lindsey's career
has skyrocketed, so she's more successful.
But you've had the personal success,
the marriage.
And if Lindsey gets that too,
then she's definitely the winner...
so you're rooting against her.
Oh, my God. What did I do?
- What the-
- That's it.
We are so not coming here anymore.
Let's go, Red Sox!

Let's go, Red Sox!
Let's go, Red Sox!
Hey, Ump, get off your knees.
You're blowin' the game!
Al Waterman.
Have a sponge, young man.
She's killing me with the laptop.
Sitting there doing her homework.
So, when do you find out
about this promotion thing?
Uh, next month.
Oh, cool. I just wanted to know how long
I gotta put up with this at the ball games.
- Ben, this is my third game this week.
- Oh, no, I know that.
And I always have to leave

at 6:

And then we don't get home till 11:00,
then you and I go at it all night...
and then that's all time lost.
Really?
Well, when I say lost,
I mean it's time that I have to make up.
- I know.
- You know? I already got my ass chewed out-
- Hot dogs here!
- by my boss this week, okay?
- Yo!
- Hot dogs!
- Fenway Frank?
- Blech.
One, please. Mustard, please.
Thank you. What do I owe?
No, they didn't find anything.
She's fine. I swear.
She's lying down right now.
Molly? Okay, there's another phone call
coming in, okay?
Check in later.
Okay, bye-bye.
Hello. Troy.
You're kidding me. Now?
All right, thanks. Bye.

Honey, you're on television.
Come and get 'em at Cerrone Cadillac.
The Red Sox picked up the "W." There was a scary
moment though in this one in the sixth inning...
when Miguel Tejada
hit a vicious foul ball off Mike Myers...
that actually hit a woman.
The 0-1 is fouled off back into the seats.
- That had to hurt.
- Oh!
She was transported
to a local hospital...
but fortunately she was released
and she's gonna be all right.
It wasn't that bad actually.
It was actually very ladylike.
I mean, you just kind of...
slinked out of your chair.
It was pretty limber.
- All right. I'll let you sleep.
- No, Ben.
Gah!
You have a whole
not her head up there.
Yeah, well, the one that can talk
needs to say something.
I don't think that I should go
to the games anymore.
Why? Because of this?
No, because I'm becoming
someone that I hate.
Someone who gets a boyfriend, and poof,
their entire prior life just vanishes.
I have to focus on my work right now.
I have to.
And besides, you'll have such a better time
if you go with Troy or Gerard...
or the bald anesthesiologist.
Come on.
You have to go. Please?
Listen. You go to the games,
and I'll stay at the office.
And when the game is over, you'll come racing
home like youre scoring the winning run...

and I'll be here waiting.

Waiting?

I'll be waiting.

What, you'll be waiting for me?

- Yeah.

- Ooh.

You know, all this talk about waiting
is making me not wanna wait.

Ben, I'm concussed.

Yeah, that's kind of
the way I like it.

I have to keep the peas
on my forehead.

- Okay, try to balance it.

- Okay. It's-

Hi.

Hello.

I told your bosses,
but I wanted to tell you.
The work you did for us
was brilliant.

Oh. Well,

I really appreciate you saying that.

- Uh, Patrick Lyons, this is Carrie.

- Nice to see you again.

- Nice to see you.

- Excuse me.

You know, they're really
very lucky to have you here.

Oh, I feel the same way to be here.

I feel very lucky.

Here, I got it.

- Um, thank you.

- You're welcome.

I was, um, just trying
to get comfortable.

Well, don't get too comfortable,
you might fall asleep.

Come on! Come on! Use your brain!

Use your brain! Oh, they're in the lead.

We almost have an answer.

Who's ahead?

Oh, Tammy's in the lead.

We might have a winner!

We might have a winner right here!

Tammy won!

37' 2", the Green Monster.

Audrey, I'm very sorry, but you can have our home game. Don, what does she win?

Excuse me.

It's a little loud, dont you think?

Sorry, Mr. Ennis.

The kids' drugs just kicked in.

Oh, ha ha.

Teenage drug use.

That's great fodder for comedy.

All right, you guys.

We're almost out of time. Pack up.

Remember, we got a big test next Tuesday, so st-

Hey, back off!. Back, back, back, you animals!

Back! Hey, one of the 10 problems on your handout will be on the test.

I'm not gonna tell you which one, so youre gonna have to learn all of them.

Seven.

Seven.

All right, study, you maniacs.

Remember, this Saturday is fall tryouts for next spring's J.V. baseball.

Just to avoid the confusion we had last year, let me say this year...

- we're looking for good players.

- Hi.

Hey.

- How are you doing?

- I have very exciting news. I couldn't wait to tell you.

- You got the promotion.

- No, no.

Mr. Myerson did call me into his office right after we spoke. I was trying to play it cool.

But between you and me,

I was ready to wash his balls.

Yeah, see, that joke's not fun for me.

I'm sorry. Let me explain.

There is this European company that we're trying to make a deal with, okay?

And what they do-

You know what?

The point is they're sending me to Paris to close the deal.

- Wow!

- And I am taking vous.

- Moi?

- Oui!

Taking me to Paris?

Oh, this is gonna be so great.

Okay, I'm gonna cash in my first-class ticket and get two seats.

All you have to do, Mr. Wrightman, is call in sick tomorrow...

- and we're on our way.

- Wait, it's tomorrow?

- Mm-hmm.

- This weekend? It's now?

Yeah, we'll fly back Sunday afternoon, but with the time change...

you'll be back at work on Monday morning.

Oh, yeah, uh,

I- I gotta be honest.

This isn't the best weekend for me.

I'm kind of swamped.

Oh, no.

Do you have a lot of work?

Uh, we're two games out of first, with three weeks left.

Seattle's coming in

this weekend, and, I mean-

This is when they need me.

They need you?

Wait a second.

I was just thinking about it. That's all.

A tip, Ben. When your girlfriend says,

"Let's go to Paris for the weekend," you go.

All right, all right.

I'll go. I'll go.

You'll go? You know what?

I have a better idea. I think I'll take him.

Hey. Just slow down

a second, okay?

Just go and enjoy your ball game.
You know, this is the second day in a row
you've snapped at me.
- I'm late.
- Fine. Go.
No, Ben.
I'm late.
How- How late?
Um, a week and a half.
Okay. That's not
that late. Right?
No. It is for me.
Okay. Well, you know what?
I mean, we're not the first people to-
to, you know- to- 'cause,
you know, when two people-
- You know.
- Deep breaths, Ben.
Yeah. Why-Why didn't you say something?
Why? So we could
both freak out?
I mean, I wanted to wait
for the right moment.
And then when this trip
came up, I thought...
we'll go to Paris,
and I'll tell you there...
because that did seem special.
But, no, you don't see us tangled up in the
sheets with the Eiffel Tower in the window.
You see the Mariners are coming
and Pedro's pitching Friday night.
Saturday. Schilling's on Friday.
Look. I- I admit
I should have reacted differently.
If I ever build a time machine,
that's the first place I'm going back to.
I'll be like,
"Paris, whoo! I'm in. "
Uh, I- Really, I'm sorry.
That's all right.

But I have a 4:

All right. I can pack my bags. We can put

some stuff together. We can make this.

No, it's okay.

The trip is already off to a weird start.

- Y-

- Let's just talk about it when I get back.

- You sure?

- Yeah.

- You're sure?

- Yeah.

I could tell them

I'm leaving right now.

- We're going.

- No. It's okay.

You gonna be all right?

If you give me a kiss

and wish me luck.

- Good luck.

- Way to go, Mr. W.

Yeah.

Okay. I'll see you

in a couple days. Okay?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

Are you smoking?

What are you doing? I'm a teacher.

That's an insult.

Put it out.

Get back in class.

Come on.

So, the 30-year-old is

on course. He is the four-time-

- Hello?

- I got it.

- Linds?

- Mmm.

I got it.

- The promotion?

- My period.

I can tell you were sleeping,

so I'll call you later.

No, no, no.

I'm up. I'm up. I'm up.

No, it's okay.

I'll see you tomorrow.

- Hey, Linds.
- Yeah?
Are you okay?
Yeah.
- Safe flight.
- Okay. Bye.
- I'll get it.
- No. I got it. I got it.
- Thank you.
- Want me to take it up?
No. I'm okay.
I'm just gonna go upstairs.
Bye.
Hey. Linds. Uh-
Hey. Linds. Uh-
Did, uh-
Did you want a baby?
Eventually.
Well, eventually you will.
Well, it certainly got me thinking.
That's for sure.
- What do you mean?
- Ben.
If Im with a guy
for 11 months...
and I think I might be
having his child...
I'm gonna ask myself,
"Is this the guy?"
And if it is,
"What's this going to be like?"
You know, if were to be Mr. and Mrs. Ben
and Lindsey, how's this going to work?
It's like Robin's birthday party.
The minute I got the invitation, I had to run to
the refrigerator and check the Red Sox schedule.
And the Yankees are playing,
so I know I'm going stag.
And that's okay. I'm fine with that.
But how far does it go?
You know,
"Grandma, don't die because...
"the Red Sox are
going out on the road..."

so please wait until
they come back to die. "

And, "Doctor, induce labor because
the Oakland A's are coming in tomorrow. "
Do you remember last winter?
This is exactly
what you liked about me.
That I was capable of having a passionate
commitment with something. Uh, a devotion.
Yes, but you feel it for the Red Sox,
and I was hoping that someday...
you might redirect that.
All those things
that you feel for that team...
I feel them too- for you.
You know what she's saying to me, Ryan?
She's saying I have an addiction.
Really? Well, you work
90 hours a week.
You know, that- But I guess that addiction's
more socially acceptable, you know.
Am I wrong?
Am I wrong?
Well, nobody's really wrong
in these situations.
I mean, you have
wants and needs.
She likewise.
Wait for your pitch, Miosky!
But she's great. She's great.
Definitely the best girl
I've ever gone out with.
The- The smartest,
the funniest, the best-looking.
The sex is like the- Well-
But there's a reason why
she's 30 and not married.
I mean, you gotta see the big deal
she's making about her friend's birthday party.
Oh, God. She's making
a federal case about it.
I'm, like, hey, what if I had to work that night?
What if I had a second job?
You know? What if I was doing

charity work? Is that cool?
What if Im, like, finishing a painting?
Is that-You understand me now?
See my point?
It's not the time.
It's she doesn't respect
how I'm spending my time.
And now she expects me
to miss a Yankees game?
Whatever.
Let's go, Murph. You're up.
All right, Mr. Wrightman.
I gotta bat.
Let me just leave you
with this thought.
You love the Sox.
But have they ever
loved you back?
Who are you, Dr. Phil? Get out of here.
Go hit- Go swing the bat.
The Red Sox started off
tonight three games behind the Yankees.
Pedro delivers. The ball is lined over
Bellhorn's head into right center field.
That'll get another run across
as the Yankees extend their lead.
Benny boy, I still can't believe
you're not at the Yankee game.
Yeah, well, if the Yankees
looked that good in a dress...
I'd be at the game.
There's no way to measure
what she is worth.
I'm the luckiest man
on the face of the Earth.
Her, uh-
Hang on. Hang on. Okay.
"I'm the luckiest man on the face of the Earth.
"Her face, her form,
her sweet, loving smile.
And she even lets me dance around
in her panties once in a while. "
My parents are here!
Really embarrassing. Really bad.

I love you, birthday girl.

I love you.

Yankee bats have come alive tonight.

- What's up, my man?

- Oh. The game.

No, no. Hey.

It's fine. It's fine.

- It's fine.

- Okay.

None have been successful so far
against this powerful Yankee offense.

6-0, Yankees.

Timlin ready to face the left fielder,
Hideki Matsui. Timlin to the belt.

Here's the pitch.

Swung on.

A drive hit high and deep.

And this one is gone.

- 7-0.

- Matsui has hit his second home run of the night.

Hey. It's only a game.

That was like-

Yeah.

I mean- I mean, you were-

Thank you.

Not- Not just physically.

I mean, it felt like-

like we were-

Mm-hmm.

I think this might be
the greatest night of my life.

Hello.

Hold on. I think it's Troy.

It's really noisy.

- Hey. Do you want some food?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- Hello?

- Hey, what's that noise?

- Ben, we won! We won!

We were losing 7-0

in the bottom of the ninth!

We scored eight runs!

Ten straight hits!

It was unbelievable, man! It's the
greatest night in the history of Fenway Park!
Can you hear this?
It's bedlam here, man!
Yes! By- By the end, the stands
were literally shaking!
The fire marshal had to get the-
to stop jumping up and down!
The one game you missed!
You missed the greatest game ever!
This is an historic night, Natalie.
And word is these tickets stubs
are already getting \$200 on the street.
I have seen at least a dozen women
celebrating topless in the streets.
Moments ago I witnessed
a nun dancing on top of a moving vehicle.
I have seen police officers toasting beer
with underage children.
It is absolute bedlam down here.
Right now I think we're witnessing
the largest conga line ever.
I tell you what. If you are not down here
right now, you're missing one heck of a party.
Hi. Would you like an omelet?
They... won.
The Red Sox?
Oh, good!
This really is your night.
No. You don't understand. They scored eight runs
in the bottom of the ninth to win 8-7.
It was the best game ever.
I- I can't-
I- I never miss a game.
Ever.
This is like a nightmare.
No, this is beyond that. This is like
a punishment from God or something.
Two minutes ago you said
this was the best night of your life.
Yeah. Two minutes ago it was.
Hey. I didn't tell you
not to go.
Oh, no. No, no.

Of course not. No.
You had nothing to do with it.
I just suddenly had a whim...
after 11 years of never missing an inning,
to suddenly not go to a Yankees game.
Hey.
Wasn't it you yourself
that said just tonight...
"It's only a game"?
Oh, that's great.
That's great. Pile it on. Yeah.
- Kick me when I'm down. That's great.
- It is just a game.
Clearly, it's not just a game!
If it was, then obviously I wouldn't
care about it this much.
Twenty-three years.
Do you still care about anything
you cared about 23 years ago?
How about 10?
How about five?
Name me a single thing that you've cared
about for 23 years.
Yeah. No, um, there isn't actually
anything I've wanted for 23 years...
because 23 years ago
I was seven...
and if I still wanted to marry Scott Baio,
I would think that my life went terribly wrong.
I- I just thought tonight
was so different.
You broke my heart, Ben.
Hey.
Awesome!
Whoo-hoo!
Wow!
- Wow!
- Yeah, baby!
Well, the Red Sox's once-promising season...
has certainly taken
a turn for the worse.
Losing the last three games,
and today trailing to the Texas Rangers.
Curse of the Bam bi no.

To think we quit our jobs
for that road trip.
It's not a curse.
Did you know the Titanic
sank the same week Fenway Park opened?
April 1912.
Oh, you-
Well, that's it.
The Yankees officially
clinch the division.
Seven years in a row now,
we finish with our faces in their butts.
Hey, hey, hey. It's not time to jump off
the Tobin Bridge yet, okay?
We still have the wild card.
Oh, that's easy. First we gotta beat Oakland
or Anaheim- on the road.
Then we gotta play
the Yankees in the House of Pain.
Why do we inflict this
on ourselves?
Why?
I'll tell you why.
'Cause the Red Sox
never let you down.
- Huh?
- That's right. I mean-
Why? 'Cause they haven't won a World Series
in a century or so?
So what?
They're here.
Every April, they're here.

At 1:

there is a game.
And if it gets rained out, guess what.
They make it up to you.
Does anyone else
in your life do that?
The Red Sox don't get divorced.
This is a real family.
This is the family that's here for you.
You know, I don't ask her
to give up her family, do I?

Come on! Let's get some runs!
Let's get some runs!
You know the best part?
I can get over her because I am a Red Sox fan.
I mean, I'm tough. I've been through
a lot in this park, man.
I can take this.
Because I am bulletproof.
Behind the bag! It gets through Buckner!
Here comes Knight, and the Mets win it!
Open the door, man!
Little roller up along first.
Behind the bag!
It gets through Buckner!
- Oh, my God.
- The Buckner game?
- I thought you took that away from him!
- I did!
Behind the bag! It gets through Buckner!
And the Mets win it!
It wasn't just Buckner.
Stanley screwed him.
He didn't cover first.
- Where'd you get this?
- I- I don't remember.
Don't lie to me. Right.
Do you have anymore of these?
Huh? Where's your stash?
Ben, this isn't helping you.
You understand that?
This solves nothing!
Ben, look at you.
Yeah, leave me alone.
- All right. Let's clean him up.
- Come on.
- I let her down.
- Let's go.
- I am the Red Sox.
- You're not the Red Sox.
- I am the Red Sox.
- You're not the Red Sox.
Get him up on the shoulder
there, Gerard.
I got the shoulder right now.

- What are you doing?
- Relax. I'm a doctor.
Yeah, well, not to pry,
Doc, but why are you shaving my balls?
- Well, if you don't want me to-
- No, I don't want you to.
- Whatever.
- Hey.
- Bottom of the 10th.
- Swing and a fly ball to left field! Way back!
Way back!
The Red Sox are going...
to the American League
Championship Series...
on the back of David Ortiz!
Al I right. You've been waiting
al I year for this.
The Yankees, Red Sox,
the best rivalry in sports starts tonight.

8:

Let's get it on.
The 2-2 pitch. Mueller back to Rivera.
To second for one.
On to first. Double play!
And the Yankees take game one.
The Yankees
are a strike away. Here's a 1-2 pitch.
Struck him out swinging
That'll wrap it up.
For the second night in a row,
the Yankees have beaten the Red Sox.
Here's a 2-0.
Mueller flies to center.
Bernie Williams is there,
and the Yankees have won it.
The end of a long night,
and perhaps the end for the Boston Red Sox...
losing tonight 19-8, now falling
in the series three games to none.
I mean, this thing is over.
They keep swinging the bats...
the way they are, Don,
this thing's done.

19-8. Good God.

Will you stop saying that? Okay?

- Now, who we pitching tomorrow?

- What's the difference?

We're losing three games to nothing
to the Yankees.

In a hundred years, no team in the play-offs
has ever come back from that.

It's over. It's finished. Bye. Wave to it.

Bye, Charlie. Bye, Charlie.

Oh. Isn't that Jason Varitek?

Yeah. That is him.

With Johnny Damon and Trot.

- They're eating.

- So what?

So what? We're sitting here
dining on our guts over the Red Sox.

And there three members
of the Red Sox are eating.

With gusto?

- Ironic.

- Ironic?

Ted Williams would roll over
in his freezer if he saw this.

Would you please be cool?

Why shouldn't they eat?

They-They played hard.

They did their best. Move on.

I kind of envy these guys.

You know. No.

They understand something that we don't.

Their whole life
isn't out in that field.

It's their job.

It's not an obsession.

My God!

It's official.

I'm an idiot.

That's funny because I was gonna-

- Can you get the door?

- Sure.

Hello.

Uh, is- is Lindsey-

Who are you?

I'm Patrick. Who are you?

- I'm Ben.

- Oh, Ernie. Stop it, Ernie.

- Please.

- Hey, Ern.

Ernie! Ernie, be nice.

You be a good boy now.

- Uh-

- Come on. Sorry.

- Ben.

- Hi.

Uh, what are you-what are you, having a party?

Uh, a group of us, um,

just had this work thing...

and then some of us

came back here after.

Um, I'm gonna

talk to him, okay?

- Are you okay?

- Yeah. I'm good. Thanks.

- Are you- Are you on a date?

- No. It's-

It's a work thing.

I didn't want to go alone, so, you know-

Carrie and Ezra are here as well.

Oh. So it's a double date.

Well, that's- that's perfect. That's great.

- Ben, what are you doing here?

- I- I wanted to talk to you. I-

I can't believe you're on a date.

This is like-

- I'm not.

- Yeah, well, you know what? Look. I'll call ya.

Sorry I bothered you.

I'll call ya.

No, no. This is crazy.

I'm sorry.

I came here for a reason.

All right. Look. I love you, Lindsey.

And I think that we should

give this another chance.

- Did you hear me?

- Ben-

Oh- Look, look, look.

You finish your evening.
All right? I'll hang out here...
and when you're done with your date,
we'll get married.
I don't think so.
Hey. What are you saying?
I mean-
You know, you said
you wanted more.
I mean, this is as more as there is.
There is no more.
Yes. But this isnt you.
This is the other guy.
- What other guy?
- It's October.
They're one game from elimination.
You're becoming Winter Guy again.
I already know I like Winter Guy.
It's Summer Guy
that broke my heart.
Summer Guy is gone.
Yes, until summer.
- No, no, no. Look. Lindsey, I realize, like-
- Ben...
just too much has happened.
Oh.
All right.
Look, look. Uh-
When the whole baby thing happened,
I admit I froze.
All right. I thought of a million different
reasons why I shouldn't be a father.
But then I thought of
a reason why I should.
Because it would be ours.
You know, it's pieces of us.
And I got so excited.
I mean, like, I went, and I got
a whole bunch of Red Sox toys...
and a little
size-one Red Sox jersey...
like, for a player
to be named later.
I still have it for... whenever.

Ben, I just got so hurt.

Really hurt.

And sometimes...

when that happens-

something inside just shuts off.

I'm sorry.

- Oh. None for me.

- Oh, come on.

- Since when did you stop drinking?

- Yeah.

Since I... got pregnant.

- Molly.

- I knew it!

- You did not.

- Mm-hmm.

I told Lindsey. I said, "Her boobs look engorged. "

Was Steve excited?

Are you kidding? He ran out

and bought him- her-

a little train engineer hat.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- They do that, don't they? Little hats-

- Hello. It's Chris!

- You gotta come with me.

- Molly's pregnant.

- Mr. Myerson just announced you got the promotion.

- Oh, God! Sorry.

- Oh, my God. Now my breasts are engorged.

- That was Lindsey. She got her promotion.

- He's waiting.

He's holding champagne. Everybody's got a glass.

I told him you're in the ladies' room.

Oh. Thank you. Okay.

Well-Wait. I gotta- I'm so sorry.

I gotta go.

Go, go.

- I gotta go.

- Guess what Chris is doing right now.

He's buying Ben's baseball tickets.

What?

Ben is selling Chris

his Red Sox tickets.

- Lindsey, please. Let's go!

- Wait. You mean, like, um, for today.

No. I mean, like, forever.
For 125,000, it better be forever.
Are you guys that rich?
Yeah.
Why don't you dress better?
Wait. Wait, wait, wait,
wait, wait.
Ben- my Ben- is selling
his Red Sox seats?
To hell with the seats.
They're holding champagne.
Come on.
Let's go, Red Sox!
Let's go, Red Sox!
You know,
what you're doing is illegal.
That's right. Technically,
if you give up your tickets...
you're supposed to give 'em
to the Red Sox.
Hey. We're friends. Okay?
They'll still be in his name.
They'll mail them to him,
then he'll give them to me.
- Does the guy with the big squash always sit in front of you?
- He's new.
I don't know.
You want the tickets or not?
- Come on. Ow!
- Shame on you.
Your Uncle Carl saw
3,000 games from these seats.
He's gonna come back
and haunt you for this.
Speech!
Let's go. Come on.
Well, first,
thank you, Mr. Myerson.
Um-
The truth is I- I like it here.
I like this work.
I know what I'm doing
when I'm here.
In fact, it's the only place...

where I know what I'm doing.

This is, uh, controllable.

It's safe.

Oh, my God.

He's selling

his Red Sox tickets for me.

What have I ever given up for anybody

that meant that much?

I'm sorry.

I know this seems crazy, but I gotta go.

You realize you're selling your seats for exactly
the same price they sold Babe Ruth for.

You said it yourself. Relationships come and go,
but the Red Sox are forever.

I want my sponges back.

- Would you be selling these tickets if we were winning?

- I bet you wouldn't.

We're never winning.

That's the point.

We're down three games

to nothing. It's 4-3.

They got Rivera warming up

in the bull pen. Look.

Designated hitter. Number 18.

John Olerud.

Look. If I keep these seats...

all I'll think about

every time I'm here is-

is what I gave up for them.

Excuse me.

Is there a ticket window somewhere?

- Sold out, sweetie. It's the play-offs.

- All right.

- Hey. Hey. You need tickets?

- Oh. You too.

No, no. I got tickets.

- We-Then why the sign?

- That's for the cops.

Everybody knows when you say

you need tickets, means you have tickets.

- Okay. I need a ticket.

- Calm down. I got two. 300 apiece.

- What?

- Hey. The only reason they're that cheap...

- is because it's the eighth inning.

- Fine.

- I'll take one.

- I can't split 'em up.

- Thank you.

- Hey, hey. You know what?

Since you only need the one ticket,

I'll buy the other one back for, like, 50 bucks.

Oh, okay.

That sounds good. Oops.

Enjoy the game.

Ben, how do you know she'll even take you back?

It's- It's not just for her, okay?

It's also for me, okay?

I gotta get my life in order.

Some perspective.

- Some balance.

- Hey. We've got a deal.

I'll buy your seats.

It's a real ticket.

Oh, it's a real ticket,

but you're at the wrong entrance.

- You're way over in center field.

- I just gotta get in for a minute-

- That's a ploy. I know it's a ploy. You're in center field.

- Fine.

Groundball to the right side.

A race to the bag.

Rivera is there.

And the Yankees are three defensive outs away
from the World Series.

Into the ninth.

Excuse me.

Excuse me. Ooh. Sorry.

- Excuse me.

- Watch it.

Excuse me. Sorry.

- Can I borrow these for a second? Thank you.

- Yeah.

Sure.

No.

Why don't you have

a cell phone, you idiot?

Sign by the red tab.

Initial by the yellow tabs.
What are you buying, the stadium?
Look at that thing.
Floyd the Barber, we're not in Mayberry, okay?
Thank you.
Hey. Down in front.
Come on, sweetie.
Hold your horses, buddy.
Robin. Wait. No.
I can't talk right now.
Listen. I just need
Chris's cell phone number.
That's odd.
You're having a stroke.
Good.
I don't want to talk now.
I'm at the ball game.
Chris!
Damn it!
Ben, come on.
- Don't do it.
- This is crazy.
Think about it, Ben.
Check's all made out.
I'll invite you to
some of the games.
I'm sorry, Uncle Carl.
Another idiot.
Hold it. Hold it.
Don, I hate to interrupt, but something
is happening in center field.
This young lady jumped out of centerfield.
No. No. The TV.
Give her a little credit.
She's pretty impressive.
She took her heels off.
Pretty good-looking too.
Go on!
You see that?
She just grabbed Johnny Damon's butt.
Oh, cool!
Hey!
Ben!
- Lindsey.

- Ben!

Ben. Ben!

What are you doing?

You're gonna get arrested.

- Don't sell your tickets, okay?

- That's why you ran across the whole field?

- Yes. To stop you.

- What?

- You're out of here.

- Just give me a second, okay? Just give me a second. Please!

You gotta tell me. Wait.

The outfield- the grass- is it spongy?

- Ben, focus.

- Sorry.

These seats are important to you, okay?

This is your summer family, your Uncle Carl.

- You love these seats.

- No. I fell in love with this when I was seven...

because I had nothing else.

Now I'm in love with you.

I don't need this.

I don't want this.

Wait. Wait, wait, wait.

You love me enough

to sell your tickets.

I love you enough

not to let you.

What do you say

we try to do all of it?

Let's try to jerk one

out of the park.

That's the sexiest thing

I've ever heard in my life.

Ma'am, you're gonna

have to come with me.

- Ben.

- Yeah?

I'm being arrested.

All right.

Let her go, buddy.

Never.

Well, you pretty much know the rest.

Rivera walks Millar.

Roberts pinch-runs and steals second.

Mueller drives 'em in.
Ortiz in extra innings.
Extra innings
again the next night.
Schilling's bloody sock
in New York.
Lowe and Pedro
find their form.
Damon's grand salami
in game seven.
Bye-bye, Bambino.
Boston Red Sox have won the pennant!
So what am I saying? That it was
all karma because Lindsey came back to Ben?
Look. All I know is, when the Red Sox
went to St. Louis for the Series...
me and the girls
and Artie told them...
"You two gotta be there
to keep this thing goin'."
And they went,
and lo and behold-
Back to Foulke.
Red Sox fans have longed to hear it.
The Boston Red Sox
are world champions.
And that night
there was a blue moon and a total eclipse.
And those are the facts.
Oh. One more thing.
You know that little player
to be named later?
Ben says if its a boy,
they'll name him Ted Williams Wrightman.
If its a girl,
Carla Yastrzemski Wrightman.
Let's all pray for a boy.
Come to
Washington Square Tavern on Beacon Street...
where Sox fans hang-
...cars, SUVs, trucks and work trucks.
Come and get 'em at Cerrone Cadillac.
Ask for Kevin, and get your first drink free.
Remember. The Deluxe on Chandler and-

WEEL in Boston,
the Dennis and Callahan program.
Rolling. One, two, three. And-
- =TLF SUB TEAM=-
Let's go, Red Sox!