

Right Field

Adam Sandler

"Come on Robert! Pitch it in there, baby!
We're behind you here in right field! One down!
Two to go! Hum it now! Yeah! Show 'em the magic! This chump can't hit!"
"Please God, don't help him hit it to me.
Anywhere but to right field. Please God, I bet you."
"Come on now! No batter! No batter! Big whiffer! Big whiffer!"
"Oh please, don't let him hit it to me. My God, not to me."
"Steam it baby! Steam it!"
"Oh God no, Oh God no, Oh God no, Oh God no."

"No!"
"Oh good! It's not to me."
"Good catch, Steven! Nice glove!
You da man! Two away now! Lookin' good!
We're all looking good out here! Come on Robert!
This lump of crap can't hit!"
"Oh God, he's a leftie! A big leftie!
Total power to hit it. He's gonna pile it right to me and there's nothing I
can do to stop him."
"Pitch 'em the funny one, Robert! Big whiffer! Big whiffer!"
"Oh he is a natural athlete and I am so worthless.
Please God, take his life. Make him die."
"No batter! No batter!"

"Oh God. This is not happening.
No, don't do this to me. Please. Make it stop."
"Oww! My elbow!"

"Throw it to second! Pick it up already!"
"Take it! Just take the ball!"
"Nice throw, you pansy!"

"Ok, get under control.
Easy now, easy. Say something to the team."
"Good hussle everybody! Yeah! Nice work! Play's at third!"
"That wasn't funny, Lord. I've been so good and for what!?"
"Come on, Robert! Settle down! Just throw straight!
You get it across the plate! We'll take care of the rest!"
"Oh no, another lefty."

"No! Why me again!?"
"Oww! My neck!"
"I can't breath. I can't breath."

"Pick it up and throw it, you moron!"
"Here... Come on, here... Take the ball! Take it!"
"Way to kick it in, Pele!"

"Oh hahaha. Pele! Good one! Hehehe...
Ok! Come on! Suck it up guys! We'll get those runs back!
This is where we dig down!
We just need one more out!"
"Oh look! A rightie! Oh Lord, thank you. Thank you so much. I owe you."
"This loser can't hit! No batter! Come on, this is where we take them out!"
"Uh oh, what's happening? Where's the rightie going? What?
Who's this guy? He's a leftie and he's pinch hitting. No! No!"
"Why's he pointing at me!?"

"Oh my Lord! What have I done to deserve this?!"

"I got it! I got it!"

"Whoa! Sorry about that, Russel. Are you ok?"

"Hell yeah! We're up now! It's our turn to kick a little ass!"

"All right, Russel. I think you're up first."

"No!"