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# Everyone 's Hero

By Robert Kurtz

Play ball!  
I got it! I got it!  
Here we go!  
Strike!  
Oh, come on.  
Why do I always get stuck with the loser?  
He stinks.  
Darn it!  
Too bad.  
Hustle! Hustle!  
Yankee Irving again!  
Tough luck.  
Why do we always end up  
with Yankee?  
Excuse me.  
I got it!  
Whoa!  
You show them, Warbuckles!  
Way to run it out!  
- Go, go, go, go!  
- Run, Philly, you can do it!  
Come on, Freckles!  
Keep the ride going, buddy!  
Next batter!  
- Me?  
Oh, man!  
Tough luck!  
Irving, here's your big shot.  
This is just like Game Seven  
of the '26 Series. Babe came to the...  
Yeah, yeah.  
Listen, you're not Babe Ruth, okay?  
Now look, you've got no strike zone,  
so he's guaranteed to walk you.  
Batter up!  
- Just don't swing.  
- He's gonna whiff. Bring it in.  
- Easy out, easy out.  
- Let him walk you.  
- Don't swing at it, Irving!  
Yeah, don't swing!  
If I don't swing,  
how are you gonna know I can hit?  
Don't swing, Irving!

Hey, batter, batter, batter,  
hey, batter, batter, swing!  
Strike one!  
- What did I just tell you?  
Come on.  
- You've got no strike zone!  
Strike two!  
- Just take the pitch!  
Don't swing!  
Don't swing, Irving!  
Don't swing at it, Irving!  
Now batting, number one,  
Yankee Irving!  
Ah!  
Nice job, whiff.  
That's it.  
You're never playing on my team again.  
Give it up.  
Go home.  
Yeah, don't come back.  
Come on, let's get out of here.  
Loser.  
Honey! Dinnertime!  
Huh?  
Hmm.  
Hmm.  
Guess nobody wants you  
in the game either.  
Hey, Irving, you stink!  
The Movietone News:  
Bringing you the news  
just days after it's happened.  
In sporting news, the Yankees continue  
their splendiferous winning streak.  
It's Game Three of the World Series.  
Bottom of the ninth,  
the Yankees down by three,  
bases loaded,  
Babe Ruth steps up to the plate.  
Will the Sultan of Swat save the day?  
You betcha!  
So what's Napoleon Cross,  
owner of the Chicago Cubs,  
going to do now?

With his best bat, Darlin', in his hands,  
Babe Ruth is unstoppable.  
Babe Ruth. Babe Ruth.  
Babe Ruth and his best bat, Darlin'.  
He's everywhere!  
Every newsreel, every newspaper  
talks about Babe Ruth.  
Look at all this stuff! Babe Ruth sippy cup,  
Babe Ruth silver dollars,  
Babe Ruth underpants,  
obviously for the larger child.  
What's he got that I haven't got?  
He's got a World Series trophy!  
And I want one!  
- Is that too much to ask?  
- No, not at all.  
Why don't you put me back in, Mr. Cross?  
I'll help you win that trophy.  
I'm working on a new pitch. I call it...  
Are you ready?  
The booger ball.  
No, Lefty,  
even with your most outrageous cheating  
you're no match for Babe Ruth.  
Cheating? Me? Babe Ruth's the cheater.  
I bet he's got some lucky  
voodoo charm or something.  
That's cheating.  
You're right, Lefty.  
Babe Ruth does have a lucky charm.  
What is it, what is it, what is it?  
It's his bat.  
So what do we do?  
I'll tell you what we do.  
We take away his bat. Let's do the math.  
- Going into the light.  
- Babe without bat is nothing.  
Without that bat, he's just big and fat!  
Put that on a T-shirt.  
Yeah, I like it.  
It's good stuff, it's good stuff.  
Only one problem.  
How we gonna get Babe Ruth's lucky bat?  
- Not "we," you.

- But, Mr. Cross, I...  
Get me that bat. And I think  
the only way to get it is to steal it.  
Otherwise, you're out!  
Hi, honey, how was your day?  
- Hey, Mom.  
- Is Dad home yet?  
- Not yet.  
- He's working late.  
- Again?  
- Dinner will be ready soon.  
- Not hungry.  
Why do I always get stuck  
with the loser?  
Yankee Irving again!  
He's working late.  
That's it.  
You're never playing on my team again.  
You're not Babe Ruth, okay?  
Why do we always get stuck  
with Yankee?  
You think you could take your thumb  
out of my eye?  
Whoa!  
Huh?  
What?  
- Are you talking?  
- I am.  
One smart fella, he felt smart.  
Two smart fellas, they felt smart.  
Three smart fellas, they all felt smart.  
I'm talking.  
Wait a second. Where are you going?  
Back to the sandlot,  
where I was peacefully decomposing.  
Hey, watch it there, grabby hands!  
Don't make me go all  
crazy eight ball on you.  
Whoa!  
Where did you go?  
Hey, Fuzzy, how do I get out of here?  
- This kid is nuts.  
- I just wanna talk.  
And I just wanna leave.

Hey, genius, it just so happens  
you left a gaping hole in the infield.

Sayonara.

Your living room is a little cramped.  
And dark.

Huh?

I'm rollin' in style!

Whoa!

Nobody gets their mitts on Screwie.

I'm going back to the sandlot.

Ouch!

Why can't I break a window?

Every other ball can break a window.

Gotcha.

- What's going on in here?

- Mom, look, a talking baseball.

He never gets tired of that one.

Oh, my gosh, a talking baseball.

Well, I think I hear the meatloaf talking.

- It's saying, "Yankee, time for dinner. "

- Talking meatloaf?

Food can't talk. Except for beans.

They can make themselves heard.

- Go get cleaned up.

- She can't hear you?

I don't know. Let's see. Help!

I've been kidnapped by a deranged child!

Yup, you're right. She can't hear.

Please don't skimp on the soap.

You smell like a week-old hot dog.

Oh!

Kid, quit it.

That's my protective coating of dirt.

I wish Dad was here.

Oh, sweetheart, you know

he's got to work the extra shifts.

I know, but I really need to see him.

Tell you what,

why don't you take him his dinner?

- Really?

- Just this once.

You know you're not supposed

to be there while he's working.

Thanks, Mom.

Great. So just drop me in the sandlot  
on the way to see your daddy, and...

Hey, hey, what are you doing?

Making sure

you don't go anywhere.

- Not the underpants drawer!

- Don't worry. They're clean.

Not anymore.

Wow!

Now batting for the New York Yankees,  
number one, Yankee Irving!

Hey, Dad.

What are you doing here?

I wanted to see you. I brought you dinner.

Great. What are we having?

Mom's mystery meatloaf.

Hmm.

Meatloaf. Let's start with dessert.

So, what's new?

Dad, you're not gonna believe this.

Oh, no? Try me.

I found a talking baseball.

Oh, really? Does he have a name?

I call him Screwie.

Oh, yeah? Where'd you find it?

At the sandlot.

Did you play ball today?

Yeah, but I don't think

I wanna play anymore.

Hey, I thought you loved baseball.

Well, I think I'm in a slump.

Hmm.

You know, I was watching the team  
practice the other day, and it struck me,  
here are guys who make a living  
playing baseball.

They play every day, and even on the day  
after they lose a game,  
they're still standing at the plate  
swinging that bat.

And you know

how they got to be so good?

They just keep swinging?

Come on, I got something to show you.

Babe Ruth!

Is that Darlin'?

Yup. Sure is.

Babe had that bat custom made  
three years ago.

That was the first year  
he hit 50 home runs.

That's right. People say she was made  
from a thousand-year-old tree  
growing on the side of Mount Olympus.

I'm pretty sure it was made in Kentucky.

Hey, come on, pal, we should head home.

Oh, come on, Dad,

just another minute, please?

I tell you what, you can stay here  
for a few more minutes  
while I put my things away.

- Meet you at the back gate. Deal?

- Yeah.

Yankee, don't touch anything  
and make sure you close the door  
when you leave.

I promise.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

- You! What are you doing?

- Nothing.

- I was just helping my dad mop up.

- Scram!

What are you looking at?

Here you go!

Kid! Kid! Hey, kid! Wake up!

You're turning me into a spitball.

How long you been taking  
trombone lessons?

Good morning.

I thought you were giving that up.

My dad says you should never  
give up something you love.

- Has he ever seen you bat?

- Hey!

So, you know a lot about baseball, right?

I mean, since you are one.

I know one thing about baseball, it stinks.

And you saw me play baseball, right?



Make that two things.  
It stinks and so do you.  
Well, then maybe  
you can give me some pointers.  
I could point you to another hobby.  
How about marbles or kite watching?  
You can watch people fly kites.  
How can you hate baseball?  
You are a baseball.  
Kid, look,  
baseball's only gonna break your heart.  
Did you know I made it to the majors?  
- You were in the majors?  
- Oh, yeah.  
I remember it like it was yesterday.  
Sun was shining,  
forty thousand fans screaming  
as I'm tossed to the mound.  
It was like a dream come true.  
All I ever wanted was to be home run ball.  
And on the very first pitch, crack,  
I'm on my way going, going,  
foul.  
That's right, kid, foul ball.  
Right out of the park.  
Dreams and everything vanished.  
And did anyone ever come look for me?  
No. They left me out there to rot.  
So believe me when I tell you,  
baseball is a field of broken dreams.  
Trust me, I know.  
Mr. Robinson.  
- Good morning, Stanley. Mrs. Irving.  
I'm sorry to bother you  
so early,  
but we have a real problem here.  
What sort of a problem, sir?  
This is Officer Bryant.  
- Hello.  
Someone broke into  
the Yankees' locker room.  
Oh, no.  
- Babe Ruth's bat is missing.  
You were the only one there

with the keys, Mr. Irving.

What are you implying?

Did you see anyone else  
in the locker room last night?

- Wait. There was a security guard.

Yankee...

Dad, after you left the locker room  
a security guard came in  
and told me to get out.

- You took your son into the locker room?

- It was just for a minute.

Do you mind if I look in his room?

- Excuse me, my son is not a thief.

Irving.

Thank God you're here. This kid is crazy.  
First he put me in the underpants drawer,  
then he pushed me underwater,  
then he forced me to eat meatloaf.

This is a disaster.

- Meatloaf!

The Series is only half over.

- Are you listening?

What am I gonna tell the Babe? We need  
to pack all the gear for Chicago today.  
The bat's not here.

Son, if you know what happened  
to the bat, you need to come clean now.

- But that's what I'm trying to tell you.

- Stanley, this is a real mess.

I... I know, Mr. Robinson.

As the General Manager  
of the New York Yankees,  
I have no other choice. You're fired.

- Fired?

- Mr. Robinson, please.

Stanley, someone has to be held  
responsible. It was your shift.  
If Babe's bat is found, then I'll  
reconsider, but, until then, I'm sorry.

Stanley, what are we gonna do?

We're gonna be out on the streets.

- I'll get another job. I'll get two jobs.

- There are no jobs.

Yankee, you were alone in that

locker room. Now the bat's missing.

- Stanley...

- Emily,

there was no security guard on duty.

Yes, there was. Maybe he took the bat.

That's enough.

Son, what happened to the bat?

I don't know.

- Go to your room.

- Why don't you believe me?

Go to your room.

What was all that?

What's with the coppers?

- Someone stole Babe Ruth's bat.

- Good.

- Screwie, my dad got fired.

- Not good.

Why would someone steal

Babe's lucky bat?

The Yankees are gonna lose

the Series for sure.

Whoa, kid, you're watching

way too many newsreels.

That lucky bat stuff

is a bunch of malarkey.

How do you know?

You were only in for one pitch.

Ooh, that hurt.

That guard had to take the bat.

Why would a Yankees security guard

steal Babe Ruth's bat?

Now, if it were a Chicago Cubs

security guard, that I could believe.

Wait a minute.

Hey, hey, hey, I can't breathe.

I can't breathe.

I still can't breathe.

Hey, I knew I'd seen that face before.

What are you babbling about?

The security guard was Lefty Maginnis,

pitcher for the Chicago Cubs.

Lefty's the biggest cheater

who ever stepped on a mound.

Lefty stole the bat so Babe can't hit.

The Yankees will lose the Series.  
I've got to tell Dad.  
Yeah, and don't forget to mention  
that you heard it  
from your friendly neighborhood  
talking baseball.  
Kid, this is just a crazy theory  
and even if it were true,  
no one's gonna believe you.  
You don't have any proof.  
- Then I'll get some proof.  
- How?  
Most of the Cubs are heading for Chicago.  
What're you gonna do?  
Sneak out of the house,  
go down to Penn Station,  
and search every single passenger?  
- Right.  
- Oh, no.  
If we go to Penn Station,  
we may catch him there.  
I got to learn to keep my mouth shut.  
Whoa! Oh!  
This can't work. You're just a kid  
and this is the real world,  
not some fantasy land  
- filled with gumdrop fairies and...  
- You're coming with me.  
Yeah, I think maybe not,  
but thanks for the invite.  
Screwie, I have to do this for my dad.  
All right, don't look at me...  
Don't look at me like that.  
Stop it, stop...  
Okay, fine, let's make a deal.  
I'll help you to find the bat  
if you take me back to the sandlot,  
- and leave me to rot in peace. Deal?  
- Deal.  
Hmm.  
Oh, whoa!  
What are we doing?  
What are we doing?  
Uh-oh.

What do you mean by "uh-oh"?

Uh-oh! Uh-oh!

- Okay, we're fine.

- I'm okay.

Not fine!

My head! My butt! My head! My butt!

Oh!

- So far, so good.

- Are you okay?

- You were screaming pretty loud.

- I wasn't screaming.

I was laughing.

Ha! See? Ha, ha, ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Laughing.

There's a million people here.

How we gonna find Lefty?

Just keep looking, all right?

Flyer service to Niagara.

Track 18.

We gotta hurry.

Why don't we come back in 10 years?

When you're taller.

Make way, there, folks.

Coming through, coming through.

See anything yet?

I see a sock, a candy wrapper,  
a Life Saver covered in lint.

- Hmm. Pineapple.

- Screwie. This is no time to fool around.

Now do you see anything?

I see thousands of people  
going about their business,  
none of which is ours.

There's only one train to Chicago,  
so Lefty will have to be on it.

- We're gonna stake it out.

- "Stake it out"?

What, what, what,

now you're with the FBI?

All aboard

for the County Peabody Express.

Better off rotting up  
in that sandlot.

I got to get stuck

with J. Edgar Hoover Junior, here.

How are we gonna cover the whole train?  
There's like 50 cars and 100 passengers,  
and... Holy Mackerel!  
Bingo. That's got to be Babe's bat.  
Okay, we found him. I'll give you that.  
But anything could be in that case.  
A trombone, a wooden leg, a pogo stick.  
Well, there he goes,  
so I guess we'll never know. Too bad.  
- Come on, boys.  
- All aboard!  
Hey, wait, wait.  
Where are you taking me?  
Take a head count  
when you get inside, okay?  
- I think that's him.  
- Let's call the cops.  
I'm not sure. Take a closer look.  
- Wow!  
- Is it him?  
There's a horse jumping off a diving board.  
Wait, I think that's Eleanor Roosevelt.  
Screwie, is it Lefty or not?  
Take a quick look as you roll yourself back.  
Roll myself back from...  
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!  
Ow, what a headache! Nope. No.  
Hello.  
No.  
Did you see him?  
Third row, aisle seat.  
Where are you going?  
Good. You got it,  
now take me back to the sandlot.  
Oh, no!  
Huh?  
Uh-oh.  
Oh, rats!  
Oh, no!  
Good. That thing's brought us  
nothing but trouble.  
Hey, you!  
Stop right there.  
I'm a ball.

I'm probably gonna survive this,  
but you, you're a squishy little kid.  
Whoa.  
Screwie.  
Yankee, help me!  
Give me back my box, kid.  
Huh?  
Oh!  
Huh?  
Oh, yeah, the kid's still got the moves.  
Sir, I need to see your ticket!  
Whoa!  
Whoa!  
Whoa!  
Whoa!  
Kid, you're gonna get such a time-out.  
The fun's over, you little punk.  
Screwie, hang on!  
Gotcha!  
Hey, you...  
Hit him! Use your elbow.  
Kicking is good.  
Oh, that can't feel good.  
Doesn't really hurt so bad.  
Wait. Yes, it does hurt.  
Here it comes. Oh, yeah.  
Oh!  
But I need to get to New York.  
New York? That way.  
You can buy yourself a ticket inside.  
Oh, great.  
No tickets, no train, no sandlot.  
What could be worse?  
Well, at least I got the bat.  
- Oh, here she goes again.  
- Help me, somebody. Help me.  
I'm not supposed to be here.  
Help me!  
Whoa, sister, relax.  
You're a hunk of wood,  
not the Hope Diamond.  
Do you know who I am?  
I am Darlin', honey. I'm the Babe's bat.  
Born of a 1000-year-old tree

on the side of Mount Olympus.  
Struck by lightning,  
and carved by monks using  
the horn of a unicorn.  
Since when do monks make baseball bats?  
- Are you calling me a liar?  
- No, of course not.  
In fact, I was made  
from the hide of Seabiscuit,  
and stitched together by Betsy Ross!  
Screwie was in the Major Leagues, too.  
He'd have been a home run ball,  
if he hadn't fouled out.  
- Oh.  
- Kid, don't.  
A foul ball? Really?  
Well, isn't that impressive.  
I've hit thousands of guys  
that were better than you.  
You know, you bats are all prima donnas.  
You only come out  
three or four times a game,  
carried to the plate and back.  
"Oh, don't let me lay in this dirt.  
Where's my batboy?"  
Well, here's what you know.  
I don't need anybody to carry me around.  
I can handle myself. Put me down.  
- Put me down!  
- Whoa!  
Okay.  
So long, farm team.  
Excuse me.  
Two.  
You know something?  
If you think  
I'm rolling all the way to Chicago,  
you've got another thing coming.  
You may pick me up.  
If, in fact, you're rescuing me,  
then I assume that you are returning me  
to my rightful owner, Mr. Babe Ruth,  
who, as I'm sure you're aware,  
is currently in Chicago



playing in the World Series.  
You have heard of the World Series,  
haven't you, ball?  
Oh, yeah,  
I've heard of the World Series.  
But we ain't going to Chicago,  
we're going to New York.  
New York? Why?  
I just told you Babe is in Chicago.  
When Lefty stole you, my dad got fired.  
If I take you to New York,  
then he'll get his job back.  
Oh, no, no, no.  
You gotta take me to Babe.  
Hey, table leg,  
don't put any crazy ideas into his head.  
We are not going to Chicago.  
We are going to New York.  
That's it. The baseball has spoken.  
- But...  
- I said, "The baseball has spoken. "  
Fine, that's all right with me.  
I just happen to know that  
Mr. Babe Ruth is a generous man,  
and I'm sure he could get  
your daddy's job back.  
Maybe even with a big raise.  
But y'all want to go to New York,  
we'll go to New York.  
Only you can make that decision.  
Oh, Stanley, where could he be?  
This is all my fault.  
I was too hard on him.  
How will we ever find him?  
I think it's time to call the police.  
Ouch! Ouch!  
Is that our train?  
I don't think so.  
Oh.  
I know that smell.  
Kid, kid, wake up.  
Wake up.  
- Hey, what do you...  
- Quiet.

Lefty's here.

Oh, no.

Get it back some...

Oh, he's gonna be sorry.

I'll have a non-fat mochaccino, please.

Quiet, tentpole. It's the bad guy.

...use his head for batting practice.

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.

Babe Ruth, stop hitting yourself.

Seriously, why are you

hitting yourself, Babe?

- What?

- Hello, Mr. Cross, it's Lefty Maginnis.

Ah! Lefty.

I've been expecting your call

for several hours.

- From now on, we have to talk in code.

- What?

Are you on the way to Cairo?

- I thought you wanted me in Chicago.

- It's ode-kay, you idiot-ay!

Do you have

our little wooden friend with you?

Yeah, yeah, I've got the bat right here.

Listen.

- And no one even suspects us.

- Us?

Raoul, there is no "us. "

If you get caught,

I don't know anything about this.

- Absolutamente not.

- No, Mr. Cross, I just meant

they blamed it on some janitor and his kid.

Get this. They fired the guy.

We're... I mean, I'm in the clear.

So, now that I have the bat

I'm pitching in the Series, right?

Not so fast, Raoul.

When you make the delivery,

we can discuss your compensation.

- Oh, but Mr. Cross.

- I look forward to seeing the package.

Oh, what's wrong, little Babe Ruth

bobble-head? You don't approve?

You look a little groggy. Are you?  
Well, perhaps you can use  
a seventh-inning stretch.  
Yeah.  
Ow.  
Ow.  
Wait till I get...  
- Bottom of the ninth, kid.  
Train!  
Yankee!  
Holy cow!  
Mama!  
Now, what?  
We're going to Chicago, silly.  
We head for New York,  
right, kid?  
I don't know. Just let me think.  
Why don't we flip a coin?  
Heads, we go to New York.  
Tails, we burn the bat.  
Now, that was rude and uncalled for.  
What's that?  
- Wolves?  
- Wolves?  
We're in Pittsburgh.  
Wolves are too scared  
to come to Pittsburgh.  
Oh, kid.  
- Screwie!  
Help! Help!  
Run, Yankee.  
Forget him. Run. Save me.  
Don't eat me.  
You don't know where I've been.  
The stench!  
I bet even dogs think you have dog breath.  
Ow!  
- Hey.  
- Screwie.  
Screwie.  
Remember, protect me at all costs.  
All right, all right.  
I'm doing the best I can with what I got.  
- Who are these guys?

- I think they're pirates.  
- In Pennsylvania?  
- Pittsburgh Pirates, okay?  
Huh?  
Sorry.  
I was just looking for my ball.  
Oh, you mean this?  
- Whoa.  
- Hey.  
- Daisy, easy with that.  
Come on, play dead.  
Sit, sit. Oh, for crying out loud.  
Don't worry, she won't go far.  
Not with dinner almost ready.  
Louie, I think we have a guest.  
Mmm. This is good.  
What's your name, son?  
- Yankee Irving, sir.  
- Yankee?  
Yankee Irving. I like that name.  
Hey, kid, it's a pleasure to meet you.  
Hey, hey, quit it, will you?  
Hmm. Mmm.  
- Are you guys...  
- Bums?  
No.  
- No, we're not bums.  
- I'm a bum.  
Yes, Jack's a bum.  
But the rest of us  
have just fallen on hard times.  
Perfect.  
Don't move a muscle, Jack.  
For the  
New York Yankees.  
I got it! Hey, guys, the game is on!  
The game. Babe.  
- Finally.  
- Game's on!  
Let's see if he can pull off a miracle.  
- Hit it.  
- You can do it.  
- Oh, come on, Babe.  
- It's switched the defense. Strike two.

- No, no.
- Oh, no.
- Babe, come on.
- I can't listen to this.
- I can't listen to this.
- Come on, come on, come on.
- Come on, Babe.
- You can do it.

It all comes down  
to this pitch.

Come on, Babe.

- Babe settles into the box.
- Come on, Babe. Come on, Babe.

Here's the wind up. Here's the swing.

Strike three.

- Oh, no.
- Not again.

Struck out...

Oh, no.

In this fifth game of the World Series.

- See, I told you he needed me.

Babe's never struck out this many times.

I should've returned you by now.

This is all my fault.

- Hey, buck up, Yankee.
- There's always another game tomorrow.

And the Babe,  
the Babe always bounces back.

Oh, come on, son.

Babe's got a big old heart.

He won't let us down.

Look, when Babe was a kid,  
he had nothing.

Then he picks up a bat, he starts swinging,  
look where it got him.

If Babe can do it, so can we.

Hey, guys, you hear that?

**That's the 10:**

headed straight for New York.

All right, let's pack it up.

We're moving out.

It's about time.

Whoa!

Come on, Daisy. Come on.

That's it.

- Yankee!

- Come on, kid.

Come on, Yankee!

Grab on!

Yankee, come on!

Come on, son!

Yankee, come on, run. Keep running.

No, keep running.

Keep on running.

- Why is he not running?

- I don't know.

Sorry, guys, I can't go.

I've got to give Babe his bat back.

- What did he say?

- He said he's going to get his backpack.

- Bye.

Yankee, what're you doing?

You heard those guys. Babe's their hero.

Babe's everyone's hero,

and I can't let them down,

and I can't let my dad down.

- We're going to Chicago.

- Oh, thank you.

Thank you.

I knew you were gonna see this my way.

This is great. We had a deal, Yankee.

And you, you rotten two-by-four,

this is all your fault.

You tricked him.

You messed everything up.

Face it, leather face, you're beat.

Fine, I can't trust you.

I'll go back to New York on my own.

Whoa!

Yankee!

I guess a couple of days in Chicago  
couldn't hurt.

I've been curious

about their deep-dish pizza,

but after that I'm heading back

to the Big Apple.

You know, I was just a splinter

when I first read about it.  
So after Babe and I  
were presented to the court,  
the Queen invited us to try our hand  
at an English sport.  
And there was this cheeky cricket bat  
who kept trying to look down my tape  
and I... Why are we stopping?  
'Cause I'm tired and hungry.  
- You guys ever eat?  
- No.  
I've got to maintain this very trim figure.  
Trim? Ha!  
From where I'm sitting, I see lots of grain.  
- Are you saying I'm plump?  
- I'm saying you're fat, bat.  
Excuse me, I have been examined  
by scientists around the world,  
who can't figure out  
how I can look this good  
...and swing so well.  
- Blah, blah, blah, blah.  
Have these scientists done research  
about your big mouth?  
- Can you say the same, Scarface?  
- I'm not gonna sit here  
...and listen to this.  
I don't think so.  
- Hey, look, a baseball.  
- Hey, look, the missing link.  
Put me down.  
Hey...  
- Give him back.  
- Him?  
What did you do? Name it?  
What's he got?  
A little bed or something?  
- Do you dress him up?  
- Give him back.  
- Give him back.  
- Hey, Yankee.  
- Help!  
- Oh, let him have him, Yankee.  
All he does is complain anyway.

We can find a ball with a better attitude.

Like a tennis ball.

They're all warm and fuzzy.

- You, give him back that ball!

- Get lost, Marti.

- Take that!

- Yeah, mind your own business.

Hey, kid,

you gonna let a girl fight for you?

No.

But I'll let her help.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa.

- Let's get your ball back.

Looks like we're fighting two girls.

Ow.

You got him

right in the head.

The kid's not even ducking.

Watch out.

- You gotta start dodging these apples.

- I'm trying.

No, you're not.

Don't look where they're going.

You gotta watch

where they're starting from.

- Yeah, that's it.

- Okay.

What're you looking at me for?

Watch the apples.

Don't you make me break out

my whuppin' stick.

Incoming!

I've been hit. I feel like a Danish.

Come on.

Ow!

All right, just take your stupid ball.

Yeah!

Oh!

Medic!

Hold me, I'm so cold.

Come on.

Ow!

- Thanks for helping me back there.

- No problem.



You were really starting  
to get the hang of it.

That Tubby Tyler  
will be picking apple seeds  
out of his teeth for a week.

- Whoa, you can really throw.  
- "Fastball" is my middle name.

My daddy taught me to pitch  
when I was four years old.

- Really?  
- Come on, I'll show you.  
- Hey, Mom, this is Yankee.  
- Hi.  
- Hello.  
- Pleased to... Whoa!

Holy mackerel.

My heavens!

This is my dad right here.  
He's a pitcher for the Cincinnati Tigers.

Your dad is Lonnie Brewster?  
Lonnie "The Rooster" Brewster?

- The king of the curve ball?  
- That's right.

He can pitch to me anytime.  
- I think I'm gonna pitch my lunch.  
- Whoa.

No-hitter in Cleveland.  
That was the ten-inning game  
that he threw twenty strike-outs.

- Grand slam in Milwaukee.  
- Yeah.

That was the game were my dad made  
- two triple plays.

- Triple plays.  
- Your dad's incredible.  
- Yeah, he sure is.  
- He's my hero.  
- My dad works at Yankee Stadium.

Really?

Do you ever dream of playing  
at Yankee Stadium?

Oh, yeah, all the time.  
But I'm kind of in a slump right now.  
I'll never be good enough.

Yankee, did you run away from home?  
I'm not running away. I'm on a mission.  
This is Babe Ruth's bat.  
That's not Darlin', is it?  
Yeah. I have to get her to Babe,  
in Chicago, right away.  
Hey, maybe my dad can help.  
His team is heading there tomorrow.  
- Hello. May I help you?  
- Hello.  
I've been worried sick about my son.  
You know,  
since he's my son and everything.  
Just give this to my dad.  
He's playing in Toledo.  
- Thanks.  
Yankee, your dad's here.  
Dad?  
Come on, son. Time to go.  
- He's not my dad!  
- Run, Yankee.  
- Out of my way.  
- Marti!  
- Are you okay?  
- I'm all right.  
You stop it right there, Mister.  
Whoa!  
Whoa!  
Just you wait  
till the police get here.  
Oh!  
Run, Yankee!  
Run, Yankee. Run!  
Give me the bat. Give me the bat.  
Give me that bat.  
Okay, kid, you've had your fun.  
- Now give me the bat back.  
- No.  
I'm taking her to Chicago,  
and giving her back to Babe.  
- You tell him, Yank.  
- I stole this thing fair and square.  
My dad's gonna get his job back.  
Yeah, well, I want my job back.

I'm a pitcher. I pitch.

What does a janitor do? Janit?

Oh, oh, my nose...

Oh!

Take that, you bum.

- You okay?

- Yeah, I'm okay.

Marti, I just want to say...

Mmm-hmm?

- I want the bat.

- Yankee,

...let's get out of here.

- The bat.

- Go find my dad.

- Where's the bat?

- See you later, Yankee.

- Where's the bat? Where's the bat?

Thanks, Marti!

Gimme the bat.

Why can't you stay

on your side of the pack?

Because if I stay on that side,

I'll get all wet

...and I don't wanna get all swollen.

- You know, you're right.

- You are getting swollen.

- Where, where?

In your big fat bat head.

Oh, you are gonna get it.

You and that horse you came off of.

Oh, is that a threat?

Give me your best swing.

My best swing,

and your stitches are gonna need stitches.

Will you two just knock it off!

- Well, what's wrong with him?

- I'll tell you what's wrong with him.

He's a ten-year-old kid,

stuck in the middle of nowhere

with a selfish bat

who treats him like a pack mule.

- I do not treat him like a pack mule.

- Oh, yeah?

Ever thank him for saving you from Lefty,

or carting you all the way back  
to Chicago?

I...

Yankee, it occurs to me  
that I have not properly thanked you  
from saving me from that ruffian,  
Lefty Maginnis,  
and carrying me all this way.

- That's okay.

- No, it most certainly is not.

My mama would just be mortified  
at my behavior,  
and I just want to tell you how much  
I appreciate what you're doing for me.  
Yankee, is there something else  
bothering you?

- I miss my mom and dad.

- You know what?

Sometimes, Babe misses his family  
when he's on the road, too.

Why?

He's surrounded by reporters  
and fans and everything.

That's true, but they're not there  
'cause they're his friends.

They just hang around 'cause he's famous.

You know something?

You remind me a lot of Babe.

- Oh, please.

- Really?

Oh, yes. You know, I believe  
he's gonna like meeting you.

Thanks, Darlin'.

No, no. Thank you, Yankee.

Oh, brother.

You could pour this stuff on pancakes.

Here's the windup, and the pitch.

It's a home run! The crowd goes wild!

They're going nuts in Chicago!

I'd like to thank

all the little people.

But especially myself!

- What?

- Mr. Cross.

- It's Lefty.  
- Lefty, my boy, the plan is working.  
The Series is virtually in the bag.  
- Where are you?  
- Where am I? I'm on the...  
I'm on the phone in Toledo, Ohio.  
I... I just needed to change trains.  
Do you have the at-bay with you?  
The bat is...  
It's on its way to Chicago, boss.  
If the bat's on its way,  
but you're in Toledo,  
I'm feeling like you're not being  
completely honest with me, Lefty.  
You don't have the bat, do you?  
- I'm... I...  
- You moron!  
There's one game left in this Series.  
If I don't have that bat in my paws  
before it starts,  
you don't have a job, Lefty. All right?  
You know what I think?  
- I think there's trouble with this line, boss.  
- Hello?  
- I think the phone isn't working!  
- Operator. Operator?  
- Can you hear me, boss?  
- Operator.  
- Hello! Hello!  
- Lefty, hello?  
- What a jerk!  
What was that, Lefty?  
- I said the phone doesn't work.  
- Lefty.  
- Work!  
- Who has the bat?  
- Doesn't work!  
- I said who has it, Lefty?  
- Work! Work! Work!  
- Hello?  
Fine.  
Would you autograph  
my program, please?  
Sure thing, miss.

Hey!

Hey, now. Hey. Hello. Oh, hi!

- Hello, thank you so much.

- Hey, bat girl, they're not cheering for you.

Oh, but they should be.

Gee, Mr. Brewster,

would you sign this for us, please?

- Sure. Sure, kids.

- Thank you.

- Yes!

- There you go.

You keep on rooting for us, all right?

- Thank you, Mr. Brewster.

- Thank you.

- See you soon...

- Excuse me, Mr. Brewster?

Cap, let's go.

All right, Hank. All right.

Yankee fan, huh?

Your boys gonna be able

to pull themselves out of the fire?

- What do you mean?

- Yankees lost again last night.

- Got beat bad.

- Oh, no!

- Lost again?

- Yup. The Series is all tied up.

Only one game left.

All right, Willie.

Let's get something going here.

- Watch your head, son.

- Whoa!

I could have caught that

with my eyes closed.

What are they doing?

Oh, my gosh! They're mimes.

Get me out of here.

Never seen anyone

play shadow ball before, huh?

Keeps us on top of our game.

Hey, everybody. This is Yankee Irving

and he's riding with us to Chicago.

How're you doing, Yankee?

- Hey, Willie, are we still playing?

- Yankee here's gonna pinch hit for me.  
- You think you can handle it?  
- I can hit anything Hank can throw.  
Get on up there, hip-pockets.  
Welcome to the big leagues, son.  
- Batter up.  
- Yankee...  
Hey, just a minute, y'all.  
Look here, son,  
your stance has got all kinds of style.  
Yeah, you look good.  
You just ain't gonna hit nothing.  
Half of hittin' is balance.  
You get your feet set right and  
you could hit anything you can reach.  
Keep your knees bent  
and your head down.  
I'm not sure I can take much more of this.  
- Hey, hey.  
- Yank's got a baseball right here.  
What happened to the invisible ball?  
Oh, relax, you knuckle ball.  
How can something so round  
be so square?  
- Whoa!  
- Balance, that's the key to hittin' the ball.  
Now you're getting it.  
Whoa!  
I'm afraid of heights!  
I got it, I got it, I got it.  
That was kind of fun,  
but don't do it again, okay?  
What am I saying? That was fun.  
Whoa! Come on.  
Come on, put some pepper on me.  
I want more. Give me more!  
I'm a screwball!  
He looks like a pro.  
- Look at you. You've got great form.  
- Really?  
Look at me, Yank.  
Coming through. Look at this.  
Yippety-do! Come on, come on, come on.  
Okay, now you go ahead,

you show them how to do it.  
Here comes the gas.  
This is easy. I can do this.  
- That's the way you swing it!  
- All right. Yeah!  
- Did you see me? I did it!  
- We're having fun now.  
Oh, this boy means business.  
This is a little tiny Babe  
right here.  
Wow.  
Look, son.  
The Yankees always stay at this hotel.  
You're gonna be okay here.  
I want you to go inside  
and call your daddy.  
I will, Mr. Brewster.  
- And thanks for everything.  
- So long, slugger.  
Bye-bye now, Yankee.  
- Bye, guys. See you later.  
I'll be seeing you, hip-pockets.  
Take care, kid.  
Good luck.  
Oh! Ah!  
Wow.  
Some joint.  
Poor Babe.  
He must be devastated without me.  
Hey, Babe! Hey, Babe!  
Hey, Babe!  
Hey, how are you folks? Good to see you.  
Babe Ruth.  
That's Babe!  
That's my Babe! Look at Babe!  
Get him to sign me.  
Maybe I'll be worth something someday.  
Hey, good to see you.  
How've you been?  
Hey, Babe. When are  
you Yankees gonna turn it around, huh?  
Hey, baseball is full of surprises.  
Anything can happen.  
Hey, Babe,



smile for the camera.

I believe the ragamuffin convention  
is in the alley behind the hotel.

But I need to see Babe.

As do several hundred other baseball fans.

I thought you said this is...

- Hey.

Hey, Lou.

Get a load of this kid.

- You little ruffian!

- I told you...

- No, no. Let me go. I just got to see Babe.

- This hotel is not for snotty-nosed brats...

Hey, Mr. D. Bring that kid back over here.

Hey, kid, you hungry?

But Mr. Ruth, this hotel is for guests only.

Yeah, well, he's my guest.

- Yes, sir, but...

- Bring him a banana split or something.

- Bring me one, too.

- Hey, what're you doing?

Hey, oy. Yankee! She, she...

But she... Darlin'!

Hey, Yankee... Hang on, Darlin'!

This looks like a job for Superball!

Up, up and away!

- So, what's your name, kid?

- Yankee Irving, sir.

Hey, you got spunk, you know that?

He reminds me of me back in the day.

Babe, I need to talk to you about Darlin'.

Well, they don't get it right in the papers.

Darlin' and I, we...

We had something special.

You know, kid,

I'd never say this to anyone,

but it was almost like I could tell her

right where I wanted to hit the ball

and she'd make it happen.

- Kind of crazy, right?

- Babe, I have Darlin'.

You have Darlin'?

All right then, hand her over.

Get your hands off her!

Ow!

The dumber they are, the harder they fall.  
I was once the prettiest pine in the forest.  
Babe always used to say,  
"Darlin' you could be a Christmas tree. "  
Beautiful story, princess.  
Now let's get out of here.  
You roll, I'll steer.

Huh?

Hey, what is this? Some kind of joke?

That's not my bat.

And unless you have a pound of roast beef,  
that's not even lunch.

Babe, I just had her.

She was right here in my backpack.

Lefty Maginnis stole her.

I brought her all the way back here  
from New York.

I got to find her.

Just roll... Just...

- Yank.

- Darlin'!

- Hurry, Yank.

- You got to get... You!

Hello.

Help! Help!

Help!

Help! Help!

- Drive the car!

So tragic.

The indomitable, the unflappable,  
the amazing Babe Ruth's last turn at plate  
and no magic bat to rely on.

Will he go down in three pitches,  
do you think?

- Yank, don't listen to him.

- Yeah. He's just an angry little troll.

He doesn't need a magic bat.

Really? And yet you tried so hard  
to return it to him.

What do you say we listen to the radio  
and see what's happening?

And it looks like the Cubs

have the Championship in the bag.

The Yankees trail the Cubs  
six to nothing with no men on...

- Come on, Babe.

- Babe Ruth is at the plate.

Come on.

Here's the pitch. Swing, and strike three.

That's going to send Babe  
back to the bench.

Oh, my Babe.

Which now looks more like  
a funeral parlor. The Yankees look beat,  
and with only two outs to go,  
they probably are.

Well, I believe that's gonna do it  
for your Yankees, Yankee.

Oh... I suppose

this bat's not much of a threat now.

I hope you get splinters everywhere.

Of course there's always next year.

Maybe I'll take her

to my cabin on the lake.

There're some beavers there  
that'd love to make her acquaintance.

Give it a little nibble.

I suppose I should be heading down to the  
field to accept my World Series trophy.

You just stay put, little Yankee.

I'm sure your parents have given up  
looking for you by now.

The orphanage should be here any minute  
to pick you up.

Just walk in saying,

"I'm the boy who lost Babe Ruth's bat  
and cost him the World Series.

"How're you folks doing?"

Sleep on that, Yankee.

So what's the plan, Yank?

- There is no plan, Screwie.

- You mean we're winging it?

- Great. What do we do first?

- Nothing.

There is nothing we can do.

Don't you get it? It's over.

Babe struck out. We failed.

You were right, Screwie. I'm just a kid.  
I should have just quit.  
That's it? You're laying down your bat?  
You know, when I landed in that sandlot,  
I thought, "That's it.  
There's nothing left to do but rot. "  
But then you came along.  
And there was all this...  
This jumping on trains,  
and the thing with the apples  
and playing ball with the Tigers.  
You made a believer out of me.  
I wasn't right, kid. Not at all.  
So what, the Yankees lose a game?  
Is that why you did this?  
So Babe can set his millionth record?  
Did Babe teach you how to throw?  
Is Babe gonna pay your family's rent?  
Why did you do this, Yankee? Why?  
- To help my dad.  
- Then the game's not over, Yankee.  
Are you gonna keep swingin'?  
I thought baseball  
was a field of broken dreams.  
I'm not talking about baseball.  
I'm talking about family.  
- Darlin', we gotta...  
- I heard everything he said.  
Yankee, I would be honored to help save  
your Daddy's job.  
And here I thought you were  
a hard-hearted old crank.  
- All right...  
- And now I come to find out  
that under that tough leather shell  
is just a gooey caramel center.  
- Enough already.  
- Fine.  
Unless, of course,  
you've got something else you wanna say.  
You did good, baseball.  
Thanks, bat.  
- So how're we getting out of here?  
- The window.

- It doesn't open.  
- Don't you get it? Baseball. Window.  
Smasharoonie.  
Screwie, are you sure?  
Look at me.  
I'm covered in stitches already.  
Now, let's smash some glass!  
Okay, I think  
we're softening up the glass a little.  
Try again.  
Play ball!  
Screwie, where are you?  
Don't worry about me. Get to the Babe.  
I'll be all right.  
Hey, a foul ball.  
I just can't shake that, can I?  
Whoa!  
Hey, watch it, watch it! Hey!  
Whoa!  
You see, baseball is about teamwork,  
a certain level of dignity...  
What the?  
Hey, kid!  
Stop that kid.  
Don't go down there.  
Lou, that kid, I... I know that kid.  
You remember that kid. That's the...  
That, that... It's that kid.  
Wait a minute.  
There seems to be some sort of  
commotion developing in the stands.  
The ushers are chasing someone  
through the crowd.  
I can't quite see who it is.  
Well, the ushers appear to be chasing  
a boy carrying a baseball bat.  
He looks to be about 10 years old.  
He's wearing a Yankees baseball cap,  
And let me tell you, folks,  
he's really giving the Cubs personnel  
a run for their money.  
Hey, kid!  
Strike three! What the hey?  
- Move! Move!

- Come on! Come on!  
Aren't you playing, huh, Yank?  
Hey, kid. What are you doing here?  
Come here, get off the field!  
- I just need to get this to Babe.  
- Hey, hey.  
Hey, what're you trying to do?  
Well, well, well. I'm...  
It's really my Darlin'.  
- It's my Babe.  
- Babe, here she is.  
- Just like I told you.  
- No! Stop! Umpire.  
I demand you call this game immediately,  
if not sooner, 'cause of shenanigans.  
Yeah, not so fast, short stuff.  
Your man Lefty stole my bat.  
Is that your bat? I didn't...  
- Tell him, Babe. You tell him.  
- What?  
That's the most absurd thing  
I've ever heard!  
Isn't that a penalty?  
Shouldn't they forfeit?  
Yankees, you got two minutes  
to get your batter in the box  
or you'll forfeit the game.  
All right, right.  
Hold your... Hold your horses.  
It's not okay. We're in bad shape.  
- Yankee. Yankee.  
Do you notice where you're standing, boy?  
Home plate in the middle  
of the World Series.  
Now how does that feel, slugger?  
You're looking good, Yankee.  
- Don't you think so, Babe? Babe? Babe!  
- Darlin'.  
- Big man, look over here!  
- Darlin'.  
- What are you doing?  
- I'm calling to Babe.  
Yeah, look at this team.  
We look like we're already beat.

Who can we put at the plate  
that will set this place on its ear?  
Keep this team from  
throwing in the towel.  
Look at the boy  
standing on home plate.  
Ain't he something? Listen.  
Hey! You hear me talking to you?  
- Huh?  
- Why don't you put him in the game?  
Babe, look at us.  
I know who's gonna bat. Him.  
Babe, forget it. This isn't Little League.  
It's the World Series.  
He's just a kid.  
This kid brought Darlin' from New York  
to Chicago all by himself.  
If he can do that, he can do anything.  
Come on, guys. This is baseball.  
Anything can happen.  
What do you say?  
Hmm.  
All right, Yankees. Time's up.  
Who's your hitter?  
- Him. There's our hitter.  
- Huh?  
- What?  
Play ball!  
I... I don't know about this.  
You are about to bat in the World Series!  
I guess you guys really are desperate.  
I know, I have no strike zone,  
so don't swing.  
Of course you swing.  
Here, you can use my Darlin'.  
But, Babe,  
nobody's ever used Darlin' but you.  
Yeah, well...  
I don't want her to hear this,  
but it's not really the bat,  
it's the batter.  
Now go get them, kid.  
So what's happening? What did I miss?  
- Yankee's gonna pinch hit.

- What?

I mean, what a great idea! Wow!

Who came up with that one?

Because that's a beauty, boy.

- Screwie!

- You can do it, Yankee,  
and I'll be right here the whole time  
to talk you through it.

Batter up!

Whoa! Scratch that.

I'll be right here.

I thought it was supposed to be Babe,  
not a baby.

Well, sports fans,  
the Yankees have put  
a 10-year-old boy in as the pinch hitter.

- A boy? What, are they kidding?

- Oh, I'm being given a name  
for the young rookie.

- It's Yankee Irving.

- Yankee Irving?

Now batting for the New York Yankees,  
number one, Yankee Irving.

- That's my boy!

- Yankee?

They're putting him in the game.

Yankee. Yankee.

Okay, Lefty, all you have to do  
is strike the kid out.

Just finish it!

Okay, kid, you're about to lose  
a whole lot of baby teeth.

Settle in, Yank. You can do this!

Don't just stand there, you gotta swing.

Strike one!

Okay, now you know  
he's throwing strikes. Be ready.

He can do it.

Watch me, now, watch me!

Curveball! Curveball! Swing!

- Strike two!

- Darn!

Come on now, sugar.

I cannot swing myself.



Yank!

Yankee.

Yankee, we're here!

We're here!

- Yank!

- Yank, we're here!

Mom? Dad?

- Just swing!

- Just swing!

You get your feet set right,  
you can hit anything you can reach.

Keep your eye on the ball.

If Babe can do it, so can you.

- Oh, my.

- Time for the booger ball.

I can't believe you just blew  
your nose on me.

Come on, Yankee.

Take your time. Focus!

Uh-oh.

I'm going! I'm going! I'm not going.

Run!

And he hit it!

The kid hit the ball!

Go, go, go, go, go.

It's a short blooper  
and Irving is sprinting to first base!

I said I got it.

It sails right past Taylor,  
the first baseman.

Go for second! Go for second!

Irving rounds first base  
as Taylor and Cuyler chase it down.

Slide, Yankee!

Irving is rounding second  
and is barreling towards third,  
but I don't think he's gonna make it, folks.

Go, Yankee, go!

- Come on, Yankee! Go!

Move it! Move it!

Lefty Maginnis is covering... Holy cow!

- Irving just...

- Look at that kid go, huh?

- Come on, Yankee!

- Go, Yankee, go!  
Oh, this is gonna be close, folks.  
Hedley has come up with the ball  
and looks to home plate.  
- The fun's over, you little runt!  
- Trip him! Somebody!  
- The boy is not slowing down!  
- Not this time, punk!  
Slide!  
Or not slide!  
Safe!  
- Way to go!  
- All right, Yankee!  
How about that kid, huh?  
Oh, no! No!  
That's a little Tiger if I ever seen one.  
He did it! That's my Yankee!  
Yankee! Yankee! Yankee!  
Hey, Yank! We're coming down!  
We're coming down!  
That's my friend!  
Ow! Ow!  
Oh, that's me.  
- We did it, Darlin'.  
- No, you did it.  
Like Babe said,  
"It's not the bat, it's the batter. "  
Listen to them, kid! They love you!  
They're cheering for you, too, Screwie!  
Can you believe it? I'm a home run ball!  
Yahoo!  
You always were.  
Way to go, kid.  
Thanks, Babe.  
Yankee.  
Yankee.  
- Yankee.  
- Yankee.  
Mom! Dad!  
- I did it, Dad. I did it.  
- I always knew you could do it.  
- You just kept swinging.  
- Just like you taught me, Dad.  
Yankee's home run sparked

the New York rally that scored seven runs.

Babe himself drove in four.

And when the Cubs came to bat,  
they went down, one, two, three.

Just like that.

The Yankees won the World Series.

And it just goes to show you,  
you can be the smallest,  
you can be the weakest,  
you can be the worst player on the field,  
but when people tell you you're no good,  
and say you should give it up,  
you know what you do?

You just keep on swinging.

- Hello!

- Hey!

Yeah!

Uh-oh.

All right, all right. That's enough.

All right, Yankee.

That's enough, that's enough.