

**THE SANDLOT**

(working title,  
formerly "The Boys of Summer")

by

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&

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(PRELIMINARY SHOOTING SCRIPT)

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**TITLES:**

**"A dog is mans' best friend."**

**-Anonymous**

**"It ain't over till it's over."**

**-Yogi Berra**

THE SANDLOT

A FADED KODACHROME PHOTO

1

of the 9 best (11-year-old) buddies that ever lived. On a makeshift baseball diamond - a sandlot... circa 1962:

SCOTTY SMALLS, studious-looking; ALAN "YEAH-YEAH" McCLENNAN, little, hyper; HAMILTON "HAM" PORTER, tubby with a huge smile; KENNY DeNUNEZ, handsome bean pole; TOMMY "REPEAT" TIMMONS and his twin brother TIMMY; BERTRAM GROVER WEEKS, wearing inch-thick horn rims; JEFF "SQUINTS" PALLEDDOROUS, a transistor radio plug wedged in his ear; and BENNY RODRIGUEZ, leaning on Scotty's shoulder, sporting the world's all-time hottest sneakers... P.F. Flyers.

One palm up, together like the 9 musketeers they're holding forward a baseball... with a mysterious smudge.

NARRATOR

This is a story about a legend.

(beat)

There's always one summer when you were a kid that stays with you forever. It gets caught in time like Camelot. For us, that summer was the one when the legend got made.

WE CLOSE IN TIGHT on the black smudge, which becomes:

A SERIES OF B&W PHOTOS & STOCK FOOTAGE

2

of Heroes and Legends (NOTE: choices are subject to change):

GEORGE WASHINGTON crossing the Delaware. DANIEL BOONE in frontier buckskins. ABE LINCOLN giving the Gettysburg address. FREDERICK DOUGLAS orating from a podium. SITTING BULL in his splendor. THE WRIGHT BROTHERS at Kitty Hawk - this photo blends to news reel stock footage of the actual launch. The following also blend to stock: JOE LOUIS clobbering MAX SCHMELLING. JESSE OWENS in the '32 olympics. ALBERT EINSTEIN scrawling on a chalkboard. CHARLES LINDBERG and his Spirit of St. Louis land in Paris. As the waiting throngs cheer wildly:

NARRATOR

Everybody sometime in their life has met a real live hero. They're not exactly a dime a dozen, but there's plenty of people who've done real great things.

(pause)

But hardly anyone has ever met a certified Legend, because most of them are dead before they get voted one.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

CHUCK YEAGER in the X-1 breaking the sound barrier. MACARTHUR stepping ashore, pipe clenched. JIM THORPE playing football. ELVIS PRESLEY on stage in hep-cat duds. NEIL ARMSTRONG setting foot on the moon.

NARRATOR

So, to actually be there at the moment one gets made... well, forget about it. It never happens. Almost never... To understand how it all got started, you have to go back...

WE PULL BACK FROM THE MOON - like a baseball in the sky. 3

NARRATOR

...to the all-time, hands down, complete and undisputed Legend that ever lived.

A BASEBALL in someone's hand. WE PULL BACK FROM IT. 4

NARRATOR

In any language, in any country, in any world. The Sultan of Swat. The King of Clout. The Great Bambino. You have to go back to...

BABE RUTH is holding the baseball. 5

NARRATOR

...The Babe.

(beat)

There's never been anyone greater than The Babe. And when he called his famous full count homerun in the 1932 world series, he made sure he'd live forever.

THE BABE 6

hits a homerun. Settles into his signature, locomotive basepath chug.

NARRATOR

And it's a good thing he became immortal, because without him, what happened that summer, absolutely never would've happened.

(beat)

Weird thing was, before I moved to the neighborhood, I had no idea who he was. And he played a game I knew nothing about.

SLO-MO - THE BABE'S CLEATS

7

send up chalky dust at each STEP. His foot hits home plate - taking us 35 years into the future. The Babe's antiquated leather cleat becomes...

8 EXT. DODGER STADIUM - 1962 - DAY - STOCK

8

...the cleat of basepath speedster MAURY WILLS.

NARRATOR

Thirty years later, after The Babe was gone, there was another guy who had something to do with the legend getting made too. A guy who set a record that summer that was so awesome, some people still don't believe it.

WILLS TAKES OFF, STEALING 3RD

so fast that no one knows he's gone. The Pitcher fires to 3rd. The 3rd BASEMAN gloves the dirt. The UMPIRE wings the air.

UMPIRE

Safe!

WILLS' CLEAT becomes

9

THE P.F. FLYER SNEAKER of...

10

11 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - 1962 - DAY

11

...BENNY RODRIGUEZ, as he steps up to the plate.

THE PITCHER

fires.

BENNY

cranks one deep to right. He tears around the bases like lightning (this kid is real fast). He rounds 3rd. The ball comes in home - cutting him off. He's caught in a pickle. From

BEHIND THE CHAIN-LINK BACKSTOP

YEAH-YEAH, HAM, DeNUNEZ, REPEAT, TIMMY, BERTRAM and SQUINTS come unglued and crowd the basepath.

HAM

PICKLE!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BENNY

pickles the CATCHER and 3RD BASEMAN. He feints n' rubba-legs them out of position. He sprints for home. Safe! Just as he crosses home plate

SQUINTS

pulls his transistor radio ear plug out.

SQUINTS

Twenty-five! Maury Wills just stole number twenty-five!

THE ON-FIELD TEAM

throws their gloves 9 different ways in disgust.

OTHER TEAM

(about Benny)

Crap! Can't beat that guy! Ya dufuses, why'd ya get him in a pickle for?! Ya know he's the damn pickle king! Rubba legs for sure! Truly rubba legs.

BENNY JOINS THE GANG

They imitate the big leaguers; skinning five, spittin' 'zooka chaw-juice. Yeah-Yeah hands Benny his glove. Squints jots the stats in his pee-chee folder.

SQUINTS

Game over. Sixteen zip. Murderers' Row remains undefeated.

OPPONENT

Hey! We never got our ups!

The lunch bell RINGS. The gang heads across the playground back to the bungalows.

OPPONENT

All your moms wear boxers!

Without looking back, eight "birds" hit the air. Nervous, new-kid

SCOTTY SMALLS

has been watching nearby.

12 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DRINKING FOUNTAIN - DAY 12

Just as Ham, Squints and Benny go for the 3 spigots, Yeah-Yeah taps each rapidfire:

YEAH-YEAH

Milk-milk-pee.

HAM

Great, I'm dyin' a thirst and you pee me out!

BENNY

Ham, it ain't really.

HAM

Then switch with me.

BENNY

Do I look stupid?

Everyone drinks from the 2 "un-cursed" spigots. Ham last. As they turn to leave, Scotty goes for the fountain. The guys hang - waiting for doom. Scotty drinks from the pee spigot! The guys GAG and FAUX-BARF. Scotty has no idea why they're laughing at him.

NARRATOR

I moved to the neighborhood about a month before school let out. I was from another state, and didn't have a single friend in a thousand miles.

13 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 13

Benny, Ham, Scotty (sitting by himself) and the other STUDENTS are clock watching. The BELL RINGS. Summer vacation! The classroom empties... papers circle to the floor from 35 departing cyclones.

14 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - BETWEEN BUNGALOWS / ENTRANCE - DAY 14

Streams of excited KIDS spill into the corridors - a river of scrambling tennis shoes and clashing lunch boxes at the entrance gate.

SCOTTY'S

caught in the mayhem.

HE SPIES

the 8 guys forging ahead. He follows them.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

## NARRATOR

It was a lousy way to end up the 5th grade, 'cause I had zip time to make friends before summer. And that's about where it all started...

15 EXT. OLD REDWOOD FENCE - FOILAGE - DAY

15

Scotty sneaks close around some dense bushes, clutching books and "John Glenn - Freedom 7" lunchbox. He steps through the barrier (a secret doorway in the fence) onto the distant outfield of

16 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

16

The gang's homemade baseball diamond. They're:

CLEANING THE BLEACHERS

with broken brooms.

RAKING THE INFIELD

with halves of tools.

LAYING NEW CHALK LINES

with a holed box of detergent powder.

CLEARING THE OUTFIELD

of leaves, trash and sticks.

RE-ERECTING A PIECE OF RAGGED PLYWOOD

in left field - painted green and lettered "The Green Monster."

SCOTTY

maintains cover and

PERUSES THE LAYOUT

a row of houses, whose backyards are all chain link fenced. The fencing is trimmed individually in wood, bamboo etc... One has the world's coolest treehouse. Next to it... is the last house. This owner has cordoned his backyard - tall panels of that green "tropical-look" privacy fiberglass lashed to the fence.

SCOTTY

remains undercover, but he's bustin' to join in.

(CONTINUED)



16 CONTINUED:

16

## THE GANG

never notices him. As they work:

HAM

Fifth grade's history, man.

BENNY

No more games on stinkin' asphalt.  
That's the best.

REPEAT

W - w - we -

TIMMY

(finishing up, as  
always)

- We got all summer.

BENNY

Let's play.

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-Yeah... let's play.

The guys round up in the infield. As they play catch, they spread farther and farther apart... until they've each taken up the position they most like to play. They fit the paltry little diamond; scrappy, happy kids.

17 EXT. THE BLOCK - DUSK

17

Tract homes - everybody's got a different thing going in the front yard. The guys (sans Timmons') split up toward their homes - slappin' gloves, "so-longing" for the night.

NARRATOR

Everyone but the Timmons twins  
lived on my new block.

FROM HIS DRIVEWAY

Scotty, shuttling moving boxes to his garage, watches them go.

NARRATOR

They lived in a house by the  
sandlot and had the world's  
greatest tree house, because their  
dad was a contractor.

FROM BENNY'S PORCH

Benny is the last to go in. He sees Scotty watching. So, he nods... just a little.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

## THE BLOCK

clears to empty. The street lamps arc on, drawing soft white circles on the sidewalks. FROM THIS HEIGHT, they look like baseballs dotting the neighborhood.

## NARRATOR

Even before I knew any of them I envied that tree house...

18 INT. BENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

18

A shrine to the pastime. Pennants, magazine pictures, game programs, baseball cards, a whole section of Maury Wills, radiating from a picture of Wills caught in a pickle.

## NARRATOR

...later, it would become second only to Cape Canaveral as a command post for history.

(beat)

When I moved in that summer, I'd never played baseball, but it wasn't too tough figuring out who these guys' heroes were. So, after a week of watching... I figured baseball seemed like the best way to get in with them.

## BENNY'S

in bed, oiling his glove, staring out his window at Scotty's house. Taped to his footboard is the most important picture of all... a picture of The Babe.

19 INT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

19

Scotty slurps a glass of chocolate Quick through a "Crazy Straw." Rinses the glass too carefully. Gathers courage for something. Breathes deep - starts across the house.

20 INT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

20

Scotty peeks through a slightly open door. BILL moves around inside, unpacking boxes. Scotty reaches to knock. Stops. Almost walks away. Then musters the gumption. KNOCKS.

## BILL (OS)

Yeah...

Scotty takes a few cautious steps into...

21 INT. BILL'S DEN - NIGHT

21

...a trophy room. Ribbons, plaques, trophies. Bill must've been some athlete; but he limps now. Scotty lingers... gathering more courage.

NARRATOR

My real dad died when I was just a little kid. My mom married Bill a year before we moved to the neighborhood.

(beat)

At the time, he and I were still getting used to each other.

SCOTTY

Um, Dad - sorry, I mean Bill, remember you promised you'd teach me to play catch?

BILL

Um hum...

He dusts a batting trophy.

SCOTTY

Well, could you teach me?

BILL

Sure.

He places a pitching plaque. Scotty waits awkwardly. Waits for more words. They don't come.

SCOTTY

Okay. Great. Thanks.

BILL

Um hum.

Scotty leaves, bringing the door with him on his way out. Through the cracked portal he sees Bill set a silver pedestal on the main shelf. On this he sets a baseball... just a baseball.

22 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

22

Jr. Chemistry set. Heath Kit gadgets. An unbelievable Erector Set contraption with little motors and stuff. An autographed picture of Mr. Wizard. Scotty's pj'd at his erector set table, bothered and unhappy. This stuff is too damn easy for him. He whips on a last bolt and connects the itty-bitty motor. Switches on

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

## THE CONTRAPTION

a tiny scoopelvator snatches up a white marble. Drops it on a roller coaster track. The marble whips around corners and loop-da-loops... lands in a mini-catapult. Another motor draws it back via a winding string. Boy Scout camping-knife scissors ratchet in - snip the string - the catapult fires.

## THE MARBLE

leaps a little green fence and WONK! Ouuuhhh! beans

HIS MOTHER (having just come in)

right in the forehead.

## BEDROOM

Scotty winces at the shot.

SCOTTY

Sorry, Mom.

MOM

I thought we agreed we'd take this apart... and not spend so much time in here.

SCOTTY

(feeling low)

I know - but it's just nighttime.

MOM

Scotty, have you made any friends yet?

SCOTTY

No.

MOM

Why not, honey?

SCOTTY

'Cause I'm still "new."

MOM

Honey, I don't want you sitting in here all summer fiddling with this stuff, like you did last summer... and the one before that.

(beat)

Scotty, look at me. I know you're smart, and I'm proud of you. But you have to get outside, you have to... play.

(CONTINUED)

She sits across from him, trying to get through.

MOM

I want you to get out in the fresh air and make friends. Run around and scrape your knees. Get dirty. Climb trees and hop fences. Get in trouble for crying out loud.

(beat)

Not too much, but some. You have my permission. Now how many mothers do you think say that to their sons?

SCOTTY

None mothers I guess.

MOM

I want you to make friends this summer, Scotty. Lots of them.

SCOTTY

I know, but I don't - I'm no good at anything. Face it, Mom, I'm just an egghead -

MOM

- and you'll always be just an egghead with an attitude like that. So promise me, alright?

SCOTTY

'Kay.

MOM

Maybe tomorrow you'll make some friends.

SCOTTY

Yeah, maybe tomorrow.

(beat)

Mom? Do you think Bill - I mean Dad - will teach me to play catch?

MOM

Are you kidding, he'd love it, you know what an athlete he was in high school.

Scotty wakes up. Checks his (Theme) clock. 8:30. He bolts out of bed. Dashes through the house to the front door. Throws it open and runs down to...

- 24 EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DAY 24  
 ...the sidewalk. Way far down the block  
 HE GLIMPSES  
 Yeah-Yeah, scrambling for the corner - putting his jeans on.
- YEAH-YEAH  
 Hey-hey, come on! Wait up - wait  
 up!
- SCOTTY  
 panics. Runs back inside and...
- 25 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - DAY 25  
 ...strips off his cowboy pj's. Redresses. Digs through his  
 CLOSET  
 finding a vinyl, "toy" baseball glove. It's still in the  
 package, with a note attached: "To Scotty Boy - Love,  
 Grandma!" It's all he's got. He shovels through a pair of  
 Mickey Mouse ears - a cowboy hat - finds the closest thing  
 he's got to a baseball cap... a long, duck-billed fishing cap  
 with a big embroidered trout.
- 26 EXT. ENROUTE TO THE SANDLOT - DAY 26  
 Scotty runs by (soon familiar places):
- A 5 & DIME 27  
 A BOYS CLUB 28  
 A LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, 29  
 where he slows momentarily, envious of the crisply uniformed  
 kids... wow. Moving on down
- 30 EXT. THE BLOCK OF SANDLOT COMMON HOUSES - DAY 30  
 whose backyards we already know. Scotty flat out stops at  
 THE HOUSE  
 with the fiberglass panels out back. Scary place.
- 31 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY 31  
 Scotty slips quietly through the secret fence doorway,  
 emerging in

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

DEEP LEFT FIELD

where he hugs the perimeter, moving slowly toward the sandlot common houses. Winded, Scotty finds

THE GANG'S

already playing "over the line."

SCOTTY

watches and listens (as he goes) to the SHARP, satisfying sound of the hardball, SNAPPING CLEANLY in the oily leather of their gloves.

HE LOOKS AT

his own toy glove... how embarrassing.

SCOTTY

continues around the perimeter, trying to be seen and become invisible. He goes unwittingly CLOSER TO those green fiberglass panels.

DENUNEZ

winds up and pitches to

BENNY

who connects big. CRACK!

SCOTTY'S

come too close to the green fence. Something has overcome him... fear! He stares with serious woollies at

A HOLE IN THE FIBERGLASS

and sees only dust rising in time with some great, SOUNDS OF EXHALATION. And then, before he can draw any conclusions... disaster.

GANG (OS)

Hey! Look out!

SCOTTY

whips a look up and sees

THE FLY BALL

coming right at him.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

SCOTTY

tracks it, frozen stiff. Scared shitless. At the past possible moment, he throws his arms over his face and ducks... social suicide.

THE BALL

beans him at the glove covering his noggin.

SCOTTY

hits his butt. The ball rolls a bit. Comes to an "I-dare-you" stop: right up against the diseased fiberglass panels of that preternatural fence. Scotty pulls his arms away from his face.

THE GANG

LAUGHS uproariously.

REPEAT

Ni - Ni - Ni

TIMMY

- Nice catch!

HAM

Hey! Throw the ball back!

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, hurry up!

BERTRAM

We gotta a game here, man!

SCOTTY

moves for the ball. As he goes, he sweats:

SCOTTY

'Kay, I'll get it!

(to himself)

Don't be a goofus - don't be a  
goofus - don't be a goofus.

He reaches the fence and the ball and stops. It's hard to move. The force emanating from the backyard has got him:

DUST THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE FIBERGLASS

keeps perfect time with the monster-breathing.

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

AN OLENADER BUSH

moves. It scares the living kapok out of

SCOTTY

who snatches up the ball and back-pedals 10 feet.

SQUINTS

WE'RE WAITING...

He throws back the ball. And his chances of getting in with these guys are over. Because Scotty... throws like a girl!

THE BALL

droops forward in the air. Lands 6 feet from him. Rolls slowly up to the gang, finally coming to a dainty stop at DeNunez' feet.

THE GANG

looks from the ball to Scotty... they CRACK UP!

SCOTTY

walks away... crying.

SCOTTY

(to himself)

My life is over.

BENNY

is the only one that isn't laughing. He stares the others down.

DeNUNEZ

Come on, Benny-man, didn't you see that throw?

He imitates it, "flipping" his glove to Ham. The gang BUSTS UP again.

HAM

(truly stunned)

That kid's got the gaw'damn panty-waistiest arm I ever saw in my whole life.

SQUINTS

I seen a guy once that threw like that. I mean not that bad, but at least so bad that he hadda move in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SQUINTS (Cont'd)  
the fourth grade 'cause they  
nicknamed him "Bloomers."

BENNY  
You guys are a bunch a shits.

BERTRAM  
We didn't mean nuthin'.

BENNY  
He went away crying, you blockhead!

That sort of stifles the bunch.

BENNY  
I bet not one of you knows how The  
Babe got his nickname.

HAM  
Easy, 'cause of the way he looked  
like a little kid face.

REPEAT  
N - no, 'cause the way he hel - hel -

TIMMY  
- held the bat soft like a baby.

REPEAT  
Right.

BERTRAM  
Bull, it's just 'cause he liked  
kids and stuff.

SQUINTS  
Wrong. The Babe was called The  
Babe, because he was like the child  
of Yankee Stadium.

BENNY  
I knew it. You're all full of  
crap. George Herman Ruth got his  
nickname because his mom died when  
he was just a little kid, and he  
hadda go live in an orphanage.

Silence. None of the other guys has heard this before.

BENNY  
Nobody liked him there. The bigger  
guys picked on him all the time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (5)

31

BENNY (Cont'd)

And when they messed with him he  
couldn't fight back, 'cause he was  
just... like scared. So when they  
messed with him, he cried about it.

(beat)

He cried... so they called him The  
Babe.

This hits home real good.

BENNY

How ya think that kid just felt?

Benny exits the sandlot, leaving the others with a lesson  
learned.

NARRATOR

Everyone knew Benny was different.  
Nobody ever voted or anything, but  
he was the leader.

32 EXT. THE BLOCK - DUSK

32

As Benny goes into his house, the other's round the corner far  
behind him.

THE MOON

is up. Full. Like a big baseball.

NARRATOR

Even though he seemed like a  
regular guy, he wasn't. Benny was  
special, and he was loyal. He'd  
even been the only one of them that  
ever made it in Little League try  
outs. When the other guys didn't  
get in, he didn't play.

33 EXT./INT. BENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

33

Benny's at the window, clutching a baseball, staring over at  
Scotty's house.

NARRATOR

So, the only person that ever felt  
sorry for me 'cause I was such a  
weenie was Benjamin Franklin  
Rodriguez.

(beat)

Even though neither of us knew it  
at the time, we were connected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

NARRATOR (Cont'd)

Like I had been born for just that one moment, when I would perform the world's all-time boner, and Benny would bail me out.

(beat)

Connected as friends... born to meet for just that one moment.

We DRIFT OFF Benny to his PICTURE OF MAURY WILLS in a pickle.

34 INT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

34

A PICTURE OF MAURY WILLS stealing second on a Wheaties box.

BILL &amp; SCOTTY

at the table. Bill sifting through mounds of paperwork. Scotty eating breakfast. Scotty's spoon CLANGS one too many times. Bill looks up at him.

SCOTTY

Sorry...

Scotty picks up his bowl and cereal, goes into

35 INT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - DAY

35

where his mom is making coffee.

MOM

(quietly)

Well?...

SCOTTY

He's too busy, Mom.

MOM

(encouraging)

Go back in there and ask. He'll take the time. Go on.

36 INT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

36

Scotty comes back in. Stops mutely near Bill. Long, agonizing seconds pass. Finally:

SCOTTY

Um, Da -

Quick look toward the kitchen, then:

SCOTTY

(so Mom won't hear)

- I mean, Bill. Could we... I mean

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY (Cont'd)  
could you, like you said - teach me  
to catch today?

BILL  
Um, yeah, but later, okay? I gotta  
get this done.

It ain't much, but it's something.

SCOTTY  
Okay, thanks.

Mom comes in behind Scotty.

MOM  
Bill, can't you take a break and  
teach him now?

SCOTTY  
Mom, it's okay -  
(nobody's listening)

BILL  
Honey, I said I would and I will.  
I'm just under the gun here, ya  
know?

SCOTTY  
Mom, really -

MOM  
- How long could it take? You  
can't spare a half hour to show  
him?

Bill drops his pen. Checks his watch. A lost battle here.

BILL  
(annoyed)  
Fine. Alright. I'll get my glove.  
Come on.

Bill exits past them. Scotty's been "Mom-embarrassed." She  
looks at him:

MOM  
(clueless)  
There. See. Told you so.

Scotty shuffles out back, shaking his head.

37 EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

37

Bill slides his hand into his glove. He warms up the cradle, POPPING the "hardball" into the palm.

SCOTTY

stands ready to "learn" on the other side of the yard. Appropriately pitiful in "trout" cap and toy glove.

BACKYARD

BILL

Keep your eye on the ball. Put the glove up where it goes. Okay?

SCOTTY

Yeah, okay, I think so.

Bill throws one to Scotty. The toy glove goes up to the right. The ball sails by to the left.

SCOTTY

Darn. Sorry.

Bill's a little amazed at that one. He checks his watch.

BILL

That's alright, just throw it back.

Scotty eagerly retrieves it. Turns to throw - deja vu - he runs over, hands Bill the ball.

SCOTTY

Here.

He runs back across the yard. Turns 'round again. Holds his glove up stiffly.

SCOTTY

Okay. I'm ready.

Bill cannot believe this. Checks his watch again.

BILL

Keep your eye on the ball. Put the glove up where the ball goes.

He throws again. The ball bounces off the toy glove - breaks the webbing.

SCOTTY

Darn. My glove got -

BILL

- not bad. Right side at least. Now, just throw it back this time.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SCOTTY

But my glove -

Bill's looking at his watch again. Scotty fetches the ball - gulps - "flips" it back.

BILL

(disbelief)

Oh, my God.

38 EXT. THE BLOCK - SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DAY

38

Benny comes out of his house. From the sidewalk

BENNY'S POV

up the side of Scotty's house into the backyard. He can see Scotty. Only Scotty. Standing there game as hell, trying to catch balls that seem to be coming too fast. The ball comes. Scotty ducks. The ball hits the block wall behind him, caroming back toward where we assume Bill is throwing from.

BENNY'S

drawing the wrong conclusion.

39 EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

39

Scotty's still game. Bill's at ropes end. Check his watch again.

BILL

Alright, Scott, listen, this one's gonna come right at you, easy, okay?

SCOTTY

'Kay.

BILL

Just keep your eye on the ball and put your glove up. You'll catch it.

SCOTTY

Okay.

BILL

throws.

THE BALL

comes slowly forward.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

SCOTTY

sticks his glove up.

SCOTTY'S EYES

widen.

THE BALL

hits dead center glove. Rips the "toy" webbing. Flies through and clouts

SCOTTY

right in the eye.

BILL

BILL

Oh my -

40 EXT. THE BLOCK - SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DAY

40

BENNY

- God, whadda jerk!

41 INT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

41

Scotty's mom comes unglued.

MOM

Bill! What happened?!

BILL

Well, he -

SCOTTY

(pride's sake)

- just took my eye off the ball,  
Mom.

Scotty's mom pulls his hand away from his eye. Great shiner. Bill grabs a steak from the fridge, FLOPS it over Scotty's eye.

BILL

There. Keep that on for an hour.  
It'll still be black, but it won't  
swell.

(beat)

Sorry. We'll try again soon.



42 EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DAY

42

Scotty emerges. Sits on the porch. Pitiful and forlorn. Chin in his hands, he looks across the street. He starts. His hand moves to cover his black eye... but he thinks the better of it.

BENNY'S

on the curb across the street. A moment goes by. Benny raises a hand.

SCOTTY

slowly waves back.

BOTH

Benny comes over to Scotty's sidewalk.

BENNY

Gonna go play some ball. Need a extra guy. Wanna go?

SCOTTY

Naw. Thanks.

BENNY

Why not? Doncha like baseball?

SCOTTY

Oh. Yeah. But, ah...

BENNY

But what?

Scotty searches for a quick way out of this. Gets it:

SCOTTY

But my glove's busted. So, ya know, I can't go. Thanks, though.

Benny reaches behind his back. Takes something out of his jeans - like he's going for a gun. Smiles a little.

BENNY

That's okay.

He offers it to Scotty... a "real" glove.

BENNY

I got a extra one.

Scotty SHOUTS over his shoulder:

SCOTTY

Mom! I'm gonna go play some ball!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

As they move away down the block.

SCOTTY  
Thanks. Cool glove.

BENNY  
Yeah. Cool shiner. We gotta stop  
by the 5 & 10 first. Need a new  
ball. And chaw and stuff, ya know?

SCOTTY  
Yeah.

BENNY  
You dip chaw?

SCOTTY  
(completely clueless)  
Sure. A'course.

43 EXT. FIVE &amp; DIME - DAY

43

Benny & Scotty come around a corner to meet

THE GANG

who're none-too-pleased when they spot Scotty. Everyone but  
Squints and Ham are here. The guys pass a bag of "chaw,"  
Bazooka bubblegum. They stuff their mouths full.

SQUINTS & HAM

come out. Squints has a pack of Topps. Ham whips out his  
newly bought "candy-cigar." Bites down on it. Inflates his  
chubby face:

HAM  
Hey! Check me out! I'm the Great  
Bambino!

THE GANG

Nobody laughs. Ham sees why. The new kid... "flipper."

SCOTTY  
(too eager)  
Who's that?

Eight pairs of eyes burn holes in his little soul.

HAM  
What?...  
(beyond him)  
What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

BERTRAM

Were you born in a barn, man?

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, what planet are you from?

SQUINTS

You never heard of The Sultan of Swat?!

DeNUNEZ

The Titan of Terror!

REPEAT

The Cuh - Cuh - Cuh -

TIMMY

- Colossus of Clout!

BENNY

(even he's amazed)

The King of Krash!

NARRATOR

I had no idea who they were talking about. But there was no way I could let them know that... so, I lied.

SCOTTY

Oh! The Great Bambino! Of course. I thought you said The Great Bambi.

HAM

(shivering)

That wimpy deer?

SCOTTY

Ah, yeah - I guess. Sorry.

The gang goes SILENT. Scotty dips 'zooka chaw like Ham, Squints and Benny. They spit - they're tough. Scotty dribbles - he's wimpy.

BENNY

(w/mouthful)

So, Scott, this is Ken DeNunez; Alan McClennan, we call him Yeah-Yeah; Hamilton Porter, we call him Ham; Tommy and Timmy Timmons, oh, they're twins; Bertram Grover Weeks; and Mike "Squints" Palledorous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

BENNY (Cont'd)  
 (to gang)  
 He's Scott Smalls.

SCOTTY  
 Hi.

The gang just stares.

BENNY  
 He's gonna play with us. He makes  
 nine. Now we got a team.

44 EXT. SANDLOT - DAY

44

The pack follows Benny onto the diamond. Scotty trails after  
 them.

BERTRAM  
 Why'd you bring him for, Benny?

BENNY  
 'Cause there's eight of us, and he  
 makes nine.

BERTRAM  
 Yeah, so would my sister, but I  
 didn't bring her!

BENNY  
 With nine guys we got a whole team.

DeNUNEZ  
 He ain't game, Benny. He can't  
 throw for nothin'.

Scotty drifts off by himself. He can hear what's exchanged.

SQUINTS  
 It's stupid, Benny. The kid's an  
 L-7 weenie.

YEAH-YEAH  
 Yeah-yeah, Oscar Mayer even.

BENNY  
 Oh yeah, Squints, and you're Willie  
 freakin' Mays. You catch like a  
 dork - anybody ever bust your chops  
 about that?

SQUINTS  
 (paltry excuse)  
 No, but I'm - ya know, I'm -

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

- and you run like a duck, Yeah-Yeah.

YEAH-YEAH

(it's true)

'Kay-'kay... But I'm -

BENNY

- part-a the game.

SQUINTS

(defensive)

Right.

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah.

BENNY

How come he don't get to be?

Nobody's got an answer for that one.

BENNY

Besides, now I don't have to play every stinkin' position for you bozos when it's your ups. I'm gettin' too old for that stuff. Now, base up you blockheads.

THE GANG

hits the field. Their suspicious glares aren't lost on

SCOTTY

standing off by himself, kinda lost. Benny comes over.

BENNY

You take right field, Smalls.

SCOTTY

(eager)

Right. Okay. Ah... where exactly is that?

BENNY

(surprised)

Uh, over there.

Scotty runs "over there" anxiously.

BENNY

takes home plate worried: "Maybe the kid is a weenie."

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

INFIELD

DeNunez at the mound. Benny's up.

BENNY

Get two.

Repeat at 3rd, stabs it effortlessly and fires to 2nd. Timmy snatches it down and drag-tags the invisible base runner, then fires to Bertram at 1st. SNAP! Outta there. Bertram throws back to DeNunez. Benny's ready:

BENNY

Smalls! Get one!

CRACK! THE BALL

arcs up... comes down right at

SCOTTY

who raises the glove, and skippers around, as if he were tracking a falling leaf. The ball lands 5 feet behind him.

THE GANG

shakes its collective head, exasperated.

SCOTTY

runs to the ball, is about to throw... runs it in to DeNunez instead.

SCOTTY

Here. Sorry, sorry.

THE GANG

is stunned.

SCOTTY

runs back to right field. Ready again - a game kid.

BENNY

trots out after him.

BENNY

Hey, you can throw it ya know.

SCOTTY

No, I can't... I don't know how.

(lumpy throat)

Um, thanks for taking me here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY (Cont'd)  
but I better go.

Scotty turns to leave. Benny grabs his arm.

BENNY  
You think too much. I bet you get  
straight A's and shit, huh?

SCOTTY  
No, I got a B once. Actually it  
was an A minus.  
(quick)  
But it shoulda been a B.

BENNY  
This is baseball. Stop thinking.  
Have fun.  
(beat)  
You ever have a paper route?

SCOTTY  
Uh, I helped a guy one time.

BENNY  
Throw it like you chuck a paper.  
When your arm gets here... just let  
go of it.  
(pause)  
Just let go.

Scotty nods. Benny starts back.

SCOTTY  
Wait - how do I catch it?

BENNY  
Don't worry. Just stand there and  
stick your glove in the air. I'll  
take care of it.

#### HOME PLATE

Benny mentally calculates the distance. Puts a little rub on  
the ball. Flips it into the air...

BENNY  
Smalls, get one!

...and swings through deliberately. CRACK!

SCOTTY

sees it coming. Stands there stiffly. Sticks his glove up,  
closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (4)

44

SCOTTY

Please, catch it. Please, catch  
it. Please, ca -

SNAP! His glove swings down. He opens his eyes. Looks into his glove. The ball is there. He takes it out and chucks the ball like a folded paper.

BERTRAM

catches it good and solid at 1st.

BERTRAM

Okay! Hey, let's play ball!

SCOTTY

loosens up. From home plate

BENNY

gives him a "Thumbs Up." The significance of this is only outweighed by his sudden fear, when...

SCOTTY

glimpses something.

SCOTTY'S POV

of some great, lumbering thing moving past a crack in those green fiberglass panels.

45 EXT. THE BLOCK - DUSK

45

In good spirits, the guys break off to their houses.

SCOTTY &amp; BENNY

split up in the middle of the street between their homes.

SCOTTY

Thanks.

Already at his door, Benny just raises his glove in answer.

SCOTTY

Wait, here - your glove.

BENNY

Keep it.



46 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - NIGHT 46  
 Scotty opens a new writing tablet, and titles the page:  
 "Baseball Stuff to Remember." He writes: "1. The Great  
 Bambino?" He hasn't got a clue.

47 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY 47  
 Benny coaches Scotty. Correct batting stance and swing.  
 Benny thumb-flicks bottle caps at Scotty from a coffee can  
 full. They're tough to hit. But soon Scotty's tagging every  
 one of them.

THE SUN SETS. 48

49 EXT. SANDLOT - DAY 49  
 DeNunez fires - fastball. CRUNCH!

SCOTTY  
 tags it. The ball sails over  
 SQUINTS' head in center. From left field

BENNY  
 gives Scotty another "Thumbs Up." The kid's in.

50 EXT. SANDLOT - DAY - LATER 50  
 Squints arrives with a box of baseball cards.

NARRATOR  
 Everyday, first thing, we'd all  
 pick a card from what we called  
 "The Dugout."

Squints shakes it up. Everybody picks one.

NARRATOR  
 It was just a shoe box, but whoever  
 we picked, we got to be when it was  
 our ups. One day, when Ham took  
 his pick a little too seriously,  
 the guys let me in on the world's  
 most terrifying secret...

BENNY  
 Bingo! Maury Wills!

SCOTTY  
 Mickey Mou - ah, Mantle.

YEAH-YEAH  
 Say hey, Willie Mays.

(CONTINUED)

DeNUNEZ  
Stan Musial.

REPEAT  
Lu - Lu - Lu -

TIMMY  
Lou Brock.

REPEAT  
Sh - sh - shut up, Tim! Luis  
Aparicio, buttbreath!

TIMMY  
Brooks Robinson.

BERTRAM  
Frank Robinson.

SQUINTS  
Oh... Bob Uecker.

HAM  
Hank Aaron. I'm up.

51 EXT. SANDLOT - DAY - MINUTES LATER

51

The gang "peppers"

HAM

(at home plate) mercilessly.

DENUNEZ

pitches - strike. Pitches again - strike. Delivers and

HAM

takes a Ruthian cut at it. CONNECTS to deep right.

SCOTTY

tracks it.

THE BALL

comes down.

SCOTTY

runs beneath it - glove up.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

THE BALL

drops into a backyard. The one with the green fiberglass panels.

SCOTTY

stops short. Looks back to

THE GANG

who're already packing up in slumped dejection.

SCOTTY

makes a decision. Swallows against fear of the fence. He takes one step toward that fence.

SCOTTY

Wait a sec, I'll get it!

THE GANG

comes unglued.

GANG

NOOOOOOOOOO! STOPPPPPP!

They rush over - grab Scotty - pull him back 10 feet into the "Fear-Free" zone.

SQUINTS

Holy crap, you coulda been killed!

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah - truly! Whadda you doin'?!?

SCOTTY

Well, you were all leavin', so I thought I'd just -

SQUINTS

- if you were thinkin' you wouldn't a thought that!

BENNY

You can't go back there, Smalls.

SCOTTY

Then how do we get the ball?

REPEAT

W - W - W -

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

TIMMY

- We don't.

BERTRAM

It's gone.

HAM

Forever even.

DeNUNEZ

Forget it, it's a memory.

BENNY

Game's over. We'll get a new one tomorrow. Just forget it. We'll never see it again.

SCOTTY

Why not?

GANG

(hushed)

The Beast.

Scotty stares at them; all heads hung.

BENNY

Go over there, real slow, and be quiet. Don't touch the fence, just peek through that hole in the green stuff... go on.

As Scotty goes forward, the gang steps back.

SCOTTY

draws his eye close to the hole in the fence. WE SEE

52 EXT. MR. MERTLE'S BACKYARD - DAY

52

A LIMITED VIEW of 3 feet square. WE SEE nothing but the ball... in the small crater it's made in the dirt. There are oddly similar craters in the immediate vicinity. Those craters are empty.

A MAMMOTH, HAIRY PAW

comes down from out of nowhere. As it CLEARS FRAME, the baseball is gone. Only the crater remains.

53 EXT. SANDLOT - DAY

53

Scotty snaps his head away from the hole - runs over to

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

THE GANG:

SCOTTY  
 Something got the ball!  
 (unnerved)  
 What was that thing?!

Considered looks are exchanged, then, in unison:

GANG  
 Campout.

54 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - NIGHT

54

Aglow.

55 INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

55

A Boy Scout lantern. Professionally built structure. The gang's got sleeping bags. They're roasting marshmallows over a Cub Scout camping stove. Ham's brought personal s'mores supplies.

HAM  
 Wanna s'more?

SCOTTY  
 Some more of what?

HAM  
 No. You wanna s'more?

SCOTTY  
 I haven't had anything yet, so how can I have any more of nothing?

HAM  
 You kill me Smalls. Look, these are s'mores stuff. Pay attention:  
 (concocting)  
First you take the graham - you put the chocolate on the graham, Hershey's of course - you hold the chocolate on the graham while you roast the mallow-

He does. The mallow flames to life.

HAM  
 -then when the mallow's flamin', ya stuff it on the chocolate and cover it with the other end.  
 (beat)  
 Then, you scarf.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

Ham does. The junk squirts half way down his shirt.

HAM

(barely intelligible)

Kinda messy... Good though.

Squints turns the lantern down low...

SQUINTS

Alright, listen up.

(to Scotty)

First time DeNunez heard this story  
he fainted -

DeNUNEZ

- Bull, Squints!

BENNY

You did, man.

DeNunez shuts up. It's true.

SQUINTS

When Yeah-Yeah heard it he peed his  
pants.

YEAH-YEAH

Shut up, Squints - did not!

HAM

You did, man.

SQUINTS

And when The Ham heard it he barfed  
up two bags of marshmallows.

HAM

Liar! It was only one.

SQUINTS

So stay away from the door... you  
might fall out. And don't sit on  
your sleeping bag... you could  
shit your pants.

(solemn)

Now, quiet...

Absolute silence. Kid-reverence equals fright.

SQUINTS

The legend of The Beast goes back  
a long time... before any of us  
could pick up a baseball.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

SQUINTS (Cont'd)  
 Back to a place called Mertle's  
 Acres.

DREAMY DISSOLVE TO:

THE STORY OF THE BEAST:

56 EXT. "MERTLE'S ACRES" - DAY

56

A legendary place... benefitting from years of kid-  
 embellishment: a gothic, scrapyard fortress oddly designed to  
keep something in not out.

SQUINTS (VO)

The Beast belongs to Mr. Mertle,  
 the guy that used to own Mertle's  
 Acres Junkyard. And nobody's ever  
 seen him since the day it  
 happened...

57 INT. MERTLE'S ACRES - DAY

57

Blurbling pockets of super-heated muck.

BURNED-OUT SHELLS

of twisted vehicles - strewn carcasses. A battlefield.

OLD APPLIANCES

that form tortured faces in the shadowy recesses.

SQUINTS (VO)

Mertle's Acres was a bitchin'  
 place, that had everything you  
 could ever imagine.

OTHER STUFF

like savaged shopping carts. A school bus graveyard. Scrap  
 motorbikes. Cargo ship buoy balls. The gutted shell of a  
 fighter plane.

SQUINTS (VO)

And the stuff was worth a fortune.  
 So, one day Mr. Mertle got him this  
 new pup from the pound. They were  
 glad to get rid of him, on account  
 of while he'd been there, he'd  
 killed three dogs bigger than he  
 was.

(beat)

That was exactly what Mr. Mertle  
 figured he needed to protect his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SQUINTS (Cont'd)  
junkyard, 'cause people kept  
stealing stuff at night, when he  
wasn't around.

WE DRIFT THROUGH

a maze of dark, grimy junk-passageways.

SQUINTS (VO)

So he bought The Beast, and set him  
loose in Mertle's Acres.

58 SOMETHING LOPES BY

58

at the end of a passage. (NOTE: We never fully see The Beast.)

SQUINTS (VO)

The Beast was still just a pup of  
six months, but he already weighed  
a 150 pounds... and he kept gettin'  
bigger.

A TRASH BAG

full of meat hits the ground - disappears. SLIFFTHT! It  
spits back INTO FRAME... empty and tattered.

SQUINTS (VO)

He threw The Beast a trash bag full  
of meat every night, and just left  
him alone. All alone in the whole  
place by himself... to grow.

AN EYEBALL

59

among a pile of broken headlights. As big as the headlights.

FLEETING GLIMPSES OF MORE STUFF

like Mannequins, with bite-chunks missing. Plastic  
flamingoes, brutally mangled. A decapitated "lawn jockey." A  
plastic cow, legs gnawed off. And BREATHING... amongst the  
artificial "life" forms.

A GARGANTUAN FOOTPRINT

in the center of an old truck tire.

THE BEAST'S SHOULDERS

60

moving powerfully - as tall as a burned-out VW.

(CONTINUED)



60 CONTINUED:

60

SQUINTS (VO)

And so, in a few months, the pup grew into The Beast. And he grew big as a car. And he grew mean, 'cause nobody liked him, and he didn't like nobody either.

(beat)

And so he only had one thing on his mind... to kill.

61 INT. MERTLE'S ACRES - NIGHT

61

TWO THIEVES in ski-masks. Suddenly, a HEATED WIND strips their masks. Two elephantine feet come down on their faces. They SCREAM.

SQUINTS (VO)

And he did. And he liked it.

ANOTHER THIEF

62

suddenly enveloped by a shadow. He's dragged into darkness... he SCREAMS.

TWO OTHER THIEVES

63

load their van and take off. They skid. CRUNCH! The van caves in. The Thieves are dragged out, BLATHERING in horror.

FROM HIGH ABOVE MERTLE'S ACRES

64

The Beast moves like a murderous phantom. WE HEAR ROARING, and primordial bloodlust.

VARIOUS OTHER THIEVES

65

are tossed hither and yon... mixed in with fake flamingoes, and a flying plastic cow.

66 EXT. MERTLE'S ACRES - DAY

66

Police cars. DETECTIVES speak with MR. MERTLE; his shoulders slumped, his eyes moist. They show him file photos.

SQUINTS (VO)

The Beast was the most perfect junkyard dog that ever lived... a true killing machine.

(beat)

After awhile, the police started getting phone calls from people, reporting all the missing thieves. The ones The Beast had killed... it added up to about 37 guys.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

Mr. Mertle solemnly heads inside the junkyard.

SQUINTS (VO)

But they never found a single body... not one. Some people say they all got away, and were just so scared that they ended up in insane asylums and stuff.

(beat)

But we know what really happened.

Mr. Mertle emerges from the junkyard. Cops take cover behind their cars. Guns are leveled toward Mr. Mertle and what follows him at the end of a rusty tow chain.

SQUINTS (VO)

The Beast... ate them.

(beat)

He ate them bones and all.

67 EXT. THE BLOCK OF SANDLOT COMMON HOUSES - DAY

67

PEOPLE slam their windows - draw their curtains. LITTLE KIDS are snatched up by PARENTS, who run inside and lock their doors.

MR. MERTLE

68

leads the The Beast on a huge chain. (NOTE: We only see bits of The Beast.)

SQUINTS (VO)

The Beast was good at his guarddog job. Too good. So the cops said he had to be retired. But he didn't have to be killed or nothin', on account of there was no evidence... no bones... no teeth for dental records.

69 EXT. MR. MERTLE'S BACKYARD - DAY

69

The green fiberglass panels are brand new here in the past.

SQUINTS (VO)

The police told Mr. Mertle that if wanted to keep The Beast, he hadda lock him in his backyard, so he could never get out.

A CRANE

70

lowers a giant bathtub into the backyard. FIREMEN fill it with water.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

SQUINTS (VO)

And that he hadda chain him up,  
so's in case he tried to get out to  
eat children and stuff, he  
couldn't.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS 71

sink an I-Beam girder. Cement fills the chasm.

MR. MERTLE 72

constructs a huge lean-to from old bullet-holed, tin-ad signs.

A WELDER 73

braises chain to the girder.

MR. MERTLE 74

"collars" The Beast with the other end.

THE BEAST 75

disappears beneath the lean-to. DUST EXPLODES from underneath  
as he lies down.

SQUINTS (VO)

Mr. Mertle asked the cops how long  
he had to keep his pup chained up  
like a slave.

76 EXT. MR. MERTLE'S FRONT PORCH - DAY 76

A POLICEMAN "mouths" the word, "F-O-R-E-V-E-R."

SQUINTS (VO)

They said... until forever.

DREAMY DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT 77

Ham drools mallow goop. His hands are fisted tight...  
'mallows squirt out twixt his clenched fingers.

REPEAT &amp; TIMMY

have their pillows 'round their heads like bonnets.

DENUNEZ &amp; YEAH-YEAH

stare and shake.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

BERTRAM'S

eyes are shut tight, his bottom lip shudders.

BENNY

gulps.

SCOTTY'S

sitting shattered. He checks his pants to see if he's peed them. His mallow's a briquette. It SPUTTERS and flames out.

SQUINTS

is proud of his story prowess.

SQUINTS

And so... The Beast sits there under that lean-to, dreaming about the time when he can break the chain and get out... dreaming of the time when he can chase and kill again.

THE GANG

BERTRAM

See, man. That's why you can't go over there. Nobody ever has. Nobody ever will.

HAM

One kid did, but nobody ever seen him again.

BERTRAM

That ain't true -

HAM

- yeah it is! He got eaten!

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah - that kid who went to get his kite... what was his name?

DeNUNEZ

"Boogers" Fleming?

TIMMY

No. It was that guy with the warts on his face -

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

REPEAT

- Da - Da - Davy "Th - "Th - "The  
Toad."

Solemnity spreads among them. Kid-reverence.

SQUINTS

Davy "The Toad" Stodenrous.

BERTRAM

Yeah, The Toad...

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, poor Toad.

SCOTTY

(weak)

Nuh-uh... none of that's true. You  
guys are just -

SQUINTS

- oh, yeah?... Come here. Stick  
your head out the window and look  
down.

Scotty goes slowly... He sticks his head out guillotinely,  
through the small square opening.

78 EXT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

78

Scotty's head comes out turtle-like. The tree house overhangs  
the common wall.

HE LOOKS DOWN INTO

Mr. Mertle's backyard and SEES an old footed bathtub filled  
with murky water. A steel pole, cemented into the center of  
the yard. A tow chain, snaking away from the pole and  
vanishing under the lean-to. Dust rises and falls from 'neath  
the lean-to.

SCOTTY

hears the ORGANIC EXHAUST that accompanies the dust... rising  
and falling... in POWERFUL EXHALATIONS.

79 INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

79

Scotty pulls his head back, scared shitless.

SCOTTY

(hushed)

He's down there!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

SQUINTS

You bet he is.

HAM

Whatever goes over that fence...  
stays there.

SQUINTS

It becomes the property of The  
Beast... Forever.

80 EXT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

80

FROM THE SANDLOT... a FULL MOON hangs ominously over the tree  
house; a glowing little box of debate in the scary night.

NARRATOR

I learned that more than a 150  
baseballs had gone over that  
fence... and not one of them was  
ever seen again. Even when some  
brave kid worked up enough courage  
to peek over the fence.

(beat)

Because, when they went over, they  
vanished.

(beat)

I knew it was true, because when I  
looked down in there, I didn't see  
a single... solitary... one.

81 EXT. FIVE &amp; DIME - MORNING

81

Squints and Yeah-Yeah come out of the store in a big hurry,  
with a new baseball in a box. They stop momentarily - open it  
and chuck the box. Yeah-Yeah rams his mouth full of 'zooka  
while

SQUINTS

spits into his palm and rubs the ball to get the shine off.  
His eyes go suddenly wide and he stammers:

SQUINTS

Oh man. I don't believe it. Oh  
man. Wendy Peffercorn...

BOTH

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-Yeah, what a dish. Can't wait  
to see her at the pool in that  
teeny weeny, oh baby bikini -

Squints punches him. Yeah-Yeah punches back.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

SQUINTS

- shut up. Show some respect kid,  
that's the girl of my dreams.

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, in your dreams. She's  
19, "kid."

SLO-MO - A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE GIRL

about 19-years-old walks by into the store. She smiles at  
Squints.

SQUINTS

can only manage a totally embarrassing goofy grin.

82 EXT. THE SANDLOT - MORNING

82

The guys are waiting anxiously as Yeah-Yeah and Squints run  
over. Yeah-Yeah tosses Benny the ball. He rubs it up.  
Passes it along. They all take a turn.

BENNY

What took you so long?! We been  
here forever already!

YEAH-YEAH

Ah, Squints was pervin' a dish.

SQUINTS

Shut up, I wasn't!

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-Yeah you were! Yer tongue was  
hangin' outta yer head and you was  
swoonin'!

(swoonin')

Oh-oh Wendy Peffercorn my darling  
lover girl...

Squints goes for Yeah-Yeah. Ham holds him back.

SQUINTS

Hold me back! Hold me back!

HAM

I am holdin' you back Squints.

SQUINTS

Oh, yeah. Well, lemme go then.  
(calms)

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

DeNUNEZ

So, where'd you get the money this time Yeah-Yeah?

YEAH-YEAH

Oh, yeah-yeah! It was great! So I went around pretended like I was selling perscriptions to magazines. And the people asked if they should pay me now. So I said yeah-yeah, pay me now! And they did!

The guys are astonished.

HAM

Sonavabitch!

YEAH-YEAH

What-what?! I'll take it back. I know it was crappy, but I didn't have no -

BENNY

- naw, don't, man. He's just mad he didn't think of it.

HAM

Yeah, you know how many lawns I hadda mow when it was my turn?! Geez. Let's play.

THE SUN

83

crests the sandlot... it's gonna be a hot one.

84 EXT. SANDLOT - LATER

84

A real hot one. Ham sweats uncontrollably. His lunch bag drips PB&J.

DENUNEZ

spits a 'zooka sploink that SIZZLES when it hits.

THE GANG

simultaneously heads for the bleachers. Everybody but Benny. Finally:

HAM

I can't take it no more, Benny. I'm bakin' like a toasted cheeser!

REPEAT

It - it - it's hot - hot -

(CONTINUED)



TIMMY

- hotter than the fires of Hell!

Repeat punches Timmy.

REPEAT

Shut up, Tim! Hot - hotter than a  
fish in a fry - fry -

TIMMY

- fryin' pan.

REPEAT

F - f - f -

TIMMY

Fuckin' eh, right!

REPEAT

Right!

(afterthought)

I'm tellin' Mom you said that.

BENNY

Come on, don't be wimpy.

SQUINTS

Face it, Benny. It's not a fit day  
out for man nor beast. We gotta  
call it for the day.

BENNY

Vote then. Everyone that wants to  
be a can't-hack-it panty waist, and  
wear their momma's bra, raise your  
hand.

They all raise their hands. Grinning.

BENNY

Fine. Be like that. So what're we  
gonna do then?They look at each other, as if Benny's gone quite mad... it's  
so obvious:

GANG

Scam Pool Honeys!

TEENAGE POOL HONEYS arranged particularly on their beach  
towels along the deck, soak up the rays in their polka-dot  
bikinis.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

## THE GANG

rushes out in cut-off shorts, and banzais the shallow end. Ham leaps over the water like a graceful Manatee.

HAM

Hamonball!

KERSPLASH! A Ham-tsunami SLOSHES the Coppertone'd bods of  
21 POOL HONEYS

They're up and SCREAMING at him.

## THE GANG

dunks each other, play "attack-sub," etc...

NARRATOR

We didn't really go to the pool for the Pool Honeys like we said, 'cause if they had come up to any one of us, we'd have peed our pants. We went for... the Lifeguard.

## THE LIFEGUARD

is unbelievable. In fact, it's WENDY PEFFERCORN. She slides Coppertone up and down her legs.

## THE GANG

one by one, stop foolin' around. Chest deep in the shallow end, they're a detached and frozen pocket of leering dopes. The OTHER 80 KIDS in the pool play on around them.

## SQUINTS

is suddenly afflicted.

NARRATOR

And one day, it became too much for Michael "Squints" Palledorous. And he did the most desperate thing any of us had ever seen.

## THE LIFEGUARD

oils up and down.

## THE GANG

gawks on. (Cool Hand Luke scene):

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

Oh, man...

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, too cruel.

REPEAT

She don - don -

TIMMY

- don't know what she's doing.

BENNY

Yeah she does. She knows exactly what she's doing.

SQUINTS

I've swum here every summer of my adult life... and every summer there she is.

(losing it)

Lotioning... oiling... smiling.

(teeth clenched)

I - can't - take - this - no - more!

THE GANG WATCHES AS SQUINTS

pushes through the water, pulls himself out, and walks really fast to the diving board.

SCOTTY

What's wrong with him?

YEAH-YEAH

(worried)

Don't-know, but that's the deep end, and Squints can't swim!

SQUINTS

walks the plank to the end. Looks wantingly toward

THE LIFEGUARD

who smiles back at him.

SQUINTS

holds his nose. Takes the deep leap. Hits the water and...

UNDERWATER

...sinks like a stone. Squints grins as he founders.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

85

## THE GANG

lines the edge of the deep section.

BERTRAM

Squints!

HAM

Oh my God! He's drowning!

## THE LIFEGUARD

to the rescue. Seconds pass... she surfaces and lays a limp  
Squints

## ON THE DECK

Everybody at the pool gathers 'round. The Lifeguard lays  
Squints flat. She administers mouth-to-mouth.

The gang watches on tense as hell.

Squints peeks at them through a secretly opened eye. As the  
Lifeguard is "saving" his sneaky life, Squints can no longer  
restrain himself, he grabs her - gives her a sloppy SMOOCH!  
She tears away. Stands up over his wimpy little form:

LIFEGUARD

You little pervert!

She grabs Squints by the scruff of the neck. Run-walks him  
toward the exit, and...

86 EXT. PUBLIC POOL - DAY

86

...chucks his boney butt into the hedges. The guys scramble  
out, dragging their clothes after them. They help Squints up.

HAM

Did you plan that?!

SQUINTS

A'course I did. Been plannin' it  
for years.

They let Squints walk out front:

NARRATOR

Michael "Squints" Palledorous  
walked a little taller that day.  
Even though we got kicked out of  
the pool forever, every time we  
walked by it after that, the  
Lifeguard looked down from her

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

NARRATOR (Cont'd)  
 watchtower, right over at  
 Squints... and smiled.

87 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - NIGHT

87

Scotty pours over his "Baseball Stuff To Remember" list:

2. Maury Wills, 3. Mickey Mantle, 4. Willie Mays, 5. Hank Aaron, 6. Stan Musial, 7. Lou Brock, 8. Luis Aparicio, 9. Brooks Robinson, 10. Frank Robinson, 11. Bob Uecker. Right Field is near the green fence. Left Field is in the left. Double play gets two outs. Triple play is impossible. Single is good. Double is better. Home run is best. And, ominously, "Don't get in a pickle or you're dead!" And one entry that's double question marked: 1. The Great Bambino??

88 EXT. SANDLOT - SUNSET

88

The Guys play in magic hour. CRACK!

BENNY

jolts a high fly to

SCOTTY

in right field. No problem now. He backpedals, judging. Closer to

MR. MERTLE'S FENCE

then, SNATCH! Scotty makes a clean catch.

BENNY

gives Scotty "Thumbs Up." Just as

SCOTTY'S

gonna throw the ball back, he shivers, noticing that the sun has fallen to a precise declination; its rays focused behind the glowing green fiberglass of

MR. MERTLE'S FENCE

against which a hulking black form rises in the backyard... blocking out the sun against the panels. A gargantuan shadow.

THE SUN GOES DOWN

The shadow vanishes. TRIBAL DRUMS SOUND far in the distance. The oleander bushes rustle menacingly, like...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. JUNGLE - B&W - NIGHT - (ORIGINAL "KING KONG," 1932 - STOCK) 89

...a wall of tropical foliage. Frightening. Primordial.  
(NOTE: the scene with NATIVES atop the wall when Kong grabs Fay Wray.)

90 INT. BOYS CLUB AUDITORIUM - DAY 90

ON THE PROJECTOR SCREEN King Kong rips through the jungle.  
THE GANG'S

here with 100 OTHER BOYS at the afternoon show.

91 EXT. BOYS CLUB AUDITORIUM - DAY 91

The gang gathers. Ham bursts out behind the gang as Kong!

HAM

Eee! Eee! Eee! Oh! Oh! Oh!

The guys SCREAM - spin to face the Ham. He BUSTS UP.

HAM

Hey, check me out! I'm the mighty  
King Kong!

(dodging blows)

Hey! C'mon! It was a joke, ya  
dopes! Do I look like a monkey?!

A GROUP

of other kids comes out behind them. LITTLE LEAGUERS.  
Matching caps and shirts. The gang straightens up.

LEAGUER PUNK 1

Yeah. Ya smell like one too. Hey  
guys, it's the sandlot babies!

LEAGUER PUNK 2

Skin yer knees lately sliding on  
rocks?!

HAM

Shut up, blockhead.

LEAGUER PUNK 2

What're you gonna do, Porter, sit  
on me?!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

Rodriguez, why do hang around with  
these rejects, man? You made  
tryouts. You could be playin' with  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

LEAGUER PUNK 1 (Cont'd)  
us on a official American Little  
League certified big time diamond.  
You'd make the Allstar team easy.

BENNY  
Play us and you'll find out why,  
Phillips.

LEAGUER PUNK 1  
Forget it, we play real ball, not  
with toy bats and sneakers!

The punks head off, LAUGHING as they go. Benny glares at them.

SQUINTS  
Benny, man, are we gonna let 'em  
get away with that?!

BENNY  
Yeah. For now. Let's go.

92 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

92

The guys 'round a corner and continue on. They fall serious.

SCOTTY  
You think he really died in the  
end?

BENNY  
Who?

SCOTTY  
King Kong...

SQUINTS  
Not possible. He's so big that  
fallin' off the Empire State's just  
like us fallin' off a roof... he's  
alive.

SCOTTY  
So whadda you think happened to  
him?

Heads are scratched. Chins are rubbed. Thoughts are thunk.

REPEAT  
Pr - Pr - Pr -

TIMMY  
- Probably went back to the jungle.

(CONTINUED)

REPEAT

Most likely.

SCOTTY

Hey, guys? Has anyone ever really  
seen The Beast?

THE GANG STOPS

except Scotty, he goes forward - turns back.

SQUINTS

Look, Smalls. You ever seen King  
Kong for real? In person, I mean?

SCOTTY

No. But -

SQUINTS

- well, he's real right?

SCOTTY

Yeah, a'course.

SQUINTS

And he's still out there somewhere  
right?

SCOTTY

Yeah.

SQUINTS

See, there's just somethings that  
are. Ya know, stuff that it's  
better not to talk about... 'cause  
thinkin' about it just makes it  
worse.

(beat)

Nobody has to see The Beast to know  
he's there.

SCOTTY

(horrified thought)

You don't think that The Beast is  
really...

Motionless silence. No one's ever considered this. They  
suddenly realize where they are:

Denial kicks in as they carry on:

(CONTINUED)



93 CONTINUED:

93

GANG

King Kong? Naw! God is that stupid! No stinkin' way! Oh boy, had me feelin' like a douf there for a minute! Whew, what a relief!

94 EXT. THE BLOCK OF SANDLOT COMMON HOUSES - SANDLOT - AREA - DAY 94

FROM THIS HEIGHT WE SEE them round the corner, and carry on past the sandlot. Little debating specks, far away from us, and the cares of the world.

HAM

Hey, who d'ya think'd win in a fight, King Kong or Godzilla?

GANG

Godzilla. King Kong. 'Zilla! Kong! 'ZILLA! KONG!

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, wait a sec. 'Zilla already beat Kong in "King Kong Vs. Godzilla." Killed him again even!

GANG

Oh, yeah. Shit, that's right. Crap, I forgot about that.

SQUINTS

WAIT! Geez, that was just a movie. They were acting! In real life, Kong would kick his ass!

95 EXT. MAJOR LEAGUE STADIUM - ESTABLISHING - 1962 - DAY 95

The gang heads toward hallowed halls.

96 INT. MAJOR LEAGUE STADIUM - TUNNEL - DAY 96

Footsteps echo as the gang walks along, alone, in awe.

97 EXT. MAJOR LEAGUE STADIUM - INFIELD - DAY 97

The '62 DODGERS (and our gang's Home Team) are taking batting practice.

THE GANG

and a bunch of kids at the infield railing. Autograph signing. Benny sticks his glove through the crowd up to a certain player.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

NARRATOR

Besides The Great Bambino, who I still had no clue about, Benny had one living hero.

MAURY WILLS

autographs Benny's glove. Hands it back to...

98 INT. BENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

98

...Benny who's suddenly here watching a baseball game. The gang's with him.

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, here he comes. He's gonna steal second.

BENNY

Naw he ain't, not yet.

TELEVISION - STOCK '62 DODGER GAME

99

Maury Wills on 1st. Taunting the pitcher. Big lead off.

NARRATOR

A guy that would break the stolen bases record that year that had stood for as many years as there were baseball's lost to The Beast.

THE GANG

can't wait for Wills to go.

GANG

He's gonna go, Benny. Here he goes, man. Right now, watch, watch. There, there!

BENNY

leans forward seriously.

BENNY

No... not yet.

TELEVISION - STOCK '62 DODGER GAME

100

Maury Wills gets ready to steal.

NARRATOR

Maury Wills became a hero for what he did.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

BENNY

watches intensely.

BENNY

He's... gonna... go... riiight...  
now.

TELEVISION - STOCK '62 DODGER GAME

101

Maury Wills steals second.

BENNY

smiles to himself.

GANG

(clueless)

How'd you know that? How'd you  
guess? How'd ya know?

NARRATOR

Benny... would become a Legend.

102 INT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DUSK

102

Scotty opens the front door, BENNY'S THERE. 4th of July party  
inside. All ADULTS.

BENNY

(urgent)

Get your glove, c'mon.

SCOTTY

What's the big deal?

BENNY

Nightgame!

103 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HORIZON - DUSK

103

The sun is setting.

104 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET ON WAY TO SANDLOT - DUSK

104

THE GANG

hurries along with their ball gear, through a Block party of  
bubble-topped BBQ's attended by APRONED DADS grillin' dogs n'  
burgers.

KIDS

clutching "Red Devil" fireworks, timing the sinking sun.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

MOMS

pouring iced tea.

HAM

pilfers dog makin's from various Q's. Concocts a two-fisted doglog! He catches up to

THE GANG

marching away into the SETTING SUN.

A LONG LINE OF FIREWORKS

in the street.

MATCH HEADS

are lit.

YELLOW MATCH FLAMES

the SAME SIZE IN FRAME as our guys at the end of the block,  
are set to fuses.

DADS AND KIDS

rush for the curbs... and

THE FIRECONES FLOW INTO THE SKY

in kaleidoscopic columns of star-hot colors.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

105 EXT. SANDLOT - NIGHT

105

BURSTING FIREWORKS IN THE SKY down from which WE TILT TO

THE GANG

playing hard beneath them. Snap throws. Basket catches.  
Snatching grounders.

NARRATOR

There was only one nightgame a  
year. On the Fourth of July, the  
whole sky would brighten up with  
fireworks, giving us just enough  
light for a game.

(beat)

We played better then too. Because  
I guess, we all felt like Big

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (Cont'd)  
 Leaguers under the lights at some  
 great stadium.  
 (beat)  
 Benny felt like that all the time.

BENNY

Knocks dirt from his p.f. flyers. Twirls the bat. Cocks it  
 back. Coils up 'round his back leg.

DENUNEZ

delivers. Fastball.

CRUNCH!

Ash meets cowhide.

FIREWORKS EXPLODE

high above them.

THE GANG

stops play and marvels up at the colors.

SCOTTY'S

a little kid with a too-big mitt and floppy cap, goggling up  
 at the fireworks. The ball lands by him. He retrieves it.  
 Is about to throw - stops.

EVERYONE'S

staring at Benny up at

HOME PLATE

bat slung second-naturedly over his shoulder... a real ball  
 player.

NARRATOR  
 We all knew Benny was different. We  
 knew that he was gonna go on to  
 bigger and better games.  
 (beat)  
 Because everytime we stopped to  
 watch the sky that night like  
 regular kids, Benny was there to  
 call us back.

DENUNEZ

itches.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

BENNY

cranks one to kingdom come.

NARRATOR

For him, baseball wasn't just a game. For Benjamin Franklin Rodriguez...

A FINAL FIREWORK EXPLODES

in a beautiful burst above them.

NARRATOR

...baseball was life.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

106 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

106

The gang is still in the same positions. As if having never left.

HAM

fires to 3rd from home.

INFIELD

Ham and Repeat catch Benny in a pickle. Benny feints, dodges and rubba-legs them. He crosses home easily.

REPEAT

T - T -

TIMMY

- Truly rubba legs.

THE LITTLE LEAGUERS

show up on their bikes.

LEAGUER PUNK 2

It's easy when you play with rejects and fat kids, Rodriguez.

BENNY

marches over. The gang follows.

BENNY

What'id you say, crapface?

(CONTINUED)

LEAGUER PUNK 1

He said, they shouldn't be allowed to even touch a baseball. They're an insult to the game.

That did it! Ham rushes the punk. The gang holds him back.

HAM

Come on! We'll take you on right here, right now! Come on! Right now!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

We play on a real diamond, Porter. And you ain't good enough to lick the dirt off our cleats.

BENNY

Watch yer mouth, jerk!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

Shut up, dipshit!

BENNY

Asshole!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

Scab eater!

BENNY

Butt sniffer!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

Pus licker!

BENNY

Fart smeller!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

Dog crap for breakfast eatin' geek!

BENNY

You mix yer Wheaties with your momma's toe jam!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

You bob for apples in your toilet, and you like it!

The teams GASP. Then:

BENNY

YOU PLAY BALL LIKE A GIRL!

THUNDERING SILENCE. The ultimate baseball insult.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

LEAGUER PUNK 1  
What did you say?

BENNY  
You heard me.

LEAGUER PUNK 1  
Tomorrow. Sun-up. At our field.  
Be there, buffalo-butt breath.

BENNY  
Count on it, pee drinkin' craphead.

107 EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAWN

107

Ham raises his catcher's mask:

HAM  
PLAAAAAAAY BALLLLLLLLL!

DENUNEZ

strikes out

BATTER 1

Whif. Whif. Whif.

BATTER 2

grounds to

YEAH-YEAH

at short. He stabs it. Fires to

1ST BASE

outta there.

BATTER 3

hits a lazy fly ball to

RIGHT CENTER FIELD

where Scotty and Bertram run for it - watching the ball, not each other:

SCOTTY/BERTRAM  
I got it. I got it.

They stop - the ball drops between them.

(CONTINUED)



107 CONTINUED:

107

SCOTTY/BERTRAM  
I thought you had it.

BATTER 3  
rounds 2nd base.

BENNY  
Somebody get it!

SCOTTY  
picks it up and fires for home for all he's worth.

BATTER 3  
rounds 3rd.

THE BALL  
rockets toward Home.

BATTER 3  
slides in a cloud of dust.

THE BALL  
blasts into

HAM'S MITT  
and Ham drags the baseline.

THE DUST CLEARS  
Ham's got him tagged. Ham goes Jackie Gleasonaic:

HAM  
You - are - out - of - here! Out!  
Gone! Dead! To the moon! Roger,  
Wilco, Over and OUT!

Ham abruptly stops Cramdoning because

EVERYBODY'S LOOKING  
at him.

HAM  
Ah, you're out.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY 108

Benny's at bat. BANG! Single to left. Throw to 1st - too late. Throw to 2nd - too late. Throw to 3rd - he's on his way home. Throw to home - safe!

THE LEAGUERS

gawk; an inside the park home run.

BENNY

(to catcher)

That's one. Get used to it.

HIGH ABOVE FIELD, A SERIES OF ECU'S OF 109

the gang belting shot after shot. Rounding base after base. Crossing home.

110 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY 110

(Bob B. Soxx & The Blue Jeans "Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah" scene.) The guys strut along, air-batting, mime-catching. Benny RIPS a momentous victory slide.

111 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY 111

The gang's floating from the wipe-out, lounging on the bleacher. Benny still filled with fire, taking smooth bat swings.

BENNY

Crack! Boom! Outta here! You see the looks on their faces? Did ya? It was like, "Duh... so that's how you play baseball."

BERTRAM

vaults to his feet.

BERTRAM

Crap! I almost forgot. Look!

He holds up a pouch of chewin' 'baccy.

BERTRAM

Chaw!

THE GANG

gathers 'round.

BERTRAM

I was savin' it for a good time.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY

What is it?

HAM

Geez, Smalls... I s'pose you don't  
 who The Babe is either. It's chaw.  
 Plug. Wad. Chewing Tobacco!

BERTRAM

(sniffing)

Ummm. Red Man. The best.

He passes it around. Everybody sniffs.

SCOTTY

Whadda you do with it?

HAM

You're killin' me, Smalls. You  
 chew it, of course.

SCOTTY

You do?

DeNUNEZ

Sure. All the pros do.

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, gives ya tons of energy.

REPEAT

Le - Le - Le -

TIMMY

- Let's dip.

Bertram pinches a too-huge wad. Stuffs it in his mouth. The  
 bag goes around. All cud up.

BENNY

Smooth.

HAM

Juicy.

SQUINTS

Tangy.

SCOTTY

Kinda tastes like an ashtray  
 smells.

DeNUNEZ

Supposed to.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

They chew on. And spit. And chew.... It doesn't take long... they finger the brown glop from their mouths. On the verge, they watch

BERTRAM

who turns salmon... yellow... green. Then yawns breakfast, lunch, and dinner like a firehose.

A BARF CHAIN REACTION

ensues. They all lose it. The gang wobbles across the sandlot, MOANING as they go. Something watches them. Peering through

THE HOLE

in the green fiberglass fence. An EYEBALL - big, bloodshot and amused. GUTTURAL PANTING... The Beast is LAUGHING at them.

112 EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DAY

112

Scotty's cod belly white and jelly fish limp, from a long bout of the chuckies.

Bill tosses his luggage in the car trunk. Scotty's mom leans out the driver's window.

MOM

I'll be back in an hour, Scotty,  
I'm taking Dad to the airport.

SCOTTY

(still woozy)

'Kay. Where you goin'?

BILL

Chicago, on business for three days. Listen, Scott, while I'm gone, you're the man of the house. Understand?

SCOTTY

Yeah, I guess so.

BILL

We'll take another stab at catch when I get back, okay? So, take care of things while I'm gone. I'm counting on you.

He offers his hand to Scotty. They shake.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

SCOTTY  
 (perking up)  
 Okay. I will.

113 EXT. FIVE &amp; DIME - DAY

113

The gang comes out with a new boxed baseball. Each has a pack of Topps. A bag of Bazooka.

NARRATOR  
 Once we got over trying to be big shots, we just stuck to what we could handle, and swore off the hard stuff forever. When we finally got back together for some baseball, something amazing happened.

(beat)  
 It was an omen... one that was meant just for Benjamin Franklin Rodriguez.

114 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

114

They tear open their packs of baseball cards. First things first - they eat the gum sticks. Then, shuffle through the cards looking for gold.

SQUINTS  
 Whad'ya get, Ham?

HAM  
 A Mickey Mantle and four guys I never heard of. How 'bout you?

SQUINTS  
 A Brooks Robinson and a Koufax.  
 Pretty good.

BERTRAM  
 I got junk.

DeNUNEZ  
 One Drysdale, four duds.

YEAH-YEAH  
 Yeah-yeah, me too. Four bombs, but one Whitey Ford.

SQUINTS  
 Benny, whad -

The guys notice

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

BENNY

staring down at the cards in his hands. He slowly shuffles them top to bottom... top to bottom.

THE GANG

moves over, concerned.

HAM

Hey, Benny, whatsa matter?

BERTRAM

You okay, man?

Benny slowly raises his eyes. Slowly holds the cards out to Squints, who takes them cautiously. Squints shuffles them forwards and backwards. He passes the five cards amongst them all.

SQUINTS

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

REPEAT

Im - Im - Im -

TIMMY

- Imfuckingpossible. Don't tell Mom I said that, Tommy.

REPEAT

I won't.

HAM

This can't happen... can it?

BERTRAM

It just did.

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, it's an omen.

Squints hands the cards back to the Benny, who takes home plate alone.

FIVE IDENTICAL MAURY WILLS CARDS

THE GANG

can only stare at him. Suddenly, Squints clutches his ear plug:

(CONTINUED)

SQUINTS

Oh geez... Oh geez. I - I don't believe it. Maury Wills just stole 90 bases!

The guys are boggled.

BENNY

picks up a bat.

BENNY

We gotta play. I gotta play right now, guys. Right now.

THE GANG

obeys. They hurry into the field. As they go:

SCOTTY

What's it mean?

SQUINTS

It's a miracle, Smalls. A damn miracle.

NARRATOR

We all expected something to happen right then... during that game. What we had just witnessed was bordering on the supernatural... we knew that greater hands than ours were at work.

(beat)

And it happened alright.

(beat)

It happened right in front of our noses... and we didn't even know it.

DENUNEZ

delivers.

CRACK!

Magic dust EXPLODES from Benny's bat. The red lacing BURSTS!

THE BASEBALL

dermis flays. The string-wound innards fly into

YEAH-YEAH'S GLOVE

in left field. The cowhide "figure 8's" lay there in

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3)

114

## THE INFIELD

like huge swatted moths. The guys gather 'round.

BERTRAM

Bitchin'.

BENNY

Naw, it ain't.

SQUINTS

C'mon, Benny, maybe two, three guys in history have ever busted the guts out of a ball. That's what the omen was.

GANG

Truly. Sure. Absolutely. Yeah-yeah, Benny. It must be so.

BENNY

All's it means is that we can't play no more. It's only noon, and I just blew the whole day for us.

DeNUNEZ

No, you didn't. It's the most amazing thing I ever seen.

BENNY

Anybody got any money?

(no answer)

Then it ain't okay, 'cause now we can't play no more.

SCOTTY

Yeah, we can.

BENNY

What, you got 98 extra cents just layin' around at home, Smalls?

SCOTTY

No, but I got a ball.

CUT TO:

115 INT. BILL'S DEN - DAY

115

A BASEBALL on a silver pedestal (Bill's baseball). Scotty's HAND ENTERS FRAME. His indecisive FINGERS almost touch the ball... then, SNATCH!



EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

Scotty dashes across the schoolyard.

SCOTTY  
(out of breath)  
I got it! Let's play!

He tosses the ball to

BENNY

who catches it.

BENNY  
Bitchin'. Your ball, your ups.

Benny hands Scotty the bat, heads to right field, leaving

SCOTTY

alone at home plate with Ham (the catcher).

BENNY

tosses DeNunez the ball on his way by.

DENUNEZ

almost misses it. He rounds up, throws to

BERTRAM

at 1st. Bertram throws to

TIMMY

at 2nd. Timmy almost drops it. There's a smudge on the ball.  
Timmy tosses to

REPEAT

at 3rd. Repeat fires to

YEAH-YEAH

in left. The ball caroms off Yeah-Yeah's glove, comes down fast! Yeah-Yeah barehands it. Safe. He launches to

SQUINTS

in center. It's gonna be short! Squints sprints - Willy Mays basket catch. He throws to DeNunez.

SCOTTY

digs in.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

HAM

Batter up!

DENUNEZ

fires. Scotty swings - WHIFF. Again - whif. Once more...

CONTACT!

BOOM! Goodnight, Irene! Scotty drops the bat. Trots for first base in "home run" fashion.

BENNY

backpeddles.

SCOTTY

watches him, slowing, worrying.

THE BALL

drops over the green fiberglass fence.

SCOTTY

stops dead in the base path.

THE GANG

cheers:

TIMMY

Nice crank, Smalls.

DENUNEZ

Decent cut.

BENNY

It's outta here! Who's got the big bat now, boys!

GANG

Smalls. Smalls. Smalls. Smalls.

SCOTTY

is drawn to the fence with mounting terror.

THE GANG

starts over.

HAM

What the hell's he doing?

(CONTINUED)

BERTRAM

Maybe the shock of his first homer  
was just too much for him.

AT THE GREEN FIBERGLASS FENCE

Scotty runs right up to it - clutches desperately. Panting.  
Trembling. The guys arrive. Scotty turns back to them... he  
has aged 25 years.

SCOTTY

We gotta get that ball back.

HAM

Right! Good one, Smalls.

SQUINTS

Sure. We'll just hop over and say,  
excuse me Mr. Beast sir, could we  
have our ball back, oh, and please  
don't kill us while we're here!

BENNY

It was a great shot, but forget  
about it... game's over. We'll get  
another ball.

SCOTTY

You don't understand!

BENNY

Sure we do. You feel bad 'cause  
you belted a homer, and now we  
can't play no more. Hey, you  
shouldn't be guilty about a clean  
shot outta the park.

SCOTTY

No! You don't understand! THAT  
WASN'T MY BALL!

THE GANG'S POV

of something moving in the backyard. Just a rippling shadow  
and trailing dust accompanying it over the fence top.

THE GANG'S

eyes go to Scotty.

SQUINTS

Whadda you mean it wasn't your  
ball?

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY

It's my stepdad's. We have to get it back. He'll kill me.

SQUINTS

Smalls... listen to me. This is a matter of life and death.

(thinks)

Where did your old man get that ball?

SCOTTY

What? I dunno... I think some lady gave it to him.

SQUINTS

Some lady?...

SCOTTY

Yeah, she even signed her name on it.

(the end)

Some lady named Ruth... Baby Ruth.

16 EYEBALLS

pop from their sockets.

GANG

BAAAYYYBE RUUUUUTH?!

THE GANG

sprints for the fence. Scramble up it. Just their eyes peer over the top.

WHAT THEY SEE

a baseball in a little impact crater. A ball that has most clearly been autographed by... BABE RUTH.

A long, hideous forelimb thrusts from 'neath the lean-to. A massive paw-thing comes down on the ball. Drags it slowly away... leaving a baseball-deep furrow in the dirt. The CANINE "LAUGHTER" comes again...

THE GANG

drops from the fence - turn to face Scotty.

DeNUNEZ

The Beast got it.

REPEAT

Your - Your - Your -

(CONTINUED)

TIMMY

- You're dead as a doornail,  
Smalls.

REPEAT

Nice knowing you.

SQUINTS

(stunned)

Smalls, you mean to tell me you  
went home and kiped a ball that was  
signed by Babe Ruth, and brought it  
out here and actually played with  
it?

SCOTTY

Yeah, but I was gonna put it back.

DeNUNEZ

But it was signed by Babe Ruth!

SCOTTY

Well, who is she?!

HAM

What?! What?!  
(overcome)  
What did he say?!

DeNUNEZ

The Sultan of Swat!

BERTRAM

The King of Krash!

REPEAT/TIMMY

The Colossus of Clout!

GANG

BABE RUTH!

HAM

(for good measure)

The Great Bambino!

SCOTTY

(that did it)

OH, MY GOD! THAT'S THE SAME GUY?!

BENNY

Yeah. Smalls, Babe Ruth is the  
greatest baseball player that ever  
lived. People say he was less than  
a God, but more than a man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BENNY (Cont'd)  
Ya know... like Hercules or  
somethin'.

(beat)  
The ball that you just aced to The  
Beast is worth... well, more than  
your whole life.

Scotty falls to his knees. Grabs his stomach.

SCOTTY  
I don't feel so good.

They all step back, expecting the worst. Then, they fan him  
with their baseball caps.

SCOTTY  
(heartfelt)  
We gotta get that ball back.

BENNY  
When does your old man get home  
from work?

SCOTTY  
He's gone on business for three  
days.

BENNY  
Okay, we need 98 cents. So,  
everybody spread out and find some  
soda bottles and cash 'em in. We  
need a new baseball.

CUT TO:

A BRAND NEW BASEBALL

117

Benny's hand signs B A B E R U T H across the leather in  
ridiculous chicken scrawl.

118 EXT. FIVE & DIME - DAY

118

Forgery in progress. Benny does the honors.

DeNUNEZ  
I dunno, Benny-man.

YEAH-YEAH  
Yeah-yeah, it's pretty crappy.

SQUINTS  
He ain't gonna buy that, Benny. It  
doesn't look anything like the  
Babe's signature.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

BENNY

It doesn't matter what it looks like. His mom's never gonna know the difference. This'll just buy us some time, ya dorks.

CUT TO:

119 INT. BILL'S DEN - DAY

119

Scotty's HAND ENTERS FRAME. Little anxious FINGERS wrapped around the phony "Babe Ruth" baseball. The second the ball is back on its pedestal:

MOM (OS)

Scotty?

DEN

Scotty whips 'round like he's been slapped by a wet mackerel - Mom's in the doorway.

SCOTTY

Huh?!

MOM

Honey, what are you doing in here?

SCOTTY

Ah... just looking at Bill's - I mean Dad's baseball.

Scotty hurries away from the "autographed" ball.

MOM

You know he doesn't like you touching his things.

SCOTTY

Yeah, I know. Sorry, Mom.

MOM

Has he ever told you about that ball?

SCOTTY

Uh - no, not really, I don't think so - no, he hasn't at all - I don't know anything about it.

MOM

It's signed by Babe Ruth...

Sweet mother of - Mom knows! Scotty may collapse.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

...the greatest baseball player  
that ever lived.

SCOTTY

Um... really?

MOM

It sure is. Dad's father gave it  
to him. Maybe someday, he'll give  
it to you.

SCOTTY

(dazed)

Uh... neat.

NARRATOR

It was salt in an open wound. Even  
my own mom, who was only a grown-up  
girl, knew who Babe Ruth was.

The gang's all here. Big plans. War conference.

SCOTTY

So, how do we get it back?

SQUINTS

I have no idea.

NARRATOR

I was dead meat. I knew it. They  
knew it. We had thought that those  
cards Benny had gotten meant that  
something great was going to  
happen. Now I figured that they'd  
just meant my life was over.

SCOTTY

Can't we just hop the fence and get  
it?

HAM

Remember Davy Stodenrous.

REPEAT

P - P - P -

TIMMY

- Poor Toad.

SCOTTY

Oh, yeah. I forgot.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



SCOTTY (Cont'd)

(a thought)

Hey? Why don't we just go over there and knock on the door, and ask Mr. Mertle to get it for us?

Everyone looks at Scotty - the kid just sprouted a dunce cap.

SQUINTS

Are you outta your mind?! Mr. Mertle is the meanest old man that ever lived! He's the one that sicked The Beast on The Toad!

(beat)

That's not an option, Smalls.  
Forget about it.

SCOTTY

Oh. Okay. I will.

Silent moments... not a single blinking idea between them. Then, suddenly:

SQUINTS

We need to assess the situation!

GANG

(better than nothing)

Of course! Right! Good one, Squints! Access (sic) the situation! Okay!

BERTRAM

Um, Squints? How do we do that?

SQUINTS

First we survey the enemy's environment, then we make note of the surrounding terrain.

HAM

What?...

SQUINTS

(copping)

I heard that on "Combat." Let's just look out the window.

The gang pokes their heads-only through the window. They look down into:

122 EXT. THE BADLANDS (MR. MERTLE'S BACKYARD) - DAY

122

The house is a godforsaken stucco'd corpse.

THE YARD

is the final resting place for: melted frisbees, withered kickballs, skeletons of heat-crumbled paper kites, an airforce of exposure-splintered balsa wood gliders, and a fleet of model rockets - their drag-chutes turning to dust. And hundreds of little empty craters - that used to cradle baseballs.

THE RUSTY TOW CHAIN

snakes through the dirt - buried then exposed. It terminates 'neath

THE LEAN-TO

from under which rises hazy twirls of dust. The dust is kept from ever settling by some enormous ORGANIC EXHAUST.

A GIANT PAW-THING

emerges from under the lean-to, pushing the Babe Ruth autographed cowhide into full view - "I dare you..."

123 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

123

The guys jerk their heads back inside.

REPEAT

He - he - he's -

TIMMY

- he's darin' us!

DeNUNEZ

He's waitin' for us, man. Just like he did with The Toad.

GANG

(reverent)

Poor Toad.

HAM

We're on his territory now.

BERTRAM

Think he's pissed?

BENNY

Is Doby Gillis a dork? Anybody got any bright ideas?

THE BIG MONTAGE STARTS WITH: 124

A tree house debate. Much shouting. Much disagreement. Many hands miming mechanical contraptions.

NARRATOR

We had absolutely no idea what the hell we were gonna do. So things started primitively.

125 EXT. THE SANDLOT - MR. MERTLE'S FENCE - DAY 125

The gang hurries out from the Timmons' yard carrying a broom stick. They wriggle it under the fiberglass fence. Squints peers through the peep hole motioning directions to Ham. Suddenly - SNAP! Ham pulls the stick back. 'Tis toothpick'd.

126 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - DAY 126

The guys fell the clothes line pole with a hack saw. 6 feet of inch thick pipe. They heft it up - go out to

127 EXT. THE SANDLOT - MR. MERTLE'S FENCE - DAY 127

and shove the pipe under the green fiberglass. HORRIBLE SOUNDS ERUPT from the Badlands. Dust mushrooms over the fence. The pipe draws under in FEROCIOUS JERKS. Gone. Moments. The pole sails back over the fence - bounces on the asphalt with ANGRY CLANGS. 'Tis pretzel'd.

128 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY 128

Bertram arrives. Hands "it" over. How embarrassing:

BERTRAM

It ain't mine. I told you, it's my little sister's!

A Cootie Toy. They

ASSEMBLE THE INSECT

putting a hunk of chewed 'zooka on each Cootie foot. Attach it to a plastic parachute - ah-ha! Genius. An airborne assault!

129 EXT. THE SANDLOT - MR. MERTLE'S FENCE - DAY 129

Squints indicates "go."

130 INT./EXT. TREE HOUSE - THE BADLANDS - DAY 130

THE GANG

drifts the

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

COOTIE N' CHUTE

out the tree house window. It floats silently toward the baseball. The Cootie lands right on the Babe Ruth. The gum sticks.

THE GANG

hauls it in.

THE BALL

slowly rises. Suddenly

THE BEAST'S JAWS

erupt from 'neath the lean-to and CHOMP the Cootie whole. The string snaps.

THE GANG

pulls up the frayed end.

131 INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT

131

Now a War Room. Map of the Badlands: crazed trajectories, distances to The Beast, etc. Coffee can PBX system. Cardboard periscope. X's on a calendar counting down "Bill's Return." The new retrieval system:

THREE EUREKA CANISTER VACS

all connected. Ham's catcher's mask bolted to the end pipe for ball securing.

132 EXT. TREE HOUSE - OVER THE BADLANDS - NIGHT

132

Toy flashlights and BSOA lanterns hang from the structure, semi-illuminating the Badlands.

OUT THE WINDOW

goes the vacuumtraption, 30 feet of wobbly pipe.

133 EXT. THE SANDLOT - MR. MERTLE'S FENCE - NIGHT

133

Squints directs the operation, looking

THROUGH THE CARDBOARD PERISCOPE

WE SEE the vacupipe-mask... 12 inches from the baseball.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: 133

SQUINTS (OS)  
(coffee can muffled)  
A-okay. Roger, affirmative.  
Initiate retrieval suction.

134 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY 134  
They throw eureka switch one. WEOHH!

135 EXT. THE BADLANDS - NIGHT 135  
The baseball moves itty-bittily.

136 INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT 136  
They throw eureka switch two. WEEOOOHHH!

137 EXT. BADLANDS - NIGHT 137  
THE BASEBALL moves a lot!

138 INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT 138  
They throw eureka switch three! RRRWEEEEOOOHHH!

139 EXT. THE BADLANDS - NIGHT 139  
The baseball leaps from the ground - sticks in the catcher's mask collection basket.

140 EXT. THE SANDLOT - MR. MERTLE'S FENCE - NIGHT 140

SQUINTS (OS)  
We have suction! Pull it up! PULL  
IT UP!

141 INT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT 141  
The gang reels it in. Suddenly, the whole apparatus JOLTS.

142 EXT. THE BADLANDS - NIGHT 142  
A great beef-paw yanks the end pipe under the tree.  
STEEL TEETH  
pinch the metal tube shut.

143 INT./EXT. TREE HOUSE - NIGHT 143  
The vacuums build pressure fast. WHINE crazily.  
THE GANG  
leaps from tree house.

- 144 EXT. TREE HOUSE 144  
The eureka's EXPLODE. Foggy clouds of dust pour out.
- 145 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - DAY 145  
The guys all wield a shovel, and have flashlights taped to their baseball caps like coal miners.
- SQUINTS  
We've been going about this all wrong. I blame myself. We need total surprise. Therefore, we tunnel. The Beast will never expect it.
- 146 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DAY (DARK) 146  
Flashlight beam at the fore, Scotty crawls with a safety rope 'round his waist. He pokes the cardboard periscope up through the dirt.
- THROUGH THE PERISCOPE
- the Badlands from ULTRA LOW ground level. WE SCAN 360 degrees. Suddenly, the scan stops. The name B A B E R U T H, FILLS the periscope's lens.
- 147 EXT. THE BADLANDS - DAY 147  
Scotty's hand feels for the Babe Ruth. He grabs it. It's slimy.
- SCOTTY (OS)  
(subterranean)  
I got it! I got it!
- The ball SQUIRTS out of his fingers.
- THE BALL ROLLS
- beneath the lean-to. It hits
- THE BEAST
- in the nose. With a SEISMIC ROAR The Beast leaps out. WE DON'T SEE MUCH. He's too big. We're too close.
- 148 EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY 148  
Yeah-Yeah SHOUTS into his coffee can to Ham at the tunnel entrance.
- YEAH-YEAH  
It's huge - oh, my God! It's huge - pull him out! It's huge! PULL HIM OUT!

149 EXT. BADLANDS - DAY 149

THE BEAST'S JAWS dive toward Scotty's hand. They get within an inch of Scotty's hand, and his fingers vanish - THWOOOP!

150 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - DAY 150

The gang pulls Scotty out of the hole. Yeah-Yeah is unconscious on the grass. The guys turn a hose on him. He comes 'round SCREAMING:

YEAH-YEAH

It's huge - pull him out! Oh God, it's like a dinosaur! Wh - Wh - Where am I?!

SQUINTS

Yeah-Yeah! Get hold of yourself! What'd you see?!

YEAH-YEAH

(accelerating to lunacy)

Oh-oh, it was like hugeness and darkness and like the world was ending and the devil came up through the ground and the - and the - and the -

HAM

- somebody slap him quick! We're losin' him!

WHAP-WHAP! Squints administers. Yeah-Yeah snaps out of it.

YEAH-YEAH

Thanks. I needed that.

151 INT. TIMMONS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 151

The gang finishes up dinner, heads out. MRS. TIMMONS scrapes the leftovers onto a big plate. She hands it to Repeat as he passes:

MRS. TIMMONS

Here's the scraps for Mr. Mertle's dog. Make sure you scratch behind his ears.

The gang is mortified. Repeat heads out back. The gang follows.

152 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - NIGHT 152

As soon as the gang is outside, and they're sure Mrs. Timmons can't see, Repeat dumps the scraps in a trash can. Much relief.

(CONTINUED)

TIMMY

Man, that was a close one.

SQUINTS

Unbelievable. Did she actually expect you to risk your life and feed that thing?!

REPEAT

Do - don - don't -

TIMMY

- Don't pay any attention to our Mom, she does this every night. We just always dump the scraps. She's an adult. Ya know, completely clueless.

REPEAT

In - in - insane. She thinks The Beast's a poodle.

153 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - DAY

153

Construction completes. A kid crane. A tricycle, block 'n tackle, fishing-pole n' body harness. In a line, the guys step on and off a scale. Everybody stares at Yeah-Yeah.

YEAH-YEAH

Yeah-yeah, I know - I'm lightest. But I ain't goin' over there! NO WAY!

All eyes to the ground.

BENNY

Sorry, Smalls. It was a good idea anyway.

DeNUNEZ

Yeah, tough luck, Smalls.

HAM

It won't be that bad, Smalls. Your dad'll probably only shoot you or something.

YEAH-YEAH

Hey-hey, don't blame me! I didn't hit the ball over there, man!

Silence. Yeah-Yeah considers.

(CONTINUED)



153 CONTINUED:

153

YEAH-YEAH  
 Yeah-yeah, okay. But if I say pull  
 me up, you guys better goddamn PULL  
 ME UP!

They throw the body harness over Yeah-Yeah.

REPEAT  
 D - D - D -

TIMMY  
 - Don't worry. We're  
 professionals. Our dad's a  
 contractor.

154 EXT./INT. OVER THE BADLANDS - INSIDE THE TREE HOUSE - DAY 154

HAM'S

strapped in at the tricycle winch.

YEAH-YEAH'S

dangling over the lean-to.

YEAH-YEAH  
 (into can phone)  
 Okay-okay, I'm right over it. Let  
 me down - slow!

HAM

lets go. Oops. WHIZZZZ!

YEAH-YEAH

plummets.

YEAH-YEAH  
 Ahhhh! Stop! STOP!

HAM

back-cranks.

YEAH-YEAH

comes to a twirling halt four feet off the ground.

YEAH-YEAH'S POV

into the lean-to. Blackness and dust.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

YEAH-YEAH  
'Kay-'kay, tip me, hurry up. I'm  
gettin' the woollies.

Yeah-Yeah reaches... Gets it!

YEAH-YEAH  
Okay get me outta here!

HAM

struggles.

HAM  
HELP! I'M LOSIN' HIM!

YEAH-YEAH

looks down from the guys on the tree house - back to level -  
"4 foot" eye-level with: THE BEAST'S MOUTH!

YEAH-YEAH  
(quaking)  
H - h - help! Help! HELP-HELP-  
HELP!  
(trying anything)  
Hail Mary Father who art star light  
twinkle twinkle hey diddle diddle -

INSIDE THE TREE HOUSE

16 hands crank the trike wheel. Yeah-Yeah's to window level in  
seconds. He's got the ball!

THE BEAST'S JAWS

leap into view.

THE TOW CHAIN

goes taut. The jaws abruptly disappear.

155 EXT. THE BADLANDS - DAY

155

The Beast's shadowy form RUSTLES contentedly under the lean-  
to. Yeah-Yeah dropped the ball.

156 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - DAY

156

Yeah-Yeah's shattered. Balling. The guys sniff. Oh no, bad  
news. He shoves them away:

YEAH-YEAH  
Yeah-yeah, I did it! SO WHAT?!  
You jerks, I told you to pull me  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

YEAH-YEAH (Cont'd)  
back faster!  
(starin' them down)  
You - you penises.

Yeah-Yeah waddles away. The guys rush to hold the fence door up for him. He goes through stiff-legged (can't bend over).

157 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

157

Yeah-Yeah heads across the field... waddle-waddle.

NARRATOR

Yeah-Yeah grew two feet in our eyes after that. There was no stinkin' way any of us would've showed back up, if we'd loaded our drawers.

(beat)

Yeah-Yeah did. He showed back up and got right to work, like nothing ever happened.

158 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

158

According to the calendar - 1 day till Bill's back. Scotty's got the conch.

SCOTTY

I think I know how to get it.  
(they're all ears)  
Anybody got an Erector Set?

Eyes dart. Brows feint.

SQUINTS

That thing with the nuts and bolts and tiny wrenches that you can build junk out of?

SCOTTY

Exactly.

SQUINTS

Never heard of it.

HAM

I used to have one when I was like I dunno, a little kid.

GANG

(liars)

Might have some pieces. Gee, I don't think so. I'd have to look. Maybe in the attic. Not in our room though.

159 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY - 20 MINUTES LATER

159

The guys re-arrive. Each holding huge arm loads of Erector Set stuff.

GANG

Guess I had more than I thought.  
Forgot my grandma got me some for  
my birthday. It's my little  
brother's.

Scotty's brought his "Set." A footlocker full of neatly arranged pieces. Nut and bolt compartments. Electric motor sections.

BERTRAM

Bitchin'.

SCOTTY

I really like Erector Set.

GANG

(attitudinal 360's)

Me too. I was just thinkin' the  
same thing. Couldn't agree more,  
Smalls. I play with mine all the  
time.

SCOTTY

Let's get to work. Here's the  
plans -

FURLSNAP! Holy cow! Scotty unfolds them - amazing crayola blueprints drawn on taped-together grocery bags.

160 INT./EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

160

The guys swarm the tree house. Scotty supervises from the backyard, wearing a plastic hardhat. They build. Scotty hooks up electric motors. Throws one toggle, and...

161 EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

161

...it comes to life. A "lifesize" version of Scotty's scoopelvator n' catapult. The catapult lowers into the yard. The crane swings over the Badlands. Steam shovel trap-jaws dangle.

162 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

162

Benny's got his glove - waiting.

163 EXT. TREE HOUSE - TIMMON'S BACKYARD - THE SANDLOT -  
THE BADLANDS - DAY

163

Scotty on controls. Squints on periscope, with Bertram on the Yuban-comm for him. Others at support points.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

THE STEAM SHOVEL jaws lower.

THE CATAPULT tensions back via kite string.

THE SCOPELVATOR rolls - leading to the catapult bucket.

THE JAWS grab the Babe Ruth autograph. The boom swings across the Badlands. The jaws release the ball into the scopelevator.

THROUGH PERISCOPE

the scopelevator drops the ball in the catapult basket.

SQUINTS  
(cleanly)

Fire!

GIANT SLEEPY EYEBALLS

roll open. A THUNDERROAR!

SCOTTY

flips the scissors toggle.

KNIFE SCISSORS

snip the catapult string.

THE BASEBALL

is airborne.

BENNY

runs for it.

BENNY  
I got it! I got it!

THE AIRBORNE BEAST

blocks out the sun. CLUNCHEENK! The Beast's FRONT TEETH SNATCH the Babe Ruth ball delicately out of the air.

THE UNSEEN BEAST

crash lands beyond the fiberglass paneling.

A BEEFY PAW

slaps the scopelevator supports away.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2) 163

THE STRUCTURE

comes tumbling down - bending into flimsy knots as it CRASHES!

164 EXT. TIMMONS' BACKYARD - DAY 164

Scotty stands alone on the tree house roof... staring down into the Badlands. A little, wrecked shell of a kid, who is now dead meat. The guys look up at him sorrowfully.

NARRATOR

My life was over. Just as Bill had finally warmed up to me, and asked me to be the man of the house, I had to knock a priceless chunk of history into the clutches of a monster. Great.

END THE BIG MONTAGE.

165 EXT. THE BLOCK - DUSK 165

The gang, minus Timmy and Repeat, shuffle along home without a word exchanged.

FROM HIS PORCH

Benny watches a dejected Scotty slowly head inside across the street.

166 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - NIGHT 166

Scotty stares up at the ceiling in oceans of worry.

167 INT. BENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT 167

The room is dark. Benny's in bed. He clicks on a "baseball-bat" flashlight. Shines the beam toward his footboard... illuminating the photo of The Babe.

BENNY

We can't get it back, Babe.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Suddenly, a RACKET from inside Benny's closet. A bright LIGHT GOES ON in there. Then, smoke comes out.

Benny jumps up on his bed - flattens against the wall. Hasn't done this in years:

BENNY

M - M - Mom?...

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

The closet door CREAKS open... by itself. Everything inside is oddly devoid of color.

BENNY

Who's there?!

BABE RUTH steps out of the closet. He exists in the only way any kid from 1962 has ever seen him: BLACK & WHITE.

THE BABE

Now don't go peeing your pants or nuthin', I'm just here to give ya a hand.

The Great Bambino PUFFS on a massive stogie... the source of all the smoke.

BENNY

B - B - But, you're...

THE BABE

...dead? Legends never die, kid.

Benny comes off the wall. The enormous Ruth towers over him.

BENNY

You're really him. You're The Babe. The Sultan of Swat. The King -

THE BABE

- of Krash and a hundred other dopey names. Forget about that, we ain't got much time. I'm here 'cause you're in some kinda pickle, right?

BENNY

Yeah.

THE BABE

A baseball with my John Hancock on it went over a fence, and you can't get it back. Right?

BENNY

Yeah, right.

THE BABE

(clear and simple)

Then just hop over there and get it. There ya go. Problem solved.

(tips his cap)

See ya, kid.

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

Yeah, but what?

THE BABE

You're the one with the rubba legs.  
Figure it out.

(beat)

You gotta do what your heart tells  
you, else you'll spend the rest of  
your life wishin' you had.

BENNY

You mean, I should hop that fence -  
and pickle with THE BEAST?!

THE BABE

Lemme tell you something... you  
remember that called shot homer I  
hit?

BENNY

Sure, the greatest most famous and  
legendary home run of all time.

THE BABE

Yeah, right, well said.

(beat)

Well, you think I knew I was gonna  
swat that?

BENNY

Sure ya did, Babe.

THE BABE

Not a chance. Matter of fact, all  
the way down to first I kept sayin'  
to myself, "you lucky bum."

(beat)

Think about that, kid. I'll see ya  
later.

The Babe disappears back into the closet, then:

THE BABE'S VOICE

Remember, kid. There's heroes and  
there's Legends. Heroes get  
remembered... but Legends never  
die.

(beat)

Follow your heart, kid, and you'll  
never go wrong.

A RACKET in the closet matching:



The Babe turns to go back to wherever he came from. Benny grabs his arm - shocked that he actually feels something "real."

BENNY

Wait! I can't.

THE BABE

Can't what?

BENNY

Go into that backyard.

THE BABE

Why not?

BENNY

There's a Beast back there.

THE BABE

What kind?

BENNY

A giant gorilla-dog-thing that ate one kid already.

THE BABE

Is that a fact? Listen to me, kid. Everybody gets one chance to do something great. Most people either never take the chance 'cause they're too scared, or they don't recognize it when it spits on their shoes.

(beat)

This is your "big chance," and ya shouldn't let it go by.

(pause)

Remember those cards you got the other day?

BENNY

Sure, yeah, five Maury Wills all in the same pack.

THE BABE

What're the odds on that?

BENNY

About a zillion to one.

THE BABE

More even. Someone's tellin' you somethin', kid. And if I was you... I'd listen.

(CONTINUED)

168 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM - DAY

168

KNUCKLES on glass. - Scotty hurries sleepy-eyed to the window and opens it. Benny stands outside, holding a shoe box.

BENNY

(with purpose)

I had a dream. Get dressed. We're goin' to the sandlot.

169 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

169

The guys march toward the rising sun - across the sandlot behind Benny. Toward destiny.

THE GREEN FIBERGLASS FENCE

They stop here. Benny steps forward. He opens the shoe box. Laces on brand new P.F. Flyers. Moves for the fence. Scotty grabs his arm.

SCOTTY

Benny - wait. It's okay, it was my fault. I'll just take whatever I get. You don't have to do this.

A look in Benny's eyes. Kismet.

BENNY

(predestined)

Yeah I do, Smalls. I have to.

Benny turns from him - swallows hard. Swings himself onto the

TOP OF THE FENCE

and balances - deciding.

THE BABE'S VOICE

(in Benny's head)

...Follow your heart, kid, and you'll never go wrong.

Benny turns back one last time. Gives Scotty "Thumbs Up." With a pearl diver's breath - he plunges into...

170 EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

170

...here. He stands fixed, staring hard 'neath the lean-to.

DUST RISES

from thereunder. ORGANIC EXHAUST. The LAZY CLINKS of heavy chain links... The Beast is rising to its feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

## IT MATERIALIZES

piece by piece: fore feet the size of a catcher's mitt, bulking head and shoulders, hulking flank and haunches.

## BENNY'S

mouth hangs open. He's frozen, staring at

THE BEAST

and it's worse than Squints recounted... because it's real. This is the biggest dog that ever lived! 300 lbs. 4 1/2 feet tall. And ugly. This was a bad idea. The Beast lingers 8 feet away with slack in the chain.

THWOOOP! It spits something out, which rolls in the dirt... stops exactly

## BETWEEN THEM

A goo-slobbered ball. Dirty Beast-foam drips off, revealing the smeared signature, B A B E R U T H. "G'head kid, I dare you!"

## A PICKLE

Benny measures The Beast. Times its ballooning chest.

The Beast's eyes glue to Benny. Flopping, hot-water-bottle tongue PANTS. Licks chops. Leather'd nose twitches - smelling for movement.

## THE TOE

of Benny's P.F. Flyer digs into the cracked earth.

## CLINK

the Beast leans forward - one chain link lifts from the ground.

## SHTHUFT!

Benny spits, blowing his tanks.

## THE BEAST

bristles.

## BENNY'S EYES

widen, focusing.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: (2)

170

WAR BREAKS OUT!

Benny goes for the ball.

THE BEAST'S

knotted muscles quaver and UNCOIL.

BENNY'S

P.F. Flyers leave behind tiny dust roosters.

THE BEAST'S

claws dig deep furrows. FOG BANKS of dust spread out behind it. Forelegs gallop at flared, over-anxious angles.

BENNY

leaves scrambling footprints. He slides - grabs the ball - "Pops-Up" Maury Wills fashion - heads back for the fence. The ball slips from Benny's fingers. Re-grabs it - shoves the ball in his teeth, freeing his hands for the leap up the fence.

THE BEAST

gains. SHNAPP! Jaws SHUT like a tripped bear trap.

BENNY

springs off the ground. He's on the fence.

THE BEAST

reaches chain's end - it goes taught. Breaks! The two foot length still attached to The Beast's neck bullwhips - the chain catches Benny in the butt.

BENNY

YOWWWWW!

He vaults over the fence.

171 EXT. SANDLOT - DAY

171

The gang looks up. A great shadow envelopes them.

THE BEAST IS LOOSE!

The guys turn to stone. Benny takes off.

BENNY

OOOHH SSSSHIT!

(CONTINUED)

- 171 CONTINUED: 171
- The Beast tears by the guys after Benny. The two vanish out of the sandlot.
- SCOTTY  
What're we waitin' for?! Let's go  
after 'em!
- 172 EXT. SIDEWALK - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 172
- Benny runs. The Beast is gaining. In its wake: dichondra lawns RIPPED to shreds. Scotty and the guys make tracks a block behind.
- 173 EXT. FIVE & DIME - DAY 173
- On display: Pinwheels, Mailbox Propellers and Puddle-Jumpers. Benny flies by. The Beast follows. As they pass, contact: the whirly-gigs take off!
- 174 INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY 174
- A MOTHER drives. In the passenger seat, her TODDLER fingers a "scooter-pie" in marshmallow strings.
- TODDLER  
(beaming)  
Mommy, mommy - wook! Ah, ah -  
goggy!  
(beat)  
Big goggy.
- The Mother looks out the passenger window.
- ON THE SIDEWALK
- Benny and The Beast run even. Then pull ahead.
- 175 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY 175
- 30 LITTLE KIDS harry an old ICE CREAM MAN. He turns away, roots into his freezer, turns back with 15 bars in each hand, and...
- 176 EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY 176
- ...the kids have vanished.
- 177 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 177
- Benny's cookin'. The Beast follows - TRASHCANS SCATTER like bowling pins.
- Scotty and the guys follow, after them, the 30 Kids from the ice cream truck. All slow to check out the garbage bins... so many crushed beer cans.

(CONTINUED)

- 177 CONTINUED: 177
- Benny darts in the rear entrance to a "random" building. The Beast tears after him - KNOCKING the door off its hinges.
- 178 INT. BOYS CLUB AUDITORIUM - DAY 178
- ON THE MOVIE SCREEN Kong does battle with T Rex.
- BENNY
- comes sliding AT US across the waxed stage floor - from under the movie screen. He slides off the stage - into midair - lands on his feet. Splits up the aisle between the rows of folding chairs and blasts out the door.
- 100 KIDS' HEADS
- turns to follow him. KONG ROARS! They look back at
- THE MOVIE SCREEN
- where, just as Kong proclaims himself king over the dead T Rex,
- THE BEAST
- leaps through the center of the silver screen - leaves a 6 foot hole - lands 20 feet down the aisle - CRASHES through the doors and disappears.
- Moments pass. Our guys and the 30 Little Kids follow. Then, the 100 Boys scramble after them all.
- 179 EXT. AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY 179
- The wheels of a jetliner touch down, SCREECHING, which becomes...
- 180 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 180
- ...hot-rubber SQUEAKING from Benny's P.F. Flyers. The Beast's claws leave jagged scars in the concrete.
- CATS HISS
- in terror and faint.
- 181 EXT. PUBLIC POOL DECK - DAY 181
- 35 POOL HONEYS lounge, all bedecked with rock-hard, Annette Funicello hairdo's.
- Benny blasts out of the pool building, "tire stepping" over the Honeys. They're up and RANTING at him. Until, The Beast comes...

(CONTINUED)

- 181 CONTINUED: 181
- ...sliding across the water-slippery deck like an out-of-control anvil. He "bowling pins" the Pool Honeys. The Honeys HIT THE WATER.
- Benny cuts back through the pool building. The Beast follows - parting our guys and the other Kids. They give chase. A bunch of POOL KIDS join the pursuit.
- 182 EXT. AIRPORT - PASSENGER ARRIVAL - DAY 182
- Scotty's Mom picks up Bill. They drive off.
- 183 EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY 183
- Game in progress. From outta nowhere, Benny jams across the diamond. The game stops... EVERYONE gapes at:
- Some huge dog-beast charging after a kid. Both TEAMS join the chase.
- 184 EXT. CITY PARK - PICNIC AREA - DAY 184
- Big banner: "FOUNDER'S DAY!" Perfectly arranged picnic blankets covered with wonderful spreads of goodies.
- BENNY
- zips under the banner - runs through - grabs a Coke like a long distance runner.
- THE BEAST
- rages after him, through:
- BBQING DADS
- who launch burgers into the air with horror.
- MOMS
- flip wads of potato salad into their own faces.
- TWINKIE SUCKING KIDS
- squeeze so hard that the cakes burst.
- FOOD SCHRAPNEL AND PICNIC ACK-ACK:
- pies in faces; jello molds everywhere; three bean salad sloshing under foot; corn-on-the-cob rockets; avocado grenades.
- GRANDPARENTS
- scramble up trees.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

## SUNDRY PICNICKERS

dive - duck - and run for cover.

## THE 264 CHASERS

follow. FROM THIS HEIGHT the individual picnics are visible... then vanish under the stampede. When they're seen again - it's Dresden revisited.

185 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NEARBY - DAY

185

Founder's Day parade (et al).

## BENNY

rips into the square. He rubba-leg zigzags, nimbly avoiding everything and everyone.

## THE BEAST

is a runaway freight train. He PLOWS through CLOWNS. CHILDREN are snatched from the dog's path by terrified parents. The Beast tears through the concession stands:

## VATS &amp; DISPENSERS

EXPLODE! The VOLUNTEERS dash out SCREAMING - "tar n' featherd" with baked beans and potato chips.

## THE 317 CHASERS

arrive.

## BENNY

zips through the MARCHING BAND - ducking trombone slides - leaping glockenspiels.

## THE BEAST

ain't so graceful. He "barn-doors" the band. CRASH! An instrument tangled heap.

## THE ONLOOKERS

pour into the street, knocking the MAYOR from his convertible, and the FOUNDER'S DAY QUEEN from her float.

## FROM THIS HEIGHT

this all looks like the end of a "Dr. Suess" book!

(CONTINUED)



185

CONTINUED:

185

SCOTTY AND THE GANG

search through the confusion. They've lost Benny! Suddenly, doubling back on them

BENNY

shoots by:

BENNY

Sandlot!

Benny's gone. Seconds later - The Beast follows.

SQUINTS

This way! Shortcut!

THE GANG

forges through the disaster.

493 CHASERS

now follow them.

186

EXT. THE SANDLOT - MR. MERTLE'S FENCE - DAY

186

The gang's GASPING for BREATH. And then, unbelievably

BENNY &amp; THE BEAST

are coming right at them! They race across the sandlot. Kill-anxious beast-drool splashes the seat of Benny's pants.

THE BEAST'S

muscles flex.

BENNY

just runs. He runs as if a big dog was chasing him. He lurches a step - RIP! A pants pocket flaps from an incisor.

BENNY

LOOK OUT!

He lays down the world's all-time most perfect SLIDE. He careens toward the bottom of

MR. MERTLE'S FENCE

hits it and, defying gravity, RUNS STRAIGHT UP THE GREEN FIBERGLASS PANELS!

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

BENNY

jets upward, leaving smashed green fiberglass footsteps - standing out from the fence 90 degrees - the Donald O'Connor "Singin' In The Rain" trick!

THE BEAST

sucks air - ROARS - EXPLODES from the ground - soars, gaping maw first, right for

BENNY

who pushes off the top of the fence.

THE BEAST

GNASHES up at Benny's heels - misses by an inch. He plummets toward the Badlands. Then, the unspeakable happens,

BENNY

drops

THE BABE RUTH AUTOGRAPH

and comes tumbling down after the ball.

BENNY

Oh noooooo!

187 EXT. THE BADLANDS - DAY

187

Benny HITS the dirt with a gut twisting THUD! Dust everywhere.

188 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

188

The gang climbs the fence. They look down into

189 EXT. THE BADLANDS - DAY

189

where, when the dust clears, they see

BENNY

holding the Babe Ruth Autograph up high like a trophy.

BENNY

I GOT IT!

THE GANG

hops down and races over. Suddenly, from the

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

FENCETOP

His shirt snagged:

SCOTTY  
 Help him! I'm stuck! I'm stuck!  
 Help him!

THE BEAST

is hanging from the fence. His chain has caught. He  
 struggles - choking to death - right below Scotty.

THE GANG

petrifies where they stand.

SCOTTY

tears his shirt loose. Scrambles to where The Beast hangs.  
 Tries to lift the tow chain free - too heavy! He'll die in  
 seconds.

SCOTTY  
 Pick him up! Scoot him up so I can  
 let him off!  
 (desperate)  
 COME ON!

NOBODY

moves. They wanna but they can't!

SCOTTY

goes for broke. He reaches out and puts his hand on The  
 Beast's head.

SCOTTY  
 (contact)  
 Easy. Easy, boy.

THE BEAST

whimpers. Scotty balances atop the fence. Grabs the tow  
 chain. Lifts with all his might... his fingers bleed. The  
 Beast goes limp. An inch. That did it! The beast falls.

SCOTTY

goes with him - 8 feet to the dirt. The FENCE COMES DOWN -  
 breaking the barrier to the sandlot. He lands on the ground

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: (2)

189

NOSE TO NOSE

with The Beast.

SCOTTY

leaps to his feet.

THE BEAST

rises with him.

SCOTTY

freezes solid.

THE GANG

watches in horror.

THE BEAST

scans them instinctively - He might kill them all where they stand.

SCOTTY'S

about to load up his fruit o' da looms.

THE BEAST

sticks his mammoth head right in Scotty's face. SNIFFS. That's it! The kid is lunch! His jowls part - hot BEAST-BREATH BLOWS Scotty's hair back.

SCOTTY

closes his eyes.

THE GANG

SLAP their hands to their eyesockets.

THE BEAST

leans closer. Mouth opens. Cold-leather nose presses against Scotty's forehead. Then... He licks Scotty's face.

SCOTTY

wipes away the Beast slob. He doesn't even have to kneel down to read the name on The Beast's "doggy tag." It says...

...Hercules.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

This time Scotty gives Benny "Thumbs Up."

UNDER THE LEAN-TO

Hercules digs, then stands away.

THE GANG

steps closer. Look into the hole. Their faces light up with wonder. In

THE HOLE

are 150 baseballs.

THE GANG'S BLOWN AWAY

BENNY

We can play forever now.

THE 500 CHASERS

watch from the sandlot. Various MURMURS are HEARD:

CHASER 1

Did you see that kid?!

CHASER 2

He runs fast like a -

CHASER 3

- like a jet!

LEAGUER PUNK 1

Truly. Benny The Jet.

SCOTTY

takes The Beast by the collar. He and Benny go to

MR. MERTLE'S BACK DOOR

190

Scotty KNOCKS. MR. MERTLE answers the door. A frail little old man with dark glasses. He comes out on the porch.

MR. MERTLE

Hello?...

SCOTTY

Um, we brought your dog home.

MR. MERTLE

Hercules? How'd he get out?

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

SCOTTY

Well, sir... um, we kind of, well,  
what happened was -

BENNY

- we hit a baseball into your yard.  
Then we tried to get it and -

MR. MERTLE

- why didn't you just come to the  
door... I'd have gotten it for you.

Squints, Yeah-Yeah, Ham, DeNunez, Repeat, Timmy and Bertram faint.

MR. MERTLE

Well, thanks for bringin' him back.

(beat)

Why don't you boys come in... we  
can talk about baseball.

191 INT. MR. MERTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

191

Fairly spartan, except for one room, where it seems that Mr. Mertle spends most of his time. He leads Benny and Scotty into

## THE BASEBALL ROOM

Mr. Mertle sits at a table. Benny and Scotty stare at the tabletop. It holds a scale model Baseball Diamond: green felt field and little bases, outfield wall and miniature player figures.

A baseball game on the RADIO. As each play is CALLED, Mr. Mertle's hands deftly put his tiny players in the correct positions. Mr. Mertle is blind.

MR. MERTLE

(holding ball)

This the one that went over my  
fence?

BENNY

Yeah.

Mr. Mertle brushes his fingers over the leather.

MR. MERTLE

This is an old ball, boys. Really  
old.

(beat)

Hercules gave it a good chewing,  
didn't he?

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY

(weak)

Yes, sir.

MR. MERTLE

You sound upset, son - what's wrong?

SCOTTY

Well, you see... that ball belongs to my stepdad... and, uh - it was signed by Babe Ruth.

Mr. Mertle shakes his head... hands the ball to Scotty.

MR. MERTLE

Hmm. Well, I'm sure your dad will understand.

SCOTTY

I don't think so.

On the RADIO, Wills steals second.

MR. MERTLE

(to Benny)

Son, move Maury Wills to second base for me, will ya?

Benny moves the little figure to second base.

MR. MERTLE

If he steals third that'll be number 100.

(to Scotty)

Helluva pickle you're in, boy.

SCOTTY

Yes, sir...

Mr. Mertle retrieves something from a glass case. A baseball.

MR. MERTLE

I'll make you a deal. If you boys come over once a week and talk baseball with me, I'll trade you balls.

BENNY

Well, that's really nice of you... but this ball really is signed by The Babe.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

191

MR. MERTLE

(chuckles)

This one really is too... and all  
the rest of the '27 Yankees.

He hands his baseball to Scotty... Benny stares at it in  
disbelief.

BENNY

Oh my God - Murderers' Row.

As they ogle the ball:

BENNY

(awed)

Lou Gehrig...

SCOTTY

Babe Ruth.

MR. MERTLE

(smiling)

They're all there.

Scotty hands Mr. Mertle the chewed up Babe Ruth ball. Shakes  
his hand.

SCOTTY

Deal.

On the RADIO, Maury Wills steals 3rd for his 100th stolen  
base.

192 EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - DAY

192

Mom's car is in the driveway. Scotty goes up the walkway  
slowly. Benny just behind him. The gang lingers at the  
sidewalk. Scotty sets one foot on the

PORCH

and Bill comes out. He looks none-too-pleased. He towers  
over Scotty. The gang hangs their heads.

BILL

This better be good.

Benny unpockets a little felt bag. Hands it to Scotty. He  
holds the bag up to a perplexed Bill, who opens it. He looks  
from Scotty to Benny and back again. Then...

...stares down at the "Murderers' Row" ball.

CUT TO:



193 EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

193

A BASEBALL sailing through the air. SMACK! it's caught in a brand new glove. Scotty's new glove. Scotty snap throws the ball back to Bill. He and Scotty are having a great game of catch.

NARRATOR

It was weird that Benny said Babe Ruth was like the Hercules of baseball, and then The Beast's name turned out to be Hercules.

(beat)

It was also strange that Mr. Mertle had a Murderers' Row ball to replace the one signed by The Babe.

Bill and Scotty smile as they fire the cowhide back and forth.

NARRATOR

Some people might say that it was all a coincidence... but looking back at it now, it seems like everything was connected, just like me and Benny.

(beat)

It was like we were a part of the same myth as The Babe... the Myth of Baseball.

Scotty's mom sticks her head out the back door. She smiles, watching her "two boys" toss the ball around.

MOM

Guys, supper's ready.

DAD

(formerly Bill)

Give us another ten minutes. I'm helpin' my boy break in his new glove.

194 INT. MR. MERTLE'S BASEBALL ROOM - DAY

194

Mr. Mertle sits contentedly behind his little "diamond." The RADIO ANNOUNCER calls Maury Wills' 104th steal of 1962.

MR. MERTLE'S DIAMOND

HIS HAND moves a wooden figure from 1st to 2nd. This tactile "playing field" becomes...

195 EXT. THE SANDLOT - DAY

195

...this one, where the guys are playing ball. There's a new addition to their team. A mascot. A big mascot.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

HERCULES

in a t-shirt and cap.

THE GUYS

all play as if, somehow, this may be the last time they ever get to be a team. As they play, they're "sponged" from the PICTURE in this order: Yeah-Yeah, Repeat and Timmy, Ham, DeNunez, Bertram, Squints, Hercules.

NARRATOR

That was the last summer that we all got to play together. But it would stay with us forever.

(beat)

After Benny pickled The Beast, his reputation spread all over town. From then on, he was known as Benny "The Jet" Rodriguez.

Scotty begins to VANISH from the sandlot, but he only DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY as

BENNY'S P.F. FLYER

comes down on home plate and it too sponges away... leaving

THE SANDLOT

empty.

NARRATOR

The nickname stuck with him the rest of his life.

196 EXT. CHAVEZ RAVINE - PRESENT - DAY

196

Dodger stadium. A ROAR goes up inside the ballpark.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

(familiar)

That's a triple, and that'll put the winning run on third, with two out in the bottom of the ninth. What a shot!

197 EXT. DODGER STADIUM - INFIELD - DAY

197

From the dugout, TOMMY LASORDA calls for a pinch runner. A PLAYER comes out of the dugout, stripping off his warm-up jacket.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Lasorda's sending in a pinch runner -  
and it'll be...

(dramatic pause)

I don't believe it! Lasorda's  
calling up the "Old Man" to pinch-  
run in the biggest clutch situation  
this season! They say the  
veteran's lost a step or two. But  
if I were you, I'd get ready for  
some fireworks.

THE CROWD

is on its feet as

40-year-old BENNY "THE JET" RODRIGUEZ

takes over third base from the PLAYER already there. They  
shake hands on the exchange. The 3rd base COACH walks over to  
The Jet. Pats him on the back.

COACH

(grinning)

Give 'em hell, Jet.

THE JET

I'll do my best, Maury.

The Coach moves into the coaching box... turning his back to  
us. Emblazoned across his jersey, is the name W I L L S.

THE PITCHER

takes the signal.

THE JET

leads off 3rd base - ten steps! The Pitcher fires to 3rd.  
The Jet hand tags.

THE PITCHER

settles.

THE JET

leads off. Eleven steps.

THE PITCHER

fires to 3rd again. The Jet gets back.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: (2)

197

## THE JET

leads off again. Twelve steps. The pitch - strike. The CATCHER tosses it back. Just then...

...The Jet moves. So fast that no one knows he's gone till it's too damn late. The Pitcher awkwardly throws home. The Catcher wipes the baseline. Too late...

...the dust clears. The UMPIRE eagle-wings the air.

UMPIRE  
SAFE! SAFE! SAFE!

The tag missed by two feet. It's all over. The Crowd jumps to its feet. The Dodger dugout is all over The Jet.

ANNOUNCER (VO)  
The Dodgers win the pennant! The  
Dodgers win the pennant!

The Jet breaks through his adoring teammates just long enough to give "Thumbs Up" to...

ANNOUNCER (VO)  
I don't believe it, the Old Man  
stole home! The Old Man -

198 INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOX - DAY

198

...39-year-old SCOTT SMALLS - The Announcer - who returns "Thumbs Up."

SCOTT  
(after a pause)  
The Jet stole home! The Jet stole  
home!!

199 EXT. DODGER STADIUM - INFIELD - DAY

199

The Jet signs autographs for swarming KIDS. As the CROWD'S CHEERING CONTINUES and ECHOES into the past, we

CUT TO:

A FADED KODACHROME PHOTO

200

of the 9 best (11-year-old) buddies that ever lived. On a makeshift baseball diamond - a sandlot... circa 1962. They're all holding something forward - displaying - one palm up, hand beneath another - together like the nine musketeers:

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

A baseball. A baseball with a familiar smudge.

END TITLES.

FADE OUT.

THE END.