

THE X-FILES

"The Unnatural"

Written by

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Writer's Draft

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"The Unnatural"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully

Umpire
White Coach
Bench Player
Josh Exley
Catcher
Grand Dragon
Black Coach
Old Arthur Dales
Young Arthur Dales
Buck Johnson
Poorboy
Black Kid
Another Black Kid
Another White Kid
Pitcher
Braswell
Macon Cop
Alien Bounty Hunter (Brian Thompson)
Ted
Beautiful Woman
Friendly Cop
Coronado

"The Unnatural"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

DESERT AREA
OUTSKIRTS OF BASEBALL FIELD
MAKESHIFT BASEBALL FIELD
VARIOUS WASHINGTON D.C. STREETS
ROSWELL BASEBALL STADIUM
 /STANDS
 /DUGOUT
 /HOME PLATE
VARIOUS RURAL ROADS
ROSWELL STREET
ROSWELL POLICE PRECINCT
BATTING CAGES

INTERIORS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
HALLWAY OUTSIDE DALES' APARTMENT
DALES' APARTMENT
POLICE CAR
ROSWELL GRAYS BUS
ROSWELL POLICE DEPARTMENT
 /BULLPEN
 /LAB
 /HALLWAY OUTSIDE TED'S LAB
 /INTERROGATION ROOM
BULLPEN - MACON POLICE DEPARTMENT
MOTEL
 /HALLWAY
 /DALES' ROOM
 /EXLEY'S ROOM
DALES' PATROL CAR

(X)

THE UNNATURAL

FADE IN:

1 WE ARE MOVING QUICKLY THROUGH PITCH DESERT DARKNESS

Low to the ground, fast, as if on horseback, like a chase is on. It's so dark, you can't see much, but even if there were light, you couldn't see much color because the film stock has been bleached of vibrant hues. We are not in the normal world.

SLUG: ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO JULY 2 1947

(X)

Sand, Cactus, Rocks, Shrub, Tumbleweed fly by. Bright stars dot the horizon. In the distance, a HUGE, AMORPHOUS, ground level LIGHT SOURCE pulsates like an erratic heart. Is it a fire? A UFO? We almost don't have enough time to wonder when we are already upon it, seemingly engulfed by the LIGHT and then soaring over it to see the mystery is actually a BASEBALL GAME.

2 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

PLAYFUL SLUG: SOUTHWEST ALL STARS VS. THE ROSWELL GRAYS /BOTTOM OF THE 9TH/SCORE TIED 3-3/ 2 ON 1 OUT/ 3 BALLS 1 STRIKE/ BUCK JOHNSON BATTING

(X)

And though it's long before lighted stadiums, this is a makeshift night game that the Negro league players used to pull off -- travelling with their own Klieg-type lights, using car lights. The light levels go up and down (that UFOian pulsating) with the old generators. This is not a stadium either, it's a cleared field in the middle of the desert, a baseball oasis.

We take in: a groundball to the right of third base, cleanly fielded for an around-the-horn double play. But the home plate ump has called the ball foul so the batter jogs back to the box.

FORTY or so VOCIFEROUS FANS dot the first and third baselines.

The first baseman tosses the ball back to the white pitcher on the mound, MOOSE BARNES, a huge Howitzer-armed farmboy. The illegitimate love-child of Roger Clemens and Wally Cox. We might now notice that the team in the field is entirely white, and the team at bat entirely black.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Moose peers at his catcher through coke bottle lenses and lets fly with a 110 mph missile that sails a good fifteen feet over the BLACK BATTER and impales itself with a SKIKK into a big needled cactus about 20 feet behind the plate. We notice two or three more balls similarly impaled as --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

A YOUNG BALLBOY

Gingerly and unsuccessfully tries to remove them. The Ump stares incredulously back at the cactus and yells --

UMP

Ball four!

On the third base side, THE WHITE COACH claps encouragement --

COACH

That's it Moose, you're gettin' closer. Bring it, son. Bring the cheese now, kamonn...

BENCH PLAYER

Take him out, coach. Moose couldn't find the plate if you nailed it to his ass.

COACH

Shut yer pie hole, Stevens. Kid's gotta learn.

(to Moose)

Come straight over the top, Moose, straight over the top.

This second "straight over the top" is mouthed in mocking unison by Stevens, apparently he's heard it before.

The CATCHER sees a player get up from the black team and sighs: (X)

CATCHER

Damn, Exley's up... (X)

(to his outfielders) (X)

Back up...back up! (X)

And he motions for his OUTFIELDERS to play deeper. As we see (X)
over the outfielders moving back, Josh "Ex." Exley makes his way (X)
to the plate. There's no doubt he's the best player on the (X)
field. We fall in behind Josh as he rolls to the plate, on the (X)
name EXLEY printed across his back. The YOUNG BALLBOY hands Ex (X)
a bat on the walk and Ex pats the kid's head thanks without (X)
turning around so we still haven't seen our hero's face... (X)

We are on Josh's feet as he digs in the batter's box and slowly (X)
move up to his face obscured by the downward cast bill of his (X)
cap. When he lifts his head, we see his face for the first time, (X)
and he is smiling easily at the catcher--- (X)

(CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

EX

You sure your boy has the right prescription in those spectacles?

CATCHER

Don't worry, Ex, I told him to throw right at your nappy, home run hitting head so you can bet 100 clams the ball'll go anywhere but there.

(X)

Moose winds, pitches and miraculously gets it over. Ex creams it -- a towering fly to left that hooks...

(X)

UMP

Foul ball!

(X)

(X)

THE LEFTFIELDER gives chase as the ball outdistances the lights and disappears into dark desert.

3 EXT. DARKNESS OUTSIDE OF BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

3

We see the lighted field behind the LEFTFIELDER as he looks around for the ball, then EERILY, the ball rolls TOWARD HIS FEET to a slow stop, which spooks him. Doesn't quite make sense to come in that direction.

The sudden EXHALATION of an unseen horse (we guess) startles him further. He snatches up the ball, straightens, tries to peer into the ungiving darkness. Another horse snort. He crosses himself and --

RUNS BACK IN, perhaps a little faster than a man should run.

4 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

We are on the LEFTFIELDER'S suddenly illumined back as he fires the ball back into the pitcher's mound.

MOOSE WINDS...lets fly with 115 mph WILD PITCH THAT SKIKKS into ANOTHER CACTUS, near the first cactus where the ballboy is now trying to remove the cactus balls with what look like oven mitts, still to no avail. (X) (X)

Moose shakes his head, he pulls off his glasses to wipe the thick lenses which have become fogged with exertion.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ENTIRE WHITE BENCH
Over the top, Moose, straight
over the top.

ANGLE ON THE CATCHER

Getting into a crouch behind Ex --

CATCHER
Ex, I heard the Yankees been
callin' ya.

EX
I'm fine playin' here in the
cactus league. Nice and quiet.

Ex FLINCHES as a Moose-powered fastball scatters the crowd... (X)

CATCHER
I don't know, Ex, Yanks could
use those sixty home runs a
year. Now that Jackie Robinson's
up there in the bigs, people
sayin' you be next -- first
black negro man of color in the
American league. You'll be a
famous man.

EX
Don't wanna be no famous man,
just wanna be a man.

AS MOOSE WINDS UP NOW -- we see the black players hiding behind
one another, half-serious, half-joking. The crowd at the
backstop moving up the baselines to safer territory. (X)

EX
And that's just about to be
sixty-one home runs...

AND THE PITCH bounces a good 10 feet in front of the plate, but
EX takes a golf swing at it, like an English cricketer, and
connects on a hop. This one he sends deep into left CENTERFIELD.

The LEFTFIELDER and the CENTERFIELDER give chase, but this one
is long long gone. A good 500 feet.

(CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (2)

The crowd cheers. The black players jog around the bases. We move in tight on Ex as he home run trots around the bases -- no hurry. When he gets to home, his teammates lift Ex atop their shoulders and from --

5 HIS HIGHER PERSPECTIVE

Ex looks out and his smile turns to FEAR -- a weird juxtaposition amidst the celebration, his eyes fixed out to CENTER, where we last saw the ball and the outfielders disappear

And we see nothing, nothing but darkness as Ex keeps STARING.

We hear the NOISE first, before we see anything -- THE POUNDING OF HORSES' HOOVES.

Now -- out of the darkness THREE HORSERIDING KU KLUX KLANSMEN break into the light of centerfield, rifles at the ready, followed by about TWENTY other white sheeted KLANSMEN on foot.

PANDEMONIUM...Most of the crowd scatters into the night, running to their cars and taking much of the light with them.

BUT both teams turn to face the KLAN.

THE WHITE COACH steps forward --

COACH

What do you boys want? We're just playin' a game of baseball here.

GRAND DRAGON

We got no beef with you, sir, just the black Babe Ruth hidin' behind you, Josh Exley, that's all we come for.

BLACK COACH

Well you can't have him.

GRAND DRAGON

We heard the Yankees were interested in lettin' a nigger play so we figured maybe we should play some with Josh first.

It's a standoff that the KLAN seems poised to win. Some players, black and white, sneak off into the night.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

GRAND DRAGON

All you other niggers and nigger
lovers can go, we just want Ex...

No sooner is that word out of his mouth when BOINK! -- we hear a sickening woodeny coconutty sound and the GRAND DRAGON falls abruptly off his horse like a sack of shit. A BASEBALL bouncing off him --

6 ANGLE ON MOOSE

6

Holding his follow through, a slight grin creeping over his face. COACH digging into his pocket and tossing another ball to Moose.

COACH

That's what I been tellin' you,
Moose, straight over the top...

MOOSE loads up again and fires straight over the top at the second hooded horsemen -- BINGO!!!

The third horseman knows what's coming and draws a bead on MOOSE but it's too late -- 110 mph horsehide right in the melon. (X)

Now all hell breaks loose. Bullets are fired wildly, but no one seems to get hit; mostly it's fisticuffs and bat beatings, with the combined black and white squad slowly but steadily getting the upper hand on the Klan.

COACH is opening several straight right hand bottles of whup-ass on the GRAND DRAGON who finally falls goes limp. COACH grabs the (X) HOOD of the prostrate man in his hand.

COACH

Coward, hidin' behind yer mama's
bedsheets... let's see your face...

HE RIPS OFF THE HOOD AND WE STAY ON COACH'S MYSTIFIED FACE --

COACH

Mother of...

And now we see what COACH sees, the klan hood pulled back to reveal --

THE OVERSIZED GREY HEAD OF A SPACE ALIEN

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(X)

7 INSIDE A TV SCREEN

(X)

where the Fox-owned LA Dodgers are playing baseball in straight up technicolor. We hear a tinny rendering of Scully's voice, Vin not Dana, and are surprised by the slug that tells us we are:

(X)

(X)

(X)

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

(X)

But then we PULL OUT of the TV SCREEN to see it's a portable clamshell-style, and we follow the trail of the earplug headphone wires to a middle aged LIBRARY WORKER high atop a ladder who has one eye on his JOB RESTACKING BOOKS and one eye on the ballgame.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

We move around our LIBRARY WORKER and make our way slowly up the aisle, empty, dust motes thick as soup.

(X)

(X)

At the end of the aisle, we move over to the next aisle and start heading down, no hurry; it's a Saturday. Eventually revealed by the move, heretofore obscured by miles of books---

(X)

(X)

(X)

AGENT MULDER

Dwarfed by a huge 4' by 4' reference book in his lap, seemingly lost in thought. CAMERA moves to him and just before we get to him, AGENT SCULLY, is revealed standing on tiptoes by one of those tiny windows not quite tall enough to look out but trying so so hard.

SCULLY

I'm convinced there's life on this planet, Mulder, I'm also convinced that you and I are not a part of it.

Mulder ignores her, engrossed in his book. Scully moves to her side of the massive desk and opens her briefcase, pulling out a brown paper bag. She begins to unwrap the bag, the crinkly sounds seemingly magnified 10x in the sepulchre causing Mulder to shoot her a disapproving glance. Scully mocks apology and pulls out an even louder freezer bag so Mulder sssshes her as from this bag she pulls an ICE CREAM. Scully exaggerates how good it tastes. Mulder stares at her.

MULDER

There's no eating in the Library of Congress.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

SCULLY

Arrest me.

MULDER

I'll have to confiscate the rest of that ice cream as evidence. Hand it over.

SCULLY

It's not ice cream. It's a non-fat tofutti rice dreamsicle.

MULDER

I bet the air in my mouth tastes better than that -- you sure know how to live it up, Scully.

SCULLY

Oh you're Mr. Live-It-Up. You're really Mr. Squeeze-Every-Last-Drop-Out-Of-This-Sweet-Life, aren't you, Mulder? On this perfectly gorgeous sunny Saturday afternoon you've got us carpeing the diem by going through New Mexico newspaper obituaries for the years 1940-1949 -- for what joyful purpose now?

MULDER

Looking for anomalies, Scully. Do you know how many so called "flying disc" reports there were in New Mexico in the 1940's?

Off her incredulously bored stare.

MULDER

23. 23! X-Files don't just fall into your lap, you gotta go out and get them, ya gotta dig, dig, dig. And today we're digging in the 1940's.

SCULLY

This is a needle in a haystack, Mulder. These poor souls have been dead 50 years.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

SCULLY (cont'd)

Let them rest in peace. Let
sleeping dogs lie.

MULDER

I will not sit idly by as you
hurl cliches at me. Preparation
is the father of inspiration.

SCULLY

Necessity is the mother of
invention.

MULDER

The road of excess leads to the
palace of wisdom.

SCULLY

Eat, drink, and be merry; for
tomorrow you may die.

MULDER

I scream, you scream, we all
scream for non-fat tofutti rice
dream...

And with that he lunges for Scully's ice cream. As they wrestle for it, Scully has to get up on top of the desk. It goes back and forth for a while like an old-fashioned gun struggle until the inevitable happens -- the ice cream falls -- PLOP! -- right onto Mulder's spread open reference book affording Scully the chance to see that he has not been reading the OBITS, but rather THE SPORTS PAGES...

SCULLY

I can't believe it, you cheat,
you've been reading about
baseball the whole time...

MULDER

Not the whole time...I fell
asleep for a few minutes...

SCULLY

You're reading about baseball
that happened 50 years ago??!!!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

MULDER

It's comforting. I'm reading the boxscores -- you'd like it, it's like the Pythagorean theorem for jocks; it distills any game in history into a sequence of magical numbers that only initiates can comprehend...

SCULLY

Mulder, can I ask you a personal question?

MULDER

Of course not.

SCULLY

Did your mother ever tell you to go outside and play?

But before Mulder can answer, something on one of the new pages catches his eye and he grabs the book back from Scully and flattens it on the table and brushes the ice cream aside.

Insert of Mulder's hand mushing the ice cream away to reveal--- an OLD PHOTO showing Ex, and two men that fans of the show will recognize as the YOUNG ARTHUR DALES and THE ALIEN BOUNTYHUNTER.

Mulder stares in wonder and then abruptly sneezes loudly to cover his ripping of the page.

SCULLY

Ooooh, Mulder, you rebel, you just defaced property of the United States government.

As Mulder goes tearing out of the library --

SCULLY

(sotto)

It's a start.

8 EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

8

A MAN who looks a lot like Mulder, but more like his stand-in Steve, exits his car and heads into a seedy looking walk-up.

9 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dirty. Mulder steps over a bum sleeping in the hallway and heads for APT. #6. Mulder raps on the door, library photo in hand.

DALES (O.S.)
(muffled; from behind
door)

Go away.

MULDER
Mr. Dales -- it's Agent Mulder,
I'm going to assume you can hear
me.

The door does not open.

DALES (O.S.)
(muffled)
Mr. Dales -- he dead.

MULDER
I'll take that as a "yes". I
have a picture here of you from
many years ago and you're
standing with...
(reading)
"Negro League Legend Josh Exley
who disappeared without a trace
during a season in which he
allegedly hit 60 home runs..."

DALES (O.S.)
(terse)
61.

MULDER
Sixty-one home runs in 1948.

DALES (O.S.)
(curt)
47.

MULDER
47. Whatever. I don't really
care about the baseball so much,
what I care about is this man
with you in the picture I
believe is an alien bountyhunter-

And the door bangs open the few inches of the safety chain to
reveal an annoyed Arthur Dales in his ratty old bathrobe --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

DALES

Of course you don't care about baseball, Mr. Mulder, you only care about important things like government conspiracies and alien bountyhunters, and the truth with a capital "T" --

MULDER

Wait a minute, I like baseball...

DALES

You like baseball, huh? How many home runs did Mickey Mantle hit?

MULDER

163.

Dales looks disgusted and starts to slam the door; Mulder's hand shoots into the gap.

MULDER

Righty. 373 lefty. 536 total.

Dales smiles in the gap.

DALES

Mia casa es su casa.

10 INT. DALES' APARTMENT - DAY

Could be hours later. We scan a filthy apartment that seems to have been turned completely inside out. Dales is buried under the debris of a massive closet, searching for something.

DALES

What you fail to understand in your joyless myopia is that baseball is the key to life, the Rosetta Stone if you will, and that if you just understood baseball better, all your other questions, your conspiracies and your aliens, would in time be answered by the baseball gods...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

MULDER

Perhaps that's true, sir, see here this story could be integral to a conspiracy between men in our government and these shapeshifting alien beings...

Dales airily cuts him off.

DALES

Don't bore me, son, you're forgetting I started the X-Files 40 years ago. I was hunting aliens while you were watching "My Favorite Martian" ... Shapeshifting...Agent Mulder, do you believe love can make a man shapeshift?

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

Say what?

DALES

Can love change a man, change him fundamentally?

MULDER

I guess women change men all the time...

DALES

I'm not talking about women, I'm talking about love, passion, like the passion you have for proving extraterrestrial life, like the passion you have for finding your sister, like your passion for the truth -- do you believe that that passion has changed your very nature? Made you shapeshift from a man into... something other than a man?

MULDER

(vaguely insulted)

No, I don't consider myself "something other than a man."

(CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

DALES

Maybe you should.

Dales' earnest, somewhat hostile gaze is a little unnerving.

MULDER

Mr. Dales -- if you've known about this bountyhunter and the plans for colonization for 40 years -- why didn't you tell anybody?

DALES

Nobody would believe me.

MULDER

Why the hell didn't you tell me?

DALES

You weren't ready.

MULDER

(getting fed up)

Not ready? Not ready? I'm over-ready. I'm so ready, I'm burnt out -- This strikes at the very heart of the mystery of what I've been doing with my life for the past 10 years...

Dales cuts him off.

DALES

Oh, the heart of the mystery, the heart of the mystery... aha... there you are -- old stancher...

Dales has found what he's been looking for.

DALES

Mr. Mulder maybe it's time that you started paying a little less attention to the heart of the mystery and a little more attention to the mystery of the heart...got a quarter?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Dales hands Mulder a METAL FIGURINE BANK of a pitcher throwing whatever coin into the bank. Mulder hands him a dime (to which Dales makes an appropriately sour expression) and he demonstrates the antique's charm.

MULDER

What's this?

DALES

This little fella goes by the name of Pete Rosebud. And if you keep pumping coffee money into him, he'll tell you a story about baseball and aliens and the bountyhunter...

Mulder can't believe he's doing this, but he digs for more change.

MULDER

You're making me feel like a child...

DALES

Perfect. That's exactly the right place to start then, isn't it? Now the first thing you gotta know about baseball is it keeps you forever young...

And on that line Dales' face PERFECTLY DISSOLVES into the face of a much younger Arthur Dales as COLOR bleaches out again to cue us we are entering the past... if there's any doubt though, we can tell we're still with Dales because of the name on his police badge and we are in --

11 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

11

The slug scroll tells us ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO - 1947. We are riding in the cop car over Dales' profile in the passenger seat as we see the SMALL STADIUM. The team of BLACK PLAYERS from the Teaser, the Roswell GRAYS, is filing out a side entrance. Some kids are hanging around to get autographs, when they see EX, they all go to him.

(X)

12 EXT. ROSWELL BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

12

Dales holds up a pamphlet with a photo of Josh Exley, trying to match it up. It's a racist tract offering a reward for killing X Exley and an admonition to "Keep Baseball Pure...Keep it White". We see Josh and the photo of Josh in the same frame. It's a match and Dales walks toward Exley.

DALES

Mr. Exley?

Ex nods.

DALES

Mr. Exley, my name is Arthur Dales. I'm an employee of the Roswell police department.

Upon hearing the word, "police", the players become self-conscious. Ex signs the last kid's shirt, gently shoos them away, and keeps heading for the dilapidated ROSWELL GRAYS TEAM BUS about twenty yards away. (X)

EX

Have I broken a law, sir?

BUCK JOHNSON, the team's clown and slick fielding shortstop, chimes in, leans his head into frame.

BUCK

You stole second base in the third inning. I'm a witness, officer, I've seen Ex steal at least fifty bases this year.

This breaks the tension somewhat.

DALES

No, you haven't broken the law. I've been assigned by my superiors to protect you from certain parties.

BUCK

I'm the one who needs protection from certain parties, Ex here's in bed by eight every night.

THEY ARE AT THE BUS DOOR NOW, the other players filing in. Ex takes a step up onto the bus.

(CONTINUED.)

12 CONTINUED:

12

EX

I appreciate your concern, sir,
but I can protect myself.

Ex reaches out to shake Dales' hand goodbye and when he tries to turn and enter the bus, he finds that Dales won't let go of his hand. He hands Ex the pamphlet.

DALES

Now I'm no sporting hero like you, Mr. Exley, and I don't really have an opinion on Negroes, Jews, or Communists or even Canadians and Vegetarians for that matter, but I can't stomach the murder of a man of any color or persuasion being solicited and flaunted in my town, on my watch. Now you can be safe with me down in a cell at the precinct, or you can be safe with me on the bus. Seeing that this is still America, you're free to choose...

Off Ex's look --

QUICK CUT TO:

13 INT. GRAYS BUS - NIGHT

(X) 13

ON DALES

We should feel a little for the lone white cop in uniform sitting awkwardly amidst the partying, card playing, guitar playing, singing, even ballplaying, on the bus.

Ex sidles in the seat right behind Dales and leans his head in.

EX

You're a decent man, aren't you?

The communication is so simple and direct that it demands as simple an answer.

DALES

I try to be.

Ex nods, smiles, touches Dales' police blue uniform.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

EX

The rest of the fellas think that the umps would treat us better if you got us 8 more of these uniforms to play in.

Dales smiles and is feeling so good that he's being talked to, he figures he'll try a joke. With a little too much happy volume.

DALES

You could change your name from the Roswell Secret 9 to the Roswell Black and Blue.

Silence. Harmonica and guitar stop on a flat note. Silence a couple beats too long. Everybody heard that and apparently nobody thinks it's funny. It feels like an E.F. Hutton commercial, only nasty. All the players look to one another -- what should we do about this idiot? Finally, Ex smiles ever so slowly and the rest of the players take their cue and bust out into laughter. They were hazing him.

They start to grab at his cop hat, and the rest of his clothes. Dales is laughing, but seriously trying to hold onto his clothes. But, in a few moments, he's swarmed.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. GRAYS BUS - NIGHT

(X)14

We see movement and hear the laughter as the bus zooms through frame --

15 INT. GRAYS BUS - LATER

(X)15

Slow sleepy PAN along the aisle -- beginning with the driver who is wearing Dales' cop hat to the next player who is asleep in Dales' shirt to another player who sleeps in Dales' pants to Dales who is asleep in his seat now dressed head to toe in stylish clothes the players have lent him.

The bus bumps and Dales comes awake. He looks out the window at the country road going by and then he looks down the aisle to find Ex asleep in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DALES POV

In the flickering, intermittent darkness and light of the highway lights, Ex's face goes from half light to darkness, back and forth. For a split second, REFLECTED IN THE DARK WINDOW, it is not Ex we see, but the GREY HEAD OF AN ALIEN. (NOTE: Whenever we see the alien in this scene, it is only as reflection in the darkened bus window.)

Dales blinks hard. He wipes the sleep out of his eyes. Is he dreaming? Hallucinating? He quietly starts to make his way up the aisle to get a better look. But he can't get a good look because of the darkness or another player blocking his view.

Dales makes his way to the sleeping Ex, staring at him when in a flash of light Dales sees the GREY HEAD OF A SLEEPING ALIEN and then darkness and then in the next flash of light it is Ex's head, his eyes open and staring at Dales.

Ex looks deep into Dales' eyes as if he's shared something. There are a few good beats of silence.

EX

What's the matter, Arthur, you look like you've never seen a black man before.

Dales shakes his head. Nah. Laughs and heads back to his seat in confusion. We hold on Ex as he holds his look on Dales as we --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Come up slowly in FULL COLOR on:

16 EXT. STREET - DAY

16

MULDER and OLD DALES drinking coffee, walking arm in arm down a city street. Every now and then, Dales adds a shot of Irish whiskey to his coffee. It should feel like the two men are beginning to bond a little, Dales leaning on Mulder for support.

MULDER

I gotta give it to ya, calling
a Negro league team from Roswell
the "Grays" is pretty clever,
Mr. Dales.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

DALES

I didn't make it up.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

You seriously want me to buy
that Josh Exley, one of the
greatest baseball players of all
times, was an alien?

(X)
(X)
(X)

DALES

They're all aliens, Agent
Mulder, all the great ones.

MULDER

Babe Ruth was an alien?

DALES

Yes.

MULDER

Gehrig?

DALES

Sure.

MULDER

Mays?

DALES

Obviously.

MULDER

Mantle? Koufax? Gibson?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

To the first two, Dales nods yes, then he holds up a forefinger-

DALES

Bob or Kirk?

Mulder looks skeptical.

DALES

None of the great ones fit in,
not in this world, not in any
world; but they fight to make a
magical place where they do
belong and their greatness meets
its challenge and its
fulfillment. They're all
aliens, Mulder, until they step
between the white chalk lines,
until they step on that outfield
grass.

(X)

MULDER

So you're speaking metaphorically?

DALES

"Speaking metaphorically" is for
young men like you Agent Mulder;
I don't have time for that, I
only have time to speak the
truth.

Before Mulder can press the conversation further, A YOUNG BOY in
a POOR BOY HAT dressed in 1940's clothes and carrying an old
fashioned glove CAREENS toward them and then busts right through
the conjoined arms of the two men. The boy runs FULL SPEED right
at camera, right into an obliterating blackout...

Come out of the blackout onto POORBOY'S BACK as he seems to know
only one speed---BALLS OUT and we are in --

17 EXT. OLD BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

17

Slug reads: ROSWELL MUNICIPAL BALLFIELD JUNE 2, 1947

POORBOY approaches a GATE where a FAT USHER is collecting money
for tickets and POORBOY executes a perfect feet first slide
under the turnstile and under the Usher's detection, never
missing a beat and we are in...

18 INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - NEAR FIELD - DAY 1

Poorboy still running amongst the crowd in the rotunda past camera, we stay on his back as he turns toward the field, the green grass and sunlight coming into view...

19 INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - ABOVE THE DUGOUT - DAY

Angle up at POORBOY now careening his way down to the TOP OF THE DUGOUT where he meets up with some other kids, both black and white. POORBOY speaks to one of the black kids.

POORBOY

Let's sit in the bleachers, if
Ex hits a couple dingers, it'll
be sixty, that ties the Babe.

BLACK KID

Ah, that ball's worth nothin'.
Ex ain't a major leaguer so the
record don't count.

ANOTHER BLACK KID

Yeah, it counts.

ANOTHER WHITE KID

No, it don't.

As all the kids start a "yes it does-no it don't" competition.

20 INT./EXT. DUGOUT - DAY 20

Over DALES' SHOULDER as he looks out onto the field and the crowd, scanning for trouble he nearly pees himself when POORBOY'S FACE comes dangling off the top of the dugout just a couple of inches from Dales' nose. DALES gives the kid a stern look; Poorboy levitates out of view. Dales hops up onto the dugout to see POORBOY being lifted out by the ankles by a few other kids. Dales seems satisfied all is safe and he steps back into the dugout where THE GRAYS are filing in, preparing to play (X) the game...

ANGLE OVER DALES' SHOULDER DOWN THE DUGOUT

Dales watches as 5 or 6 players ritualistically place one foot on the top of the dugout steps and take a pinch of chaw out of a team tobacco stash. One player puts a leg up, takes a pinch to his mouth, spits, and hands it to the next who puts a leg up, takes a pinch, spits, and so on ending in Ex who takes his chaw and hands it to Dales. Dales gamely puts his foot on the top

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

step, takes a pinch but when he goes to spit, he gags and hurtles forward out of frame, ruining the serene gravity of our shot. We HEAR Dales retching.

BUCK

Perfect day for a ball game.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The GAME IN PROGRESS against another all black team. Ex is at bat against an intimidating BOB GIBSON type pitcher.

Here comes the pitch and EX TAGS it, over the wall, out of the stadium. He drops his bat to admire the shot and the opposing pitcher takes offense at the perceived grandstanding.

PITCHER

What're you lookin' at, boy?

Ex doesn't back down; doesn't confront him either; just takes off on his home run trot. As Ex rounds SECOND BASE, we go off him to the SCOREBOARD which shows the game in the second inning.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - SCOREBOARD SHOWING EIGHTH INNING

21

DALES is still warily watching the crowd with Ex kneeling on one knee in the on-deck circle.

IN THE CROWD -- we see a little scuffle, Dales sees it too, and suddenly a GUN IS DRAWN and Dales is flying towards Ex.

Dales keeps one eye on the man with the gun and one on Ex as the gun seems to level right at Ex.

And Dales dives on Ex, levelling him, shielding him with his body and trying to pick up the man with the gun again. He sees --

A WATER GUN squirt. The gunman laughs as he douses his kid.

Dales sheepishly gets up and picks Ex up too. The entire GRAYS BENCH IS LAUGHING. DALES can't even think of anything to say -- (X)

DALES

There was a bee on you.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

EX

Musta been a really big one.

Dales sheepishly starts to make his way back to the dugout.

EX

Hey, Arthur...

Dales turns.

EX

Thanks.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. HOME PLATE - DAY

EX AT BAT against the sour-mood pitcher he went deep on the last time. Pitcher glares at Ex, winds --

THE PITCH -- RIGHT AT EX'S HEAD

He has no time to get out of the way. And he falls like dead weight; no movement. The catcher is on him first, placing Ex's head on his catcher's mitt like a pillow.

Players from both benches are starting to fight or trying not to fight over the beanball. The UMP leans in and taps Ex's cheek lightly; Ex's eyelids flutter.

UMP

What's your name, son?

Ex's eyes roll around into focus.

UMP

Do you know your name?

Ex has come to and seems present yet the sounds out of his mouth are no human language; he is SPEAKING IN TONGUES.

UMP

Where are you?

Ex answers again in alien tongues. Dales is mystified.

UMP

Where you from?

(CONTI:

22 CONTINUED:

22

EX
Macon. Macon, Georgia.

And now Ex comes to fully. And he is helped onto his feet --

OVER DALES watching the Grays players help Ex off the field, his (X) attention is drawn away from them back to home plate by a HISSING sound...

Dales walks to HOME PLATE where ON THE GROUND, WE SEE THE CATCHER'S MITT SLIGHTLY SMOKING, the leather where Ex's GREENISH BUBBLING HISSING BLOOD contacted it being eaten away like acid.

DALES leans down and picks the mitt up, nearly burning his hand.

23 INT. ROSWELL PD OFFICE - DAY

23

DALES ENTERS getting some hostile stares from some of the other cops. Another cop whispers:

BRASWELL
Arthur Dales -- makin' the world
safe for baseball and negroes...

Dales ignores whatever vibe he's getting here, goes right to his desk, and gets on the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

24 INT. ANOTHER POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

24

A COP ANSWERS A RINGING PHONE --

MACON COP
Macon police department, can I
help you?

DALES
Yeah hi, this is Arthur Dales
with the Roswell PD; I'm doing
a background check on a man who
may be from your area. A man
name of Josh Exley.

MACON COP
You want information on Josh
Exley?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

MACON COP seems to repeat the name for the benefit of another cop sitting with his back to him. As he repeats the name, he hands the phone to this UNSEEN COP who will be shot in such a way that we do not reveal his identity until the last moment of the scene. He speaks with a southern accent. He takes the phone hand off and continues the conversation without missing a beat.

UNSEEN COP
The name rings a bell.

25 INT. ROSWELL PD OFFICE - DAY

A POLICE CHEMIST, TED, we can tell he's a chemist from his white smock, approaches Dales at his desk --

TED
You wanted to see me about
running some chemical tests?

DALES NODS and cupping the receiver to his ear, pulls the half-eaten catcher's mitt from beneath his desk. It should look pretty gross.

TED
I love my job...

26 INT. MACON PD

The UNSEEN COP handles a folder in which we see a photograph of a young black boy...

UNSEEN COP
I got one Josh Exley -- six-year-old boy disappeared about five years ago. You got a read on Josh Exley's whereabouts?

DALES
A six-year-old boy? That would make him 11 now? No. That's it? Are you certain?

UNSEEN COP
Certain as the sunrise. I'm sorry son, where did you say you were calling from?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

DALES
Roswell. Roswell, New Mexico.

And finally we angle up to see the identity of the UNSEEN COP and we are chilled to realize it is none other than THE ALIEN BOUNTYHUNTER---

CUT TO:

27 INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

27

FIELD LEVEL seats where POOR BOY gets one buddy to grab onto his ankles and dangle him over the dugout so he can get a good look at the players.

28 INT. DUGOUT - DAY

28

ON EX SITTING IN THE DUGOUT as he sees Poorboy slowly lower into view --

EX
Mornin' Poorboy.

POORBOY
Mornin' Ex --

There is a good few moments of silence as the kid dangles there.

POORBOY
Hey Ex, the Yankee scouts are here today, you gonna hit numero six-oh?

EX
Ain't no scouts here today.

POORBOY
Sure there are -- look...

STILL DANGLING UPSIDE DOWN, Poorboy points to THREE VERY OUT OF PLACE LOOKING MEN IN THE STANDS -- WITH CLIPBOARDS, and maybe Yankee caps to show that they are indeed SCOUTS. This seems to displease Ex... (X)

EX
I'll be damned...

CUT TO:

29 EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY - THE BALLGAME IN PROGRESS

29

Ex, the catcher, kneels behind the plate calling for a pitch. As he settles into his crouch, he glances at the runner dancing off 3rd base and from him to the stands where the crowd is enjoying the game and the YANKEE SCOUTS look on intently. Ex sighs.

The pitch is pretty much over the middle, but Ex muffs it and the runner scores. Ex looks back into the stands where --

The Yankee scout shakes his head and makes a note in his notebook.

CUT TO:

30 EX AT BAT -- TAKES ONE RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE FOR A CALLED STRIKE THREE --

30

The Grays bench cannot believe how badly Ex is playing.

(X)

31 UP IN THE STANDS

31

POORBOY AND HIS BUDDIES GROAN THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT as DALES ENTERS BEHIND THE KIDS --

(X)

DALES

How's it goin' kids?

POORBOY

Ex is stinkin' up the diamond.

DALES

Anybody can have a bad day.

POORBOY

But the Yankee scouts are here today; they won't want him in the majors after today.

This seems to hold some significance for Dales.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. HOME PLATE - DAY

32

EX STEPPING UP TO THE PLATE AGAIN. This time with runners on base in the 9th, down by two. He watches TWO VERY MEATY FASTBALLS GO BY -- it's killing him to take these pitches. It should feel like a great effort for him not to swing.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

He steps out of the box and looks down at the scouts.

DALES in his seat follows Ex's eyes to the now empty seats --
THE SCOUTS HAVE GIVEN UP ON EX --

EX DIGS BACK INTO THE BATTER'S BOX -- AND THE PITCH -- EX
DRIVES IT INTO THE GAP IN LEFTCENTER for a runscoring
double --

HOLD ON DALES

33 INT. BUS - NIGHT

33

PLAYERS SLEEP. Dales stands over Ex who is far from sleep. Dales
remains standing for the scene.

DALES

Ex...

And Dales just stares at Ex, stares at him hard, for a few beats
longer than is comfortable. Finally --

DALES

You tanked that game today.

EX

I won that game today.

DALES

You tanked it. You want me to
tell you why?

Ex just looks at him.

DALES

Because your name is not Josh
Exley. Josh Exley was a six-year-
old boy who disappeared from
Macon, Georgia around the same
time you came to Roswell.

EX

I've never been to Macon.

DALES

When you got beaned, Macon's
where you said you were from.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

EX

Well, I also spoke in tongues
like I been doin' in church
since I was a boy. Like this...
(Pentecostal tongues)
I was jokin' Arthur, relax.

DALES

I'm very relaxed. But maybe you
shouldn't relax. Cause you're
hiding something. You got a
secret, Ex, which is why you
don't dare get to the majors
where everybody and the press
would go digging in your past --
that's why you tanked in front
of those scouts today --
disappointing those kids,
disappointing your teammates and
your race...

EX

Don't talk to me about my race,
Arthur, you don't know anything
about my race.

DALES

I do know that liars come in all
colors; and famous or not, I'm
gonna find out the truth about
you.

EX

I believe you will find the
truth, Arthur, I just hope you
can handle what you find.

34 EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE, LATE NIGHT

34

The Roswell Grays bus is parked outside a motel, the last of the (X)
players straggling in.

35 INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

35

Dales and Ex simultaneously put keys into locks in adjoining
rooms. They do not say goodnight to each other.

36 INT. DALES' MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 36

The curtains fully drawn, the only light being cast in the room is the flashing red neon from the VACANCY sign directly outside the window. Dales is sleeping when a muffled banging from the next room awakens him with a start. In the darkness, he manages to find his gun and creep to his door, then out in --

37 INT. HALLWAY - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 37

Dales looks about the hallway and figures the noises are coming from the room right next to him, Ex's room.

38 INT. DALES' MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 38

Dales re-enters his own room and gingerly walks to the INTERIOR DOOR that separates his room from Ex's on the inside. He puts his ear to the door and hears strange noises. He puts his eye to the keyhole and we see what he sees --

KEYHOLE POV

We SEE a flash of white, then what appears to be a leg, we HEAR a grunt --

DALES repositions himself to get a better look -- we see the back of a head in a baseball cap, a blur of white, but it's so dark, only a slight illumination from the neon sign, we hear unhappy muttering...

Dales pulls back and pulls a pocket knife and softly jimmys the lock -- we should feel the tension as Dales wants to surprise Ex --

OVER DALES' SHOULDER as he quietly opens the door, we see Ex in the corner of the room, seemingly in a foul mood, taking vicious swings with his baseball bat.

39 INT. EX'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 39

Dales sneaks over and switches on the light --

Ex spins to face him but IT IS NOT EX --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

IT IS AN ALIEN WEARING BOXER SHORTS, SOCKS, AND A BASEBALL
CAP SWINGING A BASEBALL BAT.

Dales screams. The alien screams. Dales faints dead away and
we --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

40 INT. EX'S MOTEL ROOM - DAWN BREAKING

Dales is still unconscious, his head in Ex the alien's lap.

ON DALES' FACE

An alien hand gently tapping his cheek. Dales opens his eyes and slowly focuses on the concerned expression of an alien looking down on him.

DALES AGAIN FAINTS DEAD AWAY.

THE ALIEN heaves an exasperated sigh, gets up, and pours a drink of water, then goes back and tries to get Dales to drink some. Dales comes to slowly when the water is pressed to his lips. He takes a few gulps and is in the middle of saying "thank you" when he looks up to the person offering him the water and sees it's an ALIEN.

DALES FAINTS DEAD AWAY FOR THE THIRD TIME.

ALIEN

(Ex's voice)

This is ridiculous. You're supposed to be a big bad policeman.

Quicker this time, Dales starts to come around and the alien starts to gently cushion him for the shock...

ALIEN

Now hold up Arthur, before you faint again, listen to me. It's me, Arthur, it's Ex.

DALES

Oh this is a bad dream...Wake up, wake up, wake up...

ALIEN

You're not dreaming, Arthur, this is what I really look like. This is the real me.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

DALES
(touching the Alien's
face)

Ex? That's really you under
there?

ALIEN
I'm not "under" anything,
Arthur, and I'm trying not to be
insulted by your reaction to my
true face. Look, would it be
easier if I looked like this?

And the ALIEN MORPHS INTO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. She takes the
baseball cap off and her long hair falls down.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Would this be easier for you to
handle?

DALES just stares for a few moments. He can't believe this is
happening and damn, she is beautiful.

DALES
No. Somehow that's even weirder.

O.S. WE hear a knock and whip to COACH popping his head in
the door to see Arthur quickly moving to cover the nakedness
of the beautiful, er, Ex...

COACH
Bus leaves in five min...oh, I
thought this was Ex's, uh, hello
ma'am, uh Arthur, the bust is
about to, oh my, I mean the
bus...

Coach shuts the door on himself out of embarrassment.

COACH
(O.S.)
The bus leaves in 5 minutes.

41 INT. ROSWELL GRAYS BUS - DAY

(X)41

The team is horsing around except for Ex and Dales who are
huddled in a deep and quiet conversation --

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

DALES

So why did you leave your, uh,
family; why'd you leave Georgia?

EX

My people guard their privacy
very, uh, zealously.

DALES

I'd say that's quite
understandable.

EX

They don't ever want us to
intermingle with your people.
Their philosophy is you keep to
yourselves and we keep to
ourselves and everybody's happy.

DALES

What happened?

EX

Aw, you know what happened.

DALES

You fell in love with an earth
woman?

EX

Naw.

(beat)

I saw a baseball game.

(beat)

You gotta understand something
about my race; We don't have a
word for laughter. We don't
laugh. I don't know if you
noticed in between fainting but
we have very tiny mouths -- so
no smiling even. But when I saw
this baseball game being played,
I just started laughing -- the
sound the ball made when it hit
the bat, that was music to me,
the smell of the grass and a
leather mitt -- it was the first
completely unnecessary thing I
ever did in my life and I fell
in love.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

In the back of the bus, some of the players have started to sing a GOSPEL TUNE.

EX

I never knew the unnecessary could feel so good. The game was meaningless but it seemed to mean everything to me. It was useless and perfect.

DALES

Like a rose.

EX

Yeah like a rose. You see Arthur, you're a fan, you get it. From that moment on, I could never really go home again.

From the back of the bus, Slick, Buck, Stickman and some of the other singing ballplayers call up to Ex.

BUCK

C'mon back here Ex; let's hear that beautiful voice you got on ya.

Buck walks forward to where Ex and Dales are talking.

Buck leads Ex to the back of the bus, followed by Dales. Ex listens to the tune their singing, gets the beat of it and then joins in --

In the most godawful singing voice you could imagine but Ex doesn't care, he's singing his heart out and he's making his friends laugh as the bus explodes in good natured laughing we --

CUT TO:

42 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

42

The Roswell Grays bus rolls on with those same sounds of laughter. (X)

THE GRAYS BUS quickly WIPES frame and we are back in vibrant color -- (X)

43 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As the BUS exits frame. Across the street Mulder and old Dales sit on a stoop in front of a building eating hot dogs.

MULDER

So you want me to believe that an alien fell in love with baseball, ran away from the other non-fun having aliens, and made himself black because that would prevent him from getting to the majors where his unspeakable secret might be discovered by an intrusive press and public and you're also...

(X)

DALES

You certainly have a knack for turning chicken salad into chicken spit...

(X)

(X)

MULDER

You're implying that this baseball playing alien is somehow related to the famous Roswell UFO crash in July '47...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

DALES

You're just dyin' to connect the dots, aren't you son? I give you some wood and ask for a cabinet and you build me a cathedral---but I don't want a cathedral, I like where I live, I just wanted a place to put my TV---you understand my drift?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Drift it is, sir.

(X)

(X)

DALES

Ex was a great man, enough said.

(X)

MULDER

So he's a man now? He's not an alien, or a human alien hybrid?

DALES

I have no idea.

Dales reaches for the whiskey bottle, Mulder points at it.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MULDER

I'm beginning to think that may be all too true.

DALES

Trust the tale, Agent Mulder, not the teller. That which fascinates us is by definition true. Speaking metaphorically of course.

MULDER

Ok, so was Ex an alien who was metaphorically a man or a man who was metaphorically an alien?

Dales looks blankly at Mulder. That was one stupid MFing question.

MULDER

It's official, I am a horse's ass.

Now Dales offers Mulder a sip of whiskey by way of consolation, which Mulder is only too happy to accept at this point.

DALES

What is it to be human, Fox? Is it to have the chemistry of a man? In the universal scheme of things, a dog's basic chemistry is nearly identical to a man's, but is a dog like a man?

MULDER

(taking another swig)
Well, I have noticed that a man and his dog will often start to look like each other...

DALES

Of course not, to be a man is to have the heart of a man. Integrity, decency, sympathy -- these are the things that make a man a man, and Ex had them all, had them all more than you or I ..

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

As Dales has been talking, behind him, coming out of the entrance to the building in front of which they are sitting, a man in an old-fashioned suit appears but we see him only from the waist down. The legs move toward Dales and Mulder.

OWNER OF THE LEGS (O.S.)

Excuse me, please...

Without looking up, Mulder and Dales lean aside and the legs step forward; when the man is in front of Dales and Mulder and has his back to them, we now see, but Mulder and Dales do not, that this is the BOUNTYHUNTER.

The Bountyhunter descends the steps and we stay with him, leaving Mulder and Dales behind. The Bountyhunter stands on the sidewalk as The GRAYS BUS SLOWLY wipes frame in the direction opposite the one at the top of the scene... (X)

Bus exits frame to reveal the Bountyhunter is standing in identical posture but he is on --

44 EXT. SIDEWALK IN ROSWELL - DAY

44

All signs of Washington, the 90's, Mulder and Dales gone. He turns and we turn with him to see that omnipresent Grays Bus coming to a stop a little bit down the street. (X)

A group of women -- wives and girlfriends, a few kids too, wait for the bus to come to a stop. The Bountyhunter stands off from them a discreet distance away.

The Bus starts to unload and there's a happy reunion of people -- lots of kissing and laughing.

Ex and Dales are some of the last players off the bus. When Ex sees the Bountyhunter, he freezes. Dales notices. In the OVER Dales to Ex we should see the BOUNTYHUNTER waiting sullenly, patiently in the BG...

DALES

What's wrong, Ex, who is that man?

EX

Somebody I got to talk to.

DALES

I'll come with.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Dales starts to walk with Ex toward the Bountyhunter, but Ex turns and stops him.

EX

They know where I am. If they wanted to kill me, they would have done it already.

DALES

Is he a...you know?

EX

Baseball player?

(beat)

Yes, he is.

DALES

Wow.

EX

Now, I know we're safe as long as they think nobody knows the secret so just gimme a nice smile and a hug and walk away like the big dummy that you are.

Dales gets it, the men hug and he subtly disappears back into the rest of the dispersing group of players. We stay on Dales as he looks back to see --

Ex and the Bountyhunter walking away into the distance, a worried look on Dales' face --

45 INT. ROSWELL PD OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

45

DALES is absentmindedly playing with Pete Rosebud. The phone rings.

DALES

Ted? Calm down... Ted -- what is it?

CUT TO:

46 INT. LOW TECH 40'S STYLE POLICE LAB - DAY

46

It should feel like the Middle Ages compared to typical X-Files gadgetry. And there's good old Ted on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

TED

This goo on the baseball glove
you gave me -- is this a joke?

DALES

Why?

TED

It's not like any chemical compound
I've ever seen. It doesn't seem to
be carbon-based, which, by the way,
is impossible. This is way out of my
league. I called the FBI and the
Communicable Disease Center in
Washington...

(X)

(X)

DALES

Washington? No, no Ted, you
didn't, nobody else was supposed
to know about this...

(X)

TED

You didn't tell me that...

DALES

No, I didn't. It's not your
fault. It's my fault. Can you
get the glove back to me?

(X)

TED

Sure, as soon as I finish up
here.

47 INT. TED'S LAB - DAY

47

Ted seems to be finishing up some tests on the GREEN GOO when
there is a KNOCK at the door. Through the SMOKY THICK GLASS, we
can't make out who it is. Warily, Ted goes to the door, opens
it, relieved to see Dales.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

TED

Arthur. I thought I was coming
down to you.

Dales walks over to the BEAKERS and BUNSEN BURNERS.

TED

Where is this stuff from?
Where'd you get it?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

DALES

Mars.

TED

Yeah, right.

DALES

Actually just to the left of
Mars. Hey, there's my glove.

Dales picks up the mitt. SUDDENLY. OUT OF NOWHERE. DALES picks up the entire experiment and hurls it to the ground, grounding it under foot and then turning to leave; Ted grabs him...

TED

Hey, Arthur, what are you doing?

Serenely but with superhuman strength Dales lifts Ted up off the floor by his neck with one hand. As CAMERA backs into the empty hallway -- we hear as Ted gets the life choked out of him---

48 INT. HALLWAY - TED'S LAB - DAY

We see Ted's death struggle discreetly through the shadowy glass, and see Ted's shadow limply fall to the ground. Dales emerges calmly into the hallway carrying the baseball glove. He looks right at CAMERA and MORPHS INTO THE ALIEN BOUNTYHUNTER as he strides toward us we-

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

49 INT. DALES' PATROL CAR - DAY

49

Through the windshield over Dales' shoulder we can see Ted's lab swarming with FBI and guys in primitive DECON suits. Dales stays incognito across the street, trying to process this when he is nearly scared out of his skin by a friendly cop who pokes his head in the passenger side window.

FRIENDLY COP

Ted's been murdered and the
FBI's all over looking for you
and that colored guy -- they're
saying you killed Ted. Arthur,
I know you didn't --

Dales peels out before anybody sees he's there.

50 INT. DALES' PATROL CAR - DAY

50

Dales' head is spinning with all this new information. Up ahead, through the windshield, we can see the police precinct in the near distance and just as Dales is about to pull in, he has a sudden change of heart and pulls a screeching U-turn.

51 EXT. ROSWELL STADIUM - DAY

51

Dales' patrol car is parked outside.

52 INT./EXT. ROSWELL STADIUM - DAY

52

Dales enters the playing field. He's looking around a little anxiously. Suddenly, he becomes aware of a panting noise, heavy breathing coming from the outfield. He TURNS AND SEES --

EXLEY RUNNING WINDSPRINTS IN THE OUTFIELD.

Ex picks up a pair of baseball gloves that are lying on the outfield grass and tosses one to Dales. Dales catches the glove and Ex motions for him to get ready to catch the ball. For the rest of the scene, the two men play catch. For a few moments of silence.

EX

Life ain't like baseball is it?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DALES

I guess not. What are you gonna do?

Ex takes a moment, seems to make a decision.

EX

I had a long talk with my relative. A good talk.

DALES

What happened?

EX

Well, he made me see reason, Arthur. Family's more important than a game.

DALES

And you still consider them to be your family?

EX

Of course. Who do you think my family is?

DALES

I don't know...your team?

EX

Don't be such a cornball, man, the next thing you're gonna tell me is that I owe it to all the little kids to break the home run record, or that I owe it to the black folks who think I'm one of them to make it to the Majors, or I should just keep playing out of some meaningless human concept of pride or loyalty.

DALES

I don't know, Ex.

EX

We don't think that way. No matter how much we can look like you, we ain't you.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

51

EX (cont'd)

You know what really separates us from you, Arthur? In a nutshell?

DALES

What?

EX

We got rhythm.

Both men have to laugh. Then...

DALES

So you're quitting?

EX

I am officially retired.

And just as these words leave his mouth, we start to hear sounds of commotion outside the ball park. They're coming for Ex. Ex heads toward the BACKSTOP.

EX

Looks like I gotta run. Arthur, do me a favor will ya? Will you tell some people what I used to do on the field? Will you tell your kids how I played the game?

DALES

Sure I will Ex.

Ex starts to run away. Dales calls after him.

DALES

Where ya gonna go, Ex?

EX

Home.

And he disappears just as the FBI start to swarm the field.

53 INT. ROSWELL LOCK-UP - DAY

53

A few hours later. Dales is still being interrogated by the FBI. Especially by nasty Agent Coronado. There should be a siege sense to this scene where the local cops outnumber the FBI, but are ceding power to the G-men for the moment.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

DALES

I got a room full of cops can
vouch for my whereabouts...

CORANADO

I don't give a damn about your
voucher, Dales. This is no rinky
dink New Mexico cowboy cop
crap -- this is major league
U.S. Government crap -- where's
Exley?

DALES

He told me he was going home.

CORANADO

To Macon?

DALES

As far as I know.

CORANADO

I got a witness puts you at the
murder scene, now unless you got
a guy runnin' around town looks
an awful lot like you, you are
fast slidin' down a giant razor
blade into a big ole glass of
lemonade. But you give us Exley
and we make it all go away.

Dales clams up and bangs his fist on the table.

DALES

He said he was going home!

The force of Dales' fist has knocked over PETE ROSEBUD. Dales
rights Pete, staring oddly at the toy...

DALES

(subtly realizing)

He said he was going home.

Dales makes significant eye contact with a fellow cop across the
way, who in turn nods at a few other of the quickly unifying
Roswell PD.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

DALES

May I have the permission of the
United States government to wee
wee, sir?

CORANADO

(rising to go with
him)

Sure. I'll come hold it for ya.

Dales makes toward the bathroom, but as Coranado tries to follow, the Roswell cops quietly, irrevocably block his way. They fall into a circle around Coranado, ostensibly blocking the other FBI men as well. Dales disappears into the bathroom.

54 EXT. ROSWELL PRECINCT - DAY

54

We see Dales shimmy out a small bathroom window and run to a squad car.

55 EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - DAY

55

Squad car roars on kicking up some desert dirt as night begins to fall.

56 INT. SQUAD CAR - DUSK

56

Dales drives like a madman.

57 EXT. DESERT BALLFIELD - NIGHT

57

Where we left off at the TEASER.

Everybody reacts in confused horror at the unhooded alien. People tear for the exits like there's a bomb ticking to go off in 10 seconds...

Even fellow Klansmen whip off their hoods in disbelief to look at what they thought was their fallen leader, and they run away in horror. All is total confusion.

The unhooded alien morphs into the alien bountyhunter as he makes eye contact with Ex and sniks open his ALIEN STILETTO.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

Ex holds eye contact as he backs up a few steps and then turns and runs into the desert night perhaps hoping to lose himself in the mass confusion.

58 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Dales still driving like a madman.

59 EXT. DESERT BALL FIELD - NIGHT

The Bountyhunter mounts his horse and rides off in the direction we saw EX go, stiletto at the ready.

60 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Over Dales' shoulder through the windshield we see -- PANDEMONIUM -- AS PLAYERS AND FANS are running, driving, screaming away from the scene. Dales is like a confused salmon, the only man swimming up this crazy stream of freaked out humanity.

Dales exits his car and runs to the remains of the FIELD. His own car lights are now the only illumination.

Dales sees the remains of the Donnybrook. Blood and broken bats. Not a good sign.

61 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

EX RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE. Sweating. We can hear the pounding of horse's hooves in the near distance as Ex looks around for possible cover and tears past camera we WHIP to --

THE BOUNTYHUNTER ON HORSEBACK

KKK robes flowing in the wind.

62 EXT. DESERT BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Dales hears something going on in the dark desert distance and tears off in that direction --

63 EXT. DESERT - DARKNESS 6

The Bountyhunter rides like the wind bearing down, bearing down --

Ex doubles back toward the ballfield running for his life...

64 EXT. DESERT - DARKNESS 6

DALES RUNS; he yells out into the darkness --

DALES

Ex?! Ex?!

But there is no answer.

65 EXT. DESERT BALLFIELD - NIGHT 6

EX reaches the field. He only has a moment to catch his breath when the BOUNTYHUNTER rears his HORSE to a stop a few feet from him.

BOTH MEN stop. The chase is over. The Bountyhunter slowly dismounts. Ex turns to face him.

BOUNTYHUNTER

It's over.

EX

I know.

BOUNTYHUNTER

You had no right. I warned you, you did not listen. Now I must kill you.

EX

It's the right thing to do.

66 EXT. DESERT - DARKNESS 6

DALES RUNNING FAST. Comes to a stop and yells for Ex a couple more times, and then he turns and in the distance, back at the ballfield, he sees two figures standing close. He whispers to himself.

DALES

Ex.

67 EXT. DESERT BALL FIELD - NIGHT

67

The Bountyhunter and Ex --

BOUNTYHUNTER

What do you know of the right thing to do? You who would sacrifice the entire project for a game. A game?

EX

I hit a home run tonight.

BOUNTYHUNTER

What?

EX

I hit a home run tonight, number 61. I set a record.

68 EXT. DESERT - DARKNESS

68

We are over Dales' shoulder as he tearasses towards the two figures on the ballfield getting closer and closer...

69 EXT. DESERT BALL FIELD - NIGHT

69

THE BOUNTYHUNTER and Ex are now standing face to face, inches from one another. BOUNTYHUNTER turns his Stiletto in his palm.

In the BG, we see and hear Dales getting closer and closer...

BOUNTYHUNTER

Show me your true face so you can die with dignity.

Ex does not respond.

BOUNTYHUNTER

As your executioner, I show you my true face before I kill you.

Brian Thompson MORPHS into an ALIEN.

ALIEN

(Brian Thompson's voice)

And I ask you to show me your true face as I execute you.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

EX

This is my true face.

ALIEN

Show me your true face or you
will die without honor.

EX

This is my true face.

Alien and MAN stare at one another.

ALIEN

So be it.

The ALIEN grabs Ex by the neck. Ex does not resist. ALIEN raises
the stiletto high in the air.

70 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BALL FIELD - NIGHT

70

TRACKING, running over Dales' shoulder we see from a discreet
distance --

The ALIEN bring the stiletto down into the back of Ex's neck.

ON DALES' FACE

DALES

Noooooooooo!!!!!!!

From our short distance, we see Ex collapse on the ground. And
the ALIEN methodically put his KKK hood back on, mount his horse
and thunder off into oblivion behind a cloud of infield dust.

Dales comes upon Ex lying in the infield. He leans down and
checks the wound. The blood running from the neck. Ex tries to
wave him off.

EX

Stay away! Get away Arthur,
you'll be hurt -- what runs
through our veins is toxic to
humans...

Dales does not heed the warning and kneels down, looking closely
at the wound, touching it, getting blood all over his hands --

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

EX

No, Arthur, it'll kill you,
don't touch me...

DALES looks at his hands covered in the substance...

DALES

It's only blood, Ex, look, it's
only blood...

Dales shows Ex his bloody hand. And Ex can't believe what he sees -- even bleached out there's no mistaking this is red blood -- and he smiles softly, reaching up to clasp Dales' bloody hand and Dales gently holds Ex's hand to his cheek as

EX DIES...

Close on Dales' face, a mask of half comprehending sadness that slowly dissolves as color brightens into OLD DALES.

71 INT. DALES' APARTMENT - NIGHT - ARTHUR DALES

In the same sad posture as his younger self (exactly for the dissolve to work), but holding just his own hand to his cheek, Josh is long gone.

He sits alone in his room watching baseball on the TV, a bottle of whiskey and Pete Rosebud by his side. We start on Dales' profile, move behind his head and then move close inside the TV where the PITCHER winds and fires the ball towards the hitter who swings at the ball or rather it is---

72 EXT. BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

Mulder swinging at a ball in a batting cage. One, two, three swings -- not a bad stroke either. He wears a vintage baseball jersey with "GRAYS" on the front and "GIBSON" and a #? on his back.

Scully speaks as she walks into view behind the fence --

SCULLY

This is your idea of living? I'm
sorry I don't see how slapping
a piece of horsehide with a
stick can be any fun, Mulder...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

MULDER

You've never hit a baseball,
have you Scully?

SCULLY

No.

MULDER

Get in the cage with me.

Scully enters the batting cage. Mulder stands behind her to show her the grip and the stance and the swing. He has his arms around her waist, their four hands on the bat.

SCULLY

It just looks so silly; I mean
you've got to have something
more...uh...necessary to do, huh?

MULDER

OK, now don't strangle the bat;
just shake hands with it, and
we're gonna stride forward; just
think hips before hands, hips
before hands -- ok?

SCULLY

Ok.

They take a practice swing.

MULDER

Not a bad piece of ash huh? Now
you wanna keep your eye on the
ball, wait for the pitch and
just swing -- DON'T think
Scully, just swing...here we
go...

AND THUNK!!! MULDER takes one right on the ass. Scully laughs.

SCULLY

You're right, Mulder, this is
fun.

Mulder hops it off for a few seconds, then gets behind Scully again and they wait for the next pitch. They swing together and get a little piece of the ball. Scully giggles like a little girl.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

MULDER

Good. You see what you may find that as you're concentrating on hitting that little ball, the rest of the world fades away, all your problems --

CRACK --

MULDER

The ticking of your biological clock, how you really couldn't afford that new suede coat on a G-woman's salary, getting to the heart of a global conspiracy, your overdue triple X bill -- wait a minute, those last two are my problems, not yours...

SCULLY

Shut up, Mulder, I'm playing baseball.

And Scully concentrates. They take a few more swings, getting a piece each time --

Now Scully just loves it, she can't stop laughing; and now Mulder is laughing too.

Here comes the pitch and Mulder and Scully swing and this time they really CONNECT. A DEEP deep CRACK.

And send the ball high high high ripping out the wire mesh netting and into the night sky.

We HOLD on the ball as we CGI its flight out of the cage, up into that starless night sky like a shooting star and it seems to keep travelling up and up and up impossibly, until it takes its place way on high like the North Star.

We hold on the sky hearing Scully and Mulder laughing and giggling and hearing the CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! of well-hit baseballs as each of them flies up into the night to become stars until the night sky is filled with baseballs, a lighter night for the brightness of these new stars...

AND WE END.