

THE X-FILES

"Tunguska"

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October 28, 1996

"Tunguska?"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Assistant Director Skinner
Committee Chairman
Cigarette-Smoking Man
Senator Sorenson
Flight Attendant
Stress Man
Customs Officer
2nd Customs Officer
Older Agent
1st Flak Agent
Long Hair (non-speaking)
Alex Krycek
Swarthy Man (non-speaking)
Well-Manicured Man
Dr. Sacks
Detective
Marita Covarrubias
Agent Pendrell
Guards on Horseback (non-speaking)
Guard (Russian-speaking)
Glasses Man (non-speaking)

Federal Agents (non-speaking)
Russian Guards (non-speaking)

October 28, 1996

"Tunguska"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

SEEDY INDUSTRIAL AREA
TALL APARTMENT BUILDING/SKINNER'S APARTMENT
/BALCONY

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF STANDARDS AND TECHNOLOGY
PHONE BOOTH
INT/EXT MULDER'S CAR
NEW YORK CITY STREET
WELL-MANICURED MAN'S HORSE RANCH
/PADDOCK AREA
/DRIVEWAY

RURAL AREA
/FOREST CLEARING

INTERIORS

SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE CHAMBER
PRISON
AIRPLANE CABIN
HONOLULU AIRPORT
/U.S. CUSTOMS CHECK STATION
/U.S. CUSTOMS X-RAY AND INSPECTION AREA
/U.S. CUSTOMS PRIVATE SEARCH ROOM

MULDER'S OFFICE (X)
CONTAINER TRUCK
DULLES AIRPORT
/TICKETING AREA
/WAITING AREA
/CUSTOMS AREA
/BOARDING AREA
/BOARDING TUBE

PADDOCK
SKINNER'S APARTMENT
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF STANDARDS AND TECHNOLOGY
/EXO BIOLOGY LAB
/WET LAB

MARITA COVARRUBIAS' APARTMENT
/HALLWAY

LONG-TERM AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE
SKINNER'S OFFICE
PRISON CELL
SENATOR SORENSON'S OFFICE
EXPERIMENT ROOM

TEASER

1 AN AMERICAN FLAG

1

Fills the frame.

SCULLY'S VOICE

I, Dana Katherine Scully, swear
to tell the truth...

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS DOWN to reveal the flag hangs high above:

INT. SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE CHAMBER - DAY

A Georgian-style paneled courtroom. SEVEN SENATORS sit at a dais, their aides stationed in chairs behind them. The audience that faces them is small, their backs TOWARD CAMERA. A LEGEND reads: SENATE SELECT SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTELLIGENCE AND TERRORISM, WASHINGTON, D.C.

ANGLE - DANA SCULLY

Stands at the witness table, her right hand raised (à la Oliver North).

SCULLY

... the whole truth, and nothing
but the truth, so help me God.

On the BANG OF A GAVEL:

CUT TO:

2 CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ACROSS THE FACES OF THE SENATORS

2

The faces of senior politicians, trained on Scully with self-conscious earnestness (à la the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill hearings). One leans forward in his seat, another removes his bifocals. All seem intensely interested in their witness.

SCULLY'S VOICE

I left behind a career in
medicine to become an FBI agent
four years ago because I
believed in this country.

ANGLE - SCULLY

She sits alone at the witness table. Eyeglasses on, she reads from a prepared statement. In the front row behind her, other witnesses, including A.D. SKINNER, are seated.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

SCULLY

Because I wanted to uphold its
laws -- to punish the guilty and
to protect the innocent.

She looks up here at her judges, sees:

AN AIDE

Moving to the Chairman, handing him a folded note.

RESUME SCULLY

Looking back down at her statement.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

SCULLY

I still believe in this country,
but I believe there are powerful
men in this government who do
not. These men have no concern
with law -- they have no
interest in justice at all --

CHAIRMAN

Agent Scully --

SCULLY

(overlapping)

I have come to the conclusion --

CHAIRMAN

(voice rising)

Agent Scully, that's enough --

SCULLY

-- that it is no longer
possible --

The sound of Scully's voice is drowned out by the BANGING of the
Chairman's gavel.

CHAIRMAN

This is not a soapbox, Agent
Scully. Your statement will be
entered into the record.

SCULLY

With all due respect, Mr.
Chairman, I would like to
finish --

CHAIRMAN

We don't have time for --

Another senator, SORENSON, 60s, interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

SORENSEN

Agent Scully, do you or do you not know the whereabouts of Special Agent Fox Mulder?

SCULLY

(overlapping)

May I finish reading my statement please?

SORENSEN

Are you or are you not aware of Agent Mulder's present location?

SCULLY

I respectfully refuse to answer that question, sir, because --

CHAIRMAN

Agent Scully, you cannot refuse to answer that question --

SCULLY

-- Because I believe answering that question will endanger Agent Mulder's life.

CHAIRMAN

You don't seem to understand. Your response is not optional. You're an agent of the FBI --

SCULLY

If I may finish my statement, sir. It is no longer possible for me to carry out my duties as an FBI agent --

SORENSEN

Are you tendering your resignation, Agent Scully? Is that what you're trying to say?

SCULLY

No, sir. I am saying that there is a culture of lawlessness that prevents me from carrying out my job.

(more)

(CONTINUE)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

SCULLY (cont'd)
That this committee's target
should be the men who hide
behind national security laws
shielding them from
prosecution -- the men whose
secret policies are behind the
crimes you're investigating.

Sorenson leans into his microphone.

SORENSEN
Your opinions of this
committee's work
notwithstanding, Agent Scully,
you have a legal obligation to
answer the questions posed to
you.

Scully holds her ground.

SORENSEN
Either you tell us what you know
about Agent Mulder's whereabouts
or you'll be held in contempt of
Congress.

Scully stares back at the Senator. Defiant.

SORENSEN
Agent Scully?

On Scully's continued refusal to answer:

3 OMITTED

3

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

A HAWAIIAN PRINT FILLS THE SCREEN. Moving away from us, clearing frame to REVEAL we are:

4 INT. 737 - NIGHT

4

The Hawaiian print dress is worn by a flight attendant who is moving down the aisle, checking each passenger. Stopping to address someone in a window seat who we cannot see. LEGEND: TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT 1102, ONE WEEK EARLIER.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Excuse me, sir. We're going to be landing shortly. I'll have to ask you to stow your carry-on luggage beneath the seat in front of you. Thank you. Mahalo.

As she moves on, CAMERA DRIFTS to the position she just held to REVEAL the passenger she was just addressing.

He is an average-looking man, save for the fact that he looks STRESSED. He is holding A THIN BLACK HALIBURTON BRIEFCASE flat on his lap. Which he continues to clutch with both hands.

CUT TO:

5 INT. U.S. CUSTOMS - HONOLULU AIRPORT - NIGHT

5

Long lines of TRAVELERS stand in parallel queues, moving at a snail's pace toward as many CUSTOMS OFFICERS standing at check stations. A LEGEND appears, to establish.

LOW ANGLE -- CAMERA TRACKING

aside one row of travelers, FINDING THE BLACK Haliburton, conspicuous in contrast to the otherwise colorful and plentiful luggage of the others. CAMERA RISING TO STUDY the STRESS MAN who carries it. We should note here that it isn't his behavior that makes him appear stressful but the set of his jaw, the lines on his face, the weight of his carriage.

As his turn comes and he steps up to the customs station.

ANGLE ON CUSTOMS STATION, CUSTOMS OFFICER

Stress Man hands the Officer his U.S. Passport, his declaration form. Keeping his briefcase secure in his other hand.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Where are you coming from?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

STRESS MAN

Japan.

The Officer is looking through his passport during this.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Did you travel anywhere else?

STRESS MAN

The Republic of Georgia.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

The purpose of your trip?

STRESS MAN

Government business. I'm consulting for the government.

He nods inscrutably, stamps the passport, scribbles on the declaration. Points his arm in some direction.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Okay, I'm going to ask you to see the customs officer through those doors there.

STRESS MAN

What for? I have a United States diplomatic visa --

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Random check, sir. Please proceed through those doors.

The Customs Officer stares at him stolidly. This is non-negotiable.

STRESS MAN

I've got a connecting flight --

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Right through those doors, sir.

The Stress Man scoops his passport off the counter, looking not only stressed now, but worried. As he heads off to:

CUT TO:

6 INT. U.S. CUSTOMS - X-RAY AND INSPECTION AREA - NIGHT

6

There are a FEW OFFICERS helping to inspect a FEW JAPANESE TRAVELERS as CAMERA FINDS Stress Man entering through the appointed doors in the b.g.. Clutching his briefcase, hesitating as he steps inside. As A CUSTOMS OFFICER steps into f.g.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Right over here, sir.

Stress Man does not like this exercise, but without any alternative he moves to the customs officer.

STRESS MAN

I don't know what this is about.
I'm traveling with diplomatic
papers -- I can't be treated
like this --

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Is that your only piece of
luggage, sir?

STRESS MAN

Yes.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Can you open it for me?

STRESS MAN

No.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Sir, I'm not offering it as a
choice. Open the briefcase. Or
we'll open it for you.

Stress Man stands his ground, does not give up the case.

STRESS MAN

I don't have the combination.

The 2nd Customs Officer must have suffered many fools, but he's not going to suffer this one. He calls to a FELLOW OFFICER.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Vince -- I need a strip and full
body cavity search of this man.

Off Stress Man's stressful reaction,

CUT TO:

7 INT. U.S. CUSTOMS PRIVATE SEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

7

ANGLE ON DOOR, opened by the Fellow Customs Officer, admitting Stress Man whose shirt is untucked, who doesn't look very happy.

STRESS MAN

There's going to be hell to pay
for this treatment --

But the Fellow Officer ignores him. Shuts him inside. As a VOICE turns his attention into the room.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER (O.S.)

Would you mind telling me -- sir?

REVERSE ON ROOM

The 2nd Customs Officer stands behind a table on which the open Haliburton sits. But the angle prevents us from seeing inside.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Would you mind telling me the
kind of diplomatic work you do,
sir? And what material you're
transporting in these?

He lifts TWO METAL CYLINDRICAL CANISTERS into view.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE STRESS MAN

Reacting to the sight of the canisters.

STRESS MAN

That is -- those are filled with
biohazardous material.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Then where is the paperwork? And
why aren't the containers marked?

STRESS MAN

Don't open those. Whatever you
do. That material cannot be
exposed --

But the 2nd Customs Officer has heard enough. He is already unscrewing the top of one of the containers. On seeing this, the Stress Man's reaction is to grab at the door handle in an attempt to exit. But the door is locked.

STRESS MAN

Listen to me --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

But the Officer is not listening. Removing from the metal canister an INTERIOR GLASS canister, which is filled with what looks like layers of SEDIMENTED DIRT. He lifts it, so that he might inspect it more closely, when it SLIPS FROM HIS HAND. And:

LOW ANGLE ON FLOOR

Where the glass canister crashes to the ground. The glass shattering and the dirt spilling out.

ANGLE ON STRESS MAN

Panicking. Pounding on the door now. SCREAMING.

STRESS MAN
OPEN THE DOOR!! SOMEBODY OPEN
THE DOOR!!

ANGLE ON 2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER

Looking at the Stress Man with absolutely no idea why he's reacting this way. Until -- he looks down. Sees:

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER'S POV

The dirt at his feet has begun to MOVE. Or so it appears. Until we see that what is actually happening is that coming from the dirt are what appears to be DOZENS OF BLACK, OILY WORMS. Moving onto the Officer's shoe, and on up his pant leg.

RESUME CUSTOMS OFFICER

Moving now, trying to stamp whatever these things are off his shoe. Much as if he'd stepped in some kind of creepy dog doo.

2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER
What the hell is this? Hey --

STRESS MAN

Continues to beat on the door.

STRESS MAN
SOMEBODY!!!

Then turns, reacting to:

2ND CUSTOMS MAN

He's now stopped in his tracks. He's no longer stomping or stepping. He looks to have been stricken by something -- caught almost in mid-motion. His movements arrested in a kind of breathless suspension, as:

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

(SPFX) HIS SKIN BEGINS TO RIPPLE. The movement of the oily worms crawling up his neck, up his jawline and into his face. The black creatures even appearing in his eyes, not unlike the effect we saw in Piper Maru/Apocrypha.

RESUME STRESS MAN

Completely freaking, SCREAMING, his back to the wall as we:

CUT TO:

7A EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK)

7A

With a LEGEND to establish.

8 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - SCULLY

8

Enters, finding Mulder at his desk, putting on his coat.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MULDER

Scully. You're just in time.

SCULLY

I got a message you were looking for me. They said it was urgent.

MULDER

This all happened in the last twelve hours. There's an action going down based on a series of communications sent to me. Something big. If I'm right, you're going to want to be involved.

SCULLY

What is it?

MULDER

Maybe the next Oklahoma City.

SCULLY

What?!

MULDER

We're booked on a flight to La Guardia at six. I'll tell you all about it on the way.

And Mulder heads out the door, leaving Scully with no choice but to follow. As we:

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SEEDY INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT .

9

This is not a part of town anyone in their right mind would be in after sundown. In the b.g. we can see the top and lights of Shea Stadium (SPFX.) A LEGEND appears: FLUSHING, QUEENS. NEW YORK. 10:56 PM.

CAMERA PANNING ACROSS warehouses, factories, industrial buildings to a ROW OF LARGE CONTAINER TRUCKS near us. Parked for the night. There is no activity at all in the area.

CAMERA SETTLES ON ONE CONTAINER TRUCK

From which A WIRE extends to the phone line above.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CONTAINER TRUCK - NIGHT

10

A HALF DOZEN AGENTS dressed in FLAK GEAR are monitoring a bank of sophisticated audio equipment.

CAMERA FINDING MULDER, wearing headphones, from which we can hear only a tinny, mumbled conversation between two men coming through the audio monitors, the meters climbing and falling with every word. Mulder takes the phones off, stands, all eyes falling on him. The mood is tense, anxious.

MULDER

We've got to be patient. We can't go in too soon. It'll happen.

But Mulder can't hide his waning confidence. As he steps to Scully, positioned behind him. They speak in a hush.

SCULLY

What makes you so sure?

MULDER

I was sent a series of receipts over the last two weeks. For detonation cord, racing and diesel fuel, and eighty bags of ammonium nitrate. Purchased in cash in three different states, with three different signatures.

SCULLY

What makes you sure it's here? That it's tonight?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MULDER

I received two new receipts last night. A first and last on a storage space at this address. The other for a two-ton truck rented yesterday. Both with the same signature.

SCULLY

So who's leaking them? And why leak them to you?

Mulder doesn't know this, is shaking his head when:

1ST FLAK AGENT

(calling to them)

We've got traffic.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. SEEDY INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

11

Far down the alley, a TWO-TON RENTAL CONTAINER TRUCK turns up the narrow drive, heading toward us. Pulling to a stop in front of a garage door and a loading dock. TWO MEN are seen dimly in the cab, "LONG HAIR" and "BALL CAP." The truck sits idling.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CONTAINER TRUCK - NIGHT

12

The Agents stand/sit motionless. Listening to the idling truck just outside. Then they hear the gears grind, the engine rev.

1ST FLAK AGENT

They're leaving --

Weapons are gripped, adrenaline starts to pump, but Mulder holds everyone still and quiet with a hand signal.

MULDER

Hold...

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SEEDY INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

13

The rental truck pulls forward, as if it's leaving, then there's the whistle of brakes. As the truck backs up to the garage door which it was just idling aside.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

As it does the storage space garage door ROLLS UP, revealing FOUR MEN INSIDE. As it does:

CAMERA WHIPS TO THE CONTAINER TRUCK sitting across the alley. From the back come flooding Mulder, Scully and the OTHER AGENTS. Out of the TWO TRUCKS next to it come flooding EVEN MORE AGENTS.

MULDER
EVERYBODY ON THE GROUND -- DOWN
ON THE GROUND!!

SCULLY
FEDERAL AGENTS -- WE'RE ARMED --

The Other Agents are SHOUTING, too.

ANGLE ON GARAGE

The men inside are trying to get the garage door rolled back down, but the flood of Agents is too quickly upon them. Allowing them to get hands underneath, TWO TEAR GAS canisters. But the siege of Agents SCATTERS, FLATTENS when BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE METAL of the garage door.

ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Flattening, too. Then reacting to THE SOUND OF THE TWO-TON STARTING UP, the exhaust billowing in their faces. Revving, then SQUEALING AWAY from the garage. In the hail of bullets, the drivers have found a moment, an avenue of escape.

NEW ANGLE

As the truck careens down the alley, away from the Agents. But now Mulder and Scully, guns in hand, are giving chase. Running alongside the truck which is quickly gaining speed.

TRAILING SHOT

As the truck continues to put distance on them. Getting away. The Agents slowing to a stop as it zooms to the end of the alley -- then suddenly, inexplicably, it SWERVES AND CRASHES.

ANGLE ON TWO-TON TRUCK - OVER PASSENGER SIDE VIEW MIRROR

We can see Mulder and Scully moving toward the vehicle at a run, slowing slightly as they reach it. They are adrenalized, their guns up in two-handed ready positions.

MULDER
Cover the driver's side.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

Scully splits off from Mulder, disappearing around the back of the truck.

MULDER

Out of the truck! Hands in the
air! I'm armed and will shoot --

But there is no movement, no surrender. Mulder remains in his position at the rear corner of the truck, gun trained on the door.

SCULLY - REFLECTED IN DRIVER'S SIDE VIEW MIRROR

As she moves into the same position as Mulder, both hands on her weapon. Reacting to what the CAMERA SEES, when it ADJUSTS SLIGHTLY. Reflected in the side view mirror we can see the driver, "Long Hair", his head leaning against the side window, dead. The splatter from a close range bullet hit dotted on the glass.

ANGLE ON REAR OF CAR - ON SCULLY

Turning to Mulder.

SCULLY

Driver's been shot.

CAMERA WHIPPING TO MULDER, at the other rear corner.

MULDER

I counted two men in front.

Looking at Scully, then making a decision. Taking a step toward the front of the car.

RESUME ANGLE OVER MIRROR

As Mulder inches along the side of the truck, moving TOWARD CAMERA. Flattening himself against the side of the vehicle while trying to get a look in the mirror, a look in the window at who's still in the passenger seat. And what he's up to.

MULDER

Federal Agent -- I'm armed. Exit
the vehicle now --

Suddenly, a HANDGUN is tossed out the open window. Mulder's eyes go from the gun on the ground back to the door. Which now POPS, but does not open. There is a beat, a burst of hyper-energy that floods through Mulder.

Then the door kicks open, a beat, then "BALL CAP" steps down on the running board in f.g.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

with his hands raised -- though we cannot see his face, only the
back of his head.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

MULDER
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!!
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!!

Then Mulder's expression changes, from one of POLICE AUTHORITY, to one of personal anger.

MULDER
You sonofabitch --

And he rushes Ball Cap just as SCULLY APPEARS BEHIND HIM.

SCULLY
Mulder --

REVERSE ON MULDER

As he charges the man in the ball cap: Alex Krycek. SLAMMING HIM up against the open door, his forearm jammed up under Krycek's throat. His knee coming up hard into Krycek's low abdomen, sending Krycek to the pavement.

EXTREME LOW ANGLE UP

Krycek hits the deck as Mulder steps over him with his weapon now pointed at the head of the man who killed his father. As Scully appears in frame as Mulder pulls back the hammer.

SCULLY
Mulder -- don't. Don't do it.

MULDER
(overwrought)
Give me any reason not to.

KRYCEK
I handed you this bust, Mulder.

MULDER
Oh come on Krycek --

KRYCEK
Who do you think sent you those receipts?

Mulder stands over him, poised to kill Krycek. And he just might -- but he uncocks the hammer. Lowers his weapon. Exits frame. Leaving Scully standing over Krycek, the adrenaline still pumping, wondering where this will take them.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SEEDY INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT.

14

SIX OR SEVEN TIMOTHY MCVEIGH, TERRY NICHOLS TYPES -- including a red-haired MILITIA MAN -- are being put into n.d. vehicles. There is a LARGE LAW ENFORCEMENT PRESENCE around the area. BIG WORK LIGHTS have been set up. The forensics specialists poring over the area with metal detectors, canine bomb dogs, etc.

ANGLE ON GARAGE

Where the work lights flood over the large plastic drums, the fifty pound, stacked bags of ammonium nitrate fertilizer, the metal cans of fuel, the cardboard boxes, crates containing all the explosives.

FINDING MULDER, SCULLY

Trailing the now-handcuffed Krycek through the maze of materiel.

KRYCEK

Some of the detonation cord was stolen from a construction site. Most of the explosives were taken from a military base. Security so lax it's a joke. Most everything else was over the counter. Two thousand kilos of boom boom.

Mulder is hanging back during this, watching Krycek warily.

SCULLY

How did you get involved with these men?

KRYCEK

They found me in North Dakota. They liberated me on a salvage hunt.

Krycek looks outside, seeing:

HIS POV - THE RED-HAIRED MILITIA MEN

Glares back at him as he's led inside one of the n.d. vehicles. His eyes filled with intense hatred at Krycek's betrayal.

RESUME KRYCEK

Unfazed.

KRYCEK

You go underground you gotta learn to live with the rats.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MULDER

I'm sure you had no trouble
adapting.

KRYCEK

These men are pathetic
revolutionaries who'd kill
innocent Americans in the name
of boneheaded ideologies.

MULDER

Rats of a feather.

He pulls Krycek's ball cap off, revealing a Timothy McVeigh
military cut. Then gives Krycek a little shove backwards that
sits him down on a stack of cardboard boxes. Leans in close.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

MULDER

I think you're full of crap, Krycek. I think you're an invertebrate scumsucker whose moral dipstick's about two drops short of bone dry.

KRYCEK

Hey, I love this country.

Mulder leans back up, smiles ironically. Scully watching him, not an uninterested observer, being that Krycek has been also implicated in her sister's death. She scowls at him.

SCULLY

What do you want, Krycek?

KRYCEK

The same thing you do. To get the man who tried to kill me. The man responsible for your father's death. Your sister's.

MULDER

Give me his name.

KRYCEK

(laughs)

His name?

SCULLY

You want this man brought to justice...?

KRYCEK

You can't bring these men to justice. They're protected. The laws of this country protect them in the name of national security. They know no law.

MULDER

Then why don't you put a bullet in his head -- like you did that man out there?

KRYCEK

That may be the only justice a man like him will ever know. But it's hardly justice enough. Not when he might die a thousand deaths.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

SCULLY
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

KRYCEK

These men fear one thing:
exposure. Expose him, expose his
crimes, and you destroy the
destroyer's ability to destroy.
Sun Tzu's Rules of Warfare.

MULDER

Only one thing will destroy him,
and that's the truth.

KRYCEK

The truth? There is no truth.
These men make it up as they go.
They are the engineers of the
future. They are the real
revolutionaries. And I can give
them to you, too.

Mulder exchanges a look with Scully.

MULDER

We can't help you.

He starts away, but is turned by:

KRYCEK

This is only one bomb I'm
sitting on here, Mulder. You
didn't ask me how many more I
know about.

Off Mulder's look, we:

CUT TO:

15 INT. DULLES AIRPORT - TICKETING AREA - NIGHT

15

CAMERA CRANES DOWN through architecture, revealing the
moderately crowded facility. TRAVELERS moving into the facility
through automatic glass doors. As a LEGEND APPEARS, to
establish: DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, DULLES, VIRGINIA.

CAMERA FINDING MULDER, SCULLY, KRYCEK (STEADICAM OFF CRANE)

entering these same glass doors. CAMERA LEADING THEM as they
move at a quick but measured pace. We will notice that Krycek is
inconspicuously handcuffed, carrying the sweatshirt he was
wearing over his cuffed hands.

SCULLY

What flight is he on?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

KRYCEK

It was an international charter
originating in Russia. A Turkish
airline.

They stop. Mulder scans the electronic departure/arrival board.

MULDER

Air Lacayo. Arrived 2:45.
Fifteen minutes ago.

They continue their march, the pace quickening.

SCULLY

He has to go through customs.

KRYCEK

No. He'll be carrying a
diplomatic pouch.

As they move past us, into the crowd. Moving to:

16 INT. DULLES AIRPORT - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

16

A LARGE CROWD is waiting for ARRIVING PASSENGERS who trickle out
of a set of opaque sliding glass doors. They are decidedly
ethnic, predominantly Turkish.

As Mulder, Scully and Krycek appear, scanning the crowd, the
tight groups of reunited families, relatives, friends. When:

KRYCEK

That's him.

ANGLE ON A DIPLOMATIC POUCH

Exiting the opaque glass doors; dark red with a U.S. seal on it.
CAMERA PANNING UP to the holder of the pouch, A SWARTHY MAN who,
like the Stress Man, has the look of someone who's not just
getting back from vacation. He reacts to:

SCULLY (O.S.)

Sir --

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

Moving toward the Swarthy Man at a distance, holding her FBI
badge up high. The man slows as Scully approaches.

SCULLY

Federal Agent. Don't be alarmed.
I need to speak with you.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

The man slowing to a stop now, then turning and bolting back toward the glass doors. As Scully gives chase.

SCULLY

Stop! Stop right there.

But the man doesn't stop. Slipping through the sliding glass doors as another arriving passenger is coming out. The glass doors sliding shut just as Scully gets to them. And because they are activated from the inside, she is stuck. Looks back at:

SCULLY

Mulder!

SCULLY'S SCANNING POV

Searching the crowd for... Mulder. Who she finds as he finishes attaching the compliant Krycek's cuff to a hand rail. And now he's moving to her at a run.

RESUME SCULLY

As the opaque doors open again, as ARRIVING PASSENGER moves through them. Scully steps inside, but has to wait...

As Mulder arrives, moving past her at a run. Almost knocking down ANOTHER PASSENGER. As the door close, we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. CUSTOMS AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

17

HAND HELD, FOLLOWING Mulder and Scully dashing through the CROWD OF TRAVELERS who are moving from the baggage carousels past the customs area. Stopping when they can't find the man they were chasing. CAMERA CIRCLING THEM as they search the crowd.

MULDER

There --

CAMERA PANNING UP TO AN UPPER LEVEL

Where the Swarthy Man is moving at a run along a flying walkway above them.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

starting out again. As CUSTOMS OFFICIALS are moving their way.

SCULLY

Federal Agents --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

And they break past the Officials in pursuit.

18 INT. DULLES AIRPORT - BOARDING AREA - NIGHT

18

The Swarthy Man is running TOWARD CAMERA, down the long empty hallway, turning past the unmanned gate counter, disappearing. A beat, then Mulder and Scully appear, still running, chasing.

19 INT. BOARDING TUBE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

19

FOLLOWING, HANDHELD. Mulder and Scully taking the dogleg left toward the plane.

But when they make the corner they see THERE'S NO PLANE. FOLLOWING THEM to the end of the tube, through which the tarmac and the attendant carts, vehicles and equipment can be seen.

And through which we see THE SWARTHY MAN appear down below. Running away from them, the POUCH NO LONGER IN HAND. As he rounds a corner in the distance, disappears into the darkness of the airport.

Scully is out of breath, as is Mulder. They are looking for a place to jump down below, when:

SCULLY
Mulder - look -

THEIR POV

Lying atop a full baggage cart, in a tractor train with several other baggage carts, is the DIPLOMATIC POUCH.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY - LOW ANGLE UP

From the baggage cart, looking down at the pouch.

CUT TO:

20 INT. DULLES AIRPORT - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

20

As the opaque automatic doors open and Mulder and Scully exit. Scully now carrying the Diplomatic Pouch. Moving to:

ANGLE ON KRYCEK

Right where they left him, of course. Mulder and Scully approach him -- and they are not happy.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

2

SCULLY
Is this some kind of joke?

KRYCEK
What?

MULDER
Show him.

KRYCEK
What is it?

MULDER
Expose it for him, Scully.

She opens the pouch, exposing AN ORDINARY LOOKING ROCK. Krycek looks at it, then at them. He's as confused as they are.

MULDER
Yeah. What did you get, Charlie
Brown?

And Mulder is moving off through the crowd, pissed. As we:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 INT. PADDOCK - NIGHT

21

From this end of the structure we can see the backs of many fine looking thoroughbreds. We hear the scraping of hooves in stalls, the guttural snort of a restless steed.

CAMERA IS MOVING STEADILY TOWARD THE OTHER END OF THE STRUCTURE. The door is open, though there is nothing but darkness outside. Until a man holding a lit cigarette appears from the darkness. CAMERA PUSHING TO HIM where he stands in the doorway. Stopping to take a drag from his smoke. Reacting to:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'll ask you to extinguish your
fag at the door, if you would.

ANGLE ON THE WELL-MANICURED MAN

Exiting a stall, wearing casual but elegant clothes. The pants of which are slightly soiled. A point that is causing him some distress as he looks down at them, brushing them lightly.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
The smoke bothers the horses...
and I don't like it much myself.

RESUME CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

As he drops the smoke to the ground, crushes it. Moving to the Well-Manicured Man. His expression stony but curious.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
I've got a new gelding who threw
his trainer today. Magnificent
animal. He's not taking it at
all lightly.

CSM
Can you blame him?

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Well, everything has its purpose.

CSM
It's the middle of the night.
I'm sure you didn't bring me all
this way to discuss a gelding.

The Well-Manicured Man gives him a quick ironic look, before:

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

2

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Two FBI agents I think you're familiar with intercepted a package of ours tonight.

CSM

(surprised by this)
Who tipped them off?

WELL-MANICURED MAN

(showing anger now)
As you arranged the details of the shipment and transport, I was hoping you might inform me.

CSM

I told no one. No one at all.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Our courier says they were waiting for him. He was able to elude them but that was all.

CSM

I don't understand how -- how this could have happened.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Doubtful they realize the import or the value of the seizure, but I dare say it is not beyond their ability to figure it out.

The CSM doesn't know what to say.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Though I'm sure you'll endeavor to reclaim it immediately. Before word of this gets to anyone in the group. Before others might seek to reclaim it for themselves.

CSM

Yes. Of course.

He pulls a cigarette from his pack -- deep in thought now. Turning and lighting it on his way out. Off the Well-Manicured Man's extreme but concealed annoyance, we:

CUT TO:

22 EXT. TALL APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

22

ANGLE UP FROM THE BASE OF THE BUILDING, to establish its great height. As a LEGEND APPEARS: THE TOWERS, CRYSTAL CITY, VIRGINIA. 4:49 AM.

CUT TO:

23 INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - THE TOWERS - NIGHT

23

The apartment is dark. Then an INSISTENT KNOCKING BEGINS. Someone is knocking at the door. A moment, then Skinner appears from the bedroom area, dressed in just his jockeys. Then he slips back into the bedroom area, disappearing.

ANGLE ON DOOR

The insistent knocking continues. Skinner enters frame, still bare chested, but with pants on. He peeks through the peephole. Recognizing the party outside.

SKINNER

Yeah. What do you want?

MULDER (O.S.)

I need to speak with you.

A beat, then Skinner throws the deadbolt, opens the door. Mulder stands in the hallway alone.

SKINNER

What is it, Agent Mulder?

MULDER

I need your authorization, sir.
To provide a safe house.

SKINNER

A safe house for whom?

A beat, then the handcuffed Krycek moves in behind Mulder. Krycek has trouble meeting Skinner's eyes.

MULDER

This man has knowledge about
extreme right militia that could
save lives of innocent Americans.

REVERSE ON SKINNER

His hatred of this man coming back like a repressed memory.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

SKINNER
(with dull irony)
Well, he'll be safe here.

24 RESUME INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Krycek is prodded inside. Stands with his hands cuffed as Skinner takes the keys to the cuffs from Mulder, gently closes the door. A beat, then Skinner punches Krycek hard in the gut, doubling him over.

SKINNER
Relatively safe.

Then, taking him by the scruff of the neck:

SKINNER
That's for the beating you gave
me back in the stairwell.

Skinner runs him across the apartment toward a glass door which leads onto a balcony.

25 EXT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

ANGLE PARALLEL WITH THE GLASS DOOR as it slides open and Skinner pushes Krycek out onto the balcony, which from this angle we can see is very, very high up. He locks Krycek's cuff onto the balcony railing.

KRYCEK
You going to just leave me out
here? I'm gonna freeze.

SKINNER
Just think warm thoughts.

And Skinner exits, the sliding door whooshing shut. As we:

CUT TO:

26 EXT. NASA GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - DAY (STOCK)

With a LEGEND to establish.

CUT TO:

27 INT. NASA GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER - DAY

27

CAMERA SLIDING ACROSS A DOOR marked: Department of Exobiology.
Finding Mulder and Scully through a window, in a lab, alone.
HOLD FOR A BEAT, then they react to a man who is entering
through the door we just slid across.

28 INT. EXOBIOLOGY LAB - DAY

2

DR. SACKS approaches them, carrying THE ROCK they seized, only now it is encased in a hermetically sealed glass container.

DR. SACKS

I know I asked you earlier, but you have absolutely no idea where this came from?

SCULLY

Not its origin, no.

Sacks sets the glass container down on a table, stares at it.

MULDER

You have an idea, don't you?

DR. SACKS

This rock contains what are called polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons. Fitting the proximate description of those found in fragments of meteorite found recently in the ice fields of Antarctica.

It takes a second.

SCULLY

You're saying --

DR. SACKS

-- that what you're looking at is quite possibly from Mars. Over four billion years old.

MULDER

Is it valuable?

DR. SACKS

Beyond adding evidence to the debate about the fossilized remains of alien bacteria, it is relatively worthless.

SCULLY

Does this rock contain those fossilized remains, Dr. Sacks?

DR. SACKS

I won't know until I'm able to take a core sample.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

DR. SACKS (cont'd)
(pointedly)
Which I very much hope you'll
allow me to do.

MULDER
I think we'd all like to know
what's in that rock.

Off the simple but heavy weight of that pronouncement, we:

CUT TO:

29 EXT. TALL APARTMENT BUILDING "THE TOWERS" - DAY

29

Skinner exits, dressed for work, carrying a briefcase. Moving from the building onto the front walk when A FIGURE in the b.g. falls in behind him. Skinner walks for a bit, then turns slightly, feeling the man's presence.

Stopping to turn completely, recognizing as do we when CAMERA RACKS, the Cigarette Smoking Man. He moves to Skinner.

CSM
I didn't know you lived in this
neighborhood, Mr. Skinner.

SKINNER
I just moved in.

CSM
Well, its not the nicest
neighborhood, but I hear it's
safe.

Skinner stares at him. Not responding to this.

CSM
I'd guess you live on an upper
floor. For the view.

SKINNER
What do you want from me?

CSM
Agents Mulder and Scully -- they
intercepted a diplomatic pouch
here in Washington last night.
I'm afraid it's caused a problem
in foreign policy circles. Quite
a problem, actually.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

2

SKINNER

I don't know anything about a diplomatic pouch.

Skinner turns, keeps walking, but the CSM continues with him.

CSM

No? Nothing about the matter?

SKINNER

No, I don't.

CSM

I find that hard to believe. As their supervisory agent.

Again, Skinner doesn't respond.

CSM

As a friend, I should advise you that withholding information in matters of national security is punishable under this country's laws of treason and sedition.

SKINNER

Thank you. I'll consider myself advised. As a friend.

CSM

I need that pouch, Mr. Skinner. And I need to know who gave them the order to intercept it.

SKINNER

I'll get back to you.

CSM

Wars have broken out over far less, Mr. Skinner. Far, far less.

He slows to a stop. Watching Skinner walk away, with a thin, malevolent smile.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT BALCONY - DAY

30

CLOSE ON KRYCEK'S CUFFED HAND, PANNING DOWN TO Krycek. Sitting on the ground, cold, tired and half awake. Until he hears something. A NOISE inside the apartment. Krycek strains to get a look into he apartment through:

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

KRYCEK'S POV - THROUGH SHEER CURTAINS OVER THE SLIDING DOOR

A man is in Skinner's apartment. A man we recognize as The Swarthy Man, the former carrier of the diplomatic pouch. He is going through Skinner's desk, pulling out the drawers, emptying them on the floor. Then turning ALMOST TOWARD CAMERA, heading straight for Krycek. Coming to the glass door, throwing back the curtain, sliding the door open. Looking at:

SWARTHY MAN'S POV

There is nothing, and no one, on the deck. Nothing but the view of the city beyond.

REVERSE ON SWARTHY MAN

As he steps out onto the balcony, not noticing KRYCEK'S HAND, still cuffed to the railing. Only Krycek is hanging on the other side, hidden from view by the stucco half wall.

LOW ANGLE THROUGH SKINNER'S SLIDING GLASS DOOR

The Swarthy Man steps to the edge of the balcony, looking out, still unaware of Krycek -- WHEN KRYCEK'S FREE HAND SHOOTS UP, grabbing him by the shirt collar, pulling him forcefully so that the Swarthy Man loses his balance, pulled downward by the force of Krycek's weight.

As the struggle continues, though all we can see is the Swarthy Man's lower half, his feet trying to get purchase. But finally going up and over. And then there is silence, only the sound of the curtains blowing gently in the breeze. As we:

30A INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - SCULLY

(X) 30A

Enters, finding Mulder finishing a phone call at his desk.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

(into the phone)

(X)

... No. Thank you.

(X)

Mulder hangs up. Scully reads the expression on his face.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

You've got something?

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Big dead end at the State

(X)

Department. But U.S.

(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED:

MULDER (cont'd)

Customs detained another courier (X)
on a similar visa two nights ago (X)
in Honolulu. Coming from Russian (X)
Georgia, carrying some kind of (X)
toxic soil sample. (X)

SCULLY (X)

Toxic? (X)

MULDER

Which makes me think what's in (X)
this rock we intercepted are (X)
answers beyond the existence of (X)
extraterrestrial life; even (X)
beyond the conspiracy to cover (X)
its existence. (X)

SCULLY (X)

(countering) (X)

Mulder -- that rock contains (X)
fossils of what is believed to (X)
be alien bacteria, but even that (X)
is still under intense debate. (X)

MULDER (X)

Then why all the effort to get (X)
it onto U.S. soil? Scully, I (X)
think what Alex Krycek has given (X)
us could be a pivotal piece of (X)
an even larger plot. (X)

Scully sees Mulder's excitement -- and is disturbed by it. (X)

SCULLY (X)

Mulder -- what he's given us is (X)
a rock. And Alex Krycek is a (X)
liar and a murderer. (X)

MULDER (X)

Who now wants to expose the same (X)
men we do. And who will go to (X)
any length to succeed. (X)

SCULLY (X)

What I worry about is you, (X)
Mulder. How far you'll go. And (X)
how far I can follow you. (X)

There is an intense moment, of accusation and of concern. But (X)
Mulder is fueled by his conviction. Getting his jacket and (X)
heading out the door. Scully hesitates, following after a (X)
moment. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: (2)

30

SCULLY
Wait up, Mulder.

(X)
(X)

31 INT. EXOBIOLOGY WET LAB - DAY

31

This is a different lab, one with a high degree of biological contamination safeguards. Glass walls enclose the main work space, which is where we find Dr. Sacks at work, dressed in a fully hermetic haz-mat suit.

Positioning the Mars rock on a large white table, in a large stainless vise that extends upwards. But which can be lowered onto a fine diamond saw that protrudes from the stark flat white surface of the table.

We can hear his regulated breathing as Sacks works methodically, carefully, lowering the rock down to the spinning blade. Bending:

CLOSE ON ROCK

As the saw cuts into it, with Dr. Sacks watching in the b.g. As the saw cuts, there is an unanticipated action.

(CONTINUE)

31 CONTINUED:

3

A thin spray of black liquid begins to spin and spatter onto the white table surface. Even onto the helmet of Dr. Sacks' haz-mat suit.

NEW ANGLE ON SACKS

As he flips the saw off, backing a step, wiping the shield of his helmet with his fingers. Streaking the oily substance. Then reacting to:

ANGLE ON WHITE TABLE (SPFX)

Where the spin and spatters of black oil begin to form into little groups, becoming the BLACK WORMS that we saw in Act One. The worms that attacked the customs man.

RESUME DR. SACKS

We see that the spatters on his helmet have also become the worms. And he watches in a kind of horror as they slide across his face shield and slip into the seam between the plexi and the fabric. Trying frantically now to wipe them away. Starting to SCREAM, as we:

CUT TO:

32 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SOMEWHERE IN DOWNTOWN D.C.

32

Skinner is on the phone. He is intensely unhappy.

SKINNER
Agent Mulder -- where are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

32A INT./EXT. SEDAN - WASHINGTON STREET

32

Mulder is on the phone. Scully driving.

MULDER
With Scully. We're on our way
out to Nasa Goddard --

SKINNER
I suggest you turn around and
meet me at home. I don't know
how I'm going to explain myself
to the police.

MULDER
Explain yourself about what?

(CONTINUED)

32A CONTINUED:

SKINNER

The police are at my place with a dead body. They want to talk with everyone in the building.

And Skinner hangs up. Mulder shoots a worried look at Scully.

MULDER

Pull over here.

SCULLY

What are you doing?

As she pulls to the curb. Reading Mulder's urgency.

MULDER

Taking a cab. I want you to find out about that rock, Scully. And call me as soon as you do.

And Mulder is out of the car and gone.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - THE TOWERS - DAY

There are SQUAD CARS in abundance, plenty of UNIFORMED COPS. FINDING SKINNER, talking with A DETECTIVE.

SKINNER

... no, I wasn't home.

DETECTIVE

And you live on what floor?

SKINNER

The seventeenth. Walter Skinner. I'm an Assistant Director at the FBI.

DETECTIVE

Oh, oh. My apologies. I got some bad information from my lieutenant... that there was a man hanging from your balcony.

As he says this AGENT MULDER moves past him in the background, heading through the crowd. Stealing a glance at Skinner. A stolen glance that Skinner returns. As Mulder continues on and into the apartment building.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. SKINNER'S BALCONY - DAY

Krycek huddled on the ground. Now back on the safe side of the balcony. He reacts to a noise, then to Mulder who bends into frame. Moving quickly to unlock the handcuffs from the railing.

KRYCEK

He was here to kill me --

MULDER

Shut up, Krycek.

He takes the other cuff off his hand, too. So that now Krycek is free to touch his wrist, bruised and bloodied from his hanging off the balcony. Then he grabs Krycek's collar, yanks him up to his feet, dragging him through the glass door into:

35 INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - THE TOWERS - DAY

Mulder pulls Krycek close, spit whispering in his face.

MULDER

We're leaving this building like nothing happened. If we're stopped, you say nothing --

KRYCEK

Hey, I got no problem. You put me here, I'm happy to see how you get me out.

He stares at Krycek.

MULDER

Stupid ass haircut.

KRYCEK

I got news for you, Mulder. They find out who's on the ground down there, gonna be no doubt whose apartment he was pushed out.

MULDER

Who is he?

KRYCEK

Same guy carrying the pouch.

Mulder shakes his head, realizing that he's created an ever tangling web. Pissed at himself.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

75

KRYCEK

You know something about what
was in that pouch, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

3

MULDER

Let's go.

KRYCEK

I say, follow the pouch.

Mulder listens to this, then jumps when his cell phone RINGS.

MULDER

Yeah.

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)

Mulder, it's me. Listen to me -

CUT TO:

36 INT. EXOBIOLOGY WET LAB - DAY

36

Scully is with A GROUP OF LAB SCIENTISTS surrounding the glass chamber that houses the oil splattered white table, and where Dr. Sacks stands upright, frozen in a kind of suspended animation that we saw a hint of in the customs officer.

SCULLY

-- whatever is in that rock --
it appears to be lethal.

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)

What happened?

She turns to look at him. It is unclear whether Dr. Sacks is dead or alive, his eyes are open and he looks caught almost mid-sentence. But his skin is a deathly, ashen gray.

SCULLY

Dr. Sacks -- he's -- I don't
know, Mulder. I've never seen
this before. I don't know if
he's dead or alive.

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)

Scully -- the Diplomatic Pouch
we recovered -- it can't be
opened by customs officers, but
there's a record of its journey.
I need you to find that record.

SCULLY

And do what?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)
Just get it for me. And then I
need a New York address.
Something you're going to have
to go through the Bureau for.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT 37

To establish, with a LEGEND. Including the time: 12:36 AM.

38 INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT 38

Mulder appears in front of a door, knocks. Waiting, waiting...
until he hears:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Who is it?

MULDER
Fox Mulder.

There is a moment, then the door opens, but only as wide as the
safety chain will let it. The face of Marita Covarrubias appears.

COVARRUBIAS
What are you doing here?

MULDER
I need your help.

COVARRUBIAS
How do you know where I live?

MULDER
FBI data base. I'm sorry. It's
a matter of extreme urgency.

Covarrubias stares at him.

MULDER
A Diplomatic Pouch left Russia
and arrived here in the U.S. Two
men are dead. I need to know why.

Covarrubias closes the door. Reopens it so Mulder can enter.
Closing it behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

3

MULDER IS SOUND ASLEEP IN A CLUB CHAIR. We hear AN O.S. CONVERSATION. We are:

39 INT. MARITA COVARRUBIAS APARTMENT - NIGHT

3!

Spare, basic, but homey. About the size of Mulder's apartment, but with a woman's touch. Mulder's chair is in the middle of a dimly lit living room. A light from another room where Covarrubias is speaking fans into the dimness.

COVARRUBIAS
(into the phone)
You have its destination?
(beat)
And its routing entries?
(beat)
Thank you.

Covarrubias hangs up. Then the light in the next room is doused.

CLOSE ON MULDER

As Covarrubias, in a bath robe, kneels down into frame. Looking at him in his sleep for a moment, before:

COVARRUBIAS
Agent Mulder...?

He awakens with a bit of a start, unsure where he is for a beat. Sitting up, straightening.

COVARRUBIAS
The Diplomatic Pouch traveled an apex route to the Russian province of Krasnoyarsk.

MULDER
Krasnoyarsk?

COVARRUBIAS
Port of entry was the city of Noril'sk --

MULDER
Just north of Tunguska.

She stares at him, this name unfamiliar to her.

COVARRUBIAS
Tunguska?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MULDER

Yeah.

Mulder is reaching for his cell phone as he speaks, rising out of his chair. But he's not finding the phone.

COVARRUBIAS

What are you looking for?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

3

MULDER

My cell phone. I'm booking
myself on a flight to
Krasnoyarsk, Russia.

But he can't find his phone. Moving toward the door.

COVARRUBIAS

I can help you, Agent Mulder.

MULDER

Find my phone?

COVARRUBIAS

No. With cover credentials. A
diplomatic passport and visa.

MULDER

Why? Why are you helping me?

COVARRUBIAS

Because I can.

She turns back toward the other room where, BACKLIT, her lissome
figure is revealed through the sheer material of her gown.
Stopping in the doorway for the full effect of this.

COVARRUBIAS

Because there are those of us
who believe in you; believe in
your search for the truth.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Watching this impassively.

MULDER

How long will it take?

COVARRUBIAS

(simply)

How long do you have?

Mulder checks his DIGITAL watch. It is 3:12 AM. He looks back at
Covarrubias as she exits into the other room. Off his HESITATION:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

40 INT. MULDER'S N.D. SEDAN - NIGHT

40

ANGLE THROUGH DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW to a brownstone-style building. Where, after a beat, Mulder appears. Opening the door and leaning in. Searching for his cell phone, which he finds on his driver's seat. He looks in suspiciously at:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE KRYCEK

Sitting in the passenger seat, his head back, either asleep or feigning sleep. Waking as Mulder slides in.

KRYCEK

Where have you been?

MULDER

Making travel arrangements.

This is said with a kind of pique, some kind of abstraction that we can't read. And as CAMERA FOLLOWS MULDER'S HAND putting the key in the ignition, we see the digital dash clock reads: 3:15 AM.

BACK TO MULDER

KRYCEK

To go where?

MULDER

To follow the pouch.

KRYCEK

You gonna keep me in the dark?

Mulder looks at Krycek, then RABBIT PUNCHES HIM in the side of the head. Krycek shakes his head, wincing in pain.

MULDER

Yeah.

And Mulder puts the car in gear, pulling away.

CUT TO:

41 INT. EXOBIOLOGY WET LAB - NIGHT

41

Scully is halfway suited up in haz-mat gear, along with AGENT PENDRELL. As LAB SCIENTISTS mill and gaze in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

-- we see them through the double layers of a glass chamber, in which Dr. Sacks still stands in suspended animation.

Pendrell stares at Sacks with queasy curiosity as he suits up.

PENDRELL

These are Level Four suits.
Exactly what he's wearing.

SCULLY

Whatever happened to him, it
couldn't have penetrated the
suit. Contamination is
impossible, unless there was a
tear, or loss of pressurization.

PENDRELL

What do you think happened?

SCULLY

Won't know until we get in there
and get a better look at him.

She gives Pendrell a false-confident smile. As she gets her rubber gloves secure and slips her helmet on.

CUT TO:

42 INT. EXOBIOLOGY WET LAB - NIGHT

4

Scully, then Pendrell penetrate the double-door vacuum lock entrance. One at a time, Scully first in. She moves cautiously to Dr. Sacks, moving around him, studying his face shield of his mask, which is speckled with TINY DROPLETS OF OIL. She wipes it with her rubber glove, so to better see Sacks' face.

Pendrell appears next to her now, studying Dr. Sacks, too. We hear their conversation through small microphones inside the suits, much like astronauts.

SCULLY

There's a film over everything.

PENDRELL

It looks like spray kicked off
the saw blade. When he was
cutting into the rock.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CLOSER ON DR. SACKS

His eyes open, unblinking. As lifeless as he appears to be. As Scully and Pendrell lean in close -- DR. SACKS SPASMS -- HIS BODY JUMPS, then regains its former rigidity. We could almost describe it as mime-like, BUT IT SHOULD SCARE THE HELL OUT OF US. (*NOTE: I suggest we use a cast model of Dr. Sacks for the wider shots and the real Dr. Sacks for the close ups.)

SCULLY

Oh my god -- this man's alive!

PENDRELL

He's -- he can't be -- he's not breathing --

SCULLY

No -- I think he is -- I think he's in some kind of coma state -- a kind of somatic rigor.

PENDRELL

Due to what?!

SCULLY

I don't know, but we have to get him out of here.

Off their freaked concern, we:

CUT TO:

43 INT. LONG TERM AIRPORT PARKING - NIGHT

43

ARMING DOWN OFF Long Term Parking signage, finding Mulder's n.d. car pulling into a space in a long row of cars. Overhead we hear the LOUD RUMBLE of a low flying passenger jet.

CLOSER ANGLE

As Mulder exits the car, leaning in before closing the door.

MULDER

I left you a window rolled down.
If I'm not back in a week I'll
call Agent Scully and have her
bring you a bowl of water.

KRYCEK

You're not going to leave me --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

4

But Mulder slams the door. The window is indeed slightly down, so that he can hear Krycek even as he walks away. As WE TRACK BACK WITH HIM.

KRYCEK

I've got information, Mulder! I know about a second bomb! Time, date and place --

But Mulder keeps walking as ANOTHER JETLINER RUMBLES OVERHEAD, drowning Krycek out. Mulder does not even look back. Walking forward, the RUMBLE vibrating the air.

We can see Krycek in the b.g., still YELLING something -- and then when Mulder gets a fair distance away, with the RUMBLE still shaking the ground, Mulder turns and looks at Krycek. As if he's changed his mind. Or something -- because he walks back to the car now, TRACKING WITH HIM over the distance he just covered. As the RUMBLE BEGINS TO DIE now.

Krycek is staring at Mulder now, worked up from yelling at the top of his lungs. His chest heaving from the angry exertion.

MULDER

What did you call me?

KRYCEK

(venomous)

What?!

MULDER

You called me a name.

KRYCEK

Tyh sookeen syhn -- chtohb
tvahya mahgeelah khooyami
zahrahslah!!

He spits on the glass. But Mulder doesn't flinch.

MULDER

You speak Russian, Krycek?

Krycek glares at Mulder, but Mulder waits for an answer.

KRYCEK

My parents were Cold War
emigres. What's it to you?

Mulder stares at Krycek. Just stares at him blankly.

KRYCEK

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

But Mulder does not answer. As we:

CUT TO:

44 EXT. PADDOCK AREA - DAY

44

TRAINERS AND RIDERS are giving the thoroughbreds a workout in the ring, or rings, as A TOWN CAR appears in the b.g. Coming onto the sprawl of property. CAMERA FOLLOWING ITS PATH as it moves towards us, PANNING US TO The Well-Manicured Man who is watching a woman rider in the distance.

HIS POV - THE RIDER

A woman we'll come to know as Dr. Bonita Chung-Sayre. Turning to return the Well-Manicured Man's look.

RESUME WELL-MANICURED MAN

His attention drawn to the sound of the approaching car. A LEGEND establishes we are in: CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.

WIDER ON SCENE

As the car comes to a stop. The Well-Manicured Man approaches. Dressed in his serious riding outfit (workout gear, not formal competition wear), his face shiny with sweat from a good workout himself. As the Cigarette Smoking Man exits the car.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

You've been putting on the miles.

CSM

(restrained ire)

It would help if you had a phone.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I come out here because there are no phones. What is it?

CSM

Our courier is dead.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Yes, I heard. Pushed out a window. Can this expose us?

CSM

No. Of course not. The necessary and plausible denial is intact.

ANGLE - THE WOMAN RIDER

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

4.

In the distance. Watching the two men converse.

RESUME SCENE

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Then what is your concern?

CSM

Last night CIA airport-intel had a man using U.N. credentials appear on their computers booked on a flight to Krasnoyarsk, Russia.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Who is it?

CSM

We haven't been able to determine that with any certainty as yet. But it appears to be a man fitting the description of Fox Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

WELL-MANICURED MAN
(unrestrained)
You fool. You stupid fool. This
must be corrected -- this must
be handled!

CSM
(feeling the heat)
I'm sure it can be. You know my
capabilities in a crisis.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
I don't think you realize what's
at stake here. What level this
must be carried to. This will
take more than just a good aim.

And he turns on his heel, showing the CSM the disrespect of his
back, of his brusque and censorious retreat.

CUT TO:

45 ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WALTER SKINNER

4

Sitting at his desk, leaning back in his chair. But this is not a man who is relaxed. Quite the opposite. Staring at:

AGENT SCULLY

Sitting across the desk from him, holding a document. We are in:

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - LATE DAY

SCULLY

Senator Sorenson wants to see us?

SKINNER

That's usually what a letter of summons means, Agent Scully.

SCULLY

A summons for what though?

SKINNER

I can only guess, but the fact I'm named in the invitation with you and Agent Mulder leads me to believe I've been implicated in something far more serious than I already know.

(beat)

How much more serious, Scully?

SCULLY

It's... hard to say...

SKINNER

More serious than harboring a known felon --

SCULLY

(uncomfortable)

Alex Krycek provided us with information -- which has turned out to be very valuable.

SKINNER

In what sense?

SCULLY

He allowed us to intercept a diplomatic pouch containing extremely dangerous material.

SKINNER

What kind of material?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SCULLY

It appears to be some kind of single-celled organism that colonizes and attacks the body. Exposure to it has left one man in critical condition.

SKINNER

Who?

SCULLY

A government scientist.

SKINNER

Are you prepared to answer to this for Senator Sorenson?

SCULLY

I can't -- I don't know enough about it. We've been unable to remove the man's body from his contamination suit to treat him.

SKINNER

What about Agent Mulder? What does he know?

SCULLY

Agent Mulder is endeavoring to get his own answers, sir.

SKINNER

Where?

The look Scully gives him tells him she knows, but she really is uncomfortable saying.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. RURAL AREA (TUNGUSKA, RUSSIA) - DAY - A BEAT-UP TRUCK

46

Rolls down a rutted dirt road, nothing but wilderness visible on either side. A LEGEND reads: TUNGUSKA, SIBERIAN FOREST, RUSSIA. The truck's paint is worn, mud splattered on its tarp-lined pickup shell. As it rumbles PAST CAMERA and comes to a stop, CAMERA FINDS:

MULDER AND KRYCEK

Jumping out of the back. Krycek moves to the pick-up DRIVER. They have an exchange in Russian while Mulder looks on. Krycek turns to Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

KRYCEK

He says it's through those trees, about five kilometers.

MULDER

Let's go.

Krycek waves the driver on, as the two men head for the treeline:

CUT TO:

47 CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ACROSS BUNDLES OF CONCERTINA WIRE

Their razored teeth glistening in the afternoon sun. CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS to reveal Mulder and Krycek, digging under the fence. Using their bare hands. Krycek's no longer cuffed.

KRYCEK

You really are going to keep me in the dark -- aren't you?

Krycek stops digging off Mulder's non-response, resting back on his heels while Mulder continues.

KRYCEK

Tell me what we're doing here.

Mulder stops digging now, too. Looks at Krycek. There's a moment where we wonder if he might not rabbit punch him again. Then:

MULDER

June 30, 1908. Tungus tribesman and Russian fur traders looked up into the southeastern Siberian sky and saw a fireball streaking to earth. When it hit the atmosphere it created a series of cataclysmic explosions that are considered the largest cosmic event in the history of civilization. Two thousand times the force of the A-bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

Mulder continues to dig.

KRYCEK

What was it?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

MULDER

It's been speculated it was a piece of a comet or an asteroid, even a piece of anti-matter. The power of the blast felled trees in a radial pattern over an area of two thousand kilometers. But no real definitive evidence has ever been found to satisfy an explanation. Of what it was.

Mulder has moved enough earth to slip under the fence now. As Krycek watches him crawl to the other side.

MULDER

I think someone found that evidence. And I think the explanation might be something no one ever dreamed.

Mulder is to his feet now, moving out. Leaving Krycek to decide for himself if he wants to follow. And after a beat, he does. Slipping under the fence, as we:

CUT TO:

48 THE FOREST FLOOR

48

Empty for a moment, then:

MULDER falls into frame, lying on his stomach. We are:

EXT. RURAL AREA - FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Mulder lies on a bluff, Krycek lays down next to him. Looking down at:

THEIR POV - IN THE DISTANCE

Men work with pick-axes, their steel points clanging at a rocky outcropping in the forest.

KRYCEK

Turns to Mulder.

KRYCEK

What are they doing?

MULDER

It looks like a mining camp.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

RESUME POV

Panning across the sweat-covered men. They appear gaunt, malnourished. Dressed in dingy gray clothes -- the clothes of prisoners. A PRISONER, overcome by the heat, collapses.

A GUARD rides into frame on horseback. He draws a bullwhip from his saddle, cracking it across the face of the Prisoner on the ground. As he recoils:

CLOSE - MULDER

MULDER

But I don't think these men are miners.

Suddenly, a low RUMBLE becomes audible in the b.g. Mulder and Krycek freeze, waiting for the sound to resolve itself. After a moment, the sound becomes recognizable as HORSES galloping through the brush.

MULDER

(to Krycek)

Run.

As the two men rush to their feet, FOUR GUARDS ON HORSEBACK burst through the brush, galloping.

ANGLE - KRYCEK

Veering away from Mulder, moving toward the thick of the trees.

TWO GUARDS

Split off, rapidly gaining on Krycek.

CAMERA MOVING FAST WITH KRYCEK

As he runs at full tilt. Huffing and puffing to keep going. But his speed is no match for the men on horses. One of them quickly surpasses him, stopping Krycek in his tracks. Krycek wheels around, only to find his exit blocked by the other horseman. Trapped, he raises his hands in surrender.

MULDER (LONG LENS)

Runs toward camera, jumping across the underbrush, the two other horsemen steadily gaining behind him. As he moves PAST CAMERA:

ANGLE - RIDING WITH THE FIRST HORSEMEN

As he cracks his bullwhip, its leather tentacle slashing at Mulder's legs.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

ANGLE - MULDER

The bullwhip wrapping itself around his calves, pulling him off his feet and sending him crashing hard to the ground.

Mulder, dazed, looks up at the sky.

HIS POV. - ONE OF THE HORSEMEN

Cantering into frame above him. He angrily arches his whip. As it snakes forward, lashing hard AT CAMERA:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

49 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY - CLOSE - MULDER

4!

His eyes closed. His face filthy. Dirt is caked to dried blood that runs down the side of his face. We gradually become aware of a man's WHISPER communicating something IN RUSSIAN. The volume is soft, dreamlike -- as if it were part of a delirium.

Slowly, Mulder's eyes blink open. He grimaces, becoming aware of intense pain. As he pulls himself up off the floor:

WIDER - MULDER

Sees he is in a rat-hole of a cell, dark and concrete, with a slotted steel door on one side and high, smudged window on the other. He is ALONE. Mulder brings his fingers to the wound on his head. The soft WHISPERING continues, taking on a more urgent tone.

MULDER

(irritated)

I don't speak Russian.

Suddenly, the whispering STOPS. Mulder pulls himself to his feet. Stands above the toilet -- a squalid hole in the ground. He grimaces at the smell. Then, in ENGLISH:

PRISONER'S VOICE

Then no one's told you.

MULDER

Told me what?

PRISONER'S VOICE

That you've been brought here to die. To wish you were dead.

Mulder turns at the voice. Through a crack in the wall, he can just see the EYE of the prisoner whispering to him from the next cell.

MULDER

I wasn't brought here. I came -- looking for something.

PRISONER'S VOICE

The only thing you'll find here is death and suffering.

MULDER

What is this place?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

PRISONER'S VOICE

A gulag. A place where the
guilty rule the innocent.

They're interrupted by the CLANKING of a door unlocking.
Guards throw Krycek inside. In Russian, Krycek says something
to them in a pleading tone (unless indicated, there are NO
SUBTITLES). One of the Guards responds dismissively, bolting
the door closed behind him.

Krycek looks nervous, wired. He shoots Mulder a glance.

KRYCEK

We've got to get out of here.
They're going to torture us.

As he speaks, Krycek uses the bars on the window to pull himself
up, looking in vain for a way out.

MULDER

How do you know?

KRYCEK

They were questioning me.
Trying to get me to confess.

MULDER

To what?

KRYCEK

To being a spy.

Suddenly, Mulder slams Krycek against the wall. He speaks
angrily into his face.

MULDER

WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM?!

KRYCEK

That we were stupid Americans.
Lost in the woods.

Krycek blinks. Mulder slowly releases him. As he turns away:

KRYCEK

Hey Mulder.

Mulder meets his eyes.

KRYCEK

You're going to need me in here.
Don't touch me again.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Mulder is consumed with hatred, but says nothing. As we:

CUT TO:

50 EXT. WELL-MANICURED MAN'S HORSE RANCH - NIGHT - A TOWNCAR

5

Pulls up the curve of the driveway leading to the house. The Driver stops the car, getting out to open the back door for the Well-Manicured Man. The Cigarette-Smoking Man steps out of the shadows as he exits. His face is faintly illuminated by the glow of his cigarette butt.

CSM

I've been waiting nearly two hours.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I'm listening.

CSM

I think you are ill-advised. I don't know what advantage you would hope to gain by taking this into a public forum.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I don't know what it is you mean.

CSM

Senator Sorenson -- his subcommittee intends to call the FBI in for questioning.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Yes.

CSM

Their testimony could lead to the kind of unwanted exposure we try so hard to avoid.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Exposure of what? Of your recklessness?

The Cigarette-Smoking Man bristles.

CSM

Of the project.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I know Senator Sorenson. Senator Sorenson is a friend of mine. I think the project is quite safe from Senator Sorenson. As for you, sir, I hope you can maintain the plausible denial you so arrogantly assert.

The Well-Manicured Man starts in the house, turned by:

CSM

Mulder's in Tunguska.

The Well-Manicured Man smiles thinly.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Yes, I know.

The Well-Manicured Man walks off, leaving an uneasy Cigarette-Smoking Man in his wake. As we:

CUT TO:

51 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY - CLOSE - TWO BOWLS OF SOUP

51

They're slid through a trap in the cell door. Krycek's hand reaches in, taking one bowl for himself and -- as CAMERA PANS OVER -- passing the other to Mulder.

Mulder brings the watery broth to his lips, sipping from it. Then stopping to look into the bowl. His fingers reach in, pulling out a LIVE COCKROACH.

Sickened by this, Krycek CURSES IN RUSSIAN, throwing his bowl against the door, broth splattering. The bowl clatters to the floor, making a NOISY RACKET.

Suddenly, the door BURSTS OPEN. The Guard comes angrily at Krycek with his baton. Krycek scrambles to his feet, holding up a hand defensively. He YELLS at the man in Russian.

The Guard answers in a low, dangerous tone, but Krycek speaks more emphatically, in terms we can't understand. Reluctantly, the Guard withdraws his baton, seeming to consider.

MULDER

What are you saying?

KRYCEK

That I need to see his supervisor.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

The Guard looks suspiciously from Mulder to Krycek. He asks a question. Krycek answers it.

Slowly, the Guard walks back toward the door. Nods to Krycek. Krycek starts to exit the cell.

KRYCEK
(to Mulder)
Do svida'niya.

Krycek exits, the door locking shut behind him. Leaving Mulder to look down at his soup. As he dumps it into the open toilet:

PRISONER'S VOICE
That man is not your friend.

Mulder throws down the bowl.

PRISONER'S VOICE
The guards speak to him differently. In formal language -- as if to an equal. You are deceived.

Mulder looks toward the wall, at the eye of the man speaking to him.

MULDER
Who are you?

PRISONER'S VOICE
A prisoner, like you. But I've committed no crime.

MULDER
Then why are you here?

PRISONER'S VOICE
To do the work. Like the others. Like them, I will die in an experiment when there's no longer any use for me.

MULDER
What kind of experiment?

Before the Prisoner can answer, Mulder's CELL DOOR OPENS. Two Guards appear with another man in wire-rimmed glasses. The GLASSES MAN gives them an instruction in Russian.

The Guards move to Mulder, throwing him on his stomach. Mulder struggles as they pin down his arms and legs, making it difficult for him to see anything but the floor.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Mulder strains to look up over his shoulder, seeing:

HIS POV - GLASSES MAN

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3) 5:

Holds a large SYRINGE filled with a clear liquid.

RESUME MULDER

Flopping violently now, trying to break free of the Guards' grip.

The Glasses Man leans over Mulder, feeling the vertebrae just beneath his neck. Then he INSERTS THE NEEDLE into Mulder's spinal cord. Mulder squints in pain, his resistance lapsing as he slips out of consciousness.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. SENATE EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (STOCK) 52

With a LEGEND to establish.

53 INT. SORENSON'S OFFICE - DAY 53

An ASSISTANT opens the paneled door, admitting Scully and Skinner into Sorenson's inner office. The Senator rises to greet them.

SORENSON

Agent Scully. Mr. Skinner.
Thank you for coming.

SKINNER

It's difficult to decline an
invitation from a member of
Congress, Senator.

Sorenson smiles.

SORENSON

Please. Have a seat.

Skinner and Scully take chairs across from the Senator.

SORENSON

Are you familiar with the
penalties for obstruction of
justice?

Skinner gives Scully an uneasy look.

SCULLY

Is that a rhetorical question,
sir?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Sorenson grins appreciatively.

SORENSEN

Forgive me. Politicians have to be acrobats. Sometimes we keep our balance by saying the opposite of what we mean. Do you know why you've been called here?

SKINNER

We have an idea, Senator.

Sorenson picks up a file from his desk.

SORENSEN

We've been looking into the death of this man outside your apartment, Mr. Skinner, and it's raised some very troubling questions.

SKINNER

Such as?

SORENSEN

What this man was doing on your balcony before he fell to his death. It was your balcony, wasn't it, Mr. Skinner?

Skinner sits mum on the hot seat, feeling the heat.

SORENSEN

Perjury is a very serious offense, particularly for an FBI agent.

Scully responds to this threat with controlled anger.

SCULLY

We intend to file a complete report on this matter, sir -- once we fully understand what it is we're investigating.

SORENSEN

And...

(consults a file for
the name)

Agent Mulder... perhaps you could tell me why he declined my invitation to be here today.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

Agent Mulder is in the field,
sir, seeking answers to the
questions you're asking.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

SORENSEN

And where is he looking for
these answers?

Scully hesitates.

SORENSEN

Agent Scully...?

Off Agent Scully's extreme discomfort:

DISSOLVE TO:

54 CLOSE - MULDER

His face visible behind a wire mesh. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to reveal Mulder is suspended between two sheets of chicken wire affixed to a man-sized wooden frame that hangs suspended horizontally from wooden posts.

CLOSE - MULDER'S LEFT ARM

A dirty cotton BANDAGE with a small spot of blood is affixed where his smallpox scar would be. CAMERA TRAVELS up Mulder's arm to his face, trapped so tightly in this wire cage that he can't move his head from side to side. We are:

INT. EXPERIMENT ROOM - NIGHT

A GUARD moves through the room, revealing Mulder is but one of a dozen men who've been pinned like butterflies inside the chicken-wire traps. (Like the rest of the prison, the experiment room is made of concrete and looks old and dingy.)

GUARD'S MOVING POV - THE PRISONERS

Squirm in their traps, which allow only minimal movement.

THE GUARD

Finishes walking the length of the room, then nods that his inspection is complete to a small group of men, including the Glasses Man, visible through an observation window. As the Guard exits the room, securing the door behind him:

RESUME MULDER

Only able to look straight up because of the constraints of his trap.

HIS POV - THE CEILING

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

A plastic pipe runs at a tilted angle along the ceiling above him, coming to an end above his face.

MULDER

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

F4

Reacts as he hears a SOUND, like a gate being lifted. He hears the SOUND of terrified screaming. Tries futilely to look from side to side to see what's causing the others to react so violently. But he can only look straight above, where he now sees the source of their terror:

MULDER'S POV - THE PIPE

BLACK LIQUID begins to spill out of the end of the pipe.

CLOSE - MULDER

The OIL splatters on Mulder's cheek, the tiny WORMS immediately beginning to locomote toward Mulder's eyes, nose and mouth. Within seconds, the worms are INSIDE MULDER'S FACE. As his flesh begins to RIPPLE, infested with the deadly parasites:

CUT TO BLACK

TO BE CONTINUED