

THE X-FILES

"The Walk"

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September 20, 1995

"The Walk"

CAST

Fox Mulder  
Dana Scully  
Army Doctor  
Lt. Col. Victor Stans  
Nurse  
Capt. Janet Draper  
General Thomas Callahan  
Quinton Freely ("Roach")  
Sgt. Leonard Trimble ("Rappo")  
Amputee  
Therapist  
Trevor Callahan  
Mrs. Callahan  
MP  
Guard  
Ward Nurse

(X)

September 19, 1995

"The Walk"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

GENERAL CALLAHAN'S RESIDENCE  
/BACKYARD  
ARMY HOSPITAL, FORT EVANSTON, MD (STOCK)

INTERIORS:

ARMY HOSPITAL (X)  
/PSYCHIATRIC WARD ISOLATION ROOM  
/REHAB ROOM  
/HOSPITAL HALLWAY  
/ANOTHER HOSPITAL HALLWAY  
/PARA/QUAD WARD  
/LABORATORY/BLOOD BANK  
/ELEVATOR  
/RAPPO'S ROOM  
/SUB-BASEMENT  
FT. EVANSTON  
/CALLAHAN'S OFFICE  
/LOCKER ROOM  
/INDOOR POOL  
CALLAHAN RESIDENCE  
/LIVING ROOM  
/BACKYARD  
/STUDY  
/FOYER  
SEEDY APARTMENT BUILDING  
/HALLWAY  
/ROACH'S APARTMENT  
ARMY DETENTION CENTER  
/INTERROGATION ROOM  
/HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM  
/ROACH'S CELL  
MULDER & SCULLY'S ND SEDAN

"THE WALK"

FADE IN:

1 CLOSE ON - MEDICAL RECORD (X) 1

opening to reveal PHOTOS of a stern-looking career military man. A pair of very clean HANDS run down the case notes. (X)  
(X)

ARMY DOCTOR (V.O.)  
I've reviewed your case and your  
service record...

As WE PAN past the manila record, CAMERA FINDS another pair of HANDS -- worn, scarred, nails bitten, fingers tapping on a BED SHEET to an unheard tune. A LEGEND appears: ISOLATION ROOM, ARMY HOSPITAL PSYCHIATRIC WARD, FT. EVANSTON, MARYLAND. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

ARMY DOCTOR (V.O.)  
...combat duty in Panama,  
Grenada. Distinguished service  
in The Gulf. Great triumphs...  
and great tragedies...

ANGLE UP on LT. COL. VICTOR STANS, the soldier in the photos, sitting in bed, pillows propped up behind his back, a bed sheet covering his PATIENT GOWN. Now a shadow of his former self, his hair is a ratty thatch, his lips are cracked and raw like he drank lye -- which he did. We are: (X)  
(X)  
(X)

INT. PSYCHIATRIC ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room is white and antiseptic, its only distinguishing feature a large dark-tinted OBSERVATION WINDOW on one wall. An ARMY PSYCHIATRIC DOCTOR sits beside Stans' bed, the medical record spread out on his lap. (X)

ARMY DOCTOR  
It's clear to me, Lieutenant  
Colonel, that these suicide  
attempts of yours are simply...

Stans finishes the sentence, his voice a raspy growl.

STANS  
...cries for help...?

ARMY DOCTOR  
You've tried and failed to kill  
yourself three times in as many  
weeks. Frankly, if you wanted  
to...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

STANS  
You don't understand... he won't  
let me...

Stans looks up at the observation window, as if he's looking at  
some mysterious reflection.

STANS (CONT.)  
...he won't let me die...

ARMY DOCTOR  
Who? Who won't let you die??

THE DOCTOR

notices Stans' gaze, following it up to the window.

DOCTOR'S POV - THE REFLECTION

in the window: Stans and the Doctor, both peering up, and  
nothing else.

(X)

RESUME DOCTOR

(X)

who rises, smiling comfortingly at Stans.

(X)

DOCTOR  
Just relax for a moment and I'll  
be back with something to help  
you sleep...

(X)

The Doctor exits.

(X)

STANS

(X)

waits patiently for the Doctor to leave, then suddenly throws  
back his sheets, slipping hurriedly out of bed.

(X)

(X)

1A  
thru  
2

OMITTED

CUT TO:

1A  
thru  
2

3 INT. REHAB ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DOOR

3

as a FIGURE passes by, the DOOR shutting behind. We watch as  
two large DEAD BOLTS are slammed into place.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ANGLE ON TEMPERATURE GAUGE

as a hand quickly cranks the water temperature up into the red zone, where the needle reads 198 degrees.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON WHIRLPOOL TUB

(X)

its water swirling, bubbling, boiling.

(X)

CLOSE ON - FREE-WEIGHTS

like metal donuts, the hand hurriedly picking up several.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

WIDER - STANS

is filling his pockets with free-weights. Behind him, we see a stainless steel HYDROTHERAPY TUB, its water bubbling like it's boiling.

Stans moves toward the tub. As he reaches the edge, he hears someone call his name.

VOICE  
Stand down, Lieutenant Colonel.

Causing Stans to look at:

THE WINDOW

where REFLECTED IN THE GLASS is the vague figure of a SOLDIER at the door, his hands on the deadbolt.

STANS  
No...!

ANGLE ON DOOR

where we see no Soldier -- but where the dead bolt SLIDES OPEN as if pulled by unseen hands.

STANS

STANS  
Not this time...

He puts one leg over the tub, suppresses a scream as he feels the boiling water.

STANS  
Just let me go...

ANGLE ON ALARM BOX

(X)

mounted on the wall near the door, its glass-front suddenly breaks as if smashed by an invisible hammer, the ALARM SOUNDS loudly.

(X)

(X)

STANS

(X)

hastens his actions as he pulls himself up and over into the scalding tub, not quite in when:

(X)

CAMERA WHIP PANS to the door where the Nurse pushes in through the now unsecured door.

NURSE  
Oh my God!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

Just in time to see:

STANS

slip over the side of the tub and disappear into the roiling water.

CUT TO:



4 INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT (X) 4

STEADICAM BACKWARDS, keeping pace with two pairs of BOOTS running fast. CAMERA TILTS UP, revealing:

TWO FIREMEN

racing up the hall. CAMERA FOLLOWS as they rush to the REHAB ROOM, where the Nurse waits nervously.

CUT TO:

5 INT. REHAB ROOM - ANGLE ON BOILING WATER 5

as the Firemen reach into the water, their hands protected by ASBESTOS GLOVES.

WIDER

as the Firemen ease Stans out of the tub, spilling scalding water onto the floor. They set his body down carefully.

THE NURSE

tries to suppress a look of revulsion at the sight of:

STANS' HEAD

its skin puffy and milky like a poached egg, most of its hair boiled away, lips swollen, eyes shut.

Suddenly, Stans' eyes open, his swollen lips part, steamy water dribbling out.

STANS

...I told you... he won't let me die...

ANGLE ON THE FIREMEN, THE NURSE

looking on in horror, as we GO TO MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

6 EXT. ARMY HOSPITAL - FT. EVANSTON, MARYLAND (STOCK) 6

One of the oldest military medical facilities in the country, (X)  
the imposing brick buildings dominate the landscape. Under: (X)

LT. COL. STAN'S VOICE (X)  
I don't want to talk about it any  
more...

We are:

7 INT. ISOLATION ROOM - DAY - STANS 7

His hairless skull glistening in the fluorescent light, his (X)  
face a bloated mass of swollen, parboiled flesh. A LEGEND (X)  
identifies: ISOLATION ROOM - ARMY HOSPITAL, FT. EVANSTON, (X)  
MARYLAND - THREE WEEKS LATER. (X)

STANS (X)  
... I've told them and I've told  
them... but they won't listen.

Mulder and Scully sit across the room, listening carefully.  
Mulder fidgeting with a small piece of WHITE CARDBOARD, rolling  
it over in his fingers like a poker chip.

MULDER  
You mean, they don't believe you.

STANS  
No, sir.

Stans trembles with pain as he struggles to grasp a CUP OF  
WATER and maneuver a FLEXI-STRAW with his cracked and chapped  
hands, but he hardly has the nerve or the dexterity.

MULDER  
It said in the report that you  
claim someone else was in the  
room during the time of the  
accident --

STANS  
It wasn't an accident, don't you  
understand!?

MULDER  
But this person saved your life,  
is that correct?

Stans stares at him with the disturbing intensity of the  
insane.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

STANS

Look at me. Look. I have no  
life. He took it all away.

MULDER

Do you have any idea who he is?

STANS

(shakes his head)

I never see him clearly... but he  
looks like a soldier. Always  
standing at attention.

MULDER

A GI?

STANS

Or one of Saddam's boys, coming  
back to hold me accountable.  
Whoever it is, he knows my name.

During this, Scully is writing something in her notepad.

MULDER

He speaks to you?

STANS

"Your time has come," he said.  
Then he started taking it all  
away.

Scully keeps her eyes on Stans as she pushes her notebook over  
for Mulder to read what she's scribbled.

SCULLY'S NOTEBOOK

reads: "Classic shell shock, post-traumatic stress syndrome."

Mulder glances down furtively at the notepad, then back up to  
Stans who labors to take another sip from the straw.

SCULLY

What did he take away, Lieutenant  
Colonel?

(X)  
(X)

STANS

My wife and kids!

SCULLY

How did he do that?

Stans looks at her like she's the crazy one.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

STANS

How did he do it? He burned them  
alive.

(don't you see?)

And now he makes me suffer  
because he won't let me die.

As the pitiful image of this man weighs in on the Agents, their  
attention is turned by:

A WOMAN IN ARMY UNIFORM

entering through the one door in the room. She is Army Captain  
JANET DRAPER.

DRAPER

Agents Mulder and Scully? May I  
have a word with you?

8 INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

8

Mulder and Scully exit into the medical center corridor where  
Draper stands. She has a brisk, impersonal military manner  
that somewhat occludes her attractiveness.

DRAPER

I've been asked to have you  
suspend whatever investigation  
you've begun here.

MULDER

Asked by whom... Captain?

DRAPER

General Callahan, Lieutenant  
Colonel Stans' commanding  
officer.

(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Is there something wrong?

DRAPER

Protocol requires any criminal  
investigation of military  
personnel to be conducted through  
military channels and the  
superior officer.

MULDER

What? We didn't sign in at the  
front desk?

DRAPER

You are in breach of code and  
procedure.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Mulder and Scully take a beat in response to the excessive and conspicuous seriousness of Draper's order to desist.

SCULLY

Excuse me, but does General Callahan have a superior officer?

DRAPER

Ma'am?

SCULLY

Assuming I wanted to investigate the General, who would I talk to?

DRAPER

Investigate him for what?

SCULLY

Whatever.

If Draper is flustered by Scully's polite counteroffensive, Mulder reacts with amused surprise.

DRAPER

(flustered)

General Callahan is the senior officer here.

SCULLY

Then we'd like to stop and talk to the General on our way out.

DRAPER

I don't know that he's available --

SCULLY

Ask him to make himself available; tell him it's our protocol. In the meantime, we'd like to finish with Lieutenant Colonel Stans. You never know when he might try and kill himself again.

Draper takes Scully's rebuke with a stern look, turning on a heel and exiting. Past a SCRAGGLY MAN man tending a mail cart who has been consciously loitering, sifting mail during their conversation. This is ROACH (aka Quinton Freely) a medically discharged vet who works in the hospital mail room.

He takes in Draper's exit, then takes in Mulder and Scully as they head back in the isolation room. Worried by something, he pushes his cart hastily down the hall. (X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

9 INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY - ROACH

9

pushing his mail cart quickly along, his manner nervous, his eyes wild. Over, we hear:

MALE VOICE

...I keep having this dream,  
almost every night...

We follow Roach as he SQUEAKS his way into:

10 INT. PARA/QUAD WARD - CONTINUOUS

(X) 10

Roach wheels into the ward, stopping as we see a Group Therapy session going on -- a circle of DISABLED VETS (Paras, Quads and Amputees), each in a wheelchair. A concerned female THERAPIST sits at the head of the group, the only one in a normal chair. All eyes are on the speaker, a below-the-knee AMPUTEE.

AMPUTEE (MALE VOICE)

I know a lot of crips have the  
same dream. The Walk. In my  
dream, I rise, out of my chair,  
I can stand. I look down the  
hall, only I'm not on the Ward,  
I'm at home and there's my baby  
girl...

CAMERA PANS

along the hardened faces of the VETS, each sharing the dream --  
and the pain -- of the Amputee.

AMPUTEE (CONT.)

...so without even thinking about  
it, I take a step toward her,  
then another. I pick her up and  
carry her outside, on my own two  
feet...

CAMERA STOPS PANNING

on a disabled vet with a smirk on his face, amused at the weepy sentiment. This is RAPPO (aka Sgt. Leonard Trimble) a Gulf War Veteran and multiple amputee, who makes quite a sight in his chair, dark sunglasses covering his eyes, sleeves covering his above-elbow stumps.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

AMPUTEE (CONT.)

...outside, there's my boy. We run together, me, running, my legs, just like they were before. We play football. I teach him a few moves, 'like your old man used to do'. Then I walk home. No wheelchair. No crutches...

(beat)

...I know I'll never walk again. But that dream. Seems so real. I can't help but think, maybe, one day...

RAPPO

(snorts)

I wouldn't hold my breath...

All eyes are on Rappo, including those of the Therapist.

THERAPIST

I'm sure we'd all be interested in your point of view, Leonard...

RAPPO

You really want to know what I think?? I pity you all, I really do...

(X)

(X)

His head bobs back and forth as he surveys the Paras, Quads and Amputees, who try to avoid his gaze.

RAPPO (CONT.)

...you and your wheelchair races, your handicapped basketball. You guys act like we were normal people...

AMPUTEE

We are normal people!

RAPPO

I don't know if you've looked in the mirror lately, my friend, but you've got no legs!!

(mock gasp)

Ahh, me neither! And where'd my arms go??!!

THERAPIST

We all know how you feel...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

RAPPO

No you don't. You have absolutely no idea how the hell I feel. There's only one way you could ever know how I feel and I can only pray to God that one day he'll take away your arms and your legs and give you an idea what it's like...!

The Therapist is caught off-guard by this outburst. The room is SILENT. Rappo cranks his head, spotting Roach.

RAPPO

Come on, Roach. I think we're done here...

Roach crosses to Rappo's chair, wheeling him away. On the Therapist's cold look, we:

CUT TO:

11 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

11

Roach wheels Rappo up the hall, Roach looking nervous. Rappo leans back, trying to get a look at Roach's face.

RAPPO

Roach... what is it?

ROACH

What's what?

RAPPO

You got that I'm-Freaking-Out look on your face. What is it, man??

ROACH

Nothing!

RAPPO

Bull. I spent two years in a gun turret with your sorry ass, you think I don't know when you got something on your mind? Come on Private! Make your report!

ROACH

(harsh whisper)

It's the FBI, man, they're downstairs! They're asking questions about the L.C.!

Rappo seems unconcerned by this news.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

RAPPO

The Feds? To hell with the Feds,  
Roach, right? You hear me? To  
hell with 'em...

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Roach still looks worried as he wheels Rappo along.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CALLAHAN'S OFFICE - FT. EVANSTON, MARYLAND - NIGHT

12

General Callahan, a lean and wiry man who exudes a kind of military Tom Landry aura, stands behind his desk, staring pensively at his own reflection in a dark PICTURE WINDOW which looks out on the Maryland night. Turning on:

CAPTAIN DRAPER'S VOICE

General, sir...?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DRAPER

enters, standing with the door ajar.

DRAPER

Special Agents Mulder and Scully  
to see you, sir.

CALLAHAN

Thank you, Captain.

Mulder and Scully file in behind Draper. The General regards them evenly, taking their measure as he has probably done with so many aggressors.

MULDER

General --

CALLAHAN

-- I want you to know I've had  
the Captain contact the Justice  
Department and let them know  
about the FBI's gross misconduct  
here - -

MULDER

I guess there's no point in  
thanking you for seeing us.

CALLAHAN

Let me assure you this matter  
will not go unaddressed --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

I would hope not, sir.  
Considering the extremity of  
Lieutenant Colonel Stans' case.

CALLAHAN

What case? There is no case.  
Stans is a very sick man.

SCULLY

Yes. So we gathered. But his  
file is missing several important  
facts which came out in our  
interview with him.

The General looks to Draper. This is not the way he would have  
liked this handled.

CALLAHAN

I'm sure everything germane to  
Stans' situation is on file.

SCULLY

Except for any mention of the  
deaths of Lieutenant Colonel  
Stans' wife and two children in  
a house fire three months ago.

CALLAHAN

Well, it was a tragic accident --

SCULLY

No doubt. But there is no record  
of any criminal or arson  
investigation.

DRAPER

(piping in)

Stans tried to save his family  
that night.

MULDER

Yes, but according to him he was  
prevented by some kind of phantom  
soldier.

CALLAHAN

Look, I've known Stans a long  
time, and there is no doubt that  
Stans has suffered terribly --

SCULLY

Not unlike...  
(refers to her notepad)  
Staff Sergeant Kevin Aiklen. You  
know Aiklen too, is that correct?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

The General is cornered in his own office. Uncomfortably.

CALLAHAN

He served under me in the Gulf.  
Yes.

SCULLY

Six months ago Sergeant Aiklen  
also lost his family in a house  
fire. Afterwards, he received  
psychiatric treatment for  
delusional behavior, telling his  
doctors he wanted to die, but  
that someone wouldn't let him.

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

MULDER

Before throwing himself into a  
woodchipper on the grounds of the  
hospital.

(off Callahan's hard  
stare)

Unless that's protocol and  
procedure, I'd say the  
coincidence of detail has been  
rather strangely overlooked.

CALLAHAN

Hold on -- just who's under  
suspicion here?

Mulder and Scully answer this with only stares. Until:

CALLAHAN

Look -- I make no excuses for the  
sadness of these men's lives.  
They are casualties of war, once  
brave men who we can do little  
but feel sorry for. If you think  
there's more to it you're  
seriously mistaken.

SCULLY

That's your conclusion, General.  
I'd hope you'd allow us the  
opportunity to come to our own.

Off the General's anger, we:

CUT TO:

13 INT. REHAB ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON WHIRLPOOL TUB

(X) 13

As Mulder enters frame, looking at the tub carefully.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MULDER

You really think the General's  
got something to hide?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

standing near the doorway of the room.

SCULLY

No. I think he's got everything  
to hide.

MULDER

You don't think he's just closing  
rank to protect his men?

Mulder moves to the temperature gauge, seeing that the needle  
is stuck at just over the 200 degree mark. He taps on the  
glass and the needle falls back to zero.

SCULLY

I know it's not what drew your  
attention to this case, Mulder,  
but I think it's quite clear  
what's going on here.

MULDER

What?

SCULLY

The General's protecting his men.  
But what he's protecting them  
from is prosecution for the  
murder of their families.

Mulder has moved to the windows now, finding them locked tight  
with their handles removed. Unable to be opened.

MULDER

But why?

SCULLY

I don't know. But I can think of  
several reasons.

Mulder has moved full circle now, returning to Scully at the  
door.

MULDER

Because they were his soldiers  
and he feels responsible in some  
way for the tragedies that have  
played out.

SCULLY

That could be one.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MULDER

Or maybe he knows the deeper secrets of their madness; the biological weapons they were exposed to, the cause of the effect.

SCULLY

Considering the government's absolute disavowal of Gulf War Syndrome, I'd say that's a very good reason to prevent our investigation.

Mulder nods, but is clearly unconvinced. Looking now at the heavy slide bolt lock on the door.

SCULLY

But you're not buying that?

MULDER

I just can't figure out why a man who so deliberately and methodically attempted suicide would have left the only entrance to the room unsecured.

(X)

Mulder slides the heavy slide bolt lock into place for emphasis, sliding it back before he looks at Scully.

MULDER

But then again, maybe I'm crazy.

He and Scully trade a look, Mulder's point of logic hitting home with her. As we:

CUT TO:

14 INT. GENERAL CALLAHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

14

Callahan sits at his desk, wearied by the day's events, looking up as Captain Draper appears.

DRAPER

I want to apologize, sir. I didn't mean to put you on the spot like that earlier --

CALLAHAN

(gently)

I know that, Captain. This whole situation is unfortunate.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DRAPER

Is there anything more I can do?

CALLAHAN

No. Go home and get some rest.  
We'll deal with it in the  
morning.

She hesitates, wanting to offer something more.

CALLAHAN

Relax, Captain. That's an order.

They trade smiles, reflecting a mutual respect. Then she turns and leaves. As Callahan rises from his chair, moves around to the credenza behind his desk where he removes a bottle of single malt Scotch and a glass.

As he begins to pour himself a drink, CAMERA DOLLIES SLOWLY behind him, revealing the reflection of the VAGUE SILHOUETTED SOLDIER in the doorway where Draper just exited.

VAGUE SOLDIER'S VOICE

Your time has come, Killer.

The General reacts to this voice, his head whipping up to the window where he now sees the reflection himself. Then he whips his head around to see:

CALLAHAN'S POV ON DOORWAY

There is no one there.

ANGLE FROM DOORWAY ON GENERAL BEHIND HIS DESK

Spooked. He puts the Scotch bottle down, moves quickly to the door. Finding no one. He stands quietly, tensely for a moment. When he reacts to a LOUD CLICK in his office.

ANGLE ON CALLAHAN'S PHONE ANSWERING MACHINE

as it comes to life. It's red recording light blinks on, followed by the universal record-your-message-now BEEP. CAMERA ADJUSTING as the General slides into frame, staring down at the machine. Listening intently as an EERIE VOICE begins to speak strange, incomprehensible words. Liquid sentences from a demon tongue.

The General reaches down quickly and pulls the phone connection off the machine, but it continues to play. Causing him to hastily open the lid on the machine and yank the micro recording cassette out. Only then does the voice stop. Off the General's unnerved expression, we:

CUT TO:

15 INT. LOCKER ROOM - FT. EVANSTON OFFICER'S GYM - NIGHT

15

A LEGEND identifies the deserted facility as Draper makes her way along a row of lockers, GYM BAG in hand. Draper stops before her locker, dropping her bag.

Draper reaches up, removing her cap and unpinning her long brunette HAIR. As she begins to unbutton her uniform, we:

CUT TO:

16 INT. INDOOR POOL - NIGHT - DRAPER

16

appears, looking fit in her one-piece bathing suit. The pool is empty, the water shimmers with light reflected from the FLOODLIGHTS above.

Draper steps over to the edge, diving in, disappearing beneath the blue-green water.

With a splash, Draper emerges, shaking the water from her hair. She breast-strokes lazily across the surface; after a few strokes she turns, floating on her back, kicking gently.

ANGLE OVER DRAPER

floating on her back, enjoying a calm swim, her face half-submerged, her hair floating about her head like a halo.

DRAPER'S POV

we see the CEILING of the indoor pool, the WAVY REFLECTION of light-off-water, the SHADOW of Draper cutting through the reflection.

RESUME DRAPER

as she cuts through the water.

DRAPER'S POV

her shadow cutting through the reflection, when suddenly we see ANOTHER SHADOW, darting rapidly toward hers, like a shark bearing down on its prey.

ANGLE ON DRAPER

who freezes, rising in the water, looking around the pool for the source of the shadow.

DRAPER'S POV

scans the surface, seeing nothing.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

RESUME DRAPER

who looks relieved, shaking her head. She swims toward the edge, ready to climb out.

AT THE POOL EDGE

Draper grips the cement side with both hands, pulling herself up. Before she can swing a leg up, we see the WATER RISE BEHIND HER like a wave -- for a flash of a second we see the wave take FORM, a TORSO, HANDS, ARMS, a FEATURELESS FACE, then the WATER WASHES OVER DRAPER, dragging her BACK INTO THE POOL.

ANGLE ON SURFACE

as Draper disappears beneath, then, with a splash she emerges, struggling to stay afloat. A scream gurgles from her water-filled mouth, then she is pulled under.

WE HOLD on the shimmering surface of the water as it goes still.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

16A INT. INDOOR POOL - DAY - UNDER WATER

16A

Looking up from the BOTTOM, we see the wavy image of Mulder and Scully standing at poolside, peering down at CAMERA. Suddenly, the FLOATING DEAD BODY of Draper enters the frame, hanging over us as if she were flying.

CUT TO:

17 INT. INDOOR POOL - DAY (LATER) - CLOSE - CAPTAIN DRAPER (X) 17

lies on a gurney, her face bloated and gray, eyes closed. CAMERA TILTS UP to Scully as she finishes examining Draper's corpse. Scully nods to a nearby ARMY CORONER'S ASSISTANT, who zips the mylar bag closed. Then, as Scully moves away, she notices:

GENERAL CALLAHAN

watching from a few yards away, standing among the military forensic technicians who are busily working the crime scene.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Scully peels off her gloves, approaches Callahan. Though he remains stone-faced, his eyes betray a deeper pain.

SCULLY

General Callahan --

CALLAHAN

One of the detectives is saying Captain Draper's death wasn't accidental.

SCULLY

There are bruises around her neck and shoulders, roughly the size of finger marks.

CALLAHAN

Then someone drowned her...?

SCULLY

The bruises and surrounding edema on the body are consistent with a struggle.

Callahan musters a single tight nod. Scully reads the pain beneath his steely expression.

SCULLY

Will you be contacting her family?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

CALLAHAN

She had no family. The Army was  
her family.

SCULLY

I'm sorry. Truly.

Under which Mulder approaches, he has the same small piece of  
WHITE CARDBOARD in his hand that he did during his interview  
with Lieutenant Colonel Stans.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

MULDER

I talked to security personnel. Other than Captain Draper, they saw no one enter the pool area last night. And no one leave.

CALLAHAN

But the officers are saying she was drowned.

MULDER

General... do you have a family of your own?

CALLAHAN

Yes. Why?

MULDER

If the pattern we've seen is at all consistent, you and your family may be in danger.

CALLAHAN

Based on what? The death of my adjutant?

MULDER

Keep an eye on them. Anything out of the ordinary...

Scully studies Mulder, wondering about this herself. She follows him as he moves away.

SCULLY

Mulder -- you're serious...?

MULDER

You've got one door in and out of this pool, Scully, and no one saw or heard a thing.

SCULLY

It's not so hard to believe. Her screams would have been muffled underwater, there would be no fingerprints...

MULDER

It also fits the m.o. of Lieutenant Colonel Stans' phantom killer.

(X)

They get no farther when Callahan calls them back.

CALLAHAN

Agent Mulder...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

They turn to see Callahan coming toward them.

CALLAHAN  
What did you mean by that?

MULDER  
Just a word to the wise.

CALLAHAN  
No. I mean, anything out of the ordinary.

Scully and Mulder trade looks. She knows what's coming.

MULDER  
Any unusual or unexplained phenomena.

They can both see that Callahan has a reaction to this. Something he's uncomfortable to admit.

CALLAHAN  
Last night ... I saw someone in my office, he said my name. But when I turned around he was gone. Then my phone machine went all snakey again.

(X)

MULDER  
It's happened before?

CALLAHAN  
No...not what I saw. But the phone calls, yes, twice before. At my home.

Off Mulder and Scully's reactions to this:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CALLAHAN RESIDENCE - DAY

18

A split-level house on a well-tended street. A MAILMAN approaches the front door, as a legend appears: CALLAHAN RESIDENCE. ROSSLYN, VIRGINIA.

19 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON TOY SOLDIERS

19

with quite a battle going on, a line of plastic GI's pitted against a model tank battalion. An O.S. CHILD'S VOICE mimics an explosion as a young HAND wipes out several soldiers from the imagined blast.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

TREVOR CALLAHAN

The General's eight-year-old son sits among his toys, the battlefield spread out all around him. The blinds are half-drawn to keep out the sun, streaking the room with slanting shadows and dusty light. Trevor looks up as the mail slot CREAKS open.

TREVOR'S POV - THE FRONT DOOR

The mail drops to the floor.

RESUME TREVOR

TREVOR  
(calling out)  
Mom! Mail's here!

He returns to his soldiers, his GI's launching a counter attack. As the battle rages... a SHADOW suddenly slides across the battlefield. Trevor glances up, looking for the shadow's source.

TREVOR  
Mom...?

TREVOR'S POV - A FIGURE

glides quickly past the foyer, disappearing around the corner.

TREVOR

CAMERA PUSHES IN QUICKLY on his fearful expression, as:

TREVOR  
MOM!

ANGLE - STAIRWAY

FRANCES CALLAHAN races downstairs, and into the living room, where she finds Trevor standing frightened among his toy soldiers. She sweeps him close to her, protective.

MRS. CALLAHAN  
What is it, what is it??

TREVOR  
Mom... there was a man in here!

(X)

MRS. CALLAHAN  
Who...?

Trevor buries himself in his mother's arms. Still keeping him close, Mrs. Callahan moves into the adjacent hallway, her eyes searching the quiet house, where she notices:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

HER POV - FRONT DOOR

Ajar. A bright rectangle of light blasts through the open seam.

RESUME

Mrs. Callahan moves carefully toward the door.

20 EXT. CALLAHAN RESIDENCE - DAY

20

The front door pushes opens, and Mrs. Callahan peers out, fearful. She looks both ways.

HER POV

The neighborhood is quiet, settled. Not a soul on the street.

REVERSE - MRS. CALLAHAN & TREVOR

CAMERA PUSHES PAST her worried expression... DRIFTING down the dark corridor behind her... FINDING a face submerged deep in the shadows at the far end of the corridor. The eyes float forward into the dim light... illuminating Roach. And as he slips OUT OF FRAME, we:

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CALLAHAN RESIDENCE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

21

The General's car pulls up, followed closely by the Agents' sedan.

22 INT. CALLAHAN RESIDENCE - DAY

22

Callahan is met by his wife the moment he enters. Scully and Mulder are a few steps behind.

MRS. CALLAHAN

Thank God you're home, I've been trying to reach you. Trevor saw someone in the house. Just a few minutes ago.

CALLAHAN

Is he all right?

MRS. CALLAHAN

He's up in his room, but he's terrified. I'm shaking myself.

Callahan trades a quick glance with Mulder and Scully.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CALLAHAN

Frances... these people are with  
the FBI.

Mrs. Callahan nods toward the Agents, her greeting tempered by  
curiosity and concern.

MRS. CALLAHAN

Is this about the break-in?

CALLAHAN

Why don't you check on Trevor.  
I'll be right up.

MRS. CALLAHAN

Why? What's happening?

CALLAHAN

(firm)

Frances, please. We'll talk  
upstairs.

Off Mrs. Callahan's grudging but dutiful nod, the General turns  
to the Agents.

CALLAHAN

This way.

As the General leads Mulder and Scully down the hallway, we  
hold a beat on Mrs. Callahan's rising fear, then:

CUT TO:

23 INT. CALLAHAN'S STUDY - DAY - CLOSE - PHONE MACHINE

23

The spools spinning slowly. A low, droning sound throbs eerily  
through static. The same unearthly sound we heard last night  
in Callahan's office.

WIDER

Mulder and Scully listen to the answering machine, which sits  
atop a side table. The only light in the room comes from a  
standing lamp, and from a window overlooking the back yard.

CALLAHAN

It just comes on, the phone  
doesn't even ring. At first I  
thought it was a prank.

MULDER

Did you save the other ones?

CALLAHAN

No. I erased them.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Mulder nods, presses the stop button, rewinds the tape. Listening again. Scully moves off, surveying the military books and biographies that pack the dark-stained bookshelves. Framed photographs and commendations hang on the walls like silent sentries. As Mulder replays the eerie sound over again:

Scully pauses before a framed PHOTO of Callahan posing with a Kuwaiti Prince. Turning back, she reacts to:

HER POV - THROUGH WINDOW

A MAN scurries along the far edge of the lawn, disappearing through the hedges onto the adjacent property.

RETURN

SCULLY

There's someone in the backyard.

She's already off and running, as Mulder jabs the stop button and peers out the window, the General right beside him.

THEIR POV - THROUGH WINDOW

But the Figure is gone now.

RESUME

As Mulder and Callahan quickly follow, we:

CUT TO:

24 EXT. CALLAHAN BACKYARD - DAY

24

Scully rushes outside, scanning the yard breathlessly. Followed a few moments later by Mulder and Callahan.

SCULLY

I saw someone. I'm sure of it.

She steps closer to the edge of the yard where she last saw the Man. Then, she notices something in the large sandy play area that occupies the corner of the yard.

SCULLY

Look --

She hunkers down, pointing to the sandy area.

CLOSE - FOOTPRINTS

three in a row, cut across the far corner.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED:

24

WIDER

Scully, Mulder, and Callahan exchange looks, then:

MULDER  
General, you'd better call the  
police.

CUT TO:

25 INT. LABORATORY/BLOOD BANK - DAY

25

Rappo's chair is parked next to a blood collection cart. A syringe sticks out from the puckered stub of Rappo's bicep, from which blood flows into an I.V. bottle. A NURSE tapes the syringe in place.

ROACH

lingers tentatively before a wall of refrigerated stainless steel cabinets filled with bags of blood plasma. He waits for the Nurse to move off before approaching Rappo. He glances around nervously, then shows Rappo the envelope he is fingering.

CLOSE - ENVELOPE

Addressed to General and Mrs. Thomas Callahan.

RETURN

Rappo nods, pleased. But Roach is freaking out, his voice low, intense.

ROACH  
It was too close, man, too close.  
I ain't doing it anymore, you  
understand?

(X)

RAPPO  
What?

ROACH  
I said, I ain't doing it anymore.

Rappo jerks his head around violently, his eyes boring into Roach.

RAPPO  
You owe me, Roach. I wouldn't be  
in this damn chair if it wasn't  
for you!

Roach looks away, guilty.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

RAPPO

This is not about you and me,  
 man. This is about all the  
 grunts and all the crips and all  
 the boys who came home in a box.  
 The enemy must be defeated, and  
 we're gonna do it. You're gonna  
 do your part and I'm gonna do  
 mine.

Rappo grimaces, looking to his arm. The tape has come loose from all his movement, the syringe jabbing his arm, spilling blood.

RAPPO

NURSE...!

Rappo speaks like a coach prepping a football team, as he returns his attention to Roach.

RAPPO

What do you do, man, when I rap  
 on that tank? What do you do?

Roach answers by rote:

ROACH

Get Some, Get Some, Fire At  
 Will...

RAPPO

All right, man, you're all  
 right...

(calling out)

HURRY UP, THIS IS KILLING ME!

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the Nurse appears, making a beeline for the I.V., we HOLD ON (X)  
 another patient being wheeled into the room. It is Lt. Col. (X)  
 Victor Stans, bandaged heavily, but recognizable. He glances (X)  
 furtively past the ORDERLY wheeling him in, spying Rappo and (X)  
 Roach, who don't see him. Stans' eyes reveal intense (X)  
 recognition -- he knows Rappo. (X)

CUT TO:

26 INT. CALLAHAN RESIDENCE - DAY

26

CAMERA PRECEDES Scully down the hallway, now fairly crowded with cops and forensic technicians. The sporadic squawk of a police radio punctuates the frenetic activity.

27 INT. CALLAHAN'S STUDY - SAME 27

Scully enters, surprised to find Mulder still listening intensely to the answering machine.

SCULLY (X)  
Find anything yet?

He hits the stop button, cutting off the unearthly sound.

MULDER (X)  
No, but I'm beginning to like the tune.

SCULLY (X)  
We were a bit more lucky.  
Whoever's targeted the General didn't just leave footprints. They left fingerprints, too.

MULDER  
Where?

SCULLY  
Forensics just lifted two matching indexes and a thumb, near the mailbox on the front door and the sliding aluminum door leading to the backyard.

MULDER  
Let's run them.

SCULLY  
They're on their way to the NCIC as we speak.

Off Mulder's conflicted excitement, we:

CUT TO:

28 INT. SEEDY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - HALLWAY 28

Scully raps loudly against a hollow door. In position behind her, Mulder and four Rosslyn PD OFFICERS, guns drawn.

SCULLY  
FBI, open the door!

Scully pauses for a beat, then nods to Mulder, who steps up, and:

CUT TO:

29 INT. ROACH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

29

The front door BURSTS open. Brandishing their guns, Mulder and Scully hunt through this warren, littered with old newspapers, boxes of scavenged electronic parts, rotten food containers, stained thrift-store furniture. They move toward the blaring television:

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

IN THE KITCHENETTE

Roach backs fearfully into the corner, his hands raised in pathetic submission.

ROACH

Don't shoot, man, don't shoot!

Scully moves toward Roach, gun trained.

SCULLY

Turn around and place your hands against the wall.

An Officer pulls his arms behind his back, cuffing his wrists, as Scully covers.

SCULLY

Quinton Freely, you are under arrest for suspicion of murder. You have the right to remain silent...

As Scully continues:

MULDER

surveys the disgusting kitchenette. A sticky tile counter with a hot plate and small broken refrigerator which doubles as a TV stand. Mulder spies a half-closed drawer, from which an envelope juts out.

Mulder pulls open the drawer, scattering the carpet of ants that covers the interior. As the ants dissipate, we see a thick pile of mail underneath.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Roach is led away by the Officer. Mulder approaches Scully, holding several pieces of mail. He shakes off the last of the ants before handing the envelopes to Scully.

INSERT - MAIL

as Scully shuffles from envelope to envelope, we see various pieces of personal mail, bills, correspondence. Scully reads each address aloud.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Captain Janet Draper. Lieutenant  
Colonel Victor Stans, Staff  
Sergeant Kevin Aiklen...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

MULDER (X)

holds up an envelope, reading the name: (X)

MULDER (X)  
General and Mrs. Thomas Callahan.

Scully regards Mulder, certain that they've caught the right person.

SCULLY  
We got him, Mulder.

And off his lingering doubt, we:

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CALLAHAN BACKYARD - DAY 30

Trevor Callahan plays army in the sandy corner of the large yard. He's dug himself a trench, two feet deep, creating a sandy ridge where several TOY ARTILLERY BATTERIES take aim below. Trevor's deep in the trench, positioning his TOY LEGIONS against the imminent attack, when a shadow eclipses the battlefield.

ANGLE - A MILITARY POLICEMAN (X)

appears, pausing just long enough to assess the toy battle.

MP (X)  
Watch your left flank.

The MP indicates Trevor's exposed left. Trevor nods like a general taking reports from his staff. As Trevor rearranges his formation, the MP continues patrolling the yard. (X)  
(X)

AT THE ELM TREE

The MP stops to lean against the trunk in the only shade with a clear view of Trevor. (X)

ANGLE ON SANDY RIDGE

On the row of TOY SOLDIERS, guns in hand, some firing, some at attention. Suddenly the soldiers start to shift as the sand swells beneath them. The sand swells briefly into the shape of two outstretched arms, causing several of the soldiers to topple into the ditch.

TREVOR

reacts as the soldiers tumble down beside him.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

AT THE ELM TREE - THE MP

(X)

slips a cigarette into his mouth, turning his back on the wind (and on Trevor) to try and light up.

ANGLE ABOVE TREVOR

He is collecting the fallen soldiers... when the blurred movement of ARMS REACHING UP FROM THE SAND draws his attention upward. And as they crest up over the ridge:

THE MP

(X)

His cigarette successfully lit, he turns back, reacts:

HIS POV - SANDY AREA

Trevor is gone.

RETURN

The MP scans the yard with rising panic, calling out.

(X)

MP  
Trevor? Hey, Trevor!

(X)

CAMERA FOLLOWS his frantic search. As he passes the sandy battlefield, CAMERA HOLDS on a TOY SOLDIER. PUSHING IN until we see that this toy soldier is pinched loosely between two tiny fingers poking out from the sand. Off this horrific image, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. ARMY DETENTION CENTER - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

31

Scully sits across from a very nervous Roach, who cowers in his chair like a nervous schoolboy. Mulder leans against the back wall, giving him the bad-cop stare.

SCULLY

We have enough evidence to place you at each crime scene. In addition to accessory to murder, you're looking at conspiracy, breaking and entering, commission of a felony on federal property...

ROACH

Can I have a cigarette?

MULDER

No.

Roach clams up.

SCULLY

We know you weren't acting alone, Quinton. We know you had an accomplice.

Roach stares at the table, trying to avoid Scully's gaze.

MULDER

How did he do it, Quinton?

ROACH

I... don't know. I don't know what you are talking about.

MULDER

How did he get past the guard? How did he kill him? Trevor was eight years old...

ROACH

I don't know, I didn't kill anybody, I'm just the Mailman!

MULDER

The mailman?

ROACH

Rappo's Mailman.

On Roach's quivering look of fear, we:

CUT TO:



32 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - PARA/QUAD WARD - DAY

(X) 32

Mulder and Scully hurry through the ward, the WARD NURSE leading the way, looking confused by their presence.

WARD NURSE  
Leonard Trimble, right?

SCULLY  
If that's the man they call  
Rappo.

WARD NURSE  
That's him. What's he done?

SCULLY  
He's a suspect in two homicides.

WARD NURSE  
Rappo? You must be making some  
kind of mistake...

The Nurse stops before Rappo's room. She nods through the observation window. Mulder and Scully peer in. CAMERA FOLLOWS their gaze, where we see:

RAPPO

asleep in his bed, the sheet askew, his stubs exposed.

NURSE'S VOICE  
He's a quadruple amputee.

(X)

SCULLY  
turns, in near disbelief.

SCULLY  
Dammit. He lied to us, Mulder.

Scully starts off, but Mulder hesitates, continuing to stare through the window at Rappo.

MULDER  
He said he was the mailman,  
Scully. What did he mean by  
that?

SCULLY  
I don't know. I'll add it to the  
list. Are you coming, Mulder?

MULDER  
I'll catch up with you.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

She's too worked up to question Mulder's sudden abstractedness. (X)  
She turns and exits, leaving Mulder staring in at Rappo. (X)

33 INT. RAPPO'S ROOM - OVER RAPPO TO MULDER

33

looking in through the door. As Mulder finally exits, CAMERA ARMS DOWN, RACK ON RAPPO. What Mulder couldn't see is that he is in some kind of trance state, face twitching, his limbless body trembling, his eyes moving rapidly under their lids. A film of perspiration on his face. Off this image:

CUT TO:

34 INT. ARMY DETENTION CENTER - NIGHT - ROACH'S CELL

34

is wide enough for Roach to pace from wall to wall. Roach talks nervously to himself.

ROACH

He knows this place, he can find  
me here... he knows this place...

As Roach approaches the door, he begins to shout.

ROACH (CONT.)

He's been here before, I'm not  
safe here!!

From outside the cell, we hear:

GUARD'S VOICE

Keep it down in there!

ROACH

Let me out! You're killing me,  
I'm a dead man!

Roach suddenly lashes out, kicking the thick steel door.

ROACH

Let me out!!

He races toward the door, SLAMMING his body against it. A WINDOW slides open, revealing the GUARD'S FACE.

GUARD

I'm not gonna tell you again!

ROACH

(almost weeping)  
You're gonna kill me...!

He screams, slamming into the door again.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

OUTSIDE THE CELL - THE GUARD

slams the window shut, heading up the hall. We hear, through the cell door:

ROACH'S VOICE  
He's here...he's here!!

The guard ignores his cries, slamming the outer door shut. On the ECHOING CLANG, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

35

Quiet now. Roach's cries have ceased. CAMERA ADJUSTING on the sound of the cell block door opening again. Scully is being admitted by the Guard.

GUARD  
You don't want to get him started again. He's was pretty worked up about an hour ago.

SCULLY  
Not as worked up as I'm going to be.

They make their way to Roach's cell, where the Guard throws back the window guard.

GUARD  
Visitor. On your feet.  
(then reacting)  
God almighty...

36 INT. ROACH'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

36

The door is jerked open, Scully and the Guard reacting to:

ROACH

twisted awkwardly in the back corner of his cell bunk, obviously dead, a bed sheet draped lazily over his shoulder.

(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

As Scully and the Guard step closer to the body, Scully is removing her cellular phone, dialing. All the time keeping her eyes fixated on Freely's contorted corpse.

(X)

CUT TO:

37 INT. CELL BLOCK - LATER

37

As the body, now in a black body bag, is being wheeled from the cell on a gurney by two ARMY CORONER'S ASSISTANTS. Scully appears on their heels, reacting to:

MULDER

coming down the block in the other direction. Approaching her, reacting to the body as it passes him on the gurney.

MULDER

How did it happen?

SCULLY

Suffocation. The bedsheet had been stuffed down his throat.

MULDER

And no one had been in the cell with him.

SCULLY

He did it all by himself.

MULDER

Not likely.

SCULLY

Not likely?

MULDER

He had help, Scully. And he wasn't lying. Because I think the man who killed him was Leonard Trimble.

SCULLY

Rappo?

Scully looks at Mulder like he's out of his mind.

SCULLY

Mulder, he can't even walk, let alone kill someone.

Mulder removes one of the small white pieces of cardboard from his pocket, hands it to Scully.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MULDER  
See this, Scully? It's a dental  
x-ray plate.

SCULLY  
You've been carrying it since we  
got here.

MULDER  
Actually, no. The ones you've  
seen me carrying I had developed  
at the hospital.

He pulls five small pieces of tinted film from his pocket, each  
with fans of streaky white across them.

MULDER  
The one I carried in the room  
with Stans, in the rehab room, at  
the pool, the General's office,  
his house... all exposed to some  
kind of radiation.

SCULLY  
From what?

MULDER  
From Stans' phantom soldier. I  
came down here wondering if it  
could be true. That what  
Lieutenant Colonel Stans was  
describing was a case of astral  
projection.

SCULLY  
You're not suggesting this man  
Rappo has been leaving his body,  
floating around town killing  
people?

MULDER  
Practitioners claim that during  
a self-hypnotic trance the astral  
body can detach itself and travel  
virtually anywhere, sometimes  
invisible, sometimes appearing as  
an apparition. They even claim  
the astral body has psychokinetic  
abilities, with strength far  
beyond that of the corporeal  
body.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

SCULLY

Mulder...

(still incredulous)

Then why would he need Quinton  
Freely?

MULDER

Trimble may need a psychic  
connection to a place, a thing or  
an object -- a piece of mail --  
that's why Quinton called himself  
the mailman.

SCULLY

Mulder... it's absurd.

Now Mulder pulls a small microcassette recorder from his jacket pocket.

MULDER

You've heard of backwards  
masking, Scully?

SCULLY

You mean messages recorded  
backwards in songs?

MULDER

Or the General's answering  
machine.

Mulder presses the play button and we hear the EERIE VOICE. Then, working the rewind button he plays the message back slowly in reverse:

TAPED VOICE

Your time has come, Killer. Your  
time has come...

Scully stares at Mulder, shaking her head. Off this:

CUT TO:

38 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - RAPPO'S ROOM - NIGHT

(X) 38

Mulder and Scully enter to find Rappo propped up in bed, watching TV.

MULDER

Leonard Trimble?

Mulder crosses to the TV, turning it off.

RAPPO

No. It's Fred Astaire.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SCULLY

Mr. Trimble we'd like to ask you a few questions about Quinton Freely.

RAPPO

Roach? What's he done now?

MULDER

He's dead.

RAPPO

Well... serves him right.

SCULLY

How's that?

RAPPO

How's that? He's the one who turned me into second base. Who got my arms and legs blown off. Otherwise, he was a hell of a nice guy.

MULDER

Then why'd you kill him?

RAPPO

Whoa... whoa. What's wrong with this picture?

MULDER

We've seen your medical records, Trimble. You've refused all efforts at rehabilitation, you've even refused to be fitted for prosthetic limbs...

RAPPO

Maybe I don't want any of that crap!

MULDER

Maybe because you don't need it. Because you can leave your body whenever you want to, go where ever you want to, kill whoever you want to.

Rappo smiles with mock lust at Scully.

RAPPO

If I could leave my body, I think I'd find something better to do...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

MULDER  
Like kill General Callahan's boy,  
or Lieutenant Colonel Stans'  
family? Sergeant Aiklen?

RAPPO  
You are a trip, man.

MULDER  
(pushing him)  
Am I? Why? Because I figured it  
out? What did they do to you,  
Trimble? Huh? They were your  
CO's. What do you blame them  
for?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

RAPPO  
I blame them for what happened to  
all of us, man! You have no idea  
what it was like! You, you sat  
at home and watched the war on  
cable TV, you think it was just  
a damn video game! You don't  
know about the boys who died,  
about the blood and the sand!  
You don't know what it feels like  
when the hit comes. And the  
thing is, you just don't care.  
You got your crude oil, now  
change the station, right?  
Killer got his prime time, LC got  
his medal. Look at me. Look  
what I got!!

Rappo wiggles his sheet away, revealing his bare stubs.

RAPPO  
Nobody knows how I feel. They  
took my life away, man!

MULDER  
So you took theirs away.

Rappo glares at Mulder.

RAPPO  
If I only could. Now if you two  
don't have any more questions I'd  
like to get some shuteye.

MULDER  
No sleepwalking.

RAPPO  
Hey, man. That's good. Hardy-  
har-har.

(CONTINUED)



38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

Rappo fairly growls at him. On Mulder's look of victory, Scully's look of defeat, the Agents rise, move to the door.

SCULLY

What do you want to do?

MULDER

Call General Callahan and warn him to stay out of his house.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CALLAHAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - TOY SOLDIERS (X) 39

standing at attention on the coffee table. A female HAND (X)  
appears, picking one up. (X)

WIDER - FRANCES CALLAHAN (X)

sits on the sofa, solemnly collecting Trevor's toys in a small (X)  
BOX. She looks up as General Callahan enters the room, then (X)  
turns her attention back to the toys -- if she makes eye (X)  
contact she'll start crying again. (X)

CALLAHAN

Frances...

(X)

Callahan crosses to her side, sitting down. (X)

CALLAHAN

Frances, leave that...

(X)

FRANCES

(shakes her head)

I know how it upsets you when his  
toys are spread all over the  
house...

(X)

Callahan exhales slowly -- it takes all his strength not to cry (X)  
himself. Frances continues methodically packing up the toys, (X)  
looking like she's on the verge of breaking down. After a (X)  
beat, Callahan puts a gentle hand on her back.

CALLAHAN

We can handle this, Frances...

(X)

At his touch, she suddenly rises, picking up the box of toys (X)  
and heading for the stairway. (X)

FRANCES

I don't want to handle this. I  
want my son back.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

She hurries from the room, inconsolable. Callahan is left alone with his demons. He slowly puts his head in his hands, the weight of the week's events bearing down on him.

CUT TO:

(X)

39A INT. CALLAHAN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

(X) 39A

Mrs. Callahan enters, crossing to the desk where she sets down the box of toys. She leans against the desk, finally letting her tears flow, her body trembling as she weeps.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

39B INT. CALLAHAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(X) 39B

General Callahan has poured himself a scotch from a BOTTLE on a nearby shelf. He takes a quick sip, then turns, heading back for the sofa when he suddenly stops, reacting to:

(X)

(X)

(X)

A REFLECTION OF THE PHANTOM SOLDIER

in a mirror on the wall, as if the Soldier were standing in the entryway.

THE GENERAL

rises, rushing toward the entryway, but there is no one where the Soldier should be. Calls out:

CALLAHAN  
Frances!? Frances!?

There is no answer. Then he sees something that makes his heart nearly stop:

ANGLE ON FLOOR

Where BLOODY FOOTPRINTS lead into the study.

RESUME GENERAL

The fear playing on his face. As he races into the study. Calling:

CALLAHAN  
Frances!

CUT TO:

40 INT. CALLAHAN'S STUDY - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE ON DOORWAY

40

As the General appears, stopping in the doorway, reacting to something we cannot see:

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

CALLAHAN

Oh no. Oh no. Oh my god...

MOVING POV

The General's wife's lifeless legs stick out from behind his desk. The box of toys lies on its side nearby, toy SOLDIERS strewn about. (X)  
(X)

ANGLE UP ON CALLAHAN

Staring down in horror. When the PHONE RINGS, causing him (and hopefully us) to jump. But the General does not answer it. Instead he reaches for a drawer in his desk, removing A CHROME PLATED PISTOL. And he exits, as the phone continues to ring. As we:

CUT TO:

41 INT. MULDER AND SCULLY'S N.D. SEDAN - NIGHT

41

Mulder driving, Scully next to him with her cell phone to her ear.

SCULLY

(to Mulder)

No one's answering. The machine's not picking up.

Mulder steps on the gas, accelerating out of frame.

CUT TO:

42 INT. PSYCHIATRIC ISOLATION ROOM - THE DOOR

42

slowly opens, revealing Callahan, his expression one of cold intensity -- the General's got his battle face on.

Callahan steps slowly into the room, crossing over to the bed where Stans sleeps fitfully. As Callahan steps up to the bed, we see he is carrying his PISTOL.

STANS

slowly wakes, his eyes widening as he realizes he's not alone. He peers up at Callahan, who looms over him.

STANS

General...?

CALLAHAN

Lieutenant Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

STANS  
What are you doing?

CALLAHAN  
You were right, Victor. He won't  
let you die.

STANS  
Sir?

Callahan raises the gun, and for a moment we believe he's going (X)  
to shoot Stans -- until he raises the gun toward his own head. (X)

CALLAHAN  
He kills our wives and children  
but he won't let us die.

CLOSE ON - PISTOL (X)

as Callahan's hand squeezes the trigger. But the gun does not (X)  
fire. He squeezes the trigger again -- CLICK... nothing. (X)

STANS (X)

leans forward, earnest: (X)

STANS  
I know who he is, General. I  
know who he is!

As the General lowers the gun, looking strangely at the (X)  
Lieutenant Colonel, we:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

- 43 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT - STANS' DOOR (X) 43  
 opens to reveal Callahan, his face reflecting his determination. As he heads up the hall, CAMERA HOLDS on observation window, where we see Stans watching anxiously from his bed. (X)  
 (X)  
 (X)
- 43A INT. PARA/QUAD WARD - NIGHT (X) 43A  
 Callahan walks slowly through the ward, heading for Rappo's door like an executioner approaching the gas chamber. CAMERA FOLLOWS Callahan as he steps into:
- 44 INT. RAPPO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (X) 44  
 Callahan steps in, standing just inside the doorway. He eyes Rappo, who sits in bed. (X)  
 (X)

RAPPO  
 (mock attention)  
 General Callahan, sir. I've been waiting for you.

CALLAHAN  
 Who are you?

RAPPO  
 One of your boys, General.

CALLAHAN  
 You killed my son.

RAPPO  
 Yes, I did, sir. And the Missus, too --

Callahan pulls his service revolver from his pocket.

CALLAHAN  
 You're going to die, you son of a bitch.

As Callahan racks the slide, Rappo cranes forward, tauntingly:

RAPPO  
 Come on, Killer, Get Some, Get Some...

(X)

CALLAHAN

fairly trembles with anger, his finger tightening against the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

RAPPO  
Fire At Will...

RAPPO

hungrily stares down the barrel of the gun. His face flashes with impatient anger, as:

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

RAPPO  
COME ON, KILLER! DO IT!

CLOSER - CALLAHAN

glaring down the barrel, he suddenly pulls his aim, FIRING SIX RAPID SHOTS into the wall above Rappo's head with six deafening BANGS.

RAPPO

looks up at the BULLET HOLES above his head, then he returns his gaze to Callahan.

RAPPO  
Come on, Killer Callahan, you can do better than that!

Callahan slowly drops his arm to his side.

CALLAHAN  
You're going to suffer like the rest of us.

(X)

Rappo is suddenly seething with anger. Callahan turns, exiting the room.

RAPPO  
You think I'm gonna let it end this way? Is that what you think?

Off Rappo's angry glare:

45 INT. PARA/QUAD WARD - CONTINUOUS

45

Callahan emerges from Rappo's room to find Mulder and Scully approaching quickly. The Agents are wary, uncertain of what has transpired in the room.

SCULLY  
General...

Scully eyes the automatic in Callahan's hand; he notes her gaze.

CALLAHAN  
He wanted me to kill him. I stood down. I'm done here.

(X)

Callahan calmly hands Scully his gun as he continues toward the exit. Mulder moves into Rappo's room, Scully following.

46 INT. RAPPO'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MULDER (X) 46

enters, pausing as he reacts to what he sees on the bed.

MULDER

Scully...

WIDER (X)

as Scully enters to find Rappo in his trance state, his face twitching, his body trembling, his eyes moving rapidly under their lids, perspiration covering his face. Scully quickly moves to Rappo's side, and as she pushes apart his fluttering eyelids to see his eyeball rolling back in his head: (X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, he's having some kind of seizure.

MULDER

I don't think so.

Scully shoots him a confused look. Mulder looks concerned as he rushes from the room. Scully looks to Rappo, then follows Mulder into: (X)  
(X)  
(X)

46A INT. PARA/QUAD WARD - CONTINUOUS 46A

Scully spies the Para/Quad Nurse as Mulder heads for the hallway.

SCULLY

Nurse...!

The Nurse rushes to her call, as we:

CUT TO:

47 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MULDER'S POV - ELEVATOR DOORS 47

as they close on Callahan's face. His look of confusion eclipsed by the closing doors.

MULDER

sprints down the corridor, toward the elevator -- just as the doors are closing.

MULDER

General Callahan!

Mulder hits the call button, but the doors remain shut. Mulder steps away, glancing up at:

HIS POV - FLOOR INDICATOR

The lighted numbers track the elevator's descent, as we:

CUT TO:



48 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

48

Callahan nervously watches the floor indicator, as the elevator moves past the lobby. The elevator jolts to a sudden stop in the sub-basement. The doors open slowly. Callahan tries several buttons on the panel, but the elevator doesn't respond. After a tentative beat, he steps out into:

49 INT. SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

49

Callahan emerges from the elevator, into the bowels of the hospital.

(X)  
(X)

HIS POV

Ancient pipes run along the low ceiling and the sweating walls.

RESUME

Callahan finds a stairwell door. He tries to open it. But the heavy door is locked. He struggles with the handle -- then stops suddenly at the sound of an echoing whisper, inaudible at first, now resolving itself into:

RAPPO'S VOICE

Killer...

Callahan scans the dim corridor before him...

RAPPO'S VOICE

Come on, Killer...

RESUME

Callahan takes a few wary steps up the hallway, looking for the source of the voice.

(X)

WIDER

Callahan turns, as we see a RIVET POP from one of the steam pipes overhead, like a gunshot, sending a jet of steam HISSING LOUDLY into the hallway between Callahan and the elevator.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Callahan backs away, watching nervously as another RIVET POPS, then another, sending their jets of steam into the hallway, driving Callahan further and further up the hall.

(NOTE: Characters should get increasingly damp as their contact with the steam progresses.)

(X)  
(X)

The HISSING is deafening, the corridor is filling fast with billowing clouds of steam which engulf Callahan, who hurries up the hall.

HIS POV - MOVING

Nothing but steam everywhere he turns.

CALLAHAN

glances about, disoriented, trapped in this limbo. When:

RAPPO'S VOICE

Your time has come...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

The voice is behind him now, and as Callahan wheels around:

HIS POV - BACK UP HALLWAY

(X)

where three jets of steam shower the corridor from different angles. Suddenly, the brief outline of a HUMAN FIGURE appears like an invisible man stepping through a shower. It's only visible for an instant, as passes through a jet of steam -- first one jet, then two, then three -- heading rapidly toward CAMERA.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(NOTE: This figure is in the form of a human, but is defined by the effect on the steam it passes through -- a shape through which the room and the steam behind it are distorted.)

(X)

(X)

CALLAHAN

looks on in confused horror at the approaching figure, then, is thrown against the wall as if by an invisible force. He hits the wall hard, falling to the floor in a heap.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Callahan rises, shaken. He fumbles for the wall, for a handhold, his hand falling on a DOOR KNOB. He pulls himself up, turning the knob and stumbling into:

(X)

(X)

(X)

49A OMITTED 49A  
49A INT. REHAB ROOM - CONTINUOUS - CALLAHAN (X) 49AA

slams door shut behind him. The quiet of the room is a stark contrast to the roaring steam outside. (X)  
(X)

Callahan surveys the room, when suddenly, a series of EXPLOSIVE POPS crescendoes, echoing like a volley of gunfire. Above and all around him, the seams and rivets of the pipes are HISSING STEAM, filling the room fast, engulfing him. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

CALLAHAN

takes a step, searching for a way out, when the invisible force suddenly throws him hard against the hydrotherapy tub. (X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

49B INT. SUB-BASEMENT - SAME - STAIRWELL DOOR (X) 49B

Swaddled with steam as it bursts opens and Mulder emerges, gun drawn. He shouts through the deafening ROAR of escaping steam.

MULDER  
General Callahan!

He moves past the EMPTY ELEVATOR CAR, checking quickly for Callahan. Then he continues his search, moving along the edges of the corridor to avoid the jets of steam. His gun sweeps in tight arcs as he penetrates the thickening limbo. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

49B INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT - HIGH SHOT (X) 49BB

peering down into the empty stairwell, the ominous quiet a stark contrast to the confusion in the sub-basement.

Suddenly, the silence is pierced by the echoing sound of a hesitant FOOTSTEP, followed by another STEP, then a metallic CLICK. The trio repeats itself again, STEP, STEP, CLICK, and again, STEP, STEP, CLICK. We see a n.d. SILHOUETTE fall on a lower landing, just a glimpse of a shadow as someone -- or something -- is coming slowly up the stairs. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

49B INT. REHAB ROOM - SAME - THE DOOR (X) 49BBB

opens, revealing Mulder, who gropes through the clouds of steam. (X)

MULDER  
General Callahan...?!

MULDER'S POV

His visibility almost nothing... until a dazed Callahan appears through the mist, a few yards away.

MULDER

takes a step toward the General, when:

RESUME POV

the FIGURE appears again, only visible for a brief second as its arm swings through a jet of steam with a sweeping backhand. (X)

MULDER

falls as if struck by something invisible and very strong. (X)

LOW ANGLE - MULDER

Hits the cement floor with a dull thud. Dazed and disoriented.

CUT TO:

49C INT. STAIRWELL - LOW ANGLE 49C

CAMERA STEADICAMS laterally up the stairs, the STEP, STEP, CLICK audible o.s.

The source of the creepy noises becomes evident as CAMERA FINDS two hesitant FEET, shod in hospital slippers, making their way with determined effort up the stairs, with the help of a worn metal CANE -- STEP, STEP, CLICK. STEP, STEP, CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

49C CONTINUED:

49C

CAMERA GLIDES UP

to reveal Lieutenant Colonel Stans as the man with the cane.  
As he slowly makes his way upstairs:

CUT TO:

49D INT. REHAB ROOM - SAME - MULDER

49D

gets his bearings, rising as he sees through the clouds,

MULDER'S POV - CALLAHAN

slowly rising, then thrown again as the invisible force sends (X)  
him packing.

CLOSE - CALLAHAN

steam swirling around his damp and bloody face, lying on the  
ground. He's panting, gasping for breath, this beating is  
taking it's toll.

CUT TO:

49E INT. STAIRWELL - LANDING - STANS

(X) 49E

reaching a plateau, heading slowly, methodically toward the  
exit door.

49F INT. PARA/QUAD WARD - CONTINUOUS - ANGLE ON DOOR

49F

slowly opening to reveal Stans peering into the ward with a (X)  
look of grim determination. (X)

CUT TO:

50  
thru OMITTED  
53

50  
thru  
53

54 INT. RAPPO'S ROOM - NIGHT

54

A NURSE braces Rappo's body as Scully withdraws a syringe from the blunt terminus of his arm. But his seizures continue, unabated, every muscle in his body tight, trembling. Scully turns to the Nurse, delivering instructions even as she ushers her out into the corridor:

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY  
He's non-responsive...

CUT TO:

55 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

55

Scully addresses the Nurse urgently, though her instructions remain crystal clear.

SCULLY (CONT.)  
...put him on the monitors and  
prep the crash cart, he's going  
into cardiac arrest --

Scully turns back toward Rappo's room to find:

THE DOOR

slamming shut behind her.

SCULLY

lunges for the door, but the knob is locked. She looks up through the window.

HER POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Stans meets her gaze for a brief moment, before turning, then moving purposefully toward Rappo. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY

shouts at Stans through the observation window. (X)

SCULLY  
Lieutenant Colonel! Open the  
door!

She rattles the knob desperately, then looks to the Nurse, who watches nearby. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
(to Nurse) (X)  
Where's the key? We have to get  
this door open!

The Nurse rushes off, presumably to get the key. Scully turns back to the window:

RESUME POV

as Stans approaches the bed. His movements are methodical, precise. He grabs a pillow, approaching Rappo, who still writhes on the bed.

SCULLY

watches in horror as

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED: 55

RESUME POV

Stans' body blocks our view as he places the pillow over Rappo's face, leaning on it with all his weight. He meets Rappo's wild flailing with even more pressure, as we:

CUT TO:

56 OMITTED 56

57 INT. REHAB ROOM - MULDER (X) 57

rises, trying to cross to Callahan when he reacts to: (X)

MULDER'S POV (X)

two jets of steam, one pouring down from the top, another from the side -- the FIGURE appears in the jets, stepping forward as if to attack, then suddenly disappears as the steam jets dissipate.

MULDER (X)

looks about in wary relief, as the background ROAR slowly diminishes, dropping to a low hiss as the rush of escaping steam abates, the air begins to clear. (X)  
(X)

Mulder crosses to Callahan, who lies in a heap, panting on the ground. As Mulder helps the General to his feet, we: (X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

58 INT. PARA/QUAD WARD - SCULLY'S POV THROUGH WINDOW

58

Stans releases his grip on the pillow, beneath which Rappo finally lies still. After a long beat... Stans turns, looking toward camera, his expression impassive, stoic.

SCULLY

slumps against the door. There is nothing more for her to do. Off this, we:

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

59  
thru OMITTED  
60

59  
thru  
60

58A INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT (LATE) - ANGLE ON DESK

(X) 58A

where a leather-bound CASEBOOK lies open, Mulder's hand making careful notes in black ink. We see his words scribbled out on the page as we hear Mulder, over:

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER'S VOICE

(X)

No physical evidence was found linking Leonard Trimble to the deaths of General Callahan's wife and son.

ANGLE UP ON MULDER

who sits behind his desk, making his case notes. It's late, the office dark except for the pool of light from the desk lamp. Mulder continues, over:

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER'S VOICE

(X)

Officially, the investigation remains open, the murders unsolved.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CALLAHAN'S OFFICE - DAY - CALLAHAN

61

Works at his desk, writing. The mood is quiet, somber. CAMERA (X)  
SLOWLY CIRCLES him, revealing he's alone, as Mulder's v.o. (X)  
continues:

## MULDER'S VOICE

(X)

Leonard Trimble's family  
requested his burial at Arlington  
National Cemetery. The Army  
denied this request. Trimble was  
cremated, his ashes interred at  
a civilian cemetery in  
Tannersville, Pennsylvania.

Callahan's work is interrupted by the sound of an o.s. CLICK.  
Looking up from his desk, we see:

## THE DOOR

Where he sees a DARK FIGURE in the doorway.

## CALLAHAN

looks a bit shocked -- another figure haunting him? (X)

The Dark Figure approaches his desk, revealing itself to be (X)

LT. COL. VICTOR STANS (X)

In a hospital uniform, Stans is recovered but still permanently (X)  
scarred from his wounds. (X)

Callahan looks visibly relieved as Stans crosses to his desk. (X)  
Drops the MAIL there. Over:

## MULDER'S VOICE

(X)

The Army Board of Inquiry  
declined to press charges against  
Lt. Colonel Victor Stans, after  
a lengthy investigation. Stans  
was released from the hospital  
and posted under medical  
supervision at Fort Evanston.

The two men make eye contact before Stans turns on his heel, (X)  
heading back outside to his mail cart. (X)

Callahan watches him leave, his face weary with the recognition (X)  
of the burden they still must carry. (X)

CUT TO:

61A INT. HALLWAY - DAY

(X) 61A

Stans heads slowly up the hall, manning his mail cart.

(X)

Over this:

MULDER'S VOICE

(X)

Leonard Trimble was a casualty of the Gulf War -- a victim of friendly fire. The wounds of war, however, can go beyond the physical and mental injuries of battle. There is the spiritual toll on the combatants, the attack against the psyche that leaves in its wake only bitterness and anger. It was war that destroyed Leonard Trimble's body, and war that unleashed his phantom soul. And it was war that destroyed those parts of himself that make us civilized human beings, those better angels of our nature.

As Stans leaves the office, we HOLD ON the door closing behind him, then:

(X)

FADE TO BLACK

THE END