

THE X-FILES

"F. Emasculata"

Written by

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Directed by

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Episode 2X22

Story #4386

March 16, 1995 White

March 20, 1995 Blue (Full)

March 20, 1995

CAST LIST

Fox Mulder
Dana Scully

Dr. Torrence	(X)
Bobby Torrence	(X)
Winston	
Dr. Osborne	
Dr. Auerback	(X)
Steve	
Paul	
Donald "Deke" Tapia	
Dad (non-speaking)	
Mom	
Two Daughters (non-speaking)	
Elizabeth	
Skinner	
Cigarette Smoking Man	
Angelo Garza	
Ticket Woman	
Mother	
Jason	

March 16, 1995

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

Guanacaste Rain Forest
State Prison
Rest Stop
Rural Gas Station
F.B.I. Headquarters - J. Edgar Hoover Building
Dinwiddie County Hospital
Bus Station

INTERIORS:

Prison
 /Bobby's Cell
 /Infirmary
 /Dark Brick Prison Room
 /Corridor Leading to Door with Small Window
 /Incinerator Room
 /Corridor Leading to Incinerator Room
 /Small Lab Room
 /Quarantine Unit
 /Corridor Outside Quarantine Unit
Rest Stop Bathroom
Rural Gas Station
 /Bathroom
Squalid Apartment
 /Bathroom
 /Hallway
Motorhome
U.S. Marshal's Car
F.B.I. Headquarters
 /Skinner's Office
Dinwiddie County Hospital
 /Corridor Outside Quarantine Unit
 /Quarantine Unit
Bus Station
Bus

TEASER

1 EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY - CLOSE - BUGS 1

FILL FRAME COMPLETELY, thick, crawling over themselves. Under this, we hear the tropical sound of a wilderness teeming with life.

DR. ROBERT TORRENCE

(X)

Stands extremely close to a tree, deftly conducting the insects into a sample container, using a tongue depressor as a makeshift bridge. A legend appears: GUANACASTE RAIN FOREST. COSTA RICA.

His face is covered by a five-day beard and by perspiration from the sweltering heat. Steel-rimmed glasses frame the curious eyes of a scientist. A high, throaty SQUAWK draws his attention skyward:

VULTURES (STOCK)

circle low overhead, against a slate gray sky.

RESUME

His curiosity piqued, Torrence seals the container, placing it in a molded Styrofoam case, then moving OUT OF FRAME, as: (X)

A VULTURE

alights upon the carcass of a wild boar, joining the group of scavengers already pecking at the fallen animal.

DR. TORRENCE

(X)

steps into the clearing through a fanning of broad leaves, discovering the feeding.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He scatters the vultures with his walking stick. The more tenacious ones linger, but Torrence is even more aggressive. (X)

DR. TORRENCE

(X)

Get away! Shoo!

The remaining vultures fly off.

CLOSE - BOAR'S EYE

pecked out of its socket. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY down over its flank... where on the bitten flesh several large BOILS are visible.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DR. TORRENCE

(X)

shrugs off his oversized backpack. He pulls from a side pocket a pair of latex gloves. Snaps them on and hunkers down to examine the animal more closely, his concentration matched only by his curiosity.

CLOSE - HIS GLOVED HANDS

palpate the swollen mass -- which moves slightly, as if something were moving beneath the skin. Then, suddenly, the boil POPS and:

DR. TORRENCE

(X)

recoils! He recovers sufficiently enough to notice that one of his glasses lenses is flecked with a pus-like substance. He yanks off his glasses, cleaning them with the hem of his shirt, shooting a worried look at:

CLOSE ON ANIMAL'S BOIL

now an open lesion.

DR. TORRENCE

(X)

Concerned, but undaunted -- first and foremost a scientist. He digs into his backpack for a variety of field instruments and sample kits.

A VULTURE

looks down hungrily from its high perch, watching, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. RAIN FOREST - NIGHT

2

As CAMERA PANS a one-man camp, a long extinguished fire, pup tent, we hear a BURST of radio static, then a faint, trembling voice:

DR. TORRENCE (O.S.)
RBP Field Base, come in. Field
Base, come in please.

(X)

FINDING DR. TORRENCE

(X)

slumped weakly against a log in his one-man camp, talking into his radio mike. His flashlight illuminates his sweat-soaked face covered with large, angry BOILS. He is deathly ill.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DR. TORRENCE

(X)

This is Dr. Robert Torrence, with
the Biodiversity Project,
requesting immediate evacuation
from sector zee-one-five...

(X)

CAMERA PUSHES IN uncomfortably close on Dr. Torrence. The
spill from the flashlight casts shadows on his face, making its
already grotesque contours appear even more macabre. (X)

DR. TORRENCE

(X)

This is a medical emergency.
Please respond.

Off the angry static, his only response, we:

CUT HARD TO:

3 EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY

3

Silence. A dense, covering ground fog. The quiet suddenly
broken by a pair of MILITARY BOOTS tromping through the moist
terrain. (X) (X)

WIDER

A half dozen RANGERS move through the thick rainforest, led by
a POINT MAN. A familiar SQUAWKING SOUND causes him to stop.

POINT MAN

(in Spanish)

Stop a second. Did you hear
that?

The others stop behind him. He listens, craning sharply to the
right.

POINT MAN

(in Spanish)

Come on, let's try over there.

As the Point Man changes the group's course, moves THROUGH
FRAME in f.g....

POINT MAN'S POV - MOVING

Toward the encampment -- where a cluster of VULTURES obscure
whatever it is they're feeding on.

RESUME

The Point Man draws his sidearm as he approaches the feeding
scavengers. He points it seaward, and FIRES! Scattering the
vultures in a flapping flock, leaving behind:

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

A BUZZING CLOUD OF INSECTS

feeding on the carrion that once was Dr. Torrence. He is (X)
identifiable only by the glasses on his bitten face, the steel
rims twisted at an odd angle, the lenses fractured.

FADE OUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. STATE PRISON - DAY (STOCK) 4

A forboding monolith, surrounded by a double razor wire fence, and high guard towers.

5 INT. PRISON - TRACKING LOW 5

with a pair of shiny black shoes. A legend appears:
CUMBERLAND STATE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, VIRGINIA. (X)

CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal a PRISON GUARD (WINSTON) walking the grim corridor, past the closed cell doors, his eyes fixed straight ahead. He grips an express mail parcel roughly the size of a shirtbox (this should be a standard size, with a color and design that suggests Federal Express).

The Guard stops before a door, opens the narrow slat, peering inside.

WINSTON'S POV - THROUGH SLAT

The prisoner doesn't look up; rather, he sits on his bunk, slouched against the wall, his face eclipsed by deep shadows.

WINSTON

Hey, Bobby. You got some mail.

A cracked, hollow voice comes from the shadows. (X)

BOBBY

Don't waste my time, Winston.

BOBBY TORRENCE leans forward into the light. A busted man propped up only by his bitterness. (X)

BOBBY

Both of us know : ain't got nobody.

WINSTON

(flat)

Could be those Baptists from Annandale. I hear they been sending fruitcakes.

Winston slips the package through the slat, lets it fall to the concrete floor with a dull thud.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

ANOTHER ANGLE

Winston's footsteps recede down the corridor, as Bobby's eyes slide to the package on the floor. He doesn't move right away. Wary, but curious. Finally, he pushes off his bunk, and picks up the package, squinting at the address --

INSERT - MAILING LABEL

Smudged by a series of sorting machines, readdressed to the State Prison. All that remains legible is the name: ROBERT TORRENCE. (X)
(X)

BOBBY

shakes the package. Unable to discern its contents, he tears into the taped seam, causing the crude jailhouse tattoos on his arm to dance. He removes something wrapped in a Spanish language newspaper, reacting as:

CLOSE - A PIG'S LEG

severed at the thigh.

WIDER

Bobby drops the body part, disgustedly kicks it against the wall. A sheet of newspaper scrapes on the floor, still stuck to the drying flesh. Bobby lunges, pressing his face against the cold steel door.

BOBBY

HEY WINSTON, YOU THINK IT'S
FUNNY?! WHAT KINDA CRAP YOU
TRYING TO PULL HERE?

Over Bobby's hoarse cries, CAMERA DRIFTS to the pig's leg on the concrete floor...

BOBBY (O.S.)

GET THIS THING OUTTA MY CRIB!

His angry CRIES echo unanswered in the empty corridor.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

6 INT. BOBBY'S CELL - LATER - CLOSE - THE PIG'S LEG

6

still in the corner of the room, where it landed. Bobby's shouting has stopped, replaced by his coarse, rhythmic breathing.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

BOBBY

sleeps fitfully on his bunk. Settling on his side, his eyes blink open, adjusting to the darkness. Until they widen suddenly, as CAMERA WHIP PANS to the pig's leg only a few feet away. A telltale boil swells on the flank, bubbling beneath the skin.

RESUME BOBBY

furrowing his brow, as we:

CUT TO:

7 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

7

SHOOTING UP at a pair of MEN IN TYVEK DECON SUITS (AUERBACH and (X) OSBORNE), visible in the corona of a bright examination light. Their anonymity gives them an ominous aspect. Osborne is working on something BELOW FRAME:

OSBORNE
When was he exposed?

AUERBACH
Eighteen hours ago.

(X)

Osborne stops for a beat, surprised.

OSBORNE
I've never heard of anything
incubating so quickly.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Where's the prison doc?

REVERSE - CLOSE ON BOBBY TORRENCE

(X)

who lies on a gurney, drenched in sweat. Several goiter-like protrusions on his face and neck. Wires sprout from his chest and head, feeding into all manner of monitoring devices.

BOBBY
I want to see the prison doc.

WIDER

Bobby flinches as Osborne measures another raised boil with a calibrated instrument.

AUERBACH
We're specialists, Mr.
Torrence...

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BOBBY

What's wrong with me?

Osborne raises the measuring instrument. The following data downloaded straight and fast:

OSBORNE

Nineteen centimeters. They appear fairly uniform.

AUERBACH

Basal temperature?

(X)

OSBORNE

One-oh-three point five.

Auerbach nods, takes this in, as Osborne glances up at the pulse oxymeter.

(X)

OSBORNE

Oxygen saturation is eighty-two percent.

BOBBY

Dammit! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

He strains weakly against his velcro restraints, barely able to pull them taut.

AUERBACH

Try and relax, Mr. Torrence.
We're here to help you.

(X)

(X)

Though Auerbach's words are assuring, his eyes betray a more insidious intent. As we:

(X)

CUT TO:

8 INT. BOBBY'S CELL - DAY

8

Winston slides open the cell door, visibly nervous. A legend appears: SEVEN HOURS LATER

PAUL and STEVE, born-to-die lifers, move past Winston, rolling into the cell an oversized plastic bin. Winston lingers in the corridor -- his anxiety not lost on either prisoner.

WINSTON

Make sure and get all the pillows, too.

PAUL

We'll be here.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Winston moves off quickly. Paul's eyes follow the sound of his retreat. Then, with conspiratorial urgency:

PAUL

You see that? Like he couldn't clear out fast enough.

The cellblock door BUZZES then CLANGS shut O.S. Steve sticks his head out into the corridor, peers in Winston's direction, then returns.

STEVE

This whole block's empty.

Paul nods, putting it together.

PAUL

McGuire says they're full up at the infirmary. They've been bringing in beds.

STEVE

Maybe there's something going around.

PAUL

Maybe.

Steve senses that Paul is withholding.

STEVE

Why? You know something?

PAUL

(cryptic)

I know these sheets ain't going to the laundry.

(X)

Off Steve's curious look, Paul drops his voice even further:

PAUL

McGuire says they're being sent to some kind of incinerator...

STEVE

(getting it)

... but the laundry pickup's still happening.

Paul nods his understanding of their silent agreement. As Steve turns to the bed, yanks off the sheet, WHITENING FRAME, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

9 INT. PRISON - NEXT DAY - A SOLID DOOR

9

is opened by a NATIONAL GUARDSMAN who leads Mulder and Scully down a windowless corridor. They are being followed by a SECOND GUARDSMAN.

SCULLY

According to my briefing, the prisoners escaped by hiding in a laundry cart.

MULDER

Beats digging a tunnel with a teaspoon.

SCULLY

Both were serving life terms. Murder convictions.

The Guardsman leading them stops at another door where he picks up a phone. We are:

10 INT. DARK BRICK PRISON ROOM - FOUR OPPOSING DOORS

10

lead off the room, each made of heavy metal with small glass windows. As he goes, Mulder and Scully wait, glancing at the Guardsmen.

MULDER

I thought this was a maximum security facility

SCULLY

It is.

Mulder gives her a look, moving to another door, staring through the small window as something catches his eye.

MULDER

Who are the men in the funny suits?

Scully comes over to see what Mulder's looking at:

THEIR POV THROUGH SMALL GLASS WINDOW

TWO MEN in Tyvek decontamination suits are carrying a fully-sealed (clear-bubbled) container down a corridor.

RESUME SCULLY, MULDER

SCULLY

I don't know. It looks like some kind of decon situation.

They're turned by the sound of a heavy metal door opening.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

TAPIA (O.S.)
FBI running out of crooked
politicians to sting?

ANGLE ON U.S. MARSHAL DONALD "DEKE" TAPIA

exiting from one of the other doors. Unlike our agents, he's dressed in rugged wear: parka and khaki uniform. He's a rugged sort himself, too. In the hall behind him are NINE OTHER MARSHALS conversing intensely about something.

MULDER
Excuse me.

He takes some paperwork from the National Guardsman, reads it. Looks up at the Agents.

TAPIA
Mulder and Scully?

SCULLY
That's right. We have orders to work with the Federal Marshal's office on this manhunt.

TAPIA
Either of you ever run an escaped convict operation?

MULDER
No.

M
TAPIA
Then you'd be a big help if you just tried to stay out of the way.

Tapia starts back into the hallway, hoping his intimidation tactics will work.

MULDER
We'd be happy to. We'd just like to talk to someone in charge.

Tapia turns on them, reacting to the taunt.

TAPIA
I'm in charge here.

MULDER
Apparently not. Or you'd know why our involvement was requested.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

SCULLY

We're not sure why we've been
called out here. Maybe we should
speak with the warden or someone --

TAPIA

No one's here. The prison's been
taken over by the National Guard.
They've closed off most of the
facility.

SCULLY

Why?

TAPIA

I don't know why. Federal
Marshal's business isn't in here.
It's outside trying to catch
those two convicts.

Tapia moves back to his men, leaving Mulder and Scully
wondering about this. Mulder moves back to the door with the
window, watching the men in Tyvek suits.

MULDER

Where'd this assignment
originate, Scully?

SCULLY

It came out of Skinner's office.
Why?

MULDER

I don't think we're being told
the entire story here.

Scully looks over his shoulder, through the window.

SCULLY

I don't think we are either.

MULDER

You think you can get in there
and find out what's going on?

SCULLY

I can try.
(as Mulder starts away)
Where are you going?

MULDER

To try and get in the way.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Mulder keeps moving to the door where Tapia and his men can be seen moving ahead of him down the corridor. Off Scully's look of intense concern, we:

CUT TO:

11 EXT. REST STOP - DAY

11

A tree-lined roadside truck and tourist stop. A LONE MOTORHOME sits in the empty row of parking spaces just adjacent to a bathroom facility. Legend appears: BEAR CREEK STATE PARK, VIRGINIA.

REVERSE ANGLE ON BATHROOMS

A DAD, MOM and TWO YOUNG GIRLS exit the motorhome, heading toward the bathrooms. Mom and the girls split off, disappearing around the opposite side of the building, while Dad heads TOWARD CAMERA to enter the men's door.

CUT TO:

12 INT. BATHROOM - DAY - LOW ANGLE

12

across the bathroom floor as the door opens in the b.g. We see Dad make his way to the wall urinal. As A SHOE of someone standing on a toilet seat slowly drops to the floor. The color of the pants give it away. This is one of the prisoners hiding here.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. REST STOP - MOM AND THE TWO YOUNG GIRLS

13

exit the women's bathroom door. Mom reacting when she sees:

MOM

Robert...?!

HER POV

The motorhome is pulling out of the parking lot. Lurching off with the pedal to the floor, driving over a curb to get onto the highway.

14 INT. MOTORHOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS - PAUL AND STEVE

14

are now driving. Mom and the kids visible through the window as they hijack the vehicle. One of them letting out a victory whoop as they speed away.

CUT TO:

14 CONTINUED:

14

CLOSE ON AGENT SCULLY'S FBI ID BADGE

adjusting to reveal Scully standing outside the door with the small window. We are now:

15 INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO DOOR WITH SMALL WINDOW - DAY

15

A MAN in a doctor's lab coat (over a suit) is reading Scully's ID. He is DR. OSBORNE, a slight man with a reluctant manner.

OSBORNE

I'm sorry. This is a restricted area.

SCULLY

(thru glass)

Who are you?

OSBORNE

Dr. Osborne.

SCULLY

Are you the prison doctor?

OSBORNE

No.

SCULLY

Who do you work for?

OSBORNE

(reluctantly)

The CDC.

SCULLY

You work for the Centers for Disease Control? What are you doing here?

Osborne does not respond, starts away. But he's turned by Scully's loud, insistent banging on the metal door.

SCULLY

I'm a medical doctor. I want to know what's going on here.

Osborne hesitates.

SCULLY

Sir -- either you let me in or a lot of people in Washington are going to learn you're conducting some kind of secret quarantine in here.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

This brings Osborne to the door. He unlocks it, slides it slightly ajar.

OSBORNE

I'm under strict orders.

Scully pushing the door open farther so that she can get in. Still, Osborne blocks her path.

SCULLY

So am I.

Scully pushes past him. Osborne re-closes the door, catching up to Scully, fumbling a bit as he tries to explain:

(X)

OSBORNE

All I can tell you is that a flu-like illness has spread among some of the prisoners.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

How many are infected?

OSBORNE

Fourteen men. So far.

SCULLY

Any deaths?

OSBORNE

Ten of the fourteen.

Scully stops and looks at him, reacts to the seriousness of this.

SCULLY

What are the chances the men who escaped are infected?

Osborne can only shake his head.

CUT TO:

THE WIG-WAG LIGHTS

on the grille of a Ford on Victoria as it pulls toward us, squealing to a stop. Agent Mulder exits from the passenger side. We are:

16 EXT. REST AREA - DAY

16

The previously empty parking lot is now alive with activity. Federal Marshals are combing the area, their Fords parked at abrupt angles.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

CAMERA FINDS AGENT MULDER

moving toward the bathroom building. Moving past the Mom who is sobbing almost uncontrollably as a Marshal tries to get her statement. Her two frightened daughters clutching at her.

Mulder regards this scene dimly, reaching for his RINGING CELLULAR PHONE.

MULDER

Mulder.

INTERCUT WITH:

17 INT. PRISON HALLWAY OUTSIDE INFIRMARY - DAY

17

Scully is on her cellular, looking through the window of the door to the infirmary where TWO MEN in Tyvek decon suits are tending to patients.

SCULLY

Mulder, it's me. I'm starting to get a picture of what's going on in here --

MULDER

What did you find?

SCULLY

There's some kind of deadly contagion sweeping the lockdown population.

MULDER

Deadly?

Concurrent with this question, TWO MORE MEN in Tyvek suits wheel around a corner, carrying another plastic-bubbled litter. Followed by a THIRD TYVEK MAN (with his hood off) talking to Dr. Osborne about Scully. He is DR. AUERBACH.

(X)

MULDER

How deadly?

SCULLY

Thirty six hours after infection deadly.

Mulder takes a weighty beat, moving to the door of the rest area bathroom, looking in.

MULDER

Is there a chance the escaped men were infected?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SCULLY

The exact nature of this thing or how it's spread is unclear. So is their exposure to it and any danger they might pose.

MULDER

I'd say these guys are a danger in any event.

MULDER'S POV

The Dad's dead body is slumped on the bathroom floor, his head bloodied and caved in from a lethal blow. Marshal Deke Tapia is looking over the body. Making eye contact with Mulder, then brushing past him as he exits the bathroom. CAMERA LANDING ON MULDER.

MULDER

Let me know anything as soon as you know it, Scully.

SCULLY

Right.

Scully hangs up, reacts to Dr. Auerbach moving at her with a tight, fast gait. A chastened Dr. Osborne follows him.

(X)

AUERBACH

I don't care who you are or what your business is. I want you out of here right now.

(X)

SCULLY

Not until I get some answers.

AUERBACH

You're in violation of federal statutes -

(X)

SCULLY

I'm a federal agent, sir -

AUERBACH

Who were you on the phone to?

(X)

SCULLY

My partner. Who needs to know if the men he's pursuing are infected.

AUERBACH

That information is unavailable.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SCULLY

Then I want to see charts. And
I want access to the infirmary.

Auerbach goes red in the face, taking an aggressive step at
Scully.

(X)

AUERBACH

You see what I let you see.

(X)

Dr. Auerbach gives Scully a last hard look, then enters the
infirmary. Somewhat torn, Osborne follows. Leaving Scully,
her curiosity now piqued even more -- as she spies A ROLLING
CART, upon which sit plastic dispensers for latex gloves and
surgical masks.

(X)

CUT TO:

18 INT. RURAL GAS STATION - NIGHT - WIDE SHOT

18

A lonely oasis of fluorescent light. The motorhome is pulled
up to the pumps, the hose jammed in the tank.

19 INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

19

The attendant, a swarthy young man named ANGELO, is behind the
register. Glancing up from the Auto Trader, looking at the
Motorhome, looking at his watch.

(X)

20 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT - A PHONE BOOTH

20

Paul, one of our escaped cons. is on the phone. He rocks
impatiently as the phone rings. Then:

WOMAN'S VOICE (FILTER)

Hello.

PAUL

I'm free, baby

CUT TO:

21 INT. SQUALID APARTMENT - NIGHT

21

Paul's girlfriend, a young woman with a premature hardness in
the lines of her face, stands on the phone. A small child on
her hip.

GIRLFRIEND

Paul?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

PAUL
Listen to me -

GIRLFRIEND
Where are you?!

CUT BACK TO:

22 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT - PAUL

22

PAUL
I'm coming home.

GIRLFRIEND
What are you talking about?

PAUL
I'm coming to get you.

GIRLFRIEND
(jubilant)
What?!

23 INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

23

Angelo, the attendant, puts his Auto Trader down, checking his watch one last time.

ANGELO'S POV

The motorhome sits at the pump, hose stuck into the tank, but no one around. ANGELO enters frame, looking right and left. Heading:

ANGLE ON PASSENGER DOOR OF MOTORHOME

Angelo looking inside.

ANGELO
Yo. Anybody in here?

No response. Angelo takes a beat, mentally scratching his head. Then starts off.

24 INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

24

There's a knock on the door from outside.

ANGELO O.S.
Hello?

After a moment, Angelo opens the door, looks inside. Reacting to:

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ANGLE ON STEVE

the second escapee. He's lying on the floor, half in the toilet stall. Doubled over in pain, moaning. Angelo kneels down to him.

ANGELO

Hey, man. You okay, man?

But Steve is in too much pain to answer. Angelo carefully rolls him over, revealing A LARGE PURPLE BOIL on Steve's cheek.

ON ANGELO

as he reacts to this horrible sight. Not realizing Paul has appeared in the doorway behind him. Raising up a heavy tool used in tire repair and STRIKING DOWN, as we:

MATCH CUT:

25 AGENT SCULLY

25

jamming the lever down on a heavy metal door, the sound echoing down a long underground prison corridor as she slides it open. Along the walls are laundry carts filled with prison uniforms. Scully enters, walking down the long hall.

REVERSE ANGLE

as Scully heads toward us, stopping at a door marked INCINERATOR. She tries the knob and it opens.

26 INT. INCINERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

The RUSHING SOUND OF FIRE fills the room, along with a dim orange glow coming from the small metal door of the incinerator. As Scully pushes the door open, reacting to:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

TWENTY BODIES wrapped in heavy plastic, stacked atop one another in a pile, amid more uniform-filled laundry carts. SCULLY ENTERS FRAME, as she dons a surgical mask and latex gloves -- moving cautiously around the stack of bodies. Leaning down to study:

A BODY

its dead eyes partially visible, staring up through the heavy plastic. CAMERA ADJUSTS to Scully, reaching out, carefully peeling the plastic back. REVEALING the BOIL COVERED BODY of Bobby Torrence, the original prisoner infected on death row. TUMESCENT PURPLE LUMPS dot his face, neck and chest.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SCULLY

reacts to this horrible sight when SHE'S STARTLED by A MAN'S VOICE behind her.

OSBORNE

You can't be down here.

(X)

He comes up behind her, upset.

SCULLY

I need to know what these men are dying from. You said this was a flu-like illness. What are these --

OSBORNE

Please. The bodies shouldn't be exposed.

SCULLY

Do all the victims have these boils?

Osborne ignores her, moves to the half-uncovered corpse, muscling Scully aside.

SCULLY

You're burning the bodies. Why?

Osborne continues to ignore her, anxiously trying to get Bobby Torrence's corpse wrapped up again, when: (X)

CLOSE ON BOBBY TORRENCE'S BODY (X)

as one of the PURPLE BOILS ERUPTS sending a fine white spray of material onto Osborne's face and neck.

SCULLY

reacts to Osborne as he stumbles backwards, holding his hands out rigidly, not wanting to touch his face. The look of horror in his eyes reflecting back in Scully's expression. As he runs from the room.

27 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

27

As Osborne runs TOWARD CAMERA as fast as his feet will carry him. Scully appearing out of the doorway behind him as he races PAST CAMERA, OUT OF FRAME. Scully gives chase.

SCULLY

Dr. Osborne! Wait!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Scully runs UP TO CAMERA, STOPS. Off her fearful look, we:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

28 EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING - WIDE (X) 28

The motorhome is still parked at the pumps. No other sign of activity at the lonely service station, until -- U.S. MARSHAL'S VEHICLES SKID UP AT EVERY POSSIBLE ANGLE. Sliding to dramatic stops in the street, in the driveways. Two cars circling around behind. Each car has AN ARMED MARSHAL pointing a firearm out a window facing the station.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MOTORHOME - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS (X) 29

The door bursts open. A moment of nothing, then Deke Tapia whips into frame, gun first.

TAPIA
FREEZE! HANDS IN THE AIR!

TAPIA'S POV (HANDHELD)

There's no one inside.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING - AGENT MULDER (X) 30

moves among a swarm of U.S. Marshals descending on the service station. CAMERA LEADING MULDER as the other men break off into the office. Into the garage. MOVING WITH MULDER as he, gun at the ready, moves around the buildings, heading for the bathrooms.

31 INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING - MULDER (X) 31

kicks the door open. Angelo lies bloodied on the floor.

MULDER
We've got one man down!!

Hearing this, Angelo stirs slightly.

MULDER
He's alive!

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING 32

Still surrounded by U.S. Marshals and their vehicles.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DEKE TAPIA

hits the button on a coke vending machine with a leather-gloved finger. Waiting for his soda to come, but nothing happens. He beats on the machine but its useless. CAMERA ADJUSTS, picking up Mulder coming around the corner of the building with his notepad. TRACKING with Mulder and Tapia as they walk.

MULDER

Attendant's name is Angelo Garza.
Got a nice crack on the head, but
he's talking.

TAPIA

(still pissed about the
soda)

Lucky they didn't kill him.

MULDER

Kid's got a lot of hair.
Probably absorbed the blow.

Tapia, whose hair has vacated the great shiny dome of his head, does not find anything satisfying in this fact.

MULDER

He found one of the men in pain
on the bathroom floor with a
large boil on his face.

Tapia stops, reacts to this.

MULDER

There's a contagion at the
prison. These men could have
been infected.

TAPIA

(to another man)

Get on the horn. see what anybody
knows about this

This man he says this to fucks inside a car, grabbing a radio mike. Tapia continues over to his car where a large map has been laid out on the hood

TAPIA

(to everyone)

They took the kid's keys, got
into the safe. They've got
money, the kid's car, possibly a
firearm. And they've got a big
head start.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

MULDER

Any indication where they're headed?

TAPIA

There are twenty three possible roads and thoroughfares.

MULDER

Did either of these guys have girlfriends?

TAPIA

Wish I could tell you, but those records are locked in that prison. Until we can access them, this is Smokey and the Bandit.

Tapia is moving again, getting into his car, not wanting to answer any more of Mulder's questions. Irked.

MULDER

If they did have girlfriends they probably tried to call them. You think of that?

Tapia, half way in the car, gives Mulder a hard look.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT THROUGH PHONE BOOTH

(X)

on the edge of the service station parking lot. Agent Mulder visible through the dirty glass. Walking fast toward the booth. Which he enters, dialing.

CLOSE ON MULDER

as an operator comes on the line.

OPERATOR

Atlantic Bell Operator, how may I help you?

MULDER

I'm a Federal Agent assisting in the manhunt of two escaped prisoners. My badge number is JTTO111471. I need to know the last number dialed from this phone --

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

But Mulder's voice is drowned out by a LOUD WHOP WHOP WHOP that begins. Followed by the sudden appearance of a fast-descending unmarked helicopter landing in the parking lot. Scattering debris and dust everywhere.

No sooner has it touched down, SEVERAL MEN in Tyvek suits carrying a bubble-covered litter jump out of the chopper, disappearing around the building toward the bathroom area. (X)

AGENT MULDER

has his free ear covered with his hand, trying to listen to the operator while staring in amazement at what is happening in the parking lot outside. Trying, at the same time, to write down information in his notepad.

MULDER
(yelling into the
phone)

Can you repeat that please.

Mulder writes, then hangs up. Exits.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON CHOPPER

as the Tyvek-suited men hustle back to the helicopter carrying the bubble litter. Tapia and several of the Marshals are dogging them. The wash from the spinning blades holding them back at a distance as the Tyvek Men continue toward the chopper when MULDER ENTERS FRAME next to the helicopter's sliding bay door.

MULDER
(over the noise)
What's going on here?!

But there is no way to hear an answer even if they had one to give. Forcing Mulder to focus his attention on:

ANGELO

in the bubble litter, a terrified look on his face. His hands pressed against the clear bubble, yelling something at Mulder we cannot hear or discern. Then he's loaded in the bay, followed in by the two Tyvek Men and the door is slammed shut.

WIDE ON SCENE

as Mulder hurries out from under the swirling blades and the chopper springs from the ground like a housefly taking flight. Rising and banking and gone in a matter of seconds.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

ANGLE ON TAPIA, MARSHALS

moving to Mulder.

TAPIA
Did you order this?

MULDER
No.

TAPIA
Then who the hell did?!

MULDER
I don't know, but there was a
call made from that booth two
hours ago. I got a phone number
and an address in Dinwiddie
County.

(X)

(X)

Tapia grabs Mulder's notepad. Reads:

INSERT NOTEPAD - In Mulder's writing: 925 AUGUST ST. 555-6936.

CUT TO:

33 THE NUMBERS 925 ON AN EXT. WALL OF A HOUSE

33

pulling back to reveal a ramshackle tract home with an old
Datsun B210 pulling up fast into the driveway. Paul gets out
of the driver's seat, starts for the house.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ELIZABETH

busting out of the old aluminum screen door, hurrying out to
Paul. They meet in a torrid embrace.

ELIZABETH
I thought you were b.s.ing me!

PAUL
I'm gone, sweet thing. And they
ain't taking me back.

(X)

(X)

ELIZABETH
I ain't gonna let them.

They kiss violently. Breaking only when Elizabeth hears the
BABY CRYING back at the screen door.

ELIZABETH
I'm coming, sweetie Daddy's
home.

She tries to drag him in the house but Paul resists.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

PAUL
I got somebody with me, Lizzy.

ELIZABETH
What?

He's pulling her now, back toward the car where:

ANGLE ON DATSUN B210

where Steve lies semi-conscious in the reclined bucket seat, the big purple boil even bigger on his cheek. Elizabeth's head poking in to look at him -- reacting to the sight of the infected prisoner. (X) (X)

ELIZABETH
What's wrong with him?

PAUL
I don't know. He's out of it.

Elizabeth reaches her hand in, puts it on Steve's head.

ELIZABETH
Hell, he's burning up.

Paul struggles for a moment over what to do, then: (X)

PAUL
Let's get him in the house. (X) (X)

Off Elizabeth's ambivalent annoyance at this, we:

CUT TO:

34 INT. INCINERATOR ROOM - BOBBY TORRENCE'S BODY

3

lies atop the pile of plastic-wrapped corpses, his boil-covered body exposed, including his NAME and the number 001 written on a piece of masking tape affixed to the plastic.

SCULLY ENTERS FRAME, her coat off, her sleeves rolled up. Time has passed. In one hand she holds something else wrapped in plastic: a bag containing several of Bobby Torrence's personal effects. Including the FED EX package we saw in ACT 1. In her other hand she has her cellular phone up to her ear. (X) (X)

SCULLY
(into phone
Yes, I'm trying to trace the
origin of a package that was sent
to Robert Torrence at the
Cumberland State Correctional
Facility in Virginia. Package
ID number DDP112144. Yes, I'll
wait. (X) (X) (X)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Scully moves around the pile of bodies, staying a safe distance (X)
from Bobby Torrence's exposed body as she waits. (X)

SCULLY
(into phone)
Yes. The package came from
Wichita, Kansas? Did you record
the name of the sender?
(a surprised beat)
Can you please check that again?

Scully hits the end button on her phone, her mind racing. Then
she puts the package down, redials her phone.

CUT TO:

35 INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING - MULDER

35

sitting in the backseat of the vehicle, accompanied by three
other marshals. (Tapia is not among them.) Mulder answers his
ringing cellular.

MULDER
Mulder.

SCULLY (FILTER)
What do you know about Pinck
Pharmaceutical, Mulder?

36 INTERCUT WITH SCULLY IN INCINERATOR ROOM

36

MULDER
One of, if not the biggest
manufacturer of drugs in America.
Why?

SCULLY
They sent a package to a prisoner
here who may have been the first
victim of this contagion.

MULDER
Pinck Pharmaceutical did?

SCULLY
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MULDER

(X)

Somebody's orchestrating this
thing from the inside, Scully.
And I think we're being played
for stupid.

SCULLY

(X)

Who? Skinner?

MULDER

(X)

I don't know. Any ideas on what
was in that package?

SCULLY

No. It was empty.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Mulder considers this information, then:

MULDER

Scully, from the description we got, one of the prisoners had a large, purplish inflammation on his face.

SCULLY

Sounds like the same thing I'm finding on all the victims in here. You know what that means, Mulder?

MULDER

Yeah. This thing could spread. I need to know more about it, Scully. How it's transmitted --

SCULLY

I'm on it, Mulder.

ON SCULLY

as she presses "end" on her cel. Leaning over the body of Bobby Torrence -- SOMETHING has caught her eye.

(X)

CLOSE ON BROKEN PUSTULE

In the center of the weeping sore is something long and dark. Buried deep inside the inflamed tissue.

SCULLY

takes her handy Swiss Army knife out of her coat pocket, sliding out the tweezers. CAMERA FOLLOWING HER HAND down to the weeping pustule where she gingerly picks at, eventually removing the hard slender carapace of a DEAD INSECT.

She lifts it up and studies it closely, as we:

CUT TO:

37 STEVE THE ESCAPED CONVICT

37

His head lying on a pillow. His own tumescent purple boil swollen even larger. As a hand reaches into frame, mopping his brow with a damp cloth. Steve's eyes open. He is still suffering a fever delirium. In the b.g. the baby is crying.

STEVE

Gotta keep moving. Gotta go --

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ELIZABETH
(calling out)
Paul! He's awake.
(beat)
Paul... C'mere.

But Paul doesn't respond. Elizabeth listens a moment, starts to get off the bed when Steve suddenly grabs her arm.

STEVE
Help me! Please... I'm burning
up. I'm --

Suddenly the pustule BURSTS, spraying Elizabeth on her arms and face. She reacts by not being able to react for a moment. Then she pulls from Steve's grip and goes racing from the bedroom.

CUT TO:

38 INT. ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

(X) 38

She races in, shaking with frightened energy. Whipping the hot water faucet on full. Grabbing for the soap, which slips from her grasp. Chasing it up off the floor and scrubbing madly at her face and arms. O.S. the baby continues to cry. (X)
(X)

ELIZABETH
(frightened)
Paul...

Elizabeth swats at a hand towel, her hands shaking badly as she blots desperately at her face. Looking frightenedly in the mirror -- afraid of her own fear. Then throwing the towel down, exiting into:

39 INT. ELIZABETH'S HALLWAY CONTINUOUS

39

Stumbling TOWARD CAMERA, toward the sound of the crying baby.

ELIZABETH
Paul --

Then she reacts to:

ELIZABETH'S POV

U.S. MARSHALS BURST THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, flooding into the house with their weapons drawn. Tapia leading the way.

TAPIA
DOWN ON THE GROUND

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ELIZABETH

dropping to the floor. MORE MARSHALS entering from the rear of the house.

TAPIA
HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD!!

The other Marshals stream past Tapia, who stands over Elizabeth with his gun pointed at her head. Tapia looking over at:

ELIZABETH'S BABY

Bawling its eyes out on the sofa. As MULDER ENTERS FRAME -- moving past Elizabeth to Tapia.

MULDER
We got one dead prisoner in the bedroom. The other one's gone.

And we:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

40 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - NIGHT 40

WITH LEGEND, to establish. Agent Mulder appears in the doorway to Asst. Dir. Skinner's outer office. TRACKING WITH MULDER on the other side of the partition glass where Skinner's name is painted. Moving to Skinner's door.

41 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 41

The room is dimly lit. There's a knock at the door.

SKINNER (O.S.)

Come in.

MULDER

Thank you for seeing me at this hour, sir.

Agent Mulder enters. Skinner approaches him at the door.

SKINNER

What is it, Agent Mulder?

MULDER

This assignment we were given -- I believe we've all been misled. Possibly deceived.

SKINNER

Deceived? By whom?

MULDER

Whoever originated this case.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN (O.S.)

What is the accusation, Agent Mulder?

Mulder looks into the shadows beyond the pool of Skinner's desk lamp and sees THE GLOW OF A CIGARETTE flare up. It is none other than Canserman. Mulder's hackles go up as he moves to him.

MULDER

That Agent Scully and I were sent on this manhunt without knowledge of the existence or nature of a contagion.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

What is the exact nature of this contagion?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MULDER

It's deadly. It kills in thirty six hours. One of the escaped convicts was infected -- he's dead now. The other man may also be infected, and he's on the loose.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
(challenging)

Does anyone know how it's communicated? Whether it's a virus, a bacteria -

MULDER

We just know it's killed over a dozen men and appears to be highly contagious.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

Then you don't know much, do you, Agent Mulder?

MULDER

Why weren't we told the truth?!

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

We didn't know the truth. What we knew would have only slowed you down.

MULDER

Innocent people may be infected. What you knew could have prevented that!

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

How?

Mulder doesn't have a quick or easy answer for this.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

In 1988 there was an outbreak of hemorrhagic fever in Sacramento, California. The truth would have caused panic. Panic would have cost lives. We controlled the disease by controlling the information.

MULDER

You can't protect the public by lying to them.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

It's done every day.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

MULDER
Well, I won't be party to it.
(turns to Skinner)
Will you?

Mulder spits this out accusatorily. Starts out of the room when he's turned by the CSM's voice.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
You're a party to it already.
(beat)
How many people are being
infected while you stand here not
doing your job? Ten, twenty?
What's the truth, Agent Mulder?

Mulder bristles as his logic is turned back on himself.

MULDER (X)
Whatever it is, I'll find it.

The gauntlet thrown between them, Mulder turns again and exits (X)
the room.

ON SKINNER

watching Mulder go. Then casting a searing look at the CSM who answers this look with a long pull from his smoke.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. PRISON - NIGHT
to establish.

42

43 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PRISON INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Scully is peering in through the windowed door, where she sees several CDC WORKERS in full Tyvek suits ushering a sick prisoner into the infirmary. A hand clamps down on her shoulder, startling her as she wheels around, and:

OSBORNE

looms behind her; He is pale, perspiring. His hushed voice urgent, verging on panic.

OSBORNE
Come with me.

SCULLY
Why? What are you doing?

OSBORNE
Just come with me.

(CONTINUED)

44 INT. SMALL LAB ROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

Osborne ushers her roughly into a cubicular room. He glances outside to make sure they haven't been seen. Then he closes the door.

SCULLY

What the hell is going on here?

OSBORNE

I've been infected.

Scully recoils as Osborne peels down his collar -- revealing the swollen, carbuncular tissue on his neck.

OSBORNE

And they're not letting me out.
The entire prison's been
quarantined.

SCULLY

By the CDC?

Osborne takes a nervous breath.

OSBORNE

The CDC has nothing to do with
this. It's the company. They're
behind everything.

Cognition dawns across Scully's face.

SCULLY

Pinck Pharmaceutical? You work
for Pinck Pharmaceutical?

Osborne nods. Scully studies him intensely.

SCULLY

How did this happen?

He exhales sharply, almost relieved to be getting this off his chest.

OSBORNE

We finance exploration of new
species from the rain forests,
for potential drug applications.
Three months ago, a field
entomologist disappeared in Costa
Rica.

SCULLY

Disappeared how?

(X)

OSBORNE

We're not sure. He just sent
us some samples of an insect --

(X)

Scully takes from her pocket a specimen bottle containing the insect she extracted from the dead prisoner.

44 CONTINUED:

44

SCULLY

Like this? I found it buried in
one of the dead prisoners.

Osborne nods grimly.

OSBORNE

Faciphaga Emasculata. We were
interested in it because of a
dilating enzyme it secretes.

SCULLY

This is what caused the outbreak?

OSBORNE

No. Not directly.

(X)

Osborne directs her to a large microscope, gesturing for Scully
to have a look. She bends down, seeing:

MICROSCOPE POV

Countless squirming maggot creatures teeming on the slide.

OSBORNE

A parasite that lives in the bug
transmits the disease through the
insect's larvae. The larvae
incubate and create the boil-like
warbles you've seen.

(X)

SCULLY

(realizing)

So the disease spreads when it
erupts...

(X)

Osborne nods soberly.

OSBORNE

Agent Scully... you were there
when the pustule erupted on me.
Which means you may also be
infected.

Off this terrifying possibility, we:

CUT TO:

45 EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - NIGHT

45

Mulder approaches his car, unlocking it and entering. Slamming
the door. He's still fuming from his meeting with Skinner and
the CSM. His frustration playing out when he reaches up to put
on his seatbelt and the mechanism won't release. He tugs on
it, wrestling with it, when his cellphone CHIRPS. He considers
not answering, but finally takes the call.

45 CONTINUED:

45

MULDER

Mulder --

INTERCUT WITH:

46 INT. SMALL LAB ROOM - SCULLY

46

speaks into her own cell phone. Behind her, Osborne is working at a counter. Whatever it is remains hidden from our view.

SCULLY

Mulder, they're enforcing a full quarantine.

MULDER

What?

SCULLY

Mulder. One of the epidemiologists who claimed to be with the CDC told me that this was no accident. Pinck Pharmaceuticals is here trying to clean it up quietly. And the government would have to know about it.

Mulder nods to himself, he suspected as much.

MULDER

Do you have proof of that?

SCULLY

Why else would the National Guard be here? They're protecting Pinck Pharmaceutical.

MULDER

Scully, listen to me. I need to know how this happened. I want you to start documenting everything you can get your hands on -- people have to know about the cover up.

SCULLY

The public?

MULDER

We're dealing with a public health crisis.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SCULLY

Mulder - we can't leak this. Not until we know more. This fugitive you're looking for... he might not even be infected.

MULDER

But what if he is?

SCULLY

Mulder, if this gets out prematurely, the panic will spread faster than the disease. You can't let this be known.

MULDER

What if someone dies because we withheld what we knew?

SCULLY

What if someone dies because we didn't?!

(X)

(calming herself)

There'll be a time for the truth... but this isn't it.

(X)

A long beat, as Mulder considers her point. Then:

MULDER

Are you okay in there, Scully?

(X)

SCULLY

I'm fine, Mulder. All I want you to worry about is capturing that fugitive.

Scully disconnects. Mulder lowers his cel, at once chastened by her mandate and concerned by her strained tone of voice. Scully moves to Osborne -- where, on the countertop, several open-bottomed plastic boxes have been arranged on cardboard squares. Each contains a writhing insect.

(X)

OSBORNE

If you're not infected you should leave immediately.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

SCULLY

And if I am?

Osborne give her only a quick, dire look.

OSBORNE

The parasite is undetectable in the bloodstream. This is the only way to test whether or not you've been infected...

As he picks up one of the boxes...

OSBORNE

These uninfected insects act as incubators.

(X)

Scully flinches as he sets the first small box on her arm. He slides out the cardboard bottom, exposing the insect to her skin. Then, as he fixes it in place with surgical tape. Scully notices Osborne's nervous hands as he does his work. His perspiration. He seems to be on the wane.

OSBORNE

The disease can't be contracted from the insect's bite. Only from the larvae at the time of eruption.

SCULLY

How long will this take?

OSBORNE

Thirty minutes. Then another two hours before the parasite reproduces enough for us to see it.

(X)

Scully swallows hard, forces herself to look, as he places the second box on her arm.

CLOSE - SCULLY'S ARM

As the insect in one of the boxes prepares to feed on her blood...

CUT TO:

47 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (STOCK)

47

Legend appears to establish: DINWIDDIE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

48 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SIGN

Marked: "QUARANTINE UNIT."

TAPIA (O.S.)
Let's get two more roadblocks
here and here --

CAMERA PANNING AROUND to Tapia poring over a map with a fellow (X)
Marshal. FINDING Mulder moving toward them.

MULDER
Has she said anything yet?

TAPIA
We've been over and over it. She
doesn't know where he went.

MULDER
You mind if I talk to her?

TAPIA
What are you going to do, press
some kind of magic button?

Tapia watches Mulder out of the corner of his eye as he moves
past them, into:

49 INT. QUARANTINE UNIT - NIGHT

49

Elizabeth sits in a small cubicle, separated from Mulder by a
Plexiglass window. She doesn't look up as Mulder enters,
closes the door behind him.

MULDER
Elizabeth, I'm Agent Mulder. I'm
with the FBI.

She doesn't answer, defiant and distrustful of authority. But
just beneath the tough exterior is a terrified young woman.

MULDER
Elizabeth... where did Paul go?

ELIZABETH
I don't know.

MULDER
I think you do. I also think you
know why you're in here.

It gets her attention. She regards him for the first time.

MULDER
How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

ELIZABETH

I'm fine.

MULDER

Steve felt fine too. It didn't
take long for that to change.

ELIZABETH

You're just trying to scare me.

MULDER

(sympathetic)

You should be scared. If I were
you, I'd be scared, too.

Elizabeth shakes her head adamantly, buffering her fear with
denial.

ELIZABETH

You're lying...

MULDER

Paul is the one who lied to you.
And if he's infected, a lot of
people are going to die.

ELIZABETH

If that's true, how come it's not
on TV? How come they're not
telling everyone?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

It's not my decision.

ELIZABETH

(overlaps)

Whose decision is it? You knew
about it and you didn't say
anything either. Why should I
tell the truth if you won't?

Mulder is torn by her simple logic, his voice pitched down by
guilt.

MULDER

Paul is out there somewhere,
Elizabeth. I have to find him.
You can help me or not.

Off this, we:

CUT TO:

50 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE QUARANTINE UNIT - NIGHT

50

Mulder bursts out the door with an authority that catches Tapia off guard.

MULDER

He's on a ten o'clock bus to
Toronto. She was supposed to be
with him.

Quickly getting past his disbelief, Tapia glances up at the wall clock, frowns.

TAPIA

Bus station's over half an hour
from here, even doing ninety.
(to other Marshal)
Get on the phone to the local PD.
Every man they've got -

MULDER

No.

Tapia regards Mulder, not used to being countermanded.

MULDER

They don't know what they're
dealing with. If he's infected,
he could spread it. What we need
now is control.

Tapia nods grudgingly. And they are off.

CUT TO:

51 INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT - CLOSE - WALL CLOCK

51

9:25. CAMERA CRANES DOWN from the wall clock behind the caged ticket window, into a CLOSE SHOT of the WOMAN at the counter. She is reacting with visible disgust to the O.S. person who is standing before her, a persistent hacking cough.

TICKET WOMAN

Toronto. One way.

REVERSE - PAUL

coughs into the bent crook of his arm, which covers his face. The coughing jag subsides .. and as he lowers his arm, we see a grotesque BOIL swelling from the side of his face. His voice parched, hollow, depleted.

PAUL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Off this image, and the possibilities of spreading contagion it suggests, we:

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

52 INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

52

Among the mulling throng of travellers, a MOTHER is trying to keep up with JASON, her twelve year old son, as he hastens through the waiting area. Though he carries a small duffel bag, he is making pretty good time.

MOTHER

Will you wait a second?

JASON

I don't want to miss the bus.

MOTHER

See that? They're still loading luggage. You're not missing anything.

She points up ahead.

A BUS

is parked at the departure gate, where indeed, the DRIVER is still loading luggage into its belly. A destination sign reads "TORONTO."

RETURN - MOVING

MOTHER

You have enough time to give your mother a kiss goodbye.

Jason sets down his duffel among the luggage still waiting to be loaded. Tolerating his mother's embrace for only a moment, before breaking away, climbing up into the bus. His mother calling after him:

MOTHER

Be careful.

53 INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

53

Jason climbs into the bus. Ignores his mother, who is still visible outside the bus, waving to him as he makes his way toward the very back.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH JASON

down the narrow aisle, past various passengers settling in for the long northward ride. Some read magazines. Others talk among themselves. Suddenly he is grabbed hard.

JASON

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

The kid finds himself looking down at Paul. Taken aback by the gross boil on his face but trying not to show it.

PAUL

What time you got?

Jason looks at his watch.

JASON

Five past ten.

Paul grimaces with displeasure as he releases the kid's arm. He turns back around, pressing his fevered brow against the cold glass, his fast breaths fogging the window, as we:

CUT TO:

54 INT. LAB CUBICLE - LATER - CLOSE - SCULLY

54

removing the bug tests with the help of Osborne. When suddenly Osborne becomes dizzy, falling backwards and knocking medical supplies off the cabinet top. Scully moves to help him. Noticing:

THE BOIL ON HIS NECK

has grown in size.

SCULLY

helps him up. Osborne is able to, with her aid, pull himself into a hunched standing position.

OSBORNE

The toxins are moving into my brain, just like it did on the prisoners. I don't have much longer. I need you to help me.

(X)

SCULLY

What do you want me to do?

Osborne motions to the door begins shuffling out.

CUT TO:

SCULLY'S DISTORTED REFLECTION

on the curved glass surface of a bubble litter. RACKING to Osborne lying inside. We are:

55 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

55

Scully is standing over Osborne. His head lolls to one side, but he is staring at her intensely. A man who knows he's going to die.

OSBORNE

Go on. You've got to complete the test.

SCULLY

Why did you confide in me?

OSBORNE

It's not a secret I feel like taking to the grave. People have a right to know the danger we put them in.

(X)

(tiring)

If your test comes back negative... you have to tell them.

SCULLY

How can I prove it?

Osborne regards her helplessly, knowing full well what she is up against. (X)

OSBORNE

I don't know. But if you don't, it'll just happen again. Don't believe for a second that this is an isolated incident.

(X)

As Scully considers his warning words, she moves off quickly to the lab door, entering and closing the door behind.

CUT TO:

56 INT. LAB CUBICLE - MINUTES LATER

56

MACRO SHOT - F. EMASCULATA

(X)

dead, swollen with blood. A micro-pipette ENTERS FRAME, pierces its distended midsection, siphoning blood up into the glass tube.

WIDER

(X)

Scully carefully dabs a drop of the blood on a glass slide. With nervous, though deliberate motions, she places the slide under the microscope. Taking a long breath before she gets the courage to tilt her head down to the lenses. Then, after a moment, she tilts her head back in relief. (X)

CUT TO:

57 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - SCULLY

57

BURSTS from the door of the cubicle lab, looking for Osborne on the bubble litter. But Osborne and the litter are now gone.

CUT TO:

58 INT. INCINERATOR ROOM - NIGHT

58

Auerbach is supervising a team of Tyvek-suited men who are now (X)
shoving the plastic-wrapped bodies into the incinerator. An (X)
assembly line of human destruction reminiscent of the Death
Camps. (X)

SCULLY

What are you doing?

She indicates one of the piles of bagged and tagged objects --
shoes, books, clothing.

AUERBACH

(X)

This material has been
confiscated and will be destroyed
according to standard CDC
procedure.

SCULLY

You don't work for the CDC.

Auerbach returns her accusatory look evenly.

(X)

SCULLY

Where's Dr. Osborne?

Even as she asks the question, her eyes find a freshly wrapped (X)
body. Inside which she sees the corpse of Dr. Osborne. (X)

SCULLY

He told me what happened here.

AUERBACH

(X)

Whatever happened here... was
unavoidable.

SCULLY

We'll leave that up to others to
decide.

Auerbach looks at her and shakes his head. Continues his work. (X)
Treating her as no more than an idle threat.

AUERBACH

(X)

Dr. Osborne is dead No one in
this room will corroborate your
story.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

SCULLY

reacts to Osborne's body being thrown into the incinerator door opening.

THE INCINERATOR DOORWAY

FLARES with fire, then subsides.

CUT TO:

59 INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT - LONG LENS

59

through the crowded station as a fleet of Federal Marshals vehicles pull up quickly outside. The sound of their arrival dampened, all but blotted out by the echoing PA and crowd noise in the station. CAMERA FINDS AGENT MULDER moving quickly from the cars into the station, running abreast of Deke Tapia.

NEW ANGLE

as the Marshals fan out in the building, eyeing every waiting passenger, trying to be as inconspicuous and casual as possible in their search for the escaped prisoner.

WIDE ON MULDER

moves to the front of a line of people waiting to purchase tickets. He flashes his badge, shows a picture of the escaped man to the ticket seller. We see, in pantomime, the WOMAN nod her head yes, mimes that he had something on his face. Mulder moves quickly from the ticket line. Looking for:

TAPIA

moving through the crowd as Mulder approaches.

MULDER

He's here. He bought a ticket to Toronto.

TAPIA

(pleased)

Sonofabitch.

MULDER

And he's infected.

Tapia and Mulder exchange a grave look as Mulder's cellular suddenly CHIRPS. He reaches into his coat. Answering it as he turns away from Tapia.

MULDER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

SCULLY (FILTER)
Mulder, I think they've got this
thing under control.

MULDER
Are you okay, Scully?

SCULLY (FILTER)
Yeah. Did you find the second
prisoner?

MULDER
We know he's going to be on a bus
to Toronto.

SCULLY (FILTER)
He's alive?! Mulder -- listen to
me. Everything here's been
destroyed. Any evidence of a
cover-up has been incinerated.
That prisoner's the last man who
can possibly connect the
conspirators.

MULDER
He's infected, Scully. He's
going to die.

SCULLY (FILTER)
If you want the truth, he's going
to have to make a statement.

CUT TO:

60 INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT - CLOSE ON A BUS

60

as its rotating destination sign flips over to the word:
TORONTO. We hear the bus engine running.

WIDE

This bus (a model with a set of center or rear passenger egress
doors) sits in the front of a great pack of buses. In and
around which U.S. Marshals are moving stealthily. Quietly
surrounding the Toronto-bound bus.

61 INT. BUS STATION - RESUME MULDER

61

Moving back to Tapia who is busy giving orders on his walkie-
talkie. Tapia turns when he feels Mulder's presence.

MULDER
Hold your men back.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

TAPIA

What?

MULDER

I'm going on that bus.

TAPIA

We've got the situation controlled. That bus isn't going anywhere.

MULDER

You've got other passengers on board. The prisoner sees a uniform and he's going to panic. He panics and innocent people could die.

TAPIA

What do you want to do?

MULDER

I board the bus, take the seat behind the prisoner. I put my gun to his head and make an announcement to clear the bus.

Tapia's eyes narrow. He doesn't like being dictated to, but the plan has merit. If Mulder wants to volunteer for what could be a suicide mission... it's okay with him.

CUT TO:

62 INT. BUS - NIGHT - ANGLE FROM REAR OF BUS

62

Jason is totally absorbed in his Gameboy, as CAMERA RACKS to Agent Mulder boarding the bus. He hands the driver his ticket, scanning the bus, looking for: (X)

MULDER'S POV

The bus is three-quarters full, mostly single passengers occupying the two-seater benches. But conspicuously absent is PAUL, the escaped prisoner. Nowhere to be seen.

CLOSE ON MULDER :

Now what? He reacts to the bus driver starting the engine.

BUS DRIVER

You want to take your seat, sir.

MULDER

There was supposed to be a man on this bus.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

BUS DRIVER

I've got a schedule to keep.
Please sit down or I'm going to
have to ask you to get off.

(X)
(X)

Mulder scans the bus again, then takes the seat directly behind the driver. Reacting now to the pneumatic doors closing with a WHOOSH.

MULDER

(to the driver)
Take your feet off the gas and
turn around slowly.

BUS DRIVER

What is this?!

The Driver turns around, pissed off. Mulder removes his FBI badge -- and the picture of Paul, the escaped prisoner.

MULDER

I'm an FBI Agent. I need to know
if this man boarded this bus?

The Driver studies the photo, nodding as he does.

BUS DRIVER

Yeah.
(looking beyond Mulder)
That's him right back there.

As Mulder turns to see:

PAUL

just exiting the bathroom at the rear of the bus. He looks fevered, tired -- manic. Then his eyes catch:

PAUL'S POV

Mulder turned and staring at him. The Bus Driver pointing him out.

PAUL

realizes what's happening Reaching to his waistband and pulling his gun.

MULDER

springs to his feet, going for his own weapon. Causing the BUS PASSENGERS to react -- ducking for cover. A LOUD SCREAM goes up.

MULDER

FEDERAL AGENT! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

PAUL

does not drop his weapon, though. Ducking into the seat next to him, he grabs Jason around the neck and takes him hostage. Paul's bulging purple boil frighteningly close to the boy's innocent, now terrified face. Paul is breathing hard. His eyes dart wildly, unpredictably.

63 EXT. BUS STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS - POV OF BUS

63

Through the window we can see Mulder standing rigidly, arms extended with his weapon drawn. ADJUSTING AND RACKING to Tapia, standing at a distance on his walkie.

TAPIA
(into the walkie)
Plan A has gone to hell. Be
ready to move, people.

RESUME MULDER, PAUL

drawn down on each other.

MULDER
Let the boy go.

PAUL
MOVE THE DAMN BUS!!

MULDER
You've got two dozen U.S.
Marshals out there. Paul. How
far you gonna get?

Paul casts a quick look out the window.

PAUL'S POV THROUGH BUS WINDOW

U.S. Marshals are indeed visible, crouching behind cars, architecture, etc. with their guns drawn.

PAUL
(desperately)
I'm dying, aren't I?

MULDER
The question is, how many people
are you going to take with you,
Paul?

PAUL
What is this thing?

MULDER
You were infected in prison.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

RESUME BOY

sliding out and moving to Mulder who lets the boy pass. CAMERA
PANNING THE BOY past Mulder, HOLDING ON MULDER as the boy runs
down the aisle behind him.

MULDER
(to the boy)
Keep going!

Mulder continues to move to Paul who is laboring to regain his
faculties. Sweating profusely, breathing in short difficult
gasps. His eyes rolling. Though still with his gun in hand.
Then he regains himself, looking at Mulder.

MULDER
Paul? What was in the package,
Paul? What was in the package in
Bobby Torrence's cell?

(X)
(X)

Paul quakes and spasms, trying to speak.

MULDER
What was it, Paul?

Paul suddenly opens his eyes, as if struck with a moment of
clarity. As if he might blurt out the answer. JUST AS A SHOT
BURSTS THROUGH THE BUS WINDOW. A sniper's bullet has nailed
Paul.

PUSH TO MULDER'S FACE

realizing what's happened. WHIP PANNING to the side door where
MEN IN TYVEK SUITS are descending on the bus. They burst
through the door, pulling Mulder out forcefully. As:

MULDER'S MOVING POV - PAUL

lies dead in his seat, his head tilted back over the bus bench.
As Mulder is pulled from the bus. CAMERA TILTING UP TO THE
EXT. BUS WINDOW, to see the BOIL EXPLODE ON THE WINDOW.

ON MULDER

reacting to this. Knowing that the answer is gone forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - INSECT

64

in a sample bottle.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

SCULLY (O.S.)
It contains a chemical that
induces apoptosis -- terminal
cell differentiation.

WIDER

Skinner looks up quizzically from the insect on his desk, to
Scully, who sits across from him.

SCULLY
The basis for a cancer cure.
Which represents a potentially
greater market than anything else
in biotechnology.

SKINNER
So in your opinion, this entire
episode was orchestrated by a
pharmaceutical company?

SCULLY
Yes. In order to circumvent
years of FDA trials. Only they
didn't anticipate that the insect
carries a lethal parasite.

SKINNER
Which you believe is what caused
this contagion.

SCULLY
Yes, sir.

SKINNER
Do you have any hard evidence to
support this theory... other than
a bug?

SCULLY
Robert Torrence was patient zero,
the first prisoner to contract
the disease. On the day he was
admitted to the prison infirmary,
he received a package. I've
traced the lading number to Pinck
Pharmaceuticals. In Wichita.

(X)

Skinner glances down at her report, perusing the contents.

SKINNER
These allegations are very
serious, Agent Scully

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

SCULLY

Yes, sir. I'm aware of that. I want your blessing and support to pursue an indictment.

Skinner considers her request, when the door opens O.S. They both turn to see Mulder linger at the threshold, as if unwilling to come in all the way.

MULDER

Forget it, Scully. It's over.

Scully regards Mulder, incredulous to be hearing this from him.

SCULLY

Mulder...

MULDER

The scientist who disappeared in Costa Rica... his name was also Robert Torrence. It was their failsafe, in case it ever came to this. They could blame it on a simple postal error. A mistake.

(to Skinner)

That's why we were assigned to this, isn't it?

(X)
(X)

Skinner doesn't answer. He holds Mulder's accusing look without flinching.

MULDER

Maybe we weren't even meant to succeed. And even in success... we could be discredited as part of it. Am I right?

Skinner stares at Mulder, not answering.

MULDER

Come on, let's go

After a beat, she rises. Skinner continues to stare at Mulder as Scully moves past him to the door. Mulder starts to follow her when Skinner's voice turns him back.

SKINNER

Agent Mulder. Watch your back.

(off Mulder's look)

This is only the beginning.

Mulder says nothing. Turns and closes the door. Skinner sits staring intensely. Then looks down to:

(CONTINUED)