

THE X-FILES

"Anasazi"

Story by

David Duchovny
&
Chris Carter

Written by

Chris Carter

Directed by

Bob Goodwin

Episode #2X25

Story#

April 17, 1995 White (Full)

Copyright 1995 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation
All Rights Reserved

April 17, 1995

"ANASAZI"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

New Mexico Desert
 /Red Rock Quarry
Government Housing Tract
Hosteen Residence
Block of Apartment Buildings
German Government Buildings (Stock)
Residential Street
Park (Stock)
7-11 Convenience Store
Mulder's Father's House
Mulder's Apartment
 /Street in Front
 /Rear of Apartment
New Mexico Road
Airstrip
Senate Building

INTERIORS:

Hosteen Residence
 /Eric Hosteen's Bedroom
 /Hosteen Kitchen
Gray Apartment Building
 /Empty Hallway
 /Pasty Man's apartment
Italian's Large Office
Japanese Diplomat's Office
German's Darkened Office
Mulder's Apartment
 /Hallway outside
Mulder's car
FBI Headquarters
 /Mulder's Office
 /Skinner's office
 /Skinner's outer office
 /Hallway outside Skinner's Office
 /Ballistics Lab
Mulder's Father's House
 /Foyer
 /Kitchen
 /Study
 /Bathroom
Scully's Apartment
 /Bedroom
Offices of the Navajo Nation
Senator Matheson's Office
Motel Room
Boxcar

April 17, 1995

"ANASAZI"

CAST LIST

Fox Mulder
Dana Scully

Eric Hosteen
Eric Hosteen's Father
Grandfather (Albert Hosteen)
Kenneth Soona (The Thinker/Pasty Man)
Distinguished Italian Man
Antonio
Japanese Diplomat
German Man
Cigarette Smoking Man
Alex Krycek (non-speaking)
Stealth Man
Byers
Frohike
Langely
Woman
Police Officer
AD Walter Skinner
Senior Agent
2nd Senior Agent
William Mulder
Joseph Doane
Senator Matthew's Aide
Special Agent Kautz
Senator Matheson's Secretary - Joan (non-speaking)

TEASER

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - EARLY MORNING - WIDE (STOCK) 1

From a high angle looking out across the barren landscape. The sun, which has not yet risen, threatens the cool desert air, painting the eastern sky with soft pale colors. Just as it has done since creation.

But this morning is somehow different. The stillness so perfect it seems to set off a vibration. The kind only dogs and wise men can hear. A legend appears: NAVAJO RESERVATION, TWO GREY HILLS, NEW MEXICO. APRIL 9.

CUT TO:

- 2 EXT. MODEST GOVERNMENT HOUSING TRACT - EARLY MORNING 2

Low stucco bungalows all in a row, front lawns growing right down to potted asphalt in the street. Porch lights still prick the deep shadows. A skinny dog stands in the middle of the street, barking at nothing in particular.

CUT TO:

- 3 INT. MODEST HOME - ERIC HOSTEEN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 3

The first rays of dawn slip through the windows of Eric's bedroom. The walls of which are covered with motocross posters, heavy metal posters and other rebellious ephemera of youth. But also Navajo Indian art and artifacts. On the wall just above Eric's bed hang over a dozen long rattlesnake skins.

ERIC

a handsome young Navajo teenager, sleeps soundly in his bed, lying on his stomach with his arms bearhugging the pillow. The sound of the dog barking out front does not wake him. Nor does the sudden rattling of the lamp on the nightstand next to his bed, until it grows violently stronger. Knocking the lamp over and causing Eric to rise up out of bed. Everything in the room is shaking now.

The earthquake lasts no more than five seconds, but it's enough to bring fear into the young man's eyes. He sits on the edge of the bed for a moment, listening. The dog barking has stopped.

CUT TO:

A SMALL RADIO (CIRCA 1975)

where a newscast of the earthquake is being broadcast.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

BROADCASTER (ON RADIO)
A five point six earthquake
rocked northwestern New Mexico
this morning. Centered somewhere
under the desert, the temblor was
felt as far away south as Corona
and Roswell...

CAMERA PICKING UP ERIC as he enters. We are:

4 INT. HOSTEEN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

4

Eric is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, grabbing a piece of
toast off a plate on the table where his FATHER (40) and
GRANDFATHER (60s) sit eating breakfast, listening to the radio.

FATHER
Where are you going?

ERIC
Riding. Be back in a few hours.

Eric takes the toast on the run, heading out. Stopped by his
grandfather's voice.

GRANDFATHER
Eric --

ERIC
Yeah.

GRANDFATHER
Leave the snakes alone today.
They'll be angry and afraid.

The boy regards his grandfather evenly, then exits. Then the
two older men continue to eat their breakfast, Eric's father
studying the old man. Sensing his trouble.

FATHER
(subtitled Navajo)
What is it?

The old man shakes his head.

GRANDFATHER
(subtitled)
The earth has a secret it needs
to tell.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DESERT - MORNING - EXTREME WIDE PANORAMA

The sun has risen just over the horizon where, small and in silhouette, Eric Hosteen streaks across the desert on his motocross bike. Its two-stroke engine like the sound of a distant buzz saw.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. RED ROCK QUARRY - MORNING

The sound of Eric's motorcycle precedes him as he appears in the red rock quarry. Bringing his bike to a stop.

ERIC

leans his bike up against a rock, takes several large burlap bags that he has rolled up under a bungee cord on the back of his seat. He starts out on foot.

NEW LOW ANGLE

below a wall of large boulders. As Eric appears in frame, above us looking down. What he sees causes him to stop. CAMERA RISING UP and moving in on Eric's face. Studying something intently o.s.

A LONG THIN CREVASSE

has been created in a sand wash. Eric jumps down into frame. Walking along the crevasse, then bending to study it more closely. Seeing:

SOMETHING SMOOTH AND METALLIC

about a foot below the surface. Eric starts to push sand away with his hands. Then he rises and steps into the crevasse, pushing the sand away with his feet.

OVERHEAD ANGLE

as Eric continues to push the sand away over the large metallic object just below the surface. Revealing that, whatever it is, it is very large - its exact shape and size indeterminable, however.

CUT TO:

ANGLE OVER MOTORCYCLE

as Eric appears in the distance, climbing up over the wall of boulders. He is carrying something quite large, which he has wrapped in the burlap sacks. Moving toward his bike.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DESERT - LATER MORNING - WIDE PANORAMA 7

as Eric Hosteen maneuvers his motorcycle carefully along the gravel bed next to old railroad tracks, the object concealed in burlap slumped over the seat behind him.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HOSTEEN RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING - LATER 8

Eric bursts in the kitchen, finding his father at the sink.

ERIC
I found something. Better come
see.

His father dries his hands, following Eric out. Passing the Grandfather who has entered the room to find out what the commotion is.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. HOSTEEN RESIDENCE - MORNING 9

A GROUP OF YOUNG INDIAN BOYS surround whatever Eric has brought home and laid out on the front drive. They obscure it from our view as Eric and his father approach. Eric's father stares down at the object.

ERIC
What do you think it is?

FATHER
I don't know.

They both turn to see:

ERIC'S GRANDFATHER

coming toward them. His eyes alert and intent as he joins the group. All eyes go to the Grandfather, hoping that he'll be able to make a definitive pronouncement. He stands studying the object for several long moments, then he turns to Eric's father, speaking to him in native Navajo tongue. After a meaningful look, the Grandfather turns and heads back to the house.

ERIC
What did he say?

FATHER
He said... it should be returned.
They will be coming.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Off the confused faces of Eric and the other boys, CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the object on the ground. Laid out on the burlap is a body, no more than five feet tall, with shrivelled and desiccated gray skin. It has frail humanoid features except for its head, which has large fly-like eyes. It looks alien, but not quite like any alien we've ever seen. Off this image, we go to:

GO TO MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

10 EXT. BLOCK OF APARTMENT BUILDINGS - REHOBOTH, DELAWARE - DAY 10

RAKING ANGLE on a rental neighborhood, reminiscent of a college community (or of Vancouver's West End.) CAMERA PANS, ADJUSTS to an unremarkable three-story gray structure. A legend appears: REHOBOTH, DELAWARE. APRIL 10.

11 INT. GRAY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS - CLOSE ON 11

A COMPUTER MONITOR. A series of nine number codes run vertically along the left hand side of the screen. Scrolling up as each new nine-number code is added to the bottom. Someone is running an auto-sequencing code program.

CAMERA PUSHES off the monitor, RACKING and FINDING a slightly pudgy MAN (30) ~~with glasses~~, pasty skin and six months overdue on a haircut. He sits on a threadbare sofa with his bare feet propped up on a coffee table reading Vankin and Whelan's 50 Greatest Conspiracies of All Time. The apartment, which looks more like a storage closet than a living space, is strewn with papers, books and journals devoted to electronics, computer hardware, etc.

The Pasty Man reacts when he hears AN INSISTENT BEEPING sound from his computer. He gets up hurriedly.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER MONITOR

Where the sequencing of codes has stopped. New text has appeared: ACCESS GRANTED - MJ DOCUMENTS - DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE - TRANSMISSION IN PROGRESS.

The Pasty Man sticks his head into frame, studying the monitor closely. His face lighting up with a smile.

PASTY MAN
(reverently)
You bitch.

CAMERA ADJUSTS

as the Pasty Man quickly takes a seat, tapping in several confident commands. CAMERA CONTINUING to glide around so that the documents which start to flood the screen are reflected in the Pasty Man's eyeglasses. He lets out a triumphant:

PASTY MAN
Yes!!

Getting up from his chair, fumbling for a small digital tape. CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM over to a streaming tape device. Off Pasty Man's happy face, we:

CUT TO:

12 INT. A LONG EMPTY HALLWAY - DAY - FOLLOWING A MAN 12

in a suit as he runs at a brisk pace down the hall, his shoes click, click, clicking off the hard, polished floors. A legend appears: UNITED NATIONS BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY. APRIL 10. Following the man to a door. Catching his breath, he knocks before pushing it open. Entering:

13 INT. LARGE OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 13

A DISTINGUISHED MAN sits behind a large, important desk. Behind him a picture of the Italian President and an Italian flag.

DISTINGUISHED MAN
(in Italian, subtitled)
What is it, Antonio?

ANTONIO
(in Italian, subtitled)
Someone... someone has broken
into the MJ documents.

DISTINGUISHED MAN
Who?

Antonio can only shake his head. As the Distinguished Man reaches for the phone. He can't dial it fast enough.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ANOTHER DIPLOMAT'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS - TIGHT ON 14

A JAPANESE MAN answering his phone. Behind him a piece of his country's flag, some Japanese art.

JAPANESE DIPLOMAT
(in Japanese)
Yes... who did you hear this
from?... Has everyone been told?

CUT TO:

15 EXT. GERMAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (STOCK) 15

Its lights reflecting off the Rhine. To establish, with
LEGEND: BUNDESNACHRICHTENDIENST BUILDING, PULLACH, GERMANY.

16 INT. GERMAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - A DARKENED OFFICE 16

A MAN sits with his back to us in a chair, the phone cord leading up to the receiver at his ear.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

GERMAN MAN

(in German)

Yes, I understand... No, this is their problem. They must take care of it promptly.

He swivels in his chair, presses the plunger on his phone, redials. Waits. The sound of ringing through the receiver.

CUT TO:

A RINGING TELEPHONE

picked up. CAMERA FOLLOWING the hand and receiver up to THE CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN.

CSM

Yes?

(then, in German, with subtitles)

Yes, I have already taken care of it. We have identified the party responsible and are pursuing him vigorously.

CUT TO:

17 INT. PASTY MAN'S APARTMENT - REHOBOTH, DELAWARE - NIGHT - OVER

17

THE COMPUTER MONITOR, which is alive with a screen saver featuring a man with a lawnmower mowing a digital lawn.

There is no other movement in the room, until THE APARTMENT DOOR BLOWS OPEN FORCEFULLY. SIX MEN in STEALTH BLACK CLOTHES, BLACK SKI MASKS with automatic weapons flood in.

They move quickly and quietly, with practiced movements, slipping into the hallways and other rooms leading off the main room.

ONE STEALTH MAN

moves straight to the computer, punching commands into the keyboard with precise knowledge of what he's looking for. He shoves a disk into the A port and types a few more commands. He removes the disk and slides over to the laser printer, taking it apart quickly and removing several parts which he deposits into a black bag. He looks up when the other Stealth Men reassemble in front of him.

STEALTH MAN

He's gone.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR 18

where an insistent KNOCKING is heard. A LEGEND appears:
WASHINGTON, D.C. APRIL 11.

ANGLE ON MULDER IN KITCHEN

taking aspirin from a bottle, swallowing them down with water
~~drawn from the tap.~~ He reacts to the knocking, moving to the
front door and opening it.

Standing in the hallway are THE LONE GUNMEN. But they are not
themselves. They are serious, scared. Paranoid.

MULDER

What are you doing here?

BYERS

Can we talk inside?

MULDER

I haven't been feeling too
well...

But they disregard him, moving past him into the apartment.
Langley takes a look both ways down the hall before he closes
the door. Frohike drifts over to the window, peering down to
the street.

MULDER

Look, I didn't sleep last night.
I'm really not in the mood.

FROHIKE

I don't think we've been
followed.

MULDER

By whom?

BYERS

A multi-national black ops unit.
Code name Garnet.

LANGELY

Trained killers. School of the
Americas alumni.

Mulder shakes his head in disbelief, plops down on the sofa,
rubbing his temples. These guys are unbelievable.

MULDER

What do they want with you?

Frohike moves to Mulder, hands him a piece of paper.

FROHIKE

Not with us. With him.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MULDER
(reading)
Kenneth Soona.

LANGELY
We think that's his name.

BYERS
You've heard us refer to him as
The Thinker.

MULDER
What did he do?

BYERS
Hacked into the Defense
Department computer system.

This gets Mulder's attention.

MULDER
For the purpose of?

BYERS
The Thinker is an anarchist. And
a snoop. Whatever he got into
has made him a very wanted man.
Customs and Immigration are on
full alert. Every port of egress
is closed.

MULDER
What are you coming to me for?

BYERS
In The Thinker's last communique
he named a meeting place and a
three-hour time window. He asked
specifically for you.

LANGLEY
The problem is, he may already be
dead.

The gravity of this moment is punctuated by ~~CLOSE GUNFIRE~~. The
Lone Gunmen hit the deck. Rising back up when VOICES are
heard. Then LOUD SCREAMING from somewhere in Mulder's
apartment building.

CUT TO:

19 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

Mulder exits his apartment, tucks his weapon in the front of his pants, pulling his shirt over it. TRACKING BACKWARD as he heads carefully toward the sound of the commotion. After a moment, the Lone Gunmen appear one-by-one behind him, drifting out slowly, cautiously. The sound of DISTANT SIRENS starts.

NEW ANGLE

as Mulder rounds the corner in his hall. Finding:

A GROUP OF HIS NEIGHBORS

standing at the partially open door of an apartment, responding to a WOMAN'S WAILING which has still not stopped. A woman turns to Mulder with confusion on her face.

MULDER

What happened here?

WOMAN

She just shot her husband.
Married for thirty years. Like
she went crazy.

Mulder turns when D.C. POLICE OFFICERS round the corner, hustling him aside.

POLICE OFFICER

Everyone go back in your
apartment. We'll handle this -

Mulder turns, sees the Lone Gunmen peeking around the corner. More paranoid than ever.

FROHIKE

Weirdness.

They turn and disappear. Off Mulder's confused concern, we:

CUT TO:

20 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

20

No activity until A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS sweep into view, moving slowly up the street. The car, an N.D. sedan, pulls to the curb JUST BEFORE CAMERA, revealing that Mulder is at the wheel. He creeps forward, looking for an address.

21 INT. MULDER'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - OVER MULDER

21

As he creeps forward in the car, looking for the address. Stopping to check the small piece of paper he's referring to, then creeping ahead again as CAMERA RACKS to a TREE just off the curb. On it, a note has been thumbtacked.

21 CONTINUED:

21

Mulder studies the note a beat, then rolls down the passenger window, slides across the seat and tears the note off the tree. Reads it:

INSERT NOTE:

"Drive two blocks. Park. Walk across the bridge to the park. Find the pagoda and wait."

MULDER

wads the note up, steps on the gas and pulls out of frame.

22 EXT. PARK - NIGHT - (STOCK)

22

with a view across the river to the Lincoln Monument. CAMERA RACKS to a six-foot PAGODA in the f.g.

ANGLE ON MULDER

appearing out of the shadows, moving to a park bench near the pagoda. He takes a seat, checking his watch.

MULDER'S WATCH

reads 9:25. TILTING UP to Mulder as he takes a bottle of aspirin out of his coat pocket, tapping two pills out. He pops them and swallows. Then he leans back and waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

MULDER'S WATCH

reads 11:14. ADJUST TO MULDER'S FACE. He does not look happy, both for the wait and the pain of his headache that won't go away.

NEW ANGLE TO MULDER - SOMEONE'S POV

Moving cautiously toward him.

RESUME MULDER

looking up, noticing:

THE PASTY MAN

walking along the railing at the river's edge. He nods to Mulder. He is carrying a gray legal-size envelope.

MULDER

rises from the bench, looks around, then moves down to join the man on a walk.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MOVING WITH MULDER AND "THE THINKER"

THINKER

Please don't ask my real name.
It's better you don't know.

MULDER

Sounds like a line I heard in a
bar once.

The Thinker allows a laugh, but he is on edge.

THINKER

Sorry about the wait. I got some
kind of ninja party shagging my
butt.

MULDER

Why? What have you got?

The Thinker stops, pauses to stress the enormity of it.

THINKER

If I'm correct... the original
Defense Department UFO
intelligence files. Everything
since the 40s.

Mulder registers the enormity. With doubt.

MULDER

Everything?

THINKER

Roswell, MJ Twelve and beyond.
Very possibly the whole
enchilada, my friend.

MULDER

You've read them?

THINKER

I haven't had time. I downloaded
all I could and split. I knew
I'd be hotter than Satan's
suntan.

MULDER

What makes you think they know
who you are?

THINKER

I wasn't taking any precautions.
I never expected to get inside.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MULDER

You know, they've always denied
these files even existed.

The Thinker smiles, hands Mulder the package, but doesn't let go.

MULDER

What do you want from me?

THINKER

Just the truth. And a promise
you'll make those rat bastards
answer to the people.

Mulder takes the envelope. The Thinker doesn't wait for a promise. He stuffs his hands in his pocket and walks away in a brisk gait. Mulder watches him, looking down at the file he now holds. Wondering if it could really be true.

CUT TO:

~~THE GREY ENVELOPE~~

Its contents spilling out onto a desk: One small digital tape cassette in a clear plastic case. A LEGEND appears: FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON D.C. APRIL 12. We are:

23 INT. AGENT MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

23

Mulder holds the cassette up, studying it. Then he pops it into a streaming tape reading device and taps in a few commands on his keyboard. Waiting. As Scully enters.

SCULLY

Skinner's looking for you,
Mulder.

MULDER

Come in and shut the door.

Scully reacts to the brusqueness, the conspiratorial tone.

SCULLY

Why, what's going on?

MULDER

You know the Ten Commandments,
Scully?

SCULLY

You want me to recite them?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MULDER

The one about obeying the sabbath. The part where God made heaven and earth, but didn't bother telling anyone about his side projects.

SCULLY

What are you talking about?

MULDER

The biggest lie of all.

He points to the screen which jumps to life with a DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE legend and a top secret classification with several blocks of textual addenda. It is nothing if not official looking.

SCULLY

What is this?

MULDER

The holy grail. The original Defense Department files. Hard evidence the government has known of the existence of extraterrestrial life for almost fifty years.

Scully studies Mulder, sensing in him a kind of mad intensity - a treasure hunter about to open the chest he's spent his whole life searching for.

SCULLY

Where did you get it?

MULDER

Our friendly neighborhood anarchist.

Mulder hits a few more commands. The screen goes blank - then comes back to life with A PAGE FULL OF TEXT.

MULDER

I don't believe this.

(realizing)

This is just gibberish.

Mulder scrolls the pages. It's all written in the same long strings of consonant-intensive letters. Mulder stands up and ~~SWATS a pen and pencil holder~~ angrily off his desk. His chair rolling back and banging into the wall as he paces around his desk.

MULDER

DAMMIT!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

Scully watches him like she would a dangerous suspect - with intense caution and interest. She sees a man she doesn't quite recognize. He has a film of perspiration on his brow, his face pale and wan.

SCULLY

Mulder -

MULDER

I'm sick and tired of the dead ends! Of all the b.s and double-talk!

Scully watches him pace, worried for him. Then she glances at the screen.

SCULLY

Mulder, this may not be gibberish.

MULDER

It's crap, Scully.

SCULLY

I think it's just encrypted. And I think I recognize it.

He comes back around to the computer.

SCULLY

It looks like Navajo. It was used during World War II. My father told me it was the only code the Japanese couldn't break. I remember the long strings of consonants.

Mulder takes a closer look, not altogether mollified if indeed it is true.

MULDER

Could you find out?

SCULLY

There are only a handful of people who could decipher it.

MULDER

Find somebody.

Mulder quickly removes the tape from the streaming tape device. Handing it to her. Still irritated.

SCULLY

Don't forget Skinner.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

Mulder grabs his coat hastily, moving out. She watches him, then calls to him at the door.

SCULLY
Mulder? Are you all right?

MULDER
Yeah. I just haven't been
sleeping very well.

He says this, slips into the hallway and is gone. Off Scully's concern, we:

CUT TO:

24 CLOSE ON ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER'S NAME

24

stenciled on the glass window in his outer office. CAMERA PICKS UP SKINNER coming out, exiting into the hallway. Where he's turned by the sound of Mulder's voice.

MULDER (O.S.)
Sir --

AGENT MULDER

approaches out of a moderately crowded hall. He hasn't bothered to put his jacket on, carrying it casually.

SKINNER
Agent Mulder. I need a word with
you.

MULDER
About?

Skinner doesn't look particularly comfortable with a public exchange. He starts back in, but Mulder holds his position.

SKINNER
In my office.

MULDER
Why? Is this another jerk-off
assignment where I end up doing
the government's dirty work?

Skinner stares Mulder down. Then steps up into his face.

SKINNER
No. It's about a rumor that you
may be in receipt of some
sensitive files --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MULDER

I don't know anything about that.

Mulder turns and starts away. Skinner is now fuming.

SKINNER

Agent Mulder --

But Mulder does not respond, continues to walk away. Skinner chases him, putting a hand on his shoulder.

SKINNER

I'm talking to you.

But Mulder turns and -- without warning -- throws a punch at Skinner, knocking him backwards into a passerby. But Mulder doesn't stop at this.

He comes at Skinner, throwing more punches. OTHER AGENTS move to restrain Mulder, but Skinner doesn't need the help. He parries the punches, quickly putting Mulder in a chokehold and controlling him.

SKINNER

ARE WE FINISHED, AGENT MULDER?
ARE WE DONE?

Mulder is choking now, but will not concede. Skinner finally lets Mulder go, leaving him gasping for breath, but staring defiantly at his superior. Needless to say, all personnel stand watching this brawl and its aftermath with stunned surprise.

SKINNER

We're done.

Skinner moves past the gasping Mulder, not catching anyone's eye as he retreats back into his office. Off Mulder, his still defiant stare, we:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

25 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING - AGENT SCULLY

25

enters, closing the door behind her. A LEGEND appears: FBI
HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. APRIL 13

SCULLY

You wanted to see me, sir?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SKINNER

the only member of a group of FBI BRASS standing. The Others
sit around a conference table.

SKINNER

Yes. Please have a seat.

Skinner remains standing as Scully takes a seat.

SENIOR AGENT

Agent Scully, you know about the
incident here in the hallway
yesterday?

SCULLY

Yes, sir.

SENIOR AGENT

Do you have any explanation for
Agent Mulder's bizarre behavior?

SCULLY

No, sir. Agent Mulder told me
he's been having trouble
sleeping.

2ND SENIOR AGENT

Do you feel Agent Mulder confides
in you, Agent Scully?

SCULLY

Yes, of course. He's my partner.

SENIOR AGENT

Your partner? Weren't you
originally assigned to Agent
Mulder to debunk his work?

SCULLY

Yes, sir. A year and a half ago.
I've written regular reports
stating the validity of his work
on the X-files.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

2ND SENIOR AGENT
Would you cover for Agent Mulder?
Would you lie to protect him?

This line of questioning is getting to Scully, riling her.

SCULLY
Protect him from what?

SENIOR AGENT
This is a serious situation,
Agent Scully. The man you call
your partner attacked a senior
Agent. If there's something
you're not telling us --

SCULLY
Am I being accused of lying?

2ND SENIOR AGENT
Agent Mulder has been notified of
a disciplinary hearing. If
there's something we learn in
that meeting that you haven't
stated here today, you will be
subject to the same summary
action.

SCULLY
What action is that?

SKINNER
Dismissal without chance of
reinstatement.

Scully looks up at Skinner. He says this because it's his job,
but he doesn't like being the messenger.

SCULLY
Is that all?

SKINNER
Yes. Thank you.

Agent Scully gets up from the table.

26 INT. SKINNER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

26

As Agent Scully exits, her jaw set hard. Angered by the
tribunal that she's just been subjected to. She shuts the door
hard and exits frame.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY - LONG LENS 27

PANNING to find The Thinker as enters the store.

TIGHTER LONG LENS

Looking through the glass doors where The Thinker is at the counter paying for a bag of tortilla chips. Ranch flavor. He grabs his purchase and exits. Looking around as he puts on a pair of sunglasses and moves down the walk. Passing a man leaning against the wall the glass. As the Thinker passes the Newspaper Reading Man folds his paper and follows him.

CAMERA PANS AHEAD

to a car pulling up in an adjacent alley. Making a quick stop. FLASH PAN back to The Thinker who stops, starts back in the opposite direction. Running right into the Newspaper Reading Man who grabs him forcefully. Pushing him back toward the car, out of which TWO MORE MEN in suits exit. They force The Thinker in the car, which speeds away.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. MULDER'S FATHER'S HOUSE - DAY - HIGH WIDE ANGLE 28

to establish. As a car pulls up on the street. A legend appears: WEST TISBURY, MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASSACHUSETTS.

29 INT. MULDER'S FATHER'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY 29

The doorbell rings. No sign of activity... until Mulder's father appears out of a doorway, moving to the front door where the silhouette of a man can be seen through the glass and the sheer drapes.

Mr. Mulder opens the door, revealing The Cigarette Smoking Man. There is a beat of quiet surprise - and recognition.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

Hello, Bill.

MR. MULDER

What are you doing here?

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

I've come on some pressing business.

MR. MULDER

We had agreed...

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

That was a long time ago, Bill. There have been some unforeseen events.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Off Mr. Mulder's nervous confusion:

CUT TO:

SCOTCH BEING POURED

Refilling a tumbler. ADJUSTING to Mr. Mulder as he lifts the glass and takes a sip. Troubled. We are:

30 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - WIDER

30

CSM is doing the pouring. He pours himself another, too. His cigarette is cradled in an ash tray on the table.

MR. MULDER

No one was supposed to know.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

Who could have predicted the future, Bill? That the computers we only dreamed of would be a home appliance capable of the most technical espionage.

MR. MULDER

Those files should have been destroyed.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

They should have, but they weren't. Regret is an inevitable consequence of life.

MR. MULDER

How do you know my son has them?

The CSM takes a long drag on his cigarette.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

The man who stole them has come forward.

MR. MULDER

My God...

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

As always, we maintain plausible denial. The files are only as real as their possible authentication.

Mr. Mulder stares intensely at his visitor, realizing.

MR. MULDER

My name is in those files.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

The files have been encrypted, of course. We have a certain luxury of time. We endeavor to prevent that fact from ever coming to light.

MR. MULDER

You wouldn't harm him --

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

(shakes his head)

Your son has been provident in the alliances he's created. The last thing we need is a martyr or a crusade.

Mr. Mulder scowls at the cold bluntness of the CSM.

MR. MULDER

And if he were to learn of my involvement?

The CSM rises, finishing his drink, stubbing out his cigarette.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

You're your own man, Bill. You always have been. But I encourage you strongly in that event... to deny everything.

(puts a hand on his shoulder)

It's good to see you again, Bill. You look well.

Mr. Mulder looks up at this man with nothing but hatred. Turning back and reaching for the Scotch as the CSM exits. Pouring himself another drink as the front door closes o.s.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

31

To establish.

32 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

32

Mulder has his eyes closed, lying on the sofa. He's dressed in his suit pants, but in only a rumpled t-shirt. He does not look well. Suddenly he wakes with a start. Standing over him is Scully.

SCULLY

You didn't answer your door.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MULDER

I took a pill.

SCULLY

I couldn't find you at work. I was worried about you.

Mulder sits up. He's flushed, perspiring. He takes a drink of water from a glass on the coffee table.

MULDER

I came home. I must be running a fever. Maybe it's the threat of being burned at the stake.

SCULLY

They called me today to put the thumbscrews in.

MULDER

What did you tell them?

SCULLY

That nothing was wrong.

A moment of strained silence. Scully believes otherwise.

MULDER

You told them the truth, then.

SCULLY

You've opened a door for them. They're just looking for a good reason now.

MULDER

I'll say I'm sorry.

SCULLY

These files, Mulder... who knows you have them?

MULDER

Why?

SCULLY

I had to lie today. I put my job in jeopardy by doing so. If they were to find out about these files --

MULDER

How would they find out?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

SCULLY

Maybe they already know. The question is -- is it worth it? Is that cassette worth risking everything?

MULDER

I'll let you know when I find out what's on it.

Mulder levels her with a stare. He's determined to know.

MULDER

What's on that cassette may very well be everything, Scully. I have to know. Just tell me who I can talk to about breaking that code.

SCULLY

(deep breath)

I'm meeting with someone in an hour. I might know something by late tonight.

(troubled)

I just need some kind of assurance. That they're not letting us hang ourselves. That I'm doing the right thing.

Mulder gets up, takes a roll of masking tape off his desk. Tearing off a piece and putting a half an X on the window.

MULDER

I'll try and find out.

SCULLY

There's one more thing I need to know, Mulder.

(he turns to her)

Why'd you attack Skinner?

MULDER

I've thought about it and... I honestly can't say, Scully.

Scully studies Mulder as he rips off the second half of the X, pastes it on the window. Still troubled, she turns and leaves. Mulder watches her go, then turns and flips on the desk lamp, shining it at the X. Off Mulder's drawn face:

CUT TO:

33 EXT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

33

The window with the X is the only one with a light on.

CUT TO:

34 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

CAMERA TILTS AND PANS off the X on the window to Mulder, lying on his sofa rubbing a glass of ice water across his forehead. THE PHONE RINGS. He sits up quickly, answers it.

MULDER

Mulder.

There is a long pause.

MR. MULDER (FILTER)

Fox, it's your father. I need to see you right away.

MULDER

Where are you?

MR. MULDER (FILTER)

Home. How soon can you be here?

Mulder glances at the X on the window, looks at his watch.

MR. MULDER (FILTER)

It's very important.

Mulder does not answer. Torn as he is in two directions. Off his indecision.

CUT TO:

35 INT. OFFICES OF THE NAVAJO NATION - NIGHT

35

Scully sits across the desk from JOSEPH DOANE (30s), a Navajo administrator. He is studying a sheet of paper as Scully looks on. A LEGEND appears, to establish.

DOANE

This is all you have?

SCULLY

Currently.

DOANE

There are words I recognize but you'll need an actual Code Talker to make any sense of this. I know a man who might help. I could have him contact you.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Scully takes out a business card, hands it to Doane.

SCULLY

Thank you. Can I ask which words
you recognize?

He holds the page out, pointing to several spots.

DOANE

This word, it means goods.
Merchandise. And this one, it
means vaccination. They are both
modern words, which is why they
stand out.

SCULLY

(nodding)

Thank you. You've been very
helpful.

Scully takes the page of paper back from Doane and moves to
exit. Wondering what these words might mean.

CUT TO:

36 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

36

Scully is knocking at Mulder's door, but she's getting no
answer. She takes out her keys, but before she unlocks the
door, she reacts to VIOLENT SHOUTING from somewhere down the
hall. The sound of what might be a physical fight.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Scully as she drifts down to the door where the
commotion emanates. The voices are muffled, the words are
indistinguishable, but the ferocity is unmistakable. Scully
listens for a moment until the voices die, then moves back to
Mulder's door. Curious.

CUT TO:

37 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER - POV

37

THROUGH THE WINDOW, past the masking-taped X. As Scully enters
the front door.

SCULLY

Mulder?

OVER SCULLY

scanning the apartment. Mulder's sofa is empty. She moves
over near the window, studying the X for a moment when - BANG! -
A GUNSHOT BLOWS out the window.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Scully hits the deck, reflexively ~~grabbing her own weapon~~. She remain tense and ready, listening for a moment when WE SEE a TRICKLE OF BLOOD begin to run from near her forehead. Scully reaches up, feeling the wound and the blood.

Down on the street below THE SOUND OF SCREECHING TIRES as a car speeds away. Scully remains on the floor, looks up at:

THE POINT OF IMPACT

Just above her on the ceiling. The plaster blown away.

SCULLY

continues to mop the blood with her hand as a trickle turns into a stream. As we:

CUT TO:

38 INT. MULDER'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER - CLOSE ON

38

Mr. Mulder as he answers the front door, finds his son standing on the porch. Mulder is rumped, edgy.

MR. MULDER

Fox.

Mulder offers his hand to his father. His father shakes it, but then uncharacteristically hugs his son.

MULDER

Dad? What is it?

MR. MULDER

Come in.

He ushers Mulder inside and shuts the door, taking care to lock the deadbolt.

CUT TO:

39 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

39

Mulder sits on a sofa with his father who cannot seem to find a comfortable way to address his troubles or his son. He finally ends up sitting on the edge of the couch with his hands on his knees, speaking to the floor.

MR. MULDER

It seems so clear now. And simple. It was so complicated then, the choices that needed to be made.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MULDER

What choices, Dad?

MR. MULDER

Your mother... never knew. She must never know. You'll understand. You're a smart boy, Fox. Smarter than I was.

Mulder's father gets up now, pacing.

MULDER

About what?

MR. MULDER

Your politics are your own. You've never thrown in. The minute you do, their doctrines become yours and you can be held responsible.

MULDER

You're talking about your work with the State Department.

MR. MULDER

(nodding)

You're going to learn of things, Fox. You'll hear the words and they'll come to make sense to you.

MULDER

What words?

MR. MULDER

The merchandise...

Mulder's father seems to falter, causing Mulder to rise and move to him.

MR. MULDER

I've been taking some medication. You'll have to excuse me for a moment.

Mulder's father exits the room, leaving Mulder to wonder about his cryptic attempts to communicate. He reaches down and takes a tumbler off a side table, smells it. Liquor.

CUT TO:

40 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

40

The lights flick on and Mulder's father enters. He closes the door and looks at it. He turns, looks at himself in the medicine cabinet mirror for a brief moment, not like much of what he sees.

Then he opens the cabinet to removes a small bottle of Cutty Sark Scotch he has stashed away. As he does, the mirror swings open, revealing that Mr. Mulder is not alone in the room. Standing in the shower, reflected in the mirror is ALEX KRYCEK, Agent Mulder's missing-in-action "partner," last heard from when he double-crossed Mulder and carried out dirty deeds for the Cigarette Smoking Man. He is dressed in jeans, a dark jacket.

As Mulder's father unscrews the Scotch bottle, bringing it to his lips for a quick snort, we:

CUT BACK TO:

41 INT. MULDER'S FATHER'S STUDY - NIGHT

41

Mulder has just re-taken his seat on the couch when A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. Mulder is startled. It takes him a beat to realize what he's just heard. He races from the room.

CUT TO:

42 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DOOR

42

Mulder is pounding on it from the other side. The medicine cabinet is still open. There is no sign of anyone else in the room.

MULDER (O.S.)

Dad!

Then the door bursts open from the force of Mulder's shoulder. He looks down, sees:

MULDER'S POV

His father lies slumped on the floor, blood coming from a head wound. The Scotch bottle lying open next to him. Mulder bends into frame, quickly checking his father's pulse.

MULDER

Dad! Oh my God, oh my God...

Mulder's father opens his eyes for a brief moment as his son cradles his bloody head.

MULDER

Dad -- Dammit! Hang on!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

But there is blood coming from the corner of his father's mouth now.

MULDER

Oh no! Oh no!

MR. MULDER

I'm sorry.

As his eyes flicker and close. Tears are streaming down Mulder's face now. He looks around helplessly. Looking up at:

HIGHER RAKING ANGLE

of Mulder cradling his dead father. CAMERA PULLING BACK through the open bathroom window, the curtains blowing in the breeze. Off this image:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

43 INT. MULDER'S FATHER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - RESUME ANGLE 43

through the window. Mulder still has his father's bloody head cradled in his lap. When he reacts to a noise outside the window in the night. He gets up and rushes to the window.

MULDER'S POV - A DARK FIGURE

Runs across the yard in the distance, slipping through the hedges. A moment, then the sound of a car engine revving and speeding away.

ANGLE ON MULDER

at the window. Helpless.

CUT TO:

44 INT. MULDER'S FATHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER 44

Mulder, still dressed in his bloody clothes, is tethered to a wall phone by its curly cord. He is perspiring heavily.

SCULLY (FILTER)

Hello...?

MULDER

Scully, my father's dead.

Mulder's voice is lifeless, numb.

(INTERCUT WITH: Scully on her cellular, still in Mulder's apartment.)

SCULLY

Mulder, where are you?

MULDER

He's been shot. He's dead.

SCULLY

Where are you? Just tell me where you are.

MULDER

I'm on the Vineyard.

SCULLY

Who shot him, Mulder?

MULDER

I don't know.

A shock that goes through Scully's body. A horrible notion.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

SCULLY

Were you arguing, Mulder?

MULDER

I didn't do it, Scully -- he was trying to tell me something --

SCULLY

-- Whose gun was he shot with?

MULDER

They shot him in the bathroom -- they came in the window --

SCULLY

Who else is there with you?

MULDER

No one.

SCULLY

Listen to me, Mulder --

MULDER

You've got to believe me, Scully.

SCULLY

I believe you, Mulder. Now you've got to get out of there. Leave immediately.

MULDER

I can't leave. I can't leave a crime scene. It'll look like I'm running. That I'm guilty.

SCULLY

They're going to suspect you anyway. Your prints are probably all over...

Mulder realizes his bloody fingerprints are all over the phone where he dialed.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

You've got no ID on the shooter -- your behavior has been irrational --

Mulder sees his reflection in a window or an appliance -- his self-realization that he looks like a killer.

MULDER

He was shot with somebody else's weapon, Scully -

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

SCULLY
Dammit, Mulder! You're an FBI
Agent. You have access to
weapons other than your own.

Mulder's world is coming unglued. It shows on his face.

MULDER
Okay, I'm going to meet you back
at my apartment -

SCULLY
No -- You can't come home,
Mulder. Somebody shot through
your window tonight. They almost
killed me. They may be trying to
kill you.

Off Mulder's reaction to this, we:

CUT TO:

45 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SCULLY

45

opens the front door, letting Mulder slip in. She reacts to
his condition - how bad and wrung out he looks.

SCULLY
Mulder -- my god -- you're sick.

MULDER
I'm okay --

SCULLY
No, you're not okay.
(reaching to his
forehead)
You're on fire.

Scully is on him, helping him take his jacket off. Mulder is
semi-delirious. She is leading him to the bedroom.

MULDER
We've got to find them, Scully

SCULLY
I want you to lie down, Mulder.
I'm going to take your
temperature.

She leads him onto the bed. Mulder does not resist her. HOLD
ON MULDER as Scully exits. He is exhausted.

Scully returns after a moment with a thermometer. She tries to
put it in his mouth, but he holds her hand.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MULDER

We've got to find who killed my father.

Scully nods, puts the thermometer into Mulder's mouth. He rests his head back on the pillow, looking up at her weakly. As if this last utterance took all the strength he had. Strength he must regain in order to follow through.

SCULLY

Right now you need rest.

Mulder closes his eyes. Scully begins to unbutton his shirt, ministering to him like a loved one. As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. SCULLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

46

Sunlight streams between the curtains. CAMERA PANNING TO MULDER, still asleep in Scully's bed. A LEGEND appears: WASHINGTON D.C. APRIL 14.

Mulder wakes with a start, looks around. Trying to figure out where he is. He gets out of bed, in only underwear.

MULDER

Scully?

No answer. Mulder grabs his clothes off the bedpost, feeling in their heft that something is wrong. He checks his holster and finds that his gun is missing.

CUT TO:

47 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BALLISTICS LAB - MULDER'S GUN

47

is FIRED into a tall bucket of water. CAMERA ADJUSTING to reveal Scully standing with SPECIAL AGENT KAUTZ who wears not a suit but a special military-like uniform. He wears goggles and ear protection, as does Scully. A LEGEND appears: FBI HEADQUARTERS, BALLISTICS LAB.

Agent Kautz fires a second shot. Then a third.

Agents Kautz and Scully remove their ear protection, Agent Kautz reaching down into the bucket with a bare hand, removing the three slugs.

KAUTZ

I'll run a comparison as soon they send me the slug removed from the victim.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SCULLY

How long will it take to
determine if they're a match?

KAUTZ

They were both nine millimeter
long rounds with nice large
surface beds to read. We should
pretty much know right away.

He hands her the gun, with a look.

KAUTZ

I've been with the Bureau for
eleven and a half years. This is
the first time I've ever had to
run a check against a fellow
agent.

Scully nods. As her cell phone begins to chirp in her handbag
which lies on a workbench next to microscopes computers and
monitors. She reaches in, answers it.

SCULLY

Scully.

(INTERCUT WITH: Mulder in Scully's apartment. Loosely dressed
in his wrinkled suit now, sitting on the edge of her bed.)

MULDER

You took my gun -- You think I
did it, don't you?

SCULLY

-- I took your gun to run it
through ballistics. To try and
clear you, Mulder.

Scully feels the discomfort of carrying on this conversation in
front of the ballistics man. She moves as far away from the
workbench as she can. In the b.g. Agent Kautz keeps glancing
at her behind her back.

MULDER

You didn't think to ask me?!

SCULLY

You had a temperature of a
hundred and two last night. I
didn't want to wake you.

MULDER

Were you afraid I might shoot
you, too?!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

SCULLY

Mulder -- I'm being called into Skinner's office this afternoon. They're going to want answers. I'd like some good ones to give them.

MULDER

So what -- you can clear your conscience?! You've been making reports on me since the beginning, Scully --

SCULLY

Mulder -- you're sick. You're not thinking straight. I'm on your side. You know that.

MULDER

I know you have my gun and my files. Don't ask me for my trust.

There's a click.

SCULLY

Mulder --

Then a dial tone. The line has gone dead. Mulder is busy re-dialing. A beat, then:

MULDER

Hello, this is Fox Mulder. I need to speak to Senator Matheson.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hold on the line, please.

(several long beat)

I'm sorry, Senator Matheson is unavailable.

Mulder hangs up the phone angrily. He grabs his coat and heads out.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. SENATE BUILDING - DAY - LATER (STOCK)

48

To establish.

49 INT. SENATOR MATHESON'S OFFICE - DAY - MULDER

49

bursts in the door. Senator Matheson's SENATE AIDE is looking over a ~~file sitting on the desk in front of a SECRETARY.~~ He looks up when Mulder enters.

MULDER

I want to see Senator Matheson.

AIDE

Mr. Mulder. I'm sorry. Senator Matheson's unavailable.

As he says this, the Secretary picks up the phone, dials. The Aide quickly positions himself between Mulder and the door to Senator Matheson's office.

MULDER

I've heard that. Maybe you should tell him I'm here so he can make himself available.

AIDE

I'm afraid I can't. He's in the Caribbean. An hour away from a phone.

Mulder sees the Secretary hang up the phone.

MULDER

You were just talking to him. He's in his office.

Mulder starts for the door but the Aide blocks him.

AIDE

Now hold on -- you can't just go in there.

But Mulder pushes him forcefully aside.

50 INT. SENATOR MATHESON'S OFFICE - DAY

50

A DOOR on the wall behind Matheson's desk closes a moment before Mulder enters through the door leading from the outer office. Finding Matheson's office empty. The Aide comes in behind Mulder, expecting to see the Senator, too. When he doesn't, he calls out to the Secretary.

AIDE

Joan, get security down here!

Mulder's intense frustration, mounting confusion cause him to bolt back out of the office, knocking hard into:

CUT TO:

51 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - DAY - SCULLY

51

enters, scanning the quiet room. Only the sound of Mulder's tropical fish tank pump can be heard. She steps in, closing the door behind her. Her eyes moving up to:

THE CEILING

where the bullet impacted. PANNING DOWN to Scully, standing beneath the hole, pulling the coffee table over to stand on.

CLOSER ON CEILING

as Scully pries the slug from the plaster with a pocket knife. Removing it and studying it, before slipping it in her pocket. She steps down off the coffee table, then something catches her eye. Causing her to move to the window.

SCULLY'S POV DOWN TO THE STREET

Where a DELIVERY MAN is wheeling a handtruck carrying a SOFT-WATER CANNISTER out to an unmarked van. He puts the cannister and the handtruck in the van, gets in and drives away.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

watching this curiously at the window, where the glass is still shattered out from the gunshot.

CUT TO:

52 INT. MULDER'S APT. - PLUMBING AND HEATING ROOM - DAY

52

SCULLY enters the dark, dank room. Moving past a large oil or gas heating unit. Next to which, running vertically, the two-inch service mains leading into the building are aligned. Next to these, a bank of FIVE SOFT WATER cannisters.

Scully stops and looks at the cannisters, all dark metal. Except for the last one which is shinier, newer. Scully bends in, looking at:

THE FITTING

which connects to the water supply. It has a newer hose and the shiny threading of fresh copper on the male fitting.

SCULLY

studies this for a moment, then moves over to the corresponding water main and turns it off. Then starts to undo the hand fitting on the soft water cannister.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 53

A TAXI comes up the street, stopping in front of Mulder's building. Mulder gets out, heads up the walk.

MOVING WITH MULDER

Still in his wrinkled suit, still full of jumpy intensity. Which may be what makes him notice:

THE CORNER OF HIS BUILDING

where there is a SLIGHT MOVEMENT in the tall bushes.

RESUME MOVING MULDER

not missing a stride. But when he gets to the front of the building, mounting the steps and then making a quick move. Leaping the short distance off the porch and heading around the side of the building opposite.

54 EXT. REAR OF MULDER'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT 54

Mulder comes around the back of his building, which is fairly well lit, moving carefully and quietly TOWARD CAMERA to the opposite rear corner. Peeking around it to see:

THE DARK FIGURE OF A MAN

moving toward him along the darkened side of the building, from the front corner of the building where Mulder saw the bushes stirring.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE:

Mulder, figure approaching along side of building -- (split diopter).

Mulder pins himself flat against the back wall, reaching to his holster for his weapon, remembering now that he doesn't have one. As the figure moves closer.

Mulder looks around for something to use as a weapon, but he doesn't have time to act. The Dark Figure is almost upon him, moving into the light. When we recognize the face as that of Alex Krycek, the man who killed Mulder's father.

Krycek is startled to find himself face-to-face with Mulder. Krycek going instinctively for his gun, which he pulls from his shoulder holster.

But Mulder is on him in a flash, running Krycek hard up against the wall of the building and ramming him forcefully against it. Trying now to pound Krycek's skull in against the wall. Causing Krycek to lose his grip on the weapon. Mulder throws Krycek to the ground, scooping the weapon up and turning it back on the man who once betrayed him.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Krycek has blood coming from his mouth and ear, trying to get up when Mulder takes him by the back of the collar and pushes him face first onto the hood of a car. Pointing the gun at the back of his head.

MULDER

I'm going to kill you, Krycek.
So you might as well tell the truth.

(catches his breath)

Did you kill him?! Did you kill my father?!

But Krycek doesn't answer. Won't.

MULDER

Answer me!

Mulder lifts Krycek up off the car, pulls him to face him now. With the gun in Krycek's face.

MULDER

You did, didn't you -- you sonofabitch?!

But Krycek won't give Mulder the answer. He remains mute, defiant. Mulder pushes him away now, raising the gun up to kill Krycek when A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.

ANGLE ON AGENT SCULLY

Near the other corner of the building. Her gun raised, having just fired it. Remaining in a stance in which to fire again if necessary.

RESUME MULDER AND KRYCEK

A moment of confusion. Both men look at Scully. But, after a beat, Mulder suddenly drops. His knees buckling. He reaches to his right shoulder where blood starts to ooze.

KRYCEK

sees this and instinctively RUNS. Disappearing as quick as his beaten body will take him, moving into the shadows of the alley and disappearing.

SCULLY

moves quickly to Mulder now, checking his wound. Off their exchange of looks, we:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

A BLURRED POV - A MAN'S FACE STARING DOWN AT CAMERA

MAN'S VOICE

He's awake.

The man's face comes slowly into focus. It is the Grandfather from the Teaser -- an old and noble Indian face, truth in every line. A beat, then Scully appears, standing next to the old man.

SCULLY

Mulder?

MULDER

lies in a single bed, his shirt off. His shoulder has been carefully bandaged where the bullet entered. He is groggy, reacting to the flood of sensation and information that come with his dawning consciousness.

MULDER

Yeah.

We are:

55 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

55

Agent Scully pours a glass of water from a pitcher, sits down on the bed next to Mulder while the Indian man goes back to a desk where he has been studying a pile of papers. A LEGEND appears: FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO. APRIL 16.

SCULLY

Here, you should drink this. You haven't had water for almost thirty-six hours.

Mulder reaches for the glass, struggling to lift himself up. Just then realizing that one of his shoulders isn't responding. Wincing with pain.

SCULLY

Your shoulder's going to be fine. The round went through nice and clean.

Mulder takes a sip of water, remembering as he does. And becoming woozily agitated. Scully holds him to prevent him from injuring his wound any further.

MULDER

You shot me.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

SCULLY

I didn't have much choice. You were about to kill Krycek.

MULDER

Why?! He's the one!

SCULLY

If he is, then his weapon was quite probably the same one used to kill your father.

MULDER

What are you talking about?!

SCULLY

If you had shot Krycek with that weapon, there may have been no way to prove you didn't kill your father.

It takes Mulder a moment to realize the logic.

SCULLY

Mulder, I'm sorry about your father. I haven't been able to tell you that.

All the fight seems to leave Mulder. He sinks back into the bed, feeling the stare of another set of eyes on him.

THE INDIAN MAN

turns his head to look at Mulder. Staring at him intensely.

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY

MULDER

How did you know it was Krycek?

SCULLY

I didn't. I had gone back to your apartment to pull the slug from the ceiling. I wanted to run it through ballistics. If it matched the one that killed your father, it might prove your innocence.

Scully rises, goes over to a light duffel bag containing her medical supplies. Pulls out a clear gallon plastic bag.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

SCULLY

I noticed an unmarked van
delivering soft water. I found
this inside one of the tanks
servicing your building.

MULDER

What is it?

SCULLY

It's a dialysis bag. A semi-
permeable membrane used for the
transmission of substances into
solution. Considering the level
of psychosis you were
experiencing, possibly LSD,
amphetamines or some kind of
exotic dopamine agonist.

MULDER

(realizing)

Oh god... there was a murder in
my building --

SCULLY

-- it wasn't an exercise in
subtlety. But then, these are
the same men who killed your
father and were systematically
trying to destroy you by turning
anyone you could trust against
you.

(beat)

I don't think I have to tell you
why.

MULDER

I had gotten too close to the
truth.

Scully nods.

MULDER

Where am I, Scully?

SCULLY

You're in New Mexico.

MULDER

New Mexico?

SCULLY

We've just driven two days across
country. I put you out to let
the effects of the psychosis
abate.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

The Indian man gets up from his desk, rearranging his papers and files into a stack, putting them into a folder.

SCULLY

This is Albert Hosteen. He's been translating your files.

ALBERT

You're lucky she's a good shot.

Mulder nods. Considering how he has behaved:

MULDER

Or a bad one.

SCULLY

Albert was a Navajo Code Talker during World War Two. He helped encode the original government documents.

MULDER

How did he find you?

SCULLY

Through a man in Washington. But he claims he knew you would be coming.

Albert moves to the door, stops, looks at Mulder.

ALBERT

Last week we had an omen.

Albert exits the room. Mulder looks to Scully.

SCULLY

Most of the files are written in jargon, but apparently there is an international conspiracy of silence dating back to the 1940s. Albert says evidence of these secrets are buried on the Navajo Reservation not far from here.

(off his look)

He'll take you as soon as you're able.

Mulder moves to get up, to get dressed. Stiffly. Scully stands by, watching him with some kind of troubled concern.

MULDER

What about you?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (4)

55

SCULLY

I didn't show for my meeting with Skinner day before yesterday. I don't know what the repercussions will be.

MULDER

You've taken a big risk.

SCULLY

I'm certain they would have killed you, Mulder.

MULDER

But why bring me all this way?

SCULLY

Mulder, my name is in those files. It appears in the latest entries along with Duane Barry's name.

This takes him by surprise. A moment of confused concern.

MULDER

In what context?

SCULLY

It's not clear. But it has something to do with a test. I want you to find out. I need you to.

Off their traded looks:

CUT TO:

56 EXT. NEW MEXICO ROAD - MORNING

56

Their n.d. sedan passes a sign that reads: ENTERING THE NAVAJO NATION, NATIONAL RESERVATION.

CUT TO:

57 INT. MULDER'S N.D. SEDAN - TRAVELING - DAY

57

Mulder, intense behind the wheel, favoring his wounded shoulder. Albert sits calmly beside him. They have entered the neighborhood we established in the Teaser.

MULDER

You said you knew I was coming?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: "

57

ALBERT
(pointing)
Here. This is my house.

Mulder pulls into the driveway, stops.

ALBERT
In the desert, things find a way
to survive. Secrets are like
this, too. They push up through
the sand of deception so that men
can know them.

MULDER
But why me?

ALBERT
You are prepared to accept the
truth, are you not? To sacrifice
yourself to it?

MULDER
I don't understand.

ALBERT
There was a tribe of Indians who
lived here more than six hundred
years ago. Their name was
Anasazi. It means Ancient
Aliens. No evidence of their
fate exists. Historians believe
they disappeared without a trace.
They will not sacrifice
themselves to the truth.

MULDER
What is the truth?

The old man smiles.

ALBERT
Nothing disappears without a
trace.

MULDER
You believe they were abducted?

ALBERT
(nodding)
By the visitors who come here
still.

As he says this, young Eric Hosteen comes out of the house,
opening the garage. Mulder and the old man exit the car.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

MULDER

Why are you helping me?

Albert takes a moment, composing himself. As Eric wheels his motorcycle out.

ALBERT

Our beautiful language should not be used to conceal lies.

MULDER

What is buried out there?

ALBERT

Lies. You will see for yourself.

This is punctuated by Eric starting his motorcycle. Off Mulder and the old man's looks to one another, we:

CUT TO:

58 EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY - WIDE PANORAMA

58

Of Eric and Mulder silhouetted atop a tall butte, the endless desert sky spreading out above.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. RED ROCK QUARRY - DAY - CAMERA RISING UP

59

over the tall wall of boulders roughly dividing the area. The sound of Eric's motorcycle precedes it, as CAMERA CONTINUES TO RISE. Eric and Mulder come to a stop.

MULDER AND ERIC

Eric shuts the motorcycle off. The silence as refreshing as a cool drink of water. Eric points toward the boulders.

ERIC

It's over those rocks.

He and Mulder dismount, heading for the boulders. Climbing them.

THEIR RISING POV

of the crevasse and the large metallic object buried just beneath the surface. The great size of which looks to be a giant buried spaceship.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

ON MULDER AND ERIC

standing atop the boulders, looking at this. Only the sound of the wind. And the same ominous rumble we heard in the Teaser. A portentous vibration. When, all of a sudden, Mulder's cellular phone CHIRPS. He reaches into his pants pocket, removes it.

MULDER

Mulder.

(INTERCUT WITH: tight shot of the Cigarette Smoking Man standing outside somewhere, on his own cellular phone.)

CSM

You're a hard man to reach.

MULDER

Not hard enough, apparently.

CSM

Where are you?

MULDER

The Betty Ford Center. Where are you?

CSM

I need to talk with you, Mr. Mulder. In person. There are things to explain.

MULDER

I'll save the government the plane fare. I just need to know which government that is.

CSM

Your father may have told you things, Mr. Mulder - but I should warn you against taking those things at face value.

CAMERA BEGINS PUSHING IN ON MULDER

MULDER

Which things are those?

CSM

He was never an opponent of the project. In fact, he authorized it. That's what he couldn't live with.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

MULDER

He couldn't live with it because
you had him killed.

CSM

We weren't involved in that.

MULDER

I'm going to expose you and your
project if it's the last thing I
do, you sonofabitch!

CSM

Expose anything and you only
expose your father.

Mulder hangs up on him. The Cigarette Smoking Man slowly
lowers his phone. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he does, to REVEAL:

60 AN AIRSTRIP WITH A WAITING HELICOPTER

60

A MAN is running toward the CSM from a building or a hangar in
the distance. As he approaches, we might recognize him as one
of the STEALTH break-in specialists we met all the way back in
Act One.

STEALTH MAN

We've got a coordinate on him.
We're ready to go.

The CSM nods and they both move quickly to the waiting chopper.

CUT BACK TO:

MULDER

moves down to join Eric who is now standing atop the long metal
strip, at the far end. He walks onto it, feeling it beneath
his feet.

THE METAL STRUCTURE

It is rusty metal, its surface smooth and slightly convex.
Mulder comes to a stop at a point, scraping some caked sand off
a section. Reading: UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

MULDER

is confused by this. Thrown. Reacting to:

ERIC'S VOICE

Over here.

Mulder looks up at:

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

ERIC

kicks away the sand over something. Searching. Mulder joins him. Still shocked by the realization.

MULDER

This is a box car.

Eric continues to kick away the sand, finding a SLIDING DOOR. He reaches down, slides it open.

ERIC

(nodding)

Refrigeration car.

Mulder peers down into the darkness.

CUT TO:

61 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - SCULLY

61

sits at the desk Albert had been sitting at, going over the files. When the phone next to her rings, causing her to jump. She picks up the phone, answers it.

SCULLY

Scully.

62 INT. BOXCAR - DAY - CLOSE ON MULDER (INTERCUT)

62

As he paces, on his cellular. The shaft of sunlight from the sliding door above providing the only light.

MULDER

Scully, it's me.

SCULLY

Where are you?

MULDER

Nowhere I ever expected.

SCULLY

What?

MULDER

I'm inside a boxcar, buried in a rock quarry. My eyes are still adjusting to the light, but I see bodies, Scully.

SCULLY

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

52

MULDER

Stacked floor to ceiling.

As he says this Mulder kicks something. He reaches down, finds an old broken piece of mirror. He carries it into the light, leaning it on a ledge on the wall of the boxcar to catch the sun.

SCULLY

Can you make out any features?

MULDER

I'm trying.

ANGLE ON A GROTESQUE BUG-EYED FACE

Covered with clear plastic. Illuminated by the glint off the mirror. Mulder leans in for a closer look.

SCULLY

Mulder. In these files. I've found references to experiments. Conducted here in the U.S. by Axis Powers scientists who were given amnesty after the war.

MULDER

What kind of experiments?

SCULLY

Some kind of tests on humans. Though they are referred to as "merchandise."

This rings in Mulder's ear; the same word his father used.

MULDER

These aren't humans, Scully. From the look of it... I'd say these were alien.

SCULLY

Are you sure?

Mulder lifts the plastic off the creature. Uncovered, in this bright light, it is even more grotesque.

MULDER

Pretty damn sure. Except...

CLOSE ON MULDER

seeing something that sends a shiver up his spine.

SCULLY

Except what?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

MULDER
Except, this one has a smallpox
vaccination scar.

SCULLY
Mulder...

MULDER
(horrificed)
What the hell are these things,
Scully...

Suddenly A NOISE catches his ear. A THUDDING WHOP WHOP WHOP.
Followed by THE SLIDING SHUT of the door above him. Sending
the boxcar into pitch darkness.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

hearing the line go dead. Rising to her feet.

SCULLY
Mulder?! Mulder, what happened?!

CUT TO:

63 EXT. RED ROCK QUARRY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

63

Eric Hosteen stands atop the boxcar being buffeted by the
windwash of A SEAHAWK HELICOPTER that is touching down in the
quarry bed. Its bay door sliding open and STEALTH MEN in black
uniforms with automatic weapons jumping out, heading toward
Eric.

ANGLE ON ERIC

standing his ground. As stoic as he was about the earthquake,
all the way back in the Teaser. But with the same fear in his
eyes. These men are upon him now, pushing him aside casually.
Rolling the box car's sliding door open. Going down inside.
As Eric looks up at:

THE CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

making his way from the chopper over to Eric.

CSM
What's your name boy?

But Eric does not answer, staring at the man defiantly. When
one Stealth Man pops his head up out of the box car.

STEALTH MAN
He's not here.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

CSM
(to Eric)
Where's Mulder?

But the boy again does not answer. The Stealth Man comes out of the box car, followed by the other black-suited men. The Stealth Man moves to the CSM.

CSM
He's here.

STEALTH MAN
No, sir. If he was, he's
vanished without a trace.

The Cigarette Smoking Man continues to stare at Eric, who does not break this stare.

CSM
Nothing vanishes without a trace.
(turning to Stealth
Man)
Burn it.

He grabs Eric by the arm and leads him forcefully back to the helicopter.

ON ERIC'S FACE

as he is loaded into the helicopter by the CSM. Stoic sadness as he watches:

THE BLACK-SUITED MEN

dropping phosphorus grenades into the compartment of the box car. Standing back as FIRE shoots from the hole. As we:

END SEASON TWO