

THE X-FILES

"Apocrypha"

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January 12, 1996

"Apocrypha"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (STOCK)
 /RENTAL CAR PARKING LOT
ROAD
FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)
CENTRAL PARK
CITY STREET
 /ALLEY
 /INTERSECTION
BLACK CROW MISSILE SILO COMPLEX
 /CONCRETE BUNKER (X)
CEMETERY (X)

INTERIORS:

MILITARY HOSPITAL WARD (1953)
SUBMARINE (1945)
 /MESS HALL
NORTHEAST GEORGETOWN MEDICAL CENTER
 /EMERGENCY ROOM
 /SKINNER'S HOSPITAL ROOM
 /MULDER'S HOSPITAL ROOM (X)
 /HALLWAY
RENTAL CAR
FBI HEADQUARTERS
 /AGENT PENDRELL'S OFFICE
 /MULDER'S OFFICE
MILITARY BURN UNIT
ICE SKATING RINK
ANOTHER RENTAL CAR
CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN'S APARTMENT (X)
SYNDICATE OFFICE
LONE GUNMAN'S OFFICE
AMBULANCE
YET ANOTHER RENTAL CAR (LAGUARDIA) (X)
BLACK CROW MISSILE SILO COMPLEX
 /LONG HALLWAY (X)

January 12, 1996

"Apocrypha"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Sick Crewman (1953)
1st Government Man - Young William Mulder (1953)
2nd Government Man (1953)
3rd Government Man - Young Cigarette-Smoking Man (1953)
Sanford (ca. 1945)
Johansen (ca. 1945) (Non-speaking)
Sick Crewman (ca. 1945) (Non-speaking)
Agent Brian Fuller
Agent Linda Caleca
A.D. Walter Skinner
Emergency Room Doctor
Alex Krycek
Armed Man
Agent Pendrell
(X)
Navy Doctor
Cigarette-Smoking Man
Frohike
Byers
Langly
Well-Manicured Man
Elder
2nd Elder
Major Domo
Nurse
Ambulance Driver
Hispanic Man (Luis Cardinal)
(X)

APOCRYPHA

(This episode will begin with a 30-second recap of the previous week's show.)

1 CLOSE - A THIN STRAND OF SILVER WIRE (B&W FLASHBACK)

1

snakes through a system of capstans and metal poles, finally spooling around an uptake reel. It's only as a recording level NEEDLE begins to jiggle that we realize we're looking at an old WIRE-RECORDING DEVICE. We hear: (X)

SICK CREWMAN'S VOICE

The Navy wanted to hear my story. (X)

They said I owed it to the dead
to tell them the truth. (X)

CAMERA FINDS THE SICK CREWMAN (X)

SICK CREWMAN (X)

I told them where they could
stick the truth.

The Sick Crewman breaks into a hollow cough -- a death rattle. (X)
As CAMERA FOLLOWS A BLACK CORD leading to a MICROPHONE STAND. (X)

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL WARD - DAY (B&W) - THE SICK CREWMAN

(The same man we saw in "Piper Maru.") He lies in a simple metal bunk, the burns on his face now ugly, healed scars. He (X)
is a dying man, the hollow look of a living corpse. A LEGEND (X)
reads: NAVY HOSPITAL, PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII, AUGUST 19, 1953. (X)

Whoever he's addressing, we can't see them yet.

SICK CREWMAN

I'm the last one who knows what (X)
killed the men aboard that (X)
submarine, who knows it was a (X)
suicide mission. But I'll burn (X)
in hell before I tell the (X)
murderers who sent us there.

As he speaks, CAMERA PULLS BACK ABOVE THE BED, revealing:

HIGH ANGLE - THE WARD

The other beds are empty. THREE YOUNG GOVERNMENT MEN stand (X)
solemnly around the Sick Crewman, as if regarding the casket at
a funeral -- which, in a way, is what they're doing.

We can't see the faces of the Government Men, but they're
dressed in dark civilian suits. (Note: All hairstyles, props,
etc., are circa 1950s.) One young government man speaks. (X)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

1ST GOVERNMENT MAN

That's why we've come here all
the way from Washington, Crewman --
to hear your story. To make sure
justice is served.

(a beat)

You said after your outburst, the
XO, Johansen, locked you up with
the Captain.

(X)

(X)

CLOSE - THE SICK CREWMAN

Strains to continue. This -- giving his final testimony -- is
the only reason he's kept himself alive this long.

(X)

(X)

SICK CREWMAN

Johansen did what he had to.
That's war -- some are sacrificed
so that others can live.

(X)

2 INT. SUB - MESS HALL - DAY (B&W FLASHBACK) - JOHANSEN

2

At a critical juncture -- watching the Sub Commander, Sanford,
take the gun from the Sick Crewman. (NOTE: Until indicated,
the following action repeats from the previous episode.)

(X)

(X)

As Sanford sees Johansen, he makes his decision. Johansen
SLAMS THE DOOR on Sanford.

SICK CREWMAN'S VOICE

But when that door clanged shut,
I knew my life -- all of our
lives -- had just been
sacrificed.

Sanford rushes for the door, pounding on it.

SANFORD

Officer Johansen! Open this
door! Open this door!

(X)

But he hears only the door being sealed shut.

(X)

SANFORD

Johansen!

Nothing. CAMERA HOLDS ON SANFORD, turning back to look at:

THE SICK CREWMEN

All staring at him. Seeing for the first time that:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

SANFORD

has the BLACK FILMY SUBSTANCE covering the whites of his eyes, (X)
then slipping down below his sockets as he blinks it away.
(NOTE: Continuation of the scene begins here.)

SICK CREWMAN'S VOICE

For the first time, we saw the (X)
enemy that was killing us. (X)

Suddenly --

ANOTHER CREWMAN

Appears behind the Captain, striking him hard against the back
of the head with a WRENCH.

THE MEN IN THE SEALED ROOM (X)

react as the Commander falls to the floor, unconscious. Then (X)
watch with curiosity, then shock as: (X)

NEW LOW ANGLE - SANFORD'S FACE

BLACK OIL begins to seep out of his eyes, nose and mouth. It
pools into a mercury-like BLOB, then oozes across the floor,
SPILLING DOWN A GRATE leading to the lower decks.

RESUME - THE SICK CREWMAN

Reacting with horror.

CUT TO:

3 INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY (B&W) - CLOSE - SICK CREWMAN 3

Tears well in his eyes at the memory of the suffering. (X)

SICK CREWMAN

The thing that was causing the (X)
slow, painful death. And I
prayed one of the Japanese depth (X)
charges would finish the job. (X)

ANGLE - THE 1ST GOVERNMENT MAN

We see his face for the first time. He's sharp-featured, in
his early 20s, with a sad, serious air about him. He seems
disturbed by the Sick Crewman's words -- as if they've
confirmed facts he hoped weren't true.

1ST GOVERNMENT MAN

You called this thing "the (X)
enemy." You're saying it was an (X)
entity of some sort?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

The Sick Crewman snorts with disgust. Wipes away his tears.

SICK CREWMAN

The Navy says we were sent to recover an A-bomb -- that's why we got all these burns. Give me a freakin' break. Whatever it was, they sent us to guard it.

(X)

1ST GOVERNMENT MAN

This was what exposed the crew to radiation?

(X)

SICK CREWMAN

Before it slithered back where it came from... back into the sea... back into who knows what.

(X)

The Government Man reaches to shut off the wire recorder. As he does, the Sick Crewman suddenly grabs his wrist, squeezing it tightly. He speaks with a desperate urgency.

SICK CREWMAN

That thing is still down there! The Navy'll deny it, but you've got to make sure the truth gets out. I can trust you to do that, can't I, Mr. Mulder?

It's only now that we realize the 1st Man is a YOUNG WILLIAM MULDER, decades before he fathered the FBI agent who would devote his life to uncovering these misdeeds.

But the troubled Young Mr. Mulder can't bring himself to return the Sick Crewman's gaze. Instead, he looks at the 2ND MAN standing next to him, a thin man with wavy hair (perhaps a young Deep Throat?).

The 2nd Man, in turn, looks across the bed to the 3RD MAN.

HIS POV - THE 3RD MAN

Has just LIT A CIGARETTE, which -- despite his youth -- he puffs in the inimical fashion of the Cigarette-Smoking Man, a grave expression on his face.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

(X)

You can trust all of us.

On his dubious sincerity, we:

(X)

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

4 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT - DANA SCULLY 4

Bursts through the automatic doors, nervous adrenalin pumping through her veins. A LEGEND reads: NORTHEAST GEORGETOWN MEDICAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D.C. PRESENT DAY.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH HER as she moves through the chaos of a big-city emergency room. Injured patients sit in chairs, awaiting treatment, harried nurses rush from one station to another -- for a moment, it's like we've switched channels to "E.R."

As a hospital ATTENDANT goes past, Scully puts a hand on his arm to stop her.

SCULLY

Excuse me, I'm looking for Walter Skinner. He was brought here with a gunshot wound.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Before the Attendant can answer --

FULLER'S VOICE

Agent Scully.

Scully turns to see BRIAN FULLER, a large, dour man in his 40s, and his partner, LINDA CALECA, late 20s, fresh out of Quantico. They wear FBI badges on their coats.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Agent Fuller?

FULLER

This is Agent Caleca. We were the first ones on the scene.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

How bad is he?

(X)

FULLER

We don't know. He's been in surgery.

(X)

SCULLY

What happened?

CALECA

It looks like some hothead drew a gun in a coffee shop. Skinner happened to be in the way.

SCULLY

What have you got on the shooter?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

FULLER

(X)

We have a description from the waitress. A handgun was recovered in the parking lot -- unregistered, no prints. We lifted two partials off the cash register.

SCULLY

(X)

Hair and fiber?

FULLER

(X)

This just happened a few hours ago --

Scully cuts him off.

SCULLY

(X)

-- This is the Assistant Director who's been shot. I want every available resource made available. Do you understand?

Scully's outburst is interrupted by:

(X)

A GURNEY CARRYING SKINNER

Being wheeled out of a room, surrounded by a DOCTOR and a phalanx of NURSES and ORDERLIES.

(X)

SCULLY

Reacts to the sight of Skinner. Breaking away from Fuller and Caleca, she cuts a path through the crowd toward him. As she moves alongside the gurney:

HER TIGHT POV - SKINNER

A very sick man. Plastic tubes running from his nose to an I.V. stand being wheeled alongside him. His complexion is pale, waxy. Sweat beading on his forehead and upper lip.

Instinctively, Scully puts her HAND on Skinner's, gripping it. She **speaks** to the Doctor walking fast alongside the gurney.

SCULLY

How is he?

(X)

DOCTOR

He came through the surgery all right, but he's still in a lot of pain.

(X)

(X)

They've come to a stop outside an elevator. Suddenly, Scully is startled to feel Skinner's hand gripping hers back. She looks down to see:

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

SKINNER

His eyes open, looking up at her. Struggling to speak.

(X)

Scully leans close to his face to hear him. His voice is a mere whisper, barely audible above the din of the emergency-room traffic.

SKINNER

I've seen him before...

(X)

Skinner is out of breath. He squeezes her hand tighter, willing himself to speak.

SKINNER

The man who shot me...

(X)

Skinner's head rolls back on the gurney, exhausted from the effort of talking, as the ELEVATOR dings its arrival.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE ELEVATOR - SCULLY

Watches Skinner being wheeled inside, considering the implications of what he's just said. As the elevator doors close on her, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT (STOCK)

5

A LEGEND to identify.

6 EXT. RENTAL CAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

6

CAMERA PANS ACROSS off the LARIAT RENTAL CARS sign, down to the rows of parked cars, FINDING MULDER coming around to the passenger side of a rental where Krycek sits behind the wheel.

(X)

(X)

(X)

6A INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(X)

6A

As Mulder gets in, we see that he holds his handgun in his right hand, laying it on his lap so that it points toward Krycek. Krycek stares straight ahead.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Give me the key.

(X)

KRYCEK

When we get there.

(X)

MULDER

I want to make sure we get there together.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

6A CONTINUED:

6A

Krycek digs in his pocket, hands Mulder the key, then starts the car. As Mulder looks at the key, the initials on it.

(X)
(X)

MULDER
What's "C.I.?"

(X)

KRYCEK
When we get there.

(X)

Krycek starts the car. Off Mulder's wariness, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

7 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE ON SCULLY

(X)

7

looking down at something just PAST CAMERA. Then lifting a medical chart up into frame, studying it. As CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL SKINNER lying asleep in his hospital bed. When:

(X)
(X)
(X)

ANGLE ON AGENTS FULLER, CALECA

(X)

opening the door, entering.

(X)

FULLER
How's he doing?

(X)

SCULLY
They've got him on steady
Demerol. He's in and out.
(then, gruffly)
I thought I asked for guards
posted outside.

(X)

CALECA
We put in a request.

(X)

SCULLY
Look, I want guards posted here
and I want them here now. This
wasn't a random shooting.

(X)

FULLER
I think it's a matter of pulling
agents off something else.

(X)

SCULLY
I've heard the excuses. Now I
don't care if you and Agent
Caleca have to stand out in the
hall yourselves... I want
someone on this around the clock.
Okay?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Scully says this not as a question, but as an order. As she hangs the chart back up and exits. Off Fuller and Caleca's looks of resignation to this mandate, we:

(X)
(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

8 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

8

A rural road outside Washington. Night crickets. Wet grass. Mulder and Krycek's RENTAL CAR whooshes PAST CAMERA. AS CAMERA BEGINS TO TRACK up the road, finding the rear bumper, then the cab of a DARK SEDAN parked on the side of the road. TWO MEN sit inside. On seeing the passing rental they start the sedan and pull slowly onto the road behind it. Headlights off.

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

9 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - KRYCEK

9

Driving. Mulder rides shotgun, looking out the back window.

(X)

MULDER
We're being followed.

(X)

MULDER'S POV

(X)

There are NO HEADLIGHTS, nothing but dark road.

(X)

RESUME MULDER, KRYCEK

(X)

Krycek says nothing, looking into the rearview mirror.

(X)

MULDER
A dark sedan with its lights off.
It was parked on the shoulder a
half mile back.

(X)

Krycek continues to glance up to the rear view mirror. Again, offering nothing. Mulder lifts his gun, poking it at Krycek.

(X)

MULDER
Speed up.

(X)

Krycek has no time to accelerate when BRIGHTS SUDDENLY COME ON BEHIND THEM. Blinding Mulder as he stares out the back. Then the car accelerates, pulling into the oncoming traffic lane. Then SLAMMING into the side of Mulder and Krycek's car.

(X)

10 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

10

CAMERA MOVING WITH THE TWO VEHICLES as Mulder and Krycek's car recovers. Then the Dark Sedan SLAMS HARD into their car again. Sending it:

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

- 10 CONTINUED: 10
- NEW ANGLE (X)
- The impact sends the rental car careening off the road, the CAR (X)
CRASHING into a DITCH next to a CONCRETE EMBANKMENT. (X)
- 11 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - MULDER & KRYCEK 11
- Airbags blown, windshield broken, the car lies at an angle in (X)
the ditch. They both sit slumped, bloodied and dazed. Out the (X)
front quarter of the window (looking past Krycek) we see brake (X)
lights and backup lights coming toward us. CAMERA FOLLOWING (X)
the Dark Sedan as it pulls back slowly in reverse so that its (X)
occupants can get a look at Mulder and Krycek. (X)
- 12 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - THE DARK SEDAN 12
- TWO ARMED MEN jump out of the car, carrying automatic weapons. (X)
They move quickly to the crippled rental car, sitting sideways (X)
in the ditch.
- One of the Armed Men goes to the driver's door, the other man (X)
moving around to Mulder's side. (X)
- KRYCEK
- Slumped against the steering wheel. Then pulling himself (X)
upright, turning to face the Armed Man -- all with a strangely (X)
calm and self-possessed manner. The Armed Man opens the door. (X)
- 1ST ARMED MAN (X)
Get out.
- WIDER (X)
- The Armed Man pulls Krycek out of the car, prodding him away (X)
from the car, in the direction of the nearby underpass. (X)
- 1ST ARMED MAN (X)
Where's the digital tape?
- KRYCEK (X)
I don't have it.
- With that, the 1st Armed Man turns Krycek around, hits him hard (X)
in the stomach with the butt of his gun. Krycek is doubled (X)
over, but he does not appear to be in much pain. (X)
- ANGLE - MULDER
- Barely conscious. The 2nd Armed Man is at his door, trying to (X)
get it open, but the angle of the car prevents an easy exit. (X)
Then the 2nd Armed Man reacts to something. (X)

(CONTINUED)

- 12 CONTINUED: 12
- 2ND ARMED MAN'S POV - BRIGHT FLASHES OF INTENSE WHITE LIGHT (X)
- strobing brilliantly on the overpass' concrete underbelly. (X)
(The same intense flashes with which Joan Gauthier killed the Jacketed Men in "Piper Maru.")
- RESUME 2ND ARMED MAN (X)
- reacting to this with wonder and fear. Moving away from the (X)
wreckage. And away from: (X)
- MULDER (X)
- on whose face we see only an indirect reflection of the burning (X)
light flashes. But Mulder is only half conscious, blood coming (X)
from a cut on his head running into his eyes. (X)
- MULDER'S POV (X)
- Out of focus, blurred. The lights FLASH BRIGHTLY again. Then (X)
everything goes to BLACK. (X)
- FADE IN FROM BLACK TO:
- 13 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK) 13
- With a LEGEND to establish.
- 14 INT. AGENT PENDRELL'S OFFICE - DAY - PENDRELL 14
- Works at his desk, looking up as Scully enters. (He's the same (X)
eager young agent who assisted Scully in the episode, "731.") (X)
- PENDRELL (X)
Good morning.
- SCULLY (X)
(urgently)
I got a message you called.
- PENDRELL (X)
We found something I knew you'd
want to see ASAP.
- SCULLY (X)
Something on the shooter?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

PENDRELL

(X)

The partial prints we pulled from the cash register didn't add up to anything. But we found saliva on Skinner's shirt that wasn't his.

(hands her a printout)

This is an analysis of the secretors and other hemofactors.

SCULLY

(X)

Which tell us were looking for an Hispanic male, probably in his 40s, with blood type B positive. But we know that. From the Waitress' description.

PENDRELL

(X)

There's more. We were able to chromosome-stain some of the hair fibers we picked up last night.

He hands Scully a strip of FILM showing a detailed series of tiny black marks and measurements. Black arrows highlight certain DNA indicators.

SCULLY

(X)

Okay. But we still have to find the guy to get a match.

PENDRELL

(X)

We can still run his indicators against all suspects arrested in the D.C. area in the past couple years.

SCULLY

(X)

That takes time.

Pendrell shrugs. Scully stares at the film now, though. Something occurring to her.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Go ahead and run them.
(indicating DNA film strip)

I need this for a little while.

As Scully starts out, we:

CUT TO:

15 CLOSE - AN X-RAY CHART LIGHT BOX

15

Flickering to life. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we're:

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Scully lays the piece of film that Pendrell just gave her on the box. Then she moves from the light table to Mulder's filing cabinet, pulling out a file. (X)

Scully moves back to the light box and pulls a second piece of film out of the file. Laying it next to the first piece of film. Shaking her head in wonder as she compares: (X)

THE TWO PIECES OF FILM (X)

lying next to one another. As CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN, we: (X)

TIME CUT TO: (X)

15A ANGLE UP ON SCULLY

(X) 15A

looking down PAST CAMERA at something. She has changed clothes, indicating the time passage. She is looking down at: (X)

MULDER (X)

lying in a hospital bed. His head bandaged. His forehead bruised. He opens his eyes, frowning at Scully. We are: (X)

INT. MULDER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Scully stands over Mulder in his hospital bed. (X)

SCULLY (X)
What happened?

MULDER (X)
I ran into Krycek.

SCULLY (X)
Where? In Hong Kong?

Mulder reaches for the bed controls, tilting himself upright. (X)

MULDER (X)
(wincing a little)
Here. There...

SCULLY (X)
Mulder, this may not be the best
time to unload on you... but
you're not the only one in the
hospital.
(off Mulder)
Skinner's been shot.

It takes Mulder a beat himself to register this, because it doesn't make sense. (X)

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED:

15A

MULDER

By whom?

(X)

SCULLY

I'm not sure. But I have an
idea.

(X)

Scully pulls the two filmstrips from a folder she's holding.

(X)

MULDER

What are those?

(X)

SCULLY

PCRs. This one belongs to the
man who shot Skinner.

(X)

MULDER

Who's the other belong to?

(X)

SCULLY

The man who shot my sister.

(X)

Mulder leans forward to examine them. Realizing.

(X)

MULDER

He's the same guy?

(X)

Off Scully's grave, confirming expression, we:

(X)

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

- 16 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY - AGENT SCULLY (X) 16
Moves purposefully down the corridor, showing her FBI identification to two POLICE GUARDS posted outside Skinner's room. She opens the door, finding: (X)
- 17 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 17
SKINNER
Pale but awake, he lies in a hospital bed, a clear tube running from his arm to an I.V. unit beside him. A cannula in his nose. His voice is still thin from the medical procedures. (X)
- SCULLY (X)
Hi. How are you feeling?
- SKINNER (X)
Like someone's been in my stomach redecorating.
- SCULLY (X)
What's it going to take to get rid of you?
- Skinner musters a smile at her mild sarcasm. (X)
- SKINNER (X)
What've you turned up on the shooter?
- SCULLY (X)
We've made some progress. I'm hoping you can help us. You said you'd seen him before.
- SKINNER (X)
He was one of three men who attacked me in the stairwell several months ago.
- SCULLY (X)
(confirming)
They stole the digital tape.
- SKINNER (X)
(nodding)
Alex Krycek was there, too.
- SCULLY (X)
Krycek was there?
- Suddenly Scully's mind is working on the connections. (X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SKINNER

(X)

The men who had me shot -- they warned me. About pursuing your sister's murder investigation.

SCULLY

(X)

That means Krycek was working with them. Krycek was working with the man who shot my sister.

SKINNER

(X)

Maybe we should be looking for Krycek.

SCULLY

(X)

(pissed)

Mulder had him. We had him.

Scully moves to the door. Skinner calls with his weak voice.

(X)

SKINNER

(X)

Agent Scully...

(she turns)

If you can't keep your head, it's okay to step away.

Scully nods, but her resolve is strong as she exits. Off the closing door, we:

(X)
(X)

18
thru OMITTED
19

18
thru
19

CUT TO:

20 INT. MILITARY BURN UNIT - DAY

(X) 20

A windowless, dimly-lit room where TWO MEN lie in covered hospital beds (like the radiation victims' beds we saw in Episode 15.) The whole place has a colorless, antiseptic air about it, suggesting a military facility. CAMERA ADJUSTS as A DOCTOR steps next to one of the beds, addressing someone o.s.

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

DOCTOR

(X)

The burns you're looking at -- they're somatic, caused by close proximity radiation exposure. The same as the French sailors aboard that salvage ship. Identical.

REVERSE ANGLE ON CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

(X)

regarding the burn victims without emotion as he takes a box of Morleys from his coat pocket, pulling out a smoke.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
What's the prognosis?

(X)

DOCTOR
It's only a matter of time. This
kind of absorption will have a
rapid effect on cellular
activity. Giving rise to the
onset of massive and malignant
cancers.

(X)

The Cigarette-Smoking Man lights up a cigarette, oblivious to
the apparent irony. As he exhales a thick stream of smoke:

(X)

(X)

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
Has anyone been in to see these
men?

(X)

DOCTOR
No. Your orders were to isolate
them. But we should get a
specialist in here, because
frankly I've never seen anything
like this before.

(X)

While the Doctor speaks, the Cigarette-Smoking Man moves closer
to the injured men, examining one of them. As he reaches to
pull back part of the bandage opening around the man's
frightened eyes, we go:

(X)

CLOSE - THE MAN'S FACE

Revealing a patch of REDDISH, RAW FLESH, mottled from heat and
radiation. The same type of terrible burns the Sick Crewman
had in a Pearl Harbor hospital more than 40 years earlier.

(X)

RESUME - THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Unmoved by this horrific sight.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
I have.

(X)

DOCTOR
Then you know what caused this?

(X)

The Cigarette-Smoking Man has seen enough. He starts out.

(X)

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
Have the bodies destroyed.

(X)

NAVY DOCTOR
But these men aren't dead yet.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

(X)

(coldly)

Isn't that the prognosis?

The Cigarette-Smoking Man continues on his way. HOLD ON the Doctor, disturbed by the order he's been given.

(X)

CUT TO:

21 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - SCULLY

(X) 21

enters, surprised to find the bulky, bright yellow NEWTSUIT that Gauthier used to dive the wreck of the P-51 in "Piper Maru." It stands upright in the middle of the office. Scully is staring at it, as CAMERA ADJUSTS AROUND to reveal Mulder coming out of the dark room at the rear of his office.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(X)

It vacuums, dusts AND makes a great cappuccino.

Mulder's head is bandaged from his accident, the evidence of bruising still visible.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

What's this doing here?

MULDER

(X)

I had it flown in from San Diego. As evidence.

SCULLY

(X)

Evidence of what?

Mulder hands her a GLASS VIAL with a darkish liquid in it.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

This suit was covered with a thin film of oil. As was the French diver when I found him lying delirious on his kitchen floor.

(X)

(X)

Scully holds the vial up to the light.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

What is it?

MULDER

(X)

From the reports I'm getting, the same substance on the French diver's wife when she was found on the bathroom floor in the Hong Kong airport a few days ago.

Scully registers this, piquing her already intense curiosity.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MULDER

(X)

The analysis said it's eighty-weight diesel oil. The kind they used on World War Two V Class submarines. And on P-51 Mustangs, for that matter.

SCULLY

(X)

I don't understand.

MULDER

(X)

This oil's 50 years old, Scully. Not only that, its composition has been altered. By exposure to radiation.

SCULLY

(X)

I still don't understand. How did it end up on the diver? Or the diver's wife?

MULDER

(X)

I don't think this is just diesel oil, Scully. I think its a medium -- a medium being used by some kind of alien creature that uses it to body jump.

SCULLY

(X)

You're saying this thing has intelligence?

MULDER

(X)

I think it came from whatever they pulled from the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. It's been down there for fifty years waiting for another host, another body to bring it to the surface.

SCULLY

(X)

(not buying it)
Waiting to jump into that diver... then to his wife.

MULDER

(X)

Then to Krycek.

SCULLY

(X)

Wait a second -- Krycek?

MULDER

(X)

They were both in Hong Kong. I think she went there under the control of this thing to find him.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Scully has to laugh. Not at just the absurdity, but the irony. (X)

MULDER

(X)

I know how it sounds.

SCULLY

(X)

Is anybody NOT looking for Krycek?

MULDER

(X)

No, I think the question is what is this thing looking for. Now that it's in Krycek, what does it want?

Off Scully's continued reluctance to warm to this idea and Mulder overreaching certainty, we: (X)
(X)

CUT TO:

22 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY - A SIGN

(X)

22

Reading "CAPITOL ICE, Maryland's Finest Skating Wonderland" in the same block lettering we saw stamped on Krycek's locker key. (X)
CAMERA TILTS DOWN from the sign to feature: (X)

THE RINK

(X)

Skaters of various ages and abilities gliding clockwise around the gleaming white surface of the rink. (X)
(X)

NEW ANGLE - BYERS (ONE OF THE LONE GUNMEN)

(X)

skates confidently in the crowd, his eyes searching the other skaters, the general area of the rink. Then nodding to another skater going the opposite direction -- a less accomplished skater whom we recognize from the back by his long blond hair -- a 2nd Lone Gunman: Langly. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

LANGLY

(X)

comes to a stop and, like Byers, he cases the general area of the rink. Nodding to: (X)
(X)

ANGLE ON FROHIKE

(X)

Skating with glide smooth ease, trying to be inconspicuous as he nods to Langly, making an equally smooth 90 degree redirection and heading straight for him (and TOWARD CAMERA), while sneaking a few quick glances at a couple of BEAUTIFUL SKATERS moving past. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Frohike passes right by Langly and steps off the ice. Moving toward: (X)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CLOSE - A RENTAL LOCKER

The number plate reading "517." CAMERA WIDENS to include (X)
Frohike as he moves along the wall of lockers, approaching the (X)
one that matches his KEY. (The same key we'll recognize that (X)
Mulder took from Krycek.)

Reaching 517, Frohike gives secret-agent glances to the skaters (X)
on either side of him, making sure it's safe. Then quickly (X)
inserts the key, pulling open the locker to reveal: (X)

INSIDE THE LOCKER (X)

An insulated brown packing envelope, a little bigger than a (X)
digital computer tape, its ends wrapped in packing tape. (X)

FROHIKE (X)

removes the package, slipping it in his pocket: (X)

CUT TO:

23 INT. CAR - DAY - ANGLE - THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR

(X) 23

FROHIKE, LANGLEY AND BYERS

Reflected in the mirror, moving quickly through the ice-rink (X)
parking lot toward the car. CAMERA ADJUSTING to reveal MULDER (X)
watching their approach.

A NEW ANGLE (X)

As the three men open the front and back doors, Langly and (X)
Byers getting in the back while Frohike sits next to Mulder. (X)
He removes the package from his pocket, hands it to Mulder. (X)

FROHIKE (X)
Nothing to it.

As Mulder starts tearing the package open:

BYERS (X)
You ought to call upon our
services more often.

LANGLY (X)
We show a talent for these G-man
activities.

MULDER (X)
You mean if I'd like someone
whacked on the knee.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

FROHIKE

(X)

Only if you want to get away with
it.

Mulder finally gets the package open. Finding inside only a
clear, empty tape cassette case:

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(X)

It's gone.

As the Lone Gunmen look at each other, crestfallen that their
little adventure in crime-fighting has gone awry, we go:

24 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE - A LOWBALL GLASS

(X)

24

Filled with golden Scotch whiskey. A HAND enters frame,
bringing the glass to the lips of THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN.

(X)

(X)

Sitting in a chair in a darkened apartment (like the one the
CSM occupied in "One Breath"). A long curl of SMOKE coming
from a cigarette smoldering in an ashtray.

(X)

(X)

The Cigarette-Smoking Man sets down his glass when, suddenly:

THE DIGITAL TAPE

Lands on the table next to his glass. The same tape that
disappeared with Krycek after having cost the lives of Mulder's
father and Scully's sister. The tape containing all the
government's knowledge of extraterrestrial life.

CLOSE - THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Looks at the tape for a moment, suppressing whatever feelings
of surprise -- or fear -- he has at having this prized
possession suddenly dropped right back in his lap.

He looks up slowly to see:

KRYCEK

Standing across the desk in front of him, his stoic demeanor
still clearly suggesting the presence of the alien inside him.

KRYCEK

(X)

Where is it?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

I've been expecting you.

Suddenly, Krycek's attention is drawn to the SOUND of a trigger
being cocked behind him. He looks back to see the Hispanic Man
standing there, a PISTOL pointed (discreetly) at his head.

But it's the Cigarette-Smoking Man who reacts.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
(to Hispanic Man)
Put that down!

Chastened, the Hispanic Man slowly lowers his weapon. Krycek turns back to face the Cigarette-Smoking Man.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
I have what you want.

(X)

On Krycek's face, showing only the slightest trace of satisfaction:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 INT. SYNDICATE OFFICE - N.Y.C. - NIGHT

25

The Well-Manicured Man sits stirring a cup of tea, his expression reflecting his intensely troubled thoughts. As he checks his watch, someone is entering the room o.s. -- someone who draws his eyes like a raptor to its prey.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
You've made us wait.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

Removing his winter coat, which is wet from the rain. Handing it to the Major Domo who does his job with a quiet efficiency. The Cigarette-Smoking Man straightens his suit, stepping into the room where the OTHER MEMBERS sit, including the Elder with his imposing presence.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
There was a weather delay on the shuttle from Washington.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
You had business there?

The patronizing tone puts the CSM on edge.

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
Yes. You may have already heard.

ELDER
We've heard you've acted on your own and moved the salvaged UFO to another location. (Note: He pronounces this "Yufo.")

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
These new attempts to recover it have increased our need for security.

(X)

(X)

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Who else is looking for it?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
In the event, I moved it as a safeguard.

ELDER
Somebody better damn well find out how the French even knew where to look for it.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25 25

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

I can assure you it will be
absolutely inaccessible now.

2ND ELDER

Why not bring it to Nevada like
the others?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Leaks in security and a
heightened public interest have
made the base in Nevada unviable.
Is this why I've been called
here?

WELL-MANICURED MAN

No. We'd like an explanation
about this business with the
Assistant Director of the Bureau --
Skinner?

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

A random shooting, for all I
know.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

They have a waitress who's given
a description of the shooter.
They've released a composite of
his face to the press.

26

The Well-Manicured Man takes a newspaper from his lap,
proffering it to the CSM. On it is an artist's composite of
the Hispanic Man. The CSM takes it, staring at the drawing,
trying to give nothing away.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

He's one of yours, isn't he?

CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

(feigning ignorance)

I don't know what to tell you.
If he did, he acted on his own.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Good Lord...

2ND ELDER

This is a very serious exposure
for us.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

I'll take care of it.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

WELL-MANICURED MAN
(protesting acidly)
My advice to you, sir, is to
understand the priorities here.
Get this shooter out of the
country as quickly as possible.
If the Assistant Director is able
to ID him, our well-placed
operatives won't be able to stand
in the way of an arrest.
Compromising beyond repair the
secrecy of our work and the
security, as you so arrogantly
assert, of our project's future.

The Cigarette-Smoking Man stares down the W.M.M., resenting the
tone of this directive and the condescension of its delivery.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
It'll be handled.

Off their locked stare, we:

CUT TO:

26 INT. LONE GUNMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

26

CLOSE ON A MAGNIFIED IMAGE OF FROHIKE'S EYE. Peering down at
CAMERA.

FROHIKE
I've got something here.

WIDE ON ROOM

as Mulder and Byers and Langly move to Frohike at the work
bench. Where he leans over the large, lighted magnifying
glass.

FROHIKE
Writing. Somebody wrote on top
of the package and left an
impression.

MULDER
Let me see.

Frohike slides off his seat, Mulder taking his place.

BYERS
Your guys at the FBI turned a
major serial murderer on a
vestigial pen impression.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MULDER

Yeah. There's something here.

INSERT -- As Mulder tilts the package under the light we can see ever so faintly the pen strokes pressed into the soft brown shell of paper on the padded package. But not enough to make out what it says.

LANGLY

Your sci-tech guys at the Bureau have a laser there that can measure any change in a surface up to one picrometer.

Mulder rises from the chair now, holding the package and looking over the bench top for something.

BYERS

Actually, they can pull an impression using a combination of dyhedrin and UV light. The dye blends with the fibers in the package, rendering the information through a comparative analysis of the material compression.

During this, in the b.g., Mulder has taken a small piece of scrap paper and a pencil, using the side of the pencil to shade in, rubbing over the impression on the package.

FROHIKE

Actually --

MULDER

-- it's a phone number.

The Lone Gunmen all turn to him, surprised.

MULDER

Five five five... seven three two seven. Looks like a New York City area code.

He hands Frohike the pencil he was using.

MULDER

Don't drop that. It's a finely calibrated piece of investigative equipment. I've got to make a phone call.

FROHIKE

I'll be damned.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

As Mulder moves to his jacket, hung on the other side of the room, we:

CUT TO:

27 INT. SYNDICATE OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

27

The members (sans the CSM) have donned their heavy winter coats, filing out of the office. The Well-Manicured Man is the last to go, still putting his coat on when the phone rings. The Major Domo moves to answer it.

MAJOR D.

Yes... no this is a private line,
you must have misdialed.... no,
there's no one here to take your
call...

CLOSE ON THE WELL-MANICURED MAN

reacting to this.

ANGLE ON MAJOR DOMO

MAJOR D.

I'm sorry I can't help you...

The Well-Manicured Man enters frame, motioning for the phone.
Looking at his watch.

MAJOR D.

Please hold on.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

(taking the phone)

Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH:

28 INT. LONE GUNMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MULDER

28

Stands holding his cell phone.

MULDER

Who is this?

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I seem to recognize your voice.

MULDER

Yes. It just occurred to me
we've met.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Who gave you this number?

MULDER
You probably know him. A man
named Krycek.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Alex Krycek?

MULDER
Yeah. Nice guy. Killed my
father. You wouldn't happen to
know where he is, would you?

There is a beat of surprise for the W.M.M. Then:

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Mr. Mulder, isn't it?

MULDER
Hey. So nice of you to remember.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Mr. Mulder, can we meet
somewhere?

MULDER
Love to.

The W.M.M. checks his watch again.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Give your phone number to my
assistant and he'll call you back
in five minutes.

The W.M.M. covers the receiver as he hands the phone to the
Major Domo.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Tell him I'll meet him in Central
Park near the lighted walkway off
79th near the reservoir in three
hours. When you hang up, have
this number disconnected.

He hands the phone to the Domo and exits. As we:

CUT TO:

29 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT - (STOCK)

29

With LEGEND, to establish.

CUT TO:

30 INT. AGENT PENDRELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

30

Pendrell sits with Scully, listening to Agent Fuller debrief her on the investigation, standing in front of a slide screen on which the face of the Hispanic Man is projected. Agent Caleca stands listening.

FULLER

We got a name to go with the face.

SCULLY

Beautiful.

FULLER

His name is Luis Cardinal. A native of Nicaragua, School of the Americas alumni, career mercenary. Apparently he impressed a lot of people with his marksmanship during the Iran-Contra deal.

SCULLY

I'll bet.

FULLER

That's actually the good news.

SCULLY

What do you mean?

CALECA

He's currently in the country without a visa or papers as far as we can tell. We can't find anything on him. Address, phone number, financials, nothing.

SCULLY

Does he use an alias?

CALECA

Several. None checked out either. In all likelihood this guy's already out of the country doing a hat dance.

SCULLY

Dammit! They think they can just get away with it.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30 31

FULLER

I'd like to tell you otherwise.

Scully gets up, pacing, worked to a boil.

SCULLY

Keep looking for him.

FULLER

We've pretty much exhausted our avenues --

SCULLY

What's it going to take?!

CALECA

At this point? Other than a sign from God?

SCULLY

I've seen stranger things, believe me.

And Scully exits without so much as a goodbye. Fuller and Caleca look at Pendrell who's been sitting, listening quietly.

PENDRELL

I believe she has.

Off Fuller and Caleca's unamused looks, we:

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - AGENT MULDER

31

With a LEGEND OVER, as CAMERA FINDS Agent Mulder standing on a walkway in the park, shoulders hunched against the cold. Checking his watch, then looks off to an approaching figure.

ANGLE ON APPROACHING FIGURE

Moving out of the darkness into the light, revealing the Well-Manicured Man. He moves with a measured gait, approaching Mulder as he might a friend.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I trust we're alone.

MULDER

It's too cold. Even for the muggers and rapists.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

You're looking for Alex Krycek.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MULDER
You could say that.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
To kill him. In revenge.

Mulder stares at the man now, sensing he's being played.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
What makes you think we haven't
done that already?

MULDER
For what?

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Tell me what you know and I'll
consider giving you Krycek.

MULDER
No, sir. You answer some
questions for me first. Like
what exactly was pulled from the
bottom of the Pacific Ocean?

WELL-MANICURED MAN
(without hesitation)
It was a UFO. A so-called Foo
Fighter, downed by American
fighter pilots during the second
World War.

MULDER
Left there until now?

WELL-MANICURED MAN
There were salvage attempts. A
U.S. sub was sent in fifty years
ago, but there were
complications.

MULDER
Almost the entire crew died.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Yes. It's still a mystery.

MULDER
A mystery to whom?

WELL-MANICURED MAN
The cover story said it was the
third A-bomb bound for Japan, but
the truth is, no one knows what
killed that crew.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

MULDER

I know.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Do you now?

MULDER

Give me Krycek and I'll tell you.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Mr. Mulder -- I've told you so much this evening, and you've offered next to nothing in return.

MULDER

You haven't told me anything more than what I already know.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I'm curious. If you've encountered Krycek, why didn't you kill him then?

MULDER

He still has the tape.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

(a beat as he understands now)

Ah, yes. The tape.

MULDER

The one he's been selling those secrets off.

Mulder stares at the Man, suddenly realizing.

MULDER

You don't know where he is. You're looking for him, too.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Mr. Mulder -- we can get to anyone. Certainly you don't doubt that.

Mulder realizes something now. Something that causes him to turn and walk away. TRACKING BACKWARDS WITH HIM as he pulls out his cell phone, dials in a hurry.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Mr. Mulder --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

MULDER
(into phone)
Scully, it's me --

INTERCUT WITH:

32 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SCULLY

32

On the phone.

MULDER
The guards you had posted outside
Skinner's room -- are they still
there?

SCULLY
They should be. Why?

MULDER
I want you to get down there and
double-check.

(X)

SCULLY
I've got it covered, Mulder.

(X)

MULDER
Just do me a favor, Scully, and
get down there right away.

(X)

On Scully, considering the urgency of Mulder's concern:

(X)

CUT TO:

33 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - A NURSE

33

Moves down the mostly empty corridor, a clipboard in hand,
passing:

SCULLY

Emerging from the elevator. CAMERA STAYS WITH SCULLY as she
moves down the corridor in the direction the Nurse has just
come. Distress playing on her face as we see:

(X)

(X)

HER MOVING POV - SKINNER'S ROOM

(X)

The hallway outside EMPTY. The police guards we saw earlier
now gone.

(X)

RESUME SCULLY

Her fear for Skinner's safety rising.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

SCULLY

Nurse!

The Nurse doubles back, moving to meet Scully.

(X)

SCULLY

Where are the guards outside this room?

(X)

NURSE

They've left.

(X)

Scully pushes open the door to Skinner's room, finding it EMPTY. The bed made as if no one had ever been there.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Where did they go? What happened to the man inside this room?

(X)

NURSE

Mr. Skinner's no longer at the hospital.

(X)

SCULLY

Where is he?

(X)

NURSE

The orderlies were here a few moments ago. They took him away.

(X)

SCULLY

Where did they take him?

(X)

NURSE

Home. The ambulance must've just left.

(X)

As Scully rushes back toward the elevator, HOLD ON the Nurse, puzzled by her dire concern.

CUT TO:

34
thru 36
OMITTED34
thru 36

37 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT - AN AMBULANCE

37

Pulls to a stop at a RED LIGHT, Scully's CAR screeching to a stop in the parking lane parallel to it. Scully rushes out of her car, slamming the door closed behind her. She cuts through stopped lanes of traffic to the ambulance window.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ANGLE - THE DRIVER

Reacting as he sees Scully coming toward him, holding her FBI BADGE out in front of her.

SCULLY
I'm with the FBI. Are you
transporting a Walter Skinner?

The Driver, more than a little surprised to be stopped like this, consults the clipboard on his front seat.

DRIVER
Yeah. Is something wrong?

SCULLY
Everything's fine.

Scully opens the door, climbing inside the passenger's seat. (X)

SCULLY (X)
I'm just going to ride with you
the rest of the way.

As Scully climbs toward the back, we go: (X)

38 INT. AMBULANCE - PATIENT AREA - NIGHT (X) 38

Scully walks in a half-crouch to: (X)

SKINNER

Who lies secured to a gurney, an I.V. stand running a tube of clear liquid to his arm. He still looks pale, weakened by his injury.

SKINNER
Agent Scully. What are you doing
here?

SCULLY
I just wanted to make sure you
got home safely.

As the ambulance begins to accelerate again, we: (X)

CUT TO:

38A EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER (X) 38A

The AMBULANCE moves PAST CAMERA, CAMERA PANNING to follow it as it comes to a stop behind another car idling at a red light.

- 38B INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - SCULLY (X) 38B
- Gently swaying with the ambulance as it rocks to a stop. (X)
- ANGLE - THE I.V. BAG (X)
- The brakes cause the CLEAR LIQUID in Skinner's I.V. bag to jiggle, then gradually settle. (X)
- Scully waits silently, the ambulance idling at a full stop. Looking up to see: (X)
- CLOSE - THE I.V. BAG
- The clear liquid inside sloshes gently.
- RESUME SCULLY
- Realizing it's not traffic that's caused this disturbance. She draws her weapon, carefully moving to the back of the cabin. (X) (X)
- SKINNER (X)
- What is it, Scully?
- SCULLY (X)
- Maybe nothing.
- CLOSE - SCULLY
- As she reaches the back door. Sensing someone may be on board the back of the ambulance outside. Suddenly, Scully SLAMS THE BACK DOORS OPEN. As they swing open, we go: (X) (X) (X)
- 39 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - THE HISPANIC MAN 39
- Is knocked off the back of the ambulance, flying backward onto the roadway. He quickly recovers, getting to his feet as: (X)
- SCULLY (X)
- Jumps out the back of the ambulance to give chase. (X)
- ANGLE - THE HISPANIC MAN (X)
- Runs through lanes of oncoming traffic, turning to see Scully gaining on him. His attention distracted long enough for him to run right in the path of: (X) (X) (X)
- WIDER - AN APPROACHING CAR (X)
- Slams into him, knocking him off his feet and rolling him off the hood.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

RESUME SCULLY

(X)

Reacting to the impact. Dodging cars as she rushes to catch up to the Hispanic Man, who manages to get up and on his feet. (X)

He continues fleeing toward an ALLEY, but he's been hurt. He runs with a limp, favoring one leg. As he disappears into the alley, Scully running after him, we go: (X)

40 EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT - THE HISPANIC MAN

(X) 40

Running TOWARD CAMERA, Scully gaining on him in the background. (X)

SCULLY

(X)

Federal agent! Stop right there!

The Hispanic Man falls to his stomach, his injury too much for him to continue.

LOW ANGLE - SCULLY

Catches up to him. She stands above him, aiming her pistol. (X)
With one foot, she rolls him onto his back. (X)

CLOSE - THE HISPANIC MAN

The man identified as Luis Cardinal. The man who shot Skinner -- and murdered Scully's sister.

CLOSE - SCULLY

Her chest heaving from the chase, consumed with a deep and wounding hatred. She pulls back the trigger on her weapon. (X)

HISPANIC MAN

(X)

Don't shoot me!

On Scully, looking as if she's about to do just that: (X)

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

41 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

(X) 41

(CONTINUED ACTION)

(X)

Scully stands with her pistol pointed at the Hispanic Man.
Grief and hatred pump through her -- a deep well of emotion
rising at finally confronting the man who murdered her sister.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Are you Luis Cardinal?

The Hispanic Man says nothing, too terrified he's about to be
executed to speak.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

(growing more
insistent)

Are you Luis Cardinal?!

HISPANIC MAN

(X)

Please...

SCULLY

(X)

ARE YOU THE MAN WHO SHOT MY
SISTER?!

HISPANIC MAN

(X)

Please. Don't kill me.

SCULLY

(X)

YOU SHOT MY SISTER!

The Hispanic Man can only lie still, afraid the wrong word
might set her off. Then:

(X)

(X)

HISPANIC MAN

(X)

Please. I can tell you --

SCULLY

(X)

TELL ME!

HISPANIC MAN

(X)

No -- I can tell you what you
want. You want Krycek.

Scully says nothing. Still ready to shoot him dead.

(X)

HISPANIC MAN

(X)

I can tell you where he is --
please. Please don't shoot.

(CONTINUED)

41. CONTINUED:

41

Scully stares at him a moment longer, still not ready to put her gun down when -- in the b.g. -- a POLICE CRUISER SKIDS UP, THEN ANOTHER. Only then does Scully lower her eyes, her face showing the moment is past -- she won't kill this man. As OFFICERS come running toward the scene. (X)

THE HISPANIC MAN (X)

Shaken but relieved to be alive. As the Officer descend on him, turning him over and pulling his arms back to cuff him. (X)

SCULLY (X)

watches this, wondering now if she did the right thing. If she should have taken her vengeance. And if this man is lying. (X)

CUT TO:

42 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - MULDER

(X) 42

leans across from the driver's seat, reaching into the glove box, searching for something. A LEGEND appears: LAGUARDIA AIRPORT, NEW YORK. (X)

He feels under the passenger seat now, when his cell phone RINGS. He sits up, answers it. (X)

MULDER
(into the phone)
Mulder.

INTERCUT WITH:

43 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - SCULLY

43

Speaks into her cell phone, her image STROBED RED by the flashing light bar on a police cruiser parked in the b.g. (X)

SCULLY
Mulder, it's me. Where are you?

MULDER
At the airport in New York. (X)

SCULLY
What are you doing? (X)

MULDER
Trying to find my rental car agreement. (X)

SCULLY
What are you doing in New York? (X)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MULDER

I'll tell you when I see you --

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder -- whatever your instincts --
they were right about Skinner.
We just arrested a man for what
looks like attempted murder.

(X)

MULDER

Who?

(X)

SCULLY

It's him. The man who shot my
sister --

(X)

MULDER

Scully --

(X)

SCULLY

Listen to me, Mulder -- he told
me where Krycek is. I don't know
if this makes any sense, but he
says he's headed for an abandoned
missile site in North Dakota.

(X)

Mulder processes this information for a moment.

(X)

MULDER

Scully -- I want you to meet me
at the D.C. airport in an hour.
Buy two tickets on the first
flight to North Dakota.

(X)

SCULLY

What's in North Dakota?

MULDER

The Salvaged Ufo.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. SILO COMPLEX - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

44

The winter sun shines softly over farmland carpeting the North
Dakota plains. An N.D. SEDAN kicking up a trail of dust as it
drives down a narrow dirt access road. A LEGEND reads: BLACK
CROW, NORTH DAKOTA.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the landscape to reveal:

(X)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

SILO COVERS (A DIGITAL MATTE)

(X)

Forty-foot-diameter steel discs widely spaced atop holes in flat landscape like big, gray poker chips. Spaced intermittently among them are square concrete bunkers.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

44A EXT. SILO COMPLEX - CONCRETE BUNKER - DAY

(X) 44A

ANGLE PAST F.G. BUNKER as the N.D. Sedan moves into frame, pulling to a stop outside the bunker. Mulder and Scully exit, moving toward the bunker. CAMERA MOVING TO MEET THEM as they approach a metal door in the bunker's side.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

There must be two hundred silos here. And if I'm correct they were filled with concrete when the base was decommissioned. In accord with the disarmament treaty.

Mulder checks the heavy lock on the door, the cover of which has been pried back. With a turn of the knob the door opens. Mulder takes this moment to remove his weapon.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(X)

What treaty?

And he steps inside. Scully removes her gun now, too, following him in.

(X)

45 OMITTED

45

CUT TO:

46 INT. SILO COMPLEX - DAY - CLOSE - ELEVATOR DOORS

46

As they whoosh open. Mulder and Scully look out into:

(X)

THEIR POV - A LONG, WINDOWLESS HALLWAY

(X)

Dimly lit, stretching as far as possible in either direction.

(X)

MULDER AND SCULLY

(X)

step into the hallway.

SCULLY

My ears are still popping.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

MULDER

We're eight stories down.

(X)

Mulder and Scully flick on the flashlights they're carrying, training the beams down the hallway, as they start out.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

46A INT. SILO COMPLEX - DAY - FAR END OF A LONG HALLWAY

(X)

46A

The darkness penetrated by two strands of LIGHT coming from the far end. The beams of Mulder and Scully's flashlights. CAMERA TRACKING AT AN EVEN PACE, moving to meet them at:

A HEAVY SILO DOOR

(X)

A small square port window at eye-level. The Agents train their flashlights on the door, illuminating the universal RADIOACTIVE SIGN, and the headline: EXTREME DANGER -- DO NOT ENTER IF (followed by a series of instructions in small type.)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder reaches for the door handle, turning it. It makes a big KA-CHUNK sound as the locking mechanism is released. Mulder pulls open the door, shining his flashlight inside.

(X)

(X)

(X)

46B INT. SILO - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

(X)

46B

Looking down on Mulder, then Scully, as they step into the circular chamber. Shining their flashlights on the walls of the empty chamber.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Like I said, what treaty...

(X)

SCULLY

One down. One hundred ninety-nine silos to go.

(X)

CUT TO:

47 INT. SILO COMPLEX - DAY - LONG HALLWAY

(X)

47

Mulder and Scully exits the door leading from the silo, but get only a few steps out when Mulder pushes Scully's flashlight down. Turns his off. As does she when she sees:

(X)

(X)

MULDER AND SCULLY'S POV

(X)

Flashlights at the other end of the hall.

(X)

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

(X)

Move quietly in the opposite direction, turning into

(X)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

THE BODIES OF SEVERAL SOLDIERS

Lie dead on the floor, covered with terrible radiation burns.

MULDER
He's here.

SCULLY
Who?

(X)

MULDER
Krycek.

(X)

Mulder looks up from the men to the SILO DOOR at the end of this hall.

At that moment --

A PIERCING ALARM SOUNDS

The darkness of the corridors suddenly displaced by FLASHING EMERGENCY LIGHTS.

Scully and Mulder turn to see:

UNIFORMED MEN

Racing down the hallway, automatic weapons in hand.

They start to run the other way, turning around another corner to:

(X)

ANOTHER LONG HALLWAY

(X)

Mulder and Scully sprint down the corridor, CAMERA TRACKING WITH THEM AT A LOW ANGLE.

(X)

(X)

THEIR POV - UNIFORMED MEN

(X)

Appear at the end of the hall, running toward them.

(X)

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

(X)

As they start to double back, only to find MORE UNIFORMED MEN coming at them from the opposite direction, sealing off any possible means of escape.

(X)

As Mulder and Scully raise their hands and are swept up by the Uniformed Men, we go:

48 EXT. SILO COMPOUND - NIGHT - OUTSIDE THE BUNKER

(X)

48

Mulder and Scully are escorted out of the bunker by the Uniformed Men. They're being led toward a military PERSONNEL CARRIER as an N.D. sedan pulls to a stop.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

48. CONTINUED:

48

THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

(X)

Emerges from the passenger's side, moving past them, back toward the bunker. Mulder calls after him.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

The UFO's here. That's what Krycek was after, isn't it?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

(X)

Krycek? Alex Krycek disappeared five months ago.

MULDER

(X)

He's here. You led him here, didn't you?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

(X)

There's nothing here but holes in the ground, Mr. Mulder.

MULDER

(X)

Then why are you here -- why these men?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

(X)

I don't owe you any answers.

SCULLY

(X)

We saw bodies back there -- men who had been exposed to high levels of radiation.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

You saw nothing.

The Cigarette-Smoking Man enters the bunker. Mulder continues to yell after him, refusing to accept defeat even as he and Scully are taken into the personnel carrier:

MULDER

(X)

You won't get away with this. You can't bury the truth!

As the back of the carrier is slammed shut, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

49 INT. SILO COMPOUND - NIGHT - THE DEAD SOLDIERS

(X) 49

CAMERA TILTING UP to find the Cigarette-Smoking Man moving toward them, accompanied by more Armed Men. Reaching the bodies, he looks down at them.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Take these away.

(X)

As the Armed Men start to go to work on removing the bodies, the Cigarette-Smoking Man takes a few steps forward, looking at:

(X)

(X)

HIS POV - THE SILO DOOR

(X)

Locked shut at the end of the hall.

(X)

RESUME CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

(X)

Allowing himself a brief look of satisfaction. Then he turns on his heel to leave. We:

(X)

(X)

RESUME - SILO DOOR

(X)

CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN on the door, moving closer toward the turret-like window. Just as we're about to break through the glass, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. SILO COMPOUND - NIGHT - SILO

50

Blackness, until the CAMERA BEGINS TO RISE, traveling up the rounded walls of the silo, occasional rays of light slicing through the darkness... now the light catching architectural details of an alien craft -- just enough to suggest the side of a triangular structure... moving through more SHADOWS, CAMERA COMING TO REST on:

A GRAY DOMED SURFACE

Atop which kneels the figure of Alex Krycek, convulsing horribly on his knees.

CLOSE - KRYCEK

Sweating BLACK OIL from all over his face. It seeps out the pores of his skin, coming out in goopy strings from his eyes, nose and mouth -- leaving his body just as it did Capt. Sanford's aboard the submarine 50 years earlier.

CAMERA TILTING DOWN to reveal the oil seeping into:

A STRANGELY SHAPED GRID

Integrated into the design of the craft's surface, the OIL substance slinking down into the grid and the craft below. On this image:

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

51
thru
54

OMITTED

*Mulder's office*51
thru
54

54A EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

(X) 54A

CAMERA TRACKS PAST the headstones, SLOWLY RISING to reveal:

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Moving through the graveyard, a solemn look on her face. She carries a simple bouquet of flowers.

(X)

(X)

NEW ANGLE - SCULLY

(X)

Enters frame, coming to a stop in front of a headstone. As she leans down to place the flowers, we see:

(X)

(X)

HER POV - THE HEADSTONE

(X)

Inscribed with the words "Melissa Scully, Beloved Sister and Daughter, 1962-1995."

(X)

CLOSE - SCULLY

(X)

She stares at the headstone, deep in thought. After a moment, a SEDAN pulls up in the background. Scully turns to see:

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Emerging from the car, moving across the cemetery toward her. Reaching her, he stands beside her, the two of them sharing a silent moment. Mulder letting Scully be the one to have the first word.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

I've just been thinking about something a man said to me. He said that the dead speak to us from beyond the grave -- that that's what conscience is.

MULDER

(X)

That's interesting. I never thought of it that way.

SCULLY

(X)

I thought when we found this man -- the man who killed Melissa -- when we brought him to justice -- I would find some kind of closure. But the truth is no court, no punishment is ever enough.

Mulder is silent for a moment, thinking. Then he takes Scully's arm, leading her from the gravesite.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

54A CONTINUED:

54A

MULDER

I came here to tell you something, Scully. Maybe there is some justice -- just not the kind you were looking for.

(X)

SCULLY

What are you talking about?

(X)

MULDER

They just found this man, Luis Cardinal, dead in his cell.

(X)

SCULLY

How?

(X)

MULDER

They made it look like a suicide. The men he worked for couldn't take a chance he'd point a finger at them.

(X)

SCULLY

What about Krycek?

(X)

MULDER

He was there, Scully. I know it.

(X)

SCULLY

You think they got to him, too?

(X)

MULDER

I don't know. If they didn't, I'm sure they will, but I doubt it'll weigh on their consciences.

(X)

Scully stops.

(X)

SCULLY

I think the dead are speaking to us, Mulder -- demanding justice. Maybe this man was right. Maybe we bury the dead alive.

(X)

On Mulder and Scully's shared moment of grief and frustration:

(X)

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT - SILO

55

CAMERA PANNING DOWN the darkened silo at a deliberate speed. A BANGING sound gradually growing LOUDER as we move down the silo WALL... past the DOME of the UFO... through more darkness... catching some of the ENGINEERING DETAIL on the side of the craft... drifting back into darkness... finally coming upon the figure of:

(X)

ALEX KRYCEK

The banging sound coming from his FISTS pounding against the inside of the silo door -- the frustration of a man hopelessly entombed deep in the earth.

As Krycek continues his steady banging for help, we go:

56 INT. SILO COMPOUND - NIGHT - HALLWAY

56

Tracking away from the secured silo door, down the hall... further and further... until the door is just a small square in the distance... and the sound of Krycek's banging is no louder than the pounding pleas of a dead man buried at the bottom of the sea.

THE END