

THE X-FILES

"Leonard Betts"

Written by

Vince Gilligan &
John Shibban &
Frank Spotnitz

Directed by

Kim Manners

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December 13, 1996

"Leonard Betts"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Michele Wilkes
Leonard Betts
Black Male Patient (non-speaking)
Night Attendant
Local Cop

Pathologist
New Partner
Dr. Charles Burks
Elaine Tanner
EMT
Security Guard
Uniformed Cop
Bearded Man (non-speaking)

Morgue Assistant (non-speaking)
Male EMT
Female EMT

Uniformed P.D. (non-speaking)

December 13, 1996

"Leonard Betts"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

CITY STREET
INTERSECTION
MONONGAHELA MEDICAL CENTER (STOCK)
/PARKING LOT
ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL (STOCK)
/PARKING LOT
/E.R. ENTRANCE
MRS. TANNER'S HOME
BAR
U-KEEP-IT STORAGE
/STORAGE LOCKER

INTERIORS

AMBULANCE CAB
MONOGAHELA MEDICAL CENTER
/MORGUE
/BIO-DISPOSAL ROOM
PATHOLOGY LAB
BETTS' STUDIO APARTMENT
/BATHROOM

(X)

BURKS' LAB
/HALLWAY
MRS. TANNER'S HOME
/PARLOR
/FRONT DOOR
/BATHROOM

BAR
DARK ROOM [STORAGE LOCKER]

N.D. SEDAN
ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC AMBULANCE
SCULLY'S APARTMENT

(X)

/BEDROOM

TEASER

OVER A BLACK SCREEN

LEGEND OVER: PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA. We hear a SIREN doppler toward us -- we KICK UP from black on:

1 OMITTED 1

2 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - AN AMBULANCE 2

Whips past us, lights and siren going full-tilt. Cars in all directions stop to let it pass.

3 INT. AMBULANCE CAB - NIGHT - MICHELE WILKES 3

Drives--she's an EMT in her 20s. She peers ahead with all the hyperawareness her job requires. She grabs the radio mike and keys it on.

WILKES

Monongahela, we're en route with a male cardiac, age 62. ETA in twelve.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Copy, ETA in twelve. Crash unit standing by.

Wilkes calls over her shoulder back inside the patient area.

WILKES

How's he looking, Leonard?

ANGLE UP OFF HIS NAMEBADGE - LEONARD BETTS

Her thirtyish senior partner -- he hunches over his elderly BLACK MALE PATIENT, keeping a cool eye on a heart monitor.

BETTS

(calmly)

Up to his ass in alligators...

(X)

The monitor BEEPS erratically -- then a WARNING TONE sounds. The unconscious patient GASPS loudly, gulping for air.

WILKES

What's that? Is he going into arrest!?

(X)

(X)

Disregarding her, Betts listens to his stethoscope -- then puts an ear to the man's chest. He is utterly calm and focused.

(CONTINUED)

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3 CONTINUED:

3

BETTS
No, he's not.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Betts uncorks an empty, LARGE-BORE NEEDLE. Taking us by surprise, he JABS it through the left side of the man's chest (o.s. as much as possible). Air instantly WHISTLES out through the open needle -- Wilkes wonders what the hell just happened.

WILKES

What'd you do? --

The heart monitor slowly goes back to normal. The Patient's breath returns. Betts tapes down the needle, remaining vigilant.

BETTS

Aspirated his chest -- he has a tension pneumothorax pressing on his heart. It just looked like a cardiac...

Wilkes glances back at him over her shoulder, quietly impressed.

WILKES

Nice catch. How did you know?

(X)

Betts doesn't look at her. He's instead staring hard at his unconscious Patient, looking the man over as if he could almost see through his skin. He murmurs calmly.

(X)

BETTS

Because he's dying of cancer. It's eaten through one lung.

WILKES

(again, more emphatic)

How did you know, Leonard?

(X)

(X)

Betts continues to stare at the patient. Wilkes glances back at him, intrigued by this strange news... confused by how he would know it. Just as she faces forward again --

Out of nowhere -- HEADLIGHTS come up on the side of her face. As she spins to look -- A HORN BLARES!

(X)

4 OMITTED

4

5 EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

5

-- A TOW TRUCK (or maybe a pickup, something with some weight) races through its just-red light and CENTERPUNCHES the ambulance.

The crash is tremendous -- the impact completely stoves in the side of the ambulance (we see all this happen from any angle EXCEPT favoring the rear of the ambulance).

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

The whole mess slides to a stop amid a rainfall of broken glass. The TOW TRUCK DRIVER winds up with his head on the wheel, HORN blaring.

CLOSER ANGLE

On the sudden stillness of the scene -- save for the rising, backlit smoke. Then... the cab door pushes open. Wilkes stumbles out, holding a hand to her bleeding head.

WILKES

Leonard..?

Wilkes picks her way to the back of the ambulance, finding the back doors hanging WIDE OPEN. She keeps calling, "Leonard...?" (X)

HER POV - AMBULANCE PATIENT AREA

The patient lies dead, still secured to the blood-spattered gurney -- the FLATLINE TONE steady. There is no sign of Betts.

RESUME WILKES

She turns from the ambulance, scanning the scene. Fixing on a pair of LEGS visible behind a stand of NEWSPAPER RACKS. Wilkes stumbles toward the body, finding:

HER MOVING POV - BETTS

Lies on his stomach. As we approach, our view extends to his upper body... revealing a growing splash of blood, but NO HEAD. (X)
(This is shot obliquely, so that the sawed-off stump is pointing away from us.) (X)

RESUME WILKES

Horrified. RACK FOCUS to a utility pole SUPPORT CABLE, stretching diagonally from the pole to the ground. BLOOD drips from a foot-long section of the cable.

Wilkes looks down from the dripping cable to the ground, seeing something that shakes her soul. (X)

WILKES

Oh, god. Leonard... (X)

BETTS' SEVERED HEAD

Lying in the gutter, staring back at us.

WILKES (O.S.)

Oh, god... no... (X)

(CONTINUED)

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5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

Off this...

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON FREEZER DRAWER 6

Where the corpse of the black ambulance Patient -- his body covered by a sheet -- gets slid feet-first, out of sight.

WIDER

A uniformed NIGHT ATTENDANT slams the drawer shut, its sturdy latch KA-CHUNKING. We MOVE WITH HIM as he walks past a row of similar drawers. As he exits frame, we HOLD ON the last drawer -- its name card reads "BETTS, LEONARD M." (X)

ANGLE ON MICHELE WILKES (X)

Standing in the doorway, staring at this drawer. It's been a long, nightmarish night. The cruel finality is making it hard for her to leave. She gathers herself now, turning and exiting. (X)

RESUME LEONARD BETTS' NAMETAG (X)

The CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHING IN. As we: (X)

TIME CUT TO:

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - LATER 8

The young attendant sits behind a partition at the far end of the morgue, listening to headphones as he fills out paperwork.

The room is darkened, and silent. After a few beats, out of the silence grows a faint, metallic RATTLING.

The rattling turns into a THUMP. The attendant looks up from his work, clicking off his headphones. Another THUMP, louder.

ATTENDANT

Hello?

The attendant sits rooted, listening. After a beat... BANG! He rises, cautiously heading into the main part of the room. We FOLLOW as he comes up short, seeing --

ATTENDANT'S POV - A FREEZER DRAWER

Standing open and EMPTY, its latch broken. The crooked label says "BETTS, LEONARD M." As we move handheld across the darkened room, we pass a table, clearing our view of...

... the floor underneath the freezer: caught up under a white sheet splayed across the tile is a volleyball-sized LUMP.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

THE ATTENDANT

Glances around. He gingerly hunkers down to lift the sheet, revealing the distinctive face of LEONARD BETTS.

As he lowers the sheet... out of the darkness behind him pads a man's naked LEGS. Just as the freaked-out attendant senses someone is approaching --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

WHACK! A shiny steel bar -- a morgue tool for breaking bones --
FLASHES into frame, flattening him. He never sees what hits him.

REVERSE - CLOSER

On the crumpled attendant -- we TILT UP from him to the steel of
the freezer drawers: reflected in its warpy surface, we
discreetly see the attendant's naked attacker.

The steel offers a very poor reflection... but in it, it looks
like this attacker has NO HEAD. As he moves off, out of frame:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

9 EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY (STOCK)

9

An older hospital -- to establish. LEGEND OVER: MONONGAHELA
MEDICAL CENTER, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

10 INT. MORGUE - DAY - THE FLOOR

10

Is still draped with the discarded morgue sheet -- but the HEAD
is no longer there. We tilt up from the feet of...

AGENT SCULLY

... to find her examining the locker tagged "BETTS, LEONARD M."
She's surrounded by a handful of TECHS scrutinizing the rest of
the room. Using a gloved hand, Scully swings the locker door
open wide and peeks her head into the empty freezer.

FROM INSIDE THE FREEZER

We look out at Scully as she shines a penlight in at us, the
light bouncing around the polished steel interior. MULDER steps
into view close beside her, also peering in past us.

MULDER

Cozy. Who'd want to leave?

RESUME - NEW ANGLE OUTSIDE FREEZER

As Mulder indicates the two bare FOOTPRINTS outlined in red
fingerprint powder on the inside of the kicked-out door. Scully
clicks off her penlight and shrugs.

SCULLY

I guess whoever happened to get
locked in here last night.

Mulder opens the case file he carries.

MULDER

Well... That would be one
Leonard Morris Betts, age 34.
But it should probably be noted
that when Mr. Betts arrived last
night, he was sans head.

(reads)

Decapitated when his ambulance
crashed. He was an Emergency
Medical Technician for this
hospital...

(more)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MULDER (cont'd)
a highly-regarded one,
apparently: a slough of
commendations... write-ups in
the local paper...

(X)

Scully listens, not sure what to say about all that, but also
not particularly intrigued by any of it.

SCULLY
What about the morgue attendant?

MULDER
Somebody coldcocked him and
stole his clothes -- he didn't
see who. No alarms tripped, no
one broke in...

Scully nods, patiently waiting. Mulder has no more to say at
this moment. Scully gives a little shrug of "And..?"

MULDER
Weird, huh?

Scully considers for a beat. She answers mildly.

SCULLY
Mulder... what the hell are we
doing here?

MULDER
Did I mention Mr. Betts had no
head?

SCULLY
Yeah... so? You're not
suggesting a headless body
kicked its way out of a latched
morgue freezer, are you?
(off his silence)
Are you? Because this is
obviously just a bizarre attempt
at a cover-up.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER
Meant to conceal what?

SCULLY
My guess would be body snatching
for profit. There's a shortage
of teaching cadavers at medical
schools.

(X)
(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

SCULLY (cont'd)
An unscrupulous medical supplier
might pay top dollar, no
questions asked.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

MULDER

Then why take a headless man and
leave so many top-dollar bodies
behind?

(X)
(X)

A LOCAL COP appears in the morgue doorway, interrupting.

LOCAL COP

Sir? Those video grabs you
asked for? We found something.

Mulder and Scully move to join the cop, who spreads out six 8X10
black & white PHOTOS on a nearby morgue table.

PAN ACROSS PHOTOS

A sequence of grainy frames off of a security camera show a MAN
slouching through the deserted hospital emergency room, exiting
into the night. We see him from the back only. He's dressed in
the morgue attendant's uniform.

RESUME

Mulder and Scully study the photos.

LOCAL COP

These are from the emergency
room camera, taken at four-
thirteen this morning.

SCULLY

(pointing)

There's your perp. Wearing the
stolen uniform.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

(beat)

Looks like it, though there's
not much to glean off of these,
unfortunately...

(X)
(X)

The cop shakes his head. Mulder leans closer, squinting at:

CLOSER - THE PHOTOS

There's something strange in the photos: in every one, a faint
FOG or LENS FLARE obscures the man -- especially his head --
from view. It's subtle... it's only on the man, not everywhere.

RESUME

Mulder points out the lens flares to the cop.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

MULDER
What are these flares..?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

LOCAL COP

Bad video. The security system
isn't exactly state-of-the-art.

Mulder thinks this may have other significance. He turns to his partner.

MULDER

And if it is our guy -- what did
he do with the corpse he stole?

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Maybe he got spooked and was
forced to to abandon it.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

They've completely combed the
facility, Scully. Where could he
hide an adult body that it
wouldn't be found?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully realizes.

SCULLY

I'll show you.

(X)

Off Mulder's interest...

CUT TO:

11 OMITTED

11

12 INT. BIO-DISPOSAL ROOM - DAY - A WARNING LOGO

12

Reads "BIOHAZARD -- MEDICAL WASTE." It's fixed to the side of
a formidable piece of machinery that fills most of a smallish,
white cinderblock room in the basement of the hospital.

SCULLY (O.S.)

All hospitals operate some form
of medical waste processing...

WIDER

To include Scully and Mulder standing before the bio-disposal.
Scully suits up in a blue Tyvek apron. She pulls on thick,
elbow-length rubber gloves.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

This unit disposes of surgical remains: amputations, excised tumors... they're ground up, then heated with microwaves. The result is a sterile soot that's used as road fill.

Mulder stands by, watching. Not suited up.

(X)

MULDER

Then there's going to be nothing left to find in here...

(X)

SCULLY

It depends how often they process their waste. Hopefully, only once every few days...

She pulls a spatter shield over her face and unlatches the front of the disposal. She swings open the heavy door, shining a flashlight into the interior. Mercifully, we don't see much... just a glimpse of bloody meat and plastic baggies.

SCULLY

We're in luck.

Mulder grimaces faintly. He really doesn't want to be here.

MULDER

How sure are you about this, Scully? Really, really sure..?

Scully grits her teeth and reaches in up to her elbow, feeling around inside. We stay on her face for this, hearing SUCKING and SQUELCHING NOISES throughout. Then her eyes go to Mulder.

(X)

SCULLY

I think you're going to have to help me out here. Your arms are longer...

(X)

(X)

TIME CUT TO:

(X)

ANGLE FROM INSIDE DISPOSAL, LOOKING OUT

Mulder, suited up now (apron, gloves, face shield) reluctantly moves to stand face to face with her, gingerly reaching in toward us. We stay CLOSE ON just their faces as they feel around inside. Finally, wincing:

(X)

MULDER

I think I got the toy surprise.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Mulder comes up with... Leonard Betts' HEAD. They examine it,
o.s. as much as possible.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

SCULLY
Leonard Betts.

MULDER
His head... but where's his body?
(feeling around)
It's not down here, Scully. (X)
There's not enough room. (X)

RESUME OUTSIDE DISPOSAL

Scully also feels around a little more, puzzling over this.
Mulder steps away from the disposal, shrugging out of his gloves
and accoutrements while trying to figure out his next move.

MULDER
What if he didn't dispose of the (X)
body, Scully. What if somehow he (X)
got it out of here? (X)

SCULLY (X)
Then why take time to dispose of (X)
the head? (X)

MULDER (X)
Maybe there's an answer there. (X)
Something you could check out. (X)

SCULLY
We already know how he died: an (X)
automobile accident. What more (X)
is there to know? (X)

MULDER
Maybe nothing. But it's about (X)
all we have to go on at the (X)
moment. Why don't you see if (X)
there's someplace you can (X)
examine Leonard Betts' head. (X)

Mulder is already taking off his apron, gloves (X)

SCULLY (X)
While you do what? (X)

MULDER (X)
Check out Betts' house. We know (X)
how he died, I want to see where (X)
he lives. (X)

SCULLY
Lived.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

MULDER

Right...

Off that, he exits, leaving Scully looking after him.

CUT TO:

13 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY - THE NEEDLE ON A SCALE

13

Starts at zero, then jumps to wobble at around eleven pounds.
PULL BACK to reveal the object being weighed is Betts' head.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCULLY

Is alone, dressed in scrubs. She hefts the head off the scale tray and moves it to the autopsy table, where she sets it down. She clicks on a TAPE RECORDER. As she talks, we hear the CLINK of steel as she arranges her cutting instruments on the table.

SCULLY

Case number 2268-97, Leonard Betts. As the remains are incomplete, all observations refer to a decapitated head, weight 11 pounds, 2 ounces.

Scully makes a visual examination of the head, feeling it with her gloved fingers -- we stay on her face for this. She frowns.

SCULLY

The remains show no signs of rigor mortis or fixed lividity. Nor do the corneas appear clouded. This would seem inconsistent with the witnessed time of death, now nineteen hours ago...

Scully isn't sure what to make of this. She reaches for:

A SCALPEL

Which flashes in the light as her gloved fingertips pick it up.

SCULLY (O.S.)

I'll begin with the intermastoid incision...

CLOSE ON SCULLY

As she places the tip of the scalpel behind the ear, preparing to draw it over the top of the scalp. Suddenly --

-- Betts' EYES OPEN. Startled, Scully drops her scalpel -- it hits the floor with a CLING!

WIDER ANGLE

Scully stands staring at the head, wide-eyed and motionless. Nothing happens for a moment. But then...

...Betts' mouth slowly opens. It's almost imperceptible at first, sort of like the jaw is relaxing open -- but then it starts to close again. The eyes slowly close, as well.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

Then it's over -- there's nothing more. Off Scully, standing motionless and wondering what the hell to do next:

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED

14

15 INT. BETTS' STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY - THE FRONT DOOR

15

Is centered in frame as we slowly pull back from it, revealing the darkened apartment. From the other side of the door we hear Mulder's muffled voice talking to someone in the hallway.

MULDER (O.S.)

This one here...

A key RATTLES in the lock. Suddenly -- SOMETHING or SOMEBODY silently WHIPS THROUGH FRAME right in front of us, heading for an o.s. hiding place. All we see is a blur. Just as...

... the front door opens. Mulder stands in the hallway with the BUILDING MANAGER who unlocked the apartment for him.

MULDER

Thanks. I'll lock up.

The manager nods and exits. Mulder enters the apartment, clicks on the light and shuts the door behind him. He glances around.

REVERSE ON ROOM

Showing a clean, sparse apartment with not much personality to speak of. Nothing seems out of the ordinary.

MULDER

Drifts through the living room, glances at the efficiency kitchen. He peruses the place, interested but not alerted to any danger.

He glances into the bathroom and abruptly stops short. Off his surprised reaction, he steps inside to see:

16 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - THE BATHTUB

16

Is FILLED with an OPAQUE, dark reddish, tea-colored FLUID. In a pile on the floor next to it is the MORGUE ATTENDANT'S UNIFORM.

Mulder's eyes go to a watery red PUDDLE on the floor beside the uniform. A few more small puddles lead to:

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

THE OPEN BATHROOM WINDOW

Its gauze curtains are pushed out and wave faintly in a breeze. One or two reddish-orange HANDPRINTS are on the curtains -- a red puddle is on the sill.

RESUME MULDER

He peers out the open window. He turns back to the tub, hunkering down for a closer look.

He gingerly dips a finger, rubs and sniffs it. He checks the cabinet underneath the sink, finds several big bottles of red POVIDONE-IODINE antiseptic solution.

As Mulder considers this, his cell phone RINGS. He answers it distractedly, glancing again out the window.

MULDER

Mulder --

INTERCUT WITH:

17 OMITTED
AND
18

17
AND
18

19 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

19

Scully is still in her scrubs. She stands talking on her cell.

SCULLY

It's me. I've run into kind of a unique situation here.

MULDER

What'd you find?

(X)

SCULLY

Uh... so far, not much. I've run a PET scan on Leonard Betts' remains -- four times now. Each time, the image comes out degraded. Like it's fogged.

(X)

(Note: "PET" is pronounced like the word "pet.")

MULDER

Just like the security footage.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

SCULLY

Yeah. But this is cutting edge technology, and the technicians say the machine is working perfectly.

(X)

(X)

(befuddled)

(X)

They say the only thing that would account for the image distortion would be some form of radiation... though I can't see how or where it would be emanating from.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder ponders this.

MULDER

What'd your examination uncover?

(X)

Scully drops her eyes to the ground, looking faintly embarrassed.

SCULLY

I, uh... haven't actually performed one yet.

MULDER

Why not?

SCULLY

I've encountered... an extremely unusual degree of postmortem galvanic response.

Mulder doesn't seem surprised by this. He picks up on it.

MULDER

The head moved.

Scully hesitates, self-conscious.

SCULLY

It... blinked at me.

(hastens to add)

I mean, it is just galvanic response -- residual electrical activity stored chemically in the dead cells. But, uh...

MULDER

... You're afraid to cut into it.

Scully frowns, annoyed at him -- even though it's true. Mulder can't help but tweak her a bit more.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

MULDER
You're not saying it's alive,
Scully?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

SCULLY

No, Mulder -- I'm certainly not saying that at all.

MULDER

Has it crossed your mind that maybe it's not quite dead, either...?

(X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY

What do you mean?

MULDER

I'm standing in Leonard Betts' apartment. The clothes worn by the person in those video grabs are here on the floor, Scully. And it looks like whoever was wearing them made himself right at home.

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

(hesitant)

Maybe he was home.

SCULLY

Leonard Betts. Without his head...

Scully stares deadpan into space. This theory of Mulder's is such a load of bullshit that she doesn't even raise her voice.

SCULLY

Mulder... I don't even know how to respond to that.

Mulder shrugs, knowing how it sounds -- he's mostly spitballing.

MULDER

Just in case, I'm going to request local p.d. place the building under surveillance... just in case whoever was here comes back.

(X)
(X)

(beat)

I'll be in touch, Scully.

Mulder slips his phone in his jacket. As he exits the bathroom, he wipes past us and we land on the tub, CREEPING IN on:

THE DARK RED SURFACE OF THE WATER

No bubbles, then one-two-three bubbles.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

NEW ANGLE

(X)

As something stirs underneath, rising to the top. A HEAD
s-l-o-w-ly breaks the surface... a man silently pokes his face
half into view.

(X)

This face is like none we've ever seen: it seems incomplete,
with fish-belly white skin and no hair or eyebrows. The eyes
are tiny, the features formless and blank like a Japanese Noh

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

mask. It's a head in progress... one on it's way to becoming
LEONARD BETTS.

Off Betts -- peering out of the povidone like Kilroy... a hunted
animal, hiding...

20 OMITTED
THRU
24

20
THRU
24

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

25 EXT. MONONGAHELA HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY - MICHELE WILKES 25

Exits from the E.R. doors, wearing her EMT uniform. A butterfly bandage on her forehead covers the cut she received in the crash, but her bruises and swelling around her eye have gone down a lot. As she heads toward a parked ambulance: (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER (O.S.)
Michele? (X)

She turns with a small start, to see: (X)

MULDER

Who approaches her.

MULDER (X)
Michele Wilkes? (X)

WILKES
Yes?

MULDER
I'm Agent Mulder with the FBI.
You were Leonard Betts' partner?

She nods. We can see from her face that her emotion is close to the surface. Mulder speaks gently. (X)

MULDER
They told me you were coming
back to work today.

WILKES
(nods; weak smile)
Yeah. Figured I should get back
on that horse... (X)

Mulder gives her an understanding smile.

MULDER
You're on record as the person
responsible for the disposition
of Leonard Betts' remains.

WILKES
(nod)
He didn't have any family... no
friends either, as far as I
could tell.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MULDER

Aside from you.

Wilkes thinks about it, downbeat.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

WILKES

I liked him, but I wasn't really his friend. He didn't let people get that close.

(beat)

I'm not sure I could even call myself his partner. Mostly, I just tried to stay out of his way.

MULDER

Why's that?

WILKES

He didn't need me. He didn't really need anyone. Leonard was an amazing medical technician -- he could diagnose illness better than any doctor I've ever seen. You know how they say some people can tell what's wrong just by looking at you? Leonard could do that. Especially with cancer.

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

MULDER

Yeah?

(X)

She nods.

WILKES

I always told him he should have been an oncologist or something. He even volunteered weekends in the cancer ward. Read to the patients, stuff like that...

(X)

This interests Mulder. He thinks for a moment.

MULDER

Was there anything else about him? Anything odd?

(X)
(X)

WILKES

No. He never got sick, that was always pretty amazing. Doing what we do, y'know. He was the picture of health.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

Was he ever injured on the job?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

WILKES

(X)

No. Never. I mean, until...

(X)

She eyes Mulder appraisingly, polite but confused.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

WILKES

I'm sorry -- I don't really see
what all this has to do with
someone stealing Leonard's body.

(beat)

I mean... it almost sounds like
you're investigating Leonard.

MULDER

(he smiles, laughs

(X)

this off casually)

(X)

I appreciate you bearing with
me...

(X)

(smile)

Thank you for your time.

Mulder walks away. Off Wilkes -- staring after him, puzzled:

CUT TO:

26 ANGLE ON A DRUM-SIZE STEEL VAT

26

Full of a thick, milky liquid, its surface shimmering. Steam
rises off it. An ELECTRIC WINCH positioned over the vat WHINES,
reeling up...

... LEONARD BETTS' SEVERED HEAD coated in clear plastic, having
been dipped like a caramel apple. We are:

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

We RACK past the dripping head to reveal Mulder and Scully
staring up at it.

SCULLY

This procedure is called
biopolymerization. It's
basically a high-tech
mummification process. Remains
are dipped in an epoxy -- once
it cures, the specimen can be
sliced for examination.

MULDER

Or, you got a nice paperweight.

Scully glances sidelong at him.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SCULLY

At any rate, I should have some
autopsy answers for you soon.

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO:

27 A SLICE OF BETTS

27

A perfect cross-section of his head, sliced as thin as a piece of prosciutto. As it's placed beneath a big, binocular microscope, we ANGLE UP to reveal Mulder and Scully standing beside the PATHOLOGIST who is preparing this sample.

PATHOLOGIST

I'm starting with an anterior slice from your Mr. Betts, one favoring the frontal lobe.

(X)

As he talks, he peers into the eyepiece, adjusting the focus. His eyebrows furrow in confusion. He mumbles under his breath.

PATHOLOGIST

Well, this is certainly strange...

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

What?

MULDER

Is there something wrong with the image?

(X)

(X)

(X)

PATHOLOGIST

In a manner of speaking. Here, see for yourself.

(X)

(X)

He flips on a video feed coming off the scope, bringing a monitor to life. Mulder and Scully bend in as the image comes up into resolution, the magnified specimen. To the trained eye of an expert, they would appear puffy, abnormal.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(amazed)

His entire brain looks like one giant glioma.

MULDER

He had cancer?

SCULLY

He was riddled with it. Every cell in this sample... essentially every cell in his head and brain all appear cancerous. It's completely pervasive.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Could someone live in this condition?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

PATHOLOGIST

Live? This isn't even possible
in my experience. This man would
have been long dead before
reaching such an extreme
metastatic stage.

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

MULDER

Then how do you explain it?

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

The Pathologist laughs good-naturedly.

(X)

PATHOLOGIST

Maybe the polymerization process
distorted the sample somehow.
Maybe we're not really seeing
what we think we're seeing.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Or maybe we're actually seeing
it clearly for the first time.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

What are you suggesting?

MULDER

That we get one of these slices
to go.

Off the Pathologist's look:

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

28

28A EXT. MONONGAHELA HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY - AN AMBULANCE

28A

Michele Wilkes driving, still with her butterfly bandage. A
little shaky, but committed. Her PARTNER sits next to her,
looking back to check on the patient they are transporting in
the rear. We hear BROADCASTS from the RADIO.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

AMBULANCE VOICE

Monongahela, 136 en route with
male age 20, no visible
injuries -- breathing stopped,
not responding to CPR. Please
advise --

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

136, check to see his airway
isn't blocked.

Wilkes pulls into the hospital ER entrance, the flashing lights
from the vehicle bouncing off the building.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED:

28A

AMBULANCE VOICE

It's clear. Patient is not
responding -- pulse is weak.

MALE EMT VOICE

(breaking in)

Mobile 208 to base -- requesting
patch with unit 136.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Go ahead 208 --

(X)

CLOSER - WILKES

As she pulls the vehicle to a stop, her partner throwing the
door open, hopping out. As Wilkes hesitates for a moment.
Listening. Recognizing something about the male voice. Turning
up the radio.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

BETTS' VOICE

136, this is Allegheny Catholic
208 -- I know you're up to your
ass in alligators... but it
sounds like your patient may be
in anaphylactic shock.

Wilkes reacts, frozen in disbelief.

(X)

BETTS' VOICE

Confirm this and treat with .3
milliliters epinephrine
autoinjector --

The radio conversation CONTINUES OVER SCENE (Betts turns out to
be right). Under her breath:

(X)

WILKES

It can't be... Leonard?

(X)

Wilkes' new Partner is hauling the gurney out of the back of the
vehicle by himself. Noticing Michele sitting in shock.

(X)

(X)

NEW PARTNER

Michele, let's go here.

Wilkes only partially snaps out of it. Still listening
intently, until she exits the vehicle, WIPING PAST us out of
frame.

(X)

CUT TO:

29 INT. BURKS' LAB - NIGHT - A SLICE OF BETTS' HEAD

29

Is placed flat on a 20x24 sheet of photographic paper -- a (X)
grounding wire gets attached to the specimen by a pair of gloved
hands.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DR. BURKS (O.S.)
I've never worked with a sample (X)
of human tissue before. What (X)
exactly are you looking to find? (X)

WIDER

To reveal Mulder and Scully standing with CHUCK BURKS (whom fans may recall from "The Calusari"). They're in a cluttered lab, converted, for the moment, into a darkroom. LEGEND OVER: DR. CHARLES BURKS' LAB, UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, COLLEGE PARK. (X)

MULDER (X)
I'll tell you if we find it. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Are you ever asked to defend (X)
this as a legitimate scientific (X)
process, Dr. Burks? (X)

DR. BURKS (X)
Only if you're not happy with (X)
the results. (X)

MULDER (X)
Chuck did some of the pioneering (X)
work in Kirlian photography here
in the U.S.

DR. BURKS
Although I prefer the umbrella (X)
term "aura photography."

Burks powers up a series of machines. Electricity HUMS. He turns to Scully, addressing her as he works.

DR. BURKS
Basically, by applying high-
frequency electricity, I'm able
to photograph an organism's
coronal discharge.

SCULLY
(dubious)
"Coronal discharge?"

MULDER
The life force. What the Chinese (X)
call "Chi." Its existence is an (X)
accepted fact in Eastern
cultures.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

SCULLY

Yes. It's the theoretical basis
of holistic medicine, of
acupuncture. But I don't see
what application it has here.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

It may account for the fogging
on your PET scan of Leonard
Betts' head.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

A red pilot light glows -- Burks presses a button. An INDUCTION COIL CRACKLES, shooting tiny streamers of St. Elmo's Fire across the surface of the specimen. It's over in a couple of seconds.

As Burks removes the exposed photographic paper, sliding it into a developing bath:

DR. BURKS

With this equipment, I've been able to capture phantom images of whole leaves that were cut in half, or the vestigial image of a lizard's tail even after it's been cut off. Which, you have to admit, is pretty cool.

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

Burks says all this with a hint of pride as he agitates the print in its bath. Scully gives Mulder a wary glance.

DR. BURKS

And I think we've got something here... um hmm.

(as it develops)

I don't know if this is what you're looking for... but there's definitely some energy at work here...

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

Mulder moves closer to look. Despite herself, Scully eases closer, as well. They see:

CLOSE ON DEVELOPER TRAY

The familiar cross-section of Betts' head is now in silhouette. Its edges are marked by a glowing fringe of ELECTRICITY -- but the fringe doesn't end with the severed head. It continues into faint, phantom NECK and SHOULDERS which disappear off the edges of the print.

(X)

MULDER

Would you believe this man's head had been decapitated, Chuck?

(X)
(X)
(X)

DR. BURKS

(thinks he kidding at first)

Oh, come on.... no way.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

Way.

(then to Scully)

Are we happy with the results?

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

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

29

Off Scully's grudging look of surprise...

(X)

CUT TO:

30 INT. BURKS' LAB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

30

Mulder and Scully exit Burks' office. Scully carries a packet containing the medical specimen.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MULDER

I don't know about you,
Scully... but those sure as hell
looked like shoulders to me.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I'm not sure how to explain that
photo. Or even what it proves.

(X)

MULDER

What if it proves Leonard Betts
is alive somehow?

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder --

(X)

Mulder stops, turning to face her.

MULDER

You said before Betts' tissue
was consumed by cancer. What
are cancer cells but normal
cells growing rapidly, out of
control -- usually caused by
damage to their DNA --

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I have no idea where you're
going with this --

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Just listen -- what if there was
a case where the cancer wasn't
caused by damaged DNA -- what if
cancer was not an aggressive or
destructive factor, but a normal
state of being?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Even if that were possible...
he's been decapitated.

MULDER

What if his life force, his Chi,
or whatever you want to call it,
somehow retained a blueprint of
the man himself. Guiding rapid
growth not as cancer, but as
regeneration.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully just stares, quietly astounded.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

You think Leonard Betts grew a
new head?

Mulder continues his theory -- fully aware of how it sounds.

MULDER

That fluid I found, in Betts'
bathtub -- it was povidone-
iodine. It's often used by lab
researchers on reptiles and
amphibians to aid regeneration.
We both know that salamanders
have regenerated entirely new
limbs, Scully.

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

Scully shakes her head, not buying a word of this.

SCULLY

Salamanders are one thing -- but
no mammal possesses that kind of
regenerative power. And there
isn't a creature walking the
earth that can regrow its head.

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

MULDER

Some worms can -- cut one in
half, you get two.

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder -- they're worms --

(X)

MULDER

I'm just saying it's not unheard
of in nature.

Scully just stares at him for a beat.

SCULLY

Unheard of or not, Leonard
Betts' -- even if it were
possible -- seems to be going to
great lengths to dispose of the
evidence.

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

MULDER

Maybe he's just protecting his
secret.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Before she can respond, Scully's cell phone RINGS. She answers
it, still staring at Mulder.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

SCULLY

Scully.

(several beats)

Great. Thanks...

She hangs up and pockets her phone.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (4)

30

SCULLY

Well... Leonard Betts apparently
did keep a few secrets. One of
them being that he had an alter-
ego named Albert Tanner.

MULDER

Who?

(X)

SCULLY

I had Danny run Betts'
fingerprints. Two names came
up. The second one was Albert
Tanner. But unlike Leonard Betts
he has a living relative. His
mother, Elaine Tanner.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(beat)

And she lives right here in
Pittsburgh.

(X)

On Mulder, intrigued:

CUT TO:

31 EXT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - NIGHT - ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

31

Opening to reveal MRS. ELAINE TANNER, a perky woman in her late
50s, with a hairdo and bright print dress to match her demeanor.
She smiles at the sight of Mulder and Scully.

MRS. TANNER

Yes?

SCULLY

Elaine Tanner? I'm Agent
Scully, this is Agent Mulder.
We're with the FBI.

MRS. TANNER

(surprised)

Oh. What can I do for you?

SCULLY

Your son is Albert Tanner?

Mrs. Tanner looks briefly confused, but nods nonetheless.

SCULLY

May we ask you a few questions?

Off Mrs. Tanner's troubled look:

32 INT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - MULDER AND SCULLY

32

Follow Mrs. Tanner into the parlor. As she leads them inside:

MRS. TANNER

Please excuse me for one second.
I've got something on the stove.

Mrs. Tanner exits through the kitchen door. Mulder and Scully glance around, taking in the room. Mulder sees something.

MULDER

Scully...

Scully turns, seeing it too.

THEIR POV - A FRAMED PHOTO

Sits on a table: it's a bust shot of LEONARD BETTS, taken a few years ago, posing in a nice suit. Perfectly normal.

RESUME

Mrs. Tanner returns. Scully points at the photo.

SCULLY

Ma'am -- is this your son?

MRS. TANNER

(nod)

Yes. That's Albert.

Scully considers how to broach the subject. Hesitantly:

SCULLY

We know this man as Leonard
Morris Betts. Are you familiar
with that name?

MRS. TANNER

No...

MULDER

Did your son travel under any
aliases that you know of?

MRS. TANNER

Why are you asking me about him?

Scully speaks up very delicately, trying to be gentle.

SCULLY

Ma'am... are you aware your son
has recently died?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Mrs. Tanner stares at her evenly.

MRS. TANNER
What do you mean "recently?"

The Agents briefly glance at one another.

MULDER
Mrs. Tanner, when did your son
die?

MRS. TANNER
Six years ago.
(off their surprise)
He was killed in an automobile
accident. Why?

SCULLY
Mrs. Tanner, would it be
possible for you to provide us
with the death certificate?
Some form of verification..?

MRS. TANNER
Of course...

Mrs. Tanner trundles off into another room, out of sight. (X)
Scully stares after her. Mulder turns to her, deadpan: (X)

MULDER (X)
Confused yet, Scully? (X)

Off this...

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

33

With LEGEND. This hospital is different than Monongahela --
modern and big. It's late, and the E.R. is quiet. We pick up:

MICHELE WILKES

Dressed in street clothes, moving tentatively through the
ambulance bay. She's looking for somebody. She approaches a
couple of EMTs lounging by their unit, waiting for a call.

WILKES
Excuse me. I, uh... I'm looking
for an EMT... the man driving
unit 208?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

The EMTs look to each other, nodding in recognition.

EMT
The new guy...
(to Wilkes)
Yeah -- 208's over there. He
just went off shift, but you
might catch him.

Wilkes nods her thanks and starts off toward ambulance 208,
parked a hundred feet away in the gloom between streetlights.
As she heads toward it, she sees:

WILKES' POV - ACROSS LOT

A lone man climbs out of his ambulance, carrying his EMS case.
He heads away from us. We can't make out his features from here.

WILKES

Stares, her heart catching in her throat. She forces herself to
call out.

WILKES
L-Leonard..?

WILKES' POV - THE MAN

Glances briefly in our direction, then quickly but calmly walks (X)
away from us, turning out of sight behind a van.

NEW ANGLE WIDER

Wilkes jogs after the man, reaching the spot where she last saw
him -- he's nowhere in sight. She glances around, almost ready
to chalk the whole thing up to her mind playing tricks.

Her eye catches something. She slowly heads toward...

WILKES' POV - AN OAK TREE

Its trunk is fat enough to disappear behind -- it's the only
hiding place in sight. As we round it, we see a man standing in
its shadow, hoping not to be seen. We come closer.

NEW ANGLE

Wilkes cautiously approaches the man, whom we still can't see
clearly. She stops before him -- it's like she's sleepwalking.

WILKES
Leonard..?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

The man reluctantly steps forward into the light. He is indeed LEONARD BETTS. His face is very pale.

WILKES

(barely audible)

Oh my god, Leonard... it is you.

He gives her a faint, melancholy smile. Wilkes isn't really scared, just stunned. For her, this is a dream, an apparition.

BETTS

Hey, Michele...

He moves to hug her one-handed, but she backs up a little.

(X)

BETTS

It's okay...

(X)

(X)

He takes another step forward, hugging her now. She gingerly hugs him back, her head swimming -- mostly from fear. He swallows, his eyes tearing.

(X)

(X)

BETTS

It's okay. I just wish you hadn't found me.

(X)

We come around...

ON WILKES' BACK

As Betts' free hand rises into view: It holds an AUTOINJECTOR, a magic marker-shaped automatic syringe. Betts presses it between her shoulder blades, no harder than he has to.

HOLD CLOSE ON BETTS

who hugs his former partner tighter as she begins to convulse.

BETTS

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

He glances around nervously for witnesses, the convulsions going on for several beats. Finally, Wilkes relaxes and dies... and we still stay on Betts, who clearly took no pleasure from this.

As he slowly sinks down to lower her body to the grass...

MAN'S VOICE

HEY! YOU THERE!! --

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM strikes Betts. He whirls around to see:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

BETTS' POV TOWARD HOSPITAL

A HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARD comes booking down the sidewalk toward us. This guy was a nose tackle in another life -- he's BIG.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

NEW ANGLE WIDER

Betts sprints off into the darkness, weaving around parked cars. The freaked-out Guard slows briefly, shining his light on dead Michele Wilkes. He tears ass after Betts, Mag-Lite in hand.

SECURITY GUARD
STOP! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!! --

FAST TRACK PAST PARKED CARS

Which zip by in f.g. -- behind them, we're fixed on Betts. He (X)
retrieves his keys, runs to a 70's CLUNKER and starts to unlock (X)
the door. Not fast enough: The Guard tackles him from behind. (X)

CLOSER PAST THE CLUNKER (X)

In f.g. -- as seen through its windows, a lit Mag-Lite rises and falls... SMACK! SMACK! Beating the hell out of Betts o.s.

CLOSE ON A HANDCUFF

Being yanked into frame -- it gets locked onto the door handle of a parked car with a ZIIP-CHIK! The other end is already attached to a man's wrist.

NEW ANGLE WIDE

As the adrenalized rent-a-cop pats Betts down, finding only CAR KEYS, which he POCKETS. Betts sits on the ground, cuffed and bleeding, but conscious. They're both breathing fast.

SECURITY GUARD
Stay there, you son of a bitch --
(into walkie)
Ronnie? Pick up, man -- we got
a situation in the parking lot.

The Guard jogs back in the direction of the oak tree. Once he's out of frame, Betts rises unsteadily to his feet. He tests his handcuffs, jerks the door handle a couple of times.

CLOSE - BETTS

Looks in the direction the Guard went -- time is running out. He steels himself, takes his right hand in his left... and PULLS.

CLOSER ON BETTS' FACE

Straining, shaking with pain. Sweat pops on his forehead. His eyes squeeze shut... his teeth grit to avoid screaming. We hear a long, crackling CRUNCH...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (4)

33

AS SEEN FROM A DISTANCE

The Guard is at the tree, kneeling by Michele Wilkes. Another GUARD and an E.R. DOCTOR come running. The first Guard shakes his head -- she's not looking good -- then jogs back toward us, toward where he left Betts.

CLOSE ON THE GUARD

Who slows as he approaches. Betts is gone. The Guard stares at something o.s., shocked... then, sickened. We RACK from him to:

THE HANDCUFF

Hanging off the door handle in the f.g., empty. It and the car door are spattered with fresh BLOOD. We tilt down from the empty cuff to...

The pavement: there rests Leonard Betts' THUMB, torn off all the way down to where it used to join the wrist.

Off this...

34 OMITTED

34

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 CLOSE - THE SEVERED THUMB

35

A latex-covered FINGER reaches down, gingerly rolling it over on the asphalt. We ADJUST TO REVEAL:

MULDER

Curiously examining this grisly evidence. We are:

EXT. ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Now a crime scene, strung with police tape. Mulder examines the (X)
blood-spattered handcuffs attached to the car door as Scully (X)
approaches from the direction of the oak tree. COPS in b.g.

SCULLY

Michele Wilkes was murdered...
but if the security guard hadn't
witnessed it, we might never
have known.

MULDER

Why not?

SCULLY

I found a spent autoinjector.
She was given a lethal dose of
potassium chloride. Because
it's an electrolyte found
naturally in the body, coroners
don't usually screen for it.

MULDER

She must have discovered Betts
was working here. He killed to
protect his secret.

(X)

(X)

With a look of growing apprehension, Scully nods.

SCULLY

The security guard ID'd him as
her attacker. It's bizarre.
Unless Betts has a twin his
mother didn't admit to --

MULDER

-- I think its very bizarreness
points to what's really going on
here.

Mulder indicates Betts' thumb. Scully takes his meaning.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

SCULLY

Mulder, human beings don't regenerate their limbs.

MULDER

Not yet.

(off her look)

Maybe Betts' ability to regenerate is no greater a leap forward than our ancestors' ability to walk upright or communicate with language.

SCULLY

A leap forward. As in, an evolutionary leap forward?

MULDER

Yeah. I mean, it holds with recent evolutionary theory. Scientists call it "Punctualism."

SCULLY

(nods; familiar)

"Punctual Equilibrium." It theorizes evolutionary advances are cataclysmic, not gradual.

MULDER

... That evolution doesn't follow a straight, graphable line, but progresses in huge fits and starts. And that the unexplainable happens in the gaps -- the gap between what we are and what Leonard Betts has become.

Scully considers this evenly.

SCULLY

What you're suggesting is a man so radically evolved you couldn't even call him human.

Mulder shrugs and points to the CAR they stand before -- the one with the handcuffs on the door handle.

MULDER

On the other hand, how evolved is a man who drives a Dodge Dart?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

She looks to the car, not knowing what he means. Mulder holds up a clear evidence bag containing the CAR KEYS the security guard took from Betts. He JINGLES them at her -- an invitation.

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO:

36 INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

36

BLACKNESS, then the trunk is popped open. We're LOOKING UP at Mulder and Scully, repulsed yet fascinated by what they see.

SCULLY

Oh my god...

REVERSE - THE TRUNK

To reveal it's loaded with zippie bags full of TUMORS -- discards from a bio-disposal. They're soaking in melting ICE. Sheets of cut-up garbage bags line the inside of the trunk.

WIDER

Scully gingerly picks up a few bags, reading the labels.

SCULLY

Myeloid sarcoma... epithelial carcinoma... these are all cancerous tumors.

(turns to him)

This is all surgical waste tagged for disposal. Why would he want this?

Queasily, Mulder realizes something.

MULDER

Snack food.

Scully's look of amazed disgust says it all. Mulder elaborates.

MULDER

Scully, he not only is cancer, he possibly needs cancer to survive.

(more)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MULDER (cont'd)
(beat)
Wouldn't it make sense the next
step in our evolution might be
to incorporate cancer -- the
greatest health threat to our
species -- into our genetic
makeup?

SCULLY
(dubious)
He thrives on what kills us.

Mulder nods, turning back to the open trunk.

MULDER
That's why Betts is an EMT, why
he visits cancer wards...
(indicates tumors)
Access.

(X)

As Scully thinks about all this, a UNIFORMED COP clicks off his
radio and approaches her. He reads to her off a notepad.

UNIFORMED COP
Car's registered to one Elaine
Tanner, 3108 Old Bank Road.

Mulder and Scully share a look.

SCULLY
Betts' mother.

MULDER
(sarcastic)
You figure Mom knows her dead
son's tooling around in her car?

Off the two of them, knowing the woman lied:

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED

37

38 INT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - DAY - THE FRONT DOOR

38

Opens, revealing Mrs. Tanner. Her eyes widen upon seeing:

REVERSE - MULDER AND SCULLY

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Standing on her front step. Scully holds up a search warrant. Several uniformed COPS stand behind them.

SCULLY

Elaine Tanner -- we have a
warrant to search the premises.

Off Mrs. Tanner's darkening expression:

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO:

39 INT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - DAY

39

We MOVE THROUGH the parlor, past officers conducting their search, looking through drawers and cabinets. Mulder is NOT in sight. We SETTLE on Mrs. Tanner, who stands beside Scully.

SCULLY

Mrs. Tanner, we know your son is
alive and that you're in contact
with him. Tell us where we can
find him.

(off her silence)

Last night, your son murdered a
woman in cold blood. Lying to
protect him makes you an
accessory to that murder.

Mrs. Tanner subtly reacts to this, but keeps watching the police as they search. Mulder appears from another room, approaches the woman. To her, he holds up a large bottle of POVIDONE.

MULDER

Mrs. Tanner, may I ask what you
use this for?

(off her stone face)

This is a pretty big bottle.
You get a lot of cuts?

Mrs. Tanner sees the knowing expression in Mulder's eyes -- she's surprised by it. He stares at her, not letting her off.

She finally speaks up, quiet and matter-of-fact.

MRS. TANNER

When my son was eight years old,
there were two boys who picked
on him -- because he was
different. He just ignored
them. He knew he was better
than they were.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

MRS. TANNER (cont'd)
One day they cornered him
walking home. Beat him up. He
didn't even try to fight back.
Just lay there, taking the blows.

Mrs. Tanner turns to Scully, striking eye contact with her.

MRS. TANNER
So, I don't believe you when you
tell me he killed anyone. But
if he did... he had his reasons.

SCULLY
What reasons, Mrs. Tanner?

MRS. TANNER
God put him here for a purpose.
God means for him to stay --
even if people don't understand.
(firm)
And that's all I've got to say.

With that, the woman clams up. Scully looks to Mulder. Off
him, thinking about this...

CUT TO:

40 INT. BAR - DAY - CLOSE - A SHOT OF WHISKEY

40

Is lifted to a BEARDED MAN's lips. He knocks it back, then
takes a long pull on an UNFILTERED CIGARETTE. Life is good. (X)
Until the man HACKS a lungfull of smoke. A serious smoker's (X)
cough, which he wets down with another little drinky. (X)

AS WE WIDEN (X)

we see The Bearded Man sits at the bar in this run-down little (X)
dive. He watches football on a TV hung from the ceiling. His
pasty pallor and ample belly tell us he's NOT the picture of
health.

As he takes another drag off his cigarette, we RACK TO Leonard
Betts, who sits alone in a booth behind him. He looks like he
could be watching football, too, but he's not.

BETTS' POV - THE BEARDED MAN

Sucks down the last of his cigarette, then lights up another.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BETTS

Stares at the Bearded Man, his demeanor suggesting he's going through WITHDRAWAL of some kind. We can see an uneven line on his neck where the new flesh from his regrown head meets the older, more leathery skin at his collar. Leonard glances down at his own right hand, carefully hidden below the table.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

BETTS' POV - HIS HAND

Is unbandaged. A WET, UNFORMED BUD of whitish flesh grows from where his thumb was -- and soon will be again.

RESUME BETTS

Looking from his hand to the Bearded Man, who roots in his pocket for dollar bills. He leaves a few rumpled notes on the counter, then leaves.

Betts discreetly follows him, keeping his healing hand in his coat pocket as he steps outside into the HARSH DAYLIGHT.

41 EXT. BAR - DAY - THE BEARDED MAN

41

Moves to his car, parked in a deserted lot adjacent to the bar. As he puts his key in the door:

BETTS (O.S.)

Excuse me...

The Bearded Man turns, seeing Betts before him... looking guilty and repentant.

BETTS

I'm sorry. Y-You have something I need.

CLOSE ON BETTS' GOOD LEFT HAND

Held at his side -- a DISPOSABLE SCALPEL eases into view. The blade FLASHES as Betts lunges forward, clearing frame. Off this now-empty frame and the SOUNDS of a quick, vicious ATTACK:

42 INT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - DAY

42

Mulder's coming downstairs, looking for:

(X)

MULDER

Scully...?

(X)

(X)

We MOVE WITH Scully as she crosses to Mulder. She speaks in a low whisper, looking to where Mrs. Tanner sits, calmly watching the police rifling through her effects.

SCULLY

You found something?

Mulder nods and hands her a key.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

HER POV - THE KEY

Bears the inscription "U-Keep-It, 112."

RESUME SCULLY

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SCULLY

A storage locker. You think it
belongs to Betts?

MULDER

There's no trace of him here.
Not so much as a stray sock.

Scully looks across the room to Mrs. Tanner, who is suddenly
staring at them with interest. Taking this as affirmation:

SCULLY

Let's check it out.

CUT TO:

43 INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

43

Only a NARROW SHAFT OF LIGHT spills in from a seam in the closed
door. Silence for a moment... then the NAKED FIGURE OF BETTS
appears, SILHOUETTED by the beam of light.

REVERSE ON BETTS

BLOOD is spattered on his lips. His skin is wet with
perspiration, his eyes wide. He's out of his mind with pain.

He lowers his head, struggling with something inside him -- we
can no longer see his face. But we hear SOUNDS... skin and
muscle stretching. Bone cracking apart.

CLOSER - BETTS

Raises his head. His mouth forces open shockingly wide. Wider
still, his throat bulging, as...

... The face of a SECOND LEONARD BETTS forces into view. This (X)
second face is embryonic and unfinished, like the one in scene (X)
19. It pushes outward, straining to get free. To BIRTH. (X)

Off this second face, opening its mouth to SCREAM IN PAIN:

CUT TO:

44 EXT. U-KEEP-IT STORAGE - DAY - HIGH ABOVE A SIGN

44

That identifies the establishment. As the n.d. sedan drives
past the sign, ADJUST to reveal the storage facility. It's a
compound of cinderblock buildings with roll-up metal doors.

45 EXT. STORAGE LOCKER - DAY - A DOOR

45

The number "112" is stenciled on the roll-up door. The sedan stops near the locker, Mulder and Scully exiting.

As Mulder kneels to fit the key into the lock, BLOOD oozes out under the door just past his foot. Seeing it:

MULDER

Scully --

She sees it too. Off his nod, she draws her pistol and takes position. He unholsters his own, then silently unlocks the door, quietly rolls it up. Once it's open about three feet --

MULDER'S POV - THE THRESHOLD

A DEAD BODY flops backwards into view -- having been propped upright against the inside of the rolling door. We recognize it as the Bearded Man from the bar. There is an OPEN RED CAVITY in his chest where his lungs should be.

RESUME

Mulder gives a quick look to Scully -- then YANKS the door. It CLATTERS up the rest of the way just as we hear a CAR ENGINE TURNING OVER.

THEIR POV - THE INSIDE OF THE LOCKER

Is littered with EMPTY baggies, styrofoam coolers and transplant organ boxes. In the midst of it all is the Bearded Man's CAR, with LEONARD BETTS behind the wheel.

He stares out at us, REVS the ENGINE. He SPEEDS RIGHT AT US --

MULDER AND SCULLY

Dive to either side, barely getting out of the way (the camera completely avoiding the sight of the dead body being run over).

The car SQUEALS hard right, zooming away from them. Regrouping, the Agents take aim and FIRE. Instantly --

THE CAR

EXPLODES! In f.g. Mulder and Scully duck and cover their heads. The car rolls to a stop, still burning.

OFF MULDER AND SCULLY

Watching what appears to be the last of Leonard Betts...

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46 OMITTED
AND
47

46
AND
47

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

47A INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY - THE DEAD BEARDED MAN

47A

Lies under the cold light of an autopsy lamp. We don't see much of his chest wound -- just enough to establish it is what...

SCULLY AND MULDER

Are peering at. Scully wears her autopsy scrubs.

SCULLY

Mr. John Gillnitz. Dead from a crude lobectomy.

MULDER

Betts took out his lungs?

SCULLY

A substantial piece of them.
Does that make any sense to you?

Mulder thinks about it for a beat, then realizes.

MULDER

Lung cancer...
(growing certainty)
This man must have had it.
Betts thrives on what kills us,
Scully.

SCULLY

Tumors.

MULDER

Like we found in his car. When we took his supply of them, he had to turn elsewhere.

SCULLY

(troubled by that)
How would Betts have known this man had cancer?

Mulder doesn't know. Scully considers all this... finally gives a befuddled little shake of her head.

SCULLY

Well, whatever was actually going on here, Mulder... Betts is taking that secret to his grave.

(CONTINUED)

47A CONTINUED:

47A

MULDER

For the second time.

(X)

Scully frowns slightly, recognizing the tone in his voice.

SCULLY

What are you implying?

(X)

He doesn't answer immediately. She turns to:

REVERSE - WIDER

UNSEEN UNTIL NOW -- the autopsy table on the other side of them. On it lies the mostly-burned-to-a-crisp body of LEONARD BETTS, his arms up in the PUGILISTIC POSITION customary to fire victims. His face is mostly intact... sooty but recognizable.

SCULLY

You will now admit he's dead.

MULDER

This guy? Yeah.

Scully just stares, waiting for him to drop the other shoe.

MULDER

But what if there's another Leonard Betts? If this man could regenerate a thumb, or a head... is it conceivable he could generate an entirely new, separate Leonard Betts?

SCULLY

(dubious)

Asexual reproduction.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

It could be an evolutionary advantage.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Versus sexual selection? Why?

(X)

MULDER

That's a dicey proposition -- especially these days. Instead of running the risk of choosing the wrong reproductive partner, what if this man can turn out identical versions of himself?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

47A CONTINUED: (2)

47A

SCULLY

The creature you're describing
is essentially pre-evolutionary.
Reproduction by mitosis...
ultimately, genetic stagnation.

MULDER

I didn't say he'd be a fun date.

Scully isn't buying any of it. Mulder refocuses.

MULDER

Scully -- did you see the way
his car went up? What were we
shooting there, magic bullets?
I think Betts set the whole
thing up. I think he doused his
car with accelerant.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

He killed himself?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

He killed one version of
himself. To make us close his
case.

(X)

(X)

(off her stare)

(X)

I think Leonard Betts -- some
version of him -- is still alive.

SCULLY

How are you going to prove that,
Mulder?

Mulder considers for a moment.

MULDER

Who did his mother bury six
years ago?

Off Scully's look:

LONG TIME CUT TO:

48 OMITTED

48

49 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT - CLOSE ON A MUD-COVERED CASKET

49

As gloved hands unlock it with a T-shaped tool, then heft it
open. As the seal cracks, musty air jets out with a WHEEZE.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

WIDER

Scully is now dressed in her suit, not scrubs. She and Mulder watch as a MORGUE ASSISTANT lifts the lid, then moves out of the way for them. They step forward to see:

CLOSE - INTERIOR OF CASKET

A body lies inside -- similarly burned, and slightly mummified. Nonetheless, it's clear to us this is LEONARD BETTS.

SCULLY AND MULDER

React to this sight -- Scully far more surprised.

CRANE UP - LOOKING DOWN

To include both the open casket and the first LEONARD BETTS on the autopsy table -- virtually identical. Mulder and Scully stand between them, looking from one corpse to the other.

MULDER
Will the real Leonard Betts
please stand up.

Off this:

CUT TO:

50 OMITTED
THRU
52

50
THRU
52

52A INT. MRS. TANNER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - A WOMAN'S HAND

52A

Squeezes a SPONGE. Reddish-orange WATER pours out. We ADJUST to REVEAL Mrs. Tanner, leaning over a povidone-filled bathtub. She speaks quietly to someone o.s.

MRS. TANNER
I'm scared, honey. The FBI.
They seem to know all about you.

CLOSE - HER HAND

We FOLLOW it as she brings the sponge to a man's back. The skin appears strange, almost fetal -- lily-white, unformed, GELATINOUS. The man shivers as the sponge touches his flesh.

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

52A

MRS. TANNER (O.S.)
They dug up the coffin. They
found your... friend.

MRS. TANNER

Tries hard to maintain an even keel. She continues to bathe the man as she talks. He's still mostly o.s.

MRS. TANNER
I don't think they're ever going
to leave you alone. I've seen
police cars driving by the
house, circling the block...
(softer)
I-I think they're watching us
right now.

The man gently stirs the tub water with his fingertips. His (X)
fingers don't yet have NAILS. (X)

MRS. TANNER
And you're weak. You have to
restore your energy...
(beat)
You know what you have to do.

The man remains silent... but he lowers his head, reluctant. He (X)
shakes his head. Mrs. Tanner forces the faintest of smiles. (X)

MRS. TANNER
You have to. You're here for a
purpose, and you have to go on. (X)

SLOW REVEAL - THE MAN

Turns back to her. He's LEONARD BETTS -- only he looks like a
proto-version of himself. His flesh is hairless, gelatinous
white. His eyes are white, except for a pinkish iris.

MRS. TANNER
I don't have long anyway. You
know that.

Off his look back at her, infinitely sad and resigned... (X)

CUT TO:

53 EXT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - NIGHT

53

Crickets chirp. The neighborhood is quiet, with no one in sight. The window shades of Mrs. Tanner's house are drawn tight, but LIGHT shows through the cracks. We ADJUST TO:

AN N.D. SEDAN

In f.g., engine off, parked on the opposite side of the street. Mulder and Scully sit in the darkness, surveilling.

54 INT. N.D. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

54

Scully stirs, then looks at Mulder -- his eyes stay on the house.

SCULLY

What makes you think he'd come back? If he went to all this trouble to disappear, why show himself now?

Mulder gives a little shrug.

MULDER

Hopefully, he assumes he's a dead man in the eyes of the FBI.

(beat)

The only person Betts is connected to is his mother. If we're going to find him, it'll be through her.

Scully accepts this. They settle in for a long night, when... a distant SIREN is heard, coming closer.

The sound is coming toward them. They perk up to see:

AGENTS' POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A box-type ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC AMBULANCE rockets around a curve, (X)
HEADLIGHTS blinding us -- SIREN blaring, gumball lights spinning. It's heading for Mrs. Tanner's house.

MULDER AND SCULLY

Both have the same delayed reaction when they see it -- is this (X)
Betts? They spring out of their car on either side. (X)

54A EXT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS - THE AMBULANCE

54A

Slows to a stop in front of the house. Mulder and Scully run into frame, drawing their pistols. We STEADICAM after them as they book toward the front of the ambulance... its HEADLIGHTS BLINDING US and them to who is inside. (X) (X) (X)

Both agents draw down through the windshield, ready to fire. (X)

SCULLY
FEDERAL AGENTS! --

MULDER
GET OUT OF THE TRUCK! GET OUT
OF THE TRUCK! --

Both doors get fumbled open. TWO young EMTs -- MALE and FEMALE, we've never seen them before -- stumble out, hands in the air and eyes banjo-wide. (X)

MALE EMT
Whoa, whoa. What the hell? --

SCULLY
(throttling back) (X)
What are you doing here? (X)

FEMALE EMT
W-We got a call. Elderly woman with massive chest trauma and blood loss, 3108 Old Bank... (X)

MALE EMT
... That's all we know.

Mulder and Scully lower their guns, exchanging a look. Mulder runs for the front door of the house. Scully is right behind him, calling over her shoulder to the EMTs. (X)

SCULLY
Wait here!

Mulder tries the front door -- locked. They take position...

55 OMITTED

55

55A INT. MRS. TANNER'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS - THE FRONT DOOR

55A

BURSTS OPEN from a well-delivered kick -- Mulder and Scully enter, guns ready. The house is empty and quiet.

The Agents move through and split up, searching separately.

56 OMITTED

56

56A INT. MRS. TANNER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - SCULLY

56A

Eases through the door. She sees something, lowers her gun.

SCULLY

Mulder -- get the EMTs!

Mulder sticks his head in, then ducks out -- we hear him o.s., calling to the EMTs outside. Scully moves to:

REVERSE - WIDER

Mrs. Tanner, laid out atop the covers of her bed. She's unconscious, clinging to life. Blood spots through a large PRESSURE BANDAGE secured high on her chest, about where her collar bone is.

Mulder reenters, watching Scully attend to the woman. Scully carefully checks under the bandage.

SCULLY

She's got a gaping wound...

(looks to Mulder)

Something's been cut out.

MULDER

Cancer.

Mulder and Scully are made queasy by the implications of this... and by the fact it happened right under their noses. The EMTs enter, moving to assist. Scully steps back, letting them work.

SCULLY

(sotto)

He did this to her, then called an ambulance?

Mulder nods. He exits the bedroom, continues to search the house. Scully turns back to Mrs. Tanner, shaken. Off her...

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED

57

AND

AND

58

58

58A EXT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

58A

Mrs. Tanner is slid on her gurney into the empty ambulance. Scully stands guard, watching as the two EMTs place her inside.

(CONTINUED)

58A CONTINUED:

58A

Mulder jogs into view from the back of the house, his gun at his side. He shakes his head, glances around the neighborhood.

MULDER

I don't think Betts hung around.

SCULLY

He must be on foot.

(eyeing Mrs. Tanner)

I'll ride with them.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

I'll call in the local p.d.

(X)

Scully nods and climbs into the back of the ambulance, joining the Female EMT. They slam the doors and call for the driver to hit it -- the ambulance heads out of the driveway, punching its SIREN when it gets out on the street.

We stay on Mulder in the f.g., quickly dialing his cell phone.

MULDER

(into phone)

This is Agent Mulder with the
FBI -- I need units to 3108 Old
Bank Road. I'm searching for a
murder suspect.

(X)

(X)

Off Mulder, taking a glance around as he listens on his phone:

CUT TO:

59 OMITTED

59

59A EXT. ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE WIDE

59A

To establish as the ambulance rolls in past us and heads for the E.R. entrance. It's late, and there's no one in sight outside.

59B EXT. ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - THE AMBULANCE

59B

Backs right up close into frame. Its back doors swing open. The Male EMT comes around the side and helps his partner off-load Mrs. Tanner -- they work quickly.

(X)

CLOSER - SCULLY

Is still inside the ambulance when her PHONE RINGS. She answers. (X)

(CONTINUED)

59B CONTINUED:

59B

SCULLY (X)
Scully -- (X)

59C EXT. MRS. TANNER'S HOME - NIGHT CONTINUOUS - MULDER 59C(X)

walks as he talks, BLUE FLASHERS playing over his face from a (X)
nearby cruiser. A radio SQUAWKS as a COP jogs past in b.g. (X)

MULDER (X)
(into phone) (X)
Scully, there's no sign of Betts (X)
anywhere in the neighborhood -- (X)

59D EXT. ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 59D(X)

The EMTs hurry Mrs. Tanner into the E.R. Scully exits the (X)
ambulance behind them, stepping down off the rear bumper, the (X)
phone pressed to her ear. She suddenly blinks and STOPS... (X)
touches a hand to her head. (X)

MULDER (FILTER V.O.) (X)
-- I've got officers canvassing, (X)
but I think he's on the move, (X)
not holed up nearby. (X)

Scully looks at her fingertips. She sees: (X)

SCULLY'S POV - HER FINGERTIP (X)

Is WET. It's colored reddish-orange. (X)

SCULLY

Turns, looks up... sees a SINGLE, thin rivulet of POVIDONE (X)
running down from the top of the ambulance above her. It drips
very slowly, a single drop at a time.

MULDER (FILTER V.O.) (X)
I'm wondering if he stole a car. (X)
What do you think..? (X)

SCULLY
(sotto)
Mulder... get down here.

She turns off her phone, pockets it. Unholstering her pistol,
she silently steps back up onto the ambulance's bumper. Very (X)
cautiously, using a door hinge as a foothold, she climbs up to
peer over the roof. She leads with her pistol.

(CONTINUED)

59D CONTINUED:

59D

SCULLY'S POV

As we gingerly clear the roof, we see... it's EMPTY. Nobody up here -- just one or two wet povidone HANDPRINTS. (X)

CLOSE - SCULLY

Peers across the empty roof. Just as she's about to climb down... WHAM! Someone grabs her from behind, abruptly YANKING her down out of sight.

60 OMITTED

60

60A INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS - SCULLY

60A

Gets tossed into the back, banging off an equipment locker, spilling SUPPLIES on the floor. She spins around, bringing her gun to bear on her o.s. attacker. But --

-- Her eyes widening with shock, she hesitates pulling the trigger. Just an instant. Long enough for a WHITE HAND to slap the gun from her grip. She gets shoved hard toward the front. (X)

REVERSE

On Leonard Betts slamming the rear doors behind him -- now he and Scully are locked inside. Betts flicks off the light. (X)

Betts wears his EMT uniform, thrown on in a hurry. Though it's fairly DARK here, his appearance is as shocking as we last saw it. Spatters of povidone dry on his skin. (X)
(X)
(X)

BETTS

I'm sorry...

(matter-of-fact)

You have something I need.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Looks him in the eyes. She is briefly taken aback by his words... by what they seem to mean. Then -- (X)
(X)

WIDER

(X)

Betts lunges for her. She gives him a stiff kick -- he blocks most of it, then manages to take her to the floor. Holding her down, his free hand fumbles for: (X)

A DISPOSABLE SCALPEL

That's among the items rolling about on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

60A CONTINUED:

60A

BETTS

Brings it toward her -- her hand grabs his wrist and struggles to hold it away. With her other hand she BELTS HIM HARD, once, twice... to no effect. She reaches behind her, trying to grab for something. Her fingers brush at --

A PORTABLE DEFIBRILLATOR

Lying askew on the floor -- she swipes at it once, twice, finally FLICKING IT ON. It charges up with a capacitor WHINE.

BETTS

Bears down, sinking the scalpel toward her.

SCULLY

Pushes back with all the strength she can muster, losing. When: (X)

SCULLY'S HAND

Closes around a DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLE. In one swift move --

WIDER

-- Scully slaps the paddle to Betts' forehead and DISCHARGES IT. KA-CHUNK!! 300 joules jolt through his skull, BLASTING HIM BACKWARD. He SLAMS against the ambulance doors, knocking them open -- he ragdolls backward onto the pavement.

SCULLY

Sits up off the floor, letting drop the defibrillator paddle. Breathing hard, she stares out at Betts' motionless form -- not taking her eyes off him. Outside, the two EMTs and a SECURITY GUARD approach into view.

Off Scully, staring -- her expression troubled...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO: (X)

61 OMITTED
THRU
63

61
THRU
63

63A OMITTED

63A(X)

63B EXT. ALLEGHENY CATHOLIC HOSPITAL - LATER NIGHT - E.R. DOORS 63B(X)

HISS open and Mulder exits the building, walking through the (X)
ambulance bay and into the lot. We're seeing him past f.g. COPS (X)
and idling cruisers. The excitement is over. He heads for... (X)

SCULLY (X)

Who sits in the open passenger door of the n.d. sedan, her (X)
thoughts still faraway. She has a tiny bandage on her forehead, (X)
another on her knuckles... nothing major. She looks up at him. (X)

MULDER (X)
They pronounced Betts ten (X)
minutes ago. (X)

SCULLY (X)
He's dead? (X)

Mulder gives a little nod. Only slightly in deadpan jest: (X)

MULDER (X)
As near as anyone can tell. (X)
(beat) (X)
His mother's alive, though -- (X)
mainly due to how carefully (X)
Betts dressed her wound. She'll (X)
pull through... at least for the (X)
present. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Cancer. (X)

MULDER (X)
(nod; checks notepad)- (X)
"Metastatic rhabdomyosarcoma," (X)
to be precise. She previously (X)
underwent treatment for it. She (X)
was given a clean bill of health (X)
three months ago... (X)

Scully considers this carefully. Mulder sees her preoccupied (X)
expression and wants to cheer her up. He smiles supportively. (X)

MULDER (X)
Good job, Scully. J. Edgar (X)
would've been proud... (X)

She looks up at him almost like she's seeing him for the first (X)
time. Not unfriendly, just tired: (X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder, I'd like to call it a (X)
night. (X)

(CONTINUED)

63B CONTINUED:

63B

He nods... looks at her for just half a beat longer, faintly (X)
curious. He moves around to the driver's side, climbing in. (X)
Scully shuts her door and buckles up as Mulder starts the car. (X)

The n.d. sedan motors out of the lot. As we CRANE UP to get a (X)
high, wide view of it exiting past the flashing cop cars... (X)

DISSOLVE TO: (X)

64 INT. SCULLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - A DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK 64 (X)

Reads "2:08 AM." We MOVE off it to find Scully lying on her (X)
side, facing us. Restless, she rolls over in her sleep. (X)

After a beat, out of the darkness we hear COUGHING. Scully (X)
finally awakes with a start, her back to us. As she fumbles to (X)
click on a LAMP, we see: (X)

CLOSE ANGLE - THE BEDSPREAD

Is dotted with a few drops of BLOOD. Scully's hand reaches out,
touching one. She peers at the blood on her finger... then we
FOLLOW HER HAND to her face, revealing:

SCULLY

A thin stream of BLOOD runs from one side of her nose. She
touches it. Her expression turns fearful as she considers what
this might mean -- recalling what Betts said. Off this look...

FADE OUT:

THE END