

THE X-FILES

"Untitled"

Written by

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March 10, 1997

"Untitled"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Assistant Director Skinner
Jane Brody
Misty
Night Attendant (non-speaking)
Uniformed Officer
Detective Richard Hugel
The Gray-Haired Man (non-speaking)
The Cigarette-Smoking Man
Photo Tech
1st Elder
Well-Manicured Man

The Syndicate (non-speaking)

March 10, 1997

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SET LIST

EXTERIORS

INCINERATOR
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE
 /BACK DOOR
SYNDICATE OFFICE (STOCK)
SCHOOLYARD PLAYGROUND
HIGHWAY

INTERIORS

TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS ROUTING CENTER
 /ROUTING ROOM
 /FEMALE EMPLOYEE'S REST ROOM
 /CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REST ROOM
 /VENDING AREA
MULDER'S OFFICE
CORONER'S OFFICE
 /SECURITY DESK
 /MORGUE
 /CORRIDOR ADJACENT TO MORGUE
SERVICE ELEVATOR
INCINERATOR ROOM
POLICE FORENSIC LAB
A.D. SKINNER'S APARTMENT
UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE
AN APARTMENT
ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE
 /UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
A.D. SKINNER'S CAR
HOSPITAL MORGUE
FBI SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY LAB
HOSPITAL ROOM
SYNDICATE OFFICE

TEASER

1 A FEDEX-TYPE OVERNIGHT PACKAGE

1

A handheld laser scanner sweeps over an address label, processing the information in a nanosecond.

JANE (O.S.)

Italian?

INT. ROUTING ROOM - DAY - MISTY

A sweet but slightly ditsy sorter, fifteen pounds heavier than she'd like to be, shakes her head at JANE'S question. The women (both in their 20's) stand among several other sorters, as LEGEND appears: TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS ROUTING CENTER. DESMOND, VIRGINIA.

MISTY

Are you kidding?

JANE

What about Chinese?

MISTY

I'm trying to lose weight.

JANE

How many fat Chinese people do you know?

MISTY

I don't know any Chinese people.

Jane tosses the package into a bin, her patience exhausted.

JANE

Look, I'm going to the ladies' room. Try and make up your mind by the time I get back.

Jane moves off, leaving Misty still trying to decide. Off her ambivalence --

CUT TO:

2 INT. FEMALE EMPLOYEE'S REST ROOM - DAY

2

Three stalls line one side of drab, tiled room. An equal number of sinks on the opposite side. Jane enters, camera following her a few steps, then holding as she moves behind a WOMAN washing her hands at the sink.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Camera begins pushing in on the sink, as the Woman shuts off the water, and clears frame. A low, vibrating hum becomes audible. Camera drifts closer still, until the black oval of the spill catch fills most of the frame. Suddenly, a BEE crawls out from within the dark interior, standing for a beat before taking to the air.

INSIDE THE STALL

Jane closes the stall door, trying to slide the bolt shut. But the mechanism is bent, and doesn't close properly. She tries forcing the bolt closed, suddenly pausing to listen for something. Hearing the faint hum.

After a beat, she shrugs it off, and gives up on the bolt as well. She unfastens her pants with one hand. And as she sits on the toilet, still holding the stall door closed, camera rises to the top of the stall door -- where the bee alights. Joined now by a second bee. Watching her.

ANGLE ON SINK

Bees are crawling and flying from the spill catch. Camera adjusts to a raking angle that includes all three sinks -- where bees are streaming from their respective spill catches.

INSIDE THE STALL

Jane is sitting on the toilet when she hears the HUM growing suddenly louder, echoing in the small, tiled room. She looks up, overhead and behind her, unnerved by the sound.

HER POV - PANNING

Nothing but a ventilation grate blowing a strip of cloth.

RESUME JANE

Unable to locate the source of the humming. Her attention is suddenly drawn toward another sound directly in front of her. Camera pushes in on her rising fear, as:

MATCHING THE PUSH ON THE DOOR

It vibrates almost imperceptibly, rattling the door she's holding shut. Through the seam in the door... a bee crawls onto the shiny steel handle.

EXTREME CLOSE ON JANE

Off her confusion and fear --

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

ANGLE OUTSIDE STALL

The door is teeming with bees, covering the surface like sprinkles on an ice cream cone. Off the threatening buzzing chorus --

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO:

3 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REST ROOM - DAY

3

Misty approaches from down the corridor, moving into f.g. as she pushes open the door slightly, pausing to call through the narrow opening:

MISTY

Jane? How much longer do you plan on being? I'm getting hungry.

But no answer comes from within. No screaming. No buzzing. Nothing. So Misty pushes into:

4 INT. FEMALE EMPLOYEE'S REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

Misty enters, surprised and confused to find the room empty. She is about to turn, when something catches her eye. She bends slightly, peering along stalls --

HER POV

Jane's legs are visible beneath the stall door (slightly ajar), her knees angled toward one other just above the toilet rim.

RESUME MISTY FROM HIGH, WIDE ANGLE

MISTY

Jane? What are you doing in there?

Still no answer. Camera begins craning down slowly as Misty steps toward the stall -- our view of her eclipsed by the stall door, behind which camera continues its descent. So that we are actually inside the stall when the door opens - revealing Misty tight in f.g.. Reacting with a bloodcurdling scream to:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

HER POV OF JANE

Slumped dead against the toilet tank. Her face and her hands covered with a grotesque geography of crimson sores and bumps. Misty's SCREAM reverberates over the:

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

5 A COMPUTER MONITOR

displaying a pixilated graphic image file (GIF) of the above scene, roughly the same size and angle. The only difference being that the margin contains the victim's name, age, and other personal statistics. CLICK and the image changes to a closer angle of the woman's disfigured face.

CLOSE ON KEYBOARD

A man's fingers type a quick, nervous set of commands. Camera pans up slowly to ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WALTER SKINNER, staring for a protracted beat at the horrific image reflected in his glasses. Then, decisively, he hits another key.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER MONITOR

Jane's face disappears and the screen goes blue. Blank except for the words, "FILE DELETED," pulsing in the middle of the screen.

REVERSE ON SKINNER

The light from the computer screen blinks off. Skinner sits for a moment in the darkness, before rising, and clearing frame. And now we realize we are:

INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Skinner moves toward the door, away from camera, leaving us in his wake with a sense of confusion; perhaps even of violation. Because for those people who, from the familiar photos and objects, still don't know where we are -- the slowly moving camera settles on a name plate on the desk in f.g.. Skinner opens the door, sending a slash of light from the corridor into the room and across the brown formica desk plate: "FOX MULDER." And as Skinner closes the door behind him, casting the name into silent darkness, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK

The sound of approaching footsteps, echoing in an empty corridor. The footsteps come to a stop, as we:

6 FADE IN ON POLICE TAPE

6

stretched across a doorway: "CRIME SCENE - DO NOT ENTER." A gloved hand enters frame, gingerly peeling the tape from the door frame. Tilt up to reveal:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REST ROOM - NIGHT - SKINNER

dressed in dark pants and a dark jacket, drops the police tape, leaving one end dangling. He is holding a small black athletic bag in his other gloved hand. He looks both ways before ducking into:

7 INT. FEMALE EMPLOYEE'S REST ROOM - NIGHT

7..

Skinner switches on the overhead light, taking in the room for an appraising beat. Several splotches of fingerprint powder are visible on the sink counter and on the floor. These have been coded by police with indelible marker.

Skinner sets his athletic bag on the counter, unzipping it and removing the contents: a container of abrasive cleanser, a spray bottle of clear blue fluid, several brushes, and a pile of folded rags.

CUT TO:

ON THE FLOOR - LATER

Skinner is on his knees, shaking generous amounts of blue cleanser onto the tile floor, scrubbing it in tight, meticulous circles, as we:

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE STALL - LATER

Matching the movement from the previous cut, only now Skinner is scrubbing down the inside of the stall door. Perspiration beads on his brow, as we:

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON MIRROR - LATER

Liquid sprays onto the glass, then a hand holding a rag enters frame and starts wiping the glass. Clearing the mirror to reveal Skinner's reflection. He catches a brief glimpse of his face. A flicker of self-disgust. Skinner finds himself unable to meet his own eyes. He raises the spray bottle and obscures his reflection with an aggressive squirt.

ANGLE ON SKINNER

wiping the mirror, as if working to obliterate his own image -- when something stops him.

HIS POV - ABOVE THE MIRROR

A dull yellow viscous substance is visible along the ceiling joint. Not oozing, but hanging there.

RESUME SKINNER

He reaches up to touch the substance. He tests its texture between his gloved fingers, then its odor -- then starts working on it with his rag.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REST ROOM - LATER

Skinner gingerly replaces the tape across the doorframe, smoothing it in place -- before heading back down the long corridor. As we:

FADE OUT:

9 FADE UP ON A WALL CLOCK

The minute hand jumps from 11:40 to 11:41. The second hand races around the clock face, as camera cranes down to reveal:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

A frustrated NIGHT ATTENDANT fiddles with the antenna of his portable TV, trying to get rid of the snow. The volume is turned way down, low enough for him to hear the echoing CLICK of a steel door either being opened or closed. He stands, eyes and ears suddenly alert.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

HIS POV

The corridor is empty at this late hour. No sound or movement.

RESUME NIGHT ATTENDANT

Figuring he should probably investigate, especially since the TV reception isn't likely to improve. He grabs a flashlight, camera leading him for a few steps before he moves through frame.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DRAWER

10

A flashlight beam hits the label: "BRODY, JANE L." A latex-gloved hand grips the handle, and pulls open the drawer, revealing Jane's corpse.

ANGLE ON SKINNER

Illuminated by his flashlight spill. Working quickly, he reaches with both hands to grasp the corpse under its arms.

WIDER

Skinner grunts as he hefts the body from the steel slab onto an adjacent gurney. He's draped a sheet over the gurney, its hem hanging to the floor. No sooner has the gurney settled under the weight of the body, when Skinner tenses - hearing the faint but nearing sound of footsteps.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CORRIDOR ADJACENT TO MORGUE - SAME

11

The Night Attendant walks down the corridor. He pauses before a door identified by a mounted placard as the "MORGUE."

12 INT. MORGUE - SAME

12

The door swings open, framing the Night Attendant's silhouette. He snicks on his flashlight, his beam flaring the lens, as:

HIS POV - PANNING

The long arm of his flashlight reaches across the darkness, illuminating the far edges of the empty room.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ANGLE ON JANE'S DRAWER

Slightly ajar. The beam sweeps past the drawer - but then returns, staying on it, as:

REVERSE ANGLE ON NIGHT ATTENDANT

He switches on the overhead fluorescents, and approaches the drawer. He considers for a beat before deciding to push it closed. The Night Attendant turns, scanning the room from this vantage point.

HIS POV - PANNING

The empty room, past the gurney, which is pushed up against the wall adjacent to the door.

RESUME NIGHT ATTENDANT

Satisfied that no one is in here. Camera follows him back toward the door, but lingers as he turns off the overheads and exits. Camera adjusts to favor the gurney. The sheet wrinkles, and Skinner scrabbles out from underneath. As he pulls out the corpse with which he'd hidden, PRELAP the grating metallic sound of a saw --

CUT TO:

13 A SIX INCH DIE GRINDER

13

spits sparks as its circular blade sinks deeper into the seam of a heavy industrial door. And we are:

EXT. INCINERATOR - NIGHT

Skinner sweats with effort, the tension in his arms falling away as the blade finally cuts through. He kills the saw, withdraws the smoking blade, prying open the heavy steel door. A steady, roaring sound can be heard in the subsequent silence - though we don't know yet where we are.

Skinner places the die grinder into the trunk of his mid-sized, late model American car. He hoists the sheet-wrapped body out of the trunk, slinging it up over his shoulders in a kind of modified fireman's carry.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE

Skinner disappears into the dark interior of what we now recognize is an incinerator. Three massive chimneys are arrayed like missiles, spewing smoke into the night sky. A high mound of garbage surrounds several bulldozers and a grab crane.

CUT TO:

14 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - MOVING

14

The old elevator car clatters and knocks against the shaft. Slashes of light sweep up across Skinner's sweating face, marking his descent. Until the elevator car lurches to an abrupt stop, and the doors slowly open.

15 INT. INCINERATOR ROOM - ELEVATOR BAY

15

Skinner grabs the sheet-wrapped body, and drags it across the cement floor toward:

ANGLE ON ROTARY KILN

Fire rages in its great iron maw. Skinner enters frame, braving the blasting heat that can reach as high as 1100 degrees Fahrenheit. He lifts the body, clumsily shoving it into the feed mechanism that rotates solid waste into the burner.

ANGLE ON SKINNER - PUSHING IN SLOWLY

on his glistening face, the inferno reflected in his eyes. As if staring into the very bowels of Hell.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

16 INT. POLICE FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT - ANGLE ON UNIFORMED OFFICER

16

Standing at a high counter, shelves stacked with forensic evidence in b.g. He is craning toward an ID wallet being extended to him from someone only partially visible in f.g.

OFFICER
Agent Mulder is it?

ANOTHER ANGLE TO REVEAL

Skinner is the one holding up the ID. He wears a dark baseball cap.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SKINNER .

That's what it says.

The Officer nods his satisfaction, then slides a log across the counter. A legend appears: POLICE FORENSIC LAB. DUSTIN, VIRGINIA. 2:35 A.M.

OFFICER

You need to sign this.

Skinner pockets his bogus ID, then takes up the pen attached by to the log by a long, thin chain. As he signs Mulder's name, the Officer takes a plastic container from a shelf behind him, setting it on the high counter before Skinner. An adhesive label reads: "2324-E. BRODY, JANE E."

Skinner waits for the Officer to step away, to resume his filing in b.g., before prying open the lid. He ferrets through the contents, coming out with a small styrofoam box. He opens it, finding in the molded interior a vial half-filled with blood.

Skinner checks the label, then glances up at the Officer to make sure he's not looking. He palms the vial in his left hand, camera tilting down as he slips it into his left coat pocket. Camera arming around to find Skinner's right hand in his right pocket, and coming out with an identical vial. Camera tilts up with the hand to see Skinner set it in the molded styrofoam.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Skinner releases the air he's been holding in his chest. Composing himself, then:

SKINNER

I'm all set here.

The Officer approaches as Skinner slides the plastic container back toward him.

OFFICER

That was quick. You find what you were looking for?

SKINNER

(nods tightly)

Yeah. Thanks.

Skinner turns and exits, leaving the officer to watch him for a curious beat, then:

CUT TO:

17 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

17

Skinner is crossing the adjacent parking lot, dotted with police vans and cruisers. Empty and dark, save for a few puddles of pale yellow lamplight. Skinner pauses at the perimeter of the lot, before a dumpster brimming with trash. He removes the vial from his left pocket nestled in a handkerchief. Then, folding the handkerchief over it, he shoves it in the dumpster, between the corrugated folds of a collapsed box.

DET. HUGEL (O.S.)
Agent Mulder?

Skinner tenses, turning as:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DETECTIVE RICHARD HUGEL

approaching at a brisk jog from the shadows. He's an excitable man, mistrustful of authority, fairly breathless now, as:

DET. HUGEL
I'm glad I caught you.

SKINNER
Who are you?

DET. HUGEL
Detective Hugel. Ritchie Hugel.
(off Skinner's non-
recognition)
I'm the one who contacted you.
Who E-mailed those pictures to
your office. I assume you got
them.

Skinner nods, wondering if Hugel saw him dispose of the vial.

DET. HUGEL
I was just getting off my shift,
when I ran into Officer Robbins.
He told me you'd come down to
look at some of the forensic
evidence.

SKINNER
That's right.

Skinner starts away, Det. Hugel following on his heels with hopeful expectation.

DET. HUGEL
So does that mean you think
there's something here?
Something worth looking into?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

..

SKINNER

I'm afraid not.

DET. HUGEL

No?

SKINNER

I found no evidence of criminal activity. Nothing to recommend my further involvement in the case.

Det. Hugel reacts with surprise and disappointment.

DET. HUGEL

But that woman - how do you explain what happened to her? She walks into the bathroom, and a minute later turns up looking like --

(he breaks off, then)

You saw the pictures.

SKINNER

However she died, you should probably hear what the Medical Examiner has to say about it.

Skinner has arrived at his car, disengaging the locks and the alarm with his remote device. Skinner opens the driver door, about to get in, when he is stopped by the Detective's voice:

DET. HUGEL

There's something you're not telling me.

Skinner turns, meets his suspicious look evenly.

DET. HUGEL

I mean, if there's really nothing to this, why did you come all the way down here at two o'clock in the morning?

SKINNER

I'm just doing my job, Detective. Same as you.

With that, Skinner ducks in behind the wheel. Detective Hugel stands there, rooted in confusion and anger. Skinner cranks the engine --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG SHOT FROM INSIDE A PARKED CAR

Skinner's car pulls away, stranding the Detective. As we realize the entire scene has been witnessed from the opposite side of the parking lot. Angle adjusts slowly to reveal the GRAY HAired MAN sitting behind the wheel. Watching impassively. As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - A MANTEL CLOCK (3:55)

18

Panning off the clock, camera drifts through the dark apartment - discovering Skinner sitting awake in a chair, wearing the same clothes he's been wearing all night.

He seems haggard and beat, staring into some middle distance, his eyes reflecting not just physical, but psychic exhaustion. A knock at the door draws his attention outward -- although he seems unsurprised by the late intrusion. Which suggests that he's been expecting it. He rises, moving off toward:

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

Skinner opens the door -- surprised to find Mulder standing in the hallway, holding a manila envelope.

SKINNER
Agent Mulder --

MULDER
You haven't been answering your phone.

SKINNER
It's almost four o'clock in the morning.

MULDER
And I'd apologize for waking you, but unless those are some funky jammies you're wearing, it doesn't look to me like you've been sleeping.

Skinner sighs, opening the door for Mulder to enter past him. Skinner shoots an anxious look down the hallway before closing the door, and turning.

SKINNER
What do you want, Agent Mulder?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MULDER ~
Some answers.

SKINNER
Concerning what?

MULDER
The unexplained death of a
postal worker. Which someone is
apparently going to great
lengths to keep unexplained.

Mulder hands Skinner the envelope. Skinner pulls out several
graphic computer printouts of the dead woman, identical to the
GIFs he erased earlier from Mulder's computer. Skinner works to
hide his discomfort as he shuffles through them.

SKINNER
Where did you get these?

MULDER
From a detective who thought I
might have a fresh take on the
case. But when I tried
retrieving the file he E-mailed
me, it had already been deleted.

SKINNER
Then where did you get these?

MULDER
Because I was just questioned by
police in connection to the
detective's death.

SKINNER
(stunned)
When - when did this happen?

MULDER
Less than an hour ago. His body
was found near the police
station. Shot in the head at
extreme close range.

Skinner finds himself unable to speak, as Mulder takes back from
him the printouts and the envelope.

MULDER
Apparently by someone who used
my name to gain access to the
forensic lab.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SKINNER -

Have they - are there any suspects yet?

MULDER

No evidence was found missing, but I'm running the signature through Handwriting, see if anything comes up.

Skinner nods, reeling from this development.

SKINNER

You and Agent Scully should follow up on this.

MULDER

Agent Scully is in the hospital.

SKINNER

(fearing the worst)

Why? Is she - has anything happened that I should know about?

MULDER

She's just staying overnight for some kind of imaging tests. Her oncologist wants to monitor the tumor.

Skinner needs a moment to process his relief. Then:

SKINNER

Then I'll expect you to keep me apprised of her progress -- and yours, of course.

Mulder nods. Then moves to exit, closing the door behind him. Camera pushes in slowly on Skinner as he stands there, listening to Mulder's receding footsteps. The RINGING PHONE explodes the silence. Skinner clears frame.

ANGLE ON PHONE

Ringling insistently. A hand enters frame, grabs it roughly out of the cradle, camera following it up to Skinner, who doesn't wait for the person on the other end of the line to speak.

SKINNER

Where are you?

CUT TO:

19 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

19

Rows of cars parked in their assigned spaces. The only light comes from caged bulbs hanging from the low cement ceiling. Skinner emerges from the door. He scans the still, silent lot. Then starts down the wide aisle, crossing a perpendicular aisle - when he is suddenly pinned by bright headlights, which come on with the starting engine. Skinner turns, squinting, as a car cruises toward him.

SKINNER'S POV

The car looms closer, almost upon him, its headlights flaring.

SKINNER

doesn't budge, slamming both hands down on the hood of the car as it lurches to a stop inches from him.

WIDER

Skinner stands his ground. The car chunks into neutral, and the engine dies, though the headlights remain on. A stream of smoke rises from the front passenger window - preceding the CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN as he emerges from the car. Skinner steps toward him threateningly, his anger low and intense.

SKINNER

Was it you? Did you pull the trigger?

(off CSM's silence)

Or did you have him do it for you?

Skinner points accusingly through the windshield, to the Gray Haired Man sitting behind the wheel. He regards Skinner unflinchingly.

CSM

I'm not here to answer your questions --

SKINNER

(flashing)

You murdered him, you son of a bitch! You killed an officer of the law!

CSM

I suggest you lower your voice, Mr. Skinner. Unless you want your neighbors to know the hours and the company you keep.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Skinner lowers his voice, though his intensity remains undiminished.

SKINNER

I won't be party to murder.

CSM

Don't get too comfortable on your moral high ground. This only happened because you left your job unfinished.

SKINNER

I handled him like I've handled everything else you've asked me to do. I've followed your instructions.

CSM

You failed to neutralize a potentially compromising situation.

SKINNER

You didn't have to kill him. He didn't have to die.

CSM

Everyone has to die, Mr. Skinner. Sooner or later.

SKINNER

And Agent Scully is dying sooner than she should be. Because of unnatural circumstances over which you claim to have some control. But I still haven't seen you do a damn thing to stop it.

The CSM's only answer is to take a long pull from his cigarette. Skinner watches him exhale a stream of smoke with dawning suspicion.

SKINNER

When are you planning to keep your end of the deal?

CSM

In due time --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

SKINNER ~
(challenging)
Why not now?
(off CSM's continuing
silence)
Because you don't have any
intention of helping her, do
you? You never did.

CSM
You're in no position to
question the terms of our
arrangement.

SKINNER
Then we have no arrangement.

The CSM takes a long, thoughtful drag. Undaunted by the
gauntlet Skinner has just thrown down.

CSM
Walk away and you'll have two
deaths on your hands. You think
you've got the brass to handle
that kind of responsibility?

Skinner regards CSM for a defiant beat, then:

CSM
You can't walk away from me.

SKINNER
No? Watch me.

Skinner turns, moving back toward the door. The CSM follows
Skinner's progress, his expression betraying no emotion. He
takes one last drag. Then, exhaling, he drops his cigarette.

ON THE GROUND

The CSM crushes out the butt with the sole of his shoe. And on
the smoldering paper and ash remains, we:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 CLOSE - SKINNER'S FACE

20

His eyes closed, glasses off. CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES around him, studying a face which is familiar to us yet now looks darker, troubled by demons he cannot escape, even in sleep: His jaw is set tight, beard unshaven, worry lines fixed at his eyes.

The silence is interrupted by the shrill RING of a TELEPHONE, which -- as CAMERA CONTINUES TO CIRCLE -- becomes visible in the b.g. Skinner's eyes open, his shallow sleep broken. We're:

INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Meager daylight filters in through the living room windows. Skinner rises from the chair where he was sleeping, still wearing last night's clothes. The distant sounds of morning traffic filter in from the street below. A LEGEND reads 6:04 AM.

He looks at the time on his wristwatch as he picks up the phone.

SKINNER
(into the phone)
Skinner.

INTERCUT WITH:

21 INT. MORGUE - MORNING - MULDER

21

Talks into his cell phone.

MULDER
Sorry to wake you, but I had
some news that couldn't wait.

SKINNER
Concerning the detective's death?

MULDER
Concerning the reason he was
killed, which I can now say with
some certainty relates to the
postal worker whose death he was
investigating.

SKINNER
How do you know that?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MULDER

Because her body's gone --
stolen last night, along with
any other evidence that might've
explained what happened to her.

As Mulder talks into his cell phone, he moves to the morgue
drawer we saw last night marked "BRODY, JANE L." The drawer is
pulled open -- empty, of course. FORENSIC TECHS are working the
area, dusting for fingerprints. In the b.g., UNIFORMED COPS
interview the Night Attendant.

SKINNER

I thought you said none of the
other evidence was taken.

MULDER

The blood sample in the police
forensic lab was B-positive, the
same as the postal worker's.
But she suffered from a mild
form of anemia marked by a
deficiency of folic acid. The
blood sample in the forensic lab
showed a normal folate serum
level.

SKINNER

The samples were switched.

MULDER

By the same man who killed the
detective. The same man who
apparently went to the express
mail center last night and wiped
it clean of any residual
evidence.

SKINNER

And you still have no suspects?

MULDER

I have a place to start.
Ballistics identified the gun
that killed the detective as a
government-model Colt .45.

This news hits Skinner with peculiar intensity. A queasy
anxiety plays on his face as he moves toward his desk.

SKINNER

But you still haven't found the
murder weapon?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MULDER
No. They're mapping the slug now
for striation patterns.

SKINNER
Let me know what you find.

Skinner clicks off abruptly, setting the phone down as he pulls
a set of KEYS out of his pocket. Stopping as he sees:

HIS POV - THE BOTTOM DESK DRAWER

Is open a quarter-inch.

RESUME SKINNER

Hit by a stomach-churning confirmation of his fears. Setting
his keys down on the desktop as he leans down to examine the
drawer, finding the built-in lock mechanism has been FORCED. He
slides the drawer out, reaching under file folders to produce an
EMPTY HOLSTER.

On Skinner, hit by the depth of his predicament:

CUT TO:

22 INT. AN APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE - A TELEPHONE

22

RINGS. As a HAND enters frame, CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal THE
Cigarette-Smoking Man. He sits in the same gloomy, non-descript
apartment where we've seen him before.

CSM
Yes.

INTERCUT WITH:

23 INT. SKINNER'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

23

Skinner paces, trying to control his anger.

SKINNER
What is this?

CSM
You sound agitated, Mr. Skinner.

The CSM acts unsurprised, as if he'd anticipated Skinner's call.

SKINNER
My gun is missing.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CSM

Is it?

SKINNER

Your man used it to kill that detective.

CSM

Are you quite certain? In that case, I'd think you'd want to report it to the police immediately.

SKINNER

Don't think I won't, you cancerous sonofabitch.

CSM

Then why are you calling me?

Skinner hesitates, realizing the CSM is right -- his actions have defined his reluctance.

CSM

Perhaps because you realize you'd have to admit to obstruction of justice, criminal conspiracy, destroying evidence. The consequences could be very serious for you -- even in the unlikely event you could persuade the authorities you didn't kill the detective.

SKINNER

What was it you had me cover up?

CSM

Under the circumstances, I think the less you know about that, the better, don't you?

SKINNER

I want to know what that man died for.

CSM

I suggest you concentrate on how to keep yourself out of trouble, Mr. Skinner, instead of looking for ways to get yourself in deeper.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

The CSM disconnects. Skinner hangs up, frustrated. Trying to think of his next move. His eyes land on a MANILA ENVELOPE atop the coffee table -- the same one Mulder brought him only a few hours earlier. He stares at it, then moves toward it.

LOW ANGLE - THE ENVELOPE IN THE F.G.

Skinner crosses the room, picking it up. He slides out the contents, studying the images for a moment, processing them.

After a moment, he sets down the photos, then stands and picks up his jacket, moving toward the door. As he exits, the DOOR clicking shut behind him, CAMERA ADJUSTS to feature:

THE CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

Showing Jane Brody's body splayed in the bathroom stall, her skin pocked with red bumps. On this gruesome image -- the image which began Skinner's descent into this maelstrom -- we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. ROUTING ROOM - DAY - AUTOMATED MAIL SORTING EQUIPMENT

24.

Clicks away precisely, routing packages with amazing speed. CAMERA PANS ALONG THE EQUIPMENT, rising to find the adjacent sorting area where we saw Jane and Misty working in the Teaser.

NEW WIDE ANGLE - SKINNER

Is led into the routing room by a female SUPERVISOR, who leads him through the crowded room. A LEGEND reads 9:14 AM. CAMERA STAYS WIDE as the Supervisor reaches the door to the female employees' rest room and knocks. After a moment, she says something to Skinner we can't hear, then leads him inside. As Skinner moves to follow, CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL:

MISTY

The co-worker who discovered Jane's body in the teaser. She stares after Skinner for a thoughtful beat, then returns to her work, still troubled. On this image, we go:

25 INT. FEMALE EMPLOYEE'S REST ROOM - DAY

25

The Supervisor stands by the door, while Skinner moves deeper into the rest room.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

SUPERVISOR

Police said we could put the bathroom back in service, but the truth is, no one wants to use it -- not after what happened to Jane yesterday.

Skinner stops at the mirror, looking above it -- at the same area where he found the yellow viscous substance before.

SUPERVISOR

Place's been cleaned up spic 'n span. Not sure what you think you're going to find.

Skinner ignores her. Instead of speaking, he suddenly clambers up on top of the sink basin, moving his face close to the wall joint.

SUPERVISOR

What're you looking for?

Skinner carefully runs his index finger along the joint between the ceiling and the wall, then examines his fingertip.

HIS POV - HIS FINGER

Covered with a thin dab of the same YELLOW SUBSTANCE. He rubs it between two fingers.

RESUME SKINNER

Considering this, he presses his thumb into the wall beneath the joint.

CLOSE - THE WALL

His thumb sinks easily into the surface of the wall. More of the YELLOW VISCOUS SYRUP Oozes out of the thumb-sized depression.

SKINNER

Turns to the Supervisor.

SKINNER

You have a crowbar... or a hammer?

The Supervisor looks confused.

SUPERVISOR

What for?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

On Skinner's silence:

SMASH CUT TO:

26 INT. FEMALE EMPLOYEE'S REST ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

26

CLOSE - THE CLAW END OF A HAMMER

Swings into a plaster wall, renting a small ragged hole in it.
CAMERA ADJUSTS to find:

SKINNER

Tearing at the wall with the hammer. He makes repeated blows into the plaster, bringing up dust and hunks of wallboard, the Supervisor watching with discomfort in the b.g. Skinner stops, seeing:

HIS POV - BENEATH THE HOLE IN THE WALL

A strange, dark latticework, covered with the yellow substance.

RESUME SKINNER

Who sets down the hammer, pulling away pieces of the wall with his hand, until the latticework behind it becomes identifiable as part of a massive HONEYCOMB, constructed between the wooden studs of the wall's infrastructure.

SUPERVISOR

What the hell...?

On Skinner, staring at this bizarre discovery:

CUT TO:

27 INT. ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE - DAY

27

CLOSE - A SMALL SLAB OF HONEYCOMB

Its celled structure backlit. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal the face of an ENTOMOLOGIST (DR. PETER VALDESPINO), examining the specimen intently.

VALDESPINO

Well, this honeycomb doesn't
tell me a lot.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

WIDER - SKINNER

Stands beside Valdespino, who moves the specimen from a light board, crossing to a table microscope across the room.

SKINNER

You can't determine what kind of
bee made it?

VALDESPINO

Some species of honeybee --
beyond that, I can't say.

SKINNER

Could these bees be lethal?

VALDESPINO

Any kind of bee can be lethal --
provided you get stung by enough
of them. Even Africanized honey
bees -- so-called killer bees --
basically have the same venom as
the European honey bee -- it's
just the fact that a couple
thousand of them might sting
you. Where'd you say you found
this?

SKINNER

Inside a wall.

Valdespino speaks while looking through the eyepiece of the
microscope.

VALDESPINO

Not uncommon, either. I've
found honeycombs inside walls,
irrigation culverts, dog houses,
even copy machines.

(beat)

You may be in luck.

Valdespino rises from the microscope.

VALDESPINO

See for yourself.

Skinner steps over, looking into the eyepiece.

HIS POV - MACRO - WHITISH WORMS

Wriggle in the jellyish honey.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

SKINNER ..

What are they?

VALDESPINO

A few thousand larvae, suspended
in royal jelly. This honeycomb
evidently belonged to a queen.

RESUME SKINNER

Rising from the microscope.

SKINNER

You can hatch them?

Valdespino takes the honeycomb to a small incubator on a table
by the window. He opens the lid to set it down inside.

VALDESPINO

In the incubator. Give me a day
or so and I might be able to
give you some definitive answers.

SKINNER

I appreciate your keeping this
confidential.

Skinner starts out.

VALDESPINO

You mind if I ask you -- is this
related to that other case?

Skinner turns to face him.

VALDESPINO

I got a call from another FBI
agent about six months ago,
asking me the same kind of
questions. About killer bees --
that kind of stuff.

SKINNER

Agent Mulder?

VALDESPINO

Yeah, that was it. I thought
maybe there was some connection.

Skinner nods, taking this in.

SKINNER

I'll be in touch.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

As he exits:

CUT TO:

28 CLOSE - A FILE DRAWER

28

Is pulled out, a man's HAND finding a file labeled "BEES - CANADIAN PROJECT." As the file is pulled, CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL we're:

INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Skinner stands at Mulder's file cabinet, moving with an air of covert swiftness to examine the folder's contents. He sees:

HIS POV - PICTURES

Young boys and girls work in fields. (Among them, the same photos Marita Covarrubias gave Mulder in Episode 4X01, "Herrenvolk.") Crops grow under strange tent-like structures. A closer shot of a BEE pollinating from a flowering plant.

RESUME SKINNER

Absorbing this material, then flipping the file closed to see:

HIS POV - THE FOLDER

Its tobacco-brown exterior bears an official stamp:
"Confidential - From the Office of the Special Representative of the Secretary General."

SKINNER

Reacts to this, then quickly pulls open the file drawer, moving to put the file back where it belongs. As he slams the door closed:

MULDER'S VOICE

Sir?

NEW ANGLE - MULDER

Stands in the b.g. at the open threshold to his office. Skinner turns slowly from the file cabinet to face him. Uncertain how long Mulder has been standing there -- how much he's seen.

MULDER

You looking for something?

Skinner takes the gamble that Mulder just walked in.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SKINNER -

Paper to write you a note.
Where have you been?

Mulder holds his gaze for a moment -- we can't tell whether or not he believes this impromptu lie. Either way, he decides to drop the matter.

MULDER

At the First Nations Bank of
Virginia. Take a look.

Mulder hands Skinner an 8x10. Skinner looks down at it, seeing:

HIS POV - A PRINTED VIDEO GRAB

A grainy black-and-white surveillance-style picture of a parking lot, with the figures of two men visible in the b.g.

RESUME

SKINNER

What is this?

MULDER

The bank is next door to the
police headquarters in Virginia
where Detective Hugel was slain.
By chance, their parking lot
surveillance camera picked up
this image.

Mulder indicates the men in the photo.

MULDER

That's Hugel there. The officer
at the PD forensic lab
identified the man in the
baseball cap as "Agent Mulder."

CLOSE - THE PHOTO

The image of "Mulder" is distant and poorly defined. Evidently not clear enough for the real Mulder to recognize it as Skinner.

RESUME SCENE

Skinner covers his anxiety.

SKINNER

Can you get a usable image off
this?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MULDER ~
I'm taking it down to the
imaging lab now.

A beat. Mulder stares at Skinner expectantly.

MULDER
You have something you want to
tell me?

Skinner hesitates -- unsure how to respond. Unsure of what
Mulder knows.

MULDER
(prompting him)
You came down here to see me.

SKINNER
Only to check on your progress.

Skinner exits, leaving Mulder looking after him. His look of
curiosity is difficult to read, as we:

CUT TO:

29 INT. ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE - DAY - THE DOOR

29

Opens on the entomologist's lab, spilling light into the
otherwise darkened office. A LEGEND reads 4:12 PM. The
Entymologist reaches for the light switch, but no light comes
on. He tries flicking it on and off a few more times, then --
mumbling under his breath -- enters the office.

NEW ANGLE - FROM THE INCUBATOR TABLE

The Entymologist moves toward the table, finding a desk lamp,
which he switches ON. He cranes the neck of the desk lamp
toward the incubator, reacting with surprise as he sees:

HIS POV - THE INCUBATOR

The lid is open, smeared with royal jelly. But the incubator
itself is EMPTY.

RESUME THE ENTOMOLOGIST

Reacting to this as he now hears a strange sound -- a soft
SCRATCHING. Puzzled, the Entymologist points the desk lamp at
the window in front of him, revealing:

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

CLOSE - THE WINDOW

In the pool of light cast by the desk lamp, we see the window is COMPLETELY COVERED WITH BEES, crawling atop each other, a living, undulating carpet of insects.

THE ENTOMOLOGIST

Suddenly alarmed, as the light shining on the bees begins to effect a change in the pitch of their activity. The sound of the bees becoming EXCITED, starting to fly off the window toward the Entymologist. As the bees start to sting him, causing him to drop the lamp, we go:

LOW ANGLE - THE LAMP

Falls to the floor shining aimlessly across the room, while we hear the ANGRY SWARM of the bees over the rising cries of the Entymologist.

30 EXT. ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE - DAY - THE WINDOW

30

Covered with the undulating blackness of crawling bees. We now hear SCREAMING from inside and the ANGRY, INSISTENT BUZZING of BEES SWARMING.

CAMERA SLOWLY STARTS TO PULL BACK as -- suddenly -- a MAN'S FISTS pound against the glass from the inside, clawing and grasping futilely at the surface. We get the briefest glimpse of his BEE-STUNG FACE, as his fist SHATTERS (but not break) one of the panes. Then, as quickly as the Entymologist appeared, he disappears, swallowed up again by the blackness of the bees against the glass.

CAMERA CONTINUES to pull away from the house, the sound of the man screaming and the bees attacking gradually displaced by the tranquility of birds and the occasional car passing as we finally reach the street of this nice suburban neighborhood. We HOLD on this deceptively peaceful image and:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 EXT. ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Skinner's car approaches from down this suburban street of modest homes, pulling to a fast stop before the curb of a dark house. A LEGEND appears: ELSINORE, MARYLAND.

32 INT. SKINNER'S CAR - SAME

32

Skinner turns off the ignition. He hears a car approaching from behind him, and checks his rearview mirror, waiting for it to pass before opening the door and pushing out onto the street.

33 EXT. ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE - ANGLE FROM FRONT DOOR

33

Skinner emerges from the car, checking both ways to make sure he's not being followed. He hustles up the short walk to the front door and rings the bell, looking over his shoulder for safe measure.

When no answer comes from within, Skinner rings the bell again -- glancing at his watch, then craning to peer through a front window.

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Dark inside. It appears no one is home.

RESUME SKINNER

Confused by this, he circles around to the side of the house.

ANGLE ON BACK DOOR

Skinner climbs the rear stoop, donning a pair of thin leather gloves. Finding the door locked, he pulls his sleeve up over his gloved fist -- and punches out a pane of glass with a sharp crack. Avoiding the jagged edges, he reaches inside, and finding the lock, twists it open, and:

34 INT. ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Skinner enters the dark house, and switches on the light. Camera leading him as he moves through the kitchen, into the adjacent hallway, moving purposefully out of frame.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Skinner ascends the stairs, reaching the landing in tight f.g., as he looks down the hallway, seeing:

HIS POV - A CLOSED DOOR

at the end of the hallway. This geography should have been previously established as the room where Skinner left the Entomologist.

RESUME SKINNER

He approaches the door, reaches tentatively for the doorknob. He opens the door into the dark room. He tries the light switch, but the overhead lights don't respond. Camera pivots, following Skinner deeper into the room, toward the fallen desk lamp illuminated by the light from the hallway. The plug is a foot away from the wall socket --

REVERSE ANGLE ON SKINNER

He hunkers down and plugs in the lamp, startled to find its sudden light falling on:

ANGLE ON ENTOMOLOGIST

lying on the floor behind Skinner. His face and arms are riddled with bumps and sores. He's still alive, although barely so. His lips and tongue too swollen to form any sound but a chalky, guttural moan.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Skinner kneels beside the Entomologist, feeling helpless and responsible. A tight line connects their eyes for an intense beat - then Skinner rises, grabbing a nearby phone, and tapping in 911. As the phone rings, his eyes dart nervously about the dark room, scanning for some unseen danger, when a voice answers:

911 OPERATOR'S VOICE
(filtered)

This is the nine-one-one
emergency operator, please tell
me your name and the address
you're calling from.

But Skinner doesn't answer. Instead, he sets the phone down on the desk and moves away. Camera pushes in on the receiver, as:

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

911 OPERATOR'S VOICE
(filtered)
Hello? This is the nine-one-one
emergency operator --

Off this, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

35 EXT. ENTOMOLOGIST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

35

An ambulance and several police cruisers are parked before the house. Their red lights sweeping over the scene.

ANGLE ON GATHERING CROWD

Among the rubbernecks being held at bay by police - camera finds Skinner. He stands back, watching, reacting as:

HIS POV - PARAMEDICS

roll a gurney toward their waiting ambulance at an unhurried pace. On the gurney is a body bag.

RESUME SKINNER

His rising guilt is momentarily suspended by something else he now sees.

HIS POV

An unmarked van has pulled up silently, unobtrusively among the emergency vehicles. Four strangely-outfitted MEN emerge. They wear dark jumpsuits and carry metallic tanks, which they sling onto their backs as they approach the house. One of the men confers quickly with a POLICE OFFICER, as the others don strange headgear, lowering a mesh netting over their faces as they file urgently into the house.

SKINNER

Off his considered reaction to this, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY - CLOSE ON ENTOMOLOGIST

36

Lying on a steel slab, his blistered condition illuminated by an overhead surgical lamp. A sheet covers most of the roughly sutured "Y" bisecting his torso, indicating that an autopsy has

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

already been conducted. Mulder is standing over the body, studying it closely, when Skinner appears in the doorway behind him. Remaining poker-faced as he moves to join Mulder:

SKINNER

What are we looking at here?

MULDER

The first confirmed case of smallpox in over seven years.

SKINNER

(surprised)

Smallpox?

MULDER

Some mutated version of it. An especially virulent version of the variola virus that causes it.

SKINNER

Why haven't quarantine measures been taken?

MULDER

They've determined that this strain isn't contagious. That the virus appears to become inactive post-infection.

SKINNER

Then how is it transmitted? How could this man have contracted the disease?

MULDER

A team from the World Health Organization is trying to figure that right out. But my own theory is that it may be connected to this man's work.

SKINNER

His work?

MULDER

He's a forensic entomologist. He does occasional work for the Bureau. I consulted with him several months ago on another matter.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

Skinner nods as if this is new knowledge. As if he didn't know that this "other matter" is connected to the current case.

SKINNER

These symptoms -- they appear similar to the postal worker --

MULDER

(nods)

Which I'm pretty sure is why her body was stolen. And why I think we'll learn a lot more once we find whoever killed Detective Hugel.

SKINNER

How close are you?

Mulder checks his watch, oblivious to Skinner's anxiety.

MULDER

I'm heading over to Special Photo right now. The guys pulled an all nighter so they'd have something to show me this morning. I told them you'd authorize the overtime.

Off Skinner's tight nod, Mulder starts past him -- leaving Skinner in his wake, wanting desperately to come clean. Then:

MULDER

Sir?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Skinner turns to face Mulder, who takes a few hesitant steps toward him.

MULDER

The woman who discovered the first victim - she's the only witness we have. I'm thinking someone should interview her.

SKINNER

Are you asking me to talk to her, Agent Mulder?

Mulder shrugs, nods.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

MULDER --
Normally, I'd have asked Agent
Scully. And the truth is,
you're about the only other
agent I feel I can trust.

On Skinner, feeling like Judas, we:

CUT TO:

37 A CANDY MACHINE

37

A candy bar THUNKS into the metal tray, and is scooped out by a
woman's hand. Camera tilts up to reveal Misty - and we are:

INT. TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS - VENDING AREA - DAY

Misty moves to a nearby table, sitting by herself. She tears
open the candy wrapper, and is fairly startled by:

SKINNER (O.S.)
Mind if I sit?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SKINNER

standing right there beside her. If she recognizes him, she
doesn't let on. She shrugs, feigning indifference.

MISTY
It's a free country.

Skinner sits.

SKINNER
Misty --

She tenses, surprised that he knows her name.

SKINNER
My name is Walter Skinner. I'm
with the F.B.I.

Misty glances nervously from his ID to a pair of WORKERS
gossiping at a nearby table. Then she lowers her eyes, wanting
to be anywhere but here.

SKINNER
I'd like to ask you some
questions --

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MISTY

If this is about what happened to Jane, I've already told the police everything I know.

SKINNER

Everything?

MISTY

(evasive)

Look, they only give us a ten minute break, and my supervisor's pretty strict --

SKINNER

What did they threaten you with, Misty? What did they say would happen if you talked to anyone?

Misty raises her worried eyes to Skinner. Her silence confirming the truth of this.

SKINNER

These men -- I know how it feels to be intimidated by them. But I also know, in their attempt to cover up your co-worker's death, two more people have died.

Misty regards Skinner, the weight of her helplessness pressing down on her.

MISTY

She was my best friend. We'd worked it out so our vacations overlapped. We were going to Palm Beach. I was trying to lose weight, so I could buy a new bathing suit.

She regards the uneaten candy bar she's still holding with irony and sadness. Skinner allowing her this moment of mourning. Allowing her to speak first - to finally get it off her chest.

MISTY

The men who came here - I don't know who they were. They didn't say. And I didn't ask.

SKINNER

But they asked you for something. Something other than your silence.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

MISTY

A package. We hold damaged packages for inspection.

SKINNER

The place where these damaged packages are held - is it near the rest room where you found Jane?

MISTY

(nods)

On the other side of the wall.

Skinner nods to himself, the pieces beginning to fall into place.

SKINNER

This package - do you know what it contained?

MISTY

No.

SKINNER

Do you remember where it was being sent?

MISTY

Not offhand. But I can find out from the tracking number.

Skinner nods, grateful and relieved for the lead, and hoping it hasn't come too late. And Misty is grateful herself to have confessed her crushing secret, as we:

CUT TO:

38 EXT. FBI SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY LAB - DAY

38

Though it is daytime outside, it may as well be night in here. Camera shooting over the back of a computer monitor, toward Mulder, whose intense face is illuminated by the blue light. He sits beside a PHOTO TECHNICIAN who is operating the keyboard. As camera begins arming around slowly, LEGEND appears: FBI SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY UNIT.

PHOTO TECH

We went through every inch of tape to select the best angle for identification purposes.

Mulder nods grimly.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

PHOTO TECH
Remember it was videotape. Shot
at a distance under extreme low
light.

MULDER
Then this the best you could do?

The Photo Tech takes umbrage at Mulder's question.

PHOTO TECH
It's better than I thought it
would be, believe me.

MULDER
I'm not trying to be difficult.
It's just - this is extremely
important.

Camera now discovering why - as the enlarged, digitized image on
the monitor becomes visible past Mulder. Two men are pictured
talking. One of them, the one facing camera at an oblique
angle, bears an uncomfortable resemblance to Assistant Director
Walter F. Skinner. Camera pushes in on this image.

MATCHING THE PUSH ON MULDER

He looks stricken, incredulous.

MULDER
Can you print out a hard copy of
this for me?

PHOTO TECH
Sure.

Mulder rises, camera following him as he removes his cell phone
and a piece of paper with a telephone number on it. He taps in
the numbers.

SCULLY'S VOICE
(filtered)
Hello?

MULDER
Scully?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

39 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

39

Scully lies in bed, dressed in a hospital gown, the receiver pressed to her ear.

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

How are you doing?

SCULLY

If the pictures aren't lying,
I'm no better or worse than I
was two months ago.

MULDER

I guess that's a good thing.

Scully becomes aware of Mulder's silence on the other end of the line.

SCULLY

Are you still there, Mulder?

MULDER

Yeah.

SCULLY

Is there some other reason you
called? Not that it isn't good
to hear your voice. But I am
planning to be back in the
office tomorrow morning.

Mulder wants to tell her his suspicions --

MULDER

Scully --

SCULLY

Yes?

MULDER

I'm glad you're okay. I'll see
you tomorrow.

Mulder disconnects, turning back to face the image on the monitor, feeling very much alone, as we:

CUT TO:

40 EXT. NEW YORK CITY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (STOCK)

40

Familiar to us by now as the seat of power for the group of men collectively known as "The Syndicate." A LEGEND appears: 46TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

41 INT. SYNDICATE OFFICE - DAY

41

Dusty sunlight squeezes through half-drawn venetian blinds. These men prefer the softer light of their shaded lamps. The Cigarette-Smoking Man stands before the assembled group, having just been summoned.

1ST ELDER

Why were we apprised of this so far after the fact?

CSM

I didn't think to bother you with the details.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

The details are everything. Far more comforting than your vague assurances.

The CSM removes something from his pocket -- setting down on the table before the WMM a small glass vial containing a dead bee. His trump card.

CSM

You have my assurance that any breaches have been sealed and sanitized.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

By whom? Your inside man?

The CSM meets the WMM's disdainful look evenly.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

And what "assurance" can you give us that he can be trusted?

But before the CSM can even answer:

1ST ELDER

This operation is more important to the project than anything we've endeavored so far. Its secrecy is paramount. We can't risk even the slightest exposure --

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

CSM

He can't expose anything because he doesn't know anything. He has nothing to expose but his own duplicity.

(an afterthought)

And maybe the awareness that when a man digs a hole, he risks falling into it.

The WMM exchanges a brief look with the 1st Elder, both of them appeased - at least for the moment. The Elder turns back to the CSM.

1ST ELDER

Should we assume then that the operation is proceeding as planned?

CSM

It's already begun.

He picks up the vial containing the bee, studying it carefully.

CLOSE ON BEE

Dead in the glass vial. Exposed.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. SCHOOLYARD PLAYGROUND - DAY

42

The sun shines down indifferently upon the playground, where twenty or thirty third-graders are playing under the watchful eye of their teacher, MRS. KEMPER. A LEGEND appears over: J.F.K. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. PAYSON, ARIZONA.

ANGLE ON A BEE

hovering unnoticed above a horizontal ladder/climbing apparatus, where ten-year-old hands grasp and release from rung to rung at the bottom of frame. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to a group of BOYS standing in a loose line, awaiting their turn. Two Boys jockey for position at the front of the line, the BIGGER BOY pushing aside the smaller BESPECTACLED BOY.

BESPECTACLED BOY

Hey, it's my turn --

BIGGER BOY

No it's not.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

There's no malice here; rather, a kind of evolutionary imperative. As the Bigger Boy elbows himself into front position, and climbs out of frame, we hold for a beat on the Bespectacled Boy's disappointment.

MOVING WITH THE BIGGER BOY

swinging hand over hand across the sandpit, grunting with effort, his legs dangling. When his face contorts in sudden pain, and he drops out of frame --

BIGGER BOY

OWWW!!

IN THE SAND

The boy clutches his hand -- which is already swelling and turning splotchy -- then squints up against the sun to see:

HIS POV - THE BEE

A silhouetted dot zigging and zagging within the glaring sun.

HIGH ANGLE - SHOOTING DOWN

past the buzzing bee in f.g., through the steel rungs, toward the fallen kid.

ANGLE ON BESPECTACLED BOY

Delighting in the cosmic justice that's been meted out as he calls to the teacher:

BESPECTACLED BOY

Mrs. Kemper! Billy got stung by
a bee!

ANGLE ON MRS. KEMPER

kneeling, tending to a CRYING GIRL who's also come to her with a bee sting. Her calf swollen and splotchy. She looks up at the Bespectacled Boy's voice, when:

ANOTHER GIRL (O.S.)

Mrs. Kemper!?

Angle adjusting to include a pair of GIRLS moving toward her, clearly in pain. Several more plaintive cries are heard from various parts of the playground -- as Mrs. Kemper stands into a small cluster of BEES. She swats at the air defensively, seeing past them:

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

HER POV - A BEE SWARM

Has descended upon the playground like a pestilence. A rising hysteria spreading fast among the children, who run for cover, crying and shouting.

MRS. KEMPER
EVERYONE GET INSIDE! EVERYONE
INSIDE!

She shoves the Girl she's been attending toward the school, fairly grabbing the other two, pulling them out of frame. As several more kids race through frame.

ANGLE ON BESPECTACLED KID

He's bumped hard by a one of his classmates, sending him sprawling onto the ground and his glasses flying off his head.

BESPECTACLED BOY
Hey!

The churning legs of his classmates stampede past him as the - Bespectacled Boy gropes on all fours for his specs. He's about to retrieve them up when an errant sneaker sends them skittering further away. He scrabbles forward, reaches again for his glasses when a bloodcurdling SCREAM erupts from his mouth. He pitches forward onto the ground, crushing his glasses, as:

ANOTHER ANGLE

His back is CRAWLING WITH BEES. Still more bees alight, covering his entire body. Camera cranes up into a wide shot, stranding him on the asphalt, where he continues to writhe and scream. His classmates all fled.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

43

A long row of cars and trucks stretches back from the roadblock that has been erected in the middle of the highway. STATE TROOPERS are directing all vehicles to pull U-turns, sending them back in the opposite direction. A LEGEND appears: ROUTE 111. OUTSIDE PAYSON.

44 INT. SKINNER'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

44

Skinner drives down the shoulder toward the roadblock, moving fast alongside the stopped traffic toward the roadblock. His eyes flick to the rearview as:

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

SKINNER'S POV - THROUGH REARVIEW

A MOTORCYCLE COP is tailgating him, headlights and red globes flashing.

RESUME SKINNER

He pulls over as much as the shoulder will allow. Jamming the car into park, and quickly exits the car.

45 EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

45

Skinner takes out his ID, intercepting the Motorcycle Cop as he dismounts.

SKINNER

I need to get into Payson.

MOTORCYCLE COP
(checking Skinner's
ID)

I'm sorry, sir, but we have a quarantine situation. A thirty mile perimeter.

SKINNER

How do I get inside?

MOTORCYCLE COP

I'm sorry, sir. Only authorized personnel --

SKINNER

(cuts him off)

Let me talk to whoever's in charge, a.s.a.p.

The Motorcycle Cop nods, however reluctantly, sensing that he will not be denied. He hails his commanding officer on the PTP after a burst of radio squawk:

MOTORCYCLE COP
(into radio)

This is Officer Oumano, I've got someone here from the Bureau --

And on Skinner's intense determination, we:

END OF ACT THREE