

November 11, 1997

"Kitsunegari"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Assistant Director Skinner
Robert Modell "3X17"
Therapist
Old Orderly
Young Orderly
U.S. Marshal
Sports Store Employee
Field Agent
Trace Agent
Female Agent
Second Cop
First Cop
Linda Bowman
I.C.U. Nurse
E.R. Doctor

(X)
(X)
(X)

Prosecutor "3X17" (non-speaking)

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SET LIST

EXTERIORS

LORTON PENITENTIARY
SUBURBAN STRIP MALL
COMMERCIAL BUILDING
SAFE HOUSE
COUNTY HOSPITAL

(X)

INTERIORS

LORTON PENITENTIARY WARD
/PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM
/ACCESS HALL
/HOSPITAL WARD HALL
/HOSPITAL CELL
/CAFETERIA

SPORTS STORE
UPSCALE HOUSE
COMMERCIAL BUILDING
/SECOND FLOOR

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

ENGINEERING FIRM
/CONFERENCE ROOM
/ENTRANCEWAY
/HALLWAY
SAFE HOUSE
/COMMON ROOM
/CORRIDOR

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

CHEVY SUBURBAN
COUNTY HOSPITAL
/I.C.U. ROOM
/HALLWAY

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER'S OFFICE

(X)
(X)

TEASER

1 INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY - A MAN'S SLIPPERED FEET

1

Shuffle forward, step by step -- moving agonizingly slowly as we CREEP along behind them. Ahead of the feet rolls a huge PLASTIC WHEEL. We hear o.s. BREATHING... sounds of exertion.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Keep going... keep going.
That's the way. Don't stop now.

We INCLUDE pajama-clad legs, an institutional bathrobe. We're following a MAN who is relearning how to walk. He supports himself against a multicolored plastic wheel about four feet in diameter, rolling it with his hands -- it looks like something commandeered from a preschool playground.

A female THERAPIST is alongside him, her hand on his shoulder.

THERAPIST

Keep pushing. No pain, no gain.

Throughout this scene, we never catch a glimpse of the man's face. We move off him now, CREEPING IN ON:

TWO PRISON ORDERLIES

Standing nearby, waiting with an empty WHEELCHAIR. They are burly, competent-looking men -- one young, one old. The older man is watching these proceedings extremely closely.

Sun streams in through high, heavy steel-mesh windows. It's pretty clear we're in a very special kind of hospital.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I want five more steps, and then
you're done. Four... three...
two... a-annd... Super.

OLD ORDERLY

(to Young Orderly)

Hit it.

The Young **Orderly** rolls the wheelchair forward. The older one works to **ease** the patient into the chair. The Therapist assists, talking to her patient as she does.

THERAPIST

Nice and easy... You're really
coming along, Bobby. I'm very
pleased with your improvement.

It takes some doing to get him in the chair. The Young Orderly leans in to help, but the Older Orderly quickly chides him.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

OLD ORDERLY
You back up. Two fingers on
your pepper spray, just like I
told you.

The Young Orderly complies, backing up and SNAPPING open the
holster on his belt. He keeps two fingers on the Mace.

THE PATIENT'S WRISTS

Get cuffed to sturdy manacles which are attached to the
wheelchair's armrests. We TILT DOWN to see the Old Orderly
likewise snap legcuffs to the man's ankles.

THE THERAPIST

Watches, faintly annoyed by the apparent overkill.

THERAPIST
Mr. Piero, is all this really
necessary?

THE OLD ORDERLY

Looks up from where he finishes securing the patient's legs.

OLD ORDERLY
Yes, Ma'am... I'd say it is.

The Therapist glances to the younger man, who stands watching.

CUT TO:

2 INT. PRISON - ACCESS HALL - MINUTES LATER

2

We're moving down a long corridor. LEGEND: LORTON PENITENTIARY
HOSPITAL WARD, LORTON, VIRGINIA. Into frame comes...

... The Young Orderly, pushing the wheelchair as the Old Orderly
walks alongside. As in the previous scene, the patient is
mainly viewed from behind -- we don't see his face.

YOUNG ORDERLY
(indicates patient)
So, what's his story?

The older guy glances sideways at his rookie charge. He shrugs.

OLD ORDERLY
Cop killer. Regular-people
killer. General, all-around
waste of skin...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

YOUNG ORDERLY
So what are you scared of?

OLD ORDERLY
Excuse me?

YOUNG ORDERLY
Guy's a freaking vegetable.
What's he gonna do -- run you
over with his big plastic wheel?

The older man chuckles mirthlessly.

OLD ORDERLY
I tell you what: you wanna last
here more than a week, you don't
ever underestimate this man.
Never trust him. Never let your
guard down around him. Never.
Capice?

YOUNG ORDERLY
(a beat)
Comprendo.

The Young Orderly stares unsurely down at the man in the chair, wondering what to make of this dire warning. They reach the end of the hall, where they pause before a motorized door.

NEW ANGLE - THE DOOR

We stare at the locking mechanism. A BUZZER sounds, and the lock and bars slide out of frame -- finally revealing to us the face of the man in the wheelchair. Many of us will recognize he is ROBERT PATRICK MODELL -- otherwise known as "Pusher."

Modell stares blankly ahead. We can't tell what he's thinking -- if anything. A long, healed SCAR traces upward along his temple and disappears into his hairline. A patch of hair on that side of his head is prematurely GRAY.

Modell gets pushed past us, out of frame. As we:

CUT TO:

3 EXT. LORTON PENITENTIARY - NIGHT (STOCK)

3

To establish it's now many hours later.

4 INT. PRISON - HOSPITAL WARD HALL - LATE NIGHT

4

The Young Orderly is alone, looking bored. He logs something on a clipboard, then strolls past the locked doors of hospital cells. Each door has a window, a call light and a handwritten CARD with the name of the cell's occupant.

The Orderly reaches a door whose card reads "Modell, Robert P." His curiosity gets the better of him. As he pauses to peer through the window into the dark cell... the CALL LIGHT next to it begins to silently FLASH.

The Orderly stares at it for a moment, considering.

CLOSE ON - HIS BELT

His fingers unsnap the holster on his PEPPER SPRAY. He pulls the nasty little canister loose, readying it in his fist.

RESUME

The Young Orderly unlocks the cell door. He cautiously enters the darkness, looking ready for anything.

5 INT. HOSPITAL CELL - CONTINUOUS - THE ORDERLY'S POV

5

We slowly TRACK IN to Modell, whose hospital bed lies in a swath of faint moonlight. As we move closer, we can see he is firmly restrained, both wrists and ankles. A call button is positioned under one hand. He stares up at the ceiling.

NEW ANGLE

The Young Orderly checks Modell's restraints textbook-perfect -- ever ready at a second's notice to gas the shit out of him. Everything looks copacetic. The man tucks away his Mace.

YOUNG ORDERLY

What's up, Modell?

(checks under blanket)

Oh.

He reaches under the covers and extracts a BEDPAN, frowning.

YOUNG ORDERLY

Well, at least the pay sucks.

Right?

ORDERLY'S POV - MODELL

Is still staring up at the ceiling, apparently in another world. His lips move. He seems to be SPEAKING -- though if he's actually saying anything, we can't hear it.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

THE YOUNG ORDERLY

Stares at this, narrowing his eyes. He puts down the bedpan. Slowly... very slowly... he LEANS CLOSER, straining to hear.

CLOSER ON - MODELL'S LIPS

Moving, WHISPERING as the Orderly's ear enters frame above them. We're straining to make out words -- unable to. Off this:

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOSPITAL WARD HALL - EARLY MORNING

6

Sun slants through the bars. The Old Orderly rounds into view, finds an empty duty station. He glances around, seeing no one.

OLD ORDERLY
Hey, Chuck?

We hear a faint BOOM... BOOM. Slow and rhythmic. The Old Orderly follows the sound up the corridor, slowing when he sees:

OLD ORDERLY'S POV - DOWN THE HALL

The door to Modell's cell stands OPEN. Another faint BOOM. We pick up speed toward this sight, peering into the cell at...

... Modell's bed -- empty. We spin to find... the Young Orderly huddled in the opposite corner, staring into space. He THUMPS the back of his head against the wall behind him.

7 INT. HOSPITAL CELL - CONTINUOUS

7

The Old Orderly rushes in, checking around -- but Modell is long gone. The man kneels by his co-worker. He grabs his head away from the wall, where a smallish BLOOD SPOT is visible.

OLD ORDERLY
What the hell happened? Chuck?
Where is Modell? --

The younger man looks to him, eyes unfocused.

YOUNG ORDERLY
He had to go.

The older man stares at him, disturbed. Off the Young Orderly:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 INT. PRISON - ACCESS HALLWAY - MORNING

8

The motorized bars BUZZ and slide open, revealing AGENTS MULDER and SCULLY, who are already on the move. We STEADICAM ahead of them as they stride the corridor. Scully looks determined. Mulder does, too -- as well as just plain pissed off.

SKINNER (O.S.)
(fading up)
The last confirmed bed check was
2:06 a.m. As of 6:14 a.m., the
subject was reported escaped.
Since then, there have been no
further sightings or contact.

LEGEND: 7:48 A.M. We lead Mulder and Scully into:

9 INT. PRISON - CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

9

Where they join a briefing which is in progress. A DOZEN or more FBI FIELD AGENTS and windbreakered UNITED STATES MARSHALS stand listening intently to ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER as he runs down the situation. Rows of empty tables fill the b.g.

U.S. MARSHAL
How did this man make his way
out of the building?

SKINNER
Every indication is that he
simply walked out the front door.

A few MURMURS of confusion as the men and women react to this.

SKINNER
Due to the... unique nature of
this investigation, the FBI will
head the manhunt. The Marshals
Service will lend their much-
welcomed expertise, and
coordinate their efforts through
myself or my two designated SACs:

Skinner turns to Mulder and Scully, indicating them.

SKINNER
Agents Mulder and Scully. They
apprehended the subject the
first time around.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

SKINNER (cont'd)

As such, I'd like you to hear
their comments on the matter.
Agent Mulder?

Mulder steps over, readily continuing the briefing.

MULDER

The subject's name is Robert
Patrick Modell. He is a serial
killer responsible for at least
seventeen murders.
Specifically, he targets law
enforcement: in 1996, he caused
the deaths of an FBI agent and
a Loudoun County Sheriff's
deputy. It was a game to him.
He was seeking, in his words, a
worthy adversary.

Scully speaks up, adding to this.

SCULLY

To win makes him feel important.
He likes to think of himself as
a "ronin," a warrior without a
master -- adhering to the
"Budo," the Japanese Way of War.
In truth, he's a highly
intelligent sociopath who has no
fear of dying.

(beat)

In keeping with his game
archetype, he leaves clues.
This is why we can expect to be
contacted by him -- hopefully,
sooner rather than later.

MULDER

We fully expect him to take up
where he left off.

U.S. MARSHAL

(to Skinner)

What did you mean before when
you said he just walked out the
building?

Skinner and Scully look to Mulder, leaving it to him to explain
the really hard part.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

MULDER

Modell refers to himself as "Pusher." Very technically speaking, all of his victims' wounds were self-inflicted. This man has a unique ability to force his will onto others -- to "push" his victims into harming or killing themselves.

U.S. MARSHAL

Say what?

Most of Mulder's audience has similar, muted reactions. Mulder expected as much. He's impatient to get on with the search.

MULDER

Here's all you need to know: do not trust this man. Do not talk to him -- do not allow him to engage you in conversation. Approach him with extraordinary caution, and then only with adequate backup.

U.S. MARSHAL

(snort)

So what's adequate backup?

MULDER

Every last damn cop you can lay your hands on.

Skinner speaks up, sensing Mulder is done.

SKINNER

Always keep in mind, you are this man's chosen target. Stay on your toes.

(checks paperwork)

Line up for your assignments.

The other fade into b.g. as Skinner calls out names -- we stay with Mulder and Scully as they move away from the crowd. Scully peruses Modell's MEDICAL FILE.

MULDER

What's Modell's condition?

SCULLY

Extremely weakened -- his doctors say he can barely walk.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

MULDER
(bitter)
Oh, yeah?

SCULLY
Mulder, I'm amazed he's even
alive. The condition we last
saw him in, comatose, a bullet
in the head --

MULDER
How did he recover?

Scully reads the file, shrugs.

SCULLY
"Spontaneous remission." One
day about six months ago, he
simply woke up. (X)
(off his look)
It's unusual, but not unheard of.

MULDER
What about his tumor? He was
dying of a brain tumor.

SCULLY
He still is. (X)

Mulder shakes his head, disgusted.

MULDER
Guy's a regular Rasputin... (X)
(moving off)
Who's on staff here we can talk
to?

SCULLY
A physical therapist. Mulder...

Mulder holds up, eager to get going. Scully glances back at the
roomful of . She speaks a little quieter.

SCULLY
If Modell is planning to take up
where he left off, where does
that leave you?
(beat)
You were his prime target.
Should you even be running this
investigation?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (4)

9

MULDER

As opposed to what? What's your point?

SCULLY

That it's exactly what he wants. That once again, it's his game you're playing.

Mulder stares at her, unable to argue this -- but knowing he has no other choice.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. SUBURBAN STRIP MALL - MORNING

10

We establish a series of smallish storefronts, clearly favoring one that sells SPORTS GEAR. It's a quiet morning -- not much traffic. LEGEND: OCCOQUAN, VIRGINIA. 8:13 A.M.

11 INT. SPORTS STORE - MORNING - A TV SET

11

Is hung from the ceiling -- at the moment, it's broadcasting a "Special Bulletin" message. We DRIFT FROM the TV, taking in:

THE REST OF THE STORE

There's not much to see: it's small, and currently devoid of customers. Two or three other TVs are hung around the room. A lone EMPLOYEE stands at the checkout counter, watching one.

EMPLOYEE'S POV - HIS TV

MUGSHOTS of ROBERT MODELL, front and side, fill the screen. The sound is low, but we can hear a woman reporter running down Modell's criminal history and the story of his escape.

THE EMPLOYEE

Stares up at the TV. He doesn't take his eyes off it as we hear the DING of an o.s. DOORCHIME. We see a SHADOW play over the wall behind him as someone slowly shuffles in.

EMPLOYEE

Welcome to Sport'n Hut... can I help you?

The employee glances down to his o.s. customer. Once he sees him, he stares blankly, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

ROBERT MODELL

Stands before him. He appears pale and weak -- but his eyes are as intense as we remember them from two years ago. He still wears his issue pajamas branded "D.C. DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS." (X)

MODELL

Hi.

The employee covertly reaches for something just below the edge of the counter. We can see his fingers close around the neck of an upside-down ALUMINUM BAT.

Modell sees this, too. He's unimpressed.

MODELL

Aren't you scared of snakes?

EMPLOYEE

Huh?

MODELL

That looks like a timber rattler. Very dangerous. Hold it tightly by the neck there... don't let it bite you.

Confused, the employee looks at Modell, then down to his own hand. His eyes widen in horror as he sees:

EMPLOYEE'S POV - HIS OWN HAND

Is now wrapped around the neck of a writhing, big-ass SNAKE -- a timber rattler at least three feet long. Its big jaws stretch open and long fangs appear. It HISSES at us and RATTLES LOUDLY.

RESUME

The employee silently freaks out. He slowly lifts the bat into frame -- in this angle, it's still a BAT -- and stares at it, petrified. Modell keeps talking, his voice calm and even.

MODELL

Whatever you do, don't drop it.
It'll get you if you drop it.

The employee nods, fearful and compliant. Modell peers at the man's nametag -- "TODD."

MODELL

Todd? Do you think I can get
some service here?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

MODELL (cont'd)
(off Todd's nod)
Good. Go in the back and put
the snake down.

Todd hurries off, holding the upside-down bat at arm's length. Modell notices a countertop display of CARBO-BARS ("From the Makers of CarboBoost").

He snags a big handful of protein bars, tears one open. He bites into it, chewing as he glances up at the television overhead. It holds his attention. He sees:

THE TV

The special report is still on -- it shows a videotape clip shot outside the entrance of Lorton Penitentiary. In it (though they are not the sole focus of the shot), we catch a clear glimpse of MULDER and SCULLY on their way into the facility.

REPORTER'S VOICE
This was the scene at the prison
less than one hour ago -- agents
of the Federal Bureau of
Investigation, along with the
U.S. Marshals Service...[etc.]

CLOSE - MODELL

Stares up at the screen as he takes another bite of his candy bar... never taking his eyes off Mulder.

CUT TO:

12 INT. PRISON - PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - MORNING

12

The familiar therapist stands by a countertop, checking through a stack of prison MEDICAL RECORDS.

THERAPIST
He couldn't have been faking it
completely -- that's all I can
say. The gunshot wound did a
hell of a lot of damage. (X)
(X)

Mulder and Scully stand nearby, Scully also paging through the records. The therapist notices something in her file. She glances up at Mulder.

THERAPIST
You're the officer that shot him?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Mulder stares back at her, not saying anything. She doesn't give him any attitude, just goes back to checking her files. Scully speaks up, finding something.

SCULLY

It says here Modell had a visitor yesterday afternoon.

MULDER

Who?

SCULLY

(shakes her head)

It's marked "L.S.C."

THERAPIST

"Little Sisters of Charity" -- they try to visit all the hospitalized inmates.

MULDER

Did Modell ever get other visitors, aside from the nuns?

THERAPIST

Not that I know of. He didn't have much in the way of family. He was raised in foster homes, mostly.

(X)

(X)

Mulder is faintly surprised to hear all this detail from her.

MULDER

It sounds like you got to know him pretty well.

THERAPIST

(shrug)

He never gave me any grief... he worked hard to get better. I'd talk to him sometimes.

MULDER

About what?

THERAPIST

Small talk. Nothing important. He'd ask how I was.

MULDER

How considerate of him.

It's not lost on her that Mulder is taking this personally.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

THERAPIST

I don't doubt for a second
Robert Modell belongs in prison.
But I had no problem with him
personally.

(shrugs to both)

That's about all I can tell you.

None of this helps Mulder much. He turns his attention back to the prison records when... a FIELD AGENT pops into the doorway of the therapy room, out of breath.

FIELD AGENT

Agents -- come quick.

Mulder and Scully bolt out of the room after the man, leaving the therapist behind.

CUT TO:

13 INT. PRISON - CAFETERIA - A GUARD CALL BOX

13

Is attached to the wall, unlocked and open -- the phone inside is on the hook, its "hold" light BLINKING. We ADJUST TO INCLUDE:

Skinner standing before it, looking antsy -- nearby, another AGENT is talking on a cell phone, frantically working to get an address trace (the briefing is over, and everyone else has cleared out of the room).

Mulder and Scully jog into the cafeteria, led by the Field Agent.

SKINNER

(to Mulder)

It's Modell. He's asking for
you.

Scully looks to Mulder, warning him with her eyes.

SKINNER

We're running the trace now --
we just need thirty seconds.

SCULLY

Mulder...

Mulder looks at them both, then picks up the receiver. He places it lightly by his ear.

MULDER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
Agent Mulder? The Agent Mulder?

MULDER
Yeah, Modell.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
Two words:
(ala Dr. Frankenstein)
It's... ALIVE!

Boris Karloff-type LAUGHTER comes over the line, degenerating into a dry COUGH. Mulder glances warily at Scully, who places her head against his, listening in. Modell grows serious.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
Heh. Look, Mulder, there's
something I need to tell you --

MULDER
Tell it to me in person.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
Seriously, listen to me.

MULDER
You listen. Either you come
back on your own, or I drag back
your sorry, gimpy ass from the
bumper of my car.

SKINNER
Mulder --

SCULLY
(to the other agent)
Time --

The agent on the cell phone glances to her, signing "almost."

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
Listen to me.

MULDER
I'm not playing your games,
Modell --

SCULLY
Hang up the phone.

Mulder looks at her, then to the Trace Agent.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
Pay... attention. I have
something I need you to hear.

Mulder reluctantly lowers the phone from his ear... HANGS IT UP.
He, Scully and Skinner turn to the Trace Agent, who's still
listening in on his cell phone.

He keeps them waiting a tense beat -- then, breaking a smile:

TRACE AGENT
We got it.

Off their satisfaction:

SLAM CUT TO:

14 INT. SPORTS STORE - MORNING

14

Feds and UNIFORMED COPS come pouring in -- six or seven in all,
a few with shotguns. Mulder, Scully and Skinner are right
behind them, splitting up to check the place out.

The store is abandoned: no Employee, no Modell. Mulder moves
to the empty checkout counter, where he sees --

EMPTY CARBO-BAR WRAPPERS

Three of them, lying near the store's PHONE. A contest blurb on
the wrapper coincidentally reads "You Could Be a Winner!"

NEW ANGLE - MULDER

Picks one up and checks it out, drops it -- it means something
to him. He glances around impatiently, seeing nothing else of
interest. In b.g., Scully exits the stockroom.

SCULLY
Nothing back here.

SKINNER
How far could he get?

Mulder shakes his head. He moves to the nearby storefront,
peering out through the plate glass. After a moment, he sees:

MULDER'S POV - ACROSS THE STREET

We see a line of distant, parked cars... and behind them,
shuffling away from us, a tiny FIGURE in ISSUE PAJAMAS.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MULDER

Reacts, barking to the others as he runs for the door.

MULDER

Outside! --

Scully and the others gallop through frame after him as we:

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SUBURBAN STRIP MALL - MULDER

15

Crosses the lot at a run -- we STEADICAM ahead of him, taking him all the way across the street. He holds up a hand to traffic as he crosses, CARS SCREECHING to a stop in front of him.

Scully and Skinner follow not too far behind. The other cops and feds fan out, maintaining cover. All of this plays out surprisingly quietly... just the scrape of FOOTSTEPS on asphalt.

Mulder draws his gun, nearly dragging it on the ground as he jogs hunkered down toward his target.

MULDER'S POV - THE PAJAMA MAN

Limps along with his back to us, making slow, painful progress. We're rapidly gaining on him. As we ZOOM up on his "D.C. DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS" pajama top...

(X)
(X)

NEW ANGLE - MULDER

Grabs the man's shoulder and whips him around, plants the pistol against his chest. His anger turns to surprise.

THE SPORTS STORE EMPLOYEE

Stands **vacant-eyed**, dressed in Modell's clothes (CASTING NOTE: from **behind**, this actor should look a lot like Modell).

Scully and Skinner jog up, joining them. Feds and cops close in from all **sides**... everyone realizing they caught the wrong guy.

SKINNER

(to Employee)

Where is he? Where's Modell?

Todd the employee glances around at all the cops, looking a little out of it. He shrugs.

EMPLOYEE

He had to go.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Mulder turns away, pissed off and frustrated. He and Scully exchange a look. Off this:

CUT TO:

16 INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - MORNING - A DESKTOP PICTURE FRAME

16

Is held in a man's hand. It contains a photo of an attractive, smiling, mid-30s WOMAN. (X)
(X)

ROBERT MODELL

Stares down at the picture in his hand. His expression is impossible to read, but he's studying it very closely. When he finally sets it down on a nearby side table, we notice: (X)
(X)
(X)

CLOSE - THE PICTURE FRAME

One corner of it now shows a THUMBPRINT of damp, sky blue PAINT.

WIDER ON ROOM

We're in the parlor of a nice house. Modell wears Nikes and a fancy warm-up suit he got from Todd at the Sport'n Hut. Modell glances around, taking one last look at the place. The house is silent. He limps slowly, painfully to the door.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

He turns the knob and shuffles out -- and we TILT DOWN to find:

SKY BLUE SNEAKER-PRINTS

Drying on the ivory carpeting. We CREEP LOW across the floor, following the prints back from whence they came. We trace them to a big puddle of WET PAINT spreading across the carpet. An empty gallon can is here, as is a used housepainter's brush.

We continue to SEARCH, now finding a beige La-Z-Boy recliner covered with...

JAPANESE CHARACTERS

Crudely painted on the fabric. We REVEAL...

A DEAD MAN

(X)

Seated upright in the recliner. He's wearing a suit. He is painted SKY BLUE from head to foot. Not a spot of pink skin shows through the drying enamel. (X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Covering not only his chair, but the entirety of the wall behind him, is the same JAPANESE IDEOGRAM repeated over and over hundreds of times. It's over the table lamps, the pictures on the wall, everything.

Off this bizarre tableau...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - MORNING - THE PAINTED FACE

17

Of the dead man fills the frame. A latex-gloved hand checks for a pulse in his neck, finding none. The fingertips come away bright blue.

WIDER ON ROOM

Scully closely examines the corpse. One or two feds and a couple of uniforms are here, taking flash pictures, checking things out in b.g. Mulder stands back, frowning at the entire grotesque scene.

MULDER

I'm gonna take a wild stab here
and guess this is a clue.

SCULLY

Inserts a gloved finger in the corpse's mouth, easing open the jaw. Inside the mouth, even the teeth are blue. Paint pours out, trickling over the chin. Scully looks queasily to Mulder.

SCULLY

Mulder... this man died from
ingesting paint. I think he did
all of this, and then drank what
was left over.

Mulder picks the empty gallon can off the floor, examining it.

MULDER

Cerulean blue.

They share a knowing look. Skinner enters through the front door. He's joined by a FEMALE AGENT, a Japanese woman. He directs her to the crime scene.

SKINNER

Over here.

The woman tries to mask her shock upon seeing it. She studies the wall. Skinner joins Mulder and Scully.

SKINNER

Modell?

SCULLY

Oh, yeah.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SKINNER

What the hell is the point of all this?

MULDER

His choice of victim.

SCULLY

(nods to corpse)

This is Nathan Bowman with the Loudoun County Attorney's office -- he's the prosecutor who tried Modell in 1996.

SKINNER

So, this is simple revenge?

Mulder thinks about it.

MULDER

I'm not sure that's his style.

FEMALE AGENT

Sir?

They turn to the Japanese woman, who addresses Skinner.

FEMALE AGENT

It's not a manifesto... it's just the same, single ideogram, over and over.

SKINNER

Which is?

FEMALE AGENT

The hand it's in is pretty sloppy... but I think it's supposed to be kitsunegari -- "fox hunt."

The import of this is lost on no one. Scully turns to Mulder, concerned.

SCULLY

Fox Mulder, fox hunt...

MULDER

That's sort of on-the-nose, don't you think?

Mulder studies the painted wall, then glances around the room. He notices something. He crosses to a side table, where sits:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

THE FRAMED PHOTO

Of the woman. Mulder picks it up, touching a finger to the partial, cerulean blue THUMBPRINT. (X)
(X)

MULDER

Stares at the photo.

MULDER

Is Mr. Bowman married? (X)

Scully leans down and takes the corpse's left hand.

CLOSE - THE MAN'S HAND

Scully rubs at the paint with her gloved thumb -- underneath the blue, the gold of a WEDDING BAND shines.

RESUME

She nods to him. Skinner joins Mulder in looking at the photo. ,

SKINNER

What are you thinking?

Mulder keeps looking around. Elsewhere, he finds an ADDRESS BOOK sitting on a telephone table. He picks it up. (X)
(X)

MULDER'S POV - THE ADDRESS BOOK

Mulder's hands open the book to the "B" section. Alone on this page is a listing: "Linda -- work: 555-2880." (X)
(X)

MULDER

Considers, then picks up the phone next to him and dials. He thinks to punch the SPEAKER button so the others can hear -- we now hear it RINGING on the other end. A WOMAN'S VOICE answers.

SECRETARY (FILTERED V.O.)

Nova Realty --

MULDER

Hi, is this Linda?

SECRETARY (FILTERED V.O.)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Bowman has left the office to meet a client. (X)
May I take a message? (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

MULDER

I need the name of Mrs. Bowman's client.

(off her hesitation)

Ma'am -- this is an emergency.

SECRETARY (FILTERED V.O.)

Uh. It's a Mr... Fox Mulder.

Mulder turns to glance at the others.

SCULLY

It's him.

SKINNER

Where are they?

MULDER

(into phone)

I need the street address where they are.

SECRETARY (FILTERED V.O.)

Okay, I know it's a commercial property in Falls Church. Uh... hold on, please.

HOLD MUZAK comes on -- something like "Girl From Ipanema." Scully finds a pad and pen while Skinner pulls out his cell phone and dials.

SKINNER

(into his cell)

Get me the Falls Church P.D.

Off Mulder and Scully, antsy waiting to be taken off hold:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY

(X) 18

We establish a two or three-story building in a quiet warehouse district. An elevated track stretches behind it -- a D.C. METRO TRAIN rumbles past as we ADJUST to show:

A Nova Realty "for sale" sign is planted out front. It lists LINDA BOWMAN as the sales contact. A POLICE CRUISER slows to a quick stop in front of the sign, obscuring it from view.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

NEW ANGLE

Two young Falls Church UNIFORM COPS exit the car and head to the building's entrance. The First Cop checks the door handle -- the door is unlocked, and shows faint signs of being JIMMIED. He looks to the Second Cop, who clicks on his shoulder mike.

SECOND COP

Unit six at 214 Channel
Avenue -- signs of forced entry.
We're gonna check it out.

DISPATCHER (FILTERED V.O.)

Exercise extreme caution, six.
Backup is en route.

The two cops draw their pistols and move inside.

19 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

19

The property is spacious and vacant, but with lots of rooms and places to hide. We STEADICAM after the cops, following them until they get to a fork in the road. The First Cop silently waves his partner in one direction while he takes the other.

We lose the Second Cop but stay with the First, following him up a darkened hallway. The officer clicks on a flashlight. He keeps his gun trained ahead of him, moving cautiously.

THE FIRST COP

Reaches a stairwell when he hears, in the distance:

MODELL (O.S.)

I'm up here.

The cop's eyes narrow. He clicks off his flashlight and slowly mounts the stairs, ready to shoot anything that moves.

20 INT. BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

20

The First Cop gingerly peeks around a corner. He sees nothing.

MODELL (O.S.)

Hello... officer? In here.

The cop steels himself. With his gun aimed in both hands, he moves out from cover and stalks toward the voice.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

FIRST COP'S POV - AN OPEN DOORWAY

Looms larger as we hunker toward it. We take position... then launch sideways through it, finding:

Nothing -- another empty room.

MODELL (O.S.)
Straight ahead. Keep coming...

We move low through the room, heading for a far door.

THE FIRST COP

Plants his back against the wall, breathing fast. He rolls around, ducking through the door to find:

HIS POV - MODELL

Stands more or less turned away from us, checking out the room. He spins to see us -- and we realize there's a GUN in his hand.

THE FIRST COP

Takes aim, ready to fire.

FIRST COP
PUT IT DOWN! PUT THE GUN DOWN!
PUT IT DOWN NOW -- ON THE FLOOR!

HIS POV - MODELL

Stares at him, dumbfounded and fearful. He puts down the pistol and backs off, raising his hands.

THE FIRST COP

Moves to snatch up the gun.

FIRST COP
FACE-DOWN! DO IT!

HIS POV - MODELL

Complies, not saying a word. He gets down on his belly, staring up at the young cop in wide-eyed wonder. Off this:

CUT TO:

21 INT. BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

21

As seen through the open front door, more COP CARS come screeching to a stop. Mulder, Scully and Skinner are among the crowd of marshals and uniforms who storm through the entrance.

SKINNER

Federal agents! Officer, where are you?

FIRST COP (O.S.)

Upstairs! Sir, I got him! I got Modell! --

They rush for a nearby stairwell, taking the steps two at a time.

22 INT. BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - MULDER

22

And the others round a corner into view. They slow upon seeing:

NEW ANGLE TO REVEAL

The First Cop smiles triumphantly -- he holds a gun on his freaked-out partner, the SECOND COP, who lies face-down.

FIRST COP

I got Modell!

SECOND COP

(to the others)

Get him the hell away from me! --

(X)

The First Cop's comrades on the Falls Church police gently take his gun away. Skinner turns to Mulder and Scully.

SKINNER

He was here. He did come for the woman.

Mulder nods and looks around. He moves to a nearby window.

SCULLY

Why Bowman's wife? What would he want with her?

MULDER

(peering out window)

Let's go ask her.

Mulder heads for the stairs, confusing them.

MULDER

She just pulled up.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Scully glances out the window, seeing this. She and Skinner hurry after Mulder.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. BUILDING - A BUICK REGAL

23

With "NOVA REALTY" on the doors is parked among the half-dozen flashing police cruisers. LINDA BOWMAN exits her car and looks around, surprised. We recognize her from her photo. She wears a yellow realty blazer and a "Million Dollar Seller!" pin.

MULDER

Approaches her, trailed by Scully and Skinner.

MULDER

Linda Bowman? I'm Fox Mulder.

LINDA

(nervous smile)

Hi. You're my twelve-fifteen?

(X)

Off Mulder and Scully:

CUT TO:

24 INT. BUILDING - MINUTES LATER - LINDA BOWMAN

24

Is crying quietly. She's seated on a leftover office chair in a large, mostly-empty room on the ground floor. We SLOWLY PULL BACK to INCLUDE Mulder, Scully and Skinner, who stand around her. Cops and marshals move through the b.g.

LINDA

The appointment was made this morning, through my secretary. All I know is, I was supposed to meet a Mr. Mulder here. He didn't leave a number. I couldn't call to tell him I was running late.

A fed comes up, gives Scully a packet of tissues. She offers them to the woman, whose shaky fingers tear them open.

LINDA

Oh, god... why would somebody do this to Nathan?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SCULLY

Did your husband ever talk about
his work as a prosecutor, Mrs.
Bowman?

LINDA

Sometimes...

SCULLY

Have you heard of a man named
Robert Patrick Modell?

Linda dabs her wet eyes with a tissue and stares up at them. (X)

LINDA

"Pusher." That was Nathan's (X)
biggest case. Why? (X)

SKINNER

Can you think of any reason why
this man Modell would take an
interest in you? (X)

LINDA

What do you mean? (X)

SKINNER

We believe he murdered your
husband. Furthermore, he's the
man who made the appointment to
see you.

Linda continues to stare at them. She shakes her head.

LINDA

He's in prison.

MULDER

Not since six o'clock this
morning.

The woman is surprised to hear this. She considers this news in (X)
silence. Skinner touches a reassuring hand to her arm.

SKINNER

You're safe with us, Mrs. Bowman.

She nods absently, glancing up at them. Mulder studies the
woman. Off her, looking back at him:

CUT TO:

25 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - LATER - A TRUCK DOOR

25

Gets opened -- Linda Bowman climbs into the back seat of a white Chevy Suburban, sandwiched between two vigilant field agents.

WIDER

The Suburban idles in front of the building, the middle vehicle in a waiting police CARAVAN. Skinner shuts the back door, then turns to Mulder. Behind them, Scully talks on her cell phone. (X)

SKINNER (X)

She's in protective custody (X)

until we catch this son of a bitch. Keep me posted. (X)

(opens the front door)

Find him. (X)

Skinner climbs into the Suburban's shotgun seat and shuts the door. The caravan pulls away from the curb, lights flashing. Mulder watches it go. Next to him, Scully signs off on her call and pockets her phone. Marshals work the neighborhood in b.g. (X)

SCULLY

State Police are setting up checkpoints on 29.

Mulder nods, thinking about something else.

MULDER

Scully, why didn't Modell just kill the two cops? What was to stop him?

SCULLY

Maybe he wasn't capable.

MULDER

As in, too tired?

SCULLY

Possibly. We've seen that before with him. Plus, we know little about his current condition.

MULDER

Maybe. I don't know. Something's not making sense.

Mulder thinks for a moment, glancing around the neighborhood. He motions to a nearby COP, who comes running.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MULDER

Lemme borrow your radio -- and
get one for Agent Scully.

COP

Yes, sir.

The cop gives up his radio, then runs off to get another.
Mulder clicks the talk switch on the tiny WALKIE, testing it.

MULDER

I want to check the neighborhood
again.

SCULLY

It's been checked, Mulder --
door-to-door. With two dozen
officers in the area, why would
Modell hang around?

MULDER

(ironic smile)
Because it wouldn't make sense?

He moves off down the sidewalk. Scully watches him go.

25A SOMEONE'S POV - FROM A HIGH WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET

25A

We peek down through venetian blinds, seeing Mulder walking away (X)
from Scully. We can view the whole block from up here. We PULL
BACK to REVEAL:

INT. ENGINEERING FIRM - CONTINUOUS - MODELL (X)

Peeks down through the blinds, staying out of sight. He looks (X)
pale, sickly. He chews on a Carbo-Bar as he watches Mulder.

WIDER ON BOARDROOM (X)

To reveal a conference table -- FOUR OR FIVE middle-aged (X)
BUSINESSMEN sit around it, engaged in a meeting. But they sit (X)
MOTIONLESS, completely immobile. It's as if they were somehow (X)
FROZEN in mid-conversation. (X)

Modell turns from the window. He limps toward the exit, passing (X)
the statue-like businessmen. (X)

MODELL

Thanks, guys. (X)

He closes the door behind him, and is gone. After a beat... (X)

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED:

25A

... The businessmen COME TO LIFE, indeed in mid-sentence. They (X)
resume their mundane meeting as if nothing happened. (X)

CUT TO:

25B INT. ENGINEERING FIRM ENTRANCE - MULDER

(X) 25B

Enters, taking a cursory glance around -- no one in sight. His (X)
eyes catch on something. He moves to pick up... a CARBO-BAR
WRAPPER which lies on the floor.

Mulder drops it and eases his gun from its holster. He silently
pads down the hallway. Having reached a point where it turns a
blind corner, he pauses and snicks off the safety on his Sig.

MULDER'S POV - THE DARKENED HALLWAY

We creep around the corner to find... MODELL standing waiting
for us, a dozen feet away. Behind him, the hallway ends --
there's nowhere for him to go.

NEW ANGLE

Mulder takes aim, moving toward him. Modell compliantly raises
his hands. He appears calm -- much more so than Mulder.

MODELL

What took you so long?

MULDER

(into walkie)

Scully? Come quick -- I got him.

SCULLY (FILTERED V.O.)

Where are you, Mulder?

Much of the following dialog OVERLAPS.

MODELL

Hang on a second. We need to
talk.

MULDER

North side of Channel -- ground
floor. Some company... an
engineering company.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MODELL

Mulder, listen to me. There's
something I need you to hear.

(CONTINUED)

25B CONTINUED:

253

MULDER
SHUT UP, MODELL! --

MODELL
Mulder...

MULDER
SHUT UP, YOU SON OF A BITCH! I
SWEAR TO GOD, I'LL SHOOT YOU!

A couple more foot-pounds on the trigger, and Modell is toast. Modell doesn't flinch. Sweat rolls down his temple.

MODELL
You're going to listen to me,
Mulder.

MULDER
(clicks back hammer)
SHUT UP! --

MODELL
You are going to listen to me.

Mulder keeps aiming at the man, not blinking -- ready to fire. We CREEP IN on him. Off this...

BRIEF TIME CUT TO:

25C SCULLY

25C

Bursting into the entrance of the office building, her gun drawn. She's followed by a half-dozen marshals. She sends three up the stairs -- the other three follow her down the hall. (X)

She rounds the corner. She relaxes, lowers her gun, surprised by what she sees.

MULDER

Is all alone in the hallway. Modell is nowhere to be seen. Mulder's gun hangs at his side. He stares down at the floor. After a beat, he looks up at her.

MULDER
He had to go.

Off Scully's amazement, and Mulder's unfocused stare...

THE X-FILES

"Kitsunegari"

5X08

(Pink)

11/11/97

32A(X).

26 OMITTED
THRU
28

(X) 26
(X)
(X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY - SCULLY

(X)29

Is on her cell phone. She paces the sidewalk as she talks -- we stay loose, MOVING with her.

SCULLY

Ten minutes ago. He can't have gotten far.

Federal marshals jog through b.g. Scully waves one over for a status report. He shakes his head -- nothing -- then moves on.

Scully looks grim. As she talks into her phone, she turns to stare offscreen at someone we don't yet see.

SCULLY

Sir, this was an unfortunate incident -- but Agent Mulder is one hundred percent ready and willing to carry on this manhunt.

(beat)

Yes, sir.

She pockets her phone, still staring o.s. -- looking concerned.

SCULLY'S POV - MULDER

Has his back to us, leaning against the trunk of an n.d. sedan. He presents a pretty sad picture.

NEW ANGLE CLOSER

Mulder stares at the ground, deep in thought. Scully approaches.

SCULLY

How are you feeling?

MULDER

Aside from the utter, grinding humiliation that comes from knowing I let our suspect go?

(shrug)

Pretty good...

SCULLY

Mulder... it could have happened to any one of us.

Mulder considers this, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MULDER (X)
 No, actually, it couldn't have. (X)
 I didn't find him, Scully -- he (X)
 sought me out. He wanted to (X)
 make me hear his message. (X)

SCULLY (X)
 Which was? (X)

MULDER (X)
 "Don't play the game." (X)

Scully wonders at this, not understanding. (X)

SCULLY (X)
 Whose game? His? (X)

MULDER (X)
 I don't think so. In fact, I'm (X)
 not so sure now he's even (X)
 playing one. (X)

SCULLY (X)
 What are you talking about? Of (X)
 course he is. You said it (X)
 yourself -- he's taking up where (X)
 he left off. (X)

MULDER (X)
 Then why didn't he kill the (X)
 cops? Or the prison guard? Or, (X)
 hell, while we're at it -- why (X)
 not me? Why didn't he just make (X)
 me eat a bullet from my own gun? (X)
 (quieter; troubled) (X)
 He could have, Scully. (X)

SCULLY (X)
 He killed Nathan Bowman. (X)

MULDER (X)
 He was definitely there. That (X)
 doesn't prove he did it. (X)

Scully is taken aback, gravely troubled by what she's hearing. (X)

SCULLY (X)
 This man has affected you, (X)
 Mulder! He's influenced your (X)
 thinking! (X)

MULDER (X)
 No -- it's not like that. (X)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

SCULLY

A man is made to drink a gallon
of cerulean blue house paint?
Kitsunegari -- "fox hunt?" You
say now that's not Modell?

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

MULDER

He's involved, Scully. He's
related to it somehow -- but not
like you think.

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

SCULLY

That's your opinion.

(X)

MULDER

(nodding)

Yes -- that's my opinion.

(X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY

How can you be sure it's your
own?

(X)
(X)

Mulder knows how it all sounds... and knows she has a point.
Still, he eyes her squarely.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

What do we agree on here? Do we
still agree Modell was pursuing
Linda Bowman?

(off her assent)

I want to know why.

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

Off Scully, grudgingly able to go along with this:

(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

30 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

30

We're looking through cyclone fence and razor wire at a squat
series of buildings. This facility looks barracks-like --
government issue. One or two shotgun-toting marshals stand by
the door. LEGEND: FBI SAFE HOUSE, ANNANDALE, VIRGINIA.

(X)
(X)
(X)

LINDA (V.O.)

I'm sorry... I don't know if I
can tell you much more than I
already have.

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

CUT TO:

(X)

31 INT. SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - DAY (X) 31

We're in the Justice Department's idea of homey surroundings -- (X)
furniture and framed prints by way of This End Up and Ramada (X)
Inn. Linda Bowman -- still teary-eyed, but more or less pulled (X)
together -- sits across from Mulder and Scully. (X)

MULDER (X)
We appreciate your help. (X)

Linda nods agreeably. She wipes her nose, sighs and begins. (X)

LINDA (X)
Nathan was very proud of having (X)
prosecuted the case. He said (X)
this man Modell was extremely (X)
clever and dangerous. That he (X)
was a menace to society. (X)
(looks to Mulder) (X)
Nathan mentioned an FBI agent (X)
ultimately shot Modell. Was (X)
that you? (X)

Mulder nods. (X)

LINDA (X)
He said you crippled him -- put (X)
him in a wheelchair. (X)
(beat) (X)
I guess he got better. Nathan (X)
said it was too bad you didn't (X)
just kill him. That it would (X)
have saved the taxpayers the (X)
cost of a trial. (X)

Mulder takes this in -- a little troubled to hear it put this (X)
way. Scully looks at him, then back at Linda. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Your husband talked about it a (X)
lot with you. (X)

LINDA (X)
As I said, he was proud. I (X)
guess he felt it was his brush (X)
with greatness. (X)

Mulder reacts subtly to this. Scully doesn't. She continues. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Is it possible he at some point (X)
talked about you to Robert (X)
Modell? (X)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

LINDA (X)
I sincerely doubt it. Nathan (X)
and I were only married two (X)
months. (X)

MULDER (X)
(mild surprise) (X)
How long did you know him? (X)

LINDA (X)
Two months and two days. (X)

Scully can't help but glance sidelong at Mulder. Linda smiles (X)
wistfully at this. (X)

LINDA (X)
Why wait when it's true love? (X)
You never know how long you (X)
have. (X)

MULDER (X)
No. You don't. (X)

LINDA (X)
(nods) (X)
Anyway, it's not like Nathan was (X)
impulsive or flighty -- I don't (X)
want to paint him as that. (X)

CREEP IN ON MULDER (X)

As he slowly looks up to lock eyes with the woman. (X)

LINDA BOWMAN (X)

Stares back at him, innocent and open-faced, smiling faintly. (X)
We probably didn't notice it before now, but though her eyes and (X)
nose are still red, her crying seems to have stopped. (X)

MULDER (X)

Stares. Nods almost imperceptibly, as if to himself. (X)

MULDER (X)
He was true blue. (X)

Linda nods agreeably. Scully glances to Mulder, sensing (X)
something is going on with him. Linda addresses them both. (X)

LINDA (X)
Is there anything else I can do (X)
to help? (X)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

Mulder stands up out of his seat. Finally taking his eyes off the woman, he turns and walks out of the room. (X)

Scully excuses herself and follows after Mulder. Linda stares after the two agents, her expression defying augury. (X)

32 INT. SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

(X) 32

Scully exits to find Mulder waiting for her. He reaches past her and pulls the door shut, then moves away from it for privacy. (X)

MULDER (X)
She killed Nathan Bowman. (X)

SCULLY (X)
What? (X)

Skinner is nearby, finishing up with a couple of agents. He is drawn over by Scully's astounded reaction. Mulder includes him in the conversation. (X)

MULDER (X)
It wasn't Modell. He was there, (X)
but for some other reason. She (X)
killed her husband. (X)

Skinner gets the guarded-but-nervous look in his eyes one reserves for crazy people in the subway. (X)

SKINNER (X)
Agent Mulder... (X)

MULDER (X)
Hear me out. (X)
(mainly to Scully) (X)
Her husband's "brush with (X)
greatness?" She doesn't want to (X)
"paint him" as impulsive? Who (X)
the hell talks like that? (X)

SCULLY (X)
You tell me. (X)

MULDER (X)
She was waving it under our (X)
noses -- she was playing with (X)
us. Modell told me -- warned (X)
me -- not to play the game. I (X)
think he meant her game. (X)

SKINNER (X)
Modell told you. (X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Mulder looks to his boss, realizing how this sounds -- realizing (X)
he's on serious thin ice. He forces a calm. (X)

MULDER (X)
Has she asked how her husband (X)
was murdered? Has she shown any (X)
interest in the details? (X)
(Skinner is silent) (X)
She knows an escaped serial (X)
killer is supposedly stalking (X)
her. Does she seem particularly (X)
fearful? (X)

SKINNER (X)
The woman's in shock, Mulder. (X)
She's not herself -- and I might (X)
add, neither are you. (X)

Mulder looks from Skinner to Scully, who's been quiet. (X)

MULDER (X)
Scully -- you heard her in there. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder... no. (X)
(off his stung look) (X)
I'm sorry. You said it (X)
yourself: never trust Modell. (X)
Never listen to him. You've (X)
done both. (X)

MULDER (X)
But what if she can do what (X)
Modell does? (X)

Scully doesn't know what to say to this. Skinner's heard enough. (X)

SKINNER (X)
I think you should go home. (X)

MULDER (X)
What? No! (X)

SKINNER (X)
You're suspended until such time (X)
I'm confident your judgement is (X)
sound. (X)
(beat) (X)
Give me your weapon. (X)

MULDER (X)
Who are you afraid I'm going to (X)
point it at? (X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

SCULLY (X)
 Mulder... I think you should do (X)
 it. (X)

Mulder stares at her, hurt and betrayed. It kills Scully to say (X)
 this, but she doesn't back down. Mulder yanks loose his pistol, (X)
 holster and all, and practically tosses it at Skinner. When... (X)

... The door opens in b.g. and Linda appears. They look to her. (X)

LINDA (X)
 I'm sorry -- would it be (X)
 possible for me to get something (X)
 to drink? Water..? (X)

SKINNER (X)
 Yes, ma'am, I'll send someone in. (X)

Linda nods appreciatively. She looks to Mulder, who stares at (X)
 her, his expression bitter. (X)

MULDER (X)
 I'll prove it. (X)

He walks off, leaving them all behind. Skinner glances to (X)
 Linda, then calls after Mulder in a warning tone. (X)

SKINNER (X)
 Agent Mulder -- (X)

MULDER (X)
 Go fetch her some water. (X)

Mulder exits, never looking back. Off Skinner and Scully, and (X)
 behind them, a perfectly innocent-looking Linda Bowman... (X)

CUT TO: (X)

33 OMITTED
 AND
 34

(X) 33
 AND
 34

35 INT. PRISON - PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

35

Modell's THERAPIST moves about the room, readying it for her (X)
 next appointment. She speaks to someone offscreen as she does. (X)

THERAPIST (X)
 I really don't know the man that (X)
 well -- I'm sorry you got the (X)
 impression that I do. (X)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

She passes Mulder, bringing him into frame. We stay on him as (X)
 she continues around the room. He's sort of contrite, as if to (X)
 make up for the attitude he showed her upon their last meeting. (X)

MULDER (X)
 I know. Just... anything more (X)
 you can tell me. (X)

THERAPIST (X)
 It's not like Modell and I had (X)
 long heart-to-hearts. (X)
 (thinks about it) (X)
 I guess one time, someone else (X)
 said something about him that (X)
 struck me kind of funny. (X)

MULDER (X)
 What was that? (X)

THERAPIST (X)
 It was one of the nuns that (X)
 visits from the Little Sisters (X)
 of Charity. She referred to him (X)
 once as a "conquered warrior." (X)
 I thought that was pretty weird. (X)

Mulder's interest is definitely piqued. (X)

MULDER (X)
 Was this the same nun who (X)
 visited him the day before he (X)
 escaped? (X)

THERAPIST (X)
 Yeah -- the same one that always (X)
 visits. (X)

MULDER (X)
 How many times has she come to (X)
 see him? (X)

THERAPIST (X)
 Maybe three or four. (X)

Mulder considers. He pulls a folded-up newsprint brochure from (X)
 his jacket and crosses to the woman, unfolding it as he goes. (X)

MULDER (X)
 Look at something for me, would (X)
 you? (X)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

CLOSE - A LOCAL REAL ESTATE GUIDE (X)

Shows a photo of "Linda Bowman -- NOVA SALES PRO OF THE YEAR!" (X)

MULDER (O.S.) (X)
Is that the woman? The nun? (X)

RESUME (X)

The therapist squints at the small photo, trying to get a good (X)
look. The phone RINGS in the background. (X)

THERAPIST (X)
Hang on. I'm blind as a bat... (X)

She moves to a nearby counter to retrieve her glasses -- as she (X)
does, she picks up the PORTABLE PHONE, answering it. (X)

THERAPIST (X)
Therapy room -- (X)

She listens to the person on the other end for a beat or two, (X)
shrugging apologetically to Mulder. He indicates the photo -- (X)
she nods and reaches for her glasses case, but finds it empty. (X)

She moves around the room, checking for her glasses. Impatient, (X)
Mulder looks for them, too -- anything to hurry this along. (X)

THERAPIST (X)
Yeah... Yeah. Absolutely. (X)

She drifts past the end of the counter, moving to a big, gray (X)
JUNCTION BOX on the wall. She tucks the portable phone between (X)
her shoulder and her ear so that her hands are free. (X)

THERAPIST (X)
Uh huh... Okay. (X)

She twists a key and unlocks the box, opening it to expose (X)
several fifty-amp CARTRIDGE FUSES. With her other hand, she (X)
grips a cast-iron DRAINPIPE which runs floor to ceiling. (X)

THERAPIST (X)
Oh, yeah. He's here. (X)

Across the room, Mulder has just found the glasses. He turns to (X)
the therapist, curious at hearing himself referred to in her (X)
phone conversation. Seeing her by the junction box, it dawns on (X)
him what's about to happen. (X)

MULDER (X)
NO! -- (X)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

THE THERAPIST (X)

Pays no attention. She casually reaches into the box to grasp (X)
the bare copper input -- all one hundred amps of it. Her body's (X)
reaction is immediate. Every muscle CLENCHES rock-hard. (X)

THE PORTABLE PHONE (X)

Tucked under her ear SQUAWKS and shoots out a spray of SPARKS, (X)
tumbling off her shoulder. (X)

MULDER (X)

Has to fight his instinct to grab the woman. She's slightly out (X)
of focus in f.g., shaking violently. (X)

Mulder grabs a wood-handled MOP and uses it to push her loose (X)
from the box. She collapses, wisping smoke. Mulder drops to (X)
his knees, feeling for a pulse. (X)

MULDER (X)
GUARD! I NEED HELP IN HERE! -- (X)

He begins pumping her ribcage, trying to bring her back. It's (X)
a losing battle. As he works, he can't help but glance at: (X)

THE PORTABLE PHONE (X)

Which lies on the floor, a smoking lump of melted plastic. (X)

CUT TO:

36 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

(X) 36

Through the fence, the safe house can be seen in b.g. A Marshal (X)
(the one who spoke up in the briefing) stands guard behind the (X)
gate, cradling a Remington 870. No one else is in sight. (X)

The Marshal stays alert, peering out through the fence. He sees: (X)

HIS POV - A FALLS CHURCH POLICE CRUISER (X)

Drives into frame, pulling to a stop just on the other side of (X)
the gate. A single (also familiar) Uniform Cop is in the front (X)
seat. In the back, the lone passenger is... Robert Modell. (X)

THE MARSHAL (X)

Reacts with surprise. He quickly unlocks the gate and steps (X)
out, ready with his shotgun. He watches in amazement as the Cop (X)
rounds the cruiser and opens the rear door for Modell. (X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MARSHAL (X)
You got him! Oh, man... (X)

The Cop gently helps Modell out of the car. Modell is looking (X)
as bad as we've ever seen him. He stands unsteadily -- skin (X)
pasty, sweat dripping. He glances around. (X)

MODELL (X)
This is the place? (X)

The Cop nods. The Marshal begins to look a little confused. (X)

MARSHAL (X)
Did you call it in? (X)

The Cop doesn't answer -- just rounds back to his driver's door (X)
and climbs in. Leaving behind Modell, whose eyes are now rooted (X)
on the Marshal. Modell slowly limps toward the man. (X)

The Marshal points his shotgun at Modell, who couldn't care (X)
less. The police car pulls away behind him, driving off. (X)

MODELL (X)
Go home. (X)

MARSHAL (X)
Say what? (X)

MODELL (X)
Go home. (X)

We CREEP IN on the Marshal's face. Off his wavering resolve: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

36A INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - DAY - SCULLY (X) 36A

Rides shotgun next to an FBI agent -- behind her sit two or (X)
three windbreakered marshals (all familiar faces so that we (X)
don't need a cast of thousands). They're speeding along a (X)
suburban road. Scully's phone RINGS. She quickly answers it. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Scully -- (X)

INTERCUT WITH: (X)

37 INT. PRISON - PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM (X) 37

PARAMEDICS load a gurney with the therapist's blanketed remains. (X)
Mulder grimly watches, his cell phone to his ear. (X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MULDER (X)
Where are you? -- (X)

SCULLY (X)
On my way to Chain Bridge Mall. (X)
There's a report of a suicide -- (X)
It may be Modell's doing. (X)

MULDER (X)
Scully, I've got your suicide. (X)

SCULLY (X)
What are you talking about? (X)

MULDER (X)
I'm at the prison. Modell's (X)
therapist just electrocuted (X)
herself right in front of me. (X)
She was on the phone when she (X)
did it. (X)

SCULLY (X)
It was Modell. (X)

MULDER (X)
Why would it be? He could have (X)
killed her any time. Besides, (X)
he liked her. (X)
(beat) (X)
I think the call came from the (X)
safe house. (X)

SCULLY (X)
From Linda Bowman? Mulder -- (X)

MULDER (X)
The therapist would have (X)
identified her -- verified she (X)
visited Modell in prison. All (X)
the better for her I was here to (X)
witness it. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder, listen to me. You were (X)
told to go home. You were (X)
ordered to lay off of this. (X)

Mulder is too pissed and frantic to listen. He crosses to (X)
intercept the Old Orderly, who has just appeared in the door. (X)

OLD ORDERLY (X)
I tried that number three (X)
times... nobody's answering. (X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

MULDER (X)
 (into phone) (X)
 Scully, no one's picking up at (X)
 the safe house. (X)

Scully takes this in, her expression turning grave. She looks (X)
 to her driver. (X)

SCULLY (X)
 Turn us around. (X)

Mulder clicks off his phone and books out of the therapy room. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

38 INT. SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - DAY - A DESK PHONE (X) 38

Is indeed in this room, though we may not have noticed it (X)
 before. We ADJUST off of it to find Linda, who sits on the (X)
 couch, staring into space. The sound of a DOOR turns her head. (X)
 She stands up, stares expectantly at someone offscreen. (X)

MODELL (X)

Stands in the doorway. He's pale, exhausted -- though his eyes (X)
 are as intense as ever. He stares at her. He eases the door (X)
 shut behind him, flips the latch. Locking them both inside. (X)

39 INT. SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - SKINNER (X) 39

appears, entering the building. He scans a faxed report as he (X)
 walks. He slows, sensing something. (X)

SKINNER'S POV - THE CORRIDOR (X)

We see as much of the safehouse interior as will fit into frame. (X)
 It's DESERTED -- no longer the bustling task force headquarters (X)
 it was when last we saw it. (X)

SKINNER (X)

Withdraws his gun... and now we're MOVING with him down the (X)
 corridor. He aims left and right, on guard for anything. (X)

He arrives at Linda's room. His hand goes silently to the (X)
 doorknob -- locked. He steels himself, steps back... and KICKS (X)
 IN THE DOOR. (X)

40 INT. SAFE HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS (X) 40

Modell stands before Linda, a gentle hand on her face. Maybe (X)
they were having a serious conversation. It's hard to tell, (X)
because they both instantly turn upon hearing the door BANG open. (X)

Skinner moves cautiously, making a perfect approach, his gun (X)
raised in both hands. He's nervous, but hiding it well. (X)

SKINNER (X)
On the floor, Modell -- (X)

MODELL (X)
(remembering him) (X)
Hey... it's Mel Cooley. (X)

SKINNER (X)
On your face! DO IT! -- (X)

Modell just stares at him. He glances to Linda, who is staring (X)
at Skinner, as well. She almost seems like she's waiting for (X)
Modell to do something. (X)

Modell looks at her with something approaching wistfulness -- or, (X)
regret. Feeling like a worn-out old man, he turns back to (X)
Skinner. He raises his hand, points his finger cap gun-style. (X)

MODELL (X)
I've got a gun. (X)

Linda blinks, taken off-guard by this. (X)

LINDA (X)
No -- (X)

Skinner glances from one to the other, confused. He sees: (X)

SKINNER'S POV - MODELL'S HAND (X)

We catch a quick glimpse -- a FLASH of STEEL. A large REVOLVER. (X)

SKINNER (X)

FIRES instinctively. One round -- Modell is struck near the (X)
shoulder, tumbling backwards. Linda flinches. She looks from (X)
Modell to Skinner, naked SHOCK in her eyes. It soon disappears. (X)

Skinner advances, ready to fire again. Modell is alive, but he (X)
isn't getting up. Dismayed, Skinner sees: (X)

Modell's hand is EMPTY. No gun. Off Skinner, disturbed and (X)
unsure what to make of this... (X)

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

41 INT. SAFE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY - SKINNER (X) 41

Stares distractedly o.s. as several agents and marshals shuffle through frame behind him to pat him on the back. (X)

VARIOUS FEDS (X)
Sir, great job... Way to go, (X)
sir... [etc.] (X)

Skinner nods, hardly noticing. He's staring at: (X)

JUST INSIDE THE COMMON ROOM - MODELL (X)

Lies strapped to a gurney -- alive, but just barely. He's hooked up to a nasal cannula and an IV drip. TWO EMTs lift the gurney to lock it in the high position. (X)

Scully stands by, checking Modell's vital signs. Modell's lips move briefly -- he murmurs something to Scully as the EMTs roll him into the corridor. (X)

NEW ANGLE (X)

Six marshals flank the gurney, escorting the EMTs as they transport Modell past Skinner and down the hall. Scully joins Skinner, who keeps watching as Modell gets taken away. (X)

SKINNER (X)
What did he say to you? (X)

SCULLY (X)
He said we got our man. (X)

This seems to faintly trouble Skinner. Now, he notices: (X)

AT THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR - MULDER (X)

Enters, jogging our way. He slows and even follows for a couple of steps as Modell is rolled out in the opposite direction. He stares after Modell, then heads toward Scully and Skinner. (X)

MULDER (X)
What happened? -- (X)

SKINNER (X)
You were told to go home, Agent Mulder -- (X)

MULDER (X)
What... happened? (X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Mulder joins them. Skinner considers him, then quietly answers. (X)

SKINNER (X)
He had a gun. I saw it (X)
clearly -- it was a revolver. (X)

MULDER (X)
He pointed a gun at you? (X)

Skinner nods. Scully speaks up gently. (X)

SCULLY (X)
We just haven't found it yet. (X)

It dawns on Mulder what this means. (X)

MULDER (X)
He said to you he had a gun. (X)

SKINNER (X)
Yes. And he did. Excuse me. (X)

Skinner's irritation masks his fear and confusion. He heads off (X)
into the common room to search again. Mulder turns to Scully. (X)

MULDER (X)
Modell was unarmed. He (X)
purposely drew Skinner's fire. (X)

SCULLY (X)
(dubious) (X)
For what possible reason? (X)

Mulder puzzles over this. Then, it occurs to him. (X)

MULDER (X)
To protect someone. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Linda Bowman... (X)

MULDER (X)
To take the fall for her. (X)

SCULLY (X)
That's a helluva plan -- the (X)
serial killer makes us think (X)
he's guilty, thus diverting (X)
suspicion off the real estate (X)
lady. (X)
(nodding) (X)
He had me going. (X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

MULDER (X)
Then maybe it was an object (X)
lesson. Or a warning. (X)

SCULLY (X)
A warning -- to her? Mulder... (X)
she's got no criminal record (X)
whatsoever. She's never been in (X)
trouble with the law. I checked. (X)

MULDER (X)
Where is she? (X)

Scully studies him, reluctant to say. (X)

SCULLY (X)
She was taken home. (X)
(off his look) (X)
There's no reason to keep her in (X)
protective custody. It's over. (X)

MULDER (X)
No, it's not. (X)

He heads for the exit. Scully calls after him. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Where are you going? (X)

MULDER (X)
If Modell makes it through (X)
surgery, I want to be the first (X)
to talk to him. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder -- (X)

MULDER (X)
Tell you what, Scully -- give me (X)
a call when you think I've come (X)
to my senses. (X)

He bangs through the door and is gone. Scully stares after him. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

42 EXT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT (STOCK) (X) 42

To establish. LEGEND: ANNANDALE COMMUNITY MEDICAL CENTER. (X)

42A INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. ROOM - MODELL (X) 42A

Lies with his eyes closed, two-thirds dead. He's more or less (X)
breathing on his own, though -- no intubated ventilator. His (X)
wrists are strapped down. Vital sign monitors BEEP and BOOP. (X)
We ADJUST up from Modell to reveal... (X)

MULDER (X)

Standing alone in the quiet room, staring down at him. He (X)
watches the man for the longest time, wanting him to awaken -- (X)
frustrated that he doesn't. Finally, he speaks under his breath. (X)

MULDER (X)
You son of a bitch... (X)

No response from the unconscious man. None was expected. (X)
Mulder's head turns upon hearing the door to the room HISS open. (X)
His attention lingers on someone standing offscreen. (X)

MULDER'S POV - AN I.C.U. NURSE (X)

Stands in the doorway, smiling faintly. (X)

I.C.U. NURSE (X)
Sir? I'm going to need to (X)
change the patient's bandages. (X)

RESUME (X)

Mulder glances back at Modell, then nods tiredly. He walks past (X)
the nurse -- who in this angle has her back to us, out of focus (X)
in f.g. Never giving her another look, he exits the room. (X)

MULDER (X)
Call me if he wakes up. (X)

We ADJUST to frame the woman, who turns to stare after Mulder. (X)
She's no longer the nurse -- now she's LINDA BOWMAN, dressed in (X)
normal streetclothes. An INDEX CARD is safety-pinned to her (X)
blouse. On it is printed in thick black marker: "NURSE." (X)

LINDA (X)
Yes, sir. (X)

NEW ANGLE - ACROSS MODELL (X)

Linda steps into frame, staring down at him. Her expression is (X)
wistful, sad. She pulls up a nearby chair and sits. Softly: (X)

LINDA (X)
Bobby? Why did you do it? (X)

Modell's eyes OPEN. He looks to her. It's about all he can do. (X)

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED:

42A

LINDA

It doesn't change my mind. Not one iota. I'm sorry... I know that's not what you want to hear. But I didn't ask you to do this. I didn't ask you to come after me.

MODELL

Don't make a mistake...

He can barely whisper the words. She shakes her head.

LINDA

I'm not. Look what they did to you. I want to cry every time I see you. You think I'd let them get away with this?

(beat)

I'm going to finish what you started.

(X)

MODELL

No. Stop now --

Modell tries to say more, but breaks into a fit of excruciating COUGHING. Linda puts a hand to his arm, visibly upset by this.

LINDA

Bobby... you're not in any pain.

Modell's body slowly relaxes. Apparently, the pain is ebbing away. He stares up at her, a little surprised. Wary.

LINDA

You're feeling wonderful. You've never felt better.

(beat)

I can't let them remember you like this, Bobby.

Tears well in her eyes, but she fights them. She leans closer.

LINDA

Your heart is slowing. It's tired. It's just too worn down to keep beating. Let it rest.

Modell stares at her, knowing what she's doing -- but not fighting her. He stares as... BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! -- a shrill WARNING TONE sounds on the nearby heart monitor.

Linda switches off the alarm. The room is quiet again.

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED: (2)

42A

LINDA
It slows... slows...
(looks to monitor)
Stops.

THE HEART MONITOR

Silently traces an erratic heartbeat. Now, it FLATLINES.

MODELL

Serenely breathes his last, staring up at her. His eyes close.

LINDA

Stares down at him, tears shining, but not falling. Off her:

CUT TO:

42B INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

42B

Around a corner appears Mulder. He heads toward us, his mood the same as earlier. An ER NURSE tears past him. His eyes follow her, noticing something ahead. He picks up his pace.

(X)

43 OMITTED
THRU
45

46 INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. ROOM - MULDER'S POV

46

We round the doorframe, passing a uniform cop, who's looking into the room. We rush inside -- seeing an ER DOCTOR and TWO NURSES finishing up on Modell. The doctor addresses the third nurse, the one who entered just ahead of us bearing some resuscitative aid (as per technical adviser).

ER DOCTOR
Never mind.
(checks his watch)
Put him down as 7:38.

(X)

MULDER

Stands back, staring at Modell's body -- not sure what he's supposed to feel about this moment. The doctor passes him, moving on to his next patient. Linda is long gone.

ER DOCTOR
Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Mulder glances at the man, then back at Modell. He notices something. He crosses to:

AN INDEX CARD

which lies on the floor beside the bed. It says "NURSE." Mulder's hand picks it up, flips it over. On the back is written: "214 Channel Avenue."

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Studies it closely, knowing what it means. Off him:

CUT TO:

47 OMITTED

47

48 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - NIGHT - AN N.D. SEDAN

(X) 48

Prowls up the quiet street toward us, its headlights burning out the frame. It slows to a stop in front of the building. Alone, Mulder climbs out and looks around -- no one is in sight.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Mulder eases a hand under his jacket, unconsciously reaching for his gun. It's been gone since Skinner took it.

(X)
(X)

Mulder stares at the "For Sale" sign with Linda Bowman's name on it. He snicks on a flashlight and heads for the entrance.

(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

49 INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

49

We follow after Mulder as he moves through large, empty rooms. The BEAM of his tiny flashlight leads the way. He eases around a corner, shining it left and right -- finding nothing.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

(X)

Pauses at the foot of the stairs. He cautiously climbs them, passing us. Heading toward:

(X)
(X)

50 INT. BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - MULDER'S POV

(X) 50

We reach the landing, which opens onto a cavernous room. Our flashlight beam finds, in the distance --

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

LINDA BOWMAN

(X)

Who stands patiently waiting. We slowly approach her.

(X)

LINDA

You made it.

(X)

(X)

NEW ANGLE

(X)

Mulder crosses toward her, moving warily.

(X)

LINDA

Who'd you bring along? Are
there sharpshooters hiding in
the eaves?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

No. I'm all you get.

(X)

(X)

LINDA

You think?

(X)

(X)

Now that he's closer, Mulder notices...

(X)

THE GAS CAN

(X)

Sitting on the floor by her foot.

(X)

RESUME

(X)

Mulder eyes it, then looks up to her again.

(X)

MULDER

Modell wanted to warn me about
you. You got close to Nathan
Bowman -- you married him, and
then you killed him. Why? Just
to get my attention?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

LINDA

Aren't you egotistical.

(X)

(X)

(smile)

(X)

It worked, right?

(X)

MULDER

Modell tried to stop you.

(X)

(X)

(realizing)

(X)

He's your brother -- isn't he?

(X)

She just stares. We know it's true.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

LINDA

I was thirty-four years old
before I even knew I had a
brother. The state kept us
separated. When I did finally
track him down, I found out he
was a broken little man who they
kept in a cage.

(beat)

So, yeah, you're at the top of
my list. But it's a long list.

We see a GLOW of headlights through the window behind her.
Their attention is turned by the sound of a CAR ARRIVING. Linda
looks out, satisfied by what she sees.

LINDA

Now we can begin.

Mulder nervously wonders what the hell that means. With a
little kick of her toe, Linda flips --

THE GAS CAN

Onto its side. GASOLINE GLUGS onto the floor, spreading a wide
puddle. Off this:

CUT TO:

50A INT. BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - SCULLY

Enters, shining her flashlight left and right. She carefully
picks her way through the darkness.

SCULLY

Mulder?

Suddenly, startling her -- comes a terrified SCREAM. It's Linda.

LINDA (O.S.)

OH, GOD! HELP ME! --

Scully draws her gun and sprints upstairs.

50B INT. BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - SCULLY

Races up onto the landing, holding her pistol and flashlight
crossed wrist-style. She takes aim.

LINDA (O.S.)

It's Modell! Make him stop! --

(CONTINUED)

50B CONTINUED:

50B

Scully's eyes widen in horror. In her flashlight beam, she sees: (X)

SCULLY'S POV - LINDA (X)

Dangles the gallon can at her side, standing in the puddle of gasoline. In her other hand, she holds an unlit BUTANE LIGHTER. (X)

LINDA (X)
Make him stop -- (X)

The BEAM whips onto the man standing a few paces away. It's ROBERT PATRICK MODELL. He looks like he did the last time Scully saw him, right down to the spot of blood on his shoulder. (X)

MODELL (X)
Scully... (X)

LINDA (X)
Please -- don't let him kill me. (X)

Linda flicks her Bic once, twice -- SPARKS, but no flame. (X)

SCULLY (X)

Cocks back the hammer with her thumb, ready to fire. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Stop it, Modell! -- (X)

OBJECTIVE ANGLE (X)

We ADJUST around behind Scully to reveal she is really drawing down on MULDER. He raises his hands, speaks with intensity. (X)

MULDER (X)
Scully, I'm Mulder -- she's got you believing I'm him, but I am not. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Shut up, Modell! STOP! -- (X)

MULDER (X)
Modell is dead. (X)

LINDA (X)

FLICKS her lighter -- a tall FLAME burns steadily. (X)

LINDA (X)
Please... (X)

(CONTINUED)

50B CONTINUED: (2)

50B

SCULLY (X)

Turns back, fury in her eyes. She pulls the trigger -- BLAM! (X)

SCULLY'S POV - MODELL (X)

Flinches as the round tears a divot out of the wall behind him, just over his head. (X)
(X)

OBJECTIVE ANGLE (X)

Mulder cringes and holds his hands up by his face. Scully is poised to fire again. (X)
(X)

Mulder lifts his head, looks her eye-to-eye. He lowers his hands -- he's had enough of this shit. (X)
(X)

MULDER (X)
Do it. Shoot. (X)

SCULLY (X)

Wavers, momentarily confused by this. She stares as... (X)

SCULLY'S POV - MODELL (X)

Briefly MELTS AWAY, becoming Mulder for an instant. Then he's back to being Modell again. (X)
(X)

MODELL (X)
Shoot me. (X)

SCULLY (X)

Looks to Linda, who sees what's about to happen. She clicks off her lighter. Before she has a chance to speak -- (X)
(X)

Scully wheels and FIRES. Linda CRUMPLES. The lighter goes skittering across the floor. (X)
(X)

Scully lowers her gun. She looks to Mulder, who checks the woman's pulse, finding none. The two agents stand in silence as we PULL BACK from them, widening out on the room. We: (X)
(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

51

Short epilogue scene with Mulder and Scully. To be written.

THE END