

THE X-FILES

"Travelers"

Written by

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Directed by

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February 16, 1998

"Travelers"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Sheriff
Landlord
Edward Skur
Arthur Dales
Hayes Michel
Young Arthur Dales
Mrs. Skur
Bartender
Neighbor
FBI Agent
Roy Cohn
Dorothy Bahnsen
First Uniform
Second Uniform
Young Bill Mulder
Coroner
The Director
Old Edward Skur

(X)

Cohn's Assistant (non-speaking)

February 16, 1998

"Travelers"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

RURAL HOUSE (1990)	(X)
URBAN STREET W/TENEMENT (1990)	(X)
SKUR HOUSE (1952)	
/ADJOINING DRIVEWAY	
HOOT OWL (1952)	
FBI HEADQUARTERS (1952) (STOCK)	
SUBURBAN HOUSE (1952)	
RURAL ROAD (1952)	

INTERIORS

RURAL HOUSE (1990)	(X)
/FOYER	
/BEDROOM	
/BATHROOM	
TENEMENT (1990)	(X)
/HALLWAY	
/APARTMENT	
MULDER'S APARTMENT (1990)	(X)
SKUR HOUSE (1952)	
/BOMB SHELTER	
HOOT OWL (1952)	
FBI HEADQUARTERS (1952)	
/BULLPEN	
/THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE	
N.D. SEDAN (1952)	
U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE (1952)	
/CORRIDOR	
/ROY COHN'S OFFICE	
SUBURBAN HOUSE (1952)	
MICHEL'S APARTMENT (1952)	
COUNTY MORGUE (1952)	
DARK SEDAN (1952)	

TEASER

1 EXT. RURAL HOUSE - DAY (1990)

(X) 1

In a clearing choked with weeds stands a dilapidated house. A torn screen door whines open and shut with the breeze. Pieces of plywood are nailed tight across the windows, keeping out the wind... and prying eyes. LEGEND OVER: CALEDONIA, WISCONSIN, NOVEMBER 17, 1990.

(X)

(X)

The o.s. sound of tires crunching over gravel draws CAMERA toward a sheriff's CRUISER pulling to a stop off the unpaved access road. The SHERIFF kills the engine, then gets out, staring at the broken old house.

SHERIFF

Looks like nobody's home.

Another man, a sour-looking LANDLORD, slams the passenger door.

LANDLORD

Oh, he's here. He knows the minute he steps out, I'm changing the locks on him.

The Sheriff steps toward the house with his jaw set.

SHERIFF

Old guy, huh?

(off Landlord's nod)

I don't much enjoy evicting old folks.

LANDLORD

This particular one'll change your way of thinking.

As he PASSES CAMERA:

2 INT. RURAL HOUSE - DAY - SOMEONE'S POV

2

Through the slats of the plywood-covered window. Watching the Sheriff and the Landlord move toward the house. Waiting.

3 EXT. RURAL HOUSE - DAY - THE SHERIFF

3

Opens the screen door and knocks. Silence. He eyes the Landlord. (X)

SHERIFF

You did tell him you'd be coming to take possession this afternoon?

The Landlord nods.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

LANDLORD

He told me he'd shoot me if I tried.

The Sheriff gives him a dubious look.

(X)

LANDLORD

(X)

You're new here. A lot of people have disappeared in these parts over the years -- some folks think he's the reason.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SHERIFF

(X)

These folks have any basis for that belief?

(X)

(X)

LANDLORD

(X)

Everybody knows you steer clear of Ed Skur. I'd never come out here at night. And I sure as hell wouldn't come out here alone.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

The Sheriff considers this gravely, then calls inside.

(X)

SHERIFF

Mr. Skur! It's the Sheriff. Open up, please.

Still no answer. The Sheriff sighs. Then he unholsters his weapon.

SHERIFF

Better go ahead and open her up.

As the Landlord's keys jangle in the lock:

4 INT. RURAL HOUSE - DAY - THE FRONT DOOR

4

Opens on a gloom-filled foyer. Backlit, the Sheriff and the Landlord react at once to a putrid odor reeking from inside.

LANDLORD

God almighty. What the hell's he got in here?

The Sheriff shakes his head ominously.

SHERIFF

Smells like a whole lot of somethin' went bad.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

The Sheriff calls out to the empty house.

SHERIFF

Mr. Skur, I am armed! You're gonna want to come on out now!

From somewhere in the house, we hear a DOOR CLOSING. The Landlord nods in the direction of the sound.

LANDLORD

(under his breath)

Bedroom's back that way.

5 INT. RURAL HOUSE - BEDROOM - LOW TO THE FLOOR

5

Black COCKROACHES scurry across the hardwood. The door creaks open, revealing the Sheriff. He makes a face: the smell is even more intense here.

SHERIFF

Whole lot of somethin'...

He covers his nose as he cautiously steps inside, weapon ready.

WIDER - THE ROOM

Dust motes float thickly in the few shafts of light that cut through the boarded windows. The Sheriff walks deeper inside, the Landlord behind him.

SHERIFF

Mr. Skur...

ANGLE - THE LANDLORD

Pokes his head into the bathroom. Reacting to something unseen by us, his eyes go wide as he backs away.

THE SHERIFF

Turns, noticing the man's reaction.

SHERIFF

What is it?

The Landlord hurries out of the room, covering his mouth to keep from throwing up. The Sheriff looks after him, then moves cautiously to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

LOW ANGLE - THE SHERIFF

Enters the bathroom, his eyes narrowing on what looks to be:

A TAN LEATHER GLOVE

Crusty and wrinkled, it's draped over the lip of the bathtub.

THE SHERIFF

Calls back over his shoulder to the departed Landlord.

SHERIFF

Just a glove, Mr. Cady. Ain't
no reason to...

(X)

The Sheriff trails off as he takes a second look. As he moves
closer:

(X)

SHERIFF

(under his breath)

Oh my god...

(X)

(X)

(X)

HIS MOVING POV - THE GLOVE

Turns out not to be a glove at all, but a flattened HUMAN HAND.
It's attached to a flattened HUMAN BODY, which lies inside the
tub, killed in some unimaginable way. This man's naked body has
collapsed as if all his organs have been removed -- his flesh a
sack holding loose bones, which jut out unevenly beneath the
skin.

CLOSE - THE SHERIFF

Horried by this when suddenly a REFLECTION comes up in the
mirror behind him. Sensing a presence, the SHERIFF SPINS AND
FIRES.

NEW ANGLE - SHERIFF'S POV

BLAM! BLAM! A FIGURE is blown backwards across the floor.

The Sheriff rises, chest heaving. He looks down to see an OLD
MAN, dying. In his hand, NO WEAPON. A thick YELLOW MUCOUS
bubbles from his mouth as he struggles to say something.
Something the Sheriff bends down to hear:

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

OLD MAN
(hoarse whisper)
Mulder... Mulder...

On the Sheriff's -- and our -- considerable confusion at this:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY (1990) - AN N.D. SEDAN

6

Rolls to a stop in front of a low-income tenement. A LEGEND reads: WASHINGTON, D.C., NOVEMBER 19, 1990.

Agent Mulder gets out of the car, briefly pausing on the curb to check the building address against a slip of paper in his hand. As he starts inside:

CUT TO:

7 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY (1990)

7

We HEAR knocking. CAMERA PANS down the peeled walls of a dimly lit corridor to find Mulder standing by a door, knocking again. After a moment, the DOOR opens a few inches. ARTHUR DALES, late 60s, peers at Mulder from behind a security chain.

MULDER
Arthur Dales?

DALES
What is it?

Mulder flashes his badge. There is a youthful formality in Mulder's manner -- this is still a year before he began working on the X-Files.

MULDER
I'm a profiler in the Behavioral Sciences Unit. You are Arthur Dales, former special agent with the Bureau?

(the man is silent)
I need to ask you about a man named Edward Skur. You opened a file on him in 1952.

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

Dales' brow furrows. It could be he can't remember -- or that he doesn't want to.

(X)
(X)

DALES
I don't recall.

(X)
(X)

MULDER
I brought the case file with me.

(X)
(X)

Mulder proffers a yellowed CASE FILE. Dales looks down at it, seeing:

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

HIS POV - THE FOLDER (X)

Circa 1952. It bears the familiar "X" designation. (X)

DALES (X)

Frowns. He makes no move to take the file. (X)

DALES (X)

How long have you been at the
Bureau? Don't you know what an
X-file is? (X)

MULDER (X)

It's an unsolved case. (X)

DALES (X)

(correcting) (X)

It's a case that's been
designated unsolved. (X)

Mulder notes Dales' paranoid tone. (X)

MULDER (X)

Most of your report was
censored, Mr. Dales. If someone
tried to bury this case, I'd
like to know why. (X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

DALES (K)
(a beat) (X)
I can't help you.

Mulder regroups before the old man can close the door on him. (X)

MULDER
According to your report, Skur (X)
disappeared 38 years ago before (X)
you could arrest him for a
series of stranger killings in
which the victims' internal
organs were removed.

DALES (X)
(with trepidation) (X)
And now you've found him? (X)

Mulder nods. (X)

MULDER (X)
Last week. He was shot to death (X)
by a sheriff serving an eviction (X)
notice. A man's body -- with (X)
all of its soft tissue (X)
removed -- was found in his (X)
bathroom. (X)

Dales exhales. (X)

DALES
If he's dead now, then you can't (X)
possibly need me.

Dales starts to shut the door, but Mulder blocks it with his hand.

MULDER
My name is Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

You have to look closely to see it, but the mention of the name makes Dales flinch a little.

MULDER

You know that name, Mr. Dales,
and so did Edward Skur. How?

Dales considers for a moment. (Note: "HUAC" is pronounced "hew-ack.") (X)
(X)

DALES

Ever heard of HUAC, Agent
Mulder? The House Un-American
Activities Committee. Way
before your time, I suppose. (X)
They went hunting for communists (X)
in the '40s and '50s. But they (X)
found practically nothing. You
think they'd find nothing --
unless nothing's what they
wanted to find?

Mulder stares at Dales, trying to make sense of his reasoning.

MULDER

I don't see the connection. (X)
(X)

DALES

Maybe you're not supposed to. (X)
(X)

Dales closes the door, locking it. On Mulder, wondering at the
strange connection this man has drawn, PRELAP A MUSICAL FANFARE:

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The nation's chief red hunters,
Senator Joseph McCarthy and FBI
Director J. Edgar Hoover, join
forces!

CUT TO:

8 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1990) - THE TELEVISION (X) 8

Plays a '50s era newsreel (stock footage) about the hunt for communists. We PAN OFF the TV... past a window, where we see a hard rain coming down... to Mulder, who wears glasses, taking notes on the 1952 X-file spread across his coffee table.

(Note: Mulder's apartment looks much the same in 1990 as it does today, except that it is less furnished: no computer on the desk, no fish tank, etc.) (X)
(X)
(X)

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Working through Congress, the Senator from Wisconsin and the legendary lawman vow to wipe out the insidious influence of fellow travelers in the federal government...

THUNDER booms outside. Mulder glances up at the TV, then cracks a sunflower seed between his teeth. Untying the string to an old manila envelope, he slides out an old photocopied document.

HIS POV - THE DOCUMENT

It's all been blacked out by felt pen except for three typewritten names. Among them the name "Edward Skur."

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Roy Cohn, chief counsel at the McCarthy hearings, warns Communist mind control can strike anywhere at any time.

RESUME MULDER

He turns to the next page when something slips out from the papers. Mulder holds it up.

CLOSE - A COMMUNIST PARTY MEMBERSHIP CARD

The yellowed card lists "Edward Skur" as a member of the "Communist Party of the U.S.A."

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

With the support of the FBI, Mr. Cohn and Mr. McCarthy vow to work tirelessly to root out the more than 70 suspected communist spies and the untold numbers of fellow travelers working in our own Department of State.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MULDER

His attention is drawn to the TV.

HIS POV - THE TELEVISION (STOCK FOOTAGE)

A hearing in progress. Senator Joseph McCarthy is questioning (X)
a State Department employee. McCarthy's oily chief counsel, ROY
COHN, is at his side.

RESUME MULDER

Spits out a sunflower seed. Then reaches for the remote,
REWINDING THE TAPE.

CLOSE - THE TV (SPFX)

Stops rewinding, then replays the footage.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... root out more than 70 (X)
suspected communist spies and (X)
the untold numbers of fellow (X)
travelers working in our own (X)
Department of State.

CAMERA PUSHING IN past McCarthy and Cohn to a figure seated
behind them. A MAN we've seen before.

CLOSE - MULDER

His brow furrowing. Rewinding the tape again. Not wanting to
believe what he's seeing.

RESUME CLOSE - THE TV (SPFX)

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... working in our own
Department of State.

As we slowly push in on the image of YOUNG BILL MULDER (from
4X07).

ON MULDER

THUNDER BOOMS as we PRELAP the sound of insistent knocking:

CUT TO:

9 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY (1990) - A DOOR 9

Inches open, partially revealing Dales. He looks irritated.

DALES

Speak.

REVERSE - MULDER

MULDER

Edward Skur died saying a name.
My name -- my father's name.

Dales stares at him for a beat.

DALES

Go ask your father.

MULDER

My father... he and I don't
speak.

This is an awkward moment. Dales looks at Mulder, evaluating
him. For a second, we think he might be softening. Then: (X)

DALES

I told you I can't help you --

Dales begins to close the door again -- Mulder shoves it open to
the end of the chain, irritated.

MULDER

I want the truth. If I have to,
I'll subpoena you to get it. (X)
(X)

Dales gives Mulder an appraising look.

DALES

Before his disappearance, Skur
worked for the State Department,
just like your old man. You
must've suspected the connection
when you came here yesterday,
but you said nothing. Was that
because you want the truth -- or
because you're afraid of it? (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

The men Skur killed 38 years
ago -- was my father involved? (X)
(X)

Dales' silence serves as his answer.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MULDER

How?

(X)

On Dales' unreadable face:

CUT TO:

10 INT. DALES' APARTMENT - DAY (1990) - CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

10

Of the hollowed-out corpse we saw in the teaser. CAMERA PANS UP to Dales, who examines them grimly.

DALES

Skur killed this man the same way he killed the others.

(X)

(X)

WIDER

Mulder sits across from Dales in a small apartment cluttered with books and old newspapers.

DALES

All the soft tissue -- the internal organs, the ligature -- was removed without tearing the skin.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

The coroner hasn't been able to determine how.

(X)

(X)

(X)

DALES

I can tell you how...

(X)

(X)

DALES

Inhales slowly, closing his eyes. In quick cuts, we see:

A MAN LUNGES AT ANOTHER MAN, KNOCKING HIM TO THE GROUND...

A MAN'S FACE, HIS EYES ROLLING BACK IN HIS HEAD...

THE OTHER MAN'S EYES GO WIDE WITH FEAR, STARING UP AT...

A MOUTH STRETCHES OPEN ABNORMALLY WIDE, THE JAW UNHINGING. SOMETHING STARTS TO CRAWL OUT OF THE BLACKNESS OF THE MOUTH --

(Note: These shots will all be taken from Scene 33.)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

RESUME DALES

Troubled.

DALES

But I can't tell you why.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Your report said Skur was
suspected of being a communist.

(X)
(X)

DALES

That's what they said he was.

That's what they said they all
were.

(X)

CUT TO:

11 EXT. SKUR HOUSE - DAY (1952)

11

A white picket fence surrounds a well-kept yard and a house
that's American as apple pie. Old Glory waves from the porch.

Two men let themselves in through the picket gate and head
toward the house, their backs to us. They're dressed in white
shirts, dark suits and hats. A LEGEND reads: LEESBURG,
VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 9, 1952.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

One man raps the knocker while the other checks out the American
flag flying beside him. He snorts.

MICHEL

Nice touch.

At that moment, the front door is opened by AMINA SKUR, a Donna
Reed-ish housewife dressed in Sunday formal clothes. Mrs. Skur
smiles politely.

MRS. SKUR

May I help you?

REVERSE - THE TWO FBI AGENTS (YOUNG DALES AND HAYES MICHEL)

Hold up their badges. (Note: "Michel" is pronounced "Michael.")

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

YOUNG DALES

My name is Arthur Dales, Ma'am.
I'm with the Federal Bureau of
Investigation. This is my
partner, Agent Michel. Is your
husband in?

Her smile has faded.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MRS. SKUR

What do you want with him?

They're interrupted by EDWARD SKUR, mid 30s. He's a mid-level bureaucrat with sunken eyes and a pale, colorless complexion -- recognizable as the old man in the teaser 46 years younger.

SKUR

Supper's getting cold, darling.
Let me take care of this.

As Mrs. Skur leaves:

YOUNG DALES

Edward Skur?

SKUR

Yes.

Dales waits for the wife to clear out of sight before he steps into the house, roughly pushing Skur backward.

YOUNG DALES

You're under arrest for contempt
of Congress -- failure to appear
before the committee.

Skur gets pressed face-first to the wall. Dales cuffs his hands behind his back while Michel pats him down.

SKUR

I'm a family man, for god's sake.

MICHEL

You should've thought of that
before you decided to betray
your country, red.

MRS. SKUR (O.S.)

Edward!

Dales turns to see:

HIS POV - A FORMAL DINING ROOM

A Norman Rockwell tableau gone wrong: Mrs. Skur is trying to shield her two young girls and a boy, all in their Sunday best, from watching their father get arrested. She glares back at him.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DALES

Hadn't seen them there. He breaks eye contact, feeling a twinge of regret.

YOUNG DALES

Let's go.

As they push Skur toward the door, Michel hands him a card.

MICHEL

Found this in his wallet.

DALES' POV

A Communist Party membership card bearing the name Edward Skur (a mint version of the same card we saw in Mulder's apartment).

RESUME

Skur glares accusingly.

SKUR

You planted that.

MICHEL

I'll plant one in your keister if you don't watch your mouth, Bolshevik.

Michel shoves Skur outside. Dales lingers, turning to look back at the family once more. They blink back at him silently.

YOUNG DALES

I'm sorry, Ma'am. I --

MRS. SKUR

Get out.

Dales pockets the membership card as he closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. THE HOOT OWL - NIGHT (1952)

12

A dive in urban D.C. (something like the "Hard Eight" in 4X13). The rain is coming down hard, dancing on the sidewalk out front. Dales runs down the street, using a rumpled newspaper as an umbrella. As he pushes inside, underneath the glowing owl's head NEON SIGN:

13 INT. THE HOOT OWL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

13

The bar is dark, mostly empty. Along the opposite wall is a row of booths with curtains that close for privacy. A BARTENDER turns, seeing Dales break through the front door, sopping wet.

BARTENDER

Geez louise. What'd you do --
take a swim in the Potomac?

YOUNG DALES

(shaking himself off)
I'd be a lot dryer if I had.
Give me something to warm up.

The Bartender pours him a bourbon.

BARTENDER

Where's your partner?

Dales takes a seat at the bar.

YOUNG DALES

Processing a prisoner.

BARTENDER

Still busting reds?

YOUNG DALES

Until Mr. Hoover tells us
different.

The bar TELEPHONE rings. The Bartender sets down the drink on a cardstock coaster in the shape of an owl's head.

BARTENDER

Good for you, Mr. Dales.

As the Bartender goes to answer the phone, Dales takes a much-needed belt. The evening's suddenly looking up.

BARTENDER

Mr. Dales?
(holds out the phone)
It's for you.

YOUNG DALES

(into phone)
Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH:

14 INT. FBI BULLPEN - NIGHT (1952) - AGENT MICHEL

14

Stands at his desk. Fluorescent desk lamps light desks where other agents are working late. He talks low, trying not to be overheard by the few other AGENTS still here at this hour.

MICHEL

You try to reach me?

YOUNG DALES

No. Why?

MICHEL

I thought maybe you'd heard about Skur.

Michel's tone sounds wrong.

YOUNG DALES

What about him?

MICHEL

He's dead. Hung himself in his cell.

Dales stares off into space. The evening is looking up no longer. Michel keeps talking on the other end of the line.

MICHEL

Guard found him about twenty minutes ago. Whaddya figure? Commie Central Command tells these mopes to snuff themselves in the event of capture?

(X)

YOUNG DALES

Yeah... Commie Central Command.

(beat)

I gotta go.

Dales hands the phone back to the bartender, who hangs it up.

BARTENDER

Everything okay?

Dales checks out the bottom of his empty glass, then slides the tumbler toward the man.

DALES

Nothing bourbon won't cure.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The bartender moves off to pour him another. Off Dales, feeling heartsick:

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SKUR HOUSE - NIGHT (1952)

15

We're back outside the familiar, all-American house we established earlier. Lights are on in the windows. Maybe the rain has stopped. We ADJUST to find:

... A period n.d. sedan parked at the curb out front. Someone sits alone inside it.

16 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS - DALES

16

Sits behind the wheel, staring out at the little house through sad, alcohol-blurred eyes. He raises a pint bottle into view, taking a sip and working up the courage to go knock on the door.

As he looks back toward the house, he sees:

DALES' POV - A MAN

Walking down the street, his collar pulled up against the weather. He coughs with a deep sickly rattle. As he opens the picket gate outside the Skur home, we realize...

... he's EDWARD SKUR, the man who's supposed to be dead. He glances left and right, not wanting to be spotted -- though he's unaware of Dales' presence.

DALES

Blinks, not believing his eyes at first. He fumbles for his door handle, launching himself out of the car.

DALES

Edward Skur!

Skur glances back over his shoulder, recognizing the FBI agent. He takes off. Dales runs after him, sobering up fast.

Up ahead, Skur disappears around a blind corner -- a driveway between two dark houses. Dales vaults a low hedge, following right behind him.

17 EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

17

Dales' feet crunch on the gravel. He looks all around.

HIS POV - THE DRIVEWAY

A tall fence is on one side, a dark house on the other. The driveway ends at a locked garage door. There's not much light back here. No sign of Skur in any direction.

RESUME DALES

He knows Skur couldn't have gone that far that fast. He turns, reaching to unholster his sidearm when something springs from the nearby shadows, SLAMMING INTO HIM.

Dales is knocked to the ground, his gun skittering across the gravel. Before he can reach for it, Skur is on top of him, pinning his arms.

HIS POV - SKUR'S FACE

Veins bulge as his EYES ROLL BACK, showing only whites, and his jaw BEGINS TO UNHINGE.

CLOSE - DALES

Struggles to break free.

CLOSE - SKUR

From the black hole of his elongated mouth BLACK TENDRILS, like the spindly legs of hermit crab, creep out and HOOK OVER HIS LIPS, pressing into his flesh.

PROFILE ANGLE

Skur's face is inches from Dales' -- the tendrils arching over his mouth as if about to expel some creature from inside his body.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Hey!

Skur turns to look. Lights click on in the windows of the house above them. A male NEIGHBOR appears at a high window, calling down to them.

NEIGHBOR

Who's down there?

In an instant, Skur appears normal again. He's up and running, disappearing up the driveway the way he came.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Shaken, Dales rises unsteadily to his feet and stares after the retreating figure of Skur. On this image:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK, 1952)

18

With a LEGEND to establish. We hear the same MUSICAL FANFARE:

ANNOUNCER

(v.o.)

Dateline Washington. The
Justice Department vows no mercy
for A-Bomb spies.

19 CLOSE - A BLACK & WHITE TELEVISION

19

Where we see stock footage of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg being
escorted by police into a paddy wagon.

ANNOUNCER

(v.o.)

Julius and Ethel Rosenberg once
again manage to delay their date
with the electric chair.
Prosecutors say they are
confident Judge Kaufman's death
sentence will be upheld by the
highest court in the land.

We RACK FOCUS from the TV to find Agent Michel entering through
double doors in deep b.g. We are:

INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY (1952)

Michel moves purposefully through rows of desks manned by male
FBI agents in white shirt sleeves and coats. We hear the clack
of typewriter keyboards and ringing phones. PIVOTING as Michel
comes to a stop, we turn to face:

AGENT DALES

Who sits, talking on the telephone while he fidgets with the
"Arthur Dales" nameplate on his desk.

MICHEL

(under his breath)

Hang up.

Dales nods.

YOUNG DALES

(into phone)

Let me call you back.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

He cradles the receiver, following Michel to the water cooler, out of ear-shot from the other agents. Michel sets down a MANILA ENVELOPE he's been carrying. As he pulls a paper cup:

MICHEL

What'd the watch commander say?

YOUNG DALES

They're still going door-to-door in the neighborhood. No sign of him yet.

Michel nods. This is what he expected.

MICHEL

They're not going to find him, Artie.

(nods to envelope)

Open it up.

Dales unties the string, sliding out:

HIS POV - POLICE PHOTOS

Show the body of Edward Skur -- clearly dead -- lying on the floor of his cell. A sheet is pulled back to reveal the abrasions on his broken neck.

CLOSE - DALES

Thrown for a loop by this impossible evidence.

MICHEL

Maybe you want to change your description of the suspect who assaulted you.

YOUNG DALES

When were these taken?

MICHEL

Last night. Two hours before you say Skur attacked you.

Dales processes this for a moment, trying to make sense of it.

MICHEL

You'd had a few. You were feeling bad about what happened. It's understandable.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

YOUNG DALES
(struggling)
I didn't have that much to drink.

MICHEL
Just leave Skur's name out of
your report. Nobody else has to
know.

YOUNG DALES
I already filed my report. An
hour ago.

Michel sighs grimly, interrupted by:

FBI AGENT
(o.s.)
Dales!

They turn to see an AGENT at Dales' desk, holding up the phone
receiver.

FBI AGENT
Call for you.

As Dales crosses:

CLOSE - THE RECEIVER

We follow it as Dales scoops it up off the desk and brings it to
his face.

YOUNG DALES
(into phone)
Yes?
(beat)
I'm on my way.

Dales hangs up. Michel tries to read his expression.

YOUNG DALES
Justice Department. They want
to see me.

Off Michel's look of concern:

CUT TO:

20 INT. U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR - DAY (1952)

20

Dales heads down a lightly trafficked hallway, heels clicking on the linoleum floor. Nearing CAMERA, he stops and turns, pushing through a frosted-glass door.

As the door closes, we read the name stencilled on the glass:
ROY M. COHN, SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, INTERNAL (X)
SECURITY SECTION. (X)

CUT TO:

21 INT. COHN'S OFFICE - DAY (1952) - THE DOOR

21

Opens. A handsome male ASSISTANT steps inside, escorting Dales into an office where Cohn sits behind a desk. A small man with ferret-like features and nervous eyes, Cohn rises to greet Dales.

COHN

Agent Dales. Have a seat.

As Dales sits, Cohn pulls up another chair opposite. He leans in toward Dales, getting uncomfortably close.

COHN

You know who I am?

Dales' eyes go to Cohn's assistant, who remains in the room, one elbow atop a filing cabinet (like CSM in the pilot episode).

YOUNG DALES

You prosecuted the Rosenbergs.
Now you're working with Mr.
Hoover and Senator McCarthy.

COHN

Then you know how important my
work is. How vital it is to the
future of this country that
these rats -- these vermin --
who dare call themselves
Americans be exposed as the
traitors they are.

YOUNG DALES

I don't interest myself in
politics, Mr. Cohn.

Cohn exchanges a knowing look with his male assistant.

(X)

COHN

Everything is political, Agent
Dales.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Cohn picks up an FBI REPORT by one corner, holding it like a piece of trash.

COHN

Like the report you filed this morning. We've spoken to Mrs. Skur and the neighbors -- you appear to be the only person who can identify that man as Edward Skur.

DALES

You believe me, then.

COHN

We are fighting a powerful enemy in a war of ideology. In any war there are secrets -- truths that must be kept from the public in order to serve the greater good.

Dales senses the dynamic at work in the room -- that he is being enlisted in a cause.

DALES

You want me to amend my report. To take out any reference to Edward Skur.

Cohn's silence serves as his answer.

DALES

I don't understand. If you're looking for him, too --

COHN

You're not supposed to understand. You're supposed to follow orders.

Dales stares back at Cohn, having a hard time swallowing an order to lie.

CUT TO:

22 INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY (1952) - CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD

22

A man's fingers pound on the manual keys. We ANGLE UP to find Dales, staring stone-faced at the typewriter. As he slaps the carriage return:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CLOSE - THE CARRIAGE

An FBI Incident Report form is scrolled in the machine. The key-strike zone rests on a blank space labeled, "SUSPECT:"

DALES

Hesitates. Then types:

CLOSE - THE WORD "UNKNOWN"

Is stamped into the blank.

DOROTHY
(o.s.)
Agent Dales.

WIDER

Dales looks up to see DOROTHY BAHNSEN, a clerk pushing a moving file cart. She holds out a file folder.

DOROTHY
I pulled that file.

DALES
Thanks.

Dales sets the file on his desk.

HIS POV - THE FILE

Is labeled "SKUR, EDWARD."

DALES

Flips it open. He starts to study it when:

MICHEL
(o.s.)
Dales!

Michel is on the far side of the bullpen, motioning for him to come join him. Dales stands up, pulling his coat off the back of his chair. As he does, we PAN BACK to the file to reveal:

A HEAVILY CENSORED DOCUMENT

The same one Mulder examined in his apartment -- all covered by ink except for three names.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY (1952)

23

The agents' n.d. sedan pulls to a stop out front. Dales and Michel exit, moving toward the house.

MICHEL

Homicide call came in from Chevy Chase PD. Advise and assist.

Seeing no cops around:

DALES

Then where are they?

MICHEL

Must've came and went.

24 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY (1952)

24

A scratchy German pop song plays on the hi-fi. Dales and Michel push inside the house. Dales goes to the record player, turning it off. The house is silent.

DALES

I know this song. They were playing it the day my unit rolled into Berlin.

MICHEL

Guy must be a kraut.

Dales picks up a framed PHOTO off the hi-fi.

DALES

A well-connected kraut.

Michel steps over to see:

CLOSE - THE PHOTOGRAPH

Shows an older MAN in a lab coat, shaking hands with President Truman in front of a building bearing the sign "Veterans Administration Hospital."

RESUME

MICHEL

There you go. I got six ounces of German shrapnel in my can and this kraut gets to shake hands with the President.

Dales sets down the photo, making a face.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

DALES
You smell that?

Michel nods, wrinkling his nose.

MICHEL
Kinda... hospital smell.
Formaldehyde maybe.

(X)

Dales moves off, tracing the smell. He exits the room, Michel following him into:

25 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

25

LOW ANGLE - THE TWO AGENTS

Push through a swinging kitchen door. They stop in their tracks, staring down at something o.s. As Dales slowly kneels down toward us, we PULL BACK to reveal...

... A withered HUMAN HAND in f.g. Dales and Michel stare at:

THEIR POV - A FLATTENED CORPSE

Like the body we saw in the Teaser -- though he may not be instantly identifiable in his present condition, this is the man we just saw in the photo, shaking hands with Truman.

RESUME

MICHEL
(under his breath)
Well-connected dead kraut.

(X)

DALES
What the hell happened to him?

Before Michel can respond -- not that he has an answer -- the swinging door BANGS open behind them. Suddenly, they're confronted by two shouting UNIFORM COPS, their guns drawn.

FIRST UNIFORM
Hands in the air!

SECOND UNIFORM
Up against the wall! Now!

Dales and Michel rise, complying.

DALES
Whoa, fellas -- FBI.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MICHEL
Credential's in my front pocket.
(cop grabs for it)
Easy on the material.

The First Uniform checks out Michel's ID, then tosses it to his partner. As he holsters his weapon:

FIRST UNIFORM
Who called you guys out here?

MICHEL
You did, you mope. We got the
call from your department. (X)

SECOND UNIFORM
We don't know nothing about that.

MICHEL
Then what are you doing out here?

FIRST UNIFORM
One of his nurses called in.
Said the doc didn't show up for
surgery this morning.

As this dialogue plays out in b.g., ANGLE ON Dales, who sees something on the nearby counter. He moves to it, retrieving...

CLOSE - A COASTER

Printed on cardstock die-cut in the familiar owl's head logo, it advertises The Hoot Owl, the bar Dales drank at earlier.

DALES

Stares at the coaster. He turns it over, seeing:

THE BACK OF THE COASTER

Contains a brief, handwritten message -- "COME ALONE."

DALES

Wonders at this. He glances over his shoulder at his partner, who hasn't seen this. Off Dales, considering:

CUT TO:

26 INT. THE HOOT OWL - NIGHT (1952)

26

The Bartender sets up a shot for a CUSTOMER. He gives a wave to Dales, who's just entered. The place is busier tonight. Dales moves through the bar, not sure who he's looking for.

HIS MOVING POV - THE CUSTOMERS

None of the faces seem familiar, or interested.

DALES

Stops, at a loss. Then, he notices:

HIS POV - THE WALL BOOTHS

The privacy curtains on all of them are open -- except for one.

DALES

Heads for this curtained booth. He leans to peer underneath the curtain, seeing a single pair of man's legs seated in the booth.

Dales draws the curtain open just enough to disappear through it.

INSIDE THE BOOTH

The light is dim here. Dales seats himself across from a shadowy figure -- we see Dales past the man's shoulder in f.g.

DALES

Skur?

MAN

No.

The man leans into the light, becoming recognizable as:

YOUNG BILL MULDER

His eyes are nervous. He speaks with quiet intensity.

YOUNG BILL MULDER

I came to warn you about him.

Dales stares back at the man, distrustful.

DALES

Just like you warned the doctor
you murdered in Chevy Chase.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

YOUNG BILL MULDER
I tried to save that man, but I
was too late. I called you and
your partner out there so you
could understand.

DALES
Skur killed him?

YOUNG BILL MULDER
He'll kill you, too.

(X)

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED
AND
28

27
AND
28

29 INT. MICHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1952)

29

CLOSE - A WALL CLOCK

Its pendulum swings back and forth, keeping time with a loud
TICK-TOCK. WE PAN slowly off the clock to reveal a modestly
furnished bachelor apartment. As we reach the front door, a key
turns in the lock.

Agent Michel enters, a grocery bag in his arms. He kicks the
door closed behind him. He sets down the bag on his dining
table, pulling out a bottle of beer, when he notices:

AN OPEN WINDOW

Its curtain billowing in the night breeze.

RESUME MICHEL

He goes to the window, calling outside in a low voice:

MICHEL
Myrtle?

An o.s. MEOW draws Michel's look to a CHAIR, where he sees
Myrtle the cat stretched out. Michel shakes his head. As he
slides the window closed:

CUT BACK TO:

30 INT. THE HOOT OWL - INSIDE THE BOOTH

30

Dales leans forward.

DALES

I don't understand what you're saying. This is some kind of communist plot --

YOUNG BILL MULDER

No, for god's sake. Skur's not a communist, he's a patriot. All of these men were patriots.

(X)

(X)

DALES

What the hell are you talking about? What men?

YOUNG BILL MULDER

Look, there were three men. Veterans who worked at the State Department. Skur, Gissing and Oberman.

(X)

DALES

Gissing and Oberman, I saw those names in a censored report --

(X)

(X)

YOUNG BILL MULDER

They're dead now.

(X)

DALES

Murdered?

(X)

(X)

YOUNG BILL MULDER

(shakes his head)

No. Dead by their own hand. They couldn't live with what they'd become -- with what they'd been turned into. Skur was the last. Thanks to you, they got him alive.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

DALES

Why put out a story that he hung himself?

(X)

(X)

(X)

YOUNG BILL MULDER

They had to find a way to cover up what they'd done to him.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

YOUNG BILL MULDER (cont'd)

Label him a communist, say he (X)
killed himself, then put him (X)
some place where no one would (X)
ever look for him. But his (X)
escape threatens everything. (X)

DALES

Threatens what? What did they (X)
do to him? (X)

Young Bill Mulder looks around, reluctant to answer. (X)

DALES

(pressing him) (X)
Look, you asked me here. (X)

YOUNG BILL MULDER

And I've risked my career and my (X)
family by coming. But the (X)
crimes these men have committed (X)
against innocent people... I (X)
can't have it on my conscience (X)
anymore. Someone needs to know (X)
the truth. (X)

CUT BACK TO:

31 INT. MICHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1952)

31

ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION

A fancy console model -- Michel's hand reaches into frame and clicks it on. We HOLD on the dark screen as a REFLECTION comes into view -- the FIGURE of Edward Skur. We see it for only a moment before the picture tube warms up to an image of Senator Joe McCarthy being interviewed (stock footage).

MICHEL

Sits down in front of the TV, loosening his tie and collar.

MICHEL

Attaboy, Tailgunner. Give 'em hell.

Michel notices his bottle of BEER, lying on its side on the coffee table. The bottle rolls ever-so-slightly -- someone has knocked it over. Michel sighs at Myrtle, then reaches for the beer.

SOMEONE'S POV (HAND-HELD)

Watching Michel, who uses a church-key on the bottle cap, unaware.

CLOSE - MICHEL

Beer fizzes out of the shaken bottle, going all over his lap. He jumps up, cursing.

MICHEL

Dammit, Myrtle!

CUT BACK TO:

32 INT. THE HOOT OWL - INSIDE THE BOOTH

32

CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN on Dales and Young Mulder as their conversation intensifies.

DALES

Who are you?

(X)

(X)

YOUNG BILL MULDER

My name is Mulder. I work at the State Department. Skur was my colleague.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DALES

All right then, Mr. Mulder. Who (X)
is this "they" you want me to (X)
arrest? (X)

Young Bill Mulder shakes his head, smiling bitterly. (X)

YOUNG BILL MULDER (X)

You can't arrest these men. (X)

DALES (X)

Why not? (X)

YOUNG BILL MULDER (X)

It's... political. (X)

Dales stares at him for a beat, recognizing this turn of phrase. (X)

DALES (X)

You're saying Mr. Cohn -- (X)
Senator McCarthy -- they're part (X)
of this? (X)

Young Bill Mulder stares back at him, confirming. (X)

DALES (X)

Is Skur after them, too? (X)

DALES

Skur wants vengeance -- he's a (X)
killer now. He can only guess (X)
at the dimensions of this (X)
conspiracy -- but he thinks (X)
you're part of it. You and your (X)
partner. (X)

CAMERA HAS SETTLED on Dales, realizing something. He quickly
gets out of the booth.

ANGLE - THE BARTENDER

As Dales hurries up to him.

DALES

Your phone.

The Bartender hands him the receiver.

BARTENDER

What's the number?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

DALES
KLondike 5-0133.

The Bartender dials quickly. Dales listens as the phone connects, then begins to RING.

DALES
C'mon, c'mon...

CUT BACK TO:

33 INT. MICHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1952) - A DESK TELEPHONE

33

Sits silent in f.g. In the center of its rotary dial is printed the phone number: KLondike 5-0133. We hear the television o.s. We TILT DOWN, following the telephone wire until we see... its four-pronged connector is UNPLUGGED from the wall jack.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

NEW ANGLE - MICHEL

Pulls the paddle holster from the back of his waistband. He tosses it and his .38 onto the sofa behind him. He starts to unbutton his wet shirt. He speaks to the cat.

MICHEL

Knew I shoulda got a dog...

Suddenly, SOMETHING BOLTS THROUGH FRAME, TACKLING Michel like a rag doll, knocking him instantly out of sight.

ON THE DECK

Michel bowls flat on his back, the wind knocked out of him. Someone -- a man -- is on top of him, attacking. Michel fights back as best he can, trying to throw the man off.

EDWARD SKUR

Is his attacker -- he pins him to the floor. He brings his face close to Michel's as his eyes roll back, showing only the whites. Skur's throat bulges and his jaw unhinges, opening preposterously wide. Something is trying to get out.

MICHEL

Momentarily stops fighting, his eyes saucer-wide upon seeing:

SKUR

EIGHT SPINDLY BLACK LEGS extend out in every direction over Skur's lips. With crab-like jerks, the black body of a SPIDER, as big around as a cue ball, extends into view.

NEW ANGLE - ON BOTH MEN

Michel screams -- big mistake.. The giant spider, or whatever it is, CRAWLS from Skur's mouth into Michel's.

CLOSE - THE WALL CLOCK

TICK-TOCKS, the pendulum swinging back and forth. Off-screen we hear Michel's garbled screams choking into silence.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34 INT. MICHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY (1952)

34

CLOSE ON - AGENT MICHEL'S DESICCATED FACE

Collapsed and twisted like the other victims we've seen. As a PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASH whites out the frame, we go:

WIDE

The POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER inserts a new bulb in his Speedflex and prepares to take another shot. The room is painted in the wash of red AMBULANCE LIGHTS strobing through the curtains.

The CORONER squats down to examine the body, using a pencil to open the mouth. He shakes his head, unsure what to make of any of this. Rising, he turns to Dales, who stands a few paces away. He looks numb.

CORONER

You're sure a man did this?

Dales nods. The Coroner doubtfully glances back at the body, struggling to come up with a theory. In b.g., TWO ORDERLIES pull a sheet over the corpse, working to load it onto a gurney.

CORONER

I suppose he could have forced him a corrosive agent of some kind -- an acid, maybe. Except I don't know why it wouldn't have burned through the skin.

DALES

Could that account for the smell?

CORONER

Maybe. We won't know for sure till we do a toxicology report. Hopefully, we'll have an answer for you in six to eight weeks. Meanwhile, we can at least start the physical exam on the body...
(under his breath)
Such as it is.

COHN

(o.s.)

Agent Dales --

Dales and the Coroner turn to see:

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

ROY COHN

Who enters, followed by his assistant. He immediately takes charge, halting the Orderlies who are about to pass him with their gurney.

COHN

Hey, hey -- where do you think you're taking that?

Before the Orderlies can answer, Cohn directs them.

COHN

This man's a veteran -- the body goes to Bethesda.

(to his assistant)

Howard, take care of it.

Howard is on it. Cohn turns to Dales, who is moving purposefully to intercept him.

DALES

Mr. Cohn, these men are going to the county morgue. An autopsy needs to be performed.

The Orderlies look from Dales to Cohn, not sure who to obey. Cohn moves to take Dales aside.

COHN

C'mere, c'mere. I want to talk to you.

Dales stands his ground, not following. Cohn gives up and turns to the Coroner.

COHN

Give us a minute.

The Coroner moves off. Once Cohn has a modicum of privacy, he lights into Dales, his eyes fierce but his voice never rising above a whisper.

COHN

You wanna test me -- see how fast I can pull the chain and flush you? You wanna see your name on a list? Are you now, or have you ever been?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

DALES

What are you talking about? I'm
no communist.

COHN

You are if I say you are.

Cohn turns to the waiting Orderlies.

COHN

This is a matter of national
security. Take that body out of
here. Get it out.

They glance once more to Dales, then roll away the gurney.
Cohn's assistant follows them out. On his way to the door, Cohn
turns back to Dales.

(X)

COHN

See? You're a patriot again.

With that, he's gone. Off Dales:

CUT TO:

35 INT. FBI BULLPEN - NIGHT (1952) - ANGLE ON DOUBLE DOORS

35

The doors open, a somber Dales entering. The room is quiet,
empty. He crosses to his desk, tossing his hat down next to the
telephone, then pausing to see:

HIS POV - ADJOINING DESK

A nameplate identifies it as Agent Hayes Michel's.

DALES

Turns from this sight, disturbed by it. Now noticing the FBI
FILE FOLDER we saw Dorothy leave on his desk earlier. He sits
down to read it.

He pauses, studying it with growing interest:

TIME CUT TO:

36 CLOSE - A FILE FOLDER

36

Is set down, revealing the heavily censored document.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

DALES

(o.s.)

What is this?

We are:

INT. FBI BULLPEN - NIGHT (1952) - DOROTHY BAHNSEN

Peers at the document. She and Dales stand over a common table at the far end of the bullpen. Lining the wall behind them is a row of file cabinets.

DOROTHY

The deposition that named Edward Skur and these other two men as communists.

DALES

It's been censored.

DOROTHY

By the committee. To protect the identity of the witness.

Dales indicates the names of the other "communists" in the deposition: George Gissing and Terrill Oberman.

DALES

There was no witness, this was manufactured. Skur's no communist -- neither are these other men, Gissing and Oberman. Let me see their files.

Dorothy shakes her head.

DOROTHY

I already checked. They're missing. But I recognize one of these names. It was in an X-file.

She crosses to a nearby file cabinet, leaning down to open a bottom drawer -- one labeled "X."

DALES

X-file?

DOROTHY

Unsolved cases. I file them under "X."

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

DALES

Why don't you file this under
"U" for unsolved?

(CONTINUED)

DOROTHY

That's what I did until I ran out of room. Plenty of room in the "X"s.

DALES

Who decides when a case gets an "X?"

DOROTHY

The director's office. It's kind of a dead end. No one's supposed to see them, but they make interesting reading. Here it is.

Dorothy hands a file to Dales, who begins flipping through it.

DOROTHY

A German emigre, Dr. Strohman, patriated here after the war. He was found dead last week in his office at the V.A.

(X)
(X)

DALES

Let me guess. They haven't been able to explain how -- his body just kind of collapsed.

(X)
(X)
(X)

DOROTHY

Yeah. How'd you know?

(X)

Dales turns back to the file folder, indicating with his finger. (X)

DALES

I've seen this man before.

Dorothy looks down, seeing:

HER POV - A PHOTOGRAPH

The same photograph of the German doctor shaking hands with President Truman. Dorothy points to another man standing behind the German doctor.

RESUME - DOROTHY

DOROTHY

Where?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4)

DALES

Dead in his house. Killed the
same way as his colleague.

36 CONTINUED: (5)

36

Dorothy is quizzical -- and intrigued.

DALES

You said this man Gissing's name
is in the file.

DOROTHY

(nods)

He was a patient. He was found
dead at the scene. Suicide. I
guess he didn't wait here for
his treatment.

DALES

They think he killed his doctor,
then killed himself.

Dorothy shrugs.

DOROTHY

That's why it's an X-file --
they don't know.

On Dales, considering this:

CUT TO:

37 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT (1952) - A MORGUE FREEZER

37

Is unlatched. We ADJUST to reveal the Coroner, who talks to
Dales as he pulls out the slab.

CORONER

You're lucky Mr. Gissing's
body's still here. The V.A.'s
been trying to have it
transferred.

DALES

Why haven't they?

CORONER

This fella was a big-wig in the
State Department. His family's
been putting up a stink.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

The Coroner pulls back the sheet, revealing Gissing's body from the waist up. Dales stares down at him.

DALES

What's that?

Dales indicates a four-inch SCAR on the corpse's chest, just below the throat.

CORONER

It looks like he had some kind of surgery. Judging from the color of the scar, I'd say it was fairly recent.

DALES

I want you to cut this man open.

CORONER

I can't do that. His family'll have my head.

DALES

I think whatever was done to this man was also done to the man who killed my partner. It may be the only way to explain how he died.

On the Coroner's uncertainty:

TIME CUT TO:

38 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT (1952) - A SCALPEL

38

Presses into the scar, beginning to make an incision. Before it actually draws any blood we angle up to:

THE CORONER

Wielding the knife, while Dales looks on, both men wearing cloth surgical masks.

CORONER

Hand me that spreader.

The Coroner indicates a surgical instrument on the table beside them. Dales gives it to him. The Coroner exerts some effort. We hear the cracking of ribs as the man's chest is pried open.

Dales peers into the chest cavity, his eyes going wide:

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

HIS POV - A SPINDLY WHITE SAC

Spun out of some kind of organic material, it's nestled tightly between the lungs and the esophagus.

RESUME DALES

DALES

What is that?

WE PAN across to the Coroner, whose eyes are also locked on the strange cocoon.

CORONER

I don't know. It looks like
it's lodged onto his esophagus.
Wait a minute...

(looking closer)

Those are sutures. Whatever
this is, somebody put it here.

The Coroner brings his scalpel to the cocoon, slicing it open.
Dales watches with horror as:

CLOSE

The black legs of the SPIDER emerge, then its cephalothorax and
abdomen. Tarantula-like, it CRAWLS QUICKLY out of the man's
torso and across his chest, MOVING TOWARD THE CORONER. (X)

THE CORONER (X)

Freaks, dropping the scalpel. He stands paralyzed with fear, as: (X)

CLOSE - THE SPIDER (X)

Continues toward him, when... (X)

... WHACK! A heavy MEDICAL INSTRUMENT slams down on the spider, (X)
crushing it. ANGLE UP to Dales, who's intervened. He lifts the (X)
medical instrument, looking down to see: (X)

CLOSE - THE SPIDER

Dead, its body crushed in a pool of its own yellow mucous-like
blood.

ON DALES,

looking from this horrific sight to the Coroner: (X)

CUT TO:

39 INT. SKUR HOUSE - NIGHT (1952) - THE FRONT DOOR

39

We hear KNOCKING o.s., then the DOOR OPENS to reveal Agent Dales.

DALES

Mrs. Skur. I hope I'm not
disturbing you --

REVERSE - MRS. SKUR

Stares at him with cold anger.

MRS. SKUR

You have a lot of nerve coming
here.

DALES

Your husband -- you know he's
not dead.

(X)

MRS. SKUR

How dare you --

DALES

Your husband was discredited to
cover up a crime -- a crime that
was committed upon him against
his will.

MRS. SKUR

Whatever was done to my husband,
you're a part of it.

DALES

He underwent medical treatment
at the V.A. along with two other
men he worked with at the State
Department. Those men are dead,
as are the German doctors who
did surgery on them.

MRS. SKUR

(subdued)

What kind of surgery?

DALES

It's called
xenotransplantation -- the
grafting of another species into
the human body. Nazi doctors
experimented with it during the
war.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

DALES (cont'd)
These doctors continued their
work here, using your husband
and these other men as unwitting
test subjects. (X)

Mrs. Skur says nothing, but her silence serves as confirmation
that what he's saying is true. Dales hands her a coaster -- the
same bar coaster Young Bill Mulder left for him.

DALES
I want to expose what was done
to your husband. I can't do
that unless I have his help.

Dales turns to leave. Mrs. Skur watches him go for a moment,
then closes the door. As she does, we go:

40 EXT. SKUR HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

40

Dales steps out through the gate, moving toward his car parked
across the street, when a DARK SEDAN accelerates from down the
street, coming to a stop between him and his car. (X)

ANGLE - THE SEDAN

Roy Cohn steps out of the car, motioning to Dales.

ROY COHN
Get in.
(off his hesitation)
Just get in.

Dales complies, climbing inside. Cohn follows, slamming the
door shut.

41 INT. DARK SEDAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

41

Dales sits in the middle of the back seat, looking from Cohn to
the passenger on the other side of him:

YOUNG BILL MULDER

Looks uneasily back at him. Off Dales' confusion:

CUT TO:

42 INT. BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT (1952)

42

ANGLE UP - ON A TRAP DOOR

It swings open from above. The legs of a woman -- Mrs. Skur -- come into view, climbing down the ladder. Reaching the floor, she turns, peering into the darkness of the cramped shelter.

MRS. SKUR

Ed?

A single bare bulb illuminates boxes of canned goods that line the walls and an instructional poster on "What to Do In the Event of Nuclear Fallout."

We TRACK with Mrs. Skur as she makes her way toward the back, instinctively recoiling as she sees:

HER POV - EDWARD SKUR

Lies huddled in the corner, shivering.

RESUME MRS. SKUR

Concerned.

MRS. SKUR

Are you all right?

SKUR

I told you not to come down here.

MRS. SKUR

That FBI agent came back.

Skur is too sick to be interested.

SKUR

I'm getting worse.

She holds out the coaster Dales gave her.

MRS. SKUR

He said he wants to help you.

SKUR

(quiet)

It's too late to help me. I
can't help myself anymore.

Mrs. Skur stares at him, sick realization sinking in, as:

SKUR lunges at her, knocking her OUT OF FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

As the LIGHTBULB swings back and forth, the distorted shadow of the attack playing against the cardboard boxes, we go: (X)

42A EXT. SKUR HOUSE - NIGHT (1952)

(X) 42A

CAMERA PULLS away from the bomb shelter's trap door, TRACKING (X)
BACKWARDS, taking in the lawn, then the house in the distance. (X)
The sounds of the struggle below giving way to the sounds of the (X)
night, as we: (X)

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 EXT. FBI BUILDING - NIGHT - 1952 (STOCK)

43

With a LEGEND to establish.

44 INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - A DOOR

44

Opens. Desk lamps cast pools of light on a long conference table. Dales is led inside by Cohn. Young Bill Mulder is last. The DIRECTOR stands with his back to us at the far end of the room, looking out a window at Pennsylvania Avenue below.

COHN
(to Dales)
You sit there.

Dales takes a seat at one end of the table. Cohn and Young Bill Mulder start to take chairs on either side of him.

DIRECTOR
Leave us alone.

Cohn and Young Mulder weren't prepared for this. Cohn starts to protest --

COHN
Mr. Director --

DIRECTOR
Leave us.

This is delivered with great authority. Sensing there is no gain in challenging him, Cohn reluctantly turns, leaving with Young Bill Mulder. The door clicks shut behind them.

CLOSE - DALES

Sits uncomfortably. Waiting for the great man to speak.

WIDE - THE DIRECTOR

Still stares outside. After a long beat:

DIRECTOR
In 1945, at the time of the
first conference to map out the
peace after the second World
War, there lived within the
Soviet orbit 180 million people.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

DIRECTOR (cont'd)

Lined up on the antitotalitarian side, at that time, were one billion 625 million people.

The Director slowly turns, facing Dales. But at this distance, he is still little more than a silhouette, his features obscured by the darkness.

DIRECTOR

Today, Mr. Dales, only seven years later, there are 800 million people under the absolute domination of Soviet Russia -- an increase of over 400 percent. On our side, the figure has shrunk to around 500 million. In other words, in less than seven years, the odds have changed from nine to one in our favor to eight to five against us.

The Director has begun to move forward now, his features becoming visible in the light of a table lamp.

DIRECTOR

This is the world today, Mr. Dales. It is not a world I would choose for myself or my country, but the threat of global communist domination is a reality that can be ignored only at the risk of our own annihilation.

DALES

The men we arrested aren't communists.

The Director slams his fist down on the table with sudden, unexpected violence.

DIRECTOR

You have meddled with the instruments of power, Mr. Dales!

(X)

The words hang in the air for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

DIRECTOR

Truth, virtue, poetry,
history -- these things make us
weak. If we are to defeat the
enemy, we must use his tools.
We must go further -- we must
do those things our enemies
would be ashamed to do. Only
through strength will we make
our enemies fear us and thereby
ensure our own survival.

Dales is silent, numb at the raw power of this man. The
Director leans over his desk on both fists, his tone now quiet.

DIRECTOR

You have one chance, Mr. Dales,
to save yourself. To
demonstrate you have the
strength to serve your country.

On Dales, considering the meaning of this:

CUT TO:

45 EXT. THE HOOT OWL - NIGHT (1952) - THE DARK SEDAN

45

Pulls to a stop opposite the bar, idling on the quiet street.

46 INT. DARK SEDAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

46

Dales is seated in the back, Roy Cohn's assistant beside him.
Young Bill Mulder turns from the front seat to face them. A
stoic DRIVER stares ahead, keeping watch.

COHN'S ASSISTANT

(X)

Make your meeting with Skur.
Let him think you're alone, put
him at ease. We'll come in when
the time is right.

During this the assistant proceeds to plant a pin mike and a
small transmitter under Dales' suit coat.

DALES

Is this why you came to me, Mr.
Mulder? So I could be your
stalking horse?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

The assistant looks from Dales to Young Bill Mulder -- Does he know that Mulder was Dales' source?

YOUNG BILL MULDER
(gravely) (X)
I follow my orders. (X)

The assistant slips Dales' sidearm from his holster.

DALES
I might need that.

COHN'S ASSISTANT (X)
We want him alive. (X)

The assistant pushes open the door, allowing room for Dales' exit. Dales gives Young Bill Mulder one last look, then leaves.

CUT TO:

47 INT. THE HOOT OWL - NIGHT (1952) CLOSE - A WAD OF BILLS

47

Changing hands. We TILT UP to reveal the Bartender, accepting the money from Dales.

BARTENDER
I turned the lights off out
front. Just pull the door shut
when you go.

DALES
Thanks for your help.

BARTENDER
(nods)
Glad to help out the bureau.

The Bartender exits.

EXTREMELY WIDE

Dales stands alone, listening as the Bartender's footsteps recede into the b.g. We hear the door close o.s., then Dales crosses to the bar.

NEW ANGLE - DALES

Grabs a glass and a bottle, about to pour himself a drink, when:

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SKUR
(o.s.)
Did you come here to kill me or
to save me?

Dales slowly turns around, facing Skur.

INTERCUT WITH:

48 INT. DARK SEDAN - NIGHT (1952)

48

Young Mulder and the assistant listen to Dales' conversation on
a small transceiver set on the rear seat.

DALES
(over speaker)
I'm here to help you, just like
I told your wife.

THE HOOT OWL - SKUR

Has a glassy, dead look in his eye.

SKUR
My wife is dead. I'm dead, too.
Inside. Because of this thing
they put in me. For what?

Dales' eyes go to the door. He's expecting the cavalry to
charge in at any moment.

SKUR
They're not coming, you know.

Dales looks at him, surprised.

SKUR
They wanted me to kill you or
you wouldn't be here. You're
part of their test now, too.

Dales is getting anxious -- the logic of this hits home.

DALES
I don't want to kill you.

SKUR
I know.

Skur starts to move toward Dales menacingly. Dales begins to
backpedal. As Skur suddenly leaps toward him:

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

THE DARK SEDAN - YOUNG BILL MULDER

Instinctively starts toward the door at the sound of the struggle coming through the transceiver. The assistant puts a restraining hand on his shoulder.

Young Bill Mulder looks at the assistant's hand. Easing back into his seat.

CLOSE - DALES

Pinned on the floor at the foot of the bar, looking up at:

SKUR

Above him, his EYES rolling back into his head.

DALES

His eyes widen.

ANGLE - DALES' WAIST

One hand manages to unsnap his handcuffs from his belt.

DALES' POV - SKUR

His jaw unhinges, his mouth growing disturbingly wide.

RESUME DALES

His arm strains to clasp one end of the open cuffs around the brass foot-rest running along the base of the bar.

CLOSE - SKUR

The legs of the spider extend and press into the flesh around his mouth.

DALES

With great effort, he manages to SNAP one end of the cuff around the foot-rest pole. He looks up to see:

SKUR'S MOUTH

The creature pokes out, about to expel itself --

CLOSE - DALES' HAND

Struggles to close the other end of the cuffs around Skur's wrist --

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

THE SPIDER

Bulges, inches away from Dales' face --

DALES' HAND

Slaps the cuff around Skur's wrist. As he tries to push him off --

THE DARK SEDAN - THE TRANSCEIVER

Goes quiet. The assistant looks over at Young Bill Mulder. It is over. As they exit the sedan:

CUT TO:

49 INT. THE HOOT OWL - CONTINUOUS

49

The door opens. Young Bill Mulder and the assistant hurry in, seeing:

THEIR MOVING POV - SKUR

On the floor, cuffed to the bar.

YOUNG BILL MULDER

Turns, seeing:

DALES

Crumpled on the floor, out of Skur's reach. Alive.

RESUME YOUNG BILL MULDER

His gaze returning to Skur. Off this:

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. DALES' APARTMENT - NIGHT (1990) - MULDER

(X) 50

Looks down at the floor, then up at Dales.

MULDER

My father threw in with these men. He let them dictate his conscience.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

DALES

Don't fool yourself. None of us
is free to choose. They ruined
me for my insubordination. Keep
going through those X-files --
sooner or later, they'll ruin
you.

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

MULDER

Skur died saying my father's
name. Why?

DALES

I don't know.

Mulder stands and heads toward the door. He stops there,
troubled.

MULDER

You never explained how he got
away -- how he was able to live
in obscurity for the past 38
years.

(X)

Dales shrugs.

DALES

I heard different stories over
the years. That he was dead,
that he was kept in a lab to
continue the test. I even
thought maybe some poor
bastard -- somebody with a
conscience -- might've let him
go.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

Why?

DALES

In the hope that by letting him
live, the truth of the crimes
that were committed against him
and the others might someday be
exposed.

Mulder looks back at Dales, considering this. We HOLD on him,
then:

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (1952)

51

Flat farmland stretches out as far as the eye can see (i.e., the road to Memphis in 5X06). In the distance, the dark sedan appears, slowing to a stop at the side of the road.

After a moment, the driver's side door opens. Young Bill Mulder steps out, leaving the engine running. He turns to look back inside at: (X)

EDWARD SKUR

Sits handcuffed in the passenger seat, unsure why they've stopped.

YOUNG BILL MULDER

Tosses the handcuff keys at him, then slams the door. (X)

WIDE

Young Bill Mulder starts walking toward us. After a few moments, the CAR behind him pulls into gear. Driving off into the horizon.

FADE OUT:

THE END