

THE X-FILES

"The Rain King"

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Full script

Full script

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October 3, 1998

"The Rain King"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully

Sheila Fontaine
Local News Anchor
Holman Hardt
Daryl Mootz
Jim Gilmore
Cindy Culpepper
Man
Motel Manager
Doctor

OMITTED:
Cameraman

October 3, 1998

"The Rain King"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

SHEILA'S HOUSE
RURAL ROAD
AIRPORT
AN OLD FEED STORE
COMMERCIAL STRIP - KRONER
MONROE FARM
COW PASTURE
COOLVIEW MOTEL
HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT
BACKYARD
COURTHOUSE

INTERIORS

SHEILA'S HOUSE
 /LIVING ROOM
DARYL'S MUSTANG
N.D. CAR
RAIN KING, INC.
TELEVISION STATION
 /SOUNDSTAGE
 /HOLMAN'S WEATHER OFFICE
 /HALLWAY
 /SHEILA'S OFFICE
COOLVIEW MOTEL
 /SCULLY'S MOTEL ROOM
 /MULDER'S MOTEL ROOM
KRONER HIGH SCHOOL
 /GYM
 /WOMEN'S ROOM
 /CORRIDOR

OMITTED

AIRSTREAM TRAILER
HOLMAN'S HOUSE
 /LIVING ROOM
HOLMAN'S HOUSE
MAIN STREET - DOWNTOWN KRONER
TELEVISION STATION

TEASER

CLOSE ON

1 A VALENTINE'S DAY CARD

1

A cute, retro-style illustration of a girl dreaming in bed. A heart-shaped thought bubble shows her dream boy. (The illustrated couple should feel like the old, chubby Campbell soup kids.)

A WOMAN'S HAND, long red manicured nails, opens the card and writes with a dramatic flourish,

Love, Sheila xoxo

The card is lifted briefly out of frame, and when returned, has a bright red lipstick KISS next to the signature. We are:

INT. SHEILA FONTAINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(X)

SHEILA FONTAINE (late-30's), draped in a red satin dressing gown, tucks the card into an envelope and leans it against two presents wrapped in red paper with white hearts.

The fact that she's put on a pound or two over the years hasn't stopped her from feeling pretty or sexy. A LEGEND appears: KRONER, KANSAS. FEBRUARY 14, VALENTINE'S DAY.

In the b.g. a JEWELRY SHOW on HSN quietly hawks one-of-a-kind silver charm bracelets at "unbelievable savings."

Sheila lights a candle on the coffee table. CAMERA LINGERS on a FRAMED PHOTO next to the candle; a happy couple on vacation -- Sheila and the MAN we can assume the gifts are intended for.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Sheila glances at her watch, grabs the TV remote and changes channels to the local CHANNEL 5 NEWS. She plucks a chocolate from a HEART-SHAPED BOX and as she exits frame the CAMERA HOLDS ON,

(X)

(X)

(X)

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR

...up next the amazing story of two Giant Pandas in love, but first, let's check in with Holman Hardt and the weather.

The TV cuts to WEATHERMAN, HOLMAN HARDT (late-30's) standing in front of a green-screened weather map of northern Kansas. Burns provide his name. Holman has the kind of face your grandmother might describe as sweet.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

HOLMAN

Still no rain in sight as yet
another storm misses us. I'll
have all the numbers and my five
day forecast, right after this.

As Sheila watches the broadcast THE FRONT DOOR OPENS O.S. and we
hear an angry voice.

DARYL (O.S.)

Sheila!

The CAMERA WHIP PANS around to reveal DARYL MOOTZ (late-30's),
the man in the photo, a handsome frat boy gone to seed. Daryl
has a newspaper in his hand and he is anything but pleased.

SHEILA

Hey baby, you're home early.

Daryl holds up the paper.

DARYL

What the hell were you thinking?

She strikes a pose in her satin gown.

SHEILA

Happy Valentine's Day.

DARYL

We made a deal.

He throws the folded paper onto the coffee table.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER

B&W photos of Daryl and Sheila. The headline: "Fontaine to
Marry Mootz."

DARYL (O.S.)

We agreed to keep the engagement
secret until I said so.

SHEILA wraps her arms around him.

SHEILA

I know, but I just wanted
everybody in town to know why
I've been so happy these last
few months.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

She kisses him. Daryl glances over, sees Holman on TV and clicks off the tube.

SHEILA

I know business has been slow.
But we can't stop living 'cause
it hasn't rained in a spell.

DARYL

(shaking his head)
Maybe we should just call off
the engagement.

SHEILA

Don't do this. Not today. --
It'll rain soon, I can feel it.

Daryl pulls away.

DARYL

I need time to think.

He glances down at the half-empty box of chocolates.

DARYL

And you wonder why your ass is
so huge.

2 EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(X)2

Daryl fumes down the front walk to the driveway.

DARYL

(mocking)
It'll rain soon, I can feel it.

He climbs into his '66 Mustang, throws the beater into reverse, backs onto the street and BRAPS away.

CUT TO:

3 INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(X)3

Sheila's crying, eating chocolates. She picks up a remote control, clicks on the stereo -- a burst of happy music.

Quick snippets of love songs as she scans the dial. Finally, a sad song, the Carpenters', "Rainy Days and Mondays."

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

Sheila reaches for yet another chocolate. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS, lingering on the heart-shaped box, the gifts and then drops of water, tears splashing onto the glass table top.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

(X) 4

("Rainy Days and Mondays" carries over and plays until the end of the teaser.)

We're up high LOOKING DOWN on a straight shot of a two-lane black top bordered by dry grass and fallow fields as Daryl's Mustang ZOOMS through the frame.

5 INSIDE THE MUSTANG

5

The Carpenters must be on the radio 'cause Daryl's singing along.

DARYL

"...some kind of lonely clown,
rainy days and Mondays..."

He grabs a beer from a small cooler, pops the top and takes a long calming swig. Several empties litter the floor.

DARYL'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Nothing but asphalt and white lines diminishing towards the vanishing point. Then --

(X)

DARYL (O.S.)

I'll be damned.

RACK FOCUS

To the windshield. Droplets of WATER splash and squiggle. RAIN -- the first in months. Daryl hits the wipers as the landscape blurs.

Daryl's so damn thrilled by this unexpected shower that he rolls down his window, sticks out his arm, and hollers joyously. Allow him to savor this moment, it's the happiest we'll see him, because -- TING.

DARYL

Owww!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

He jerks his arm back in as if it were stung. Then -- TING TING TING, something's hitting the car.

6 OUT ON THE PAVEMENT

6

TINY PELLETS OF HAIL bounce on the road as the Mustang rumbles past.

7 INSIDE THE CAR

7

Daryl's joy at the rain quickly gives way to apprehension. The hail clatters on the car and then THUNK a bigger stone, and then another THUNK. Daryl sits up straight in his seat as --

CRACK! A LARGE HAILSTONE SPIDERWEBS THE WINDSHIELD.

Now Daryl's just plain terrified. Chunks of ice the size of GOLFBALLS, then TENNIS BALLS, falling at over 90 M.P.H., HAMMER the classic car, SMASHING the windshield, PUMMELING the body.

DARYL STOMPS ON THE BRAKES,

which unfortunately sends the speeding car into a wild TAILSPIN off of the icy road and CAREENING violently into a TELEPHONE POLE.

CLOSE ON

THE CRUSHED MUSTANG. It's wipers swing impotently. Daryl barely conscious, his head lolled out the shattered side window, The Carpenters still singing, "Rainy Days and Mondays" as hail continues to fall.

PAN OFF DARYL as a giant stone STRIKES his head, drawing BLOOD and knocking him out.

FOLLOW the bloodied stone skittering to the pavement. UP CLOSE we see something truly odd. -- It and every other hailstone is shaped like a HEART, most of them breaking as they hit the ground.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 EXT. AIRPORT - KRONER, KANSAS - DAY

8

A long, straight strip of dirt, a dangling windsock and an old Airstream trailer propped up on cinder blocks.

A high-pitched BUZZ motivates the CAMERA to TILT UP and find a LIGHT AIRCRAFT approaching in the distance. We follow the small plane in as it lands. LEGEND: KRONER, KANSAS, 6 MONTHS LATER.

JIM GILMORE (47), a ruddy man spruced up in a necktie and a spankin' new feed company gimme cap stands ceremoniously on the field. To his side, a chubby ten-year-old GIRL holds a baton. She's wearing a red, white and blue sequined twirlers outfit. (X)

The plane taxis to a stop directly in front of them, and as the plane door opens, JIM nods to the little girl who hits PLAY on the boombox at her feet. A marching band version of "God Bless America" commences and the little girl begins vigorously performing with her baton. (X)

MULDER AND SCULLY

step out of the small plane, see the unusual reception committee and briefly consider getting back in and flying away.

SCULLY

(off Mulder's glance)

Don't look at me, this is your idea.

The CAMERA follows them out of the plane and over to Jim Gilmore. (X)

MAYOR GILMORE

(stepping forward)

Agent Mulder, welcome to Kroner. I'm Jim Gilmore, the mayor. We spoke on the phone. (X)

He shakes Mulder's hand.

MAYOR GILMORE

(taking in Scully)

If I'd known you were bringin' the Missus I'd of arranged for fancier accommodations.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

SCULLY

(clarifying)

I'm Agent Scully, Agent Mulder's partner, and I'm sure the accommodations will be fine.

The Mayor, chagrined, shakes her hand as well.

MAYOR GILMORE

Apologies, Ma'am, we appreciate you flyin' clear out here to solve our crisis.

He gestures towards the performing little girl.

MAYOR GILMORE

I'd hoped to put together a bigger welcome, but... well,
(to the girl)
Okay, Rhonda that's enough. Go find your momma.

The girl does a final toss and hurries away.

SCULLY

Sir, you mentioned a crisis.
(glancing at Mulder)
My partner's been a bit vague on the specifics of this crisis.

Mulder looks innocently from Scully to the Mayor.

MAYOR GILMORE

It's all around us. Runted crops, field fires, bankruptcy... This drought's destroyin' people's lives and it's wrong for a single man to prosper at the expense of others.

(X)

SCULLY

A single man?

MAYOR GILMORE

Daryl Mootz. He's a local fella charging folks for rain.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

The mayor hands Mulder and Scully each a small BROCHURE. CLOSE ON the brochure, "Rain King, Inc." There's a photo of Daryl on the front. A crown has been drawn on his head. Scully opens the brochure.

SCULLY

(hoping to clarify)

You mean cloud-seeding?

MAYOR GILMORE

The hell I do. I mean he shows up at a farm, does his dog and pony show and the heavens weep.

Scully glances at Mulder, understanding why he'd been so vague.

SCULLY

Sir, if this man, Mootz, is in fact somehow... producing rain, then where's the crime?

MAYOR GILMORE

I believe Daryl's actually causin' the drought so he can charge people for the rain.

Scully takes a beat, waits for him to say, "kidding!" He doesn't.

SCULLY

And this is what you told Agent Mulder when you spoke earlier?

MAYOR GILMORE

Yes, Ma'am. He seemed real eager to help us.

Scully turns to Mulder and off his choirboy face,

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED

9

A10 AN OLD FEED STORE

(X) A10

Someone's painted the words, "PRAY FOR RAIN" across a wall of the derelict building. Mulder and Scully drive past the building and as they turn the corner the CAMERA CRANES UP and reveals we are:

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

EXT. COMMERCIAL STRIP - KRONER - DAY

(X)

(CONTINUED.)

A10 CONTINUED:

A10

CAMERA picks up and follows the n.d. car driving towards us, (X)
past several storefronts (two or three boarded up) and pulling (X)
over against the curb to park. Mulder and Scully climb out. (X)

MULDER

C'mon, Scully, you're acting as if I intentionally misled you. (X)

CAMERA LEADS them down the sidewalk.

MULDER

Over the last thirty years this town has had more tornadoes, hailstorms and heatwaves than any other town in the country. This is like ground zero for extreme weather.

Scully speaks slowly and flatly, trusting that the five words she's put together clearly make her case.

SCULLY

A man controlling the weather.

MULDER

If it's true, if this man, Daryl Mootz, is affecting the weather for profit, there is a crime and it should be investigated.

SCULLY

Mulder, I see the vacant buildings, the signs. This town's scared. But there have been droughts and natural disasters for thousands of years and people have always looked for a scapegoat. (X)

Mulder stops.

MULDER

Yeah, but how many scapegoats lease office space?

CAMERA PANS OVER to reveal they're standing in front of a storefront for RAIN KING, INC.

CUT TO:

10 CLOSE ON RAINDROPS dripping slowly down strands of wire.

RACK FOCUS reveals Mulder and Scully entering into:

INT. RAIN KING, INC. - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Mulder and Scully past a small cylindrical faux fountain, its dribbling beads of oil, the source of the faux raindrops, and through a plush, paneled air-conditioned office.

CINDY CULPEPPER (19), sits behind a desk, on the phone. Mulder and Scully walk over to her. Mulder flashes his badge wallet.

MULDER

Agents Mulder and Scully, we're looking for Daryl Mootz.

Cindy holds up a finger and mouths, "one more sec."

Mulder surveys the expensive office decor. There's a giant PHOTO BLOW UP of Daryl above a corporate logotype for "Rain King, Inc." on the wall. Scully stares listlessly over at a big screen TV tuned quietly to the CHANNEL 5 NEWS AT NOON (the same (X) Anchor Man we saw in the teaser).

CINDY

(into phone)

Yes, Ma'am, it's in appendix C. --That's right, a six-pack of beer, a carton of Morley's and a big bowl of jellybeans... oh, if you could pick out the green ones. He doesn't like the green ones. --You're welcome.

She hangs up the phone.

CINDY

Now what can I do for the FBI?

MULDER

We'd like to talk with the king.

CINDY

I'm sorry, Mr. Mootz is out of state on business until this afternoon.

MULDER

When you say, on business, does that mean making it rain?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CINDY

Uh-huh. He's just across the state line into Nebraska. Town of Wymore. -- Can I ask what this's about?

SCULLY

(forcing herself to be professional)
If we could get a list of everyone who's employed his services it would be helpful.

CINDY

I don't understand. Has he -- don't you need a warrant or a subpoena or somethin' to do that?

SCULLY

We usually just say, please.

She forces an unctuous smile. Cindy's not amused.

CINDY

What are you investigatin' Daryl for? He's a hero in this community.

SCULLY

So you actually believe that he makes it rain?

CINDY

I know it to be fact. He saved my daddy's farm. -- How dare you people?! (X)
(X)

Something from the TV catches Mulder's ear. As he looks over we cheat up the sound. Holman Hardt is on the big screen. A burn-in reads: HOLMAN HARDT, METEOROLOGIST.

HOLMAN

...wish I had better news for you folks, but that massive high pressure system's still parked right on top of us.

Behind Holman a satellite radar map of the area indicates a single patch of light rain just north of the Kansas border.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMAN

The only rain in the region is localized up around Wymore.

CINDY

See, I told you. Daryl's making that rain.

SCULLY

It's also possible that he followed that rain up there.

Cindy stares at Scully as if she'd just said, "kill Jesus" or some other blasphemy. She spins around in her chair, yanks open a file cabinet, pulls out a file, and slaps it on her desk.

CINDY

Here's your damn client list. You'll see. -- Everyone a satisfied customer.

Mulder doesn't seem particularly interested in the list. He's watching Holman on the tube.

MULDER

Is that TV station far from here?

CUT TO:

11 INT. TELEVISION STATION - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

11

THE STAGE DOOR BANGS OPEN. CAMERA follows Mulder and Scully through the thick door and onto the soundstage. Up ahead, SHEILA FONTAINE rushes towards them.

SHEILA

We were beginning to worry that you weren't gonna make it.

She circles behind Mulder and Scully, and the CAMERA COUNTERS to their front. Sheila's relentlessly cheerful as she ushers them.

SHEILA

This your first time in a TV studio? -- How exciting?!

Mulder and Scully exchange a confused look. Sheila hustles them over to one side of the empty NEWS SET and parks them in front of a MONITOR.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SHEILA
I couldn't be happier for the
two of you.

SCULLY
I'm not sure you --

But Sheila's already moving away. Mulder and Scully exchange a second, what-the-hell-is-going-on here look.

CLOSE ON THE NEARBY MONITOR

A cornucopia of fruits and vegetables with a tiny Holman Hardt chromakeyed between an ear of corn and a red bell pepper. Sheila enters the shot, stepping in front of a gigantic tomato.

CAMERA PANS off the monitor to reveal Holman and Sheila standing in the center of a well-lit green chromakey area. They exchange a few words and then move quickly up to Mulder and Scully.

SHEILA
Holman,... I'd like you to meet
the Gundersons.

Mulder and Scully stand frozen like deer caught in headlights.

HOLMAN
(beaming)
Congratulations, I hope you have
a truly romantic getaway.

SHEILA
Aren't you glad you watch
Channel 5 weather? (X)

Holman pumps Mulder's hand. Scully flashes her badge wallet.

SCULLY
Agents Scully and Mulder. We're
with the FBI.

SHEILA
FBI?! Ohmygod, I thought you
were our "Watch the Weather and
Win" contest winners.

She claps a hand over her mouth and laughs nervously.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

1

HOLMAN

See, we haven't had rain in months and, well, people tend to blame the messenger.

Sheila suddenly squeezes Holman's shoulder.

SHEILA

There're the Gundersons.
(calling out)
Over here!

REVEAL THE GUNDERSONS, a string bean husband and his dumpling-shaped wife -- American Gothic. They pair off across from Mulder and Scully.

MULDER

Like looking in a mirror.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOLMAN'S WEATHER OFFICE - TELEVISION STATION - DAY

12

CAMERA PANS across all the computer monitors a meteorologist needs; doppler weather radar, satellite pictures, a link to the National Weather Service. Contrasting the high tech equipment, the office's furnishings are warm and homey. (X)

MULDER

The fact that everything but fire and brimstone has fallen on this town doesn't lead you to suspect that someone might be affecting the weather?

HOLMAN

This town has a remarkable history of unpredictable weather... including this terrible drought. -- But there's no credible evidence that Daryl, that any man can be held accountable. (X)

SCULLY

Thank you.
(to Mulder)
Can we go now?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MULDER

What about the rain that Daryl Mootz claims to produce?

HOLMAN

A more clouded issue -- if you'll excuse my pun.

(X)

Mulder pulls out the client list Cindy gave them.

(X)

MULDER

This lists over fifty-three different sites where he's allegedly made it rain.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

HOLMAN

I went to high school with Daryl, different social circles, and he's just about the last man I'd credit for anything.

(X)

SCULLY

I hear a big but coming.

(X)

HOLMAN

Daryl appears to be the real deal. I can't explain it, but where he wanders, showers follow.

Mulder puts a finger to the list.

(X)

MULDER

According to this, he'll be out at the Monroe farm this afternoon at four.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MONROE FARM - DAY - MULDER AND SCULLY

13

WATCH A DOZEN ANXIOUS FARM FOLKS mill about picking at food from a buffet table under a white awning tent. The tent has been set up between a clapboard farmhouse and a parched cornfield.

SCULLY

Look at the desperation on these people's faces, Mulder. They're ready to believe anything.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

There's a sudden flurry of activity as someone calls out, "Here he comes." Everyone bustles out to the long driveway and watches a big red Suburban lumber up the drive. LEGEND: MONROE FARM. 4:07 PM.

The driver's door opens and Cindy climbs out. She scoots around to the passenger side, opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

LOW ANGLE

On an expensive RED LIZARD SKIN cowboy boot stepping onto the driveway. CRANE UP, following the boot, up the pantleg to the knee where we reveal that this man's other leg is missing (it ends just below the knee). (X)

CONTINUE TO CRANE UP and reveal a nattily dressed, one-legged Daryl Mootz. Cindy hands Daryl a pair of crutches and he trips over to the tent.

UNDER THE TENT

Several folks press up to Daryl. MRS. MONROE, a middle-aged farm wife kisses Daryl's cheek.

Daryl, bored with it all, twists the cap off of a beer and plops into a chair. Cindy opens a black suitcase that houses a prosthetic leg fitted with a TAN cowboy boot.

DARYL

That's the wrong damn boot now isn't it, hon? -- How 'bout you be a good girl and get me that red lizard skin. (X)

Cindy closes the suitcase, notices Mulder and Scully and hotfoots away. Daryl takes a long swig of beer, eyeing the agents as they approach.

DARYL

Lookey who's here. The F-B-I.

SCULLY

Just came out to see the show.
(checking her watch)
Guess we're early.

DARYL

O ye of little faith.

Daryl unpins his empty pant leg, rolls it up.

DARYL

That truck a mine can move a whole lot faster than my rain clouds.

Cindy returns carrying the leg with the matching boot. Daryl slips the prosthesis over the stump sock.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

MULDER

How do you explain your unique ability?

DARYL

(without looking up)

I don't. -- It's complicated.

He straps the leg on and rolls down the pant leg.

MULDER

Try me, I watch the weather channel.

Daryl realizes several other people are watching and listening. Cindy places a boombox on the buffet table next to a big bowl of jellybeans (the green ones picked out). (X)

DARYL

If you're wondering, did I ask for this gift? No sir, I did not. No more than I asked to lose this limb.

Daryl raps loudly on his artificial leg. He stands up, begins playing more towards the crowd.

DARYL

But I shoulda expected it, and I'll tell you why. I come from a long line of healin' people. I'm a spiritual man in a physical world, in touch with the really real, the unseen real.

Daryl nods over at Cindy who pushes the PLAY button on the boombox: RUMBLING thunder and the beginning chords of a rock 'n roll(ish) American Indian dance tune fill the air. Daryl starts moving to the music; Jim Morrison meets the Karate Kid. (X) (X) (X)

DARYL

I'm 1/64th Cherokee and I can summon my ancestors to bring water to this thirsty land...

Scully walks away. CAMERA follows her out into a cornfield, the music receding, and ADJUSTS AROUND to reveal Mulder pursuing. They end up profiled on either side of the foreground with Daryl dancing away between them in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

SCULLY

Why are we here, Mulder?

MULDER

There are historical precedents. The Old West had its share of travelling men who claimed to be rainmakers. American Indians performed rain dances.

SCULLY

That's not a rain dance. My Irish aunt Olive has more Cherokee in her than Daryl Mootz.

(X)

Scully points over at Daryl.

(X)

SCULLY

Look at that man, Mulder. Does he look capable of controlling the weather? Of causing a drought? Does he look capable of anything beyond taking desperate, gullible people for a ride.

(X)

Just as Scully finishes saying, "for a ride," it begins to RAIN. Not a polite Presbyterian rain, but a real Pentecostal downpour.

WIDE ON THE TENT

Everyone's ecstatic, stepping out from under the tent to feel the warm rain. The Monroe's hug each other -- the farm is saved. (X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (5)

13

ON DARYL: He sees Mulder and Scully standing soaked in the field. He flashes a toothy grin, then winks and shoots them with his trigger fingers. (X)
(X)

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED

14

15 INT. TELEVISION STATION - SOUND STAGE - ANCHOR DESK - DAY (X) 15

Holman's sitting at the anchor desk working on a lap top. (X)
Sheila enters and strolls across the stage, past a COUPLE OF (X)
TECHNICIANS wrapping cable, and over to Holman. She's mock (X)
casual, as if something else is really on her mind. (X)

SHEILA

We still going to the reunion
together on Friday?

HOLMAN

Absolutely. Social event of the
decade.

Sheila leans on the edge of his desk. (X)

SHEILA

Hard to believe we finished high
school twenty years ago. --
Where did it go?

Holman stares up at her, a look she's always mistaken for
friendship. She fusses with a bracelet and segues into her (X)
true agenda. (X)

SHEILA

(trying to sound
casual)

What were those FBI people
looking for?

HOLMAN

They were asking questions about
Daryl. About making it rain.

She shakes her head, taking in the news.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SHEILA

I wish they'd just go back to
wherever they came from and
leave him alone.

Holman glances up at her.

(X)

HOLMAN

You don't still love him do you?

(X)

(X)

Her silence is her answer.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMAN

I can't believe you still care about him after the way he treated you.

SHEILA

I know...

Holman speaks gently, hoping she can hear the truth.

(X)

HOLMAN

He never loved you, Sheila. He just wanted your money, and as soon as he had some of his own...

SHEILA

...he left, I know. -- But I think he used to love me...

She considers the notion, forces a smile. Holman gazes at her.

HOLMAN

There are other men who'll love you more.

(X)

But his words fall on deaf ears.

(X)

SHEILA

FBI, my Lord. I don't think I'll be able to sleep tonight knowing they're poking around.

Sheila walks off upset, Holman watching her.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. COW PASTURE - A WINDY NIGHT

16

SEVERAL COWS stand sleeping in a small field. A SPOTTED COW, having just awakened from a nightmare, comforts itself with a late night snack of clover.

CLOSE ON THE SPOTTED COW

A STRONG GUST of wind reminds it of its horrible dream and the cow nervously looks up and across the road at the --

17 COOLVIEW MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

17

A 1950's single-story rural motor court.

UP HIGH LOOKING AT

the old COOLVIEW neon sign that buzzes and blinks (the name of the motel isn't really important. Any swank old sign will do). A repeating METALLIC WHAP motivates the CAMERA to lower and pan and reveal the motel's office screen door BANGING in the wind. CAMERA tracks across the numbered doors of the old building.

18 INT. SCULLY'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

The distant WHAPPING of the motel office screen door, the heat, and a sway-back mattress are all conspiring to keep Scully awake.

She rolls over, glances at the numeral flip clock as it ticks over from 3:07 to 3:08 and tries to will herself to sleep.

19 INT. MULDER'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

Mulder's completely given up on the notion of sleep. He's lying on his bed reading through a file.

CLOSE ON THE FILE: photos and news clippings of strange weather.

In addition to the whapping door sound, his louvered blinds RATTLE noisily in the breeze.

He sits up, yanks the blinds open and SLAMS the window closed.

LOOKING OUT HIS WINDOW

Across the street, Mulder sees the SPOTTED COW standing in the pasture staring back, when

SUDDENLY, the COW is SUCKED up into the sky.

Mulder cranes his neck trying to see where it went. He stares up like this for a beat and then hears something, something up high -- growing closer. Mulder glances up at his ceiling, realizes, and just as he DIVES to one side,

SOMETHING BIG AND DARK PLUMMETS through the ceiling with a THUNDERING CRASH, roof and timber collapsing on Mulder as the MOOING beast pancakes the bed and expires.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 EXT. COOLVIEW MOTEL, ROOF - MORNING - THE AFTERMATH

20

Looking down through the cow-shaped skylight at Scully, staring back up from Mulder's demolished room. Behind her, a couple of cow legs stick out from a huge pile of debris (not unlike the Wicked Witch's legs after Dorothy's house landed on her). A MAN wearing goggles, a bib apron and carrying a CHAINSAW steps next to Scully.

MAN

Ma'am, unless you wanna get covered in hamburger, I reckon you should step outside.

Scully, though no stranger to carnage, heeds the man's advice.

21 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

21

Scully exits Mulder's room as the o.s. chainsaw ROARS to life. The MOTEL MANAGER, a woman still in curlers, slippers and a housecoat sidles up to her.

MOTEL MANAGER

Miss, we've moved your boyfriend's things into your room.

SCULLY

He's my partner, and we'd prefer separate rooms.

MOTEL MANAGER

(eyeing Scully)

Old fashioned are ya? -- Well, we're booked solid 'cause of the high school reunion. You can take it or leave it.

The Manager shuffles away and the CAMERA TRACKS Scully through the gathered crowd of DEPUTIES, SLEEPY GAWKERS, VOLUNTEER FIREMEN and over to MULDER, his t-shirt spotted with blood from a nasty GASH on his arm. He sits on the hood of a car as a DOCTOR (50's) examines the wound.

DOCTOR

We can just butterfly it. I've got my kit over in the car.

The doctor ambles off. Mulder stares at his demolished room.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

2:

MULDER

Scully, I don't think it's a coincidence that a cow gets hurled at me as we're investigating the weather.

She pats Mulder's head, feeling around.

SCULLY

(dry)

Did the doctor check for head trauma?

MULDER

I'm telling you, that cow had my name on it.

A CHANNEL 5 NEWS VAN

(X)

pulls into the parking lot. Holman Hardt hops out, surveys the scene, spots Mulder and Scully and rushes over.

HOLMAN

Agent Mulder, are you alright?

Mulder nods.

HOLMAN

I feel terrible. If there's anything I can do, please... don't hesitate.

There's something in Holman's caring concern that blips on Mulder's radar -- undefinable at the moment, but worth noting.

SCULLY

Mr. Hardt, would you reassure Agent Mulder that this... cow incident was a natural phenomenon?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

2

HOLMAN

With pleasure. -- It's my belief that a mini-twister picked that poor creature up, lifted it to about 12,000 feet where the air cooled and...

(shaking his head)

I'm just grateful you weren't hurt any worse.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Excuse me.

A NEW ANGLE reveals Sheila, her eyes red as if she's been crying. She can barely make eye contact with Mulder or Scully. Holman puts his hands on Sheila's shoulders.

HOLMAN

You shouldn't be here.

SHEILA

Holman, don't make this any harder...

(to Mulder and Scully)

This is my fault. I did it --

-- and she starts to cry. Mulder, Scully and Holman exchange glances as we,

CUT TO:

22 INT. SCULLY'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

22

Light slants in through the louvered blinds. Scully sits on the sway-backed bed next to Sheila. Mulder's in a chair as the doctor treats and bandages his arm. Holman stands by the door.

SHEILA

I am so sorry... I didn't mean for this to happen. It's not something I can control.

MULDER

(understanding)

Are you saying that you're somehow responsible for --

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SHEILA
(crying again)
-- I murdered that poor cow...

Scully hands her another in a string of tissues.

SCULLY
Holman just explained to us that
a mini-twister caused the
accident.

SHEILA
He's just bein' sweet. Coverin'
for me. -- He knows the truth.

Mulder and Scully lock eyes on this comment. Sheila struggles
to pull herself together. Sits up straight.

SHEILA
This isn't the first time
somethin' like this has happened.

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS

23 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT (1979) - NIGHT

23

A SINGLE SHOT: TWO TEENAGE COUPLES, guys in pastel tuxedo's,
gals in ruffled chiffon gowns struggle against ROARING winds,
debris flying.

SHEILA (V.O.)
The night of my senior prom a
tornado demolished our high
school.

The couples dive out of the way as A VW BEETLE, blown by the
gale wind, spins UPSIDE DOWN through frame.

CUT TO:

24 NEXT FLASHBACK -- CLOSE ON A 24-YEAR-OLD SHEILA

24

forcing a smile, adorned in a bridal gown and veil.

SHEILA (V.O.)
Then there was my wedding. A
day I'd always dreamed about.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

SHEILA (cont'd; V.O.)
The ceremony was outdoors on a
July 4th week-end. -- It snowed
six inches.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

SNOW falling on the BRIDAL PARTY. The BEST MAN holds a black umbrella over Sheila and her HUSBAND-TO-BE as the MAID OF HONOR drapes a parka over Sheila's shoulder.

CUT TO:

25 NEXT FLASHBACK -- EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

25

The CAMERA'S LOW, looking up, leading a crestfallen Sheila out onto the court house steps.

SHEILA (V.O.)
Three years later my husband ran
off with some gal from the phone
company. The day our divorce
was finalized, I stepped out of
the court house...

Sheila looks up and a pained expression crosses her face.

CUT BACK TO:

26 SHEILA IN THE MOTEL ROOM WITH MULDER AND SCULLY

26

SHEILA
...You know how you can see
shapes in big fluffy clouds?

CUT BACK TO:

27 SHEILA'S POV ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS

27

Big cumulous clouds fill the summer sky.

SHEILA (V.O.)
...I swear that every cloud in
that big blue sky was a face
laughing at me.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

Sure enough, the clouds look like smiling, laughing faces.

CUT BACK TO:

28 THE MOTEL ROOM

Sheila's squeezing on a tissue, staring warily at Mulder and Scully, trying to gauge their reaction. She forces a smile over at Holman. The doctor silently dresses Mulder's arm.

SHEILA

That was almost ten years ago.
The last time it happened...
until last night.

MULDER

What's your connection to Daryl
Mootz?

Sheila's not sure why he asked.

SHEILA

We used to be engaged.

SCULLY

You two were engaged?

Mulder and Scully look at each other, they hadn't known.

SHEILA

(nodding)

About six months ago. -- Then we
had a fight, he went for a
drive... and that freak hail
storm cost him his leg.

MULDER

(making a leap)

And the rain started following
him about the same time.

It's clear from the reaction on Sheila's face that she hadn't made the connection before. She looks over at Holman.

Scully places a hand on Sheila's arm. The doctor finishes bandaging Mulder's arm. Mulder stands, puts his hand out indicating for Sheila to stand as well.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

SHEILA
(reluctantly standing)
Am I under arrest?

MULDER
I can tell you without a doubt
that you're not responsible for
any of that weather.

SHEILA
But --

Mulder stares into her eyes, persuading her he's right.

MULDER
Agent Scully and I specialize in
cases like this. You've had
some bad luck with weather, but
it's not your fault.

SHEILA
(hoping it's true)
You're sure?

MULDER
Absolutely. -- Any doubts,
Scully?

SCULLY
(surprised at his
turnabout)
No. None at all.

Sheila smiles at Scully and then squeezes Mulder's hand.

SHEILA
I wanna believe you.

Sheila leaves, touching Holman's shoulder on the way out. The
doctor finishes packing up his bag, shakes his head.

DOCTOR
That hail storm didn't cause
Daryl's car crash.

MULDER
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

DOCTOR

Sure it was bad weather, but
Daryl was drunk and driving way
too fast.

HOLMAN

Drunk? I never heard that.

DOCTOR

Well, we all felt Daryl's losing
a leg was punishment enough.

Holman processes the info, nods. Mulder carefully watches
Holman as he leaves. And off Mulder,

CUT TO:

29 EXT. MONROE FARM - DAY (RAIN)

29

Daryl Mootz sits under the protective canopy of the white awning
tent, sipping a beer as his handiwork falls noisily to the
thirsty ground. Cindy Culpepper stands devotedly behind him
massaging his shoulders.

DARYL

People don't realize how hard a
work this is.

Daryl grabs a handful of jellybeans, finds a green one, tosses
it out into the grass.

DARYL

I mean, sure it looks like I'm
just sittin' here, but my powers
a concentration...

(scrunching)

-- Yeah, right there, owww...

CLOSE ON DARYL AND CINDY as she digs into his shoulders.

DARYL

You are worth every penny.

She bends around and kisses his cheek.

DARYL

What was I saying...?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

CINDY

Powers a concentration.

DARYL

Right. My brain's functionin'
on something like fourteen
different levels, takin' in a
whole bunch of variables like
wind velocity and humidity and --

CINDY

-- Daryl, you hear that?

DARYL

Hear what?

CINDY

The rain's stopped.

WIDE ON THE TENT. Daryl hops up from his chair. Other than the
trickle off the tent canopy, the rain has indeed stopped. Daryl
steps out into the soggy grass and looks up. Blue sky.

DARYL

Uh-oh.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SCULLY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

30

Mulder's on the bed working his way through a huge stack of old
newspapers. A folded cot stands against a wall. A key rattles
in the door, the CAMERA PANS revealing Scully as she enters.

SCULLY

Next plane out of here is
tomorrow morning at ten.

MULDER

Scully, look at this.

He holds up a faded copy of the Kroner Press. CLOSE ON the
headline, "Flower Showers."

MULDER

September, 20th of '91. It
rained rose petals for close to
an hour.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Scully plops down in a chair, not really interested in the discussion she sees coming.

SCULLY

Mulder, we're going home. The rain stopped this afternoon. Daryl Mootz's being sued by about fifty people. There's no case. You told Sheila yourself that she wasn't controlling the weather.

(X)

MULDER

She's not. Neither is Daryl.

He flips through the paper, folds it back.

MULDER

But check this out. The same day it rained rose petals...

(X)

(X)

(reading)

"Irene Hardt, beloved wife and devoted mother passed away yesterday afternoon."

(skipping ahead)

"She's survived by one son, Holman." -- Don't you see?

SCULLY

What are you saying, Mulder, that, that Holman Hardt's --

MULDER

-- that Holman Hardt's the one manufacturing the weather. Did you notice how relieved he was when he learned Daryl was drunk? -- I did some checking.

Mulder pops up off the bed and grabs a file on a table.

MULDER

(flipping pages)

Holman's been hospitalized five times for nervous exhaustion, and each time coincides with a major meteorological event.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

It's still a huge leap to say
that he's manufacturing weather.

Mulder leans back against the table.

MULDER

Most people will admit that the
weather plays a significant role
in how they feel. There's even
a disorder, right?

SCULLY

(nodding)

SAD. Seasonal Affective
Disorder.

MULDER

Well, who's to say that it can't
work the other way? That how
someone feels affects the
weather. What if the weather is
an expression of Holman's
feelings, or better still the
feelings he's not expressing.

CUT TO:

31 OMITTED

31

A32 INT. HOLMAN'S WEATHER OFFICE - TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

A32

CLOSE ON HOLMAN, thoughtful, sincere, sharing his feelings.

HOLMAN

I've tried to say this a
thousand times, tried to express
the fire that burns inside this
humble exterior. Sheila, you're
the reason I've remained in this
town all these years...

(X)

(X)

The phone RINGS o.s.

HOLMAN

I wake up each day knowing...

(CONTINUED)

A32 CONTINUED:

A32

The phone RINGS again. Holman stops. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND REVEALS that he's been talking to himself in his make-up mirror. He stares at himself for another moment, taking a harsh inventory of his less-than-chiselled features and then answers the phone.

HOLMAN

Hello?

INTERCUT:

B32 SHEILA IN HER LIVING ROOM

B32

SHEILA

Hey, Holman, it's me. Workin' late?

HOLMAN

Sheila, hi, yeah, -- I was just... thinking about you.

He twists the phone cord through his fingers.

HOLMAN

I'm looking forward to the reunion tomorrow night.

SHEILA

(very upbeat)

Me too.

HOLMAN

You sound in a good mood.

SHEILA

I am, Holman, and it's because of you.

Holman catches himself smiling in the mirror.

SHEILA

I wanted to let you know I've been thinking about what you said about Daryl yesterday, and I realized that you're right.

HOLMAN

I was?

(CONTINUED)

B32 CONTINUED:

SHEILA

Yes, you were and I am so over him. -- Daryl who?, that's what I say.

Holman's mind is racing. Is she leading to something?

SHEILA

I realized I'm always chasing the wrong kinda guy. What I need is somebody I can talk to, somebody who can make me feel safe. (X)

HOLMAN

I can't tell you what that means to me.

Holman's waited his entire adult life to hear these words.

SHEILA

Holman, I gotta ask you something and I hope we can keep it our secret for the time being.

HOLMAN

(delighted)
Of course, Sheila. Anything...

SHEILA

What do you think of Agent Mulder?

ECU ON Holman's mortified FACE

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK FAST

Flying back across the office, through the the wall, down the corridor, across the soundstage, through the closed front door, across the parking lot, one long COSMIC ZOOM OUT until we're wide enough to see the entire TV station as

DOZENS OF LIGHTNING BOLTS

CRACKLE down from the night sky, repeatedly STRIKING the LIGHTNING RODS and ANTENNAE that cover its flat roof.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 OMITTED

(X) 32

33 INT. HOLMAN'S WEATHER OFFICE - DAY

33

Holman's working at his computer when he hears a KNOCK on his open door. He looks up and SEES Mulder; Sheila's latest infatuation. Holman stands. His voice has an edge that we haven't heard before.

HOLMAN

Agent Mulder...

MULDER

Holman, I've come to say goodbye.

HOLMAN

You're leaving?

MULDER

Yeah, but I want you to get some help before somebody gets killed.

HOLMAN

Help? What are you talking about?

MULDER

You know what I'm talking about. -- You're not just a weatherman, you're the weatherman. You're the person affecting the weather.

Holman struggles to keep his voice even. He walks over to the doppler weather screen.

HOLMAN

Agent Mulder, if I could control the weather, don't you think I'd make it rain? That I'd end this drought?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

MULDER

I don't think it works that way, (X)
that you do it on purpose. I (X)
think you bottle up your
emotions -- grief, anger, love,
and in response there's rain or
hail or... a flying cow.

The memory of the cow crushes Holman. He shakes his head.

HOLMAN

That poor animal...

He leans heavily on the edge of his desk.

MULDER

Whatever it is, you need to let
it out.

HOLMAN

I can't.

Mulder leans in close, speaks quietly.

MULDER

Sure you can. It's Sheila. You
love her.

The look on Holman's face suggests a man caught buck naked. He
plops back down behind his desk. (X)

MULDER

You've loved her since high (X)
school. -- You caused that (X)
tornado. (X)

Holman, almost relieved to finally admit the truth to someone, (X)
nods. (X)

HOLMAN

The night of our senior prom I (X)
accidentally stumbled upon her (X)
and her boyfriend, (X)
(he searches for the (X)
least painful term) (X)
...in *flagrante delicto*. -- Next (X)
thing you know... (X)

Holman shakes his head at the painful memory. (X)

(CONTINUED,

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

HOLMAN

Devasted. That's the only word,
Agent Mulder. Devastated.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

You've never told her how you
feel?

HOLMAN

How does a frog tell a swan that
he loves her?

Mulder glances at his watch.

(X)

MULDER

Just tell her. Before you kill
somebody.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

Holman stands as Mulder's cell phone rings. (X)

HOLMAN
You have to help me. (X)

MULDER
I can't, I have a plane to catch.

Mulder reaches for his phone. (X)

HOLMAN
You can't go. -- If you won't help me, who will? (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER
Scully's already at the airport. (X)
This is probably her. (X)

Holman stares silently as Mulder answers his phone. (X)

INTERCUT:

34 OMITTED

A35 CLOSE ON SCULLY

SCULLY
Mulder, it's me. It's pea soup out here.

ANGLE REVEALS we are,

INT. N.D. CAR - KRONER AIRPORT - DAY (FOG)

Scully's car's in a virtual white out, the silhouette of the Airstream barely visible.

SCULLY
Our plane can't take off until this fog lifts.

MULDER
Fog?

Mulder glares over at a sheepish Holman. And then it hits him.

(CONTINUE)

A35 CONTINUED:

A3

MULDER

It's Holman.

(X)

SCULLY

Holman Hardt?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

He wants advice. -- Dating
advice.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Dating advice? From whom?

(CONTINUED)

A35 CONTINUED: (2)

As Scully's question hangs in the air, the CAMERA should be CLOSE on her face as Mulder finally says,

MULDER

From me.

To Scully's credit she doesn't laugh. Doesn't even crack a smile. But the irony isn't lost on her.

MULDER

Scully are you there?

SCULLY

I heard you.

She stares out into the fog.

SCULLY

Mulder, when was the last time you went out on a date?

MULDER

Bye, Scully.

And he disconnects the call.

SCULLY

The blind leading the blind...

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED

35

36 INT. RAIN KING, INC. - DAY

36

OVERHEAD, looking down on a despondent Daryl, beer in hand, sitting across from Cindy. The CAMERA SLOWLY LOWERS as Cindy crunches numbers at her desk using a small adding machine. She totals the figures, tears off the ribbon of paper and sets it on the desk for Daryl to see.

He leans forward.

DARYL

This red number?

Cindy nods. It must be a really big red number 'cause Daryl drops his forehead onto the desk and BANGS it rhythmically.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

A beatific smile crosses Cindy's face.

CINDY

You know what, Daryl? You're like one of those tragic rock stars -- like Jim Morrison or Kurt Cobain. You shined too bright for too short a time.

She reaches out and runs her fingers through his thinning hair.

CINDY

We'll tell our kids all about it.

Daryl knocks a stack of papers onto the floor.

DARYL

Kids?! I can't afford kids. -- If I don't come up with a wad of cash, pronto, I am in deep doo doo.

CINDY

Dairy Queen'll take me back. I get almost six dollars an hour.

DARYL

Shhh, I'm thinkin'... There's gotta be somebody...

CINDY

We'll get the money, baby.

And then it hits him.

DARYL

Sheila...

CINDY

(suddenly concerned)

What about her?

Daryl stands. Puts on his most sincere(ish) face.

DARYL

Cindy, you've been real sweet and all, but I think we can use some time apart.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

What?

(she can't believe it)

Are you breaking up with me?

DARYL

It's nothin' personal.

And off Cindy's incredulous expression,

CUT TO:

37 INT. TELEVISION STATION - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

37

CAMERA leads Mulder and Holman across the soundstage.

HOLMAN

I've been envious of men like
you my whole life. -- Based on
your physical bearing I had
assumed you were...

Mulder's glance dares Holman to finish the sentence.

HOLMAN

(carefully phrasing)

...more experienced. -- And you
spend every day with Agent
Scully, a beautiful, enchanting
woman.

Holman looks over at Mulder.

HOLMAN

So you two have never...?

Mulder refuses to be drawn into the conversation.

HOLMAN

I confess that I find that
shocking. -- I've seen how you
two gaze at one another.

MULDER

This is about you, remember? I'm
helping you. I'm very happy
with my friendship with Scully.

Mulder PUSHES through the thick stage door which leads to,

38 INT. TELEVISION STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 38

Mulder leads Holman down a short, windowed corridor. Up ahead they see Sheila working in her office. (X)

HOLMAN

So according to your theory, I walk in there, tell her I love her, and the drought will end.

MULDER

Just tell her how you feel.

As Holman heads for Sheila's office Mulder calls after him,

MULDER

I do not gaze at Scully.

39 INT. SHEILA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 39

Sheila's busy, prepping for a meeting. She's sorting through presentation boards, organizing her notes and searching for a folder as Holman steps into her doorway. He watches her for a moment before saying,

HOLMAN

Hey.

Sheila glances up.

SHEILA

Hey. I can't seem to find my notes for this presenta -- here they are.

She grabs the delinquent folder and slips it into her briefcase.

HOLMAN

You have a minute.

She peeks at her watch, continues to pack her briefcase.

SHEILA

For you? Always. -- Excited about the reunion tonight?

HOLMAN

Of course.

(losing nerve)

You're busy, we can talk later...

Sheila snaps her briefcase closed, stares him square in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

SHEILA

No time like the present.

CLOSE ON HOLMAN (think about doing one of those simultaneous TRACKING/ZOOM VERTIGO moves) He closes his eyes, takes a deep calming breath, and after twenty-some years of secrecy says,

HOLMAN

I, I love you.

Sheila smiles sweet, picks up her briefcase and casually responds,

(X)

SHEILA

Love you too.

She starts to leave but sees the hurt look on his face.

(X)

SHEILA

Holman, what is it?

(X)

(X)

Off Holman's troubled expression,

(X)

CUT TO:

40 OUT IN THE CORRIDOR - MULDER

40

paces back and forth when he hears a WOMAN call out,

WOMAN (O.S.)

Is that rain? Ohmygod, it is,
it's raining.

Mulder turns around, stares out a window.

CAMERA'S OUTSIDE LOOKING IN at Mulder through rain splashed glass. Mulder, quietly pleased that his theory proved correct, TURNS BACK toward Sheila's office and sees Holman Hardt.

As CAMERA FOLLOWS Mulder down to him, Sheila emerges from her office carrying her briefcase. She spots Mulder, beams a dazzling smile at him and thinks, "I want him, right here, on the floor." But what she says is,

SHEILA

Good afternoon, Agent Mulder.

(and then almost as
an afterthought)

See ya tonight, Holman.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Both men watch her saunter off around the corner, then Mulder turns to Holman.

MULDER

You did it.

Holman nods. Neither ecstatic nor despondent.

HOLMAN

No, you did it.

MULDER

What are you talking about?

He stares Mulder dead in the eye,

HOLMAN

She said that she loves me, but that she's in love with you.

And sulks away.

CUT TO:

41 TV STATION CORRIDOR - DAY

Sheila's trying to get past Daryl. They're arguing outside Holman's office. She's trying to avoid a scene. He's had just enough beer to think that yelling is a normal way to communicate.

DARYL

Whatta ya mean there's somebody else?

DARYL

Daryl, this isn't the place.

He's physically blocking her way.

DARYL

Just tell me who it is.

She tries to push past him but he GRABS her.

SHEILA

Let go of me!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

Mulder, on his way out, rounds the corner. He sees Sheila struggling with Daryl. (X)
(X)

MULDER

C'mon Daryl...

Daryl turns on Mulder's voice. Something in Sheila's eyes tells him that Mulder is the "somebody else." Maybe it's because she's not looking at him, she's gazing at him. (X)
(X)

DARYL

Him? This is the guy?

Daryl lets go of Sheila.

DARYL

What's he got that I ain't got?

Sheila counts off the list.

SHEILA

A job, a way with words,
intelligence, good looks...

DARYL

(eyeballing Mulder)
Good lookin'? I'll show you
good lookin'...

Daryl takes a wild SWING at Mulder, misses. Mulder takes a step back, holds his hands out, doesn't want to fight.

SHEILA

(concerned)
Not in the face, Daryl. Don't
you touch his face.

All the more reason for Daryl to try and smash Mulder in the puss. Daryl steps forward, SWINGS. Mulder catches the arm, pins it behind Daryl, SLAMS him face first into the wall and HANDCUFFS him. Daryl, facing the wall, calls out,

DARYL

Pickin' on a cripple. -- You'll
hear from my lawyer.

As Mulder backs away from Daryl, Sheila steps up to him and takes his face in her hands,

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

SHEILA
You deserve a reward.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

AND PLANTS A BIG KISS ON HIS MOUTH AS,

HOLMAN AND SCULLY round the corner. Mulder SEES them, quickly pulls away worried that his cheeks are flushing.

Holman, feeling more emotions than he knows how to handle, GLARES from Mulder to Sheila to Daryl to Scully to Mulder. He turns and rushes off.

Scully decides to ignore what she just saw.

SCULLY

The fog's lifted, Mulder. If you're, umm, ready to go...
(glancing at Sheila)
...our plane's waiting.

But Mulder's attention is already elsewhere. He's staring into Holman's office.

MULDER

You know much about about weather radar, Scully?

SCULLY

(puzzled)
A bit, why?

She follows Mulder's gaze into Holman's office.

PUSH IN ON:

42 THE DOPPLER WEATHER RADAR SCREEN

42

A small YELLOW patch in the center is quickly replaced by an ORANGE patch which RAPIDLY EXPANDS as it TURNS RED.

MULDER (O.S.)

I'm not so sure we'll be catching that plane.

CLOSE ON THE WEATHER MAP

as the RED STORM CLOUDS CONTINUE TO EXPAND and FILL THE SCREEN.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 CLOSE ON A BACK-LIT SIGN 43

getting hammered by torrential rain. "KRONER HIGH SCHOOL, home of the Fightin' Kangaroos." There's room on the sign for announcements about school plays and athletic events. Tonight it reads, "Welcome Back Class of '79." PAN OFF the sign reveals we are,

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is packed. A CAR pulls in, its lights illuminating a COUPLE huddling under an umbrella dashing towards the building.

CUT TO:

44 OMITTED
AND
45

44
AN
45

46 INT. KRONER HIGH - GYM - NIGHT (RAIN) 46

The reunion committee has chosen a "Wizard of Oz" theme for fairly obvious reasons. So in addition to the festoons, colored lights and mirrored ball, a HOT AIR BALLOON with a banner reading, "There's no place like Kroner!" is suspended in the center of the floor.

There should be enough PEOPLE dancing and milling about at the tables to stage a plausible reunion; more than 9, less than 500.

CAMERA tracks A MAN carrying an empty bucket through the dance crowd. He walks over to a wet spot on the floor, looks up -- REVEAL the Man is Mayor Gilmore. He sets the bucket down to catch water LEAKING from the ceiling.

LIGHTNING FLASHES through the long, narrow windows that line the walls up high by the ceiling. MULDER AND SCULLY stare out at the crowd as Scully hangs up her cell phone.

SCULLY

Seven inches in the past six hours. National Weather Service has issued a flash flood warning for the county. -- You're sure he's here?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

MULDER

If she's here, he'll be here.

A DJ's blasting bile churning non-disco hits of the late 70's. (X)

CAMERA leads Mulder and Scully through the gym looking for Holman. Scully points over to the bar. Holman's chatting with a small circle of people. Mulder pushes his way into the circle, takes Holman's hand and pulls him away.

CUT TO:

A47 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A47

Music pours out through the gym's double doors into the wide corridor. Mulder and Scully usher Holman into the hallway and over to a large trophy case displaying Kroner High's athletic achievements.

MULDER

Okay, Holman, make it stop.

Holman jerks his hand free.

HOLMAN

This is your fault, not mine.

MULDER

My fault?

HOLMAN

You were kissing her!

The lights FLICKER as if the school might lose power.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Well, look who's here.

REVEAL SHEILA, all decked out for the reunion.

SHEILA

Some of my favorite people. Old friends...

(she smiles at Mulder)

...and new ones.

(CONTINUED)

A47 CONTINUED:

HOLMAN

You look lovely this evening,
Sheila.

SHEILA

And you look very handsome.
(including Mulder)
Both of you.

Scully does her best not to gag. 10cc's, "The Things We Do For Love" segues on and filters out from the gym.

SHEILA

Ooh, I love this song. Agent
Mulder... care to dance.

SCULLY

Holman was just telling us how
much he wanted to dance.

Scully prods Mulder with an elbow.

MULDER

-- That's right. He did.

Sheila looks to Holman.

HOLMAN

I'd be honored.

Sheila hooks her arm through Holman's as he leads her into the gym and onto the dance floor.

MULDER

(calling after them)
Tell her, Holman...

Mulder suddenly feels the top of his head. It's WET. He looks up as water drips on his face.

MAYOR GILMORE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

A NEW ANGLE REVEALS the Mayor, nudging Mulder out of the way, setting an empty bucket under yet another leak. It takes Mulder and Scully a moment to recognize the Mayor.

MULDER

Mr. Mayor...

(CONTINUED)

A47 CONTINUED: (2)

Mayor Gilmore, sees the Agents, grins and pumps their hands.

MAYOR GILMORE

Beautiful weather, isn't it.

Just beautiful.

CUT TO:

47 IN THE GYM - ON THE DANCE FLOOR

47

Holman and Sheila slow dance. Not clingy like lovers, but woodenly, like two people who went to Arthur Murray together.

SHEILA

What was that Agent Mulder said?
Tell me what?

Holman shrugs, not really wanting to re-visit the topic.

HOLMAN

It's no big deal...

Holman listens to the lyrics to the 10cc song, "...like walking in the rain and the snow, When there's nowhere to go, And you're feelin' like a part of you is dying..."

SHEILA

We tell each other everything,
don't we?

Holman realizes it's now or never.

HOLMAN

Well... This afternoon, when I
stopped by your office... when
I said that...

SHEILA

(smiling)

When you said that you loved me.

Holman nods.

HOLMAN

What I meant to say..., what I
wanted you to understand...

Sheila's eyes are locked with his.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

HOLMAN
... is that I'm in love with
you. -- That I've loved you
since high school.

Sheila's totally blindsided.

CUT TO:

ACROSS THE GYM - IN THE DOORWAY

Mulder and Scully watch Sheila excuse herself from Holman and
hurry away. Holman just stares after her.

MULDER
I'll build the ark. You gather
the animals.

Scully hesitates for a moment and then hurries off into the gym.

MULDER
I was kidding...

CUT TO:

48 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - WOMEN'S ROOM

48

Sheila stands in front of a long mirror, checking her make-up,
trying to figure out what to do. The door opens, Scully enters,
and steps up next to her. Rather than face one another their
conversation takes place over the sinks, via the mirror.

SCULLY
Sheila, my partner has a theory,
and though I don't share his
belief, I feel given the
circumstances that you should at
least hear that theory because
it involves you and Holman.

Scully can't believe she's actually explaining Mulder's theory.

SCULLY
Agent Mulder believes that the
drought, this storm, and all the
strange weather that has plagued
you over the years is caused by
Holman.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

Sheila turns, stares directly at Scully.

SCULLY

Specifically, that his emotions, somehow manifest themselves in the weather. Agent Mulder believes that Holman is unwittingly destroying this town because of his unspoken love for you.

Sheila thinks she sees right through Scully.

SHEILA

You love him don't you?

SCULLY

What?

SHEILA

You're jealous that Agent Mulder and I have a special connection and you're trying to divert me to Holman.

CUT BACK TO:

49 THE GYMNASIUM

49

Arena rock from the late 70's is blaring out of the speakers. (X)
The GYM DOORS SWING OPEN and a lightning flash silhouettes a one-legged man on crutches. Daryl, soaking wet and drunk enough to not really care, trips into the festivities yelling,

DARYL

It's good to be the king! It's good to be the king!

NEXT TO THE DANCE FLOOR: Mulder, standing with Holman sees Daryl. Daryl works his way over.

DARYL

Where's Sheila?

MULDER

Where's your leg?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

DARYL

Cindy took 'em. Told me I'd
have to crawl back to her.

(looking around)
Now where's Sheila?

CUT BACK TO:

50 THE WOMEN'S ROOM

Scully and Sheila are still talking. Scully's leaning back, her
hands resting against a sink.

SHEILA

Not even a kiss?

Scully, unused to frank "girl talk," can only shake her head no.

SHEILA

Trust me, the man knows how to
kiss.

Sheila stares at herself in the mirror.

SHEILA

I've just never thought of
Holman that way, y'know? -- He's
my closest friend. And to not
even suspect...

She can only shake her head in dismay.

SCULLY

It seems to me that the best
relationships, the one's that
last, are frequently rooted in
friendship.

It sounds as if Scully might be explaining this to herself as
much as to Sheila.

SCULLY

One day you look at the person
and see more than you did the
night before, like a switch was
flicked somewhere. And the
person who was just a friend, is
suddenly the only person you can
imagine yourself with.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

This isn't the sort of thing we hear Scully articulate very often, so to remind us that we're watching "The X-Files" and not some chick flick on Lifetime, the CAMERA DRIFTS off of Scully and onto THE ROW OF SINKS as,

WATER backs up out of the drains, filling the sinks with dirty water. Scully steps away as water spills onto the tile floor.

SCULLY
The storm drains are full. We need to get out of here.

CUT BACK TO:

51 THE GYMNASIUM

51

Daryl is hopping on one leg, swinging a crutch angrily at Mulder.

DARYL
I'll teach you to mess with my woman...

He takes a second swing, and as he misses, Mulder casually trips him, sending him sprawling to the floor. (X)

DARYL (X)
If I had two legs, I'd kick your... (X)

SUDDENLY, a SHOWER OF SPARKS. The LIGHTS SHORT OUT and THE DJ'S STEREO SYSTEM cuts out. -- The party is plunged into darkness. (X)

EMERGENCY LIGHTS immediately click on providing small pools of dull light.

ANGLE ON SCULLY (X)

as she rushes into the gym, cell phone in hand. She hurries over to Mulder, stares at him as if she might say something more intimate than, (X)

SCULLY
I called the police.

Mulder glances up as lightning illuminates the rain pounding against the gym's narrow windows. Scully sees Daryl on the floor, slumped against a chair. (X)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MULDER

You might take a look at Pogo,
make sure he's alright.

(looking around)

What happened to Sheila?

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

CUT TO:

52 OMITTED

52

53 ACROSS THE GYM

Holman Hardt, sits alone in the damp dark, sipping a beverage, staring down at the floor, waiting for the end of the world.

HOLMAN'S POV:

A PAIR OF WET WOMEN'S SHOES step in front of him. TILT UP reveals Sheila standing before him. Holman rises, nervous. (X)

SHEILA

Is it true? About the weather?
That you make the weather?

Holman can only nod.

SHEILA

'Cause of me?

Again Holman nods.

SHEILA

The tornado in high school? --
Snow at my wedding?

HOLMAN

I'm so sorry...

SHEILA

Daryl's rain?

HOLMAN

Though I can't explain the logic
of it, yes. -- Some strange
manifestation of guilt.

SHEILA

Even this rain... 'cause you
love me?

Holman wants to say something beautiful, something poetic. All that comes out is,

HOLMAN

...because I love you.

Sheila steps forward and kisses Holman gently on the mouth. She pulls back, stares him briefly in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

SHEILA

That's the most romantic thing
I've ever heard.

Then gives him another kiss -- a capital K-I-S-S kiss.

LIGHTNING FLASHES, THUNDER PEELS and the colored lights kick back on, DRAMATICALLY BACKLIGHTING Holman and Sheila in schmaltzy colors. The mirrored ball resumes rotating, filling the dark gym with magical specks of colored light.

MULDER AND SCULLY, standing over by Daryl, watch Holman and Sheila hold each other and kiss.

And then, the RAIN STOPS, dribbling to a few drops.

A CHEER and APPLAUSE from the crowd as the MUSIC KICKS back on mid-song -- (it should be something appropriately upbeat and sappy, like "You're the One That I Want" from Grease).

OVER AT THE DOOR

Cindy Culpepper rushes in, soaking wet, carrying one of Daryl's artificial legs. She spies Daryl, bleary-eyed in a chair and rushes up to him. He holds his arms open.

DARYL

I'm sorry, baby.

CINDY

Me too. -- I brought you a leg.

They kiss. Beginning on Daryl and Cindy CAMERA PANS across other couples kissing, to couples dancing, to Holman and Sheila still kissing, to Mayor Gilmore and his WIFE kissing to MULDER AND SCULLY..., staring curiously out at all the couples.

MULDER

I didn't know reunions could be
so...

SCULLY

Wet?

Holman, holding hands with Sheila, walks past Mulder and Scully. Sheila gently squeezes Scully's arm.

MULDER

(to Holman)
How'd it go?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

HOLMAN

You should try it sometime.

CAMERA PANS off the confused looks of Mulder and Scully and onto the dance floor, the rockin' class of 1979.

CUT TO:

54 HOLMAN ON TV

54

giving his weather report in front of weather graphics.

HOLMAN

About 30 percent chance of showers on Thursday and that should make all our farming friends real happy...

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the television and we are --

INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS around a room loaded with Laura Ashley fabric.

HOLMAN (O.S.)

...and then our week-end should be perfect, temperatures in the mid- 70's, maybe a little cloudy on Sunday.

CAMERA TRACKS over to REVEAL Sheila sitting in a rocking chair. LEGEND: ONE YEAR LATER. CAMERA lowers to reveal she's breast-feeding a BABY. She gently rubs the baby's head.

SHEILA

You're a chip off the old block, yes you are...

Sheila returns her gaze to the TV as the CAMERA drifts off of her and the baby and over to an open window where we see a huge RAINBOW filling the blue Kansas sky.

(X)

FADE OUT:

THE END