

THE X-FILES

"Three Of A Kind"

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&

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Gold Rev. - March 10, 1999

"Three Of A Kind"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully

Byers
Susanne Modeski (5X01)
Dealer/Grant Snow
Little Fritz
Big Fritz
Al
Frohike
Langly
Jimmy the Geek
Timmy the Geek
Redhead Geek
Bald Geek
Bus Driver
Morris Fletcher (6X04)
Guard
Anchorwoman

(X)

OMITTED:

Laundry Worker
Morgue Assistant

(X)

(X)

Yellow Rev. - March 08, 1999

"Three Of A Kind"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

DREAMHOUSE

/BACKYARD

LAS VEGAS - VARIOUS SHOTS (POSSIBLY STOCK)

CASINO

/SERVICE ENTRANCE

/PORT COCHERE

INTERIORS

DREAMHOUSE

CASINO

/CARD ROOM

/HOTEL ROOM

/SERVICE HALLWAY

/CASINO FLOOR

/HALLWAY

/CONFERENCE ANTEROOM

/HVAC DUCT

/SAGAURO ROOM

/SUSANNE'S ROOM

/CASINO BAR

/TIMMY'S ROOM

/SCULLY'S ROOM

SCULLY'S BEDROOM

MORGUE

/ANTEROOM

TEASER

1 A BLACK FRAME

1

Is what we open on. Over it, we hear the following VOICEOVER:

BYERS (V.O.)
My name is John Fitzgerald
Byers. I was named after our
thirty-fifth President. And I
keep having this dream...

FADE UP ON:

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We're looking at the picture-perfect house: tasteful, immaculate, not too big and not too small. Trimmed hedges and a white picket fence. A magic hour sun rims it in gold.

A middle-class car pulls into the driveway, parks. JOHN BYERS, one-third of The Lone Gunmen, climbs out. He's happy to be home. We FOLLOW him up the slate walk.

As he gets to the front door, it bursts open, and two LITTLE GIRLS -- 5 and 7, blond and break-your-heart adorable -- run out to greet their father. They grab him by the arms, giggling and pulling him inside.

2 INT. DREAM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

2

This whole dream plays as one long STEADICAM shot -- we don't cut (or we hide the cuts). We go into the house with Byers and his daughters, the girls excitedly telling him about their day. We don't hear anyone's voices... just Mark Snow's wistful SCORE, and Byers' VOICEOVER.

BYERS (V.O.)
In my dream, my namesake was
never assassinated. In it, my
country is hopeful and
innocent... and my government is
of the people, by the people,
for the people.

His speech is quiet, measured. As he speaks, the onscreen Byers puts the younger girl on his shoulders and carries her through the living room, dining room, kitchen. The older girl leads the way. Then, it's out the back door. We FOLLOW.

3 EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

3

The back yard is beautiful: green grass and lots of flowers. Byers and the girls approach a blond woman who has her back to us. She picks lemons from a lemon tree.

(X)

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

BYERS (V.O.)
In my dream...

The woman turns to Byers. She's SUSANNE MODESKI, the beautiful and doomed scientist we last saw in 5X01. She smiles warmly.

We move into profile as Byers and Susanne KISS. We CIRCLE them. Coming around full-circle on Byers' back, CLOSE enough to hide a cut, we pull free to show that...

... Byers is suddenly ALONE. Susanne is gone. The kids are gone. The house is gone. All that's left is Byers, standing alone in a barren wasteland (this is either a crane shot in the desert, or a Bill Millar composite -- whichever is cheaper).

BYERS (V.O.)
But it ends the same way, every
time. I lose it all.

Byers looks around. Where did everybody go? Up into frame, he lifts... a MAN'S WEDDING RING. He stares at it as we get CLOSE enough on it as to be sure of what we're looking at. (X)
(X)
(X)

Off this CLOSE frame, we CRANE UP from Byers, staring at the shiny ring. Up higher, higher... (X)
(X)

BYERS (V.O.)
And I never understand why.

... Until he's a tiny figure in an endless landscape. Off this:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT - VARIOUS SHOTS (POSSIBLY STOCK) 4

We establish Sin City: the Strip, Luxor with its jillion-watt floodlight shooting into the sky, the volcano erupting in front of the Mirage. LEGEND: LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.

5 EXT. CASINO - NIGHT 5

We're looking up at a towering marquee. It says, among other things, "DEF-CON '99 -- WELCOME DEFENSE CONTRACTORS!"

6 INT. CARD ROOM - NIGHT - A DECK OF CARDS 6

Gets shuffled atop a green felt table. We TILT UP to reveal the DEALER, a man in his 40s. He's charismatic, a cool customer. He deals clockwise -- two hole cards, face-down. Texas Hold'em.

We CIRCLE THE TABLE, following after the deal... revealing our players, men with rolled-up sleeves and loosened ties. We meet LITTLE FRITZ, whose convention badge says he works for Loughheed.

LITTLE FRITZ
Bring your wife?

... The man he's addressing is BIG FRITZ. His badge says he works for General Dynamics. He's checking his hole cards.

BIG FRITZ
You think I'm sitting here, I
bring my wife?
(glancing over)
Dumb-ass here brought his wife.

... On to dumb-ass, aka AL. He works for McDougall Douglas.

AL
'Cause I'm the Man. I say I'm
playing poker, I play poker.
Meanwhile, your wife's back in
Plano boinking the mailman.
(glancing over)
Hey -- what's your name again?

... On to the last player: Byers. His convention badge has an alias -- and it says he works for "Conglomerated Technologies." He wears GLASSES, with thick black plastic frames.

BYERS
Funsten. Stuart Funsten. Hi.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

BIG FRITZ
Bring the little lady, Stuart?

BYERS
(smiles, shrugs)
Not married.

WIDER ON ROOM

We're in a darkened, private salon. Little Fritz throws a chip.

LITTLE FRITZ
Smart man. Hundred.

Big Fritz and Al toss in. Byers smiles nervously around and puts in, too. The Dealer does, as well.

The Dealer, by the way, is the only one of the five men who wears no convention badge. Nor is he a casino employee. He deals three face-up community cards onto the middle of the table.

BYERS
You guys come to this every year? Def-Con?

LITTLE FRITZ
Every year. Fold.

BIG FRITZ
(tosses a chip)
Wouldn't miss it.

AL
Although it was better back when Reagan was in. Remember those Star Wars guys from Sandia? They were some crazy bastards --

(X)

DEALER
Al -- in or out.

AL
Oh. Out.

BYERS
(tosses a chip)
So, you guys working on anything interesting these days?

It's subtle, but we notice the Dealer's eyes flicker upon hearing this. He throws in his bet, deals another face card.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

BIG FRITZ

Aahh, the same old black-ops
crapola. You know how it is.

Byers nods commiseratively. Little Fritz pipes up.

LITTLE FRITZ

We're doing this neat thing with
neutron bombardment -- you can
cook someone's brain in their
skull like hardboiling an egg.

Byers nods, doing his best nonchalant bit. The Dealer is hard
to read. Big Fritz frowns at his cards.

BIG FRITZ

Speaking of crapola... fold.

In b.g., a waiter approaches from the bar, a tray of drinks in
hand. As the waiter sets down a drink near Byers, we see it's:

MELVIN FROHIKE

Dressed as a casino employee. Frohike orbits the round table,
dealing out liquor to everyone. The Dealer tips him a twenty.

FROHIKE

A man of distinction.

Byers and Frohike exchange a look. It's one Peter Graves might
have given Martin Landau on "Mission Impossible" -- subtle, but
conspiratorial. It's lost on the players, but not on the Dealer.

Frohike fades into b.g., but stays in the room -- he busies
himself emptying ashtrays and the like.

DEALER

You in, Mr. Funsten?

Byers considers, then tosses two chips. James Bond time.

DEALER

Looks like it's just you and me.

The Dealer slides in his chips and deals the "river." Byers
appraises his two hole cards, then the five on the table.

BYERS

Another two hundred.

DEALER

Hmm. I'll see your two, and
raise you... one thousand.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

This gets Byers' attention -- and in b.g., Frohike's, as well.

LITTLE FRITZ

Ho-ho!

AL

He's buying the pot.

BIG FRITZ

Three clubs showing. Possible
flush.

A glance from the Dealer shuts up these kibitzers. Byers thinks.

BYERS

One thousand. And I'll raise
you one thousand.

LITTLE FRITZ

What stones he has!

In b.g., Frohike COUGHS. Byers doesn't look at him.

DEALER

I see you work for Conglomerated.
(off Byers' nod)
You guys make a great AE135 unit.

Byers smiles, nods knowingly. We ANGLE AROUND his head --
favoring the thick black plastic frames of his glasses. We PUSH
IN TIGHT ON THE BACK OF HIS EAR. We find...

LANGLY (FILTERED V.O.)

Don't freak, don't freak...

... A WIRE sprouting from the glasses frame. It leads to a tiny
skull conduction SPEAKER glued to the skin just aft of his ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

7 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

RINGO LANGLY hunches before two glowing laptops -- the brightest
things in this darkened room. Langly wears a headset and types
madly at the first laptop. He plays this scene lightning-fast.

LANGLY

I'm on it. AE-1-3-5...

We see a fast scroll of WORDS and IMAGES reflected in his
glasses. He leans in to stare at:

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

HIS POV - THE LAPTOP SCREEN

We're looking at the hacked files of Conglomerated Technologies.
We see some high-tech whatsis, with dimensions and a parts list.

LANGLY (O.S.)
Bingo -- 442J-stroke-AE135: air
conditioner unit, B-2 Bomber.

We PAN to the other laptop -- on it is VIDEO from BYERS' POV:
we're looking at the poker table, and the hole cards he holds.
Apparently, he's got a video camera built into his glasses.

LANGLY

Squints at the hand Byers is holding.

LANGLY
Fold 'em, Byers -- this guy's no
tourist. Talk air conditioners.

BYERS

Stares at the modest pile of chips before him, figuring the
odds. He clears his throat.

BYERS
Oh, yeah, the AE135's a beauty.
Keeps those B-2s... frosty. You (X)
can practically see your breath. (X)

DEALER
How'd you finally get the bugs
out of it?

BYERS
(a long beat)
Aw, you know -- trade secret.

DEALER
You're among friends, Stuart.
Seriously, how'd you get around
the delamination thing?

Byers' smile gradually freezes to his face. The other players
look to the Dealer, then Byers, interested in the answer.

DEALER
Oh, and I'll see your thousand,
and raise you... everything
you've got.

As Byers tries to stave off the flop sweat...

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

LANGLY

Types furiously.

LANGLY

Delamination -- I'm looking.
System test... error rates...
nothing. Stall him -- and fold!

BYERS

Stares into space, his ass hanging out. Dead air. It's do or die time -- he looks the Dealer square in the eye.

BYERS

You wanna know how we fixed the delamination problem? We subcontracted the whole damn thing to the Japanese, then triple-billed the government. Same as we always do.

The other players break out in big grins, nod appreciatively.

AL

Hey, you stole that from us!

Byers slides his entire bankroll into the pile, not taking his eyes off the Dealer. He slaps down his face cards.

BYERS

Queen-high flush.

The Dealer doesn't blink. He turns over his own cards.

DEALER

King-high.

He casually reaches in, takes possession of the pot. Byers is stunned -- gutted. In b.g., Frohike drops an ashtray he was polishing. It hits the floor with a BANG. He mumbles "Sorry."

LANGLY

Sits at his computers, watching. He lets his head flop back.

THE DEALER

Stares at Byers, but addresses Big Fritz.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

DEALER

Call security. Tell them to
come get "Mr. Funsten" here.

(glances at Frohike)
... And his partner.

This surprises the others. Byers looks to him, his voice quiet.

BYERS

Delamination. You made that up.

(X)

The Dealer just smiles.

DEALER

My advice to you, Stuart... or
whatever your name really is?
Poker's not your game.

Off Byers, with a nervous Frohike in b.g.:

CUT TO:

8 OMITTED

AND

9

A10 INT. CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT - A BRASS PLATE

A10

Gleams on a fancy door: "Private Salon." We TILT DOWN as the
door opens. DRESS SHOES come hurrying out -- someone is getting
bum-rushed. Now, a second set of SHOES -- these pedal the air,
not touching the ground.

WIDER - BYERS AND FROHIKE

Are being "invited to leave" by THREE huge CASINO GUARDS.
Frohike's got two flanking him, carrying him under the arms.

They exit the high-stakes area, striding onto the huge and
impressive main floor. Frohike has had his waiter's uniform
taken from him -- he's down to his undershirt. This is where
the Guards leave them. Pissed, Frohike turns on all three.

FROHIKE

You wanna Thunderdome? Let's go!

A Guard yanks the fake ID badge off Byers. The big men depart,
leaving Byers and Frohike among a sea of low-stakes TOURISTS.

LANGLY (PRELAP V.O.)

Three thousand dollars!

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LANGLEY

10

Is pacing. His laptops are in b.g. Chinese takeout cartons and pizza boxes, scattered clothes -- this place is lived-in.

LANGLY

Three grand! I told you to fold!

We PICK UP Byers, taking off his James Bond glasses and plopping them down. He doesn't want to hear it.

LANGLY

(to Frohike)

That shoulda been me playing --
why does Byers always get to do
the undercovers?

FROHIKE

(re: Langly's hair)

'Cause this ain't Woodstock.

BYERS

Did you at least get any usable
prints off their drink glasses?

(X)

(X)

(X)

FROHIKE

What are you, kidding? I had to
leave 'em all behind!

(X)

(X)

Byers collapses into a chair. The mood in the room is dark.

FROHIKE

How do we salvage this?

LANGLY

We don't. This convention's a
bust. Five days and --
(looks to Byers)
-- Three thousand invested, and
we've got bubkes to show for it.

FROHIKE

They're just not giving out with
the secrets this year. Maybe we
should cut our losses. Go home.

Frohike and Langly look to Byers for his opinion. He stirs.

BYERS

Who was that player, anyway?

(off their looks)

The guy who made us. He wasn't
wearing a convention badge.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

LANGLY
(shrug)
Nobody ever said his name.

BYERS
I'd say he's worth looking into.

Frohike and Langly consider this. There's a sharp KNOCK at the door. The three Gunmen are suddenly on the alert. One of them snaps off the light. Byers and Langly put their backs to the wall while Frohike peers out the peephole.

JIMMY THE GEEK (O.S.)
CIA! OPEN UP!!

Frohike is unimpressed. He clicks on the light and unlocks the door. Standing outside are JIMMY and TIMMY, two card-carrying CONSPIRACY GEEKS. They have the undue swagger of guys who never get laid, but figure it's for the good of America.

Jimmy's T-shirt is a blow-up of LEE HARVEY OSWALD in mid-grimace as he's being shot. In big red letters: "GOVERNMENT PATSY."

FROHIKE
Hey, Jimmy and Timmy.

JIMMY THE GEEK
Hey, where were you guys today?

BYERS
Around.

TIMMY THE GEEK
Oh, yeah? Maybe snooping for
some hot 411?

JIMMY THE GEEK
On the sneak tip?

LANGLY
Maybe.

TIMMY THE GEEK
Oh, yeah? Maybe we were, too.

JIMMY THE GEEK
Maybe we got some.

FROHIKE
Maybe we did, too.

The two camps eyeball one another like gunfighters, each waiting for the other to spill. Finally:

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

JIMMY THE GEEK
We got bubkes. Buncha tight-
lipped defense contractors.

FROHIKE
I'm gonna go way out on a limb
here and say it's your T-shirt.

LANGLY
Maybe instead, both of you could
wear an "I'm With Stupid."

JIMMY THE GEEK
You don't get it, man.
(points to his shirt)
This says I'm onto them. This
says I comprehend the military-
industrial power dynamic.
That's what this whole thing's
about -- wetworks. Political
assassination. That's their
theme this year.

BYERS
Where'd you hear that?

Jimmy snorts his obnoxious snort.

JIMMY THE GEEK
Yeah -- like I'm gonna reveal my
sources. Suffice it to say,
some big new stealth
assassination technology is
supposed to be unveiled here.
And I'll be there, front row.

The Gunmen glance to one another, wondering if he's full of shit.

TIMMY THE GEEK
In the meantime, we're hitting
the restaurant.

JIMMY THE GEEK
All-you-can-eat lobster buffet.

TIMMY THE GEEK
Free floorshow -- plenty of
boobage. You guys down?

Langly and Frohike are definitely up for this. Byers hangs back.

BYERS
You go ahead.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Langly and the Geeks shrug and split. Frohike hangs back.

FROHIKE

I'll catch up.

Frohike closes the door. He and Byers are alone. After a beat:

FROHIKE

You're one hell of a sad sack,
Byers.

BYERS

Lay off about the poker game.

FROHIKE

That's not what I'm talking
about. You're the one who
pushes hardest for us to come to
these conventions, then you get
all squirrely once we're here.

(beat)

You're still looking for her,
aren't you?

Byers looks to Frohike. They both know who he's talking about.

FROHIKE

Susanne Modeski.

Byers looks at the floor, not denying it. He sits down.

BYERS

We met her at a convention...

FROHIKE

Ten years ago. In Baltimore.
And we both know what happened
to her. Most likely, she's dead.

(X)

BYERS

No. She was a brilliant
scientist -- too important to
the government.

Frohike's gruff exterior conceals a soft heart.

FROHIKE

Buddy, either way -- I know
we're both hoping she's in a
better place than Las Vegas.

(more)

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

FROHIKE (cont'd)
(pats his shoulder)
Come on. All-you-can-eat
lobster.

Byers considers for a moment, then rises and heads for the door, giving in. Off Frohike, smiling and following:

CUT TO:

11 INT. CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT - A SLOT MACHINE ARM

11

Gets YANKED in f.g. -- we're looking straight down a line of them, arms going CRANK, CRANK, CRANK as a league of OLD LADIES feed the machines with their quarter buckets. We ADJUST to...

... Byers and Frohike in b.g., moving through the casino.

CLOSE - BYERS AND FROHIKE

Walk as we STEADICAM with them. They're in mid-conversation.

BYERS
... Sigfried's the blond one.

FROHIKE
I thought they're both blond.

Byers shakes his head. But now, after a beat, his attention is drawn to something in the distance. He slows. Frohike notices.

FROHIKE
What?

BYERS
It can't be...

Byers can't believe his eyes. We CREEP IN as he peers at:

BYERS' POV - ACROSS THE FLOOR

As seen LONG LENS, with out-of-focus GAMBLERS coming and going in f.g... we glimpse what looks like... what has to be... SUSANNE MODESKI. We RAMP to slight SLOW MOTION.

She glances around. We can't read her expression. Does she see us? Hard to tell. But now she casually turns and walks off.

BYERS

Takes a couple of tentative steps forward, Frohike behind him wondering what the hell is up.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

FROHIKE

Byers...?

Byers... BOLTS.

BYERS' POV - RUNNING

We're flat-out, dodging and weaving around blue hairs and tourists -- making for Susanne, who ambles away from us far in the distance. Whoops -- out steps an OLD GUY, RIGHT IN OUR PATH.

LOW ANGLE - BYERS

Plows into him, both going down. The guy's big bucket of QUARTERS goes raining straight at us, spilling across the carpet.

Byers helps the man up, apologizes distractedly. No injuries, thankfully. Byers glances around wildly for Susanne.

BYERS' POV - THE ELEVATORS

We look left and right. Susanne is GONE.

FROHIKE

Appears behind Byers, stoops to help pick up quarters. He smiles and gives an "everything's cool" thumbs-up to a CASINO GUARD (not one we saw earlier). Frohike hisses to Byers.

FROHIKE

What the hell is going on? --

Byers shakes his head slowly. Off his astounded expression...

CUT TO:

12 INT. SCULLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - A CELL PHONE

12

RINGS atop a nightstand. It's dark. A shape rolls over in bed. An arm fumbles out and nearly knocks over the lamp before clicking it on. SCULLY squints at the light, answers her phone.

SCULLY

Um. Scully.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)

Hey, Scully -- it's me.

SCULLY

Mulder? What time is it?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

There's a subtle LAG before Mulder answers -- there'll be one before each of his responses throughout this conversation.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Two... thirty-four AM. Listen
Scully, I need you on the next
flight to Las Vegas.'

SCULLY
Las Vegas? Why?

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
It's the Lone Gunmen. They're
onto something big.

SCULLY
What exactly?
(silence)
Mulder, I am not flying to Las
Vegas at three in the morning
simply on the pretext of
"something big."

INTERCUT WITH:

13 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - A LAPTOP SCREEN

13

We hear TYPING. A CURSOR speeds along, printing out the sentence "IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT. TRUST ME." Almost instantly:

MULDER (V.O.)
It's really important. Trust me.

WIDER

Byers sits at the keyboard. Langly and Frohike crouch over him. The laptop is modemed through the desk phone, and patched in some fashion to a small DAT deck. A few cassettes lay scattered about, dated and labelled "Mulder: taped phone conversations." Scully's and Mulder's voices come through the laptop's speaker.

SCULLY
I trust you. It's those three
I'm not so sure about.

Frohike and Langly are insulted. Byers types, and Mulder's voice once again gets synthesized by the computer.

MULDER (V.O.)
Look, I can't talk over an
unsecured line. Please just get
here. It's an emergency.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCULLY
Alright, Mulder.

She hangs up and considers for a second, then climbs out of bed.

Back in the hotel room, Byers shuts down the modem.

LANGLY
What if she calls him back?

BYERS
I trapped her cell number -- if
she calls him, it'll ring here.

Langly shrugs to Frohike, who just shakes his head.

FROHIKE
She's gonna kick our ass. What
do you need Scully for, anyway?

BYERS
The men who took Susanne ten
years ago would never let her
get away. She obviously still
needs our help --
(off their looks)
We're up against agents of the
government -- we need our own
government agent.

LANGLY
That would be... Mulder? Why do
you want just Scully?

FROHIKE
(under his breath)
She's gonna kick our ass...

BYERS
Mulder's high-profile. He's
virtually a household name to
the black-ops who kidnapped
Susanne in Baltimore.

LANGLY
Byers... I already hacked the
hotel computer. Susanne
Modeski's not registered.
You're sure you saw her?
Absolutely, positively?

(X)

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

BYERS

It was her. She's here. I've
gotta find her --

FROHIKE

You've gotta find some ice. You
need a drink.

Frohike grabs a big ice bucket from atop the credenza. Off
Byers' troubled look:

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT - A BLACK FRAME

14

Is revealed to be the INSIDE of the ICE MACHINE as Byers lifts
open the door. He reaches down toward us, takes a scoop of ice.

NEW ANGLE - BYERS

Stands in the ice machine alcove. He fills the bucket with a
couple of quick scoops as he breathes deeply, calms down. An
o.s. DING signals the arrival of an elevator. Byers is about to
head back to his room when...

... He glances down the hallway. He sees something that pulls
him back out of sight into the alcove.

BYERS' POV - AT THE ELEVATOR LANDING

The DEALER from the poker game is exiting the elevator, alone.
He's wearing a convention badge this time, though we can't read
it from here. He loosens his tie and starts toward us.

BYERS

Flattens himself out of sight against the alcove wall just as
the Dealer walks past in the hallway, in and out of frame.

Curious, Byers gives it a second, then eases out into the
hallway and follows, carrying his bucket. We MOVE with him.

BYERS' MOVING POV - DOWN THE HALLWAY

The Dealer is out of sight, having rounded a corner. We reach
that corner, peeking around it...

... And find the Dealer at the far end of the hall, KNOCKING on
a hotel room door. After a short beat, the door opens.

DEALER

Hey, honey...

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

A blonde woman steps into view -- it's SUSANNE MODESKI. There's no doubt about it -- she's looking much the same as she did ten years ago. She smiles. And furthermore... she embraces this man. They KISS.

BYERS

Stares around the corner at this sight, astonished. Gut shot.

SUSANNE AND THE DEALER

Finish kissing. The Dealer steps into the room, out of sight. Susanne slips the "Privacy Please" tag on the knob before shutting the door. The room is number 1066.

BYERS

Is left hugging the ice bucket. Off his pained, perplexed look:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

15

We're at the bottom of the ice bucket, looking straight up at the ceiling through water and a few bits of melted ice.

Byers dunks his face down at us into the icy water. He keeps his eyes open, his face as deadpan as Buster Keaton's.

FROHIKE AND LANGLEY

Slouch at the computers. Sunlight peeks through the curtains. In b.g., Byers sits with his face in the bucket.

LANGLY

Byers is trying to kill himself.

FROHIKE

Stop trying to kill yourself,
Byers. Come look what we got.

Byers pulls his face out of the ice bucket and wanders over. Frohike taps the laptop screen.

FROHIKE

Room 1066: registered to our
mystery poker player -- one
Grant Ellis. New Mexico plates
on his car.

(X)

LANGLY

Which comes back listed as DOD
motorpool. Signed out from --

BYERS

(figures it out)
-- Whitestone, New Mexico.

The boys nod.

FROHIKE

The Army Advanced Weapons
Facility, where Susanne worked.

LANGLY

Ellis' credit card gets billed
directly to their administrative
offices. He's looking like some
kind of shadow government poobah.

(X)

BYERS

(quiet)
He brainwashed her.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

Langly and Frohike look to one another, not sure about that.

BYERS

That's what they do there! The E-H gas she developed: call it psychological warfare, behavior modification... but it's all about mind control. And undoubtedly, the process has been refined in the last decade.

(beat)

She ran from them, refused to take part in their tests, their crimes against the American people. There's no way she'd choose to be working for them now, working with that guy... kissing him.

(shakes his head)

Clearly, he brainwashed her.

The Gunmen are silent for a somber beat, letting this sink in.

FROHIKE

I know a way to find out. But it means not waiting for Scully.

They look to Byers. Off him, not willing to wait any longer:

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING - THE DOOR

16

To room 1066 stands closed. The tag on the door knob now reads "Please Make Up The Room." WE ARM AROUND to find...

... Frohike approaching up the hall, dressed in gray coveralls. He carries an oversized black leather valise. He makes for the door to Susanne's room -- stopping as:

A HOUSEKEEPER appears from the adjoining hall, pushing her maid's cart across his path. As she stops before room 1066...

FROHIKE

Saunters by, trying to look nonchalant. The housekeeper gives him a look -- he gives her a faux tip of the hat.

FROHIKE

Buenos Dias.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

The woman glances at him, a little wary, then disappears inside the room. Frohike slows to a spot up the hall where he can keep an eye on the now-occupied room. He leans against the wall, cooling his heels. As he checks his watch:

CUT TO:

17 OMITTED
AND
18

17
AND
18

19 INT. CONFERENCE ANTEROOM - CLOSE ON BLACK FELT BOARD

19

Arranged with plastic stick-on letters. Byers' finger runs down: "PIZZA FRANCHISERS ASSN. -- TIERRA LINDA ROOM. COSMETICS MANUFACTURERS OF AMERICA -- ARROYO ROOM. MALLWALKERS MEET & GREET -- SONORA ROOM. DEF-CON -- PRIVATE EVENT -- SAGUARO ROOM."

Byers' finger stops on the last one.

BYERS (O.S.)
That's where they are.

WIDER ON SCENE - BYERS AND LANGLEY

BYERS
I have to get in there.

Byers pulls a "Stuart Funsten" badge from inside his jacket -- it's a match to the one he had taken from him earlier. He clips it to his lapel and heads up the carpet, leaving Langly behind.

OUTSIDE THE SAGUARO ROOM

A familiar, oversized Casino Guard scrutinizes IDs at the door -- he's a Guard who threw Byers out earlier. We ADJUST to include Byers heading his way in b.g. Byers sees the Guard and does a quick about-face before the man can notice him.

BYERS

Marches straight back to Langly, who is still where we left him.

BYERS
The guard who threw me out is
working the door.

LANGLY
Let me go.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

Byers flicks a finger at Langly's long hair, makes a "you gotta be kidding" face. He tries to figure out what to do next.

JIMMY THE GEEK (O.S.)

CIA! FREEZE! --

Byers stiffens, turns to look at... Jimmy, joined by two new GEEKS (Timmy isn't here). They all think this is a hoot.

LANGLY

That just keeps getting funnier.

(beat)

Where's your girlfriend Timmy?

JIMMY THE GEEK

Out in the desert. There's this naked chick who'll teach you to shoot machine guns. Costs 200 beans, though... I told him he was a schmuck.

Jimmy notes Byers' distracted look.

JIMMY THE GEEK

What's the matter, Byers? Your bestest dog die? What's up?

Langly glances to Byers, then reluctantly answers.

LANGLY

We're trying to figure a way into the Saguaro Room.

The Geeks look askance to one another. One of them snorts.

REDHEAD GEEK

Good luck. That's the Holy Grail: bug sweeps...

BALD GEEK

... Casino security outside, government security inside. No way any of us are getting in.

Byers and Langly look to one another, grim. After a beat, Jimmy speaks up -- needing to be The Man..

JIMMY THE GEEK

I can get in. I will, too -- when the time is right.

LANGLY

Doo-doo, ka-ka, poo-poo...

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

JIMMY THE GEEK
Go brush your hair, Michael
Bolton.
(to the others)
There's a hole in their
security -- I got it all figured
out. But there's nothing worth
hearing in there till tomorrow,
when they unveil their new
assassination technology.

LANGLY
(unimpressed).
Again with the assassination
technology...

Byers is believing it, however. He's serious as a heart attack.

BYERS
I need to get in there, Jimmy.
(off Jimmy's snort)
I need to hear what's going on
today. If you can really get in
there... prove it.

Byers knows Jimmy won't be able to resist this challenge --
especially not in front of the guys. Off Jimmy, weakening:

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

20

A21 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY - THE DOOR

A21

To room 1066 stands open, the maid's cart still parked next to
it. The housekeeper emerges from the room, dropping a load of
wet towels into the cart's hamper. Then she pulls the door
locked behind her. As she trundles the cart up the hallway...

... Frohike appears behind her from his hallway vantage point.
He steps up to the door, going to work on the lock. It's one of
those electronic pass-card deals, and into it, Frohike shoves a
card-sized circuit board wired to a blinking gizmo.

CHUNK! -- the door UNLOCKS. Frohike eases it open, takes a
quick look up the hallway in both directions, then slips inside.
As the door shuts behind him:

CUT TO:

21 INT. HVAC DUCT - MORNING

21

We're looking along a square sheet-metal duct which fades off into BLACKNESS. We hear a faint BANG and an OOF, and now we can make out Jimmy crawling our way. He's a tight fit.

As he crawls closer, slashes of LIGHT appear on his face. A faint VOICE rises in volume. Jimmy tries to move silently. He eases his face into f.g. and holds his breath, staring out.

INTERCUT WITH:

22 INT. SAGUARO ROOM - CONTINUOUS - JIMMY'S POV

22

We're peering through vent louvers. It's not much of a view, though we glimpse a well-dressed AUDIENCE. We're looking down on them from fifteen feet up. We hear the VOICE speaking.

GRANT (O.S.)
... Real-world application will
always remain a necessary
component of weapons testing.

We PAN, jockeying for a view of the speaker. We finally find GRANT ELLIS, the Dealer. He sits at a long table atop a dais. (X)
Susanne is seated next to him, along with a couple of SCIENTISTS.

GRANT
And obviously, a weapon can't be
fielded, can't be put into the
arsenal, until its efficacy on
live subjects is established... (X)
(X)

JIMMY

Clicks on a tiny JVC digital camcorder, aiming it through the vent slats at Susanne on the dais. Way under his breath:

JIMMY THE GEEK
There's your fascist chickie,
Byers...

As Grant continues speaking (pocket dialog TBW), Jimmy shifts, trying to view the rest of the room. His eyes widen, seeing...

JIMMY'S POV - TIMMY

Who stands at the back, his arms folded, scanning the room -- in plain view of everyone. How the hell did he get in here?

JIMMY

Doesn't understand. Way under his breath:

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

JIMMY THE GEEK
Timmy? What the hell..?

HIS POV - TIMMY

Seems to sense something. He glances up our way now, his expression no-nonsense. Is he looking at us?

JIMMY

Figures it's time to skedaddle. He pushes off quietly, sliding backwards on his belly into the darkness.

23 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - A FLOOR-LEVEL VENT

23

Kicks open, and sneakers poke out. Jimmy crawls out backward, not seeing the two sets of LEGS standing on either side of him.

He looks up, surprised, just as arms reach down and hoist him to his feet. Two dark-suited BLACK-OPS MEN pin him to the wall.

JIMMY THE GEEK
Whoa, man! Hold up --
(looking o.s.)
What the hell's going on?

TIMMY

Approaches, having entered the hallway from a nearby service door. Jimmy realizes he's up fudge creek. His voice gets quiet.

JIMMY THE GEEK
You're one of them.

Timmy confiscates the camcorder. He pats Jimmy down for wires.

TIMMY THE GEEK
You really screwed things up,
Jimmy. We had big plans for you.

JIMMY THE GEEK
What big plans?

As an answer, Timmy pokes at Jimmy's Lee Harvey Oswald T-shirt. It slowly dawns on Jimmy what he means.

JIMMY THE GEEK
Political assassination. I was
right -- I was right about the
whole thing!

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

TIMMY THE GEEK

Hey. Every good plan needs a
patsy.

Done patting Jimmy down, Timmy looks to the Black-Ops. One man
pulls Jimmy's head around. Timmy holds up a high-tech medical
INJECTION GUN. He presses the nozzle behind Jimmy's ear and
pulls the trigger -- there's a pressurized FFFFT!

Jimmy jerks like electricity is going through him. We PUSH IN
on his eyes, wide and frightened. Off his face...

CUT TO:

24 INT. CONFERENCE ANTEROOM - MORNING - SCULLY

24

Rounds a corner into view, walking ahead of a BELLMAN who
carries her overnight bag and laptop case. Scully sees
something up ahead. She hands the Bellman a couple of bucks.

SCULLY

Take it up, please.

The Bellman nods and goes on without her. She heads toward:

BYERS AND LANGLEY

Who are moving toward her from the opposite side of the large
room. They meet Scully halfway.

BYERS

Agent Scully --

She nods hello to the boys, looking tired from her flight.

SCULLY

Where's Mulder? I've been
trying to call him.

LANGLEY

Uh. He's... I think his phone's
messed up.

BYERS

He may be hard to reach for the
next few hours. He suggested
that we work with you -- bring
you up to speed.

Scully gives these two a flat look, growing suspicious.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

SCULLY

By all means. Bring me up to speed.

Byers hesitates, then is about to launch into it when --

-- a slight COMMOTION draws their attention. A couple of HOTEL (X)
EMPLOYEES hurry through b.g., leading two PARAMEDICS somewhere. (X)
Scully looks to the boys, then starts after. As the boys follow:

25 EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - ALLEY - MORNING

25

A huge TOUR BUS from an independent tour company idles in the (X)
alley. We TRACK around the front of it to find... a BUS DRIVER (X)
who stands by its open door. She stares wide-eyed and upset at (X)
something o.s. as the Paramedics run past. (X)

BUS DRIVER

He just jumps! No warning, no
nothing! --

Scully comes holding her ID, paves the way for Byers and Langly. (X)

BUS DRIVER

Just dives right in front of me!

We favor Byers and Langly as they catch a glimpse of something. (X)

THEIR MOVING POV - SEVERAL TOURISTS

From the bus are staring at something near the back wheels. (X)
This is the far side of the bus -- the side we haven't seen (X)
before. The Tourists part slightly, and now we glimpse... (X)

... JIMMY, whose upper body sticks out from between the tires of (X)
the double axles. His bloodied head (not too bloodied -- we (X)
want to recognize him instantly) faces our way. The Paramedics (X)
hunker over him, but it's clear he's way beyond their help. (X)

BYERS AND LANGLEY

Are astounded, then heartsick.

LANGLEY

Oh, god... Jimmy.

BUS DRIVER

He's standing there, then he
just up and dives under the bus!

Scully looks to Langly and Byers. Byers shakes his head. (X)

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

BYERS

This wasn't a suicide.

SCULLY

You knew this man?

(X)

(off their silence)

(X)

Byers, what is going on?

(X)

Byers heads back into the service entrance, a man on a mission. (X)
Off Langly watching him go, and Scully awaiting an explanation:

CUT TO:

26 INT. SUSANNE'S ROOM - MORNING - A TELEPHONE RECEIVER

26

Gets held in a man's hand as the mouthpiece cap is pried off.
The pickup gets taken out and exchanged with one that clearly
has some sort of high-tech BUG soldered to it.

FROHIKE

Hangs up the bedside phone. He notices a small baseboard vent
on the wall alongside the bathroom door. He pulls a tiny video (X)
camera from the bag. He grabs a spiral screwdriver and hunkers (X)
down, unscrewing the vent with a couple of quick pumps.

INSIDE THE VENT - LOOKING OUT

DARKNESS gives way to a tight view of Frohike's face as the vent
cover gets pulled loose. Frohike holds up the little camera, (X)
about to place it when he notices something surprising.

FROHIKE

Well, I'll be damned...

He reaches a hand in past us, fumbling with something o.s. He
pulls into view... a whole other digital CAMCORDER. He pops out (X)
the tape, studies it.

BACK OUTSIDE THE VENT - FROHIKE

Hears faint FOOTSTEPS coming up the hall. He quickly pockets
the tape and slaps the vent cover back in place.

We hear a CARD KEY slide into the door now. The lock CLICKS.
Frohike grabs his black bag and dives into the nearby bathroom.
He pushes the bathroom door closed just as Susanne enters in b.g.

Susanne sighs tiredly, kicks off her shoes. She walks past us,
out of frame. As she does so, we ADJUST AROUND on the bathroom
door. We PUSH IN on Frohike's eye peeking out through the crack.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED:

26

FROHIKE'S POV - THROUGH THE CRACKED DOOR

We see just a thin slice of the room. Susanne wanders back into frame, unbuttoning her blouse. Just as she takes it off, the phone RINGS and she wanders out of frame again.

IN THE BATHROOM - FROHIKE

Stands frozen, his eye pressed to the door -- not lascivious, but in fact, sort of freaked out.

FROHIKE'S POV - THROUGH THE CRACKED DOOR

We see Susanne's hand toss the blouse, then the skirt onto the bed. After a momentous beat, she comes back into frame wearing an oversized hotel bathrobe.

She heads our way, straight for the bathroom. She's a second away from discovering Frohike when... a KNOCK sounds at the door.

OUT IN THE ROOM - SUSANNE

Turns and heads to the door. She peers through the peephole, then slowly pulls her head back, shocked by who she sees. She hesitates for a moment, then undoes the latch and turns the knob.

BYERS

Stands at the door. It takes him a second to find his voice.

BYERS

Susanne? Do you remember me?

She nods. Her face shows no emotion except curiosity.

SUSANNE

What are you doing here?

BYERS

I... I'm here to save you.

SUSANNE

(frown)

From what?

She folds her arms, waiting for an answer. He gently presses on.

BYERS

I don't think you're yourself.
I think you've been mistreated,
and... confused, and I'm afraid
your opinions, your beliefs...
aren't your own.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

She considers this evenly.

SUSANNE

As in, I've been brainwashed.

He nods. She gives a little roll of her eyes, not buying it. (X)

SUSANNE

I don't know what to tell you,
John. I haven't been.

BYERS

I think you're in danger,
Susanne. A friend of mine has
been killed. Murdered. (X)

SUSANNE

What? --

BYERS

And that man you're with...

SUSANNE

He's my fiance.

(off Byers' reaction)

I'm sorry, but I think you'd
better go.

Byers doesn't know what to say, how to convince her -- and after all, she's sounding pretty lucid, pretty matter-of-fact. She starts to shut the door, but he pushes against it, stopping her. His voice has heat in it now.

BYERS

Wait, wait a minute. Ten years ago, I saw you thrown into a car -- kidnapped right in front of me. Did that not happen? Did I just dream all of that?!

Go, Byers! Susanne stares up at him. Finally:

SUSANNE

That happened.

(beat)

But then things got better.

She gently shuts the door. This time he doesn't stop her. He just stands there in the hallway, motionless.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

SUSANNE

Puts the chain on the door. She stares at it for a moment, looking troubled. She finally turns and heads for the bathroom, (X) where we left Frohike. We FOLLOW after her.

She pushes open the bathroom door, and we find... it's EMPTY. No Frohike. No black bag. As Susanne leans over the bathtub, turning on the water, we TILT UP...

... Finding a smallish ACCESS PANEL in the ceiling. The square panel is slightly ASKEW, as if it's been moved. Off this:

27 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - BYERS

27

Turns from Susanne's door, looking like a kicked dog. As he wanders up the quiet hallway, and we PULL BACK ahead of him...

... WHAM! A big BLACK BAG falls from the ceiling, hitting him on the noggin.

FROHIKE (O.S.)

Whoop. Sorry, buddy.

Byers winces and holds his head, moving out of the way as Frohike lowers himself from a like access panel in the hallway ceiling. He drops to the floor, the panel banging shut overhead.

FROHIKE

That Susanne's a popular gal.

(X)

In two fingers, Frohike holds up the tiny digital video tape he found in Susanne's vent. Off Byers, staring at the tape: (X)

CUT TO:

28 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT - A SHEET-COVERED BODY

28

Lies atop a steel table. LEGEND: CLARK COUNTY MORGUE.

SCULLY (O.S.)

You're absolutely sure you want to be here?

TILT UP to Langly, standing by. He's uneasy, tries to hide it.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

28

LANGLY

Oh, yeah. I'm cool. Let's just find out what killed him.

SCULLY

Studies him, not sure this is a good idea. She pulls the sheet, revealing Jimmy. She clicks on an overhead mike, goes to work.

SCULLY

James Belmont, age 29. Visual exam reveals injuries consistent with massive trauma.

(X)

Scully presses her gloved hands hard against Jimmy's side, feeling for injuries. As she strains to lift him slightly, getting a look at his gruesome back, we DRIFT to Langly's face.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Multiple fractured ribs and concomitant hemorrhaging, both internal and external. The spine is fractured and partially exposed.

Langly grows progressively greener. He averts his eyes.

LANGLY

What if they did something to him? To make him pancake himself?

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Who is "they?"

He shrugs -- "they" is "they." She checks the front of the body.

SCULLY

(to the mike)

I'll begin with the Y incision.

Scully finds the proper scalpel and goes to work (o.s.), opening the chest like a zipper. Langly is silently freaking. Scully glances around, sees what she's looking for across the room.

SCULLY

Langly, could you get me that Stryker Saw? On the counter.

Langly retrieves it, carries it before him in both hands, edging back toward the autopsy table. We're CLOSE on his face... close enough to reveal, reflected in his glasses, the gory tableau of the CADAVER'S OPEN CHEST.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

Langly's had enough. He slaps the saw down on the table and goes tear-assing out of the room.

SCULLY
Langly? You alright?

We hear the sound of distant, o.s. PUKING. Scully clicks off the overhead mike, not particularly wanting this on her audio report. She sighs and reaches for the Stryker Saw. As she does, she pauses... frowns at something odd.

SCULLY'S POV - JIMMY'S EAR

We notice a faint MARK just behind it. Scully's gloved fingers reach into frame, angling the head. It's subtle... but we see a round IRRITATION MARK where the injection gun was used.

CLOSE - SCULLY

Wonders at this, standing under a little island of work light in this otherwise-dark morgue. As she leans in for another look...

... WHAM! Someone GRABS HER from behind! A hand claps over her mouth before she can yell. A familiar INJECTION GUN gets jammed behind her ear. Before she can fight this man off -- FFFFT!

Scully's eyes pop wide. And we go WIDER, revealing TIMMY as the man clutching her tight. Scully's body convulses once, twice, like electricity is going through it. Off her frightened eyes...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 INT. MORGUE - ANTEROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON RATTY REEBOKS

29

Standing on tiptoes beside a stainless steel cabinet. As we ARM UP, we hear the sound of RETCHING. We find...

... Langly leaning over the stainless sink. He coughs -- then looks up as we hear a metallic CLATTER from the other room. He wipes his mouth with the back of a hand, calling out:

LANGLY

Scully..?

No answer. Wondering at this, he crosses the room, re-entering:

30 INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

30

Langly pushes through the doors. He pauses, surprised to find:

HIS POV - THE ROOM

There's Jimmy, splayed on the slab. And below, splayed across the floor... Scully's LEGS stick out from behind the table.

LANGLY

Hurries to her, kneeling over her prone form. Her head lolls -- she's alive. Langly pats her face, bringing her around.

LANGLY

Oh, man. Scully... wake up.

Langly happens to glance up at Jimmy, who is eye-level to him now. Langly chokes back what's left of his lunch, averts his eyes and fumbles for the sheet, pulling it over the dead man.

Scully opens her eyes now. Langly helps her sit up.

LANGLY

You okay?

She manages a nod. He helps her to her feet.

SCULLY

What happened?

LANGLY

I'm thinking you got a little queasy and took a header.

(Barney Fife-ish)

You know, blood and guts... it can bother some people.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

SCULLY
Yeah. I guess.

LANGLY
You gonna be alright?

SCULLY
Sure, cutie.

Uh... say what? Off Langly's mild surprise at this epithet, Scully clicks off the work light and peels off her exam gloves.

LANGLY
You're done with Jimmy?

SCULLY
Done, done, done.

Scully pushes on the end of the autopsy table, which has no wheels and is probably bolted to the floor. Under her breath...

SCULLY
How ya roll this thing..?

LANGLY
Uh... Scully? What killed him?

SCULLY
Oh, yeah. In my medical opinion?

She makes a VROOM VROOM sound... then SPLAT as she mimes Jimmy (X)
getting run over with her hand. Langly's a bit taken aback by (X)
this description, but he presses on.

LANGLY
That's all you found?

SCULLY
That's all I know.

She tries pushing the autopsy table again, her feet sliding.
Off Langly, wondering at her behavior -- and the lack of answers:

31 CLOSE - THE TINY VIDEOTAPE

31

The one that Frohike retrieved from Susanne's room. As a man's fingers plop it into a digital camcorder...

... WE PAN to a laptop screen, where a PLAYBACK WINDOW pops up. Just as a fish-eye ANGLE on Susanne's empty hotel room appears, we hear a DOOR opening, o.s. We are:

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - FROHIKE AND BYERS

Turn as Langly enters. Frohike pauses the video playback.

BYERS
What did you find out?

LANGLY
The autopsy was negatory. Jimmy
squished himself. (X)

Byers is not satisfied with this. Frohike's mind is elsewhere.

FROHIKE
And where's the scrumptious
Agent Scully?

LANGLY
Said she had "something
important" to do.

They wonder at this. Langly tries to rationalize her behavior.

LANGLY
Man, she's seriously jetlagged.
(seeing TV image)
You got product already?

FROHIKE
(shakes his head)
An earlier bird got the worm.

Byers hits play as they all look to the screen, seeing:

Susanne step into view, sitting on the bed. She speaks
earnestly to someone off-screen.

SUSANNE
All this waiting. I feel like
they're always keeping tabs on
us... Watching us.

GRANT (O.S.)
Honey, you worry too much. The
plan is still on-schedule.
Everything is falling into place.

Grant Ellis now appears. He sits on the bed. He eases a
comforting arm around Susanne. (X)

GRANT
We've worked so long and so hard
for this.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

He pulls her close... they slide easily into each other's arms... kissing... until the screen goes black with a BEEP.

FROHIKE

Shuts down the playback in deference to his heartbroken colleague. Byers shakes his head -- he's not giving up on Susanne, despite what he's seen.

BYERS

It's not her. They're making her do this somehow --

FROHIKE

Buddy, I know a little bit about the fairer sex. Trust me, you can bring a horse to water, but you can't make her drink.

BYERS

No. She wouldn't marry that man.

SUSANNE (O.S.)

You don't know him like I do.

The Gunmen spin, surprised to find SUSANNE standing inside their room, in the shadows near the door.

LANGLY

How'd you get in here?

She holds up the blinking GIZMO Frohike used to unlock her door.

SUSANNE

One of you left this in my room.

Frohike looks sheepish. Susanne steps closer, tosses the gizmo onto the bed. She addresses all three.

SUSANNE

Grant Ellis saved my life. He's saved the lives of thousands.

(X)

FROHIKE

Ha! --

SUSANNE

John, I need to talk to you. I need to explain.

(X)

Frohike glowers. Langly looks to him, nods toward the door.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

 LANGLY
We'll hit the slots.

 FROHIKE
 (to Byers)
Watch your back...
 (toward Susanne)
Mata Hari...

The boys exit. Susanne turns back to Byers. (X)

 SUSANNE (X)
You said something about your (X)
friend being murdered. (X)

 BYERS (X)
Not that I can prove it. But I (X)
believe he saw something he (X)
wasn't supposed to see -- at (X)
your conference. (X)
 (beat) (X)
You may be in danger. (X)

 SUSANNE (X)
I am. Always. Grant, too. (X)

He's listening. She gathers herself for a beat. (X)

 SUSANNE
I thought about this moment a
hundred times. All the things
I would say if I ever saw you (X)
again. But then you showed up (X)
at my door, and I... (X)

 (trails off; a beat)
They took me, ten years ago --
you remember. They did things
to me, used my own work against
me. It was like drowning.
Every day, underwater,
struggling to breathe. Then one
day, a hand broke the surface.
Reached down and pulled me up.

 (beat)
I wanted it to be you, John. It
was Grant. He worked for the
Project. I didn't trust him,
not for years -- not until I
realized he was fighting them in
his own way. Stalling them,
sabotaging their tests.

 (more)

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

SUSANNE (cont'd)

Biding his time until the day he
could stop them. He was working
to expose their secrets. He
reminded me of you.

(X)

(X)

(quiet)

And I fell in love with him.

Byers is torn by these bittersweet revelations. Off him:

32 CLOSE - SLOT REELS SPINNING

32

They click into place: cherry... cherry... lemon. We ADJUST to:

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

INT. CASINO - SLOT MACHINE STATION - NIGHT - FROHIKE

Curses (TV-curses) the slot machine that just beat him. Langly pumps another machine face-to-face opposite him. All around, quarter-bucket LADIES yank the one-armed bandits.

FROHIKE
They're just lucky I've got a
conscience.

LANGLY
How's that?

FROHIKE
If I unleashed my true Kung Fu
on this casino, I could break
the bank inside a week.

LANGLY
And find yourself under six feet
of desert dirt.

Frohike slips another quarter into the slot. Timmy appears in b.g., approaching Langly. He wears the somber countenance of a man whose best friend has recently died.

TIMMY
Hey, guys.

FROHIKE
Hey, Timmy. Sorry about Jimmy.

Langly nods commiseratively. Timmy nods a solemn thanks. He speaks just to Langly, on the QT.

TIMMY
Langly? The guys are all up in
my room for a round of Dungeons
and Dragons -- in honor of Jimmy.

Langly sniffs -- truly touched.

LANGLY
Lord Manhammer will be in
attendance.

Langly calls to Frohike, who plays the slots throughout.

LANGLY
I'm heading upstairs for a
little D&D, in memoriam.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

FROHIKE

Touching.

Langly exits with Timmy. Frohike plays his last quarter... cursing as he loses again. He leans close to the quarter-bucket lady closest to him.

FROHIKE

Lend me a quarter, huh, honey?

The woman doesn't even grace him with a look. Frohike sighs, checking his pockets and finding them empty. He slowly makes his way along the row of slots, checking the coin returns of any unmanned machines for an errant quarter...

... and stopping as an off-screen GIGGLE catches his ear. He looks about for the source... then hears it again. A female LAUGH that should sound vaguely familiar. He follows the giggle, past the slots, toward a nearby doorway.

33 INT. CASINO BAR - CONTINUOUS

33

Frohike steps in, scanning the crowded bar. He hears the strangely familiar GIGGLE again, looking ahead to see:

HIS POV - A CROWD OF MEN

Surrounding someone, someone who is giggling in the most delightful manner.

FROHIKE

Is sure now what he heard. He makes his way along the bar, pushes his way through the gaggle of men to find...

... SCULLY is the center of attention. She's giggling -- glowing, bubbly -- a Scully we've never seen before.

FROHIKE

Scully?

SCULLY

Hey, Hickey! Long time no see!

Frohike is dumbfounded. He has no idea how to react to Scully-as-bimbette. One of the drones -- a male-model HUNK -- whispers something in Scully's ear. She giggles again.

SCULLY

That's not nice. I like Hickey!

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

Scully reaches out and TOUSLES the hair atop Frohike's head. He stands frozen -- she touched me! -- until a TAP TAP on the bar draws his look to:

A PACK OF MORLEYS

Being tapped until one cig sticks out. As a man's hand lifts the pack up toward Scully, we ADJUST to reveal...

... a familiar-looking man with a lascivious grin, dressed in a dour black suit -- it's MORRIS FLETCHER (6x04) the Man-In-Black who swapped identities with Mulder (a fact no one recalls, not Morris, Scully nor Frohike).

MORRIS FLETCHER

Cigarette?

Scully returns his lascivious grin. She leans toward his outstretched hand, bending close to take the cig between her lips... pulling it out slowly, her eyes never leaving Morris.

FROHIKE

You don't smoke!

Frohike watches, horror rising inside him like magma. Scully speaks with the unlit cig dangling between her lips.

SCULLY

But who's got a match?

In an instant, Morris and the other drones each produce a lighter or lit match -- a choice of flickering flames. Scully milks the moment, looking from man to man.

SCULLY

I just can't decide which of you lights my fire.

FROHIKE

That's it! --

Frohike GRABS the cigarette from her mouth, tossing it aside. He pushes the clinging drones from her, barking at them.

FROHIKE

Alright you dandies, back off!
This is Special Agent Dana
Scully with the FBI -- you so
much as touch her and you may be
committing a Federal offense!

The drones disperse with shakes of their heads. Morris is the last to drift off, he turns to Scully for a final comment.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

MORRIS FLETCHER
It could've been stardust.

SCULLY
Maybe next time.

Then she surprises Morris -- and Frohike -- and the audience --
by reaching out and SLAPPING Morris on the ass.

MORRIS FLETCHER
(sexy)
Oooh!

Frohike grabs Scully's arm, leading her out like a bad girl.

CUT TO:

34 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT - ELEVATOR DOORS

34

Open as Langly, then Timmy emerge. Making their way up the hall.

LANGLY
I hope you brought your wallet,
my friend --
(off his look)
Hey, a game's a game.

Timmy steps up to his door, opening it for Langly to enter:

35 INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

35

Langly steps into the suite, continuing to make his point.

LANGLY
Just because it's a memorial
don't mean it's charity --

Langly's smirk fades. He stops, looks around the room, seeing:

HIS POV

No D&D geeks. Instead, we find the two familiar Black-Ops Men.

LANGLY

Looks to Timmy -- realizes that he's a traitor.

TIMMY
We've got a game for you.

Off Langly, trapped:

36 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - THE TELEVISION

36

Plays the same fish-eye footage of Susanne we saw before.

GRANT (O.S.)

Trust me, this is going to work.

We ADJUST to reveal Susanne and Byers watching. Susanne is deeply disturbed by what he's showing her. She shuts it off.

SUSANNE

You didn't tape this? --

Byers shakes his head. A wave of desperate anxiety flows over Susanne -- this is the news she's been dreading.

SUSANNE

They surveilled us. They know our plan. They know everything.

BYERS

What is your plan?

SUSANNE

Escape. This conference was our chance. To slip out on the last day -- go public with all our files, our weapons research.

(frantic; pacing)

We could make it work this time -- we've gathered so much proof. The public is ready to believe, now more than ever.

She bravely fights back tears.

SUSANNE

But now they know. They'll kill us, John. Grant and me both.

A heavy beat. Before Byers can offer comfort... the door BURSTS OPEN. Frohike appears, dragging Scully inside. She giggles as he leads her to the bed, PLOPPING her down.

FROHIKE

You settle down.

Frohike turns to Byers, who's shocked by what he's seeing.

FROHIKE

I found Agent Scully Golightly holding court in the bar.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

BYERS

I-I've never seen her drunk
before.

Susanne crosses to Scully, whom she's never met -- but who now
holds the utmost interest for her. She stares her in the eye.

SUSANNE

Oh, god... It can't be...

Scully continues to giggle as Susanne examines her. She takes
her carotid pulse, checks her scalp line, then behind her
ears... and to her dismay, finds what she's seeking.

SUSANNE

She's not drunk. Look at this --

Byers and Frohike step close. Susanne rolls Scully to her
side -- causing another delightful GIGGLE -- showing the Gunmen:

THEIR CLOSE POV - BEHIND SCULLY'S EAR

A faint, reddish BLEMISH just below the lobe. Same as on Jimmy.

RESUME

SUSANNE

That's from an injector gun.

FROHIKE

What the hell was she injected
with?

SUSANNE

A derivative of E-H gas. A-H:
Anoetic Histamine.

(X)

(looking sick)

My latest creation...

Byers and Frohike turn to her. She struggles to explain.

SUSANNE

I could have developed it years
ago. I held off -- I couldn't
let the bastards I work for have
it. But Grant thought if we
secretly created a small batch,
then destroyed our notes, we'd
have the proof we needed to go
public... and we'd have a weapon
we could use against them.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

BYERS

Who else has access to this
Anoetic Histamine?

SUSANNE

(with dawning horror)
Grant and I had the only samples.

It hangs in the air -- her realization of her fiance's betrayal.
She shuts her eyes, sickened... angry with herself. Off this:

37 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT LATER - LANGLEY

37

Approaches the Gunmen's room. He seems none the worse for wear
after his encounter with Ellis and the Black-Ops. He pulls out (X)
his card key, unlocking the door and entering:

38 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

38

Langly finds Byers and Frohike standing at the foot of the bed.
Susanne sits beside a groggy Scully, holding one of her arms as
she injects her with a hypo.

SUSANNE

This will counteract the anoetic
effect.

SCULLY

Ow-ww... Just a little prick...

She giggles as Byers and Frohike glance to Langly.

LANGLY

Bad trip?

FROHIKE

(to Susanne)
-- I don't understand, why would
the government want to turn
Scully into a bimbo?

SUSANNE

That's just a potential side
effect. Anoetic histamine
impedes higher brain functions.
It promotes suggestibility.

BYERS

Mind control. Brainwashing.

Susanne can't meet his eyes, ashamed of what she's wrought.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

FROHIKE

That explains Jimmy. They told
him to commit suicide.

BYERS

And Scully... they made her
forget her autopsy findings.
(to Susanne)
But what's their larger purpose?
What are they planning?

She shakes her head, afraid of the answer. As they ponder this
dire situation... WE FAVOR LANGLEY. He scratches behind his ear.

CLOSE -- LANGLEY'S FOREFINGER

Scratches an itch... then moves off, revealing: a small reddish
BLEMISH behind his ear. Just like the one on Scully. Off this:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

39 OMITTED

39

40 INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - DAY

40

We hear a KNOCK. Timmy appears, stepping up to the door and opening it. He sees someone he's clearly been expecting.

TIMMY

Right on time.

(X)

He opens the door further... revealing Langly in the hall, wearing a dark windbreaker. Langly's expression is unreadable. His hair is in a ponytail, tucked into his collar. Making him look conservative -- and a bit ominous.

(X)

As Langly steps inside, Timmy closes the door behind him. Timmy leads Langly to the far bed, where we see...

... a CHEAP .380 lying on the bedspread, a full CLIP beside it. A plastic DEF-CON BADGE has Langly's blank-eyed PHOTO on it.

TIMMY

Here's your weapon.

Timmy wears EXAM GLOVES. He loads the clip, drops the slide.

TIMMY

All you do is pull the trigger.
You will enter the Saguaro Room
at 10:05 AM -- this badge will
give you access.

He clips the badge to Langly's windbreaker.

TIMMY

Take a seat toward the back and
wait. At 10:15, a break will be
called. Rise, approach the
target and fire at close range.
(shows him a photo)
This is your target.

Langly studies the photo with a cold, methodical stare.

HIS POV - THE PHOTO

Is of Susanne Modeski. As we PUSH IN on the photo...

CUT TO:

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. CONFERENCE ANTEROOM - DAY - FROHIKE AND BYERS

42

Stand at a discreet distance, watch as Conferees trickle into the Saguaro Room, each one presenting their badge to the Guard so he can run the bar code with his SCANNER GUN. (X)

The Redhead and Bald Geeks are here, too. Frohike glances back behind them, noticing someone approaching. (X)

FROHIKE
Hey, blondie. Where you been?

ANGLE - LANGLEY

Heads our way up the hall. We watch as Langly approaches the other two Gunmen... then passes them without even a glance.

Frohike turns to Byers, noting this... then both turn to see:

Langly shows his badge to the Casino Guard... who amazingly LETS HIM PASS. Behind Byers and Frohike, the Redhead Geek pipes up.

REDHEAD GEEK
Hey, how'd he do that?

Off Frohike and Byers, their reactions hard to read:

43 INT. SAGUARO ROOM - DAY - LANGLEY

43

Takes a seat toward the back, his jacket billowing slightly -- we catch a glimpse of the pistol in his belt. He pulls his jacket closed, looks to the head of the room with a cold stare.

HIS POV - SUSANNE

Sits on the dais beside Grant, unaware of Langly's presence.

NEW ANGLE CLOSE - SUSANNE

Grant gives her a private smile, which she returns faintly. Al is on the panel, all business now and DRONING ON in b.g. (pocket dialog TBW). Susanne's mind is clearly elsewhere.

HER POV - HER WRIST WATCH

Reads "10:15."

SUSANNE

Looks up from her watch, feigns interest in the conference... not noticing Langly watching her from the back of the dim room.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED:

43

GRANT

Checks his watch. He clears his throat, speaks up.

GRANT

... I suppose it's time for a
short break.

The crowd is grateful to hear it. Susanne gathers her papers.
With a last long look to Grant, she rises to leave.

Grant gives her a casual smile. WE HOLD on Grant as she exits
frame... his smile fading. He knows what's coming. He looks to:

IN THE DISTANCE - LANGLEY

Who rises, joining the swell of stretching DEF-CON attendees.
Working his way down through the crowd...

44 OMITTED

44

AND

AND

45

45

46 INT. CONFERENCE ANTEROOM - SCULLY

46

Heads for the Saguaro Room... PASSING Frohike and Byers who (X)
hurry in the opposite direction, toward the elevators. They (X)
acknowledge each other with a meaningful glance as they pass -- (X)
something's afoot. (X)

As Scully steps up to the final stanchion, the familiar Casino
Guard holds up a hand.

GUARD

Authorized attendees only.

SCULLY

I'm an FBI agent.

She flashes her badge. The guard hardly gives it a glance.

GUARD

Authorized attendees.

(X)

Off Scully, annoyed by this obstacle:

47 INT. SAGUARO ROOM - LANGLEY

47

Continues to work his way down the aisle, weaving in and out of
the small groups of chatting attendees as he makes for the dais.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED:

47

SUSANNE

Descends from the dais... nodding pleasantly to a small group of contractors that she passes. We RAMP now -- TIME SLOWS as...

LANGLY

Parts the crowd. As he reaches into his open jacket...

SUSANNE

Turns her head, spying something that shocks her.

THE GUN

Pokes out amidst the crowd. As Langly's finger pumps the trigger -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- Susanne is hit with three shots to the chest. BLOOD squibs from each wound. Susanne drops HARD, in SLOW MOTION, then RAMPING to NORMAL SPEED.

GRANT

Looks up in as much horror as he can muster.

GRANT

Oh my god --

THE GUN

CLATTERS to the floor. We see Langly -- the same cold expression on his face -- disappear into the gathering crowd.

48 INT. CONFERENCE ANTEROOM - SCULLY

48

Hears the shots like everyone else. She runs into the Saguaro Room, the Casino Guard following.

49 INT. SAGUARO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

49

Scully rushes down the aisle, pushing through the crowd.

SCULLY

Stay back -- federal agent!

The crowd obeys. The oversized Guard pulls out his RADIO and makes an emergency call as Scully checks Susanne's pulse...

GUARD

I'm in the Saguaro Room. We need an ambulance, a woman's been shot.

50 CLOSE - LAPTOP SCREEN

50

A flashing TELEPHONE ICON indicates a call is patched through. The word "INTERCEPT" is prominent. We hear the Guard's voice:

GUARD'S VOICE
She's bleeding... hurry...

As WE ARM AROUND to reveal:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FROHIKE

Stands before the laptop, FRANTICALLY PULLING ON an EMT UNIFORM (X)
shirt over his undershirt. He's taking the intercepted call (X)
through a headset.

FROHIKE
We're on our way.

He clicks off, pulling off his headphones and joining... BYERS, who is buttoning his own EMT shirt. As they rush from the room:

51 INT. SAGUARO ROOM - GRANT

51

Pushes his way to the front of the crowd, followed by the two Black-Ops Men. Scully shakes her head sadly -- Susanne is dead. (X)

GRANT
Who did it? Who did it?!

Scully looks up from Susanne's body.

SCULLY
The shooter got away.

Grant looks to the Black-Ops Men, their shared confusion evident -- this is not how things were supposed to go. Scully barks an order to the Guard, indicating Grant.

SCULLY
Detain that man.

GRANT
What?

SCULLY
Get him out of here. Now!

The Guard obliges, grabs Grant's arm. The Black-Ops figure it's time to melt into the crowd. As the Guard leads Grant away...

... They nearly run into the two EMTs -- Frohike and Byers -- wheeling a gurney into the room. Byers shields his face as he passes Grant, who is too busy arguing with the Guard to notice.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED:

51

FROHIKE
(sotto; to Scully)
Good work, party girl.

Scully shoots him a look -- then rises to follow Grant and the Guard out. The two "EMTs" waste no time loading Susanne's body onto the gurney, then rolling it up the aisle toward the door.

LOW ANGLE - A BLOOD STAIN

Glistens on the carpet while in b.g., the whole crowd watches dead Susanne get taken out. Into this frame step a MAN'S LEGS, standing over the blood puddle. The legs belong to...

... TIMMY, who hunkers down into frame. He's looking in the one direction everyone else isn't. He dabs a finger in the wet blood, rubs it between his fingers... then TASTES it. A look of confirmation crosses his face. Off him, staring at the door:

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY - THE ELEVATOR

52

DINGS and opens -- Grant is onboard, flanked by the Casino Guard and Scully. Scully takes Grant's elbow, addresses the Guard.

SCULLY
Thanks. I've got him from here.

Confused, the Guard nonetheless stays behind as Scully leads Grant up the hall. Grant is confused, too.

GRANT
Where are you taking me?

Scully doesn't answer. She just leads him to his room -- 1066. She RAPS on the door. It opens, surprising Grant.

53 INT. SUSANNE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - BYERS

53

Holds open the door, staring evenly at Grant. A little further back stands Frohike, also staring. And behind him...

... A WOMAN steps out into view. The desert sun streaming in the window behind her silhouettes her form.

GRANT

Recognizes her -- and is disturbed. As he eases toward her...

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED:

53

THE WOMAN

Eases forward herself, revealing... she's SUSANNE. Her eyes are cold. Her blouse is bloody, bullet holes visible in the fabric.

GRANT

Susanne? --

She says nothing for a moment. When she speaks, it's to Byers.

SUSANNE

Could you give us a moment..?

(off his hesitation)

I'll be alright.

Byers doesn't want to leave her, but relents. To Scully:

BYERS

You'd better get back to the
crime scene -- run interference
with the Las Vegas Police.

(off Scully's stare)

Uh... as per Mulder.

(X)

Still wondering what the hell she's even doing here, Scully turns and exits. Frohike heads out, giving a lingering dirty look to Grant. Byers is the last to go.

BYERS

We'll be just down the hall.

With a last cold, meaningful look to Grant, Byers pulls the door behind him. Now Grant and Susanne are alone. She bitterly presents herself to him -- "I'm alive."

(X)

(X)

SUSANNE

Big surprise, huh? After you
programmed my friend to kill me?

(X)

(X)

(X)

GRANT

Susanne... it wasn't my idea.

(X)

(X)

SUSANNE

But you knew. You gave them the
A-H. If we hadn't thought to
check, hadn't given Langly the
antidote...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

She trails off, not wanting to say the words. Instead, she taps her bloody blouse, indicating what would have happened to her.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

Grant is silent. Susanne removes her shredded blouse, revealing (X)
a camisole beneath -- a camisole dotted with exploded SQUIBS.
Wires run from the squibs to some sort of radio trigger.

SUSANNE

I don't understand. Why save (X)
me? Why save my life -- just to (X)
take it away?

GRANT

(a beat; quietly) (X)
You know why. (X)

Sickened, Susanne realizes she does. (X)

SUSANNE

Because you were done with me. (X)
You had what you wanted. (X)

GRANT

They had what they wanted. The (X)
Project was over. Honest to (X)
god -- it wasn't my idea. (X)

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

SUSANNE

All those years -- gaining my trust, pretending you loved me. (X)
All of it just to plunder my work. What could they give you for that? What was your price?

She fights back tears.

SUSANNE

-- WHAT DID YOU GET?

GRANT

My life. They'd kill me. (X)

He says it softly, ashamed. Susanne is devastated. She pulls off the last squib, dropping it onto the bed. (X)

The door latch CLICKS, getting their attention. They see:

THEIR POV - THE DOOR

Opens and Timmy enters. He gently shuts the door behind him, draws a SILENCED PISTOL from his jacket.

SUSANNE

Looks to Grant, her heart pounding. Grant is sadly resigned.

GRANT

I'm sorry, Susanne.

Timmy raises his pistol at her... then aims it a little to the right and -- THUP! THUP! -- puts two rounds in Grant's chest.

Grant tumbles to the floor, dead. Timmy keeps the gun leveled (X)
at Susanne, who is frozen in fear. Off her, awaiting her death: (X)

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN

55

Where some furious hacking is going on -- data screens fly by, the keystrokes fast as machine gun fire.

BYERS (O.S.)
County death records first, then
the state tax rolls... come on!

ANOTHER ANGLE - LANGLEY

Sits before the laptop, typing furiously. Frohike and Byers stand behind him, Byers barking orders.

BYERS
Now the Clark County Morgue:
list it that they misplaced her
body --

LANGLY
Jawohl, Herr Commandant. Why
don't you just zap me with your
girlie's thing there and
brainwash me again --

He indicates the... INJECTOR GUN that sits on the table nearby.

FROHIKE
I say do it. We can make him
cut his hair.

They are interrupted by a KNOCK on the door.

BYERS
(to Frohike)
Answer it.

WE FOLLOW Frohike as he heads for the door, grumbling.

FROHIKE
Why me? It's your chickadee.

He cracks open the door, revealing Susanne standing in the hall.

FROHIKE
Come on in, Mata Hari --

Frohike pulls open the door for her... but Susanne doesn't move. We see terror in her eyes -- the pistol appears at the side of her head. Timmy steps into view, forcing Susanne into the room. He shuts the door behind them.

Byers and Langly rise. Timmy drawls out Jimmy's old joke:

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED:

55

TIMMY
CIA... freeze.

BYERS
(a tense beat)
Let her go.

Timmy snorts, shakes his head to himself.

TIMMY
Sure.

He cocks his pistol instead -- about to pull the trigger on Susanne. Instantly, Byers CHARGES TIMMY, yelling with rage -- until he's cut short by a PISTOL WHIP that sends him sprawling.

LOW ANGLE - BYERS

Hits the grown hard, rolling over to find... TIMMY stepping over him, brandishing the pistol.

TIMMY
You know the best thing about
killing you three? I get to
stop dressing like this.

Frohike, Langly and Susanne stand frozen. Timmy takes aim at Byers -- but stops an instant before he pulls the trigger. He's now noticing...

... Byers holds the INJECTOR GUN. It's pressed to Timmy's ANKLE.

TIMMY

JERKS as Byers POPS him with a hit of A-H. Timmy falls, his pistol CLATTERING to the floor.

Susanne rushes to Byers, helping him out from under Timmy and up into her arms. Frohike and Langly stare down at Timmy, who seizes under the influence. They look to Byers.

FROHIKE
What do we do with him?

Off Byers' knowing look:

CUT TO:

56 INT. SCULLY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - TELEVISION SCREEN

56

A local ANCHORWOMAN reports from her newsdesk. WE SEE a burn-in behind her: it's a police photo of the man we know as TIMMY.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED:

56

ANCHORWOMAN

... police confirm an arrest has been made. This man, Timothy Landau of Alamogordo, New Mexico, has confessed to the murders of Grant Ellis and Susanne Modeski. Both victims were government employees attending a conference...

(X)

As this continues, WE PULL BACK. A FIGURE wipes through frame.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Hello? Mulder? Can you hear me?

WE CONTINUE BACK... revealing Scully pacing the room, talking on her cell phone.

SCULLY

Where am I? I'm at the hotel.

Where are you?

(beat)

What do you mean, "What hotel?"

(beat)

Las Vegas. I'm in Las Vegas.

Aren't you? You called me --

(beat)

What do you mean you didn't call me?!

(beat; to herself)

I'm gonna kick their asses...

Off this:

CUT TO:

57 EXT. CASINO - PORT COCHERE - NIGHT - A TAXI TRUNK

57

Pops open. A woman's bags get placed inside.

BYERS (O.S.)

Susanne Modeski is dead. Every computer at every county, state and federal office knows it.

Frohike and Langly finish loading the trunk. We HAND OFF to Byers and Susanne. He hands her a piece of paper.

BYERS

This is who you are now.

Susanne unfolds it, reads it. She looks up to him.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED:

57

SUSANNE
Holly Fitzgerald...

BYERS
Holly like the sugar, remember? (X)
As far as the last name goes...

He trails off, smiles sheepishly. She smiles, too.

SUSANNE
I love it.
(beat)
John..? Come with me.

Byers is silent for a long moment, wanting to. He glances briefly back to Frohike and Langly, waiting a few paces away.

BYERS
You're safer without me.

SUSANNE
It can't make any difference.
I told you, I'm going public.

BYERS
No, you're not.
(off her look)
You've more than done your part.
Leave it to us now.
(beat)
It's what we do.

Susanne glances around, her eyes tearing up. She reaches out, takes Byers' hand in hers. She presses something into it.

SUSANNE
This was for Grant. I want you
to have it.

BYERS

Looks down at what's in his hand, his expression numb. We still don't see what she gave him. She leans in... kisses him. It's a lingering kiss.

Susanne finally breaks off. She smiles at Frohike and Langly, turns and climbs into the waiting taxi. Byers holds the door.

SUSANNE
Someday...

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

He smiles faintly, gently shuts the door. They stare at one another as the cab pulls away from the curb, motoring out of the port cochere and into the traffic of the Las Vegas Strip.

Byers watches it go, then once again looks at what's in his hand.

BYERS' POV - IN HIS PALM

Lies a MAN'S WEDDING RING. Just like in the Teaser.

RESUME - BYERS

Stares at it as Frohike and Langly step forward to join him. Respectful of his feelings, they don't quite know what to say. There's an awkward silence, then...

FROHIKE

So, you wanna hit the slots?

Byers closes his hand around the ring. He manages a little shrug that's sort of a nod. They turn and head for the casino.

LANGLY

You know, Byers -- growing old with us ain't such a bad deal.

FROHIKE

Shut up, Langly. You want him to kill himself?

As we CRANE BACK off the three Gunmen entering the casino...

LANGLY

You guys got any quarters?

We go HIGH and WIDE and...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END