

THE X-FILES

"Mind's Eye"

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March 2, 1998

"Mind's Eye"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Marty Glenn
Gotts
Motel Manager
First Cop
Second Cop
Detective Pennock
Polygraph Examiner
Dr. Wilkenson
A.D.A. Costa
Desk Officer
Woman
Blue-Collar Guy
Maintenance Man
Man (Sc. 47A)

(X)

February 27, 1998

"Untitled"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

RURAL MOTEL

SEEDY STREET

/ALLEY

CITY STREET W/BUS STOP

(X)

POLICE STATION

TENEMENT

INTERIORS

TENEMENT

/LOBBY

/HALLWAY

NO-TELL MOTEL ROOM

/BATHROOM

MULDER'S OFFICE

POLICE STATION

/HOLDING CELL

/INTERROGATION ROOM

/OBSERVATION ROOM

/BULLPEN

BAR

BUS TERMINAL

FBI LAB HALLWAY

WOMEN'S DETENTION CENTER

/VISITING AREA

PRISON - CELL CORRIDOR

TEASER

1 INT. TENEMENT - NIGHT - A ROUND SURVEILLANCE MIRROR

1

Creates a warped fish-eye view of the lobby of this low-rent building. Legend over: WILMINGTON, DELAWARE. 7:35 PM.

Into the sphere of this image enters A WOMAN. We can't quite make out her features in this stretched perspective, but if we could we'd see MARTY GLENN, late 20's, attractive but remote. She carries a single grocery bag, walks carefully.

NEW ANGLE - FOLLOWING MARTY

As she climbs the stairs, one hand on the bannister. We're behind her, never getting a good look at her face (indeed, we'll never see it clearly until otherwise directed).

She reaches the landing, moves down the hallway. Somewhere a BABY CRIES; a couple FIGHTS in SPANISH. This place is a dump. Marty arrives at her door, unlocks it and enters.

2 INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - AN OLD TV

2

A yard sale special -- it gets summarily clicked on as Marty passes close through frame. It warms up on an INFOMERCIAL.

CLOSE ON THE GROCERY BAG

Being hefted onto the kitchen counter. Marty's hands unload it -- a few single serving items. Most importantly: a carton of "Viscount Lights" cigarettes. Marty's fingers pop it open, grab a pack.

A STOVETOP BURNER

Click, click, clicks, then WHOOSHES to life. Marty bends down into frame, her face dark and in profile as she lights the cigarette in her mouth against the blue flame of the burner.

INTO THE LIVING ROOM

We follow behind Marty as she plops down in an overstuffed chair, enjoying her smoke way too much to bother paying any attention to the TV. We take in the apartment: not much to look at. Functional if forgettable furniture. No art on the walls, no photos on the side table.

CLOSE - CIGARETTE SMOKE

Wafts up through frame. We TILT DOWN the thread of smoke to the cigarette as Marty brings it to her mouth and takes a drag. The tip GLOWS, CRACKLES. Still watching her from behind, we see:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

She lets out a nearly inaudible GASP. Off this --

CUT TO:

3 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION)

3

We're suddenly somewhere else entirely: in someone's straight, HANDHELD POV. It's a jolting cut -- we can't see much of where we are, because tight in frame is a MAN'S FACE. Angry. Rough. He's SCREAMING right at us. All SOUNDS are GARBLED, as if underwater. He pokes us in the chest for emphasis, as...

INTERCUT WITH:

MARTY

Rises unsteadily and moves to the TV, cranks the VOLUME WAY UP.

HER INTERNAL VISION

THE ANGRY MAN is still ranting. He shoves us violently, then stalks away. We see a bit more of the room we're in -- a seedy motel, maybe? The Angry Man disappears into the bathroom. WE TURN AWAY, taking in...

... A battered BRIEFCASE which sits open atop the desk. Inside it are neatly packed bundles of white powder: HEROIN. Above the briefcase, sharing the frame with it, is a dime-a-dozen WATERCOLOR of a lonely lighthouse perched over the ocean.

Now a hand -- OUR HAND, as it were -- rises up into view, covered in a LEATHER GLOVE which is getting tugged into place.

MARTY

URNS AWAY from the TV, her hair shrouding her face. She tries to make it back to her chair, but she's having trouble maneuvering as she battles these visions.

HER INTERNAL VISION

OUR SECOND, GLOVED HAND rises into view. This one holds a SWITCHBLADE which SNAPS OPEN. The blade shines in the light.

We TURN TOWARD the bathroom. The door is partially open. Now WE'RE MOVING TOWARD IT. The Angry Man in the bathroom doesn't see us approach -- his back is to us as he stands at the sink.

MARTY

Gives a fearful little shake of her head at what's coming.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

HER INTERNAL VISION

At the last moment, the Angry Man sees us in the bathroom mirror. His eyes go to the SWITCHBLADE -- but it's too late.

MARTY

JERKS as if electricity just went through her. She sinks to her knees into frame, lowering her head (we still haven't gotten a good look at her face). Off her, suffering in silence:

CUT TO:

4 EXT. NO-TELL MOTEL - NIGHT - A POLICE CRUISER

4

Rolls up in front of the place, siren and gumball lights off. We FOLLOW the cruiser to:

THE MOTEL MANAGER

A middle-aged man who waits nervously out front. Legend over: E-Z REST MOTOR LODGE. 11:49 PM. The antsy MANAGER hurries to the TWO UNIFORM OFFICERS as they alight from their vehicle.

(X)

MANAGER

Thank God. I swear I never had this kind of trouble before --

FIRST COP

Just show us the room, sir.

He herds them toward a nearby door, keeping his voice down.

MANAGER

Right here. I came by to tell 'em their phone's off the hook. Then I see this.

The Manager points them to a particular window. The curtains are cracked. The cops peer inside.

COPS' POV - THROUGH THE GAP IN THE CURTAINS

We can see the interior of the room. Though it's fairly dark in there, we see a pair of LEGS lying on the floor just inside the motel bathroom. Over this, the manager WHISPERS:

MANAGER (O.S.)

I saw someone moving around in there, too.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

THE COPS

Unholster their guns. The First Cop motions the Manager to back off while the Second Cop gently puts his hand on the door knob, nods to his partner, and then --

5 INT. NO-TELL MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - THE DOOR

5

Opens and the cops step inside, clicking on their flashlights. As we MOVE WITH THEM, they take us to... the familiar WATERCOLOR of a lighthouse. Below it, the heroin-filled briefcase is NO LONGER on the desk. We hold here as the cops pass out of frame.

ANGLE ON - THE BATHROOM DOOR

Partially open so we see the legs on the floor. We watch over the cops' shoulders as one gives the door a cautious push. It CREAKS open wide. Inside, their flashlight beams find:

THE ANGRY MAN

Who lies sprawled on the tile, dead. No wounds visible on his front, but lots of BLOOD pooled underneath him.

THE TWO COPS

Suck in their breath at this sight. The First Cop eases into the room -- immediately whirling to DRAW DOWN on something o.s.

HIS POV - A SHADOWY FIGURE

(X)

Stands behind the shower curtain -- someone who doesn't want to be found.

(X)
(X)

THE FIRST COP

(X)

Eases forward, reaches... then SWOOSHES back the curtain.

(X)

FIRST COP

(X)

Hands in the air!

(X)

Their flashlight beams pin MARTY, who stands against the wall. She drops something -- it hits the tub floor with a SPLAT. It's a SPONGE, soaked nearly black with blood.

(X)

(X)

She raises her bloody hands. They and her long hair still keep us from getting a good view of her face.

(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

The two cops. They relax slightly.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SECOND COP

I got you, Jimmy -- cuff her.

The First Cop tucks away his gun and pulls out his cuffs while his partner slaps on the overheads -- no secrets here now. The First Cop turns Marty around to cuff her. She doesn't resist.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

FIRST COP

Damn, man -- she's got blood all over her.

(then, to Marty)

All right -- step out of there.

(X)

(X)

He gives her arm a tug, but she has difficulty coming along. He stops pulling, leans down a little and takes a closer look at her downturned face. He's looking at her a little funny.

(X)

(X)

(X)

FIRST COP (O.S.)

Uh. Keith? You wanna check this out?

The Second Cop approaches as his partner turns Marty our way -- now, finally, we get a clear look at her face. She's completely normal-looking... except for the peculiar way she's blankly STARING past us.

(X)

The Second Cop notices this. He clicks his Mag Light back on. The bright beam washes out Marty's face. But though her eyes are wide and unblinking, she doesn't react to the light at all.

FIRST COP

I think she's blind.

Indeed, she is. Off Marty, staring blankly ahead at nothing at all... her thoughts unknown to us:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - A WHITE SCREEN

6

A SLIDE of the DEAD BODY from the Teaser appears. In front of which Scully walks.

SCULLY

The deceased is Paco Ordoñez.
AKA "Little Monster." Street
dealer, liked to use grade
school kids as couriers. Out on
bail for possession with intent.
Two-time loser looking at life.

(X)

(X)

ANGLE ON MULDER

Leaning on his desk near the projector. Standing near him is
WILMINGTON HOMICIDE DETECTIVE LLOYD PENNOCK.

MULDER

And they say only the good die
young. Who killed him?

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

That's a subject of some debate.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

As she brings up another slide. This one of the death wound.

SCULLY

His killer carved a single c-
shaped cut up through the right
kidney. Fatal blood loss came in
under thirty seconds.

MULDER

I'm going to assume the killer
knew what he was doing, and that
C wasn't one of his initials.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Your assumptions are correct.
Only the killer isn't a he.

Mulder's eyes go to Pennock who hands him a police file, as -
CLICK - another slide comes up. This one of Marty Glenn, the
woman from the Teaser. Her mug shots.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Marty Glenn, 28. We found her (X)
at the scene doing a Formula (X)
409 -- fresh prints all over the (X)
room. No conflicting forensic (X)
evidence. Under normal (X)
circumstances, my department (X)
would have her dead to rights. (X)
There's just one little snag... (X)

Mulder's got the file open, looking up to Pennock, then Scully. (X)

MULDER

She's been blind since birth. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Before your heart goes out to (X)
her, check out her rap sheet. (X)

MULDER

(off file; amazed) (X)
Fraud, petty theft, aggravated (X)
assault... Driving without a (X)
license? (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

(nods) (X)
Stole a boyfriend's car. (X)
Actually got half a mile before (X)
she plowed into a laundromat. (X)
Believe me, she's a real piece (X)
of work. (X)

SCULLY

Her juvenile records are sealed, (X)
but Detective Pennock has it on (X)
authority there were two drug (X)
busts. Possession, and (X)
possession with intent. (X)

MULDER

And what? You think think she (X)
caught Little Monster with his (X)
hand in the cookie jar? (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Nothing else makes sense. (X)

MULDER

Including how a blind woman got (X)
the drop on an ex-con and bled (X)
him out with surgical precision. (X)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

SCULLY

(pressing on)

Ms. Glenn took a sixty dollar
cab ride alone, straight to the
motel. The cabbie even pointed
her to room ten -- she asked for
it specifically, then told him
to get lost. Thirty minutes
later: dead heroin dealer.

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

Mulder turns his attention back to the slide of Marty's mug
shot. Silently considering her image.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

You believe she did this.
You're just not sure how.

(X)
(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

(nod)

I got a theory. If you wanna
hear it.

(off Mulder's look)

I think she's got some kinda
sixth sense lets her see in the
dark. Like a bat or something.

(beat)

I've got 48 hours to convince
the D.A. Or wait till she kills
somebody else.

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

Mulder looks to Scully. She gives him a sheepish look. Bat
sense. Then he looks back to the slide screen.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

How soon can I meet her?

(X)

CUT TO:

7 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

7

CAMERA HOVERS above Marty, lying on a bunk below. She's alone,
obviously scared. Her eyes are open, blinking once, twice.
CAMERA DESCENDS toward her face.

(X)
(X)

INTERCUT WITH:

8 INT. BAR - DAY (MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION)

8

We're HANDHELD again, inside someone's strict POV. We're slouching through a dark, low-rent bar, past PATRONS huddled on stools, nursing their drinks. VOICES and JUKEBOX MUSIC play as that weird, underwater GARBLE.

We sidle up a couple of stools away from a WOMAN, drinking alone. She's sexy, but with some miles on her. We eye her as she licks the salt off her hand and swallows a tequila shot. Now a clearer sound breaks the GARBLE -- a CELL DOOR OPENING.

MARTY

Is drawn out of her vision, cocks her head toward a presence. We see her make an inner adjustment, covering all fear and becoming the "tough" Marty we will come to know. She seems to be processing some sensory information, then --

MARTY

Oh... it's you.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Stands at the door to the cell, flanked by Mulder and Scully. Addressing them, unimpressed:

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

See what I mean.

(X)

MARTY

It ain't magic. It's your
crappy cologne.

(rising)

Who's that with you?

MULDER

I'm Special Agent Mulder.

(X)

MARTY

(smiles)

And the lady?

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(gives the men a look)

Special Agent Scully. We're here
to ask you a few questions.

(X)

(X)

MARTY

(taunting him)

You must be having real trouble
making a case, Detective.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Pennock tries to take her by the elbow, but she jerks loose.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DETECTIVE PENNOCK
(bristling) (X)
Straight ahead. (X)

Marty feels her way -- determined to do it all herself. She exits her cell, brushing past Mulder, who gives way a bit late.

Marty pauses, turning her head -- as if appraising Mulder. (X)

MARTY (X)
What are you staring at? (X)

MULDER (X)
I hope, an innocent woman. (X)

Marty smiles thinly, then moves past. Mulder following, then Scully. CAMERA HOLDING ON Pennock who looks pissed by this exchange, and by his treatment from Marty. He slams the cell door shut behind him and moves to follow now, too. (X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

CUT TO:

9 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

9

Sparse. Table. Plastic pitcher. Cups. Ashtray. The far wall features a large two-way (X)

MARTY (X)

observation mirror. Marty slouches in a chair, smoking. (X)

MARTY

So... I'm a ll ears. (X)

MULDER AND SCULLY

(X)

sit across from her.

(X)

SCULLY

I'm curious why you've refused your right to an attorney. (X)

Eventually, Marty stirs. She gives a snort.

MARTY

Unless you're gonna charge me, I don't plan on needing one. (X)

SCULLY

You can be charged right now. (X)
For the fact you've offered no (X)
compelling reason why you were (X)
in that motel room. (X)

(off Marty's silence) (X)

What were you doing there, Marty? (X)

MARTY

Putting mints on the pillows.

Scully looks to Mulder; so this is how it's going to be. Mulder is watchful in his silence. Studying Marty. (X)

SCULLY

The cabbie has given a statement that you asked specifically for room ten. Which put you at the murder scene right about the time of death. (X)

MARTY

Is that a crime? (X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

SCULLY (X)
If you were involved in any way. (X)

MARTY (X)
You mean, like an eyewitness? (X)

SCULLY (X)
(losing patience) (X)
Did you intend to buy drugs from
Paco Ordoñez? (X)

(no answer)
Did you kill him?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

MARTY

Hey, maybe it was just his time to go. I mean, other than the stab wound, you check his cholesterol level or anything?

MULDER

How did you know there was just one stab wound?

(X)

Mulder has chimed in. Marty is silent for a moment, turning her head slightly to him. Then she gets cocky again.

(X)

(X)

MARTY

Did I say that? I guessed.
(off Mulder's non-response)

(X)

(X)

(X)

I think the problem is you've got no murder weapon. I bet Stinky back there's going crazy over that one. Isn't that right, Stinky?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Marty gives a wave toward the observation glass.

MARTY

Why's he hiding? It's not like I can see him.

(X)

(X)

(X)

10 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Pennock watches from this unlit room, his face reflected on the glass. He's definitely not happy.

11 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11

MARTY

You want to know what I did with it, Detective. I fed it to my seeing eye dog.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(brusquely)
I'm curious, Marty.

(X)

(X)

MARTY

Yeah? About what?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MULDER

If you didn't kill him, why were (X)
you cleaning up the crime scene? (X)
And doing such a piss-poor job (X)
of it. (X)

This throws her briefly, though she tries not to show it.
Mulder notices nonetheless. He goes to work on that soft spot.

MULDER

Tell you what, Marty. Let's all (X)
stop playing games. (X)
(more)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

MULDER (cont'd)

(beat)

You probably can't tell a
feather duster from a duck's ass.

Scully reacts to that, knows it's not so, eyes Mulder, wondering
where he's going with this.

MULDER

I mean it's ridiculous. You're
a blind woman, for god's sake.

Marty bristles; she doesn't like being dismissed like this, even
if it is as a suspect in a murder case. Mulder knows it.

MULDER

So why don't you just tell us
who killed Paco Ordoñez -- and
then you can go home and polish
your comedy routine.

Scully studies her as well, realizing Mulder is getting to her. (X)

MULDER

Or we're just going to sit here
for the next 48 hours. (X)

Scully reaches for the pitcher, sliding Marty's cup forward. (X)

SCULLY

Can I pour you some water --

Marty strikes out, cleanly knocking away the plastic cup just as
Scully pours. The cup goes dancing across the floor. Water
PATTERS off the table. Marty pulls her hands back into her lap,
her face burning -- angry that Mulder got to her, and knows it.

MARTY

Go to hell.

Off Mulder, knowing he's found her weakness.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

CUT TO:

12 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER 12

We're looking through the two-way glass at Marty, who sits alone in the interrogation room, arms crossed. We ADJUST to include...

... Mulder, Scully and Pennock conferring before the window.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

See what I mean? Put a knife in that hand... (X)

MULDER

All I see is a person who's adapted to her impairment. Who's honed her senses around her blindness. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

She's taunting you. (X)
(X)

MULDER

She just wants us to know she's strong. Independent. That's important to her. (X)
(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

She wants us to know she did it.

MULDER

I don't think she did. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Then why won't she help us? It's been my experience that innocent people don't act like that, Agent Mulder. (X)
(X)

Mulder shrugs, not so sure. Looking back at Marty. (X)

SCULLY

I don't like that she won't explain her presence at the scene, and how she avoided discussing the murder weapon. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

She knew there was only one stab wound. You caught that yourself. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

Did you snake the plumbing in
the bathroom, Detective?

(X)
(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

I've turned that room upside
down and inside out.

(X)
(X)

Scully gives this some thought.

SCULLY

You find the weapon and her
prints on it and she's as good
as convicted. Short of that,
she's going to walk.

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

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Maybe I can get you to come out
to the crime scene one last time.

(X)
(X)

Scully looks to Mulder.

(X)

MULDER

You go on ahead. There's
something I'd like to try.

(X)

Off Mulder looking back toward Marty:

(X)

CUT TO:

13 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER - A POLYGRAPH MACHINE

13

The inking system flows through the stylus as a graph paper
moves below. The questions are asked flatly, without inflection.

EXAMINER (O.S.)

Is your full name Martell
Francis Glenn?

MARTY (O.S.)

Yeah.

MARTY

(X)

sits across from THE EXAMINER, a blood pressure cuff attached to
her right arm, electrodes on her forefinger and ring finger.
Mulder is perched on a chair just behind the Examiner, watching.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

EXAMINER

Are you a resident of --

MARTY

-- let's just cut through the (X)
bull. Or I'm going to decide not (X)
to cooperate after all. (X)

The Examiner looks to Mulder. Mulder gives it a second, then speaks up.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MULDER

Let's skip to the point.

(X)

Marty nods, smiling over this minor point conceded to her.

EXAMINER

I've got to establish a
baseline --

(X)

(X)

MARTY

I'm a resident of the State of
Delaware. Okay? Let's move on.

(X)

(X)

The Examiner marks his chart.

EXAMINER

Is it your intent to lie during
the course of this examination?

MARTY

I'm sure you'll tell me if it is.

(X)

The Examiner gives Mulder a look. Mulder nods to continue.

(X)

EXAMINER

Did you stab Paco Ordoñez, also
known as Little Monster?

(X)

Before she answers this one, Marty turns her head in Mulder's
direction -- "looking" his way, as it were.

MARTY

Nope.

CLOSE - KYMOGRAPH

The paper scrolls past the monitor. The pulse is steady.

MULDER

(X)

eyes the monitor, as the Examiner records the result in pen on
his chart, continues...

(X)

EXAMINER

Did you plan or arrange for the
murder of Paco Ordoñez?

(X)

MARTY

No.

EXAMINER

Have you ever met Paco Ordoñez?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

MARTY

No.

EXAMINER

Would you ever have occasion to see Paco Ordoñez, or know him in any other way -- strike that.

CLOSE - KYMOGRAPH

The needle JUMPS slightly...

MULDER

Notes this.

EXAMINER

Would you ever have occasion to interact with Paco Ordoñez or know him in any other way?

MARTY

No.

Now the needle stays steady. Mulder looks from it to Marty. The Examiner calmly records his finding.

EXAMINER

Were you present during the murder of Paco Ordoñez?

MARTY

No.

Another steady recording from the stylus. She wasn't there. Mulder reaches over to a legal pad and pen, scribbles something. The Examiner shoots him a disapproving look.

Marty is picking all this up. She cocks her head, listens. Mulder passes the notebook to the Examiner, who looks at what he's written. The man looks back to Mulder, shakes his head. Mulder just nods at him -- yes.

MARTY

Why don't you just ask me yourself?

Mulder and The Examiner hold the look.

(X)

MULDER

Did you see the murder?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

A long beat. Marty shifts in her seat. The kymograph needle bobs a little less steadily. Finally:

MULDER

Did you see the murder?

Marty laughs -- uneasy, but hiding it well.

MARTY

I don't "see" anything.

EXAMINER

"Yes" or "no" only, please.

MARTY

Then the answer is no.

CLOSE - KYMOGRAPH

The needle SPASMS briefly. It reads like she's lying.

MULDER

Looks from the machine to Marty. Outwardly, she looks relaxed -- stonewalling like a pro.

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED

14

15 INT. NO-TELL MOTEL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

15

Pretty much the way we remember it, though it's daylight now. The blood stains are still on the floor, along with a police chalk outline of where the body was found. We ADJUST TO FRAME Scully and the Detective as they step carefully into the room.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

As you can see, not a lot of places she coulda stashed it.

Scully looks around, as her PHONE RINGS. She pulls it out of her pocket, answers it.

SCULLY

Scully --

INTERCUT WITH:

16 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

16

Is alone in the interrogation room, going over the results of Marty's polygraph as he speaks into his cell phone.

MULDER

She's lying.

(X)

SCULLY

About what?

MULDER

She knew Ordoñez. But I still don't think she murdered him.

SCULLY

How do you know she knew him?

MULDER

I got her to take a polygraph. She passed, except for one question: did she see the murder.

Scully listens quietly, quickly grasping the logic problem here. As she moves through the motel room. Toward the bathroom.

SCULLY

Would you like me to remind you why a polygraph's inadmissible in court --

MULDER

She was lying, Scully. She cracked. I'm sure of it.

SCULLY

Maybe she was, Mulder. But don't make me state the obvious. She didn't see anything --

Mulder ignores this, continuing. As Scully enters the bathroom.

MULDER

Not with her eyes.

SCULLY

(facetious)

How else would she see? Bat vision?

MULDER

I don't know, Scully.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Scully's eyes narrow on the wall near the sink. She leans in to get a closer look at:

HER POV - A RAZOR DROP

This is an old-fashioned disposal for used razor blades -- it consists of a metal plate stamped "Shaving Blades Only" with a thin slot in the middle. It's very subtle, but we notice...

... A tiny droplet of dried BLOOD hanging underneath the plate.

SCULLY

Takes a latex glove from her pocket. Without putting it on, she gives the metal plate a tug -- with a bit of effort, it pops loose. More DRIED BLOOD is visible on the laths behind it. (X)
(X)

SCULLY

Well, when you figure it out, call me back. (X)
(X)

She CLICKS OFF, tucking away her phone. She calls over her shoulder to Pennock, who is out of the room at this point.

SCULLY

Detective Pennock?

He comes back in as she puts on the glove, reaches her hand through the hole in the wall. She feels around, finding something. She draws her hand back to reveal: (X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

... A single, balled-up LEATHER GLOVE. It's shiny with BLOOD. Off her holding it up for him to see:

CUT TO:

17 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

17

We RAKE ALONG the bars, finally pushing between two of them to find... Marty huddled in her cell. She sits motionless on her bunk, her blind eyes wide and staring.

INTERCUT WITH:

18 INT. BAR - DAY (MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION)

18

We're still in the dark, seedy bar -- still in a strict, HANDHELD POV, as always. We're now seated immediately beside the sexy Woman we saw earlier. She's talking to us, her voice an underwater GARBLE. She shakes her head, turns back to her drink -- she's basically turning us down.

"Our" hand reaches out and takes hold of her arm -- sort of playful, but sort of... not. She shrugs it off and shakes her head again. We reach for her again (all through this, by the way, we can see the name of the joint reflected in the bar mirror: "THE BLARNEY STONE").

(X)

MARTY

Rises, suddenly a little bit antsy. She moves to the cell door.

MARTY

Hey! Somebody? I need a phone.
(beat; louder)
I get to call a lawyer, right?
Somebody get me a phone!

The SOUND of KEYS working in an outer door. A UNIFORM APPEARS. Off Marty hearing his approach...

CUT TO:

19 INT. POLICE BULLPEN - DAY

19

The Uniform escorts Marty to a desk with a phone. Lowers her into the chair. Pulls the phone toward her -- she yanks it away.

MARTY

I got it --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

He backs off. Hovers nearby. She cocks her head, sensing him.

MARTY

You know, I'm sure the A.C.L.U.
is gonna be real interested in
how you violated a poor blind
woman's civil rights by
eavesdropping on her private
phone call.

A beat, then he gives her a "fuck you too" forearm in crook of
arm salute, then moves off. As she turns to the phone --

MARTY

Same to you...

She lifts the receiver, feels the buttons, dials 4-1-1.

OPERATOR (FILTERED V.O.)

What city, please?

MARTY

(under her breath)
Wilmington. I need the number
for The Blarney Stone. Just
dial it.

As she waits on the phone, something definitely troubling her:

INTERCUT WITH:

20 OMITTED

20A INT. BAR - DAY (MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION)

20A

The Woman is clearly growing annoyed with us -- and maybe a
little worried, too. We keep a hand on her arm, not too rough,
but just sort of creepy. A phone RINGS o.s., the sound of it
distant and GARBLED.

NEW, OBJECTIVE ANGLE - THE BAR PHONE

Things suddenly look different: different lens, no longer
handheld -- we're really here now, so to speak. A tough-looking
BARTENDER picks up the receiver, answering the phone.

BARTENDER

Blarney Stone.

(beat; glances around)

This some kind of joke, lady?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED:

20A

As he says this, we PULL BACK, REVEALING an objective angle on what we've been watching all along: We see a guy that's late-forties, ugly, dangerous. His name is GOTTS. The familiar Woman sits on the stool next to him, still trying to get away.

BARTENDER

Yeah, we got someone matching that description.

(to Gotts)

Hey, I got someone wants to talk to the guy hitting on the blond at the end of the bar.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Gotts glances over his shoulder, surprised. Now that he's turned his attention away from the Woman, she uses this opportunity to rummage cash from her purse to pay her bill.

(X)

CLOSER - GOTTS

Puts the phone to his ear, taking a beat before:

GOTTS

(into phone)

Yeah.

MARTY

Sits in the police bullpen, looking afraid to speak up. But she does... in a voice that's fearful, yet firm.

MARTY

Leave her alone.

GOTTS

Makes a face -- what the hell is this about?

GOTTS

Who is this?

(beat)

Who the hell is this?

Silence on the other end. Gotts glances at the Woman, watching her quickly head for the door.

MARTY (FILTERED V.O.)

You just leave her alone.

(X)

(beat)

I'm watching you.

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED: (2)

20A

CLICK -- the line goes dead. Gotts just sits there, paranoia washing over him for very good reason. Off this:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - BLOODY LEATHER GLOVES

21

Are set down in the center of the table -- they're contained inside a Ziplock bag. INCLUDE Marty sitting before them; Scully and Detective Pennock are poised around her. Marty picks up the bag and feels the gloves, hiding her true emotions, as always.

MARTY

Lemme guess. Your killer is O.J.
Simpson.

SCULLY

They were found at the crime scene. With blood on them. We believe they were worn by Paco Ordoñez's killer. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

MARTY

Oh, you're good.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

We think they belong to you.

She sets the bag down without opening it. Pulls her hands back into her lap.

MARTY

Well... they don't.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

How about you try one on for us?

Marty considers this request with a sly smile. (X)

MARTY

And put my prints all over them?

SCULLY

We've already pulled your prints from them, Marty. (X)
(X)
(X)

Marty's rendered silent by this. As Scully removes another latex glove, puts it on the table in front of Marty. Pennock turns the bag upside-down -- the gloves plop out onto the tabletop (at this point, the blood on them is dry, by the way). (X)
(X)

22 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

22

Stands before the two-way mirror. He's thumbing through Marty's CASE FILE, splitting his attention between it and the show going on in the other room. He's reading something interesting.

Marty is putting on the glove.

23 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS - A BLOODY GLOVE

23

Marty holds up her hand, letting Pennock slide the glove over it. If only Chris Darden's demo had gone this smoothly: It's a perfect fit. Pennock is pleased.

MARTY

Are you happy, Detective?

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Looks to me like they fit.

MARTY

Somewhere Marsha Clark weeps.
You still need a murder weapon.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Oh, it's only a matter of time.

MARTY

You haven't got time.

Pennock's expression darkens -- Marty is right. Off Scully, watching the young woman closely:

CUT TO:

24 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

24

WE ANGLE AROUND Mulder to see Pennock through the window -- he's looking Mulder's way, nodding. Marty is being led out of the interrogation room by a Uniform. Scully enters behind Mulder.

SCULLY :

I hope you saw what just
happened in there.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Why would she even try them on
if she were really guilty?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SCULLY

For the same reason she agreed (X)
to the polygraph -- arrogance. (X)
She knows the prejudices in this (X)
case are all in her favor. (X)

MULDER

It's not that simple. (X)

Mulder hands her the case file. (X)

MULDER

She lives in poverty, yet she's (X)
never taken advantage of any of (X)
the disability benefits she's (X)
entitled to. Never once. It's (X)
anathema to her. She's offended (X)
by the very idea that she's (X)
anything other than a capable, (X)
whole person.

(looking out at Marty)

It's not arrogance. It's pride. (X)

SCULLY

And was it pride that made her (X)
ditch the bloody gloves? Her (X)
prints are all over them, (X)
Mulder. Why would she do that? (X)

He gives a frustrated shrug, not ready with an answer for that.

MULDER

I don't know. (X)

SCULLY

By your reasoning, the killer (X)
took the murder weapon, but not (X)
the gloves. Leaving Marty to (X)
come into the room, go right to (X)
them and hide them in the one (X)
place no one would easily think (X)
to look. Turn the lights off, (X)
I couldn't find that razor drop. (X)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

MULDER

Well, based on the facts, that's
the most accurate scenario.

(X)
(X)

Scully gives a tired shake of her head... but now something
occurs to her. She refers back to the case file.

Or, maybe it's something far
more simple.

Mulder waits to hear. She looks up to him.

SCULLY

Maybe she's not really blind.
(off his surprise)

She's never applied for
disability benefits... what if
that's because she knows she'd
never pass the medical screening?

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

MULDER

(disbelief)

You think she's faking it?

SCULLY

No. Possibly, she has a
conversion disorder. Or a form
of blindsight -- a split
consciousness whereby a person
has a certain level of visual
ability, and yet isn't aware
they're actually seeing.

(X)

Mulder considers this. It's a pretty interesting theory, really.

SCULLY

It's worth checking out.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

25

CAMERA MOVES through COMMUTERS. WE HEAR a PHONE VOICE:

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)

Yo, man, moving Little Monster's
H ain't gonna be easy. Lotta
people respected him, you know?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

WE FIND a jittery Gotts talking on a public pay phone. He grips tight the familiar BRIEFCASE and keeps his voice low. He eyes passersby with suspicion.

GOTTS

You interested, or not? If you're not interested, I can go to somebody else.

On the other end, the Dealer laughs softly -- a mean laugh.

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)

No, you can't.

Gotts knows the man is right. He sweats for a beat until:

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)

But I'm feeling big hearted. Swing by in a couple hours -- maybe we do some business.

(X)

GOTTS

Good. Uh... yeah, I gotta look into something first. But then I'll give you a call.

CLICK -- the Dealer's done talking, for now. Gotts hangs up the phone, looking nervous. He melts into the crowd.

CUT TO:

26 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY - FROM INSIDE BUS LOCKER

26

The DOOR OPENS. WE'RE LOOKING at Gotts from inside the locker. He slides the briefcase inside, SLAMS the door into BLACKNESS.

In blackness:

DR. WILKINSON (V.O.)

Are you aware of any sensation at all?

And we are in:

27 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - MARTY

27

Is perched in the chin rest of a portable AUTO-REFRACTOR. It's a high-tech machine about the size of a computer monitor. We're on Marty's eyes, magnified in a wide-view window.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

We ADJUST TO INCLUDE Dr. Wilkenson, the ophthalmologist, seated across from her. Mulder and Scully stand by, observing. Marty blinks, then reacts to the last question, faux-astonished:

MARTY

It's a miracle!

Surprised, Wilkenson turns to Mulder and Scully -- who continue in their relaxed postures. Wilkenson gets it now. Unamused, he turns back to Marty, who's laughing softly.

DR. WILKENSON

Eyes straight ahead.

Wilkenson uses a joystick to put the machine through its paces. On the face of the unit is a blue MEASUREMENT MODE SCREEN, which has an electronic picture of Marty's eye, many times magnified. Digital read-outs of any eye activity are superimposed over this.

PUSH IN on this electronic image as Marty blinks occasionally. The read-outs on either side of her pupil and below show a steady "zero."

Wilkenson

Pushes back his chair and rises.

DR. WILKENSON

Just relax for a moment.

He moves to Mulder and Scully for privacy. They speak low.

DR. WILKENSON

I'm not getting anything. I don't think there's any activity in either the visual cortex or the superior colliculus.

SCULLY

Would it be possible to fool this machine?

DR. WILKENSON

We're talking about wholly involuntary physical responses. I wasn't getting any reading.

(X)

During this, Mulder's attention has been taken by something behind Wilkenson. He indicates toward the machine and Marty.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

MULDER
Then what is that?

(X)

AT THE AUTO-REFRACTOR

Marty sits "staring" into the machine. The mode screen is suddenly active now. The electronic image of Marty's eye tells its own story: her pupil wavers slightly, bigger, then smaller.

CLOSE - MARTY

We CREEP IN on her face, her eyes wide and staring.

INTERCUT WITH:

28 EXT. SEEDY STREET - DAY (MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION)

28

It's a bright day out. We're walking (WIDE, HANDHELD POV) through a bad part of town. A few JUNKIES and DESPERATE TYPES note our presence as we pass them. We're heading for a bar -- the sign says "The Blarney Stone." We reach for the door... move from BRIGHT SUNLIGHT into the DARK BAR.

CLOSE - THE MODE SCREEN

as the pupil now DILATES WIDE. The read-out numbers adjust.

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

We move through the dark bar we visited earlier, glancing left and right, looking for someone. We approach a BLONDE WOMAN from behind, touch her on her shoulder -- she turns, and we see she's not the Woman we saw before.

Giving up, we head back to the door, push it open. Our POV BURNS OUT as we exit back into strong sunlight.

CLOSE - THE MODE SCREEN

Marty's pupil CONTRACTS way down. She blinks involuntarily.

MULDER

And the others watch this, intrigued. Feeling their eyes upon her, Marty pulls her face away from the machine. Mulder leans closer, speaks quietly to her.

MULDER
Marty..? What do you see?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Marty is caught off-guard by the question. She doesn't answer, (X)
turning away slightly. Mulder catching the moment of pain, of (X)
vulnerability. (X)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

DETECTIVE PENNOCK (O.S.) (X)
Agents...? (X)
Mulder turns to see: (X)
ANGLE TO INCLUDE DET. PENNOCK (X)
Standing at the opened door with another man: A.D.A. COSTA. (X)
SHORT TIME CUT TO: (X)

29 INT. POLICE BULLPEN - DAY

29

The agents exit. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK
This is Daniel Costa from the
D.A.'s office.

COSTA (X)
So what did we find? I hear the (X)
girl can actually see with some (X)
limited ability. (X)

MULDER (X)
According to her examiner, she (X)
is, in fact, completely without (X)
sight or any light sensitivity. (X)

Pennock and Scully trade a look. He's not happy. (X)

SCULLY :
But she still remains the best (X)
and only suspect. (X)

Costa's underwhelmed by her answer. He turns to Pennock. (X)

COSTA
You said we were making progress. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK (X)
We are. (X)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

COSTA (X)
I'm not gonna try to indict a (X)
blind girl on some lousy prints. (X)

MULDER (X)
She may not exactly fit the (X)
definition of blind girl. (X)

COSTA (X)
Come on, folks -- either she is (X)
or she isn't. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK
What are you talking about? (X)

MULDER
There was evidence of some kind (X)
of neurological activity which (X)
caused dilation of her pupils. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK (X)
From what? (X)

MULDER (X)
The doctor doesn't know. But it (X)
indicates to me a reaction to (X)
stimuli. A physical response to (X)
images in her mind's eye. (X)

COSTA (X)
How's that make her the killer? (X)

MULDER : (X)
I'm not saying it does. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK (X)
So she just imagines it?! Is (X)
that how she does it?! Criminy. (X)
Y'know we've got evidence here, (X)
Danny. Material evidence that (X)
all points to the girl. (X)

COSTA
Kick her loose.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK
Danny...

COSTA (X)
I got no case, Pennock. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK
I don't believe this.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

COSTA

I'm not trying her. Not without
a murder weapon. Kick her loose.

(X)

(X)

He exits, and with him Pennock's case. Pennock turns to Mulder.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Wonderful. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

He turns away, not so much pissed at Mulder as just frustrated in general. Off Mulder and Scully:

CUT TO:

30 INT. POLICE BULLPEN - LATER - CLOSE ON THE TIP OF A PEN

30

As a woman's hand carefully signs "Marty Glenn."

WIDER

Marty signs out with the DESK OFFICER. Not having worked with many blind arrestees, he tries to place her hand on her purse as he returns it. She yanks it away, annoyed by the clumsy help.

For good measure, she feels through her purse to check if anything's missing -- holds up a couple of TWENTIES.

MARTY

These better still be twenties.

DESK OFFICER

I replaced 'em with fifties since you're so damn sweet.

She finds her expandable cane, snaps it together. As she does so, she senses something that makes her turn her head our way.

MULDER

Stands on the far side of the room, watching her. Then Scully joins him. (X)

SCULLY

You want to hear the latest? (X)
Detective Pennock ran the gloves (X)
for blood typing and found two (X)
different samples. One type (X)
matching Marty Glenn's. (X)

Mulder looks to her, interested to hear it. (X)

MULDER

She was examined. There were no (X)
cuts or wounds on her. (X)

SCULLY

All the same, I'm going to hand (X)
deliver them to the lab in (X)
Washington, expedite a PCR to
see if she's a match. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Scully follows Mulder's gaze -- across the room, Marty is tap-tap-tapping her way toward the exit.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

MULDER (X)
 Look at her, Scully. You really (X)
 think she's capable? (X)

SCULLY (X)
 (not caving) (X)
 I'll let you know when the test (X)
 comes back. (X)

She gives him a look, moving off. Off Mulder, turning from her (X)
 to watch Marty leaving: (X)

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

31

CAMERA finds Marty, who taps toward us, moving through
 PEDESTRIANS. Her progress becomes slower, more deliberate as ...

CLOSER - MARTY

Something unseen is affecting her. Suddenly, she FLINCHES as:

INTERCUT WITH:

32 EXT. ALLEY - DAY (MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION)

32

The sexy Woman from the bar is SLAMMED against a wall -- as
 always, we're seeing this in WIDE, HANDHELD POV. She tries to
 fight off our hands, but they hold her tight in place.

She starts to YELL -- the sound GARBLED to us. Our hand slaps
 over her mouth. We glance down the alley for witnesses, clearly
 taking in a sign on the brick: "SPRING STREET CLINIC --
 RECEIVING ONLY." Off this strict POV image:

NEW ANGLE - GOTTS

Is now seen objectively, pressing the scared Woman to the wall.
 The CLINIC SIGN is by a locked freight door next to him. No one
 else is in sight.

GOTTS
 Who'd you get to call me last
 night?
 (takes away his hand)
 Who's watching me? --

WOMAN
 What?! I don't know what you're
 talking about --

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

He grabs her roughly, pats down her waist, her back...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

GOTTS

You wearing a wire? You a cop?

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

(X)

As the Woman PROTESTS her innocence, frightened, confused.

(X)

Fighting back panic, she tries to get her bearings. She takes a few tentative steps, calling out around her who'll answer.

(X)

MARTY

I need to get to Spring Street.

(louder)

Which way is Spring Street?

Somebody? Answer me!

People glance at each other, uncomfortable. Finally, a blue-collar-looking GUY speaks up.

BLUE-COLLAR GUY

Four blocks to your right.

(X)

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

The Woman is talking a mile-a-minute now, frightened for her life. It's all GARBLED, distorted. She looks down, sees...

... Our hand lift the familiar SWITCHBLADE. It SNAPS OPEN.

NEW ANGLE - GOTTS

Holds her by the throat, bringing the knife close.

GOTTS

I'm not going back.

WOMAN

Back? What are you talking about?! Please...

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

The Woman looks right at us, pleading unintelligibly for her life. Trying unsuccessfully to twist free...

MARTY

Turns to her right and BOLTS into the street -- people YELL after her. We TRACK with her as she hurries along with her cane.

A HORN BLARES -- a CAR sails past within inches of her. Another flies past, stopping her dead. She's caught in the middle of traffic now, HORNS HONKING all around. Marty's body JOLTS.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

The Woman's mouth opens in an eerie, garbled DEATH SCREAM.

MARTY

Stands trembling, frozen by this inner vision. Behind her, the Blue-Collar Guy comes running out into the street, dodging traffic. He takes her elbow -- she doesn't resist. He hurries her across, out of frame.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ALLEY - LATER

33

We're looking out of the alley. Around the corner into frame appears Marty, still being led by the Blue-Collar Guy. They've apparently had quite a walk -- the Guy's patience is near an end.

MARTY

Where?

BLUE-COLLAR GUY

Here -- there's an alley right here. This way.

Marty pulls loose from the Guy, heading down the alley by running one hand along the brick wall. He sighs and starts to follow, but she yells back at him.

MARTY

I'm fine. Thanks. Leave me alone!

He grumbles behind her, more than happy to split. Now it's just Marty alone -- the alley is deserted. Trying to hold her emotions in check, she feels her way to... the alley wall where we saw the murder take place. She reaches up, feels the concrete. Now she turns to...a green DUMPSTER parked along the wall. (X)

She moves to it, pauses, then throws open the plastic top, revealing: (X)

THE WOMAN

Now dead, lying just inside. Marty's hand tentatively reaches in, touching the Woman's blouse... coming away bloody.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MARTY

Stands her ground, not surprised, but devastated nonetheless.
Off her face, tears beginning to well in her eyes...

CUT TO:

33A INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT - THE DESK OFFICER (X) 33A

Sits with his eyes lowered, concentrating on paperwork. Cutting (X)
through the wall of the precinct comes a TAP-TAP-TAP sound, (X)
getting LOUDER as it comes our way. (X)

The Desk Officer looks up from his work. He stares at someone (X)
o.s., looking vaguely surprised. (X)

DESK OFFICER (X)

Yeah? (X)

MARTY (X)

Stands before him. Her eyes are red from crying, though she's (X)
not crying now. (X)

MARTY (X)

I killed him. (X)

She puts her hand up on the edge of the desk. Rust-red BLOOD is (X)
dried to her fingers. (X)

MARTY (X)

I killed them both. (X)

The Officer can only stare. Off this quiet pronouncement... (X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34 OMITTED

35 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - MARTY

35

Sits alone in the empty room -- looking crushed down, her thoughts a million miles away. We hear the o.s. door UNLATCH and OPEN, but she doesn't stir. FOOTSTEPS walk toward her. An o.s. chair gets DRAGGED BACK noisily. She pays no attention.

MULDER

Seats himself opposite Marty. He stares at her for a beat. It's just the two of them.

MULDER

I read your confession. As we sit here, Detective Pennock is typing it up for you to sign. (X)

MARTY

I'll sign it. (X)

MULDER

You'll make him very happy. (X)

MARTY

You can't have everything. (X)

MULDER

I'm a little puzzled by this sudden change of heart. (X)

MARTY

Please. Too much charity of spirit and I wanna puke. (X)

Mulder considers her.

MULDER

Why kill them? Paco Ordoñez? (X)
(leans closer)
Why Susan Forester?

Marty draws her arms a little tighter to her chest, reacting to this with discomfort. It's very subtle... but Mulder notices.

MULDER

Did you know that was her name?
Susan Forester, age 30, native
of Wilmington?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MULDER (cont'd)

Waitressed part-time... lived
alone with two cats...

MARTY

Shut up. Why are you doing
this? I've already given you
people everything you want.

Tears are welling in her eyes again. But she won't cry -- not
in front of Mulder. She shakily taps a cigarette out of its
pack and puts it in her mouth. She feels around for matches.

The matches are closer to Mulder. He stares at them, then takes
a chance: lights Marty's cigarette for her. This time, she
doesn't refuse his help.

MULDER

I like you, Marty. I admire you.
And I don't want you confessing
to crimes you didn't commit.

(X)

(X)

Marty blows smoke, gets her hard edge back just briefly.

MARTY

You just feel sorry for me.

(X)

MULDER

(shakes his head)

I don't. Not the way you think.

(X)

MARTY

Read the confession: I got it
all perfect. Every detail. How
could I do that if I'm innocent?

MULDER

I think you witnessed both
murders. You saw them somehow.
But you were across town when
they happened. A sixty dollar
cab ride away.

Marty snorts, not covering her surprise very well.

MARTY

You're crazy.

MULDER

I think you tried to stop them
from happening. Only you
couldn't get there in time.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

This hits too close to home.

MARTY

I don't have to talk to you
anymore.

MULDER

Whoever is doing this, they'll
kill again, Marty. But you can
help stop it.

MARTY

I can't stop anything!

(X)

She struggling to control herself. Absolutely refusing to
fucking cry.

(X)

MARTY

I'm not talking anymore. Period.
(calling out)
Hey, guard? We're done in here!

She stands; so does Mulder, leaning over the table toward her.

MULDER

Who is it? Who's worth pleading
guilty for?

(X)

(X)

MARTY

Guard! We're done!

The door opens and a familiar Uniform appears, wondering what
all the yelling is about. Marty feels her way toward the man.

MULDER

You didn't do it, Marty -- and
I'm not going to let this happen.

(X)

(X)

She's out the door. Off Mulder, determined:

CUT TO:

36 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

36

Rush hour. COMMUTERS WIPE FRAME, revealing the public phone.
WE ANGLE around Gotts, who can't believe what he's hearing. He (X)
tries to keep his voice down. (X)

GOTTS
What do you mean, "deal's off?" (X)
You can't back out!

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)
I do what I need to do to stay
cool. And you're way too hot.

Gotts reacts -- this guy obviously knows something he doesn't.

GOTTS
What are you talking about? (X)

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)
Somebody's gunning for you, (X)
man -- I ain't getting in the (X)
middle of it. (X)

GOTTS
Who? Who's gunning for me? (X)
(X)

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)
Some old girlfriend of yours. (X)
Called last night and told me I (X)
should steer clear. (X)

GOTTS
She called you -- ?

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)
Said she was passing the word. (X)

Gotts tries not to let on how much this freaks him out.

GOTTS
Listen, man, she's nobody -- she (X)
doesn't know anything. You and (X)
me, we're still cool. Trust me.

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)
If she don't know anything,
how'd she get this number?

Gotts' mouth is drying up. He finally hisses into the phone: (X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

GOTTS

Listen to me, I can't take this stuff to anyone else!

DEALER (FILTERED V.O.)

Not my problem. Don't call here again.

CLICK. Gotts holds the dead receiver. Finally, he SLAMS it down. He turns and eyes the FACELESS COMMUTERS crisscrossing around him. It could be anyone...

CUT TO:

37 INT. POLICE BULLPEN - DAY - A LARGE FILE BOX

37

filled with old police records sits before Mulder, who has taken up residence at this unoccupied desk. He is busy poring over a particular yellowed file.

CLOSE - A POLICE REPORT

We can read the date: "January 27th, 1970." And just a snippet: "Victim sustained a single stab wound through the right kidney."

MULDER

studies this file with intense interest. He looks up now as Detective Pennock approaches. Pennock is feeling good.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Well, I appreciate your help here, such as it was, but I'd say we're doing all right.

(beat)

She just signed her confession.

Though he expected it, Mulder isn't happy to hear this.

MULDER

Congratulations.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

I don't feel as good as you might think, y'know. About putting her away.

MULDER

All you got is a signature. No lawyer is gonna let her go down based on that.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

I'm aware of that. I guess we
won't be asking you to testify.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

It doesn't bother you there's
still no clear motive, Detective?

(X)

(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

She just now gave us that.
(off his interest)
Drugs. Just like I thought. She
even told us where to find them.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

Off Mulder, wondering at this turn of events:

CUT TO:

38 OMITTED

39 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY - A LOCKER

39

A key gets inserted in the lock. It twists, unlocking the door with a CLICK.

WIDER

An old MAINTENANCE MAN pulls his master key from the lock. Pennock steps in to take his place -- ready to do the honors. A couple of UNIFORMS stand behind him.

He opens the door: inside sits the familiar, battered BRIEFCASE.

NEW ANGLE

Pennock pulls it out of the locker while in b.g., Mulder finishes talking to another BUS STATION EMPLOYER. Mulder heads our way, joining Pennock and the others.

Pennock finds a spot to set the case down, then snaps it open with his exam-gloved hands. Inside are bags of HEROIN.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

I'd say this's going to make it
a pretty short trial.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

If you think about it, it proves
nothing.

(X)
(X)
(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

There it is... just like she
said.

(X)

Mulder stares at it, speaks mostly to himself.

MULDER

Just like she described.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

What's it going to take to
convince you? I give up.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MULDER

I'll bet you can't find one
person here who remembers a
blind woman renting a locker.

Pennock snaps shut the case, amused by Mulder at this point.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Y'know, I think the most
surprising thing about this case
is you. You're one skeptical
guy, Agent Mulder. You know that?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

I've been called alot of things,
but skeptical isn't one of them.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

Nothing's going to spoil his good mood -- he hands off the briefcase to a Uniform, then talks with a couple of others. Meanwhile, Mulder's phone RINGS. He turns away to answer it.

MULDER
Skeptical inquirer.

INTERCUT WITH:

39A INT. FBI HALLWAY - SCULLY

39A

Walks the corridor, paging through a folder of test results as she speaks on her cell phone.

SCULLY
Mulder?

MULDER
Yeah.

SCULLY
I've got the PCR results on the two blood types from the gloves.

MULDER
And?

SCULLY
Neither one was Marty's. You were right, Mulder.

MULDER
You know that and I know that, and so does whoever she's protecting. But Pennock's readying the tar and feathers.

SCULLY
This should convince him she didn't do it.

MULDER
What we need is to convince Marty. I'm going to check something, Scully. Let me get back to you.

(X)

He clicks off, taking a last look at Pennock and his men congratulating each other on a job well done. Mulder tucks away his phone and heads for the exit.

(CONTINUED)

39A CONTINUED:

39A

SOMEONE'S POV - THE HEROIN BRIEFCASE

Gets slid into a large evidence bag by two of Pennock's men. Nearby, a LATENTS TECH is working inside the empty locker, dusting for prints. Pennock supervises.

We're surveilling this scene from afar, looking at it past COMMUTERS who wipe through frame to-and-fro in the f.g.

GOTTS

Lurks in an alcove, out of sight, watching numbly from a distance as everything falls apart. He's definitely nervous, but too determined to panic.

GOTTS' POV - PENNOCK

Nods to his men, leaving them to finish up. Joined by a Uniform who carries the briefcase, he heads for the exit.

GOTTS

Slickly turns away as they pass him. Once they're out of frame, he takes a glance back at the other cops, then follows Pennock.

Off Gotts, heading out of the bus station:

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED

41 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY - MARTY :

41

Sits on her bunk in the holding cell. She turns her head at the sound of FOOTSTEPS approaching the bars. She processes who is standing here.

MARTY

What do you want now?

MULDER

Stands on the other side of the bars, holding the file folder with the police report.

MULDER

I know who you're protecting. (X)

And I think I know why, Marty. (X)

(beat) (X)

Why you're protecting the man who murdered your mother. (X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

It's clear this accusation strikes Marty deeply, though she tries to hide it.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

MARTY

I don't know what you're talking about.

MULDER

I've got the original police report from 1970. Your mother died of a single stab wound to the right kidney -- as did both Paco Ordoñez and Susan Forester. Dead at the hands of an unknown assailant.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Marty's voice goes flat, expressionless.

MARTY

I never knew my mother.

MULDER

No. But for once, you were there when it happened. She was pregnant with you at the time of the attack.

(beat)

She died on the operating table as the doctors worked to save her. You were born -- just barely. But the interruption in blood flow you suffered most likely caused your blindness.

MARTY

What does that have to do with anything?

MULDER

I believe it was during that time that you lost one sense, yet gained another.

(beat)

That somehow; a connection was formed between you and your mother's killer.

She snorts nervously.

MARTY

What connection?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

MULDER

I think you see through his
eyes. I think you always have.
You don't want to -- you just do.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

Marty is stone-still, her eyes unblinking. She has no wisecracks or quick words for him now. He continues, softer. (X)
(X)

MULDER (X)

And I think because of that, you've always felt somehow responsible for his actions. But you're not. And you going to prison for his crimes won't accomplish anything. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Now the outer door opens, and Detective Pennock enters with a UNIFORMED OFFICER. Mulder doesn't look away from Marty.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Excuse me, Agent Mulder. She's being transferred now.

Mulder still has his eyes on Marty.

MULDER

We'll find him with or without your help, Marty. There's no point to you doing this. (X)
(X)
(X)

Pennock doesn't know what the hell Mulder's talking about now, and he doesn't much care. Growing impatient: (X)
(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Mulder -- (X)

Pennock moves past Mulder, unlocks the cell door. He gathers Marty up. He leads her out. She doesn't resist his hand on her elbow -- indeed, all the fight has gone out of her. (X)
(X)

She "looks" back toward Mulder. Speaks, barely audible. (X)

MARTY

I'm sorry. (X)
(X)

Then Pennock whisks her away. Off Mulder, looking after her, not ready to give up yet: (X)
(X)

CUT TO:

42 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - SHACKLED FEET

42

Shuffle out of a steel door.

WIDER

An area behind the police station cut off by a chain link fence. Marty, now shackled at the hands and feet, is being guided by Detective Pennock. A PRISON TRANSPORT BUS idles nearby.

CLOSE - MARTY

as she walks in her internal darkness. As she moves, everything starts to take on a surreal quality.

She turns her head, sensing a presence... as she does, the normal SOUNDS start to DROP OUT... they become MUTED, GARBLED, taking on the quality of her vision audio... We see concern cross her features... more intense than anything we've yet seen, a kind of dizziness consumes her as she turns her head...

43 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - (MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION)

43

WE'RE LOOKING THROUGH a chain link fence at Detective Pennock... now adjusting our focus to... MARTY as she turns her head toward us.

INTERCUT WITH:

MARTY

overcome with a sense of vertigo... suddenly realizing she's seeing herself, for the first time in her life. Somewhere close by, Gotts is watching her. She stumbles; Pennock helps steady her.

HER INTERNAL VISION

A continuous action: Pennock helps Marty regain her footing. Marty cranes her neck, stares with her wide, blind eyes. She's looking right at us -- at herself.

The SOUND of those shackles CLANKING in that dull, surreal way (X) as she disappears from view, swallowed by the bus, as...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

REVERSE - GOTTS

(X)

Stands just beyond the chain link, staring. Knowing he's found
who he's looking for.

(X)

(X)

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44 OMITTED

45 INT. WOMEN'S DETENTION CENTER - VISITING AREA - DAY

45

Marty, wearing prison greys, is led by a MATRON down a line of FEMALE PRISONERS who sit behind a thick partition. A LEGEND tells us this is: WOMEN'S DETENTION CENTER, FAIRVIEW, DELAWARE.

She is brought to a chair. She allows the Matron to help her sit. Across from her, behind the partition, sits Mulder.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Marty --

(X)

MARTY

What's going on?

MULDER

I'm here with Detective Pennock, Marty. He's with the warden now, arranging for your release.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MARTY

What -- ?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

The charges against you have been dropped. You're no longer a suspect in this case.

(X)

(X)

(X)

She gets no joy from this. In fact, she's subdued, agitated.

MARTY

How can they do that? I confessed.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

A confession doesn't mean a thing if it's a lie. And yours was.

(X)

(X)

Marty's voice becomes a low rumble.

(X)

MARTY

What've you been telling them?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MULDER

Just that you're innocent.
Which they would have figured
out on their own, eventually.

(then)

The locker you sent us to. There
were fingerprints on it. They
weren't yours.

She senses where this is going, starts to flounder.

MARTY

I was careful...

MULDER

Someone else wasn't so careful.
His name is Charles Wesley
Gotts. Ex-con. Convicted of
aggravated assault in 1970.
Paroled just three weeks ago.
And he's been missing ever since.

MARTY

Never heard of him.

MULDER

I happen to believe that. But
the PCR tests confirmed it was
his blood on the gloves.

Mulder leans in, delivers the next piece of news with great
sensitivity.

MULDER

The tests confirmed something
else, Marty -- he's your father.

She wasn't expecting this. She can't disguise how hard it hits
her. She "looks" to him with every sense available to her,
trying to suss any trick or con... but she knows it's true. And
it is devastating to her.

MULDER

You're connected, Marty... but
you're not responsible. You've
never been responsible. And you
don't want to spend your life in
a place like this for something
you didn't do.

She can't help but laugh bitterly at that.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

MARTY

I don't want to spend my life in (X)
a place like this at all! But (X)
I never had a choice -- (X)

Mulder reacts to that curious remark, not sure what to make of (X)
it. But now Detective Pennock approaches. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK (X)

We're all set -- (X)

Pennock senses he's interrupted a moment. Looks between Mulder (X)
and Marty. (X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

That is, if everything's taken (X)
care of on this end -- (X)

Marty cocks her head at that. (X)

MARTY (X)

What's he talking about? (X)

MULDER (X)

Detective Pennock has agreed not (X)
to pursue aiding and abetting (X)
charges against you -- if you (X)
agree to help us. (X)

(then) (X)

You can tell us where he is, (X)
Marty. (X)

A long moment as she seems to be considering that. Mulder tries (X)
to reach her in her darkness. (X)

MULDER (X)

Marty, we're going to get him. (X)
It's only a matter of time. But (X)
you can help us end it now. (X)

She seems to be hearing him now. (X)

MARTY (X)

(nearly to herself) (X)
I can end it... (X)

MULDER (X)

It's what you've wanted all (X)
along. (X)

A beat as she weighs this, then... (X)

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

(X)

If I help you -- will you
protect me? Until he's caught?

(X)

(X)

Pennock looks to Mulder, then back to Marty.

(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

(X)

I will personally guarantee your
safety.

(X)

(X)

Now she nods, the decision made.

(X)

MARTY

(X)

Take me home.

(X)

Off Marty, resolved.

(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

45A EXT. BAR - DAY

45A

We're looking at the seedy bar Gotts visited earlier. We CRANE DOWN from the name "The Blarney Stone" to find:

AN N.D. SEDAN

(X)

rolls to a stop across the street from the bar. Mulder is behind the wheel, eyeing the place. We hear the SQUAWK of a POLICE RADIO, then --

(X)

(X)

MALE VOICE (FILTERED V.O.)

Moving into position at the back exit.

(X)

(X)

Mulder lifts a small walkie to his mouth, speaks into it.

MULDER

Stand by.

MALE VOICE (FILTERED V.O.)

Copy that.

Mulder climbs out of his car as --

(X)

ANOTHER SEDAN

(X)

pulls up and parks behind him. Agent Scully alights from the driver's side, moves to Mulder.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Just in time.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

45A CONTINUED:

45A

SCULLY

She told you he'd be here?

Mulder nods.

(X)

MULDER

She described the place right
down to the matchbooks.

(X)

SCULLY

What made her decide to
cooperate?

MULDER

She wants to stop him, Scully.

(X)

SCULLY

All of a sudden?

(off his look)

If she were so anxious to stop
him, why didn't she give us his
name before?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Because she didn't know it.
They've never met. He's been in
prison her entire life.

SCULLY

Yet according to you, she's been
seeing through his eyes all that
time --

MULDER

Yes, but I'm not sure she even
knew what she was seeing,
Scully. It was just some
constant image in her head. One
she'd learned to live with.
Until three weeks ago.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

When the murders started --

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(nods)

He was paroled and that's when
everything changed.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Another burst of RADIO SQUAWK from Mulder's walkie.

(X)

MALE VOICE (FILTERED V.O.)

In position, sir.

(X)

(X)

o

(CONTINUED)

45A CONTINUED: (2)

45A

Scully looks back to the bar. Reaches into her shoulder holster (X)
and removes her weapon. Checks it. (X)

SCULLY

Well, assuming any of this is (X)
true -- let's go get him. (X)

Mulder doesn't answer right away. In fact, he may not have (X)
heard it at all. His own last remark has him coming to a (X)
realization. Scully looks back to him, sees he's lost in (X)
thought. (X)

SCULLY

Mulder? (X)

MULDER

(musing) (X)

It all changed for her... (X)

Now he looks to Scully, realizing... (X)

MULDER

We won't find him in there, (X)
Scully. (X)

Off Scully wondering how he knows this -- (X)

CUT TO:

46 EXT. TENEMENT - DAY (STOCK)

46

A run-down multi-story building. A LEGEND comes up: RESIDENCE OF MARTY GLENN. WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

47 INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - DAY - PENNOCK

47

Takes the place in, faintly put off by the squalor. Marty is throwing some items into a tote bag -- she moves through the apartment with relative ease, not having to feel her way around in this familiar setting.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

You want some help there?

(X)

(reconsiders)

(X)

Oh, wait -- look who I'm talking to.

(X)

She keeps packing -- clothes, etc. Pennock grows a bit impatient at how long this is taking.

(X)

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

You know, you don't have to pack everything you own. I promise you, you're not gonna be in protective custody that long.

She stops now -- but not because of anything he's said. We recognize from her expression that she's paying attention to her internal vision. This time, though, we're not privy to it.

MARTY

It's too late for that, anyway.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

Why's that?

MARTY

Because Gotts is already here.

She puts down her tote bag and moves off into the kitchen area. Pennock wanders after her.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

What are you talking about?

MARTY

He's been keeping tabs on you for about a day. Now he knows where I live.

Pennock looks wary, wondering what she's trying to pull. She opens drawers, feeling around for something, but not finding it. She doesn't seem scared. She speaks calmly, quietly:

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MARTY

He's downstairs... reading the names on the mailboxes.

Pennock glances over his shoulder.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

What? How could you know that?

(X)

(X)

CLOSE - ON THE COUNTERTOP

Marty's hands keep feeling around. They find an empty, metal COFFEE POT. Both hands grip the handle tightly.

MARTY

Surprising us, she suddenly swings the pot around -- WHAM! -- catching Pennock hard across the face. He goes down.

NEW ANGLE - ON THE DECK

Pennock sprawls flat, knocked unconscious. Marty drops the coffee pot and kneels down, quickly rummaging under his jacket -- awkwardly coming out with the man's PISTOL. She stands up out of frame.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

Marty walks into frame here, the gun at her side. She silently unlocks the door, then opens it wide -- outside, the hallway is empty. She walks back out of frame, leaving the door OPEN.

CUT TO:

47A OMITTED

47B

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

47B OMITTED
THRU
49

49A EXT. BAR - DAY - THE BAR DOOR (X) 49A

is pushed open as Mulder exits, on the move, Scully right behind him. (X)
(X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder, how did you know he (X)
wouldn't be here? (X)

MULDER (X)
Because she doesn't want us to (X)
get him. She misdirected us on (X)
purpose. (X)

Mulder doesn't slow. Scully keeps step with him as they cross back through traffic. Mulder pulls his cell phone from his pocket, punches in a number. (X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY (X)
She's still protecting him. (X)

MULDER (X)
No. She's not. She never was. (X)
(then, off cell phone) (X)
Pennock's not picking up.

He clicks off.

SCULLY
Mulder, what do you mean?

They have arrived back at Mulder's sedan. Mulder looks to her. (X)

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED:

49A

MULDER

It's not him she's been
protecting, Scully. If he goes
back to prison, so does she.

(then)

She's never had a choice...
until now.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

And as Mulder pulls open the driver's door --

(X)

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED: (2)

49A

50 omitted
Thru
53

54 INT. TENEMENT - DAY - A ROUND SURVEILLANCE MIRROR 54

creates a warped fish-eye view of this shabby building lobby. Into the sphere of this image enters a MAN. We can't quite make (X) out his features in this stretched perspective, but we know it's (X) Gotts. He moves silently through the lobby, mounting the stairs. (X)

55 INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 55

The door stands open. A faint shadow appears on the hallway (X) wall, creeping into frame. It precedes the appearance of Gotts. (X) He peers right and left into the room, hanging outside the door. (X)

GOTTS' POV - THE APARTMENT (X)

At first glance, it looks empty. But over by the kitchenette... (X) we catch a glimpse of Pennock, lying unconscious on the floor. (X)

GOTTS (X)

His eyes narrow on this. He cautiously enters, easing the door (X) closed behind him with a leather-gloved hand. In his other (X) hand -- CLICK -- his switchblade snaps open. As he eases toward (X) us, we ARM DOWN to reveal: (X)

MARTY

Crouched with her back against the kitchenette counter, (X) clutching Pennock's gun with both hands. (X)

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

HANDHELD POV as Gotts slowly moves through the dim apartment. (X)

MARTY (X)

Holds her breath, concentrating for all she's worth...

GOTTS

Stares down at Detective Pennock, laid out on the floor, MOANING (X) softly. Gotts looks over to... (X)

...the kitchenette counter, behind which we know Marty is huddled.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

Our HANDHELD POV drifts toward the kitchenette counter...

GOTTS

Steps carefully, sensing someone back there...

MARTY

Her knuckles whiten over the grip of the gun. She's watching it (X)
all in her mind, as...

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

Drifting over the counter top, now... the top of a HEAD just
starting to become visible as we look down on Marty. (X)

MARTY

Leaps up, drawing down on Gotts. We're close on her wide-eyed
face as she sees --

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

She's looking right down the barrel of the gun she's pointing,
looking right into her own face.

GOTTS

Stares at her, this woman who has caused him so much grief.

MARTY

I hate the way you see me.

Gotts doesn't have a chance to respond, as --

MARTY'S INTERNAL VISION

She pulls the trigger -- BLAMM! And everything goes... BLACK.

CUT TO:

56 INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

56

Mulder and Scully appear at the open door. Look into the quiet,
dim apartment. Scully sees it first --

SCULLY

Mulder --

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Gotts' BODY lies there, thankfully fallen at an angle that spares us most of the gore.

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

(X)

Is on his feet, now. His face inflamed. He's pissed. He pulls the cuffs tight on his prisoner. She doesn't resist. As he marches her out past Mulder and Scully --

DETECTIVE PENNOCK

She did this one. Trust me.

Marty's expression is resigned, almost tranquil. She passes Mulder and WE HOLD on him... knowing that in fact she did do it.

DISSOLVE TO: (X)

57 OMITTED

(X)

58 INT. PRISON - CELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

58

We're MOVING with a pair of men's wing tipped shoes down the cell block corridor. As we arrive at a particular cell CAMERA BOOMS up to reveal Marty sitting on her cell bunk. She knows instantly who's standing there. (X) (X) (X) (X)

MARTY

(X)

Not much to look at, is it? At least, that's what they tell me. (X) (X)

MULDER

(X)

stands outside the bars, looking in at her. (X)

MARTY

(X)

You were at the sentencing. (X)

MULDER

(X)

How'd you know? (X)

She smiles at that. (X)

MARTY

(X)

I just knew you'd be there. (X)

MULDER

(X)

Marty, let me speak to the judge on your behalf -- (X) (X)

She shakes her head, firm. (X)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MARTY (X)
No special treatment. (X)

A beat. Mulder knows there's no point in arguing. (X)

MULDER (X)
We found where he'd been (X)
staying. A motel not far from (X)
where Ordoñez was murdered. (X)

She nods. She knows. (X)

MARTY (X)
And before that, Atlantic City. (X)
That's where he went when he (X)
first got out... (X)

A tear escapes her eye. But she's smiling wistfully. It's her (X)
memory, too. (X)

MARTY (X)
I'd never seen the ocean before, (X)
Agent Mulder. But now, when I (X)
close my eyes... and even when (X)
I open them... that's all I see. (X)

Now Mulder nods, understanding. A MATRON now appears, stepping (X)
up Mulder. Time to go. Mulder looks back to Marty, her blind (X)
eyes staring off -- somewhere else. He doesn't want to leave (X)
her. The Matron puts a hand on Mulder's shoulder. Mulder looks (X)
to her, then back to Marty as -- (X)

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (X)
Lights out! (X)

WE HEAR the SOUND of HEAVY CIRCUITS BREAKING... then the lights (X)
in Marty's cell BLINK, then go BLACK. (X)

MULDER (X)
now lit only by the overhead corridor globes, allows the Matron (X)
to escort him away from the cell. And as the sound of his (X)
footfalls echo away, WE PUSH back toward Marty's cell until we, (X)
too, are swallowed in -- (X)

BLACKNESS... (X)

THE END (X)