

THE X-FILES

"Drive"

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Directed by
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August 3, 1998

"Drive"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
News Anchor
Trooper
Patrick Crump
Vicky Crump
Second Trooper
Farmer
Patrol Captain
Coroner
Prison Doctor
EMT
Germ Suit Cop
CDC Doctor
A.D. Kersh (6X01)
Navy Lieutenant

August 3, 1998

"Drive"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

RURAL ROAD
 /VARIOUS ROADS (NEVADA THRU CALIFORNIA)
 /INTERSECTION
 /ROADBLOCK
FARMHOUSE
PRECINCT MOTOR POOL
CRUMP TRAILER
 /BACKYARD
NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE
GAS STATION
COASTLINE
RENTAL SEDAN (X)

INTERIORS

STUDIO ANCHOR DESK
BARRACUDA (X)
FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM
PRECINCT
 /JAIL CELL
 /BULLPEN
CITY MORGUE
AMBULANCE
 /CAB
 /PATIENT BAY
RENTAL SEDAN
KERSH'S OFFICE
NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE/DEN
CHEVY CAPRICE STATION WAGON (X)
MILITARY BASE COMMONS
CORPORATE JET CABIN

OMITTED

NEWS CHOPPER (X)

TEASER

1 A "LIVE REPORT" GRAPHIC

1

Appears, tells us we're about to witness breaking news. The "we interrupt this program" VO and graphics are authentic FOX issue, if possible -- preferably from the network's Reno affiliate.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - AS SEEN FROM THE AIR

2

We're looking down on a pursuit in progress. An old beater is leading three or four Nevada Highway Patrol cruisers, lights flashing, up this twisting road. (X)

Up here in the news chopper, we've got a front-row seat -- and our Wescam mount lets us zoom in rock-steady, till the passing trees go blurry with speed. A video burn-in on the bottom of the screen says "High-Speed Chase."

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Ninety miles and counting: that's how far officers of the Nevada Highway Patrol have pursued the blue car on your screen -- in a wild chase right through the heart of Elko, at speeds approaching one hundred miles an hour. (X)

INTERCUT WITH:

3 INT. STUDIO ANCHOR DESK - CONTINUOUS

3

An ANCHORMAN stares out at us. Burn-ins give his name and show a graphic of a hurtling car with the phrase "Police Pursuit."

NEWS ANCHOR

Live on the scene in Carlin is Chuck Pickering in the Fox 11 news chopper. Chuck, what can you tell us? (X)
(X)

Down below, the old Barracuda swerves onto the shoulder to avoid a slow truck. It plows up dust, then jerks back on the pavement. (X)

REPORTER (FILTERED V.O.)

Whoa. Evan, we're heading west, following route 766 where it feeds off the I-80.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

REPORTER (cont'd; FILTERED V.O.)

What we do know at this time is that just under an hour ago, Troopers attempted to pull over the blue car, which we understand is a stolen vehicle. That occurred on the 80 east of Wells. Since then, this driver has stopped for nothing and nobody.

(X)

NEWS ANCHOR

Any word on who the driver is?

REPORTER (FILTERED V.O.)

None at this time. What we do think, though -- and what we've passed on to police -- is that from our vantage point we see another person in the car. Let's try and show that to you.

We ZOOM IN on the racing Barracuda. We can make out the DRIVER, alone in the front. Behind him, we just glimpse a WOMAN lying across the back seat. Her arm rises and flops limply.

(X)

(X)

(X)

REPORTER (FILTERED V.O.)

There -- in the back seat appears to be a woman. Very possibly, a hostage.

(X)

(beat)

(X)

Obviously, the sooner police stop this vehicle, the better.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

4 INT. BARRACUDA - DAY

4 (X)

We're no longer watching a television report. We're tight on the prone Woman, getting a better look at her now. She lies with her eyes open, breathing fast. She looks scared.

THE DRIVER

Is a man in his 40s, the same age as the Woman. He's also scared. He peers up at the chopper overhead. He checks his rearview, eyeing the line of cop cars gaining behind him.

(X)

FROM THE BACK SEAT

We see him glance over his shoulder past us at the Woman, keeping tabs on her.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

CLOSE ON THE WOMAN

We CREEP IN on her face, favoring an ear. As we PUSH CLOSER, we hear a rising tinnitus... a BUZZING that grows LOUDER. Off the Woman, in pain, squeezing shut her eyes:

CUT TO:

5 EXT. FURTHER UP THE ROAD - DAY - DOWN AT GROUND LEVEL 5

We're TIGHT ON the pavement as a pair of police-issue shoes jog through frame. Behind them gets dragged a heavy chain which stretches across the road. Sharp steel points are welded to it. (X) (X)

WIDER

A TROOPER finishes laying this tire popper, then stares down the silent road. He keys his shoulder mike, speaks into it. (X)

TROOPER

Unit six, ready at milepost 13.

RADIO VOICE

Coming your way, six.

The Trooper glances back at his PARTNER, who stands holding a twelve-gauge Remington pump -- he takes position behind the hood of their parked cruiser. The Trooper unholsters his pistol.

THE TROOPER'S POV - DOWN THE ROAD

It's silent. And then, high over the trees... WHUP-WHUP-WHUP -- comes the news chopper beating into view.

A second later appears the Barracuda around the curve, gunning straight for us. It's followed by the cop cars... which are already slowing, as they know what's up ahead. (X)

6 INT. BARRACUDA - CONTINUOUS 6 (X)

The Driver scans the road. His eyes widen on:

DRIVER'S POV - AT THE MILEPOST

The Troopers wait for us, taking aim. We see the tire spikes ahead, glinting in the sun. Too fast -- no way to miss them.

7 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS - THE BARRACUDA 7 (X)

Kicks over hard left, skidding sideways... right across the spikes. BOOMBOOMBOOM! -- the tires shred. End of the line.

HANDHELD - THE TROOPERS

Hurry out from behind their car, the one guy leading the way sighting down the barrel of his shotgun. As we CIRCLE AROUND to the Barracuda, other TROOPERS pile out of their cruisers and converge on the scene from all directions, guns drawn. (X)

TROOPER
HANDS UP! OUT OF THE VEHICLE!

They rush in, flinging open the Barracuda's doors and yanking at the Driver. He struggles against them. (X)

DRIVER
Leave us alone! --

He gets flung face-down on the pavement. The ROAR of the helicopter drowns him out, though he keeps yelling. As he gets cuffed, he desperately cranes his neck to see: (X)

THE WOMAN

Who is being eased out of the back seat by the other Troopers. They get her to her feet. She's out of it -- sweaty and pale.

WOMAN
It's in my head... get it out
of my head...

SECOND TROOPER
You're safe now. Come with us.

They hustle her to a nearby cruiser. The whole time, the Driver is screaming at them and fighting his way to his knees.

DRIVER
NO! SHE HAS TO KEEP GOING! -- (X)

DRIVER'S POV - THE WOMAN

Is shut inside the cruiser. We see through the window -- a VEIN BULGES weirdly in her temple. She THUMPS her head against the glass, again and again. One eye goes bloodshot RED.

DRIVER
NO! --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

FROM THE NEWS CHOPPER'S WESCAM

We're fairly wide, circling over the scene. We see a flood of cops trying to hold down the Driver, who is bellowing his guts out. We can't hear any of what he's saying from here. (X)

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (X)

The hostage appears unharmed... (X)
she's in good hands now. But (X)
that driver doesn't intend to go (X)
quietly, does he, Chuck? (X)

REPORTER (FILTERED V.O.)

Uh, no -- he definitely seems to
be a man with a few choice words
on the subject.

We ZOOM IN on the Driver, who seems to be yelling "Look!" We catch a glimpse of the Woman banging her head on the window of the cruiser. We do a sort of double-take, then FRAME HER TIGHT.

REPORTER (FILTERED V.O.)

Oh my goodness... what the heck
is she, uh...

Instantly, BLOOD SPRAYS on the glass in a starburst, as if from (X)
an explosion. It obscures our view of what's left of the (X)
Woman's head. We can just make her out, lolling lifelessly. (X)

REPORTER (FILTERED V.O.)

(bleeped at broadcast)
Oh, fuck -- what just happened?!

STUDIO VOICE

Zoom out, zoom out!

We CUT before the last "Zoom out!" Off it, playing over BLACK...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY - A WEATHERBEATEN FRONT DOOR

8

Gets rapped by a man's knuckles as a LEGEND comes up: BUHL, IDAHO. Soon, the door CREAKS open. A grizzled FARMER in droopy overalls and a PAG Seed cap squints out into the sunlight.

FARMER

Yuh..?

MULDER AND SCULLY

Stand before him on the rickety porch. We're out in the Idaho boondocks. Scully presents her badge wallet.

SCULLY

Mr. Virgil Nokes? I'm Agent Scully, this is Agent Mulder -- we're with the FBI.

FARMER

(a beat)

Jehovah Wi'ness?

SCULLY

Uh no, Sir... Federal Bureau of Investigation.

MULDER

But we did bring you your free copy of "The Watchtower."

The old guy doesn't get it. Scully quickly continues.

SCULLY

Sir, this is just a routine check. We understand you've recently placed an order for five thousand pounds of ammonium nitrate fertilizer.

The Farmer -- no stranger to alcohol -- understands now.

FARMER

Oh. You people.
(stepping inside)
Come on in.

Scully glances to Mulder, then goes inside. Mulder would rather be anywhere else right now. He lags behind, sighs, then follows.

CUT TO:

9 INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - THE FARMER

9

Brings us into his dark and ratty living room. An old TV is on in the f.g. We can't see what's on it, but it's throwing light into the room. The Farmer grumbles as he hunts for something.

FARMER

Sugar beets.

SCULLY

Excuse me?

FARMER

I grow sugar beets. Figger I got better to do with muh fertilizer'n go around blowing gummit bildins sky-high.

(casts a baleful eye)

Not that some don't need blowin'.

SCULLY

As I said, Sir... routine check.

MULDER

(mostly to himself)

So routine, it numbs the mind.

FARMER

Got my Ag. card and papers 'round here somewhere. Hep me look for'm.

Scully reluctantly helps him look, shuffling through stacks of musty newspapers. It's a waste of time, and she and Mulder both know it: this guy's a danger only to his gin bottle.

Mulder meanwhile has been watching the TV for some time -- first because he was bored, and now because he's interested in what he sees. He calls to the Farmer.

MULDER

Mr. Nokes, you mind?

(turns up the sound)

Scully, check this out.

She glances over. They see:

THE TELEVISION SCREEN

Broadcasts the news helicopter footage we saw in the Teaser. This time around, it's with a different VOICEOVER (probably also tagged with the station ID of a southern Idaho Fox affiliate).

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

NEWS WOMAN (V.O.)

-- Again want to warn you, this footage is extremely graphic. This was the scene west of Elko, Nevada one hour ago as the female hostage died mysteriously while in police custody.

There's the Driver, yelling beforehand, trying to get the Troopers' attention. The Woman's face is digitally blurred -- but the familiar footage is just as shocking all the same.

Mulder is riveted. Scully is definitely caught by this, too. In b.g., Mr. Nokes isn't listening. He wanders from the room.

FARMER

Lemme check in the kitchen.

NEWS WOMAN (V.O.)

At this time, police officials are refusing to identify the woman or to speculate on how she died, though they do stress it was not the result of a gunshot. A preliminary coroner's report isn't expected for a day or more. Meanwhile... (X)

The report goes on from there. Scully looks to Mulder. He hasn't taken his eyes off the screen. She recognizes his expression, and is wary of it. She follows after Mr. Nokes.

On the TV, we're watching the helicopter camera whip around frantically, looking for some acceptable shot to settle on in the aftermath of the Woman's death. We ZOOM IN on the Driver, still screaming -- both horror and immense loss in his eyes.

Off Mulder, staring at this image:

CUT TO:

10 EXT. FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY - LATER - SCULLY

10

Exits the house in b.g., walking our way. We ADJUST to include Mulder standing beside their rental car, finishing up a cell phone call as she approaches.

MULDER

No problem -- we'd be happy to help. Thank you, Captain.

Mulder hangs up. Scully caught most of this.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCULLY

We'd be happy to help what?
(off his look)

Mulder -- we're not going to Nevada.

MULDER

One quick side-trip. C'mon...

SCULLY

No. Sorry. We've got a whole new assignment now.

MULDER

What -- more of this? Running down people who buy fertilizer? This is scut work, bozo work -- the FBI equivalent of being made to wear an orange jumpsuit and pick up trash on the side of the highway.

(beat)

They mean to humiliate us.

Scully looks off into the distance, not disagreeing with him.

MULDER

You saw that footage. This is an X-file, ready-made.

SCULLY

Then pass it on to Agent Spender.

(X)

He looks at her like she's spoken heresy. She stares right back.

SCULLY

Mulder, like it or not -- humiliated, or not -- we're on domestic terrorism now. And you're right, this is a punishment. But the only way we'll get back to where we want to be is by following orders. Not by freelancing.

Mulder can't really argue, but he doesn't want to hear it.

MULDER

How do you explain what you saw in that news report?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

SCULLY

The obvious assumption is the woman was shot, regardless of what the police say. Maybe a sniper --

MULDER

(shakes his head)

In their Captain's words, "She just sort of popped."

(off her look)

Plus -- the guy who supposedly took her hostage? Her husband. It looked to me like he was trying to warn the cops before she died.

Scully doesn't have a theory for any of this. Mulder presses.

MULDER

Scully, America will see the sun rise tomorrow regardless of whether we're at another farm, investigating yet another enormous pile of doo-doo.

(beat)

C'mon... in and out in a day. No one has to know.

Off her, reluctantly giving in:

CUT TO:

11 INT. PRECINCT JAIL CELL - DAY - STEEL BARS

11

Look out on a cinderblock hall. A GUARD jingles past, making his rounds. LEGEND: ELKO, NEVADA. We ARM DOWN to reveal...

THE DRIVER

Lying atop a bench, alone in the holding area. He stares at the ceiling, looking anesthetized. We come around full-face on him. (X)

He's numb from the day's events. But as he lies here, BLOOD appears, oozing out sideways from one nostril. He feels it, touches a finger to his nosebleed. It's not a bad one. Still... (X)

He sees the blood and gets scared. He sits up, goes to the bars. (X)

DRIVER

S-Somebody? IT'S STARTING! --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

He squeezes his hands to his temples and paces. No one is coming. With surprising violence, he rares back and -- WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! -- bangs on the bars with both hands, SHAKING them.

DRIVER
LET ME OUT! --

We're scared he's going to hurt himself. Off this wild panic:

CUT TO:

12 INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN - LATER - MULDER AND SCULLY 12

Stand amidst the bustle of this office, addressing someone o.s.

MULDER
Why can't we see him?

REVEAL

A middle-aged PATROL CAPTAIN who looks a little out of his depth.

PATROL CAPTAIN
Hopefully, later. He threw some fit in his cell -- screaming a bunch of nonsense, saying we were going to kill him like we killed his wife.
(off their looks)
He's... not a particularly stable individual.

SCULLY
Captain, he may need medical attention.

PATROL CAPTAIN
He's getting it. Our doctor's in there now. I mean, after whatever happened to his wife -- which I want to stress again was not our fault -- uh, you know. We're not taking any chances.

He hands Scully a file folder, which she and Mulder peruse together. We see:

CLOSE - MUG SHOTS

Taken just hours ago show the dazed-looking Driver. An arrest report is visible here, too.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY
Patrick Garland Crump of
Montello, Nevada...

MULDER
Forty year-old roofer... with no (X)
history of mental illness. (X)
(looking up) (X)
...And no prior record. (X)

PATROL CAPTAIN
He's got one now: that
Barracuda he jacked on the Utah (X)
border. He yanked some teenager
out the window, threw his wife (X)
in the back and took off.
(sees someone) (X)
Excuse me.

The Captain moves off to talk to an arriving OFFICER in b.g,
leaving Mulder and Scully alone.

MULDER
What do you think?

SCULLY
I'm thinking while we're here,
I should have a look at Mr.
Crump's wife.

Mulder appreciates her budding interest.

MULDER
I'll wait around, see if I can (X)
get a chance to talk to this guy.

Scully nods, hands him the arrest report and heads off. Mulder
drifts to a nearby wall, on which is mounted a command post- (X)
style map of Nevada. He studies it as the Captain rejoins him. (X)

MULDER
Captain, where's Montello?

PATROL CAPTAIN
Little town right here. (X)

CLOSE - THE MAP (X)

He points to the tiny village of Montello on state route 233, (X)
just southwest of the border of Nevada and Utah.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

MULDER

So, that's home -- that's where Crump started.

(off the man's nod)

Then he drove this way -- east five, ten miles to the Utah border, where he stole the car.

Mulder's finger traces the route for us.

PATROL CAPTAIN

You got it.

MULDER

But you caught up with him here in Wells. Which means he started off going this way... then suddenly turned around and headed west.

(beat)

Why?

The Captain doesn't know, and doesn't think it's that important, anyway. Mulder is intrigued, however. As he puzzles over this:

CUT TO:

13 INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

13

A female CORONER appears out of silhouette as she clicks on a WORK LIGHT. Scully steps up behind her, tying on an apron as we ADJUST DOWN to reveal a sheeted corpse lying before them.

CORONER

The former Vicky Jenkins Crump:

(X)

The Coroner lifts back the sheet, and we see just a bit of Mrs. Crump in close profile. We must be on the good side of her head -- judging from Scully's visible reaction.

(X)

CORONER

I'm hoping you can tell me what I'm looking at, 'cause this is a new one on me.

Scully pulls on an exam glove, not taking her eyes off the body. She adjusts the overhead light, then leans in for a closer look, checking out both sides of the woman's head. After a moment:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCULLY

No gunpowder residue, no carbon stippling. I'm finding no entry wound whatsoever.

CORONER

There is none -- it's all exit. But how that could be...

The Coroner shrugs and shakes her head -- damned if she knows. Scully picks up a magnifier and peers closer.

SCULLY

I'm seeing what look like fragments of petrous bone embedded in the remaining portion of the auditory canal. In fact, I seem to be seeing straight through to the osseous labyrinth -- what's left of it.

(X)

CORONER

It's almost like a little bomb went off in her ear.

Scully looks up at the woman, forced to agree. She picks up a long steel probe from the tray table.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

You mind?

The Coroner shakes her head -- go for it. Scully leans in and carefully inserts the probe into the wound (again, we're holding on the undamaged side of the woman's face for this).

(X)

SCULLY'S POV - INSIDE THE WOUND

(X)

We're close enough that the gross, bloody, oogey stuff in here looks pretty abstract. The steel tip of the surgical probe gingerly presses against something SPRINGY.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

There seems to be some sort of tumefaction within the lateral sinus...

The probe tip presses a little harder... and tiny, yellowish BUBBLES start to form. We hear the squishy, rising HISS of pressure about to release.

SCULLY

Pulls back, turns to glance at the Coroner. Just as...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

BOOOSH! -- a fine spray of BLOOD EXPLODES across the front of her light blue apron, startling both of them. The probe drops to the floor with a CLATTER.

Both women take a step back and eye the body gingerly, waiting for something more to happen. Whatever was under pressure BURBLES to a stop. The dead woman's head slowly cants over sideways, like a balloon with the air leaking out of it.

Off this frozen tableau:

CUT TO:

14 EXT. PRECINCT MOTOR POOL - DAY - PATRICK CRUMP

14

Lies strapped to a gurney, being rolled at a fast clip out of the building's rear entrance and across the parking lot. He's not looking good -- eyes closed, skin pale, mumbling out of his head with pain. VEINS in his temple throb in stark relief.

An oxygen mask is over his mouth and an IV is in his arm. He's attended by a PRISON DOCTOR and two EMTs. A DEPUTY is here, too. The Doctor talks on a cell phone as he hurries alongside the gurney (we don't need to stay on him for this whole dialog).

DOCTOR

He just went rammy on me.
Accucheck is normal, we did a
Narcan push -- but he keeps
getting worse.

(X)

(listens; then to EMT)

IV beta blocker and topical
nitro.

This caravan passes through frame and Mulder appears, following a pace or two behind. He's joined by the Captain.

PATROL CAPTAIN

(quiet concern)

I don't know if you're gonna get
to talk to this guy after all.

Determined to, Mulder jogs on out of frame.

(X)

AT THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE

The EMTs load the gurney as the Doctor and Deputy climb aboard. (X)
Mulder starts to board, too, but an EMT stops him.

EMT

Five's a crowd, buddy.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Mulder considers, then moves to his nearby rental sedan as the EMTs finish loading and hit the road. The ambulance takes off out of the motorpool lot with full lights and siren. Mulder's sedan pulls out after it. The Captain remains behind.

15 INT. AMBULANCE CAB - CONTINUOUS - THE SPEEDOMETER 15

The big orange needle creeps upward: 30... 40... (X)

THE EMT DRIVER

Tromps it. We're looking over his shoulder, past him out the windshield. Back to the SPEEDOMETER: 50... 60... (X)

16 INT. AMBULANCE PATIENT BAY - CONTINUOUS - PATRICK CRUMP 16

Lies with his eyelids flickering as the other EMT and the Doctor go about their job of keeping him alive. We hear the fevered BEEP BEEP BEEP of the electronic heart monitor. (X)

We PUSH IN on Crump's face as the BEEPING of the monitor now begins to slow somewhat... reducing to a less frantic tempo.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Whoa. Something must have worked: heart rate's dropping.

EMT (O.S.)

B.P.'s headed south. I don't understand -- what'd you just do? (X)

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Hell if I know, but I'll take it.

Crump's eyes open. He stares at the ceiling, scared and trying to figure out where the hell he is. Remembering, he looks to... (X)

CLOSE - A BIG, SILVER REVOLVER

Rides in a leather holster on the Deputy's hip. It's tight in the f.g. -- we RACK FOCUS from it to Crump's eyes, staring at it. It lies only an arm's length away.

CUT TO:

17 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - DAY

17

We're looking over Mulder's shoulder, out the windshield -- just ahead of us is the flashing ambulance. We're speeding along behind it, following it down this quiet, secondary road.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MULDER

Notices something. His expression grows wary.

MULDER'S POV - THE AMBULANCE

Is drifting off the edge of the road, its right wheels kicking up dust. It snaps back into its lane, and just as quickly -- (X)
(X)

-- Brake lights GLOW RED in our face. Emergency stop -- we're rushing up on the back of the ambulance FAST.

MULDER

Stands on the brakes, locks them up. Jerks forward in his seat, caught up by his shoulder belt. Braces for impact. As... (X)

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

We slide to a stop, just missing the ambulance -- but close enough that its rear doors fill our frame.

The rear doors now BOOT OPEN, revealing Patrick Crump, stolen revolver in hand. He's in a sweaty panic, as surprised to see us as we are him. Behind him, we can just make out the Doctor, EMT and Deputy -- all unhurt, all with their hands in the air.

MULDER

Takes in this unexpected sight -- starts to go for his gun. (X)

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Crump's arm whips up, pointing the revolver at us. He'll either drop dead this minute or shoot us through the glass -- the way he's looking, it's even odds as to which.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY - SCULLY

18

Is still in scrubs. She speed-dials her cell phone and lifts it to her ear, waits impatiently as it RINGS. Once, twice... (X)

SCULLY
C'mon, Mulder...

Three RINGS... in the b.g., the Coroner continues to work on Mrs. Crump. Behind her, a LAB ASSISTANT appears in the windowed door, starts to enter. Scully turns to YELL at this person. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SCULLY
YOU! -- OUT! THIS LAB IS
QUARANTINED!

The Assistant gets the hell out. Scully strides to the door and (X)
latches it, all the while holding the phone to her ear. She's (X)
getting antsy -- the phone has rung god knows how many times now. (X)

Finally, we hear a CLICK of someone picking up. She talks fast. (X)

SCULLY
Mulder. Mulder..?

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Yeah.

SCULLY
Mulder, you know how to pick
'em -- I'll give you that. I
have no idea what killed this
woman, but I have to assume it's (X)
communicable. (X)

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Yeah?

SCULLY
Another body's been found, just (X)
outside Montello. Same apparent (X)
cause of death: some kind of
massive, aneurysmal rupture.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Huh.

SCULLY
I've called the CDC -- they're (X)
on their way. But Patrick Crump (X)
may be infected. You need to
quarantine the cell he's in, (X)
along with anyone who's come in (X)
close contact with him. Most of (X)
all, stay away from him yourself.
(off his silence)

Mulder?

19 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

19

Drives fast, one hand on the wheel and the other holding his
cell phone to his ear. We're in profile on him -- he's alone in
the front seat. He doesn't look happy.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MULDER

That might be a little tough, (X)
Scully.

Into frame behind him, a hand reaches in and snags the phone. (X)
The fat muzzle of a revolver points at the back of Mulder's head. (X)

We ANGLE AROUND Mulder... revealing Patrick Crump slouching in (X)
the back seat, aiming his stolen gun. Through the rear window (X)
behind him, we see an NHP cruiser tailing. Two more cruisers (X)
fall into line. It's a regular convoy now.

Crump shuts his eyes. He's clearly in pain, his head pounding. (X)
Mulder glances back at the man, who opens his eyes and growls: (X)

CRUMP

Drive. (X)

Mulder turns forward again. He's had better days. Off this: (X)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY - CLOSE ON PLATE GLASS

20

BAP! -- a hand slaps a sheet of scratch paper against the glass so we can read a PHONE NUMBER written on it: (202) 555-0166. (X)
We REVEAL Scully behind this window, holding up the paper.

REVERSE - THROUGH THE GLASS

The Captain heads up the hallway outside the lab. He peers at the number Scully holds up, dials it on his cell phone.

Scully's own cell rings. The two converse prison-style through the hall windows looking in on the quarantined lab. Meanwhile, the frazzled-looking Coroner still examines dead Mrs. Crump.

SCULLY

Where are they?

PATROL CAPTAIN

Route 789, heading west. We're keeping them in visual -- plus, we're in phone contact.

(under his breath)

Not to mention we pulled some strings with the stations so we keep this thing off live TV.

SCULLY

Where are they going?

PATROL CAPTAIN

Crump won't say. Wherever it is, though, he ain't getting there -- we'll see to that.

SCULLY

A roadblock.

PATROL CAPTAIN

(nod)

We'll shut him down east of Tuscarora. It's a good, remote spot we can own. (X)

SCULLY

I want the CDC on-site. I want the arrest made only by officers wearing level 2 or better anti-contamination suits.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SCULLY (cont'd)
I want the car decontaminated,
I want Crump and Mulder
decontaminated -- then I want
them quarantined separately.

PATROL CAPTAIN
You got it.
(beat)
You two doing all right in there?

Scully's grave expression is answer enough. The Captain nods -- dumb question. Meanwhile, a DEPUTY approaches him from behind.

SCULLY
Just get them off the road.

The Captain takes the phone from his ear as the Deputy briefly tells him something. We can see the man's lips move, but we can't hear what he's saying. Scully waits, wondering.

The Captain puts the phone back to his ear. He hesitates.

PATROL CAPTAIN
Crump's now saying if we don't
pull back our escort, he's gonna
shoot your partner.

Off Scully, as seen through the glass -- her concern mounting:

CUT TO:

21 EXT. RENTAL SEDAN - DAY

21

We follow behind the car, which is clipping along. Crump can be seen through the rear window. He's talking on Mulder's cell, (X) staring out past us. Red and blue FLASHERS reflect in the glass. (X)

CRUMP (FILTER) (X)
(holds up revolver) (X)
Get outta here! Leave me the
hell alone!

We slow down. The rental car grows smaller ahead of us. (X)

22 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

22

Grimly watches in his rearview mirror as the police cars recede behind him. Satisfied that they're leaving, Crump turns forward again. He clicks off the phone and drops it on the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MULDER

How about we pull over and let me out, too? I must be cramping your style.

CRUMP

Shut up.

Crump flips open:

CLOSE - MULDER'S BADGE WALLET

Showing his photo and ID. Mulder's service SIG is visible below it, lying in its holster on the back seat.

CRUMP

Stares at the FBI seal, frowning sourly.

CRUMP

Oh. You people.
(snort)
That figures.

MULDER

What figures?

CRUMP

Shut up.

Crump flicks the ID badge to the floor and rubs at his temples like he's suffering from the mother of all headaches. Beside him, the cell phone starts to RING.

Crump swats at the button, powering down his rear window. He unceremoniously chucks Mulder's RINGING phone out the window.

MULDER

HEY! --

The phone disintegrates on the asphalt behind them. He glares back at Crump, who powers his window shut again.

MULDER

Brilliant, Crump! Really smart!

(X)

CRUMP

Just shut up and drive! --

(X)

Mulder shakes his head to himself, disgusted. Crump slaps the gun down and goes back to squeezing his temples.

Up ahead, Mulder sees:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MULDER'S POV - A STOPLIGHT

Which hangs over a rural intersection -- the only one for miles. The light on our side goes from GREEN to RED.

MULDER

Slows the sedan. In the back seat, Crump immediately lifts his head and opens his eyes, wondering what the hell's going on.

CRUMP

Whoa -- what are you doing?

MULDER

(still pissed off)

What do you mean, what am I doing?

CRUMP

What the hell are you DOING?!

MULDER

I'm composing a sonnet. What the hell does it look like I'm doing? I'm stopping for a light.

(X)

By this time, the car has rolled to a complete stop behind one or two others. This light looks like it's going to last awhile -- cross-traffic on the intersecting road is fairly heavy.

CRUMP

Is suddenly breathing faster. Raw fear shows in his eyes.

CRUMP

KEEP GOING! --

MULDER

WHERE? --

CRUMP

(raising his gun)

KEEP GOING! K-Keep...

CLUNK! -- the revolver tumbles out of Crump's hand and bounces off the floor. Mulder adjusts his rearview, sees:

MULDER'S POV - IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

Crump looks BAD. Pasty, sweaty... he looks paralyzed, almost convulsive.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

MULDER

Crump..?

MULDER

Considers. He looks from the ailing man out to:

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A few car-lengths ahead, traffic is still flying along in both directions perpendicular to us. Our attention WHIPS BACK to the REARVIEW MIRROR --

-- In it, we see a fat VEIN in Crump's head BULGE UNNATURALLY.

MULDER

Puts two and two together... cranks the wheel and guns it. (X)

23 EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS - THE RENTAL CAR 23

Jerks out of its lane and into the empty, oncoming one. It passes the stopped cars, picking up speed.

24 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - AS SEEN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD 24

"French Connection"-style, we speed right underneath the big red stoplight, right into the intersection, looking out from the driver's perspective as cars blur past just inches from us. HORNS BLARE stereo left and right, dopplering away behind us -- we get through by the grace of god and the skin of our teeth.

MULDER

Grips the wheel like a man whose sphincter could crack walnuts. Out the rear window, one or two cars can be seen skidding to a stop -- but no crack-ups, and no casualties.

He looks back over his shoulder at Crump, who's unconscious... or maybe dead. We can't tell from here.

MULDER

Crump? Crump!

He awkwardly reaches back and jiggles the man -- still driving like a bat out of hell. He jostles him a bit, and Crump comes to with a violent START, scaring us. (X)

He pants, grimaces like he's coming through the worst ice cream headache in history. But he's slowly recovering. Mulder splits his attention between him and the road ahead. (X)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MULDER

Is this what happened to your
wife? This same thing?
(off Crump's silence)
If you stop moving, you'll die.
Right?

Crump lies with his head propped back, breathing slower now.

MULDER

(to himself)
I think I saw this movie.
(louder)
Why didn't you tell anybody?
The police?

Crump just chuckles blackly, as if this were the single
stupidest idea he's ever heard in his life. He doesn't plan on
speaking, though. Mulder gets annoyed.

MULDER

I don't know how well you recall
the last thirty seconds, Crump,
but your life is in my hands -- (X)
regardless of that gun.

Crump hunts around, grabs up the revolver and waves it. (X)

CRUMP

Right here, boy! --

MULDER

-- So start telling me
everything you know. It may be
the only way I can help you.

CRUMP

You people PUT ME HERE! --

MULDER

Shut up.

Mulder says this with enough quiet authority that Crump does.
Mulder looks up out of his side window, scanning the sky above.

MULDER

I'm guessing we've got two,
three miles tops before we hit
the roadblock.

Crump perks up.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

CRUMP
 What roadblock?
 (off Mulder's silence)
 I got rid of the cops, man.

MULDER
 Check your window.

Crump doesn't know what he means. Deadpan, without looking back, Mulder points at the sky. Crump looks out, sees:

CRUMP'S POV - THE SKY

We scan around the blue expanse of it, wondering what we're supposed to be looking for. Then we see it -- so high and far off, it's easy to miss: a HELICOPTER.

CRUMP

Squints up at this sight, then turns back to Mulder. (X)

CRUMP (X)
 If we get stopped...

He trails off, scared. Mulder understands just what he means. (X)
 Off him, trying to figure out what to do next: (X)

CUT TO:

25 EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

25

It's deadly quiet. All we hear is a BREEZE rustling. We TRACK along a barricade line of parked Patrol cars and serious-looking OFFICERS. They take aim with sniper rifles and M-16s.

We continue across their grim faces until we find three guys in anti-contamination suits. They peer out of their headpieces at the empty road ahead, breathing like Darth Vader. We see a CDC panel truck parked in b.g. (X)

Suddenly, cutting through the thick silence, a RADIO SQUAWKS:

CHOPPER PILOT (FILTERED V.O.)
 Subject's turning off 789 about
 a mile east of your position and
 is heading north on a fire road.
 Looks like he's gonna miss you.

Everyone hears this. Underneath his headpiece, one of the germ suit cops speaks up, his voice heavily MUFFLED.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

GERM SUIT COP

Say what?

CUT TO:

26 INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY - THE CAPTAIN

26

Stands in the hallway, staring into the morgue lab through the big window. His cell phone is to his ear. He looks sheepish.

PATROL CAPTAIN

They say apparently, they've lost them.

(beat)

They were last seen on a Forestry Service road. The trees were too thick, and our helicopter lost sight of them.

We ADJUST TO Scully, standing over by the autopsy table, talking to the Captain on her cell. She's not happy.

There've been additions to this lab since we last saw it: now there is special germ-proof blue plastic sheeting over the door. A germ-suited CDC DOCTOR is in here now, assisting the female Coroner with her examination of Vicky Crump. Also, there's a SECOND CORPSE here now -- a middle-aged black man.

SCULLY

How did Crump know to avoid your roadblock?

PATROL CAPTAIN

That's the question. I was hoping Agent Mulder would even manage to steer him toward it, but...

He shrugs. An odd thought slowly occurs to Scully.

SCULLY

Unless he steered them away from it, instead.

PATROL CAPTAIN

Why would he do that?

(X)

(X)

Scully shakes her head, not sure. She speaks mostly to herself.

SCULLY

Maybe he knows something we don't.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

She clicks off her phone, gives the Captain a distracted nod goodbye and turns away from the window. Her mind is working. Behind her, the Captain clicks off and departs up the hallway.

Scully joins the moon-suited CDC Doctor, who is peering through a microscope.

SCULLY

Anything?

CDC DOCTOR

So far, I'm seeing no evidence of infection in either victim.

The nervous Coroner hears this and can't help but speak up.

CORONER

So, we're in the clear?

(X)

SCULLY

Not necessarily. Something killed these people.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully's cell phone RINGS. She excuses herself, answers it.

(X)

SCULLY

Scully --

SECRETARY (FILTERED V.O.)

Please hold for Assistant Director Kersh.

The woman's voice is cool and authoritative. Scully takes a deep breath -- this is a call she's been dreading. A long beat.

A.D. KERSH (FILTERED V.O.)

Agent Scully.

SCULLY

Yes, Sir.

INTERCUT WITH:

27 INT. KERSH'S OFFICE - EVENING

27

We CREEP IN on the desk of FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR ALVIN KERSH, Mulder and Scully's formidable new boss, whom we met in 6X01. Kersh speaks quietly and evenly into his phone.

(X)

(X)

A.D. KERSH

How is southern Idaho?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Scully hesitates. What should she say?

A.D. KERSH
Agent Scully? Southern Idaho?
(off her silence)
Think carefully.

SCULLY
I am... not currently in the
State of Idaho, Sir.

A.D. KERSH
No. You are not.

SCULLY
Sir, in the course of
prosecuting our assignment in
Idaho, Agent Mulder and I came
upon a situation in Nevada which
we both strongly felt required
our immediate attention.

A.D. KERSH
I eagerly await your report. (X)
(beat)
In the meantime, agents of the
Las Vegas field office will be
available to assist you in
tracking down Agent Mulder.

SCULLY
Thank you, Sir.

A.D. KERSH
Oh, Agent Scully... I think at
this point, I want to see him
alive even more than you do.

CLICK. He hangs up. Scully lowers her phone, chastened. She
forces her mind onto the business at hand, turning to the others.

She stares at the dead man for a moment. She picks up a file (X)
folder and scans through it herself, noticing something.

SCULLY
This man worked for Silver State (X)
Power. His job was reading (X)
meters.
(off Coroner's nod)
Could he have read the meter at (X)
Vicky Crump's house?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

The Coroner and the CDC Doctor glance at one another -- it's certainly possible. Off Scully dialing her phone to check:

CUT TO:

28 EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATE DAY - THE RENTAL SEDAN 28

Whips past us down this tree-lined fire road, stirring up dust.

29 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - CONTINUOUS 29

It's a bumpy ride -- and not as fast as being on an asphalt highway. Mulder does his best, peering up through the trees as he drives, looking for Highway Patrol helicopters.

Behind him, Crump slouches in the back seat. He's looking bad again... sweaty and pained. Mulder glances in the mirror at him.

MULDER

Crump? What can you tell me about what's happening to you?

CRUMP

(a beat)

Mr. Crump.

(off Mulder's look)

You call me by my last name, you say "Mister" in front of it.

(X)

MULDER

"Mister." Gotcha.

CRUMP

Not "Crump." Mr. Crump.

MULDER

I can think of something else to call you. I can put "Mister" in front of that.

Crump sits up with difficulty, peering angrily at Mulder.

CRUMP

You know... what kinda name is Mulder, anyway? What is that, like, Jewish?

MULDER

(incredulous)

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

CRUMP
Jewish. It is, right?

(X)

Mulder looks back at him askance, then turns forward again.

MULDER
No it's not, yes I am, and it's
"Mr. Mulder" to you, you
peanut-picking bastard.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Crump smiles a bitter little smile as he sinks back deep into his seat. He lets his head loll back.

MULDER
Mr. Crump. What can you tell me
about what's happeni--

(X)

Instantly, Crump is SCREAMING IN PAIN -- scaring the shit out of us and Mulder, who nearly drives off the road. Crump clamps his hands to his head, trying to hold it together.

MULDER
WHAT? WHAT?! --

CRUMP
It's... the wrong way. You're
going --

(X)

(X)

MULDER
What?! What do you mean, the
wrong way? --

CRUMP
This way -- go THIS WAY!

Crump stabs a finger to the left, pointing the way.

MULDER
Left?! I can't turn left,
Crump -- it's trees!

(X)

(X)

CRUMP
T-This...

We see that same, obscene VEIN BULGE in his temple. He BANGS HIS HEAD violently, repeatedly against the side window.

Mulder looks around frantically. Crump is dying behind him, and he doesn't know what the hell to do about it. When:

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

MULDER'S POV - FAR UP AHEAD

We see an opening in the trees. As we rush toward it, we realize the fire road is coming to an end -- and will intersect with a PAVED ROAD. It's that left turn we desperately need.

MULDER

Floors it. Checks back in his mirror, then straight ahead.

30 EXT. PAVED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

30

The rental comes skidding in a wide left turn out onto the asphalt -- just missing a CAR going in the opposite direction. The rental car guns off the road, receding away from us.

31 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

31

Looks back in his mirror at Crump, who SLAMS his head ONCE... TWICE more into the window... then sinks his face against it.

He's beaten-up and exhausted, but alive... and recovering. Mulder calms down, as well. He realizes something.

MULDER

West -- just like you headed
with your wife. You turned her
around and took her west.

(X)

(beat)

It's not just motion... it has
to be in this one direction. Is
that it, Crump?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Crump can't speak yet. His eyes are shut. But after a moment, he manages a nod. Mulder just stares at him in the rearview, amazed. He speaks quieter now, not expecting an answer.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

What the hell happened to you?

Off this tableau of Crump hyperventilating, and Mulder driving...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 EXT. CRUMP TRAILER - NIGHT

32

LEGEND OVER: CRUMP RESIDENCE, MONTELLO, NEVADA. We're looking at nothing fancy even by mobile home standards -- a rust-spotted old single-wide with a bunch of disassembled lawnmowers and minibikes where most folks would think to plant grass.

This isn't a trailer park -- it's just a spit of desolate boonies. Into this low frame walks what looks to be an Apollo astronaut, heading toward the trailer. Three more astronauts follow. They all carry flashlights which throw sharp BEAMS. (X)

NEW ANGLE - THE LEAD ASTRONAUT

Approaches and is revealed to be Scully, wearing an anti-contamination suit. The familiar CDC Doctor is behind her in his suit, along with two other CDC MEN. Their truck is in b.g.

SCULLY

I want a thorough search, with an eye to the usual disease vectors. But, failing that... (X)

She pauses, surprised by what's about to come out of her mouth.

CDC DOCTOR

Failing that, what?

SCULLY

Keep your eyes open to the unusual.

The men glance at one another. They spread out, two heading into the trailer and the other examining the outside. (X)

Scully also stays outside. After a beat of searching, a distant YELP gets her attention. She exits frame, following the sound. (X)

33 EXT. TRAILER BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS - SCULLY

33 (X)

Rounds the trailer into view, shining her flashlight ahead of her. She slows, witnessing something bizarre. From o.s., we hear a faint PANTING and a JINGLING of CHAINS. (X)

Scully backs up and pounds on the side of the trailer with her gloved hand, getting the attention of the men inside. (X)

SCULLY

Doctors? Come here, please! (X)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

She continues forward, moving deeper into the back yard. The (X)
CDC Doctor and the other two men appear behind her, jogging to (X)
catch up. All are staring at: (X)

A BIG, YARD DOG (X)

Which is leashed to a stake by a ten-foot length of chain. It
provides for a circular run, and this dog is going to town --
running in a circle around the stake as fast as he can go.

His behavior is clearly manic. He may have been at this for
hours -- a circular dirt rut is gouged into the grass. Scully
and the others watch, fascinated and filled with unease.

SCULLY

I believe we're witnessing the (X)
same pathology. (X)

The Doctor sets down his flashlight and turns to the other men. (X)

CDC DOCTOR

We need to get a blood sample. (X)

The men nod. They all move forward cautiously, timing the dog's (X)
circuit around the run. On its next pass -- (X)

-- One steps in and grabs the leash chain while the others (X)
tackle the dog. The old hound BARKS like bloody murder, though (X)
the men do their best not to hurt him. (X)

CDC DOCTOR

Watch his muzzle! Hold him
still --

The dog struggles fiercely, not wanting to be stopped. It's all
the men can do to hold him down. Scully grabs a sampling kit (X)
from one of the men's bags and moves in to help. (X)

CLOSER - ON THE MEN

As Scully drops into frame beside them, fumbles an empty hypo
from the kit. We're so tight on these doctors that we've lost (X)
sight of the dog. Which is just as well, because...

...A long, pained YELP freezes Scully in her tracks. From o.s.,
a gout of BLOOD EXPLODES across the chest and visor of the CDC
Doctor, shocking him backwards onto his butt.

No more yelping -- the dog now lies still. Off a thunderstruck
Scully and the two men:

CUT TO:

34 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - NIGHT - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

34

Our headlights show an empty stretch of back road, the divided lines scrolling past us. We're doing sixty.

MULDER (O.S.)

Once more. You woke up this morning, and then what?

CRUMP

Looks like he's got the flu. He's wrung-out and irritated.

CRUMP

We've been through this.

Mulder's eyes stay on the road. He repeats himself patiently.

MULDER

You woke up this morning. You didn't go to work.

CRUMP

(a beat; then by rote)
It was raining, and you don't shingle in the rain. I was up by six, reading the paper.

MULDER

What was your wife doing?

Crump would rather avoid the subject his wife, whose death is obviously still very fresh in his memory. He manages a shrug. (X)

CRUMP

Cooking, man. Breakfast. She was putting breakfast on the table when, uh...

MULDER

You looked up...

CRUMP

I looked up, and she had this nosebleed. She didn't even know she had it. (X)

MULDER

What caused it? (X)

CRUMP

What am I, like Quincy? How the hell should I know? It just happened. (X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

CRUMP (cont'd)

(beat)

Ten, fifteen minutes later, she starts getting sick. She says she got this headache that's just getting worse and worse. She starts... s-screaming. I didn't know what to do.

(beat)

I got her into the truck and was taking her to the hospital. But then it seemed like the faster we'd go, the better she'd do. But when I'd try to stop...

Crump trails off, pissed to be showing his emotions. Mulder stares ahead, but it's clear he feels for the man. Silence.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

I'm sorry for your wife.

CRUMP

Sure. You and the rest of your Jew FBI.

Mulder makes a face: what is with this guy?

MULDER

Crump --

CRUMP

Yeah, yeah -- you think I'm just some ignorant pudknocker. But I get it, man. I see what it is. I'm not sick. I ain't got the flu. Me and Vicky are some kinda government guinea pigs.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(flicker of interest)

The government did this to you.

CRUMP

Hell yeah, man -- who else?! You see it everyday on teevee: dropping Agent Orange, putting radiation in little retarded kids' gonads... you're in on it! You're all of you in on it!

Mulder shakes his head... then notices his instrument panel.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

MULDER

Well, Crump -- on behalf of the
International Jewish Conspiracy,
I'd just like to say...

MULDER'S POV - THE GAS GAUGE

Is way down to about an eighth of a tank.

MULDER

... We're almost out of gas.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. TRAILER BACK YARD - NIGHT - THE DEAD DOG

35 (X)

Gets zipped into a body bag by the CDC Man. He carries the bag
in his arms, heading to the front yard. On his way, he passes
the CDC Doctor coming out of the trailer. The Doctor joins...

SCULLY

Who hunkers down, examining the rut the dog wore into the grass.

CDC DOCTOR

The trailer looks clean -- no
readily apparent vectors.

(X)

Scully runs a suit-gloved finger along the rut, then stands up
to face the Doctor. She's as perplexed as he is.

SCULLY

Dogs, housewives... whatever
this thing is, it doesn't
discriminate.

(X)

CDC DOCTOR

There are zoonotic pathogens
which spread among species.

Scully gives a shake of her head, not buying this explanation.

SCULLY

This is starting to feel like
something else.

(X)

She stares off into the night, trying to figure this out. Her
gaze fixes on something in the distance.

(X)

SCULLY

Look at that.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

The CDC Doctor turns, sees:

A LONE LIGHT (X)

Shining through the woods. It's maybe a hundred yards off. (X)

CDC DOCTOR
The Crumps have a neighbor. (X)

Scully gives a nod, staring at the distant light. (X)

CUT TO:

36 INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THE FRONT DOOR

36

Has a curtained window -- we're looking out through it as a silhouetted figure KNOCKS.

No movement here inside the darkened house. The figure jiggles the knob, finds it unlocked. The door SQUEAKS open, revealing Scully and the Doctor. Scully calls through her visor:

SCULLY
Hello! Hello? --

They drift through the musty foyer, navigating stacks of old newspapers. Scully finds a BIRDCAGE. She peers into it, shines her flashlight for a better look. What she sees troubles her.

SCULLY
Doctor.

The CDC Doctor steps over to take a look. He reacts to:

TWO DEAD PARAKEETS

Which lie on the newspaper at the bottom of the cage. Little blooms of BLOOD are visible on the sides of their heads.

The Doctor opens the cage to get a closer look. We leave him behind and follow Scully, who searches the rest of the house. (X)
(X)

37 INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS - SCULLY

37

Enters this cluttered room, which is lit by the blue flicker of an o.s. TV. She turns and is briefly startled by something.

SCULLY
. Hello..?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

HER POV - AN ELDERLY WOMAN

Is propped in a Barcalounger, her head partially silhouetted by the TV screen. Her back is to us. She's completely motionless.

SCULLY

Looks grim -- another victim. She approaches the figure, swinging her flashlight around. But just as she does so --

HER POV - THE ELDERLY WOMAN

JUMPS the moment the beam spotlights her. She looks back at us, eyes saucer-wide. She gives a little SCREAM.

SCULLY

Jumps herself -- holds up a hand to calm the Woman.

SCULLY

It's all right! I'm a federal agent! Federal agent! --

(X)

THE ELDERLY WOMAN

Cowers back, not understanding. Her YELL peters into a kind of atonal vocalization, like she's trying to make words.

Something dawns on Scully. She looks from the Elderly Woman to the TV screen, where...

... CLOSED-CAPTIONING scrolls by, printing out the show's dialog as an aid to the hearing-impaired. We PUSH IN to punctuate it.

Off Scully, realizing this lady is DEAF:

CUT TO:

39 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - NIGHT - A PIECE OF SCRAP PAPER

38

Rests against the steering wheel. Mulder scribbles a note while he drives. We can't read it, but we can see the speedometer, which reads 65. We also see the gas gauge, which is on "E."

(X)

(X)

(X)

The "Low Fuel" light comes on, glowing RED. A TONE SOUNDS.

MULDER

Finishes the note, folds it over while he scans the road ahead.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MULDER

One mile. I'll make it fast.
You ready?

Mulder glances back at Crump, who looks him in the eye... then gives a nod. They're both nervous.

(X)

MULDER

Here goes nothing.

39 EXT. HOLLY'S GAS STATION - NIGHT - A GAS PUMP NOZZLE

39 (X)

Rests in its holster, big in f.g. Far in b.g., we catch sight of the rental sedan blasting our way. It crosses the opposing lane, turning off this country highway while barely reducing its speed. It comes SLIDING TO A STOP right in front of our pump.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder flings open his door and jumps out. We hear the manic "door ajar" tone DINGDINGDING throughout this entire sequence. Crump, in the back seat, is already hyperventilating.

Mulder TWISTS the gas cap and lets it drop -- YANKS loose the nozzle from its holster -- FLIPS ON the pump -- JAMS the nozzle in the tank. Indy pit crew-fast... yet still agonizingly slow.

(X)

(X)

(X)

THE PUMP'S READ-OUT

Holds steady at \$12.31. The pump isn't activating.

MULDER

Leans in and stabs at the intercom button -- BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!

MULDER

Pump number four! Hello! --

No answer, just STATIC. He looks to:

CRUMP

In agony, eerily silent behind the window glass. He looks like a man who's drowning in slow motion.

MULDER

BANGS the intercom with the heel of his palm. One or two other CUSTOMERS are visible in b.g., including a GOOD OL' BOY who eyes Mulder suspiciously as he strolls inside to pay.

MULDER

YOU IN THERE! TURN IT ON! --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ATTENDANT (FILTERED V.O.)

Sir, you gotta pay inside first.

Mulder looks around frantically -- this isn't working. In the car, Crump's temple BULGES. One eye bursts BLOODSHOT.

Mulder sees the Good Ol' Boy's shitbox Chevy station wagon -- the one with the full tank. He quickly formulates a Plan B. (X)

NEW ANGLE - WIDE TRACKING SHOT

Mulder runs around the rental sedan, yanks open the rear door and grabs Crump under the arms. We TRACK with him as he carries him backwards, Crump's bootheels dragging on the concrete. Mulder struggles to load him into the back seat of the Chevy. (X)

THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS - THE GOOD OL' BOY

Can be seen chatting up the ATTENDANT inside this tiny convenience store. He laughs and happens to glance our way... then does a double-take. His smile wipes clean.

MULDER

Sweats behind the wheel, pumping the ignition -- RUH-RUH-RUH! -- as we DOLLY AROUND to the back of this sorry-ass hunk of circa 1970 Detroit iron. The rear bumper comes into view, and a bumper sticker: "I MAY BE SLOW, BUT I'M AHEAD OF YOU."

The engine COUGHS and catches -- BLUE SMOKE belches from the tail pipe right into our face. The station wagon PEELS OFF, the forgotten gas nozzle YANKING LOOSE and CLANGING on the pavement. (X)

NEW ANGLE - AS SEEN THROUGH THE RENTAL SEDAN

The Good Ol' Boy goes running after his wagon, whose muffler can be seen laying down SPARKS as it galumphs out onto the highway and tears out of frame. We TILT DOWN to... (X)

... The front seat of this abandoned car. On it lies the silver REVOLVER, along with the folded-over piece of SCRAP PAPER. On the paper is scrawled: "AGENT DANA SCULLY -- FBI."

CUT TO:

40 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THE ELDERLY WOMAN

40

Gets escorted from her modest house by the two germ-suited CDC Men. She's confused and scared, SIGNING to them as they hurry her into the back of their waiting truck. We ADJUST to REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SCULLY

Watching her go, thinking hard. She turns to the CDC Doctor.

SCULLY

One deaf woman survives
unscathed while everything else
in the area dies. Why?

The man shakes his head, not even close to having an answer. Scully considers... then cracks her neck seal and LIFTS OFF her anti-contamination HELMET. The Doctor gets alarmed.

CDC DOCTOR

What are you doing? --

For her, it's a relief getting this damn thing off. She takes a deep breath of the night air.

SCULLY

The pathology of this thing --
it affects the inner ear. And
this area is ground zero.

(X)

(X)

(beat)

What if what we're looking for
is some kind of sound?

(X)

CDC DOCTOR

(a beat)

Seriously.

The Doctor stares at her just like Scully stares at Mulder most
of the time. Scully knows how it sounds, but doesn't care. (X)
Just then, a weird CHIRP is heard, getting their full attention. (X)

It takes her a moment to realize this is the sound of her CELL
PHONE, muffled underneath her thick anti-contamination suit.
She unzips quickly, fumbling the phone from her jacket.

SCULLY

Scully --

INTERCUT WITH:

41 EXT. HOLLY'S GAS STATION - NIGHT - THE PATROL CAPTAIN 41 (X)

Talks on his cell. Behind him, Mulder's rental car is tarped in
germ-proof sheeting. CDC MEN come and go, wearing protective
suits. COPS have the gas pump area cordoned off tight. (X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

PATROL CAPTAIN

It's Van Gelder. Agent, I don't know what the hell your partner is thinking -- but not only is he actively evading my officers, now he's stolen a car.

SCULLY

Come again?

PATROL CAPTAIN

You heard right. He left behind this crazy note addressed to you.
(burst of STATIC)
You there?

Crackles of STATIC -- some kind of cell phone interference. Scully moves away from the Elderly Woman's house in an attempt to get better reception.

SCULLY

I'm here. Read it to me.

He does so -- the note is enclosed in a germ-proof BAGGIE.

PATROL CAPTAIN

"Crump sick -- will die if stopped, same as wife. Must head west to keep him alive. No roadblocks." Exclamation point.
(lowers note)
This make any sense to you?

More weird burbles of STATIC. The note strikes a chord with Scully -- and now she notices something ahead in the darkness. She clicks on her flashlight. (X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY

Take him at his word, Captain. Let him through. (X)
(X)

HER POV - THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM (X)

Reveals a DEAD BIRD on the ground. Now ANOTHER DEAD BIRD. And ANOTHER... and ANOTHER. (X)

PATROL CAPTAIN (FILTERED V.O.)

Uh, look. No offense, Agent Scully, but how about you run that one by your superiors?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

The phone interference gets really CREEPY. As we keep moving, we're finding more and more DEAD BIRDS. The ground is littered with them -- they're spread thicker the farther we walk.

SCULLY

Pauses, staring at something in the flashlight beam at her feet.

SCULLY

Thank you, Captain -- I'll take it under advisement.

She clicks off... startles as her phone gives a weird SQUEAL. She tucks it away, kneels to examine:

(X)

HER POV - A TINY ACCESS PLATE

Is nestled in the weeds at the edge of the property. It's pretty innocuous-looking... except that it softly HUMS with high voltage, and is perfectly surrounded by DEAD BIRDS.

(X)

We focus on a small imprint on the plate: "U.S. GOVERNMENT PROPERTY -- TAMPERING PUNISHABLE BY FINE AND INCARCERATION."

SCULLY

Studies this closely, her gut telling her it's significant.

CUT TO:

42 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT - MULDER

42 (X)

Is behind the wheel, fatigued. From this angle, it looks like he's alone in the car. He drives in silence. Then:

CRUMP (O.S.)

Go faster.

(X)

Mulder glances over his shoulder.

MULDER

We're going seventy.

CRUMP

Lies across the back seat, staring up at the roof. He's hurting.

CRUMP

You gotta go faster. It's getting worse.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Mulder presses on the gas. The speedometer creeps toward 80. Crump relaxes just a little as the old engine THROTTLES UP.

CRUMP

Hey, uh... the Jew stuff? No offense. I mean, uh... man can't help who he's born to.

MULDER

That was an apology, right?

(beat)

Gee, I don't know if I can see to drive, my eyes are tearing up so bad.

CRUMP

(pissed)

Fine. Whatever, man.

Another beat or two of silence. Crump snorts, speaks up again.

CRUMP

Whatever they did to me, they sure as hell messed me up good.

MULDER

We'll figure this out.

CRUMP

You'd better figure quick. We're running out of west.

It's clear Mulder's been thinking the same thing. His eyes fix on something on the side of the road ahead. His look is grim.

43 EXT. STATE ROAD - NIGHT

43

The old Chevy rockets past. As we watch its tail lights recede (X) into the darkness, we ADJUST to a highway sign: "WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA -- GATEWAY TO THE PACIFIC." Off this:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44 INT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT - SCULLY

44

Stands in profile, checks her watch impatiently. She stares up at the wall opposite her. LEGEND: HORIZON VIEW NAVAL RESEARCH STATION, WENDOVER, NEVADA.

WIDER

Scully waits in a commons area, studying a colorful sign painted onto the cinderblock -- "Proud Home to Project SEAFARER." Behind her, an S.P. mans a security desk, controlling access to an immensely long hallway which stretches into deep b.g. (X)

It's very late -- the place is otherwise empty, save for a JANITOR who runs a floor buffer nearby. We hear quick FOOTSTEPS echoing: A young NAVY LIEUTENANT hurries toward us up the corridor. Scully moves to meet him as he clears the guard desk.

SCULLY

Lieutenant Breil? I'm Dana Scully. I called in regard to electrical equipment the Navy is maintaining in the town of Montello --

LIEUTENANT

Right. Hi.
(shakes her hand)
Listen, I don't know if there's been some miscommunication between you and your Washington office, but I've already spent considerable time on the phone with them clearing this up.

SCULLY

(confused)
My Washington office..?

LIEUTENANT

I was under the impression I'd explained this to the FCC's satisfaction.

Scully realizes the young man's mistake. She's careful not to correct him, however.

SCULLY

I'm so sorry to make you run through it one more time. For my official report. To the FCC.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

She smiles winningly. He's tired and wants to go home, but he reluctantly launches into it nonetheless.

LIEUTENANT

At 6:17 yesterday morning, in a test of our ground conduction radio system, a situation arose in which the equipment experienced a brief power surge. That's what interrupted television reception in the four-state area. However, steps have already been taken to insure this won't happen again.

Scully nods, trying not to seem overly surprised.

SCULLY

Ground conduction radio. That would be Project Seafarer?

(X)
(X)

LIEUTENANT

(a beat; thin smile)

The specifics of what we do are classified, Ma'am.

Scully nods again.

SCULLY

Is it known what effect such a surge might have on an organism? Say, a human being?

(off his look)

Theoretically speaking.

The Lieutenant stares at her warily, wondering why she's asking.

LIEUTENANT

Theoretically speaking...
That's classified, as well.

Off Scully, staring back at the man:

CUT TO:

45 INT. STATION WAGON - EARLY MORNING - CRUMP

45 (X)

Lies across the back seat, shading his eyes from the sunrise.

MULDER (O.S.)

Crump...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

CRUMP

Mr. Crump.

MULDER

Grimly watches his rearview mirror as he drives.

MULDER

Mister... Crump.

(X)

CRUMP (O.S.)

What is it, Mr. Mulder?

(X)

Crump sits up into view, looks around. He's dismayed to see: (X)

CRUMP'S POV - OUT THE REAR WINDOW

We see a car trailing behind us pull to the side of the road. It's making room for TWO CHP MOTORCYCLES which come booming our way, LIGHTS and SIRENS going.

46 EXT. SECONDARY ROAD - CONTINUOUS - THE TWO CHP COPS 46

Easily catch up to the old station wagon on their new BMWs. (X)
They fall into place right behind it as we TRACK along with them. (X)

47 INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS 47 (X)

Crump squeezes his eyes shut, cursing under his breath. BLUE LIGHT pulses through the rear window. Mulder watches as:

MULDER'S POV - THE REARVIEW

One of the CHP COPS reaches for something. Holds it up for us to see. It's a... CELLPHONE. The mouthpiece pops open, ready to use. The Cop obviously means to give it to us.

MULDER

Breaks into a relieved smile -- his note got through.

CUT TO:

48 INT. CORPORATE JET CABIN - EARLY MORNING - SCULLY 48

Sits alone in the cabin of this Citation-size jet, in flight. We see nothing but sky out the windows. Scully talks on the built-in phone.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SCULLY

Mulder, are you all right?

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)

Yeah, aside from terminal cell
phone withdrawal...

INTERCUT WITH:

49 INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

49 (X)

Talks into his new phone as he drives. One of the CHP Cops is visible behind him, providing a rear escort (the other one is ahead of him). Crump is a bundle of nerves in the back seat.

MULDER

That, and I've gotta pee. Where
are you?

SCULLY

In a Justice Department jet,
heading west. Hopefully,
overshooting you as we speak.

MULDER

Headed where?

SCULLY

You tell me -- where do we meet?

MULDER

I'm guessing wherever the hell
route 36 ends.

Scully scans an atlas map of California as Mulder continues.

MULDER

But we can't stop, Scully. And
I'm kinda at a loss here as to
what to do next.

She can hear the anxiety in his voice. She goes out on a limb.

SCULLY

I think I may have a loose
theory as to what caused this.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Lay it on me.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SCULLY

Have you ever heard of ELF waves? Extremely low frequency radio transmissions?

MULDER

Yeah -- it uses an antenna fifty miles long. The military builds them to communicate with Trident submarines. Project Seafarer, Project HAARP...

SCULLY

Mulder, Seafarer has an antenna array stretching beneath the edge of Patrick Crump's property.

Mulder glances back at Crump, surprised. Crump is listening closely, trying to glean both sides of this conversation.

SCULLY

Now, ELF fields have been shown to produce biological effects in human tissue... uh, inducing electrical currents, altering chemical reactions --

Mulder nods, jumping into this line of reasoning immediately.

MULDER

-- Not to mention that as a potential weapons application, it's been referred to as "electrical nerve gas." Or, that it may be what's behind the so-called "Taos Hum."

SCULLY

What if some overload, some "hum" from this system could somehow match the resonant frequency of the human skull? What if it could induce a like "hum," which in turn could exert rising pressure in the labyrinth of the inner ear? Shatter it.

MULDER

... But with motion somehow ameliorating that pressure. Making it bearable.

(beat)

But why only westward motion?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

SCULLY

I don't know. Maybe it follows (X)
certain lines of force,
electrical or magnetic. Maybe... (X)
(under her breath) (X)
God, this can't be me talking.

MULDER

I know, it's turning me on. (X)
(serious again) (X)
The big question is, what do we
do about it?

Scully considers. Her voice gets grim.

SCULLY

I think I know. But it's
nothing Mr. Crump is gonna like.

MULDER

Listens to Scully. Now we can no longer make out what she's
saying. But judging by Mulder's expression, it's harsh.

He glances in his rearview mirror -- we RACK TO Crump, sitting
behind him in the back seat, waiting on pins and needles. We
CREEP IN on him as he listens, trying to make out what's being
said. Behind him, the flashing CHP escort still keeps pace.

Finally, Mulder gives a nod. His expression is grave.

MULDER

We'll be there.

He clicks off. Crump leans in behind him.

CRUMP

What? -- (X)

Mulder clearly dreads having to explain this. He does his best.

MULDER

Whether they did it to you
intentionally or not... you were
right about who did this.

CRUMP

(nod; quietly)
So, what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

MULDER

Your one chance is that we meet my partner at the end of the highway. There... she will insert a long, large-bore needle into your inner ear, which will hopefully relieve the pressure.

Mulder talks like a cancer doctor, slow and quiet and matter-of-fact. Crump listens stoically.

MULDER

Once we stop, she'll obviously have to work fast. She'll have one chance to get it right. There won't be time for anesthetic. And, it will very likely leave you deaf.

Done, Mulder waits for a reaction. Crump just stares at the floor, taking this in. Finally, he pipes up.

CRUMP

But I'll live. Right?

Mulder nods.

CRUMP

That's what it's all about. Let's do it, man.

He leans back and drums his fingers, full of false good ol' boy bravado. Mulder can see this in his mirror. Crump is smiling, breathing fast and, as always -- not looking real healthy.

CRUMP

You mind going a little faster, Mr. Mulder? Just a little bit more's all I need.

Mulder gently brings the speed a little higher. Crump puts a hand to his head, gives a nod... willing himself better.

CRUMP

How much farther?

(X)

MULDER

Maybe an hour. You wanna... listen to some music or something?

Crump pins him with a look, gives a snort.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (4)

49

CRUMP

You and me -- agreeing on a radio station. How freakin' likely does that sound? (X)

MULDER

(faint smile)

Not likely at all. (X)

CRUMP

Damn straight.

They ride in silence for a beat (the sirens on the motorcycles have been OFF for a while now, by the way). Crump stirs again.

CRUMP

Just a little bit faster.

Mulder complies. What he finds, though, is that... (X)

HIS FOOT (X)

Pushes the accelerator the last half-inch. Now it's floored. (X)

THE SPEEDOMETER (X)

Jiggles as high as 88, then sinks down to about 83. Top end. (X)

MULDER (X)

Glances from it to his mirror. Behind him, Crump struggles to keep an appearance of casual bravery, despite the pain. (X)

Off Mulder's growing look of unease... (X)

CUT TO:

50 EXT. COASTLINE - MORNING

50

We're in the empty parking lot of a scenic overlook. Down below us, lapping at the base of a craggy cliff, is the Pacific Ocean. LEGEND: LOLETA, CALIFORNIA.

Into this placid frame speeds an AMBULANCE, practically sliding to a stop. Its lights stay FLASHING, but no siren.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

CLOSE - ON THE STRETCHER DOORS

They open and Scully jumps out. She moves to where she can see:

HER POV - FACING EAST

We're looking down an empty secondary road leading out of the parking lot. Nobody else is in sight.

SCULLY

Stands her ground, waiting apprehensively. We ARM DOWN from her face to the huge, empty SYRINGE she grips tight in her hand. This is the kind of needle zoo veterinarians use.

Scully shields her eyes against the morning sun, keeps scanning the road. Finally, way in the distance, she hears something.

HER POV - FAR DOWN THE ROAD

The first CHP motorcycle rounds into view, followed by the old Chevy wagon. The second bike takes up the rear. The little motorcade motors our way, getting closer. (X)

It's a long way off yet, so it's hard to tell... but it looks like they may be moving slower than they were previously.

SCULLY

Calls back to TWO PARAMEDICS, who stand waiting.

SCULLY

Get ready!

They quickly pull the gurney from the back of the ambulance. They put their crash bag on it and roll it close by.

The motorcade is almost here now. The lead bike peels off, making way for the wagon, which is gradually reducing its speed. (X)

It rolls past us, overshooting Scully before it finally stops, its brake lights steady red. Scully dashes after it.

LOOKING THROUGH THE CAR

We see Scully, her approach visible through the rear window. She suddenly slows, and her expression changes. As we continue to PAN with her, we get to the rear side window, where...

... a starburst of drying BLOOD coats the inside of the glass. Scully stares in through this blur, looking down at Crump. We can tell by her face that the race is lost. Scully looks to:

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

MULDER

Who shuts off the engine, staring into space. He listlessly climbs out of the car, walks away from it.

Mulder stares out at the ocean, his face unreadable. Behind him, Scully remains by the station wagon. No one's in a hurry anymore. OVER this image, we hear... (X)

A.D. KERSH (V.O.)
Justice Department jet: 2.6
turbine hours, round-trip, at
\$1400 an hour...

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. KERSH'S OFFICE - DAY - A.D. KERSH

51

Sits behind his desk, staring through reading glasses at a sheath of receipts in his hand.

A.D. KERSH
Rental car: overmileage and out-
of-state use penalties, \$346.
(turns a page)
Compensation to one Walter R.
Duncan for unauthorized use of
his 1968 Caprice station wagon,
\$500. (X)

MULDER AND SCULLY

Are opposite Kersh's desk as they've been opposite Skinner's many times in the past. With one difference: as there are no chairs here, they are required to STAND.

Finished reading aloud, Kersh peers up over his glasses at them. Mulder returns his stare, not blinking. He shrugs.

MULDER

Bill me.

A.D. KERSH
I'm going to bill your partner,
instead. You too obviously
relish the role of "martyr."

This catches Mulder by surprise, though he tries not to show it. Scully is none too happy, either. Mulder starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MULDER

We're done, then? Back to our bozo work -- chasing down big piles of manure?

He's on his way to the door. Kersh doesn't get ruffled, doesn't even look after him -- just speaks nonchalantly.

A.D. KERSH

You can always quit.

This, too, catches Mulder a bit short. He pauses only briefly, glaring darkly at the man before he's out the door.

Scully remains behind, staring at her new boss. She's politic, keeps her anger in check... but she's angry nonetheless.

SCULLY

Sir... Agent Mulder has been through a lot.

A.D. KERSH

And you apologize for him a lot. I've noticed that about you.

SCULLY

I'm not apologizing for this. (X)
Because of his work, the D.O.D. (X)
is shutting down their antenna (X)
array in northeastern Nevada. (X)
Our participation in this case (X)
saved lives. (X)

A.D. KERSH

I don't see you proving that. (X)
The Department of Defense admits (X)
no culpability whatsoever. (X)
Furthermore, they say the (X)
closing of their facility is (X)
coincidental. (X)

Scully's bitter look tells us she knows this is utter bullshit. (X)

SCULLY

Right. (X)

Kersh stares up at her evenly. (X)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

A.D. KERSH

Don't misunderstand me, Agent -- (X)
I don't care if you and your (X)
partner saved a school bus full (X)
of doe-eyed urchins on their way (X)
to Sunday Bible camp. (X)

(beat)

You no longer investigate X- (X)
files. You are done. The (X)
sooner you and Mulder come to (X)
recognize that fact, the better
for both of you.

He returns his attention to the papers on his desk, effectively dismissing her. She stares for a beat longer, then turns to go.

NEW ANGLE - FROM THE DOOR

Scully approaches into f.g., exiting the room. As she passes, she mutters darkly to herself:

SCULLY

Big piles of manure.

She's out of frame and gone -- we hear the DOOR CLOSE. Kersh glances after her, then back to his work. Off this:

FADE OUT:

THE END