

THE X-FILES

"Dreamland"

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Episode #6ABX04  
Story No. E00193

Prod. Draft		August 17, 1998
Blue Rev:	pgs. 1, 4-5, 7, 7A, 8, 11-13, 13A, 14, 14A, 15, 16, 16A, 17-18, 23, 26-28, 30-33, 41-42, 42A, 43, 46-47, 53-56; cast, set	August 24, 1998
Pink Rev:	pgs. 9-10, 10A, 17, 21, 28, 28A, 30-31, 31A, 32-33, 33A, 34, 41-42, 42A, 55-56; set	August 27, 1998
Green Rev:	pgs. 4, 7, 12-13, 55, 59-60; set, cast	September 1, 1998
Yellow Rev:	pgs. 20, 33, 33A	September 10, 1998

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September 1, 1998

"Dreamland"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully

Morris Fletcher  
Soldier

Howard Grodin

Jeff Smoodge

Guard

Joanne Fletcher

General Edward Wegman

Pilot

Kersh's Secretary (6X03)

A.D. Kersh (6X01)

Christine Fletcher

Terry Fletcher

Mrs. Lana Chee

Attendant

Cashier

(X)

OMITTED:

Sandra Ortiz

September 1, 1998

"Dreamland"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

NEVADA DESERT

/HIGHWAY 375

/ROCK OUTCROPPING AREA

AREA 51

AHEARN'S GAS STATION

(X)

DESERT GAS STATION

SUBURBAN STREET IN FRONT OF FLETCHER HOME

FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)

INTERIORS

N.D. SEDAN

JEEP CHEROKEE

AREA 51

/ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

/MORRIS' OFFICE

/INTERROGATION CHAMBER

/GLASS BOOTH

/FORENSIC LAB

/HOWARD'S OFFICE

FLETCHER HOME

/FRONT DOOR

/KITCHEN

/MASTER BEDROOM

/FAMILY ROOM

FBI HEADQUARTERS

/A.D. KERSH'S OUTER OFFICE

/A.D. KERSH'S OFFICE

/HALLWAY

/BULLPEN

DESERT GAS STATION

MULDER'S APARTMENT

/HALLWAY OUTSIDE APT.

SCULLY'S RENTAL CAR

AHEARN'S MINI-MART

(X)

OMITTED:

MORRIS' INNER OFFICE

STORE PARKING LOT

FLETCHER HOME

/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

/BOY'S ROOM

TEASER

1 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - NIGHT

1

HIGH over the vast desert floor. A half-moon hangs in a starry sky, dimly illuminating a two-lane highway that ribbons through the landscape. LEGEND: HIGHWAY 375, RURAL NEVADA, 11:17 P.M.

The scene is barren, lifeless. Except for a pair of narrow HEADLIGHT BEAMS which now appear on the road.

CLOSER ANGLE

A SIGN stands in the dark off the roadway. Headlights sweep by, allowing us to read: "WARNING -- MILITARY INSTALLATION. RESTRICTED AREA. USE OF DEADLY FORCE IS AUTHORIZED." As the SEDAN WIPES FRAME, moving away from us: (X)

2 INT. N.D. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS - AGENT MULDER

2

Turns from the sign they've just passed.

MULDER

Milepost 134. Two miles to go.

Agent Scully looks over at Mulder, sensing his anticipation. An anticipation she doesn't share.

SCULLY

I'm all atingle.

Mulder shoots her a look. She shrugs, unimpressed.

SCULLY

This supposed clandestine "source" who contacted you... how do we know he's not just another crackpot whose encyclopedic knowledge of extraterrestrial life comes exclusively from reruns of "Star Trek?"

MULDER

Because of where this particular crackpot says he works.

(points outside)

Groom Lake. "Area 51." The military has conducted...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

SCULLY  
(overlapping; by rote)  
... classified experiments here  
involving extraterrestrial  
technology for the past 50  
years. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Mulder gives her a look -- where did all this come from?

MULDER  
All our questions... everything  
we've suspected but couldn't  
prove. The proof is here.

SCULLY  
It's the dim hope of finding  
that proof that's kept us in  
this car -- or one very much  
like it -- for more nights than  
I care to remember, driving  
hundreds, if not thousands of  
miles, passing through  
neighborhoods, cities and towns  
where people are buying homes,  
raising families, going to  
church, playing with their  
dogs -- in short, living their  
lives. While we... we just  
keep... driving.

MULDER  
And your point is..?

SCULLY  
Don't you ever just want to  
stop? Get out of the damn car?  
Settle down and live something  
approaching a normal life?

MULDER  
This isn't normal?

Scully stares at Mulder, not humored. Then turns to look out  
her window. Seeing something that gives her concern.

SCULLY  
Mulder...

Mulder turns, seeing what Scully has been staring at. Giving  
him cause for concern as well.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

MULDER'S POV - THROUGH SCULLY'S WINDOW

A white JEEP CHEROKEE races toward them across the desert, kicking up a large plume of dust in its wake.

CLOSE - MULDER

Looks from this to his rearview mirror.

MULDER

We may not meet that crackpot after all.

3 EXT. DESERT - HIGH ANGLE

3

Four white Cherokees converge on the n.d. sedan, which slows to a stop as the trucks approach, boxing out any avenue of escape.

A dozen armed SOLDIERS leap from the Jeeps, drawing down on Mulder and Scully's car.

4 INT. N.D. SEDAN - MULDER

4

Looks at Scully, both of them realizing they have no choice but to get out. As they open their doors:

5 EXT. DESERT - THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

5

Mulder and Scully climb out of the sedan. They slowly raise their arms as they move to the front of the car, seeing:

THEIR POV - A MAN

Heavily backlit by the headlights, dressed in a business suit. He draws on a cigarette, its tip glowing red.

Mulder and Scully squint to see. They -- and we -- suspect this is none other than the Cigarette-Smoking Man. But as he steps out of the light, we reveal...

... He isn't Old Smokey, but what conspiracy buffs refer to as a "Man in Black." We'll come to know him as MORRIS FLETCHER. He drops the cigarette on the ground, crushing it with his shoe.

MORRIS

May I see some identification?

Mulder and Scully lower their hands. They flip open their badge wallets, showing them to Morris. TV-14: Mild F

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MORRIS

FBI.

(pained sigh)

You'll have to turn around and  
leave immediately.

(X)

MULDER

Why? This is a public highway.

MORRIS

It also borders a U.S.  
government testing ground.  
What's your business here?

Scully looks to Mulder, whose attention stays fixed on Morris.

MORRIS

What are you doing out here in  
the middle of the night?

MULDER

What are YOU doing out here?

Scully shoots Mulder a sideways glance. She's sardonic.

(X)

SCULLY

Hiding top-secret test flights?  
Using technology from UFOs?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Morris looks from Scully to Mulder, considering this  
straight-faced.

(X)

MORRIS

Flying saucers. Let me tell you  
a top secret.

He leans in close, whispering in a confidential tone.

MORRIS

There's no such thing as flying  
saucers.

Scully secretly agrees, of course.

SCULLY

Come on, Mulder, let's...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

She's interrupted by a low RUMBLING, like distant thunder. (X)  
GETTING LOUDER. They all look toward the sound, seeing: (X)

A BEAM OF LIGHT (SPFX)

Raking across the desert -- the search beam of an UNIDENTIFIED  
FLYING OBJECT. It's flying low, moving toward us. Fast.

Morris gives a little wince -- bad timing. Mulder turns to  
Scully, who sees it, too. The agents are at last witnessing a  
true close encounter and are correspondingly awestruck.

Suddenly, a WARP -- what looks like a massive HEAT RIPPLE --  
passes over Mulder, distorting his image. Then it's gone.  
Leaving Mulder unsure what's happened, as he stares back up at:

THE UFO

It looks much like the craft we saw in the MOVIE, only smaller,  
the size of a B-2 Bomber. It ZOOMS overhead, on a wobbly  
trajectory, its uncertain flight path making it SHAKE and BLUR.

MULDER

Looks after the UFO as it quickly disappears on the other side  
of the horizon. But he's beginning to sense something strange  
has happened. He looks down from the sky, seeing:

MORRIS FLETCHER

THIS is what's strange -- he's standing exactly where Mulder was  
a moment ago. Next to Scully. Wearing Mulder's clothes.

CLOSE - MULDER

He blinks, not comprehending.

SCULLY

Turns to Morris. But she's acting as if the last few moments  
didn't happen. As if she hasn't just seen a UFO. As if Morris  
weren't standing in Mulder's place, and vice versa.

SCULLY

(to Morris)

Come on, Mulder. Let's go.

Morris looks back at Mulder -- does he see they've switched  
places, too? If he does, he doesn't show it. Instead, he just  
nods. Heading back to the car with Scully.

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(CONTINUED)



5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

Mulder looks down at his clothes -- he is dressed in Morris' suit. He looks around at the soldiers beside him -- their guns are still trained on Scully and Morris as they get in their car.

Mulder watches them go, paralyzed. Trying to make sense of the nonsensical. As we:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

6

We watch the N.D. sedan start away. CAMERA ARMS AROUND to find:  
CLOSE - MULDER

Watching his life drive off. Snapping out of his shock, he starts at a walk after the vehicle:

MULDER  
Hey! HEY!

The soldiers are instantly at his side, ready for action.

SOLDIER  
Sir? Open fire?

They raise their RIFLES, awaiting his order. Mulder finally takes his eyes off the sedan, realizing.

MULDER  
No! No... let them go.

They immediately lower their rifles. Mulder turns back to the sedan, which by now is just two red TAIL LIGHTS receding into the night. Mulder doesn't quite know what to do next.

SOLDIER  
Sir?

Mulder turns to the Soldier, who stares at him expectantly.

SOLDIER  
Your orders, sir?

Mulder looks from the Soldier back toward:

THE JEEP

Where a soldier stands holding open the door, waiting.

Mulder realizes: everyone thinks he is Morris.

MULDER  
I want to get out of here.

(X)

Mulder heads to the Cherokee, climbing inside. Playing along. As the Soldier follows him:

7 INT. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

7

Mulder settles into the front passenger seat. Yet another soldier is behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Mulder glances behind him. Two other men in business suits sit in the back seat, looking at him. The younger one of them, HOWARD GRODIN, early 30s, speaks.

HOWARD

What do you think you're doing?

Has he been discovered already? Mulder stares back at the stranger, silently waiting for the hammer to drop.

HOWARD

Why'd you let them go?

MULDER

They didn't know anything.

(X)

(X)

HOWARD

They were FBI agents, obviously here to meet someone. Very possibly, an informant.

(X)

(X)

(leans in to Mulder)

(X)

You just sent away our best hope of finding out who.

The other man, JEFF SMOODGE, 40s, burly and fleshy-faced, turns to Howard.

(X)

(X)

JEFF

We can't just disappear a couple of FBI agents, Howard. We'll get their own people to deal with them. That's what Morris was thinking.

(X)

(X)

(to Mulder)

Right, Morry?

MULDER

Right.

(X)

(X)

Jeff gives him a reassuring pat on the shoulder, then nods to the driver.

JEFF

Let's go.

Mulder stares ahead, still trying to make sense of the strange world into which he's been thrust. The driver shifts the vehicle into gear, moving out of frame, as we:

CUT TO:

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8 EXT. AREA 51 - NIGHT - A SIGN

8

Reads "U.S. AIR FORCE - AREA 51 - RESTRICTED ACCESS - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." We WIDEN to see the sign is affixed to a Cyclone fence that blocks the end of the paved road. A SECURITY CAMERA is trained on the asphalt, razor wire tops the barricade.

As we hear the rumble of an approaching auto, the GATES BEGIN TO PART automatically. We RISE UP as the Jeep appears, passing beneath us. WE CONTINUE RISING to reveal:

HIGH AND WIDE - AREA 51 (SPFX)

The massive, mysterious military compound unveiled at last. Pools of light illuminate clusters of buildings and a tarmac beyond where dozens of triangular aircraft are parked.

9 OMITTED (X)9

10 EXT. CHEROKEE - DRIVING 10

We ride tight on Mulder, his breath practically fogging the window as he stares out at the wonders of Area 51 -- wonders he's waited his entire adult life to see. Only now, under these crazy circumstances, he can barely be sure he's not dreaming.

CUT TO:

All INT. AREA 51 - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CHECK POINT - NIGHT (X)All

Windowed DOUBLE DOORS swing open. Howard and Jeff enter, (X)  
followed by Mulder, who steps up beside to find himself face-to- (X)  
face with a military GUARD. The guard stands inside a small (X)  
station, another set of DOORS blocks entrance to the building. (X)

GUARD

Sir? (X)

Mulder does his best to hide the fact he doesn't know the (X)  
procedure here. (X)

MULDER

Yes? (X)

GUARD

Your identification? (X)

Mulder turns to see Howard and Jeff holding up Dept. of Defense (X)  
ID BADGES for the Guard to read. Mulder looks back at the Guard. (X)

GUARD

You DO have your identification? (X)

Mulder pats his coat pockets, trying to cover for the fact that (X)  
he doesn't know the answer to that question. Finally, he finds (X)  
something in one of his pockets, looking down at: (X)

HIS POV - A BADGE (X)

A military-style ID with blue and white stripes and the legend (X)  
"Majestic." It bears the name "Fletcher, Morris." The little (X)  
photo on it is of the man we met in the Teaser. (X)

MULDER (X)

Slowly holds it up -- knowing full well he's busted, but with no (X)  
apparent alternative. But now, a strange thing happens. The (X)  
Guard scrutinizes the badge... then nods, satisfied. (X)

All CONTINUED:

All

Mulder can't believe it. He glances back at Howard and Jeff, (X)  
who are already moving to the inner doors. Mulder now catches (X)  
a glimpse of the window behind them, where he is shocked to see: (X)

MULDER'S POV - IN THE DOOR WINDOW (X)

Is reflected the face of the original Morris Fletcher. He (X)  
stares out of the glass at us, his expression every bit as (X)  
stunned as was Mulder's. He touches a hand to his face. (X)

RESUME - MULDER (X)

Pokes his face with his fingertips, wondering what the hell is (X)  
going on. Mulder turns, ignoring the curious gaze of the Guard, (X)  
heading through the inner doors, into: (X)

11 INT. AREA 51 - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS (X)11

Howard and Jeff head up the hallway, followed by Mulder, who's (X)  
clipping his badge onto his lapel.

MULDER'S MOVING POV

PANNING LEFT and RIGHT to gain quick glimpses through open doors  
and windows into offices, labs. Despite the late hour, the  
place is abuzz with UNIFORMED SOLDIERS; white-coated LAB TECHS,  
and various BUREAUCRATS in civilian dress.

MULDER

Soaks all this in as he follows Jeff and Howard up the corridor.

JEFF

Kind of late for the old man to  
be clocking in.

Jeff nods at the corner office. As they pass, Mulder sees:

MOVING POV - THROUGH AN OFFICE WINDOW

We get only a glimpse of GEN. EDWARD WEGMAN, 50s, who stands  
beside his desk, talking on the telephone. Both his bearing and  
the size of his office suggest his superior position.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

RESUME MULDER

As he looks back from Wegman's office to Howard.

HOWARD

Something must be up. I'm going  
to check it out.

He heads into an office. Jeff shakes his head, asides to Mulder.

JEFF

Kiss-ass.

Jeff crosses the hall, slipping into another office. Leaving Mulder alone in the top-secret facility. If only he knew where to look. Down the hall, he sees two Base Security OFFICERS moving toward him in no particular hurry. On patrol.

Mulder looks from them to the office nearest him, seeing it's marked "FLETCHER, MORRIS." He flips up his ID badge -- yup, that's his name alright -- then opens the door, stepping inside.

12 OMITTED

(X)12



13 INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

13

Shuts the door, leans against it. This is the first moment alone he's had since the switch on the highway, and he's reeling. When his attention is drawn to:

A wall of framed photographs

Behind his desk. Intrigued, Mulder crosses the room to inspect them, seeing:

HIS POV - A SERIES OF PICTURES

Showing Morris posing, Zelig-like, with famous faces: Standing in a line of men in business suits being greeted by PRESIDENT CLINTON; Posing at a cocktail party with G. GORDON LIDDY and RUSH LIMBAUGH; and shaking hands with a beaming SADDAM HUSSEIN.

CLOSE - MULDER

Puzzled by the last one. Suddenly, he realizes his opportunity.

MULDER  
(under his breath)  
Scully.

As Mulder crosses to his desk, picking up a phone:

CUT TO:

14 EXT. AHEARN'S GAS STATION - NIGHT

(X)14

The n.d. sedan pulls to a stop at the self-serve island.

15 INT. N.D. SEDAN - MORRIS

15

Kills the engine. He and Scully sit, motionless. Neither one makes a move to pump the gas. At last, Scully turns to Morris.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SCULLY  
Mulder, are you alright?

Morris looks back at her innocently.

MORRIS  
What are you talking about?

SCULLY  
You haven't said a word since we  
left those men on the highway.  
Is something wrong?

MORRIS  
I'm fine. Gas cap's on your  
side.

He's dismissed her question so quickly Scully can't help staring  
at him. Taking this as passive-aggressiveness.

SCULLY  
O-kay...  
(under her breath)  
If you don't want to talk about  
it...

She gets out of the car.

16 EXT. AHEARN'S GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS - SCULLY

(X)16

Moves to the pump, roughly grabbing the nozzle. She hears the  
muffled sound of her cell phone RINGING in the front seat.

Morris fiddles with the radio dial, oblivious to the RINGING.

SCULLY  
Mulder?  
(beat)  
Mulder, could you get my phone?

Morris is too engrossed in the radio. Finally, Scully moves to  
answer the phone herself. As she does, we go:

17 INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - MULDER

17

Holds the receiver, listening to it ring.

MULDER  
Come on, pick up... TV Calling - For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Suddenly, there's a quick RAP at the door as it simultaneously opens. Mulder quickly hangs up as Jeff enters.

JEFF

Bastard!

MULDER

Huh?

18 INT. N.D. SEDAN - SCULLY

18

Leans inside, her cell phone to her ear.

SCULLY  
Hello? Hello?

Getting no answer, she clicks off. She gives Morris a dirty look. He's oblivious.

MORRIS  
Pick me up a pack of Morleys,  
would you, Dana?

SCULLY  
Since when do you smoke?

MORRIS  
What, you're not gonna be a Nazi  
about it, are you?

Scully stares at him for a moment. Then, both annoyed and nonplussed, she SLAMS the door. Off this: (X)

19 INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - JEFF

(X) 19

Approaches Mulder's desk.

JEFF  
I ran a reverse-trace on all  
outgoing calls -- we've  
definitely got a leak. He  
called the FBI this morning from  
Wegman's office.

MULDER  
Wegman..?

JEFF  
The leak! He used the guest  
phone in Wegman's office. He's  
rubbing our noses in it!

MULDER  
In what?

JEFF  
The fact that he works in this  
building -- that he has access  
to everything, all our work.  
And we don't know who he is.

19 CONTINUED:

19

Morris' phone has started RINGING. Jeff stops speaking, waiting (X)  
for Mulder to pick it up. Mulder stares back at him, trying to (X)  
ignore it. It's not working. After the third ring: (X)

JEFF (X)  
Morris? (X)

MULDER (X)  
Yeah? (X)

JEFF (X)  
Aren't you going to answer that? (X)

MULDER (X)  
Uh... yeah. (X)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Mulder picks up the phone with some trepidation. (X)

MULDER

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

20 INT. FLETCHER HOME - NIGHT

20

A woman, JOANNE, paces angrily in her bathrobe as she talks on the portable phone. She's early 40s, a housefrau who'd be pretty if she went to the trouble. (X)

JOANNE

What are you doing there?

Mulder looks to his desk phone, where he now sees: (X)

CLOSE - A FRAMED PHOTO (X)

It's a Sears-style portrait showing Morris, Joanne -- who's evidently his WIFE -- and TWO TEENAGE KIDS. (X)

Realizing this is "his" wife, Mulder searches for an answer. (X)

MULDER

I... I'm still trying to work that one out.

JOANNE

It's midnight. I've been waiting up.

MULDER

I... I didn't know.

JOANNE

What do you mean, you didn't know? You said you'd call!  
Morris --

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MULDER

I, uh...

JOANNE

You forgot. You always forget.  
This time, don't forget the milk.

She hangs up, disgusted. Jeff gives him an understanding look. (X)

JEFF

The wife?

(X)

(X)

Mulder nods. Jeff mimes cracking a whip -- complete with sound effect. (X)  
(X)

JEFF

C'mon, man. Let's go home.

On Mulder, dreading this prospect:

CUT TO:

21 EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

21

A starry desert sky hangs over the half-circle of tract homes. Lights are out, it's late. HEADLIGHTS rake across a traditional two-story as an N.D. SEDAN -- Jeff's car -- pulls up to the curb.

Mulder climbs out. He gives a wave to Jeff at the wheel, then (X)  
shuts the door. As the sedan pulls away, Mulder slowly turns to (X)  
face his home. As he starts toward it, facing the unknown:

CUT TO:

22 INT. FLETCHER HOME - THE FRONT DOOR

22

Swings slowly open. Mulder steps inside, closing the door softly behind him. He pauses to survey the darkened house for a moment. Blessed privacy. He has a chance to use:

THE PHONE

Which lies on a nearby table. Mulder hurries over and picks it up, holds it to his ear. He's about to dial when...

OPERATOR (FILTERED V.O.)

Base operator --

MULDER

Oh. I, uh...

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(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

OPERATOR (FILTERED V.O.)  
Would you like an outside line,  
Mr. Fletcher?

(CONTINUED)



22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

Mulder quickly realizes he's got no privacy at all.

MULDER

No thanks. Good night.

He hangs up. Now what? He looks around, wanders out of frame.

23 OMITTED  
THRU  
26

23  
(X) THR  
26

27 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - THE DOOR 27

Slowly opens, revealing Mulder peering in.

HIS POV - KING-SIZE BED

Where the light from the hall hits Joanne, who's fast asleep. She squirms a little, her arms tight around a pillow.

RESUME MULDER

Apprehensive. No way is he going in here.

CUT TO:

28 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT 28

Close angle - television screen

The tube warms up, showing a late-night INFOMERCIAL. With an o.s. CLICK the image changes to an old MOVIE. CLICK, another channel, then another surfs by. CAMERA ARMS AROUND to reveal:

MULDER

Sitting upright in a chair, a remote in his hand. He continues channel surfing -- stopping as we hear a female MOAN. (X)  
(X)

HIS POV - THE TELEVISION

Two attractive consenting ADULTS kiss in a bubbling hot tub -- Mulder's found a soft-core porno channel.

MULDER

Puts down the remote and leans back in his chair... which RECLINES suddenly, settling with a slight THUD. Surprising Mulder, who is now viewing the TV just over his knees. Hey, this isn't so bad. As he settles in, making himself comfortable:

CUT TO:

29 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - NIGHT 29

LOW ANGLE - WE ARE MOVING

Along a dark ridge, miles from the highway or any sign of civilization. Only moonlit scrub is visible, dotting the desolate landscape. We hear a low RUMBLE...

29 CONTINUED:

29

... then suddenly HEADLIGHTS burst over the ridge. It's one of the white Cherokees. It bounds over the crest, heading downhill. WE ANGLE TO FOLLOW, revealing:

A CRASH SITE

On the desert floor below. A streak of smoldering DEBRIS is illuminated by a ring of EMERGENCY LIGHTS. Military vehicles are parked nearby -- SOLDIERS patrol the area. As the Cherokee nears the site:

NEW CLOSER ANGLE

The Jeep stops just outside the emergency lights. Gen. Wegman climbs out. He looks gravely concerned. As Wegman moves along the site, HOWARD approaches, joining him.

HOWARD

It was a routine test flight, sir. The craft suddenly lost altitude at 23:17 hours over Highway 375.

WEGMAN

What happened?

HOWARD

We haven't yet determined that. But we've recovered the flight data recorder. And the two pilots.

WEGMAN

Alive?

Howard looks troubled.

HOWARD

We found the co-pilot over here.

He heads toward an outcropping of ROCKS at the edge of the site where a TRIAGE AREA has been established. As Wegman follows:

30 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - ROCK OUTCROPPING AREA - CONTINUOUS

30

LOW ANGLE UP - FROM ROCKS

Wegman steps into frame, peering down at something that disturbs him. Howard steps up beside him, equally troubled.

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(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

THEIR POV - THE ROCK FACE

Where a young, crew-cut AIRMAN is FUSED WITH THE ROCK. His hand protrudes, the rock melded with flesh. Part of his face bulges out of the stone, his eyes open, lips quivering.

RESUME WEGMAN, HOWARD

WEGMAN

My god...

HOWARD

The other man's alive, but...

WEGMAN

But what?

HOWARD

We're not sure yet.

He nods toward a nearby chair, where the PILOT, an Air Force Captain in a charred flight suit, sits, ALIVE. But mumbling something to himself. Wegman approaches the man. Leaning close. (X)

WEGMAN

What happened, Captain? (X)

The pilot looks up, confusion and terror on his face.

PILOT

Éí 'aaníígóó 'áhoot'é... éí  
'aaníígóó 'áhoot'é...

Off Wegman, wondering at this desperate, unintelligible plea:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

31 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK) 31

A LEGEND identifies it.

32 INT. A.D. KERSH'S OUTER OFFICE - SCULLY 32

Sits on the very edge of a couch, impatient. She checks her watch, looks expectantly down the hall. Glancing at someone o.s., she can only manage a weak smile.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SECRETARY'S DESK

Where KERSH'S SECRETARY sits. The woman checks her watch as well, then looks up at Scully. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY

I'm sure he's on his way.

The Secretary raises an eyebrow, then returns to her work. Scully looks again toward the hallway, willing someone to appear.

HER POV - THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR

Morris does appear in the hallway -- walking right past Kersh's door. Scully rises, calling after him.

SCULLY

Mulder!

Morris' head reappears, peeking at the nameplate before entering the room. He's a bit more buttoned-down than Mulder usually dresses, his FBI tag clipped prominently to his lapel.

MORRIS

Hey -- hey, Dana. How's it going?

SCULLY

(sotto)

Where've you been?

MORRIS

Sorry. I got a little lost on the way in.

SCULLY

(beat)

You got lost.

32 CONTINUED:

32

MORRIS  
I'm just a little...  
(twirls finger at ear)  
You know, just a little lost in  
my head. One of those days.

Morris' attention drifts over to Kersh's Secretary, who is watching this exchange from her desk. A smile breaks out on his face.

MORRIS  
Hey there. How are you this  
morning?

SECRETARY  
The Assistant Director is  
waiting, sir.

MORRIS  
Great. Let's do it.

Morris blows past Scully and enters the A.D.'s office. After a bewildered moment, Scully walks in after him.

33 INT. A.D. KERSH'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER - KERSH

33

Sits at his desk, perusing a case file. As he looks up to speak, we ANGLE AROUND to reveal Scully and Morris standing before him.

A.D. KERSH  
My two frequent flyers.  
(beat)  
I'm to understand you were in  
Nevada yesterday? And after,  
what's it been -- two, three  
conversations such as this on  
the matter?

SCULLY  
Sir...

A.D. KERSH  
This morning, I received a phone  
call from the Pentagon demanding  
the two of you be reprimanded  
for trespassing on a top-secret  
military installation.  
(more)

33 CONTINUED:

33

A.D. KERSH (cont'd)

(beat)

What did you think you were  
doing there?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully glances at Morris, who doesn't meet her eye.

SCULLY

Following a lead, sir.

A.D. KERSH

And this is part of your current  
caseload? A legitimate  
investigation.

Scully shifts uncomfortably -- not prepared to fight this battle  
by herself. Again, she looks to Morris, who now speaks up.

MORRIS

Agent Scully and I were  
contacted by a confidential  
source.

Scully shoots a surprised look at Morris, but he's oblivious.

A.D. KERSH

What source?

MORRIS

Oh, if I had his name, I'd give  
it to you. Some whistle-blower  
working inside this so-called  
"Area 51." Said he had some --  
(finger quotations)  
-- "big deal" information. I  
gotta tell you, this whole thing  
was just one gigantic mistake on  
our part.

Morris looks to Scully to second that -- but she's just staring  
at him, shocked by his easy confession.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

A.D. KERSH  
Agent Mulder, you were specifically ordered not to pursue any line of investigation pertaining to the X-files.

MORRIS  
Sir, you are absolutely right. And on behalf of Agent Scully and myself, I want to apologize for our blatant disregard of your direct order. You have our word -- we will never, ever do that again.

KERSH

Eases back in his seat, his expression wary. He's not sure if he's being played, or if Morris is sincere. He looks to:

SCULLY

Who is stunned -- and angry. Off her, staring at Morris:

CUT TO:

34 INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

34

Morris exits the outer office. Scully is right behind him.

SCULLY  
Mulder. Mulder.

Morris turns around.

MORRIS  
Yes?

Scully has a difficult time keeping her voice low.

SCULLY  
What was that about?

MORRIS  
What was what about?

SCULLY  
"I'd give you his name if I had it?!" Whatever happened to protecting our contacts?  
Protecting our work?

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(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED:

34

But while Scully's been speaking, Morris has started staring at something behind her.

MORRIS

He asked.  
(absently)  
Hang on a sec.

Morris strolls past her back into Kersh's outer office. Scully turns, watching dumbfounded as:

HER POV - MORRIS

Leans over the Secretary's desk, whispering something to her we can't hear. Whatever it is, it makes her smile and nod. Morris winks at her, returning to the hallway, where:

SCULLY

Stares at him.

MORRIS

Hey. Okay, then.

Scully can only glare. Morris looks innocent.

MORRIS

What?

SCULLY

What is going on with you?

MORRIS

(exasperated)  
Will you please stop trying to pick a fight with me?

SCULLY

Mulder, you're acting...  
(indicating Secretary)  
... bizarre.

Morris leans in, smiling crookedly.

MORRIS

Jealous?

Before she can answer, he gives her a swift SWAT on her behind, then takes off down the hall. Off Scully, stunned:

35 INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY - MULDER

35

Lies in the recliner where we left him, fast asleep. Offscreen, we hear the SQUEAK of curtains being drawn back -- and now morning light floods the room, making Mulder sleepily turn away.

A woman's hand reaches into frame and jostles his shoulder, awakening him. He squints up at:

HIS POV - A WOMAN

Stands silhouetted against the bay window. She could be anybody.

MULDER

Sits up, groggy and hopeful.

MULDER

Scully..?

HIS POV - THE WOMAN

Turns to the TV, from which the bill and coo of PORNO can still be heard. Now, we clearly see this is not Scully, but Joanne. Frowning, she clicks off the set.

JOANNE

I can't believe you. I just can't believe you.

NEW ANGLE - JOANNE

PUSHES DOWN on the recliner's foot-rest, propelling him upright.

JOANNE

And who is "Scully?"

Mulder frantically searches his memory.

MULDER

Um... Good morning.

(X)

JOANNE

You could at least do me the courtesy of coming to bed at night -- pretend we have a happy marriage -- instead of getting your jollies down here while I sleep alone upstairs.

(indicates TV)

What if Chris or Terry had come down first? Seen their father being a... pervert. Did that ever occur to you?

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(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Not waiting for an answer, she heads for the kitchen. (X)

MULDER  
(sotto; desperate)  
Scully --

He jumps up out of the chair, hurriedly throws on his suit coat.

MULDER  
(not knowing her name) (X)  
Um... hey! I need to, uh... I (X)  
have to... w-where are my car  
keys?

Fixing his tie, he turns to find himself face-to-face with CHRISTINE FLETCHER (16), who's coming down the stairs. A coltish teen, her beauty is spoiled only by a mouth full of braces. Her mood is sullen, her makeup overdone.

CHRIS  
Morning, Dad.

MULDER  
Morning, ah...  
(remembers)  
Terry.

Chris stops as if slapped. She stares at Mulder, shocked, tears welling in her eyes. She runs back upstairs, gasping back sobs. Joanne appears at the kitchen door.

JOANNE  
What did you do to Chris?

Mulder gives a pained shrug, realizing his mistake. Joanne glares at him, ducking back into the kitchen. Once she's gone, Mulder checks his pockets, then the surrounding furniture.

MULDER  
Keys... keys...

TERRY FLETCHER, a 12-year-old bundle of energy, comes HAMMERING down the stairs and bursts into the room.

TERRY  
Yo, Dad.

MULDER  
Hey. Terry.

TERRY  
Not Terry.

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(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MULDER  
(thrown)  
Chris..?

Terry makes a face, thinking he's joking.

TERRY  
Terence. Terry's for wusses.

Terry heads for the kitchen. Mulder mutters under his breath.

MULDER  
And Terence isn't?  
(follows; louder)  
Hey, Terence -- how about you  
help ol' Dad find his car keys?

Mulder follows, stepping into:

36 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

36

Pauses in the doorway, gauging the situation. Terry seats himself in the breakfast nook, downing cornflakes out of the box. Joanne holds the refrigerator door open, peering in.

(X)

JOANNE  
No milk.

(X)

(X)

She SLAMS the fridge shut, returning to her cooking without a look to Mulder.

(X)

(X)

Mulder spies a set of KEYS sitting on the counter. He steps over, reaching for them... until Joanne snatches them away.

(X)

JOANNE  
I'm taking the minivan.

MULDER  
Don't I have my own car?

Just then, Chris enters, wiping her eyes as she takes a seat at the table. Taking a page from her mother, she sullenly avoids looking at her dad.

JOANNE  
Chris? Did you give your father  
back his car keys?

Chris holds out the keys without looking at Mulder. He moves to take them, but too slow -- she lets them drop on the floor before he reaches them. He picks them up, straining to smile.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MULDER  
Everybody? Have a wonderful day  
at your various, uh...  
(gives up)  
See ya.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

CHRIS

Mom!

JOANNE

Morris! What about Chris?

He reluctantly turns back.

MULDER

Chris..?

CHRIS

You said you'd give me an answer today.

He looks to Joanne for some indication, but she just glares at him. Finally, she taps her nose. Mulder still doesn't get it.

JOANNE

Her nose. You said you'd give her an answer about her nose.

Mulder squints at the girl. She really is cute, but her nose is maybe just a little Barbra Streisand-ish.

MULDER

You're sorta young for plastic surgery, don't you think?

Chris looks like she's been slapped again. Her face crumples as she convulses with huge, racking SOBS. Joanne is incensed.

JOANNE

For god's sake, Morris! A nose ring! She wants a nose ring!

CHRIS

(in between sobs)

I hate you! I wish you were dead!

She goes tearing out of the kitchen, her running mascara making her look like a raccoon. Mulder looks helplessly after her, then back to the remainder of his "family." After a beat:

MULDER

I'm going to, uh... leave now. Thank you.

He's out the kitchen door. Joanne frowns and hurries after him.

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37 INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

37

Joanne stops Mulder at the front door. She keeps her voice low.

JOANNE

You want a divorce, don't you?  
(off his surprise)  
Just say the words -- "Joanne,  
I want a divorce." If that's  
how you feel, come right out and  
say it..

MULDER

(getting her name)  
Joanne? Joanne, I don't...

JOANNE

I will not live this way,  
Morris. I will not let you come  
and go like a... stranger in  
this house. It's not fair to  
the children, or to me. Better  
that you just --

She breaks off, tearing up. Mulder struggles for what to say.

MULDER

I'm sorry. I'm really not  
myself lately.

He reaches a hand to the doorknob. She stares up at him, sniffs.

JOANNE

Morris -- you're wearing your  
suit from yesterday.

He glances down at himself, then back at her. Off this:

38 INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER - A CLOSET DOOR

38

Gets slid open, revealing... SIX IDENTICAL BLACK SUITS.

REVERSE - MULDER

Is alone in this orderly, neat-as-a-pin room, staring deadpan at  
his monochromatic wardrobe. Under his breath:

MULDER

Mr. Johnny Cash...

He grabs a fresh suit from the closet, tosses it across the bed  
as he shucks off his pants. Down to his boxers and dress shirt, (X)  
he happens to glance at the nearby full-length mirror, where: For educational purposes only

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MULDER'S POV - THE ORIGINAL MORRIS FLETCHER

Can be seen standing in his boxers and shirt, staring out at Mulder -- mimicking Mulder's every move as only a reflection can. (X)

WIDER ANGLE - MULDER AND MORRIS

Seem to stand before one another. As Mulder removes his dress shirt, Morris follows suit, both TOSSING their shirts to the bed. (X)

Mulder steps closer to his reflection. He jiggles a left hand, waves a right hand, stands on one foot... watches amazed as his strange reflection does exactly what he does (NOTE: this is a variation on the Marx Bros. gag from "Duck Soup"). (X)

Mulder amuses himself in this way until: (X)

JOANNE

(o.s.)

What are you doing?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Mulder SPINS to find Joanne standing at the bedroom door behind him. Mulder is at a loss for an answer, looking a bit self-conscious in his boxers. Joanne notices -- it makes her mood even darker than it was before. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

JOANNE

It's for you.

She holds out a CORDLESS PHONE. Mulder steps over and takes it. Joanne exits without a word, shutting the door behind her. Mulder looks at the phone in his hand for a beat, then -- (X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER

Mu... Morris.

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. AREA 51 - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

39

Jeff stands in the long hallway, talking on a wall phone. He speaks quietly, so as not to be overheard by any passersby.

JEFF

Morry, it's Jeff. Where the hell are you?

MULDER

Sorry, I'm, uh -- I'm running a little late.

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(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED:

39

JEFF

Well, drag your ass down here  
toot sweet. We got something  
big going down.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

Mulder's face shows some interest.

MULDER

Big as in..?

JEFF

Big as in... "The Equipment."  
Big as in... it fell down and  
went boom. Big as in, I can't  
say anything more over the phone.

(beat)

Get down here.

CLICK. Mulder hangs up, intrigued. As he heads for the door:

CUT TO:

40. CLOSE ON - THE PILOT

40

From the crash site, seated behind a small table. Head bowed, he CHANTS to himself in the strange dialect we heard before, now SQUEEZED over an intercom. WE PULL BACK to reveal:

INT. AREA 51 - INTERROGATION CHAMBER - THE PILOT

Is seated in a large four-sided GLASS BOOTH, being observed by Howard and General Wegman. Jeff approaches from behind, joining in after his phone call.

WEGMAN

Do we know what he's saying?

HOWARD

It seems he's praying, sir.  
We've identified the language,  
a Native American dialect.  
Hopi, to be exact.

(X)

Wegman doesn't understand. Howard continues.

HOWARD

The pilot's name is Robert  
McDonough.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

HOWARD (cont'd)

Born in Missoula, Montana, no known foreign language skills -- only, since the crash he has claimed to be one Mrs. Lana Chee, a 75-year-old Hopi Indian woman born and raised on the Moapa reservation about 35 miles from here.

WEGMAN

Is this some kind of shell shock?

HOWARD

We don't think so, sir.

Howard leads the way to an adjacent tall glass booth. Inside, an elderly HOPI WOMAN sits ramrod-straight. She's aware, confident -- not like the nervous, chanting Pilot.

At the sight of the general, Mrs. Chee LEAPS to her feet. She stands at attention and SALUTES crisply.

HOWARD

This is Mrs. Lana Chee. We picked her up on the reservation this morning.

Wegman considers the woman -- and the oddness of what just occurred -- for a long beat. Then he returns the salute.

WEGMAN

(to Mrs. Chee)

At ease.

Mrs. Chee stands at ease, her hands behind her back. Wegman looks a bit at sea as he begins to question her through the booth INTERCOM. She answers with the clipped clarity of a well-trained soldier.

WEGMAN

What's your name?

MRS. CHEE

Captain Robert McDonough, sir.

(X)

(beat)

I apologize for my present condition, and my appearing out of uniform.

Wegman looks to Howard, beginning to piece this together. He turns to the elderly woman, playing along.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

WEGMAN

Do you know what happened last night... Captain?

(X)

MRS. CHEE

Sir, we launched from base at 23:00 hours and headed south. At approximately 23:15 we lost power in the right rear quadrant.

WEGMAN

What caused the power loss?

MRS. CHEE

No warning lights came up on the panel. All systems checked out in pre-flight.

(shakes her head)

She just wasn't in a mood to fly, sir.

Wegman looks from Howard to Jeff, then back to Mrs. Chee, amazed at what he faces -- a 75-year-old American Indian woman with the Right Stuff. Off this:

CUT TO:

41 OMITTED

41

42 CLOSE - COMPUTER GOLF GAME

42

The CGI player swings, sending the ball careening down the computerized green. As the ball rolls toward the 18th hole:

MORRIS

(o.s.)

Come on, baby... be the hole...

The ball rolls closer, closer... then just past the cup.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MORRIS

Sits before his PC, disappointed at the outcome of his game. He CLICKS the mouse, preparing for another swing, when:

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SCULLY  
(o.s.)  
Mulder.

Morris looks up to find:

INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY - WIDER

On the busy common room. We see rows of desks, several FIELD AGENTS working phones, PCs -- this is where Mulder and Scully have been relegated. Scully stands at the next desk, watching Morris with a look of incredulity on her face.

MORRIS  
I just got a birdie.

Before she can answer, her phone RINGS. She sighs, picks it up.

SCULLY  
Scully.

INTERCUT WITH:

43 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - DAY

43

Isolated and dusty, you stop here only if you're below empty. Mulder stands inside the rusty phone booth, talking on the phone. A faded service counter/mini-mart is visible in b.g.

MULDER  
Scully, it's me.

Scully clearly does not recognize the voice.

SCULLY  
I'm sorry, who is this?

MULDER  
It's me. Mulder.

SCULLY  
Mulder..?

MULDER  
I wasn't able to call you sooner. Look, something really weird happened last night when that UFO passed over us.

SCULLY  
Ufo?

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(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MULDER

You don't remember?

(piecing it together)

You don't remember. Look, the man you're with is not me. He's an Area 51 employee named Morris Fletcher.

SCULLY

Morris Fletcher...

She looks at Morris, who has no reaction to hearing the name.

MULDER

Yes. And everyone here seems to think I'm him. But I'm really me -- I'm Mulder.

Scully motions to Morris' phone, as if to say "pick it up."

MULDER

As long as they think I'm him I have access. But I need your help.

Morris picks up the phone, putting a hand over the receiver to listen in. As he pushes the lit BUTTON... Mulder hears a CLICK.

MULDER

What was that?

SCULLY

What was what?

MULDER

This may not be a secure line.

SCULLY

Uh... Mulder? Where are you?

MULDER

I'd better not say. Just get back out here.

SCULLY

(thinking fast)

How will I get in touch with you?

MULDER

I'll get in touch with you.

CLICK. Scully looks to Morris, who shrugs, baffled.

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(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

MORRIS

What do you suppose that was?

SCULLY

That wasn't your source?

Morris shrugs.

SCULLY

I'll have it traced.

Scully begins to dial, stopping as Morris rises.

MORRIS

Well, we better tell El Jefe  
A.S.A.P. I don't want to get  
our collective asses chewed out  
all over again.

SCULLY

Mulder. Are you sure that's the  
best thing to do?

MORRIS

Listen, little lady, I think  
it's about time you got your  
panties on straight. We're  
federal officers -- we do things  
by the book.

He exits, leaving Scully shocked and angry. Off her look:

CUT TO:

44 INT. DESERT GAS STATION - DAY

44

An old-fashioned cash register drawer DINGS open. WE RISE UP to  
reveal an unshaven ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

That'll be a dollar eighty-nine.

REVERSE - MULDER

Pulls out two bills, setting them down on the counter.

MULDER

Keep the change.

ATTENDANT

TV Calling - For educational purposes only  
Hey. I'll close early.

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

44

Mulder smiles thinly, picking up the bag of SUNFLOWER SEEDS he's paid for. Tearing it open to start eating them as he heads out.

45 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - DAY - MULDER

45

Climbs into Morris' sedan. As the car pulls into gear, exiting frame... WE PAN over to the desert, holding there for a beat. When WIND and DUST begin to kick up. An old CAN tumbles by.

We hear a distant low RUMBLE, like what we heard in the Teaser. Something is coming...

46 INT. DESERT GAS STATION - DAY - THE ATTENDANT

46

Hears it too. He turns at the sound, a quizzical look on his face. Another SOUND nearby makes him look down at the counter:

HIS POV - MULDER'S CHANGE

A dime and a penny vibrate ever-so-slightly on the glass-top.

THE ATTENDANT

Looks about with growing anxiety as the walls begin to shake, shelves of cans and bottles CLATTERING loudly. Everything is moving now, as if this were a long sustained EARTHQUAKE.

The Attendant struggles for the door, grabbing the counter to steady himself. Staring at something that scares him:

HIS POV - THE PLATE-GLASS WINDOWS

Shaking heavily in their frames. Suddenly, the glass IMPLODES. A huge SPRAY of pebble-size pieces shoots at camera, as we:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

47 EXT. DESERT - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

47

We hang above the highway we saw in the Teaser. As Mulder's n.d. sedan approaches in the distance, we DESCEND to the asphalt. Settling as Mulder pulls to a stop at an intersection.

CLOSER - MULDER

Turns, seeing:

HIS POV - THREE WHITE CHEROKEES

Approach from the far side of the intersection. The first Jeep ZOOMS past, then the second. The third slows beside Mulder's sedan. The window rolls down, revealing:

JEFF

Behind the wheel.

JEFF

Turn around, big guy. We got trouble.

He rolls up the window without explaining, hitting the gas and moving out of frame. After a beat, Mulder puts his own car in gear. Making a U-turn.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - DAY - THE PHONE BOOTH

48

Where Mulder made his call is now a skeleton of its former self -- the glass shattered, the metal frame twisted. We PAN OFF the wreckage to find Mulder's sedan pulling to a stop behind the just-arriving Cherokees. As Mulder exits his car, we go:

CLOSER - MULDER

Steps out, as much puzzled as he is disturbed to find:

WIDER - THE GAS STATION

Has been completely trashed. Windows blown out, signs ripped off. The parking area is littered with debris. Soldiers climb out of the Cherokees, fanning out across the area.

One of the Soldiers stops at the gas pumps, which are twisted like bent spoons. A POOL of gasoline spreads across the ground.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SOLDIER

Keep back! We got a spill!

Mulder looks from the soldier to the mini-mart, remembering something. He breaks into a run, heading for the door.

SOLDIER

Sir!?

HOWARD AND JEFF

Turn, watching Mulder disappear inside the mini-mart.

HOWARD

Fletcher!

But Mulder's already gone.

HOWARD

The hell's he doing?

Off Jeff's non-response:

CUT TO:

49 INT. DESERT GAS STATION - MULDER

49

Scrambles over the bent cans and broken glass that litter the floor. Searching for something. He makes for the demolished counter, moving debris out of the way. Howard and Jeff appear at the doorway behind him.

HOWARD

Fletcher, what are you doing?

Mulder reaches the counter, looking behind it to find... no one. No sign of the attendant.

MULDER

There was a man in here. The attendant.

At that moment, their heads are turned by a GROAN from across the station. Mulder scrambles toward the sound, pulling aside a downed shelf, revealing:

THE ATTENDANT

Lies on the ground, his torso and lower body FUSED into the linoleum. A fringe of blood outlines where his flesh meets the floor. Despite his condition, he is semi-conscious, in pain.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Mulder leans over the man as Howard and Jeff step up behind him.

JEFF  
Holy mother of... (X)

HOWARD  
It's happened again..

MULDER  
What's happened again?

HOWARD  
Let's get out of here.

Mulder stands.

MULDER  
We've got to help this man.

HOWARD  
We've got to help ourselves.  
Whatever caused this could come  
back.

MULDER  
We can't just leave him here.

JEFF  
(gravely)  
Morris...

HOWARD  
What the hell is wrong with you?

Behind him, Jeff nods to a Soldier in the b.g. to come closer.

HOWARD  
I'm not asking you -- I'm  
telling you. Let's go.

MULDER  
This man needs a doctor!

Suddenly, BLAM! The Attendant collapses, dead. Speechless,  
Mulder looks to a Soldier beside Jeff, his weapon still smoking.

JEFF  
Not anymore.

On Mulder, horrified:

50 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - HOWARD

50

Moves quickly out of the front door, followed by Jeff and Mulder. As they pass the Soldiers:

HOWARD

Burn it.

Mulder turns, watching as a Soldier crosses to the edge of the gasoline spill. Another Soldier waves the detail back, shouting: (X)

SOLDIER (X)

Clear perimeter, two-hundred feet! (X)

All personnel make for the far side of the highway -- except Mulder. He hangs back, reluctant to let this evidence be destroyed. Jeff appears behind, grabbing Mulder's arm. (X)

JEFF

Come on, Morry. That guy was a dead man before we found him. (X)

Jeff gives him a hard tug toward the highway. Mulder reluctantly follows. Leaving only the Soldier behind, who STRIKES A FLARE, tossing it into the gas pool and high-tailing it out of there. (X)

WE WATCH as a blue flame zips across the surface of the gas, racing to the pump, which EXPLODES, a BALL OF FIRE quickly engulfing the wrecked mini-mart. (X)

MULDER

Stands across the perimeter with the others. He watches the inferno, solemn, his features distorted by the heat waves. (X)

CUT TO:

51 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

51

The elevator doors open, revealing Scully. We track back with her as she steps out purposefully, FILE FOLDER in hand, heading toward Mulder's door.

SCULLY'S POV - MULDER'S DOOR

Suddenly pops open. We hear a woman's giggle o.s.

RESUME SCULLY

She slows, reacting to this. Now seeing:

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(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

KERSH'S SECRETARY ,

Steps into the hallway. Hair a bit tousled, she smiles broadly, leaning back into the open doorway for what appears to be a very long goodbye kiss with whoever's inside.

SCULLY

Stands, shocked. She stiffens as the Secretary turns toward her, on her way out. As the Secretary passes Scully, she nods, a tad superior.

SECRETARY  
Agent Scully.

Scully won't meet her gaze. She lets the woman pass, then takes a breath, heading for Mulder's closed door. Knocking sharply.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

MORRIS

(o.s.)

Just can't get enough, huh?

Scully sets her jaw, answering through the door.

SCULLY

Mulder. It's me.

The door swings open, revealing Morris, smoothing his tousled hair. Unaware of smeared LIPSTICK on his chin.

MORRIS

Hey, Dana. Cigarette?

SCULLY

(ignoring this)

What do you think you're doing?

Morris gives her a lascivious wink.

MORRIS

Heh heh... just a little lunch break. What's up?

He opens the door wider. Scully looks disgusted as she enters:

52 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - SCULLY

52

Steps inside, her disgust becoming curiosity. Something seems different about this place.

HER PANNING POV - MULDER'S APARTMENT

Appears neater than we've ever seen it. The desk is straightened up, windows cleaned, sofa fluffed -- as if Felix Unger had made a pass through the room.

SCULLY

Takes note of this. Turning to Morris, who's lit a cigarette for himself and now stands before a mirror (which we DON'T see into yet), tying his tie. After a beat, Scully collects herself. She holds up the FILE FOLDER she's been carrying.

SCULLY

I got the trace back on that call we received this morning. It came from a gas station pay phone off Highway 375, three miles east of Groom Lake.

(X)

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(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Morris looks impatient for her to get to the point.

MORRIS

And...?

SCULLY

And I'm thinking it was your source, although I have no idea why he'd try to impersonate you.

MORRIS

Maybe so.

SCULLY

Maybe so? Don't you think we should follow this up?

Morris finally finishes with his tie, turning to her. Shocked.

MORRIS

Are you out of your pretty little mind?

Her surprise at Morris' out-of-character behavior has worn thin. Turning into anger.

SCULLY

I'm out of my mind -- Mulder, it's YOU who are out of your mind! What is with you? I'm ready to have you examined for mental illness, or drug use, or maybe a massive head injury!

(holds up file)

I mean, this is an X-file! Your life's work, your crusade!

MORRIS

As I understand it, we're off the X-files.

Scully stares at him for a beat, then turns to leave. She SLAMS the door behind her. As Morris looks after her, we ANGLE AROUND to finally include what he himself sees reflected in his mirror -- the real FOX MULDER.

Both men stare at one another, identically straightening their ties. We see them both mutter:

MORRIS

Bitch.

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(CONTINUED)



52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

Off Morris and Mulder, identically shooting their cuffs:

CUT TO:

53 INT. AREA 51 - FORENSIC LAB - DAY - A WHITE SHEET.

53

Is draped across a steel tabletop, covering a square object.

HOWARD

(o.s.)

This was brought to a local vet.

A hand pulls off the sheet, revealing a glass case. Inside it quivers a big LIZARD, its head fused into an even bigger ROCK.

WIDER

Gen. Wegman hunkers down, hands on his knees, to get a closer look at this odd sight. Behind him stand Jeff and Mulder, who look disturbed, as well.

Howard stands opposite them. They're in a large room filled with rows of lab tables on which lie pieces of aircraft wreckage. White-coated SCIENTISTS examine them. (NOTE: this should be the same set as the interrogation room, redressed.)

HOWARD

Some kid found it in the desert  
ten miles east of the gas  
station.

WEGMAN

Show me on the map.

Howard moves to a nearby wall where a topographical map of the region is mounted. He points out a marked spot, one of five.

HOWARD

Right here.

Wegman steps closer, pointing out another marker.

WEGMAN

This is where you found the gas  
station attendant?

HOWARD

Yes, sir. We located the pilot  
at the crash site here... and  
the Indian woman here.

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(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

Mulder indicates the remaining spot, a marker near Highway 375. (X)

MULDER (X)  
What's this? (X)

HOWARD  
That, we believe, is ground zero.

Howard lifts a banged-up data recorder box from a nearby table.

HOWARD  
Once we analyze the flight data recorder, we hope to confirm it's where the warp began.

MULDER  
Warp?

JEFF  
(under his breath)  
Beam me up, Scotty.

Howard hears, but chooses to ignore this.

HOWARD  
A tear in the space/time continuum. An anomaly created by the malfunction of the aircraft, which was operating in gravity-pulse mode before it went down.

WEGMAN  
We've been flying these things since '53 -- I've never heard of anything like this.

MULDER (X)  
(making sense of it) (X)  
According to quantum physics, it's possible. (X)

HOWARD (X)  
Anti-gravity systems utilize (X)  
bends in space and time for  
propulsion. A sudden shift in  
a craft's trajectory could  
create the kind of distortion (X)  
we're witnessing here -- a (X)  
lizard and a rock existing in  
the same time and space. (X)

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(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

Jeff puts his index finger at ground zero on the map.

(X)

JEFF

If this is where your so-called  
warp began, we would have all  
seen it.

(to Wegman)

The three of us were on Highway  
375 at the time, sir,  
intercepting two FBI agents.

HOWARD

The fact that none of us  
remember seeing it is evidence  
that my theory is correct.

JEFF

How's that?

MULDER

(absently)

Lost time.

Howard glances at him, nods.

HOWARD

Lost time is a common symptom of  
close proximity to anti-gravity  
propulsion systems.

JEFF

Then how come my head isn't  
stuck in a rock? Or Morris'?

HOWARD

That's one question I haven't  
been able to answer.

(looking at Mulder)

It's possible we suffered  
consequences from our exposure  
we're not fully aware of.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

Mulder stares back at Howard, feeling his suspicion.

MULDER

What do we do about it?

All eyes turn to Mulder -- did he just say something stupid?

HOWARD

That's your department: keep it out of the papers, make the witnesses disappear.

MULDER

No, I mean how do you reverse it? How do you get the lizard out of the rock?

HOWARD

Who says we can?

This lands on Mulder like a ton of bricks. Howard watches him, seeming to pick up on this. Off Mulder:

CUT TO:

54 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

54

An N.D. SEDAN whips past camera, heading up the deserted road.

CUT TO:

55 INT. N.D. SEDAN - SCULLY

55

Drives alone in her rental. She peers out into the darkness ahead, then looks down at a ROAD MAP, puzzled. After a moment, she applies the brakes. We go:

56 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - THE N.D. SEDAN

56

Backs up the highway a few dozen yards, then pulls off the highway, coming to a stop in a dirt clearing off the road. The headlights remain on, the engine still running.

NEW ANGLE - THE CAR DOOR

Opens. Scully climbs out, clicking on a flashlight. She steps forward, CAMERA PANNING around to reveal:

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(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

THE BURNT REMAINS OF THE GAS STATION

The shell of the building and the twisted pumps are all that remain standing.

CLOSER - SCULLY

Surveys the station with grim curiosity, sweeping the flashlight beam over the wreckage. Stopping as she sees:

HER POV

Something shiny GLINTS in the light.

SCULLY

Steps toward it, reaching down to pick up:

MULDER'S DIME AND PENNY

They are perfectly FUSED at the center, creating a four-sided coin.

RESUME - SCULLY

Intrigued by this strange discovery. She rises, pocketing it. She moves back to her car, ready to leave, when her heel CRUNCHES down on something in front of the sedan. She looks down, staring at something that gives her pause.

SCULLY  
(wondering)  
Mulder...?

After a moment, she moves off, getting back inside the car. As she does, WE ANGLE DOWN to the ground, finding what Scully was staring at...

... a scattering of SUNFLOWER SEED SHELLS, illuminated by the headlights. Scully's car pulls away o.s., the headlight beams going with it, plunging us into darkness.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

57 INT. FLETCHER HOME - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

57

Morning sun streams in through sheer curtains. CAMERA FINDS Mulder, curled up sideways, asleep on the recliner again.

A woman's hand reaches into frame and CLICKS a little button on the chair's arm -- the recliner starts to VIBRATE, its built-in massager going full-tilt. Mulder awakens, groggily enthused.

MULDER

I didn't know it did that.

A foot steps down onto the recliner's leg rest, abruptly folding Mulder upright just like last time. He focuses on:

JOANNE

Who stares down at him, TEARS shining in her fierce eyes.

JOANNE

This isn't a marriage, it's a farce.

MULDER

What?

JOANNE

Why can't you just say it, Morris? You aren't attracted to me anymore.

(fights for composure)

I disgust you, don't I?

MULDER

You're not disgusting. I uh...  
I just --

JOANNE

-- You just refuse to make love to me ever again, that's all! That, and you mumble in your sleep about someone named "Scully!" Who is "Scully," Morris? Is it another woman?

MULDER

(dissembling)

Does "Scully" sound like a woman's name to you?

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(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

JOANNE

Who is "Scully?" Tell me!

Mulder is fully awake now. He finds the massager button, clicks it off. He stands up from his chair, tries to calm things down.

MULDER

Joanne, I'm sure I've said to you in the past there's a lot about my job I... unfortunately have to keep secret.

JOANNE

Uh-uh, buster -- that's not gonna fly this time!

MULDER

My point is -- there's a lot you don't know about me. And...

(a beat; goes for it)

I'm under a lot of pressure lately. Up is down, black is white -- I don't know where I stand anymore. I feel like even I don't know who I am. But I do know one thing... I'm just not the man you married. And I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry.

A moment of real sincerity, of connection, passes between them. She gazes up at him intensely, quiet now. She thinks she understands. She wipes her eyes, gingerly touches his arm.

JOANNE

Oh god, Morris. I-I didn't know.  
(hopeful)

They have that pill now.

He frowns, wondering what she's talking about -- realizing she means Viagra just as she steps forward and holds him tightly. She speaks with her face buried in his shoulder.

JOANNE

We can work this out. There's other ways to be intimate.

He stands there looking freaked out, not sure what to do with his arms. Just then -- saved by the bell -- the door CHIMES. Joanne loosens her grip, dabs her eyes again and smiles at him.

JOANNE

We'll make this work.

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(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

She steps away from him, heading out of frame.

58 EXT. FLETCHER HOME - CONTINUOUS - CLOSE ON THE FRONT DOOR

58

It unlatches and opens, revealing Joanne. She smiles politely at someone standing on the front steps -- someone we don't see.

JOANNE

Yes?

REVERSE - SCULLY

Stands before her, smiling politely as well.

SCULLY

Hi, my name is Dana Scully --  
I'm looking for Morris Fletcher.

Joanne's expression slowly turns dangerous. She stares at this attractive young redhead for a long beat. She finally calls to her husband without taking her eyes off Scully.

JOANNE

Morris!

Mulder appears behind Joanne, his face showing great joy at seeing his FBI partner -- then just as quickly, looking guarded when Joanne turns to glare daggers at him.

JOANNE

You son of a bitch.

She pushes past him into the house, leaving Scully confused.

SCULLY

I'm sorry -- Morris Fletcher?

MULDER

(under his breath)  
Scully, it's me. Mulder.

She clearly doesn't recognize him as anyone even remotely resembling her partner. Mulder steps out the door, practically pulling Scully into the front yard for some privacy.

SCULLY

You're the man from the other  
night... Area 51. What is --



58 CONTINUED:

58

JOANNE  
(o.s.)  
LIAR! --

(X)

Joanne's voice really carries, even way out here. Mulder winces. Scully looks from the house back to him.

SCULLY  
You phoned me. What is this about?

MULDER  
I'm Mulder. I'm really Mulder. I switched places, bodies, identities with this man Morris Fletcher -- the man you think is Mulder. But he's not.

Scully has that guarded look folks get when they find themselves in the presence of crazy people. Mulder glances from her to:

MULDER'S POV - JOANNE'S MINIVAN

Is parked beside him -- in its windows he sees reflected the real Morris Fletcher.

RESUME

Mulder turns away from his reflection, reminded exactly why convincing Scully will be so difficult.

MULDER  
Okay. You don't believe me. Like, what was I expecting?

Mulder takes her by the shoulders -- which she doesn't particularly like -- in order to look deep into her eyes.

MULDER  
Your full name is Dana Katherine Scully. Your badge number is... hell, I don't know what your badge number is. Your mother's name is Margaret, your brother Bill Jr. is in the Navy and he hates me.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

MULDER (cont'd)

Lately, for lunch you've been eating one six-ounce cup of plain yogurt, into which you stir bee pollen because you're on some, you know, bee pollen kick even though I say you're a scientist and you ought to know better.

He finally takes a breath. She just stares at him oddly. In b.g., the front door of the house flings open and two hastily-packed SUITCASES come tumbling down the steps. Joanne appears.

JOANNE

CHEATER! --

(X)

She disappears back into the house, SLAMMING the door shut. Scully looks again to Mulder, clearly intrigued and confused.

MULDER

What do you say?

SCULLY

I say every detail you've mentioned could be easily gathered by anyone.

MULDER

The thing about the yogurt?  
(a beat; frustrated)  
This is so you, Scully -- at least I know you haven't changed.

SCULLY

Look, I don't know what the point of all this is, but --

MULDER

-- I'll prove it to you.

SCULLY

No, you won't -- and I think it's time you came clean with me.

MULDER

Scientific proof about what happened to us on that road two nights ago. Fair enough?

She doesn't say no -- she doesn't say anything, just stares up at him. Again, in b.g., Joanne appears in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

58

JOANNE  
I'm calling the police.

Scully looks from Joanne back to Mulder, deadpan.

SCULLY  
Goodbye, Mr. Fletcher.

She starts toward her car. He's after her, trying to speak out of earshot of his "wife" (which makes things all the worse for Joanne in the background).

MULDER  
Tonight. I'll prove everything.  
All right? Scully?

(X)

She glances back at this strange man, sees the desperation in his eyes. As she walks on to her car, it's clear she's probably going to take him up on his offer.

59 EXT. DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

59

We're watching Scully and Mulder from a distant vantage point. As Scully climbs in her car, we TRACK SIDEWAYS to reveal a car's SIDE-VIEW MIRROR, big in f.g. A hand reaches in, adjusting it slightly so that we see Mulder sitting behind the wheel.

TRACKING further, we're looking in through the windshield of a parked n.d. sedan, where we now see... it's Morris surveilling them in his side mirror.

Scully's car comes motoring up the street our way. As it does, Morris smoothly ducks out of sight. Scully passes out of frame and Morris sits back up again, staring after her.

He looks back in his mirror at Mulder, who is hurrying into his own car and speeding off in the opposite direction. Off Morris' unreadable expression, PRELAP the sound of a PHONE RINGING:

CUT TO:

60 OMITTED

60

61 INT. AREA 51 - HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

61

The TELEPHONE rings in the empty office. After a moment, the door opens and Howard enters, hustling to grab the receiver.

HOWARD  
Howard Grodin.

INTERCUT WITH:

62 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DRIVING - DAY

(X) 62

Morris drives his rental sedan, talking on a cell phone. The desert landscape speeds by in b.g.

(X)  
(X)

MORRIS  
Mr. Grodin, this is Special Agent Fox Mulder with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Good afternoon to you.

HOWARD  
(a cautious beat)  
How did you get this number?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

MORRIS

Frankly, that's what I'm calling about. Sir, I'm obligated to inform you that you have a security leak at your facility. A man you work closely with has contacted my office on several occasions, offering me access to highly classified information.

Howard's suspicion gives way to hope -- though he keeps up his well-trained poker face, as always. He considers, then speaks.

HOWARD

Would you happen to have a name for this man?

MORRIS

Why, yes. Yes, I would.

Morris smiles pleasantly -- about to drop the boom.

CUT TO:

63 INT. AREA 51 - FORENSIC LAB - DAY - MULDER

63

Moves through the big, empty lab, scrutinizing the wreckage which still lies atop the tables. He's searching for something, keeping an eye on the door as he does so. He comes across...

A FLIGHT DATA RECORDER

Its charred casing familiar to us from when we saw it before. It's what he's looking for. He picks it up, briefly considers tucking it under his jacket before giving up on that idea. Instead, he hunts around the room for something to put it in.

NEW ANGLE - FROM ATOP THE CATWALK

Which rings the lab, we look down on Mulder as he finds a paper bag and shoves the FDR inside it. As he heads for the door and cautiously exits the lab, we PULL BACK to REVEAL...

... Howard standing in the shadows atop the catwalk, peering down on him as he departs. His look is one of grim satisfaction.

CUT TO:

64 INT. SCULLY'S RENTAL CAR - DAY - DRIVING

64

Scully is alone in her car, booming through the hot, monotonous wastelands of southern Nevada when her cell phone RINGS. She retrieves it, lifts it to her ear.

SCULLY

Scully.

INTERCUT WITH:

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

65

Sits with his phone to his ear. His tone is cold and accusatory.

A.D. KERSH

You're in Nevada again.

Scully nearly drives off the road -- how the hell did he know?

SCULLY

Uh, sir, I...

A.D. KERSH

Do not speak, Agent. Listen.

(off her silence)

Your partner has already apprised me of his conversations with the Air Force -- and of his fervent desire to save you from making a fatal career mistake. Therefore, you will now follow my instructions to the letter.

SCULLY

Sir, I don't know what Mulder may have told you, but --

A.D. KERSH

You will follow my instructions to the letter, Agent. Otherwise, don't bother coming back from Nevada.

Scully is screwed and she knows it. Off her:

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED (X) 66

A67 EXT. AHEARN'S GAS STATION - NIGHT - MORRIS' SEDAN (X) A67

Rolls into a parking space in front of the station's mini-mart. (X)  
Mulder climbs out, hefting a small plastic BAG in one hand. (X)

Mulder gives a cautious look around -- there are just a couple (X)  
of CUSTOMERS here, an RV fills up at the far pump. He crosses (X)  
to the glass-walled mart; the door chime DINGS as he enters. (X)

B67 INT. MINI-MART - MULDER (X) B67

Cranes his neck, scanning the aisles for someone. The CASHIER (X)  
speaks up from behind his check-out island. (X)

CASHIER (X)  
Help you? (X)

Mulder shakes his head, seeing what he's looking for. He steps (X)  
down the far aisle, finding Scully. He holds up the bag (X)  
containing the flight data recorder. (X)

MULDER  
I got it, Scully! I got the  
proof!

She eyes what he has in his hand... then gives a nervous glance (X)  
behind him. Mulder turns around, seeing what she sees: (X)

HIS POV - THE CASHIER (X)

Ducks behind the counter. (X)

MULDER (X)

Turns back to Scully, confused by this. She stays back. We (X)  
PUSH IN on Mulder, realizing. One instant before -- (X)

WHAM! BRIGHT LIGHTS snap on from outside -- millions of (X)  
candlepower blasting through the blinds onto Mulder. He squints (X)  
and shades his eyes, looking for an avenue of escape. There's (X)  
none. We hear BOOTS running now, weapons and gear JINGLING as (X)  
SOLDIERS stream into the mini-mart, surrounding him. (X)

SCULLY  
(softly; to Mulder)  
I'm sorry.

The Soldiers yank the FDR from his hands. He tries to fight (X)  
them off, but they're already dragging him away. (X)

(CONTINUED)

B67 CONTINUED:

B67

MULDER (X)  
Scully! -- (X)

A couple of the soldiers back her off, as well. Stepping into view behind the soldiers are Howard and a very disillusioned-looking Jeff. Jeff shakes his head, sad and bitter.

JEFF  
Dammit, Morris.

Mulder looks from him to something else. Now he fixes on:

MORRIS FLETCHER (X)

Stepping into view from a back door. He wastes no time moving to stand at Scully's side. (X)

MULDER  
You son of a bitch! You  
orchestrated this whole thing!  
(pointing)  
He's not me, Scully! Would I do  
this?! WOULD I DO THIS?! --

The soldiers drag him toward the door. Scully looks to Morris, who shakes his head somberly -- what a pity. (X)

HOWARD

Looks from Mulder to Morris, puzzling over this strange statement. He knows there's more here than meets the eye. (X)

SCULLY

Looks to Morris oddly, really studying his face. She steps forward, as Mulder is dragged outside, out of sight... (X)

MULDER  
(o.s.)  
Scully! --

... Wondering if, despite the overwhelming evidence against this strange man's claims... she may have just made a terrible, irrevocable MISTAKE.

Off her face...

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED

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