

THE X-FILES

"Dreamland II"

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TEASER

(This episode begins with a brief recap of 6X04, in which Mulder mysteriously -- and much against his will -- switches identities with one Morris Fletcher, an Area 51 employee and Man In Black.)

FADE UP ON:

1 AN FBI CASE FILE

1

With a familiar red "X-File" sticker on its cover. As a man's hand reaches into frame and opens the folder like a storybook, we hear the VOICE of MORRIS FLETCHER narrating.

MORRIS (V.O.)

Once upon a time, there was a
guy with the improbable name
of...

This file is the personal jacket on Mulder, and prominently includes an FBI ID photo of him. On this photo, we CREEP IN.

MORRIS (V.O.)

... "Fox Mulder."

CUT TO:

2 INT. CHILMARK HOUSE - DAY (8MM HOME MOVIE)

2

We're watching an old Super-8 from someone's attic -- it's all jump cuts, washed-out colors and projector scratches. It's from October, 1968, and shows a SIX-YEAR OLD MULDER cavorting about the den in his Halloween costume: A Vulcan, complete with ears. (X)

MORRIS (V.O.)

He started out life happily
enough, as these things go. He
had parents who loved him, a
cute kid sister...

Little Mulder brings us to his sister, FOUR-YEAR OLD SAMANTHA, who wears a fairy costume and sits in a big swivel recliner.

Mulder zaps her with his phaser, then spins her around and around in the recliner. She yells at him. All of this footage is MOS, by the way -- all we hear is SCORE and Morris' VOICE.

MORRIS (V.O.)

... He had a roof over his head,
got all his flu shots, had all
his fingers and toes...

Little Mulder smiles up at us, waving and trying to adjust his crooked Vulcan ear. It falls off onto the floor. He picks it up and puts it back on, but it falls right off again. (X)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

MORRIS (V.O.)

And aside from being stuck with
the name "Fox," which probably
taught him how to fight...

Little Mulder stomps on the offending ear, then bursts into
tears and runs away.

MORRIS (V.O.)

... Or not...

The frame is empty, save for the ear stuck to the carpet.

MORRIS (V.O.)

He pretty much led a normal life.

Now into the empty frame comes YOUNG TEENA MULDER, Mulder's mom.
She half-coaxes, half-drags Little Mulder back into frame.

MORRIS (V.O.)

There were a few problems along
the way, of course. Everybody's
got their problems.

Little Mulder stomps the Vulcan ear once more for good measure, (X)
then goes tearing out of sight again -- leaving Young Teena
alone on camera. She smiles and waves self-consciously.

MORRIS (V.O.)

His mom and dad loved their
kids, but not always each other.

Spurred on by the cameraman, Young Teena comically vamps for us.
She bats her eyelashes, pretends to show a little leg.

MORRIS (V.O.)

Very possibly, there was...
infidelity in the marriage.
There were rumors of another man.

Young Teena waves o.s. -- we twizzle around to frame a 30-ish
MAN seated on the sofa, lighting a cigarette as we find him.
Young CSM? He gives us a pained smile, a self-conscious nod...
then motions for us to point the camera elsewhere.

We return to Teena. And now Little Mulder is back, mugging for
the camera again. Little Samantha comes running into frame, too.

MORRIS (V.O.)

But the worst thing by far, the
biggest kick in the slats this
kid Fox ever got was what
happened to his sister.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

We ZOOM IN on Little Samantha, hugging her mother's knees. She beams up at us, waves her fairy wand as if to grant us a wish.

MORRIS (V.O.)

One day, she just disappeared.

FREEZE FRAME on this image of Little Samantha. We:

FADE TO WHITE.

3 INT. TROPHY WALL (MONTAGE WITH DISSOLVES)

3

We're in no particular time or location. We're simply TRACKING left to right, lazily zig-zagging CLOSE past various framed mementos of Mulder's life: his 1986 diploma from Oxford University, his Quantico graduation certificate...

MORRIS (V.O.)

Now, Fox buckled down and worked his butt off. Graduated top of his class at Oxford, then top of his class at the FBI Academy. He was going places -- a real blue-flamer.

(X)

... FBI commendations. Mulder shaking hands with George Bush...

MORRIS (V.O.)

None of that hard work made up for his sister, though. It was just a way of putting her out of his mind. Only, she would never stay out of his mind for long. Finally, the way I figure it --

... Now, a familiar poster: "I WANT TO BELIEVE" with the UFO.

MORRIS (V.O.)

-- He went out of his mind. And he's been that way ever since.

... More weird paranormal crap: Crop circles, Bigfoot, Nessie, lots of flying saucers. This stuff isn't framed -- it reminds us of the bulletin board in Mulder's old office.

... Now a candid photo of Mulder and Scully together in their FBI windbreakers. We CREEP IN on this, favoring Scully.

MORRIS (V.O.)

The guy lives like a monk. Like he's got this great-looking partner.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MORRIS (cont'd; V.O.)
She's kind of a stiff, but great-
looking. If he had any sense,
they'd be boinking each other's
brains out.

CUT TO:

4 INT. MULDER'S OLD OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

4

The office is still drab and empty, as Agent Spender hasn't done much with the place. We slowly PAN to establish.

MORRIS (V.O.)
He even managed to have his
office taken away from him. I
mean, it was a dump, but still.

PANNING, we now find an open file cabinet -- an X-FILE CABINET. Now we find open file folders scattered atop it: reconstructed X-FILES. Mulder's own file is chief among them.

A MAN is here, too. He thumbs through Mulder's file. We only see him from the shoulders down. There's an FBI ID affixed to his suit jacket. It identifies the wearer as Agent FOX MULDER.

MORRIS (V.O.)
Fox Mulder pissed away a
brilliant career, lost the
respect of supervisors and
friends, and now lives his life
shaking his fist at the sky and
muttering about conspiracies to
anyone who'll listen. If you
ask me, he's one step away from
pushing a baby carriage filled
with tin cans down the street.

We CRANE UP, finally seeing the man wearing Agent Mulder's suit. He's MORRIS FLETCHER. He looks up from the files, stares past us. His expression is dreamy, satisfied... a man with big plans.

MORRIS (V.O.)
But now, all that's gonna change.

Off Morris, smiling:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. AHEARN'S GAS STATION - NIGHT - A WHITE JEEP CHEROKEE 5 (X)

Gets its rear door yanked open by a SOLDIER. Other SOLDIERS are hustling Mulder into the vehicle, though he tries to fight them off. This is a play-on from the last scene of 6X04. (X)

MULDER
HE'S NOT ME! SCULLY! --

SCULLY

Stands at the mini-mart door, watching Mulder get dragged away. She's not sure of herself, not happy with the role she just played in getting this strange man arrested. She looks to: (X)

HOWARD AND JEFF

The other Men In Black, who shoot her a cool glance before climbing into their own white Cherokee. With practiced speed, this cadre of men board their respective Jeeps and speed away. They take Mulder's sedan, too. (X)

The whole thing's over before we know it. Now, it's just Scully and Morris alone in the station, standing by their cars. (X)

Morris sidles up to Scully, nervous about what her reaction to him will be.

MORRIS
You hate me now, right?
(off her silence)
Dana, I'm sorry I narked on you
to Kersh. I just... I was
scared you'd lose your job.

Scully finally looks to him. Is she going to tear him a new one? We think she might, until...

SCULLY
You did the right thing, Mulder.

MORRIS
I did?

She nods, staring at him evenly.

SCULLY
I've said for years that you
needed to be more by the book.
Haven't I?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

He nods and shrugs, gives her a relieved smile.

MORRIS

Hey. It's the new me.

Is Scully buying all this? Oddly enough, she seems to be. Off Morris:

CUT TO:

6 INT. AREA 51 - BRIG - NIGHT - A MAN'S SHOES

6

Shuffle down the corridor -- leg irons JINGLE on concrete.

MULDER

Is flanked by TWO AIR POLICEMEN, brawny guys who each hold him by an elbow and hurry him down the corridor as fast as his leg irons will allow.

We're in a maximum-security brig -- not too large, but definitely not your local county jail. Plexi walls instead of steel bars give the place a sort of Hannibal Lecter feel.

ANGLE ON - AN EMPTY CELL

The sliding door MOTORS open and Mulder is forced in, almost tripping over his leg irons. Immediately, the Plexi door slides shut, locking him inside the tiny cell.

MULDER

(meaning leg irons)

Hey! Take these off, at least!

The M.P.s depart the way they came, not listening. Mulder looks (X) at the Plexi seeing... the reflection of Morris. He gives the (X) Plexi a WHACK with his hand. Solid. Now he notices:

JEFF SMOODGE

Morris' old friend. He's a dozen feet away down the corridor in the opposite direction, standing partly in shadow.

MULDER

Jeff? Jeff, get me out of here!
You don't know what's going on!

Jeff stares at Mulder. He wanders over, eyes downcast.

JEFF

No, buddy -- I sure as hell don't.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

With a last, bitter look to his former pal and betrayer, Jeff heads down the hall after the M.P.s. Mulder watches him go.

MULDER

Jeff! --

A CHUCKLE gets Mulder's attention. He turns, peers through the Plexi wall into the cell next to him. He has to squint to see.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You ain't going nowhere, Mibby.

IN THE ADJOINING CELL

It's dark, but we can make out the stout legs of an older woman seated on a bench. She wears leg irons, as well.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You and me have had our asses officially disappeared.

A lighter FIRES UP, revealing LANA CHEE, the elderly Hopi -- the (X) woman who is now Air Force Capt. Robert McDonough. She lights (X) her cigarette and stands up, shuffles to the Plexiglas.

MRS. CHEE

Looks like we're up fudge creek.

She blows smoke. Mulder is confused to see an old lady in here.

MULDER

Who are you?

MRS. CHEE

My call sign's "Maverick."

(beat)

Not like I'm gonna be hot-sticking it anytime soon.

She flicks her ash on the floor and reminisces sadly. Mulder just stares at her for a beat.

MULDER

Ma'am? Are you all right?

MRS. CHEE

Ma'am?! Kiss my ass, you desk monkey! --

Off Mulder, taken aback:

CUT TO:

7 CLOSE - COMPUTER GOLF GAME

7

The little player tees up and swings. This image is familiar to us from the last episode. We are:

INT. FBI BULLPEN - MORNING

LEGEND: FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Morris concentrates on his computer as if he's solving the Hoffa disappearance. We hear the digitized ROAR of the PGA crowd -- Morris must have sunk one. He mumbles the line from the Nike commercial.

MORRIS

I... am Tiger Woods.

He glances up at something o.s., then quickly closes his golf game. Up pops a boring FBI REPORT instead. Morris looks to:

SCULLY

Who approaches, looking like her dog just died, but trying to hide it. Her desk is across from Morris's -- she moves to it, gathering her things.

Morris kicks his feet, rolls his chair to her without getting up. He speaks sotto, concerned for her.

MORRIS

What did Kersh say?

She speaks by rote, cleaning off her desktop as she does.

SCULLY

He said I was willful and insubordinate and that I was not a team player. And that the FBI didn't need agents who were not team players.

MORRIS

What a jerk. Then what?

SCULLY

Two-week suspension without pay, effective immediately.

MORRIS

You're not serious! Who does he think he is?!

SCULLY

He said I was lucky to have a job at all.

Morris shakes his head, crushed.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MORRIS

I am... just so sorry.

Scully dumps a stack of papers into a satchel, leaving her desk nearly bare. She forces a smile that's more of a grimace.

SCULLY

I'll see you in two weeks.

She heads off. Morris stands up from his chair.

MORRIS

Hey, Dana?

She pauses, looks back at him. He steps closer.

MORRIS

You think a home-cooked meal might ease the pain?

(beat)

At my place? Say... eight o'clock?

He does his best to sound casual. She stares at him for a long beat, then gives a grateful little smile. Looks like a "yes."

CUT TO:

8 INT. AREA 51 - BRIG - MORNING

8

Morning sun slants down through tiny, high windows. It cuts across Mulder, who lies on the cot in his cell, wide awake. He looks like he's been through hell.

MRS. CHEE (O.S.)

So, there I am with this wet-behind-the-ears RIO flying backseat, and I'm thinking, hell, man, I'm gonna give this cherry the ride of his life.

Cigarette SMOKE wafts into frame. We ANGLE around to include Mrs. Chee in her adjacent cell, blowing smoke and yammering through the vent holes in the Plexi. Mulder tries his best to tune her out. Clearly, this has been going on for hours.

MRS. CHEE

So, I'm putting the spurs to her, you know, doing a little hassling with my wing man Buzzsaw. Now, Buzzsaw --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MULDER

Maverick? Can you --

MRS. CHEE

Hold up. Now, Buzzsaw gets on my zero, he's right on my zero --

MULDER

(talking over her)

Maverick..? Maverick. Maverick.

She keeps talking. She flies her hands around, illustrating the maneuvers.

MRS. CHEE

-- And when Buzzsaw gets on your zero, he's on you like a damn dog tick. I mean, you ain't shaking that son of a gun, you know what I'm saying? Anyways...

MULDER

Hey, Grandma Top Gun! Shut -- the hell -- up!

Mrs. Chee glares. She flicks her cigarette butt through the vent hole at him.

MRS. CHEE

You're my bitch, pencil-neck.

A tense beat -- then Mulder jumps up and jams his arm through the vent hole to the shoulder, trying to get at Mrs. Chee's throat. She shuffles just out of reach, taunting him. When:

BOOTSTEPS approach, getting their attention. They both look to:

THE TWO AIR POLICEMEN

Who stand outside Mulder's cell. The cell door slides open.

FIRST AIR POLICEMAN

General Wegman wants to see you.

Mulder pulls his arm back into his own cell. He coolly appraises the M.P.s, then shuffles his leg irons toward the door.

CUT TO:

9 INT. WEGMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING - ON THE DESKTOP

9

The familiar FLIGHT DATA RECORDER gets plopped into frame.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

GENERAL WEGMAN

Sits at his desk in a shot reminiscent of Sterling Hayden in "Dr. Strangelove." The FDR lies before him. We PULL BACK to include Howard and Jeff standing, flanking him on either side.

WEGMAN

Son, you've got a set on you,
I'll say that much.

We keep PULLING BACK to find Mulder seated before them, flanked by the two Air Policemen. He's no longer in leg irons.

JEFF

Why didn't you tell us what you
were doing from the start?

MULDER

Looks from Jeff to Howard to the General. He's apprehensive, wondering where this is going.

MULDER

Meaning..?

Wegman taps the flight data recorder that lies before him.

WEGMAN

It's the wrong one.

Mulder stares at it, not understanding.

WEGMAN

You replaced the flight data
recorder. This one's from..?

HOWARD

-- A scrapped F-111. Junk.
(beat)

You gave the FBI the wrong
flight data recorder. Why?

JEFF

Morry, if you were running a
scam on the FBI, why the hell
didn't you let us in on it?

Mulder stares at these three men, beginning to realize that someone -- somewhere -- may be throwing him a lifeline.

He grabs it. He clears his throat, puts on his best game face.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

MULDER

I didn't know if I could trust you.

(off their looks)

We have a security leak, gentlemen. For all I knew, it was one of you. Therefore, I felt I had to approach Agent Scully alone in order to discover who her contact is. Unfortunately, her partner...

(spits out the name)

... Agent Mulder, screwed everything up.

HOWARD

Why didn't you tell us all this afterward?

MULDER

I knew you wouldn't believe me until you figured it out for yourselves.

Howard and Jeff glance at one another, still a bit confused. (X)

HOWARD

So, the real flight data recorder is safe? (X)

MULDER

Oh, yeah. Absolutely. (X)

Everyone waits for Mulder to say more. He doesn't. Finally: (X)

HOWARD

And you will bring it back. (X)

MULDER

Oh, yeah. Sure. (X)

Mulder smiles nonchalantly... masking the fact he doesn't have the slightest idea how he's going to pull that off. The General breaks into a grin, shakes his head. (X)

WEGMAN

By god, you do have a set on you.

He nods for the two M.P.s to go. They exit. The tension in the room does not ease, though, as Wegman turns his attention to Howard. The general's smile wanes. (X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

WEGMAN

I wish I could say the same (X)
about your colleagues. About (X)
those who proffer rumor and (X)
innuendo. Those who make (X)
dangerous accusations. (X)

HOWARD

Sir, Morris' behavior seemed to (X)
support my suspicions -- (X)
(X)

WEGMAN

You can explain yourself to the (X)
Review Panel in Washington. (X)
I've wired them recommending (X)
censure for your actions. (X)
You're lucky I don't throw you (X)
in the brig. (X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (4)

9

Howard is silent, this ass-kicking weighing on him. Jeff looks (X)
from Howard to Mulder, who remains poker-faced. Off Jeff, (X)
studying his old friend closely:

CUT TO:

10 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - DAY

10

We PAN, revealing a wide view of the living room, to establish.
We hear the sound of the DOOR OPENING o.s. Morris enters frame,
carrying a couple of grocery bags. He takes a look around the
place, not impressed by what he sees.

MORRIS

Uh... huh.

He exits frame, headed for the kitchen.

11 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

11

Morris carries the bags down the short hallway into the kitchen,
setting them down on the f.g. countertop. He unloads all the
makings of a gourmet meal, including a bottle of Pol Roger.

He unloads two big handfuls of CANDLES, mumbling to himself:

MORRIS

Mood lighting for the bedroom...

Carrying the candles against his chest and trying not to drop
any, he heads back into the hallway, looking for the bedroom.
He walks to the far end of the hall and then back, not seeing
what he's looking for.

MORRIS

No bedroom?

He pauses by a hallway door -- one we may or may not have seen
over the past five years, depending on how sharp our eyes are.

NEW ANGLE - ON THE HALLWAY DOOR

With his free hand, Morris twists the knob and pulls. Nothing
happens. He pulls harder. Finally...

... The door JERKS open. An avalanche comes sliding out across
his feet -- old files, tax returns, UFO photos, skin magazines.
The room is filled nipple-high with stacks of useless crap.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

This, indeed, is Mulder's long-lost BEDROOM. Morris studies this mess, dismayed.

MORRIS

Guy hasn't been laid in ten years!

Off Morris, knowing he's got his work cut out for him:

CUT TO:

12 EXT. FLETCHER HOUSE - DAY - MULDER

12

Is behind the wheel of Morris' car. He pulls in, stopping short for a big mound of Morris' BELONGINGS piled in the driveway.

Mulder gets out, surveying the stack of suitcases and remembering just how unhappy Joanne is with him (as per 6X04). As he stoops to pick up a stray can of shaving cream, he notices:

MULDER'S POV - WAY DOWN THE STREET

Sunlight FLASHES briefly off an n.d. sedan which is just now easing to a stop at the curb. Inside the car are TWO N.D. MEN whom we don't recognize.

They're parked about where Morris was parked the other day when he was surveilling Mulder. It's pretty clear these two guys are surveilling Mulder, as well.

MULDER

Slowly stands up again, warily eyeing the n.d. sedan. As he turns to the house...

CHRIS FLETCHER

Morris' daughter, comes striding down the driveway, pretending she doesn't see the man she knows as her father. She has a shiny gold NOSE RING prominently looped through one nostril.

MULDER

Hey, Chris.

(off her silence)

I like your nose ring.

She snorts, utterly disgusted.

CHRIS

As if.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

She heads to her mom's minivan parked on the street. TERRY, the Fletcher's 12-year-old son, jogs out of the house after Chris.

MULDER

Terry, buddy. How's it going?

TERRY

Mom says she's taking out a restraining order on you!

He runs to the minivan, jumps in. It peels off down the street. Mulder watches it go, then glances once more at the two men surveilling him. He chucks the shaving cream into the pile of stuff in the driveway, then enters the house.

CUT TO:

13 INT. FLETCHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE WINDOW CURTAINS 13

Are closed. Mulder steps into frame, pulls them open just a tad so he can spy on the men parked up the street. Through the window, we can make out their sedan in the distance.

JOANNE (O.S.)

What are you doing back?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE JOANNE

Who's had a bad night, her eyes red from crying. She stands in the kitchen doorway with her arms crossed, looking defiant.

MULDER

Joanne --

JOANNE

Your stuff is all outside. Take it and get out.

MULDER

Please listen to me. I've got something I need to tell you.

JOANNE

I've heard about enough from you for one lifetime, Morris. Go tell it to that tramp of yours, Scully what's-her-name.

MULDER

Dana Scully. Special Agent Dana Scully.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JOANNE
Special tramp Dana Scully.

MULDER
Joanne... she's my partner.

JOANNE
(a beat; stung)
You miserable bastard! I'm
supposed to be your partner!

Mulder figures it's time to let the chips fall where they may.
He takes a breath, launches into it.

MULDER
Joanne... my name is not Morris
Fletcher. It's Fox Mulder.
Special Agent Fox Mulder with
the FBI. Dana Scully is my FBI
partner.

(beat)
I'm not your husband. I may
look like him, sound like him...
smell like him for all I know,
but I'm not him.

She stares at him, trying to figure out what his angle is.

MULDER
I'll prove it. Ask me anything.
Ask me what our anniversary is.
(off her silence)
See? I have absolutely no idea!
I couldn't tell you if you put
a gun to my head!

JOANNE
I'll put a gun to your head.

MULDER
Who's your favorite Beatle? Are
you allergic to penicillin?
Hell if I know! We... are
not... married! We're complete
strangers, and I have a whole
other life I am desperately
trying to get back to!

Joanne just stares at him deadpan. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

JOANNE

You know, Morris... most men, when they have their mid-life crisis? They buy themselves a sports car.

Mulder sees convincing her won't be easy. But he's desperate. He pulls back the curtain and steers her to the window.

MULDER

Look out there. Up the street. You see that car with the two men in it? They're surveilling me, spying on me.

(closes the curtain)

I don't know if he ever told you this, but your husband has a very dangerous job. And these people think I'm him -- your husband -- just like you do. Only, they don't trust me. So, one false move and I'm history. Which means your husband is history, because I won't be able to put things back the way they're supposed to be.

(leaden silence)

Do you understand what I'm saying, Joanne?

He speaks so earnestly, and his story is so demented, that Joanne isn't even angry anymore. She just seems tired, deflated.

JOANNE

Morris, if you don't like the man you've become, I don't blame you one bit. But this... flight from reality isn't the answer.

(beat)

Accept who you are -- however repulsive that may be.

She turns on her heel and goes upstairs, deserting him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT - SCULLY

14

Rounds into view, approaches the door to Mulder's apartment. She checks her watch, then RAPS on the door. She sighs, waits.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The door opens and Morris appears, smiling. He wears an apron with "Something Smells GOOD!" printed on it.

MORRIS
Perfect timing! Welcome!

He holds open the door. Scully enters.

15 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

15

Scully steps inside, immediately caught off-guard. She glances around at:

THE LIVING ROOM

Which is... different. It's much, much neater. Spartan, in fact -- along with spotlessly clean, and brightly lit. The familiar furniture is arranged differently, or just plain gone. Cold, toney art posters hang under halogen accent lamps.

SCULLY
Mulder... Wow.

MORRIS
You like?
(off her nod)
I just thought it was time to stop living like a frat boy. Come see the rest of it.

Morris pulls off his apron and leads her to:

16 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

He clicks on the light, presenting the room to Scully. As she stares into it, surprised, we PULL BACK to REVEAL...

... All of Mulder's junk is gone. The place is neat as a pin. And in the center of it all rests a big, brand-new, CANOPY BED.

SCULLY
I didn't even know you had a bedroom.

MORRIS
Oh, yeah. Gotta have a place to lounge around reading the Sunday New York Times.

He enters, nods for her to follow. She does so. He pats the end of the bed, indicating for her to give it a test-drive.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

1

SCULLY

No, that's okay.

MORRIS

Seriously. Check it out. Go ahead.

(off her stare)

Seriously.

Humoring him, Scully seats herself on the bed. It GURGLES, and she undulates -- and it's clear this is a WATERBED.

SCULLY

Wow.

He moves to sit next to her -- then sort of "slips" as he does so, falling backwards on the waterbed with enough force that it makes her fall backwards, too. Instantly, they're both lying on their backs, undulating up and down, side by side.

MORRIS

Whoops! Hey, whoa...

He chuckles, acting all "silly me." She stares up overhead.

SCULLY

Mulder..?

SCULLY'S POV - THE ROOF OF THE CANOPY BED

Is lined with a MIRROR. In it, we see Scully lying next to MULDER, not Morris. Mulder gives her a little tip of the hat.

RESUME

Morris stares at her in the mirror, shrugs.

MORRIS

So maybe I like to read the New York Times backwards.

(beat)

Do you hate it?

Scully is silent, considering. Then she surprises us.

SCULLY

No. I don't hate it.

MORRIS

Well, all right, then.

Morris struggles to sit up, a shit-eating grin on his face.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

MORRIS

Don't go away.

He's out the door and gone. Scully sits up on her elbows, but does indeed stay put. Again, surprising us.

17 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - A CHAMPAGNE CHILLER

17

Rests on the countertop, sweating ice water. The bottle of Pol Roger gets chunked down into it.

REVERSE - MORRIS

Grabs it up in a hug, reaching for two champagne flutes with the other hand. He speaks low under his breath -- "Let's Get It On."(X)

We TRACK LOW with Morris as he hurries back down the hallway and reenters the bedroom. He kicks the door with his foot.

The door closes on us with finality, shutting us out from the bedroom. Leaving our imaginations to run horribly wild.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE MIRROR OVER THE BED 18

Shows MULDER seated next to Scully, unpeeling the foil off the bottle of champagne. We TILT DOWN (SPFX) to find...

... MORRIS actually doing the honors. Scully holds her empty flute, waiting for him to get the cork off. He tries to hurry.

MORRIS

Just one minute...

Scully watches him struggle with the foil. She reaches under her jacket, feels for something at the back of her waistband.

SCULLY

You know what would really be fun?

She pulls out her HANDCUFFS, dangles them. He gets excited.

MORRIS

Oh-hh, yeah. Me first?

SCULLY

You first.

She hands them to him. He holds the bottle between his knees as he SNAPS the cuffs to a wrist, then the bedpost. We CREEP IN on him as he does this, squeezing Scully completely out of the shot.

When he's done, he turns back to her, a big grin on his face.

MORRIS

Now what?

He sees something that makes his grin fade.

NEW ANGLE - SCULLY

Has her pistol trained on Morris. Fun's over.

SCULLY

You're not Mulder.

MORRIS

What? Baby...

SCULLY

You "Baby" me and you'll be peeing through a catheter. You're Morris Fletcher.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

The fact that he doesn't deny it, just sort of winces and shrugs, tells her she's right.

SCULLY

That was Mulder who got arrested in the desert. He was telling the truth about you.

(beat)

How do we return things to normal?

MORRIS

How should I know?

(snort)

I wouldn't even do it if I could. You met my wife -- you think I wanna go back to that? Two kids who'd probably kill me in my sleep for the insurance money... a four hundred thousand-dollar mortgage on a house that just appraised at two twenty-six... And my job. Ye gods. You think being a Man In Black is all voodoo mind-control? You should see the paperwork...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Are you through?

MORRIS

This thing was a gift from heaven, as far as I'm concerned.

(beat)

And anyway, no one's ever gonna believe you -- so you might as well get used to me being here.

SCULLY

Or, I just shoot you. Baby.

It's clear from her face -- she means it. He gets nervous.

MORRIS

I'm telling you, I have no idea how to change things back!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SCULLY

What about Mulder's source --
the man he intended to meet in
the desert? Maybe he knows.
How do I get in contact with him?

MORRIS

I don't know anything about that.
(smirk)
Sorry. You're out of luck.

The phone beside the bed RINGS. The built-in answering machine
picks up after one ring. We hear the GREETING over the speaker.

MORRIS (FILTERED V.O.)

Hello, hello. I'm very busy...
entertaining a special guest.
Leave a message, and I'll get
back to you.

Scully glares at Morris, wanting to shoot him upon hearing this.
Now we hear the CALLER -- an unidentifiable man, his voice low
and conspiratorial (and maybe electronically MODIFIED).

CALLER (FILTERED V.O.)

Agent Mulder -- I'm trying you
one last time. Are you or are
you not interested in the
classified information I have to
give you? Please pick up the
phone if you're there.

Morris tries not to visibly wince hearing this -- bad, bad
timing. Scully jumps on it, pokes Morris in the ribs with her
gun to get him to pick up the phone. Reluctantly, he does.

MORRIS

(into phone)
Mulder --

Scully puts her ear beside his, listening intently. Off them:

CUT TO:

19 EXT. FLETCHER HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

19 (X)

A LEGEND tells us it's 4:47 P.M. The Fletchers' MINIVAN drives (X)
past, pulling into the driveway. Joanne climbs out, finding (X)
Morris' possessions still piled where she left them. (X)

CUT TO:

(X)

20 INT. FLETCHER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - ANGLE THROUGH CURTAINS 20 (X)

Of Joanne in the driveway. We peek out at her as she grabs two (X)
suitcases from the pile. As she heads up the walk toward us... (X)
WE PAN to spy the two familiar N.D. Men, parked down the street. (X)

MULDER (X)

Peers out through a crack in the curtains, keeping tabs on those (X)
keeping tabs on him. It's a day later now -- Mulder wears (X)
different clothes and has a trace of stubble. He looks to:

THE FRONT DOOR

As it opens. Joanne enters, carrying the suitcases. (X)

JOANNE

I guess we've given the (X)
neighbors enough to talk about.

She puts down the suitcases, starts back out for more. She
pauses at the sight of Mulder peeking out the window again.

JOANNE

For god's sake, Morris -- first
you couldn't wait to get away
from me, and now you won't leave
the house.

Mulder considers. He lets go of the curtain, turns to her.

MULDER

Where can we go?

JOANNE

What do you mean?

MULDER

You're right -- let's get out of
the house. Go someplace with a
lot of people.

JOANNE

Someplace with a lot of people.

(off his nod)

In Rachel, Nevada.

MULDER

What do you say?

To Joanne, this sounds like he's showing some interest... asking
her out on a date. For her, it's been a long time. She can't
help but show a little hope, suspicious though she may be.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ROADHOUSE PARKING LOT - TWILIGHT - A SIGN 21

Tells us this is the "Little A'Le' Inn," a UFO-themed bar which is long on character (this is a real place in Rachel, Nevada). We CRANE DOWN to find a rental car pulling to a stop in f.g., facing the bar. We're looking in on the backs of the occupants' heads -- a man and a woman we assume are Mulder and Joanne.

22 INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS 22

We may be surprised to find it's actually Scully behind the wheel and Morris seated next to her. Scully keeps her pistol discreetly in her lap, pointed his way. (X) (X)

Scully cuts the engine. They both stare out at the bar. (X)

SCULLY

Alright. One more time.

MORRIS

(by rote)

I'll go in there alone, just like he said to. He'll be wearing a Buffalo Bills cap.

SCULLY

(dangerous)

And?

MORRIS

And if I try to slip out the back door -- dadada-deedeede.

SCULLY

Get going.

MORRIS

Can't we start over, do the thing with the handcuffs?

She CLICKS back the hammer on her Sig, shutting him up. He pulls his door handle and gets out, heads for the bar. He looks back at Scully, mimes for her to chill out. She watches him go, not taking her eyes off him.

23 INT. ROADHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

23

This place is a straight-faced shrine to flying saucers, with lots of kitschy alien dolls and UFO photos. It's a full house. The clientele is half TRUCKERS, half CONSPIRACY KOOKS.

Morris enters. He moves through the dark, crowded roadhouse, searching for someone in particular. (X)

As he passes by us in close f.g., exiting frame, we RACK TO the bar mirror in the background. In it, we see MULDER (Morris' reflection) walking the length of the bar. (X)

We TRACK ALONG with him, following him in the mirror. MULDER passes... MORRIS, who is seated at the bar next to Joanne. She is talking intensely to him, demanding his full attention.

Neither man sees the other. Now, we PAN from the bar mirror to the bar itself and see MULDER -- the real Mulder -- seated beside Joanne. Behind them, MORRIS -- the real Morris -- walks on through the bar, neither party aware of the other's presence. (X)

NEW ANGLE - MORRIS

The real Morris, we're done with the mirror for now -- continues through the crowded bar. He slows, seeing what he's looking for. (X)

MORRIS' POV - A BUFFALO BILLS CAP (X)

Rests on the head of a man seated in a back booth. We can't see his face from here, as a high booth divider blocks him from view.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MORRIS

Heads toward the man. He sees...

HIS MOVING POV - THE BILLS CAP

Is revealed to be on the head of... General Wegman. The General is in mufti, hunkered over a beer and peering up at us nervously.

MORRIS

Can't believe his eyes. He blurts out:

MORRIS

You're the guy?

Wegman SHUSHES Morris, his eyes darting around to see if anyone overheard. He motions him to sit down quick. Morris does.

MORRIS

I'll be damned.

He's delighted by this turn of events, which bewilders Wegman.

NEW ANGLE - CLOSE - WHITE WINE GLASS

(X)

We follow it as Joanne raises it to her lips. She takes a sip, then looks to Mulder -- who is busy gazing distractedly at the front door.

(X)

(X)

(X)

JOANNE

Are you expecting someone?

(X)

MULDER

No, I'm not expecting someone.

(X)

(X)

JOANNE

Because if you're here expecting someone, and not to buy me a drink, tell me now so I can divorce you and take the house.

MULDER

Joanne... have another white wine.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

She eyes him suspiciously, then flags down the BARTENDER and orders a second drink. While she's briefly distracted, Mulder takes the opportunity to glance at the door again. He sees:

MULDER'S POV - THE FRONT DOOR

The two familiar N.D. Men have just entered. They glance our way briefly, then find a table near the door -- a good vantage point from which to keep a covert eye on Mulder.

MULDER

Looks to Joanne just as she turns back to him. He gives her a smile, acts casual.

MULDER

Wow. That beer went right through me.

He excuses himself, heads for the bathroom in the back. As he exits frame, we RACK from him to Wegman's booth in the b.g. Neither Wegman nor Morris notice Mulder, nor does he see them.

NEW ANGLE - AT WEGMAN'S BOOTH

Morris and Wegman have a fair amount of privacy back here. They're in the midst of a WHISPERED conversation.

MORRIS

You sabotaged a UFO? --

WEGMAN

Keep your voice down. I didn't intend for it to crash, I just meant to disable the stealth module so you could see it. (X)

MORRIS

What are you, like, disgruntled? (X)

Wegman doesn't get where Morris is coming from -- he of course doesn't realize that this man knows him, and knows him well.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

2:

WEGMAN

You make me sound like some postal clerk. My motivations are complex... and frankly, none of your business.

(X)

(beat)

(X)

What you came for is on the floor by your feet.

(X)

Morris leans forward in his seat, eases a glance under the table.

HIS POV - ON THE FLOOR

Lies a brown paper bag which Wegman slides forward with his foot. We see that in it lies the orange FLIGHT DATA RECORDER.

Off Morris, looking from it back to the General:

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED

24 (X)

25 EXT. ROADHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

25 (X)

We FIND Mulder appearing from behind the building, hurrying our way. He hunkers down, sneaking along a row of parked cars, trying each driver's door in turn.

(X)

(X)

(X)

On the third car, the door yanks open. Mulder is surprised to find:

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Behind the wheel.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Scully?

(X)

Scully stares back at him, also surprised.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Mulder?

(X)

Mulder looks behind him -- is she talking to me?

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

It really is you, Mulder?

(X)

He nods, watches the front of the roadhouse for the N.D. Men.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

2

MULDER
(climbing in)
What are you doing here? (X)
(X)

SCULLY
Trying to figure out a way to
help you. (X)
(X)

On the car door shutting: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

26 OMITTED

26 (X)

27 EXT. BACK OF ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

27

Out the back door comes an impatient Joanne, looking for her husband. Nothing out here but a dumpster and the desert.

JOANNE

Morris? --

No answer. Joanne walks around the dark side of the building. We TRAVEL with her.

JOANNE

Morris? --

She sees something up ahead which stops her cold.

JOANNE'S POV - THE RENTAL SEDAN

Mulder and Scully are where we left them, talking intently.

JOANNE

Stares at them. If looks could kill...

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

28

29 INT. ROADHOUSE - THE BACK DOOR

(X)29

BANGS open as Joanne re-enters the roadhouse. We FOLLOW HER as she storms back toward her seat at the bar, then let her leave frame as we find: (X)
(X)
(X)

MORRIS

(X)

Rising from his seat, grabbing the PAPER BAG with the FDR in it. (X)
He did not see his wife pass, nor did she see him. He gives a (X)
smart-ass little salute to Wegman, then heads through the crowd toward the front door.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

2

Morris immediately stops, surprised to see: (X)

HIS POV - JOANNE (X)

At the bar. A woman scorned, she looks pissed. Yet she is clearly fighting back a wave of hurt. (X)

RESUME MORRIS (X)

We PUSH IN slightly on him as he's struck by seeing his wife and the pain she's in -- pain he'd never thought about until now... (X)

... Then he is struck by something more urgent. He quickly does an about-face and heads in the opposite direction. We WHIP-PAN to what turned him around, which is: (X)

JEFF

Who has just entered the place in b.g. behind Joanne. Jeff gives the crowd a cursory glance, not seeing Morris. Jeff sees the two N.D. Men seated near the door. He and the men exchange meaningful looks. The men shake their heads. (X)

Jeff now notices Joanne at the bar. As he crosses to her: (X)

NEW ANGLE - PAST THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR

We can just make out Jeff in b.g. Fleeing him, Morris slips unseen into the men's room, carrying the bag. (X)

NEW ANGLE - JOANNE (X)

Hardly notices as Jeff steps up to her at the bar. (X)

JEFF

Joanne! How you doing? Hey, have you seen Morris?

She's busy glaring o.s. at someone. Jeff sees she's looking at -- (X)

MULDER

Who is just now returning to the bar, having reentered the building through the back door. He's looking around for Morris.

Without a word, Joanne strides right up to Mulder, grabs her white wine off the bartop and FLIPS it on his shirt. PATRONS around them shut up and look.

MULDER

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

JEFF
(coming forward)
Whoa! Guys! --

Joanne brushes past Jeff, returning to her seat. She waves to the bartender for another in b.g. Jeff looks to Mulder.

JEFF
Morry, what the hell was that?

Mulder looks at Jeff, not at all thrilled he's here. He shrugs.

MULDER
I guess I make a lousy husband.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

JEFF
I'll talk to her. Go clean
yourself up.

Jeff pats him on the shoulder, crosses to Joanne. Mulder takes (X)
his advice and heads for...

CLOSE - THE MEN'S ROOM

He pushes through the door, disappearing inside.

CUT TO:

30 INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - AT THE SINK

30

Mulder grabs paper towels, wets them down, dabs at the front of
his shirt. When he happens to glance up, he gets a surprise.

HIS POV - THE SINK MIRROR

Shows a reflection of... MULDER, not Morris. But this Mulder
wears different clothes. He stares at us, shocked.

A hand reaches into frame, touching the jerry-rigged mirror.
It's hanging on a wire or something, turned slightly askew --
not it straightens, and we see MORRIS (Mulder's real reflection)
in the mirror along with MULDER.

MULDER

Turns from the sink and sees Morris behind him, looking nervous.

MULDER
So, you're the guy who wants my
life.

Mulder is on Morris immediately, grabbing him by the collar and
pushing him back against the stall.

MULDER
I'm assuming that includes all
the ass-kickings.

MORRIS
Wait! You don't wanna do this!

MULDER
Yeah... I do.

Morris guards his face and talks fast.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MORRIS

Jeff's out there! If he sees us
together, we're both dead!

(opens the bag)

Especially when he finds this.

He shows Mulder the flight data recorder. Seeing it, Mulder
reluctantly refrains from punching him.

MULDER

Take it to Scully.

MORRIS

(points to his ear)

You must have some sort of waxy
build-up. I said Jeff was here.
No way am I going out there
until he leaves. You sneak it
past him -- you're his buddy.

MULDER

I'm his buddy? He doesn't trust
me as far as he could throw me.
You saw to that!

They glare at one another -- neither knowing what to do next.

CUT TO:

31 OMITTED
AND
32

31 (X)
AND
32

33 INT. ROADHOUSE - GENERAL WEGMAN

33

Still sits alone in his private booth, unaware of all these goings-on, and wrestling with his own demons. He drains his beer mug and rises to go. (X)

We TRAVEL with Wegman as he heads through the thick crowd, making for the front door. Suddenly he does an about-face, as did Morris earlier. We REVEAL it's for the same reason: Jeff is sitting at the bar, consoling Joanne. (X)

NEW ANGLE - PAST THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR

We've got a clear shot to Jeff in the b.g. Wegman hurries past the bar, shading the side of his face with a hand. Taking the quickest exit, he ducks through the familiar men's room door.

34 INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

The place appears empty. Wegman enters frame past us, pacing nervously, wondering what the hell he's going to do. When...

... Both Mulder and Morris peek up Kilroy-style over the top of one of the stalls. Wegman looks to them. Silence for a beat.

MULDER

Hey.

WEGMAN

(a beat)

Hey.

Off this "Midnight Cowboy" moment...

CUT TO:

35 INT. ROADHOUSE - THE BACK DOOR

35

Swings open and Scully enters, looking for Mulder and Morris. Instead of finding them, she sees:

JEFF

Standing by the bar with Joanne.

(X)

SCULLY

Backs out of sight, next to the men's room. Suddenly, out of it (X) strides Wegman, heading full steam toward Jeff.

NEW ANGLE - BY THE BAR

Jeff sees Wegman coming and rises, surprised by his presence. (X)
The N.D. Men snap to in b.g., stepping up. (X)

JEFF

General Wegman.

WEGMAN

You men come with me.

He doesn't slow his pace, but continues on out the front door. Jeff and the N.D. Men quickly follow.

CUT TO:

(X)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

(X)

36 EXT. ROADHOUSE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - WEGMAN

36

Marches out into the middle of the lot, trailing Jeff and the N.D. boys. He's looking for someone.

JEFF

Sir? What are we, uh...

WEGMAN

There! Detain that man!

Jeff and the boys turn to see where Wegman is looking.

THEIR POV - MULDER

Can be seen in the distance, skulking along behind a line of parked cars. He's carrying a familiar PAPER BAG.

JEFF

Stares at this man he thinks is his old friend, suspecting the worst of him. The two N.D. Men don't hesitate -- they go booking across the lot.

NEW ANGLE - MULDER

Walks among the cars, scrutinizing each one he passes. The four Area 51 men come galloping his way, getting his attention. He is quickly surrounded.

MULDER

Guys..?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JEFF
What's in the bag, Morris?

MULDER
Uh... Beer?

WEGMAN
You're sure it's not a flight
data recorder?

They all look to Wegman. One of the N.D. Men grabs the bag from Mulder's hand. He opens it, looks inside... and is confused. He holds it open for Jeff and Wegman to see.

THEIR POV - INSIDE THE BAG

Is a six-pack of bottles.

MULDER

Shrugs.

MULDER
No, it's beer.
(to Jeff)
Looks like Joanne ditched me.

Jeff and the N.D. Men glance at one another, not really sure what just happened. Wegman and Mulder share a quick, sub rosa look -- just enough to let us know they're in on this together.

Way off on the other side of the lot, a CAR STARTS UP and motors onto the highway. We barely get a look at it before it's just taillights in the darkness.

JEFF

Watches it go, then looks back at Mulder, suspicious of the timing. He knows more is going on here than meets the eye.

37 INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS - THE ROADHOUSE

37

Recedes behind them. Scully drives. Morris rides next to her. From his jacket he pulls... the FLIGHT DATA RECORDER, chunks it on the dash in f.g. He leans his head way back and sighs, relieved to be out of there.

Off him and Scully, who is concerned for Mulder...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

38 INT. LONE GUNMEN OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

38

LANGLY and BYERS sit at a round kitchen table, eating breakfast. The third chair is empty, though a place setting is present. Langly cleans his plate and TAPS it with his fork.

LANGLY
More huevos rancheros.

FROHIKE appears, wearing a stained apron. A toothpick dangles from his lip. He carries a frying pan, shovels more eggs onto Langly's plate. (X)

FROHIKE
"Mas huevos rancheros."

BYERS
... "Por favor."

An insistent KNOCKING on the door gets their attention. Frohike moves to check a VIDEO MONITOR beside the door -- part of their make-shift security system. WE ADJUST to see...

... Mulder and Scully on the monitor, waiting impatiently at the door. Scully carries a black duffel bag.

SCULLY
(through door)
Open up!

Frohike unlocks the numerous locks, opening the door to reveal Scully and... MORRIS. Frohike, of course, sees him as Mulder.

FROHIKE
If I'd known you were coming,
I'd have made more salsa.

SCULLY
We need your help. Right now.

Byers and Langly wipe their mouths and pad over, joining them. Scully hoists the duffel bag onto a work bench. She unzips it, pulling out the flight data recorder.

LANGLY
Who crashed?

SCULLY
Who, what, why. I want to know
everything that's on this data
recorder.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Byers sits on a stool in front of the FDR, examining it while the boys huddle around. Morris, meanwhile, wanders through the office, checking the place out.

BYERS

It's similar in size and shape
to FDRs used on the SR-71.

Byers twists the handle on the end, opens the hermetically sealed unit and pulls out a drawer of electronics.

FROHIKE

Definitely not standard-issue.

In the b.g., Morris thumbs through an issue of "The Lone Gunmen" newspaper. He chuckles to himself, drawing their attention. They glance at one another, then look back to the FDR.

BYERS

Where'd you get this?

SCULLY

Groom Lake. Outside Area 51.

The boys exchange a look -- the holy grail.

FROHIKE

Dreamland...

LANGLY

The Aurora Spyplane.

SCULLY

What's that?

FROHIKE

Black World. Top, top secret.
A Skunkworks special.

BYERS

Aurora is a hypersonic
reconnaissance aircraft fueled
by slush-hydrogen.

LANGLY

Or methylcyclohexane.

In the b.g., Morris snorts, trying not to laugh as he turns a page in the paper. The Gunmen look to him, then back to Scully.

FROHIKE

What's with him?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

Before Scully can answer --

MORRIS

You boys like that name? I was either gonna go with "Aurora" or "Borealis."

FROHIKE

What the hell's he talking about?

BYERS

Mulder..?

SCULLY

That's not Mulder.

LANGLY

Huh?

Scully was dreading this conversation. She takes a breath.

SCULLY

We think the crash of this particular aircraft -- whatever it was -- resulted in... um...

MORRIS

My name is Morris Fletcher. I work at Area 51. I assumed Mulder's identity through a warp in the space-time continuum.

The Gunmen look to each other, breaking out in broad grins. This is ridiculous. But Scully remains grim. Curious, Frohike turns, squinting at Morris as if trying to see through his skin.

MORRIS

Trust me, little man, I ain't him.

Frohike is taken aback. Morris shakes his head.

MORRIS

I love you guys, I really do. You're the...
(finger quotes)
... "Lone Gunmen," aren't you? You guys are my herces -- look at this crap you print!

He holds up the newspaper. Their faces fall.

BYERS

We uncover the truth.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

MORRIS

Truth? That's what's great about you monkeys. You not only believe this horse pucky we make up, you broadcast it.

He points to the front-page photo of Saddam Hussein, with the headline: "SADDAM TESTS MANDROID ARMY IN IRAQI DESERT."

MORRIS

I mean, look at this... there is no Saddam Hussein. This guy's name is John Gillnitz. We found him doing dinner theater in Tulsa. Did a mean "King and I." Plays a great ethnic.

LANGLY

You're saying Saddam Hussein is a government plant?

MORRIS

I'm saying I invented the guy. We set him up in '79. He rattles his saber every time we need a good diversion. If you guys knew how many of your stories I dreamed up while sitting on the pot...

FROHIKE

(stung)

What stories?

MORRIS

I'm sorry, Melvin, that's classified.

FROHIKE

It's Frohike, you punkass. What've you done with Mulder?!

Scully's had enough. She pulls the digital tape out of the FDR.

SCULLY

Shut up, all of you. If you want Mulder back, get me these results.

Off the Gunmen:

CUT TO:

39 INT. GENERAL WEGMAN'S OFFICE - DAY - CONFETTI

39

Streams out of a paper shredder. We TILT UP to reveal General Wegman, feeding official-looking documents into the machine. A KNOCK draws his attention to the closed door.

WEGMAN

Who is it?

MULDER (O.S.)

Morris Fletcher.

WEGMAN

Come in.

Mulder enters, closing the door behind him.

WEGMAN

We shouldn't be seen together --
not after last night.
Fletcher... Mulder... whoever
you are.

Wegman moves to the windows, pulling closed the venetian blinds.

MULDER

I'm hoping this is our last
meeting. Agent Scully's flying
back tonight with the analysis
of that flight data recorder.

Wegman nods and continues shredding documents.

WEGMAN

It'll be too late to save me.

MULDER

(understanding)

Now that the real Morris knows
you're the leak.

WEGMAN

Once you get back -- if you get
back -- he'll have me arrested.
Disappeared. Even if he
doesn't, his colleagues will
figure out soon enough I
sabotaged that craft.

MULDER

Why'd you do it?

WEGMAN

I didn't mean for it to crash,
I just wanted you to see it.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

MULDER

But why?

Wegman considers his answer.

WEGMAN

There comes a time when you look back instead of forward -- see the sum of your life. My career has been spent hiding the truth from the American people. Destroying, in a way, that which was most precious to me.

MULDER

What is the truth?

WEGMAN

You mean... you don't know?

MULDER

Don't know what?

WEGMAN

The truth! What is going on here at Area 51? What are these black-budget projects?

Mulder looks back at him, floored.

WEGMAN

We just fly these birds -- they don't tell us what makes 'em go. They engineer 'em all up in Utah.

MULDER

If you don't know, why'd you call me?

WEGMAN

I've seen your file -- you've chased flying saucers for years!
(leans forward)

Do aliens really exist, Agent Mulder?

Off Mulder, offering Wegman nothing more than a hopeless look:

CUT TO:

40 INT. LONE GUNMEN OFFICE - DAY - A COMPUTER SCREEN

40

Line after line of TECHNICAL GIBBERISH is scrolling out across the screen. We ANGLE AROUND to the excited face of... BYERS, who's huddled in front of the monitor with Langly and Frohike.

BYERS

Got it!

WIDER - SCULLY

Rises from her seat, hustling to join them.

SCULLY

What is it?

BYERS

We broke the encryption.

LANGLY

This baby records telemetry from 28 systems. Airspeed, fuselage torque, delta-V...

FROHIKE

... All the usual readouts.
(points at screen)
But what are these?

BYERS

Tachyon flux..? Gravitational displacement..?

The Gunmen look to Morris, who's standing off to the side, skimming through another copy of "TLG."

FROHIKE

"Aurora," my ass. What the hell are you guys flying out there?

Morris shrugs and smiles. He couldn't be less interested.

SCULLY

I want this data analyzed.
(heads for the door)
Morris!

Morris holds up the paper, points to the front page: on it, we see a picture of Monica Lewinsky and President Clinton with the headline: "MONICA: MINX OR MANDROID?" He's delighted.

MORRIS

Hey, this is one of mine!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SCULLY
Get your butt in gear.

MORRIS
You'll miss me when I'm gone.

FROHIKE
Fat chance, laughing boy.

MORRIS
Back off, Sneezy.

Frohike stands toe to toe with Morris, staring him down.

SCULLY
Enough! Call me when you have
some answers.

BYERS
Will do.

Scully is moving Morris toward the door when her cell phone
RINGS. She reluctantly stops to answer.

SCULLY
Scully.

INTERCUT WITH:

41 INT. KERSH'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

41

Kersh's Secretary sits at her desk.

SECRETARY
Agent Scully, Assistant Director
Kersh would like a word with you.

SCULLY
Put him on.

SECRETARY
In person.

SCULLY
I'm kind of in the middle of
something. Can this wait?

SECRETARY
The A.D. wants you down here,
Agent Scully. Right now.

On Scully, hanging up. Wearing a look of deep frustration:

42 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT 42

A lone WHITE MAILBOX sits on a moonlit stretch of unpaved desert (X) road. Little is visible for miles around. We find...

...Three UFO aficionados backpack up the road -- two scraggly-looking gents, SAM and RANDY, and a hippy-ish girl KELLY.

SAM
Far out! The black mailbox!

RANDY
(sarcastic) (X)
Dude. That's a white mailbox. (X)

Randy and Kelly share a giggle -- it's obvious they are an item. Sam SHUSHES them both.

SAM
They painted it white to hide (X)
it, don't you get it? This is (X)
the black mailbox. The best
spot to see Freedom Mountain.
And the UFOs over Dreamland...

He lifts a pair of binoculars to his eyes, scanning the horizon. Randy and Kelly, however, appear more interested in each other.

SAM
I know a guy who saw five in one
night. He said they danced in
the sky...

Sam continues to scan, oblivious to the couple sharing a kiss behind him. Now we hear a low RUMBLE in the distance, growing louder. Sam brings the binoculars down from his eyes.

SAM
You hear that?

Randy and Kelly are too occupied with each other to notice.

CLOSE - SAM

Knits his brow as the rumble grows louder still.

SAM
What the hell...

Suddenly, Sam's image DISTORTS as the WARP passes by -- the same strange heat ripple we saw in 6X04. As the rumble dissipates... Sam breaks out in a grin.

SAM
Cool! Did you see that?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

He turns to face his friends. His grin becomes a look of confusion... then horror.

HIS POV - RANDY AND KELLY

Stand joined at the face -- literally. Their heads are FUSED into one lumpy mass. Kelly's left eye blinks behind Randy's right ear. Their mouths are gone. One of Kelly's arms sticks through Randy's chest, her hand quivering from his back.

RESUME SAM

Who stares, frozen in fear at this sight. Off him:

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43 (X)

43A EXT. ABANDONED DESERT BUILDING - NIGHT - MULDER

43A(X)

Waits outside his car, which is parked off to the side of the building. He turns, seeing a car approach. He moves toward it as it pulls to a stop nearby. (X)

Morris is behind the wheel. Scully steps out, joining Mulder, who pulls her out of Morris' earshot. They talk in the glow of the headlights. Mulder notes her weary expression.

MULDER

You don't look very happy.
Don't tell me I'm going to have
to put two kids through college.

Scully cracks a sad smile.

SCULLY

That is you in there, Mulder?
Isn't it?

(off his nod)

I just got off the phone with Frohike. They were able to download and analyze the crash data and, yes -- there was an anomalous event that night. And if you bend Einstein, Hawking and quantum physics far enough... it's conceivable you end up where we are.

MULDER

But how do I get back?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

SCULLY

That's just it. It's all about random moments in time. A series of variables approaching an event horizon. The crash happened at a precise instant, creating this precise outcome. Even if we could recreate that moment, sabotage another craft with all the variables intact, if the event were off by even a millisecond...

MULDER

I might end up with my head in a rock.

SCULLY

Something like that.

The import of this on their futures weighs heavy. Mulder nods to Morris, who's in the car, spinning the radio dial.

MULDER

What about him? I mean, me?

SCULLY

Agent Mulder is A.D. Kersh's new golden boy. He's been tasked with returning the flight data recorder that he and I "stole."

(disgusted)

The son of a bitch confesses to Kersh more than I do to my priest. I'm just tagging along for the ride.

MULDER

What do you mean, "tagging along?"

SCULLY

I'm out of the Bureau, Mulder. I've been censured and relieved of my position.

MULDER

No. Scully, you can explain it to them like you explained it to me. You've got the data. You can make them understand, you can get your job back...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

Scully just shakes her head. She knows that won't work. He knows it, too. She stares at him for a beat, forces a smile.

SCULLY

I'd kiss you if you weren't so damn ugly.

A HORN HONK interrupts them. They look to Morris, who sticks his head out the car window and calls to Scully.

MORRIS

Take a picture -- it'll last longer!

Mulder looks back to his former partner.

MULDER

If I shoot him, is it murder or suicide?

SCULLY

Neither, if I shoot him first.

She reluctantly turns to go, climbing back into the car. We HOLD ON MULDER, sadly watching her drive away.

44 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT - SAM THE UFO GEEK

44

Runs into the road, illuminated by the headlights of an approaching car. He flags it down, waving frantically.

The car slows to a stop. Sam stumbles over to the driver's side, rapping on the tinted window.

SAM

Help! Help! You gotta help me!

The window powers down, revealing... a hard-faced Howard.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. NEVADA DESERT - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

45

Sam leads Howard on foot through the desert scrub, talking a mile-a-minute as they hurry.

SAM

-- This thing, this wave, all squiggly-like, and then their faces stuck together! Her arm, man -- through his back! All...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Sam suddenly stops, staring at something that shocks him o.s.
Howard steps up beside him, seeing:

THEIR POV - RANDY AND KELLY

Snuggle together on a blanket -- turning to look our way, their
kissing interrupted. They are NO LONGER FUSED TOGETHER.

RANDY
Sam, man, where you been?
(eyes Howard)
Who's the dude?

RESUME

Sam turns to Howard, bewildered.

SAM
I swear, man! They were messed
up!

Howard looks on, piecing this together in his mind.

HOWARD
I believe you.

Off Howard, beginning to understand what this means:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

46 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

46

A RENTAL SEDAN cruises past camera, heading up the highway. The desert appears still and lifeless in the afternoon sun.

CUT TO:

47 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - DAY - SCULLY

47

Stares out her window at the passing landscape, her eyes melancholy. She looks to the flight data recorder, which sits on the dash. Morris is behind the wheel, in the midst of a tale.

MORRIS

... so the motel guy wants cash, right? He won't take credit cards, you believe that? Then it hits me. I flash him my badge -- Fox Mulder, FBI.

(grinning broadly)

I told him we're investigating crappy motels all over the southwest and he better watch his behind. So guess what? The guy gives me the room for free and a six pack of brew to boot! I love this job!

(X)

Scully is hardly listening, her thoughts still with Mulder. Morris gives her a look, picking up on her mood.

MORRIS

Listen, Dana. Once we return this hunk of junk --

(nods at FDR)

-- how about I have a word with the big man? See if I can get you your job back.

(off her silence)

We could have fun together, once you got to know me. Like those two on "Hart to Hart." Catching criminals by day... making love by night...

SCULLY

I've still got my gun.

MORRIS

Alright already...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

4

Morris gives up, turning his attention to the road. Scully looks out her window... when they drive past something which catches her attention.

SCULLY

Wait! Hold it, hold it.

MORRIS

What?

SCULLY

Go back!

As Morris sighs, hits the brakes:

48 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - THE RENTAL SEDAN

48

Backs into view, coming to a stop on the shoulder. Scully jumps out, approaching camera. She stops, looking amazed.

REVERSE - WIDE

Scully stands before the GAS STATION that was destroyed in 6X04 -- only now it's COMPLETELY INTACT. The phone booth is standing, the pumps restored -- it's as if the explosion and fire never happened.

SCULLY

Stares at this, trying to make sense of it, when the ATTENDANT -- whom we last saw fused to the floor, shot, then burned -- steps out of the station.

ATTENDANT

Help you, Ma'am?

SCULLY

I don't understand... this place was burned to the ground.

ATTENDANT

Uh. I don't think so.

SCULLY

Yes, this place. Two nights ago.

The old guy shrugs and shakes his head, gives her a smile.

ATTENDANT

Think I woulda remembered that.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Scully is deep in thought, considering what this might mean. As she turns, hurrying back to the rental sedan:

CUT TO:

49 INT. AREA 51 - BRIG - DAY - THE TWO AIR POLICEMEN

49

March in unison down the brig hallway. They flank a man in a flight uniform who mumbles fearfully in Hopi -- this is CAPT. ROBERT MCDONOUGH (from 6x04). Or rather, it's Mrs. Lana Chee in McDonough's body. (X)

This threesome is led by a fourth man in dark, civilian dress -- we TRACK LOW after them.

IN HER CELL - MRS. CHEE

Or rather, Capt. Robert McDonough, rises from her bunk and flicks away her cigarette. She moves to the Plexi as the BOOTSTEPS grow louder. Fearful anticipation shows in her eyes. (X)

We see the SHADOWY REFLECTION of the men coming to a stop in front of the Plexiglas.

MRS. CHEE

What's going on?

HER POV - HOWARD

Peers in at her. One of the M.P.s puts a key in her door, sliding it open.

RESUME MRS. CHEE

She backs off, thinking this is the end. The M.P.s enter her cell, each grabbing an arm and yanking her. Off her yell:

CUT TO:

50 EXT. FLETCHER HOME - A U-HAUL TRAILER

50

Is linked to the back of Morris' sedan, parked in the driveway. We FIND Mulder dumping an armload of identical black suits into the back of the tiny trailer. He heads back to the house for another load, stopping as he sees:

A RENTAL SEDAN

Pulls up to the curb. Scully and Morris get out, Scully hurrying up the driveway toward Mulder. Morris hangs back, not happy to be "home" again.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

5

MULDER

What are you doing here?

SCULLY

I need to talk to you.
Something's happened --

JOANNE (O.S.)

Morris!

They turn to see Joanne backing out of the house, awkwardly angling the recliner through the front door. Terry is taking up the rear.

JOANNE

Don't forget your stupid chair!
I hope you and it are very happy
together!

She looks over her shoulder at him, dropping her end of the chair when she sees Scully. She folds her arms, glaring bitterly at the other woman.

JOANNE

Terence, get back in the house.

Terry reluctantly goes. He immediately reappears behind a window, peeking out.

JOANNE

You've got a lot of damn gall
coming back here, sister.

MULDER

Joanne, I told you, I'm not your
husband!

(points to Morris)

That man is!

Joanne doesn't even look at Morris, just rants at Scully.

JOANNE

You come here to watch my family
fall apart?! You getting a big
kick out of this?!

Scully looks from her to Mulder.

SCULLY

I need a word alone with you.

Mulder nods, leading Scully to the far side of the U-Haul.
Joanne shouts after her.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

JOANNE
Home wrecker!

MORRIS

Has heard every word of this. He watches as:

JOANNE

Turns back to the recliner, yanking on it for all she's worth -- determined to get it out of the house. Tears blur her vision, but she doesn't stop.

MORRIS

Watches her, looking guilty. He sighs, making a decision. He steps out of frame.

NEW ANGLE - JOANNE

Finally yanks the recliner onto the porch -- not that she'll be able to carry it from here. Morris climbs the steps toward her.

MORRIS
Careful, you're gonna bust a lung.

JOANNE
Leave me alone.

Morris takes a deep breath.

MORRIS
Joanne... that thing he said about me being your husband? It's true.

JOANNE
Get the hell off my porch.

MORRIS
We got married June 13th, 1978. It rained that day. You got so mad at me at the reception 'cause I said I couldn't see the cake behind your fat ass.

Joanne stiffens -- this is a bad memory, but accurate. But this man is not her husband. Morris keeps trying.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

5

MORRIS

Remember our first apartment?
That dump in Pentagon City?
You'd turn on the air and the
lights would go out? And how
when you were pregnant, I used
to tickle your kneecaps to make
you laugh?

Joanne stares at him, bewildered at how he could know this.

MORRIS

Remember, remember when Chrissy
was born? I held her in my
arms, she was all red-faced and
screaming.

JOANNE

That was the one time I ever saw
you cry...

Joanne holds her breath, realizing what she just said. So does
Morris. She descends a step, coming face to face with him.

JOANNE

(whisper)

Oh my god... Morris? Is that
you..?

As Joanne looks into his eyes, actually believing him --

MULDER (O.S.)

Morris!

They turn, seeing Mulder and Scully moving toward them.

MULDER

Let's go.

JOANNE

What do you mean, go? Where are
you taking him?

SCULLY

Mrs. Fletcher, I have reason to
believe that whatever... event
caused this to happen may be in
the process of reversing itself.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

5

MULDER

We have to get back to the highway, back to the exact spot where this all began. It may be our only chance.

Morris looks to his wife, who nods. He hurries after Mulder and Scully, who head for the rental car parked at the curb. When:

TWO WHITE CHEROKEES

Come speeding into view, SCREECHING to a halt at the end of the driveway. Jeff steps out of the passenger seat of the lead truck. He is joined by a cadre of heavily-armed SOLDIERS, who draw down on Mulder, Morris and Scully.

JEFF

(to Mulder)

Sorry, Morris -- a traitor's a traitor.

MULDER

This isn't what it looks like.

While this is going on, one of the Soldiers sticks his head in the open window of the rental car, comes out holding up the flight data recorder.

SOLDIER

Got it.

Jeff looks to the FDR, then back at Mulder. Off Mulder and Scully, knowing they're screwed:

CUT TO:

51 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT - A SIGN

51

Familiar to us from the Teaser of 6X04. It reads: "WARNING -- MILITARY INSTALLATION. RESTRICTED AREA. USE OF DEADLY FORCE AUTHORIZED."

WE PAN to reveal the two CHEROKEES approaching. As they pass:

52 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - DRIVING - JEFF

52

Rides shotgun. Mulder, Scully and Morris are jammed in back. Their mood is dark. They know what lies ahead is not good.

The Soldier drives. He notices something up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

5:

MULDER

Why are you doing this?

Howard stares at him coldly.

HOWARD

Until now I had a spotless (X)
career record. I want it back. (X)

Howard looks down at his watch as the RUMBLE grows still louder. (X)
Morris knits his brow, putting two and two together. (X)

MORRIS

You mean it's time snapping (X)
backwards... (X)

MULDER

It'll be like the last few days (X)
never happened. We won't (X)
remember any of this. (X)

MORRIS

Well, Dana, if that's the case... (X)

Morris turns to Scully, gives her a smile. (X)

MORRIS

It's been real. (X)

He SWATS her on the ass for good measure. Before she can swing
at him, the RUMBLE goes major THX. Everyone raises their faces
to the sky.

HIGH-ANGLE DOWN ON MULDER

Looking up as the familiar HEAT RIPPLE washes over him,
distorting his image. When it's over, Mulder looks back down,
seeing:

HIS POV - MORRIS

Standing in front of the Jeep Cherokees in the same costume and
position as we saw him in the Teaser of 6X04.

RESUME MULDER

Staring at Morris. Mulder now wears the same wardrobe he had on
in 6X04, as well. Scully stands behind him. Clearly,
everything is as it was before the UFO passed overhead.

SCULLY

Come on, Mulder. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

Mulder hesitates a moment, then turns, heading back to the rental car with Scully. He pauses at the driver's door to look back at Morris. His expression is unreadable. As he climbs behind the wheel:

CLOSE - MORRIS

Watches them drive away. He turns, walking back to his Jeep, to his life, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT - ELEVATOR DOORS 54

Open, revealing Mulder, who has an overnight bag looped over his shoulder. Alone, he trudges up the hallway to his apartment door. As he fishes for his keys, his cell phone RINGS. He retrieves it from his jacket, answers it.

MULDER

Mulder --

INTERCUT WITH:

55 INT. FBI BULLPEN - NIGHT - SCULLY 55

Standing over her desk, talking on the phone. The hour is late -- the bullpen is deserted except for the CLEANING CREW.

SCULLY

It's me. I just wanted to let you know -- we slipped under Kersh's radar. Our little field trip to Nevada went unnoticed.

MULDER

Yeah. Okay.

SCULLY

I'm sorry your confidential source didn't pan out.

Mulder shrugs.

MULDER

I guess you were right, Scully. Just one more crackpot who watches too much "Star Trek."

SCULLY

Good night, Mulder.

MULDER

Yeah. Hey, Scully?

(beat)

I know it's not your "normal life," but thanks for going out there with me.

Scully smiles and hangs up. She pulls open her desk drawer to put a file in it. She notices something which gives her pause. She pulls out...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

CLOSE - THE FUSED, FOUR-SIDED COIN

The one she found -- but no longer remembers finding -- at the gas station. As she lifts it to her face, eyeing it curiously:

RESUME - MULDER

Inserts his key into the apartment door. He enters, flips on the lights and disappears inside. As the door shuts behind him:

CUT TO BLACK

MULDER (O.S.)
What the hell is this?! .

As the EXECUTIVE PRODUCER CARD comes up, we hear the SQUISH-SQUISH of a roiling waterbed.

THE END