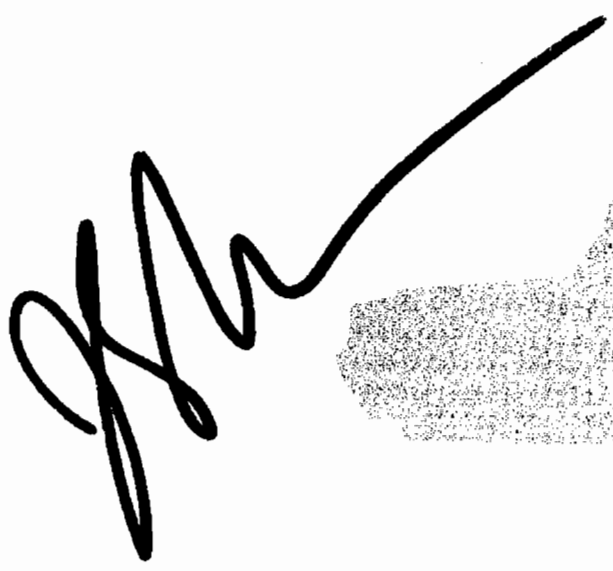


T H E  F I L M S

A large, bold, handwritten signature in black ink, slanted upwards from left to right. The signature is highly stylized and appears to be a name like 'John' or 'John Doe'.

**"MONDAY"**

**Episode 15 (#6X15)**



THE X-FILES

"Monday"

Written by

Vince Gilligan

&

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Directed by

Kim Manners

Episode #6ABX15  
Story No. E00248

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Blue Rev. - January 17, 1999

"Untitled"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully

A.D. Skinner  
Lieutenant Kraskow  
Pam  
Bernard  
Older Agent  
Head Teller  
Woman Customer  
Skinner's Secretary  
Swat Cops  
Tour Guide

(X)

Pink Rev. - January 25, 1999

"Monday"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET  
FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)

INTERIORS

BANK LOBBY  
MULDER'S APARTMENT  
    /BEDROOM  
    /LIVING ROOM  
HALLWAY OUTSIDE MULDER'S APARTMENT  
FBI HEADQUARTERS  
    /MULDER'S OFFICE  
    /SKINNER'S OFFICE  
    /SKINNER'S OUTER OFFICE  
    /HALLWAY

BEATER CAR

DOWN & OUT APARTMENT (X)

OMITTED:

EXT. GAS STATION (X)

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - MORNING - A LIGHTED SIGN

1

Says "Cradock Marine Bank." We're staring up at it, outrigged from the front of a stark, modern building. This is all we see at the moment, though we hear commotion: hard breathing, boots slapping on pavement. The short BOOP of a police siren.

Bodies wipe through frame now -- a group of men running. They're too tight in f.g. for us to make out much. We catch glimpses of rifles, machine guns, sun glinting off their barrels.

Another man runs by in the opposite direction, unspooling a long ribbon of POLICE LINE tape. The yellow tape bisects the frame, hangs there flapping in a breeze.

NEW ANGLE - HIGH AND WIDE

We're looking down on a stretch of city block fronting the bank building. A dozen or more D.C. UNIFORM COPS and SWAT TEAM MEMBERS move about their duties at top speed -- shutting down the street and taking tactical positions. Flashing police cruisers pull sideways in the street, closing it down.

NEW ANGLE - SEEN THROUGH THE BUSTLE

Down at street level, we make out... WALTER SKINNER striding into view, holding up his ID for the cops to see. He's heading our way, moving through a growing crowd of BYSTANDERS.

A WOMAN

Stands at the edge of the police line, kept back by cops.. We catch a quick glimpse of her face -- fearful, concerned -- as Skinner sweeps past her and under the police line. She looks at him intently.

We're moving with Skinner now, leaving the Woman behind. Skinner approaches a plainclothes DETECTIVE, shows him his ID.

SKINNER

You in charge?

The Detective gives a quick squint at the FBI credentials, nods. This man is all business, no attitude.

DETECTIVE

Lieutenant Kraskow. Is the Bureau taking over?

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

SKINNER

Any help I can give, you're welcome to -- but that's not why I'm here.

(nods toward bank)

What can you tell me?

DETECTIVE

Silent alarm tripped thirty minutes ago. We think there's one robber, armed, probably a handgun... definitely no pro, or he'd be long gone.

(beat)

Single gunshot, about twenty minutes ago. Blinds are down -- but we think we've got a body on the floor.

They look to the bank, where the blinds are indeed down in the lobby windows -- but where a gap at the bottom allows two crouching SWAT TEAMERS to peer inside using a mirror on a pole.

The Detective looks to Skinner, sees his troubled expression.

DETECTIVE

But you're not here to take over?

SKINNER

(beat)

Two of my agents may be inside.

As the Detective considers this, understands this is a personal concern for Skinner... there's a bit of COMMOTION behind them. They turn and see:

THE WOMAN

We glimpsed earlier -- she dodges past the rookies on crowd control and runs to Skinner. She's panicked, calling to him.

WOMAN

Skinner! SKINNER! --

A cop takes her by the elbow. She tries to pull loose.

SKINNER

Do I know you?

She snorts as if disgusted by the question. She pulls harder against the cop, who starts to drag her back.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

WOMAN  
STOP THIS! DON'T LET IT  
HAPPEN! --

Off Skinner, wondering who this woman is and what on earth she's talking about:

CUT TO:

2 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MORNING - A SIGN

2

Shows us we're now inside the Cradock Marine Bank. We hear the subdued WHIMPERING of many people. We ADJUST to find...

... SCULLY. We see just her head and shoulders, but she seems to be crouching low, her hands pressing against something on the floor. She's scared, struggling to stay calm. We TILT DOWN from her to find...

... MULDER lying on the lobby floor, looking like Bobby Kennedy. A pool of blood spreads beneath him from the exit end of a .45 caliber hole in his chest. He's barely alive. Scully presses her bare hands to his wound.

WIDER - ON THE LOBBY

Behind Scully, a scattering of CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES lie like corpses, belly-down and motionless. They're all alive, however -- some whimpering quietly, every last one terrified. Scully looks from Mulder to:

REVERSE - A ROBBER

Who stands a few paces away with his back against a windowless corner. From here, snipers can't sight him. He wears a Travis Bickle-style army surplus coat, which hangs open. Inside, strapped to his stomach is a formidable homemade BOMB -- rows of blasting sticks wired and taped together.

One hand dangles a .45. The other is poised over a switch attached to the bomb. He stares back at Scully, breathing fast.

On the floor, Mulder is clearly dying. Scully fights to keep herself together. To the Robber:

SCULLY  
You're in charge here. It  
doesn't have to end like this.

He's considering her words. But then -- BANG -- they both turn their heads at the sound of the outer lobby door busting open.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

BERNARD  
Yeah, it does.

WHAM! -- the inner doors fly open. The SWAT team pours in, perfectly choreographed. They instantly sight their target.

SCULLY  
NO! --

Milliseconds before the Robber is turned into Swiss cheese --  
CLOSE - HIS THUMB

Jams down on the switch. It CLICKS.

3 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - CONTINUOUS - THE BANK

3

The building front EXPLODES outward, glass and masonry flying straight at us at mach speed -- not just killing everyone inside, but obliterating Skinner and Kraskow, who stand behind a parked car in f.g.

Off a thick wall of concrete dust roiling straight at us, quickly blotting out this horrific scene...

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING - THE DOOR 4

To Mulder's apartment is prominent in f.g. In b.g., a PAPER GUY heads our way up the hall carrying a big stack of newspapers.

As he approaches, and we ARM DOWN... a fat NEWSPAPER smacks into frame against the bottom of Mulder's door, rattling it.

5 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - MULDER 5

Jerks awake at the sound. We assume this is Mulder -- we're looking down on the back of some guy's head. He groggily turns face-up... yeah, it's Mulder, alive and unharmed... and comes to. His WATERBED (6ABX05) undulates beneath him.

He makes a face -- something's weird. He feels around under the covers, reacting to something. He squints up at:

MULDER'S POV - THE MIRRORED CANOPY

Above his bed. It reflects him, reveals that the sheets covering him are darkened with WETNESS from his midsection down.

Mulder peels back the covers, wondering what the hell is going on. He swings his legs over the side and...

CLOSE - HIS BARE FEET

Step onto carpeting so saturated with water that it SQUISHES and puddles around his toes.

MULDER

Peers at the side of his bed. He feels it with his palm, coming across... a healthy LEAK in a corner seam. Water trickles out near the headboard.

MULDER

Son of a...

He sees his alarm clock on the nightstand, dead. He gives it a shake. He shoves aside the nightstand -- behind it, he finds water trickling down the sheetrock and across the outlet. The breaker's tripped. He gingerly plucks the plug from the wall.

As he reaches to grab his watch off the nightstand, he bumps his cell phone, which SPLASHES hard on the carpet, getting visibly SOAKED. Mulder grabs it up, examines it and gives it a shake.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED:

5

MULDER

Son of a bitch.

He plops the cell phone back on the nightstand and grabs his watch. He's further dismayed by what it reads.

MULDER'S POV - THE WATCH

Its digital readout tells us it's MONDAY, 7:16 AM.

MULDER

Great.

He gets up, SQUISH-SQUISHING across the swampy carpeting and hurrying out of the room. The bedroom PHONE begins to RING.

Mulder runs back in carrying a kitchen pot. He trips over a pair of sneakers and onto the carpet, splashing up water. Cursing under his breath, he shoves the pot under the leak, flings excess water off his hands and yanks up the phone.

MULDER

Yeah.

(beat)

It's coming through down there?

He feels along the baseboards as he struggles to keep the phone to his ear.

MULDER

Look, I'm sorry. It's the damn waterbed. I've got a leak in my waterbed.

(a beat; tired sigh)

Yeah, I know I'm not supposed to have a waterbed. I don't know what to tell you -- I think it was a gift. I'm sorry.

(beat)

I... Alright.

Mulder hangs up and stares at the leak. He pokes at it with a finger, and now it gets worse. He's ready to shoot himself.

Off Mulder, trying to direct the flow into the too-small pot:

CUT TO:

6 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING (STOCK)

6

To establish.

7 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING - AN ENVELOPE

7

Gets torn open -- we see through its cellophane window that it's addressed to Fox William Mulder (it's an office envelope -- no postage). Hands pull out the federal payroll check contained therein and flip it over, quickly endorse it.

WIDER - MULDER

Stands over his desk, signing. He is dressed in the same clothes he was wearing in the Teaser.

Mulder grabs a deposit slip, hurriedly fills it out. We see now he's back in his old office. Hurray! Except that it's still in a partially moved-in state: cardboard boxes atop file cabinets and not much in the way of paranormal arcana. There's no "I WANT TO BELIEVE" poster.

The sound of the DOOR OPENING o.s. doesn't raise Mulder's eyes, though he immediately speaks up.

MULDER

I know -- I missed the meeting.

SCULLY

Halts in the doorway, quick to respond. She's also dressed the same as in the Teaser.

SCULLY

You didn't miss the meeting.  
You're extraordinarily late for  
the meeting, but it's still  
going on.

MULDER

What are you doing down here?

SCULLY

We're taking a break. I came  
looking for you.

(entering)

What are you doing down here?

Mulder shakes his head, disgusted. He's flipping through his checkbook now, scribbling figures -- still not looking up.

MULDER

I'm having the best damn day of  
my life. Any second now, I may  
just burst into song. "Zippity  
Doo-Dah."

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

Scully doesn't know what this means, though she does note Mulder's crooked tie and haphazard hair -- clearly, he got dressed in a hurry. He finally looks up at her.

MULDER

My waterbed sprung a leak and shorted out my alarm clock. My cell phone got wet and crapped out on me, and I practically need a swamp boat to get across the carpet. And the check I wrote the landlord to cover the damage is gonna bounce if I don't go deposit my pay.

Mulder rips loose his deposit slip and rounds the desk.

MULDER

Ever have one of those days, Scully?

SCULLY

Since I started here? Yeah.  
(beat)  
When did you get a waterbed?

Mulder pauses on his way out the door... not exactly sure himself (as per the end of 6ABX05). He changes the subject.

MULDER

Bank's just down the street --  
I'll be back in ten. Cover for me, willya?

He's out the door and gone. Off Scully, to herself:

SCULLY

When do I not?

CUT TO:

8 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - MORNING - A STREET SIGN

8

Tells us we're at the intersection of 8th and E streets. We ARM DOWN from it, ANGLING to find...

... Morning rush hour. Standing out in the flow of yuppie traffic, a rusted old beater slows across a lane, trying for the curb. HORNS HONK behind it.

9 INT. BEATER - CONTINUOUS - THE DRIVER

9

Is the familiar BANK ROBBER -- alive and well, dressed the same as he was in the Teaser. He stomps the brake at the curb and furiously works his window crank, yelling at the cars.

ROBBER  
YEAH, YOU WANT SOME?! --

He stands on his own horn, BLARING back at them. Beside him...

HIS PASSENGER

Is the mysterious Woman from the Teaser, also dressed the same. She's in her thirties, the same age as the Robber. She looks sort of rawboned -- not bad looking, but worn out. Right now, she looks shell-shocked, her thoughts a million miles away.

The Robber rolls his window up and turns to her. He's agitated, tries to hide it with a smile.

ROBBER  
We good?

She makes no answer. It's as if he's not there. He nudges her.

ROBBER  
Pam?

PAM  
Go run your errand already.

He doesn't quite know what to make of her attitude. He unconsciously sets a hand on the front of his buttoned-up army surplus coat. He doesn't want her to know what's inside it.

ROBBER  
Yeah, I just gotta go pick something up. No biggie.

PAM  
Right, Bernard. No biggie.

She hasn't even looked at him. Bernard works at being calm, reaches for his door handle.

BERNARD  
I'll be ten minutes. Wait here for me.

No response. He pulls the handle, swings open the door. As he exits, he nearly gets creamed by a BICYCLIST scooting past.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

CLOSE ON PAM

Her face is expressionless. She LIP-SYNCHS along with Bernard and the Bicyclist as they argue o.s. She's absolutely dead-on.

BICYCLIST (O.S.)

Hey, man -- you need to watch it next time.

BERNARD (O.S.)

You watch it.

Through the rear window behind her, we see Bernard round the back of the car. Looking in the rearview mirror, Pam sees:

HER POV - IN THE MIRROR

We see Bernard slouching away down the sidewalk, his hands deep in his coat pockets. A half-block ahead of him, a familiar sign glows like a halo over his head: "Cradock Marine Bank."

PAM

Looks from the mirror to straight ahead. To herself, unhappily:

PAM

Right on schedule.

HER POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD - MULDER

Is on foot, heading up the sidewalk her way, his checkbook in hand. He's minding his own business, hurrying to the bank.

PAM (O.S.)

You poor guy.

As Mulder hurries along, he happens to glance our way. He double-takes on Pam, slows a little and continues to look at her. It's like he's seeing someone he thinks he recognizes, but isn't sure. He finally looks away and heads on.

PAM

Is surprised by this. This means something to her. She watches Mulder pass, riveted by him now. Under her breath:

PAM

You never did that before.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MORNING - MULDER

10

Enters through the inner glass doors and heads for the back of the service line. It's early yet, and there aren't too many customers -- maybe six or seven. A handful of employees are visible behind the counter. These are the same customers and employees we saw in the Teaser. (X)

Mulder joins the line. He checks his watch, impatient. Off him, we RACK TO...

... Bernard standing at a courtesy desk in the b.g., his back to us. He's working intently on something.

AT THE COURTESY DESK - A SILVER CHAIN

Is stretched taut, wobbling back and forth. We FOLLOW IT to where it connects with a courtesy pen. The pen is gripped in Bernard's fist. On the back of a deposit envelope, he finishes writing the sentence: "THIS IS A ROBBERY."

BERNARD

Carefully composes his note. He's antsy, trying hard to catch his breath. Off him, psyching himself up:

CUT TO:

11 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING - A WOMAN'S WATCH

11

Tells us it's going on ten in the morning.

SCULLY

Surreptitiously checks her watch. She's seated at the conference table in Skinner's office, surrounded by fellow AGENTS -- though the chair beside her is conspicuously empty.

Throughout, an OLDER AGENT seated on the other side of Scully drones through his report, referring to charts before him.

OLDER AGENT

... That's assuming these trends continue well into the coming year. Other DOJ projections estimate a larger, two to three percent drop in the overall homicide rate, versus the one to one-and-a-half percent cited in the earlier Tanner study. However, there is some dispute that the statistical methodology in this latter study is not the DOJ preferred methodology.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

Scully acts as if she's paying attention, but keeps an ear out for Mulder.

SKINNER

Sits at the head of the table. He glances at Scully briefly, then back to the Older Agent.

OLDER AGENT

In any case, added variables make crime trends for the coming year particularly hard to predict.

SKINNER

The unpredictable future.  
(turning to Scully)  
Which brings us to Agent Mulder:  
will he or will he not grace us  
with his report?

Scully more than gets the hint. She quietly excuses herself.

CUT TO:

12 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MORNING - THE HEAD TELLER

12

Finishes with her current customer, who heads for the exit.

HEAD TELLER

May I help the next in line?

MULDER

Moves up one space in line. This is going way too slow for him. He checks his watch again, wishes he had never gotten up this morning. Behind him, Bernard is still at the courtesy desk.

BERNARD

Is still carefully writing. His note now says: "THIS IS A ROBBERY. PUT THE MONEY IN THE BAG -- NO ALARMS."

Bernard stares down at his work, breathing faster than ever. He shuts his eyes tight. He slowly crumples the note in his fist. Just as we think he's having second thoughts...

NEW ANGLE - FROM BEHIND

Bernard suddenly turns on us, drawing his beat-up .45 Government model out of a big coat pocket. He bellows to the room:

CONTINUED



12 CONTINUED:

12

BERNARD  
CUSTOMERS FACE-DOWN! YOU KNOW  
WHAT THIS IS!

Mulder turns and sees the gun along with everyone else. After a stunned beat, the customers comply. A WOMAN CUSTOMER immediately in front of Mulder looks particularly scared.

WOMAN CUSTOMER  
Oh god --

Mulder is the last one still standing.

BERNARD  
YOU! ON THE FLOOR!

WOMAN CUSTOMER  
Oh god -- don't shoot us!

BERNARD  
SHUT UP!

Gauging the situation, Mulder figures it's safest for everyone that he does as Bernard says.

MULDER  
You're the boss.

Mulder lies down. He gives a calming smile to the Woman Customer, who is on the verge of panic.

MULDER  
It's all right.

She calms down -- or at least, doesn't get worse. Bernard heads for the motionless employees behind the counter. (X)

BERNARD  
I'M THE BOSS! NO SILENT ALARMS,  
NO DYE PACKS! DO IT LIKE THE  
INSURANCE COMPANY TAUGHT YOU!

He goes to the Head Teller's window. He pulls plastic Wal-Mart (or the like) bags from his coat and shoves them at the woman. (X)

BERNARD  
Start with the counter money --  
quicker you go, quicker I go. (X)  
(to the other tellers) (X)  
Everybody else out here -- get (X)  
on the floor! (X)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

The other employees do what they're told. The Head Teller works (X) fast, stays stoic. Everyone does. The place is silent.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

BEHIND THE COUNTER

The Teller's cash drawer gets quickly emptied. But as she nears the bottom of the hundreds stack...

BERNARD

Leave the last one. No tricks.

The Teller leaves the last hundred dollar bill, which is there (X) to trip the silent alarm. But as she stuffs horsewads of wrapped bills into the Wal-Mart bags, we ARM DOWN her to find...

... The TOE of her shoe is being pressed up against an underhang at the base of the counter. She smoothly lets down her foot, revealing a TRIP SWITCH.

BERNARD

(X)

Can't see this, of course. He hurries the Teller along with a (X) wave of his gun. She unloads the cash from the next drawer. (X)

MULDER

Meanwhile is lying on his belly with the other customers, amazed at how much shittier this already shitty day has gotten.

MULDER

(under his breath)

Zippity Doo-Dah.

Mulder glances around the lobby. Something catches his eye.

HIS SIDEWAYS POV - THE WINDOWS

Are covered with CLOSED BLINDS which wouldn't otherwise let us see out -- except that the blinds are pulled up short about a foot or two above the bottom of the windows. From his position on the floor, Mulder can see...

... SCULLY crossing the busy street on her way to the bank. She is completely unaware of what's going on in here.

MULDER

Looks to Bernard, nervous for the first time now.

BERNARD

(X)

(to Head Teller)

(X)

Alright, get your keys and come (X) around here -- we're gonna open (X) up the ATM... (X)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

The Head Teller hurries around the counter, joining the others (X)  
in the lobby. As Bernard ushers her toward the back of the bank:(X)

MULDER

Lock the doors.

Bernard brings his gun around fast, wondering who said that.

MULDER

You didn't lock the front door. (X)

Bernard wonders why the hell Mulder is offering this -- though  
he realizes now he didn't lock the doors. He hesitates only a  
second, then heads for them, leaving the Head Teller behind. (X)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (5)

12

Mulder sees it's too late -- Scully is almost to the lobby doors. Mulder starts to rise to his knees.

Everything happens very fast now.

AT THE LOBBY DOORS

Scully enters. Bernard sees her, raises his pistol.

MULDER

Is on his feet, on the move -- reaching for his holstered SIG.

BERNARD

Turns and sees the gun coming out -- FIRES instinctively. Mulder gets flattened. SCREAMS from the customers.

SCULLY

Is just through the door when she sees all this, her eyes wide. She draws her own gun as the startled Bernard turns back to her.

SCULLY

DROP IT! --

Bernard stays poised to fire. Stand-off. Scully doesn't blink -- though she shoots a quick glance to Mulder, crumpled on the floor. (X)

SCULLY

DROP IT NOW! --

BERNARD

YOU DROP IT! --

No way will she do that. A hyper-tense beat as they continue to yell at each other, trying to get one another to give in.

Finally, Bernard opens his coat with one hand, revealing the familiar BLASTING STICKS taped to his stomach.

BERNARD

You drop it.

Scully shuts up, seeing this. Off her, slowly lowering her gun:

CUT TO:

13 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING - SKINNER

13

Is still running the meeting. Faint SIRENS can be heard on the street below, getting louder. No one pays attention to them.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

SKINNER

Travel expense reimbursement...  
who's got those figures? All  
I've got here is third and  
fourth quarter...

A little shuffling of papers, some subdued talk... this is a very low-voltage meeting. Behind Skinner, the office door opens and his familiar SECRETARY steps into the room.

SECRETARY

Assistant Director..?

Skinner glances over his shoulder at her, immediately notes her grave expression. Off Skinner, realizing something is up:

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - MORNING

14

Looking down past the 8th and E street signs, we see the old beater, still parked at the curb. A couple of police cruisers zoom into view and pull sideways, roadblocking the street.

15 INT. BEATER - CONTINUOUS - PAM

15

Sits where we left her, numb. She mumbles to herself --

PAM

Go, go, go...

(X)

-- Two seconds before a group of SWAT COPS round the corner and run past, thundering up the sidewalk in full entry gear.

SWAT COPS

GO, GO, GO!

(X)

Pam shuts her eyes, looking like she's had all she can take. After a moment, she opens her car door and climbs out.

16 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - MORNING - SKINNER

16

Moves through the police line, shows his ID to the cops. He makes a beeline for Kraskow, the Detective from the Teaser. This is where we first entered our story -- but the action is subtly different than before (in other words, we don't use the same footage over again).

SKINNER

Who's in charge?

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

The Detective squints at Skinner's ID -- all business.

DETECTIVE

I am -- unless the Bureau's  
taking over.

They're interrupted by a COMMOTION behind them. They see:

PAM

Breaking past the rookies on crowd control. She's storming  
their way, less panicked than last time... more angry.

PAM

Skinner -- don't let them charge  
in there!

(cops grab her)

SKINNER?! --

SKINNER

Do I know you?

Off Pam being dragged away, utter hopelessness in her eyes:

CUT TO:

17 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MORNING - MULDER

17

Lies in a pool of blood, barely alive. Customers whimper. A  
frantic Scully tends to Mulder as best she can. She looks to:

BERNARD

Who stands a few paces away with his back against the windowless  
corner of the lobby, his coat open, his thumb poised over the  
bomb's trigger switch. He's breathing fast.

BERNARD

They're supposed to call, right?

NEW ANGLE - BERNARD

Looks our way, and we RACK to a phone in f.g., lying atop a loan  
officer's desk. It's not ringing.

SCULLY

Tries to staunch the flow of Mulder's blood with her hands. She  
fights to stay calm, to keep herself together.

CONTINUED



17 CONTINUED:

17

SCULLY

No one's calling. You shot a federal agent -- they know it.

She glances out the window, under the bottom of the blinds at:

HER POV - THE WINDOW

Just outside, a round MIRROR on a pole sticks sideways into view. In it, we can make out the face of a SWAT cop, peering directly at us. Farther back, across the street, we see a sniper drop to his belly, aim a rifle on a bipod.

SCULLY

Gives the cops a vehement shake of her head -- they make no signal in return. Scully quickly looks back to the robber.

SCULLY

What's your name?

Bernard snorts.

BERNARD

Yeah.

SCULLY

C'mon, I gotta call you something. How about "Steve?" That's a nice, honest name. Right? Steve.

BERNARD

(fuck it)

Bernard.

SCULLY

Bernard, I need to get my partner out of here right now.

Despite his best efforts, Bernard is starting to panic.

BERNARD

I'm blowing this whole freakin' place off the map if they come in here!

SCULLY

They don't know that, Bernard. Do you realize that? They can't see you -- they don't know your plans.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

BERNARD

They better know! They damn  
well better figure it out!

SCULLY

Go to the door and show them.

BERNARD

YOU WANNA GET ME KILLED!

He leans forward, shouting at her. Scully blinks back tears.  
She looks down at Mulder, who is dying.

Scattered behind her like corpses, customers and employees lie  
on their bellies, hanging on every word.

SCULLY

I want us all to live. Show  
them. It's the only way.

(off his silence)

You are in charge of everything  
that happens here, Bernard. It  
doesn't have to end like this.

They turn at an o.s. BANG -- it's the outer lobby door. Bernard  
looks from it to her.

BERNARD

Yeah, it does.

WHAM! -- doors fly open. The SWAT team pours in, perfectly  
choreographed. They instantly sight their target.

SCULLY

NO! --

Milliseconds before Bernard is turned into Swiss cheese --

CLOSE - HIS THUMB

Jams down on the switch. It CLICKS.

18 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - CONTINUOUS - THE BANK

18

The front of the building EXPLODES out at us, engulfing Skinner  
and the Detective -- exactly as it happened in the Teaser.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING - THE PAPER GUY 19

Heads our way. A NEWSPAPER (the same day's paper we saw before) smacks against the bottom of Mulder's door, rattling it.

20 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - MULDER 20

Jerks at the sound. We find him rightside-up this morning, unlike last time. Still half-asleep:

MULDER

'Kay, okay...

He comes to now, feeling something weird under the sheets of his undulating waterbed. He makes a face, feels around. The sheets are darkened with wetness. He peels off the covers, swings his legs over the side and...

CLOSE - HIS BARE FEET

Plop onto carpeting so saturated with water that it SQUISHES around his toes.

MULDER

Peers at the side of the bed. He feels it with his palm, coming across... a healthy LEAK in a corner seam. Water trickles out near the headboard.

MULDER

Son of a...

He notices his alarm clock on the nightstand, dead. He gives it a shake, then shoves aside the nightstand. Behind it, water trickles down the sheetrock and across the wall outlet. Mulder plucks the cord out of the wall.

Reaching for his watch on the nightstand, he knocks his cell phone onto the floor. It gets soaked in the sopping wet carpet. Mulder grabs it up, but it's too late -- the phone is busted.

MULDER

Son of a bitch.

He chunks it down and grabs his watch off the nightstand, further dismayed by what it reads.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

MULDER'S POV - THE WATCH

Tells us it's MONDAY, 7:14 AM.

MULDER

Wonderful.

He SQUISH-SQUISHES across the swampy carpeting and hurries out of the bedroom. After a second, he runs back into the room carrying a kitchen pot -- SIDESTEPPING the sneakers we saw him trip over in the previous version. It's a subtle moment.

He shoves the pot under the leak. The bedroom PHONE RINGS. He wipes his hands on his sweat pants and grabs it.

MULDER

Yeah.

(beat)

It's coming through down there?

He feels along the baseboards as he struggles to keep the phone to his ear.

MULDER

Look, I'm sorry. It's my damn waterbed. It sprung a leak.

(a beat)

I know -- I'm not supposed to have a waterbed. I don't know what to tell you. Sorry.

Mulder gets hung up on. He hangs up and stares at the leak. He pokes at it, makes it worse -- the pot is nearly full now.

Mulder backs off, thinking fast -- and inadvertently TRIPPING backward over the same sneakers. As he picks himself up off the wet floor, the PHONE RINGS again. He's ready to shoot himself.

The pot is running over. Mulder ignores the phone.

THE PHONE

Is in f.g. as Mulder runs out of the room to look for a bigger pot. Off the phone, RINGING unanswered:

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED  
AND  
A22

(X) 21  
(X)  
(X)

B22 INT. DOWN & OUT APARTMENT - MORNING - A PHONE (X) B22

Is in use, its lighted touchpad glowing green. We TILT UP the (X)  
cord to include Pam holding the receiver to her ear, wishing  
Mulder would pick up. We hear faint RINGING.

CONTINUED

B22 CONTINUED:

B22

WIDER

We're in a low-budget apartment -- not a flophouse exactly, but (X)  
certainly nothing fancy. Morning sun raking in through the (X)  
dusty blinds just seems to make the rest of the place look dark (X)  
and dingy by comparison. Milk crate bookshelves, a few eclectic (X)  
knick-knacks (Pam's), and... (X)

... No sign of Bernard. While she waits on the phone, Pam (X)  
glances over her shoulder, keeping an eye on what's probably the (X)  
bathroom door. (X)

This door opens and Bernard appears. He's wearing his surplus (X)  
jacket, finishes snapping it closed. He walks out like, say, a (X)  
man who's wearing a bomb on his stomach for the first time.

Pam reluctantly hangs up. Bernard's already on high alert, and (X)  
seeing this makes him suspicious.

BERNARD

Who you calling?

PAM

Nobody.

BERNARD

What do you mean nobody? It's  
gotta be somebody.

PAM

Nobody you know, Bernard.  
Forget it.

He's not sure what to make of this, but has more on his mind.

BERNARD

There's something I gotta go do. (X)  
I want you to come. (X)

PAM

(a beat)  
I'm not going with you.

Bernard looks at her funny. He doesn't know where this is  
coming from.

BERNARD

Look, I'm not asking. (X)  
(off her silence)  
Pam? Don't get weird on me. (X)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

After a beat, she gets in the car. She has no alternative. (X)  
Bernard rounds to the driver's side. (X)

A22 INT. BEATER - CONTINUOUS

(X)A22

Bernard climbs in beside Pam, shuts his door. He fumbles his (X)  
car keys out of his coat pocket. (X)

CONTINUED

B22 CONTINUED: (2)

B22

He moves to a side table where his car keys lie. (X)

BERNARD (X)  
It'll only take a minute. (X)

He picks up the keys, but he's so nervous and preoccupied, he (X)  
drops them on the floor. He stoops down and picks them up again. (X)

Pam watches like she's seen it a dozen times before. She speaks (X)  
up quietly -- no passion in her voice. (X)

PAM  
Bernard. Just go to work. It's (X)  
not too late. (X)

BERNARD  
I'm not going to work today.

Pam isn't surprised. Bernard misinterprets her mood. (X)

BERNARD  
Don't say they're gonna fire me.

PAM  
I wasn't gonna say that.

BERNARD  
'Cause you know what? Who  
cares. Like there's a big  
future in mopping floors.  
(quieter)  
Like that's something to lose.

PAM  
We lose everything. (X)

BERNARD  
No, no. I got a plan. This (X)  
time tomorrow, Pam...

He trails off, smiling, searching for just the right word. Pam  
knows it by heart. She plaintively finishes his sentence.

PAM  
Everything'll be roses.

He smiles -- perfect. He thinks he's won her over. Nothing  
could be further from the truth. (X)

Stone-faced and doomed, with no energy left in her to argue, Pam (X)  
picks up the jean jacket we've seen her wear throughout. She (X)  
drifts to the apartment door, pulls it open and exits. (X)

CONTINUED



B22 CONTINUED: (3)

B22

Bernard follows her out, unconsciously touching a hand to the front of his coat. As the door shuts behind them and we're left alone in the apartment, we ADJUST to an old FLIP-DIGIT CLOCK on the table. As we watch, it flips from "MONDAY 7:16" to "7:17." (X) (X) (X) (X)

CUT TO:

22 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING (STOCK)

22

To establish.

23 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING - A PAYROLL ENVELOPE

23

Gets torn open -- sort of. This one catches funny, and the paycheck inside loses a corner in the process.

MULDER (O.S.)

Dammit!

WIDER - MULDER

Holds up his paycheck, pieces the corner back into place. This day just keeps getting worse and worse. The sound of the DOOR OPENING o.s. doesn't raise his eyes, though he speaks up.

MULDER

I know -- I missed the meeting.

SCULLY

Halts in the doorway, quick to respond.

SCULLY

Not yet -- but only because it's the longest in FBI history.

MULDER

What are you doing down here?

SCULLY

I came looking for you. We took a five minute break --

(looks at her watch)

-- Three minutes ago. Your cell phone's not working.

(entering)

Did you oversleep?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

Mulder looks disgusted. While their conversation continues, he finds the Scotch tape, carefully tapes the corner back onto his paycheck. He fills out a deposit slip, tears his check loose from his stub and endorses it.

MULDER

You ever have one of those days  
you wished you could just rewind  
and start over?

SCULLY

Frequently.

She sits against the map table, folds her arms.

SCULLY

But even if you could start it  
over, who's to say it wouldn't  
turn out exactly the same way?

MULDER

So it's fate? You don't think  
we have free will, Scully?

Scully checks her watch, this conversation getting a little too deep for this busy morning.

SCULLY

I think we're free to be the  
people we are: good, bad or  
indifferent. That our character  
determines our fate.

MULDER

But that all the rest is  
preordained? -- I don't buy  
that. There's way too many  
variables. Forks in the road.

(taps his paycheck)

I meant to be on time this  
morning, but my waterbed springs  
a leak, soaks my apartment and  
the one below me -- making me  
late for the meeting. I write  
a check for damages to the  
landlord, then realize if I  
don't deposit my pay, that check  
is gonna bounce. Now I have to  
go to the bank, which makes me  
later still.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SCULLY

Since when do you have a waterbed?

MULDER

I could just as easily not have one -- then I'd be on time. You could've chosen medicine instead of the FBI -- and never met me.

Scully glances at her watch again.

SCULLY

Fate.

MULDER

Free will. With every little choice, we change our fate.

SCULLY

Fine, Mulder -- let's change yours.

She crosses to his desk, grabs his deposit stuff and heads for the door with it.

SCULLY

I'll deposit your check. Get your files together and go give Skinner your report before he takes it out on both of us.

She's out the door and gone. This sounds good to Mulder. He crosses to a file cabinet to collect his papers. As he YANKS open the file drawer:

CUT TO:

24 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MORNING - SCULLY

24

Enters through the inner glass doors and heads for the back of the service line. Six or seven customers are in front of her, and a handful of employees are visible behind the counter. (X)  
These are the same folks we always see.

Scully joins the line behind the familiar Woman Customer and checks her watch, in a hurry. Off her, we RACK TO...

... Bernard standing at the courtesy desk in b.g., his back to us. He's writing intently.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

AT THE COURTESY DESK - A DEPOSIT ENVELOPE

On it, he finishes writing the sentence: "THIS IS A HOLDUP."

BERNARD

Off him, antsy... working to psych himself up:

CUT TO:

25 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING - THE FILE DRAWER

25

Gets SLAMMED shut. Mulder carries a thick stack of papers to the desk, where he shuffles them together, checking that he's got everything.

He grabs his checkbook, about to shove it in his desk drawer when he notices...

MULDER'S POV - A WHITE SLIP

Has Scotch tape on it -- and a blank endorsement space. He turns the slip over to reveal that it's his PAYCHECK. The identically-sized check stub isn't here.

MULDER

Is completely disgusted with himself and this terrible day he's having. Under his breath:

MULDER

Endorsed my damn check stub.

Taking the check with him, he strides to the exit, smacks off the lights.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - MORNING - MULDER

26

Hurries down the sidewalk toward the bank, passing the old beater parked at the curb. Its passenger door flings open and Pam gets out, calling after him.

PAM

Mulder!

He turns and sees the woman, not recognizing her. She comes face-to-face with him, her eyes pleading.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED:

26

PAM

Don't go in the bank today.

MULDER

I'm sorry?

PAM

Bernard's in there. Please,  
don't go in the bank!

MULDER

I'm sorry, do I know you?

PAM

(nervous laugh)  
You pass me every day on the  
street! Every single day! This  
day! On your way to the bank!  
Then you go inside and all of  
you get killed -- you, your  
partner, Bernard! Everybody!

Mulder studies the woman's face, trying to make sense of her.

MULDER

I pass you... then we die.

PAM

Yes! Yes! Over and over again!  
But last time, you looked at  
me -- you looked at me like you  
knew me! Like you remembered...

Mulder just stares at her, drawing a blank.

PAM

Please -- remember me.

They stare at one another, Mulder seeing this woman's honest  
desperation. Is he indeed starting to remember her? We're not  
sure, because...

BLAM! -- we hear a GUNSHOT from inside the bank. The faint  
SCREAMS of customers. Mulder instinctively draws his Sig, runs  
for the entrance.

PAM

Don't go! --

He glances back at her, utterly perplexed by all of this, but  
having only one possible course of action open to him.

Pam helplessly watches him enter. Off her, backing away:

27 INT. BANK - ENTRANCEWAY - CONTINUOUS

27

We're in the breezeway between the inner and outer lobby doors -- from this angle, we don't get a great view into the bank. Mulder pauses, holding his pistol up in both hands. We follow him inside --

THE LOBBY

-- Where we find Scully and Bernard drawing down on each other. Mulder instantly draws down on Bernard, too. The Woman Customer lies at Scully's feet, bleeding profusely.

MULDER  
DROP YOUR WEAPON!

SCULLY  
DROP IT!

Bernard keeps his .45 trained on Scully, terrified.

BERNARD  
I ain't dropping nothing. You  
put yours down!  
(glance to Mulder)  
I'll shoot her!

Mulder eyes the man, his voice now deadly quiet.

MULDER  
And what do you think I'll do  
then?

This scares Bernard even more. With his free hand, he unzips his army coat. Seeing the bomb, Mulder and Scully glance to each other. The customers who can see it gasp.

The weird conversation Mulder just had outside the bank is replaying in his head, taking on new meaning. He speaks up.

MULDER  
Bernard?  
(off his surprise)  
Is that your name?

Scully wonders where Mulder got this from. She slowly kneels down, keeping her eyes and gun on Bernard every second. She feels for the wounded Customer, checks her pulse.

SCULLY  
She's not dead, Bernard. You're  
not a murderer yet.

MULDER  
You can end this the right way.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

Bernard looks from one agent to the other, not knowing what to do. He's breathing faster, almost looks like he'll cry.

Behind him, a hostage whom we recognize as the Head Teller tremulously speaks up from the floor. She addresses Bernard.

HEAD TELLER

Sir? Please listen to them.  
Don't hurt anybody. A whole lot of police are coming -- (X)

Mulder glances at the woman, not sure this was the thing to say. (X)  
It dawns on Bernard what she means by this. (X)

BERNARD

You tripped the alarm. (X)

Everyone holds their breath at this, but Bernard isn't angry. (X)  
Instead, he just sags. He sees it's all hopeless. He lowers (X)  
his .45, lets it drop to the floor.

Just as it seems everything will be all right...

... Bernard squeezes shut his eyes and reaches for his bomb's TRIGGER. Mulder's and Scully's eyes go wide.

MULDER

NO! --

28 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - CONTINUOUS - PAM

28

Drops down behind the beater, her back to the wheel well and her hands pressed tight against her ears. Offscreen -- BOOOOM! The bank EXPLODES yet again. The beater's windows SHATTER.

The echo dies away. Pam is unhurt. She slowly opens her eyes, tears welling in them. She has a thousand yard stare going as the concrete dust rolls in, fading her from our view.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING - MONTAGE

29

The same fat NEWSPAPER we've seen before smacks against the foot of Mulder's door, rattling it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE DOOR

Again, the same paper smacks into frame...

YET ANOTHER ANGLE - THE DOOR

And again... SMACK. The same paper bounces off the door.

30 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

30

Jerks awake, hugging his pillow. We can see the WETNESS around his midsection -- the start, yet again, of the same bad day.

Mulder turns face-up in his undulating waterbed, coming to quicker than we've seen before. Almost as if he knows what's coming. He feels around under the covers, his expression a confirmation of his fears.

MULDER

Son of a...

He trails off, almost like an odd thought just struck him. It passes, and he goes back to being annoyed. He reaches an arm up, feels the LEAK at the top corner of the bed.

Mulder peels back the covers, swinging his legs over the side, his bare feet SPLASHING on the saturated carpet.

MULDER

Son of a bitch.

The bedside PHONE begins to RING. Mulder reaches for the receiver -- and accidentally knocks his cell phone onto the wet carpet, ruining it. He stares down at it blankly for a moment, then answers the other phone.

MULDER

Yeah. I know...

(a beat; testy)

I know. I know already. I'll pay for it.

CONTINUED



30 CONTINUED:

30

Mulder hangs up, pissed. He sees his dead alarm clock on the nightstand, then grabs his WATCH, the current time pissing him off even more. He sets down the watch, rising.

As Mulder SQUISH-SQUISHES out of frame, we DRIFT IN on...

THE WATCH

Reading "MONDAY, 7:15 AM."

Under this, we HEAR the receding sound of Mulder sloshing across the wet carpet... then a THUD-SPLASH as he trips and falls flat.

MULDER (O.S.)

Ow!

(X)

CUT TO:

31 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING (STOCK)

31

To establish.

32 INT. FBI HALLWAY - MORNING - SCULLY

32

Emerges from Skinner's outer office, exiting ahead of a couple of agents familiar to us from the meeting. The meeting is on break now -- we MOVE WITH Scully as she heads purposefully down the hall, speed-dialing her cell phone.

With the phone to her ear, we can just make out:

RECORDED VOICE

We're sorry -- the D.C. Cellular subscriber you wish to reach cannot take your call at this --

Scully sighs and hangs up. She dodges several passersby, makes for the elevator. As she jabs the call button:

PAM (O.S.)

Agent Scully --

Scully turns to see:

PAM

Hurrying up the adjacent corridor toward her.

SCULLY

Yes?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

Pam steps up, an FBI BUILDING TOUR sticker affixed to her familiar outfit, and familiar desperation in her eyes. She keeps her voice low.

PAM

Please -- don't go inside the bank today.

SCULLY

The bank?

PAM

Cradock Marine -- the branch on 8th, a block from here.

Scully looks to Pam's tour sticker, then back to her face.

SCULLY

I'm... not following. Did you get separated from your tour?

PAM

I'm here to see you. I'm begging you -- don't go this time. Don't let Mulder go, either.

Scully is further confused at hearing Mulder mentioned. The elevator door opens behind her.

SCULLY

I'm sorry, I --

TOUR GUIDE

Excuse me, Miss.

A MAN has approached Pam from behind, out of focus. We RACK to him, see the "TOUR GUIDE" badge pinned to the lapel of his blue blazer. He doesn't look happy with Pam.

TOUR GUIDE

You're not supposed to be in this area.

Pam looks back to Scully, for whom a handful of PASSENGERS are holding the elevator, their patience tested.

PAM

If you walk into that bank, you'll die. Both of you.

With nothing more to say, she brushes past the Tour Guide and heads back down the hall the way she came. He follows after her.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Scully is more than a little troubled by this strange woman. She steps into the elevator, still watching Pam go. As the doors slide closed, wiping frame:

CUT TO:

33 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

33

The office looks as it always does... only this time, no Mulder. Scully enters past us into frame, looks around. She turns to leave when --

REVERSE - MULDER

Darts in through the open door and nearly runs into her.

MULDER

Sorry. Hey.

He backs off and steps around her, hurrying to his desk with his paycheck. Before she can speak:

MULDER

Did I miss the meeting?

SCULLY

Huh? No...

She's distracted, thinking about the conversation she just had. She snaps out of it.

SCULLY

We took a five minute break...

(checks her watch)

... Three minutes ago. Your cell phone's not working.

Mulder pauses halfway through filling out his deposit slip.

MULDER

Wow. That's strange.

SCULLY

What?

MULDER

I just had the weirdest sensation of déjà vu. I've been having it all morning.

SCULLY

It's fairly common.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

MULDER

Yeah, but I've just never had it to this degree. Right from the time I woke up this morning. I was lying in bed, soaking wet --

(off her take)

-- long story, and just for a second, I felt like I had lived that moment before.

SCULLY

You may have. Did you drink a lot in college?

Mulder gives her a pained smile -- hah, funny. This strange feeling really has his imagination cooking, though.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

I wonder what it means.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I don't see that it has to mean anything, Mulder.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

It may. Some Freudians consider the déjà vu phenomenon to be repressed memories escaping the unconscious mind. That it represents a wish for a "second chance" -- a desire to put things right.

(X)

SCULLY

Put what things right?

Mulder shrugs, endorses his check.

MULDER

Whatever's wrong.

SCULLY

More likely, we're talking simple neurochemistry -- a glitch in the way the brain processes recognition and memory.

(X)

(X)

(shrug)

(X)

That doesn't make the memory authentic.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

But what if it was?

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

Scully is trying hard not to let herself be engaged in this dialogue -- but she can't let Mulder's question lie. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY (X)

What if you'd lived this moment (X)  
before -- and now you're living (X)  
it again. (X)

MULDER (X)

In order to right some wrong. (X)  
Change fate. (X)

Mulder finishes up with his deposit stuff. Scully checks her watch again. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY (X)

Mulder, right now you're fated (X)  
to go to this meeting. (X)

MULDER (X)

(heads for the door) (X)  
No... actually, right now I've (X)  
gotta run to the bank. (X)

SCULLY

Mulder?

He pauses at the door, looks back at her. (X)

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

SCULLY

Which bank?

MULDER

Cradock. Just down the street.

SCULLY

8th street...

Scully looks unnerved now. Mulder sees her expression, wonders what's up. She's a little reluctant to say.

MULDER

What?

SCULLY

Some woman just stopped me in the hallway not ten minutes ago. She knew both our names. She... warned against either of us entering the Cradock branch on 8th street.

(shrug)

She said we'd die. I...

She shakes her head, not knowing what the hell to make of this. Mulder smiles at her funny -- thinks for a moment she's putting him on, then sees she's not.

MULDER

What'd this woman look like?

SCULLY

Five-six, thin, short brown hair, brown eyes...

(self-conscious now)

Maybe you know her. Somebody playing a joke.

Mulder looks thoughtful. Finally:

MULDER

So, I'll use the ATM instead. Why tempt fate?

With a smile to her, he's gone. Off Scully, staring after him, unsettled...

CUT TO:

A34 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING - THE SURFACE (X)A34

Of the conference table fills our frame, charts and paperwork (X)  
stacked atop it. We TILT UP to find Scully as she sits down in (X)  
her chair. (X)

The other agents around her take their seats, too -- the meeting (X)  
comes to order. (X)

SKINNER (X)  
Our next order of business is... (X)  
federal crime projections. (X)  
Who's got those figures? (X)

OLDER AGENT (X)  
Right here. (X)  
(searching) (X)  
If you could all just bear with (X)  
me one second. (X)

The Older Agent seated next to Scully hunts through his papers (X)  
for his report. Scully seems distracted. (X)

We ADJUST to include Mulder's EMPTY CHAIR on the other side of (X)  
Scully. She looks to it, worry in her eyes. (X)

CLOSE - SCULLY (X)

Off her, waiting for Mulder's return: (X)

OLDER AGENT (O.S.) (X)  
Federal crime projections... (X)

CUT TO: (X)

34 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - MORNING - AN ATM MACHINE

34

A machine we've probably seen in passing a half-dozen times before -- it's built into the exterior wall of the bank.

Mulder stands at the little courtesy stoop beside the machine, licks the deposit envelope and seals it. He pulls out his access card and turns to the ATM. He sees:

MULDER'S POV - THE ATM SCREEN

Reads "TEMPORARILY OUT OF SERVICE -- PLEASE SEE TELLER."

MULDER

Rolls his eyes, looks to the bank entrance. He doesn't go in. Instead, he glances around the block, considering his options.

His eyes narrow on something. He's staring at:

HIS POV - PAM

Stands beside the passenger door of the beater, parked about forty feet away in its usual spot at the curb. She's just climbed out of it. She stares at Mulder.

MULDER

Stares back. After a beat, he heads her way.

OVER BY THE BEATER

Pam watches him approach, guarded hope growing in her eyes.

PAM

Do you remember me?

Mulder isn't sure whether he does or doesn't.

MULDER

You match a description. You were the woman who gave a warning to my partner?

Pam nods, waiting. Mulder studies her features.

MULDER

Have we met?

PAM

More times than I can count.  
Right here on this sidewalk.  
(more)

CONTINUED



34 CONTINUED:

34

PAM (cont'd)

(off his surprise)

Mostly, you walk right by.  
You'll pass a few minutes  
earlier, few minutes later --  
little details, they change.  
But it always ends the same.

MULDER

What ends the same?

PAM

(to herself)

God, I can't keep having this  
conversation...

MULDER

We die if we go inside the  
bank -- that's what you told  
Scully. What's going to happen  
in the bank? Is there going to  
be a robbery?

PAM

Every time I tell you there's a  
robbery, it makes you run into  
the bank and try to stop it --  
and that's when it all goes bad.  
I...

She struggles to keep her emotions in check. Quiet now:

PAM

Don't you see? We're all in  
Hell. I'm the only one who  
knows it. Something went wrong (X)  
on this day the first time  
around. Something got screwed  
up -- it didn't end the way it (X)  
was supposed to. And now it's (X)  
like a needle stuck in a groove. (X)

Mulder's trying hard to follow what she's saying, trying to wrap  
his mind around it.

MULDER

This day repeats, over and over  
again...

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

PAM  
(nodding)  
Until we get it right. Until my  
boyfriend doesn't blow up the  
bank.

Mulder reacts to this, surprised.

PAM  
I've tried everything to stop  
him. I've hid his keys, drugged (X)  
his coffee, even called the  
police, but he always gets here. (X)  
He's meant to.  
(beat)  
It's you. You and your partner.  
Every time. Bernard wouldn't  
hurt anybody if it wasn't for  
you. Nobody would die.

Mulder's got a lot to chew on -- it's not like he's easily  
believing any of this.

MULDER  
If what you're telling me is  
true... why don't I remember it?  
Why you alone?

Pam snorts, shakes her head to herself.

PAM  
That's gotta be fifty times now  
you've asked me that.

MULDER  
What's the answer?

PAM  
I don't know. I just do. Be  
glad you don't.

Something about this woman, something in her eyes keeps Mulder  
from dismissing this story out of hand.

PAM  
Please. You can stop this.  
You're the... the variable. It  
has to be you -- I've tried  
everyone else.  
(beat)  
All I'm asking is that you just  
walk away.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

We hold on Mulder a long beat as he considers this. We can't tell from his expression what he'll decide.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING

35

The meeting continues. We're favoring Skinner's end of the table as we hear the Older Agent drone away o.s. (X)

OLDER AGENT (O.S.)  
... That's assuming these trends continue well into the coming year. Other DOJ projections...

He continues throughout this scene (refer to Scene 11 -- same speech). Behind Skinner, the office door opens silently and Mulder enters.

Eyes averted, Mulder makes for his seat at the conference table, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible -- though he can't help but glance at Skinner, who gives him a cool stare in return.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

As Mulder crosses to his seat, we ADJUST to see that portion of the table for the first time. There are two empty chairs side by side -- Scully isn't here.

Noticing this, Mulder immediately speaks up.

MULDER

Excuse me.

The Older Agent pauses his report. All eyes are on Mulder, though he's not thinking about that now.

MULDER

I'm sorry... where is Agent Scully?

SKINNER

(a beat)

She just left, Mulder. I presume to look for you.

This isn't good news. Mulder is instantly padding out of the office, back the way he came.

MULDER

Excuse me.

He exits. Skinner glances after him, annoyed, then turns back to the others. Off the Older Agent, resuming his report...

CUT TO:

36 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MORNING - SCULLY

36

Enters through the inner glass doors and drifts into the bank. She's alert, with a certain degree of apprehension in her eyes.

She passes us, and now we FOLLOW her deeper into the bank. The same customers are in line, and there's Bernard at the courtesy desk. Scully glances around for Mulder, doesn't see him. But just then...

... Bernard turns around, drawing his .45 and calling out:

BERNARD

EVERYBODY FACE-DOWN! YOU KNOW  
WHAT THIS IS!

Scully is caught short, no chance to draw her gun. Nearby is the Woman Customer (the one we saw wounded in the last version).

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

WOMAN CUSTOMER

Oh god --

Customers comply, get down on their bellies. Scully doesn't immediately, though she holds up her hands. She's sizing up Bernard, trying to figure out her best course of action.

BERNARD

YOU! ON THE FLOOR!

Scully slowly complies, keeping her eyes on him the whole time. Behind her, the Woman Customer is starting to panic.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

Oh god... you're gonna shoot us.

BERNARD

SHUT UP!

WOMAN CUSTOMER

He's gonna shoot us! Please don't kill us. Please don't do this -- oh god -- don't shoot us --

BERNARD

(overlapping)

SHUT UP!

(to the tellers)

GIMME THE MONEY!

(back to the woman)

DAMMIT, SHUT UP!

He rounds back to the woman, leveling his gun at her now -- which of course scares her more. She's up on her knees now, begging for her life.

The general noise level is going up in the room. Bernard is in over his head. He's rapidly losing control of the situation.

SCULLY

Can see this. Still on the floor, she's inching a hand toward her holstered Sig.

BERNARD

Senses this out of the corner of his eye. Aiming at her: (X)

BERNARD

HEY -- HEY! (X)

He's about to pull the trigger when, behind him... RACK TO (X)  
Mulder bursting into the lobby, gun in hand. (X)

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

CLOSE - MULDER

Raises his gun, focused on:

MULDER'S POV - BERNARD

Bernard spins around to face him, ready to fire. Mulder fires first. Bernard catches it in the shoulder, goes sprawling. Customers SCREAM.

NEW ANGLE - MULDER

We MOVE with him as he crosses the lobby, keeps his gun trained. Customers are on their feet now, a few running past him in the opposite direction.

Scully is on her feet, her gun out. She snatches up Bernard's dropped .45. Mulder glances to his partner, sees she's alright. They both look to...

THEIR POV - BERNARD

He lies on the floor, bleeding from the shoulder -- conscious but trembling, about to go into shock. He unzips his surplus coat with his good arm, starts to reach a hand inside (maybe this is in slight SLOW MOTION). We see the BOMB.

MULDER AND SCULLY

React with their eyes -- it's too late to do anything else. We slowly PUSH IN on Mulder, framing out Scully. We see that he's moving his lips, repeating something over and over.

All the SOUND in the room sucks away -- the SCORE, too. Now we're just hearing a faint, hollow RUSH, like you get when you hold a seashell to your ear. We hear what Mulder's saying under his breath.

MULDER

He's got a bomb... he's got a  
bomb... he's got a bomb...

It's not fear -- there's no time for it. Instead, it's like he's trying to memorize this sentence.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

CLOSE - BERNARD'S THUMB

Rests on the trigger switch. We hear only that faint, hollow RUSH. His thumb jams down on the switch. It CLICKS.

CUT TO BLACK.

Off the sound of the EXPLOSION:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

37 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING - LOW ANGLE ON DOOR 37

As the Paper Guy's FEET wipe frame, the same Monday edition SMACKS against the door...

38 CLOSE - MULDER'S EYES 38

Pop open to another version of the same bad day. Now reviewed in a MONTAGE of various moments we have seen before:

39 ANGLE - MULDER'S BARE FEET 39

SPLASH onto the saturated carpet...

MULDER

Son of a...

40 MULDER'S POV - HIS WATCH 40

Reading "MONDAY 7:16 AM."

MULDER (O.S.)

Great.

41 LOW ANGLE - BASEBOARDS 41

Mulder feels along the baseboards, struggling to keep the phone to his ear as he continues the familiar conversation...

MULDER

-- Yes, I know. I'm not supposed to have a waterbed. I told you, I'll pay for it...

42 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING - THE PAYROLL ENVELOPE 42

Hands pull out the check, hold it for a beat, then turn it over to endorse...

MULDER (O.S.)

I know -- I missed the meeting.

ANGLE - SCULLY

Stands in the doorway.

CONTINUED



42 CONTINUED:

42

SCULLY

You didn't miss the meeting.  
You're extraordinarily late for  
the meeting...

43 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

43

Mulder passes Scully, check in hand. He pauses on his way out  
the door...

MULDER

Bank's just down the street --  
Cover for me, willya?

He's out the door and gone. Ending the montage as we, PRELAP  
the sound of a CAR HORN HONKING:

CUT TO:

44 INT. THE BEATER - MORNING - CLOSE ANGLE ON PAM

44

Through the grimy windshield. Sitting in the passenger seat of  
the parked car as we've seen before -- only this time she seems  
more than just shell-shocked. She looks despondent, beyond hope.

BERNARD

Is leaning on the horn, BLARING at passing drivers. Now he  
rolls his window up and turns to her.

BERNARD

We good?

She makes no answer. He nudges her.

BERNARD

Pam?

PAM

I know.

(imitating him)  
You just gotta go pick something  
up. No biggie.

Bernard notes her attitude -- is she trying to piss me off?

BERNARD

What's with you? Why are you  
always in a mood?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED:

44

PAM

Cause nothing ever changes.

Bernard nods. He's got something on his mind. Something he doesn't want her to know about just yet. He holds his coat closed as he slips out of the car.

BERNARD

Things are gonna change. You wait and see. I'll be ten minutes. Wait here.

She doesn't respond as he exits, she simply no longer cares. WE HOLD on Pam as o.s. WE HEAR the familiar dialogue of:

BICYCLIST (O.S.)

Hey, man -- you need to watch it next time.

BERNARD (O.S.)

You watch it.

This time, however, Pam doesn't even lip-synch. As WE PUSH IN on her, truly a lost soul...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. DOWNTOWN D.C. STREET - MULDER

45

Heads toward us up the sidewalk, checkbook in hand. He slows as he sees something ahead. Something that sparks a memory.

HIS POV - PAM

Inside the beater. She looks up -- seeing Mulder -- then looks down again, shaking her head.

MULDER

Approaches the auto. There's something about Pam's face that disturbs him. As he steps up, she rolls down her window. He leans close, smiling hesitantly.

MULDER

Do I know you?

PAM

(snotty)

Do you?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

MULDER  
I'm sorry, but you look so  
familiar to me.

PAM  
Do I.

Mulder searches her face with his eyes -- not quite finding the  
answer he's seeking. He rises from the window.

MULDER  
Sorry to bother you.

Pam rolls up her window. Mulder moves along, still puzzled by  
this moment of recognition. Off Pam, staring after him:

CUT TO:

46 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MORNING - THE HEAD TELLER

46

Finishes with her current customer -- just as we saw before.

HEAD TELLER  
May I help the next in line?

MULDER

Moves up one space in line. Not only is this going too slow for  
him, but he is still troubled by the woman he recognized  
outside. Now he scans the room as if there is something  
familiar about this place as well. His eyes falling on:

BERNARD

His back to us, writing the note at the courtesy desk.

MULDER

Turns to get a better view -- does he recognize this man who has  
killed him a thousand times over?

A LOOK from an impatient PATRON in line behind Mulder breaks his  
gaze. Mulder moves a step forward, then returns to staring at:

HIS POV - BERNARD

His face only partially visible as he struggles with his missive.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED:

46

MULDER

Can't quite place the man in the Army jacket. But there's something about him... WE CREEP IN on Mulder as he struggles through his memories...

... as Mulder begins to MOUTH WORDS we can't hear, repeating a sentence mantra-like to himself. We continue to PUSH IN... finally hearing what he is saying over and over:

MULDER

He's got a bomb... he's got a bomb... he's got a bomb...

A look of recognition shows in his eyes. It's all coming back to him. Off this: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

A47 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING - SCULLY (X)A47

Shifts in her chair, preoccupied, as the Older Agent drones on (see Scene 11). We hear a phone RINGING from the outer office. (X)

OLDER AGENT

... Other DOJ projections estimate a larger, two to three percent drop in the overall homicide rate, versus the one to one-and-a-half percent... (X)

Scully glances to the EMPTY SEAT at her side -- Mulder's seat. Then, as she looks toward the head of the table... (X)

... WE RACK to see Skinner staring at Scully with a look of disapproval. As Scully returns her gaze to the papers before her, the office door opens and Skinner's Secretary interrupts. (X)

SECRETARY

Agent Scully? (X)

Scully gets another look from Skinner as she rises. She follows the Secretary into: (X)

B47 INT. OUTER OFFICE - SCULLY (X)B47

Makes for the desk phone. The Secretary closing the door behind. (X)

SECRETARY

It's Agent Mulder. He says it's urgent... (X)

CONTINUED

B47 CONTINUED:

B47

SCULLY (X)  
(grabs the receiver) (X)  
Mulder, where are you? (X)

INTERCUT WITH: (X)

C47 INT. BANK - LOBBY - MULDER (X) C47

Stands at an empty loan officer's desk, using the desk phone. (X)  
He speaks in hushed tones, never taking his eyes off Bernard. (X)

MULDER (X)  
I'm in the bank. Cradock Marine (X)  
at 8th and E... (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I know where you are, what's (X)  
taking you so long? (X)

MULDER (X)  
Scully, I need you to do (X)  
something for me. Now. (X)

Off Scully, reading Mulder's urgency: (X)

CUT TO:

47 CLOSE ON - CHEAP WRIST WATCH 47

The second hand ticking off the moments before the inevitable.

INT. THE BEATER - PAM

Looks up from her watch, despairing. The anxiety of waiting for (X)  
her daily torture is excruciating. (X)

WE MOVE IN ON PAM... sweat trickles down her forehead, she runs  
a hand through her hair, checks her watch again, stares in the  
rear-view mirror, wipes her brow, waiting for...

... BANG-BANG! Loud taps on the passenger window startle Pam.  
She turns her head to see:

SCULLY

Standing outside the beater, tapping the glass with her BADGE.

PAM

Rolls down her window, wondering at this change of events.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED:

47

SCULLY

Ma'am, could you come with me?

PAM

Why?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED:

47

SCULLY  
Just come with me, please.

PAM  
What's this all about?

SCULLY  
My partner said you'd know.

Scully's urgency is clear -- even though she's not sure she could explain. As Pam obliges, climbing out of the car:

CUT TO:

48 INT. BANK LOBBY - MORNING - BERNARD

48

Leans over the courtesy desk, writing his note with a shaky hand.

HIS POV - THE NOTE

Reads: "THIS IS A ROBBERY. PUT THE MONEY IN THE BAG." Before he can finish his sentence...

... a SIG SAUER PISTOL gets gently placed beside the note.

BERNARD

Looks up, startled. He sees Mulder standing at his side.

MULDER  
Take it.

Bernard is completely floored -- who the hell is this guy?

MULDER  
I'm a Federal agent. I don't want us all to die.

BERNARD  
What are you talking about? --

MULDER  
You have a girlfriend, outside in the car. You have a bomb.

Bernard's face goes flush. He tries to hide his anxiety at being found out. His mind races as Mulder continues.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

48

MULDER

Something very bad's going to happen here -- I want you to know I won't let it happen. But I won't stop you if you just walk out of here.

(X)

Bernard looks to the gun, then back to Mulder.

MULDER

You're in charge here.

BERNARD

You're damn right --

The Woman Customer turns at this, noticing the gun on the desk. She murmurs to the others.

WOMAN CUSTOMER

He's got a gun.

A NERVOUS RIPPLE goes through the customers. Now all eyes are on Bernard, adding to the pressure on him.

MULDER

You can change your fate, Bernard.

Bernard looks to the customers, then back to Mulder. Just as we think he might take Mulder's advice... he GRABS the Sig off the table, brandishing it.

BERNARD

EVERYBODY DOWN! YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS!

WOMAN CUSTOMER

Oh god --

The Woman Customer begins to whimper as the patrons and employees quickly comply. All except Mulder. He glances to the lobby doors, then back to Bernard.

MULDER

If you won't believe me, then ask her --

Bernard follows Mulder's look to see:

CONTINUED



48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

PAM

Entering through the inner lobby doors. Scully is right behind her. The instant Scully sees Bernard's gun, she draws her own pistol and steps around Pam, taking aim at the robber.

SCULLY  
DROP IT! --

BERNARD

Points Mulder's gun at Scully while he draws his own .45, which he aims at Mulder.

BERNARD  
GET AWAY FROM HER, PAM!

Pam bellows at Mulder.

PAM  
This won't work! Don't you think I tried this?!

SCULLY  
DROP IT NOW! --

BERNARD  
YOU DROP IT! --

MULDER (X)  
Bernard, listen to me! (X)

BERNARD (X)  
GET HER OUT OF HERE! (X)

MULDER (X)  
YOU GET HER OUT OF HERE! (X)

Bernard hesitates -- keeping his arms raised, his guns aimed. (X)  
Mulder lowers his voice. (X)

MULDER (X)  
(points at Pam) (X)  
You're dooming her by doing (X)  
this, Bernard. You're making (X)  
her live this over and over -- (X)  
her, you, all of us. (X)

BERNARD (X)  
-- what the HELL are you talking (X)  
about? -- (X)

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

Bernard looks to Pam. She's silent, staring at him. Tears are visible in her eyes now. Bernard looks back to Mulder. (X)  
(X)

MULDER  
Every day you die in here -- and every day, it starts again. (X)  
(beat)  
You can't want this for her.  
This hell.

BERNARD  
Hell? I'm DOING THIS for her!

PAM  
Bernard? Listen to him. (X)

Bernard gives her another look -- will he listen? Then he barks at Scully: (X)  
(X)

BERNARD  
PUT YOUR DAMN GUN DOWN -- (X)

MULDER  
Put your gun down, Scully.

Scully is surprised by this. (X)

MULDER  
Trust me. It's the only way out. Put your gun down and let them both walk out of here. (X)

Scully looks from Mulder to Bernard, keeping her aim steady, her finger on the trigger.

SCULLY  
Mulder --

MULDER  
He's got a bomb.

Scully looks to Mulder once more. Then she slowly sets her pistol on the floor. She stands back up again.

Pam looks from the agents to Bernard, hoping against hope for the outcome to be different this time.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

PAM  
C'mon, Bernard... let's go.

Bernard slowly lowers his guns, about to give in, when... faint SIRENS can be heard in the distance, growing louder.

Bernard flashes angry -- thinks Mulder's been playing him. He raises his .45, brings it to bear on Mulder.

BERNARD  
You son of a bitch.

PAM

Instinctively steps in the way as --

(X)

PAM  
NO!

-- Bernard pulls the trigger. BLAM! Pam falls from frame to reveal Mulder behind her, in the line of fire.

Bernard stares at his girlfriend on the floor. He lets both guns drop. As Scully kneels by Pam, checking her wound...

... Mulder cuffs Bernard's hands behind his back. Scully pulls out her cell phone, calls 911.

MULDER

Steps past Bernard, kneeling down by:

PAM

Who is dying. Oddly -- a weak, ironic SMILE crosses her face. She looks up at Mulder, the only man on the planet who might understand her.

PAM  
This never happened before.

Her smile is one of relief -- of coming peace. She exhales a dying breath. Off Mulder, watching this:

DISSOLVE TO:

49 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING - THE DOOR

49

To Mulder's apartment is in f.g., as before. The Paper Guy approaches -- this sure looks like another repeat day.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED:

49

As he passes, WE ARM DOWN... another fat NEWSPAPER smacks into frame. Before we can see whether or not it's the same paper, the same hellish day again...

50 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - MORNING - CLOSE - MULDER

50

Jerks awake at the door RATTLE. As Mulder yawns, then slowly rises, WE ADJUST to reveal...

... He spent the night on his couch. Back to his old haunts, wearing the same tee-shirt and boxers we've seen him in every morning. We wonder, is this the same day? Then the phone RINGS as usual. Mulder grabs the portable receiver.

MULDER

Yeah.

SCULLY

(on phone)

Mulder, it's me.

Mulder reaches for his watch, which lies on the coffee table. Squinting at the hour.

MULDER'S POV - THE WATCH

Its digital readout confirming: TUESDAY, 7:16 AM.

MULDER

Sets down his watch. He rises and makes for the door.

MULDER

I'm late again, aren't I?

INTERCUT WITH:

51 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING - SCULLY

51

Sits behind Mulder's desk, talking on the phone.

SCULLY

Not yet, but Skinner wants us in his office as soon as possible. He's asking to hear our report on yesterday's robbery.

As they talk, Mulder opens the front door, grabbing this morning's edition from the hallway outside. He returns to the couch, dropping the paper on the coffee table before him.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED:

51

MULDER

I'll be there in an hour.

SCULLY

I want to hear it, too.

MULDER

You were there, Scully.

SCULLY

That's not what I mean.

(beat)

You still won't explain what  
happened yesterday? How you  
knew Bernard Oates was strapped  
with explosives?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder isn't sure how to phrase it.

MULDER

Call it a feeling.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

And you just had a "feeling" he  
had an accomplice in the car.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

I don't think she was an  
accomplice, Scully. I think she  
just wanted to get away.

Mulder takes note of something on the front page of the paper.  
Something that strikes a chord in him. After a quiet beat:

SCULLY

You alright, Mulder?

MULDER

Yeah. I'll be there in an hour.

As Mulder hangs up, he gazes at the newspaper for a moment.  
Then he rises. As he exits frame, WE HOLD on the FRONT PAGE...

... PUSHING IN to see a photo of PAM accompanying a report about  
the robbery. A caption reads, "WOMAN DIES IN ROBBERY ATTEMPT."  
The photo of her is from another time... a happier day. Off her  
smiling face:

FADE OUT:

THE END