

THE X-FILES

"Milagro"

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Blue Rev. - February 22, 1999

"Milagra"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully

Phillip Padgett  
Kevin  
Maggie  
Maggie's Dad  
Guard  
Ken Naciamento  
Driver

(X)

"Milagro"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

LOVER'S LANE  
TALL BRUSH AREA  
FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)  
CEMETERY

INTERIORS

PADGETT'S APARTMENT (MULDER'S APT. REDRESSED)  
    /BATHROOM  
    /BEDROOM  
MULDER'S APT. BUILDING  
    /BASEMENT/INCINERATOR  
    /ELEVATOR  
    /HALLWAY  
    /LOBBY  
MULDER'S APARTMENT  
JEEP CHEROKEE  
FBI HEADQUARTERS  
    /HALLWAY OUTSIDE MULDER'S OFFICE  
    /MULDER'S OFFICE  
NON-DENOMINATIONAL CHURCH (X)  
COUNTY MORGUE  
JAIL CELL  
    /CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR  
SMALL INTERROGATION ROOM  
STAKEBED TRUCK

OMITTED

INT. HIRSCHHORN MUSEUM (X)

MILAGRA

FADE IN:

1 INT. PADGETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

1

PHILLIP PADGETT (early 30s) sits at his desk staring at an old electric typewriter. Just staring, at:

THE CLEAN SHEET OF WHITE PAPER

Waiting, like Padgett, for inspiration to strike.

ANGLE OVER THE PAPER TO PADGETT

Focused on the empty page. His only movement is blinking, and this only seldom.

THE TYPEWRITER

Emits a low hum from the motor. It, too, waits.

A GLASS OF COKE

Sits on the desk next to the typewriter. One lonely bubble flees from the depths and commits suicide at the surface, his ranks long since exterminated. The desk itself is uncluttered, save for SEVERAL STACKS OF PAPER. Padgett's manuscript in progress.

CLOSE ON PADGETT

Motionless. Staring. Blinking.

CLOSE ON THE LOWER HALF OF PADGETT'S FACE

His beard unshaven, maybe for a day. Maybe two.

ANGLE ON THE WALL ABOVE THE DESK

Where thirteen 3x5 cards have been push-pinned into the plaster. They are neatly written, with PINK HEADINGS at the top. Magic marker over various sluglines.

CLOSE ON A SLUGLINE

It reads: K.N. MURDERS HIS OWN BEST INTENTIONS

EXTRA CLOSE ON PADGETT

His watery eyes, crusted with sleep. His eyebrows atangle. Blink.

WIDE ON SCENE

Looking from the entry of the apartment, through a doorway into the room where Padgett sits staring. We will recognize, if we're fans of the show, that the apartment is exactly the same layout as Mulder's apartment, but there is no furniture, no pictures on

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

the wall, nothing save the desk and the chair where Padgett sits. CAMERA IS PUSHING SLOWLY as we witness a series of TIME CUTS, through which we will see light changes. Day becomes night.

PADGETT IS OUT OF HIS CHAIR, PACING

PADGETT IS STANDING NEXT TO THE WALL WITH A GLASS PRESSED UP AGAINST IT, HIS EAR PRESSED AGAINST THE GLASS, LISTENING.

PADGETT IS SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, SPINNING IT ROUND AND ROUND

PADGETT IS STANDING AT THE WINDOW, BACK TO US

PADGETT IS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, STARING

PADGETT IS STANDING, LIGHTING A CIGARETTE IN THE DARK

CUT TO:

2 INT. PADGETT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

2

ANGLE ON THE TOILET as THE ROOM LIGHT COMES ON. Padgett's cigarette butt is tossed in, fizzes out.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR OVER THE SINK

Where see Padgett close the door behind him. He moves to the sink and looks in the mirror, staring at himself blankly for several moments. Then he does something unexpected. He reaches through the space between buttons on his wrinkled oxford shirt and starts to dig at his chest, using his fingers as a kind of knife. Applying real and serious pressure... until BLOOD starts to bloom on the shirt.

Padgett's hand gropes and tugs, and though the effect is somewhat horrifying, the look on his face never really breaks. It's as if he's totally insensitive to pain. And now the blood is dripping and draining off his arm. HIS HAND IS IN HIS CHEST!! Pulling out...

...HIS BEATING HEART

Padgett stares at it blankly. As we:

(X)

CUT BACK TO:

(X)

THE CLEAN SHEET OF WHITE PAPER

(X)

Held against the typewriter's platen. Still waiting for inspiration to strike.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

ANGLE OVER THE PAPER TO PADGETT (X)

Still seated at his desk. Staring at the empty page. Waiting. (X)  
Off this image: (X)

GO TO MAIN TITLES

3 OMITTED

AND

4

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. BASEMENT/INCINERATOR ROOM - MORNING

5

WIDE ON THE ROOM, in the rear of which we can see glowing RED FLAMES in the incinerator. Then a DULL BELL SOUND DRAWS CAMERA to an elevator door, which is opening. Admitting dim light and Phillip Padgett, holding a full plastic garbage bag.

CAMERA PANS him as he comes down the stairs and moves to the incinerator, pulling at the hot metal handle on the door.

CLOSER ON PADGETT

Holding the garbage bag. The glow playing off his face, where he stands staring into the bright flames. Standing, staring. At:

PADGETT'S POV INTO INCINERATOR (CGI)

Where, in the miniature hell, he sees a BEATING HUMAN HEART floating in space. Its raw flesh unaffected by the flames.

REVERSE ON PADGETT THROUGH THE FLAMES

No floating heart where we expect to see one. Only the searing fire. Padgett stares a few moments longer, then throws the bag of garbage in and closes the door. Off this:

CUT TO:

6 INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

6

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS as we hear the dull bell sound again. They open to REVEAL SCULLY standing in the lobby. Hesitating ever so slightly, her eyes on:

PADGETT

Stands by himself in the elevator. Looking at Scully as she steps in. She nods in polite acknowledgement of him -- something mumbled perhaps -- but Padgett only stares. As the doors close.

Scully goes to press the NUMBER FOUR BUTTON on the old touch pad, but it won't light up. She/We notice there are no other numbers lit up either, but nonetheless the elevator lurches as it starts UPWARD.

SCULLY

Looks around the car, at anything but Padgett, until she has nothing left to look at. Her eyes finding:

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

PADGETT

Staring at her. Staring as we've come to know he can stare. But because of the confined space, and because Scully is directly across from him, it's arguable that he has nowhere else to look.

REVERSE ON SCULLY - PADGETT'S POV

Averting her eyes, trying not to show her discomfort.

CLOSE ON PADGETT

His gaze fixed, steady. Looking at:

SCULLY'S RIGHT HAND - PADGETT'S POV

Holding a THICK FILE FOLDER. This hand, of course, has no ring on it. Scully's index finger taps the folder lightly.

SCULLY'S NECK - PADGETT'S POV

Which, if we've never exactly been given this lingering luxury before, we notice is quite beautiful and shapely. Today she wears a blouse, unbuttoned maybe a button more than usual, which shows a little more flesh than she might around the FBI. It also reveals the GOLD CROSS on the chain around her neck.

RESUME PADGETT

Transfixed, eyes registering these fugitive impressions. Of:

SCULLY'S LIPS - PADGETT'S POV

We've never looked at them quite as closely. And, my, aren't they sensuous. Her tongue wetting them now. Icing on the cake.

SCULLY'S EYES -- PADGETT'S POV

Have we ever really known what shade of blue they are? Looking closely now, voyeuristically through Padgett's eyes, we see two star opals. Looking away at first, but now turning, to:

PADGETT

Still staring at Scully. He averts his eyes now, as the DULL BELL sounds again and:

PADGETT'S POV

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Above the door, the number 4 is lit up. CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO SCULLY, as she steps forward, anticipating the opening doors. This disposition puts her facing directly away from Padgett, and when the door open she steps out and doesn't look back.

MATCH CUT TO:

7 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

7

We're DOLLYING BACK with Scully, Padgett still in the elevator behind her, but he is exiting now, and it gives us the impression he's following her.

Scully has the impression, too, as she turns and looks over her shoulder. Her expression a little worried when she turns back.

MATCHING REVERSE ON SCULLY

As she makes it to Mulder's door, stops and knocks. Ventures a furtive look at:

SCULLY'S POV OF PADGETT

Heading up the hall toward her, staring at her.

SCULLY

Knocks again. A little louder. As:

RESUME PADGETT

Moving toward her, when he stops at the door to the apartment next to Mulder's. Giving Scully a last look as he reaches for the knob and opens the door. Entering the apartment, as:

RESUME SCULLY

Breathing a sigh of relief with her eyes. As Mulder answers the door, dab of shaving cream on his face, a towel in hand.

MULDER

Sorry. Come on in.

And he lets Scully in, closing the door. As we:

CUT TO:

8 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

8

Scully sits down on Mulder's sofa. She begins laying out the paperwork from her file folder as Mulder comes now, sans shaving cream, and takes a seat next to her. As she removes crime reports, crime scene photos, FBI internal paperwork:

SCULLY

I rode up on the elevator with someone. I think from next door.

MULDER

Young guy?  
(Scully nods)  
New neighbor. Why?

Scully continues with her paperwork. Mulder going over some of the material, distracted by it. Through the following:

SCULLY

Nothing. No reason.  
(beat)  
You've met him?

MULDER

Briefly. He's a writer.

SCULLY

What's he write?

MULDER

Didn't say.

Scully nods again, handing a specific report to Mulder.

SCULLY

My autopsy report on the second victim.

CUT TO:

9 INT. PADGETT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

9

ANGLE ON PADGETT'S DESK, where the typewriter sits humming, where a cigarette burns in the ashtray. But the chair where Padgett would be otherwise sitting is missing.

CAMERA ADJUSTING to FIND PADGETT'S FEET

Standing precariously on the back of a chair. CAMERA TILTING UP to find Padgett himself, straining to press his ear against a forced air heating register.

CLOSE ON PADGETT

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

Listening with intense interest to Mulder and Scully's voices, which come hollowly through the system.

SCULLY (O.S.)

You'll see the man's heart was removed in the same manner as the previous victim. There are no incisions, no scope sites, no cutting of any kind.

MULDER (O.S.)

Absolutely no indication how the killer did it?

SCULLY (O.S.)

No prints, no DNA material, no hair or fiber. Not a piece of forensic evidence to go on.

MULDER

What about an anaesthetic?

SCULLY (O.S.)

Whoever it is didn't use one.

CUT TO:

10 TIGHT ON ANOTHER HEAT REGISTER

10

CAMERA PANNING OFF it to Mulder, Scully through the following. Mulder is up, pacing, several photos in hand. Scully remains where we left her, on the sofa.

MULDER

And yet you still refuse to believe my theory. That what this is is psychic surgery.

SCULLY

"Psychic surgery," is some guy dipping his hands in a bucket of chicken guts pretending to remove tumors from the sick and gullible.

MULDER

Or just a grossly misunderstood area of alternative medicine.

SCULLY

Medicine, as you refer to it, Mulder, is to keep people alive.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

MULDER

Absent another theory, how else  
do we account for the impossible  
extraction of a man's heart?

(X)

CUT BACK TO:

11 PADGETT

11

Still pressed to the heat register, listening.

SCULLY (O.S.)

I don't know, Mulder.

MULDER (O.S.)

We have absolutely nothing to  
proceed with, Scully. No  
evidence, no m.o. to speak of.  
This could be the perfect crime.

SCULLY (O.S.)

A crime is only as perfect as  
the man or mind which commits  
it. And even if it were perfect,  
if he made not one mistake,  
there is still his motive. Find  
the motive, find the murderer.

Padgett takes his ear from the register, thinking. Then he  
climbs down, out of frame. Off this:

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN ON:

12 CLOSE SHOT OF THE CHERRY RED END OF A LIT CIGARETTE.

12

Following it to Padgett's mouth. He takes a long, lingering  
drag. He is staring up into space, in darkness. We are:

INT. PADGETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Padgett is lying on a mattress in the center of the room. No box  
spring, no bedspread, just sheets and an old blanket. A sheet  
covers the one window. There's a night table with a small lamp.

CAMERA CREEPS IN ON PADGETT, lying halfway under the covers.  
Staring up at the ceiling, lost in thought. His only movement is  
with the cigarette, sending blue smoke up into the shaft of  
diffused light through the sheeted window.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

CREEPING IN TO A CLOSE UP, where we see Padgett's eyes blinking a little more rapidly than before. As if he is experiencing some kind of troubling or anxious thought. And now he rises, sitting up. Throwing the covers off and exiting frame. LEAVING THE CAMERA LOOKING INTO BLACKNESS, which transitions us, as we:

CUT TO:

13 CAMERA COMING OFF A DARK F.G. TREE TRUNK, REVEALING WE ARE:

13

EXT. LOVER'S LANE - NIGHT

It'd be nice if we were on a hill, looking down on city lights. (But we're in D.C., or some metropolitan area nearby, so it shouldn't look like L.A. or Mulholland Drive.)

A few cars are parked along the dirt road, nosed into the shadows. We can see silhouettes of lovers through the back windows as CAMERA TRACKS. Stopping on an older Jeep Cherokee where there is also A COUPLE. We PRELAP:

GIRL'S VOICE

That's why I didn't want to come here, Kevin --

CUT TO:

14 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

14

The girl is MAGGIE, and she doth protest. To KEVIN, who is roughly the same age (16ish.)

KEVIN

I'm not even doing anything.

MAGGIE

You're thinking about it.

KEVIN

There's a console between us -- how much can I do? You make it sound like I'm an attacker.

MAGGIE

We talked about this.

KEVIN

And I told you I loved you.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

MAGGIE  
Oh, Kevin --

CUT TO:

15 EXT. LOVER'S LANE - NIGHT

15

TRACKING SLOWLY IN FRONT OF KEVIN'S CAR. We can see Kevin and Maggie continuing their talk when A FIGURE BREAKS FRAME in the deepish b.g. Walking on the road behind the Jeep just a little FASTER THAN CAMERA. Long enough to see it's someone in a HOODED SWEATSHIRT, arms shoved in the pockets. Moving along, seemingly minding his own business. Exiting the other side of frame, as CAMERA DRIFTS TO A STOP. Countering slightly when, a beat later, the figure STEPS BACK INTO FRAME, staring at the Jeep.

CUT BACK TO:

16 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

16

Maggie has relented to Kevin's logic after all, and the couple is vacuum sealed at the lips. Until Maggie pulls away.

MAGGIE  
There you go again.

KEVIN  
What?

MAGGIE  
That thing you do. You know what I'm talking about.

KEVIN  
That's the way I kiss, Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Well, I get the message.

She opens the door and slides out.

KEVIN  
Where are you going?

MAGGIE  
I can't talk to you.

KEVIN  
Maggie --

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

But she shuts the door and starts walking. Kevin isn't sure what to do -- chase her down or wait until she gets scared and comes back. He chooses good sense over pride and opens his own door.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. LOVER'S LANE - NIGHT

ANGLE THROUGH THE TALL BUSHES, out to the city lights. CAMERA FINDS Maggie, at a distance, looking away from us. Her arms hug tight to her body. Almost as if she's waiting for Kevin to find her like this. And, sure enough, she turns when she hears:

KEVIN (O.S.)

Maggie.

But she's going to make him work for it. Moving out, walking farther out into the tall brush, disappearing.

CUT TO:

18 NEW LOW ANGLE IN THE TALL BRUSH

We hear someone tromping toward us, and we're expecting Maggie, but suddenly Kevin appears. Stopping in f.g., looking about, for:

KEVIN

Maggie...?

KEVIN'S POV

There's someone coming toward him now, through the brush. If he/we can't see them, at least he can hear them.

RESUME KEVIN

KEVIN

Maggie, come on...

RESUME KEVIN'S POV

He can see someone coming out of the shadows in the tall brush, but it isn't Maggie. It's the man in the hooded sweatshirt. And though he/we can't see the man's face, his size and build is that of Padgett's. As the man moves toward us:

KEVIN

Is frozen in fear. CAMERA PUSHING IN on his face, before he turns and runs. As the Hooded Man breaks frame, and a few yards away catches Kevin from behind and pushes him to the ground.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

We see the following action over the top of the bush. We can't see Kevin, but we can see the Hooded Man standing over him, his hands reaching down somewhere we can't see...

... when we suddenly hear A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM. And then the Hooded Man lifts something aloft. Something wet and gleaming and about the size of:

CUT TO:

19 The word: heart. Typed out on Padgett's electric typewriter.

19

REVERSE ON PADGETT

Breathing hard, sweat glistening on his brow. As if he's just run a race. Or killed a man. Adrenalized. Staring at his writing, until he pulls the paper out of the cylinder and adds it to a short stack of other newly-typed pages. Rising now, straightening them into a neat stack, tapping them on end against the desk. As we PRELAP:

MAGGIE (O.S.)  
(distraught)  
It's my fault. I wasn't thinking.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. LOVER'S LANE - EARLY MORNING

20

There is lots of police activity. UNIFORMED OFFICERS beating through the bushes. CAMERA SLIDES OVER and FINDS Maggie sitting on a dilapidated picnic table bench. Next to her is Agent Mulder.

MAGGIE  
I didn't mean for this to happen  
to Kevin. I wasn't trying to do  
anything but make a point...

The words come out in sobs.

MAGGIE  
Why would anyone do this to him?  
I loved him. It was true love.

Mulder casts his grim expression out over the proceedings, to: (X)

MULDER'S POV

A car is pulling up. MAGGIE'S PARENTS getting out.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

MAGGIE'S DAD

Maggie --

RESUME MULDER, MAGGIE

Maggie gets up. Without a look back, moving to her parents to become a little girl again. Mulder watches this, as we:

CUT TO:

21 EXT. FBI BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

21

With a LEGEND to establish. And the time: 7:07 AM. Over this, PRELAP the muffled sound of a TELEPHONE RINGING.

CUT TO:

22 WOMEN'S FEET

22

Stepping into frame at the base of a door. The sound of KEYS JINGLING, as CAMERA ADJUSTS to FIND SCULLY, trying to get the right key in the door of Mulder's office. As the phone continues to RING inside the locked office. Finally, she succeeds.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

23

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR just inside Mulder's office door, where Scully's feet appear again, entering now. Walking over AN ENVELOPE on that's been slipped under the door. ARMING UP to see Scully grab the phone, answer it.

SCULLY

Scully --

INTERCUT WITH:

24 EXT. LOVER'S LANE - EARLY MORNING

24

Mulder is in the brush now, where the police activity is concentrated. He has his cell phone to his ear, looking down at the object of everyone's attention, which is somewhere just o.s.

MULDER

I've been trying like crazy to reach you --

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

SCULLY

For no apparent reason, my cell phone just died this morning.

MULDER

I've got a similar situation on my hands here.

SCULLY

What are you talking about?

ANGLE OVER MULDER DOWN TO KEVIN'S BODY

Kevin lies dead in the dry/wet grass/bush where he was attacked by the hooded man. His clothes are soiled and wet. His ripped shirt bloody, his bare chest revealed. With nothing else to suggest the cause of death. Mulder turns TO CAMERA. (X) (X)

MULDER

We've got a third victim, Scully. Sixteen year old kid, out on Lover's Lane.

SCULLY

Are you sure?

MULDER

I'm sure many a heart's been broken up here, Scully, but not quite like this. I wish you were here to explain it in medical terms to the local PD.

SCULLY

I don't know I could, Mulder. Did anyone see anyone?

MULDER

No. It's like there's nowhere to start on this case, Scully. Nothing to ask, nothing to say.

SCULLY

There's got to be something. Something about his victims. Why he chooses them. A pattern.

MULDER

So far there's nothing.

During this, Scully's caught sight of the envelope she walked over. Straining the length of the cord to read it.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

SCULLY

There's an envelope that's been slipped under your door, Mulder.

MULDER

From who?

SCULLY

It's unmarked.

Scully feels the envelope, her finger finding something small and three dimensional inside. Before she cradles the phone on her shoulder so she can rip the envelope open, draining a small metallic object into her free hand.

SCULLY

It's some kind of pendant.

INSERT THE OBJECT

A metallic pendant the size of a small St. Christopher medal, with a relief of a HAND holding a BURNING HEART.

RESUME SCULLY -- ANGLE OVER THE PENDANT -- (RAMPING TO 72 FPS)

She's looking at it curiously, holding it by the small hoop that attaches to the top of it. CAMERA CIRCLING SCULLY, under:

PADGETT'S VOICE

Her prompt mind ran through the Golconda of possibilities: Was this trinket from the killer? Was there a message contained in its equivocal symbolism? Was he a religious fanatic who had in fervid haste licked the envelope, leaving the telltale DNA that would begin his unravelling? She had a condign certainty the killer was a male - and now, as she held the cold metal at her fingertips she imagined him doing the same, trying to picture his face...

MATCH CAMERA TO:

25 PADGETT

25

Sitting at his typewriter, typing rapidly. In the zone, the words flowing. Quite unlike the first time we met him.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

PADGETT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

... it would be a plain face, an average face. A face people would be prone to trust. She knew this inherently, being naturally trusting herself. But the image she conjured up was no better than the useless sketch composites that littered her files. Preconsciously, she knew this wasn't her strength as an investigator. She was a marshal of cold facts, quick to organize, connect, shuffle, reorder and synthesize their relative hard values into discrete categories. Imprecision would only invite sexist criticism. That she was soft, malleable, not up to her male counterparts...

MATCH CAMERA TO:

26 SCULLY (72 FPS)

26

Still staring at the the pendant. The phone cradled on her shoulder. The hand holding the envelope rising to push a strand of hair behind her ear.

PADGETT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

... even now as she pushed an errant strand of Titian hair behind her ear, she worried her partner would know instinctively what she could only guess. To be thought of as simply a beautiful woman was bridling, unthinkable. But she was beautiful. Fatally, stunningly prepossessing. Yet the compensatory respect she commanded only deepened the yearnings of her heart. To let it open, to let someone in.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

27 EXT. FBI BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

27

To establish. WITHOUT LEGEND.

28 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

28

CLOSE ON MULDER holding up the pendant just as Scully had been previously. Eyeing it.

SCULLY (O.S.)

It's called a milagro.

(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

Standing next to him.

SCULLY

The Spanish word for miracle.  
It's worn as a lucky charm.

MULDER

It came here for me?

SCULLY

Dropped off at reception, by a  
man in his late 20s, early 30s.  
Average looking, average build.  
No one could make a good ID.

(re: the envelope)

No prints, no DNA from saliva.

MULDER

I don't think it's the killer,  
Scully.

SCULLY

You see it's a burning heart --

MULDER

I see it's a burning heart. But  
we're looking for a killer who  
leaves absolutely no clues. Why  
would he do something so heavy-  
handed as this?

SCULLY

Maybe it's to do with his next  
victim. Maybe he's taunting you.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

28

MULDER

Maybe it's not me at all. Maybe  
it was sent to you.

SCULLY

It was put under your door.

MULDER

Isn't this where your mail comes  
now? Maybe it's a secret admirer.

Scully frowns at Mulder's taunt. As she lifts the envelope,  
takes the small metal pendant back from Mulder and drops it in.

SCULLY

I think I should check it out.

MULDER

Let me. You've got a 9:00 AM  
with the D.C. Medical Examiner.  
He's going to let you do the  
autopsy on the latest victim.

Mulder takes the envelope from Scully now, though she doesn't  
take her eyes off it. Until she looks up at Mulder with a  
troubled expression. Something bordering on anger.

SCULLY

Thank you for making my  
schedule, but I'm going to have  
to be late for that appointment.

And she turns and exits, with no further explanation. Off  
Mulder, wondering about this, we:

CUT TO:

29 INT. NON-DENOMINATIONAL CHURCH - DAY

(X) 29

With a LEGEND. As the legend fades, SCULLY appears at the church (X)  
entrance. She is alone at this hour. Her eyes scan the spacious (X)  
gothic cathedral as she heads up the aisle, toward the pulpit. (X)

NEW ANGLE ON SCULLY - STEADICAM

Someone is watching her from behind a pillar. From a hidden (X)  
vantage. Ducking back so that Scully doesn't see, as she looks (X)  
in this direction. (X)

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED:

29

FINDING HER AGAIN. (Camera should feel sneaky, kinetic.) Moving (X)  
from pillar to pillar, as Scully moves to the top of the (X)  
sanctuary. (The sense is she knows what she's looking for.) (X)

ANGLE OVER SCULLY

Standing, studying whatever it is she's come to see. As, in the (X)  
out of focus b.g. WE SEE the person who's been following her  
cross a doorway and disappear from sight.

REVERSE OVER SCULLY

To the painting. It's a figurative representation of Christ. In  
his hand he holds his heart. And the heart is aflame, as we have (X)  
also seen on the milagro.

CAMERA DRIFTING AROUND to a profile of Scully, as she continues  
to stare at the painting... when PADGETT STEPS INTO FRAME next  
to her, looking up at the painting, too. Scully looks furtively  
to him, and when she does he begins to speak.

PADGETT

I come here often to see this  
painting. It's called My Divine  
Heart, after the miracle of  
Saint Margaret Mary. Do you know  
the story? The revelation of the  
Sacred Heart? Christ came to  
Margaret Mary, his heart so  
inflamed with love that it was  
no longer able to contain its  
burning flames of Charity.  
Margaret Mary, so filled with  
Divine Love herself, asked the  
Lord to take her heart, and so  
he did, placing it alongside his  
until it burned with the flames  
of his Passion, before he  
restored it to Margaret Mary,  
sealing her wound with a touch  
of his blessed hand.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

Scully is staring at Padgett, working at recognition.

SCULLY

Why are you telling me this?

PADGETT

You came here specifically to see this painting, didn't you?

SCULLY

Yes. How did you know?

PADGETT

I saw you enter. The way you knew right where it was.

SCULLY

I know you. You live next to someone I work with.

PADGETT

I'm who you were asking him about. I'm the writer.

(beat)

The walls are a little thin.

Scully is weirded, to say the least. But Padgett speaks calmly, without any kind of acknowledgement of Scully's discomfort. Holding her eyes with his intense gaze.

SCULLY

Why are you following me?

PADGETT

I'm not. I'd only imagined that you'd come here today.

(X)

SCULLY

(dubious)

You imagined it?

PADGETT

Yes. I'm a writer. That's what I do. Imagine how people behave.

(more)

CONTINUED



29 CONTINUED: (4)

29

PADGETT

I see this is making you  
uncomfortable. And I'm sorry.  
It's just I'm taken with you. (X)  
That never happens to me. We're (X)  
alike that way.

Scully is so at a loss about what to say that she says nothing. Turning and walking away, CAMERA DOLLYING BACK with her, keying on her troubled face. But she doesn't look back, exiting PAST CAMERA, as CAMERA DRIFTS TO A STOP, RACKS to Padgett in the b.g. Watching Scully. Staring, like we know Padgett can stare.

CUT TO:

30 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - MORNING

30

A windowless rectangle, filled with sheet-covered corpses on gurneys. Lined up like autos, waiting for the mechanic. A door opens and Scully enters. Looking for:

SCULLY'S POV

Mulder stands with the MEDICAL EXAMINER and SEVERAL OF HIS ASSISTANTS. They are standing over the body of Kevin, the hapless chap who had his heart removed on Lover's Lane. When Mulder sees Scully he excuses himself, moves to her.

MULDER

You weren't kidding about being late. I was going to put on the scrubs and sharpen a knife.

SCULLY

I'm sorry.

MULDER

Where were you?

SCULLY

Doing some research. And learning I owe you an apology.

MULDER

For?

SCULLY

The milagro charm. You were right about its insignificance.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

Mulder produces the charm from his pocket, holds it in his palm.

MULDER

It is very significant, possibly a communication from the killer. My research shows that the most credible practitioners of psychic surgery believe they are imbued with the Holy Spirit. Their hands become the miracle tools of God.

Scully picks up the trinket.

SCULLY

This -- this is nothing more than the tool of a lovelorn romeo, who happens to be your next door neighbor.

MULDER

Who? The writer?

SCULLY

My secret admirer, who claims to know the mysteries of my heart.

MULDER

You're kidding.

SCULLY

I wish I were. He cornered me today and told me my life story. It was kind of frightening.

(X)

MULDER

Is he our killer?

SCULLY

Frightening, as in too much information and intimate detail. What kills you is his audacity.

MULDER

Did you get his name?

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

SCULLY

No. But it shouldn't be too hard  
to find, should it?

Off Mulder, as Scully starts toward the body of Kevin:

CUT TO:

31 INT. LOBBY TO MULDER'S APT. -- A ROW OF MAILBOXES - NIGHT

(X) 31

Mulder's hand comes in, fingers running down the line of slots, stopping in f.g.. Finding the one he's looking for. Then he produces a lock pick, using it on the mailman's keyhole, the one that opens the entire front. His hands going to the box he'd selected first, taking the pieces of mail which are stuffed inside this particular slot.

MULDER

Goes through the mail, looking for what he's not sure.

INSERT MAIL

Utility bills, a phone bill, solicitations for loans, for insurance, for internet classes, etc. Addressed to P. PADGETT. Nothing interesting, except the phone bill, which he keeps.

Mulder stuffs the rest back in the slot, closes the big door then his eyes go to something:

A STACK OF GIVE-AWAY NEWSPAPERS

On the floor under the mailboxes. The type they distribute in public places, apts. etc. Mulder reaches in, takes an issue. CAMERA UP as he takes a cursory glance at the cover, then moves to the elevator, hits the button. Waiting, when:

PADGETT

enters the building, in from a run. He wears sweats, and a hooded sweatshirt with the hood down. He's breathing hard, a good sweat up. Catching sight of Mulder at the elevator, as it DINGS its dull DING and the elevator door opens.

32 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

32

Mulder steps in, hits the number four button but it doesn't light up. Then Padgett steps in across from him as the door closes. Mulder and Padgett now stand directly across from one

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

another, with Mulder holding Padgett's phone bill wrapped in the small newspaper. The men exchange looks. Padgett holds his, putting a tension in Mulder.

CLOSE ON PADGETT

Staring hard at Mulder, his eyes moving down to:

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

PADGETT'S POV OF THE NEWSPAPER AND THE PHONE BILL WRAPPED INSIDE

Held this way, it could just as easily be Mulder's mail. PANNING UP TO MULDER who feels Padgett's eyes on him. After several moments of looking away, he looks back to:

PADGETT

Who holds Mulder's stare.

MULDER

Holds his, too.

MULDER

Y'know, I've forgotten your name.

PADGETT

Padgett. Phillip Padgett.

MULDER

You write. Anything I'd know?

PADGETT

I don't think so.

Mulder nods as the dull DING sounds again and the elevator lurches to a stop. The door opens, Mulder stepping out first.

33 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

33

DOLLYING BACK, Mulder a few steps ahead of Padgett. Feeling Padgett's eyes on him. Why does he feel Padgett's suspicion? Mulder gets to his door, fishes for his keys. As Padgett gets to his door, he stops, still looking at Mulder.

PADGETT

You're an FBI agent.

(off Mulder's look)

Working on anything interesting?

(X)

Mulder's caught in the Padgett stare.

MULDER

A murder case.

PADGETT

Anything I'd know?

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

MULDER  
Possibly.

Mulder smiles politely, pushes in his door and enters, closing it behind him. As does Padgett. PRELAP THE SOUND OF TYPING.

CUT TO:

34 HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON PADGETT

34

At his desk, in front of his typewriter. Typing rapidly. Under:

PADGETT'S VOICE  
The overture in the church had urged the beautiful agent's partner into an act of Hegelian self-justification. Expeditiously violating the Fourth Amendment against mail theft, he prepared to impudently infract the First.

(X)

Padgett looks up AT CAMERA as he continues to type.

CUT TO:

35 A HEATING REGISTER

35

On the left side of frame, as Mulder's head enters opposite, his ear going up to the register. Listening to Padgett's typing.

36 RESUME PADGETT

36

Typing away. Like Mozart composing.

PADGETT'S VOICE  
But if she'd predictably aroused her sly partner's suspicions, Special Agent Dana Scully had herself become simply aroused.

CUT TO:

37 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - MORNING

37

Scully removes her bloody latex gloves, throws them in the trash.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

## PADGETT'S VOICE

All morning, the stranger's unsolicited compliments had played on the dampened strings of her instrument, until the middle C of consciousness was struck square and resonant.

Removing her scrub mask and depositing it in a special hamper. Untucking the top of her scrub smock, as the other hand goes into the pocket and finds:

## THE MILAGRO PENDANT

(X)

Holding it up and looking at it. Under:

## PADGETT'S VOICE

She was flattered. His words had presented her a pretty picture of herself. Quite unlike the practiced mask of uprightness that mirrored back to her from the medical examiners and the investigators and all the lawmen who dared no such utterances. She felt an involuntary flush and rebuked herself for the girlish indulgence.

Scully lowers the pendant, looking around to see if anyone has spied her or seen the flush Padgett is rightly describing.

CUT TO:

38 INT. PADGETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

THE SHEET that was over the window has been carelessly pulled aside so that moonlight streams in. CAMERA FOLLOWING THE MOONLIGHT DOWN TO TWO MISMATCHED COFFEE CUPS sitting on a night table next to a small lamp (off.) WE HEAR something o.s. Lovemaking? The rustle of sheets. Low moans. CAMERA DRIFTS to...

Padgett. On his bed, lying with his back to us. And -- ohmygod -- it appears he's entwined with someone, kissing this someone passionately, his legs entwined with hers. And we fear the worst. No, it can't be. Not Scully. But we can't tell for sure, even as CAMERA PUSHES IN, and:

## PADGETT'S VOICE

But the images came perforce and she let them play.

(more)

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

## PADGETT'S VOICE (cont'd)

Let them flood in like savory,  
or more a sugary confection from  
her adolescence when her senses  
were new and ungoverned by fear  
and self-denial.

CAMERA CLIMBS up and over Padgett now to REVEAL... SCULLY. She  
and Padgett are going for it. Passion unleashed.

## PADGETT'S VOICE

Ache, pang, prick, twinge. How  
ironic the Victorian vocabulary  
of behavioral pathology now so  
perfectly described the  
palpations of her own desire.  
The stranger had looked her in  
the eye and knew her more  
completely than she knew  
herself. She felt wild, feral,  
guilty as a criminal. Had the  
stranger unleashed in her what  
was already there, or only  
helped her discover a landscape  
she'd by necessity blinded  
herself to? What would her  
partner think of her?

(X)

CUT TO:

39 MULDER'S HEATING REGISTER

39

The sound of Padgett's TYPING hollow and distant. CAMERA PANNING  
down to MULDER. Sitting on his sofa, ripping open:

## PADGETT'S PHONE BILL

Taking apart the folded contents, finding nothing more than a  
SERVICE CHARGE. No long distance calls, no toll calls, message  
units, nothing. PANNING UP TO MULDER who looks back up to the  
heating register. The TYPING has become an annoying bed of noise  
on which the confounding mystery has become more confounding.

Mulder tosses the phone bill onto the coffee table, slumps back.  
He rubs his eyes and face, then looks down to:

## THE GIVE-AWAY NEWSPAPER

Lying on the table next to the opened phone bill. It's folded  
over so the title can't be clearly made out. Mulder's hand comes  
into frame, lifts it. Its title is: D.C. MUSE -- Washington's  
Independent Guide to Art, Entertainment and the Inside Scoop.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED:

39

NEW ANGLE ON MULDER

Opening the newspaper, leafing through it.

CUT TO:

40 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

40

The dull DING of the elevator. Then the door opens, REVEALING Scully. She exits, moving up the corridor toward Mulder's apt. We see she is carrying A FILE FOLDER. Getting to Mulder's door, she starts to knock, but stops herself for some reason. Looking now toward Padgett's door, from which the hollow sound of his electronic typewriter can be heard.

CUT TO:

41 INT. PADGETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

CLOSE ON PADGETT, working feverishly. His breathing is shallow, labored, as if the power of his ideas are having a physical effect on him.

PADGETT'S CHEATED POV OF THE TYPE BEING LAID DOWN

Extra close on the words: the compulsion was overwhelming

RESUME PADGETT - VERY CLOSE

His eyes as wild as his imagination, when A KNOCKING at the door makes his whip his head. The typing stops. HOLD ON PADGETT'S profile as he sits staring o.s. Tense as anything. As if he knew that the knocking would come, but now doesn't quite believe it.

ANGLE ON PADGETT'S DOOR

As it pulls open, REVEALING SCULLY.

SCULLY

Hi. I was going next door... and  
I wanted to return this.

She takes the milagro out of her pocket, holds it out.

(X)

ANGLE OVER SCULLY TO PADGETT

He stands staring at Scully for a moment. Staring at:

(X)

PADGETT'S POV

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

Under her trench coat, Scully is wearing the same blouse and skirt that she wore in his fantasy.

RESUME

PADGETT  
(blankly)

Why?

SCULLY  
Because I can't keep it.

PADGETT  
(again, blankly)

Why?

SCULLY  
I can't return the gesture.

His non-emotional response won't allow Scully an easy way out. If he played hurt, it would be inappropriate of him. If he were anxious, it would allow her to back away. But Padgett seems to question the very honesty of her rejection. Scully's let her hand with the milagro drop during this, but raises it again now. (X)

SCULLY  
I can't.

PADGETT  
You're curious about me.

Scully lowers the milagro. Looking past Padgett into his home. (X)

SCULLY  
You don't have any furniture.

PADGETT  
I have what I need. I write at my desk. I sleep in my bed.

SCULLY  
You don't eat?

Padgett smiles for the first time.

PADGETT  
I live in my head.

SCULLY  
Writing your books?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

PADGETT  
Yes. (X)

SCULLY  
Anything I'd know? (X)

PADGETT  
No. They're all failures. Except (X)  
the one I'm working on now. (X)  
(off Scully's  
reaction)  
I think I'm getting it right. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Why now, all of a sudden? (X)

PADGETT (X)  
Best not to question it. (X)

Scully nods appreciatively. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
See, you are curious about me. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Well, you lead a curious life. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
It's not so different from (X)  
yours, I imagine. Lonely. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
(nervous laugh) (X)  
Are you always so blunt? (X)

PADGETT (X)  
No. I mean, I don't know. I (X)  
don't have much occasion. I (X)  
pretty much just work. (X)

Padgett's eyes go to: (X)

SCULLY'S HAND WITH THE FILE FOLDER IN IT (X)

Containing her report on the latest victim. TILT UP TO SCULLY. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Loneliness is a choice. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
So how bout a cup of coffee? (X)

Off Scully nervous laugh; her unexpectedly charmed response: (X)

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED: (3) 41

INTERCUT WITH:

42 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 42

EXTRA CLOSE ON A PAGE of the give-away newspaper, where a personal ad has been circled. It reads: TO MAGGIE WITH LOVE ON VALENTINE'S DAY, 2/14/99. KEVIN.

MULDER

Is coming from his kitchen area, with a stack of old newspapers. He set them on the coffee table, going through them quickly. Looking for older copies of the D.C. MUSE. Finding them inside the stack, pulling them out and setting them aside... when something strikes him. He looks up at the heating register. The typewriter. It's stopped.

CUT BACK TO:

SCULLY

Standing in the living room, looking at: (X)

PADGETT'S DESK (X)

THE MANUSCRIPT sits stacked neatly on back corner of the desk, (X)  
it's text unreadable from this perspective. However, Scully can (X)  
read the single sentence that's typed on the piece of paper in (X)  
Padgett's humming typewriter: How will it end? (X)

RESUME SCULLY (X)

Looking up as Padgett enters from the kitchen, carrying the now- (X)  
familiar coffee cups, one in each hand. Handing one to Scully. (X)

SCULLY

My life's not so lonely, Mr -- (X)

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

PADGETT

Padgett.

(X)

SCULLY

It's actually anything but.

Padgett smiles politely, as if he knows better.

SCULLY

How is it you think you know me so well, Mr. Padgett?

PADGETT

I'm writing about you.

Scully laughs nervously. She doesn't believe him.

SCULLY

Right. Since when?

PADGETT

Since I first noticed you. You live in my old neighborhood.

SCULLY

And you moved into this building by coincidence?

PADGETT

No.

If not for Padgett's gentle manner, Scully would feel threatened enough to bolt. As it is, she feels extremely unnerved.

SCULLY

You moved here because of me?

PADGETT

There was nothing available in your building. And it's not like you spend alot of time at home.

(off her great and obvious discomfort)

It's not against the law, is it?

SCULLY

Actually, it is.

PADGETT

I should've said something, but I just couldn't get it all down fast enough.

(more)

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

PADGETT (cont'd)

To really write someone I have (X)  
to be in their head; I have to (X)  
know them more completely than (X)  
they know themselves. (X)

Scully's suspicious eyes drift to Padgett's writing table where (X)  
his manuscript sits in several stacks. (X)

SCULLY

That's all about me? (X)

PADGETT

Well, you're an important part. (X)

SCULLY

Can I read it? (X)

PADGETT

It's not finished. (X)

Padgett sees that the mood has turned. He smiles charmingly. (X)

PADGETT

I can't tell you how helpful it (X)  
is having you here, being able (X)  
to talk with you like this. (X)  
Would you sit and stay a minute? (X)

Scully thinks about it, looking around the apartment. Feeling  
Padgett's eyes on her.

SCULLY

You don't have anywhere to sit.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

MULDER

His ear to his heating register, listening to this.

CUT BACK TO:

43 INT. PADGETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

WIDE OVER THE BED as Padgett enters the darkened room, silhouetted in the doorway. Moving to the night table, setting his coffee cup down. He fumbles for the light, as Scully appears in the frame of the door, several steps back. Noncommittal.

SCULLY

I'm due next door.

Padgett continues to fumble with the light. Looking to see if it isn't the plug now that's the problem.

PADGETT

You haven't finished your coffee.

SCULLY

I'm very uncomfortable with this.

(X)

PADGETT

Why? You're armed, aren't you?

Padgett gets the light lit, but it burns out as soon as he does.

PADGETT

Imagine that.

Padgett straightens, pulls the sheet on the window haphazardly aside, just as we saw it pulled aside in his fantasy. Moonlight illuminates the room. He turns to Scully.

PADGETT

I'll get a bulb.

Padgett exits, moves past her, disappears. Scully hesitates, steps into the doorway, looking around. Then she steps in, cradling her cup. Moving to the window, craning for a look, but it's another brick wall, just like out Mulder's living room.

(X)

PADGETT

Appears in the doorway, BULB in hand. Moving toward Scully.

PADGETT

A view only a writer can appreciate.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED:

43

Scully steps aside as Padgett fumbles with the shade and the old bulb and the new bulb and...

OVER PADGETT TO SCULLY

She stands watching him. Somehow compelled to.

SCULLY

You say you know me completely.  
Why am I standing here when  
every instinct tells me to go?

The light suddenly screws on, illuminating the room.

PADGETT

Motive is never easy. Sometimes  
it occurs to one only later.

(X)

(X)

Padgett gestures for Scully to sit. She stares at him.

ANGLE ON BED (with bedroom door in b.g.)

Scully steps in, sits down. Padgett sits next to her. As soon as he does, the new bulb GOES OUT, sending them back into darkness.

PADGETT

Imagine that.

They sit silently in the darkness for a moment. And we should be shitting ourselves, when BOOM!! The sound of the front door being shouldered in, followed in short order by MULDER appearing in the bedroom doorway, gun high. His look is to the living room, unaware Scully's in the bedroom.

MULDER

SCULLY?!

Scully is up on her feet.

SCULLY

Mulder -- what are you --

Mulder spins his aim to the moonlit bedroom. Padgett rises, too.

MULDER

Are you alright?!

SCULLY

Yes.

But Mulder doesn't answer her, disappears into the living room.

44 INT. PADGETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

44

Where Mulder moves to Padgett's desk, grabbing at the thick stacks of paper, messing them, knocking many pages to the floor. As Scully appears in the b.g.

SCULLY

Mulder --

Mulder ignores her rifling the pages, as Padgett appears from behind Scully, observing Mulder curiously.

SCULLY

Mulder -- what are you doing?

MULDER

(holding a page he's  
found aloft)

Putting this man under arrest.

Mulder has his gun on Padgett as he moves toward him, handing the paper to Scully, then pushing Padgett hard against the wall. Frisking him, as:

SCULLY

Watches. Embarrassed, horrified. Looking at the page now:

INSERT PAGE - SCULLY'S POV

The words: plunged into the man's chest and felt his warm beating heart.

OFF SCULLY

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

45 PADGETT

45

Sits staring at the give-away newspaper.

PADGETT

Yes, I've seen this paper.

We are:

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

MULDER stands over Padgett.

MULDER

It's where you found the  
victims. In the personals.  
They'd all run personal ads.

PADGETT

They were lovers.

MULDER

And you targeted them.

PADGETT

I only write about them.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Mulder --

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

She's just come into the cell, carrying A FILE FOLDER. (X)

SCULLY

Not without his lawyer.

PADGETT

I don't need a lawyer.

(off Scully)

I'm telling the truth. (X)

Mulder picks a fat evidence bag that sits next to Padgett on his (X)  
bunk. Padgett's typed manuscript.

MULDER

Then is this your confession?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

PADGETT  
That's my novel.

MULDER  
It's all in here. Every murder,  
every detail. All laid out.

Padgett shrugs, not guilty, but maybe a little sheepish.

(X)

MULDER  
How did you do it, Mr. Padgett?

PADGETT  
If I sit long enough it just  
comes to me --

MULDER  
The murders!

PADGETT  
I only knew what was in my mind  
and wished to express it clearly.

MULDER  
(re: the manuscript)  
Who is "The Stranger?" Is that  
you? How about Ken Naciamento?

PADGETT  
The self-proclaimed Brazilian  
psychic surgeon.

MULDER  
Is he your accomplice?

PADGETT  
I guess you could say that. He's  
a central character.

MULDER  
Did you direct him to do it?

PADGETT  
(troubled)  
Jungians would say it's the  
characters who choose the  
writer, not the other way  
around. So I guess you could  
argue he directed me.

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

MULDER  
Which is the truth?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

PADGETT

(still troubled)

By their nature, words are imprecise and layered with meaning -- the signs of things, not the things themselves. It's hard to say who's in charge.

Mulder's getting red in the face. Scully sees this, and reaches to his arm, grabbing at it gently.

QUICK CUTS: Of PADGETT, staring at:

Scully's hand on Mulder's arm, from Padgett's POV.

Of PADGETT'S REACTION.

OFF SCULLY

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder.

MULDER

(finding restraint)

Why, Mr. Padgett? Maybe that's a question you can answer.

PADGETT

(still troubled)

That's the one question I can't.

Mulder grabs up the evidence bags containing Padgett's book. He starts toward Scully and the open door. (We see a GUARD outside.)

PADGETT

Agent Mulder...?

(Mulder turns)

My book. Did you like it?

MULDER

Maybe if it were fiction.

Mulder turns, exits. Scully glances back to sadsack Padgett, then closes the door behind.

MATCH CUT TO:

46 INT. CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

46

Mulder is moving out, several steps in front of Scully.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED:

46

SCULLY

Mulder -- where are you going?

Mulder turns. He's still hot under the collar at Padgett.

MULDER

To find his accomplice. This  
Brazilian psychic surgeon.

SCULLY

I did that already, Mulder.  
That's what I've been doing.

Scully shows Mulder what's in her file folder. Ken Naciamento's  
immigration records, with AN INSERT PHOTO.

SCULLY

Dr. Ken Naciamento, Sao Paolo,  
Brazil. Emigrated here in 1996.

(X)

MULDER

So where is he?

SCULLY

He's dead.

MULDER

He can't be.

SCULLY

Two years dead. I've got them  
faxing me a certificate of death.

MULDER

Padgett couldn't've done this  
alone, Scully.

SCULLY

Maybe he didn't do it at all.

MULDER

It's all on the page. How else  
would he know?

SCULLY

Maybe he imagined it.

(off Mulder's doubt)

Like Shakespeare. Or Freud. Or  
Jung. Maybe he has some gift, a  
clear window into human nature.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

MULDER

No one can predict behavior. No one can tell you exactly how someone is going to act.

SCULLY

Isn't that what you do? As a behavioral profiler? Imagine the killer's mind so well that you know what he's going to do?

She has a point. Mulder concedes this in frustrated silence. But that's all he concedes. Taking a new tack.

MULDER

If he imagines it, Scully, it's *a priori*. Before the fact. I think that's clear from what he's written about you.

(off Scully)

You know you're in here.

SCULLY

(hesitantly)

I only read a chapter. What does he say about me?

(X)

MULDER

Let's just say it ends with you doing the naked pretzel with "The Stranger" on a bed in an unfurnished 4th floor apartment.

Scully tries to act shocked, when actually she's disturbed.

MULDER

I'll assume that's *a priori*.

SCULLY

I think you know me better than that, Mulder.

Does he? Mulder studies Scully. Reading her awkwardness. Then he holds out the evidence bags, the manuscript to her.

MULDER

Maybe you want to finish it.

(X)

Scully takes the manuscript. As Mulder turns, heads up the hall. She watches him, troubled for reasons only she knows. As we:

CUT TO:

47 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT (X) 47

The door opens and the Guard (established) enters with a tray of food. Another Guard stands behind him in the cellblock corridor. (X)

GUARD (X)  
(after several beats) (X)  
Chow time, Padgett. Let's go. (X)

CLOSE ANGLE ON PADGETT (X)

Lying on his back, in his bunk. Staring at the ceiling. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
I'd like some paper, please. And (X)  
a pencil. (X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE GUARD (X)

GUARD (X)  
Against the rules. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
I'd like to make a statement. (X)

The Guard stares at Padgett, then turns to his second, standing out in the hall. The 2nd Guard knows what to do. Exiting. Then: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

48 INT. SMALL INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (X) 48

Scully sits at a table in the otherwise empty room. [Lacking a cheap alternative, this could be the jail cell gutted.] She's engrossed in Padgett's novel. Entranced. Reading with such intense concentration that the sound of the door opening startles her like a gunshot. Looking up to: (X)

ANGLE ON GUARD (X)

At the door, holding several pieces of paper of which we can see pencil-written handwriting. (X)

GUARD (X)  
Prisoner's written something I (X)  
think you should see. (X)

The Guard moves over, hands the pages to Scully. She's so flustered by Padgett's book it's as if the man has caught her... well, with her pants down. She takes the pages, flustered. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
What is it? (X)

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

48

GUARD

He says it's a statement, but  
I think he's putting somebody on.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

Looking to the handwritten pages, reading, as:

SCULLY (V.O.)

Grief squeezed at her eggshell  
heart like it might break into  
a thousand pieces, its contents  
running like broken promises  
into the hollow places his love  
used to fill.

(X)  
(X)

49 EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESITE - NIGHT

49

CAMERA TRACKS through the moonlit headstones, FINDING a LONE  
FIGURE standing at a distance. DRIFTING TOWARD this figure now.  
Closing in, we see that the figure is a woman. With her back to  
us, she stands bundled at a new gravesite.

SCULLY (V.O.)

How could she know this pain  
would end? That love, unlike  
matter or energy, was in endless  
supply in the universe. A germ  
which grows from nothingness,  
which cannot be eradicated even  
from the darkest of hearts.

CAMERA COMING AROUND to find Maggie, girlfriend of slain Kevin,  
grieving as described.

SCULLY (V.O.)

If she had known this, and who  
could say she would believe it?,  
she would not have chanced to  
remain at his sad grave until  
such an hour. So that she might  
not have to learn the second  
truth before the first: That to  
have love was to carry a vessel  
that could be lost or stolen.

Maggie looks up, as if on cue, her face to something o.s. Seeing:

MAGGIE'S POV

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED:

49

The man in the hooded sweatshirt, standing in the shadows. Just as Mulder predicted, Padgett appears not to have been working alone.

RESUME MAGGIE

Her face going scared. CAMERA DRIFTING IN. As:

SCULLY (V.O.)  
Or worse, spilled blood red on  
the ground.

THE HOODED SWEATSHIRT MAN STEPS FORWARD

Revealing himself. KEN NACIAMENTO. The Brazilian psychic surgeon.

SCULLY (V.O.)  
And that love was not immutable. (X)  
It could become hate as day (X)  
becomes night, as life becomes  
death.

WIDE ANGLE ON SCENE NOW

Maggie turns to run, but Naciamento gives chase. Catching her easily and knocking her to the ground. (Just like with Kevin.) From this distance, with Naciamento standing in silhouette, we cannot see the violence of his actions, as his rigid hand dives into Maggie's chest. Only that his hand comes up with her beating heart in it, glistening in the moonlight. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

50 SCULLY

50

Reading the last of Padgett's statement.

SCULLY  
And that for some this hatred  
grew so naturally, and in equal  
amounts, that it, too, needed  
its own form of expression.

She looks up at:

THE GUARD

Who nods his head, with a look to say, "See what I mean?" But Scully sees more than he means. Sliding her chair back and hurrying from the room. Off the Guard, his reaction to this:

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESITE - MORNING

51

Like Lover's Lane earlier, there is a pronounced police presence here. Cars and Uniformed Officers, Detectives, etc. All combing the cemetery, looking for clues, for any sign of Maggie.

CAMERA FINDS Mulder moving through the gravestones. Heading for:  
ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

In f.g., standing near an n.d. FBI pool car, talking on her cell phone. Hanging up as she sees Mulder approaching.

SCULLY

She's still a no show. At home  
or anywhere else she might go.

MULDER

There's signs of a possible  
struggle at the gravesite, but  
the area's so trammled from the  
funeral that evidence collection  
is going to be impossible.

Mulder and Scully trade a look.

MULDER

I think it's a jerk off.

SCULLY

Maybe the statement's to prove (X)  
he's telling the truth. That (X)  
he's truly only imagining it. (X)

MULDER

What he probably imagined is us (X)  
out here looking like idiots. (X)

Mulder's looking off now, his attention seized by something.

MULDER'S POV

A stakebed maintenance truck motors slowly on one of the roads bisecting the cemetery, some distance away. Pulling to a stop. Its DRIVER, in a maintenance uniform and a HOODED SWEATSHIRT, swings out of the cabin, heads to an area dotted by headstones.

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY

Mulder takes off running in the direction of the truck, and of:

ANGLE ON THE DRIVER'S BACK -- MULDER'S DISTANT MOVING POV

From which he looks similar in size and build to Ken Naciamento.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED:

51

REVERSE ON MULDER

Pulling his weapon, as he runs full speed toward the man, who is extremely SOFT FOCUS in f.g. Scully runs several yard behind him.

RESUME MULDER'S MOVING POV

Moving toward the Driver who still doesn't know he's being pursued. As Mulder enters this POV now, OUTRUNNING CAMERA. And knocking the man down. As:

MULDER

Face down. Hands where I can see them. Please don't move until I tell you. I'm a Federal Agent --

As Scully runs up:

ANGLE UP ON MULDER

Turning the man over, gun aimed down at him.

SCULLY

That's not him, Mulder. Mulder --

REVERSE OVER MULDER TO THE FRIGHTENED DRIVER

Definitely NOT Ken Naciamento.

DRIVER

What? What'd I do?

Mulder turns, looks up at Scully.

MULDER

The truck. Check the truck.

SCULLY

Mulder -- he works here!

(X)

But Mulder isn't listening. He's up, moving to:

ANGLE FROM BED OF STAKEBED TRUCK

Mulder's running toward it, from where Scully stands with the downed man. Jumping up onto the truck, climbing over the side and into:

A52 INT. STAKEBED TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A52

The bed is filled with DEAD OR DYING FLOWERS, all removed from gravesites. They are still colorful enough to be striking in their contrast to the grim location. Mulder's footing is difficult, we see, as his feet enter frame. To the center of the bed where he begins to dig. And dig. Finding:

ANGLE DOWN OVER MULDER

Pulling flowers off... THE DEAD BODY OF MAGGIE. Off:

MULDER

His reaction to this, we:

CUT TO:

B52 INT. CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR - DAY

B52

CAMERA STARTING ON MULDER AND SCULLY'S FEET, TILTING UP FOR:

SCULLY

How did you know, Mulder? That the body'd be in the truck?

MULDER

I imagined it.

Mulder is setting the determined pace here. He's got Padgett's bagged manuscript in hand. His sites set on Padgett's cell.

SCULLY

It's still no evidence Padgett directed the killer, Mulder.

MULDER

What do you need, a signed work order? Of course he directed him.

If they've made it to Padgett's cell, they stop outside it. Continuing their back and forth. (There's A GUARD in the hall.)

SCULLY

You making a critical assumption without any facts. What about time of death? What about --

Mulder puts his hands on Scully's shoulders, so he can spin her around and effectively switch positions with her.

SCULLY

-- What are you doing?

CONTINUED

B52 CONTINUED:

B52

MULDER

You're arguing my usual side.

SCULLY

Why couldn't he have imagined it? Why couldn't he just be in the killer's head?

MULDER

You read his book, Scully. What he wrote about you. Are you going to tell me he got in your head? That what I read is true?

Scully's honest feelings are on her face. Not in her answer.

SCULLY

Of course not.

Mulder nods. Taking this logic as a victory.

MULDER

I don't know how they communicate, but this's the only way I can think to catch them.

CUT TO:

52 INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

52

Padgett is lying still on his bunk, staring at the ceiling. Looking up when he hears the cell door opening.

MULDER (O.S.)

Mr. Padgett...?

MULDER

In the doorway, where the Guard stands with his keys. Scully stands just outside, looking curiously at Padgett.

MULDER

You can go home.

Padgett rises off his bunk, somehow not surprised. Moving to the door, his eyes going to his manuscript, which Mulder holds out.

MULDER

We apologize for our mistake. You're free to finish your book.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED:

52

PADGETT

Thank you.

Padgett takes the book, takes a step out, then hesitates. Looking to Scully, then to Mulder. Troubled by something.

PADGETT

I made a mistake myself.

MULDER

What's that, Mr. Padgett?

PADGETT

In my book, I'd written that Agent Scully falls in love. But that's obviously impossible. Agent Scully is already in love.

With that, Padgett turns and exits, not looking at Scully as he goes. It's a weird moment, not lost on Mulder and Scully. As we:

CUT TO:

53 INT. PADGETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

53

The door opens and Padgett appears. He closes the door behind himself, lost in deep, troubling thought.

Moving now to his desk, he sits down and takes off his shoes. He flips on his electric typewriter and takes his manuscript out of the evidence bag. He leafs through the bottom pages, removing these and setting the rest of the manuscript down on the desk/table. Then he carefully and deliberately starts to rip the pages he's removed when...

... Suddenly he's STARTLED by something o.s.

PADGETT

What are you doing here?!

PADGETT'S POV

It's Ken Naciamento, in the hooded sweatshirt. And off this:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

54 INT. PADGETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

54

Padgett sits in his chair at his desk/table, as Ken Naciamento steps forward from where he stands in the doorway between entry and living room. And for the first time he speaks:

KEN NACIAMENTO

You seem surprised to see me.

PADGETT

Well yes. Completely.

KEN NACIAMENTO

Why? I'm your character.

(X)

Padgett stares at Naciamento (who speaks with his native accent) as if coming to the realization that this is indeed his creation.

PADGETT

But what do you want?

(X)

KEN NACIAMENTO

Tu estas a preguntar a min?  
(off Padgett)

I'm here to help you finish.

(X)

PADGETT

I can't figure out your motive.

(X)

KEN NACIAMENTO

You can't make me a killer and  
not give me a motive. A reason.

(X)

PADGETT

No, I'm sure there's a reason.

KEN NACIAMENTO

You imagine me so perfectly in  
every other way. So perfectly  
that you bring me to life. Do  
you know why you chose me?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

PADGETT

I needed a perfect crime. And  
she's a doctor. She'd be  
horrified by what you do.

(X)

(X)

(X)

KEN NACIAMENTO

I'm horrified. I'd just like to  
know why I'm doing it.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED:

54

PADGETT  
So I could meet her.

KEN NACIAMENTO  
(menacing)  
That's no reason! It's an excuse!  
(looking around)  
Don't you have any place to sit?

(X)

LOW ANGLE UP ON NACIAMENTO

as he steps into the room. CAMERA ADJUSTS with him, RACKING NOW to a BLACK DOT high on the wall (not near the heating register.)

CUT TO:

55 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

55

ANGLE ON THE TAIL END OF A FIBER OPTIC CAMERA, inserted into a hole that's been drilled into the plaster, configured directly opposite the dot we just saw in Padgett's room. There are HANDS on it, twisting it slowly. CAMERA ADJUSTING TO MULDER.

MULDER  
Anything?

CAMERA ROUGHLY FOLLOWS the optic cable down to SCULLY, who sits huddled with a video monitor. (We also see Mulder's standing on the ladder or chair he used to listen at the heat register.)

SCULLY  
No. He's just sitting there.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MONITOR

Where, from the high angle perspective of the fiber optic lens, we see Padgett sitting at his desk/table. Staring at the pages in his hand. Naciamento is not in the room. Nor is Padgett sitting in any way to suggest that what we just saw in his apartment, and what Scully is seeing, have any similarity.

SCULLY  
Staring.

CUT BACK TO:

56 INT. PADGETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

56

Padgett is sitting at his desk/table alright, but not staring at his typewriter. He's looking up at Ken Naciamento as the Brazilian takes the pages from his hand; the ones he was going to tear up before Naciamento interrupted him.

KEN NACIAMENTO

Now what is this?

PADGETT

A big mistake. I misjudged her character. Her interest in me.

KEN NACIAMENTO

Oh. Now we're onto something!

PADGETT

She's only trying to get his attention but doesn't know it.

KEN NACIAMENTO

The old unconscious at work.

PADGETT

I wanted to love her.

KEN NACIAMENTO

Meu coraao! No wonder you can't finish your book, Padgett.

(off Padgett's  
questioning look)

Why do I want their hearts?

PADGETT

You tell me? Why do you do it?

KEN NACIAMENTO

I'm your character. You tell me.  
My reason is your reason.

PADGETT

(unsure)

I want to feel love.

KEN NACIAMENTO

No, no! You had it all right up to there. You were a tool of the truth. After all these years of misery and failure, you finally look deep into your heart and what do you get: ME! I am you, Padgett! I am all men.

(more)

(X)

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED:

56

KEN NACIAMENTO (cont'd)  
(off Padgett)

You sit here endlessly, waiting (X)  
to tap into the truth. And when (X)  
it arrives -- when I arrive -- (X)  
you don't want to see it. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
But what is the truth? (X)

KEN NACIAMENTO (X)  
Man imagines he, too, can open (X)  
his heart and expose its burning (X)  
Passion, its flames of Charity. (X)  
Like the Creator himself. But (X)  
this is not in his power. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
But I have love in my heart. (X)

KEN NACIAMENTO (X)  
As a thief has riches, a usurer (X)  
money. You have it, but man's (X)  
only true power is to destroy it. (X)

Padgett is stunned. Staring at the killer in horror. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
Then what's the end of my story? (X)

KEN NACIAMENTO (X)  
This story can have only one (X)  
end, if it is to be perfect. (X)

PADGETT (X)  
She dies? (X)

KEN NACIAMENTO (X)  
(snaps his fingers)  
See? It almost writes itself. (X)

CUT BACK TO:

57 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

57

ON SCULLY'S FEET. She, too, has her shoes off. TILTING UP to  
her. She's begun to nod off, when the HOLLOW SOUND of PADGETT'S  
TYPING wakes her. Sitting up, looking at the monitor.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED:

57

Coming from the area of the kitchen, hearing the typing, too. Mulder and Scully bend in to the monitor, watching Padgett typing. Naciamento, or anyone else, is not to be seen.

MULDER

Now what's he up to?

CUT BACK TO:

A58 PADGETT

A58

SEVERAL ANGLES: Typing furiously, feverishly. Putting new pages in and typing some more. All with Naciamento looking over his shoulder, his face lit up like a child's.

Let's use some really jangly score here: Beck's HIGH FIVE. To play the devil in Padgett's eyes, and in the eyes of his creation, Naciamento. His alter ego. His perfect reflection.

KEN NACIAMENTO

Sim! Sim! Sim! É bom! É facil!

(X)

Padgett quits typing and Naciamento reaches past him and rips the page out of the typewriter.

KEN NACIAMENTO

(snaps his fingers)

É um masterpiece! É um milagre!

(X)

He looks at Padgett who has yet to look up at him. Who has sweat on his brow and is breathing with shallow, labored breaths.

KEN NACIAMENTO

Today you're a writer. Today you know the true power of words.

CUT TO:

B58 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

B58

Mulder and Scully are at the monitor, on which they see Padgett sitting at his desk, holding the page in his hand. Naciamento, of course, is not there. He's only in Padgett's head.

Now Padgett adds this page and a small stack of others that he's just typed to the larger stack of his manuscript. Mulder and Scully watch him rise now, carrying the manuscript. And he EXITS FRAME, toward the entry. STILL BAREFOOT.

MULDER

What's he doing now?

CONTINUED

B58 CONTINUED:

B58

Mulder gets back up on the ladder/chair to twist the fiber optic camera. But as he does, both he and Scully hear PADGETT'S DOOR close out in the hall. Padgett has exited his apartment.

Mulder jumps off the ladder now, moving to his door in a hurry.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

58

Mulder pulls open his door, exiting into the hallway in the same hurry. Looking to:

MULDER'S POV TO ELEVATOR

Where the door is just closing. [NOTE: He should not be able to see Padgett, nor Padgett see him.] Mulder racing into this shot now, moving AWAY FROM CAMERA. Rounding the corner at the end of the hall, just short of the elevator and disappearing. We will imagine, correctly, that he's heading for the stairs.

A59 INT. BASEMENT/INCINERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A59

The elevator doors open and Padgett exits into the basement, carrying his manuscript. Moving barefoot (or in stocking feet, whichever works best in the previous action at the end of Act Three) and stepping toward the roaring incinerator. When:

MULDER

Bursts in a door at the top of a set of stairs. Gun out.

MULDER

Right there, Padgett!! Step back  
from the incinerator!

Padgett does, just as he's been told. He stares up at Mulder blankly. As if the stuffing's been taken out of him. As Mulder moves down the stairs toward him, we:

CUT TO:

59 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

59

SCULLY is just finishing putting her shoes on. Getting up now and moving in a hurry to the door. Opening it to find: KEN NACIAMENTO. Standing in the hall. He grabs Scully by the clothes at her neck. Forcing her backwards into the apartment. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

60 INT. BASEMENT/INCINERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

60

MULDER, coming off the stairs, gun still trained on Padgett.

MULDER

What do you think you're doing?

PADGETT

Destroying my book.

(X)

MULDER

Destroying evidence, you mean.

(X)

Mulder continues coming toward Padgett.

MULDER

Let's read what you wrote.

PADGETT

I'll tell you. He kills her.

(X)

MULDER

Who?

CUT BACK TO:

61 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

61

Scully has been forced onto the ground, onto her back by the killer. She's got one hand on his throat, the other trying to grab at her weapon. But Naciamento is certainly overpowering her.

THE HAND

That ISN'T clutching her clothes at the neck starts into her sternum, center chest, just below the bra line. His rigid fingers working like a knife, as BLOOD BEGINS TO BLOOM on her white blouse. His hand digging into her chest cavity. As:

SCULLY'S FREE HAND

Continues to try to snatch her weapon out of its holster, but her fingers can't get a purchase on it. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

62 MULDER AND PADGETT

62

Padgett is handing the manuscript to Mulder, who takes it with his free hand and cradles it in his arm.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED:

62

MULDER

You came down here to give these instructions to your accomplice?

PADGETT

No. He told me how it ends.

MULDER

When?

PADGETT

In my apartment.

MULDER

You were alone in there.

SUDDENLY GUNSHOTS RINGS OUT, from somewhere in the building. OFF Mulder's start at the sound, as he wheels.

CUT BACK TO:

63 SCULLY

63

The killer's hand in her chest, through her bloody shirt. As she FIRES AGAIN into the killer's chest - BANG! -

REVERSE ON KILLER

- BANG! - BANG! - the shots hit his chest but don't disturb it in any way. The slugs SQUIBBING into the ceiling overhead. It's as if he's impervious to their physical effects.

CUT BACK TO:

A64 MULDER

A64

Reacts to the last round of GUNSHOTS. He takes off upstairs. Dropping the manuscript, its pages spilling at Padgett's feet.

HOLDING ON PADGETT as he bends to scoop them up, as Mulder throws open the door he entered into the basement, flies out.

CUT BACK TO:

B64 THE KILLER

B64

His efforts now seem to even double, his hand groping for Scully's heart. She drops the useless weapon now, both hands going to the man's face, trying to gouge his eyes. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

C64 PADGETT

C64

Putting a handful of manuscript pages into the incinerator. And as they burn, we:

CUT TO:

D64 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

D64

Mulder flies around the corner at the end of the hall, running TOWARD CAMERA. Into f.g. Where he throws his apartment door open and enters to find:

E64 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

E64

ANGLE FROM LIVING ROOM TO MULDER as he bolts in, reacting to what he sees just BELOW CAMERA, just OUT OF FRAME.

Moving forward as CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL: Scully. Lying on her back, her entire chest bloodied. It appears she might be dead, another victim of an unexplained heart extraction, but when Mulder gets to her Scully stirs.

In fact, she reaches for him and pulls him down toward her. Pulling herself up to him. Clutching onto him for dear life, choking down sobs. Under:

PADGETT'S VOICE  
Dialogue to come.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 THE INCINERATOR

64

Where more pages are burning. A few rest at the lip of the furnace, not yet consumed. The fire licking at their edges.

PADGETT'S VOICE  
More dialogue.

As CAMERA DRIFTING DOWN TO FIND PADGETT, lying on the floor. A blood-red bloom on his shirt. Dead.

THE END

CONTINUED