
T H E X F I L E S

Story No. E01180

Episode #8ABX16

"Vienen"

Written By
Steven Maeda

Directed By
Rod Hardy

Blue

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CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Agent John Doggett

A.D. Skinner
Deputy Director Alvin Kersh

Bo Taylor
Diego Garza (X)
Chef
Simon De La Cruz
Ed Dell
Martin Ortega
Yuri
Saksa

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

OIL RIG

/CREW MESS

/COMMUNICATIONS SHACK

OVERHEAD CRAWLSPACE

FBI HEADQUARTERS

/HALLWAY

/X-FILES OFFICE

/DIRECTOR KERSH'S OFFICE

/A.D. SKINNER'S OFFICE

/AUTOPSY BAY

HELICOPTER

EXTERIORS:

GULF OF MEXICO

OIL RIG

/TOP DECK

/PRODUCTION DECK

/WELL DECK

/COMMUNICATIONS SHACK

(X)

OMITTED

FBI HEADQUARTERS

/LAB

"VIENEN"

NOTE: THIS EPISODE, NUMBER 16, WILL AIR AS EPISODE 18. EPISODE (X)
18, WHICH DEALS WITH MULDER'S RECOVERY, WILL AIR AS EPISODE 16. (X)

FADE IN ON:

BLACK WATER

Dark and impenetrable as the mysteries beneath its rippling surface, on which LIGHTS are dancing and playing, reflecting from somewhere o.s. TILT UP TO REVEAL the black water is an expanse of ocean. The reflecting lights are those studding a large structure rising from the sea on spindly legs. We are:

1 EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - NIGHT - A MASSIVE OIL RIG 1

A giant erector set of girders and platforms, catwalks and cranes. Three stories of living and working space a hundred feet above the dark water. A LEGEND appears: GALPEX-ORPHEUS PLATFORM, GULF OF MEXICO, 158 MILES OFF THE COAST OF TEXAS. PRELAP the sound of a televised HOCKEY GAME. Before we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE - A TV SCREEN

Broken up by intermittent snow/static. A pro hockey game is on screen as CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal we are:

2 INT. CREW MESS - NIGHT 2

A HALF-DOZEN MEN cluster around the television. Oil workers, roughnecks, still dirty from the day's work. Eating their dinner, while watching the game with intense interest. CHEERING now as someone from the home team starts to assault an opponent.

ANGLE ON A CHOW LINE

A FAT CHEF slices roast beef with A LARGE CARVING KNIFE from a thick cut of red meat. Serving MORE ROUGHNECKS, who turn when they hear the commotion from around the TV set. All except:

DIEGO

An onyx-eyed Mexican roustabout. His dark-skinned, Indian (X)
features distinguishing him from the others. He's last in line, (X)
and the only man not interested in the game.

ANGLE ON THE TV

It fuzzes with static snow, causing more commotion. Until the Crew Chief, BO TAYLOR, gets up and SMACKS the set with his hand. And the game reemerges, to the delight of the gathered hands.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

2

BO TAYLOR

Eat your vegetables or I'll do
the same to you --

(X)

It gets A LAUGH, as Bo sits back down with the men.

ANGLE ON DIEGO

He's moved up in line to where the Chef is serving, slicing him off a piece of meat. Turning now, eyeing the TV set. The Chef stabs at the piece of cut meat, holding it out to Diego.

CHEF

Hot meat, Senor --

Diego turns to him, and lets the man put the food on his plate. The Chef STABS the knife into the cutting board, wiping his hands on his apron and moving off. HOLD ON THE KNIFE, before:

ANGLE ON ANOTHER MESTIZO -- SIMON

Across the room, watching Diego apprehensively. Diego catches his eye, nodding to him subtly as he sits down to eat.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. RIG - NIGHT

3

CAMFRA FINDS SIMON, coming down a flight of stairs. He stops, making sure he hasn't been followed, then moves on.

4 INT. COMM SHACK - NIGHT

4

ED DELL, communications officer, has A SATELLITE RADIO upended, working inside it. Each time he touches two wires, we hear THE FOOTBALL GAME MORE CLEARLY. The cause of the intermittent snow/static in the Mess. Ed turns now, sensing a presence.

ED

(in bad Spanish)

Amigo. Que paso esta noche?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SIMON

Standing in the doorway. His face impassive.

ED

How's the roast beef?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

Ed turns back to his radio work. It clear from his attitude that any rapport he's got with Simon has been limited, probably by language. And that he's only half-expecting an answer here.

ED

Como esta el carne?

Ed's trying to get the wires attached, and finally does. As A CLEAR SIGNAL tunes in, delighting Ed.

ED

Bueno or malo?

During this, Simon has moved up behind Ed. When Ed turns now, his answer comes in the form of FLASHING METAL. As Simon SWINGS THE CARVING KNIFE at the unsuspecting Ed. PRELAP A BIG CHEER:

CUT TO:

5 INT. CREW MESS - NIGHT

5

THE CHEERING is from the men as their team scores. When suddenly THE TV goes completely to static. The men PISS AND MOAN. Bo smacks the set -- but nothing happens this time.

BO TAYLOR

Where's our illustrious
communications officer?

He moves to a wall-mounted intercom, depressing the button.

BO TAYLOR

(into the intercom)
ED!? What's the story?!

But he gets no answer. Pissed himself, he gets up, heads out.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. RIG - NIGHT

6

CAMERA FINDS BO, just as it found Simon. Coming down a flight of stairs. FOLLOWING HIM, toward the communication shack, the windows of which glow with light. Drawing Bo in their direction.

CUT TO:

7 INT. COMM SHACK - NIGHT

7

We see Bo out the door, coming toward the shack.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

BO TAYLOR

Hey, Ed! What gives --

As he COMES TO CAMERA, we see his expression change. Looking around PAST CAMERA into the shack. Reacting to an o.s. CRASH.

BO TAYLOR

HEY! What the hell you doing?!

REVERSE OVER BO TO SIMON

The room is in shambles as Simon SMASHES radio equipment. Pulling it off the shelves and throwing it to the floor. Bo's appearance and booming voice have no effect on Simon.

BO TAYLOR

HEY!

Bo bulls his way in and grabs Simon, overpowering him.

BO TAYLOR

Enough! That's enough!

When Bo notices something that makes him release his grip.

BO TAYLOR

Sonofa -- what'd you do?!

ANGLE ON ED

He lies on the floor, a pool of blood near his belly.

RESUME BO, SIMON

Simon stands facing Bo -- as if Bo might attack him again. But Bo is suddenly too upset at what he sees to worry about the smaller man. He moves to Ed, to see what he can do for him.

BO TAYLOR

Ed -- oh, man --

BO'S POV - ED'S SKIN

Suddenly begins to crawl. SUBDERMAL, WORM-LIKE RIPPLES (a la the X-Files Movie) begin to work their way up his neck to his face.

ANGLE ON BO

Reacting, but not how we might imagine he'd react. As he watches the wormy ripples, his concern turns to anger. Then he turns to Simon behind him. Who IS REACTING to the horrific sight.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

BO TAYLOR

(to Simon)

Now you've gone and done it.

Simon makes a break for it, trying to run past Bo now and get to the door. But Bo's too big and too able. He catches the smaller man before he can escape.

Swinging him around, knocking Simon to his knees. CAMERA FOLLOWS Simon, as he hits and recovers. Looking up at something that causes him to REACT AGAIN. In mortal fear at what he sees now:

SIMON'S POV

BO EYES ARE GLOWING, becoming white hot. As he stares at:

SIMON

He starts to SCREAM, yelling out in SPANISH.

SIMON

Sueltame!! Sueltame!!

RESUME BO TAYLOR

Not only are his eyes glowing, but his whole body now. Until he becomes so bright that HE WHITES OUT THE FRAME. And off this:

8 OMITTED.

8 (X)

GO TO MAIN TITLES.

(X)

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9 INT. HALLWAY - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

9

ELEVATOR DOORS open and JOHN DOGGETT steps out. He's got the sports page folded in half, reading it with interest as we TRACK HIM into the basement corridor and around to the X-Files office. (X)

He stops when he gets there, looks up, surprised to find the door to the office CLOSED. He tries the knob, but it's locked. He starts looking for keys he's not used to looking for, when he REACTS... to the sound of A FILE CABINET being closed inside.

10 INT. X-FILES OFFICE - DAY

10

We hear Doggett's keys in the lock from the inside. A moment later, the door swings open. Doggett looking in to find:

DOGGETT

Am I interrupting anything?

AGENT MULDER

Stands with his back to Doggett, at one of the file cabinets.

DOGGETT

Agent Mulder...?

Mulder finds the last of several files he's pulled. Closing the drawer now and finally turning to Agent Doggett.

MULDER

Nothing you'd be too terribly interested in, Agent Doggett.

DOGGETT

(casually)

Really? You wanna try it on for size? Just for the hell of it?

MULDER

For the hell of it? Not really.

Mulder uses his old desk to straighten the files.

DOGGETT

Agent Mulder --

(Mulder looks up)

What are you doing here?

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

MULDER

Looking into the recent death of an oil worker. I don't know if you're familiar with the case.

DOGGETT

Yes, I am. You sent me a heads-up on it a couple days ago.

MULDER

Well, that's what I'm doing here.

Agent Mulder smiles, but Doggett gets it now. What's going on.

DOGGETT

Agent Mulder, I understand you have more than a proprietary interest in these cases, but I can't help it that you're not assigned to this unit anymore.

MULDER

I can't seem to help it you are, Agent Doggett. Much as I try.

DOGGETT

I didn't see any reason to pursue this oil worker case.

Mulder nods, pulling a file from the one under his arm that IS NOT one of the familiar red-lettered X-Files. Handing it to Doggett, who doesn't bother to open it. Not yet, at least. (X)

MULDER

Maybe you missed the worker's corpse washing ashore in Port Aransas, Texas. Massive flash burns on 90 percent of the body. (X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT

Thermal burns, is what the M.E. said. If I'm not mistaken. (X)
(X)

(beat)

I read the report, Agent Mulder. If you're insinuating I didn't. (X)

MULDER

Then you know the victim was not the only man to disappear on the Galpex-Orpheus oil platform the same night. But one of two men.

Off Mulder's ever-cool prompt, Doggett nods, opens the file.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

INSERT THE CONTENTS OF THE FILE - THE PHOTOS

A crew-ID photo we recognize as SIMON. Along with more recent morgue shots with the terrible flash burns. Other pictures are of ED, the communications chief who Simon killed.

DOGGETT

The company attributes it to an explosion on the rig. I think they call it a "blowout." Which they say caused the burns.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

Burns the M.E. said in his report were not inconsistent with exposure to high-level radiation. If I'm not mistaken.

(X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT

"Not inconsistent." Not what I'd call a ringing endorsement.

(X)
(X)

Mulder hands Doggett the rest of the files under his arm now.

MULDER

These files include the same kind of radiation phenomena. Tissue destroyed by exposure --

DOGGETT

-- to Black Oil.

(dead serious)

5 years ago you and Agent Scully investigated a case of a WW II plane salvaged from the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Where a substance was brought to the surface that you describe as a highly contagious virus of extraterrestrial origin; that has radioactive properties and can take over a man's body. And that is part of an alien conspiracy to colonize the planet. If I'm not mistaken.

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

Mulder studies Doggett. Doggett clearly doesn't believe it.

MULDER

And you'd like to help, but you left your light saber at home.

Doggett won't pay Mulder the disrespect of even responding.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

MULDER

How'd you end up down here,
Agent Doggett? Kersh catch you
peeing in his corn flakes?

The phone on the desk RINGS suddenly. Both men react to it, but (X)
it's Mulder whose hand actually goes to it, lying on the (X)
receiver but not picking it up. The phone rings again, Mulder (X)
and Doggett staring steely-eyed at one another. Until Mulder (X)
picks up the phone... and hands it to Agent Doggett. (X)

DOGGETT

John Doggett.

INTERCUT WITH:

SCULLY

DEPUTY DIRECTOR KERSH sits behind her in the b.g., stone-faced.

SCULLY

Where are you?

We are:

11 INT. KERSH'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Scully is on Kersh's courtesy phone, across the room from KERSH, (X)
A.D. SKINNER, and another man: MARTIN ORTEGA, in an expensive (X)
suit. Scully is trying to be discreet without being conspicuous.

SCULLY

The Deputy Director's waiting.

DOGGETT

Yeah. I'm just on my way up.

SCULLY

Agent Doggett -- why didn't you
tell me you were pursuing this
Texas oil worker case?

DOGGETT

Because I'm not.

SCULLY

Well, there's an exec from the
oil company here who says he was
contacted by a man in our office.

Doggett's eyes go to Agent Mulder, who's expecting this. And it
has the effect of finally pushing Doggett's button.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

DOGGETT

No, that was Agent Mulder.

(X)

SCULLY

What are you talking about?

DOGGETT

Gonna let him answer that.

SHORT TIME CUT TO:

12 INT. KERSH'S OFFICE - DAY

12

The door opens and Mulder steps in ahead of Doggett. Scully stands waiting, and if we didn't see it earlier, Scully's well into her third trimester. She and Mulder lock eyes, and from his look he seems to be enjoying his old role as agent provocateur.

MULDER

Just like old times.

But Scully isn't necessarily humored, her eyes going to Agent Doggett, seeing that he isn't either. Nor is Skinner on:

MULDER

Feels like a funeral in here.

(X)

Skinner doesn't even crack a smile. But the moment is broken when Kersh's stentorian voice fills the room.

KERSH

Now it's all making sense.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DEPUTY DIRECTOR KERSH

Kersh rises. He is not happy. Ortega, the oil executive rises, too. Though he's still not clued into the politics here.

KERSH

Mr. Ortega, this is Special Agent Fox Mulder. The person you spoke to on the phone, I believe.

(clenched to Mulder)

Mr. Ortega is Vice President of Operations for Galpex Petroleum out of Galveston, Texas.

MULDER

Yes. I believe we did speak.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

KERSH

There's also confusion about who spoke to certain international representatives, Mexican government officials who seem to think the FBI is running an investigation into the accident.

MULDER

That would've been me, too.

Mulder is straightforward enough, amiable even, in spite of the obvious tension rising in Kersh.

MULDER

In the best interests of Mr. Ortega and the FBI, I believe.

KERSH

Mr. Ortega and Galpex Petroleum would beg to differ. As would I.

And now we realize that what Kersh is, is embarrassed.

ORTEGA

Galpex Petroleum has discovered what we think is a massive new oil province beneath the Gulf of Mexico. One that would roughly double all previously discovered reserves in the state of Texas.

(beat)

One that'd give huge advantage financially and politically to whoever gets to drill it.

SCULLY

Who else are you talking about?

ORTEGA

U.S. territorial waters cover the northern half of the Gulf. Our wells are on our side, but the field may extend many miles to the south. The government of Mexico could claim it's theirs.

MULDER

This incident has nothing whatsoever to do with that.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

KERSH

It wouldn't, if you hadn't been so quick to get on the phone.

ORTEGA

Simon De La Cruz was a Mexican national, killed in a U.S. business enterprise. They'd like nothing better than to use his death to get us to abandon the Orpheus rig so they can be the first to drill that province.

(X)

(X)

KERSH

Leaving me no choice now but to conduct a criminal investigation quickly and quietly, to take away any legal position that would affect American interests.

MULDER

A criminal investigation isn't going to clear up anything.

ORTEGA

How can you say that?

KERSH

He can't. You've done more than enough, Agent Mulder. Thank you.

MULDER

I don't think you understand what you're dealing with here.

(X)

KERSH

No. I think I do, Agent Mulder.

MULDER

This is an X-File, sir --

(X)

KERSH

And I'm sending someone from the X-Files to investigate.

(X)

(X)

Mulder's confused. Looking to Scully, to Skinner. Back to Kersh.

MULDER

We're talking about an oil rig, 150 miles at sea. You can't send a pregnant woman out there --

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (3) 12

KERSH (X)
I'm not sending Agent Scully.

Mulder looks to Doggett, who can't help but smirk. Off Scully's look to Mulder, registering Mulder's grave concern: (X)
(X)

CUT TO:

THE ORPHEUS RIG

A stark silhouette, backlit by the rising sun. The soft WHOP-WHOP of helicopter blades begins to fill the air, as A LEGEND APPEARS: GULF OF MEXICO, 26 HOURS LATER. As it FADES, A HELICOPTER suddenly BLASTS OVERHEAD, arrowing toward the rig.

13 INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN 13

Doggett sits in the passenger seat, his expression apprehensive as the chopper banks in preparation for landing. Giving him and us a look down to THE RIG, its upper deck a hive of activity.

14 EXT. RIG - DAY 14

The chopper floats toward the landing pad as CAMERA FINDS SAKSA, a no-nonsense man, moving to greet the incoming aircraft. (X)

NEW ANGLE

The blade wash hits Saksa, as the chopper touches down. The side door opens, and a man we'll call YURI exits, moving toward Saksa.

YURI
(over the blades)
YURI VOLKOFF -- YOUR NEW
COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER --

SAKSA
YOU GOT NEW GEAR FOR US? (X)

Yuri thumbs over his shoulder toward the chopper, where John Doggett is exiting. He ducks under the blades, coming toward them, a carry-on bag in each hand. Talking over the noise, though the distance makes it less of a strain.

DOGGETT
Special Agent John Doggett. (X)

SAKSA
Who? (X)

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

DOGGETT

John Doggett.

(X)

SAKSA

FBI, you say?

(X)

DOGGETT

Right. Someone tell you I was
coming I hope...?

(X)

SAKSA

No. Just our new comm equipment.

(X)

Doggett leads him away from the chopper, where boxes are being unloaded. TWO OIL WORKERS pass them, carrying duffle bags. Getting on the chopper to leave. As the chopper powers up:

DOGGETT

So you got radio problems? No one told you about me coming?

SAKSA

We still got ship to shore. But when we got the message, they said only one agent was coming.

DOGGETT

Right.

Doggett sees that there's a disconnect somewhere. As the chopper lifts off again, stranding Doggett here in any event.

DOGGETT

I'm the one agent.

SAKSA

Then who's the man who got here this morning? In talking with our crew chief right now?

Off Doggett, the uneasy realization beginning to sink in:

CUT TO:

15 INT. CREW MESS - DAY

15

Doggett barges in to see two men seated at one of the mess tables. Only one of them looks his way -- the crew chief we recognize as BO. And Agent Mulder, with his back to us.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

DOGGETT

Agent Mulder.

(as Mulder turns)

Can I have a word with you?

MULDER

Sure, Agent Doggett. Have a seat, take a load off.

DOGGETT

Outside, if you don't mind.

MULDER

Gimme a minute. I'm just getting filled in on the details of this investigation. You might want to introduce yourself and pull up a chair, so Mr. Taylor here doesn't have to repeat himself.

BO TAYLOR

Bo Taylor. I was on deck watch the night this thing went down.

Doggett gives Mulder a look. He's been maneuvered, but now's not the time or place to take issue. So he prudently takes a seat.

DOGGETT

Go on, Mr. Taylor.

BO TAYLOR

Men can go off the deep end out here. Like a cabin fever of sorts. Hundreds of miles from family and friends, six weeks at a stretch... might just as well be doing hard time.

DOGGETT

How's that figure with the victim, Simon De La Cruz?

BO TAYLOR

Mestizos are usually the most reliable men I know on the drill floor. But Simon just lost his nut. No other good explanation.

DOGGETT

(confused)

I'm a little late to the ball here.

(more)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

DOGGETT (cont'd)

Simon De La Cruz's body was found with flash burns. What's that got to do with him going off the deep end?

BO TAYLOR

He tried to blow the whole damn rig. Sabotage, pure and simple. Knocked the cock off a gas valve and must've sparked it, 'cause it went faster'n a Friday paycheck.

(X)

(X)

Agent Mulder looks to Agent Doggett and smiles. Mulder knows it's making no sense, but he doesn't seem to care a bit.

DOGGETT

What about the second victim...?

MULDER

Communications chief, wasn't it?

(X)

BO TAYLOR

Probably never knew what hit him.

DOGGETT

What's the communications chief doing on the drilling floor?

(X)

(X)

BO TAYLOR

Man can die out here going for a walk, and that's probably what happened, when this thing blew. No one even knew he was gone until the shift change.

Mulder stands abruptly.

MULDER

That's it in a nutshell. Thank you for your time, Mr. Taylor.

He turns and heads out of the mess. Doggett calls after him.

DOGGETT

Agent Mulder?

Mulder keeps going. Doggett face hardens. He gets up and follows Mulder out of the Mess. CAMERA LINGERS on Bo, sitting alone at the table, PUSHING IN on his face...

(X)

ON HIS EYES

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

They suddenly swim with BLACK OIL. Off this disturbing image:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. RIG - DAY

16

A pissed-off Doggett comes after Mulder, who is walking away.

DOGGETT

Agent Mulder, don't ignore me.

Mulder finally stops. Turns to face Doggett.

DOGGETT

Like it or not, I've been assigned this case. One call to the Deputy Director and you're canned for insubordination.

MULDER

And how're you going to call?
When the radio's broken?

DOGGETT

Don't push me, Agent Mulder.

Mulder eyes Doggett coolly. Doesn't give an inch.

MULDER

You won't do it.

DOGGETT

You think?

MULDER

We're in the same boat, Agent Doggett. We're just paddling in different directions.

Doggett's jaw tightens.

DOGGETT

I hate to break it to you, but Agent Scully and I were doing just fine without you.

MULDER

Agent Scully's not here, is she?

(off Doggett)

Kersh isn't expecting you to come back empty-handed on this.

(more)

(X)

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

MULDER (cont'd)

And since you've already told me in so many words what you think of this case, I can't see how you're going to come back with anything to protect anyone's business interests, let alone your own ass, Agent Doggett.

(X)

DOGGETT

Wow. You really got me pegged. I mean, anything that exists outside my narrow field of vision might as well not exist at all. That right, Agent Mulder?

Mulder doesn't deny it.

DOGGETT

So why's this man Taylor lying?
(off Mulder)
You do know he's lying...?

(X)

MULDER

I think he knows the truth.
About what really caused this.

DOGGETT

And what if he's just toeing the company line? Covering his ass?

MULDER

Because chances are, every man on this rig knows what happened.

Doggett has to shake his head, cracking a cautious smile.

DOGGETT

Y'know, I woulda never believed all the stories about you.

MULDER

What stories are those?

DOGGETT

That you could find a conspiracy at a church picnic.

MULDER

(a beat)

What church?

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Now it's Mulder who smiles, moving off. Leaving Agent Doggett to consider him, and this new situation. As we CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - MULDER AND DOGGETT

A POV of the two men from farther away, partially obscured by catwalk slats. As Mulder is moving off.

ANGLE ON EYES

Watching from hiding. Eyes we may or may not recognize as belonging to DIEGO, the other Mexican roustabout last seen in the Teaser. As we PUSH IN CLOSE:

CUT TO:

SCULLY

Dressed in a lab coat, wearing protective glasses, eyes riveted on something o.s. As A LEGEND APPEARS: FBI FORENSIC MORGUE.

SKINNER

Agent Scully?

Scully looks up, off. AS THE LEGEND FADES. We are:

17 INT. FBI AUTOPSY BAY - DAY

17

Scully turns as Skinner enters behind her.

SKINNER

Agent Scully?

SCULLY

Close the door. And lock it.

Skinner takes a beat, not expecting this. Moving back to the door and locking it. Crossing back to her, more than curious.

SKINNER

What's going on? You said you wanted to see me right away.

SCULLY

I have no one else to call. I can't seem to reach Agent Mulder.

(X)

(X)

SKINNER

About what?

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

SCULLY

(anticipating

Skinner's reaction)

What I found in my autopsy of
the oil rig accident victim.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SKINNER

Agent Scully -- this man's body
was to be transported back to
Mexico completely intact --

Scully nods, knowing she's broken the rules. Then she looks
down, o.s. Skinner's stern look follows hers. AS DOES CAMERA,
keeping them in frame as the SAWED-OPEN SKULL CASING of Simon De
La Cruz appears, mercifully out of focus, in the f.g.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I found it by accident, in the
third ventricle of his brain.

(X)

(X)

Scully takes the scalpel, reaches into the open skull. Making a
deliberate incision. Instantly, BLACK OIL begins to well-up,
spilling into the skull cavity, onto the table. Skinner recoils.

SKINNER

Agent Scully --

SCULLY

It's okay, sir. It's alright --

SKINNER

What do you mean? I was under
the impression this stuff could
literally jump into a man's body.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

It can. I've seen it. But that's
the thing. This man was clearly
infected with alien virus. It
entered his system, massing in
his pineal gland. But it's dead.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SKINNER

What killed it?

(X)

SCULLY

Intuitively, you'd say the same
thing that killed him: exposure
to high-level radiation. But it
makes no sense. The virus itself
has radioactive properties.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully shakes her head, baffled.

(X)

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SKINNER

Well, somebody has to tell Agent Doggett. So he's got at an idea what he's dealing with out there.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

No. You've got to tell Deputy Director Kersh. To order a controlled evacuation of the rig.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Said pointedly. Now he sees why Scully called for him.

(X)

SKINNER

You called me here knowing you broke the rules by autopsying this body. Don't ask me to go to Kersh with the evidence, telling him to order an evacuation for something you can't even explain.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Agent Doggett's life's in danger.

(X)

SKINNER

We don't know that yet. There are nearly two dozen men on that rig. And not one other case. Why?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully can't answer the question, and it troubles her. As it troubles Skinner. Off this standoff:

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

A RADIO DIAL

Being adjusted by hand. A HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL is heard from the receiver, like a speeded-up modem connection. We are:

18 INT. COMM SHACK - DAY

18

The room is darkened, shadowy, as the Senior Tech from the helipad, YURI, fiddles with the newly-installed satellite radio, a puzzled look on his face. He turns to see Bo enter.

BO TAYLOR

Heard we were having more problems with the radio.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

YURI

New gear's all on-line, working fine, only there's some kind of high-frequency interference that I have no idea how to get rid of.

(turns up the volume)

Hear that? That's signal coming in and filtering in across a large range of channels. I have no idea where it's coming from, but it just won't go away.

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

Bo takes a listen.

YURI

I don't think I got any choice but to power down and restart.

He reaches for a set of switches. Starts to flick them off.

BO TAYLOR

No. You can't do that.

(X)

YURI

I hate to argue with you, but we've got weather coming in, and I don't think it's a good idea to chance this getting worse --

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

WHAM -- Yuri is YANKED out of his chair and slammed to the deck. Bo holds him down by the neck. Yuri's eyes going wide as he sees:

YURI

What the hell are you doing?!

(X)
(X)

YURI'S POV - BO'S FACE

Bo's eyes flutter as the SUBDERMAL WORMS appear under his skin, crawling up his face. He starts to retch as BLACK OIL seeps from his eyes, nose and mouth, dripping down onto:

YURI

Struggling as the oil splatters onto his face, LOCOMOTING, crawling into his own nose and mouth. Yuri lets out a GURGLED SCREAM, as CAMERA PULLS AWAY, out the half-open door to:

19 EXT. COMM SHACK - DAY

19

The door slowly swings shut, closing off our view of Yuri's twitching legs. Off this unsettling image:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ON THE SATELLITE RADIO

A VOICE crackles through the speaker, through the same HIGH PITCHED interference that we heard at the end of the last act. (X)
(X)

MARINE OPERATOR (V.O.)

This is the Marine Operator for Galpex-Orpheus. Come in Orpheus. (X)

We are:

20 INT. COMM SHACK - DAY

20

MARINE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Galpex-Orpheus, I have a priority transmission. Repeat, this is a priority transmission.

A HAND reaches into frame, picking up the radio phone. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal... YURI. Looking no worse for wear, his expression in no way indicates anything of what we saw happen to him. No trace of any caution or alarm about him as he answers.

YURI

This is Orpheus. Go ahead. (X)

INTERCUT WITH:

21 INT. FBI AUTOPSY BAY - DAY

21

Scully is putting up a series of TRANSPARENT DNA SLIDES on a light box, the phone to her ear.

SCULLY

I've been trying to reach you for hours, Orpheus. This is FBI Agent Dana Scully. I have an urgent message for the investigative agent on board your rig: Agent John Doggett. (X)
(X)
(X)

YURI

I'm ready to take that message.

SCULLY

I'm sorry. I need to speak with Agent John Doggett directly.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

Before Yuri can reply A HAND reaches in, clasps his shoulder.

AGENT MULDER

Standing right behind Yuri. Hand out for the phone.

MULDER

Let me speak to her.

Yuri stares at Mulder a moment, with eyes that we know must contain the alien oil. But there's no oil in them now. Though there's serious distrust, as Yuri hands Mulder over the phone.

MULDER

(into phone)

Agent Doggett's gone fishing.
Can I take that message, miss?

(X)

Scully reacts, hearing the familiar voice.

SCULLY

Mulder -- I don't believe this --

MULDER

I was just in the neighborhood.

SCULLY

You can't just flout orders like this, Mulder. It's not like old times. Kersh won't tolerate it --

(X)

MULDER

Kersh doesn't need to know.

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

-- You need me out here, Scully.
You know that better than anyone.

Mulder glances over at Yuri, who has moved away to the back of the Comm Shack. He turns away discreetly.

SCULLY

I hate to say it, but as of this morning I would have to agree.

MULDER

Who's flouting orders? You found something, didn't you? In the victim's body. The virus --

(X)
(X)
(X)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

SCULLY

Yes. Only it was dead, Mulder.

(X)

MULDER

Dead? How can it be dead?

(X)

Scully knows this, examining the transparencies in front of her.

SCULLY

I don't know. But somehow,
something's rendered it inert --

(X)

(X)

MULDER

What killed it?

(X)

SCULLY

Possibly, radiation.

(X)

MULDER

No, that's impossible. The virus
itself is radioactive.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(frustrated)

It may be an isolated case, but
that he's infected at all means
everybody else could be at risk.
Including you and Agent Doggett.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

We've got to quarantine the rig.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

No, Mulder. You have to get off
there. I want you to have Agent
Doggett give the order. We can
quarantine you and the crew here.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

If these men are infected, the
last place you want them is on
shore where they can spread it.
You're sitting on the answer
there, Scully -- in that body.
The answer to what can knock
this thing out; what can kill it.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I don't know I can find it,
Mulder. And what if I can't?

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

MULDER (X)
When he's old enough, tell the (X)
kid I went down swinging -- (X)

SCULLY (X)
(impatiently) (X)
Let me talk to Agent Doggett -- (X)

MULDER
Agent Doggett isn't here -- (X)

DOGGETT (O.S.)
Yes, I am. (X)

Mulder turns to see... Doggett in the doorway.

DOGGETT
Who's on the radio? (X)

Mulder stands with the phone to his ear -- caught between Scully (X)
and Doggett. And there's only one thing to do. He hangs up. (X)

DOGGETT
Who're you talking to?

But Mulder doesn't answer, moving past Doggett and exiting. (X)

22 EXT. RIG - PRODUCTION DECK - DAY

22

Mulder's moving at a good pace. As Doggett moves to catch up.

DOGGETT
Hey -- (X)

MULDER
That was Agent Scully. (X)

DOGGETT
What was she saying?

MULDER
That it's lucky I came out here.

Doggett grabs Mulder by the shoulder now, stopping him. Mulder spins on Doggett, but Doggett's a whole lot madder than he.

DOGGETT
You're lucky I'm letting you
stay. If you've got information
important to this investigation,
I damn well better know about it.
(more)

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

DOGGETT (cont'd)
 (off Mulder)
 I'm in charge out here.

MULDER
 So take charge. Only you might
 not like what it means in this
 case; what this information
 you're so anxious for means
 you're going to have to do.

DOGGETT
 What am I gonna have to do?

CUT TO:

23 INT. CREW MESS - DAY

23

The entire crew is gathered, talking among themselves, casting
 sidelong glances at Doggett, who enters now. With SAKSA.

SAKSA
 Listen up! I'll make this brief. (X)
 We've been given an order to (X)
 quarantine the rig. As of nine (X)
 hundred hours, we're officially (X)
 shut down and locked down. (X)
 (off the COMMOTION)
 All flights in have been
 suspended. No one comes or goes. (X)

Saksa is now drowned out by a chorus of GROANS. CAMERA FINDS BO
 TAYLOR among the men, reacting to the news with GRIM RESOLVE.

SAKSA
 I know, I know. We've been asked
 to cooperate until the FBI is
 certain everything's shipshape.
 For your own protection, we need
 to all of us cooperate fully.

Bo speaks up from the crowd.

BO
 Protection from what?

Saksa looks over to Doggett. Doggett hesitates, knowing he has
 to speak Mulder's words without Mulder's conviction.

DOGGETT
 From a possible contagion.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

The men react, agitated. AS AGENT MULDER enters the room behind them. As if to punctuate the difficult position Doggett's in.

BO

Anyone feeling sick?

The men REACT as we might expect, VOCIFEROUSLY AND NEGATIVELY.

SAKSA

All right, knock it off! I'll need everyone to check their water consumption. We'll also be cutting back to half-rations --

(X)

More GROANS from the crew. Bo throws up his hands, disgusted.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Watching the situation deteriorate. As the men grumble and cast looks at him, too. Mulder is watching the men carefully, intently. We see he's got something in his hand, as he moves to Doggett, Saksa. Something that's bothering him.

MULDER

I was just going over your crew manifest, Mr. Saksa. And it seems we've got a problem.

(X)

SAKSA

(edgy)

Problem with what?

MULDER

Manifest says there were 20 men on board at the time of the accident. 2 men are dead. Should be 18 workers on this rig. I count only 17, including you.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

He hands Saksa the computer printout. Saksa is shaking his head (X)

SAKSA

This is my whole crew in here.

MULDER

Diego Garza. Where's he?

(X)

(X)

DOGGETT

Who?

Saksa looks up from the printout, scanning the room. (X)

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SAKSA

Deck hand. Buddy of Simon De La Cruz, man who tried to sabotage the rig. Well, I'll be damned...

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

DOGGETT

What? He's not here?

(X)
(X)

MULDER

(off Saksa's shrug)
Any idea where he might be?

SAKSA

Well, he didn't leave the rig. Not by any means I'm aware of.

MULDER

Well, then let's go find him.

(X)
(X)

Off Agent Doggett, wondering what Mulder's up to:

(X)

CUT TO:

24 MARTIN ORTEGA

24

He looks nauseated, staring down at something o.s.

ORTEGA

Why do I need to see this?

We are:

INT. FBI AUTOPSY BAY - DAY

(X)

Ortega stands with Scully, and Skinner. Skinner clenched, not happy to be here. Not happy that Scully's involved him.

Standing over the sheet-covered body of Simon Del La Cruz, whose head Scully is showing to Ortega as she lifts the sheet corner.

(X)

SCULLY

To understand what your crew may be infected with; what they risk spreading, on or off that rig.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Ortega looks away from the body, moves away from it.

(X)

ORTEGA

You understand, Galpex is eager to cooperate.

(X)
(X)

(more)

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

ORTEGA (cont'd)

But shutting down a producing rig costs in the neighborhood of \$150,000 a day. (X)
(pointedly) (X)
And, according to my OIM, no one out there on that crew is sick. (X)
They're just tired. And hungry. (X)

SKINNER

We don't know that for sure -- (X)

ORTEGA

What kind of symptoms would they be showing? What would we see? (X)

SCULLY

Unexplained behavior. Possible detection in the eyes -- (X)

ORTEGA

Well, we've seen none of that. (X)

SKINNER

You're relying on suspect data. (X)

ORTEGA

I'm relying on medical reports. (X)
I had two men from that rig checked out this morning by doctors in Galveston, before they reported to work. (X)

This is news -- to everyone. (X)

SCULLY

What are you talking about? (X)

ORTEGA

Two crewmen left the Orpheus rig yesterday, on the same chopper as your agent arrived in. Dave Bond's out at another rig in the Gulf on an emergency repair. (X)
Jack Preijers ["priors"] is beginning an inspection tour. (X)

Scully looks a bit stunned.

SCULLY

They're back in the field? (X)

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED: (2) 24

ORTEGA

Where they should be. (X)
(gestures to body) (X)
And unless you give me more than (X)
this, I'm changing that Orpheus (X)
crew out, bringing them home. (X)
Quarantine or no quarantine. (X)

Ortega turns and exits. Off Skinner's had look to Scully: (X)

25 - OMITTED 25 (X)

CUT TO:

26 A FLASHLIGHT BEAM 26

Flares lens, cutting through the gloom. We are:

EXT. RIG - WELL DECK (X)

DOGGETT picks his way down a narrow passage, ducking under (X)
encrusted rows of overhead pipes. He carries A WALKIE TALKIE. Up (X)
ahead we see MULDER, who he's following at a short distance. (X)

DOGGETT (X)

So what are you really hoping to (X)
find, Agent Mulder? Honestly...? (X)

MULDER (X)

I hoping to find Diego Garza. (X)

DOGGETT (X)

Slim chance of that, if you ask (X)
me. Crew Chief said it: man can (X)
disappear off this platform and (X)
no one would even notice. (X)

MULDER (X)

You notice the crew manifest (X)
listed Diego Garza as Mestizo, (X)
of mixed Mexican descent, just (X)
like his friend who died...? (X)

DOGGETT (X)

Yeah... so what? (X)

MULDER (X)

The Crew Chief told us these men (X)
are particularly good workers. (X)
(more) (X)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MULDER (cont'd)

But now they got one Mestizo (X)
dead trying to sabotage the rig, (X)
and another one who's missing. (X)

(turns to Doggett) (X)

One of their best workers. You (X)
think that someone'd notice that. (X)

Doggett nods. It's strange, that's for sure. (X)

DOGGETT

Okay. Maybe he's here. Maybe (X)
he's just waiting to finish the (X)
job that killed his friend. To (X)
protect Mexican oil interests. (X)

MULDER

These men are protecting (X)
something. But it's not that. (X)

Doggett stares at Mulder, pressure rising. (X)

DOGGETT

Y'know. I go and quarantine a (X)
whole damn oil rig. Without any (X)
evidence to support what you're (X)
saying. Not one damn bit. But I (X)
still have yet to get a straight (X)
answer what you think is going (X)
on out here. I mean, if these (X)
men are hiding something, if (X)
they're protecting something, (X)
then what the hell is it? (X)

MULDER

I don't know yet. (X)

DOGGETT

Well, when you do, let me know. (X)
'Cause I got to get on the radio (X)
and justify this action -- (X)

Doggett, turns, starts off in the other direction. (X)

MULDER

Agent Doggett -- (X)

(Doggett stops, turns) (X)

I'm not out here just to bust (X)
your ass. I'm telling you: I've (X)
seen this substance. How it (X)
takes over a man's body. (X)

(more)

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

MULDER (cont'd)

This crew might be infected and (X)
not even know it. They may have (X)
no idea they're being controlled. (X)

Agent Doggett reaches out and swipes some black oil off a pipe, holding out to Mulder for emphasis.

DOGGETT

This? This is what you're saying
is gonna take over my body?
(off Mulder)
Well, when's it gonna kick in?

Mulder stands speechless for a moment, sucking it up. Until:

MULDER

That's not how it works.

DOGGETT

No?! How's it work? Tell me --

MULDER

It body jumps. Man to man. And
I don't know it's in all oil --

DOGGETT

Well, that's a relief. 'Cause
only about 90 percent of the
planet's dependent on the stuff.

Agent Doggett wipes his oily hand off on his pants. Mulder watching him, when suddenly he realizes something.

MULDER

The man from Galpex Oil lied.

Agent Doggett looks up, and has to laugh.

DOGGETT

What? So he's infected, too?

MULDER

No. This new oil province he (X)
wants to protect -- it's already (X)
in production. Being drilled and
pumped by this rig. That's how
these men became infected.

DOGGETT

You're reaching, Agent Mulder. (X)

Doggett turns and starts off again. Mulder talking to his back. (X)

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

MULDER

Billions of barrels of this stuff lying right underneath us, waiting to be produced. To infect that 90 percent of the planet you're talking about. (X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT

(laughs, skeptical) (X)
These men're hiding something, (X)
that'd sure be something to hide.

MULDER

What if that's why this man's in hiding? Diego Garza. Because he knows what they're up to? And he knows because he's the only one not infected by the alien virus. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT

Yeah. He knows it, why doesn't he just come out and tell us -- (X)
(X)

His answer is a sudden BREAKING OF GLASS. Both men whip around in the direction of the noise. Before they take off running. To:

27 EXT. COMM SHACK - DAY

27

Mulder and Doggett come running up to see SMOKE pouring from the broken window. Mulder throws the door open to find:

28 INT. COMM SHACK - DAY

28

The room is ABLAZE, flames beginning to lick up toward the ceiling. Mulder and Doggett stagger back from the inferno.

MULDER

Great.

We will remember that Mulder is TERRIFIED of fire.

29 EXT. COMM SHACK - DAY

29

Mulder grabs a handheld extinguisher from the wall.

MULDER

Get the alarm!

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED:

29

Doggett goes sprinting across the deck as Mulder edges toward the growing flames and blasts them with the fire extinguisher.

CUT TO:

A METAL AND GLASS FIRE ALARM

As Doggett's fist smashes it. We are:

30 EXT. RIG - PRODUCTION DECK - DAY

30

A KLAXON ALARM sounds as Doggett turns to find:

DIEGO

Behind him, in mid-swing with a large crescent wrench. He CRACKS Doggett in the head, sending him sprawling to the deck.

Off Diego, standing over the fallen agent, chest heaving:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

AGENT SCULLY

Holds a BLOOD SAMPLE in her hand, pushing hurriedly through a door. But Scully's expression fades just as hurriedly. We are:

31 INT. FBI AUTOPSY BAY - NIGHT

31

Scully has barged into her own workspace, finding the body of Simon De Las Cruz still on the autopsy table. But also finding Deputy Director Kersh standing over it. Looking up from it to:

KERSH

Agent Scully.

SCULLY

Sir.

Scully is kind of frozen in her tracks at the door.

KERSH

You're in a hurry. To do what?

SCULLY

To... continue with my work.

KERSH

I'm not privy to this "work." I thought this body would've been well on its way back to Mexico.

(X)

The door behind Scully opens, and Skinner enters. Equally surprised to find Kersh in the room. It's all over his face.

KERSH

I obviously haven't been able to rely on those whose job it is to keep me apprised and informed. I've had to rely on phone calls. Like the a call I received from Martin Ortega at Galpex Oil.

(X)

(tense beat)

So why doesn't somebody make me privy to who the hell gave the order to shut down that rig?

SKINNER

(lying)

I did.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

Scully shoots Skinner a look. He doesn't have to do this. (X)

KERSH

Well the FBI's on the hook for this decision, unless it's based on something real and tangible. So I'd like to know what that is. (X)

SCULLY

We aren't sure. (X)

KERSH

Well, then one of you change those orders. Get on the phone. (X)

SCULLY

We could do that, sir. But radio contact's been cut off. (X)

KERSH

Well, I'm giving the order this quarantine is lifted. Soon as radio contact is reestablished, I want that rig up and running and the entire crew choppered off Galpex Orpheus and debriefed.

SCULLY

I think that's a mistake. (X)

KERSH

I think it'd be a mistake not to, Agent Scully. And you're running out of mistakes. Both you and the Assistant Director. (X)

Kersh turns on a heel and heads out, stopping at the door.

KERSH

If I didn't know better, I'd say this was a Mulder stunt.

And he exits. Scully and Skinner trade looks of dread. Time's running out. Off this: (X)

CUT TO:

A TANGLED MASS OF BURNT WIRES, EQUIPMENT

ADJUST TO MULDER, peering into the smoking wreckage. We are:

32 INT. COMM SHACK - NIGHT

32

The room has been effectively destroyed. Mulder is leaning in, reaching through and into some of this wreckage as Saksa enters.

SAKSA

This stuff was all brand new.

MULDER

Yeah. What is it about this room that inspires so much violence?

SAKSA

You think this fire was set?

Mulder pulls from the wreckage a charred, broken LIQUOR BOTTLE (X)
with a SHRIVELLED, BURNT PIECE OF RAG trailing out of it. (X)

MULDER

Molotov cocktail anyone? (X)

Saksa takes the bottle. Mulder gestures for his walkie-talkie.

MULDER

(into walkie)

Agent Doggett...

CUT TO:

RUSTY, CORRODED METAL GRATING (SPFX)

Through which we see OCEAN POUNDING AGAINST THE RIG'S PILINGS DOWN BELOW, lit small lights on the underside of the rig. Under:

MULDER (V.O.)

Agent Doggett, you there..

CAMERA ADJUSTS FROM THE GRATING to A WALKIE TALKIE lying on it.

MULDER (V.O.)

Agent Doggett, come in -- (X)

A HAND reaches to grab at the walkie, but A FOOT KICKS IT AWAY, sending it rattling across the wire grate and through a corroded hole. Dropping out of frame, into the sea below. We are:

33 INT. OVERHEAD CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

33

It's a small, cramped hiding space. Light reflected off the swirling ocean below plays off the low ceiling. The sound of the ocean against the pilings pretty loud in here. Doggett lies semi-conscious near the grating. A nasty CUT marks his forehead.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

He's trying to get his bearings, figure out where he is, and who just kicked the walkie. Rolling onto his back. Looking up at:

DIEGO

Standing over him. Holding THE CARVING KNIFE in his hand.

DIEGO

Soy peligroso! Te puedo matar!

(X)

We think this is bravado, until he swipes the knife at:

AGENT DOGGETT

Reflexively pulling away, but not quick enough. The knife slices his forearm. Doggett cries out as blood swells from the cut.

DIEGO

(relieved)

Sangre colorada.

Doggett, still on his back, kicks at Diego angrily.

DOGGETT

Yeah, my blood's red!

Diego lets loose a burst of rapid-fire Spanish:

DIEGO

Mataron a Simon. Soy el unico que queda. Si me encuentran, me matan!

DOGGETT

TRANQUILO! TRANQUILO! No se. No comprende. I don't speak very good Spanish. Mas pequito --

(X)

(X)

(X)

Diego doesn't look impressed, looming over Doggett with knife at the ready. Agent Doggett is rightfully afraid for his life.

DOGGETT

Diego? Tu eres Diego Garza?

(X)

DIEGO

(agitated)

Lo mataron! Yo los mire. Querian el radio. Por eso es que encendi la lumbre!

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

DOGGETT

You talk too fast. *Despacio* --
(translating)

Are you saying you started the
fire? What are you so afraid of?

Diego grabs Doggett's shirt. The knife near Doggett's face.

DIEGO

*Tenemos que de tener los antes
que sea muy tarde! Ya vienen!
Ya vienen!*

Doggett struggles to translate the crazed man's words.

DOGGETT

Vienen?... Vienen -- "They're
coming?" Who? Who's coming?

(X)

DIEGO

(in Spanish,
gesturing skyward)

(X)

(X)

(X)

The ships. The flying ships!

(X)

Off Diego, his crazed eyes, and Doggett's reaction to them:

(X)

CUT TO:

AN ELECTRON MICROSCOPE ANIMATION

As displayed on a computer screen. A full-motion, 3-D rendering
of a Dr. Seussian landscape -- undulating valleys populated with
what appear to be a couple of floating sea urchins.

(X)

SCULLY (O.S.)

I think I've got something.

(X)

(X)

34 INT. FBI AUTOPSY BAY - NIGHT

34

Skinner eyes the image, standing with Scully at the computer.

SKINNER

What?

(X)

SCULLY

This is an SEM image pulled at
random from anonymous donors.

(X)

(X)

(re: floating urchins)

Blood. More specifically,
normal T-cell antibodies.

(X)

She hits a few keyboard strokes.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

SCULLY

By comparison... these are from
the blood of the oil rig worker.

ANOTHER ANIMATION

This image is alive. Overflowing with hundreds of T-cells, the sea urchin-like bodies caroming aggressively off each other.

RESUME SCULLY AND SKINNER

SCULLY

T-cells in impossible numbers. (X)
In layman's terms, the victim (X)
was a virus-fighting machine. (X)

SKINNER

How do you explain that? (X)

SCULLY

There are isolated cultures, in
Northern Italy for one, where
people are immune to certain
diseases. Heart disease in that (X)
case. Through a genetic mutation.

SKINNER

So this man has what? A kind of
genetic immunity to alien virus?

Scully moves back toward the body, lifting a chart that
accompanies it. Which she gestures at as she speaks.

SCULLY

His employment records list (X)
Simon De La Cruz as of mixed (X)
Mexican ancestry. But he's (X)
actually a Huecha Indian. The (X)
Huecha are an indigenous Mexican
culture with a rare, undiluted
gene pool -- genes that may have
innate immunity to infection.

SKINNER

Okay, he's immune to the virus. (X)
That's still not what killed (X)
him. He died from being burned. (X)

SCULLY

Not burned. Irradiated. Because
he was immune. Because the virus
had no effect on him. (X)

(more)

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SCULLY (cont'd)

And the men infected with the virus couldn't control him. So they killed him, by irradiating him. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Skinner shakes his head. It sounds so far-fetched. (X)

SKINNER

Then why not kill Mulder? Or Agent Doggett? Or these two workers who left the platform? Why kill only this man? (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Scully is wracking her brain, looking down at the body. (X)

SCULLY

This man must've been a threat. Because of something he knew. (X)
(X)

SKINNER

What?

Scully can only shake her head again. (X)

SCULLY

I don't know. (X)
(X)

SKINNER

Even if we did know, and were able to get word to them, it'd put Mulder and Agent Doggett in danger, too. Wouldn't it? (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Scully nods, in frustration. Without a clue how to go from here. (X)

CUT TO:

A FADED PHOTOGRAPH

A smiling Mestizo woman, two children, taped to the wall. We are:

35 INT. OVERHEAD CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

35

Doggett eyes the family picture, looks to Diego, peering UP through a crack in the deck above him.

DOGGETT

(re: the picture)
Su familia? La fotografia?

Diego pulls the photo down, tucks it away in his pocket.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

DOGGETT

You want to get back to them. *Tu vas? A ver su familia? Tu? Senor?*

Diego studies Doggett, still with the knife at the ready.

DOGGETT

I can help you? Cut me loose.
I won't tell anyone where you
are. *Senor -- confia en mi.*

(X)

DIEGO

No confia en nadien!

(X)

DOGGETT

(translating, grimly)
Great. You trust no one.

(X)

(X)

He meets Diego's eyes.

DOGGETT

If you stay here, they will find
you, like your friend. Let me
go, and I will get you home.
You have my word -- *mi promesa.*

(X)

(X)

(X)

Diego just stares at him, revealing nothing. Off Doggett:

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36 (X)

37 EXT. RIG - PRODUCTION DECK - NIGHT

37

We're in the same spot where Doggett was clobbered, CAMERA
FEATURING HIS RED BLOOD still on the metal catwalk in f.g.
ADJUSTING TO REVEAL... Agent Doggett in the distant b.g. --
climbing up onto this deck from down below, via a metal ladder
or some less conventional way. But the immediate impression is
that he has prevailed with his captor, and now he's free.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Once on the catwalk, Doggett is hustling. Toward us, when A PAIR
OF LEGS breaks frame f.g. And it stops Agent Doggett mid-stride.

(X)

(X)

DOGGETT

(winded)

Diego Garza. I found him.

(X)

(X)

(X)

REVERSE ON... BO TAYLOR

(X)

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

Regarding Doggett blankly, with an expression we've seen before. (X)
Two times before -- with each of the communications officers. (X)

BO (X)
Where is he? (X)

DOGGETT (X)
He's... down below. (X)

Doggett's answer comes out haltingly. And not because he's out (X)
of breath. He's reacting to Bo's strangely disaffected manner. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
I'm gonna get Agent Mulder. (X)

Doggett starts forward, to pass Bo Taylor on the narrow catwalk. (X)
And Taylor turns to make way. It's a tense moment, but it (X)
appears that he's going to let Doggett go. Until -- WHAM -- he's (X)
hit from behind by the man, with A PIECE OF DARK, OILY STEEL he (X)
was concealing. Doggett stumbles forward and goes to the deck. (X)

LOW ANGLE ON DECK (X)

Doggett hits hard, but he's still conscious enough to twist over (X)
reflexively onto his back. The piece of heavy metal drops (X)
CLANGING ON THE DECK. Then Bo Taylor drops down atop Doggett, (X)
forcing Doggett's head down hard, with an iron grip on the (X)
Agent's throat. Doggett struggles, but he's completely (X)
overpowered. Looking up, his eyes going wide as he sees: (X)

DOGGETT'S POV TO BO TAYLOR (X)

Taylor's face is ominously blank, but STRAINING. As THE (X)
SUBCUTANEOUS WORMS start to rise out of his collar. Moving up (X)
his neck like summoned troops. Up his neck and toward his jaw, (X)
the skin rippling, displacing as they move toward his eyes. When: (X)

WHAM -- TAYLOR'S HIT FROM BEHIND. Dropping forward out of frame, (X)
REVEALING AGENT MULDER. Holding the same piece of metal that (X)
felled Agent Doggett. But he's not taking any chances. Raising (X)
the piece of metal, Mulder strikes down again -- WHAM -- hitting (X)
the o.s. man with another blow. And another, for insurance. (X)

REVERSE ON AGENT DOGGETT (X)

His eyes still wide, in disbelief. Reacting now to: (X)

MULDER (O.S.) (X)
Get up, Agent Doggett!! (X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER (X)

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

Standing over Bo Taylor, chest heaving. He drops the piece of metal clanging to the deck, then reaches to give Doggett a hand. (X)
(X)

MULDER (X)

There's more where he came from. (X)

Doggett takes Mulder's hand, let's Mulder pull him to his feet. (X)
They take off running, fast as they can go. Mulder in the lead. (X)

CUT TO:

A38 INT. COMM SHACK - SHORT TIME CUT

A38X)

Mulder runs in, followed by Agent Doggett. Where the fire-damaged equipment still sits. Mulder closes the door, locks it. (X)
(X)

MULDER (X)

You know anything about radios? (X)

DOGGETT (X)

I know a little. (X)

MULDER (X)

Well see if what you know can get that ship to shore working. (X)
(X)

Mulder starts to find whatever he can to use as a barricade for the door. Doggett reacts to this, unsure what exactly Mulder's plan is. Then looking to the torched communications equipment. (X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)

To call who? (X)

MULDER (X)

Anybody who can get us off here. (X)
Before -- (X)

Mulder doesn't get to finish, when there's a POUNDING at the door. He and Agent Doggett freeze, then Mulder starts working faster, to secure the barricade. Yelling at Doggett. (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER (X)

Get to work, Agent Doggett!! (X)

And Doggett does, desperately trying to figure out where to begin, when he reacts to MORE POUNDING at the door. (X)
(X)

CUT TO:

38 EXT. COMM SHACK - CONTINUOUS 38 (X)

CAMERA IS DRIFTING BACK, REVEALING MORE AND MORE OF THE CREW, (X)
standing on the catwalk outside the comm shack. All with blank, (X)
dull stares. REVEALING SAKSA, AND YURI, and standing at the door (X)
to the comm shack, BLACK OIL SWIRLING IN THEIR EYES. As Saksa (X)
POUNDS HARDER ON THE DOOR, we: (X)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

THIS ACT IS BEING REWRITTEN TODAY. IT'S STRUCTURE, LENGTH, LOCATIONS AND PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING ELSE ARE ACCURATE. (X)
(X)

FADE IN: (X)

ON A BURNT-OUT TRANSMITTER (X)

Hastily stacked atop a pile of radio gear up against the steel door. BANG -- the door shivers, hit hard from outside, as CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal we are: (X)
(X)
(X)

39 INT. COMM SHACK - NIGHT 39 (X)

Mulder is shoving heavy pieces of equipment into place, forming a makeshift barricade. BANG -- the door is hit again, holding for the moment. Mulder looks over to see: (X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)

Ripping the guts out of the satellite radio, twisting wires together, frantically trying to get the system up and running. (X)
(X)

MULDER (X)

Tell me you've actually done this before. (X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)

I've seen it done. Once. (X)
(X)

Mulder takes that in. BANG -- the steel door bends inward. (X)

MULDER (X)

Good. 'Cause for a minute there I was getting worried. (X)
(X)

The radio suddenly CRACKLES to life as a MARINE OPERATOR'S voice is heard from the speaker. Off Doggett, grabbing for the handset: (X)
(X)
(X)

CUT TO: (X)

A RINGING WALL TELEPHONE (X)

As it's picked up by an anxious Scully. We are: (X)

40 INT. AUTOPSY BAY - NIGHT 40 (X)

SCULLY (X)

Scully. (X)
(X)

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED: 40

She reacts with a jolt to the voice on the line. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Yes, of course. Patch him (X)
through... Agent Doggett? (X)

INTERCUT WITH: (X)

41 INT. COMM SHACK - NIGHT 41 (X)

Doggett holds the satellite phone to his ear, struggling to hear (X)
as the HEAVY BANGING outside continues. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
That you, Agent Scully? (X)

SCULLY (X)
Yes. Is Mulder there with you? (X)

DOGGETT (X)
He's right here. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Good, because we've discovered (X)
something extraordinary about (X)
Simon De La Cruz. About his (X)
immunity to the black oil... (X)

Doggett winces as the door behind them gets HIT again, starting (X)
to splinter off its hinges. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
Agent Scully, we don't really (X)
have time to talk about this (X)
right now. We need you to get (X)
us off of this rig. (X)

SCULLY (X)
That's already happening. Kersh (X)
countermanded the quarantine. (X)
There should be helicopters (X)
arriving at your location within (X)
the hour. (X)

Mulder grabs the phone away from Doggett. (X)

MULDER (X)
Scully, it's me. Tell them to (X)
pick up no one but us. No one. (X)

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

SCULLY

But what about the rest of the crew?

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

They're all infected, Scully.
All of them...

(X)
(X)
(X)

He stops suddenly, realizing.

(X)

MULDER

Except for one man.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

Who? Mulder, what are you talking about?

(X)
(X)
(X)

Mulder turns to Doggett, the door behind them being POUNDED inward, starting to break through.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

I know why Diego tried to destroy the radio. He knew...just like Simon did.

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

SCULLY

Knew what? Mulder --

(X)
(X)

Mulder reaches into the radio, ripping out wires in a SHOWER OF SPARKS, cutting off Scully in mid-sentence. Doggett is aghast.

(X)
(X)

DOGGETT

What the hell are you doing?

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Finishing the job. So the crew can't reestablish contact.

(X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT

Contact with who?

(X)
(X)

Mulder says nothing. Doggett finally gets where Mulder's going. He looks skyward, face etched in disbelief.

(X)
(X)

DOGGETT

Oh, for Pete's sake...

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Agent Doggett, listen --

(X)
(X)

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

DOGGETT (X)
Please, Agent Mulder, spare me. (X)
I've had my fill of wacky (X)
spaceman stories for the day. (X)

MULDER (X)
No. Listen. (X)

Doggett does, realizing what Mulder hears -- nothing. He looks (X)
to: (X)

THE DOOR (X)

The BANGING has stopped. There's no sound from outside at all. (X)
Doggett cautiously peers out through a narrow break in doorway. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
They're gone. Why would they do (X)
that... (X)

He looks back to Mulder, suddenly realizing: (X)

DOGGETT (X)
Diego. (X)

Doggett starts heaving radio equipment aside. Off this: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

42 INT. OVERHEAD CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT 42 (X)

Doggett enters the shadowy confines of Diego's hideaway, leading (X)
with his flashlight. Mulder follows right behind. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
(a sharp whisper) (X)
Diego? Diego? *Donde esta?* (X)

MULDER (X)
Agent Doggett... He's over here. (X)

Mulder shines his flashlight down to reveal: (X)

DIEGO'S DEAD BODY (X)

Burned and blistered, hands held up in a defensive posture, a (X)
look of agony on his face. (X)

ANGLE ON DOGGETT (X)

Staring down in horror, realizing the full impact of his failure. (X)

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED: 42

MULDER (X)
Agent Doggett? (X)

Doggett says nothing. Mulder grabs him. (X)

MULDER (X)
Agent Doggett? We have to go. (X)

A LOUD THUMP sounds from above as the whole rig TREMBLES. (X)
Mulder and Doggett react -- "what the hell?" As they quickly (X)
head back: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

CLOSE - A RUPTURED PIPE (X)

Spraying crude oil across the deck. We are: (X)

43 EXT. RIG - PRODUCTION DECK - NIGHT 43 (X)

As CAMERA ADJUSTS to find Mulder and Doggett emerging onto the (X)
deck to see SEVERAL OTHER PIPES, also SPEWING OIL as the rig (X)
shudders with a METALLIC GROAN (X)

DOGGETT (X)
What's going on? Some kind of (X)
accident? (X)

MULDER (X)
No. I think they're going to (X)
destroy it... (X)

Doggett gives him a look of disbelief. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
The whole rig? (X)

MULDER (X)
If they want to cover their (X)
tracks. We're not going to have (X)
time to wait for those choppers. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
There are lifeboats. Down below. (X)

They start for the nearest stairway, moving as quickly as they (X)
can across the oil-slicked deck. Then: (X)

THEIR POV - STAIRWAY (X)

Bo suddenly appears out of the shadows. A moment later, the (X)
REST OF THE CREW follows, including Saksa and Yuri. (X)

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED: 43

ANGLE ON BO (X)

He blinks and his eyes swim with BLACK OIL. (X)

ANGLE ON THE CREW (X)

As all of their eyes go awash in a SWIRLING SEA OF BLACK. (X)

RESUME MULDER AND DOGGETT (X)

Backing away as the crew advances. Doggett pulls his pistol, aiming at Bo. (X)
(X)

MULDER (X)
No. One spark and the whole (X)
place could go up. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
It's crude oil. It's not (X)
flammable -- (X)

BOOM -- a SHEET OF FLAME suddenly blasts out from a set of pipes in the b.g. (X)
(X)

MULDER (X)
But the natural gas lines are. (X)

He drags Doggett back toward another stairway as MORE FIRES flare up around the Production Deck. (X)
(X)

THEIR POV - THE CREW (X)

Just stands there, surrounded by flames, seemingly oblivious to the chaos around them. Off this: (X)
(X)

CUT TO: (X)

44 EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT 44 (X)

Mulder and Doggett emerge onto the uppermost deck, as the rig continues to SHAKE beneath them. (X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)
What do you suppose the chances (X)
are of those choppers showing up (X)
right about now? (X)

Mulder doesn't answer. Doggett sees him eyeing: (X)

THE OPEN EDGE (X)

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED: 44

At the end of the platform. Nothing but darkness and water beyond. He realizes what Mulder's thinking. (X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)
Oh, no. No way... (X)

The rig SHUDDERS from another explosion. They look to each other, out of options. Doggett takes off running, Mulder right behind him, sprinting headlong toward the edge. (X)
(X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)
Oh, shiiiiii -- (X)

And they jump: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

45 EXT. RIG - NIGHT - ANGLED UP 45 (X)

From the water level, we see Mulder and Doggett hurtle over the side of the rig, eighty feet above us: (X)
(X)

KA-BOOM -- a huge BALL OF FLAME blasts out right behind them as they windmill through space, tumbling, falling right INTO CAMERA. (X)
(X)

CUT TO: (X)

46 EXT. RIG - NIGHT - A HALF-MILE AWAY 46 (X)

We see the rig blow up in a series of MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS, lighting up the night sky. The giant structure slowly collapses in on itself, tumbling into the sea. Off this: (X)
(X)
(X)

FADE TO BLACK. (X)

47 INT. HALLWAY - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY 47 (X)

It's early morning as we TRACK WITH Doggett, walking down the basement corridor toward the X-Files office. He reaches the door and swings it open to find: (X)
(X)
(X)

48 INT. X-FILES OFFICE - DAY 48 (X)

Mulder is just standing there, looking around the place, taking it in. (X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)
Agent Mulder. (X)

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

48

MULDER (X)
Agent Doggett. (X)

Their tone is much more civil now, almost respectful if not
entirely friendly. (X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)
What are you doing here? (X)

MULDER (X)
Taking a last look around. (X)

Doggett reacts, puzzled, to the finality of that statement. (X)

MULDER (X)
I turned in my report to Deputy
Director Kersh. (X)
(X)

DOGGETT (X)
As did I, taking fully (X)
responsibility for the events (X)
leading to the destruction of (X)
the Galpex-Orpheus. (X)

MULDER (X)
Agent Doggett... (X)

DOGGETT (X)
It all happened on my watch. If (X)
there's anyone to blame, it's (X)
me. I've already typed up my (X)
letter of resignation -- (X)

MULDER (X)
Agent Doggett. I'm out. (X)

That stops Doggett cold. (X)

MULDER (X)
Out of the FBI. For good. (X)

DOGGETT (X)
Agent Mulder, if you think for (X)
one moment that I'm letting you (X)
take the fall -- (X)

MULDER (X)
Someone had to. I've already (X)
spoken with Kersh. He won't be (X)
accepting your report, or your (X)
resignation. (X)

Doggett doesn't quite know what to say. (X)

CONTINUED