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T H E X F I L E S

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Story No. E01608

Episode #9ABX14

"Improbable"

Written By  
Chris Carter

Directed By  
Chris Carter

White Full  
Final

01/28/02  
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CAST LIST

Agent Dana Scully  
Agent John Doggett  
Agent Monica Reyes

Mr. Burt  
Mad Wayne  
Special Agent Fordyce  
Vicki Louise Burdick  
Bartender  
Middle-Age Man  
Woman  
Two Old Italian Gents  
Pizza Man  
Amy  
Guido

Pretty Blonde (Amy Sheridan Aufberger) (non-speaking)

Baby William

\*  
\*  
\*

\*

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

CASINO

FBI BUILDING

/HALLWAY

/X-FILES OFFICE

/OFFICE ADJOINING THE X-FILES OFFICE

/BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE BRIEFING ROOM

QUANTICO

/AUTOPSY BAY

OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL

/HOTEL ROOM

/NUMEROLOGIST'S HOTEL ROOM OFFICE

/HALLWAY OUTSIDE NUMEROLOGIST'S HOTEL ROOM OFFICE

/ELEVATOR

/LOBBY

/PARKING GARAGE

SCULLY'S APARTMENT

/NURSERY

/BEDROOM

MONICA REYES' LOFT APARTMENT

/BEDROOM

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EXTERIORS:

OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL

\*

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CASINO - NIGHT

1

A serious gambling house, but not a Vegas place. Slot machines, gaming tables and a bar crowded with PATRONS.

CAMERA TRACKS THE GAMING FLOOR

SUBURBAN, MIDDLE-AGED FACES focused on various hands of poker at various tables. And on slot machines. CAMERA FINDS AND KEYS ON A PARTICULAR POKER PLAYER. An expressionless, dead-eyed man, whose lean, sharp, predatory features set him apart in here.

MAD WAYNE watches a DEALER flick cards to him and the OTHER PLAYERS at the table. We see A PRISON-STYLE TATTOO on Mad Wayne's hand as he checks his cards close to the felt, as the other players start pushing chips toward the kitty, raising and calling. Mad Wayne checks his cards again, then folds and pushes away from the table, out of chips. Pissed off.

CAMERA FINDS MAD WAYNE

Moving through the noisy casino, his dark eyes finding A BLOND WOMAN feeding quarters into a slot machine. Like most everyone else in the place, she is not the glass of fashion, but she is pretty. Hope and deflation teeter totter on the woman's nice, open face with each new pull of the slot's arm. Unaware of Mad Wayne, as he stops to stare overly long at her.

We are relieved for her when Mad Wayne turns and moves off.

NEW ANGLE ON MAD WAYNE

As he saunters toward the casino bar, where A MAN sits at a bar stool in f.g. This is MR. BURT. Before Wayne arrives, Mr. Burt looks to the bartender with a knowing smile.

MR. BURT  
(as if wagering a bet)  
Seven seven, pack of Morleys.

Mad Wayne sidles up to the bar and throws his leg over a stool, knocks on the bar twice. Not acknowledging Mr. Burt.

BARTENDER  
Drink?

MAD WAYNE  
Seven seven. Pack of Morleys.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

MR. BURT

We have a winner!

MAD WAYNE

(menacingly)

Do I know you?

MR. BURT

(surprised)

Do you know me? Wayno, c'mon...  
I'm part of the regular game.

Mad Wayne is not humored, looking off. But it doesn't bother Mr. Burt, who is playing a game of solitaire on the bar top.

MR. BURT

You know your problem, Wayno? It's  
not the cards, my friend. It's  
playing the hand you were dealt.

Mr. Burt speaks to Mad Wayne like an old acquaintance.

MR. BURT

Plenty of guys get a bad deal,  
it's all in what you do with it.  
You know what I'm saying, partner?

Mad Wayne won't pay Mr. Burt the courtesy of a response. Watching Mr. Burt laying down his cards in a steady stream. The columns growing toward a winning hand of solitaire.

MR. BURT

You can think, cards can't. They  
just lie there. You gotta make  
them work for you. Jack of hearts.

Mr. Burt turns over his next card. Jack of hearts. He lays it down with self-satisfaction, looking up then to Mad Wayne.

MR. BURT

(quickly, by heart)

Two million five hundred ninety  
eight thousand nine hundred and  
sixty possible five card hands.  
Twelve hundred and seventy seven  
flushes in any given suit. One  
million ninety eight thousand two  
hundred and forty ways to make two  
pairs. And yet...

(more)

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

MR. BURT (cont'd)  
(wistfully)  
Game can't beat a man, man only  
beats himself. So on and so forth.

Mad Wayne only glares at Mr. Burt, then turns his foul look as the Bartender brings his drink and his smokes.

MR. BURT  
But we had this conversation.

Mad Wayne knocks back his drink, starts taking the plastic off his pack of smokes, as his look drifts back to Mr. Burt. Or so it would appear. Mr. Burt realizing that Mad Wayne is not looking at him, but at something beyond him, o.s. Toward:

MAD WAYNE'S POV -- THE PRETTY BLOND PLAYING THE SLOTS

Feeding her last quarter in, alas, unsuccessfully. She turns over the paper bucket she's been holding her coins in, hangs it dejectedly on the arm of the slot machine. Heading off.

MR. BURT  
(sympathetically)  
She's here every Friday. Loses her  
paycheck and cries all weekend.

RESUME MAD WAYNE AND MR. BURT

MR. BURT  
I keep hoping one of these nights  
she'll get lucky. Catch a break.

Mr. Burt has stopped playing solitaire. Staring at Mad Wayne, who's willfully ignoring him. Mad Wayne gets off his bar stool now. Stabbing in his pocket to pay for his drink.

MR. BURT  
(hopefully)  
We gonna blow this joint?

Mad Wayne keeps ignoring Mr. Burt, as the Pretty Blond passes by, turning Wayne's head as she moves toward the bathrooms.

MR. BURT  
(hopefully)  
Call it a night? Wayno? Hey --

Mad Wayne throws a couple bills on the bar, staring off. Mr. Burt grabs his arm now, startling Mad Wayne when he does.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

MR. BURT

(hopefully)

You're bluffing me, aren't you?  
You're going to take me on fifth  
street, walk right outta here.  
You're gonna surprise me for once.

What does this mean? Whatever it means, Mad Wayne ignores it and head for the bathrooms himself. CAMERA HOLDS ON MR. BURT. He looks back to his solitaire, begins laying the remaining cards down without the self-satisfaction. More like regret.

MR. BURT

Three of hearts, two of clubs...

Mr. Burt stares at last card, the winning card, before he turns it over. Looking up before he does, at:

ANGLE ON THE SLOT MACHINE

The machine the Pretty Blond had been playing, with the paper bucket still upturned on the arm. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN takes the bucket off, puts a quarter in. Lights and bells go off. Jackpot.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I WON! HOO HOO! I WON!

CLOSER ON THE DEPRESSED MR. BURT

Mr. Burt shakes his head, depressed by this. As, in the b.g., A WOMAN bolts out of the woman's bathroom. Hysterical.

WOMAN

Help! Somebody help! There's a  
woman who's been murdered!

Mr. Burt doesn't even turn around. As if he's been expecting this turn of events. The only person, it seems, who doesn't run for the bathroom now, in response to the woman's cries.

Mr. Burt stays at the bar, turning over his final card. Ace of spades. The death card. Laying it down in final dejection as the pandemonium continues to swirl around him. As we:

GO TO MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

2

Monica Reyes appears at the end of the corridor, rounding in from the adjoining hall. She's reading a NEWSPAPER, the headline which reads: CASINO MURDER OFFERS NO CLUES, and includes a PHOTO of the Pretty Blond. Monica is focused, basically unaware of the OTHER PERSONNEL moving in the hall.

OVERHEAD ANGLE ON THIS

An ANGLE we've never seen before. Looking down on Monica as she moves down the center of the corridor, unaware of the Other Personnel moving out of her way in a kind of PATTERN. She continues on to the elevator, where a small crowd waits.

RESUME MONICA

Still reading the paper, as FLOOR NUMBERS light up in descending order, until they reach number one and the elevator doors open. Ingoing Personnel giving way to outgoing.

RESUME OVERHEAD ANGLE ON THIS

Monica steps onto the elevator. Those around her shuffle in, filling the elevator in two perfect rows of three.

RESUME ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

As the doors close on the unaware Monica, we:

CUT TO:

3 INT. THE X-FILES OFFICE - DAY

3

Monica sits at Mulder's old desk, now very focused on a series of case files laid out on the desk in front of her.

OVERHEAD ANGLE ON THE DESK

Four folders are laid out in a perfect square.

RESUME MONICA

Counting something silently on her fingers as she stares at the files. Her focus broken now by a familiar voice.

CONTINUED



3 CONTINUED:

3

SCULLY (O.S.)

Agent Reyes --

She looks up to find Scully, standing right in front of her.

MONICA REYES

... three plus four is seven,  
seven and six are thirteen...

SCULLY

What are you doing?

MONICA REYES

Ten, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen...

She says the last four numbers touching a file on each number.

MONICA REYES

I want to ask you to open your  
mind to something. I don't want  
you to think I'm crazy, alright?

SCULLY

Why would I think you're crazy?

MONICA REYES

Do you believe the universe is  
knowable as a mathematical  
calculation of the whole,  
reducible to a single equation?

SCULLY

No.

MONICA REYES

Why not?

SCULLY

I just don't think its complexity  
allows it to be so simply reduced.

MONICA REYES

But you accept some people do?

SCULLY

I presume you mean the so-called  
"Unified Theory." What physicists  
often refer to as the Theory of  
Everything.

(more)

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

SCULLY (cont'd)

An equation so simple, they say, that it might be printed on a t-shirt. It's a Holy Grail in the science world. Potentially the greatest question mankind's ever asked. But that such a complex calculation is even possible is a subject of enormous controversy. Is that what you're talking about?

MONICA REYES

(not sure)

Uh... potentially.

Off Scully:

SHORT TIME CUT TO:

4 A PHOTO OF A SLAIN WOMAN

4

A pool of blood and a twisted body. Mostly we notice the woman's long dark hair tangled on the ground. Over this:

MONICA REYES (O.S.)

Carla Marie Carpenter. Born two one seventy seven. Killed outside a nightclub two years ago. Her murder remains unsolved.

The photo is readjusted to show this data, along with the crime scene date, which is held on a small card by a forensic tech who's been cropped out of the picture.

INT. OFFICE ADJOINING THE X-FILES OFFICE - DAY

Monica has the photo of the dark-haired woman on an overhead projector. She replaces it with a photo of a BLOND, also dead on the ground. Similar but different from the first victim.

MONICA REYES

Judy Anne Fuller. Born three twenty one, sixty nine. Killed at a mall two years ago. Unsolved.

She puts a third photo up. This one ANOTHER DARK-HAIRED WOMAN. She lies dead in the back seat of a late-model sedan.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

MONICA REYES

Julie Francis Gresham. Born one, twenty two, eighty. Killed in her parked car last month. Unsolved.

Scully looks to Monica, unsure where she's going with this.

SCULLY

If there's a connection I'm supposed to be seeing, Agent Reyes, I'm not seeing it.

Monica puts a crime scene photo of the Pretty Blond from the casino up on the projector bed. Her blond hair is tangled in f.g., lying in a pool of blood on the floor.

MONICA REYES

Amy Sheridan Aufberger. Born four, four, seventy seven. Killed two weeks ago in a casino. Police have yet to find her killer.

SCULLY

Am I to presume you've solved these unsolved cases using some kind of numerical calculation?

MONICA REYES

(quickly, by rote)

Letters of names assigned values added to birthdates reduced to their lowest common denominator. A J and S equal one, B K and T --

SCULLY

(skeptically)

-- Numerology, Agent Reyes? You're trying to solve these cases using what is essentially a child's game?

MONICA REYES

Call it what you like. It's been in use since the 6th century B.C., when Pythagoras determined that the world is built on the power of and influence of numbers.

SCULLY

And when did you stumble on it?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

MONICA REYES

We did it as kids.

Scully gives her a look. As she suspected.

MONICA REYES

I still do it. You meet people at a party, ask them their birth date. It's kind of an icebreaker --

SCULLY

-- I get the idea.

MONICA REYES

And as I was reading the story of this woman I calculated she was a fourteen. What they call a Karmic Number. An extremely significant numerological number. Prompting me to look at these other unsolved cases, the victims of which also worked out to have Karmic numbers. Ten, thirteen and sixteen. And --

SCULLY

-- In other words, you haven't actually solved these cases --

MONICA REYES

(a resistant beat)

Maybe cracked is a better word.

Scully regards Monica with polite but strained forbearance.

SCULLY

Without any other evidence to directly connect them. Nothing circumstantial. Or forensic...

As Scully says this, something catches her eye. It's the photo of the Blond, which is still on the overhead projector.

MONICA REYES

What?

Scully stares for a minute, taking a step toward the large projected image. Then she does a U-turn toward Monica.

SCULLY

Can I see those other photos?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

Monica hands them to her and she looks through them, staring at each one before she looks up at Monica, somewhat shocked.

MONICA REYES

What is it?

SCULLY

A pattern. In the bruising.

Scully puts her finger on the photo on the projector bed and points to it, and this shows up projected on the screen, too. Pointing at A TINY RED PATTERN in the bruising on the cheek.

SCULLY

All four victims have it. It could be from a ring the killer wears.

MONICA REYES

(sensing victory)

So you're saying these cases are connected. That numerology may actually be driving the killer. And that I'm definitely not crazy.

SCULLY

Or maybe you're both crazy.

Off Monica, who asked Scully not to say that:

CUT TO:

5 A SILVER RING

5

Dim light glinting off it as it's slipped on a finger. The ring has what looks like a devil's face with a furrowed brow and worn down pointy features. CAMERA WIDENING TO REVEAL MAD WAYNE framed in an open window, wearing an undershirt.

INT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A hotel room from another time, gone to seed. If it weren't for the old-fashioned detail, this'd be called a flophouse. CAMERA DRIFTING IN ON WAYNE as he gets dressed. Improbably, a bit of light-hearted French/Italian mood music underscores this scene. Karl Zero's "Poinciana", from Music for Cabriolets.

As CAMERA REACHES WAYNE, the song comes to a musical break and Wayne looks out the window, into the dirty sunlight. At:

WAYNE'S POV TO SIDEWALK ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED:

5

On the BUSY STREET below, Mr. Burt stands behind a card table, moving the cards around as one would playing three-card Monte, as TWO OLD ITALIAN GENTS in berets look on. As the music segues to the next verse, we see Mr. Burt is singing along to it. Smiling as he sings, he looks up at:

6 MR. BURT'S POV TO A TALL HOTEL BUILDING

6

Wayne is in a high window, but we can see he's scowling at Mr. Burt. Then he pulls the shade on his window, and in doing so it forms A PATTERN OF THREE WINDOWS WITH THEIR SHADES PULLED, in a field of like windows without pulled shades.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL -

THE STREET BELOW - DAY

As mentioned, the street is busy with activity. We realize we're in a kind of Little Italy. Mr. Burt roughly in the center of it all. He continues to sing, looking out happily on the street. On:

A STREET CREW working around a MANHOLE, the various banging of their tools is accidentally in time to the music.

A MOTHER AND CHILD. She's shaking a baby rattle for the tot, also unknowingly in time to the maracas accompaniment.

A STREET CAFE where CAFE-GOERS are tapping their feet, unknowingly, in time to the beat. Some salting or peppering their food to the beat. Turning magazine pages to the beat.

A WINDOW WASHER, washing windows in time.

BIRDS ON THE GROUND, eating birdseed. Some chirping in time.

A STREET VENDER pushing a cart, wheels creaking in time.

AN ITALIAN CHEF AND ASSISTANT MAKE CANOLES in time to the music.

SEVERAL PEOPLE are putting up street decorations, screwing in lightbulbs or using staplers in time to the music.

ETC.

RESUME ANGLE ON MR. BURT

Watching this accidental street symphony with pleasure, as he moves the three cards, on the beat.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

Each time he repositions them, he taps a card, turns it over. It's always the same card. Much to the amazement of the old Italian gents who continue to look on. Mr. Burt smiles, looks out at:

THE BIRDS ON THE GROUND

They all fly away now, except for THREE. As A MOTHER PUSHING A SET OF TRIPLETS in a triplets stroller wheels through. As:

THREE SCHOOL GIRLS in uniform ride by on bikes. As:

EVERYONE ON THE STREET is walking or talking in THREES. As:

THE NUMBER THREE BUS pulls up. ON THE SIDE OF THE BUS is an ad for the lottery with THREE CARD KINGS featured prominently.

The bus pulls off, REVEALING: THREE WANNABEE GANGBANGERS who bounce basketballs in time to the music. Ogling the THREE schoolgirls as they make another pass on their bikes. As:

MR. BURT

Smiles appreciatively. Moving his THREE CARDS around, always tapping the correct card before he turns it over. The old Italian gents shake their heads in wonder and head off (NOTE: We may note that one old Italian gent has A VOICE BOX SPEAKER in his neck, though he does not speak here.) As Burt looks up to see MAD WAYNE slide in and take the man's place.

MR. BURT

Wayno! Come stai!

MAD WAYNE

Quit following me. Or somebody might find you dead real soon.

MR. BURT

(chipper)

Not your style, Wayne. Doesn't fit your "pattern", as the Feds say. Far be it from me to rat you out. Can't show 'em what they can't see.

Wayne fumes, as Mr. Burt keeps on re-arranging his cards, pointing to the same card, the king, every time before he turns it over. He turns over all three now: TWO JOKERS AND THE KING.

MR. BURT

Two clowns and a man with a crown. Try your luck, sailor?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Mr. Burt turns the cards back over, begins rearranging them.

MR. BURT

King runs but he can't hide. How  
can you lose, Wayno? Kid stuff.

Mr. Burt takes his hands away. Mad Wayne stares at the cards.  
Wayne points to a card, which Mr. Burt turns. It's a Joker.

MR. BURT

(gently mocking)

Maybe there's just too many cards.

Wayne fumes as Mr. Burt shows Wayne where the King was.  
Continuing to rearrange the cards now into a new order.

MR. BURT

Feel the force, Luke.

Wayne watches him carefully, then points to the same card again.

MR. BURT

(a la Regis Philbin)

Is that your final answer?

Wayne glares at Mr. Burt, who turns over... another Joker.

MR. BURT

There goes the neighborhood... but  
Mr. Money lives next door.

He shows a reddening Wayne... the King, the next card over.

MR. BURT

There's a secret to the game,  
Wayne, and I'm going to give it to  
you. Two words: Choose better.

He starts rearranging the cards again, Mad Wayne staring at him.  
Sensing that Mr. Burt aims to teach him some kind of lesson.

MAD WAYNE

(threatening)

You got something to say, say it.

MR. BURT

Son, I just did.

Wayne KICKS OVER THE TABLE, sending cards flying as he storms  
away from Mr. Burt. Darting across the street. Mr. Burt watches  
him go, dejected, as our music starts up again. As:

CONTINUED



6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

NEW ANGLE ON MAD WAYNE

Storming through the street activity, passing MONICA REYES. But they don't know each other, so each is unaware of the close encounter. As Wayne disappears, Monica heads into the same building where Wayne is staying.

CUT TO:

7 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NUMEROLOGIST'S HOTEL ROOM OFFICE - DAY

7

ANGLE ON A DOOR. Lettering on it reads: SUITE 33. VICKI BURDICK, NUMEROLOGIST. YOUR DESTINY AWAITS YOU. Monica Reyes pushes the door open to find a cluttered office stacked with papers galore. Our first impression is, clean this place up! In the center of it all, sitting at a small desk with an oldish computer, is VICKI BURDICK (50s). Bleached blond hair, dark roots. And bangs.

MONICA REYES

Hello.

VICKI BURDICK

There are three forms on the clipboard. Fill out the top one, or all three if you want to unlock your most secret numbers for love, life and true personal happiness.

MONICA REYES

I'm not here for a personal chart.

She turns, as Monica proffers an FBI business card.

MONICA REYES

I'm with the FBI. Investigating a series of deaths that seem to have a numerological connection.

VICKI BURDICK

I give valuable insights to the living. The dead pretty much already know their future.

MONICA REYES

These are murders. I'm looking for your help in trying to solve them.

VICKI BURDICK

You may overestimate the kind of work I'm capable of here.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

MONICA REYES

My hope is in doing the victim's complete numerology you'll be able to draw me a picture of the killer.

VICKI BURDICK

I don't think you understand. I run a little business here. People want to know how to improve their lives, how to get rich, how to marry the man of their dreams. Look around. If I could actually provide that information... I don't have to draw you a picture.

She refers generally to the workspace.

MONICA REYES

You mean, you don't believe in it?

VICKI BURDICK

I've been married three times. My last husband ran off before I got our wedding pictures back.

MONICA REYES

You didn't see it in the numbers?

VICKI BURDICK

Yeah. The girl he ran off with was eighteen. At best, it's an art.

MONICA REYES

But I've established an undeniable numerological connection between the victims in all of these cases.

Monica hands her a file folder, which the woman opens. She recoils at the sight of the photos we've already seen.

MONICA REYES

If I found the killer, I might prevent this happening again.

VICKI BURDICK

(reluctantly)

Let me see what I come up with.

As Monica's cell phone RINGS. She pulls it out.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

MONICA REYES  
Monica Reyes --

INTERCUT WITH:

8 INT. BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

8

The walls are filled with pictures of serial killer types. And of maps with pins stuck in them. Wanted posters, etc. Silence of the Lambs territory. John Doggett is on the phone.

JOHN DOGGETT  
You're not going to believe this.  
We found two more cases. Two more  
victims to add to this thing. Both  
with the same marks on their faces.

As Doggett is saying this, CAMERA FINDS TWO CRIME SCENE PHOTOS pinned to the wall behind Agent Doggett. Both appear to have RED HAIR, unlike the other victims we've seen.

JOHN DOGGETT  
I knew you were good, Monica, but  
this is, like, career launching.  
You better get back here --

TIME CUT TO:

9 MONICA REYES

9

Entering the door of the room Doggett was just standing in. Startled by APPLAUSE which erupts suddenly. She is:

INT. BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A ROOM FULL OF AGENTS is applauding her like a celebrity. Embarrassing Monica. Doggett shakes her hand. Scully nods to Monica, who looks at the wall where the photos of her finds are now displayed, along with the two new redheaded victims.

JOHN DOGGETT  
Nice work.

AGENT FORDYCE, a lean, no-nonsense man maybe a few years older than Doggett, steps out to shake her hand, too.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
Well done, well done.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

MONICA REYES

Thank you.

Monica and Doggett exchange a look. He's proud of her.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

By brilliantly tying these murder cases together, VICAP is now working hard to develop a profile on the man we are officially calling the Triple Zero killer.

Fordyce points to close up photos pinned to the wall, various victim's cheeks and the pattern of THREE SMALL BROKEN CIRCLES buried inside the bruised flesh of a contusion from a fist punch.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

Through the identification of a pattern he leaves on his victims, we've been able to connect six unsolved cases to one murderer. Including these two new cases. Agent Scully will act as point person on the case forensics.

Fordyce points to the photos of the two REDHEADED victims.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

That's three recent killings and three from 1999. The developing pattern now appears to be murders in threes, on a serpentine trail up across the eastern seaboard. Agent Doggett will head up the task force and is ready to roll.

Fordyce has moved to a map which has a set of pins tied together with colored string, detailing the path is a curling crescent.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

(counts with fingers)

Here's what we don't know. One: How he chooses his victims. Two: Why the killer kills. And three: If he'll kill again soon, or disappear as he did two years ago.

JOHN DOGGETT

He could've been incarcerated during those years. We could be looking for someone with a record.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
That's an excellent observation.

SCULLY  
The killer's strong. He uses his fists as weapons. Brute force. He's angry, acting on impulse.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
Good. Important. Agent Reyes -- we're all working off your lead. Give us the benefit of your special insight into this case.

A hush falls over the room.

MONICA REYES  
The killer probably has a soul number of either four or six. His birthpath I'm guessing is a nine or maybe a six. And his destiny and realization numbers are definitely Karmic. I'll know for sure once I've got the charts from the numerologist, but the killer is almost certainly working off of numerical vibrational disharmonies.

The hush over the room has turned deafening. The assembly stares at Reyes dumbfounded. Doggett is a little embarrassed for her. Scully winces. Then Monica's cell phone RINGS, breaking the silence. She digs for it, checks the caller ID.

MONICA REYES  
That's her now!

CUT TO:

10 INT. NUMEROLOGIST'S HOTEL ROOM OFFICE - LATE DAY

10

Vicki Burdick sits in front of her computer, the lit screen mixing with the thin, tobacco colored sunlight. She's got the phone tucked between her ear and shoulder, typing. As:

VICKI BURDICK  
Agent Reyes, I was running numbers here on your murder victims, and the strangest thing's come up --

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

MONICA REYES (O.S.)

What?

As she asks this, the door opens behind Vicki and Mad Wayne quietly steps into the numerologist's office. As we:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL - DAY

11

ANGLE UP ON THE MULTI-WINDOWED ONCE-LUXURIOUS BUILDING, to re-establish. Over this, we PRELAP:

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE (O.S.)  
I want her body sent to Quantico.

CUT TO:

12 INT. NUMEROLOGIST'S HOTEL ROOM OFFICE - DAY

12

CLOSE ON THE DEAD FACE OF VICKI BURDICK, the numerologist. We will notice the telltale small pattern inside her facial bruise. ADJUST TO Special Agent Fordyce, standing over the body, with forensic techs and someone from the coroner's. And Agents Doggett and Reyes, listening to Fordyce intently.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
I want facts. I want details. I want Agent Scully to go over this woman with a fine-tooth comb.

JOHN DOGGETT  
Yessir.

The body is lifted and carried from the room.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
And I want you, Agent Reyes, to tell me who else knows about this.

MONICA REYES  
Knows about what?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
About this case. About you coming to this office to see this woman.

MONICA REYES  
I don't think I told anyone.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
Then how did the killer find his way here? Chance? Coincidence?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

MONICA REYES

I - I --

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

-- We got a guy working the whole Eastern Seaboard, murdering up and down the coast. Tell me how it is he winds up here in this city, in this building, on this floor, in this room on the same day you came to see her if he didn't know?

This is delivered a la Joe Friday. An all-business staccato.

MONICA REYES

That's actually the reason I came to see this woman. To figure out who the killer is and why he does what he does when he does it.

Fordyce looks at her like she's... crazy.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

(patience strained)

We have a reputation to uphold, Agent Reyes. The FBI doesn't go to numerologists. For the same reason we don't consult horoscopes or palm readers or, or crystal balls!

Fordyce is getting too worked up. He catches himself.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

A killer kills for a reason. He lives in the world of cause and effect, as we all do. He gets an impulse and he acts on it. Always the case, even if he doesn't know it. And that's how we catch him.

MONICA REYES

If he acts on impulses he can't understand, isn't it possible we can't understand them, either? Can we not accept that every killer is not driven by the same impulses and that there are some impulses that not every killer kills for?

Fordyce stares at Monica, not wanting to appear confused.

CONTINUED



12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

No.

MONICA REYES

Why not?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

(with finality)

Because it's unacceptable.

Now it's Monica who's frustrated. Doggett jumping in.

JOHN DOGGETT

If Agent Reyes didn't tell anyone she was coming here, the only person who could possibly have any idea would be somebody at the FBI.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

An inside job? I don't buy it.

JOHN DOGGETT

But don't we have to at least accept it as a possibility?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

No, we don't.

MONICA REYES

Why?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

Because it's highly improbable.

JOHN DOGGETT

But not impossible.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

Six of one, half dozen of another.

Okay. Neither Doggett nor Reyes risks a response to this.

JOHN DOGGETT

How'd you like us to proceed, sir?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

The bottom line here is results. I don't care how you go about it, what I want is this killer caught!

And he marches out, leaving Doggett and Reyes confused now.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

JOHN DOGGETT  
(looks to Monica)  
Maybe you were followed.

MONICA REYES  
How? If the killer has no way of  
knowing I'm looking for him.

JOHN DOGGETT  
(frustrated)  
I don't know. You explain it then.

MONICA REYES  
This woman called me. Just before  
she was murdered, she called me to  
tell me something. Something she'd  
found doing the victim's charts.

As Monica says this, she wanders over to the desktop computer.

JOHN DOGGETT  
Their charts?

MONICA REYES  
Their numerology. A calculation of  
the numbers that ruled their lives  
in thirteen different categories.

Monica picks up a chart, shows it to Doggett. (NOTE: We have a video showing these charts and how they're prepared.)

JOHN DOGGETT  
But a calculation based on what?

MONICA REYES  
On their names and birthdates.

Doggett regards her skeptically.

JOHN DOGGETT  
And because my name's John Jay  
Doggett, and I was born on April  
4th, 1960, I got some magic number?

Monica is already counting on her fingers.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

MONICA REYES

Six. Which makes you an active, adaptive, curious person who insists on your independence, loves a bargain and who wants above all to be successful.

JOHN DOGGETT

That describes almost anyone.

MONICA REYES

People are people.

JOHN DOGGETT

Right. They're not numbers.

MONICA REYES

Then what was she calling me for?

Doggett shakes his head.

JOHN DOGGETT

I'm gonna leave you to figure that out. I'm going back to the bureau.

He exits, leaving Monica alone in the room. She looks at the chart in her hand and at the others scattered around the computer. What does it all mean? As MUSIC starts: Carl Zero's "La Panse." Light and bouncy and, well, improbable itself.

It pulls Monica to the window, where the roller blind has been pulled down. Monica pulling the roller blind up as we:

CUT TO:

13 EXT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL - DAY

13

As Monica pulls the shade up, CAMERA IS PULLING BACK, to REVEAL that her action has helped create A PATTERN in the larger scheme of windows on the building. Which matches:

CLOSE ON A DOMINO

On it, the SAME PATTERN, only in DOTS. (NOTE: We'll choose which domino, which pattern and which number based on the window pattern of the building we're going to be using.)

HOLDING THE DOMINO IN F.G., CAMERA TILTS UP to the window where Monica is, looking out.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

When she moves away from the window and disappears, CAMERA ADJUSTS AGAIN TO MR. BURT, wearing a beret himself now, holding the domino, which he now sets down on the table he's sitting at. Where he's fashioned a series of dominoes set to be toppled, like kids and Japanese people love to do. Over all this, the MUSIC HAS CONTINUED. Volume dipping when:

MAD WAYNE is moving past the cafe table where Mr. Burt is sitting. Mr. Burt places his domino and looks up.

MR. BURT  
Buon giorno, Wayne!

Wayne stops, staring down menacingly at Mr. Burt.

MAD WAYNE  
Who do you think you are?

MR. BURT  
Who do you think I am?

Wayne looks up, sees Doggett coming from the rundown hotel with A COUPLE UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS. He quickly takes a seat to avoid being spotted. He averts his face from Doggett, the Cops.

MAD WAYNE  
(sotto to Mr. Burt)  
Don't say a word.

MR. BURT  
Do I ever?

As Doggett passes, Mr. Burt tips the domino he just set down and it starts the chain reaction. The dominoes falling like... well, dominoes. Drawing Agent Doggett's attention as he passes. Much to Mad Wayne's nervousness. But Doggett passes on and leaves. The Cops, however, stop a short distance away, disallowing Wayne from getting up without putting himself in their sights.

MAD WAYNE  
(through his teeth)  
You're trying to get me caught.

MR. BURT  
I'm just playing dominoes, Wayne.  
But as long as you're sitting  
here, tell me how you're feeling.

Mad Wayne glares at Mr. Burt's insouciance.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MAD WAYNE

Go to hell.

MR. BURT

The reservation's under your name?

Mad Wayne only glares, glancing to the nearby Cops.

MR. BURT

You're a card, Wayno. A real card,  
but I love you anyway.

As Mr. Burt starts collecting his dominoes.

MR. BURT

Time for a quick game?

MAD WAYNE

I don't play your games.

MR. BURT

Not a truer word's been spoken.

Mad Wayne sees his opening now and takes it. Getting up and moving off. As Mr. Burt looks after him, picking up his dominoes off the table. Looking at one of them, which just happens to be one with six dots. A number 6. The music rises, continuing as we:

CUT TO:

14 A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE SMALL TRIPLE ZERO PATTERN

14

The telltale pattern the killer leaves on his victims. We are:

INT. QUANTICO - AUTOPSY BAY - EVENING

Scully holds a magnifying glass to the numerologist's face. She takes it away now, brings a microcassette recorder to her mouth.

SCULLY

Deceased is Vicki Louise Burdick. Upon external examination, cause of death appears to be a fatal blow to the maxilla, in which a small three-ring pattern lies. I'm beginning internal examination at:

A DIGITAL CLOCK. It reads 6:06.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

SCULLY

Six o' six pm.

OVERHEAD VIEW OF SCULLY AND THE TABLE

We will notice all the tools of her trade have been laid out for her. In groups of six. Six cotton swabs, six cotton balls, six scalpels, six whatever. Scully lays the microcassette recorder down on the table and picks up one of the scalpels.

NEW ANGLE ON SCULLY

She bends to start her Y incision when something stops her. She reaches to the woman's face, where a few strands of the woman's hair in her bangs are curled into... the shape of a six (6)!

Scully notes this with some bit of curiosity, then goes to resume her work, when something else stops her. A domino pattern of six freckles on the woman's neck where her scalpel tip rests.

Scully rises. This is too odd. She reaches for her microcassette recorder, when something else stops her. She brings the recorder up to her face, reading the counter: 666. She reacts to this, then puts the recorder down. Picking up the magnifying glass again, leaning down to look at the deep bruise on the woman's face. Startled by what she finds. As the music ends, we:

CUT TO:

15 INT. NUMEROLOGIST'S HOTEL ROOM OFFICE - EVENING

15

Agent Reyes sits at the woman's computer, alone in the office. The window that fronts the street has gone dark now. The glow of the computer screen all that's lighting the room. Monica turns when the door opens and Scully enters, somewhat out of breath.

MONICA REYES

Agent Scully... what is it?

SCULLY

I've got something to show you.

MONICA REYES

What?

Scully has a file folder in her hand, which she hands Monica.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

SCULLY

I figured out what the triple zero pattern on the victims is. They aren't zeroes at all. It's the numbers 666, only worn away.

Monica looks from Scully to the folder, the photos inside.

SCULLY

It must be stamped on the killer's ring. 666, the mark of the devil.

MONICA REYES

Of course! How'd you figure that?

SCULLY

I didn't.

MONICA REYES

Then how'd you discover it?

SCULLY

Completely by accident.

MONICA REYES

I discovered something, too. The victim's charts. When the numbers were figured, the numerologist found they were a match to her own.

Scully is shaking her head. It's too incredible to believe.

SCULLY

But how did the killer find her?

MONICA REYES

It obviously wasn't an accident.

Scully's look says this's too incredible to believe, too.

SCULLY

How's it help us find the killer?

MONICA REYES

It doesn't.

Scully and Reyes are left staring at each other, stumped. Over this another Karl Zero song begins to play: "Inouois". As we:

CUT TO:

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

A headline: HER NUMBER WAS UP. With a photo of the numerologist. It's been pinned up on the wall with the pictures and clippings and whatnot from the series of murders. CAMERA DOLLIES OVER TO FIND AGENT DOGGETT, standing in front of the map that has the pins with the colored string. He sticks another pin in for the latest murder, which completes the figure 6. That is, the pattern of the pins make the shape of a 6 on the map. We are:

16 INT. BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

16

Doggett is staring at this, perhaps noting it curiously, when he's startled by a voice behind him. Agent Fordyce stepping in.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

Agent Doggett, I think we have a psychological profile on the killer. To start your manhunt.

JOHN DOGGETT

What is it?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

Based on the amalgam of forensic detail; of facts such as time and place the murders were committed, and the amount of force used, we believe the killer is a man in his mid 20s to late 40s, of average build and looks, who is driven by a rage stemming from a hatred of his mother at a very early age. He was a bedwetter who was made to feel inferior which he took out on the world by killing small animals.

JOHN DOGGETT

That's it?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

Go to work.

JOHN DOGGETT

But that's the average profile of almost every single serial killer the FBI has ever hunted down.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE

Is that really all that surprising?

Doggett frowns. It's not, actually. But it bothers him.

CONTINUED



16 CONTINUED:

16

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
Is there a problem, Agent Doggett?

JOHN DOGGETT  
It's the way Agent Reyes found  
these cases. I don't think she  
should be so easily dismissed.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
You don't believe in this nonsense.

JOHN DOGGETT  
Look at this. The path of the  
killer forms the number six.

Doggett points to the map. Fordyce stares at it, for a second.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
Your point?

JOHN DOGGETT  
I don't know. I just noticed it.

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
You ever notice that all babies  
look like Winston Churchill? Same  
difference, Agent Doggett.

JOHN DOGGETT  
(re: the map)  
What if this is his pattern? Or  
what if number six has some kind  
of significance to the murders?

SPECIAL AGENT FORDYCE  
It may. To you and Agent Reyes.  
But not to victim number seven.

Fordyce taps the numerologist's photo and gives Doggett a hard  
look before he heads off. Off Doggett, the music ends. And we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NUMEROLOGIST'S HOTEL ROOM OFFICE - NIGHT 17

Scully and Reyes exit, pulling the door shut. CAMERA FOLLOWS  
THEM toward the elevator. Monica with the victim's charts.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

MONICA REYES

If we could analyze these numbers  
I know we could figure this out.

SCULLY

Despite what we know: about the  
victim's numerology, about the  
ring we think he wears, we really  
know next to nothing about where  
to start looking for this man.

They get to the elevator and press the call button.

MONICA REYES

(pouring over charts)

The answer's gonna come to me.

The elevator doors open, REVEALING MAD WAYNE.

SCULLY

Are you going down?

Wayne nods and the women step on. Monica lost in her charts.

CUT TO:

18 INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

18

Reyes is still chart reading, Scully staring straight ahead, no  
idea about the man standing beside her. Mad Wayne staring ahead,  
coolly. Riding through the floors, each one signalled by a ding-  
ding. Until the car comes to a stop and the doors open.

Scully looks to Monica, so engrossed in her charts she doesn't  
realize it's their floor. Scully looks at her, waiting. Until:

SCULLY

Agent Reyes...?

Monica looks up, realizing. Stepping off the elevator ahead of  
Scully. The doors are closing now on Scully, and they'd shut on  
her if not for Mad Wayne, who reaches up and fingers the button  
that holds the doors open. Scully looks to him, smiles.

SCULLY

Thank you.

Wayne looks at her, smiles thinly. Scully's just about to step  
off when her eyes catch something which wipes her smile away.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

SCULLY'S POV OF WAYNE'S FINGER ON THE ELEVATOR BUTTON

There it is, the devil ring, glinting in the elevator light.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

Staring at it. Her eyes going to... MAD WAYNE, staring at her.

19 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

19

Monica is standing outside the elevator, re-engrossed in her charts. Not noticing Scully or what Scully is noticing. The lobby itself is empty, no one is behind the reception desk.

Still standing in the elevator with Wayne, Scully looks away from him now, and steps off the elevator to join Monica. But the moment she steps off the car, she's reaching for her weapon. Pulling her gun and pointing it at Wayne inside the car.

SCULLY

Get out of the elevator! Move!

This startles Monica, as it surprises Mad Wayne.

MAD WAYNE

(coolly)

Be cool. Be cool.

He starts to step off the car, when the doors begin to close again. And, using this moment, he steps back on the car. And before Scully can act -- and she can't rightly shoot an unarmed man -- the doors close on Wayne and -- ding-ding -- he's gone.

Monica looks to the lighted readout above the door.

MONICA REYES

He's going down.

SCULLY

The stairs.

Scully's in the lead, running for the stairs. Monica's charts spilling to the ground as she takes off, too. Scully throws the stairwell door open and the two women disappear inside. As another Karl Zero song begins to play: "Torero". As we:

CUT TO:

20 INT. HOTEL PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

20

Scully and Reyes bust out of the stairwell door leading into the parking garage. The music, which is up-tempo, continues to play, under a CAR ENGINE and SQUEALING TIRES ON CEMENT as:

NEW ANGLE -- SCULLY AND REYES' POV

A 1960s sedan pulls -- not overly fast -- from the garage through a metal screen gate. Rising up a ramp to the street. The mechanical gate starts to close behind it. Scully and Reyes enter this frame now, giving chase. But it's too late.

REVERSE ANGLE THROUGH THE GATE

The women reach it too late. We leave them staring after the car through the metal screen. The spritely music ends, and we're at:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. HOTEL PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

21

WIDE ON SCULLY AND REYES, still standing near the metal gate that divides the garage from the exit/entrance ramp. They head toward us, back toward the stairwell door, Monica pulling her cell phone and dialing. Putting the phone to her ear, then:

MONICA REYES

I'm not getting reception --

Scully hits the elevator call button but nothing happens.

SCULLY

Great.

MONICA REYES

(re: her phone)

No service.

Scully grabs the stairwell door handle. It's the type that could be opened by punching in a combination. But IT'S LOCKED. Scully bangs on the door with her hand, hoping to draw help.

SCULLY

We've got to get an APB out on the car. Did you happen to see a plate?

Monica shakes her head. Scully punches numbers randomly on the combination door lock, hoping something will work. But no luck.

SCULLY

We've got all the numbers on this case except the ones we need.

MONICA REYES

Maybe there's another way out.

Monica is looking around. Scully checks her watch.

SCULLY

It's only midnight. There's got to be somebody coming in or out soon.

Scully is putting her gun away when Monica turns to her.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

MONICA REYES

How do we know who was driving  
that car? That it was even him?

Scully considers this, pulling her gun back out. As does Monica.

NEW ANGLE -- TRACKING OVER PARKED CARS

As Scully and Monica move slowly behind the opposing rows of  
automobiles. With guns raised and at the ready...

SCULLY

We are federal agents and we're  
armed. If you're in here and you  
make any sudden move we will be  
forced to consider you a threat...

REVERSE TRACKING ANGLE

Over the opposite row of cars. Keying on Monica, when she stops!

MONICA REYES

Stay where you are! Right there!

Scully hurries to her position, taking aim at something just o.s.

SCULLY

Hands where we can see them!

CAMERA DOLLIES A LITTLE to find THE FIGURE OF A MAN in f.g. He's  
out of focus, behind the wheel of a vintage Cadillac.

MONICA REYES

Get out of the car slowly --

REVERSE ON THIS -- OVER SCULLY AND REYES

As the vague figure behind the wheel pops the door and pushes it  
open. But sliding out now is not Mad Wayne. It's... Mr. Burt!

MR. BURT

Did I do something wrong?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY AND REYES

They keep their guns raised, though the mistake registers on  
their faces. Still, it might be a set up, or an accomplice.

SCULLY

I want you -- slowly -- I want you  
to show us some identification.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Mr. Burt doesn't look too scared over these dramatics. He reaches slowly for his wallet. Checking both pockets.

MR. BURT  
I don't have a wallet.

MONICA REYES  
Do you have some form of ID?

MR. BURT  
I don't think so.

SCULLY  
What are you doing here?

MR. BURT  
Waiting for a friend.

SCULLY  
At midnight? In a parking garage?

MR. BURT  
There's a regular game we're in.

MONICA REYES  
What kind of game?

MR. BURT  
Checkers.

Scully and Reyes both think they're being put on.

MR. BURT  
I got my checkers with me in the trunk, if either of you play.

SCULLY  
Does it look to you like we're here to play checkers, sir?

MR. BURT  
No. What are you here for?

As things have turned conversational, Mr. Burt lowers his hands.

MONICA REYES  
Hands in the air. Step forward.

Mr. Burt puts his hands back up, stepping forward. Scully keeps her gun on Mr. Burt as Monica pats him down. Finding nothing.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

MONICA REYES

He's clean.

SCULLY

Alright, let's pop the trunk.

22 ANGLE ON THE BIG CADDY TRUNK (THIS IS A SHORT TIME CUT)

22

The capacious trunk opens, revealing a checkboard, ATOP A PILE OF HUNDREDS, MAYBE THOUSANDS OF COMPACT DISKS (the kind you burn onto, with clear jewel cases and blank labels. These, however, look like they've been labeled with black and red magic marker.)

SCULLY

What is all this?

MR. BURT

Music.

MONICA REYES

(facetiously  
suspicious)

You must really like music.

MR. BURT

Oh, I love it. The classics, of course. Bach, Mozart. The earlier jazz, Louie Armstrong. Sinatra, Doo Wop, Elvis, marching bands --

SCULLY

Sir -- that's enough.

MR. BURT

Don't get me wrong. I love it all. But I prefer the stuff that lasts.

Monica and Scully exchange a look. Who is this joker? Monica reaches in, lifting out a few CDs labelled BOWIE, THE STONES.

MR. BURT

You like them, keep them. Thanks to the wondrous world of digital technology I can always make more.

SCULLY

What time is your friend coming?

Mr. Burt looks to his wrist but he wears no watch.

CONTINUED



22 CONTINUED:

22

MR. BURT

Soon.

MONICA REYES

(to Scully)

What do you want to do?

Scully shakes her head, puts her gun away. She doesn't know.

MR. BURT

I have some nice dance music.

SCULLY

(snapping)

Sir -- we happen to be here 'cause  
a serial killer is on the loose.

MR. BURT

How many has he killed?

MONICA REYES

Seven women now.

Mr. Burt shakes his head tragically at this.

MR. BURT

How are you going to catch him?

SCULLY

We're not. Stuck down here.

MR. BURT

You sure there's nothing I can do?

Scully rolls her eyes. This has gone from bad to worse. Then:

SCULLY

(suddenly excited)

Do you have the door combination?!

MR. BURT

No.

MONICA REYES

A cell phone that works?

MR. BURT

I wish I did.

There's a long beat of silence, before:

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

MR. BURT

There's always checkers.

Off Scully and Reyes, MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY: Karl Zero's cha cha cover of, "El Bodeguero". Before we:

CUT TO:

23 OVERHEAD ANGLE ON A CHECKERBOARD

23

Checkers are laid out as they might be near the start of a game. Mr. Burt's hand comes in and, with a single checker, he jumps all of the opposite player's checkers. The opposite player being:

SCULLY

She's sitting on an old wooden folding chair. Across from Mr. Burt, who's sitting on a similar chair. The checkerboard is on the same cardtable as Mr. Burt used playing Three Card Monte.

MR. BURT

Next victim!

Scully looks at the smiling Mr. Burt in continued foul humor. As Mr. Burt sets the board again, Scully rolls her eyes at Monica.

SCULLY

How did we get ourselves into this?

SHORT TIME CUT TO:

24 OVERHEAD ANGLE ON THE CHECKERBOARD

24

Same layout of checkers. Same resulting move by Mr. Burt. He jumps all of the opposite player's checkers in a single move.

ANGLE ON MONICA

She looks at the smiling Mr. Burt with equally dim regard. Jumping when THREE SHOTS are fired somewhere in the garage.

ANGLE ON SCULLY AT THE STAIRWELL DOOR

Her still-smoking gun is pointed at the combination lock. She tries the lock now, but it's... locked. She looks off at:

HER POV OF MONICA AND MR. BURT

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

Staring like she's lost her mind. The music continues as we:

CUT TO:

25 OVERHEAD ANGLE ON THE CHECKERBOARD

25

Same layout of checkers. Except that two hands are taking alternating turns. Jumping checkers and squares one at a time.

ANGLE ON SCULLY AND REYES

Sitting across from one another. Monica is playing the red checkers and Scully is playing the black players. Trying not to be distracted by Mr. Burt, who's dancing the cha cha around them.

MR. BURT

... cha cha cha --

CLOSER ON SCULLY AND REYES

Trying to focus in on their game when Monica looks up at Scully, staring at her strangely. A realization dawning. She stands up.

SCULLY

Agent Reyes?

RESUME OVERHEAD ANGLE ON THE CHECKERBOARD

Monica's hands reach in and turn the checkerboard 180 degrees, so that Scully is now playing red and Monica playing black. As the music ends and Mr. Burt stops dancing. Looking to:

SCULLY AND REYES

Scully is wondering what Monica's reacting to. Staring from the board to Monica, to the checkers -- from the BLACK CHECKERS to Monica's hair. From the RED CHECKERS, she touches her own hair.

SCULLY

I don't believe this.

MR. BURT

What?

MONICA REYES

What if we're his next victims?

MR. BURT

You?

MONICA REYES

The seventh victim was a blond.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

MR. BURT

But neither of you are blonds.

MONICA REYES

He kills in threes: blond, red head, brunette. His next victims will be a redhead and a brunette.

MR. BURT

Amazing. From a game of checkers.

Scully suddenly pulls her gun on Mr. Burt. He puts his hands up.

SCULLY

Who are you?!

MR. BURT

Obviously someone you were very lucky to have come across.

SCULLY

No. You're a part of this!

MR. BURT

How do you figure that?

MONICA REYES

It's all in the numbers.

This gets a look from Mr. Burt -- and from Scully.

MONICA REYES

It makes perfect sense. That the numbers led us to the killer, the killer led us to the garage. And now all we've done is recognize the killer's real serial pattern.

MR. BURT

(arguing)

So you saying I didn't have anything to do with it now?

Both women look at Mr. Burt. He's absolutely maddening.

SCULLY

Keep your hands up.

MR. BURT

Why?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Scully has to ask herself. There's something about Mr. Burt.

SCULLY

I don't know.

Mr. Burt puts his hands down now.

MR. BURT

What's this about numbers?

SCULLY

(that's enough!)

Excuse me -- sir.

MR. BURT

I'm very good with numbers.

MONICA REYES

The killer is driven by an impulse that we believe is numerological.

MR. BURT

Of course, he's a serial killer.

SCULLY

That's not what she means. She thinks his acts are determined by a simple calculation of numbers.

MR. BURT

So the killer's not in control of his own actions. The numbers are.

MONICA REYES

Yes.

Scully shakes her head. She doesn't subscribe to this.

MR. BURT

Are the numbers helping you catch him or helping him not get caught?

MONICA REYES

That's a good question.

MR. BURT

(happily)

So it's a kind of game.

SCULLY

No, it's not.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

MONICA REYES

Maybe it is. Maybe that's what this is about. Who wins the game.

MR. BURT

I think she's onto something.

SCULLY

Agent Reyes -- you can't reduce a complex set of factors, physical and psychological, into a game.

MONICA REYES

You're a scientist, Agent Scully. Your world is ruled by numbers: atoms, molecules, periodicity --

MR. BURT

Wow!

MONICA REYES

-- and wouldn't it follow that everything made from those things is ruled by numbers, too. Genes, chromosomes, us. The universe.

MR. BURT

Go, girl!

Scully shoots the impertinent Mr. Burt a dirty look.

SCULLY

That is utter nonsense. It would mean that we are nothing more than checkers on a checkerboard, being moved around by forces completely outside of and unbeknownst to us.

MONICA REYES

What did Einstein say? God does not play dice with the universe.

MR. BURT

Einstein! Now there's a winner!

SCULLY

Agent Reyes, you reduce all life, every creation, every piece of art, architecture, literature and music into a game of win and lose.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

MONICA REYES

Why not? Maybe the winners are those who play the game better. Those who see the patterns and the connections, like we're doing now.

MR. BURT

Free will!

Mr. Burt snaps his fingers. He loves it.

MONICA REYES

(realizing now)

Maybe we're not the next victims. Maybe we're here because we saw the numbers and read the patterns. And we're here to catch the killer.

SCULLY

Monica. We're locked in a garage. The killer is out there. Killing.

MONICA REYES

What if he's not?

ANGLE ON THIS ACTION FROM AN OBSCURED POV

A shadowly figure watching them from behind a parked car.

MONICA REYES

Maybe we didn't look hard enough. Maybe the killer's still in here.

RESUME MONICA, SCULLY, MR. BURT

Monica draws her weapon. Mr. Burt looks at Scully, smiling happily at this action. Scully will not be drawn into this.

SCULLY

What are you looking at?

Suddenly THE LIGHTS GO OUT. And in darkness we hear:

MR. BURT

Same thing you are.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. HOTEL PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

26

The lights remain off. Moonlight spilling down from the street illuminates the garage. Mr. Burt is casually stacking checkers, folding the checkerboard, as if preparing to go. ADJUST TO MONICA, gun drawn, ready for anything. For a surprise attack.

MONICA REYES

Agent Scully --

CONTINUE ADJUSTING TO SCULLY, drawing her gun now, too.

SCULLY

You go left, I'll go right.

(to Mr. Burt)

You. You stay right where you are.

MR. BURT

Oh, there's no getting rid of me.

Scully gives him a threatening look as she heads one way and Monica heads the other. Guns at the ready as they go.

WIDE ANGLE ON MONICA

CAMERA MOVES AT HER as she edges past the elevators, moving toward the cinderblock structure that houses the stairwell.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

Moving past a row of parked cars, gun high. Seeing:

SCULLY'S POV -- THE BREAKER BOX

On the wall, in the deep shadows, its metal door open.

RESUME SCULLY

As she edges carefully toward it, ready for anything.

RESUME MONICA

Moving past the door to the stairs, toward the corner of the cinderblock structure. As she turns the corner, MAD WAYNE JUMPS OUT. In an instant he's got one arm around Monica's throat with a hand over her mouth. His other hand is grappling for her gun.

CONTINUED



26 CONTINUED:

26

RESUME SCULLY

Still edging to the breaker box, not hearing Monica's struggles.

RESUME MONICA

Fighting against Mad Wayne, though he's bigger and stronger than she. Still, much as he tries, she's not about to give up her gun.

Locked in this intense grapple, they stumble backwards toward the stairwell door, when -- WHAM! -- the door flies open and slams into them. They both head to the ground, out of frame.

ANGLE ON MONICA AND WAYNE

As they hit the ground, Mad Wayne falling on top of Monica, her gun dislodging on impact. Mad Wayne scrambles on his hands and knees, grabbing up the weapon. Turning with it, when --

ANGLE ON A DARK FIGURE

A shadowy silhouette, who fires THREE ROUNDS. The muzzle of a handgun FLASHING with each shot. When, suddenly, THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON IN THE GARAGE, REVEALING... AGENT DOGGETT. The shooter.

He stands motionless, his smoking gun still aimed. Then Agent Scully runs into frame, still carrying her gun. Reacting to:

ANGLE ON MONICA

On the ground. Behind her, Mad Wayne lies in a pool of blood.

RESUME AGENT SCULLY, AGENT DOGGETT

As they move to Monica. Agent Doggett helping her up.

JOHN DOGGETT

You okay?

MONICA REYES

Yes. I think so.

Scully is moving past them... to Mad Wayne. Kneeling to him.

ANGLE ON MAD WAYNE

Still alive, but barely. Scully checks his pulse.

SCULLY

He's going fast.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

Mad Wayne looks up at her with an unfocused gaze. As Agent Doggett and Monica Reyes appear over Scully's shoulder now.

SCULLY

Sir -- can you hear me?

Mad Wayne nods vaguely.

MONICA REYES

Why'd you do it? Kill those women?

Mad Wayne struggles to speak. Struggling to give them an answer. Then Mad Wayne's body shudders and... it's too late. He's dead.

Monica and Scully trade looks. Regretfully, they'll never know. Then Scully rises, looking to Agent Doggett curiously.

SCULLY

How'd you ever find us?

JOHN DOGGETT

I saw something in the killer's pattern that made me realize you were the eighth and ninth victims.

This seems too coincidental. Beyond belief. And it causes Scully and Reyes to do the same thing at the same time. Realizing:

MONICA REYES

Where'd he go?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE EMPTY PARKING SPOT

Where Mr. Burt's Cadillac was. The car's gone, as is Mr. Burt. Improbably and impossibly. Off Scully and Reyes reactions, MUSIC BEGINS. Karl Zero's "I Love You For Sentimental Reasons." As we:

CUT TO:

27 INT. BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

27

CLOSE ON THE MAP detailing the killer's pattern in the shape of a six (6). CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL Agent Fordyce staring at it curiously. Longer and more curiously than we'd night expect.

ANGLE ON FORDYCE

As he tilts his head to the side. Further than we might expect.

ANGLE ON THE MAP

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

CAMERA ROTATES to match the head movement of Fordyce. Until the six (6) is upsidedown, which makes it the number nine (9). As we:

CUT TO:

28 CLOSE ON SCULLY'S SMILING BABY IN HIS CRIB

28

As music continues ("I Love You For Sentimental Reasons")

REVERSE ANGLE UP ON SCULLY

Staring down at her son. Thoughtfully, wistfully. We are:

INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS SCULLY (in her bathrobe) as she moves from the crib and turns out the light, exiting the nursery... down the hall to her bedroom, where she takes off her robe and, in her nightgown, gets into bed. She turns out the light and lies still for several moments (a digital clock reads: 9:09) CAMERA HOLDS ON HER, music continuing. Then she reaches over, turns the light back on and sits up. She's got something nagging at her mind.

CUT TO:

29 A DIGITAL CLOCK

29

Which also reads: 9:09 CAMERA ADJUSTING TO MONICA REYES. Also lying in bed, also staring into the darkness. Wide awake. We are:

INT. MONICA REYES' LOFT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Music continues as Monica is startled by the RINGING PHONE. She sits up (dressed in her nightgown) and answers the phone.

MONICA REYES

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

SCULLY

Alright, I need to know.

MONICA REYES

What?

SCULLY

My numerology. My number, or whatever you call it. What am I?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED:

29

MONICA REYES

You're a nine.

SCULLY

Which means what?

MONICA REYES

Nine is completion. You've evolved through the experiences of all the other numbers to a spiritual realization that this life is only part of a larger whole.

Scully sits silently, not responding. Really affected by this.

MONICA REYES

Dana? Are you there?

SCULLY

There's one more thing bugging me.

MONICA REYES

What's that?

SCULLY

Who was that man?

MONICA REYES

(she doesn't know)

God knows.

The song ends and another begins: Karl Zero's "Io Mammate E Tu".

CUT TO:

30 EXT. OLD RUNDOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

30

This scene is a celebration of life, food, family, love and God, all to the quirky tune that began over the previous scene.

UNIFORMED COPS direct the removal of Mad Wayne's body bag from the hotel to a waiting hearse. Among those watching this action are the TWO OLD ITALIAN GENTS. To the spoken lyrics in the song, they will converse through this entire scene. Moving up and down the street to the places where they saw Wayne with Mr. Burt. We follow them past the various booths and activities (a canole eating contest, etc.) that are part of the San Gennaro festival that was being prepped in the previous scene. The two men are somewhat oblivious to the joyous celebration that is going on around them.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

To the beautiful young woman, AMY, who is being followed adoringly by the beautiful young man, GUIDO (they will appear through the scene); to the decorations and the lights, the flowers and the balloons. They stop to point at the cafe table where Mad Wayne and Mr. Burt played dominoes, which is near the PIZZA MAN, whose BOOMING OPERATIC VOICE also matches a part in the song's lyrics.

This sends the Two Old Italians on their way, across the street in front of those people who are staging for the parade, all the while talking between themselves. They finally end up back in the middle of the street, where AMY and GUIDO tell them to get out of the way, the parade is about to begin. The old men argue back, then turn and lead the parade down the street.

CAMERA RISES INTO THE AIR, angle down on the festival parade. Rising into the night sky. So high that the street scene becomes but a part of the night time cityscape below. This is a bird's eye view, or a low satellite view, or God's eye view. And the gridded lights of the city make up an image we recognize; the features of a familiar face: Mr. Burt. Smiling up at us. As we:

THE END