

THE X FILES
"LITTLE GREEN MEN"

Written by
Glen Morgan & James Wong

Episode 2X01
Story 4265
June 29, 1994 (White)

**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

6/29/94

THE X-FILES

"LITTLE GREEN MEN"

CAST

FOX MULDER
DANA SCULLY

DRISCOL
YOUNG FOX MULDER
SAMANTHA MULDER
SENATOR RICHARD MATHESON
ASST. DIRECTOR SKINNER
CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
AGENT LEWIN
AGENT RAND
JORGE
DR. KIP TROITSKY
COMMANDER
AGENT MORRIS

6/29/94

THE X-FILES

"LITTLE GREEN MEN"

SETS

EXTERIORS

SPACE (STOCK)
FOREST
J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING (STOCK)
WATERGATE HOTEL (STOCK)
CAPITAL DOME (STOCK)
PUERTO RICO COAST (STOCK)
ROADWAY
JUNGLE
ARECIBO OBSERVATORY
ARECIBO CONTROL ROOM
MAIN ROAD

INTERIORS

ARECIBO CONTROL ROOM
FORENSIC LAB
SUPPLY CLOSET
HOOVER BUILDING
 /HALL
 /BULLPEN
 /SKINNER'S OFFICE
HOTEL PARKING STRUCTURE
MULDER FAMILY LIVING ROOM
MULDER'S APARTMENT
SENATOR'S OFFICE
U.S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY
SCULLY'S OFFICE
AIRPORT TERMINAL

TEASER

1 EXT. SPACE

Stars. There are more in the Heavens than all the humans who have ever lived on Earth. And, like each person, every star presents a possibility. Here, in this celestial field, the possibilities are endless.

It is not, however, ethereal. The MUSIC is a tense and eerie pulse. A VOICE is HEARD, one that belongs to Mulder's congressional patron, SENATOR RICHARD MATHESON.

His tone is emotionless and matter of fact.

MATHESON (V.O.)
We wanted... to believe.

Pause.

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We wanted to call out...

Suddenly, from the lower left corner of the FRAME, a spacecraft, the Voyager 2, HURLS deep into this endless black sky at 22,000 miles per hour.

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
On August 20 and September 5,
1977, two spacecrafts were
launched from the Kennedy
Spaceflight Center, Florida.
They were called Voyager.

The spacecraft, by now, has disappeared into the stars.

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Each one carries a message...

Several elements begin to work simultaneously creating a fluid, hallucinatory documentary.

First - visually: CAMERA PULLS BACK on the star field, as if at warp speed. The Andromeda Galaxy ENTERS FRAME as WE CONTINUE to pull back, until REVEALING the star field and galaxy is actually a small photo within a larger picture. This image is in fact an actual message carried by Voyager. It is a linear Solar Location Map indicating Earth's position relative to Andromeda.

Second - sound: As Matheson continues to narrate, several LAYERS of SOUND play beneath his words. These are also actual messages on the Voyager. The first is then U.N. Secretary General, Kurt Waldheim greeting any Life forms discovering the spacecraft.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

WALDHEIM (V.O.)

... I send greetings on behalf of
the people of our planet. We
step out of our solar system into
the universe...

This greeting dissolves under "hello's" in fifty-five
languages, underscored by the first movement of Bach's
"Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F."

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A gold plated record depicting
images, music and sounds of our
planet... arranged so that it may
be understood if ever intercepted
by a technologically mature
extraterrestrial civilization.

As Matheson and the SOUND MONTAGE continue, other visual
messages aboard the Voyager DISSOLVE and SUPERIMPOSE above and
below one another.

WE stress images of scientific exchange, appearing cold and
eerie. Silhouettes of a fetus and embryo measured in
centimeters. A Hydrogen binary unit of measurement chart. An
overlay of the human circulatory system. A diagram depicting
Continental Drift. And finally, a photo of the Earth with a
graphic indicating the diameter of the planet, 12,756 km.

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thirteen years after its launch,
Voyager 1 passed the orbital
plane of Neptune and essentially,
left our solar system.

(beat)

Within that time, there were no
further messages sent... nor are
any planned.

The Earth begins to shrink as CAMERA PULLS BACK. The planet
shrinking smaller and smaller until fading insignificantly into
a sea of stars.

Once again, amongst a celestial field... there is silence.

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We wanted to listen...

CAMERA TILTS DOWN from the stars to a silhouette of an enormous
radio telescope. A 210 foot dish pointed to the universe,
sitting within a desert horizon.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On October 12, 1992... NASA initiated the High Resolution Microwave Survey. A decade long search by radio telescopes scanning ten million frequencies for any transmission by Extraterrestrial Intelligence.

WE DISSOLVE and SUPERIMPOSE several of these giant dishes aimed at the stars. BENEATH this, the anxious SOUND of faint galactic radio static.

Finally, WE SETTLE on world's most sensitive radio telescope. A 305 meter dish in a forest valley of Arecibo, Puerto Rico. The forest, dark and thick, begins to SUPERIMPOSE over this tableau.

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Less than one year later, first term Nevada Senator Richard Bryon successfully championed an amendment which terminated the project.

2 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

2

CAMERA CREEPS EERILY through the dark forest. It emerges and proceeds toward a small cement building marked: ARECIBO IONOSPHERIC OBSERVATORY, Arecibo, Puerto Rico. Control Room.

As CAMERA moves to the door, WE SEE a chain and padlock around the door handles. CAMERA CONTINUES FORWARD as...

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We wanted to believe...

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. ARECIBO CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

3

CAMERA IS MOVING through the DISSOLVE... REVEALING the interior of the radio telescope control room. It is very dark in here. Haunting, as clear plastic tarps hang over mothballed computers and panels of high tech equipment.

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But... our tools have been mothballed or taken away.

CAMERA INCHES toward a dormant control panel.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MATHESON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Our eyes... are closed. Our
voices... silenced. Our ears...
are deaf to the realms of extreme
possibilities.

Silence as CAMERA SETTLES on the control panel.

Suddenly... a single panel light engages. Beat, another. The
system turns on seemingly from within.

Then, in the dark and silent room... RADIO STATIC... GETTING
CLOSER... FINE TUNED... until... the violins and trumpets of
Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto No.2 in F" CRACKLES through the
receivers. This "play back", though, has a different timbre
than what WE'VE HEARD before, as if filtered through some alien
transmitter.

The control room's reel to reel audio tape recorders CLICK
alive and begin to whirl. From the receiver speakers... the
U.N. Secretary General's message plays... although different...
like a computerized imitation with an odd cadence...

WALDHEIM (V.O.)
(over radio)
... I send greetings on behalf of
the people of our planet. We
step out of our solar system into
the Universe...

As our own message is played back to us, the reel to reel
continues to turn in the lonely dark room.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. FORENSIC LABORATORY - DAY - CLOSE - TAPE PLAYER 4

The tiny wheels of an audio micro-cassette turn.

SCULLY (O.S.)

It is advantageous to begin an autopsy with removal of the cranium.

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE along a line of a half dozen notebooks and clipboards and tape recorders. One notebook indicates: "Forensic Pathology. Instructor: Scully." A legend appears: "F.B.I. ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA."

SCULLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Observations crucial to the examiner's sense of smell will not be interfered with by internal odors...

CAMERA CONTINUES through the room. It is dim and cold in the lab. The only light is a surgical lamp over the dead subject, supine on a stainless steel table. Reflections and spill light are the only other source of illumination.

CAMERA PROCEEDS along a table covered with unsettling pathologist's tools. Saws. Knives. God knows what.

SCULLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Once the scalp has been dissected from the skull, below the occipital lobes, the cranium is opened with a horizontal division an inch above the eyebrow ridges.

CAMERA SETTLES on a skull saw. A latex gloved hand picks it up, pulling it to the doctor's face for examination, REVEALS DANA SCULLY in a lab coat. She places a pair of goggles over her eyes, then proceeds to the table. She places the saw over the subject's forehead. On the WHIR of the blade...

HER STUDENTS

Even veteran police OFFICERS slightly grimace as the pitch of the saw becomes DEEPER and MUFFLED as it cuts into the skull. One young TRAINEE, face white, subtly turns and leaves the room. The saw becomes silent.

SCULLY

Unspecific weirdness and goo reflects in her goggles as she works on the subject. O.S., BONE CRACKS. She pauses.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Scully... as she stares past the subject, lost in thought.

HER STUDENTS

Sensing her distance, they look to one another, unsure. The leader of this group, DRISCOL, speaks up.

DRISCOL
Something wrong?

WIDER

Scully's eyes remain locked on the dead man. She seems to be almost speaking to herself...

SCULLY
What this man... imagined. His
dreams. Who he loved. Saw.
Heard. Remembered. What he
feared. Somehow... it's locked
in this small mass of tissue and
fluid.

She finally looks to her students, who are lost.

STUDENT
Will that be on the exam?

Scully returns to the professor mode, a bit embarrassed.

SCULLY
No, no, of course not.

The students laugh nervously. Driscol, totally unaware that what he is about to say has a double meaning...

DRISCOL
Are you okay, Agent Scully? You
kinda sounded a little "spooky."

She turns, defensive. Scully eyes them as they tense.

SCULLY
Turn off your tape recorders.

The students eye one another.

SCULLY
Turn them off. Put down your
notebooks.

They do so, unsure. Scully removes her goggles. She studies her students in the spill light.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

We can perform autopsies, like this. Study crime scenes. Follow paper trails... Gather empirical evidence... and think we've completed our investigation.

She pauses. Scully gestures to the subject.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

But we're not even halfway finished because we are dealing with the mind. Human minds. Criminal, and victim. Each one, amazingly, frustratingly unique. Each mind capable of different reactions... of... motives... perceptions... Some minds see and hear things that aren't even there.

She looks to the body on the table.

SCULLY

We can cut open the brain... but that doesn't get us inside the mind.

She studies her students, sensing they get the point, but also, there is an air of pupils feeling they've been chewed out and don't know why. Scully eases, sighs, returning to the table.

SCULLY

This subject has a hemorrhage in the left cerebral peduncle...

The students once again pick up their notebooks and turn on their tape recorders.

SCULLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... and another in the posterior right temporal lobe...

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE, once again to the tiny spinning wheels of the micro-cassette.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY - CLOSE - REEL TO REEL

Large audio tape wheels turn in another dimly lit room. Over headphone quality speakers, WE HEAR two suspects, DRAKE and AUSTIN. As in actual F.B.I. surveillance, their words are

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

often inaudible because of microphone placement. Another reel to reel machine is nearby.

DRAKE (V.O.)
Hey, you know, Cecil and me went over to that one strip joint.

AUSTIN (V.O.)
Really? Did ya treat yourself?

DRAKE (V.O.)
Oh, man, let me tell ya...

CAMERA PULLS BACK... finding fast food wrappers on a dilapidated table. Rolls of paper towels and bottles of cleaning supplies are stacked on a nearby shelf. The walls peel a dark green paint. A bare bulb hangs overhead.

DRAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You know that one, "Tuesday?"

AUSTIN (V.O.)
Wait. You went Tuesday?

DRAKE (V.O.)
No, no... that's the stripper's name, "Tuesday."

AUSTIN (V.O.)
Yeah! Right. I know her.

CAMERA REVEALS FOX MULDER, sitting in the darkness of the room, eating sunflower seeds, a pile of husks at his feet. He is very unamused. In fact, the tense and distant expression reflects he's paying no attention to the surveillance. Slight circles are under his eyes. His tie is loose. He has a five o'clock shadow.

The most unsettling aspect of Mulder's appearance is the air of self doubt. As Mulder stares off... and the wheels spin...

CUT TO:

6 EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

6

A courtyard at the Bureau. A bronze image of The Director is in the f.g.

7 INT. HOOVER BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

7

It is late afternoon. The hallway bustles with AGENTS and VISITORS. Scully is among them.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Mulder appears at the opposite end of the corridor, heading toward her. Scully conceals her pleasure in seeing him. As they pass, Scully greets Mulder with restraint and professionalism.

SCULLY

Good afternoon, Agent Mulder.

But Mulder doesn't even acknowledge Scully as he carries a distant expression, disappearing down the hall. Scully must mask her concern. This is difficult. She continues along the hallway.

8 INT. HOOVER BUILDING - BULLPEN - DAY

8

This office is the complete antithesis of the X-Files basement office. It reflects the Bureau's demand of returning Mulder to the rank and file.

Mulder moves to his desk, amongst all the others, and sits. He immediately freezes, spotting something on his desk.

MULDER'S POV - PICTURE FRAME

A 5X7 picture frame lies face down on the desk.

MULDER

looks at this with significance. He reaches out to return the photo to its upright position, REVEALING a blank yellow "post it" note stuck to the glass.

As Mulder casually crumples the small yellow note, WE SEE...

CLOSE - PICTURE FRAME

The subject in the frame; an eight year old girl. The photograph is faded and crimped. It's his sister, Samantha Mulder, twenty-one years ago.

MULDER

Staring into the image... until he must avert his eyes.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. WATERGATE HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

9

The building stands as a symbol of concealment. A legend appears: "WATERGATE HOTEL & OFFICE COMPLEX."

10 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

10

On the lowest level of the parking structure, Scully paces in the darkened corner. Her eyes are alert, paranoid. It is as silent as a cave. O.S., a subtle CLICK turns her attention toward a door to the stairwell. She tenses.

SCULLY'S POV - STAIRWELL DOORWAY

A figure stands in the doorway, suit and tie, overcoat. The backlight causes shadows to cover his face, creating a conspiratorial tone. He nods, as if "over here."

WIDER

Scully approaches the figure, cautious, unsure, until...

MULDER (O.S.)

Four dollars first hour is
outrageous for parking.

Scully smiles, relieved.

MULDER (O.S.)

The information you have better
be worth at least forty-five
minutes.

He steps half into the light. Scully is taken aback by his tired and depressed appearance.

SCULLY

Mulder... from back there you
looked... like him.

MULDER

"Him?"

Mentioning the man still makes her uncomfortable.

SCULLY

Deep Throat.

MULDER

In a dark parking garage anyone
can look like Hal Holbrook.

Beat. She cocks her head to indicate "you know who I mean."
Mulder's tone turns darker, utilizing humor as a tool of
denial.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MULDER

He's dead, Scully.

(guilty)

I attended the funeral at
Arlington... through 8X power
binoculars a thousand yards away.

She's troubled by the timbre in his voice. He senses this and
takes the offensive.

MULDER

The picture frame was turned
down. You wanted to talk. What
have you found?

Although alone in the cavernous setting, they whisper.

SCULLY

I wanted to talk, but... I
haven't found anything.

MULDER

Scully... it's dangerous for us
to just have a "chat." We must
assume we're being watched.

SCULLY

Mulder... I haven't seen any
indication...

MULDER

(cuts her off)

Of course not... these people are
the best...

SCULLY

(cuts him off)

I've taken all the proper
precautions. I've doubled back
over my tracks to see if anyone's
following me... and no one ever
has. The "X-Files" have been
terminated. We've been
reassigned.

Mulder stares at Scully, hard, but does not refute her. She
gently touches his arm.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

What makes you think they even
care about us anymore?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

MULDER

Then why did you come here...
covertly?

SCULLY

Because I realized it's the only
way you would see me.

MULDER

So... what do you want?

She studies him, concerned.

SCULLY

To know you're alright.

He knows he is not, but won't admit it.

SCULLY

You passed me today, by only a
foot, but you... you were miles
away.

Mulder's tense paranoia eases as he recaptures his true
feelings toward his friend.

MULDER

They've got me on electronic
surveillance. White bread cases.
Insurance fraud. Bank fraud.
Health care swindles...

He closes his eyes, clearly hating every dull second.

SCULLY

I know you feel... frustrated...
that without the Bureau's
resources... it's impossible to
continue your work...

MULDER

No...

Mulder looks to her, on the verge of a painful confession...
but he backs off. She won't let him go that easy.

SCULLY

What, then? When the Bureau
first shut us down, you said you
would go on as long as the truth
was out there. I don't... I no
longer feel that from you.

Mulder considers. She gives him a moment.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

MULDER

Have you ever been to San Diego?

She's not following, but hangs in there.

SCULLY

Yes.

MULDER

Did you check out the Palomar
Observatory?

SCULLY

No.

MULDER

From 1948 until recently, it was
the largest telescope in the
world. The idea and design came
from a wealthy, brilliant
astronomer, George Ellery Hale.

Scully is thankful for the science lesson.

MULDER (CONT'D)

Well... actually, the idea was
presented to him one night while
Hale was playing billiards. An
elf... climbed in his window and
told Hale to get money for a
telescope from the Rockefeller
Foundation.

A long sigh.

MULDER (CONT'D)

When Hale told people what
happened, he was sent off to
"hospitals" for "rest" and the
elf would go away... but when
Hale was released, it would
return.

Mulder looks at Scully as if "that's what's bothering me."

SCULLY

You're worried that maybe all
your life you've been... seeing
elves?

MULDER

In my case, little green men.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

SCULLY

But Mulder, during your time on
the X-Files... you saw so much.

MULDER

That's the point. "Seeing" is
not enough. I should have solid
evidence. Something to hold
onto.

He looks to Scully.

MULDER

That's what I've gotten from you.

SCULLY

Your sister's abduction. You've
held onto that.

Mulder sits on a curb.

MULDER

I've been wondering... if it ever
even happened.

Scully is stunned by what she's hearing. She sits next to him.

SCULLY

Mulder... maybe George Hale only
saw elves in his mind... but the
telescope got built.

She holds his arm. He looks to her.

SCULLY

Don't give up.

He doesn't react. She stands.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

But next time... we meet out in
the open.

She walks away. Her heels CLICKING against the concrete, which
becomes a hallucinatory metronome as Mulder looks up, his red
eyes framed by the darkness. He sees something, O.S. CAMERA
PUSHES IN on Mulder...

MULDER'S POV - SIGN

"This parking RESERVED for Staff of the Watergate Hotel."
CAMERA slightly PUSHES IN on the sign, in SLOW MOTION...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

MULDER

The distant expression intensifies, as WE MOVE IN...

MULDER'S POV - SIGN

Only one word fills the FRAME... "WATERGATE"... HOLD, then...

CUT TO:

11 INT. MULDER'S FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - TELEVISION

11

An old reel to reel tape recorder, circa 1973, is on screen:
A Reporter speaks.

REPORTER (V.O.)
(from television)
President Nixon's personal
secretary, Rose Mary Woods,
admitted to Judge Sirica
yesterday that she had erased a
conversation between President
Nixon and H.R. Haldeman while
transcribing the subpoenaed
tape...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL a middle income family living room.
Two children are on the floor playing Stratego. The boy, 12,
is FOX MULDER, wearing a N.Y. Knicks T-shirt, eating sunflower
seeds. The girl, 8, is his sister SAMANTHA MULDER.

A legend appears: NOVEMBER 27, 1973. CHILMARK, MASS. 8:53 PM.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Woods testified that she erased
only about five minutes of the
conversation, but the tape
contained an eighteen minute gap.

Fox moves a playing piece.

SAMANTHA
Scout.

Fox captures the piece. Losing, Samantha has no patience for
the game.

SAMANTHA
Do we hafta watch this, Fox?

FOX
Leave it. I'm watchin' "The
Magician" at nine.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SAMANTHA
Mom and Dad said I could watch
the movie, A-hole.

FOX
They're next door at the
Galbrands, and they said I'm in
charge, B-hole.

He moves a piece. Samantha moves away.

SAMANTHA
Not playin'!

FOX
See if I care. I won.

Samantha gets up and moves to the television. She eyes Fox
then turns the channel.

FOX
Hey! Get outta my life!!

Fox moves to the television and changes the channel back.
Samantha tries to get back at the television but Fox blocks her
way. She SCREAMS for effect.

FOX
I'm watchin' "The Magician!"

Suddenly... the lights go out. The T.V. clicks off. The room
turns dark, except for spill light from the outside street
lamp. The kids pause, hold their breaths in the dark.

FOX
Now, look, the fuse is blown.
I'll go get Dad. Stay here.

Samantha grabs her brother.

SAMANTHA
No, I'm scared!

Fox moves her back.

FOX
Get away from me. Stay here!
There's nothing to be afraid of.

Outside, an EERIE HUM begins. Electrical and engine-like. The
children freeze. Their hearts beat faster. Eyes wide. Fox
looks about.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Objects in the room begin to rattle like a 5.1 on the seismograph.

CLOSE - MANTLE

Family photos TREMBLE. A candy dish vibrates across the mantle. It falls, SHATTERING!

CLOSE - STRATEGO GAME

Several pieces topple over.

WIDER

Strobing orange, red and blue lights fill the room from the windows. The lights seem to descend from the sky into the backyard. Fox moves toward the window.

FOX

The police must be outside!

Samantha is too afraid to move. Then, BOOM! Sparks jet from the electrical outlets. One after another. The television raster ERUPTS! Sparks fly!

Samantha SCREAMS as she falls to the floor. CAMERA PUSHES IN on the young boy, as SCRATCHING, CLAWING STEPS are heard on the rooftop, O.S. He looks up, then down, to...

FOX'S POV - DOORWAY

A closed door to another room.

CLOSE - DOORKNOB

begins to turn, as if with difficulty, from the other side.

CLOSE - FOX

Immobile. Horrified.

DOORWAY

It opens, casting an intense beam of brilliant white light, stretching across the floor.

Then, appearing in the threshold, is a form. The details are burned out by the strong backlight, creating an even more macabre figure. Four feet high, a larger head. Its deformed shadow stretches across the floor.

CLOSE - FOX

trembling. His sister's SCREAMS snap him out of it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

FOX
'SMANTHA?!

He looks about, frantic. CAMERA PUSHES BACK to REVEAL she is no longer in the room. Fox panics, turns. Again, he is overwhelmed as he sees...

FOX'S POV - HALLWAY

Framed by the arched entrance to the hallway from the living room, Samantha appears to float five feet off the ground in a tube of wondrously bright yellow light emanating from above. She is on her back, unconscious.

FOX

turns and runs toward a cabinet in the kitchen. SCREAMING...

FOX
DAD!! DAD!! HELP!!

He opens a high cupboard and pulls out a tool box under lock and key. Fox SMASHES it again and again until the lock pops off. A .38 falls to the floor. He trembles to pick it up and never does, because, as he looks up...

FOX'S POV - SAMANTHA

Floating in the yellow light, she passes through the living room window, without even a crack in the glass.

FOX

takes a step toward her, SCREAMING, however... he is stopped in his tracks, frozen by a blue light. He struggles to move but cannot.

FOX
'SMANTHA! 'SMANTHA! NO!

SMASH CUT TO:

12 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE

12

Mulder stands alone in his dark apartment.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - MULDER

As if the past were only moments ago. He is drenched with cold sweat. His expression, eerily blank. After a moment... O.S., a door opens. Mulder tenses...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MULDER'S POV - APARTMENT

The front door is opening. A light stretches into the room, very much like the abduction, but not as brilliant. A figure stands in the doorway, suit and tie, overcoat. His identity cloaked by the darkness.

MULDER

Slowly... he turns.

IN THE DOORWAY:

MAN

We're going to the hill.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CAPITAL DOME - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

13

The illuminated white iron dome stands out against the night.

14 INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - WIDE

14

Standing near a dark wood bookshelf, his body turned three-quarters away, is SENATOR RICHARD MATHESON. He is absorbed by Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto No.2 in F" which plays LOUDLY from the stereo. He is not wearing his suit coat.

The office appears as a Senator's office should. Large desk. Framed photos. Dark wood. It is late.

THE FRONT DOOR

opens. The Man at Mulder's apartment leads Mulder into the office. They wait for the Senator to acknowledge them, but he's too absorbed in the music.

MAN

Senator Matheson...

The Senator doesn't even look because he does not want to miss a note. Besides, he knows who it is. Matheson waves over Mulder, gesturing for the agent to take a seat. Mulder does so, near a small table with some glasses, ice and a bottle of Glenlivet. A memo pad is nearby.

The Senator gestures, "drink?" Mulder shakes his head "no." Mulder is uncomfortable in the presence of his patron. Finally, Matheson turns...

MATHESON

Do you know this, Fox?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MULDER

Bach... "Brandenburg Concerto...
number three."

MATHESON

Two.

MULDER

Good thing it wasn't a double
Jeopardy question.

Matheson smiles. He looks upon Mulder like a son.

MATHESON

Do you know the significance of
this piece?

Mulder considers, puzzled.

MULDER

Well, recalling "Music
Appreciation" with Professor
Ganz, Bach had a genius for
polyphonic...

Matheson waves that off, cutting Mulder off at mid-sentence.
The Senator moves to Mulder.

MATHESON

This... is the first selection of
music on the Voyager spacecraft.
The first.

They listen to the trumpets.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Four and a half billion years
from now, when the sun exhausts
its fuel and swells to engulf the
Earth... this... expression will
still be out there...
traveling... four and a half
billion years.

The music is beautiful, but with this knowledge, it is also
eerie. Mulder fidgets, respectful of the Senator.

MATHESON

That is... if it's not
intercepted first. Right?

Mulder nods. The Senator takes a sip of Scotch.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

MATHESON

Imagine... Fox... if another civilization out there were to hear this... they would think, what a wonderful place the Earth must be. Yes... I would want this... to be the first contact with another life form...

At this point, the movement ends. The room is silent. Mulder hangs his head, unable to hold back his thoughts any longer.

MULDER

I know I've let you down.

Matheson eyes him, curious.

MULDER

You've supported me at risk to your reputation. And I realize that there was nothing you could do when they shut us down... that... if there was any possibility... you would have stepped in. All I can say is... I think we were close... to what... I don't know...

Matheson studies Mulder with a great amount of respect. After a moment, the Senator breaks into a wide smile, excited. Mulder doesn't follow.

MULDER

What? Did I...?

Matheson raises a finger, gesturing for silence. Mulder is puzzled. The Senator picks up a memo pad and begins to write.

MATHESON

Do you like Bach, Mulder?

Mulder is puzzled by this line of question. Matheson nods, indicating Mulder should respond in the positive.

MULDER

I live for Bach.

MATHESON

Then let's hear it again.

He hands Mulder the memo before moving to the stereo and turning up the music, LOUD. Mulder looks at the note.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

INSERT - MEMO PAD

"They may be listening."

RETURN

Mulder reacts, unsure, paranoid. He looks to the Senator, who gestures Mulder to a dark corner of the office.

The MUSIC BLARES as the two men stand close in the darkness. Matheson leans close to Mulder's ear, intense and with a stage whisper...

MATHESON

I take it you're familiar with
the High Resolution Microwave
Survey?

CLOSE - MULDER & MATHESON

MULDER

A search for extraterrestrial
radio signals. They shut it
down...

Matheson nods, as if "yes... no." He moves in even closer.

MATHESON

You have to get to the radio
telescope at Arecibo, Puerto
Rico. I'll try to delay them as
long as I can, but my guess is
you'll have at least twenty-four
hours. After that... I can no
longer hold off the Blue Beret
UFO Retrieval Team. And they are
authorized to display terminal
force.

Mulder doesn't completely follow.

MULDER

What am I looking for?

Matheson eyes Mulder as he pulls out a folded and obscured FAX paper. He shows it to Mulder. The paper is covered with columns of numbers 1 and 2 in an odd pattern with frequencies and sky positions.

Matheson moves even closer.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

VERY CLOSE - THE SENATOR'S LIPS TO MULDER'S EAR

MATHESON

Contact.

The Senator pulls away REVEALING the expression of shock on Mulder. As the music that will literally live forever continues...

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 EXT. HOOVER BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING 15
16 INT. ASST. DIR. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - TAPE PLAYER 16

An audio cassette plays in a tape player.

SKINNER (V.O.)
(over cassette)
When did you last see Agent
Mulder?

SCULLY (V.O.)
Yesterday.

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE about a desk upon which the tape player sits. INTO FRAME appears a name plate: ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WALTER S. SKINNER.

SKINNER (V.O.)
Where?

SCULLY (V.O.)
In the bull pen hallway.

SKINNER (V.O.)
Did you speak with him?

SCULLY (V.O.)
(pause)
No. Is he in some kind of
trouble?

SKINNER is REVEALED sitting in his chair behind the desk, fingers propped against his chin, listening to the recording. MOVING further ALONG the desk REVEALS a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

SKINNER (V.O.)
Agent Mulder failed to appear at
his assignment this morning. His
whereabouts are unknown.

The pack of smokes is picked up by the CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN, pausing as he listens to the interrogation. There is a tense moment of silence on the cassette.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Sir, I'll volunteer my time to
assist in any search...

SKINNER (V.O.)
No, Agent Scully, the Bureau can
handle...

The C.S. Man turns off the cassette. He eyes Skinner.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SKINNER

She doesn't know where he is.

C.S.' MAN

How can you be sure?

SKINNER

If she knew, she wouldn't be so worried about him.

The C.S. Man opens his pack of cigarettes, and is quite pissed off to find he is out of smokes. He looks to Skinner who takes a subtle pleasure in stating...

SKINNER

I don't smoke.

With frustration over Mulder and not having any cigarettes, the C.S. Man grabs the pack...

CLOSE - C.S. MAN'S HAND

He CRUSHES the empty box.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. PUERTO RICO COAST - DAY - (STOCK)

17

Distant THUNDER RUMBLES as a tropical storm brews in the Atlantic.

18 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

18

A gate prohibits vehicles from entering the unpaved road leading to: "National Astronomy and Ionosphere Center, Arecibo, Puerto Rico. No Trespassing." A rickety pick-up truck drives to the gate. Mulder rides in the truck bed. He hops out and pats the cab.

MULDER

Gracias!

The truck drives off. Mulder pauses, looks about and hustles off into the forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. FOREST - DAY

19

Approaching THUNDER RUMBLES through. Mulder moves quickly, but it is uphill and hot. Humid. Tree frogs CROAK in the forest. He proceeds OUT OF FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

20

With sweat dripping off his body, Mulder appears, pausing to catch his breath. Thunder RUMBLES. Mulder looks up, awed, as he sees

LOW ANGLE - TREE LINES (SFX)

Mulder is in the f.g., the trees towering above him. High above the trees, is a telescope dish support tower, about the size and shape of the Washington monument.

MULDER

This gives him a second wind. He continues his journey.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ARECIBO OBSERVATORY - DAY - (STOCK)

21

An aerial shot of the magnificent dish with a 20 acre collecting area nestled in the forest. Suspended five hundred feet above is a six hundred ton steel platform carrying receiving and transmitting equipment.

22 EXT. ARECIBO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

22

This is the building seen in the Teaser. The radio telescope and towers are not in view. Mulder ENTERS, thirsty and tired, but too excited to drink or rest. Out of a backpack, he produces a memo micro-cassette recorder. He speaks into it.

MULDER

No trace evidence immediately apparent around the exterior of the control room, which is locked with chains.

He reaches into his bag and pulls out a small saw. He applies it to the chain. On his first STROKE of the saw...

CUT TO:

23 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

23

The only light is from small blinking bulbs on the control panels. In the dim room, a SOUND... FLIT... FLIT... FLIT...

The front door opens to an entrance way, which can be seen through porthole windows in the room leading to the control room. A flashlight beam breaks the darkness, leading Mulder into the room. He speaks to the memo recorder...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MULDER

The power has been turned off, but the control panel lights are on... the room is about twenty by twelve... I see no signs of any recent occupation... In fact, there is quite an odor of mildew. The air is stale. If anyone's been here recently... they've left no indication...

FLIT... FLIT... FLIT...

Mulder seems to finally notice the sound. He swings the flashlight around.

MULDER'S POV - REEL TO REEL

In the flashlight beam, the right reel spins. It is full and the tail end of the audio tape FLIT... FLIT... FLITS, as it whips around.

MULDER

sweat shining in the spill of the flashlight. He considers the possibilities of what could be on that tape.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - DAY

24

CAMERA CREEPS along the empty apartment, until Scully steps out from behind the wall of the living room. It does appear as if he's departed in a hurry. Some fast food wrapper are on the table of an otherwise tidy apartment.

Scully looks around for any indication of his location. A light flashes on the answering machine. Scully produces a pen from her coat and engages the machine. An attractive female VOICE blares...

VOICE (V.O.)

(playful)

Mulder, you hounded me to have lunch with you today and then you don't show. You're a pig!.

CLICK. Scully reacts, then continues searching. She looks through the drawers and waste paper basket. Nothing. She

turns on Mulder's PC and waits a moment before grabbing the mouse and quickly searching for some files.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

She moves the mouse. CLICK. Studies the screen. Nothing. She CLICKS on another file. This goes on for a few tense beats until, O.S., a one blast ALARM. CAMERA INCHES IN on her.

MONITOR

In a rectangular computer window; "ACCESS DENIED. ENTER PASSWORD." The cursor blinks impatiently.

SCULLY

considers... types.

MONITOR

The letters spill out onto the screen... "SPOOKY." The ALARM BEEPS. "ACCESS DENIED. ENTER PASSWORD."

SCULLY

tries again.

MONITOR

"SAMANTHA." BEEP. Access denied.

SCULLY

considers for a moment, then... she types.

EXTREMELY CLOSE - MONITOR

"TRUSTNO1." No alarm. She's in.

SCULLY

sits before the monitor as a file opens, reflecting in her glasses. Her brows furrow as she leans into the screen.

MONITOR

Mulder has scanned the paper given to him by Senator Matheson. There are broken columns of 1's and 2's. On the right hand side, the columns are labeled: ASCENSION. DECLIN. FREQ. GALACTIC LATITUDE. GALACTIC LONGITUDE. EST.

SCULLY

considers but cannot make heads or tails out of this. O.S., FOOTSTEPS approach. She rushes to operate the mouse, turns on the printer and prints the file.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

PRINTER

The paper slowly churns out.

SCULLY

impatient... then, as an O.S. SOUND turns her head.

THE FRONT DOOR

Two pairs of feet step into the light in the crack at the bottom of the door.

SCULLY

quickly turns off the monitor, then checks the printer.

PRINTER

The paper is in the process of being kicked out of the printer. It drops to the floor, sliding below the desk.

SCULLY

Reacts to the paper, noting its location.

CLOSE - DESK

The paper is beneath Mulder's desk. A triangular sliver, about five inches long, is exposed.

WIDER

Unable to retrieve the printout, Scully turns off the computer. She stands, moving away from the machine as the door opens.

Two agents, LEWIN and RAND, enter the room. They slowly and cautiously proceed toward her.

LEWIN

May I ask what you're doing here,
Agent Scully?

SCULLY

Are you following me?

The agent hesitates.

LEWIN

Agent Mulder's residence is under
surveillance.

Scully tries not to show her tension as Rand looks about the apartment, nonchalantly, checking anything she may have found.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

LEWIN

Please explain why you're here.

SCULLY

I was told by the Assistant
Director that Mulder was gone.

Rand spots the paper on the floor. He moves to it.

LEWIN

So?

Rand retrieves the paper. He looks curiously at the 1's and
2's and hundreds of number.

SCULLY

Whenever he goes away... I feed
his fish.

Lewin eyes her, "is she trying to be cute." Scully indicates
the small aquarium. Lewin stares her down. Rather than wait
for permission, she moves to the tank. As she moves...

Rand holds up the paper to Lewin.

RAND

What the hell is this?

Lewin moves to Rand, takes the paper and studies it.

SCULLY

at the fish tank, she tenses.

WIDER

Lewin shrugs.

LEWIN

Looks like a self-test the
computer does.

He moves to the wastepaper can and drops the paper into it.

Scully doesn't look to the trash, but clearly the wheels are
spinning as to how to retrieve the paper.

Scully opens the fish food. She "accidentally" spills half of
the small jar onto the aquarium table.

SCULLY

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

(24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

Scully moves to the trash and takes the paper. She scoops the fish food onto the paper. She feeds the fish some of the food, then moves to throw the rest out in the trash.

LEWIN
(impatient)
Just drop it in the tank.

Scully eyes him, incredulous, with a sarcastic edge.

SCULLY
That would be bad for the fish.

She crumples up the paper and bends down to throw it away, turning her back for a moment on Lewin and Rand.

The two agents eye each other, anxious to be rid of her.

Scully, meanwhile, cups the wad of paper, stuffing it into the sleeve of her overcoat.

Lewin and Rand watch, clueless, as Scully exits.

CUT TO:

(25 INT. ARECIBO CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - REEL TO REEL

25

Spinning fast. Rewinding. It FLAPS to the end. Mulder turns it off with a loud CLICK.

WIDER

Mulder begins to thread the tape through the machine. Outside, the THUNDER is louder. The WINDS grow stronger as the storm approaches.

Amped, Mulder is working quickly. He pauses as his mind seems to spin. He must place a hand on the desk panel to steady himself. Mulder grabs his water bottle, but it is empty. He looks to the tape, anxious to hear it, but another dizzy spell sends him toward the rest room.

He moves toward the closed door marked "LAVATORY." Mulder opens it and turns on the light. He is met with a horrified SCREAM!

Mulder is startled, disoriented.

An older, smaller Puerto Rican man, JORGE (HOAR-HAY), cowers in the corner of the bathroom beneath the sink.

JORGE
NO ME LASTIME! NO ME LASTIME!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MULDER

Who are you? How did you get here?

JORGE

Por favor, no me lastime! Jesus, tengo mucho miedo.

MULDER

Alright. Calm down!

Mulder gestures to indicate he will not harm the obviously terrified man.

JORGE

Tenemos que irnos de aqui!

Mulder tries to think back to high school Spanish, he should not demonstrate command of the language.

MULDER

Do you speak... um... hablo Ingles?

Jorge shakes his head "no."

MULDER

What's your name? Nombre?

JORGE

Jorge. Me llamo Jorge Concepcion. Me dijeron que trajera este equipaje en mi carreon... hace dos dias... me tomaron...

Mulder stops him, politely. Then, cautiously...

MULDER

Jorge... Jorge... easy... why are you... so afraid?

Jorge seems to understand, but this question only creates greater internal fear. He doesn't answer.

MULDER

What... have you... seen?

Mulder gestures to his eyes. Jorge is on the verge of tears. Slowly, with a trembling finger, he points upward toward the sky. O.S., THUNDER RUMBLES.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

JORGE

Luces... en el cielo... rojo...
azul... anaranjado... pense que
una avioneta habio chocado entre
los arboles...

His momentum builds. He gives way to tears of horror but is compelled to tell Mulder, who doesn't understand the words, but absolutely knows the emotion.

JORGE (CONT'D)

... pero cuando llegue... vi...
hombres... como animales... pero
no hombres... me agarraron y me
pusieron aqui... todavia estan en
el bosque...

Jorge is becoming hysterical. Mulder tries to settle him, frustrated by not understanding Jorge's words.

MULDER

Jorge... no comprendo... did you
say "men?" Hombres?

Jorge reaches out and removes the pen in Mulder's T-shirt pocket. The old man turns and draws on the bathroom wall.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Mulder... who freezes at the sight of...

JORGE'S DRAWING - ON THE WALL

It is simply the classic image of an alien. Large triangular head. Large angled cat's eyes.

CUT TO:

26 INT. U.S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY - DAY - CLOSE - CRUMPLED PRINTOUT

26

The printout of the FAX Senator Matheson presented to Mulder is held by a pair of male hands. Dr. KIP TROITSKY.

TROITSKY (O.S.)

It looks like the "Wow Signal."

Fascinated, the astronomer places it on a desk for a better look. The office is covered with numeric charts and maps rather than photos of celestial bodies. Dr. Troitsky was a tech nerd in the Sixties. Age covers the fact that he is still a tech nerd in the Nineties. Unruly gray beard, short sleeve shirts. A legend appears: U.S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY. WASHINGTON D.C." Scully looks at the paper.

SCULLY

The "Wow Signal?"

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Troitsky continues to examine the paper as he talks, curious.

TROITSKY

Ohio State has a radio telescope that conducts electronic searches for extraterrestrial intelligence. In August, 1977, my buddy, Jerry Ehman, found a transmission on the printout, like this. He was so excited, he wrote "Wow" in the margins.

SCULLY

What was there?

TROITSKY

A signal thirty times stronger than galactic background noise. It came through on the 21-centimeter frequency which no satellite transmitters are allowed to use. Its pattern of passage through the telescope's beam indicated it came from the stars.

Troitsky looks to Scully, excited.

TROITSKY

The signal was intermittent - like Morse code. And most importantly, the signal seemed to turn itself on while in the telescope's beam. The "Wow" signal is the best evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence... but this... this is better.

She considers.

TROITSKY

Where did you get this?

SCULLY

Maybe you can tell me. Is this from Ohio State?

Troitsky looks at the paper.

TROITSKY

Can't tell. There are a few nickel and dime S.E.T.I. projects around. U.C. Berkeley
(more)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

TROITSKY (Cont'd)
has one. The Planetary Society
has one at Harvard and in
Argentina. NASA was working out
of Goldstone in California and
Arecibo in Puerto Rico.

As Scully considers her next move.

CUT TO:

27 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - COMPUTER PRINTOUTS

27

CAMERA MOVES CLOSE over printed lists marked "AIRLINE PASSENGER
MANIFESTS." These listings of flights and passengers are
grouped by destination. "BOSTON," "SAN FRANCISCO," "BUENOS
AIRES," "SAN JUAN," "LOS ANGELES."

Scully rubs her neck in the dark office. She sighs, tired.
She flips to another flight.

PRINTOUT

marked "Flight 184. Washington, D.C. via Miami to San Juan."
Scully's index finger begins going down the list of passengers.
The names scroll past, as CAMERA FOLLOWS Scully's finger. She
passes a name - "Hale, George E." After a beat, the finger
returns to the name.

SCULLY

In the darkened office, beneath the desk lamp, she considers
Mulder's pseudonym... and state of mind.

CUT TO:

28 INT. ARECIBO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

28

Control panel lights blink and flash. Computer disks record
data. The reel to reel turns, playing back the eerie HISS and
STATIC of the cosmos.

CAMERA FINDS Jorge, perspiring from the heat and humidity but
more calm than previously. He is on edge as he looks over the
technology. Mulder studies further printouts from the control
room. He is astounded. Mulder speaks into his memo recorder.

MULDER

This signal... from 0:06:30
Tuesday... the narrow band and
exact matching of the antenna
pattern indicates it originated
from beyond lunar distance but
the same...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Jorge innocently engages some red buttons on the control panel. Mulder sees this...

MULDER

Jorge... don't touch... that red button... no... noho on the rojo.

Jorge looks at Mulder, then backs off from the panel. The WIND blows outside. Mulder returns to the printout, continues speaking into the memo recorder.

MULDER

The same... message is transmitted four hours later on a wide band... the point of origin is close... only miles away from...

Then... from the reel to reel... the eerie CRACKLE from the Teaser.

WALDHEIM (V.O.)

(through speakers)

... I send greetings on behalf of the people of our planet...

Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto No.2 in F" plays beneath the greeting. CAMERA MOVES IN on the two men. Mulder is drawn to the creepy and fascinating sound. Jorge is hurled back into a state of terror. He looks around as if certain the horror is invading his surroundings.

JORGE

SON ELLOS! REGRESARON!

Mulder's attention is locked on the reel to reel. He gestures absently to Jorge.

MULDER

No! No! Calm down. It's just the tape player!

Jorge grabs Mulder by the arm, turns him around. Jorge gestures adamantly toward the door.

JORGE

VAMANOS! INMEDIATAMENTE! POR FAVOR!!

MULDER

Where're we going to go? The storm is...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

Suddenly, a PIERCING TONE, mixed with electronic CLICKS and BEEPS BLARE through the room. Both men cover their ears.

Jorge backs away as Mulder moves to the console. CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE on Mulder as he turns off the reel to reel. Again he must pause to stabilize and catch his breath. O.S., THUNDER.

MULDER

You can't be afraid...

He opens his eyes, as if unperved that this was addressed to himself. Then, for his own clarification...

MULDER

Jorge... you can't be afraid.

Mulder turns to find himself alone in the room.

MULDER'S POV - DOORWAY

opened. The wind blows debris from the forest floor. LIGHTNING FLASHES. THUNDER RUMBLES.

CUT TO:

29 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY - SCHEDULE BOARD

29

Behind the check in counter, a sign announces the next flight: FLIGHT 714 to SAN JUAN, P.R. 9:15 PM. CAMERA PULLS BACK to find Scully on the outskirts of this gate area so as to not be connected to this flight if seen.

A legend appears: MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. An Airline ATTENDANT, moves to the flight schedule. She attaches a sign which reads: "ALL SCHEDULED FLIGHTS TO PUERTO RICO CANCELLED DUE TO HURRICANE JUDY."

Scully sighs, weighing her options. As she looks around the terminal... she freezes... paranoid.

SCULLY'S POV - TERMINAL - PANNING

People sit at the terminal.

SCULLY

Considers. As a test, she moves off, intentionally leaving her backpack on a chair that cannot be seen by anyone in the terminal. Scully moves down the corridor behind a beam or wall, out of sight of the people in the terminal.

WE MOVE with Scully as she pauses, then returns immediately to her previous position. As Scully moves out from behind the

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

wall, we REVEAL a couple, man and woman, has moved in Scully's direction, as if to follow her. They are looking directly at Scully, but quickly avert their eyes. He is AGENT MORRIS. She is AGENT JACOBS.

Scully does not let on that she's made them. She "retrieves" her purse and moves on.

She walks to CAMERA, her back to the agents, her concern intensifies. As she considers her next move and CLEARS FRAME...

CUT TO:

30 EXT. FOREST - DAY

30

The winds are reaching gale force. Mulder searches through the thick growth.

MULDER
Jorge! Jorge!

THUNDER. CAMERA LEADS Mulder as he battles the wind and debris. Suddenly, he stops. CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK, REVEALS a figure in the f.g., back to CAMERA, sitting against a tree. The body is frozen.

CAMERA SLOWLY ARCS around to REVEAL Jorge's dead body. His expression is locked in otherworldly terror. His hands and fingers are outstretched as if to keep something away from him. His flesh is a clammy pale white.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31. INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

31

CAMERA SLITHERS ACROSS the room, over the control panels. Across the consoles, upon which sit messages from another world. SHOCKINGLY, CAMERA discovers the bare feet of Jorge, white, almost gray. WE CONTINUE MOVING UP along the body, past frozen hands, past the sculpted expression of fear, before getting a real good look...

WE QUICKLY RISE to Mulder. He is pale. His eyes are red and itchy. Outside, the STORM builds... as it does in Mulder. He brings the memo recorder to his lips.

MULDER

The day is...

He stoically searches to recall but cannot. This frightens him. He composes.

MULDER

The time is...

He checks his watch.

MULDER

Ten-thirty P.M. Although not a qualified pathologist... I will record my observations of the body... in case... at some time... decomposition should obscure forensic evidence.

With a flashlight for better illumination, Mulder begins his examination.

MULDER

Subject... perhaps victim... is Hispanic male... age undetermined... no overt external injuries are apparent...

He looks over the body.

MULDER (CONT'D)

There are no indications of lightning strikes. No singeing of the hair or burns of any kind.

He moves in closer, examining the forearms.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MULDER (CONT'D)

There are no... there are no
puncture wounds due to needle or
probes commonly associated with
cases of Alien abduction.

Mulder pauses, turns off the recorder. Alone with the
horrified corpse, he listens to the STORM. After a moment,
Mulder engages the memo recorder.

MULDER

The... subject... was discovered
in a sitting position. Rigor
Mortis having set in, although
less than a half hour had
elapsed.

Mulder grows more uneasy with the body's presence. He pushes
to continue.

MULDER

The skin is strikingly affected
by gooseflesh. The body shows
signs of intense Cadaveric spasm.
The expression reflects... my
God, Scully... it's as if he was
scared to death.

Mulder now realizes his unconscious referral to Scully. He
CLICKS off the recorder. Mulder moves away from the body and
sits. Red light, often used in observatory control rooms,
reflects off his worn and numb expression. He slumps, hits the
record button.

MULDER

Again... Dana... again nothing
but evidence... and at the same
time... no evidence at all.

He moves to the transmission printouts, growing anxious, less
stable...

MULDER (CONT'D)

The printouts of received
transmissions indicate contact
with another life form... and
yet... I cannot see them.

He looks to the dead body. In a dreadful whisper.

MULDER (CONT'D)

And if I saw them... would they
really be there?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

Mulder grabs the voluminous print outs.

MULDER (CONT'D)

How do I know this isn't a classified military satellite? The transmissions are from the Voyager, for God's sake! Could extraterrestrials actually have intercepted it?! Or is this some big joke on those who want to believe?

He hurls the papers across the floor. His breaths quicken.
THUNDER.

MULDER (CONT'D)

I was sent here by one of those... people... but "Deep Throat" said "Trust no one." That's hard, Scully. It wears you down. Suspecting everyone... everything. You even begin to doubt what you know is the truth.

He wipes his face with the hem of his shirt. Thirsty. Hungry. Tired.

MULDER (CONT'D)

Before... I could only trust myself. Now... all I can trust is you... But they've taken you away.

He feels the realization of pure isolation. He turns to the dead corpse.

MULDER (CONT'D)

My life has been about the need to see her... to see them... again. But what would I do... if they came?

Mulder sets the memo recorder on the console. He turns it off. He is compelled to study Jorge's horrified expression.

CLOSE - JORGE

Pure fear... suddenly, as if the body trembles... the table begins to shake.

WIDER

Mulder stands. The room shudders, like a 5.1 on the seismograph.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

CLOSE - MEMO RECORDER

vibrates across the console.

WIDER

Mulder tenses as the room settles. The stillness seems even more horrifying. The lights go out.

The flashlight spill illuminates his expression of fear.

Outside, overpowering even the THUNDER is a low ELECTRONIC HUM, exactly like the night of his sister's abduction.

Mulder covers his ears. Slams his eyes closed. From O.S., red blue and orange lights begin strobing across his face. He opens his eyes.

MULDER'S POV - DOORS

Through the portholes in the control room doors, colored lights move wildly outside. The origin of the lights cannot be seen.

MULDER - SLIGHTLY LOW ANGLE

CAMERA PUSHES IN on him as he reacts to the lights. The HUM decreases in volume, but remains an unsettling pulse.

JORGE

The multi-colored lights play across his terrified expression.

COMPUTER PRINTER

7's and 8's roll out onto the radio transmission charts, indicating the sender's close proximity. The sudden CLACKING of the printer coming to life adds eeriness to the mix. The speed of recording radio transmissions is furious.

MULDER

spins the flashlight toward the printer.

REEL TO REEL

With a LOUD CLACK, the tape player engages in the illumination of the strobing lights.

MULDER

directs the flashlight to it. His breaths quicken. THUNDER ROARS!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

Then, from the reel to reel... and yet with an echo-y quality that indicates the SOUND could emanate from outside... a loud amplified VOICE, fuzzy with heavy bass distortion, almost robotic and unintelligible, BLARES.

Mulder reacts. Although eerie, there is somewhere within the SOUND, something subconsciously familiar. The VOICE is, indeed, human... slowed. It's like a 78 speed phonograph played at 33 1/3. The same quality as the sound in the teaser.

VOICE (V.O.)
...DDDDEEEEEEEPPPPP
TTTHHHHHHHRRRROOOOAAAAATTTT
SSSSAAAAIIIIIIIDDDDD
TTTTRRRRRUUUUUSSSSSTTTTTT NNNNNNOOOOOO
OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE...

The VOICE seems to BLIP, like a skipping record.

VOICE (V.O.)
... DDDDEEEEEPPPP
TTTHHRRRROOOAATT SSSSAAAAIIIIIDDDDD
TTTTRRRUUUUSSTTT NNNNOO
OOONNNNEEEE...

The VOICE becomes increasingly focused while retaining a chilling otherworldly quality.

VOICE (V.O.)
... DDEEEEEPP TTHHRROOAATT
SSAAIIDD TTRRUUSSTT NNOO
OONNEE...

Recognizing the sound, Mulder turns, grabs the memo recorder. His hands trembling, the rewinds, listens...

MEMO RECORDER (V.O.)
... sent here by one of those
people... but "Deep Throat"
said... "Trust no one"...

The VOICE echoes the words, LOUD and CLEAR. It has been Mulder's voice.

VOICE (V.O.)
Trust no one.

Rather than defeating him, this mocking VOICE causes Mulder to summon strength.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (5)

31

THE DOORS

CRASH OPEN. A fierce wind blows debris inside. The lights dance outside. Seen in a flash, there appear to be figures moving in the lights.

MULDER - LOW ANGLE

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE as the wind whips his face.

MULDER

NO!!!

He tears toward the door. With all his might, Mulder battles the gale winds to close the doors. They SLAM!

CLOSE - DEADBOLT

Mulder turns the lock. The doors RATTLE, as if fighting to re-open.

MULDER

realizing this is a temporary fix, races to one of the console towers. He pulls it away from the wall.

CLOSE - OUTLETS

The console cord snaps taught. The plug is ripped from the wall. Sparks jet from the outlet, as in Samantha's abduction.

DOORS

Mulder drives the console across the floor with his shoulder. He topples it to the floor. CRASH!

Sliding it quickly, Mulder jams the console against the doors as the foundation of a barricade.

The doors continue to BANG furiously.

WIDER

Mulder wildly grabs any available object to construct his barrier. Tables. Equipment.

He tugs at the table holding Jorge's body.

THE CORPSE

Falls to the floor, tumbling, horrifyingly INTO CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (6)

31

WIDER

Mulder hurls the table atop the other debris. He moves back, out of breath, but adrenalin soaring.

The doors cease banging.

It is quiet, except for the howling wind.

DOORS

Covered by debris. Behind it all, portions of the window can still be seen. From behind it, outside, a powerful deep yellow beam of light BLASTS through the glass.

MULDER

inches back.

DOORS

The barricade begins to break down as elements are toppled. The table falls from the pile. Chairs spill to the floor. The yellow light appears to be moving the objects.

MULDER

realizes what is occurring. His defenses are dwindling...

He backs himself against a wall, removes his gun from his holster and slides to the floor.

He readies.

DOORS

The barricade is nearly removed. The large tower console begins to SLIDE across the floor, clearing away from the door.

MULDER

squeezes his weapon tight. Ready.

THE DOORS

slowly open, casting an intensely bright ray of light across the floor. The image is a carbon copy of his experience at 12 years old.

MULDER

aims his weapon and pulls the trigger. Nothing. Again. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (7)

31

He removes the clip, re-inserts it, pulls back the slide, fires... nothing.

He drops the weapon to the floor... defeated.

DOORS

Into the bright light steps a figure, burned out by the strong backlight. Four feet high, a larger head. It's deformed shadow stretches across the floor. Hallucinatory. The Being seems to study Mulder.

MULDER

CAMERA PUSHES IN on him, as he subtly holds up his hands. His expression is not as horrified as Jorge's, but should definitely be reminiscent of the corpse's expression.

The white light extends across the floor... reaching Mulder. His eyes remain fixed on the doors... the light engulfs him.

As the FRAME WHITES OUT...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - MORNING - CLOSE - COFFEE

32

CAMERA BEGINS SLOWLY CIRCLING the Styrofoam cup of coffee. Scully brings it to her lips for a sip. She appears composed, reading the morning newspaper which includes a headline: "HURRICANE AFTERMATH, DAMAGE MINIMAL."

As CAMERA MOVES behind her, WE REVEAL she is actually studying a schedule of several airline flights to Puerto Rico, hidden by the paper. MOVING AROUND HER, WE SEE her eyes reflecting the chess game she is currently playing. Scully opens her purse and produces a compact. She looks into the mirror as if checking her lipstick.

SCULLY'S POV - MIRROR

The other people in the terminal. She subtly moves it, checking for the position of the two agents. They cannot be seen.

SCULLY

puts the makeup away, head down combing her purse; eyes up scanning the area. She picks up her purse and moves off toward a pay phone. It's killing her to check if she's being followed, but that could expose her knowledge of the Agents' tail.

She reaches a phone and dials. She waits...

33 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - DAY

33

Mulder's phone and answering machine. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES AROUND... the phone RINGS once... the answering machine engages.

MULDER (V.O.)

(over machine)

Hi, this is Fox Mulder... leave a message...

BEEP! CAMERA CONTINUES to move...

SCULLY (V.O.)

(over machine)

"C-A"... Five-nineteen... seven-
0-five... nine-fifty...

CONTINUING ITS MOVE... CAMERA REVEALS a suited AGENT at Mulder's desk recording the information on a memo pad.

34 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

34

Scully hangs up the phone. She pauses... CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to REVEAL the distorted reflection of the tailing agents, Morris and Jacobs, in the metal of the booth.

They are obscured by a column, sitting in the rear of the terminal. Scully picks up the phone again, puts in her money and dials, never taking her eyes off the reflection.

OPERATOR

(over phone)

Good morning, at the tone,
Eastern Standard time will be
five... fifty-eight and seven
seconds...

Scully's look into the reflection intensifies.

MORRIS AND JACOBS (NOT IN THE REFLECTION)

Morris nonchalantly puts a finger to his ear as if to get a better listen to information transmitted through his earphone.

He grabs a pen and begins to jot down information. Morris stands, subtly gathers his things. Jacobs, her back to Scully, follows Morris' lead. Morris casually checks Scully's position.

AGENTS' POV - PHONE BOOTH

Scully is gone.

THE AGENTS

Tense. Morris eases Jacobs' concern.

MORRIS

Relax. We know where she's
going. St. Croix.
(checking paper)
Caribbean Air flight 519. Takes
off at five after seven. The
gate's in the other terminal.

They pick up their gear and head off down the terminal. CAMERA HOLDS as they clear FRAME. Beat... another... another...

Scully appears around the corner, her eyes locked on the direction the Agents disappeared. She hustles to a check-in desk of "SOUTHEAST AIRLINES" and approaches the check-in ATTENDANT.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

SCULLY
I need a ticket on the six-thirty
flight to San Juan.

CUT TO BLACK:

35 INT. CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

35

A ray of light INTO CAMERA breaks the darkness. It has
flashlight beam intensity. The light moves about, like a
doctor examining a subject.

VERY CLOSE - MULDER

Unconscious. The examining light plays across his face. His
eyes slowly open. Disoriented, he looks up from the floor.

SCULLY (O.S.)
I was sure you were dead.

Even further confused by Scully's voice. Her hands enter FRAME
and help him to a sitting position. Like after a bad evening's
sleep, full of nightmares, or emerging from anesthesia, Mulder
is groggy and disoriented.

Scully is obviously concerned.

SCULLY
Mulder... it's Scully. Dana
Scully.

Mulder moves from dream state to recognition of Scully.
Although still a tad delirious. He grabs her arm, as if her
presence... has saved his life.

SCULLY
Do you know where you are?

He looks about the room, it's coming back. With a dry mouth...

MULDER
They came... Scully... they came
here... the ones that took her...

Scully seems to understand...

SCULLY
They were here?
(touches his forehead)
Or... here?

He cannot immediately answer. Mulder becomes anxious and
excitable. He stands, moving toward the reel to reel which
FLIT... FLIT... FLITS... as the tape spins around the reel.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MULDER

The tapes... on the tapes...
evidence... proof...

Scully's expression turns to cautious surprise.

SCULLY

Proof of what?

MULDER

Contact... and these printouts...
it's here.

Mulder suddenly, sadly, recalls the dead man.

MULDER

And the man... we'll have to
examine him... there will be more
proof. I'm sure...

Scully reacts with shock as she sees the dead body in the dark
corner of the control room.

Suddenly... the room begins to tremble. A LOW RUMBLE, O.S...

MULDER

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he tenses.

SCULLY

turns, looks to...

THE CONSOLE

Objects begin to RATTLE, falling.

SCULLY & MULDER

Scully turns to him, taken by his intense expression.

SCULLY

Is it them?

Mulder listens... feels... CAMERA INCHES toward him... his
expression puzzled.

MULDER

No... this isn't it.

He searches through a pile of fallen equipment, finds a pair of
binoculars, then moves to the doorway and looks out.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MULDER'S POV - TRUCKS (BINOCULAR MATTE)

Military transport vehicles drive up the roadway. The DRIVER is in a black uniform with a blue beret.

RETURN

Mulder turns to Scully.

MULDER
Blue Berets. Crash Retrieval Team. They'll Kill us. How did you get here?

SCULLY
The jeep outside. I broke the chains on the gate...

MULDER
Let's get the body in the jeep.

SCULLY
We don't have time.

Mulder moves to Jorge's corpse.

MULDER
HELP ME!

SCULLY
Mulder, there is no time. We'd never get it out of the country.

Realizing this is true, Mulder reluctantly leaves the body and moves to gather the rest of the evidence. Scully races to the door.

36 EXT. ROAD - DAY

36

The trucks DOWNSHIFT as they climb the hill.

37 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

37

Scully turns...

SCULLY
MULDER, WE HAVE TO GO!

Determined, Mulder moves to the mound of printout paper, desperately trying to fold it up to carry out.

SCULLY
Mulder... evidence is worthless if you're dead!

(CONTINUED)

- 37 CONTINUED: 37
She moves to him, grabbing his arm, pulling him away from the printouts.
- 38 EXT. ROAD - DAY 38
The trucks are close, moving in...
- 39 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY 39
Mulder rips his arm away from Scully. He races to the reel to reel and YANKS the audio tape reel off the machine. He turns, joining Scully out the door.
- 40 EXT. ARECIBO OBSERVATORY - DAY 40
Scully and Mulder tear out of the building toward a four wheel drive jeep. Mulder gets in the driver's seat. As Scully is getting into the car...
The TRUCKS pull INTO FRAME, blocking the only road out.
Mulder and Scully START the jeep. The only direction they can travel is into the woods. The jeep SCREAMS into the forest.
In the b.g., several members of the Blue Berets jump out of the truck. They are armed. They run to a position giving them a clear shot at the jeep. The Blue Berets open FIRE!
- 41 INT. JEEP - TRAVELING - DAY 41
The back window SHATTERS. Mulder reaches over to Scully, indicating for her to "get down."
- 42 EXT. ARECIBO OBSERVATORY - DAY 42
The elite force continues to FIRE!
- 43 EXT. FOREST - DAY 43
The jeep slaloms past trees, over rocks and forest debris. It is a hairy ride downhill.
- 44 INT. JEEP - TRAVELING - DAY - MULDER 44
Total concentration on driving the vehicle.
- 45 EXT. ARECIBO OBSERVATORY - DAY 45
The COMMANDER of the team steps out of the truck.
COMMANDER
HOLD FIRE! Get this truck to the bottom of the hill!

(CONTINUED)

- 45 CONTINUED: 45
He gestures to turn it around. The black shirts climb back into the vehicle as it begins to turn around.
- 46 EXT. FOREST - DAY 46
The jeep continues off road. It hits an obstacle and is thrown out of control, skidding.
- 47 INT. JEEP - DAY 47
Mulder battles for control.
- 48 EXT. FOREST - DAY 48
The back end slides, CRASHING into a tree.
- 49 INT. JEEP - DAY 49
Recoiling from the crash without missing a beat, Mulder shifts gears and TEARS OFF...
- 50 EXT. ROAD - DAY 50
The Crash Retrieval Team's truck ROARS down the hill.
- 51 EXT. FOREST - DAY 51
The jeep continues its wild ride, finally BANGING over a ridge and out of the forest.
- 52 EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY 52
The entrance to the road leading to the observatory. Mulder and Scully's jeep TEARS OUT of the forest and onto the roadway. It speeds OUT OF FRAME.
- 53 INT. JEEP - DAY 53
A much smoother ride, faster. Scully gets up from her position. Mulder shifts...
- 54 EXT. ROADWAY - DAY 54
The military truck appears at the opened gate. It stops. The Commander looks both ways. To the right he sees...
COMMANDER'S POV - MULDER AND SCULLY'S JEEP
The vehicle is a dot speeding away down the road.
RETURN
The Commander knows it's useless.

55 INT. JEEP - DAY

55

Mulder eyes the rearview mirror. He knows he's not being pursued... but keeps the accelerator to the floor. Scully looks to Mulder, then down to the floor.

INSERT - REEL TO REEL TAPE

RATTLING on the floor of the jeep...

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - A CIGARETTE

56

burns in an ashtray.

WIDER

The Cigarette Smoking Man sits, intense and angry.

Skinner stands before Mulder, who is also on his feet.

SKINNER

You left your offsite set up.
Another brick agent had to cover
your ass. The entire
surveillance, all the months of
work on the case - gone. Just
like you.

Mulder tenses. The C.S. Man loves watching him squirm.

SKINNER

This has four bagger all over it,
Mulder... censure, transfer,
suspension, probation.

Skinner eyes him, hard, as if to say "defend yourself."

MULDER

I understand that leaving my
assignment... is worthy of
disciplinary actions. And I am
prepared to accept those
measures...

Mulder hesitates. Skinner senses there is more...

SKINNER

But...

Mulder remains cool, composed, yet throws caution to the wind
and becomes aggressive.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MULDER

I had enough on that surveillance to arrest those suspects after three days. I could nail them on forty counts of bank fraud... but you left me there! I'm surprised you noticed I was gone! Let alone wiretap my phone...

Skinner is surprised by this revelation. Pissed, he looks to the Cigarette Smoking Man. The C.S. Man bristles. He snubs out his smoke, without looking to Skinner.

MULDER (CONT'D)

... an illegal procedure without a court...

The C.S. Man stands, moves into Mulder's face, intense...

C.S. MAN

Your time is over. And you leave with nothing...

SKINNER

Get out.

Mulder and the Cigarette Smoking Man look to Skinner, unsure of whom he is addressing. Skinner eyes the C.S. Man.

SKINNER

Get the hell out.

The C.S. Man is internally furious. He eyes Skinner with a look so stoic, it is chilling. The C.S. Man moves to the desk, grabs his cigarettes. He takes the time to light one... a statement. The C.S. Man eyes Skinner, who matches the look. The Smoking Man exits. After the door closes, Skinner looks to Mulder, still angry.

SKINNER

Report back to your assignment.

MULDER

A minute ago I was a four bagger.

Skinner eyes him... don't push me. Mulder backs off.

MULDER

Do you want me to make the arrests?

Skinner looks to him, sits.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

SKINNER

I think we need some more to go
on...

Mulder knows this is his punishment.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Continue the surveillance.

This is painful to Mulder, but he doesn't demonstrate it here. He nods respectfully to Skinner before turning and walking out. After the door closes. Skinner looks anxiously at the ashtray on his desk.

CLOSE - THE CIGARETTE

Snubbed out. Cold.

CUT TO:

57 INT. SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - REEL TO REEL

57

Under the light of a bare bulb, a reel to reel plays.

MULDER & SCULLY

are huddled in the cramped, dark room, listening... All that emits from the speakers is tape HISS... WHITE NOISE... STATIC. Mulder grows concerned.

MULDER

It should be right here.

He listens. Nothing. He fast forwards for a moment... nothing... Mulder begins to grow panicked. Nothing but HISS.

MULDER

The entire tape is blank.

Mulder is stunned. Scully considers... then, gently...

SCULLY

An electrical surge in the outlet during the storm... could have degaussed the tape, erasing everything.

He is blank... she studies him, expecting the worse. Very gently and sympathetically...

SCULLY

You still have nothing...

Mulder considers, sighs.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

MULDER

I don't have the 'X-Files,'
Scully, but I still have my work,

He begins connecting speakers and preparing the other reel to reel. In essence, continuing right on with his work, as...

MULDER

And. I have you.

This is said without looking at her, without ceremony, as he works. Mulder pauses...

MULDER

And I have myself.

He CLICKS OFF the playback reel to reel, then throws some switches on the surveillance machine. The surveillance audio comes to life.

DRAKE (V.O.)

... what's the difference between
and lap dance and a table dance?

AUSTIN (V.O.)

A lap dance, they're all over
you.

Scully looks to Mulder, no smile. They are oblivious to the two clowns on surveillance. She reaches out with a supportive touch. He touches her hand, just to indicate "thanks."

Scully stands and exits. Mulder sits, the surveillance reel to reel continues recording.

DRAKE (V.O.)

A lap dance cost more?

Mulder reaches out and turns off the speakers. The record level meters continue to bounce, indicating he is still recording the conversation.

Mulder turns on the playback reel to reel. The tape HISS purrs from the speakers. Mulder sits as the wheels turn behind him. Continuous. Listening. For the faintest sounds. The slightest signs.

FADE OUT:

THE END