

THE X-FILES

"SLEEPLESS"

Written by
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THE X-FILES

"SLEEPLESS"

CAST

FOX MULDER
DANA SCULLY

ALEX KRYCEK
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER
X
CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
AUGUSTUS COLE
HENRY WILLIG
SALVATORE MATOLA
DET. BILL HORTON
DR. SAUL GRISSOM
DR. FRANCIS GIRARDI
DR. PENELOPE CHARYN
DR. ERIK PILSSON
NURSE COOLEY
MTA AGENT
LIEUTENANT REGAN
FIREFIGHTER
LAB TECHNICIAN
SWAT TEAM OFFICER

(X)

August 15, 1994

THE X-FILES

"SLEEPLESS"

SETS

EXTERIORS:

GRISSOM'S APARTMENT BUILDING (EAST 56TH STREET)
FBI ACADEMY (STOCK)
GRISSOM SLEEP CLINIC
TRANSIENT MOTEL ALLEY
THE 2 JAY'S DINE
BRONX STATION TRAIN YARD
LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY
COLISEUM CONSTRUCTION SITE

(X)

INTERIORS:

MULDER'S APARTMENT
GRISSOM'S APARTMENT
 /LIVING ROOM
 /CLOSET
 /HALLWAY
GRISSOM SLEEP CLINIC
FBI
 /SKINNER'S OFFICE
 /MULDER'S CUBICLE/OFFICE
 /LIBRARY
 /VENDING AREA
 /CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN'S OFFICE
FBI ACADEMY
 /FORENSIC LAB, ADJACENT STAFF ROOM
 /SCULLY'S OFFICE
WILLIG'S APARTMENT (AVENUE C)
V.A. MEDICAL CENTER
 /CUSTODIAL WARD
 /NURSE'S STATION
MULDER'S MOTEL ROOM
COLISEUM CONSTRUCTION SITE
CAR
TRANSIENT MOTEL
 /HALLWAY
 /APARTMENT
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR
THE 2 JAY'S DINER
BRONX STATION
 /TRAIN PLATFORM
 /SECURITY MONITOR AREA
 /WAREHOUSE

(X)

TEASER

1 EXT. EAST 56TH STREET APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The streets desolate at this late hour. The DOORMAN yawns in the pale yellow light of the entrance. A legend appears: NEW YORK CITY. As CAMERA PANS UP...

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - JAMES GRISSOM (52)

Sound asleep on the couch, while CNN drones on the television:

CNN ANCHOR (O.S.)
(filtered)
Simpson's attorney, Robert
Shapiro, requested today in court
that the DNA test results be
discounted as evidence...

Suddenly, Grissom stirs. Wrinkles his nose, sniffs. His eyes blink open, and he rolls his head on the pillow:

HIS POV - DOOR

Black smoke is curling in under the doorjamb, and through the cracks and seams.

GRISSOM

fairly jumps out of bed, dressed only in pajama bottoms. He crosses to the door, pulls it open -- and it's like opening the hatch on a blast furnace.

NEW ANGLE - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND

A ROARING blaze engulfs the adjacent hallway, framed by the doorway. An impenetrable, floor-to-ceiling conflagration. Grissom SLAMS the door shut.

CLOSE - TELEPHONE

Grissom's fingers punch 911. ANGLE WIDENS to show the panic in his face. He COUGHS from the thickening smoke. We hear RINGING, then:

EMERGENCY OPERATOR
(futzd)
911 Operator. Police Emergency.

(CONTINUED)

(X) 2

2 CONTINUED:

GRISSOM

This is Dr. Saul Grissom.
There's a fire outside my
apartment. I'm trapped.

(X)

EMERGENCY OPERATOR

(futzted)

Are you at 700 East 56th Street?

GRISSOM

Yes. Apartment 606. For
Chrissake, hurry!

Suddenly Grissom's face is bathed in a strobe of intense orange light. Grissom turns toward the source.

HIS POV - THE DOOR

as it ERUPTS into flames.

GRISSOM

drops the receiver, leaves it dangling above the carpet -- as he crosses quickly toward:

3 INT. CLOSET

Grissom roots around the top shelf, knocking over a tennis racket and some ball cans, before finding the FIRE EXTINGUISHER at the very back.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - GRISSOM

pulls the extinguisher pin, and valiantly battles the blaze, SPRAYING the white retardant. But the flame only FLARES higher, thirstily swallowing the useless foam. Until the entire door BLOWS INWARD, and the fire CLIMBS impossibly fast, up and across the surrounding walls...

Grissom is forced back against the far wall. CAMERA PUSHES in extremely tight on Grissom. Perspiration covers his face. His eyes reflect the encroaching fire... and the desperate realization that there is no escape.

CUT TO:

BOOTS

Pounding up a flight of steel stairs. A FIRE ALARM wails in the confined space. WIDER, and we are:

5 INT. STAIRWELL - FIREFIGHTERS

swarm up to the sixth floor in full battle gear, oxygen masks, retardant cannisters, axes. They pour through a STEEL DOOR marked with a large number 6, into:

6 INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Firefighters rush past another Firefighter, who is supervising the evacuation of tenants down the same stairwell. CAMERA PANS the crowd of frightened people in pajamas... sweats... and HOLDS on one man, conspicuous in military fatigues. On the brown-skinned nape of his neck runs a four inch KELOID SCAR. As he turns INTO FRAME, looking over his shoulder, there is no fear, but a spark of satisfaction in his dead, haunted, bloodshot eyes.

ANGLE - HOSE CLOSET

Two firefighters start snaking the hose off the spool.

6A EXT. APARTMENT 606 - THE TEAM LEADER

(X)

6A

KNOCKS on the door with his gloved hand, then pushes his respirator mask to the side of his face, and speaks into his two-way radio:

(X)
(X)

TEAM LEADER

This is Lieutenant Regan, we have a possible two-three false alarm. Verify Apartment 606. Repeat 606.

(X)

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

(futzd)

That's affirmative. Six-zero-six.

(X)

(X)

The Team Leader tests the door with the palm of his hand.

(X)

TEAM LEADER

It's cold. Do it.

(X)

WIDER

Two Firefighters SMASH in the door with a battering ram.

7 INT. APARTMENT 606 - CONTINUOUS

The Team Leader enters first... his face reflecting the bizarre sight before him.

7
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

8 OMITTED

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS POV

The walls and floor covered with white retardant foam... the fire extinguisher on its side... and there in the corner is Saul Grissom, eyes open and fixed, his body stiff in rigor mortis.

(X)
(X)

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

A NEWSPAPER

rests on a doormat. MULDER kneels INTO FRAME, and picks up the paper, CAMERA RISING with him, as:

9 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mulder closes the front door, then moves into his apartment. His unknotted tie draped around his neck, his top shirt button undone.

As he opens the newspaper -- an audio cassette clatters out onto the floor. Mulder is about to pick up the cassette, when his eyes are drawn to:

INSERT NEWSPAPER

On the lower left side of the front page, a two-column headline has been circled in thick black marker: "PROMINENT DOCTOR DIES." The subhead reads: "Pioneer in Sleep Disorders." A smiling Saul Grissom is pictured.

(X)
(X)

RESUME MULDER

His interest piqued even further. He picks up the cassette and moves to his cluttered desk, where he manages to find his tape player under a pile of magazines. He slips the cassette into the player, hits play, and:

CLOSE - TAPE PLAYER

Scratchy static precedes a BEEP, then the futzed VOICES:

OPERATOR'S VOICE
911 Operator. Police emergency.

GRISSOM'S VOICE
This is Dr. Saul Grissom.
There's a fire outside my
apartment. I'm trapped.

(X)

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Are you at 700 East 56th Street?

GRISSOM'S VOICE
Yes. Apartment 606. For
Chrissake, hurry!

A hand ENTERS FRAME, EJECTS the cassette. WIDER, we are:

10 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mulder takes the tape from the player. He is standing in the dark office across from Assistant Director SKINNER, whose face is illuminated by the green glow of the desk lamp.

MULDER
The article doesn't mention anything about a fire.

SKINNER
Yes, Agent Mulder... I can read.

Skinner pushes the newspaper across his desk like a chess piece. Mulder's move.

MULDER
Grissom's company has a number of government contracts -- which would place this investigation within the Bureau's jurisdiction.

SKINNER
But that's not why you want the assignment.

MULDER
Sir, I believe the circumstances surrounding his death warrant a closer look. I called NYPD, but they won't even talk to me unless you get the Attorney General to sign off on it.

SKINNER
Where did you get the tape?
(off Mulder's silence)
Presumably someone has led you to believe there's more here than is being reported.

Mulder regards him evenly.

MULDER
My source, the only one I've ever trusted... is dead.

Skinner hears the accusation and averts his glance, uncomfortable at what must remain unspoken between them. At length, he nods.

SKINNER
I'll look into this further, and let you know.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10

(X)
(X)

10 CONTINUED:

SKINNER (CONT'D)
(off Mulder's grateful
nod)

In the meantime, you have twenty-
four hours of wiretap tape which
need to be transcribed.

CUT TO:

11 INT. MULDER'S CUBICLE - DAY - CLOSE - TAPE REEL

Turning slowly on a spindle:

WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
You comin' over or what? You
said you was comin' over two
hours ago, and I'm waitin' here
like some stupid bitch who ain't
got better things to do with my
time --

The tape jerks to a stop, then rewinds with a high speed BUZZ.

WIDER

Mulder wears headphones as he transcribes the voice into text
on his computer screen. He uses a footpedal to stop the
rewind, then restart the tape:

WOMAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
You comin' over or what? You
said you was comin' over --

Mulder stops the tape once again, when he notices ALEX KRYCEK
(25) lingering hesitantly at the cubicle opening.

KRYCEK
Agent Mulder?

MULDER
That's right.

Mulder pulls down his earphones as Krycek approaches, and hands
Mulder a file folder.

KRYCEK
It's your 302. Assistant
Director Skinner just approved
it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

Mulder glances at the cover sheet... when something he reads furrows his brow.

MULDER
There's a mistake here. Another agent's been attached to the case.

KRYCEK
That would be me.

Mulder looks up at Krycek. For the first time, really looks at him: his wide, open American face projects an ingenuous if somewhat nervous enthusiasm.

KRYCEK
I'm Krycek. Alex Krycek.

MULDER
Skinner didn't say anything about taking on a partner.

KRYCEK
It wasn't Skinner. Actually, I opened the file two hours before your request -- so technically, it's my case.

Mulder regards him with wary curiosity.

MULDER
Then you've already spoken to the police?

KRYCEK
I just hung up on the officer in charge a few minutes ago. Detective named Horton. Turns out Grissom called 911 to report a fire --

MULDER
I heard the tape.

Which surprises Krycek. Then:

KRYCEK
Did you hear that forensics found a spent fire extinguisher on the floor? Grissom's prints were all over it.

Krycek opens the file on Mulder's desk, which contains the faxed crime report and several photos of the scene.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

KRYCEK

The walls and floor just outside his bedroom were covered with ammonium phosphate.

MULDER

But no trace of fire.

KRYCEK

Not even a burnt match.

Mulder considers this information, clearly intrigued.

MULDER

That's all you know?

KRYCEK

So far. What do you think it means?

Mulder rises, grabs his coat from the chairback, and shrugs into it.

MULDER

Listen, I appreciate the show and tell, and I don't want you to take it personally... but I work alone.

Krycek is stung by Mulder's summary rejection. As Mulder grabs the file, and starts past him...

MULDER

I'll straighten things out with Skinner --

KRYCEK

It's my case, Agent Mulder.

Which stops Mulder. He turns to face Krycek, who is not used to standing his ground.

KRYCEK

I may be green... but I had the case first. And I'm not giving it away so quickly.

Mulder stares at Krycek for a long, inscrutable moment -- then nods accedingly.

MULDER

Okay, tell you what. I need to finish up here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

MULDER (CONT'D)

So why don't you go requisition
a car for us... and I'll meet
you down at the motor pool?

Krycek is surprised by Mulder's sudden reversal.

KRYCEK

That's all? I mean, you don't
have a problem with us working
together?

MULDER

(shrugs)
Hey, it's your party.

Krycek smiles, relieved, tries to contain his excitement.

KRYCEK

Great. I'll just... I'll get the
car.

He exits past Mulder, whose congenial smile cools, as he
watches Krycek thread through the bustling bullpen.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. FBI ACADEMY - DAY (STOCK)

Legend appears: FBI ACADEMY. QUANTICO, VIRGINIA.

13 INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY

Scully, dressed in a lab coat, instructs a half dozen TRAINEES
who surround a corpse. She indicates a reddish lesion on the
subject's lower back.

SCULLY

Electrocution affects
electrolytic conduction,
disrupting the heartbeat, and
most of the autonomic systems.
Death actually occurs from tissue
damage, necrosis, in the heart
itself, particularly in the sinus
and atrioventricular nodes --

Scully's attention is drawn to the young LAB TECHNICIAN who is
poking his head inside:

(CONTINUED)

11

(X) 12

13

13 CONTINUED:

LAB TECHNICIAN
Agent Scully, I'm sorry to
interrupt, but you have a call..
from a George Hale? He says it's
urgent.

SCULLY
(to students)
-- Excuse me.

14 INT. STAFF ROOM - ADJACENT TO LAB

Scully touches the flashing light and, as she brings the
receiver to her ear, lowers her voice -- at once a gesture of
secrecy and intimacy.

SCULLY
(into phone)
Where are you?

INTERCUT WITH:

15 INT. NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Mulder stands at a bank of public phones, plugging one ear
against the airport din.

MULDER
I'm catching the shuttle up to La
Guardia in half an hour. How do
you feel about joining me in the
Big Apple for an autopsy?

SCULLY
What's going on?

MULDER
I'm hoping you can tell me.

SCULLY
I can't do it today. My last
class isn't over until four-
thirty --

MULDER
Fine. Then I'll have the M. E.
wrap the body to go.

SCULLY
Mulder --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

MULDER

You should get it by five.

Mulder's persistence is infectious. Scully sighs, as she plucks a pen from her lab coat.

SCULLY

What's the name?

Off Mulder's small, but satisfied smile, we:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. GRISSOM SLEEP CLINIC - DAY

A squat, bunker-like structure, one of several in an industrial park. An idling YELLOW CAB waits before the curb. Legend appears: GRISSOM SLEEP DISORDER CENTER. STAMFORD CONNECTICUT.

CUT TO:

17 INT. GRISSOM CLINIC - CLOSE ON SLEEPING PATIENT

His breathing deep and regular.

DR. CHARYN (O.S.)

Dr. Grissom's alpha wave analysis defined the standard.

WIDER

DR. PENELOPE CHARYN leads Mulder down the observation corridor, lined with monitors measuring respiration, pulse rate, and brain wave activity.

DR. CHARYN

He revolutionized the way we think about sleep. His death is a tremendous loss to the scientific community.

She becomes wistful as they continue down the row of darkened, soundproof cubicles, through which several sleeping subjects are visible.

MULDER

What other kinds of sleep disorders did he treat?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

DR. CHARYN

There are thirty-eight different
dyssomnias and parasomnias...
Dr. Grissom treated them all with
an unprecedented success ratio.

MULDER

Maintaining a batting average
like that must have taken its
toll.

DR. CHARYN

Excellence demands certain
sacrifices.

MULDER

Did he ever show signs of
psychological stress?

DR. CHARYN

Not really. Except for his own
occasional bout of insomnia...

MULDER

But he was never delusional?

DR. CHARYN

Of course not.

They've come to the door at the end of the corridor. Mulder
pauses before an E. E. G. MONITOR displaying a particularly
erratic series of waves. He moves closer to the observation
window, regarding the patient inside the darkened cubicle.
Wires sprout from the patient's head. Dr. Charyn notices
Mulder's curiosity, moves toward him:

DR. CHARYN

This patient's night terrors
prevent him from cycling out of
REM sleep into the more restful
slow wave sleep. It's still
experimental... but what we're
trying to do is modify his brain
wave patterns externally.

MULDER

How do you do that?

DR. CHARYN

Electrical stimulation of the
occipital lobe creates simple
visual and auditory
hallucinations...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER
So it's actually possible to
alter someone's dreams?

DR. CHARYN
In theory, yes.

Mulder studies the patient behind the glass, intrigued by the
possibility.

CLOSE - PATIENT'S EYES

spasm and roll beneath closed lids, lost in the depths of REM
sleep.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. GRISSOM SLEEP CLINIC - DAY

Mulder exits the building, discovers that his cab isn't there.
He looks around, baffled, when a car door opens O.S., and:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE KRYCEK

As he shuts his car door and strides angrily toward Mulder.

KRYCEK
I paid off your cab.

Mulder sighs, more bothered than contrite at having to deal
with this.

KRYCEK
I don't appreciate being ditched
like someone's bad date.

MULDER
(dismissive)
Sorry if I hurt your feelings.

KRYCEK
Where do you get off copping this
attitude? You don't know the
first thing about me.

MULDER
Exactly.

Mulder moves past Krycek, looks out at the parking lot, as if
willing his cab to reappear. Then:

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

KRYCEK
You know, at the Academy, a lot
of the guys used to make fun of
you.

MULDER
If I hear one more thing about
"Spooky" Mulder --

KRYCEK
(overrides)
But there were some of us who
followed your work... believed in
what you were doing. Because we
knew there was more out there
than they were telling us.

Mulder regards Krycek, unaffected by his flattery... when his
cellular phone CHIRPS. He turns away, as he raises the phone
to his ear:

MULDER
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

19 INT. FBI ACADEMY - AUTOPSY BAY

Scully is on the phone, the autopsy bay visible in b.g.

SCULLY
Dr. Grissom didn't die from
cardiac arrest.

MULDER
Then what was it?

SCULLY
I think you should come back up
here, take a look for yourself.
We haven't even gotten to the
chest and abdomen yet, so I'll
have more to tell you then.

Mulder checks his watch, glances at Krycek.

MULDER
I can make it in two hours.

He ends the call, slips the phone back into his pocket, then
turns to Krycek -- who's jangling the car keys in his palm.

KRYCEK
Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

As Mulder considers his narrowing options --

CUT TO:

20 INT. FBI ACADEMY - NIGHT - CLOSE - STOMACH

being weighed on a scale with an LED readout.

WIDER

Scully takes the stomach from the scale and sets it upon a wooden pallet, when Mulder appears over her shoulder. A legend appears: FBI ACADEMY. QUANTICO, VIRGINIA.

MULDER
Spleen or pancreas?

SCULLY
Stomach. I was just about to start on it --

She turns from the table, stops at the unexpected sight of Krycek standing behind Mulder.

MULDER
Scully, this is Alex Krycek.
We're... working the case together.

It's an awkward introduction for Mulder. Awkward as well for Scully, who musters a thin smile.

SCULLY
Good to meet you.

KRYCEK
You, too.

Scully dives right in, all business, moving between Mulder and Krycek, who follow...

SCULLY
Notice the pugilistic attitude of the corpse...

Scully stops at the table upon which the corpse rests -- hidden from us except for the hands, which rise into frame in f.g., clenched into spastic fists.

KRYCEK

feels sick, and has to look away.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

WIDER

Scully and Mulder share a quick look, then:

SCULLY
This condition generally occurs several hours after death. It's caused by coagulation of the muscle proteins when the body is exposed to an extremely high temperature.

MULDER
Like fire?

SCULLY
This degree of limb flexion is observed exclusively in burn related deaths.

KRYCEK
But there was no fire.

SCULLY
And no epidermal burns to indicate as much. But when we opened the skull, we found extradural hemorrhages that can only be caused by intense heat. Somehow this man suffered all the secondary, but none of the primary, physiological responses to having been in a fire.

The contradictory evidence hangs in the silence.

MULDER
Any theories?

SCULLY
I can't even begin to explain what could have caused something like this. It's almost as if...

She trails off, not wanting to say it.

MULDER
What?

SCULLY
As if his body believed it was burning.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

A bewildered Krycek looks from Scully to Mulder, whose eyes remain focused on Grissom's clenched hands... reaching for something just beyond their grasp.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. AVENUE C APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE - TELEVISION

A QVC HOSTESS is hawking a designer dress.

REVERSE - HENRY WILLIG

sits on a threadbare couch, only a few feet from the tube. His sunken, bloodshot eyes stare vacantly at the images, not really watching.

ANOTHER ANGLE (POV) - CAMERA DRIFTS

toward Willig from behind... close enough to see the pronounced SCAR on the back of his neck.

WILLIG

Yawns... but his yawn is stifled by the voice behind him, low, deep, and tired:

MAN (O.S.)

You left the door open, Willig.

Willig recognizes the voice, turns:

WILLIG

Preacher?

RACK FOCUS

A dark shape distinguishes itself from the shadow. Army boots, khakis... those same eyes from the teaser. Meet for the second time AUGUSTUS COLE.

COLE

Not a good idea keeping your door open in this neighborhood. You never know who might drop in.

Cole smiles as he circles around the couch. Willig rises to meet him, clearly unaccustomed to guests, not quite sure what to do with himself.

WILLIG

Damn, what're you doing here?
How long you been in town?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

COLE
Not long.

WILLIG
You want a beer?

COLE
How you doin', Henry? How you
been?

There's some real caring behind the question. The two men
regard each other with ancient understanding.

WILLIG
How'm I doing? You know...
trying to forget. Trying to get
it out of my head.

COLE
No luck, huh?

Willig laughs, a manic burst of irony that gives way to a
sudden swell of emotion. His hand jumps unconsciously to
scratch the back of his neck, a nervous tic.

WILLIG
I'm still fighting it, you know?
I keep seeing the faces. Every
day, I see --

He breaks off, shakes his head as if trying to shed the memory.

WILLIG
What's the difference, right?
We're all going to Hell anyway.

COLE
Where you think we've been these
last twenty-four years? After
this... wherever the Lord sends
us'll be like a Hawaiian
vacation.

Willig shifts uneasily, as Cole moves even closer to him, until
their faces are almost touching.

WILLIG
What do you want here, Preacher?

But Cole doesn't answer, his eyes tortured, intensely sad.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIG
You killed him, didn't you? You
killed Grissom. I saw it on the
TV --

COLE
He had to pay, Henry. All of us
gonna have to answer for what we
did over there. Can't get away
from it.

Willig's eyes slide over Cole's shoulder, where he sees
something O.S. that causes him to back away.

WILLIG
No...

WIDER

A half dozen VIETNAMESE PEASANTS flank Cole. Their accusing
stares aimed at Willig. Fresh blood soaks through their
clothing, the red unnaturally bright against their ghostly
complexions. An old lady with one arm blown off. A boy with
half his face burned away. Two young men CLICK cartridges into
their M-16s.

WILLIG

Off his rising fear...

Cole, his voice soothing, his eyes comforting.

COLE
It's gonna be all right, Henry.
It's all over now.

WILLIG

PUSH IN, as his fear falls away, replaced by a dawning peace...
even a kind of salvation. Then:

CLOSE - GUNS

as the triggers are pulled.

WILLIG

CLEARs FRAME, as the bullets bite into the wall behind him.
CAMERA RAKES the wall, the muzzle flash strobing, spent
cartridges bouncing off f.g. wall.

(CONTINUED)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

CLOSE - LOW ANGLE

Willig's body FALLS INTO FRAME, hits the floor. We see only his close profile, backlit by the window.

(X)
(X)

COLE

watches impassively, until the gunfire stops. And in the ringing silence...

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A STROBE FLASH

resolves into a CRIME SCENE PHOTO of Henry Willig's fallen body. As CAMERA PUSHES IN:

KRYCEK (O.S.)
Victim's name was Henry Willig,
unemployed, lived on disability.

ANOTHER STROBE

resolves into a wider photograph of the wall and the television in Willig's apartment -- intact and untouched. As CAMERA PUSHES IN:

KRYCEK (O.S.)
Police found no indication of
forced entry or struggle.

ANOTHER STROBE

resolves into a close shot of Willig's face. Even in death, his expression seems somehow tormented. As CAMERA PUSHES IN:

KRYCEK (O.S.)
No abrasions, contusions, or
trace evidence on the body...

WIDER, placing us:

22 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mulder studies the crime scene photos, which are tacked up to a bulletin board. Krycek consults Willig's file, excited by the unfolding discovery.

KRYCEK
...And cause of death is being
listed as a burst aneurysm.

MULDER
Then why did your friend from
homicide call us?

KRYCEK
Because the Medical Examiner
called him. The autopsy revealed
forty-three small internal
hemorrhages and skeletal
fragments... which doesn't just
happen spontaneously.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

KRYCEK (CONT'D)

Not without some kind of
corresponding external trauma.

MULDER

What did the M. E. have to say
about it?

KRYCEK

He said if he didn't know
otherwise, he'd swear they were
gunshot wounds.

Krycek looks at Mulder, as if to challenge him with the
contradictory information. Intrigued, Mulder turns back to the
autopsy photographs.

MULDER

Where did the scar come from?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A tight shot of the scar on the back of Willig's neck. A steel ruler is visible in the shot for scale. The scar measures four inches long.

WIDER

KRYCEK

According to his medical history, the only surgery he ever had was an appendectomy.

MULDER

So unless they got to his appendix through his neck...

KRYCEK

Maybe it happened in Vietnam. He did a tour with the Marines in 1970. I'm sure they didn't keep the best records.

MULDER

(realizing)

Willig was a Marine...?

Mulder becomes suddenly animated, as he reaches for a file on his desk marked, "GRISSOM, SAUL." He opens it, scanning the contents. (X)

MULDER

Where do all Marines on the east coast receive basic training?

KRYCEK

(going with it)

Parris Island...

MULDER

(indicates file)

Where Grissom was stationed from 1968 to 1971.

KRYCEK

Which means he and Willig were there at the same time... twenty-four years ago.

Mulder regards Krycek, impressed despite himself by the connection they've made together.

CUT TO:

23 INT. FBI LIBRARY - DAY - MONITOR

Information flashes past in a blur... then stops with a CLICK on a directory. The heading reads: "U.S. MARINE CENSUS." (X) 23

MULDER (O.S.)
Here we go.

WIDER

Mulder and Krycek sit before the computer monitor, Mulder at the keyboard. A legend appears: FBI LIBRARY. NEW YORK CITY. (X)

MULDER
Willig was assigned to special Force and Recon Squad J-7. Of thirteen original members, he was one of two survivors.

KRYCEK
Until yesterday.

MULDER
Which leaves us only one person who can tell us what happened at Parris Island. (X)

Krycek looks from Mulder to the screen.

CLOSE - SCREEN

Mulder's finger finds the name: "COLE, AUGUSTUS D." Over this: (X)

DR. PILSSON'S VOICE
I've been supervising Mr. Cole's treatment since I admitted him twelve years ago.

And we are:

24 INT. V.A. MEDICAL CENTER - CUSTODIAL WARD - DAY

DR. ERIK PILSSON, a gaunt, fastidious man, leads Mulder and Krycek down the narrow corridor. The only light here comes from a row of caged, low-wattage bulbs. The feeling here more like a prison than a hospital. A legend appears: V. A. MEDICAL CENTER. EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY. 24

DR. PILSSON
I'm afraid you won't find him very cooperative, though.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

MULDER

We just want to ask him some questions about his military service.

DR. PILSSON

He doesn't respond very well to... authority figures.

MULDER

Is that why you put him in isolation?

DR. PILSSON

We've had to house Mr. Cole in this section of the ward because he was interfering with the treatment of our other patients.

MULDER

Interfering?

DR. PILSSON

He disrupted their sleep patterns.

Mulder and Krycek exchange a significant look.

DR. PILSSON

For psychiatric patients especially, it's critical that the circadian cycles be strictly maintained --

MULDER

(overrides)

Excuse me... but how exactly would Cole disrupt their sleep?

Dr. Pilsson seems troubled, reluctant to answer -- when they arrive at a heavy steel door. Above the electronic lock, a piece of yellowing tape reads: "COLE, AUGUSTUS D. SER. NO. 13664991"

(X)
(X)

DR. PILSSON

Here we are.

Dr. Pilsson swipes his card key through the slot. The bolt slides out with a loud CLICK. He pulls open the door with a whiny CREAK.

DR. PILSSON

Mr. Cole, there are some gentlemen here --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

The sentence dies in his mouth.

HIS POV

The hospital room/cell is empty.

RESUME

Dr. Pilsson regards the agents, completely befuddled.

25 INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

NURSE COOLEY addresses Dr. Pilsson, who is trying to save face before the Agents.

NURSE COOLEY
You discharged him two days ago.

DR. PILSSON
I most certainly did not. Don't
you think I'd remember if I did?

She meets his patronizing denial evenly, then moves to a rack of medical charts.

NURSE COOLEY
I was on shift, doctor. You
signed the order yourself.

She slides out a chart, hands it to Dr. Pilsson.

NURSE COOLEY
That is your signature, isn't it?

Dr. Pilsson shakes his head, silenced by what he sees.

MULDER
(to Krycek)
Let's get Cole's face out on the
wire.

Krycek takes the patient chart from Dr. Pilsson's still-incredulous hands.

INSERT CHART

Cole's photograph is clipped to the file. As CAMERA PUSHES in on those dead tired eyes, Mulder's cell phone CHIRPS.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

WIDER

25

MULDER
Mulder.

26 OMITTED

26

He tenses at the voice on the other end of the line. Krycek looks up, curious about his strange reaction. As Mulder listens,

(X)
(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

27 OMITTED

27

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT./INT. COLISEUM CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

(X) 28

A shadow appears, then lengthens along a curved wall of cinderblock. Footsteps echo, grow louder, and now MULDER enters frame, TRACK with him along the wall...

(X)
(X)
(X)

until the wall ends abruptly, opening out into the expansive space of an unfinished coliseum. Hulking cranes and heavy equipment cast eerie shadows.

(X)
(X)

CLOSE - MULDER

(X)

His eyes search the darkness for any sign of movement. His ears listen to the silence. He is very tense.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

WIDER - HIGH ANGLE

Mulder ventures onto the construction site, dwarfed by his surroundings. His shadow precedes him.

MOVING WITH MULDER

His eyes dart about nervously.

CLOSE - EYES

Watching, barely discernible in the deep shadow. The eyes of X.

X'S POV

Mulder passes only ten yards away... then suddenly stops.

MULDER

Senses something, turns. Looks hard into the darkness. Then sees:

HIS POV - X

A silhouette lurking in the narrow corridor between two flatbeds.

MULDER

girds himself, then approaches. CAMERA FOLLOWS until the two are only a few feet apart. Though her features remain fairly obscured, she appears to be in her early forties. They regard one another across the silence. Finally:

MULDER

Who are you?

X

Who I am is irrelevant.

X turns slightly in the shadows, revealing along with her voice, her identity as a woman. Her words are clipped, tense, truculent. Her eyes continually surveying the area behind Mulder.

MULDER

Why are you helping me?

X

I don't want to be here, Agent Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

She extends a manila envelope to Mulder -- who hesitates before accepting it. (X)

MULDER
What is this?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

X
Data from a top secret military project... born of the idea that sleep is the soldier's greatest enemy.

MULDER
(realizing)
Grissom conducted sleep deprivation experiments at Parris Island?

X
Not deprivation: eradication.

MULDER
Why?

X
Sustained wakefulness dulls fear and heightens aggression.

MULDER
And Willig and Cole were the lab rats.

X
Lab rats with the highest kill-ratio in the Marine Corps. Four-thousand plus confirmed kills...

(X)
(X)

MULDER
And you believe Cole is behind what's happening now?

X
(flashing)
I'm not here to do your thinking, Agent Mulder.

(then, lower but
equally intense)
All I know... is that Augustus Cole hasn't slept in twenty-four years.

(X)
(X)

Mulder is blown away.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (4)

28

X
There is another member of the
squad you should talk to.

(X)

MULDER
I thought Cole was the last.

(X)

X
His name and address are on the
envelope.

(X)

Mulder glances at the envelope in his hand.

INSERT ENVELOPE

Clipped to the envelope, a square of paper, the print barely
visible in the dim light: "SALVATORE MATOLA. 2 JAY'S DINER.
ROSLYN, NY."

(X)

(X)

RESUME

Mulder looks up to find that X has already moved off. Mulder
begins to follow, calling to her back:

(X)

(X)

MULDER
How can I contact you?

X
You can't.

MULDER
I may need more --

She turns sharply, cuts him off:

(X)

X
You still don't see, do you?
Closing the X-Files, separating
you and Scully... was just the
opening gambit. The truth is
still out there, but its pursuit
has never been more dangerous.

(with unnerving
intensity)
The man we both knew... paid for
that information with his life.
A sacrifice I'm not willing to
make.

And she is gone, swallowed by the shadows... leaving Mulder
rattled in her wake. As we:

(X)

(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

29 OMITTED

29

30 OMITTED

30

31 INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

31

Mulder behind the wheel, the manila envelope on the passenger seat beside him. He is still unnerved by his mysterious encounter. He is about to turn into the parking lot of his motel, when:

MULDER'S POV - OUT THE WINDSHIELD

The sweeping HEADLIGHTS FIND KRYCEK standing at the curb in front of the motel sign. Before Mulder can even brake, Krycek is striding purposefully toward the car.

32 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mulder quickly slides the envelope under his floor mat... just as Krycek jumps in, quite animated.

KRYCEK
Where've you been? Someone
matching Cole's description just
robbed a drug store in Queens.
The police have located him at a
motel around the corner.

Mulder jams on the pedal, as the car SCREECHES back onto the main road.

MULDER
Is he alive?

KRYCEK
He was when the night manager saw
him. So where were you?

Krycek regards him quizzically. Mulder doesn't answer, his eyes trained on the road.

CUT TO:

33 INT. TRANSIENT MOTEL - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES through the tense, bustling scene. The toothless NIGHT MANAGER taking it all in. CAMERA FINDS a UNIFORM directing Mulder and Krycek toward DETECTIVE BILL HORTON, who is conferring with another officer.

KRYCEK
(shows ID)
Detective Horton? I'm Agent
Krycek... this is Agent Mulder.

DET. HORTON
I've been waiting for you.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Horton leads them up the narrow staircase, his voice low and urgent.

DET. HORTON
I tried holding the SWAT guys
back... but they're starting to
get antsy.

They wind OUT OF FRAME around the second floor landing.

34 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA CLIMBS with them, Horton growing a little breathless...

DET. HORTON

For whatever it's worth, Cole didn't steal dime one from the drug store. Just a bunch of pills --

When GUNFIRE EXPLODES, echoes throughout the building. The Agents draw their guns, and:

35 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mulder, Krycek, and Horton burst through the stairwell door, joining the adrenalized rush of OFFICERS toward an apartment at the end of the hall.

36 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mulder and Krycek enter to find two flak-jacketed OFFICERS on the ground, each being attended by their fellows. One is receiving CPR.

OFFICER

(into walkie-talkie)
We got two officers down, both critical. Request emergency vehicles immediately.

More Officers fan out, weapons drawn... bewildered when as they realize that the apartment is empty. Mulder moves to the open window, peers through the billowing, moth-eaten curtains.

36A MULDER'S POV - PANNING

The alley outside the window. No sign of Cole.

(X) 36A

37 EXT. ALLEY - COLE

presses against a brick wall, made almost invisible by the shadows. He looks up at:

37

37A COLE'S POV - MULDER

Framed by the window.

(X) 37A

38 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Krycek holsters his weapon as he approaches Mulder at the window. He is visibly shaken.

38

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

KRYCEK

What's going on here, Mulder?
Those two officers... they shot
each other.

On this unsettling realization, we:

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

39 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - TYPED REPORT

39

Over which "TOP SECRET" is prominently stamped at an angle.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Also described in the report is
a highly experimental
neurosurgical procedure designed
to induce a permanent waking
state.

As CAMERA DISSOLVES INTO ECU, MOVING OVER the words,
"midpontile transection of reticular formation..."

SCULLY (V.O.)
The procedure involved cutting
part of the brain stem in the
midpontile region -- which would
explain Henry Willig's scar.

SCULLY

Typing at her computer terminal, her glasses reflecting the on
screen text.

SCULLY (V.O.)
A similar scar should also be
evident on Augustus Cole.

She opens the report to a page she has marked.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Post-op treatment included a
regimen of synthetic supplements
to replenish the organic deficits
caused by prolonged lack of
sleep.

(X)

CLOSE - GRAPH

The "TOP SECRET" stamp superimposed over a descending line
plotting the inverse relationship between Serotonin Levels and
Hours Awake.

SCULLY (V.O.)
This is consistent with the anti-
depressants Cole robbed from the
pharmacy. These drugs maintain
serotonin levels in the blood --
serotonin being the primary
substance produced during sleep.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

stops typing when the phone RINGS, lifts the receiver to her ear:

SCULLY

Scully.

INTERCUT WITH:

40 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Mulder talks on a pay phone. In b.g., a fair number of cops linger among the hospital personnel.

MULDER

The second officer is still in a coma. I don't think we can count on him to tell us what happened.

Scully digests the grim news. Then:

SCULLY

I'm just going over the report you faxed me. It's incredible...

MULDER

The military sent troops through radioactive mushroom clouds, right? Maybe they figured they had to find a way to top themselves.

(X)

SCULLY

Sleep eradication still doesn't explain the shooting of those two officers, or the anomalous autopsy results on Willig and Grissom.

(X)

MULDER

Scully, I learned something at Grissom's clinic... about what happens when you stimulate a person's cortex with electricity --

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SCULLY
(finishing)
They experience mild visual and
auditory hallucinations. Any
first year med student can tell
you that.

Mulder is wrestling with this idea, tries to give it some
shape.

MULDER
Okay. Well what if that stimulus
were to come from a remote
source? What if somehow Cole is
projecting his unconscious --

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

SCULLY
What are you suggesting? That
Cole killed those people with
telepathic images?

MULDER
Think about it. In all those
years without REM sleep, maybe
he's built a bridge between the
waking world and the collective
unconscious -- the reservoir of
all our unresolved fears and
emotions. Maybe by crossing that
bridge, he's found a way to
externalize his dreams... to
effectively alter reality.

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

Excited by his theory, Mulder waits for an answer. And after
a skeptical beat of silence:

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
Mulder, even if you're right...
you'll have a much better chance
of finding Cole by working up a
psychological profile, trying to
surmise his next move --

(X)
(X)
(X)

Mulder sags, deflated by her conventional approach, when he
notices Krycek lingering at a respectful distance. Mulder
covers the receiver:

(X)
(X)

MULDER
I'll be right there.

Krycek nods, then moves off to rejoin a cluster of cops.

SCULLY
Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER

We're seeing another member of
Cole's squad... hoping he can
tell us something.

40
(X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY

Sounds like your new partner is
working out.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

MULDER

He's not my partner... but he's
alright. A lot more open to
extreme possibilities --

SCULLY

(overlapping)
Than I was?

MULDER

Than I assumed he would be.

SCULLY

Must be nice not having someone
questioning your every move,
poking holes in your theories.

MULDER

Yeah, it's great. I don't know
how I put up with you for so
long.

Though their exchange is light, each feels the wistful pang of
the other's absence.

SCULLY

You'd better go. I'll read over
the report again, see what else
I can come up with.

MULDER

Okay, Scully. Thanks.

Scully hears the CLICK at the other end of the line. She
continues to hold the receiver, not wanting to disconnect just
yet.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. THE 2 JAY'S DINER - DAY

A greasy spoon off the Long Island Expressway. Except for the
Agents' ND car, the parking lot holds only semitrailer cabs.

42 INT. THE 2 JAY'S DINER - DAY

Two TRUCKERS get up from the counter. SAL MATOLA, a wiry
rodent of a man begins bussing their dirty dishes into a
plastic bin. He has the burnt out aspect of a speed freak, as
he casts nervous glances toward:

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

SAL'S POV - MULDER & KRYCEK

who've just entered, conspicuous in their suits. They exchange a few quiet words before Mulder moves toward:

COUNTER

Where Sal averts his eyes, loading the dishes even faster now, his hands shaking. Mulder reaches into his jacket as he approaches --

MULDER

Excuse me... Salvatore Matola?

SAL

You here to kill me?

Sal looks up quickly at Mulder, who is surprised by the question. Seeing the manic fear in Sal's bloodshot eyes, Mulder gently removes his ID.

MULDER

No... we just wanted to ask you some questions. We're with the FBI.

(off Sal's palpable relief)

Why did you think we were here to kill you?

SAL

(evasive)

I don't know.

MULDER

You know about Willig and Grissom, don't you?

SAL

--I read the papers. I figured they were finally killing us off.

MULDER

Who?

But Sal just shrugs, pathetic and shrivelled.

MULDER

Can you spare a few minutes?

SAL

Yeah, I guess. I got a break coming up.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

As Sal turns away with his clattering bin, Mulder sees the SCAR on the back of his neck.

TIME CUT TO:

43 INT. DINER - COUNTER - LATER

(X) 43

Sal exhales a long stream of smoke. He is sitting across from Mulder and Krycek, his leg pumping like a piston.

SAL

They told us it'd be like living two lifetimes. And at first, that's what it was. Not having to sleep and all made us feel like nothing could touch us. We'd pull twenty-four hour patrols, night ambushes, that type of thing...

MULDER

And you never got tired.

SAL

Not enough so we had to sleep. And nothing that the pills couldn't fix.

MULDER

Serotonin?

(off Sal's nod)

How long did this go on?

SAL

Quite awhile, I'd say. Quite awhile. Until we stopped taking orders from the company commander in Saigon...

KRYCEK

The entire squad went AWOL?

SAL

Something like that.

MULDER

Then who did you take orders from?

SAL

We didn't. We just started making up missions as we went along... until it didn't matter any more who we were killing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

SAL (CONT'D)
Farmers, women. Outside of Phu
Bai, there was this school. They
were just kids...

Sal's hand shakes as he drags deeply on his cigarette. The
memory plays across his ashen face, which is enveloped by a
cloud of gray smoke.

KRYCEK
No one ever tried to stop you?

SAL
No, sir.

(X)

Mulder and Krycek seem disturbed by this man's story.

MULDER
We suspect that Augustus Cole may
have something to do with the
deaths of Willig and Grissom.

(X)

SAL
You mean, Preacher?
(off the Agents'
curious looks)
That's what we used to call him,
on account of he was always
reading from his Bible, saying
this and that about Judgement
Day. He always used to say we'd
have to answer for what we were
doing. Even back then, that's
what he'd say.

MULDER
But why kill Dr. Grissom? He was
never in country. He wasn't even
part of the squad.

(X)

SAL
Sure he was. He's the one who
made us what we were. Him and
Dr. Girardi...

MULDER
Dr. Girardi?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

SAL

The other doc on the project.
The one that did the operations
on us. It's 'cause of him I
haven't slept a night in twenty-
four years...

On Sal Matola's impossibly tired face, we:

CUT TO:

44 EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Cars creep along in rush hour traffic. A legend appears: LONG
ISLAND EXPRESSWAY.

KRYCEK (OVER)

I'm still not clear why you think
Cole would go after Girardi.

45 INT. CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Mulder drives -- rather, inches the car forward.

MULDER

Cole sees himself as a kind of
avenging angel. In his mind,
everyone responsible for the
atrocities, whether directly or
indirectly, has to be punished.

KRYCEK

Why now? Why after all these
years?

MULDER

Phu Bai was one of the bloodiest
massacres of the war. Over three
hundred children slaughtered.
Unlike My Lai, though, no U.S.
troops were ever charged.

(off Krycek's look)

The twenty-fourth anniversary of
the massacre was two days ago.

Under this, the CHIRPING sound of a cell phone. Mulder raises
the phone to his ear.

MULDER

Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

INTERCUT WITH:

46 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Scully is on the phone.

SCULLY
I think I found the Francis
Girardi you're looking for. He's
a Professor of Neurosurgery at
Harvard.

MULDER
Do you have his number in Boston?

SCULLY
Yes. Except that he's coming to
New York for Grissom's funeral.

MULDER
When?

SCULLY
Tonight. He's arriving at Bronx
Station on the 7:30 train.

MULDER
Try and have a photograph waiting
for us at the security desk, so
we'll know who we're looking for.

As Mulder ends the call, Krycek regards him expectantly.
Mulder considers the stalled traffic, then anxiously checks his
watch.

INSERT WATCH - 6:15.

Over this, the SCREECH of a train, and:

47 INT. BRONX STATION - NIGHT (STOCK)

The steel wheels GRIND to a halt, then the hydraulic HISS of
opening doors. The legend appears: BRONX STATION.

48 INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - TRACK

Mulder and Krycek race down the stairs to the platform. Mulder
is carrying an envelope, which he now tears open, pulling out
a photograph.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

INSERT - PHOTO OF DR. GIRARDI

A bearded man with thick-framed glasses.

WIDER

Mulder and Krycek have only a moment to study the photo... as the arriving passengers begin to stream past them.

MULDER

Stay here... I'll cover the other side.

Mulder hustles into position across the way. Krycek studies the arriving passengers, as an OLD MAN crosses behind him, who we FOLLOW to a nearby bank of public phones, where he begins checking coin slots for change. He leapfrogs past a LAUGHING WOMAN... a BUSINESSMAN... then EXITS FRAME, as CAMERA HOLDS on a man whose back is to us. PUSH IN on the scarred nape of the man's neck... as Cole turns INTO FRAME. His predatory eyes taking in the crowd.

MULDER

searches for Dr. Girardi. Passengers file past him, some excitedly greeting loved ones. Mulder looks across the way.

MULDER'S POV - KRYCEK

Shakes his head: no luck. And as Krycek directs his attention back toward the crowd... RACK FOCUS to Dr. Girardi among the disembarking passengers, walking toward Mulder down the platform. (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER checks the faxed photo, sees the match, and moves quickly toward him, when: (X)
(X)

MULDER'S POV

Cole appears behind Girardi. He is carrying a gun.

MULDER

draws his own gun, starts toward them. He cuts a wide swath through the crowd, which now begins to SCREAM. (X)

MULDER

FEDERAL AGENT! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

GIRARDI & COLE

Girardi looks up at Mulder, just as Cole FIRES twice into his back, point blank. He goes down in a heap.

MULDER

MULDER
DROP THE GUN!

KRYCEK

reacts to Mulder's scream and the surrounding commotion.

COLE

FIRES directly INTO CAMERA, and:

MULDER

pitches forward onto the ground. SCREAMS ERUPT in the swelling panic.

KRYCEK

pushes to the front of the gathering crowd, stops short at the sight of Mulder's still, tangled body on the ground. Off this, we:

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

49 INT. BRONX STATION - NIGHT - CLOSE ON MULDER

Krycek shoulders through the gathering crowd, crouches beside Mulder on the ground... where there is no trace of blood. He rolls Mulder onto his back.

KRYCEK
Mulder?

After a beat, Mulder blinks groggily, as if waking from a nightmare. He is disoriented ... but very much alive.

KRYCEK
Are you alright?

Mulder bolts up in a sudden panic --

MULDER
Girardi. Where is he?

Mulder starts toward the surrounding crowd, when Krycek stops him with a heavy hand.

KRYCEK
Hey. Girardi's not here.

MULDER
I saw him. He was...

He trails off uncertainly, begins to process that what he saw was not real.

KRYCEK
(concerned)
Mulder, you were shouting and waving your gun around. But Girardi never showed --

MULDER
No. Girardi was here. So was Cole. We just missed them.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

Mulder moves determinedly past Krycek, who is left baffled in his wake.

CUT TO:

50 INT. BRONX STATION - NIGHT - CLOSE - MONITOR

Plays black and white security videotape of passengers at the baggage carousel. A time code clicks off the seconds in a lower corner of the screen.

(CONTINUED)

(X) 50

50 CONTINUED:

50

MULDER (O.S.)
Start with a small window of
time, from 19:35 to 19:45...

WIDER

Mulder is addressing a half dozen M. T. A. OFFICERS, who are studying a bank of monitors, each covering a different section of the station -- platforms, tracks, etc. Xeroxed photos of Cole and Girardi are prominently displayed.

A legend appears: METROPOLITAN TRANSIT AUTHORITY. BRONX STATION.

MULDER
If you haven't found anything by then, open it up, a minute at a time. With all these cameras, we should be able to see something.

Now Krycek approaches Mulder, his voice low, but anxious.

KRYCEK
Can we talk for a second?

Mulder follows Krycek to a more secluded corner of the room.

MULDER
What's the problem?

KRYCEK
You still haven't answered my question... about what happened.

MULDER
(avoiding)
I told you. I thought I saw Girardi --

(X)
(X)

KRYCEK
You almost killed someone back there.

(then, lower but just as intense)
And we both know I'm covering for you by keeping it between us.

MULDER
What do you want to know?

KRYCEK
Just the truth. There are things you're not telling me, and I need to know.

Mulder hears the fear behind Krycek's anger.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

MULDER
It's just that my ideas usually
aren't very popular.

KRYCEK
I told you... I want to believe.
But I need a place to start.

After a beat, Mulder nods. He regards the young agent
squarely, delivers his explanation straight up:

MULDER
Okay. I suspect that Cole
possesses the psychic ability to
manipulate sounds and images...
to generate illusions so
convincing... they can kill.
How's that for a theory?

Mulder waits for the look he's seen so many times from so many
people -- but Krycek regards him evenly. After a long moment:

KRYCEK
Puts a whole new spin on virtual
reality... but at least it begins
to explain things.

Mulder is surprised by the open response. And Krycek is
grateful that Mulder is finally starting to let him in. Then:

M.T.A. OFFICER (O.S.)
Agent Mulder?

WIDER

Mulder moves past Krycek, who follows... to the M.T.A. OFFICER
who has summoned him. His videotape shot from a high angle,
down to a train yard. The time bar reads 19:53.

M.T.A. OFFICER
See this car?

CLOSE - MONITOR

A grainy image of a car, situated incongruously among a cluster
of dumpsters.

M.T.A. OFFICER
It wasn't there five minutes ago.

The image BLIPS, then switches to the identical angle, only the
car is not there. The time bar reads 19:48.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

WIDER

MULDER
Where is this?

M.T.A. OFFICER
Track 17. It's a restricted part
of the yard.

CUT TO:

51 INT. TRAIN YARD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight filters in through painted windows, casting ghostly shadows. CAMERA PANS the rows of hulking cargo containers that define the expansive space, creating a maze-like geography. A distant metronomic TINKING punctuates the quiet...

COLE

is placing surgical instruments upon his bible, which lays open on a crate. Sharp slivers of moonlight glint off the scalpels' cold steel.

DR. GIRARDI

His hands tied with wire behind a steel girder. Blood trickles at the corner of his mouth. His thick glasses askew on his bruised face...

DR. GIRARDI
You can't hold me responsible.
I was just following orders.
Just like you.

COLE
The Lord hates a lying tongue.

DR. GIRARDI
It's the truth.

Cole wheels around, backhands him hard, sending his glasses flying. Cole trembles with rage, right in Girardi's face.

COLE
The truth is what you did to us.
What you made us do.

DR. GIRARDI
No one made you do anything. You
volunteered --

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

COLE
(overrides)
The righteous shall rejoice when
he sees the vengeance...

Now Girardi notices the shadows sliding along the floor on either side of him... surrounding him. He cranes desperately to see over his shoulder.

DR. GIRARDI
Who is it? Who's there?

SHADOWS' POV - CREEPING
toward Girardi.

COLE
He shall wash his feet in the
blood of the wicked...

CLOSE - GIRARDI

DR. GIRARDI
Who is it? I can't see without
my glasses.

COLE
You don't have to see to know who
it is. You know who it is.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal U.S. Marine Squad J-7 gathering behind him. Henry Willig among them. They file past him, brushing menacingly close. Girardi clamps his eyes shut.

CLOSE - BIBLE

A hand ENTERS FRAME, picks up a surgical instrument. Then another hand picks up another instrument. One by one, the Book is cleared...

CUT TO:

52 EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

The Agents' car pulls up beside the abandoned car. They emerge, when an agonizing SCREAM echoes throughout the train yard. Mulder sets off toward the warehouse, Krycek a step behind.

ANGLE - WAREHOUSE DOOR

The Agents ENTER FRAME, draw their weapons...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

MULDER
Remember, whatever you see ...
may not be what it seems. So be
careful in there.

Krycek nods, clearly nervous. As Mulder slides open the door:

53 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moonlight spills in through the yawning doorway. Mulder and Krycek enter, weapons poised, their flashlight beams SWEEPING past frame.

MOVING WITH THEM

down a long, narrow corridor, their backs hugging the wall. Krycek tries to control his breathing -- startles when Mulder stops in front of him.

MULDER'S POV - IN FLASHLIGHT BEAM

Girardi's glasses... the cracked lenses reflecting the light.

MULDER

moves to pick up the glasses... when he notices a thin rivulet of blood along the concrete floor, issuing from beneath a shipping crate.

WIDER

Mulder kills the light, as he moves to the corner of the crate. Mulder glances over his shoulder, and off Krycek's assuring nod, he pivots fast, gun first --

AROUND THE CORNER

Girardi's body lies tangled in a pool of blood, obscured by shadow. Mulder feels his neck for a pulse. His fingers come away tacky with blood.

MULDER
He's still alive. Keep pressure
on the wound at the back of his
neck, and radio for help.
(off Krycek's
hesitation)

Now.

And Mulder is gone... as Krycek fumbles for his radio, taking Mulder's place beside the bleeding Girardi.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE

A flashlight beam WIPES FRAME, as Mulder half-runs down the long corridor of cargo containers. At each juncture, Mulder sweeps both ways, gun and flashlight aimed in unison. He hears something overhead, directs his flashlight upward:

THE STAIRWAY

where a pair of feet disappear from the top step onto the floor above. (X) (X)

54A INT. WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT (X) 54

Mulder emerges from the stairway. Moonlight mingles with night fog, creating an eerie limbo. Mulder moves carefully toward Cole. (X) (X)

MULDER'S POV - COLE

perched at the edge of the floor -- the entire wall is torn away, exposed, a fifty-foot drop to the lethal pile of twisted metal and cement below. (X) (X) (X)

WIDER

Mulder approaches slowly, his gun aimed.

MULDER
Step away from the edge.

But Cole makes no move.

MULDER
Corporal Cole, I'm a federal agent. Now please... step back.

Cole turns in place, remaining at the very edge. He is holding his Bible.

COLE
Go ahead. Shoot me.

MULDER
That's not why I came up here.
(then)
Look. I'm putting my gun down.

Which he does... and now steps carefully toward Cole.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

MULDER

Let's just talk for a minute.
After that, you can do whatever
you want.

COLE

I'm tired...

MULDER

I know.

COLE

You don't know. You have no
idea.

Cole cannot keep the bitter, welling emotion out of his voice. An ambulance pulls into the train yard below, casting a rhythmic wash of red light over Cole's obsidian face. Tears brim from his bloodshot eyes.

MULDER

One minute is all I'm asking for.

COLE

That's one minute more than I
care to spend... with my own
blood burning my veins. And the
air stinging my skin.

MULDER

What the military did to you was
wrong. But your testimony might
help --

COLE

They cut out a piece of my brain.
Made me into someone else. And
I can't ever get back what they
took away from me... but I can
keep them from taking anything
more.

As Cole looks past Mulder, to:

KRYCEK

emerging slowly from the shadows behind Mulder, his weapon
braced with both hands.

KRYCEK'S POV

Cole is holding a gun. Mulder is unarmed.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER

follows Cole's eyeline to Krycek. He addresses the young agent in a low, firm tone.

MULDER
Krycek, put down the gun and get
out of here.

But Krycek doesn't comply, confused by the order.

MULDER
I said, put down the gun.

CLOSE - GUN

His finger alternately presses then eases against the trigger,
as:

COLE

turns toward Mulder with an almost beatific smile, as he offers
him the Bible...

KRYCEK'S POV (OVERCRANK/STROBING)

Cole raising his gun to Mulder...

MULDER (OVERCRANK/STROBING)

realizes what is happening.

MULDER
NO!

Over which three SHOTS ring out in quick succession --

COLE

spins to the ground in a spray of blood.

ANOTHER ANGLE (REAL TIME)

Mulder kneels beside Cole... whose last few breaths are deep,
rattling his lungs. He is smiling.

COLE
Goodnight...

Krycek approaches. His gun still trembling in his hands. He
scours the area with his flashlight, but there is no sign of
Cole's gun. (X)
(X)

KRYCEK
He had a gun. He was about to
kill you. (X)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

Now his light falls upon the open Bible lying on the ground, just out of Cole's reach.

CLOSE - BIBLE

flecked with blood, illuminated by a sweeping wash of red light. As the wind picks up, fluttering the pages...

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

Several more POLICE CRUISERS have pulled up, painting the foggy night with flashing red light. Krycek is talking with several UNIFORMS as Mulder moves past him toward the car in f.g. He is weary, dead-tired.

56 INT. MULDER'S CAR - NIGHT

Mulder slides in behind the wheel. He glances about to make sure no one is watching, then reaches down and peels back the floormat.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

CLOSE - FLOORMAT

Empty underneath.

MULDER

Off his dawning realization, we hear Scully's voice:

SCULLY (OVER)

They broke into my office, went
through my files, my computer...

DISSOLVE TO:

57 INT. FBI BUILDING - VENDING AREA - DAY

The subterranean silence should give us the feeling that we are
in the forgotten bowels of the building... and very much alone.
A legend appears: J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING. WASHINGTON, D.C.

SCULLY

I came down as soon as security
called... but the report was
already gone.

MULDER

Someone went through a lot of
trouble, stealing both our copies
to keep it a secret.

SCULLY

Without that report as evidence,
Skinner won't authorize an
investigation.

MULDER

She said it's never been more
dangerous.

SCULLY

She?

MULDER

The woman who leaked the report
to me. The one who's been
helping us.

SCULLY

You actually met her?

Mulder nods gravely, then:

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

MULDER
The other night. She warned me
that closing the X-Files was just
the beginning... that we've never
been in greater danger.

SCULLY
Do you trust her?

Mulder finds himself unable to answer. Off his dire
uncertainty, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - REPORT

Nicotine stained fingers flip through the pages, each one
stamped "TOP SECRET."

THE CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

looks up from the report. The only light comes in slanted and
smoky through the venetian blinds, illuminating two DARK-SUITED
MEN who sit on either side of the C.S.M. The atmosphere should
be that of a star chamber tribunal.

C. S. MAN
Do you know where he got this?

MAN (O.S.)
Not yet.

REVERSE - KRYCEK

Stands before them. He is an entirely different person, every
aspect changed, even his voice: icy, precise, and deadly.

KRYCEK
But he got it. Which means he's
either found another source... or
another source has found him.

One of the Men leans close to the C. S. Man, whispers inaudibly
into his ear.

KRYCEK
Sir, if I can recommend
something...

The C. S. Man's eyes slide coolly toward Krycek.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

KRYCEK

..You'll see that I've already outlined several counter-measures.

C. S. MAN

What about Scully?

Krycek's face turns dark.

KRYCEK

Reassigning them to other sections seems only to have strengthened their determination. Scully is a problem. A much larger problem than you described.

The C. S. Man regards Krycek, straight and cold. He blows a long, steady stream of smoke.

C. S. MAN

Every problem has a solution.

Krycek nods subtly, leaving it to our collective imaginations what this might mean.

CLOSE - ASHTRAY

The cigarette is crushed out. And on the smoldering remains...

FADE OUT:

THE END