

THE X-FILES

"Nisei"

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October 16, 1995

"Nisei"

CAST LIST

Fox Mulder
Dana Scully
Asian Man (Kazuo Takeo)
Assistant Director Walter Skinner
Frohike
Byers
Langly
Lottie Holloway
Penny Northern
Harbormaster
Officer
Diane
Senator Matheson
Agent Pendrell (X)
Japanese Man
Dr. Ishimaru (non-speaking)
Escort (non-speaking)
Limo Driver (non-speaking)
Red-Haired Man (non-speaking)
Clerk
X

October 16, 1995

"Nisei"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

RAILROAD CROSSING
RAILYARD
UNMARKED TRAIN CAR (X)
RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD
 /EYESORE HOUSE
 /BACKYARD
 /NEXT BACKYARD
ALLENTOWN POLICE SUBSTATION
EMBASSY ROW (STOCK)
LIMOUSINE
U.S. COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS
MODEST HOUSE
 /PORCH
DOCKS
THE TALAPUS
SENATE BUILDING
F.B.I. BUILDING
TRAIN YARD
WAREHOUSE
 /ROOF
TRAIN
OVERPASS
TRAIN STATION (EDWARDS TERMINAL) (X)

INTERIORS:

UNMARKED BOXCAR
AGENT MULDER'S OFFICE
A.D. SKINNER'S OFFICE
 /CORRIDOR OUTSIDE
EYESORE HOUSE
 /MESSY BEDROOM
POLICE STATION
LONE GUNMEN'S OFFICE
LIMOUSINE
MODEST HOUSE
 /LIVING ROOM
MULDER'S APARTMENT
 /CORRIDOR
HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE
THE TALAPUS
 /BRIDGE
 /HALLWAY FROM BRIDGE
 /STARBOARD SLEEPING QUARTERS
 /PORT SLEEPING QUARTERS
POSITRON EMISSION TOMOGRAPHY LAB
SENATOR MATHESON'S OFFICE
F.B.I. LAB
SCULLY'S APARTMENT
LIMBO ROOM
TRAIN STATION
 /LOUNGE AREA
 /RESTROOM (X)
BRIGHTLY LIT BUILDING

NISEI

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE - DAY 1

A crisp autumn day, the leaves on the trees turning brightly against the lazy sunlight as nature creeps mnemonically into winter. Children ride their bikes up the street toward the railroad crossing where a passenger train is lumbering past. (X)
A LEGEND appears: KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE. (X)

NEW ANGLE ON CROSSING

Where a short line of autos wait for the passing train. The kids on bicycles wait, too. Waving to the RAILROAD MAN who hangs off the last car on the train: A TRAIN CAR, which we may notice is UNMARKED. The Railroad Man waves back to the kids, and as the last car exits frame: (X)

CUT TO:

2 EXT. RAILYARD - DAY 2

The passenger train slowing to a crawl, the flatulent hiss of airbrakes bringing it to a full stop. CAMERA FINDING the Railroad Man swinging down off the unmarked train car. Moving around to the: (X)

COUPLING/HITCH AREA

where the Railroad Man uncouples the train car from the rest of the train. (X)

Finishing this, he hops aboard the MARKED train car that he just detached from the UNMARKED train car and swings out, so that the conductor far up ahead can see his waving arm. The WHOOSH OF AIRBRAKES sounds again and the train starts forward with a jerk. (X)

CAMERA HOLDS ON STATIONARY, UNMARKED TRAIN CAR -- as we: (X)

MATCH~DISSOLVE:

3 EXT. RAILYARD - NIGHT - THE UNMARKED TRAIN CAR 3

sits by itself on the sidetrack. But there are signs of life -- A SMALL FRESHENING CLOUD OF CONDENSATION emanates from a refrigeration compressor at the rear of the car. HOLD FOR A BEAT, then CAMERA BEGINS CRANING UP -- revealing that the train car is not unmarked after all. Painted large on top of the train car are the numbers: 82594. Also visible, a SMALL SATELLITE DISH pointing toward the heavens. (X)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

In the far distance, CAR HEADLIGHTS SUDDENLY APPEAR. CAMERA RACKING to these lights as TWO VEHICLES bear down on the train car. (X)
(X)
(X)

NEW ANGLE ON ARRIVING VEHICLES

Pulling to a stop. Doors open and FOUR ASIAN MEN exit. Striding purposefully to the train car where: (X)
(X)

ANGLE OVER ASIAN MEN TO COUPLING TUBE

ANOTHER ASIAN MAN exits the tube, climbing down to greet the arriving Asians. He is DR. ISHIMARU (late 60s), a streak of SILVER parting his otherwise dark hair. The men all bow to one another, telling us they are Japanese. (X)
(X)
(X)

Then the four arriving men climb up onto the train car and into the coupling tube as Dr. Ishimaru moves away from the train car. Heading to: (X)
(X)

RESUME HIGH ANGLE

Dr. Ishimaru gets into one of the cars the other men arrived in and drives away. CAMERA CRANING BACK DOWN as the car recedes into the distance, FRAMING the lone train car again. Sitting still on the tracks in the dark of night, the only sign of life now the small plume of condensation. Until: (X)
(X)

SMASH CUT TO:

4 BLINDING WHITE LIGHT

4

from large surgical lamps. Pointed straight at CAMERA. Then a face appears in frame, looking down at us. It is one of the Japanese Men, wearing a white gas mask, a white surgical uniform. Then a 2nd identically dressed Japanese Man appears next to him. Then a 3rd, and a 4th. Working on something just below frame. We are:

INT. "UNMARKED" TRAIN CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (X)

CAMERA CIRCLES the interior. Painted stark white, this is no ordinary train car. It is a rolling surgery bay, a veritable hospital on wheels. Only the gleam of chrome and stainless steel add any contrast to the room -- the cabinets and fixtures all stark white, too. (X)
(X)

Except for -- A WALK-IN CLOSET with a window painted dark black.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

CAMERA LANDING ON THE JAPANESE SURGEONS

working over a body lying on the table, center room. We cannot see the body, however. It is covered by a white sheet. We do, though, get glimpses of the surgeons' work as the CAMERA CREEPS AROUND THEM.

Of A BIOPSY BEING TAKEN.

Of GREEN FLUID BEING DRAWN up from the body through a tube, into a collection vessel.

Of GRAYISH FLESH peeled back with surgical clamps, the underlying muscle and sinew being cauterized with a surgical laser.

The Japanese Men work quietly, efficiently, no conversation between them. Concentrating on the patient, whose face cannot be seen.

ANGLE ON VIDEO CAMERA

mounted high in a corner of the train car, the surgery and the surgeons below reflected in the large, convex lens. (X)

REVERSE WIDE - THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA LENS

of the ongoing medical procedure.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. "UNMARKED" TRAIN CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (X) 5

Which, from this vantage point, would reveal to no passerby the mysterious industry going on inside. As the CAMERA SLIDES off the train car, though, we REVEAL NEW HEADLIGHTS approaching in the distance. One car, then two, then three. (X) (X)

CUT BACK TO:

6 INT. "UNMARKED" TRAIN CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - THE SURGEONS (X) 6

working away, when -- BOOM -- the door at the end of the train car blows open. Suddenly there are BLACK SUITED SOLDIERS wearing riot helmets and gasmasks flooding the room. SHOUTING undiscernible orders at: (X) (X)

THE SURGEONS

Taken completely by surprise, backing away from their work, the patient lying under the sheet on the table. Speaking Japanese -- when SHOTS RING OUT -- A STACCATO CHAIN OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

ANGLE ON VIDEO CAMERA

Where the cold-blooded slaughter is witnessed in the small curved reflection of the lens. As the Japanese surgeons are blown backwards by the gunshots, buckling to the ground. Then the gunfire stops. And there is a moment of eerie quiet.

THE WHITE WALLS

are now spattered with blood. CAMERA PANNING ACROSS the strewn bodies of the Japanese Surgeons whose white surgical gowns are also blood-spattered. PANNING to the wheels of the table/gurney where the surgeons were just working. Where the feet of the BLACK-SUITED SOLDIERS have replaced them. PANNING UP to these soldiers who are now working to get the "patient" into a body bag. (It should be noted that these men all wear latex gloves or other protective gear. Not so much as a patch of skin is showing.)

As they do, we get a quick glimpse of the patient's face. It is the classic picture of the alien gray, its large black eyes covered with a thin dry membrane. It is certainly dead. But the image goes by quickly as the soldiers deftly deposit the body into the black vinyl bag. Zipping the zipper and covering the Gray's face. As it disappears, we GO TO MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

7 INT. AGENT MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - AGENT MULDER

7

stands watching a video monitor, holding the remote control in his hand. Studying the screen intently as the light from the unseen images play on his face. A LEGEND appears, before Mulder's attention is diverted momentarily by:

AGENT SCULLY

entering the office.

SCULLY

What are you watching?

MULDER

Something that just came in the mail.

Scully comes over, standing next to him. Watching, too.

SCULLY

Not your usual brand of entertainment.

Mulder smiles cryptically.

SCULLY

What is this?

MULDER

According to the magazine ad I answered it's an alien autopsy. Guaranteed authentic.

(X)

(X)

NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE MONITOR

on which plays the video we saw taped in the Teaser.

SCULLY

You spent money for this?

MULDER

Twenty nine ninety five, plus shipping.

SCULLY

Mulder -- this is even hokier than the one they ran on the Fox network. You can't even see what they're operating on.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MULDER

But it does look authentic -- the setting, the procedures. I mean, it does look like an actual autopsy is being performed... yes?

SCULLY

Technically -- I don't know why they'd be wearing gas masks.

MULDER

Maybe because of this green substance they seem to be extracting from the subject.

Mulder pauses the video -- points to the screen where the tube carrying the green fluid runs down to the collection bottle.

MULDER

Can you identify that?

SCULLY

Olive oil? Snake oil?
(sarcastically)
I suppose you think it's alien blood.

MULDER

It's widely held that aliens don't have blood, Scully.

SCULLY

(smirking)

I guess that begs the question -- if this is an alien autopsy --

MULDER

Where's the alien?
(off her nod)
That's just it. The striking lack of detail here is what's so intriguing.

SCULLY

So what do you want for twenty nine dollars?

MULDER

The autopsy we all saw on TV was an obvious fake precisely because it tried to show too much.

Mulder is fast forwarding now -- in search mode.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED: (2)

7

SCULLY

And you think this is real
because it doesn't?

MULDER

And because of this:

Mulder hits the play button again -- slowing the video down as the Japanese Surgeons turn in reaction to something o.s. (which we know from the Teaser is the arrival of the Black-Suited Soldiers). Then with the appearance of this gun-wielding men the picture GOES TO STATIC.

Scully looks at Mulder. Suddenly very curious.

SCULLY

Who's selling these tapes?

MULDER

Some guy in Allentown,
Pennsylvania. Claims he pulled
it off his satellite dish at two
in the morning.

(X)

Off Scully's newfound intrigue, we:

CUT TO:

8 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

8

Looking down a long tree-lined street as a car approaches in the far distance. A LEGEND appears: ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

As the car comes toward us, CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Mulder and Scully in the car, pulling into the driveway of the EYESORE HOUSE of the neighborhood. The one that stands out among the neat little front yards because of its unmown lawn, its dead shrubbery.

ANGLE FROM FRONT PORCH OF HOUSE

as Mulder and Scully exit the car, Scully disappearing around the front of the house -- CAMERA STAYING with Mulder as he moves to a back porch. He climbs the steps, reacting to a crooked mailbox hanging on the stucco wall, with a little sign that reads: RAT TAIL PRODUCTIONS -- LEAVE PACKAGES HERE. Then reacting to the fact that the door has been left slightly ajar, its DOOR JAMB SPLINTERED as if forcibly entered. As Scully reappears.

SCULLY

Front door's been boarded up.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MULDER

Back door's busted open. Hope
nobody let the rat out.

(X)

Scully climbs to the steps, following Mulder as they pull their
weapons, pushing the door in.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

9 INT. EYESORE HOUSE - DAY - MULDER AND SCULLY

9

(X)

Entering cautiously into the house whose interior reflects its
exterior. There are stacks of magazines, newspapers, a funky
little copying machine, a dubbing system made of stacks of
VCRs. Rat Tail Productions seems to be a fitting name for this
homegrown operation.

Mulder and Scully split up, creeping slowly through the small
house. CAMERA STAYS WITH SCULLY as she eases into a hallway,
reacting to:

SCULLY'S POV INTO A MESSY BEDROOM

where a MAN'S BODY lies on its stomach with a pillow case over
its head and its hands tied behind its back.

RESUME SCULLY

Frozen by this image.

SCULLY

Mulder -- in here.

Mulder appears behind her now, reacting to this sight, too.

10 INT. MESSY BEDROOM - DAY - MULDER AND SCULLY

10

step into the room, guns still at the ready, checking the
closets, the blind spots as they enter. Scully moves to the
body, feeling for a pulse, when she realizes:

SCULLY

He's still warm.

As these words leave her, there is a LOUD CRASH somewhere else
in the house, followed by the blurred image of A MAN racing
down the hallway from some hiding place. Instinctively, Mulder
gives chase.

11 INT. EYESORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 11

As the Man, who we now see is Asian and who is carrying a LEATHER SATCHEL BAG football style, bursts into frame, running to a back door. He throws the door open and exits. Yanking a bicycle down onto the steps, blocking Mulder's path. It takes Mulder a few moments to get over the bike before he's out the door in hot pursuit. (X)
(X)
(X)

12 EXT. BACKYARD OF EYESORE HOUSE - DAY 12

The fleeing Asian man sprints to the back fence and scrambles over it like a steeplechase athlete. Mulder is ten steps behind him. He hits the fence and goes over it, too.

13 EXT. NEXT BACKYARD - DAY 13

Mulder hits the ground, stops momentarily. Searching for:

MULDER'S POV OF BACKYARD

The Asian Man has disappeared momentarily. All Mulder sees is A LARGE DOG in the house, going absolutely nuts. Then the sound of TRASH CANS hitting the ground draws Mulder's eyes to the side of the house. He runs into frame, continuing his pursuit.

HIGH ANGLE DOWN SIDE OF HOUSE

The Asian Man has made it to a gate leading from the backyard to the street. He tries to open it, but it is padlocked shut. He starts to scale it, but because it is wrought iron with sharp spikes at the top (or something similar), he cannot get over it before Mulder is able to catch up to him.

ANGLE BEHIND MULDER

As he grabs the man's leg and pulls him down off the gate. The man hits the ground hard. Mulder keeps his gun trained on the Man as he moves to turn him over, to get him into a position of control -- (X)
(X)

MULDER

On your stomach, face down --

The Man looks as if he's going to submit -- when he uses the motion as a feint and karate kicks Mulder in the chest from his sitting position.

This knocks Mulder backwards and off balance, his gun SKITTERING AWAY. Giving the Asian Man a moment to spring to his feet and come after Mulder, landing a wheel kick to Mulder's head. Knocking Mulder back into the tipped trash cans.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Then the Man grabs his satchel, KICKS Mulder's gun away from him, and starts over the fence again.

MULDER

lies amid the strewn garbage cans, dazed. Sitting up slowly --

ASIAN MAN - MULDER'S POV

Climbing the gate when BLAM -- CRASH -- a SPARKLETT'S BOTTLE stacked on a tall pile of newspapers to be recycled is blown to pieces. Effectively freezing the Asian Man on the gate. He turns, looks back at:

MULDER

still in a sitting position, a small leather holster attached to his leg revealed just above his sock. He has the small caliber pistol still pointed at the Asian Man as he rises to his feet.

MULDER

I got a little tired of losing my gun.

(he pulls the man off the gate)

Now face the wall -- face it!

The Asian Man stands frozen, not obeying Mulder (who has a thin line of blood seeping from his nose), but not exactly disobeying him either. Mulder, with the gun still pointed at the man, pushes him hard against the house where, in a high window THE FEROCIOUS DOG is raising a ruckus, threatening to come right through the glass.

MULDER

What's your name?!

ASIAN MAN

(Something in Japanese)

MULDER

Do you speak English?

ASIAN MAN

(Something again in Japanese)

MULDER

Great...

Mulder pats him down with his one free hand, then, still holding his gun, moves to pick up the man's leather satchel. The Ferocious Dog continues to bark at them through the window.

MULDER

Okay, let's go.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

But the Man does not move, continues leaning with his hands up against the side of the house. There's only one way for Mulder to get his point made across the language barrier. He COCKS THE GUN. This somehow communicates his message. The Man gives Mulder a startled look, then puts his hands up, starts marching back in the direction they came. As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. ALLENTOWN POLICE SUBSTATION C - NIGHT (STOCK)

14

To establish, with LEGEND.

15 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

15

Lots of activity, UNIFORMED OFFICERS moving about (a little homage to NYPD Blue), carrying on the business of urban law enforcement, somewhat oblivious to Agent Scully who is MOVING TOWARD CAMERA, looking for:

ANGLE ON MULDER

Standing in front of a holding room door with a small safety glass window in it. Through which we can see The Asian Man sitting at a table. As Scully approaches.

SCULLY

They either can't locate an interpreter or the interpreter they located didn't interpret the instructions and got lost somewhere. I can't tell which.

MULDER

(tired, frustrated)
Did you try the FBI field office?

SCULLY

Somehow this is a tall request in Allentown this time of night.

Mulder is nodding when he looks off, reacting to:

MULDER

Look at this -- a beacon in the night.

Scully turns to see:

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER

coming down the hall towards them.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SKINNER
Agent Mulder, Scully...

SCULLY
Sir. This is a surprise -

(X)
(X)

MULDER
You don't happen to speak
Japanese do you?

SKINNER
I wish I could. It might save us
all some embarrassment.

SCULLY
What do you mean?

SKINNER
I'm up here with a federal
attorney trying to sort out a
little international mess.
According to him, you made an
arrest tonight.

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

MULDER
A murder suspect.

(X)
(X)

SKINNER
Yeah. I'm afraid you're going to
have to release him.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER
What are you talking about?

(X)
(X)

SKINNER
According to the Japanese
diplomatic corps, the man you
arrested is a high ranking
diplomat.

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

MULDER
(pointing)
That man sitting in there?!

Skinner looks through the window. The Japanese Man looks back
at him with a blank expression.

SKINNER
If that's Kazuo Takeo.

MULDER
I didn't get his name. He was
too busy kicking my ass.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

SCULLY

What about the murder victim, and the paperwork?

SKINNER

It's all got to be handled by some other agency. What are you two doing out here anyway?

Mulder looks at little sheepish now.

MULDER

Tracking down a video piracy thing.

Skinner doesn't believe him for a second.

SKINNER

I'd suggest you keep your nose clean and head straight back to Washington, Agent Mulder. Before someone takes another swipe at it.

Skinner moves off to conduct his business, leaving Mulder and Scully wondering what the hell's going on. As we:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. ALLENTOWN SUBSTATION C PARKING LOT - NIGHT

16

Mulder and Scully make their way back to their car, passing through the rows of other cars outside. As they walk:

SCULLY

What was a Japanese Diplomat doing in that house, Mulder? With a dead man whose head's stuffed in a pillowcase?

MULDER

Obviously not strengthening international relations.

SCULLY

So, what now? We just drop it?

MULDER

I paid my twenty nine ninety five, Scully. I'm entitled to a few more answers, don't you think?

Scully gives him a look as they make their car, Mulder moving around to the trunk, opening it.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SCULLY
What are you doing?

MULDER
I just remembered I forgot to
turn in a piece of evidence taken
from the crime scene.

Mulder reaches in and lifts up THE LEATHER SATCHEL. Scully gives him a look that turns into a thin smile. Mulder closes the trunk and puts the satchel on top of the lid, going through it. Removing:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE HIGH RESOLUTION AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

as Mulder pulls them from the bag.

SCULLY
What are those?

MULDER
They look like satellite photos.
What's he doing with these?

As he's looking at them, Scully sifts through the bag, removing A LIST OF NAMES, one of which is CIRCLED.

SCULLY
And what's he doing with a list
of Mutual UFO Network members
from the greater Allentown area?
With the name Betsy Hagopian
circled.

(X)

MULDER
Maybe he was going to fit her
with a pillowcase, too. Why
don't you get a motel room, stick
around and check it out in the
a.m., Scully.

SCULLY
Where are you going?

MULDER
Back to D.C. like Skinner told
me. To show these to some
friends of ours.

Off Scully's unsettled look, we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. LONE GUNMEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

17

CLOSE ON MAGNIFIED IMAGE OF BLACK & WHITE SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPH

Revealing what looks like a ship at sea.

LANGLY'S VOICE

The name of the boat is the
Talapus.

WIDE TO INCLUDE MULDER, FROHIKE, BYERS

Standing around Langly sitting at the work bench, gazing at the
photo through the large, lighted magnifying glass.

LANGLY

You have to love those German
optics.

MULDER

You're saying that's from a
German satellite?

BYERS

No. The optics are German. The
technology is probably ours, but
the satellite is most likely
Japanese.

(X)
(X)

FROHIKE

Launched from South America.

MULDER

From the makers of the Yugo, no
doubt.

LANGLY

Where'd you get this, Mulder?

MULDER

From a Japanese diplomat.

FROHIKE

I'm surprised. The Japanese are
very secretive about their
espionage capabilities, and
extremely careful with their
intelligence data.

MULDER

What exactly are they spying on
here?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

BYERS

The Talapus was a salvage ship out of San Diego. They spent months looking for a Japanese sub that went down in World War Two. It was rumored to be carrying a load of gold bullion.

MULDER

Did they find it?

LANGLY

Not according to all reports. But looking at these photos, the ship never returned to San Diego.

(X)

MULDER

Why?

BYERS

In the rest of these satellite photos, they track the ship through the Panama Canal. All the way to Newport News, Virginia.

MULDER

The Naval Shipyard.

FROHIKE

Yeah, but why would they go there?

MULDER

Maybe what they found wasn't a Japanese sub.

Off their sneaking suspicions that this may be true, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT. EMBASSY ROW - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT (STOCK)

18

With a LEGEND: MASSACHUSETTS AVE, WASHINGTON D.C. 5:05 A.M.

NEW ANGLE ON STREET (TO MATCH)

As the Japanese Diplomat who we met earlier (now dressed in a suit) exits a stately building, moving to a limousine waiting at the curb.

A LIMO DRIVER

waits for him, opening the car door as he approaches.

19 INT. WAITING LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

19

As the Diplomat ducks in, taking a seat. Looking up with surprise when he sees something unexpected:

A RED-HAIRED MAN

sits in the seat opposite him, facing him. He is testing a length of leather -- a garotte -- between his two fists, staring with blank malevolence at the Diplomat.

RESUME DIPLOMAT

Reaching quickly for the door, but the lock stems PLUNGE DOWN before he can yank the handle, imprisoning him. Then he reacts to the Red-Haired Man lunging for him.

20 EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - THE DRIVER

20

surveys the street, moving around to the driver's side door with a calm, conspiratorial swiftness. CAMERA FOLLOWING THE DRIVER into the car, as he slides behind the wheel and adjusts the rear-view mirror to reveal:

THE RED-HAIRED MAN

garotting the Diplomat. The image small but distinct. He (X)
adjusts the mirror again and the image disappears. He starts (X)
the car now and pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. MODEST HOUSE - ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA - EARLY MORNING

21

Through the picture window, we see Scully pull to a stop in a rented sedan. The engine idling, she checks the address against the one on the house, then pulls to the curb. She exits the car and comes up the walk. CAMERA RACKING ON a MUFON decal affixed to the front window.

22 EXT. MODEST HOUSE - PORCH - SCULLY

22

Knocks on the front door. Waiting, until: A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN answers the door. She is LOTTIE HOLLOWAY. The moment she sees Scully she looks confused -- or shocked -- or stricken.

SCULLY

Hi. Betsy Hagopian?

LOTTIE

No. Betsy's not here right now.

SCULLY

Do you know how I could get in touch with her?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

But the woman just stares at Scully.

SCULLY

I'm sorry. My name is Dana
Scully...

LOTTIE

I know you.

SCULLY

No, I think you're mistaken.

LOTTIE

We saw you.

(then)

Penny! Penny, come here!

Scully doesn't know quite how to respond to this unanticipated reception. Particularly when PENNY NORTHERN, another woman only a few years older than Scully, appears in the doorway with Lottie. She gets one look at Scully and her mouth nearly drops.

SCULLY

I'm afraid I'm not who you think
I am.

PENNY

Oh my god... you're one.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

One what?

LOTTIE

One of us.

(X)

Off Scully's creepy, confused reaction, we:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 INT. MODEST HOUSE - MORNING - PENNY (X) 23

Dials a phone anxiously as Scully is escorted by Lottie into the house. (X)
(X)

SCULLY

There's some kind of mistake. I work for the FBI. I'm conducting a murder investigation --

LOTTIE

A murder?

PENNY

(into the phone)

Cathy, I'm here at Betsy's. Can you call the group and get everyone over here right away.

SCULLY

A man named Steven Zinnzser was found murdered about two miles from here --

LOTTIE

Penny, do you hear that?!

Penny hangs up the phone. Looks stunned.

PENNY

Steve Zinnzser was murdered?

SCULLY

Did you know him?

LOTTIE

He was a member of our chapter. (X)

SCULLY

But you understand, I'm not a member. I'm an FBI agent.

LOTTIE

That's what you said.

SCULLY

But at the door, you said I was one of you.

The women, who are truly shocked by the news of the murder, suddenly get stock serious looks.

LOTTIE

Did you have an unexplained event in your life last year? (X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

LOTTIE (CONT'D)
Were you missing for a period of
time that can't be accounted for?

Now it's Scully's turn to be stunned.

SCULLY
Why do you ask me that?

PENNY
I think you better sit down, Ms.
Scully. I think there are some
people you're going to want to
meet.

Off Scully, we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA - DAY

24

It'd be wonderful if there was a lovely view of a docked ship
or two out the front window, but barring that a slim view of
the harbor and a LEGEND: HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE, NEWPORT NEWS,
VIRGINIA. 10:20 A.M.

The HARBORMASTER breaks frame, flipping the pages on a
clipboard thick with documents. Moving to Mulder.

HARBORMASTER
The Talapus... yeah, that's the
boat I was thinking of. She came
in the fourteenth, laid offshore.

MULDER
They didn't come into port?

HARBORMASTER
Customs wouldn't let them for
some reason. They had the Coast
Guard out there, too. I never
got a clear story what the
problem was. But then, my
authority only goes about as far
as the outer breakwater.

MULDER
You don't know what their cargo
was?

HARBORMASTER
The Talapus is registered as a
salver, but I show no record of
a bill of lading.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MULDER

Do you know where the boat is
now?

HARBORMASTER

As far as I know she's still
laying offshore. If she'd have
put into the harbor here I'd have
known about it.

Mulder nods.

HARBORMASTER

If you'd like I can get on the
shortwave ship to shore, see if
I can raise anybody.

MULDER

No, thanks. It's not that
important.

Mulder and the man exchange a look. If it's not that important
why's he here asking? But Mulder breaks, moves to exit. The
Harbormaster watching him go.

CUT TO:

24A INT. MODEST HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - SCULLY

(X) 24A

sits in a chair now, surrounded by A DOZEN WOMEN, all roughly
around or between the ages of Penny and Lottie. She looks
shaken, or possibly just besieged.

SCULLY

But I've never met any of you.
I've never seen you before in my
life.

LOTTIE

You may not remember -- you've
only had one experience.

PENNY

Most of us here have been taken
many times.

Scully scans the room, the serious faces, these women without
a shred of doubt about that which they speak.

SCULLY

Taken where?

LOTTIE

The bright white place.

(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED:

24A

CLOSE ON SCULLY

as the memory hits her like a jolt -- A QUICK INTERCUTTING MEMORY FLASH of the room she was taken to in the "Ascension" episode. Of the MEN IN WHITE GOWNS looking down on her from above. (This is not STOCK FILM.)

(X)

And then it's gone. Scully coming back into focus, on the room and on the women surrounding her. When another woman speaks up. She is DIANE.

DIANE

You remember it, don't you?

SCULLY

I don't know...

DIANE

There are men there, performing tests.

BOOM -- A SECOND MEMORY HIT -- Scully lying on a table as a grid of lights scans along her arm. And BOOM, the memory is gone again. (This is also not STOCK FILM.)

(X)

SCULLY

What men?

(X)

(X)

LOTTIE

They don't reveal themselves. They take our memories away, but somehow they start to seep back.

(X)

Scully continues to be shaken by the accuracy and familiarity of these words and images.

(X)

PENNY

Some may have come back to you but they didn't make sense.

LOTTIE

Do you know about regression hypnosis?

SCULLY

Yes.

LOTTIE

Have you ever considered it?

SCULLY

I'm sorry, but I don't know if I'm ready to discuss this --

(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED: (2)

24A

DIANE
You're afraid to remember, aren't
you? That's okay. We were all
afraid at first.

The women all nod, making Scully feel vulnerable and afraid.
Unable in this atmosphere to successfully deny what she has
been denying to herself. As we:

CUT TO:

25 EXT. U.S COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY - LATER

25

A LEGEND appears, identifying the location in Newport News.
Mulder walks with a ranking OFFICER of the Coast Guard.

(X)

OFFICER
The Talapus?

MULDER
It's a salvage ship registered in
San Diego. According to the
Harbormaster you went out to the
boat when Customs wouldn't allow
it into port.

OFFICER
Oh, yeah. That's right. But it
wasn't Customs preventing her
landing. It was the DEA.

MULDER
The DEA? What was the problem?

OFFICER
They were searching for
contraband. If I remember
correctly, the boat had come
through Panama, and there was
some concern her crew had picked
up a shipment.

MULDER
Did they find anything?

OFFICER
We never went aboard. I think
there was a question of
confiscating the boat if the crew
were going to be arrested.

MULDER
Were they?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

OFFICER

Apparently not. We were called off and the boat put out to sea the following morning.

MULDER

That doesn't make sense.

OFFICER

Excuse me...

MULDER

The Talapus came nonstop from Panama. She would have had to refuel, wouldn't she?

OFFICER

I don't have all the details in my head.

MULDER

Would you do me a favor? Would you see if there's any paperwork on this? If there's a heading or a destination for the Talapus?

The Officer hesitates for just the slightest moment, indicating an annoyance -- as if he knows there's really no paperwork. As if he'd like Mulder to just go away.

OFFICER

Might take some time.

MULDER

I'm happy to wait.

The Officer takes another revealing beat, then moves off.
CAMERA STAYS ON MULDER, watching him go.

(X)

TIME CUT TO:

(X)

NEW ANGLE ON AREA

(X)

As the Officer reappears, looking for Mulder. But Mulder is gone, disappeared -- until CAMERA FINDS HIM far below us on the docks, moving away quickly. Unseen by the Officer.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED 26

27 EXT. DRY DOCK - NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA - DAY (X) 27

Mulder climbs to the top of the tall steel-hulled structure, (X)
moving along an area where tall, ramshackle warehouses front (X)
the harbor and the docks. Stopping, looking off at:

FREIGHTERS

tied up to the docks. Side by side, their thick howsers
straining at pronged cleats the size of park benches.

MULDER

Continues on, moving at a somewhat slower gait now, looking for (X)
something in the direction of the freighters. Stopping when he (X)
sees what he's been hoping to see: (X)

A MEDIUM-SIZED STEEL HULLED SHIP

At just over a hundred feet, this boat is dwarfed by the tall
freighters it has been squeezed and hidden between. It looks
like its name has been removed from its bow.

28 EXT. MEDIUM-SIZED SHIP - DAY - ANGLE ON DECK 28

As Mulder lands, having jumped from the pier above. He stands
motionless for a moment, then heads toward the cabin.

29 INT. BRIDGE - MULDER 29

breaks the window with a metal object he's found on deck,
reaches carefully through the jagged glass and unlocks the
door, entering.

The short wave radio is on, squawking benignly, but no one is
around. Mulder searches the drawers, the captain's chart table
for anything to tell him what ship this is, but he finds
nothing. Then he notices:

AN OLD PIECE OF RAIN GEAR

hanging on a hook. He reaches for it, finding a thin stencil
on its breast which reads: THE TALAPUS. He's found his boat.
Mulder returns the slicker, moves to:

30 INT. TALAPUS - LONG HALLWAY LEADING FROM BRIDGE - MULDER 30

Appears at the far end of the hall, entering, moving slowly
TOWARD CAMERA. Stopping to look into:

31 INT. PORT SIDE SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS 31

Mulder enters, then is stopped in his tracks when he hears: (X)
CARS PULLING UP. He moves to the port hole where he sees BLACK
SUITED SOLDIERS (we've seen them before, but now they're sans (X)
headgear.) They exit their cars, carrying weapons as they move
purposefully to board The Talapus.

Mulder backs away from the window, as we:

CUT TO:

31A INT. TALAPUS - HALL - CONTINUOUS 31A

The Black-Suited soldiers are moving down the same hall Mulder
came down, straight to:

31AA INT. PORT SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY - CONTINUOUS 31AA

They enter the room we just moments ago saw Mulder in, but
there's no Mulder.

CAMERA STAYS WITH ONE SOLDIER as he moves to the:

31B OMITTED 31B

31BB INT. STARBOARD SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS 31BB

Directly opposite the other room. He moves to check beneath a
pile of tarps (or some such place that could hide a man),
finding nothing. But BEHIND HIM, out the port hole we see
Mulder, as he springs from the ship. The arc of a diver, until
he disappears from view. Only the faint sound of SOMETHING
HITTING THE WATER. The sound draws the attention of the Black-
Suited Man, but looking out the port hole, he can't see:

THE CONCENTRIC RIPPLES

and the rising bubbles where Mulder just entered the water.

CUT TO:

31C INT. MODEST HOUSE - SCULLY 31C

still sitting with the Mufon women.

LOTTIE

I don't know. When I opened that
door and saw you standing
there... it was like a
revelation. The image of your
face was so clear to me.

(CONTINUED)

31C CONTINUED:

31C

SCULLY

But I don't remember you --

PENNY

All you remember in the beginning
is the light, or sometimes the
faces of the men who perform the
tests.

BOOM -- Another memory burst -- of the men from Ascension
standing behind the glass watching Scully's tests being
performed.

SCULLY

How do you know you're not
mistaking me for someone else?

DIANE

You have the mark, don't you?

SCULLY

What mark?

DIANE

Here. On the back of your neck.

Diane lifts her hair, turning so that Scully might see the
little scar she has. A scar which is in the exact spot we
already know Scully's is from an earlier episode.

LOTTIE

We all have them. That's where
they put the implants.

As if on cue, the women all reach into their purses and pull
out various and sundry small containers, each with the tiny
flattened buckshot-sized piece of metal rattling around inside.

Scully rises to her feet, unnerved.

SCULLY

I really have to go. I came --

LOTTIE

-- To see Betsy.

SCULLY

Yes. Betsy Hagopian. Why are
you here at her house? Where is
she?

DIANE

She's in very serious trouble.

SCULLY

Why? What happened to her?

(CONTINUED)

31C CONTINUED: (2)

31C

Off their pensive, sinking expressions:

CUT TO:

31D INT. POSITRON EMISSION TOMOGRAPHY LAB - DAY - SCULLY

(X) 31D

Stands with Lottie and Penny, looking at something through a window.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

What's wrong with her?

(X)

LOTTIE

Betsy's in the advanced stages of an undiagnosed cancer ailment. Her body is full of tumors that won't respond to any kind of treatment.

(X)

SCULLY

And you think this is the result of her abduction experiences?

THEIR POV

(X)

Of a woman lying on a table with her head in the PET Scanning device. She is Betsy Hagopian.

PENNY

They've been taking Betsy since she was in her teens. This is what's going to happen to all of us.

(X)

SCULLY

What do you mean?

LOTTIE

I don't know if you understand this or not, Dana... but we're all going to end up like Betsy.

(X)

PENNY

We're all dying because of what they do to us.

(X)

Off Scully's growing sense of the creeps:

CUT TO:

31E EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT - POV THROUGH PILINGS

31E

The Talapus in the b.g. Lit up now, the SILHOUETTES OF MEN visible on its deck. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing we are:

(CONTINUED)

31E CONTINUED:

31E

UNDER THE DOCKS

at water's edge, where Agent Mulder appears in the f.g., moving swiftly, quietly -- wet from his escape. Staying in the shadows, hugging a concrete seawall, Mulder moves away.

EXT. DOCKS - NEW ANGLE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON MULDER

As he climbs up a ladder onto the surface of the docks once again. Where he began his odyssey that led to the Talapus. He looks off at:

MULDER'S POV - A LARGE OLD WOODEN WAREHOUSE

A large, dark structure. Most of its siding has been removed, so that it is little more than a giant cabana, but it's Mulder's only hope of cover.

RESUME MULDER

Making a dash -- running low across the docks -- The Talapus in the b.g. -- into the cover of the shadows of the dark structure. Stopping, pressing himself tight to a small piece of existing wall. Unseen. Then Mulder notices something which draws his attention away from The Talapus:

MULDER'S NEW POV - ANOTHER LARGE WAREHOUSE

This one with all its siding intact -- and standing out because it is brightly lit from the inside, beams of white light seeping out into the dark night.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER

Moving from his previous position toward the brightly lit building, CAMERA FINDING MORE BLACK SUITED SOLDIERS in f.g. standing at the entrance of the building. Talking in a huddle. Unaware that Mulder is in the shadowy b.g.

CAMERA PICKING UP MULDER again as he moves low from one structure to another. Again, the Soldiers are unaware of his presence.

31F EXT. BRIGHTLY LIT BUILDING - NIGHT - ANGLE ON ROOF AREA

31F

As Mulder pulls himself up onto a lower section of gable where more bright light blares from a series of high, dirty windows. Mulder quietly, carefully, moves to a window and wipes the filmy dirt off it, peering down at:

(CONTINUED)

31F CONTINUED:

31F

MULDER'S POV THROUGH WINDOW

The warehouse is large as an airplane hangar. MEN IN WHITE TYVEK SUITS are working below on the only object in the building: a circular object, roughly twenty feet high, with a radius of thirty or thirty five feet. It sits at a cockeyed angle on the floor of the warehouse, covered by a tent of clear plastic. So that its shape is clear, but its detail is obscured.

(X)

RESUME MULDER

staring down, realizing now what it was The Talapus must have dredged from the bottom of the sea. Then he exits frame, CAMERA HOLDING on the industry below. As we:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

32

Muted footsteps precede the opening stairwell door -- as Mulder steps into the empty corridor. He moves toward his door, physically spent, though still wired from his discovery at the shipyard. He fishes his keys from his pocket.

ANGLE - MULDER'S APARTMENT DOOR

Mulder inserts his key into the lock, but his door pushes open before he even turns the key. Mulder pulls his gun reflexively, then carefully pushes into:

33 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

33

Mulder enters his dark apartment. Mulder tries the light switch, but the circuit's been cut. So Mulder steps deeper into the room, surveying his apartment in the yellow light of the streetlamp... (X)

MULDER'S POV - PANNING THE LIVING ROOM

It's been ransacked -- not by a destructive hurricane, but by a meticulous search.

RESUME

Mulder takes stock of the damage, then:

SKINNER (O.S.)
You think they found what they
were looking for?

Mulder wheels around, gun-first.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE AGENT SKINNER

emerging from the shadows.

MULDER
What are you doing here?

SKINNER
I came to see you. Obviously I
was late to the party.

MULDER
See me for what?

SKINNER
Put the gun down, Mulder.
(off Mulder's
hesitation)
Somebody else might get hurt.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

After a beat... Mulder re-holsters his gun.

MULDER
What are you talking about?

SKINNER
Kazuo Takeo, the diplomat you
detained yesterday.

MULDER
Our murder suspect...

SKINNER
He didn't make his flight last
night. This morning his body was
found floating face down in the
C&O Canal. I think we can assume
he wasn't diving for pearls.

Skinner lets that hang for a moment, gauging Mulder's reaction.
Then:

SKINNER
The Japanese Government believes
he was murdered for the contents
of a briefcase he was carrying.
A piece of evidence that wasn't
logged in at the time of his
arrest.

MULDER
What do they think was in it?

SKINNER
(flashing)
I've got the State Department
breathing down my neck, Mulder.
The Japanese are set to prosecute
this outside diplomatic channels.
So let's cut the crap.

MULDER
Am I being accused of murder?

SKINNER
(insistent)
Where's the briefcase?

MULDER
Agent Scully has it. It's in the
trunk of her rental car.

SKINNER
Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

MULDER

I don't know. I haven't spoken to her since I left her in Allentown.

SKINNER

Then you better find her, because whatever you stepped in on this case is being tracked into my office. And I don't like the smell of it.

MULDER

You mind if I tidy up here first?

Skinner steps close to Mulder, seething at his insouciance.

SKINNER

This is bigger than me, you or the FBI, Agent Mulder. I hope you've got other names in your phone book, because I'm taking myself off the hook on this one. You're on your own.

With which Skinner exits, leaving Mulder alone in his dark, sifted-through space. As we:

CUT TO:

34
thru OMITTED
35

34
thru
35

36 EXT. SENATE BUILDING - DAY (STOCK)

36

Legend appears to establish.

37 INT. SENATOR'S MATHESON'S OFFICE - DAY

37

An ASSISTANT opens the door for Mulder, admitting him into the inner office -- where Senator Matheson finishes writing something on a note pad. He tears off the page and folds it in half, as:

MATHESON

Hello, Fox.

Matheson rises from behind his desk to shake Mulder's hand.

MULDER

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MATHESON

I understand you're in a
difficult position.

Mulder reacts with some surprise.

MATHESON

Don't look so stunned. I'm on
the Intelligence Committee.
Secrets are the only real
currency we deal in.

MULDER

Then you already know what I'm up
against.

MATHESON

Perhaps better than you do.
Which I assume is why you've come
here.

Mulder regards Matheson. This is difficult for him.

MULDER

I need your advice. On how to
proceed.

MATHESON

Return the satellite photos.

MULDER

I'd be implicating myself.

MATHESON

A good chess player knows which
pieces to sacrifice... and when.

MULDER

I can't risk becoming entangled
in a murder investigation right
now.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MATHESON

Why?

MULDER

Because of what I've seen.
Because it would give them time
to bury it all where I might not
be able to find it again.

Matheson smiles thinly in appreciation of Mulder's dodge.

MATHESON

Do you trust me, Fox?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

But Mulder says nothing. After a beat, Matheson nods approvingly, appreciating his protege's discretion.

MATHESON

Then let me earn your trust with the truth.

MULDER

I'm listening...

MATHESON

Several weeks ago in Knoxville, Tennessee, four Japanese nationals were murdered. All prominent doctors apparently engaged in a highly classified project.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

What kind of project?
(off Matheson's
silence)

The autopsy of an extraterrestrial life form... was that part of it?

MATHESON

I can't tell you.

MULDER

You can't or you won't?

MATHESON

Some secrets do remain secret, Fox. Even to me. I was only just now given the names of the murdered scientists...

Matheson hands Mulder the folded piece of paper he's been holding the entire time. Mulder opens it, reads:

CLOSE - PAPER

Four handwritten Japanese names.

(X)

RESUME

Mulder looks up at Matheson.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

MATHESON

Their credentials, however, are a matter of public record. Past deeds which may illuminate present treacheries. Your time is limited -- before you become, as you say, entangled in this past the point of being about to fully understand or expose it.

MULDER

What am I onto here?

Matheson stares at him evenly. Offering only:

MATHESON

Monsters begetting monsters.

Off the Senator's cryptic words, we:

CUT TO:

38 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON MULDER

38

Engrossed in something he is studying at his desk. Japanese text and vague black and white photographs are reflected in his glasses. Until an urgent KNOCK breaks his intense concentration. Mulder peels off his glasses, rising out of frame, and:

AT THE DOOR

Mulder opens the door to find Scully standing there.

MULDER

Scully --

SCULLY

Why is the door locked?

Mulder closes it behind her, checking to make sure it remains locked before he does.

MULDER

I've got something to show you.

He starts to lead her urgently back to the photos, but she pulls away from him. He reads the stricken look on her face.

(X)

SCULLY

Do you have any idea where I've been?

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

I left you in Allentown --

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SCULLY

I went to see those Mufon members --
to find out about this woman
Betsy Hagopian.

MULDER

What did you find?

SCULLY

I found out she was dying. Along
with a lot of other women who
claim to be dying, too. Women
who say they all had these
implanted in them.

She hands Mulder a vial containing the tiny implant. He looks
at it, not making an immediate connection.

SCULLY

It's the same thing I had taken
out of my own neck.

MULDER

But you're fine, Scully --

SCULLY

Am I? They said they know me,
Mulder. That they've seen me
before. It was freaky -- I mean,
they knew things about me, about
my disappearance.

Mulder sees the level of Scully's disturbance about this, about
her experience.

MULDER

You can't let this get to you,
Scully.

(re: implant)

You've got to find out what this
is, first.

They're interrupted by a RINGING PHONE. Mulder moves to it,
answers it. As he does, Scully moves to the table where he was
examining the photographs, studies them.

MULDER

Mulder --

He hangs up.

MULDER

I have a fax coming through.

He moves to the fax machine, but is halted by Scully's
question:

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

SCULLY
What is this, Mulder? (X)
(X)

CLOSE - PHOTOGRAPH

Featuring several unsmiling Japanese Medical Officers.
Scully's finger ENTERS FRAME, indicating one of the men in
particular. One with a prominent WHITE STREAK in his hair. (X)

MULDER (O.S.) (X)
Japanese Medical Officers, taken (X)
during World War II. (X)

RESUME SCULLY (X)

studying the photos intently. Mulder appearing behind her as
the fax machine starts up, begins slowly printing a facsimile
of some sort. (X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY (X)
I know this man. (X)

MULDER (X)
I don't think so, Scully. Not (X)
unless you were in Japan fifty (X)
years ago.

SCULLY
No. I've seen him before.

MULDER (X)
His name is Dr. Takeo Ishimaru. (X)
He's been dead since 1965. He
was the commander of an elite
section of the Japanese Medical
Corps known as 731. A unit now
known to have experimented on
human subjects.

Scully picks up another batch of photos from Mulder's desk, her
eyes reflecting the horror of what she sees.

REFLECTED IN SCULLY'S EYE

are vague images, framed by Japanese text, depicting an
emaciated Chinese boy with a wide open gash running the length
of his torso.

MULDER (O.S.)
They performed vivisections
without anesthesia, tested
frostbite tolerance levels on
infants, exposed innocent
prisoners of war to diseases, to
The Plague...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

She shuffles to another photograph depicting yet another atrocity.

WIDER

MULDER

Like their Nazi counterparts,
they were never brought to
justice.

She puts the photos back on the table, turns to him -- annoyed
now.

SCULLY

What are you doing with these?

MULDER

Four of those doctors you see in
the picture were on the video
tape I showed you, performing
that autopsy.

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder -- those men were in full
surgical dress -- you couldn't
tell one from the other.

MULDER

Somebody could. Because those
same four men were found murdered
right here on U.S. soil
yesterday, Scully.

(X)

This gives her pause.

SCULLY

Murdered for what?

MULDER

That's what I'd like to know.

SCULLY

Murdered by whom?

MULDER

Possibly our government --

SCULLY

Our government? For what
possible reason?

MULDER

(venturing)

Continuing their work -- the work
the Nazis were doing. Trying to
create a human-alien hybrid.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

SCULLY
Mulder -- that's still a fantasy --

MULDER
Look at all you've seen, Scully --
all you've told me you've seen --
the tunnels filled with medical
files -- the beings moving past
you -- that implant in your neck --
why do you refuse to believe?

(X)

SCULLY
Believing is the easy part,
Mulder. I need more than you.
I need proof.

(X)

He moves over to the fax machine, picking up the fax that came through. While:

MULDER
We have proof. I identified what
those spy photos were tracking.
A ship that pulled a UFO off the
bottom of the Pacific Ocean. A
UFO that's sitting in a warehouse
being guarded by U.S. military
personnel. That must have been
carrying the EBE we saw in that
autopsy tape.

(X)

He hands her the fax. She looks at it.

SCULLY
What am I looking at?

(X)

CLOSE - PAPER

A faxed SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPH of a train yard. A series of
connecting train cars with SEQUENTIAL FIVE-DIGIT NUMBERS
painted on their tops, on different track, spurs, etc.

MULDER
Part of our government's secret
railroad. Train cars used to
carry test subjects. Used to
conduct the autopsy we saw being
performed.

WIDEN

SCULLY
Where did you get this?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (5)

38

MULDER

From someone who also wants
proof. But who's willing to
believe.

(X)

Mulder exits his office, leaving Scully to grapple with her
demons, her doubts. Her eroding uncertainty. As we:

(X)

CUT TO:

39 EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

39

Legend appears to establish: J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

40 INT. FBI LAB - DAY - ECU (MICROSCOPE MATTE)

40

This metallic implant appears identical to the one Scully discovered in "The Blessing Way." An impossibly intricate map of etched lines.

AGENT PENDRELL (O.S.)

Amazing...

ANGLE ADJUSTS TO REVEAL

AGENT PENDRELL admiring the magnified image on the high-resolution monitor. Scully stands beside him.

SCULLY

Do you know what it is?

AGENT PENDRELL

It looks like some kind of microprocessor.

(X)

SCULLY

You're saying this is man-made?

Agent Pendrell turns to her, at once surprised and amused by the question.

AGENT PENDRELL

What else would it be?

But Scully can only offer a slight, sheepish shrug. Pendrell turns back to the console.

AGENT PENDRELL

I mean, it's definitely state-of-the-art...

Pendrell presses a button, doubling the image size. As he adjusts the focus:

AGENT PENDRELL

The microlithography's extremely complex -- I've never seen anything even close to this density.

(X)

SCULLY

Any way of finding out who manufactured it?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

AGENT PENDRELL
(shakes his head)
There are a few companies out in
San Jose, a couple in Boston.
Could be any one of them.

(X)

SCULLY
These chips... what are they used
for?

AGENT PENDRELL
Video games, brake systems...
they're finding new apps every
day. I just read about one being
designed to help the severely
disabled operate computers using
brain waves...

(X)

SCULLY
How?

AGENT PENDRELL
Through direct electrochemical
interface with the cerebral
cortex. Pretty incredible, huh?

(X)

SCULLY
Yeah...

As Scully turns back with renewed curiosity, concern to:

CLOSE - MONITOR

The intersecting gridwork like an aerial map. As we:

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. TRAIN YARD - DAY

41

From this high, wide angle, the tracks cross and weave. A
LEGEND appears: QUINNIMONT, WEST VIRGINIA.

42 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - A CRUMPLED SHEET OF NEWSPAPER

42

skitters across the tarpaper surface like tumbleweed. Until it
is stopped by the rung ladder that curves up over the ledge --
where Mulder now appears. As he climbs up and over, alighting
on the roof, then moving quickly past frame...

CAMERA FOLLOWS MULDER

across the expansive roof, toward the ledge... until the
entire train yard is spread out before him.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MULDER

stops at the edge of the roof, removes from his pocket a collapsible pair of binoculars. Raises it to his eyes.

HIS POV - BINOCULAR MATTE

PANNING the length of a long train. The tops of the cars visible from this high vantage point. Then WHIP PANNING laterally to another train.

RESUME MULDER

Continuing to survey the train yard below... until:

HIS POV - BINOCULAR MATTE

Settling on a train car with a FIVE-DIGIT NUMBER painted boldly on the roof. PANNING to the adjacent car, upon which is painted the next number in the sequence. (X)

MULDER

lowers his binoculars, his excitement rising -- until he sees in the near distance:

HIS POV

Three dark SEDANS approaching quickly from the near distance in formation around an unmarked PANEL VAN.

MULDER

raises his binoculars once again.

HIS POV - BINOCULAR MATTE

The convoy pulls to an abrupt stop before one of the train cars. Suddenly, a phalanx of dark-suited JAPANESE MEN emerge. They divide themselves, flanking either side of the track with practiced efficiency. (X)

Two of the men pull open the back of the panel truck. The action is mostly obscured from our POV... until we see them escorting a small figure in what appears to be a RADIATION SUIT. The figure walks slowly, with some difficulty toward one of the train cars.

And as the Figure climbs the two steps leading up to the train car, the head half-turns -- affording us through the clear plastic face panel, the briefest glimpse of an ALIEN. Oversized black eyes set against an ashen complexion. (X)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

MULDER

lowers his binoculars, his expression reflecting wonderment and purpose. As we:

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 EXT. TRAIN CAR - DAY - CLOSE - DIGITAL LOCK

43

A finger presses a fast sequence of numbers, and the red indicator light turns green, releasing the magnetic BOLT. Beside the digital keypad is a QUARANTINE SIGN that reads "Quarantine -- Danger -- No Admittance -- Authorized Personnel Only".

WIDER

A Japanese Man (THE ESCORT) slides open the recessed door, as the RADIATION-SUITED FIGURE is quickly ushered into the train car by two other men.

44 EXT. TRAIN YARD - DAY

44

Mulder, now descended from the warehouse roof, navigates the maze of out-of-service trains, stopping at a coupling area between two parked cars. Crouching, he looks through the coupling area toward the train car, seeing:

MULDER'S POV - THE TRAIN CAR

As the two men descend the steps, The Escort slides the door shut. Descending the steps after them. (X)

ANOTHER JAPANESE MAN signals to the engine far up ahead. Waving his hand, causing: (X)

NEW ANGLE ON THE TRAIN

As it SNORTS and GRUNTS, its massive engine breathing life. We hear the SOUND of air brakes unlocking as the behemoth begins to grind forward.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Realizing he's losing his chance to intercept the train car before it leaves. Mulder gets up, breaking into a sprint.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he runs forward with the moving train, using the parked train cars as cover as the Japanese Men start back to their vehicles.

ANGLE - THE TRAIN

Picking up speed, moving farther and farther away. (X)

RESUME MULDER

Winded, he quits running, trying to catch his breath. He watches with frustration as the train picks up speed, moving off down the tracks.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

THE JAPANESE MEN

Pull away in their sedans. None of them having caught sight of Mulder. (X)

On Mulder, watching them go, we:

CUT TO:

45 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON A MONITOR

(X)

45

A BLACK SCREEN. A VIDEO IMAGE flickers to life, rewinding in search mode, showing: (X)

SECURITY CAMERA'S POV - THE AUTOPSY ROOM

Empty. Only a sheet-draped body at the center of the room.

SCULLY

Sits on the couch, remote control in hand. Her face is illuminated by the glow of the TV screen. CAMERA PANS AROUND HER as she hits the play button on the remote: (X)

THE MONITOR (X)

As a MAN enters frame from the bottom of the screen, where he had been out of the security camera's range of vision. We can't see the Man's face as he moves around the autopsy table, heading for the exit door, but we might recognize a certain streak of silver in his hair. (X)

Reaching the door, the Man stops, briefly looking back at the room -- affording a GLIMPSE OF HIS FACE. We see him just long enough to determine that he is the elderly Japanese Man we saw in the Teaser. He turns back, punching numbers into a code pad next to the door with the black glass, then starts to exit when -- (X)

The video image FREEZES FRAME.

SCULLY

Leans forward. Intrigued. She presses the rewind button on the remote. The image rewinds. Shuttling back to the moment when the Elderly Japanese Man reaches the door. As he turns to look back into the room, the IMAGE FREEZES FRAME again.

Scully studies the screen.

CLOSE - THE MONITOR

(X)

The face of the Elderly Japanese Man as it moves into clear view, advancing frame by frame.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

CLOSE - SCULLY

Making a connection.

MACRO - THE MONITOR SCREEN

(X)

The image of DR. ISHIMARU -- aged now, but unmistakably the same man we saw in the photos in Mulder's office. So tight now that we can see the pixels that form the image. On this:

A MEMORY HIT -- a blinding WHITE FLASH:

46 INT. LIMBO ROOM - THREE SURGEONS

(X)

46

Dressed in surgical scrubs, looking DOWN AT CAMERA. CAMERA MOVING so that the BLINDING WHITE LIGHT above them DISSOLVES US into:

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

lying on a blank white platform, harsh light shining on her face (just as she looked during the abduction sequence in "Ascension").

She turns her head slowly, as if moving through liquid, to see:

SCULLY'S POV - THE SURGEONS

(X)

Joined by A FOURTH MAN -- unmistakable as Dr. Ishimaru -- aged now, in his late 60s, but still with the white streak of hair. Standing above her, bringing a surgical mask to his face.

(X)

(X)

(X)

RESUME SCULLY

She turns away from Ishimaru, slowly closing her eyes. (The following three shots are identical to the abduction sequence in "Ascension.")

CLOSE ON SCULLY'S ARM

CAMERA PANS from her hand to her bicep, onto which is projected a grid pattern of light. CAMERA TILTS UP FROM THE ARM to reveal:

A SHINY NEEDLE

Whirring as it descends toward her arm. The needle emits a LOUD, HIGH-PITCHED WHINE.

Scully's eyes open at the moment of impact, pupils rapidly retracting as A TELEPHONE RINGS.

CUT TO:

47 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - SCULLY (X) 47

is shaken abruptly from her waking dream.

WIDER - SCULLY

Moves to pick up the phone, still shaken by her vision.

SCULLY
(into the phone)
Scully.

INTERCUT WITH:

48 EXT. TRAIN YARD - DAY - MULDER (X) 48

Talking on his cel phone near the building he once stood atop (X)
watching the loading of the train car. The Japanese Men have (X)
long since departed in their vehicles. (X)

MULDER
Scully, it's me.

SCULLY
Mulder, where are you?

MULDER (X)
A train yard in Quinnimont, West (X)
Virginia. A group of Japanese (X)
men just put someone in one of (X)
those train cars you saw in the (X)
satellite photos. (X)

SCULLY
Mulder -- I thought you said this
was our government's railroad --

MULDER
Something is going down here,
Scully.

SCULLY
What do you mean?

MULDER (X)
The thing they put on the train (X)
car was alive. (X)

SCULLY
Mulder --

MULDER (X)
I've got to get on that train.
It's hooking up with a Canadian
passenger train near Cincinnati. (X)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SCULLY

Mulder -- I was right about Dr. Ishimaru. He isn't dead. In fact he's on your videotape.

MULDER

That's where you know him from, then --

SCULLY

No, Mulder -- that's not where I know him from at all.

Off Scully's fearful expression, we:

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED

49

49A EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

49A

A legend appears: EDWARDS TERMINAL, QUEENSGATE, OHIO, 5:57 P.M. Cars are out front, dropping off passengers with their luggage.

(X)
(X)
(X)

50 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

(X)

50

The Escort enters into the crowded terminal, checks his watch, then moves TOWARD CAMERA, passing a MAN standing at a junk food vending machine. When the Escort passes, the man looks up -- he is the RED-HAIRED MAN we last saw strangling the diplomat in the limousine.

(X)
(X)

He turns, his eyes sweeping the terminal... before moving to follow the Escort. CAMERA PANS HIM into A RESTROOM, just as the door is floating shut from the Escort's entry. As he enters, CAMERA PANS to find:

(X)
(X)

DR. ISHIMARU

(X)

Hurriedly entering the terminal.

(X)

WIDER - THE STATION

Ishimaru crosses the tile floor, stopping to check his wristwatch. Ishimaru scans the station, apparently looking for someone. As A VOICE echoes over the public-address system:

(X)

P.A. VOICE

(X)

All passengers on Canadian Northwest Express to Vancouver, prepare for boarding on Track Four.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

Ishimaru continues to scan the crowd anxiously as the passengers begin moving toward the boarding area. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

51 thru 52 OMITTED 51 thru 52

52A INT. RESTROOM - THE LEGS OF THE ESCORT (X) 52A

are trailing through frame as his limp, lifeless body is pulled into a stall, put into a seated position on a toilet by the Red-Haired Man. Propped there. The Man closes the stall door, straightens his clothes in the mirror. (X) (X) (X) (X)

CUT TO: (X)

52B INT. TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS - DAY (X) 52B

As the Red-Haired Man exits, moving to join the group assembling on the boarding deck outside. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

53 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY 53

Mulder's sedan lurches to a halt outside the station. Mulder gets out of the car, moving swiftly toward the entrance.

CUT TO: (X)

54 INT. TRAIN STATION - INFORMATION DESK - DAY 54

Mulder crosses the expansive terminal, stops at the counter. A CLERK mans a computer terminal.

MULDER
The express train to Vancouver --
what track is it on?

The Clerk shakes her head. (X)

CLERK
Just left. (X)

MULDER
(urgently)
When? When did it leave?

CLERK
You just missed it. It just
pulled out of the station.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Mulder's frustration lasts for only a beat, as his mind starts working, connecting. Then:

MULDER
Thank you.

(X)
(X)

Mulder is hurrying out of the train station. The Clerk looks after him, as we:

(X)

CUT TO:

55 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SCULLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

55

Scully is unlocking the deadbolt to her apartment, when she is startled by a VOICE:

(X)

MAN'S VOICE
Agent Scully...

Scully turns to look down the hallway.

SCULLY'S POV - A MAN

Silhouetted by the window at the end of the hallway.

SCULLY

Tenses. Recognizing the voice from somewhere, but still unable to see the face of the man to whom it belongs.

ANGLE - THE MAN

Steps forward, until a ceiling light distinguishes the obsidian face... revealing him to be X.

SCULLY
What are you doing here?

X steps closer, his voice low, urgent, point-blank:

X
Where's Agent Mulder?

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
I don't know. Why?

X
He's in danger.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
How do you know?

(X)
(X)

X
He's been tracking a train. You
can't let him get on it.

(X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

SCULLY
I don't know what you're talking
about.

(X)
(X)
(X)

She turns the keys in her door, starts in, but X blocks her
from closing the door on him. She turns on him, angry.

(X)

X
You've got to get word to him.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
Why should I trust you? You've
lied to us before.

(X)
(X)

X
You're wasting time! Do you
understand --

(X)
(X)
(X)

Standoff. X remains immobile, his impassive stare eroding
Scully's angry resolve, as we:

(X)

CUT TO:

56 EXT. ALICE STREET OVERPASS - DAY

56

Mulder's car pulls to a fast stop near a pedestrian overpass
atop a train tunnel. Mulder gets out, looking at:

HIS POV - THE TRAIN

Approaching fast in the near distance, the track leading
beneath the pedestrian overpass upon which Mulder now stands.
Suddenly, Mulder's cellular phone CHIRPS.

RESUME MULDER

He pulls out his phone, raises it to his ear, as he continues
moving across the overpass.

MULDER
Mulder.

INTERCUT WITH:

57 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

57

Scully speaks into the phone, looking directly at X, who stands
just inside the doorway.

SCULLY
Mulder, don't get on that train.

MULDER
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SCULLY
They know where you are, and what
you're doing.

MULDER
Who told you this?

SCULLY
I was given information --

MULDER
From who?
(off her hesitation)
Scully, it's coming...

As the train nears, forcing them to raise their voices to an
even more urgent pitch:

SCULLY
Let it go, Mulder.

MULDER
I can't --

SCULLY
Mulder, don't get on that train.
Mulder --

58 EXT. ALICE STREET OVERPASS - DAY - MULDER

58

Looks down at the tracks, the ROAR of the approaching train
drowning out any further conversation.

HIS POV - THE TRAIN

Rushes down the tracks beneath him.

MULDER

The moment of decision upon him -- he must leap now or forever
lose his chance to catch the train. Still holding the cell
phone in his hand, Mulder prepares to jump as we go:

WIDE

Mulder leaps off the overpass, landing on top of the speeding
train.

ANGLE - TOP OF THE PASSENGER TRAIN - MULDER

Landing on his stomach.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CLOSE ON MULDER'S HAND

(X)

As the impact of his fall bangs the cell phone out of his grasp, causing it to fly off the roof.

(X)

(X)

RESUME MULDER

Registering the loss of his phone, he clings to the surface of the roof, inching his way forward.

ANGLE - THE TRAIN

Rushes PAST CAMERA, carrying Mulder with it. On this image:

FADE OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED