

THE X-FILES

"Revelations"

Written by

Kim Newton

Directed by

David Nutter

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"Revelations"

CAST

Fox Mulder
Dana Scully
Reverend Patrick Finley
Millennium Man (Simon Gates)
Mrs. Tynes
Kevin Kryder
School Nurse
Susan Kryder
Carina Maywald
Michael Kryder
Little Boy
Carl
Owen Jarvis
Priest
*

(X)

November 7, 1995

"Revelations"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

RIDGEWAY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
MENTAL INSTITUTION (STOCK)
OWEN JARVIS'S HOUSE
KRYDER HOUSE
FARM ROAD
KRYDER CAR
MOTEL ALLEY
RECYCLING PLANT (STOCK) (X)
FIELD

INTERIORS:

FIRST CHURCH OF THE REDEMPTION
/DRESSING ROOM
RIDGEWAY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
/CLASSROOM
/HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLASSROOM
MENTAL INSTITUTION
/KRYDER'S ROOM
/CORRIDOR
SOCIAL SERVICES DORMITORY
/CORRIDOR
OWEN JARVIS'S HOUSE
/ATTIC
/DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY
/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
KRYDER HOUSE
/FOYER
/UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR
/MASTER BEDROOM
/WALK-IN CLOSET
/STAIRWAY
MORGUE
FORENSIC LAB
CATHOLIC CHURCH
/CONFESSIONAL
KRYDER CAR
GATES'S CAR
MOTEL
/ROOM
/BATHROOM
RECYCLING PLANT

REVELATIONS

1 INT. NON-DENOMINATIONAL CHURCH - MORNING

1

Natural light filters through the colorful slices of a large, stained-glass window. PULL BACK TO REVEAL the segments form the image of ST. FRANCIS.

REVEREND (O.S.)

(X)

... God tests our faith so that
we may not take it for granted...

A LEGEND appears over it: FIRST CHURCH OF REDEMPTION.
WAYNESBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

REVEREND

(X)

I once gave counsel to a little
girl. Very distraught because
her older brother told her that
Moses didn't really part the Red
Sea. Winds and strong ocean
currents were responsible.

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the crowded CONGREGATION, eventually finding a black-robed REVEREND FINLEY. He's 40ish and grandiose, serious about this Sunday's sermon.

REVEREND

In hearing this, the faith of
this child had been shaken. To
restore her credence, she had
just one question for me. She
asked, Reverend... is there such
a thing as a miracle?

PAN ACROSS the faces of the congregation -- all hungry for the answer. Except for one well-dressed man in his early fifties, who watches with inscrutable interest. He is the MILLENNIUM MAN.

REVEREND

I assured her that, yes, miracles
do happen. But you must be
willing to accept them as such
before you can truly recognize
them. The little girl decided
that she could believe, but was
sadly certain that her brother
never would.

(X)

(X)

(a mournful sigh)

There seems to be little room in
this world for miracles... and
for those who believe in them.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

REVEREND (Cont'd)
 (rising indignation)
 People today tend to vest
 themselves in science or
 cynicism. Expecting proof of all
 that they see. But miracles are
 wondrous by nature. They need no
 rationale.

Finley pauses -- concentrates -- staring down at HIS CLENCHED
 FISTS. White knuckled, he trembles with intensity.

REVEREND
 (strained voice)
 You must witness the miracles of
 the Lord without question.

CLENCHED FISTS that now seep blood between his fingers. The
 Reverend slowly opens his palms up toward the heavens. His
 pain-filled eyes are pulled back to his astonished audience.

REVEREND
 My blood flows as a test of your
 faith. Accept what you see
 before you. Open your hearts and
 souls to the divine
 possibilities. It is only then
 you will truly understand the
 powers of the Lord.

(X)
(X)

THE FACES OF THE CONGREGATION. Among a sea of believers taken
 by the miracle before them, the Millennium Man remains
 distinctly unmoved, unimpressed. Off this, we:

CUT TO:

2 INT. DRESSING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

2

Reverend Finley enters his dressing room, rubbing his blood-
 stained hands on a crisp white towel.

A HALO OF LIGHT BULBS. Finley steps into them, FALLING INTO
 FRAME as he takes a seat before a lighted make-up mirror. He
 stares a beat, then uses a cotton ball to remove some eyeliner.
 He pauses, startled to see something else in the mirror's
 reflection... something we don't.

REVEREND
 Yes?

ANGLE ADJUSTS to include the Millennium Man, reflected in the
 doorway. A calm, unsettling air about him.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

MILLENNIUM MAN

I was impressed with your sermon,
Reverend.

The Reverend feigns a smile. Continues to remove his makeup in front of the mirror as the Millennium Man approaches.

REVEREND

I'm glad.

MILLENNIUM MAN

I just wanted to tell you that
some of us do believe.

REVEREND

Well, I'm happy to hear it.

The Millennium Man is now standing just behind the Reverend, who stops his makeup removal. Suddenly uneasy in the presence of this stranger.

REVEREND

Always does my heart good to know
I've touched at least one person.

MILLENNIUM MAN

Oh, you had quite an effect on a
lot of people.

The Millennium Man puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

MILLENNIUM MAN

Me most of all.

The Reverend squirms under the Millennium Man's heavy hand. A fast-rising fear.

REVEREND

What do you want?

But the Millennium Man only smiles. And as the Reverend wheels around in his chair, the stranger suddenly grips the Reverend's neck, and with preternatural strength, yanks him out of the chair, pinning him up against the wall.

REVEREND

(gasping)
Oh, God. No.

A SIZZLING SOUND. Then a wisp of smoke rises from where he is being strangled. But the Reverend's scream is trapped in his throat.

CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN off the terror of his face... settling on his shiny white patent-leather SHOES. O.S. are the faint GASPS of the Reverend struggling for breath.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

A DROP OF BLOOD falls onto the toe of a shoe. Splashing against the white leather. Another falls. Then another. Off this, we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON THE SAME NOT-SO-WHITE SHOES. A strobe blasts and a shutter winks over this image, revealing that we are SLR CAMERA POV.

3 INT. CHURCH - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

3

The crime scene PHOTOGRAPHER snaps another shot of:

THE REVEREND

lying at an impossible angle in his own crimson pool. A pair of hands enters frame, examining the man's burned, blistered neck.

SCULLY (O.S.)
These ligature marks on his neck
are consistent with rope or
fabric burns...

SCULLY

is kneeling near the Reverend.

SCULLY
... strongly suggesting
strangulation as the cause of
death. But there seems to be an
awful lot of blood loss here --

Mulder step into frame, looking over Scully's shoulder.

MULDER
His parishioners said the
Reverend Finley's hands were
bleeding. Like the wounds of the
crucifixion...

SCULLY
Stigmata?

She reaches down with her latex-gloved hands, turning over the Reverend's hands, finding no such marks.

MULDER
A sign from God bestowed upon the
righteous.

SCULLY
But I see no wounds here, on his
hands, wrists or otherwise.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Mulder hunkers beside Scully. He dips his index finger into the pool of blood and studies it.

MULDER
No, I think this is a case of too
much faith...

Then he brings the blood to his lips for a taste test.

MULDER
... and too much sugar.

SCULLY
What are you doing?

MULDER
It's fake.

Mulder opens the Reverend's shirt, revealing the white strapping tape and plastic tubing against his bare white chest. The rigging for his so-called Stigmata.

MULDER
(a confirming look)
Just like the others.

SCULLY
There have been others?

Mulder and Scully rise, continued police forensic work going on around them.

MULDER
I've been tracking a series of
international, religiously-
motivated murders. All the
victims have been so-called
Stigmatics. And all have been
frauds... like the Reverend here.

Scully listens, while noticing an OPEN BIBLE lying on the make-up table, its white pages stained with this charlatan's bogus blood. She picks it up. Reading as Mulder speaks:

INSERT BIBLE

A drop of blood seems to point to a passage: "They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful."

SCULLY
According to certain religious
lore, there are twelve Stigmatics
in the world at any given time,
representing the twelve apostles.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

MULDER

A claim that is wholly unsubstantiated, though there have been many imposters. Eleven of whom have been murdered in the last three years.

SCULLY

Any clue to a motivation?

MULDER

(shaking his head)
Either we're dealing with a psychotic religious fanatic trying to expose these frauds, or possibly an indiscriminate psycho who harbors a deep-seated anger toward religion or the church.

SCULLY

That really narrows down the field.

MULDER

I think it's safe to say he carries a grudge.

Scully smiles ironically.

MULDER

Anyway, if I'm right about one thing, the killer's here. And he's going to be hunting for victim number twelve.

(X)

CLOSE - REVEREND FINLEY

The tarp is pulled over his lifeless face, as we:

CUT TO:

4 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

4

Old Glory SNAPS in the stiff autumn wind. A legend appears: RIDGEWAY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. LOVELAND, OHIO.

5 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

5

ANGLE ON MRS. TYNES

(X)

Addressing her energetic class of fifth graders, while passing out test sheets.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MRS. TYNES

I trust everyone has studied his
or her flash cards for today's
quiz.

(X)

CLOSE ON KEVIN KRYDER

(X)

Ten, cute, full of the devil. His tiny hands are agile as he
loads a small wad of paper into a clear Bic pen sheath.

(X)

(X)

Amid the commotion, MOANS and SIGHS of disapproval, Kevin aims
his makeshift blowgun...

(X)

(X)

MRS. TYNES (O.S.)

(X)

All right, let's settle down.

... and Kevin fires the spitball at:

(X)

SARAH BUXTON

sitting several seats ahead of Kevin. The spitball sticks to
the back of her head, in her long, brown hair.

(X)

The young girl spins around, feeling for the paper wad. Shoots
Kevin an evil squint.

SARAH

Geek!

KEVIN

grins mischievously. Until:

MRS. TYNES (O.S.)

Kevin Kryder!

Kevin's smile quickly fades. He straightens up, looks toward
the front of the room at MRS. TYNES who stands perched near the
chalk board. Busted.

(X)

MRS. TYNES

I assume, Kevin, in the last
twenty-four hours, you've become
quite the math wizard.

The room SNICKERS.

MRS. TYNES

Why don't you come on up to the
board and share with us your gift
of numbers?

Kevin rises. He approaches the board, trying to hide a
clownish smirk. Picks up a long stick of white chalk from the
railing and stands a moment to think...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MRS. TYNES

Why don't we try some division.
You do know the division sign,
don't you, Kevin?

The class SNICKERS again. Kevin fights a smile, turns to the board. Starting to write the division sign. (X)
(X)

MRS. TYNES

Let's divide eleven into one
hundred and seventy. (X)

Kevin begins to write the numbers, when: (X)

CLOSE ON KEVIN'S HAND (X)

The chalk presses against his cupped palm, held at the other end by his thumb and two fingers. Kevin is writing when the numbers start turning pink, the white chalk stick registering red. (X)

HIS CLASSMATES

stare wide-eyed, confused, a collective MURMUR rising, as:

MRS. TYNES

covers her mouth in horror.

MRS. TYNES

Kevin? Oh my God...

LOW ANGLE

The red chalk SLAPS against the floor.

KEVIN

backs away from the board, staring at his bleeding palms. He doesn't understand what's happening to him. Off Kevin, we:

CUT TO:

6 KEVIN'S HAND

6

A bandage soaked with blood being removed, preparing to have a new bandage applied by a SCHOOL NURSE.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Kevin sits on a chair in the now-empty classroom. He is quiet, scared, his head hung, as if somehow he were at fault. The Nurse looks at him sympathetically, sensing his fear as she sprays some Bactine on the wound.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

NURSE
Does that sting?

KEVIN
(bravely)
No.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

where Kevin's classmates are looking in on him, standing on their tippy toes to get a look.

RESUME KEVIN, NURSE

Continuing her work, then turns when she hears:

MULDER AND SCULLY

at the door to the classroom. Accompanied by CARINA MAYWALD, an even-tempered Social Services worker.

MULDER
Thank you for contacting us so quickly.

MAYWALD
When I read the FBI's alert I thought immediately of Kevin.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
You said on the phone there was a previous incident.

MAYWALD
Last year. Kevin arrived at school with bleeding wounds on his hands and feet. Our first concern is always an abusive parent.

SCULLY
Was that the case?

MAYWALD
Well, it appeared so. Kevin's father was arrested and we took the boy as a ward of the court. But the State dropped charges for lack of evidence. The mother sued and won custody. Mr. Kryder was institutionalized soon after.

MULDER
Institutionalized for what?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

MAYWALD

When he was released from jail, he locked himself and Kevin in the house. It made all the papers. He was waving a gun at the police -- saying he had to protect the boy. That Kevin was the son of God.

Mulder and Scully exchange a look. Scully heading off toward:

CUT TO:

KEVIN

having his second hand sprayed with Bactine. The Nurse then preparing another bandage as Scully appears. Seeing:

KEVIN'S HAND

with its crimson wound, just before the bandage covers it.

SCULLY

reacts to this, then to Kevin.

SCULLY

(to the Nurse)
Hi. How's he doing?

NURSE

Fine.

SCULLY

Hi, Kevin. My name is Dana Scully. Can I talk to you a minute?

KEVIN

Am I going back to the shelter?

SCULLY

We don't know just yet, Kevin. We just want to find out what happened.

Kevin regards her suspiciously. Scully kneels next to the boy as the Nurse puts her first aid kit back in order.

SCULLY

Kevin -- can you tell me how you got those cuts on your hands?

KEVIN

No.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

SCULLY

You can't tell me, or you don't know?

KEVIN

You want me to say my dad did it.

SCULLY

I don't want you to say anything that isn't true.

Kevin thinks about this. Staring at Scully, then at:

INSERT -- The cross around Scully's neck.

KEVIN

I don't feel very good.

Scully reaches up, feels Kevin's forehead.

SCULLY

He feels feverish. Did you take his temperature?

The Nurse instinctively reaches into her kit for a thermometer. Shakes it down and puts it in his mouth.

NURSE

I'll get him some water.

She rises, heads off.

SCULLY

You're a brave boy. You've got nothing to be afraid of.

Kevin looks at her questioningly with the thermometer sticking out of his mouth. Something -- a moment -- passes between them. A connection of some kind. Then it's gone.

7 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - DAY

7

ANGLE ON MULDER, CARINA MAYWALD

MAYWALD

Here's Mrs. Kryder --

Mulder turns with Maywald, looking at:

SUSAN KRYDER

approaching from down the hall, deeply concerned.

SUSAN

Where's Kevin? Is he all right?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

She steps up to Mulder and Maywald.

MAYWALD

He's going to be fine, Mrs. Kryder. The Nurse is just changing his bandages.

Mrs. Kryder looks in on her son, distraught.

SUSAN

I thought this was all over.

MULDER

Mrs. Kryder. My name is Fox Mulder, I work for the FBI.

She looks at Mulder, then to Maywald. Confused.

SUSAN

The FBI. Who called the FBI?

MULDER

We're here, Mrs. Kryder, because we have reason to believe Kevin may be in some danger.

SUSAN

In danger from what?

MULDER

I know it may sound strange, but someone has been targeting people like Kevin.

SUSAN

What do you mean, people like Kevin?

MULDER

People exhibiting wounds that might be interpreted as having religious significance.

CUT BACK TO:

7A SCULLY AND KEVIN

7A

She continues to kneel next to him, looking at one of his bandaged hands, then looks away from him toward:

(X)

THE SCHOOL NURSE

bringing a glass of water over from the sink in the room.

(CONTINUED)

7A CONTINUED:

7A

CLOSE ON KEVIN, THE THERMOMETER

as its red line rises inexplicably fast, moving past 101 to 102 to 103.

RESUME SCULLY

as the Nurse returns, handing her the water. When Scully turns back to Kevin, the thermometer EXPLODES with a pop, its beads of mercury raining to the floor.

NURSE

What was that?

SCULLY

I don't know.

Kevin seems as surprised as they are, pulling the broken thermometer from his mouth.

KEVIN

I didn't do anything. It just broke.

Off Scully and the Nurse's reaction:

CUT BACK TO:

7B MULDER, MAYWALD, MRS. KRYDER

7B

SUSAN

... Kevin's just a normal kid. He probably just hurt himself out on the playground --

MULDER

-- I'm sure there's an explanation, Mrs. Kryder, but right now everyone's primary concern should be for Kevin's safety --

MAYWALD

I'd like to put him back into the shelter until we can sort this out --

SUSAN

You want to take him back into custody?!

(off her nod)

You don't think I did this to Kevin --

There's a tense moment, as it dawns on Mrs. Kryder.

(CONTINUED)

7B CONTINUED:

7B

SUSAN

You think I'm the one who cut his hands?

MAYWALD

We don't know how he got the cuts, but we'd like some time to evaluate his case, Mrs. Kryder.

SUSAN

I could never hurt my own child, do you hear me?! I fought one battle over my son that tore our family apart. I'm not going to fight another.

She glares at Maywald and Mulder, then moves past them into the classroom to be with her son. Maywald takes a beat and a look to Mulder.

MAYWALD

I love my job.

Then she follows Mrs. Kryder in. Passing Scully, who is moving away from Kevin, towards Mulder.

MULDER

C'mon, Scully. Let's get out of here.

SCULLY

The kid's hands were definitely cut, Mulder. (X)

MULDER

Well, they're taking him into custody. We've warned them about his safety. I don't know what more we can do. (X)

SCULLY

Did you determine how he got the cuts?

MULDER

No. My guess is the kid did it himself. A boy has his father taken away -- he injures himself to relieve dad of guilt and get him back. (X)

SCULLY

Maybe we should talk to his father.

(CONTINUED)

7B CONTINUED: (2)

7B

MULDER
(confused)
He's in an institution.

SCULLY
He said the boy needed
protection. Maybe he knows from
whom.

Off Mulder's strained curiosity, we:

CUT TO:

8
thru
12
OMITTED

8
thru
12

13 A MAN sitting next to the window, partially obscured by his
bed, wearing a nice wool sweater over his hospital pajama top.
He stares placidly out the window. He is MICHAEL KRYDER.

13

KRYDER
He's bleeding again, isn't he?

He turns, staring with an abstracted intensity at:

(X)

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - KRYDER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully, standing with an ORDERLY.

SCULLY
Yes. How did you know?

KRYDER
Because the faithful know. They
see the signs and know that a
miracle is beheld.

MULDER
Mr. Kryder, because of the claims
you've made, your son may be in
danger.

Kryder nods evenly... knowingly. With an eerie conviction.

(X)

SCULLY
You don't seem too surprised.

KRYDER
My son was in danger long before
I made any claims. Since the day
he was born, they've been
watching him... waiting...

MULDER
"They?"

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

KRYDER
(earnest)
The Forces of Darkness.

Mulder shoots Scully a skeptical look.

KRYDER
That's why you're here, isn't it?
Because the Forces have drawn
near. They will arrive, in the
form of a powerful and respected
man.

(X)
(X)

MULDER
These "Forces"... what do they
want?

KRYDER
What they've always wanted. To
do the Devil's bidding. To claim
all souls by bringing about the
end before the Appointed Time.
The great war between good and
evil.

SCULLY
Armageddon?

Kryder nods, his eyes fixed on Scully. His gaze is
penetrating. That of a true believer.

KRYDER
But God will choose someone to
stop it. Someone strong enough
to make the sacrifice.

MULDER
And he's chosen you?

Kryder lets his look linger on Scully a beat, before looking at
Mulder.

KRYDER
No. No. I am merely his
messenger.

Mulder sighs -- they're wasting their time here, this guy is
just a fanatic.

MULDER
Come on, Scully.

He turns to leave, but is hauled back by:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

KRYDER
(then; in tongues)
Kla-atu barada ahailee nikto.

MULDER
Excuse me?

But Scully steps toward Kryder, staring at him.

SCULLY
(responding)
Full circle to find the truth?

Mulder turns to Scully now, confused.

SCULLY
I don't know what that means...

KRYDER
You will.

Scully is mystified, but also affected by his words somehow.
Mulder opens the door, as we:

CUT TO:

14 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

14

with Mulder and Scully as they exit Kryder's room, and start down the corridor.

MULDER
What language were you speaking back there?

SCULLY
What language?

MULDER
That gibberish -- klatu barada ahailee nikto. Something like that...

Scully stares at him, uncomprehending.

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

Mulder nods, satisfied that he simply misheard Kryder. But Scully's own curiosity has been piqued.

CUT TO:

15 INT. SOCIAL SERVICES DORMITORY - NIGHT

15

A LEGEND appears: LINLEY TEMPORARY HOME SHELTER. CAMERA PANNING ACROSS the room where streaks of moonlight interrupt the darkness. O.S., we hear a BOY'S VOICE. He's telling a ghost story with a slow, dramatic flair. PANNING ACROSS A SMALL GROUP OF KIDS, listening intently.

KEVIN (O.S.)
(overly dramatic)
... the two kids are running down this long hallway, but all the doors are locked... there's nowhere to go. Soon they'll both be toast.

CAMERA FINDS KEVIN, his hands still in bandages. He's the one who's weaving this tale, trying to scare the hell out of the OTHER BOYS, who range in age from five to twelve.

KEVIN
They can hear his bloody leg dragging on the floor. The mutant is on their trail, hungry for the taste of young meat.

WIDER to see the kids, sitting on and around Kevin's bed, which is bathed in moonlight. Beyond a hazy boundary, the room is pitch black.

LITTLE BOY
What's it look like?

KEVIN
You really want to know?

Off their frightened, heightened expectation:

CUT TO:

16 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

16

AN IMPOSING MONSTER OF A MAN steps into a dark, empty frame. He looks angry. Hungry.

KEVIN (O.S.)
It looks like the Devil.

CAMERA PRECEDES HIM as he limps down the dark, empty corridor. His heavy feet POUNDING the floor beneath him.

KEVIN (O.S.)
And he's bald because all his hair burned off in Hell. And his fingers are like pitchforks...

BACK TO:

17 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

17

Kevin continues spinning his tale to his rapt audience.

KEVIN

With little barbs on the end, so
all he has to do is point at you,
and you can't get away. With
each step he gets closer.
Step...by step...by step...

We hear a heavy FOOTSTEP somewhere O.S.. One of the kids peers into the darkness. Nothing.

KEVIN (O.S.)

He's so close now that even the
furniture starts to shake.

CLOSE - BUNK LEGS

Slightly trembling in beat with footsteps. CAMERA TILTING UP to:

KEVIN

KEVIN

Step... by step... by step... by
step.

THE MONSTER (OWEN JARVIS) suddenly materializes from the darkness behind him. Grizzly shadows dancing across his face and bald head, making him almost as scary as he was in the story.

THE KIDS

SHRIEK in abject horror, scattering in all directions. Leaving Kevin alone, frozen in fearful amazement at the creature he has conjured.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Owen moves to Kevin with controlled emotion. Taking his tiny hands in his own, sees the fresh blood now seeping through the white gauze. Off Owen's monstrous grin, we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 OVER A PARTIAL SKETCH OF OWEN JARVIS. 18

A pencil perched over the paper.

MULDER (O.S.)
What color was his hair?

WIDEN TO REVEAL that we are:

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES DORMITORY - NIGHT

Mulder jots notes onto a small pad, while a FORENSIC ARTIST incorporates the physical description being related by CARL (12). He's the oldest among the group of BOYS Mulder has gathered.

MULDER
Brown, blond...?

CARL
He was bald. He didn't have no hair.

LITTLE BOY
(earnest)
'Cuz it all burned off in Hell.

The Sketch Artist shoots Mulder a dubious look. Mulder shrugs, then turns back to Carl.

MULDER
Was he taller than me or shorter?

CARL
Taller.

MULDER
(using his hand as a
measuring stick)
About six two... six three?

CARL
Yeah. Maybe even bigger. And he
was dressed all in black.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Among the bustling POLICE ACTIVITY, Scully moves through the sleeping area, seeing:

SCULLY'S POV

On the bed Kevin had been sitting on are the broken outlines of bloody handprints.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SCULLY

stares at them for a moment, then reacts to:

SUSAN (O.S.)

Where is he? What happened to my son?

Mrs. Kryder enters the room. Scully takes a deep breath as the woman approaches.

SCULLY

Kevin was abducted from this room. Several children witnessed it. We're getting a description of the man who took him.

(X)

SUSAN

But you were supposed to protect him...

Mrs. Kryder stares at Scully, barely able to contain her emotions when Mulder appears.

SUSAN

You said he would be safe.

MULDER

I'm sorry, Mrs. Kryder. We're doing everything we can.

(then:)

Scully...

He ushers her aside, away from Mrs. Kryder.

SCULLY

Did you get a composite?

He shows her the artist's sketch, which is a pretty good approximation of Owen Jarvis.

MULDER

Yeah. But if we go by this, Kevin was taken by a hairless monster who's yet to integrate color into his wardrobe.

SCULLY

He's not the killer, Mulder.

MULDER

I think that's a safe assumption --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SCULLY

No. I mean it doesn't fit the
m.o. None of the previous
victims were ever abducted.

MULDER

None of the previous victims were
ten year-old boys.

(X)

(X)

Scully nods in dire agreement. As Susan Kryder steps closer.

SUSAN

This is the man who took Kevin?

MULDER

We're not sure how accurate it
is.

SUSAN

That's Owen.

SCULLY

You know him?

SUSAN

Owen Jarvis. He does yard work
for me. After my husband left,
I hired him to rake our leaves,
weed the garden...

Off her shocked dismay:

CLOSE - SKETCH

An exaggerated rendering, a tad more monstrous than the real
life counterpart. But undoubtedly Owen. Off this image, we:

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY - CLOSE - OWEN

19

Half-illuminated by the dusty light slanting through a gabled
dormer. He is holding a miniature WOODEN DOVE, admiring its
rough-hewn delicacy. He gingerly replaces it on the deck of an
intricately carved and painted wooden model of NOAH'S ARK. An
example of obsessive compulsive folk art in the style of Howard
Finster.

OWEN

I carved all the animals myself.

(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kevin sits silently at the work table.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

OWEN
(looking up)
It's the Ark. Do you like it?

Kevin tries to conceal his fear, glaring defiantly at the man across from him.

KEVIN
So when are you taking me home,
Owen?

OWEN
I've been watching you, Kevin.
You're a very special boy. You
know that, don't you?

KEVIN
I want to go home.

OWEN
You can't do that. I can't let
you.

KEVIN
Why not?

OWEN
Because... it's not safe.
(off Kevin's dubious
look)
I'm your friend, Kevin. You have
to trust me. Think of me as your
guardian angel.

KEVIN
But you're the gardener --

OWEN
Shhh.

Owen covers Kevin's mouth with his hand. In the subsequent silence, they hear the sound of an arriving car outside.

OWEN
(threatening)
Don't say a word.

Owen removes his hand from the boy's mouth, then moves to the dormer window.

ANGLE - DORMER WINDOW

Owen peers outside.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDOW

A car pulls to a stop. From this angle we cannot see who's inside.

RESUME

Owen grabs an over-under twelve gauge leaning against the wall, dropping two shells into their chambers. He starts down the hideaway staircase.

OWEN

Stay here. Don't move.

He disappears down the hole in the floor. The staircase door CREAKS SHUT, leaving Kevin alone. Kevin's eyes go to:

THE DORMER WINDOW

A possible escape route.

CUT TO:

20
thru
21

OMITTED

20
thru
21

22 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

22

Owen's feet creep down the main stairs. CAMERA TILTS UP to Owen, his shotgun poised. He steps around the banister, MOVING AWAY FROM CAMERA, when:

MULDER (O.S.)

Federal Agent, drop your weapon!

Owen freezes as ANGLE ADJUSTS to include Mulder and Scully, both guns trained.

MULDER

DROP IT!

Owen complies.

MULDER

Where's the boy?
(off Owen's silence)
Where is he?

Scully doesn't wait for an answer, moving past them and up the stairs. Owen calls after her, his plaintive voice filled with pain and fear:

OWEN

DON'T HURT HIM! PLEASE!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Mulder is confused by his incongruous reaction.

23 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY - MOVING

23

with Scully as she checks one room after another. No sign of the boy. Then she stops, sees:

HER POV - THE PULL STRING

dangling from the hidden staircase hatch. Swinging slightly.

SCULLY

reaches up and stops it with her hand. Then, as she pulls down hard on the string, we:

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO:

24 INT. ATTIC - DAY

24

Kevin stands near the window, listening to Scully's footsteps as she climbs the stairs.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

as she comes through the hole in the floor. Her gun preceding her.

SCULLY

Kevin?

SCULLY'S POV OF ROOM

Kevin is not by the window. He's not in the room. As SCULLY ENTERS FRAME pausing at the dormer window, peering through the grimy glass.

HER POV

A sheer two-and-a-half story drop to the ground.

RESUME SCULLY

No way Kevin could have climbed down. She turns and finds the work table, where the Ark lies underneath. The animals scattered everywhere. (X)
(X)

Off this image, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. ATTIC - LATER

25

Owen sits at the work table, staring impassively at his Ark, scattered on the floor, his cuffed hands clenched behind him, as in prayer. Scully hangs back, watching, as Mulder circles behind him.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Where is he? What did you do with Kevin?

Owen shakes his head, still staring at the Ark.

OWEN

He can't go home. It's not safe there. I told him that.

Mulder angrily grabs a bedsheet stained with blood.

MULDER

Is this Kevin Kryder's blood?

Owen turns to Mulder, regards him squarely.

OWEN

Yes.

MULDER

Did you hurt him?!

OWEN

No. It isn't me who wants to hurt him.

SCULLY

Then who wants to hurt him? If it's not you, then who?

OWEN

I was only asked to protect the boy.

MULDER

Who asked you to do that?

OWEN

(simply)

God.

MULDER

God...? Quite a long distance call.

OWEN

Don't you understand? Unless someone protects Kevin --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MULDER
(finishing) (X)
It's the end of the world as we
know it.
(fuming) (X)
Maybe I'm the one who's nuts. (X)

OWEN
He that has ears let him hear --

MULDER
(overriding)
Don't quote Scripture at me.
Just tell me where Kevin is.

Owen blinks, doesn't bother responding to Mulder. Then, suddenly, he turns toward Scully, catching her off-guard.

OWEN
You believe me, don't you?
(re: her cross)
I mean, you must wear that... as
a reminder.

Scully nervously fingers her necklace.

SCULLY
Mr. Jarvis, my religious
convictions are hardly the issue
here.

OWEN
But they are. How can you help
Kevin if you're not a believer?
Even the killer... he believes.

MULDER
And people wonder why I sleep in
on Sundays.

Owen ignores Mulder, instead pinning Scully with his relentless gaze.

OWEN
Mass on Christmas, fish on
Friday. You think that makes you
a good Christian?

Scully stares back. Doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

OWEN

Just because you don't understand sacrifice, because you're unwilling... don't imagine for a moment that you set the rules for me. I don't question His Word. Whatever He asks of me... I'll do.

Owen stands. Scully says nothing, strangely affected by the passion of his belief.

MULDER

Sit down, Mr. Jarvis.

OWEN

(sincere)

I just want to go to heaven.

Owen suddenly bolts past Mulder toward the window, his arms locked behind him. Mulder and Scully have no time to react, as he CRASHES through glass panes, SNAPPING the wooden frame.

Off their stunned looks, Mulder rushes toward the attic stairs, and Scully goes to the window, as we:

CUT TO:

26 EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE - DAY

26

Owen's face is seamed with bloody lacerations. He stirs among the broken shards, struggling to get up. His shoulder is injured, hanging a little low. He manages to stand, BREAKING HIS HANDCUFFS with sheer physical strength. Then, as he limps off toward the treeline...

ANGLE TOWARD FRONT DOOR

through which Mulder now emerges, sprinting for the stand of trees. As Mulder races PAST FRAME, stopping just past the rough perimeter of the woods.

MULDER'S POV

Owen has seemingly vanished without a trace. No stirring foliage.

MULDER

Frustrated and breathless, he continues to scan the mocking woods.

26A INT. ATTIC - DAY - CONTINUOUS

26A

Scully's face is framed in the window. Still troubled by Owen's words.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. KRYDER HOUSE - NIGHT

27

Still. Quiet except for a choir of crickets.

28 INT. KRYDER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

28

The sound of a bolt CLICKS. The door opens, and Kevin steps into the safe confines of home sweet home.

KEVIN

Mom?

He listens for her, but there's no answer.

(X)

KEVIN

Mom, are you home?

The doorbell RINGS. Curious, Kevin moves off, into:

29 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

29

The bell RINGS again, as Kevin pads across the dark entryway, moving to the far side of the door. He presses his face against the window, peering out at a sharply skewed angle.

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDOW

A TALL MAN stands outside before the front door, visible only from his chest down. His face and shoulders lost in the shadows. He reaches up again to RING the doorbell.

RESUME KEVIN

Sensing danger, he backs away, as:

LOW ANGLE - FLOOR

As Kevin's feet WIPE FRAME, CAMERA HOLDS... a long, low, metallic groan is punctuated as the BRASS DOORKNOB DROPS INTO FRAME. Smoke rises off its melted stem. The door slowly CREAKS open in b.g., sweeping the knob aside.

CAMERA CRAWLS UP, revealing the MILLENNIUM MAN standing in the open doorway. He steps into the dark entry hall. The room is painfully silent.

MILLENNIUM MAN

Kevin?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

As he moves deeper into the house, we:

CUT TO:

30 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 30

The Millennium Man alights onto the second floor landing. CAMERA TRAILS as he checks one empty room after the next.

MILLENNIUM MAN

I know you're here, son.

The Millennium Man reaches for the door at the end of the corridor, pushing it open, as we:

CUT TO:

31 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 31

The Millennium Man enters, scanning the darkened room. His eyes alighting on a framed picture on the dresser. He picks it up, studies the photo of Kevin and his parents in happier times. Then suddenly, he lowers the photograph, looking up at:

THE CLOSET DOOR

across the room, slightly ajar.

RESUME MILLENNIUM MAN

He crosses to the door, pushes it open.

31A INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 31A

The Millennium Man enters the empty closet. He pulls the chain, CLICKING on the bare bulb, illuminating a row of women's clothes hanging on the bar. Pairs of shoes lined up beneath.

INSIDE HAMPER - KEVIN

hunkers fearfully, trying to control his breathing. His hands are pressed against the interior wall as he peers through the wicker.

KEVIN'S POV - THE MILLENNIUM MAN

Through the woven wicker wall of the hamper. He moves through the closet, peering between clothes, etc.... finally stopping when he sees:

HIS POV - THE HAMPER

Two small streaks of BLOOD trickle down the woven straw.

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

RESUME MILLENNIUM MAN

A knowing, satisfied look spreads across his face. As he moves to the hamper, pulling open the lid.

SHOOTING INTO THE HAMPER

where Kevin is crouching inside, his hands pressed against the interior.

THE MILLENNIUM MAN

reaches into the hamper, when a HAND wearing a handcuff bracelet SWINGS INTO FRAME, knocking the Millennium Man in the side of the head, sending him sprawling.

WIDER

Owen tackles the THE MILLENNIUM MAN, who reaches for Owen's throat, SIZZLING his skin. Owen SCREAMS, twists his neck free, exposing charred flesh.

THE HAMPER

Topples over, spilling Kevin onto the closet floor. He races past the struggling men, we hold on their intense battle. The Millennium Man, though smaller and sligher than Owen, dominating the fight. Rolling on top of Owen and regaining his lethal grip on Owen's neck. Though Owen fights without fear.

32 INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

32

Kevin races down the stairs, taking the steps two at a time.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING

with Kevin toward the open front door, when a HAND GRABS HIM. He struggles for a panicky moment, then:

WIDER

Mulder is the one holding him, Scully right beside.

MULDER

What is it, Kevin? What's wrong?

KEVIN

(breathless)

Upstairs.

Mulder darts past the boy, drawing his gun. Scully kneeling before Kevin. She takes his hands in hers.

SCULLY

It's okay, Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Kevin nods. Scully reacts to something she feels. She looks down, seeing:

KEVIN'S HANDS

Blood from cuts which have appeared on the tops of his hands, too. Reflecting the true Biblical stigmata -- the wounds created by nails piercing through the hand when they were nailed to the cross.

RESUME SCULLY & KEVIN

Scully looks up at Kevin.

KEVIN

Are you the one sent to protect me?

Scully stares at him, having no answer for this. But something borne between them in the silence... a dawning understanding.

CUT TO:

33 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Mulder enters, gun drawn. We follow his gaze to Owen, who lies sprawled out on the bedroom floor. Against the horrific tableau of his death, Owen's expression appears remarkably serene -- the faintest trace of a smile visible on his face. Off this improbable image, we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

34 INT. MORGUE - MORNING

34

An OVERHEAD BEAM casts a sterile light onto OWEN'S FACE. But his expression still holds an eerie warmth. We can easily construe it as inner peace.

CAMERA TILTS UP to find Scully, wearing lab coat, goggles. Only her eyes are visible. They betray her bewilderment, as she speaks her routine observations into an overhead recorder.

SCULLY

Owen Lee Jarvis. Adult Caucasian male. Forty-two years of age. Cause of death is strangulation, consistent with the previous victims, as suggested by the burn marks on his neck.

(she stops, noticing something)

Except...

She picks up a magnifying lens from an adjacent tray of instruments, and bends closer to Owen's neck.

HER POV - THROUGH MAGNIFYING LENS

Focusing on a series of irregular ridges. The pattern slightly resembles an indeterminate fingerprint.

SCULLY (O.S.)

There appears to be a pattern on the left side of the windpipe. Possibly a handprint.

RESUME SCULLY

SCULLY

Note to the lab to test further.

Scully replaces the magnifier. Continues reporting her methodical examination.

SCULLY

It is now fourteen hours after time of death. But so far, the body has not begun to break down.

Scully's gloved hand touches Owen's hand. His fingers flex freely.

SCULLY

Rigor mortis has yet to set in. Core body temperature remains at ninety eight degrees. Skin color, lividity, is healthy.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Scully leans over the body, as if smelling it. Then lifts her goggles so that we now see her full expression of confusion.

SCULLY

There seems to be...

Mulder enters in the b.g., catching her off guard. She reaches to turn off the mike.

MULDER

(sensing her
disposition)

Anything enlightening?

Pulling off her goggles now.

SCULLY

Would you do something for me?
Would you smell Mr. Jarvis...?

MULDER

Smell him?

Scully nods. Mulder steps over, with some hesitation smells the body. Then looks at Scully with some confusion.

MULDER

What am I supposed to be
smelling?

SCULLY

You don't detect a faint floral
odor?

Mulder gives her a look.

SCULLY

(reluctantly)

This man's body is showing no
sign of normal decomposition. In
Catechism we learned about
instances of this -- so-called
"incorruptibles" whose bodies
wouldn't decay and who emitted
the smell of flowers.

MULDER

You're serious --

SCULLY

Saint Francis, Saint Cecilia --

MULDER

You're not suggesting... Saint
Jarvis, are you Scully?

(X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SCULLY

I don't know...

MULDER

The stories you're talking about are regarded to be fabrications devoid of historical truth. Just like the occurrence of stigmata.

SCULLY

Then how do you explain this?

MULDER

This man? He's rather... abnormal, wouldn't you say? Maybe he's decomposing abnormally, too.

SCULLY

And isn't a saint or a holy person just another term for someone abnormal?

MULDER

Do you really believe that?

(X)

SCULLY

I believe in the idea that God's hand can be witnessed. That he can create miracles... yes.

MULDER

Even if science can't explain them?

Scully takes a beat here. This is shaky territory for her -- the conflicted part of her soul.

SCULLY

Maybe that's what faith is.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Well, I wouldn't let your faith cloud your judgement here, Scully. These people are simply fanatics, behaving fanatically. Using religion as a justification. They are no more holy or divine than the fake blood we saw on the murdered preacher. I think once you complete your autopsy you'll come to the same conclusion.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

Scully nods in reluctant agreement. But as Mulder exits, Scully looks down at the corpse, wondering over the body of poor dead Owen.

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED

35

36 INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY

36

Mulder is studying a file folder, as a legend appears: STATE FORENSIC LABORATORY. HAMILTON COUNTY, OHIO. Mulder looks up to see Scully approaching.

SCULLY (X)
I got your message. What did you (X)
turn up? (X)

MULDER (X)
It's what you turned up. (X)

SCULLY (X)
What?

MULDER
Those burn marks and impressions
on Jarvis' neck -- the lab pulled
a pair of prints.

Mulder hands Scully a page from the file.

CLOSE - FINGERPRINTS

Computer generated whorls and ridges fill in the missing spaces.

MULDER (O.S.)
A partial index and a full
oblique... burned right into the
skin.

RESUME

SCULLY
Did they find any evidence of how
the killer managed to do that?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MULDER

Not yet.

(then)

But they crosschecked the prints in the NCIC data base. They belong to a businessman named Simon Gates. He's the CEO of a holding company based in Atlanta.

Mulder hands her a photo from the file.

PHOTO OF THE MILLENNIUM MAN

Sitting behind an expansive desk, the wall behind him covered with plaques and commendations. It is the kind of posed, official photo one might find in a stockholder's report.

SCULLY .

(quietly)

A powerful and respected man...

MULDER

... arrested three years ago on a DUI charge. Left a young boy paralyzed.

Scully looks up from the photograph.

MULDER

He received a suspended sentence, then left the country and went to Israel.

SCULLY

Israel?

Mulder nods in confirmation, then:

MULDER

Have you ever heard of Jerusalem Syndrome?

SCULLY

People visiting the Holy Land sometimes suffer religious delusions induced by the journey.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

They return home convinced they're the Second Coming. Or Moses... the Virgin Mary... even the devil himself.

(X)

(X)

(X)

They exchange meaningful looks.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

MULDER

If it's true, Simon Gates is as delusional as Michael Kryder, only a lot more dangerous.

SCULLY

Except it still doesn't explain how he burned his fingerprints into Owen Jarvis' flesh.

Mulder's cell phone RINGS, punctuating Scully's question. Mulder answers it, raises it to his ear:

MULDER

(into phone)

Mulder... yeah... when? How could that happen?

She sees the strange look on his face.

SCULLY

It's Kevin, isn't it?

Mulder covers the phone.

MULDER

A social worker took Kevin to lunch at one o'clock. But witnesses claim they saw him with his mother outside the facility at the exact same time.

Off this impossible contradiction, we:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

37

Susan Kryder stands before the raised hood of her car, steam rising from the radiator cap. She wraps a towel around her hand, tries turning the radiator cap, but she flinches as scalding water spits out. She's about to try again, when the CAR HORN startles her.

38 INT. CAR - DAY

38

Kevin leans against the HORN.

39 EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

39

Mrs. Kryder shouts past the raised hood.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

SUSAN
Lay off the horn, Kevin!

40 INT. CAR - DAY

40

Kevin slouches down low in the driver's seat, sullen. He doesn't see the DARK SEDAN that glides past the window behind him, slowing to a stop.

41 EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

41

Susan makes a second attempt to open the radiator cap, but recoils again from the boiling water.

SUSAN
Damn it!

The Dark Sedan pulls OUT OF FRAME onto the soft shoulder behind her. A car door opens O.S. Nearing footsteps crunch the gravel. Until we see that it's the Millennium Man, looming right behind her.

MILLENNIUM MAN
Need some help?

Mrs. Kryder wheels around, tense, wary.

SUSAN
It does this all the time. I
just have to wait until it cools
down.

But the Millennium Man steps closer, undaunted. Casually stealing a glance into the car.

MILLENNIUM MAN
At least let me get that cap off
for you. That should speed
things up.

SUSAN
Please. I'm fine.

42 INT. CAR - DAY

42

Kevin looks up at the sound of the voices, recognition registering on his face, as:

HIS POV - THE MILLENNIUM MAN

partially eclipsed by the raised hood... behind which he now disappears.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

RESUME KEVIN

His mind races. Then, he slides across to the far side of the car. OUT OF FRAME.

(X)
(X)

43 EXT. CAR - CLOSE - RADIATOR CAP

43

The Millennium Man's bare hand slowly takes hold. Grips the cap, forcing a turn.

WIDER

Scalding water spits onto his skin, but the Millennium Man doesn't flinch.

MILLENNIUM MAN

In the old days, people stopped to help. Now everyone just drives right on by.

The Millennium Man straightens, turns to Susan. His easy politeness is somehow threatening, malignant.

MILLENNIUM MAN

People also used to say thank you.

Mrs. Kryder backs away instinctively.

SUSAN

What do you want?

MILLENNIUM MAN

I think you know...

He starts toward her, when:

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hey Mister!

They both turn to see:

KEVIN

standing alone in a field of tall weeds about thirty yards away.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Run, Kevin!

After a beat... Kevin takes off into the field.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MRS. KRYDER & THE MILLENNIUM MAN

The Millennium Man starts toward Kevin. Mrs. Kryder tries to stop him, but the Millennium Man throws her to the ground with unnatural force. Her head hits the pavement hard, sending her into a half-conscious daze.

THE MILLENNIUM MAN

strides into the field, his eyes fixed on:

KEVIN - RUNNING

through the tall weeds, which scratch and claw at him as he races past.

THE MILLENNIUM MAN - MOVING

fast in pursuit. His long, relentless stride closing the gap between them.

KEVIN

peers back over his shoulder, causing him to stumble and fall, disappearing into the tall weeds.

THE MILLENNIUM MAN

approaches the spot where Kevin just fell. He parts the thick weeds, only to discover that Kevin is not there. Off his confusion, the Millennium Man hears something, wheels around, reacting as:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE GATES' OWN CAR bearing down on him. The (X)
impact sends him tumbling over the hood. He hits the ground (X)
with a sickening THUD.

44 OMITTED

44

ANOTHER ANGLE

The car BLOWS PAST FRAME, bouncing across the rugged field.

45 INT. GATES' CAR - DAY

45

Susan struggles to drive, still in a half conscious daze. Blood trickles from her hairline and runs down her cheek. Kevin is in the passenger seat beside her, on the verge of tears.

KEVIN

Mom... wake up! Come on, don't
go to sleep!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

But her lids close heavily, her grip on the wheel loosens. Kevin looks out the window, reacting to:

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The car races headlong toward a tree.

RESUME

Kevin yanks the wheel hard, as:

46 EXT. FIELD - DAY

46

The car narrowly misses the tree. It swerves wildly, careening toward the adjacent road, then launching into a deep roadside irrigation ditch. Off the CRUNCH of steel and SHATTERING glass, we:

CUT TO BLACK

After a long beat... the crescendoing sound of emergency vehicles and police radios as we FADE UP ON:

47 EXT. FIELD - DAY

47

CAMERA DRIFTS through the accident site, painted with somber blue light from several Police cruisers. Mulder confers with a pair of EMS Workers in front of Gates' crashed car, as an ambulance pulls away, in no particular hurry.

KEVIN (O.S.)

It's because of me...

CAMERA FINDS Scully kneeling before the back door of their rental car. Kevin is sitting in the back seat, wrapped tightly in a wool blanket. His eyes are red and puffy from crying. But other than tousled hair and a dirty face, he appears physically untouched.

KEVIN

She died because of me.

SCULLY

It was an accident, Kevin. Your mother was only trying to protect you --

(X)

(X)

KEVIN

Why does he want to hurt me?

SCULLY

I don't know, Kevin. But I won't let him hurt you. That's a promise.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

KEVIN
It's because I'm different, isn't
it? Why can't I just be like
everyone else?

Which catches Scully by surprise.

SCULLY
How are you different?

Kevin regards her for a long moment... then lowers his chin
onto his chest.

SCULLY
Kevin?

KEVIN
(softly)
I just am. (X)

Scully doesn't push him.

SCULLY (X)
Agent Mulder and I are going to
take you back to the shelter now. (X)
They'll have a doctor look at you
there. (X)

KEVIN (X)
Do I have to go back there? (X)

Scully truly feels for him. After a considered beat:

SCULLY (X)
No. (X)

Kevin nods. Scully rises, gently closes the back door of the
car. Mulder approaches, lowering his voice.

MULDER (X)
Is he ready to go? (X)

SCULLY (X)
I want to keep him with us. (X)
Until Gates is apprehended. (X)

Mulder nods, though he studies Scully questioningly. (X)

SCULLY (X)
I know about getting personally
involved -- and I'm not. (X)

MULDER (X)
(nods, though dubious)
Did he ID Gates?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

SCULLY

Yeah.

MULDER

That'll help. The car was rented
under the name Forau -- one of
the devil's disciples. By a man
fitting Gates' description.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG SHOT

The accident site visible in the distance. Then, the tall
weeds in f.g. rustle, and a dark figure slowly rises. Staring
across the expansive field is the Millennium Man. As we:

CUT TO:

47A EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

47A

to establish.

48 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - CLOSE - CHROME SPIGOT

48

spills water into the tub. Scully's hands ENTER FRAME,
twisting the knobs, stopping the flow of water.

WIDER

Scully straightens from the tub, turns to find Kevin pulling
off his shirt, revealing a cut under his ribs -- a superficial
wound matching that of the crucifixion. Scully finds herself
staring -- until she finally notices Kevin glaring at her
impatiently. Too modest to continue undressing in her
presence.

SCULLY

I'll be right outside.

Kevin waits for her to leave, then starts unbuttoning his
pants, as we:

CUT TO:

49 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

49

Scully exits the bathroom, closing the door behind her. She is
clearly rattled, fighting her deepest self for clarity.
Finding Mulder, who is sitting on the bed going through a file. (X)

MULDER

You never draw my bath...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SCULLY

Kevin has a cut under his ribs.

MULDER

From the accident?

SCULLY

I was with the paramedics when they were looking at him. It wasn't there.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

You could have missed it.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

(shakes her head
decisively)

No. I was paying close attention.

Mulder puts down the file, picking up on her deep distraction.

(X)

MULDER

What else are you thinking it could be?

SCULLY

Yesterday... I saw Kevin's hands. They were bleeding from identical wounds on the top as well as the bottom. Just as in the Crucifixion.

MULDER

Scully --

SCULLY

There have been other signs, Mulder. I didn't tell you before now, because I wasn't sure. I'm still not sure...

MULDER

Sure of what exactly?

SCULLY

How Kevin was able to be in two places at once. Just like St. Ignatius was able to do in the Bible --

MULDER

That was in the Bible, Scully. It's just a parable, a metaphor for the truth. Not the truth itself.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

SCULLY

How is it you can go out on a limb whenever you see a light in the sky, yet you're unwilling to accept the possibility of a miracle? Even when it's right in front of you...?

MULDER

I wait for a miracle everyday, Scully. But what I've seen here has only tested my patience -- not my faith.

(X)

SCULLY

What about what I've seen?

(X)

Mulder has no ready answer for this, momentarily unsure -- when a sudden LOUD THUMP, then a SLOSHING of water draws their attention to the bathroom door. As Scully hastens to the closed door.

SCULLY

Kevin? Are you all right?

But there is no answer. Scully tries the door, finds it locked.

SCULLY

I didn't lock it.

Scully draws her gun, stepping aside as Mulder positions himself in front of the door, then:

CUT TO:

50 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

50

The door bangs open, Mulder entering the empty bathroom. Kevin's shirt lies on the floor. The Agents look up at:

THE SMALL WINDOW

high above the bathtub. A large hole has been burned into the screen, defined by a rough perimeter. The wrought iron security bars outside the window are bent apart like a pair of parentheses. Smoldering ash with a dull orange glow.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

MULDER & SCULLY

They exchange a quick look. If this isn't in the Bible, it ought to be. Then:

MULDER
I'll call the police.

As Mulder re-enters the bedroom, Scully climbs up onto the lip of the bathtub, peers out the window.

HER POV - THROUGH WINDOW

The dark adjacent alley is empty.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

RESUME SCULLY

Off her rising fear and concern, we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

51 EXT. MOTEL - ALLEY - NIGHT - CLOSE - A PRINT BRUSH

51

A criminalist's brush methodically dusts around the window for prints.

WIDER

Scully looks past the FORENSIC TECHNICIAN, studying the contorted security bars outside the bathroom window. Mulder approaches, pocketing his cell phone.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

They put up a cordon in a ten mile radius. No sign of them.

(X)

Scully attention is drawn back to the twisted metal.

(X)

MULDER

(re: bars)

All I can figure is they must've had an acetylene torch on the back of a truck. I don't know how else they'd have done this.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I hadn't left the room for more than two minutes...

Mulder shakes his head, baffled. She starts away.

SCULLY

C'mon, Mulder. There's somebody I want to talk to again.

MULDER

Who?

She stops, turns.

SCULLY

Kevin's father.

MULDER

Why?

SCULLY

He knew Kevin was in danger. He warned us about a powerful and respected man --

MULDER

You're grasping at straws, Scully.

SCULLY

Maybe...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MULDER
 Kevin's in immediate danger.
 Even if his father has anything
 to tell us about Gates... it
 doesn't help us right now.

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

SCULLY
 Well, we're not doing a lot of
 good standing around here.

(X)
 (X)
 (X)

She turns and heads off again. A beat, then Mulder follows. (X)

CUT TO:

52 CLOSE - PHOTO OF SIMON GATES

52

KRYDER (O.S.)
 When did this happen?

And we are:

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - KRYDER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael Kryder sits on the edge of his bed, studying the photo of Simon Gates. His voice is hollow and parched. The penetrating clarity from before has been replaced by a dull sobriety.

KRYDER
 When did he take Kevin?

SCULLY
 A few hours ago.

KRYDER
 And this same man is responsible
 for Susan's death?

(X)
 (X)

SCULLY
 Yes. Do you recognize him?

Kryder looks again, shakes his head. Then looks up at Scully.

SCULLY
 You've never seen him before?

KRYDER
 No.

He hands the photograph back to Scully.

KRYDER
 Why would anyone want to hurt
 Kevin? What does he want?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

SCULLY

You really don't know?

Kryder stares back. Clueless.

KRYDER

I'm sorry. I'm a bit foggy right now.

Mulder regards Scully, knowing how much she'd counted on this. (X)
 Seeing her frustration. She looks at him, then moves to the (X)
 end of Kryder's bed, grabbing his chart. (X)

MULDER

Scully...

Reading.

SCULLY

Haloperidol. They've increased his dosage.

Scully turns back to Kryder urgently:

SCULLY

Mr. Kryder, you said something about coming full circle to find the truth. What does that mean?
 (off his blank stare)
 Full circle to find the truth.

KRYDER

(struggling)

I'm trying. I... I just don't remember.

Scully looks as though she's had the rug pulled out from under her, when Mulder's cel phone CHIRPS. Scully pushes past him, leaving Mulder to answer his phone. As we:

52A INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE KRYDER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

52A

Scully is walking toward the elevator, frustrated. When Mulder appears, hustling to catch up.

MULDER

Scully... they've got a sighting of Gates.

(she stops, turns)

He tried to rent another car at the airport using the name Forau again.

Scully is listening to Mulder, but looking past him.

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

52A

MULDER (X)
Did you hear what I said? (X)

SCULLY
Mulder, look...

MULDER
What?

Scully points to:

HER POV - A RECYCLING BIN

stands behind the nurse's station. Featured prominently on the side is the CIRCULAR RECYCLING LOGO.

SCULLY (O.S.)
Arrows that form a circle...

RESUME

SCULLY
Full circle to find the truth.
(off Mulder's
confusion)
Gates' company owns a recycling (X)
plant near here. That's where (X)
he's taken Kevin. (X)

MULDER (X)
Scully, he was just at the (X)
airport -- if he hasn't killed (X)
Kevin already, chances are he's (X)
trying to get as far away from (X)
here as he can -- (X)

SCULLY (X)
No. I don't think so. (X)

Mulder has reached the end of his patience with her. (X)

MULDER (X)
You think it's you. You think (X)
you're the one who's been chosen (X)
to protect Kevin. (X)

SCULLY (X)
I don't know, Mulder. If I'm (X)
wrong, I'll see you out at the (X)
airport. (X)

And Scully exits, hustling off. Leaving Mulder watching her. (X)
Then he turns, moves off the other way. (X)

CUT TO:

53 EXT. RECYCLING PLANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (STOCK) (X) 53

It appears vacant. A legend appears: TWENTY FIRST CENTURY RECYCLING PLANT. JERUSALEM, OHIO.

54 INT. RECYCLING PLANT - NIGHT 54

Giant paper bales stand like giant sentries. Row upon row covering the expansive floor, which is dominated by a large, blender-shaped vat. (Production note: a staircase accesses the narrow maintenance catwalk that halos the rim of the blender.) On the far side of the cavernous plant, we see the Millennium Man pacing between bales, his voice echoing...

MILLENNIUM MAN

The sun shall be turned into
darkness, and the moon into
blood...

CLOSER ANGLE

The Millennium Man paces before Kevin, anxious, manic. Kevin stands watching him, strangely unafraid... perhaps even sad.

MILLENNIUM MAN

Because of you, son... the
heavens will open wide and a
great rain will fall to wash away
the sinners and all their sins.
The filth will be purged, and He
will stand in judgement at last.

KEVIN

Is that why you want to hurt me?

MILLENNIUM MAN

It's not a matter of wanting...

The Millennium Man kneels before the boy, taking Kevin's hands in his own.

MILLENNIUM MAN

You have to die, Kevin... for
everyone. For the New Age to
come. You understand that, don't
you?

But Kevin just stares at him with sad, innocent eyes. Then a delicate PLINK draws Gates' attention downward.

LOW ANGLE - FLOOR

A wet spot of blood gathers on the cement, roughly the size of a quarter. Another drop falls. PLINK. Then, CAMERA TILTS UP to their knotted hands. Blood wells between their fingers.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

WIDER

The Millennium Man watches, a twisted smile of rapture. Perspiration beads his face.

MILLENNIUM MAN

The others were false prophets.
By sword and famine shall those
prophets be consumed. But you...
you're the only True One among
the twelve.

KEVIN

He'll forgive you.

The Millennium Man lets go. His eyes betray a tortured madness as he raises his now-bloody hands to the boy's throat. His hand quivers. Kevin watches without fear, unflinching, as...

The Millennium Man touches Kevin's neck... but nothing happens. Which alarms the Millennium Man. A long, suspended moment... until in a decisive rush of anger, he tightens his grip. As Kevin begins to choke:

SCULLY (O.S.)

FEDERAL AGENT! I'M ARMED.

The Millennium Man turns, alarmed as:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

Her gun trained on Gates. Her eyes blazing with intensity and purpose.

SCULLY

Let him go!

Kevin coughs and gasps, filling his lungs. For a moment, Gates appears about to release him. Then, suddenly, he swings the boy around, holding him close, as a shield.

Scully tenses, but continues stepping forward. As the Millennium Man starts backing toward the giant blender-shaped vat.

SCULLY

Let him go so we can talk about
this --

MILLENNIUM MAN

There's nothing to talk about.
This was my instruction. I was
called upon.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

SCULLY

Let him go.

(X)

MILLENNIUM MAN

The great day of His wrath is
come! And I am His messenger.

He starts backing up the narrow staircase, carefully keeping Kevin in Scully's line of fire. Scully continues forward, step for step, her gun levelled. And as she passes OUT OF FRAME:

HIGH ANGLE - CATWALK

The Millennium Man pulls Kevin up onto the platform that encircles the giant vat. He backs up, his hand groping along the railing behind him, searching for something... finding a control panel:

CLOSE - CONTROL PANEL

His hand presses the green ON button, sending the machinery into a WHIRRING frenzy. The quiet room suddenly thunders with a deafening percussive racket, as:

HIGH ANGLE - OVERHEAD

The curved blades spin violently below, pulverizing paper into pulp. Slinging it against the steep steel walls.

THE MILLENNIUM MAN

is perched on the near ledge of the catwalk, pressing Kevin even closer. The boy looking all the while toward:

SCULLY

She realizes the Millennium Man's intention.

SCULLY

(shaking her head)

No...

HER POV

The Millennium Man suddenly throws himself into the giant vat, taking the boy with him. Kevin reaches out for the side, his bandaged hands gaining purchase on the lip for only a moment, before the Millennium Man drags him down and he disappears from view. Off the sound of a body hitting the blades:

SCULLY

cries from the depths of her soul.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

SCULLY

KEVIN!

CAMERA TRAILS as she fairly bounds up the final few steps, then sees:

HER POV - KEVIN

dangling from his stretched and unravelled gauze bandage, one end of which is caught on the meshed edge of the safety platform. The fabric begins to tear and fray from Kevin's weight, as:

SCULLY

lies on her belly. She reaches down and grabs his free hand, pulling him on onto the platform. Holding him close and tight. And on Scully's overwhelming relief, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

55
thru OMITTED
61

55
thru
61

61A INT. SOCIAL SERVICES DORMITORY - DAY - CLOSE - BACKPACK

61A

A little boy's hand zips it shut.

WIDER

Scully watches as Kevin slings the backpack over his shoulder, then turns to her.

SCULLY

All set?

Kevin nods. A tight line connects their eyes. An unspoken understanding between them, a reciprocal gratitude.

KEVIN

Thanks.

He extends his hand. Which Scully takes in her own.

CLOSE - KEVIN'S HAND

The back of his hand is now perfectly normal. Not even the trace of a scar.

RESUME

As Scully releases his hand, Kevin plugs both hands into his pockets.

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED:

61A

SCULLY
Maybe I'll see you again
sometime.

KEVIN
You will.

Scully is struck by the certainty in his voice. She wants to say something more, when:

KRYDER (O.S.)
All the paperwork's done. (X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MICHAEL KRYDER

standing in the doorway. He appears to be just a normal father, happy to be reunited with his boy. (X)
(X)

KRYDER
You ready to go home now, Kevin? (X)

Kevin nods to his father, then glances one last time at Scully, before exiting. Kryder starts to follow him out, then turning: (X)
(X)

KRYDER
(casually)
Hey, thanks for everything. (X)
(X)
(X)

Kryder regards Scully as he might the babysitter or the crossing guard, then moves past Mulder, who appears just outside in the corridor. He enters the room and approaches Scully, who avoids meeting his stare as she pulls on her coat. (X)
(X)

MULDER
Are you okay?

SCULLY
I think so.

She meets his eyes for a long beat, sees the genuine concern there. Also sadly realizing that she cannot share this with him. (X)
(X)

MULDER
We have a couple hours before our flight. I told the Sheriff we'd stop by, give him a formal statement about Gates' death. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY
I'd appreciate it if you'd handle that alone. (X)
(X)
(off his silence)
I have an errand I need to run. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED: (2)

61A

MULDER

Okay.

(X)

(then)

Scully --

(X)

She is not being cold -- simply private -- as she moves past him.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED: (3)

61A

SCULLY
I'll meet you at the airport,
Mulder.

(X)

With that, she's gone. Leaving Mulder alone to wonder. Off
him, we:

(X)

FADE TO BLACK

After a long, silent beat... a wooden window slat slides open
quickly, revealing Scully behind a decorative mesh screen. Her
face is illuminated by a tiny light at the top of the screen.

SCULLY
Bless me Father, for I have
sinned.

And we are:

61B INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - DAY

61B

Scully shifts uncomfortably in this dark, claustrophobic space.
Over the following, we stay on her. The Priest remains a
disembodied voice, a cool but soothing presence.

SCULLY
My last confession was six years
ago. Since then, I've drifted
away from the Church. I'm not
sure why exactly.

PRIEST
Have you come to confess your
sins?

SCULLY
Not exactly. I've come here...
there's a man I work with.
Usually, I'm able to discuss
things with him... but not these
things...

Scully is silent for a long moment. Working up to her
question.

SCULLY
Father... do you believe in
miracles?

PRIEST
Of course. I see them every day.
The rising sun. The birth of a
child --

(CONTINUED)

61B CONTINUED:

61B

SCULLY

That's not what I mean.

(confused)

I've witnessed many things that I haven't been able to explain. But I've always believed that the explanations could be found in a science not yet understood...

PRIEST

And now?

SCULLY

Now I believe there's something more. Something beyond what can be apprehended through reason alone.

PRIEST

What prompted this renewed faith?

SCULLY

I've witnessed certain signs, Father. But these signs... could He have revealed them only to me? Is that possible?

PRIEST

I believe it is.

(off Scully's silence)

Why does that so surprise you?

SCULLY

Mostly, Father... it makes me afraid.

PRIEST

Afraid?

SCULLY

That even if God is speaking... there's no one listening.

On her fragile realization, we hold for a moment, then:

FADE OUT.

THE END