

THE X-FILES

"Piper Maru"

Written by
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&
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Directed by
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Episode #3X15
Story No. 4527
December 29, 1995 (White)
January 5, 1996 (Blue-Full)

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January 5, 1996

"Piper Maru"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

PACIFIC OCEAN (STOCK)
SALVAGE VESSEL (PIPER MARU)
 /DECK
DARK OCEAN DEPTHS
FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)
SAN DIEGO NAVAL HOSPITAL (STOCK)
SAN FRANCISCO - PACIFIC HEIGHTS (STOCK)
 /ROWHOUSE APARTMENT (GAUTHIER'S)
DOCK
MIRAMAR NAVY AIR BASE
 /ENTRANCE GATE
KALLENCHUK SALVAGE BROKERS
SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (STOCK)
UNDERWATER
HONG KONG (STOCK)
HONG KONG STREET (X)

INTERIORS:

SALVAGE VESSEL (PIPER MARU)
 /MONITORING ROOM
 /BELOW DECK
FBI HEADQUARTERS
 /HALLWAY
 /SKINNER'S OUTER OFFICE
 /MULDER'S OFFICE
SAN DIEGO NAVAL HOSPITAL
 /HALLWAY
 /ICU WARD
SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT (GAUTHIER'S)
 /HOME OFFICE
 /LIVING ROOM
 /KITCHEN (X)
SCULLY'S RENTAL CAR
JOHANSEN'S HOUSE
KALLENCHUK'S OFFICE
 /HALLWAY
MULDER'S RENTAL CAR
SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
 /TERMINAL GATE
SUBMARINE
 /MESS HALL
 /CONTROL ROOM
COFFEE SHOP
CHINESE RESTAURANT
 /UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
 /KALLENCHUK'S HK OFFICES
SCULLY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY
HONG KONG AIRPORT
 /TERMINAL
 /MEN'S ROOM

January 5, 1996

"Piper Maru"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
1st Engineer
2nd Engineer
Gauthier
WWII Pilot (non-speaking)
A.D. Walter Skinner
Dr. Seizer
Investigator Wayne Morgan
Joan Gauthier
Guard
Young Dana (non-speaking)
Young Melissa (non-speaking)
Commander Christopher Johansen
Jeraldine Kallenchuk
Six Jacketed Men (non-speaking)
Medic
Capt. Kyle Sanford
Young Johansen
Sick Crewman
Gray-Haired Man
Younger Man #1 (non-speaking)
Younger Man #2
Alex Krycek
Hispanic Man
Waitress

PIPER MARU

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY (STOCK) 1

High above the endless blue expanse where a lone ship, the salvage vessel PIPER MARU, sits alone on the wind-scarred surface. A LEGEND appears: PACIFIC OCEAN, LONGITUDE 42 DEGREES NORTH, LATITUDE 162 DEGREES WEST. (X)

CUT TO:

2 EXT. SALVAGE VESSEL - DAY - MEDIUM HIGH ANGLE ABOVE DECK 2

looking down on a DIVER in a bright yellow Newtsuit, a one-atmosphere deep-sea diving suit that resembles more or less the suits worn by the lunar astronauts. Aiding him are TWO OTHER DIVERS in wetsuits and THREE ENGINEERS, all of whom are speaking French as they work together to get the Newtsuit diver, GAUTHIER, ready for his dive.

Gauthier stares out at them through the clear plastic bubble mask as they tighten fittings, check the self-powering thruster pack which will allow the diver to steer himself underwater. Then hooking him up to a davit arm so that he can be lowered into the water.

ANGLE FROM WATER

As the Newtsuited Diver is swung slowly over the gunwale and lowered by winch toward the water where THREE DIVERS, already in the water, wait.

CUT TO:

3 FORTY FEET UNDERWATER (IF POSSIBLE) 3

Looking upward to the surface where the Divers and the Newtsuited Gauthier are silhouetted against the surface. The Divers all carrying underwater flashlights as they descend slowly with Gauthier for the first thirty feet, making sure he's checked out, before they stop their descent and let Gauthier continue on, passing RIGHT BY CAMERA, where we see his face through the clear bubble mask before he continues on toward the briny depths.

As the bright yellow suit becomes a ghostly image, where the sunlight from the surface can no longer penetrate, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. SALVAGE VESSEL - NIGHT 4

Its cabin lit up; deck and running lights stark against the black night.

5 INT. SALVAGE VESSEL - NIGHT 5

The three Engineers stand in a room full of monitoring equipment, charting Gauthier's dive -- including a black and white video monitor connected to a video cam inside the suit's helmet, on which we can see the clawlike pincers at the end of the suit's arms, dangling out in front of Gauthier as he continues to descend through the dark depths.

(Note: The following dialogue is in French with subtitles.)

1ST ENGINEER
Two hundred and seventy meters.

GAUTHIER'S VOICE
I should be close to the bottom.

Suddenly a monitor begins to CHATTER with static, like a Geiger counter. The 2nd Engineer turns quickly to it. This sound brings the Divers who had helped Gauthier into the water to the door of the room.

2ND ENGINEER
(excitedly)
We're picking up some radiation.
(chatter increasing)
A strong reading, Gauthier.

GAUTHIER'S VOICE
Maybe this thing's right down
below me.

There is some revelry between the engineers, some almost childish excitement. As the monitor continues to CHATTER.

1ST ENGINEER
After three months, to find the
needle in the haystack now...

GAUTHIER'S VOICE
I think I see something here. Do
you see it?

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR

The vague image of a form, illuminated only by the dim light from the Newtsuit. It looks like the outline of A PLANE FUSELAGE.

GAUTHIER
Are you seeing this up there?!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

2ND ENGINEER
We see something. What is it,
Gauthier?!

CUT TO:

6 DARK OCEAN DEPTHS - CLOSE ON GAUTHIER'S FACE

6

through the bubble. His eyes wide with excitement, wondrous at what he has discovered.

GAUTHIER'S POV

Just below him, illuminated by his headlamp, is the partial fuselage of a WWII fighter, poking out of the silt on the ocean floor. Its CALL NUMBERS are still vaguely readable, though: JTTO 111470. And a Vargas-like illustration of a shapely redhead in a cheesecake pose. With the handlettered words: DROP DEAD RED.

WIDER OBJECTIVE ANGLE ON SCENE (IF POSSIBLE)

as the Newtsuited Gauthier drops down onto the fuselage, in effect straddling it, or lying on it in a 3/4 position. Its glass cockpit canopy still intact, though covered in silt.

CUT TO:

7 INT. SALVAGE VESSEL - NIGHT

7

The engineers are riveted to the monitor.

GAUTHIER'S VOICE
I think it's one of the squadron.

Again, there is jubilation at this. Then concern on:

GAUTHIER'S VOICE
Do you hear that?

2ND ENGINEER
We hear it. What is it?

GAUTHIER'S VOICE
I don't know.

What they are hearing is AN INTERMITTENT PINGING SOUND. Then the video screen GOES TO STATIC.

1ST ENGINEER
Gauthier?! Gauthier?!
(beat)
We've lost contact.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

General commotion as the engineers work to get the monitors back online.

1ST ENGINEER
Gauthier?!

CUT TO:

8 OBJECTIVE POV ON NEWTSUITED GAUTHIER

8

as he sweeps the silt off the canopy, revealing something that causes him to react:

GAUTHIER'S POV

in the canopy cockpit, in a pocket of air, is a WWII PILOT looking right at him, BANGING ON THE GLASS CANOPY.

ON GAUTHIER'S EXPRESSION

Like he's seen a ghost. And he may have.

CLOSE ON THE WWII PILOT'S FACE

Banging like an imprisoned man -- like a man who's somehow been alive at the bottom of the sea for fifty years. When we see something even stranger.

ECU ON PILOT'S EYES

As THIN BLACK MEMBRANES, AMOEBA-LIKE CREATURES, cover the whites, the retinas and the pupils. Sliding down from the sockets, completely covering the eyeballs. Off:

GAUTHIER'S HORROR

at this sight. We:

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SALVAGE SHIP DECK - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

9

The winch strains as the cable spools onto it; as the engineers and the divers watch the Newtsuited Gauthier break the surface, being hauled up and swung onto the deck of the boat. All hands are on Gauthier, working fast and hard to get the diving helmet off him. While through the glass bubble we can see his concerned expression. There is a chatter of nervous conversation, orders being given in French, as the fittings are loosened.

As they do this work, the men react to AN OILY SUBSTANCE which has covered the hard shell of the suit. Then, finally, the helmet is removed.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

(Note: Dialogue is again in French with subtitles.)

1ST ENGINEER
Are you all right, Gauthier?!

GAUTHIER
Yes. I think so.

2ND ENGINEER
What happened down there?!

GAUTHIER
I don't know. I became
disoriented...

2ND ENGINEER
We lost all contact...

1ST ENGINEER
Are you sure you're okay?

GAUTHIER
Yes. Yes. Just help me out of
the suit.

They all work to do this quickly as CAMERA REMAINS ON GAUTHIER.
On his eyes which -- unbeknownst to his shipmates -- are
suddenly covered with the same BLACK FILMY MEMBRANE. Moving
over the eyeball, then disappearing below the eye, as if this
thing is moving freely inside his skull. Off this image, we:

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

10 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK) 10

With LEGEND, to establish.

11 INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY - AGENT SCULLY 11

appears at the end of the corridor. It is moderately busy, as she threads her way through other Agents. As she moves past A.D. Skinner's door, he leans out of his doorway.

SKINNER
Agent Scully...?

As Scully turns to look at him.

SKINNER
Can I see you for a few minutes?

12 INT. A.D. SKINNER'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 12

Where his SECRETARY sits, and where Scully enters wondering what Skinner wants. Reading the serious expression on his face.

SCULLY
What is it?

SKINNER
A memo came across my desk last night. I debated whether or not to call you at home...

SCULLY
It concerns me?

SKINNER
Yes. And your sister. It's been five months and there haven't been any new leads or evidence in her murder investigation. By the D.C. Police team or the Bureau. I've been told the case is to be made inactive until further notice.

Scully's deflation at this news, and just the jolt of recollection play on her face.

SCULLY
I see.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SKINNER

I don't think there's anything to read into this. It's just a case of manpower and workload. I want you to know, though, that I'm going to appeal this decision. And I'm going to go over all the evidence again myself to make sure nothing's been overlooked.

(X)

Scully half smiles, nods. Turns and starts away. Skinner watching her sympathetically. Then Scully turns back to him before exiting back into the hallway.

SCULLY

You know it's strange...

SKINNER

What's that?

SCULLY

Men can blow up buildings and be nowhere near the crime scene, but we can piece together the evidence and convict them beyond a doubt. Our labs here can recreate out of the most microscopic detail the motivation and circumstance of almost any murder, right down to the killer's attitude toward his mother and that he was a bedwetter. But in the case of a woman, my sister, who was gunned down in cold blood in a well-lit apartment building, by a shooter who left the weapon at the crime scene, we can't even put enough together to keep anybody interested.

SKINNER

I don't think it has anything to do with interest --

SCULLY

If I may say so, sir, it has everything to do with interest. Just not yours or mine.

And with that she exits, leaving Skinner feeling a little queasy by the calm and righteous logic of her speech. As we:

CUT TO:

13 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

13

Scully enters, finding Mulder at his desk.

SCULLY
Sorry I'm late.

Mulder watches her put down her bag, sensing without too much difficulty the residual effects of her talk with Skinner.

MULDER
Anything up?

SCULLY
No.
(off his doubt)
It's nothing. Why did you want
to see me?

Mulder considers probing further then drops it.

MULDER
Something interesting came to my
attention last night.

Scully looks at him, bracing in anticipation as he rises and moves towards her. Figuring it's the same news Skinner had.

MULDER
A French salvage ship, the Piper
Maru, limped into port in San
Diego yesterday. All the way
from the North Pacific.

(X)

HOLD ON SCULLY'S SURPRISE as Mulder moves past her to another desktop where a group of PHOTOGRAPHS lie.

SCULLY
Why is that of interest?

MULDER
Using the National Weather
Service satellite system, I was
able to track its course. This
was its original position.

He pulls a color satellite photo off the table, hands it to her.

(X)

SCULLY
Latitude 42 degrees north,
longitude 162 degrees west...

(X)

(X)

She looks at him, not quite comprehending.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MULDER

It's where the boat we know as the Talapus hauled up what you believe was a Russian sub. And what I thought was the salvage of a UFO.

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

I don't know what it is, Scully. But there's something still down there. And now the French are looking for it, too.

SCULLY

(wearied)

So what?

MULDER

So what is the reason for all the attention to this site? What information are they acting on?

(X)

SCULLY

Why don't you just ask them?

MULDER

I would, but the entire crew is being treated for acute radiation burns.

SCULLY

From exposure to what?

MULDER

The French consulate is keeping that information classified for some reason.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Could it have anything to do with their resumption of nuclear tests?

(X)

MULDER

It's thousands of miles away from any of those test sites.

(X)

Scully stares at Mulder, then has to laugh at the irony.

MULDER

What?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

SCULLY

I'm just constantly amazed by you. Working down here in the basement, sifting through files and transmissions that would end up in any other agent's garbage.

MULDER

That's WHY I'm in the basement, Scully.

SCULLY

You're down here because they're afraid of you, Mulder. Of your relentlessness. Because they know they could drop you in the middle of the desert and tell you the truth is out there and you'd ask them for a shovel.

Mulder is amused, if not embarrassed by Scully's appraisal of him. Not knowing where this is coming from all of the sudden.

MULDER

That's what you think of me?

SCULLY

Okay - maybe not a shovel. A backhoe.

MULDER

(smiles)

Good, because there's some garbage in San Diego I'd like you to help me dig through.

She shakes her head as he holds up TWO AIRLINE TICKETS to her. Off her continued ironic amazement, we:

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SAN DIEGO NAVAL HOSPITAL - DAY (STOCK)

14

To establish, with LEGEND.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

15

A doctor (DR. SEIZER) in his white lab coat exits a door into a busy hallway, making a final note on a chart, clicking his pen with an imperious snap. While looking off at:

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MULDER AND SCULLY

being pointed in his direction by A NURSE. Spotting him and heading over to him.

MULDER
Dr. Seizer?

SEIZER
Yes.

MULDER
I'm Special Agent Mulder. This is Agent Scully --

SEIZER
You're here about the French sailors with the radiation exposure. (X)
(X)

MULDER
How're they doing?

Seizer gets a dire look. Then:

SEIZER
Not real good.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ICU WARD - DAY - DOLLYING ALONG TEN PATIENTS (X) 16

lying in plastic-covered hospital beds. All SEVERELY BURNED MEN who we saw in the Teaser. FINDING Mulder and Scully moving TOWARD CAMERA in the opposite direction, stopping to look at the exposed men. Their surprise and shock registering.

SEIZER
It's been difficult to choose a course of treatment because there's an air of secrecy around what happened. The source of exposure is still undetermined. (X)

SCULLY
These symptoms -- would you characterize them as acute or somatic?

Seizer regards her with surprise.

SCULLY
I'm a medical doctor.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SEIZER

They're somatic -- though I don't think we've seen the worst of it. The effects are degrading rapidly. Spontaneous internal bleeding in the mouths and intestinal tracts, blood in the urine. All these men are suffering severe delirium, the preadvance stages of coma.

SCULLY

What kind of exposure are we talking about?

SEIZER

Two hundred, maybe four hundred roentgens. With a high rate of absorption.

SCULLY

That's verging on levels the victims of Hiroshima suffered.

Seizer nods his head.

SEIZER

Whatever they came into contact with -- it was man-made. Levels like these don't appear in nature.

MULDER

On this planet.

SCULLY

(giving him a sidelong glance)

Did you get a chance to talk to any of them?

SEIZER

No. They were in bad shape by the time they got to me. Except for one man -- and this is strange -- because he seemed to be the only one unaffected. I held him for the first day, but I detected none of the symptoms in the others. His leukocytes and erythrocytes were high -- actually he was in very good health.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

MULDER

How could that be -- with that kind of radiation -- how could one man have escaped exposure?

SEIZER

It doesn't make any sense. But it's lucky because none of those other men could've piloted the boat in their condition.

MULDER

Can we talk to him?

SEIZER

You could if he were still here.
(off their looks)
He discharged himself this morning. He was a Frenchman, had a San Francisco address -- his name was Gauthier.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PACIFIC HEIGHTS - DAY (STOCK)

17

A narrow street lined with tall, thin rowhouses. With LEGEND.

CUT TO:

18 INT. ROWHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

18

We hear KEYS in the door of this modestly furnished place -- pictures of France -- the countryside, Paris -- are the only personal touches. The door opens (apt. #64) and Gauthier, the diver, enters. He stands in the doorway for a moment, surveying the apartment like he's never been here before.

GAUTHIER

(in English)

Hello...? Anybody home?

(X)

There is no answer. He steps inside and shuts the door behind himself. Stepping tentatively inside, stopping to look at a framed photograph hanging on the wall near the entry.

FRAMED PHOTO

It's of Gauthier with a woman, in a loving embrace with the Eiffel Tower in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CLOSE ON GAUTHIER

Studying this photo, as if for the first time. Then a phone begins to RING o.s. CAMERA PANS with Gauthier as he moves towards it, but does not stop to answer it, disappearing into another room. As we:

CUT TO:

19 EXT. PIPER MARU - DAY - MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS

19

are gathered on board, carrying sensing equipment. Wrapping things up by the look of it.

20 EXT. DOCK - DAY - ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE PIPER MARU

20

and an approaching car.

21 INT. RENTAL CAR - MULDER AND SCULLY

21

Pull up to the area, stopped by AN ARMED NAVY OFFICER who makes them wait some distance from the boat. Scully is on her cellphone.

SCULLY

I'm getting no answer at this man
Gauthier's home number.

MULDER

Try the INS or the French
Consulate and see what you can
pull on him.

Scully presses the end button, is redialing as another man, NAVY INVESTIGATOR WAYNE MORGAN, is coming from the boat to meet them. He is not wearing a Hazmat suit. Mulder is pulling his ID, rolling down his window.

MULDER

Agents Mulder and Scully, FBI.

MORGAN

Wayne Morgan. I'm with the
Navy's investigative services
unit.

MULDER

What have you turned up?

MORGAN

Nothing. But then I'm not
exactly sure what I'm looking
for.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MULDER

The crew of this ship is being treated for radiation exposure --

MORGAN

Yeah, we got all that -- had a Hazmat team poring over the boat -- didn't find a trace.

Scully, still holding her cellphone, dialing during this, putting the phone back to her ear. But on hearing this, she hits the end button again, lowering it from her ear.

SCULLY

Nothing?

MORGAN

We had divers in the water going over the hull -- probes down in the bilge. Couldn't detect even the slightest level.

MULDER

Then are we okay to go aboard?

MORGAN

Probably get more radiation off your cell phone.

CUT TO:

22 INT. PIPER MARU - BELOW DECK

22

Mulder's feet appear, coming down a set of stairs. Illuminated by only his flashlight. He stands for a moment waving the beam over the dark passageway, when his beam hits:

THE NEWTSUIT

stored in a hanging position. Mulder enters frame, studying the suit closely. His beam finding:

A THIN FILM OF THE OILY SUBSTANCE

still in a slick glaze over the hard yellow shell of the suit. Mulder's finger runs over a section of the oily film. It comes off in a streak, which he rubs between his fingers then brings to his nose, smelling whatever it is. Then turning his flashlight onto:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

THE NEWTSUIT HELMET

where his beam rakes across the small VIDEO CAM mounted inside the bubble. As Mulder studies this, we:

CUT TO:

23 INT. PIPER MARU - MONITORING ROOM - A FLASHLIGHT BEAM

23

cuts across a clutter of paperwork; charts and documents which have been strewn over the floor. THE BEAM PANNING ACROSS drawers pulled open, the contents left in a jumble.

Since we last saw this room, in the Teaser, someone has done a number on it, though the monitoring equipment itself seems to have been left intact.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

holding the flashlight which shines on this mess. Scully enters, stepping over the mess, moving to a chart table where she shines her flashlight on:

A CHART

marked with a grid and red pins representing the dive spots. (X)
Written in hand at the bottom of the chart are the words: ZEUS (X)
FABER.

RESUME SCULLY

studying this when the lights suddenly POWER UP, the sound of an on-board generator accompanying this. After a moment, Wayne Morgan appears in the doorway.

MORGAN

Better?

SCULLY

Yeah, thanks. Is this the way you found this room?

MORGAN

Nothing's been touched. Not since she's been tied up here anyway.

Mulder appears in the doorway behind Morgan now.

MULDER

Feels just like home.

SCULLY

Feels like somebody was looking for something.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MULDER

Yeah.

Mulder is moving past them now with a hunch what that might be. He goes to the video monitor and turns it on. The screen comes up a video blue. Then Mulder starts looking through cabinets.

SCULLY

Any idea what?

MULDER

I don't know. I'm looking for the VCR.

Mulder opens a cabinet and finds it, a Video 8 mini system. He hits the play button and:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MONITOR

It jumps to life -- with STATIC. Until an image comes on screen -- being rewind. It is the footage from the Teaser of the Newtsuited Gauthier (in reverse) and of the plane's fuselage with its call letters. The picture pauses on this image as Mulder moves over to get a closer look. He and Scully and Wayne Morgan leaning into the monitor.

MORGAN

What the hell is that?

MULDER

Looks like the fuselage of a plane.

SCULLY

A North American P-51 Mustang.

MORGAN

(looking closer)

It sure is.

MULDER

(looks at Scully)

I just got very turned on.

SCULLY

(grimacing)

It's the shape of the canopy. I used to watch my dad and my brothers build World War Two model planes as a kid.

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

MULDER

Would that plane have been carrying anything radioactive?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SCULLY
(shaking her head)
It was just a fighter.

Scully is taking out her notepad as they speak.

MULDER
Then what were those men exposed
to?

As Scully jots in her notepad the call letters: JTTO 111470.
CAMERA PUSHING IN on these letters.

SCULLY
I don't know. But I might know
somebody I can ask.

Off Mulder's look:

CUT TO:

24 INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - DAY

24

Gauthier is going through the drawers of a home office, pulling drawers out, dumping them on the floor, sorting through the piles of paper - when he finds what he's looking for: an ENVELOPE which he opens and out of which he pulls a piece of stationery folded in thirds. As he's reading it, he suddenly reacts to:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're home --

Gauthier freezes, turning to see:

HIS AMERICAN WIFE (JOAN)

standing in the office doorway. Her face lit up, moving toward him now. And throwing her arms around him.

JOAN
I was so worried about you. Why
didn't you call me?

She releases her lovelock, looking her husband in the eyes.

JOAN
There were men here, from the
Consulate. They told me there
had been an accident.

She looks at her husband questioningly now, because he has not responded to her. Then she becomes frightened, a dawning sense that something's wrong.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

JOAN
Why aren't you answering me?

Realizing that she is standing in a room that's been turned upside down with a man who looks like her husband but is not acting like him. She backs away now.

JOAN
WHY AREN'T YOU ANSWERING ME?!

As she backpedals now, he advances on her. She turns and runs from the room, but Gauthier races after her.

25 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

25

Joan runs through the room, heading for the front door. She gets it open, but Gauthier catches her, pulling her back and slamming the door shut. Shoving her up against the wall, forcefully but not viciously. She gasps in horror.

(X)

JOAN
Oh my god - who are you?!

(X)

GAUTHIER'S EYES

The black film rolls over them, covering the whites.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - DAY

26

Hold on door a beat, the number 64 on it. Then the knob turns and the door opens. Exiting the apartment is not Gauthier, but Gauthier's wife, Joan. She closes the door behind her, not bothering to lock it. When she turns to CAMERA -- she blinks and we see the black membrane is now covering her eyes, then slithering back down into her skull. As we:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

27 EXT. MIRAMAR NAVY AIR BASE - ENTRANCE GATE - DAY

27

Scully pulls up to the large guard shack as a NAVY GUARD comes out from his post. Gives the vehicle and Scully the once-over.

SCULLY

Hi. I'm here to see Commander Johansen.

GUARD

Name, please.

SCULLY

(pulling her ID)
Special Agent Dana Scully. FBI.

The Guard takes her ID.

GUARD

Do you have an appointment?

SCULLY

No.

(off his look)

He was a friend of my father's.
I'm out here from Washington and
wanted to surprise him.

A moment of deliberation as he rechecks her ID.

GUARD

Let me give you directions.

SCULLY

I know my way there. Thanks.

As Scully pulls away, the Guard goes back into his post, picks up the phone and dials without deliberation.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - DAY

28

As she turns on the residential street lined with square, unadorned military housing. Driving slowly down the street, where a few kids are riding their bikes. Where kids are playing in their front yards. Scully slows the car to a stop, watching these kids for a moment.

SCULLY'S POV - TWO YOUNG, DARK-HAIRED GIRLS

One older, one younger. They are playing hopscotch in the driveway or sidewalk of one of the houses.

(CONTINUED)

- 28 CONTINUED: 28
- CLOSE ON SCULLY
- watching them wistfully.
- 29 SCULLY MEMORY HIT - (SLIGHTLY SLOWED MOTION) 29
- Young Dana and Young Melissa (both redheads) have replaced the other girls. Melissa watches her sister execute a difficult hop and then reach with great difficulty to pick up her ladder -- successfully. Then continuing on back to the start -- Melissa hugging her as she does. The girls jumping for joy -- best friends.
- 30 RESUME SCULLY (REAL TIME) 30
- The memory and the emotions stirred by it play on her face. She turns away, steps on the gas, continuing down the street.
- 31 EXT. ROWHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE ON A DOOR 31
- Showing the number "64." A HAND enters frame and knocks. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal:
- MULDER
- Looking around the street while he waits for someone to answer. But no answer comes.
- MULDER
(to the door)
Mr. Gauthier. It's the FBI.
Open the door please.
- Still, silence. Mulder reaches for the door knob. It's unlocked. As Mulder pushes inside, we go:
- 32 INT. ROWHOUSE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY - MULDER 32
- Enters, seeing the room empty. No sign of the struggle between Gauthier and his wife. Mulder calls into the apartment.
- MULDER
Mr. Gauthier?
- Getting no answer, Mulder closes the front door, then moves inside, finding the FRAMED PHOTO of Gauthier and his wife in front of the Eiffel Tower.
- Mulder picks up the photo, studying Gauthier's face. Then puts it down, going toward the open door that leads to the next room, where he sees:

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

HIS POV - THE HOME OFFICE

Trashed. Papers strewn all over the room.

33 INT. ROWHOUSE APARTMENT - HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 33

No one is in the room as Mulder enters. Walking on the blizzard of documents, letters and bills on the floor. Mulder kneels, his eyes moving over the mess, spotting:

A TORN PIECE OF STATIONERY

sitting on a desk blotter by itself. It is the three-folded letter we saw Gauthier handling, only now the letterhead with the sender's name and address is TORN AWAY.

CLOSE - THE LETTER

A list typed in a French far more complicated than anything Mulder studied in high school. But one line sticks out in any language: the call letters JTTO 111470.

MULDER

studies the color and texture of the paper the letter was printed upon. He now starts to sort through the pile of papers on the floor in front of him, finally coming upon the letter's mate -- an ENVELOPE printed with the same paper stock.

CLOSE - THE ENVELOPE

The printed RETURN ADDRESS reads: J. Kallenchuk, Salvage Brokers Ltd., 3702 Medlock Street, San Francisco, CA.

MULDER

pockets the envelope when an indistinct NOISE -- the SOUND of an object falling to the floor -- draws his attention o.s. Defensively, he draws his weapon, getting up to move toward the sound. (X)
(X)

34 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (X) 34

Mulder's head appears over the kitchen counter top, CAMERA RACKING to a MAN'S HAND in f.g. that has left a thin, filmy PRINT OF OIL on the cabinets where it tries to grasp futilely. (X)
(X)
(X)

NEW ANGLE (X)

As Mulder comes around into the kitchen, holstering his gun. (X)
Gauthier lies on the kitchen floor, semi-conscious. (The sound (X)
that drew Mulder was a falling aluminum pan left drying on a (X)
towel on the counter, pulled to the floor by Gauthier.)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Mulder kneels, touching Gauthier's neck to feel for a pulse, (X)
bringing his hand away from Gauthier's neck, rubbing his (X)
fingers together. Covered with a thin film of black oil. (X)

MULDER'S POV - GAUTHIER'S NECK

A thin sheen of blackish-brown OIL unevenly coats his face and
neck -- the same film on the Newtsuit aboard the Piper Maru.

At that moment, Gauthier opens his EYES -- which are now absent (X)
the black filmy substance we saw earlier.

MULDER
Mr. Gauthier?

Gauthier looks at Mulder, confusion playing on his face. He
tries weakly to get up but Mulder holds him back with a hand.

MULDER
Just stay there. I'm with the
FBI. What happened to you? Did
you fall?

GAUTHIER
I... I don't know.

MULDER
How did you get here?

GAUTHIER
I can't remember... I was on the
boat -

MULDER
The Piper Maru? That's all you
remember?

GAUTHIER
Yes... I was on a dive...

MULDER
Do you know where you are now?

Gauthier looks around, then realizes:

GAUTHIER
I'm at home. (X)
(beat)
Where's my wife?

MULDER
There's no one else home. But
someone's been here going through
your papers.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

GAUTHIER
Where's Joan?!

Gauthier has suddenly come fully awake, struggling now to get up, though hampered by his weakness, his slipperiness. (X)
(X)

MULDER
She's not here, sir. Careful -
you have some kind of oil on you.

GAUTHIER
What is going on here?!

MULDER
I'd like you to stay calm, Mr.
Gauthier. I'm going to call a
doctor. And I want to ask you
some questions - about a letter.

Mulder gets Gauthier to lean against the cabinets. As Mulder reaches into his jacket pocket. (X)

MULDER
About a J. Kallenchuk Salvage
Brokers.

A flash of recognition in Gauthier's eyes, then:

GAUTHIER
I don't recognize the name.

Pulling the three-fold letter from his jacket pocket, Mulder shows the ripped stationery to Gauthier.

MULDER
Somebody did. And I think you
know why.

GAUTHIER
I would like to speak to the
French Consul General.
(off Mulder's look)
I have nothing more to say.

Off Mulder:

CUT TO:

35 INT. COMMANDER JOHANSEN'S HOUSE - DAY

35

ANGLE OUT FRONT WINDOW to street where Scully's car sits at the curb or in the driveway. THE DOORBELL is ringing as COMMANDER CHRISTOPHER JOHANSEN appears in frame, noting for a beat the car out front before CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM to the front door where Scully's silhouette can be seen through the frosted glass.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Johansen opens the door, finding Scully. She smiles, seeing a man who she probably remembers as larger than life, but whom is now a slightly hunched version of his former, younger self.

SCULLY
Commander Johansen?

JOHANSEN
Yes...?

SCULLY
I'm Dana Scully. I used to live three doors down from you. My father was Captain William Scully.... I went to school with your son.

JOHANSEN
I'm sorry. My memory isn't quite what it used to be. Richard doesn't live here anymore.

SCULLY
Actually, sir, I came to see you.

JOHANSEN
Oh...

SCULLY
I work for the FBI now. I have a question I hope you can answer.

JOHANSEN
Oh. Would you like to come in?

SCULLY
Thank you.

Scully comes in, past Johansen.

JOHANSEN
Please, sit down. Would you like something to drink?

SCULLY
No, thank you.
(taking a seat on the sofa)
I know you were an officer in the Pacific Theatre during World War Two. I want to ask you about a plane that's been discovered.

(X)
(X)

JOHANSEN
Discovered?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

SCULLY

A P-51 Mustang. At the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. It had the call numbers...

(removing her notepad)

JTTO 111470.

JOHANSEN

Those aren't call numbers for a P-51.

SCULLY

It had an illustration on the fuselage with the words Drop Dead Red.

There is a flicker of recognition in Johansen's eyes. Then he shakes his head.

JOHANSEN

I'm sorry.

SCULLY

Do the words Zeus Faber mean anything to you?

(X)

JOHANSEN

(a beat)

No. But as I said... sometimes my memory's not so sharp.

SCULLY

Do you know anyone I might talk to -- someone who might be able to give me that information?

JOHANSEN

I wish I could help you.

SCULLY

I wish you could, too. There are a number of French sailors who may die from radiation exposure. If I knew more about that plane we might understand why.

(X)

Johansen stares at her, nothing more to offer. Scully nods, rises. As does Johansen. She moves back to the door.

SCULLY

Thank you, sir. It was nice seeing you again.

JOHANSEN

Say hello to your father for me.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

SCULLY
I wish I could. He's passed
away.

JOHANSEN
I'm very sorry.

He opens the door. She steps out as a few kids ride by on
bikes. She watches them for a moment, turns back.

SCULLY
I have to say this place brings
back memories for me. I remember
all the kids used to play a game
called Beckons Calling right
here. If you talk to your son,
will you tell him I stopped by?

Johansen nods, half smiles. Then shuts the door on her. Stay
on Johansen as he moves to the window, watching Scully go to
her car. CAMERA COMING AROUND on his concerned expression.

CUT TO:

36 INT. KALLENCHUK'S OFFICE - DAY

36

A SECRETARY, strong and attractive (mid 30s), quickly stuffs
papers in a briefcase, then begins closing and locking drawers
on a filing cabinet. She tenses when there's a KNOCK at the
door. (X)

SECRETARY
Who is it?

37 INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

37

Stands outside a door marked "J. Kallenchuk, Salvage Brokers
Ltd."

MULDER
My name is Mulder. I'm with the
FBI.

A moment elapses. Then:

SECRETARY'S VOICE
It's open.

38 INT. KALLENCHUK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

38

Mulder opens the door to find the Secretary seated at a desk. (X)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SECRETARY
Can I help you?

MULDER
I'm looking for Mr. Kallenchuk.

As Mulder moves into the room:

SECRETARY
Mr. Kallenchuk's out of town. Is there something I can help you with?

MULDER
Could you tell me where I might find him?

LOW ANGLE BEHIND SECRETARY

(X)

As she speaks, CAMERA SLOWLY PANS down to her lap to reveal she's got her hand on a PISTOL mounted under the desk -- out of Mulder's view, but aimed directly at him.

SECRETARY
Yes. The Far East.

(X)

MULDER
I have a letter here written on his stationery. Maybe you typed it for him.

He has removed the letter, waving it in front of her.

SECRETARY
Sorry, I don't type.
(gives Mulder an ironic smile)
What was your name again?

MULDER
Mulder.

SECRETARY
Mr. Mulder. I'd be happy to relay any message you have for him, but I really have no way of contacting Mr. Kallenchuk just now.

Mulder eyes the Secretary -- her caginess tells him there's something off, but he senses he'll get nowhere by pressing it. Instead, he withdraws a BUSINESS CARD.

MULDER
If you could just have him call me as soon as possible.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

SECRETARY

Sure.
(re: the card)
The FBI.

MULDER

Yeah. I didn't get your name.

SECRETARY

Geraldine.

MULDER

Thank you, Geraldine.

Mulder turns to leave, closing the door behind him. As soon as he does, the Secretary unsnaps the pistol from its mount, putting it in her briefcase.

TIME CUT TO:

38A INT. MULDER'S CAR - DAY - MULDER

38A

sits slumped in the front seat, staking out the building which houses (we know by the signage out front) Kallenchuk Salvage Brokers LTD. When:

MULDER'S POV

THREE N.D. SEDANS roll up to the building.

MULDER

sits up, watches SIX JACKETED MEN exit the cars. Their movements are deliberate, minimal; the affectless maneuvering of men trained to intimidate or kill. As they split up, three going into the building, three moving around it...

RESUME MULDER'S CLEAN POV - QUICK PANNING

to a car that has appeared out of an adjacent alley next to the building. Driven by Geraldine the secretary, rolling into the street and taking off like a flash.

RESUME MULDER

starting his car, throwing it in drive and whipping a big U-turn in the street as he tears off in pursuit.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. MIRAMAR AIRBASE GUARD GATE - DAY - SCULLY'S CAR

39

Pulls to a stop beside the guard shack as The Navy Guard comes out of his post, stepping in front of her vehicle. Moving to her window.

GUARD

Agent Scully, would you step out of your car, please?

Scully stiffens.

SCULLY

Why?

GUARD

Just turn off the engine and step out of the car, please.

SCULLY

What's this about?

GUARD

You're being detained.

Reluctantly, Scully turns off the ignition - as a SECOND CAR pulls up next to hers. Scully turns to see it's driven by Cmdr. Johansen. He gets out of his car, waving the Guard off. Then opens the passenger door to Scully's car and gets in.

JOHANSEN

Pull over there.

SCULLY

What's going on?

JOHANSEN

I can't give your regards to my son, Miss Scully.

(a beat)

He was killed in a training accident during the Gulf War.

Scully sees the sad urgency in the Commander's face, turning to pain and anguish. As she restarts the car, pulling past the guard gate to the side of the road, Johansen fights off tears.

JOHANSEN

Oh, God...

SCULLY

I'm sorry.

Johansen nods, wrestling with his emotions. Something he's come to say that he's troubling to express.

SCULLY

There's something else...

(CONTINUED)

39 . CONTINUED:

39

JOHANSEN

We bury the dead alive, don't we?

SCULLY

I don't know if I understand...

JOHANSEN

We hear them everyday. They talk to us, they haunt us, they beg us for meaning. Conscience - it's just the voices of the dead, trying to save us from our own damnation...

SCULLY

You know something about that plane, don't you?

JOHANSEN

(nodding)

I know because I was sent to find it. As an officer on a submarine called the Zeus Faber.

(X)

(X)

Off Scully's reaction to this, we:

CUT TO:

40 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY (STOCK) 40

With a LEGEND to establish.

41 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - GATE - DAY - THE SECRETARY 41

Picks up her boarding pass at a counter where a sign reads "Flight 621, Departing for: Hong Kong." As she moves from the counter to head for the plane, CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to:

MULDER

Stepping into the foreground, watching her from a discreet distance. His CELL PHONE rings.

MULDER

(into the phone)

Mulder.

SCULLY

Mulder, it's me. Where are you?

MULDER

At the San Francisco airport.
Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SCULLY
Miramar Air Base. Mulder, I think I found what those men were exposed to. What the Piper Maru was out there looking for.

MULDER
What?

INTERCUT WITH:

42 INT. SCULLY'S RENTAL CAR - SCULLY

42

is alone now. Johansen is gone. (It might be nice if we could see him getting back into his car and driving away in the b.g.)

SCULLY
That P-51 Mustang was part of an escort for a B-29 carrying an atomic bomb, just like the one we dropped on Hiroshima. But this bomb never reached its target.

(X)
(X)

MULDER
Says who?

SCULLY
Says one of the men originally sent to find it. On a submarine called the Zeus Faber.

(X)

MULDER
The name we saw written on the dive chart.

SCULLY
It all makes sense, Mulder. Why build a nuclear weapon when you can salvage one -

MULDER
Yeah, but if people knew about this, why wait fifty years to recover it? And why was the only man not exposed the diver who was sent down to find it?

SCULLY
I don't know, Mulder.

MULDER
Well, why don't you try to find out.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SCULLY
What about you?

MULDER
I'm going to Hong Kong.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
Hong Kong?...!

(X)

MULDER
I'm going to miss my flight,
Scully. I'll be in touch.

(X)

Mulder presses end on his cell phone, then moves to follow
Kallenchuk. Passing, as he goes, JOAN GAUTHIER, who sits
waiting to board this plane, too. As Mulder exits frame, Joan
rises, watching Mulder move to the gate. As we:

(X)
(X)
(X)

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

43 CLOSE - A BLACK & WHITE PHOTO

43

A dozen MEN on the deck of a submarine, circa World War II. Unshaven, with open shirts and bare chests.

JOHANSEN'S VOICE

We all joined thinking we'd come home heroes.

A FINGER enters frame. Points to one of the men.

JOHANSEN'S VOICE

That's me. The rest of the men in the picture...

(matter of fact)

They were all dead a month later.

From ANOTHER ANGLE, we see we're:

INT. JOHANSEN'S HOUSE - DAY - JOHANSEN

stands with Scully. She looks somberly at the image of the dead crew.

JOHANSEN

The madness we'd planned to unleash on the Japanese -- we ended up setting it loose on ourselves.

Johansen moves away from Scully, putting the photo back in the drawer where he keeps these memories locked away.

SCULLY

Radiation killed these men?

JOHANSEN

These men you said had burns on their bodies. That's how it started with us. Awful burns.

As Johansen continues speaking, we:

CUT TO:

44 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY (B&W FLASHBACK)

44

For a moment, nothing but the blackness of the deep sea. Then the massive hull of a SUBMARINE (actually, a very convincing miniature) sails PAST CAMERA, FILLING THE FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

JOHANSEN'S VOICE

Capt. Sanford ordered silent running when a Japanese Cruiser moved into the area. We shut down our engines, our instruments -- the air cooling system. For a week we lived in whispers and heat, knowing the slightest sound might give away our position.

(X)

As the tail of the submarine enters frame, we see the giant ROTOR stop spinning.

WIDER - THE SUBMARINE

Loses speed, drifting to a near stop in the blackness.

45 INT. SUB - MESS HALL - DAY (B&W FLASHBACK)

45

CLOSE ON A SICK CREWMAN'S FACE

We get only a glimpse of the SEVERE BURNS disfiguring half his face before a BANDAGE is brought over the wounds.

A MEDIC

Applies the dressing to the SICK CREWMAN. Both men are bathed in sweat, but the frightened eyes of the Sick Crewman tell us there is fear as well as sickness here.

(Note: All hairstyles and costumes are circa 1945.)

JOHANSEN'S VOICE

We'd been there three days when the burns started to appear. Baker got them first, then Vorce and Innocenti.

A NEW ANGLE - CAPT. KYLE SANFORD (40S)

Enters the mess, which has been turned into a makeshift infirmary. CREWMEN with burns on their bodies lie in blankets on the tables, shivering despite the stifling heat. Storage racks for small arms line the walls alongside dish racks.

JOHANSEN'S VOICE

No one had seen burns like these before, but a lot of us had begun to suspect it had something to do with the planes we'd been sent to recover.

Sullen eyes watch Sanford move through the cabin. The Medic touches the Captain's arm to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MEDIC
(a hushed whisper)
Captain Sanford.

Sanford turns.

MEDIC
I'm not an M.D., but I know a
lost cause when I see one. These
men are all dying and there's not
a thing I can do to stop it.

SANFORD
Just do your damn job!

The medic recoils at Sanford's outburst. Then:

MEDIC
I'm trying. But if we stay down
here any longer, none of us are
going home.

Sanford looks away dispassionately, as the Medic gets up and
exits. CAMERA FINDING the Sick Crewman, watching this
exchange, hearing it. HOLD ON HIM as the direness of the
situation registers on his face.

(X)
(X)
(X)

46 INT. SUB - CONTROL ROOM - DAY (B&W FLASHBACK)

46

Cramped with CREWMEN manning consoles. As the Medic enters,
Young Johansen (recognizable from the photo) moves away from
the periscope. They speak in whispers.

MEDIC
You've got to get us to the
surface, Johansen.

YOUNG JOHANSEN
We're under Sanford's orders.

MEDIC
Sanford is losing it. He's
losing his mind.

YOUNG JOHANSEN
The Japanese are shadowing us.
The cruiser's doing wide circles
over our position.

MEDIC
You've got to take control of
this sub, sir. You've got to
make a decision.

Johansen nods. Suddenly, there's a LOUD SCREAMING o.s.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SICK CREWMAN (O.S.)
We're all going to die! All of
us!

Johansen spins toward the mess hall -- instantly aware this outburst could cost them their lives. As he rushes out, followed by the Medic, we go:

47 INT. SUB -MESS HALL-DAY (B&W FLASHBACK)-THE SICK CREWMAN

47

Screaming with the pure terror of the insane, wildly swinging a PISTOL (taken from the small arms rack) to keep Sanford and the other crewmen away from him.

SICK CREWMAN
We're dying, can't you all see
that?!

SANFORD

stands in front of the Sick Crewman.

SICK CREWMAN
You've got to get us out of here!

In an instant, Sanford lunges for the Sick Crewman, tackling him. But as the Sick Crewman goes down, a SHOT is fired.

ANGLE - THE DISH RACK

Explodes on the far wall, sending ceramic plate fragments flying.

48 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY (B&W FLASHBACK)

48

The submarine hangs in the water, where the sound of the GUNSHOT echoes as little more than a tiny "ping" in the sea.

49 INT. SUB - MESS HALL - DAY (B&W FLASHBACK) - JOHANSEN

49

appears in the doorway, seeing what's happened. Seeing Sanford on top of the Crewman, wrestling the gun away from him. As Sanford takes control of the gun he looks up, sees Johansen. At that moment, Johansen makes his decision. He slams the door on Sanford.

Sanford rushes for the door, pounding on it.

SANFORD
Officer Johansen! Open this
door! Open this door!

(X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

But all he hears is the twisting of the wheel as the door is sealed shut.

SANFORD

Johansen!

Nothing. CAMERA HOLDS ON SANFORD, turning back to look at:

THE SICK CREWMEN

all staring at him. All knowing why Johansen did what he did. But seeing for the first time something that Johansen didn't, something that no one could have ever known.

SANFORD

stands at the door with the pistol in his hand. Then we see it - the BLACK FILMY SUBSTANCE covering the whites of his eyes, then slipping down below his sockets as he blinks it away. Off this image:

CUT TO:

50 INT. SUB CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

50

As Johansen and the Medic re-enter, A DEPTH CHARGE EXPLODES outside the sub hull. The giant boat is wrenched sideways, throwing men violently across the room.

Johansen is flung off his feet, falling backwards, where his head slams against the wall.

CLOSE - JOHANSEN'S FACE

As he rolls onto his back, a trickle of blood runs down the side of his face.

JOHANSEN

Start the engines, full speed to starboard. And dive!

As the men clamber back into their control positions, we:

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. JOHANSEN'S HOUSE - DAY - CLOSE ON JOHANSEN

51

His eyes staring at some point in the middle distance, his mind fixed on a point 50 years in the past.

JOHANSEN

By luck or the grace of God we made it back to Pearl Harbor.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SCULLY

What happened to Sanford and the
sick Crewmen?

Johansen shakes his head.

JOHANSEN

When they opened that door, those
that weren't dead were dying.
There were 144 men on that boat.
Only seven of us survived.

(X)

Johansen now turns to Scully, speaking with a directness that
unsettles her.

JOHANSEN

Whatever killed them - I was
allowed to live -- to have a
family, to grow old. None of us
ever got an explanation why.

Her sister's loss fresh in her mind, Scully seems deeply
affected by these words. Scully stands to leave.

SCULLY

Thank you, sir.

As she passes, Johansen touches her arm to stop her.

JOHANSEN

I'm telling you this so that
lives might be saved. So that
the living might not have to die
to find out why.

(X)

Scully nods. Then turns to go. As she does, we go:

52 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - SKINNER

52

sits in an otherwise empty booth, looking at a menu. As:

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE - THREE MEN

enter. A GRAY-HAIRED MAN with hard features and TWO YOUNGER
MEN who have the eyes of jackals - cold and alert. One Younger
Man stands near the entrance, picking up a menu, pretending to
be looking at it, engaging the Waitress in unheard conversation
at the register.

As CAMERA FOLLOWS the other Younger Man and the Gray-Haired Man
to the booth (or a table) next to Skinner. Skinner makes a
note of these men, glancing sidelong as they peruse the menus
already lying on the table they've taken.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

GRAY-HAIRED MAN
Anything good here?

Skinner looks over at the Gray-Haired Man.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN
Anything not on the menu?

SKINNER
You'll have to ask the waitress.

But the Gray-Haired Man stares at Skinner with an unnerving deliberateness. As does the Younger Man. Then Skinner notices their Third up front detaining the Waitress.

SKINNER
You gentlemen have a problem?

The Gray-Haired Man and his associate continue to stare.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN
When something's not on the menu,
Mr. Skinner, there's usually a
reason, wouldn't you say?

SKINNER
Sorry, I didn't come here for the
conversation.

YOUNGER MAN
A hierarchy exists in the FBI,
isn't that right? A man has
status, like yourself, the
Assistant Director. Those under
him obey his orders, right?

(X)

SKINNER
Who are you guys?

GRAY-HAIRED MAN
We work for the intelligence
community.

SKINNER
Remind me not to move there.

Skinner lays his menu down, gets up. But the two men are quick to block his path.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN
You take your orders like those
below you, Mr. Skinner. A case
is made inactive, maybe it's
because those above you have done
the hard work of arriving at that
decision.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

SKINNER
I'm going to go now.

Skinner pushes past them. Heading out.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN
It helps to remember these things
when a man looks forward to his
career. To his plans for the
future.

Skinner does not turn around. Moving past the Younger Man at
the register and exiting the diner.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. HONG KONG - NIGHT (STOCK)

53

Neon billboards and bumper-to-bumper traffic clog an electric
artery at the center of this soon-to-be-former jewel of the
British Empire, where so many fine filmmakers -- John Woo, Tsui
Hark, Jackie Chan and Ringo Lam, to name a few -- have made so
many fine films. But our LEGEND reads simply: HONG KONG.

54 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON A
-PLATE OF CHINESE FOOD

(X)

54

Chopsticks enter frame, picking up a particularly greasy POT
STICKER, hoisting it to the gaping mouth of:

(X)

(X)

THE SECRETARY (GERALDINE)

Who sits alone in a booth, the sole Western customer in this
all-Chinese establishment. As she chews the pork stuffing, she
looks up to see:

MULDER

Sliding into the booth, taking the seat directly next to her.

MULDER
Is this seat taken... Ms.
Kallenchuk?

The Secretary (Kallenchuk) stops chewing for a moment.

MULDER
Geraldine Kallenchuk, isn't it?

Kallenchuk resumes eating, as if she couldn't care less.

KALLENCHUK
Jerry, with a J.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

MULDER

I noticed you flew first class.
There must be good money selling
classified government secrets.

KALLENCHUK

It's a bull market, babe. And
I'm Miss Popular. Let's make a
deal.

MULDER

How much for the location of that
P-51 Mustang you sold the French
government?

KALLENCHUK

Why should I tell you?

MULDER

Actually, I'd rather know who
sold those secrets to you.

Kallenchuk spears another dumpling with her chopstick.

KALLENCHUK

I'm a middle man, Mr. Mulder -
pardon my gendertype - I take a
cut, a thin slice off the top.
It'd be bad business to divulge
my sources.

She eats the dumpling with gusto.

MULDER

Why'd you run off to Hong Kong?

KALLENCHUK

I'm meeting with a buyer.

MULDER

To sell him what?

KALLENCHUK

Pardon YOUR gendertype.

(X)

MULDER

Your buyer's a woman?

(X)

KALLENCHUK

Actually, it's none of your damn
business.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

MULDER

It's definitely my damn business. Because whatever you're selling it's killing a half dozen seamen in a California hospital. Which is why I'm going to arrest you.

KALLENCHUK

Arrest me?! With what, those chopsticks? This is Hong Kong, Mr. Mulder. They don't allow handguns here. They took yours at the airport.

(beat)

HEY!!

(X)

Kallenchuk yanks the hand she's not using to eat with out from under the table, revealing that Mulder has slapped a handcuff on it, the other cuff on his own arm.

(X)

KALLENCHUK

You can't do that?

MULDER

I just did.

He stands up, lifting her right along with him. Drawing the attention of people sitting in the general vicinity, but hey, this is Hong Kong, where anything goes.

MULDER

Now let's go do some business.

Off her continued surprise, Mulder starts walking her out.

CUT TO:

55 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - AN OPEN STAIRWELL

55

Mulder emerges, then Kallenchuk, still cuffed. He's towing her along, looking at the signage on each door as they pass.

KALLENCHUK

You're violating my civil rights!

MULDER

You gave them up when you committed treason.

(X)

(X)

(X)

KALLENCHUK

You can't force me to do anything!

Mulder finds the door he's looking for: J. KALLENCHUK SALVAGE BROKERS LTD. He yanks Ms. Kallenchuk to the door.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

MULDER

Open it.

She stares at him defiantly. So Mulder just steps back and kicks it in. Revealing the darkened space inside.

MULDER

Would you like to invite me in?

(X)
(X)

He steps in now, and with another yank pulls her in with him.

56 INT. KALLENCHUK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

56

The room is dark. The only light in the room comes through the dirty windows fronting the street.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Where are the lights?

(X)

Suddenly, from out of the darkness - Mulder finds a GUN BARREL pointed at his head. A thumb COCKING the lever back.

MAN'S VOICE

Right here.

(X)

From out of the shadows steps ALEX KRYCEK, last seen heading for points unknown, on the run from his dark associates with a stolen digital tape carrying encoded government secrets.

MULDER

I thought guns were against the law here.

(X)

KRYCEK

You know what they say: When guns are outlawed...

(X)

MULDER

Then loan me yours so I can kill you. Like you killed my father.

(X)

KALLENCHUK

Great. High Noon in Hong Kong.

KRYCEK

Shut up!

Krycek pushes her out the door, shutting it so that she is outside and Mulder in. Sliding an interior sliding bolt into place while keeping his gun on Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MULDER

(X)

Hardly a way to treat your
business partner. Especially one
who seems to be moving those
secrets you're selling so well.

SUDDENLY THERE ARE GUNSHOTS out in the hallway. Mulder and Krycek jump, then freeze. Hearing A THUD just outside the door, followed by Mulder's cuffed hand being yanked downward as the chain linking the two cuffs saws through the wood. Making it all too obvious that Ms. Kallenchuk has been shot outside.

With that Krycek hustles to a window, throws the blinds and yanks up the window, where we can see a fire escape outside.

KRYCEK

(X)

Looks like she's your partner
now.

Krycek moves to the window, pulling up the blinds.

(X)

KRYCEK

Good luck.

He climbs out and disappears. As CAMERA PANS back to Mulder, finding him in a predicament they never taught you about at the FBI Academy. As we:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

57 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - MS. KALLENCHUK 57

lies slumped on the floor, dead for all we know. Tethered by her handcuffed hand to a point between the door and the jamb just below the doorknob.

ANGLE ON JACKETED MEN

The same men we saw pursuing Ms. Kallenchuk in San Francisco. (X)
They move toward her, hugging the wall. Guns at the ready. (X)

58 INT. KALLENCHUK OFFICES - NIGHT 58

Mulder quickly stuffs the gun in his waistband, jams his hand into his pocket looking for his handcuff key. Can't find it. Jams it in his other pocket. Finds it. Then proceeds to drop it, hearing it fall on the floor in the dark. Out of sight, perhaps out of reach.

LOW ANGLE ON KEY

In f.g., Mulder in the b.g. feeling around like a blind man, not even close to it. While:

59 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KALLENCHUK'S - CONTINUOUS 59

The men separate onto opposite sides of the hallway walls now, the men across from the door covering the men pressed against the wall where Kallenchuk hangs lifeless.

On the Lead Man's nod (he's one of the men covering) the 2nd Lead Man moves into a low, powerful crouch to shoulder the door open. Which he does, crashing into the room hard and low. But finding nothing but an open, empty cuff connected to nothing on the other end of Ms. Kallenchuk's arm. Only:

A GENTLE BREEZE

rattling the blinds that hang from the open window.

REVERSE ON JACKETED MEN

piling into the room, brandishing their guns, covering the blind spots while the Lead Man moves past the 2nd Lead Man to the open window. Looking out to see:

60 HIS POV TO STREET 60

Mulder running down the road, rounding a corner, gone. (X)

61 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KALLENCHUK'S - CONTINUOUS

61

Empty until JOAN GAUTHIER appears from around the corner, exactly like Mulder and the ill-fated Ms. Kallenchuk did a short time ago. Suddenly it dawns on us - this is the "she" that Kallenchuk had referred to.

REVERSE

As the Jacketed Men spill back into the hallway, moving at a sprint toward the woman, treating her inconsequentially, preparing to blast right past her or bowl her over. (X) (X)

PUSHING IN ON JOAN GAUTHIER

coming to a hard stop as (SPFX) her body begins to glow, taking on an aura, then a kind of somatic transformation, so that for a moment we see the ghostly features of a classic alien, lost in a brilliant penumbra. But this image is swallowed by a flare out of BRILLIANT LIGHT emitted from her body.

REVERSE ON JACKETED MEN

halted in their tracks by the incredible energy, shielding their eyes. Then they, too, are swallowed by the BRILLIANT WHITE FLASH.

RESUME JOAN

(X)

as her transformation and the light created by it subside. She resumes her movement down the hallway. CAMERA PANNING with her, as she passes the Jacketed Men. All of whom have been brought to their knees, or are slumped on the floor. FAVORING THE LEAD MAN who we see is suffering the first stages of radiation burns, the skin on his face and hands already BLISTERING and inflamed from the exposure. As we: (X) (X) (X) (X) (X)

DISSOLVE TO:

62 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

62

Mostly deserted at this hour.

SKINNER

Pushes through the front door, a newspaper under his arm, calling to the teenage WAITRESS behind the counter as he heads for his usual booth.

SKINNER
Coffee hot?

The Waitress nods, going for the coffee pot. As Skinner moves to the booth that we saw him occupy in the earlier scene here.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

ANGLE ON SKINNER

he takes his seat in the booth - as A MAN enters frame from the b.g., coming from the bathrooms or the payphone - moving slowly up the aisle behind Skinner, favored in frame, but framed so that we can't see his face.

As he passes Skinner, the Waitress is entering frame with Skinner's coffee, reaching down to turn over his cup on the table. Skinner looks up for just an instant at the passing man, his eyes registering a presence but not a danger.

SKINNER
(to the Waitress)
How's the blueplate?

WAITRESS
Looks good.

SKINNER
Medium rare. Thanks.

The Waitress moves off towards the kitchen pass-thru, towards the register.

ANGLE ON REGISTER

Where the Man who passed Skinner in the aisle stands, facing AWAY FROM CAMERA. The Waitress deposits Skinner's order, then moves to the register where she engages the Man in an unheard conversation.

ANGLE ON SKINNER

Unfolding his newspaper, glancing up to take note of the Man talking to the waitress. Something about their conversation catching his attention.

TIGHTER ANGLE ON WAITRESS

Still conversing with the Man (still with his back to us), though their conversation has become heated. Still we can only hear bits of it, mostly her side.

MAN
You got a payphone that's out of order and nobody complains? Well I'm complaining.

WAITRESS
I'm sorry, sir. I'm sure it's been called in.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

SKINNER

looks over his paper now, taking an interest as the conversation at the register heats up.

SKINNER'S POV

MAN

You're sure?! Meanwhile I'm going to miss a phone call. That costs me time and money - Who's going to call that in?!

(X)

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, sir. I don't know what else to say.

MAN

Say you're going to pay me the one seventy five the phone ate.

WAITRESS

You'll have to deal with the phone company, sir.

MAN

You deal with them! I want my money.

As the Waitress surrenders to his ire, punching open the register, the Man reaches into the register. As Skinner appears in frame.

(X)

SKINNER

Is there a problem here?

HISPANIC MAN

Something wrong with you, man?

The Waitress's face says yes, but the Man's face, as he turns to Skinner says something else. That Skinner has been set up. The Man is none other than the Hispanic Man who, with Krycek, murdered Scully's sister.

HISPANIC MAN

Yeah, there's a big problem.

And the Hispanic Man pulls a gun from his waistband and SHOTS Skinner in the belly. Skinner crumples to the floor as the Waitress SHREIKS loudly. Calmly, the Hispanic Man puts his gun away and SPITS on Skinner.

HISPANIC MAN

Chupa dura, amigo.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

And he walks just as calmly out of the restaurant. As the Waitress steps over to Skinner on the floor, frightened.

WAITRESS

Oh god... oh my god...

(beat)

I'll call 911.

As she hurries to the phone, HOLD ON Skinner's face, his eyes blank, blinking. In shock and in extreme pain.

CUT TO:

63 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

63

Scully enters at the end of the hallway, moving TOWARD CAMERA to her apartment door. She looks pensive, lost in thought as she fishes for her keys. In front of her door are TWO FOLDED NEWSPAPERS, unopened on her trip to the West Coast. She puts the keys in the door, opens it, then bends to pick up the papers. Seeing something on one of them that takes her breath away.

CLOSE ON UNOPENED NEWSPAPER

Only part of the headline is visible: ASSISTANT FBI DIRECTOR SHOT.

ON SCULLY

as she drops the other paper, hurrying to open the one with the headline, the shock and panic playing on her face. Off this:

CUT TO:

64 INT. HONG KONG AIRPORT - DAY

64

With a LEGEND to establish. CAMERA PANS through the crowd to a gate with a ticket counter that shows flight 1121 to Washington D.C. With a queue of ticketed passengers waiting in line to get their seat assignments. As CAMERA PAUSES for a beat:

KRYCEK

steps into frame in the f.g., looking pensive and intense himself. He pauses a beat, then exits frame, moving toward:

ANGLE ON BANK OF PAYPHONES

As Krycek enters frame, CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM as he moves briskly past the wall of phones. When suddenly one of the men on the phone hangs up quickly, stepping out and PUNCHING KRYCEK (X) in the face.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Krycek stumbles backwards, but his assailant catches him by the collar before he goes over. It is, of course, Mulder. (X)

MULDER

stands face to face with Krycek. Much to Krycek's surprise. (X)

MULDER

That's for your partner. This is for my father. (X)

CAMERA PANS DOWN to Mulder's hand, which has Krycek's gun in it, shoved into Krycek's belly. CAMERA PANS BACK UP to Mulder and Krycek.

KRYCEK

I didn't kill your father. (X)

MULDER

Oh, now you tell me. (X)

KRYCEK

It wasn't me. (X)

MULDER

Yeah? Then who was it? (X)

KRYCEK

I don't know.

MULDER

One way or the other you're a liar, Krycek.

Mulder shoves the gun harder into Krycek's belly, causing Krycek to wince slightly.

KRYCEK

Then do it. Do it right here, Mulder. Finish it. (X)

But Mulder backs the gun off, while keeping hold of Krycek. (X)

MULDER

I want the digital tape. (X)

KRYCEK

I don't have it. (X)

MULDER

Like hell you don't. That tape contains the secrets you're selling. And everything else our government knows about the existence of extraterrestrial life. (X)

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

KRYCEK

I don't have it, but I can give it to you. If you let me go.

(X)

MULDER

Where is it?

KRYCEK

Washington D.C. In a locker.

(X)

Krycek raises his hands, then indicates he's going to go for something, so that Mulder won't shoot him. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a LOCKER KEY. Holding it up to Mulder.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Where?

Krycek just shakes his head no, a small smile of satisfaction coming to his lips. He's got Mulder where he wants him.

KRYCEK

You let me go and I'll tell you.

(X)

Mulder reaches up to take the key but Krycek palms it.

(X)

MULDER

When I have that digital tape in my hands we'll talk about it.

(X)

KRYCEK

(beat, then nods)

Deal. Now I was going to take a leak, if you don't mind.

(X)

He waits a beat longer, then Mulder steps slowly aside, letting Krycek past him. But following him to the bathroom now as CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRACK.

Krycek turns into the bathrooms which have MEN'S on one side and WOMEN'S on another. Stopping and looking back when Mulder pauses, not following him in.

MULDER

If you're not out in three minutes, I'm coming in there to kill you.

KRYCEK

I won't even wash my hands.

He turns, pushes through the door into the bathroom and disappears. CAMERA HOLDS ON MULDER as he stuffs the gun in his waistband, leans against the wall, looking out into the airport crowd.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

WIDE ANGLE ON SCENE

As the crowd moves through the terminal, Mulder still standing against the wall, eyeing the passers-by, waiting for Krycek.
When:

A WOMAN

enters frame, heading AWAY FROM CAMERA, moving in Mulder's direction. CAMERA TRACKS behind her as she walks purposefully toward him, then PASSES MULDER with only a quick notice by him. Moving toward the bathroom doors, but PAUSING SLIGHTLY, then entering the MEN'S ROOM.

65 INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - ANGLE ON KRYCEK

65

Standing at the urinal by himself when he feels somebody move in next to him. Looking down, he sees:

A WOMAN'S HIGH HEELS

at the urinal next to his.

ON KRYCEK'S FACE

registering this, quickly tilting up to see:

JOAN GAUTHIER

standing next to him, staring at him intensely. Then, in a quick move, her arm thrusts out and throttles Krycek with inhuman power. His face going red, his eyes bulging.

ANGLE ON JOAN GAUTHIER'S, KRYCEK'S FEET

As Krycek's feet leave the ground, as he's hefted off the ground by this mysterious woman. As we:

CUT TO:

66 INT. HONG KONG AIRPORT- CONTINUOUS -ON MEN'S BATHROOM DOOR

66

as it opens and - KRYCEK appears. He stops to straighten his collar when we notice him blink - THE BLACK SUBSTANCE covering his eyes for an instant. Then it's gone. As it disappears, CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM to Mulder.

MULDER
(with impatience)
Refreshed?

KRYCEK
Like never before.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

Mulder moves in close behind Krycek, shadowing, and the two of them move off to make their flight, as we:

FADE TO BLACK

TO BE CONTINUED