

THE X-FILES

"Terma"

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October 29, 1996

"Terma"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Assistant Director Skinner
Angie
Auntie Janet
Gaunt Man
Bundled Man (Russian-speaking)
Vassily Peskow
Prisoner
Agent Pendrell
Dr. Kingsley Looker
Dr. Sacks (non-speaking)
Woman
Dr. Bonita Charne-Sayre (X)
Prison Guard (Russian-speaking)
Long-Haired Truck Driver (Russian-speaking) [Truck Driver
from 4X09]
Alex Krycek
Glasses Man (Russian-speaking)
Cigarette-Smoking Man
Well-Manicured Man
One-Armed Leader
Chairman
Aide (non-speaking)
Senator Sorenson
Truck Driver's Wife
One-Armed Boy (non speaking)
Nurse
Elderly Patient (non-speaking)
County Corrections Officer (non-speaking)
Terry Edward Mayhew [Militia Man from 4X09]

Guards on Horseback (non-speaking)
One-Armed Men (non-speaking)

"Terma"

SET LISTEXTERIORS

HARROW CONVALESCENT HOME
BUS BENCH

(X)

PRISON CAMP
/OUTSIDE GATES

DIRT ROAD
/STEEP GRADE

STEEP ROCKY RAVINE
/BOTTOM OF RAVINE

WELL-MANICURED MAN'S HOUSE
/PADDOCK

DECIDUOUS WOODS
PINE/CEDAR FORREST
RURAL CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING
OIL REFINERY
/PARKING LOT
/CAT WALK
/WELL HEAD

GRAVEL PIT

INTERIORS

HARROW CONVALESCENT HOME
/CENTRAL HALLWAY
/INFIRMARY
/WALK-IN CLOSET
/FRONT DOOR

VOLKSWAGEN VAN
PESKOW'S APARTMENT
/HALLWAY

SCULLY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

(X)

RUSSIAN PRISON CELL
MULDER'S OFFICE
/HALLWAY

NASA GODDARD WET LAB
/OUTER WET LAB

(X)

PADDOCK
TRUCK
SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE CHAMBER
SCULLY'S PRISON CELL
TRUCK DRIVER'S CABIN
PRISON
/CORRIDOR
/MAYHEW'S CELL
DARK ROOM

TEASER

(*NOTE: This episode is the second of two parts and will begin with a short recap of the previous episode.)

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CONVALESCENT NURSING HOME - NIGHT

1

An old, architecturally ornate structure. In its day it may have been thought of as a place of rest, but its dilapidation now more readily suggests a place of disposal. A LEGEND appears: HARROW CONVALESCENT HOME, BOCA RATON, FLORIDA.

Suddenly headlights from a VOLKSWAGEN VAN appear on the long road leading into the grounds, moving toward us. As they FLARE CAMERA:

CUT TO:

2 INT. HARROW HOME - CENTRAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

2

The flare becomes that of a small FLASHLIGHT which is held by a woman moving toward us down the wide corridor; who moves into a CLOSE UP so that we might better see her face, the expression of nervous concern on it. She is ANGIE.

Angie continues on, moving to a DOOR at the far end of this hallway. The signage over it reads: INFIRMARY. Angie opens this door and disappears into. Sending the hall back into darkness.

CUT TO:

3 INT. HARROW HOME - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

3

A common ward filled with numerous beds on which numerous ELDERLY PATIENTS lie. The still air is filled with the sounds of monitored life, boops and beeps and wheezing respirators.

TRACKING Angie through the center of these rows of opposing beds, flashlight pointed at the floor. She is looking for someone. Someone she finds near the end of the row.

ANGLE OVER OLD WOMAN

She is sleeping, but by the thin skin stretched loosely over her cheekbones, the tired rattle of her breathing, she is not far from death; the Big Sleep.

As Angie moves to her bedside. Whispering to her.

ANGIE

Auntie Janet... Auntie Janet.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

This and Angie's gentle touch bring the sleeping woman awake. She stares at Angie, searching for recognition... that comes to her momentarily.

AUNTIE JANET

Angie?

ANGIE

It's time, Auntie Janet. He's waiting.

Auntie Janet nods. These words, vague as they are, mean something to her. Something she understands and which bring a kind of resignation. As she reaches her arms out to Angie so that Angie can help her out of bed.

CUT TO:

4 INT. HARROW HOME - CENTRAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

Where Angie leads the shuffling old woman, dressed in an old bathrobe and slippers, down the empty hall.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. HARROW HOME - NIGHT

Angie leads the old woman from the house to the waiting Volkswagen van, which is parked out front, its engine turned off.

ANGLE ON VAN SIDE DOOR

Angie knocking on it. A moment, then the van door slides open, revealing a tall, gaunt man with a short haircut. He is late 50s, 60, illuminated by a dim light; strict in look, manner.

GAUNT MAN

We should hurry. You have papers to sign.

REVERSE ON AUNTIE JANET, ANGIE

Who could ever imagine they'd find themselves here like this? But the old woman nods, offers herself to Angie who helps her up inside.

HARD CUT TO:

6 A KEVORKIAN-STYLE DEATH DEVICE

6

Illuminated in the van's dim interior globe light. We see the Gaunt Man's hands making adjustments on the simple but lethal little machine. Panning up to the GAUNT MAN'S FACE.

GAUNT MAN
You should tell me when.

REVERSE ON AUNTIE JANET, ANGIE

The old woman has an IV inserted in her arm. Angie is holding her, quiet tears in her eyes.

AUNTIE JANET
I'm ready.

Angie squeezes her. Unable to speak.

AUNTIE JANET
Don't you cry for me, dear. I'm
tired of the pain.

CLOSE ON GAUNT MAN

As he twists the turncock and lets a clear liquid flow from a receptacle into the woman's arm. CAMERA FOLLOWING ITS COURSE, through the clear tubing and into the old woman's arm. To the old woman's face. The relief coming quickly.

AUNTIE JANET
You're my angel of mercy.

The old woman's eyes flutter and close. Angie holding her tightly as the life leaves her body, as she relaxes into death.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE ANGIE, THE GAUNT MAN

Puts the stethoscope hanging around his neck to his ear, bringing the other end up to the old woman's chest.

ANGIE
Is she gone?

He nods solemnly. Then reacts to something.

GAUNT MAN
Something's wrong here.

AUNTIE JANET

In her final repose -- with SMALL BLACK WORMS now crawling out of her eyes, nose and mouth. As if escaping from the poisoned body. Crawling onto Angie's face which is cheek to cheek with the old woman's. Angie reacting.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

ANGIE
What did you do?!

Pulling away from the old woman now, feeling the worms on her but not knowing what they are. Not understanding.

ANGIE
What is it?!

But the Gaunt Man cannot answer the question. He is dumbstruck, unprepared for what is happening.

GAUNT MAN
I don't -- I don't know.

Looking down at his own hand now, where THE BLACK WORMS are crawling onto his skin from the IV tubing.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. HARROW HOME - ANGLE ON VW VAN - NIGHT

7

Angie's SCREAM muffled by the van, penetrating the night silence, only to be swallowed up by crickets and the cicadas and the sound of night. The sounds of life. As we GO TO MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG CITY STREET - NIGHT (STOCK) 8

In a squalid section of the former Soviet Union where the effects of glasnost, perestroika and the freezer thaw of communism have cast the streets in a grim, uncertain light. With a LEGEND, to establish.

CUT TO:

9 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 9

A constricted, colorless hallway with old, dirty carpet. A BUNDLED MAN (30s) appears at the end. Winded slightly from the flights of stairs. Moving TOWARD CAMERA, looking for a particular apartment. Which he finds. Knocking at the door. Rubbing his cold hands together as he waits.

CUT TO:

10 INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 10

A Shostakovich violin sonata plays. A MAN sits with his back to us. Not reacting to the quiet knocking.

CLOSE ON A RUSTY TEA INFUSOR

Being dipped into an old, but delicate tea cup. TILTING UP to REVEAL the man who is making the tea: VASSILY PESKOW. He is an elegant man, somewhere in his 60s. Though he lives in tight, cramped quarters, he is dressed neatly. He strikes us immediately as someone thoughtful, someone who has considered life's grand scale and who has come to terms with its cold, gray realities. Much like the one outside his window.

LOUDER KNOCKING causes Vassily to react, turning his head and staring at the door. Leading us to believe he is not expecting anyone, or that he does not receive many visitors.

CUT TO:

11 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 11

The Bundled Man stands before the door as the sound of locks turning signals an answer. A moment, then the door opens. (The following is in RUSSIAN with subtitles.)

BUNDLED MAN
Vassily Peskow?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

1

PESKOW

Yes?

BUNDLED MAN

I have an urgent communique from Comrade Arntzen in Krasnoyarsk.

PESKOW

Please. I am retired from all that now.

BUNDLED MAN

Comrade Arntzen anticipated this response.

He removes a wrinkled envelope, hands it to the elder man.

PESKOW

What does he want from me?

BUNDLED MAN

He wants you to know the Cold War isn't over.

And the Bundled Man heads off down the hallway, leaving the old man to wonder. Looking at the envelope he's been handed. As we:

CUT TO:

12 CLOSE ON MULDER

12

Last we saw him, his eyes, nose and mouth were being invaded by the colonizing microbial oil worms. Now he lies unconscious, his face and hair dirty, sweaty. His eyes open at the sound of a VOICE.

PRISONER'S VOICE

Prisoner. Hey --

Mulder awakens, blinking. As if in a delirium. He is dressed in a dirty gray prison uniform. We are:

INT. RUSSIAN PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Mulder pulls himself to a sitting position, cocking his ear toward the small hole in the wall where the voice emits. Where we can see the man's eye in the next cell over.

PRISONER

I thought maybe you were dead.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MULDER

How long have I been lying here?

PRISONER

Hours. I don't know. The first time is bad. Very bad.

Mulder doesn't have to be told this. He feels worse than bad. Rubbing his left arm, pulling his collar down to view a dirty bandage that has been put over the place where his small pox scar would be.

MULDER

They've done this to you?

PRISONER

Yes. It becomes easier each time. Until it kills you.

(laughs)

This is the irony! The first time you wish you were dead. Finally when you don't care any more you get your wish.

MULDER

What did they do to me?

PRISONER

You were exposed to the black cancer.

MULDER

What cancer?

PRISONER

The cancer that lives in the rock.

MULDER

Who are you?

PRISONER

I was a geologist, quite well known in my field. Now, I am just a test subject. I have outlived my usefulness. I cannot provide them with the answers they look for now.

MULDER

Did you help them find the rock?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

PRISONER

Yes, I was there when we brought the first fragments up. Before the mining began. Before we knew what was in the Tunguska rock.

MULDER

How many men have died here?

PRISONER

(scoffing)

Hundreds. Maybe more. The search for the cure goes slowly.

MULDER

It that what they say the tests are for? To find a cure?

PRISONER

They tell us nothing. We are forced to guess or imagine the reason for our torture. But what else could it be? I have seen the black cancer kill men, but I am still alive. So are you.

MULDER

What happened to the man who was with me in this cell? Krycek.

PRISONER

He is no doubt dining with the men responsible for our torture. I heard laughter when they opened your cell.

MULDER

Are you alone in there?

PRISONER

No, I have my misery to keep me company. It is all I have, but it is considerable!

MULDER

I'm not going to die.

PRISONER

(amused)

No? Why not?

(CONTINUE)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

MULDER

Because I need to live long
enough to kill that man Krycek.

There is silence, then something is pushed through the hole in the wall. It is a MAKESHIFT KNIFE. Made out of a spoon, with a crude tape handle.

MULDER

Where did you get this?

PRISONER

I made it. To kill myself. It
took me two weeks. By then I had
lost my desire.

MULDER

You would rather suffer the
torture?

PRISONER

It is wonderful, the persistence
of life. That rock we found,
buried so deep in the earth;
that something could survive
against all reason down there.
No. They will have to kill me
themselves.

Mulder holds the weapon up to look at it, admiring its crudeness as he must the man's words on the other side of the wall.

CUT TO:

13 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

13

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER appears, moving with quick purpose to Mulder's door, pushing it open.

SKINNER

Agent Scully?

But he gets no answer. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM IN, as he steps inside, finding no one. Looking at Mulder's desk where the light on the phone indicates the calls are being transferred directly to voice mail. Off Skinner's impatience, annoyance, we:

CUT TO:

14 CLOSE ON A SMALL MONITOR (SPFX)

14

Something we might imagine seeing on The Learning Channel. A fiber optic camera is taking us on a claustrophobic journey into a constricted red tube.

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER (O.S.)

The blood in the carotid artery
looks slightly thickened.

We are:

INT. WET LAB - DAY

SCULLY and AGENT PENDRELL are assisting DR. LOOKER with the procedure, all dressed in haz-mat suits. DR. SACKS, the man who has been stricken, has been laid on the oil spattered white table saw, its blade has been retracted. A LEGEND reads: NASA Goddard Space Flight Center, Greenbelt, Maryland.

Scully guiding the fiber optic rod in where a small cut has been made in Dr. Sacks' haz-mat suit. Pendrell is positioned at Sacks' head, holding the helmet with its clear shield still.

Inside of which we can see Sacks' gray pallored face. His eyes are open, blinking no more than once a minute.

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER

Possibly due to the decreased
heart rate and blood pressure.

SCULLY

We haven't been able to give him
anything but fluids for over
forty eight hours.

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER

It doesn't help that he's in a
restricted environment.

SCULLY

If he's been infected with some
kind of organism, we can't risk
contamination. Are you seeing
anything else?

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER

No. I'm at the junction of the
Posterior Auricular artery now,
but everything looks intact.
Good red, oxygenated hemo.

PENDRELL

That rules out a stroke then?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER
(concentrated)

Yep.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE A GROUP OF EXOBIOLOGISTS

Standing in the outer lab area, watching this delicate work.
Some wear shirtsleeves, other lab coats. All are rapt.

SCULLY

This man's motor functions and
parasympathetic system could not
have been so radically affected
without some kind of damage to
the brain or its blood supply.

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER

That's what we're looking for
here -- now what's this? What
the hell is this?

Scully cannot see what he is looking at on the monitor from her
position. Nor can we.

SCULLY

What? What is it?

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER

I don't know. It looks like it's
concentrated around the pineal
body here...

As Scully moves from her position, seeing what Dr. Looker sees.
Leaving Pendrell to hold Dr. Sacks' head in place. In this
angle, neither we nor Pendrell can see the small monitor that
Dr. Looker's looking at, reacting to.

DR. KINGSLEY LOOKER

I think it's alive.

SCULLY

It looks like a nest...

PENDRELL

A nest of what?

There is silence. No one answering him, all focus on the screen.

SHOT OF SCIENTISTS STANDING OUTSIDE THE GLASS

All wondering now what it is that's caused the sudden flurry of
activity. Shifting, conversing; about what we cannot hear.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

RESUME PENDRELL

PENDRELL

A nest of what?

ANGLE ON SMALL MONITOR

Where Scully and Dr. Looker are staring at:

SCULLY

Of some kind of black vermiform
organism. Attached to the pineal
gland.

On the monitor is what indeed looks like a nest of black worms,
a cluster of anemone-like worms, moving in the liquid
environment of murky brain fluid. Off:

CLOSE ON DR. SACKS

His expression still blank, dumb. As his eyes blink reflexively,
we:

CUT TO:

15 EXT. BUS BENCH - WIDE - NIGHT

5

SEVERAL PEOPLE wait on the bench. As traffic passes in front of
them. A LEGEND appears: RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

NEW ANGLE ON BENCH

Where we recognize a face. Vassily Peskow sits patiently, eating
an apple that he is cutting with a pocket knife. Looking up to
smile at the WOMAN next to him.

PESKOW

Apple?

WOMAN

No. Thank you very much, though.

Peskow smiles. Putting his knife away as the other waiting
people rise. As the bus is pulling up.

NEW ANGLE ON BUS

As the passengers get on we can see the banner over the front
windshield change to: CHARLOTTESVILLE. Vassily Peskow boards the
bus last and the doors WHOOSH closed behind him.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

As the bus pulls away, we:

CUT TO:

16 INT. WELL-MANICURED MAN'S Paddock - NIGHT

16

Dark. But something has the horses stirred up. We can hear their guttural grunts, neighs. As the lights suddenly come on.

Standing the at the far end of the paddock is an Asian woman (50s), dressed Ralph Lauren casual. Shirt untucked, as if she has been awakened and come out to check on the horses.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO MEET HER as she approaches, looking right and left into the stalls. Searching for the cause of all the commotion. Stopping in her c.u. when she sees something o.s.

DR. CHARNE-SAYRE

Who are you?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE VASSILY PESKOW

He stand inside one of the stalls feeding an apple to one of the thoroughbreds. As if it were the most natural thing in the world.

PESKOW

Oh, pardon me. I've traveled a long distance and am a great lover of horses. As a boy my father had a farm, but never horses such as these.

Finished feeding the horse, he moves out of the stall to Dr. Charne-Sayre. His manner and appearance are so completely disarming (his age adding to this) that she is not altogether frightened by him. Even as he approaches her.

PESKOW

My name is Vassily Peskow.

DR. CHARNE-SAYRE

Mr. Peskow, I'm sorry, but you don't belong in here.

PESKOW

I am sorry. Very sorry. As I said, I have come a long way and I could not resist.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DR. CHARNE-SAYRE

You're going to have to leave here. I'm going to call you a cab. Do you know where you're going?

PESKOW

Going? I was coming here to see you, Dr. Charne-Sayre.

She was moving away, but is taken by surprise by his words. Turning to him as he approaches her again, bridging the distance she covered. Again, though, he smiles disarmingly.

DR. CHARNE-SAYRE

Do I know you?

PESKOW

No. I don't know how you could.

Then, with lightning quickness, Peskow's hand is on her throat. There is panic in Dr. Charne-Sayre's eyes, but she has been caught totally unawares. The power of Peskow's grip is frightening, his thumb driving up hard into the soft part of her neck. She is unable to speak, to yell or to fight back.

WIDE ON SCENE - FROM THE END OF THE Paddock

Where we see Dr. Charne-Sayre still in the death hold of Vassily Peskow. Dropping to her knees, still in his grip. As we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. AGENT SCULLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

17

It is late. Scully pushes inside the front door of her building. CAMERA MOVES with her as she takes out her keys, walking down the hallway toward her apartment. As the front door OPENS in the b.g., a MAN entering frame in the distance behind her.

MAN'S VOICE

Agent Scully --

As Scully turns, CAMERA RACKS to SKINNER. She moves back down the hallway, surprised to see him here -- and at this hour.

SCULLY

Sir -- what are you --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SKINNER

I've been trying to contact you
for hours, the better part of
the day --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SCULLY

I'm sorry. My cell phone was off -- I was --

SKINNER

You owe me some answers, Agent Scully. Answers that I don't have for the questions I'm being asked about this missing diplomatic pouch. The pouch presumably being carried by the man who was allegedly pushed off my balcony. And whose connection to the known felon I harbored in my house, against all good sense, I'm going to have to explain to avoid perjuring myself before a Senate Subcommittee tomorrow. Which, I might remind you, is a very serious crime itself. Is it not, Agent Scully?

SCULLY

Yes, sir.

The force of his words, the pique of his restrained anger, is not lost on her.

SCULLY

If I may explain, sir... the contents of that pouch -- it contained some kind of bio-hazardous organism that has luckily been contained to a contaminated laboratory at NASA Goddard. Which is where I've been all day, trying to determine its exact nature.

Skinner stares down at Scully. She hasn't exactly answered his question.

SKINNER

That pouch you intercepted. Do you know what its intended destination was?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

SCULLY

No, sir. I don't.

Skinner stares at her again now. She's told him next to nothing. Which is why she is surprised by the next thing he says to her.

SKINNER

Well, I do, Agent Scully.

(beat)

Because I bent some rules this morning when I couldn't find you. To find out who was to receive that pouch.

SCULLY

(rising curiosity)

Who was it?

SKINNER

Dr. Bonita Charne-Sayre. Are you familiar with the name?

SCULLY

Yes. I am.

(working through this)

She's a well-known physician. A virologist who's looked in on Presidents. She's also an authority on variola viruses.

SKINNER

Variola?

SCULLY

Small Pox. She's been a vocal proponent of eliminating the last remaining stores of the Small Pox virus; destroying the only existing vials at facilities here in Atlanta and in the former Soviet Union.

SKINNER

Well, she was killed tonight.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4)

17

SCULLY

Killed?

SKINNER

A horse stepped on her throat in a riding accident in Virginia.

Off Scully's alarm, consternation at this new information, we:

CUT TO:

18 INT. RUSSIAN PRISON CELL - DAY

18

Mulder lies on the floor, against the wall where we last left him, his head obscured from this LOW ANGLE. There is the sound of MOVEMENT in the prison. Men's murmured VOICES. Then the sound of keys in the lock of Mulder's cell door. A moment, then a DIM WASH OF LIGHT hits Mulder, causing him to stir. To look up at:

MULDER'S POV

THE GUARD we first met upon Mulder's arrival stands in the doorway. Behind him PRISONERS are shuffling out, single file down the cell block. He speaks in Russian. No subtitles.

PRISON GUARD

On your feet!!

RESUME MULDER

Rising, but only when the Guard comes over and kicks him.

MULDER

Where are we going?

But the Guard does not answer. Yelling something else in Russian. Pushing Mulder out of the cell to join the march. As we:

CUT TO:

19 EXT. PRISON CAMP - DAY

19

It is cold and gray, hopefully even raining. As the long line of prisoners are led from the low building to some kind of staging area. Where the prisoners are being lined up by OTHER GUARDS, some on horseback, YELLING in Russian. Leading them into a loose formation, making them stand in the deep, cold puddles of water.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CAMERA FINDS MULDER

Being led into a the large crowd of men, most of whom seem listless, almost lifeless. Weary, tired and sick. Their eyes are dead, lowered to the ground. Mulder, however, is slyly alert. As:

ANGLE ON PRISON GATES

Where an old stake-bed truck (TWO trucks, if we can get them) is entering, moving on the muddy track that leads to the position where the prisoners wait.

MULDER

Has taken a standing spot on the rear edge of the large crowd of prisoners. Watching with furtive eyes. Seeing:

MULDER'S POV OF PRISON GATES

They were being shut, but they are opened again for a familiar vehicle. It is the TRUCK that dropped Mulder and Krycek off in the previous episode. Being driven by the same, large LONG-HAIRED RUSSIAN MAN.

RESUME MULDER

Watching the truck move along the muddy track to the low building that he'd been led from. When -- the prisoner behind him leans forward, WHISPERING in a familiar voice.

PRISONER

Prisoner -- is that your friend?

Mulder reacts to this man, then to his nodding gesture. Seeing:

MULDER'S POV OF ALEX KRYCEK

He is clean and warm in a heavy coat, conversing with the bald-headed GLASSES MAN (introduced in the previous episode.) We cannot discern their conversation, but their gestures are friendly. There is some laughter, then a warm Russian hug.

As they do, the Truck driven by the long-haired Russian pulls up near them. The long-haired Driver exits the vehicle, moving around the the bed. Lifting a heavy wooden box, as if making a delivery. Moving with the box to an entrance to the building.

RESUME MULDER

CAMERA PUSHING SLOWLY IN on his face. As the Prisoner behind him leans forward again. Whispering:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

1.

PRISONER

You'll have but one chance,
prisoner.

But as he says this THE PRISON GUARD who led Mulder from his cell step IN FRONT OF LENS. YELLING IN RUSSIAN. As Mulder is pushed, jostled. Not by the Guard, by the prisoner next to him.

NEW ANGLE

The group of men are being led, goaded, toward the stakebed trucks. Including Mulder who, along with the whispering Prisoner, is near the end of the group. Prison Guards on horseback herding them like cattle.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Pushed along through the muddy track. Waiting in the crush of prisoners being put on the truck. A Horseman pressures the group forward. But Mulder's eyes are not on the Horseman. They're on:

POV OF KRYCEK

Lighting the cigarette of the bald-headed Glasses Man.

BACK TO MULDER

As he breaks from the group of Prisoners, at a full run. Through the cold, muddy tracks. Charging like an Indian brave, pulling the handmade weapon from the back of his prison pants.

ANGLE - THE HORSEMEN

Caught off-guard by Mulder's sudden bolt. Shouting and moving to follow, their paths momentarily blocked by the line of prisoners in front of them.

FOLLOWING MULDER -- HANDHELD

As he hits Krycek full force, knocking him halfway into the truck bed with a hard blow to the back of his head. His weapon flashing at the Glasses Man who recoils in fear. YELLING something in Russian.

NEW ANGLE

As the Horseman Guards are charging toward him, Mulder flashes his weapon again at Glasses Man, then shoves Krycek over the side of the truck bed and gets in the driver's seat. As the horses try to cut him off. The Guards pulling their small caliber weapons from their heavy coats. Firing at him. As:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

NEW ANGLE

Mulder floors the truck and it lurches forward into a controlled sideways spin. Just missing the Horsemen as they maneuver defensively now. Running from the truck that is careening wildly in the cold, heavy mud.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

ANGLE ON WHISPERING PRISONER

In the back of the stakebed truck, watching what is happening. As the OTHER GUARDS are running toward the action now, pulling their weapons, too. The Whispering Prisoner breaking into a rotten-toothed smile.

PRISONER
(to himself)
... the persistence of life...

20 EXT. PRISON CAMP - JUST OUTSIDE THE CLOSED GATES - DAY

20

Where the truck driven by Mulder comes out of another controlled spin and heads STRAIGHT AT CAMERA. The Horsemen and the foot Guards giving chase. As the truck hits the gates full force, crashing through them to freedom.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 EXT. PRISON CAMP - DAY (CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS SCENE)

21

The foot Guards and the Horsemen charge out the gate in pursuit of the Truck driven by Mulder. But the mud and the internal combustion engine only help to provide a quickly growing distance between the two.

Until Mulder pulls so far away that his car disappears around a bend in the road. But the Horsemen and Guards continue on, as we:

CUT TO:

22 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

22

The Truck pounds over the rough muddy road, pushed to its rather limited mechanical extreme. Careening dangerously up onto a more well-traveled artery. Sliding onto this main road and re-gaining control. And now speed.

CUT TO:

23 INT. TRUCK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

23

With Mulder in the cab, as he fights the ruts and washboard, driving the car forward as fast as it will go. When he senses something. Looking over his shoulder at:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE KRYCEK

Appearing in the small rear window. He and Mulder exchange a look, their hatred and animosity toward one another separated by only a thin pane of glass. And by the fact that Mulder has his hands full at the wheel of the old Truck.

Mulder turning back to look at the road as the vehicle begins down a steep grade, gaining speed.

NEW ANGLE ON MULDER

Fighting the wheel, as there is a curve up ahead at the bottom of the grade. Pumping the brakes, but the vehicle does not respond. Gaining even more speed.

ANGLE ON BRAKE PEDAL

As Mulder pumps and pumps, hoping to drive some fluid into the brake cylinders, but there is no pressure.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

The brakes have given out.

RESUME MULDER, KRYCEK ANGLE

Krycek sensing what is happening. Scrambling toward the rear of the vehicle. As Mulder fights the wheel.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. STEEP GRADE DIRT ROAD - DAY

24

As the Truck whizzes PAST CAMERA at high speed. PANNING it to the curve at the end of the road. As Krycek rolls out the back onto the dirt road, just as the Truck crashes through the trees. And:

CUT TO:

25 EXT. STEEP ROCKY RAVINE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

25

As the Truck appears through the trees, then dives down the ravine. Tumbling in a bone-crushing plummet to the rocks below.

SLOW FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

26 EXT. WELL-MANICURED MAN'S HOUSE - WIDE - NIGHT

26

In the dim light we can see that a man sits in a chair, but we can only see the lower half of his legs. The rest of him is obscured by the dark shadows cast by the porch overhang. Then we see the RED GLOW of a cigarette. Growing, then fading.

A few moments, then approaching HEADLIGHTS smear dim moving beams along the front of the house. Their intensity growing, but not directly illuminating the man sitting in the chair. WE ARE TRACKING SLOWLY BACKWARDS, WIDENING.

We hear the sound of gravel under tires, then the car, a Town Car, pulls into the f.g. A man exits the car, but the darkness, and the focus do not immediately give up his identity. As he moves around the idling car and up onto the porch.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

24

NEW LOW ANGLE ON PORCH

As the Town Car man's lower torso appears in frame, standing before the man sitting in darkness with the lit cigarette which, from this angle, we can see glow red again. Then:

TOWN CAR MAN

Nasty habit. Bad for the health.

The man sitting in the chair rises now, steps into the light. It is the Well-Manicured Man. Smoking a cigarette which he drops to the ground, extinguishes with his foot.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Health is the least of my concerns at the moment.

As he is putting out his smoke, the CSM is lighting up one for himself. After a long deliberate puff.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Yes. According to reports your "personal physician" suffered a nasty riding accident here on the property.

The Well-Manicured Man is silent, staring at the CSM. Then:

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Dr. Charne-Sayre was murdered.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

By whom?

WELL-MANICURED MAN

If I knew do you think I would be standing here talking to you?!

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

You need me now; a man of my capabilities. Is that it?

WELL-MANICURED MAN

This was a professional hit.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Really? And you out here all alone without a telephone -- so vulnerable.

(beat)

Were you sleeping with her?

The Well-Manicured Man doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

You wouldn't be so foolish as to put the project at risk for your personal pleasures, would you?

WELL-MANICURED MAN

Find her killer.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Call off this congressional investigation.

WELL-MANICURED MAN

I can't. But Senator Sorenson is an honorable man. They are all honorable, these honorable men.

The Well-Manicured Man turns to enter the house, when he's halted by the Cigarette-Smoking Man's voice.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

I heard Mulder was captured in Tunguska. I hear now he has escaped.

The Well-Manicured Man is frozen by this for one small moment, unable to hide his surprise.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Wake the Russian Bear and it may find we've stolen its honey.

This is well taken by the Well-Manicured Man, before he turns and goes into the house. Off the Cigarette-Smoking Man's thin smile, the smile of a jackel, we:

CUT TO:

27 EXT. STEEP ROCKY RAVINE - LATE DAY

27

We are at the bottom of the craggy declivity; at the point where the truck Mulder has driven over the cliff has come to rest. The vehicle has nose-dived into hard rock, a total wreck. Though from this angle we cannot see what happened to the driver. We can however see, AS WE TRACK SLOWLY around, that there is blood on the cracked windshield. (The driver's door is slightly ajar.)

As the CAMERA DRIFTS to a stop, WE HEAR the sound of movement, footfalls. Then a horse steps into frame, moving slowly around and stopping. Then another horse.

NEW ANGLE

Mulder's horseriding pursuers have found the vehicle's final resting place. Among them the Glasses Man, who's clearly in a supervisory position, letting the other horsemen cautiously, quietly move around the truck to surround it. Then one of the horsemen leaves his mount, moving with the same caution to the truck. Looking inside while his comrades wait to hear what he sees. He looks in, seeing what we can't, then says something loudly in Russian to the Glasses Man.

ANGLE TO HORSEMAN - THROUGH THE CAB

The cab of the truck is empty. Only Mulder's blood, on the steering wheel, on the dash and windshield, have been left. The Horseman scrambles to the rear of the truck, looking for Mulder in the tarp-covered bed. But as he comes around the back he YELLS something again to the Glasses Man, who looks displeased. Mulder is obviously gone.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. THICK DECIDUOUS WOODS - LATE DAY - LOW TRACKING ANGLE

28

Along the sodden blanket of leaves. Hearing the struggle and labor of a man crawling. Finding feet, then the familiar prison uniform, now speckled and spotted with blood. Finally finding Mulder. Pulling himself forward until he collapses. Not able to go any further.

AS WE CRANE UP SLOWLY, keeping Mulder center frame as CAMERA RISES toward the tree tops. (*NOTE: There should be something distinctive, something memorable about this location, this angle, because we will be back here soon enough.)

DISSOLVE TO:

28A EXT. PINE/CEDAR FOREST - HIGH ANGLE - LATE DAY

28

To match in with the previous scene. CAMERA DROPPING SLOWLY as we hear movement, then Krycek stumbles into frame. He, too, is injured, but not to the degree of Mulder. Though he drops to a knee here to catch his breath.

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED:

28

CAMERA DROPPING TO EYE LEVEL when Krycek suddenly goes on red alert. He hears something. Something that captures his attention
O.S.

KRYCEK'S POV

In the distant forest there are VOICES, shouting. Then movement. A MAN, THEN TWO. Moving, disappearing between trees.

RESUME KRYCEK

His heart racing again, but not from exhaustion. The flight instinct taking over, sending him in a full-out sprint through the trees.

NEW WIDE ANGLE - TRACKING WITH KRYCEK

Moving with him at running speed, trees in f.g. flashing past. Krycek racing AHEAD OF CAMERA now, as we:

CUT TO:

NEW HIGH ANGLE

CRANING DOWN as Krycek approaches. Down to eye level as he runs RIGHT TO CAMERA, then comes to a sudden stop. Fear in his eyes.

KRYCEK'S POV

Standing in his way are FOUR LARGE MEN in raggy, dirty clothes. They are bearded or unshaven -- and dirty themselves. They all have one thing in common, though, and this is the most remarkable thing about them outside the obvious menace they present: these men are all MISSING THEIR LEFT ARMS.

RESUME KRYCEK

As THREE MORE ONE-ARMED MEN appear from the forest behind him. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. Krycek's chest is still heaving mightily from the chase, as he asks the men in Russian, feigning uncertainty with the language.

KRYCEK

What do you want with me?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE FOUR MEN

As they step to Krycek. The leader answers in guttural Russian.

ONE-ARMED LEADER

Why do you run?

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED: (2)

28

KRYCEK
I have escaped the prison camp.

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED: (3)

28

The Leader looks at Krycek, glancing down at his clothes.

ONE-ARMED LEADER

You are a liar.

KRYCEK

No. I am an American. Falsely
accused of spying.

The Leader stares at Krycek impassively. He just might kill him
now. A moment of danger, anticipation of it -- then:

ONE-ARMED LEADER

Then your enemy is mine. We can
protect you.

Off Krycek's tentatively dawning relief, we:

CUT TO:

29 EXT. DECIDUOUS WOODS - NIGHT - RESUME HIGH ANGLE

29

Where we were earlier, except that Mulder is not to be seen. As
CAMERA SLOWLY DROPS -- right to the forest floor. Holding for a
beat, then the leaves push up and Mulder appears from under
them, his face dirty. His eyes tired.

If it is raining, then Mulder leans his head back, opening his
mouth, trying to drink the raindrops. If it is not raining,
Mulder takes a leaf, cupping it in one hand and drinking the
moisture.

Then he hears something in the night. Crawling slowly backwards
into his hole. As CAMERA RISES AGAIN NOW, TILTS to FIND Horsemen
approaching. Directly towards Mulder's position.

NEW LOW ANGLE

Looking directly over the hole where Mulder lies. As the horses
hooves enter frame. Moving slowly along the leafy floor. So
close, they might find him by simply just stepping on him.

Four Horsemen pass ever so slowly, leaving only one horse.

THE GLASSES MAN

Lingers, looking around as if he senses some kind of presence
nearby. He stays for a moment longer, then rides off. As he
exits frame, CAMERA HOLDS on the ground, where Mulder's head
rises up again for a look.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

2

MULDER'S POV

The Horsemen moving off into the forest.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

CLOSE ON MULDER

On his tired but frightened eyes. Sinking back down into the leaves, back into his hiding place. When the leaves settle, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

30 CLOSE ON SCULLY - RISING UP INTO FRAME

30

Raising her hand.

SCULLY

I, Dana Katherine Scully, swear
to tell the truth... the whole
truth and nothing but the truth.
So help me God.

She takes a seat at the witness table. We are:

INT. SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE CHAMBER - WIDE - DAY

(NOTE*: Apart from small changes at the beginning, this is a replay of the Teaser from the previous episode, "TUNGUSKA", with the exception being that the action here moves to a conclusion past its previous ending. ****ADDITIONAL NOTE***** The Teaser for "Tunguska" will now NOT include the jail scene conclusion for Scully! Bob G. wins! Fans go WILD!)

A Georgian-style paneled courtroom. SEVEN SENATORS sit at a dais, their aides stationed in chairs behind them. The audience that faces them is small, their backs TOWARD CAMERA. A LEGEND reads: SENATE SELECT SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTELLIGENCE AND TERRORISM, WASHINGTON, D.C.

SCULLY

I would like to read from a
prepared statement.

31 CAMERA SLOWLY PANS ACROSS THE FACES OF THE SENATORS

31

The faces of senior politicians, trained on Scully with self-conscious earnestness (à la the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill hearings). One leans forward in his seat, another removes his bifocals. All seem intensely interested in their witness.

CHAIRMAN

You may do so.

ANGLE - SCULLY

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

3

She sits alone at the witness table. Eyeglasses on, she reads from a prepared statement. In the front row behind her, other witnesses, including A.D. SKINNER, are seated.

SCULLY

I left behind a career in medicine to become an FBI agent four years ago because I believed in this country. Because I wanted to uphold its laws -- to punish the guilty and to protect the innocent.

She looks up here at her judges, sees:

AN AIDE

Moving to the Chairman, handing him a folded note.

RESUME SCULLY

Looking back down to her statement.

SCULLY

I still believe in this country, but I believe there are powerful men in our government who do not; men who have no respect for the law and who flout it with impunity --

The Chairman looks up, making eye contact with:

THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Seated inconspicuously toward the back of the chamber.

CLOSE ON CHAIRMAN

Folding the note. Passing it to SENATOR SORENSON, who reads it.

CHAIRMAN

Miss Scully --

RESUME SCULLY

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

SCULLY
(overlapping)
I have come to the conclusion --

CHAIRMAN
(voice rising)
Agent Scully --

SCULLY
-- that it is no longer
possible --

The sound of Scully's voice is drowned out by the BANGING of the Chairman's gavel.

CHAIRMAN
This is not a soapbox, Miss
Scully. Your statement will be
entered into the record.

SCULLY
With all due respect, Mr.
Chairman, I would like to
finish --

CHAIRMAN
This is not why we are here
today --

Now SENATOR SORENSON interrupts.

SORENSON
Agent Scully, do you or do you
not know the whereabouts of
Agent Mulder?

SCULLY
(overlapping)
Then why are we here?

SORENSON
Are you or are you not aware of
Agent Mulder's present location?

SCULLY
I respectfully refuse to answer
that question, sir, because --

CHAIRMAN
Agent Scully, you cannot refuse
to answer that question --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

3

SCULLY

-- Because I believe answering that question could endanger Agent Mulder's life. These men--

CHAIRMAN

You don't seem to understand. Your response is not optional. You're an agent of the FBI --

SCULLY

If I may finish my statement, sir. It is no longer possible for me to carry out my duties as an FBI agent --

SORENSEN

Are you tendering your resignation, Agent Scully? Is that what you're trying to say?

SCULLY

No, sir. I am saying that the real target of this committee's investigation should be the men who are beyond prosecution or punishment -- the men whose secret policies are behind the crimes you're investigating.

Sorenson leans into his microphone.

SORENSEN

Your opinions of this committee's work notwithstanding, Agent Scully, you have a legal obligation to answer the questions posed to you.

Scully holds her ground.

SORENSEN

Either you tell us what you know about Agent Mulder's whereabouts or you'll be held in contempt of Congress.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

Scully stares back at the Senator. Defiant.

CUT TO:

32 INT. PRISON - DAY - LOW ANGLE ON CELL BLOCK FLOOR

32

Through barred gate. As a pair of feet step into frame -- women's feet. The gate rolls open, AS CAMERA RISES to REVEAL SCULLY, being led to a jail cell by A FEDERAL MARSHAL. While ANOTHER MARSHAL opens the cell door for her. Her expression a hardened, stoic anger. As she disappears into the cell and the door is closed behind her.

As the Jailors move back down the cell block now, away from us, CAMERA DOLLIES IN, PANS TO SCULLY, sitting on the edge of her bunk, deep in thought. Fighting off dejection.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

32A EXT. LOW ANGLE ON DECIDUOUS FOREST FLOOR - EARLY MORNING

32A

On the spot where Mulder has buried himself. Mulder's head slowly rising, just out of the leaves. Only someone as low and close as we are might know he is there. His eyes barely visible, blinking, searching. Reacting to A SOUND. Someone approaching.

Slowly, Mulder sinks back into the hole, the leaves collapsing over him, covering him. Hiding him. A few beats, as the sound of someone approaching grows LOUDER. Crunch, crunch, crunch on the forest floor. Until... A PAIR OF BOOTS enter frame.

Walking at a slow pace. The owner of these boots walks AWAY FROM CAMERA. Passing right by Mulder's hiding place. Walking a good four or five meters past... when he stops (before we can learn his identity.)

Turning now in a half circle, as if troubled, maybe even sensing something. Then he turns and moves BACK TOWARDS CAMERA. Right to the place where Mulder is hiding. Reaching down with a bold, quick move -- right down into the leaves. And lifting Mulder up by the front of his prison uniform in a clean jerk.

Lifting him up into TWO SHOT, where we reveal the man is none other than THE LONG-HAIRED TRUCK DRIVER. Staring close at Mulder.

TRUCK DRIVER
(angrily, in Russian)
WHERE'S MY TRUCK?!

33 INT. SMALL DARK CABIN - DAY

33

The door opens and daylight floods in the doorway, casting a harsh column of outside inside. As Mulder is pushed through the doorway by the big Long-Haired Driver; to the floor where he lies tired and broken as the Driver shuts the door behind, casting the small hovel in dim light again.

The Driver stands over Mulder, saying something LOUD in Russian. Which we realize is a direction, an order -- to his COUNTRY WIFE who moves to Mulder, helping him up to a chair at a table near a CRACKLING LITTLE FIREPLACE.

The Driver does a slow circle around the table, staring down at Mulder, while the Wife checks Mulder's eyes, sensing his ill health. The husband says something strong to her in Russian, but she is not frightened by him. Saying something strong back. Discussing Mulder's health, his poor condition. Then she gives him an order in Russian; a command. He glares momentarily at her now, then moves to the door in obedience. Exiting.

The Wife pours a glass of water from a crockery pitcher, bends down to Mulder again. He is dehydrated, his eyes tired and unfocused. She holds his face to hers, putting the water to his lips. He drinks, as she asks him something in Russian.

MULDER

No Russian.

WIFE

(in bad English)

American?

Mulder nods. Directing the glass of water back to his own lips. He drinks thirstily. As he does, the woman instinctively checks for something -- pulling his collar aside to find it.

MULDER

Tell your husband I'm sorry
about his truck --

WIFE

The test.

She has found the dirty bandage on Mulder's upper arm.

MULDER

Yes.

WIFE

They kill everybody for the
test. My brother, his wife...

MULDER

But they don't kill you?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

WIFE

My husband makes deliveries,
they spare our lives. No
truck... now he is afraid.

Mulder realizes why the Driver was angry now. He rises.

MULDER

We have to go then --

WIFE

No.

MULDER

They'll come looking for me.
They'll come looking for you --

She rises now, too.

WIFE

My husband will return --

MULDER

We have to go --

WIFE

No. There are other ways.

MULDER

I don't know what you're talking
about --

She moves to a door leading off this room, opens it. Speaking to
someone inside in an urgent hush. A moment, then A SMALL BOY
comes out. Standing before Mulder -- HIS LEFT ARM MISSING.

WIFE

No arm. No test.

Mulder realizes what option it is she is now suggesting. He
moves to her, taking her by the shoulders.

MULDER

You don't understand. These
tests --

She looks at him with fearful credulity. He realizes he doesn't
quite understand it himself. But he understands enough. He pulls
up her sleeve, looking for her smallpox scar.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

3

MULDER
-- your arm, here -- the
smallpox scar is used for some
kind of identification --

She quails a little at his intensity. As does her son.

MULDER
I can help you to escape. If
you'll help me. If you'll help
me get to St. Petersburg.

She nods slightly, both Mulder and she redirecting their
attention to the door where:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE HER HUSBAND, THE DRIVER

He's re-entered the small house. This time carrying an old, but
well oil carving knife. Off:

MULDER

Staring at this man, with the woman and the boy behind him.
Realizing that he must now convince the man of the house.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. PINE FOREST - NIGHT

34

PUSHING IN SLOWLY on a small, provisional firepit, its spent
embers glowing. Men are asleep around this fire. FINDING KRYCEK,
deep asleep. The blankets pulled close against the cold.
Sleeping the sleep of the dead. When he wakes WITH A START.

SEVERAL ONE-ARMED MEN

Standing over him. Then pinning him forcefully to the ground. He
struggles against them, but they are strong; determined. They
tear the blanket away, ripping at his left shirt sleeve.

As THE ONE-ARMED LEADER enters frame now, holding A RED-HOT
GLOWING KNIFE. Bending down into Krycek.

KRYCEK
NO!!

CAMERA PULLING SLOWLY BACK as his SCREAMS echo into the forest.
As we:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 INT. JAIL - DAY

3

Scully is on her bunk reading a book on VARIOLA VIRUS, written by DR. BONITA CHARNE-SAYRE when she hears CLANGING O.S. The sound of the rolling gate at the end of the cell block opening, closing. She sits up somewhat, listening. Then reacting to:

A.D. SKINNER

Appears in the cell block. Waiting as the Federal Marshal opens the cell door to admit him. Scully slips her shoes on, rising to her feet, but Skinner says nothing. Waiting until the jailor closes the door, exits.

SKINNER

You holding up?

SCULLY

Paid vacation.

Skinner half smiles, as does Scully. But there are other places they'd both rather be.

SKINNER

I talked to one of the Senate Aides. They're prepared to leave you in here over the weekend if you don't answer the question.

SCULLY

I have plenty to read.

She nods to a stack of books, papers. On top of which she has put her book on Variola Virus.

SKINNER

I can understand protecting Agent Mulder --

SCULLY

-- It's not just Agent Mulder I'm protecting, sir.

Scully sits down on her bunk, looking down at the floor. Skinner processes this. Or at least tries.

SKINNER

Then what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

SCULLY

We were called before the committee to answer questions about a murder; about an intercepted diplomatic pouch. A pouch that was to be delivered to a prominent doctor -- a woman who's now dead. As is the man delivering this same pouch -- the contents of which have now infected an exobiologist with some kind of paralyzing toxin.

(pointedly)

But what are we stuck on here? The whereabouts of Agent Mulder.

SKINNER

You mean it's the wrong question.

SCULLY

Several of the men on that committee are lawyers. And it has been my experience that lawyers ask the wrong question only if they don't want the right answer.

SKINNER

Unless Agent Mulder has found the answers they're looking for.

SCULLY

Or someone wants to make sure he doesn't find them.

SKINNER

These are congressmen you're talking about, Agent Scully --

SCULLY

Yes, sir. I know that, sir. And it is my natural inclination to believe that they are acting in the best interest of the truth. But I'm not inclined to follow my own judgement in this case.

SKINNER

So you're going to follow Agent Mulder's. Is that it?

(CONTINUE)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Scully looks up at him. Skinner knows the answer. As we:

CUT TO:

36 INT. OUTER WET LAB - NIGHT

36

We are looking through two walls of glass to the lit inner lab, where Dr. Sacks lies on the white table, still in his haz-mat suit. In a soft white/blue light. The inner lab has been turned into a makeshift ICU. There's a heart monitor, an EEG and two IV stands.

Coming out of the inner lab, also dressed in a haz-mat suit, is Dr. Kingsley Looker. Exiting TOWARD CAMERA, moving to us in the outer lab where he begins to remove his suit. He gets the helmet off, taking a breath of fresh air -- when SOMEONE STEPS INTO FRAME AND GRABS HIM AROUND THE NECK. With a quick, forceful snapping action, Dr. Looker's spine is severed. And his body goes limp in his attacker's arms. Quickly left to slump on the floor. Lifeless.

The attacker, who we still have not seen clearly, steps calmly over him, moving into the wetlab. And now we see that the man capable of such action and know-how is none other than Vassily Peskow. Moving into the first door of the anti-contamination chamber of the wetlab -- without a haz-mat suit.

37 INT. WETLAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

37

Peskow enters the second door, stepping into the chamber where we have seen only people -- Scully, Pendrell, Dr. Looker -- in haz-mat suits. Peskow calmly steps to Dr. Sacks, still lying on the table, and looks at his unblinking eyes.

Then calmly, as he does everything, he reaches into his pocket and removes AN AMPULE AND A SYRINGE. With continued calmness he removes the cap from the needle, puts it in his pocket. Then he pokes the needle into the ampule and fills the syringe with the same amber fluid that we saw Agent Mulder injected with in the Russian gulag.

Moving to Dr. Sacks now, full syringe in hand, turning his helmet-encased head to the side and injecting the needle through the suit into the back of Dr. Sacks' neck. Just as was done to Agent Mulder in the gulag.

He does this, then lies Dr. Sacks' head back down. So that we can see his face again through the clear shield. Where we see:

(SPFX?) BLACK WORMS have begin to crawl slowly from his tear ducts, then his nose. As if the injection has flushed them out.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

3'

ANGLE ON VASSILY PESKOW

Looking down impassively on Dr. Sacks, as he carefully puts the spent syringe and the ampule back in his pocket. Removing now the knife that we saw him using earlier to cut his apple.

Taking this knife and opening it; with equal calm deftness, cutting the hose that provides an oxygen supply to Dr. Sacks. (X)

ANGLE - THE PLEXIGLASS CONTAINER (X)

Containing the Mars rock. It rests on a countertop in the f.g. (X)
Peskow moves toward it, calmly picking it up. As he exits the (X)
wetlab, the GLASS DOOR CLOSING BEHIND HIM: (X)

CUT TO:

38 A PICTURE OF VASSILY PESKOW

38

An older, but not old black and white photo, snapped as if from a hiding place. Peskow does not seem to know it was being taken. It is held in a man's hand. Being handed to another man.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN (O.S.)
His name is Vassily Peskow. He
was a KGB Line X stringer
working out of Moscow Centre.

We are:

EXT. WELL-MANICURED MAN'S PADDOCK - DAY

Standing outside, with a view of the horse rings.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
His specialty was Mokrie Dela.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
(impatient)
Please.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
He was an assassin. No longer in
place, as they say. Retired.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
But you think he's here?

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
We have a man -- a cut out in
St.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN (cont'd)

Petersberg -- who says Peskow
left the country recently and
has not returned. Traveling
under an old KGB alias.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

3

The WMM looks at the picture again. Studying it.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
He's not a young man --

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
-- which would make his
movements all the more
unsuspicious.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
How could this be? How could the
Russians have known we were
working on our own inoculation.
Six of us knew.

The Cigarette-Smoking Man lights a smoke, shakes his head.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
Dr. Charne-Sayre?

WELL-MANICURED MAN
She was trusted. Absolutely.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
Then I don't know.

WELL-MANICURED MAN
Find this man. Find him.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN
If my intelligence sources are
right, I think there's someone
who might save us the trouble.

Off the WMM's intensity, his curious reaction to this, we:

CUT TO:

39 INT. SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE CHAMBER - DAY

39

SEVEN SENATORS are filing in, taking their seats. Including
Senator Sorenson who stands before sitting. Looking for:

ANGLE ON AGENT SCULLY

Entering the chamber. She carries a tall stack of papers to the
witness table. (She's changed, dressed in a clean business
suit.) As she takes her seat. Skinner is conspicuously absent.

(CONTINUE)

39 CONTINUED:

39

RESUME SORENSON

The last Senator to sit. His eyes on Scully the whole time.

SORENSON

Mister Chairman, if I may.

The Chairman nods to Sorenson, who adjusts his mike. Then:

SORENSON

Miss Scully, you've had a good long while to think about the question that was asked in our last session. And I want to give you the opportunity to answer that question here today, so I may help our good Chairman here get on with this proceeding --

SCULLY

I can't answer the question, sir.

SORENSON

(beat, then pointedly)

I'm going to ask you again. Where is Special Agent Mulder, and why is he not here today?

SCULLY

I'd be happy to answer your questions about the man carrying the diplomatic pouch -

SORENSON

Agent Scully --

SCULLY

-- about his murder and my opinion about its connection to the death of Dr. Bonita Charney-Sayre of the World Health Organization --

SORENSON

Miss Scully -- you'll get your chance with all of that --

SCULLY

-- about the biotoxin being transported in that pouch --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

3

SORENSEN
(forcefully)
Answer the question, Miss Scully.

But Scully sits in willful silence. Until:

MULDER (O.S.)
What is the question?

Scully turns. As does everyone else in chambers.

ANGLE ON AGENT MULDER

Entering the room, the door closing gently behind him. Moving through the aisle of people. He is dressed in a clean suit. And his left arm is very much intact.

He and Scully have locked eyes on this walk, each trying not to show their delight at Mulder's timely, ironic entrance. Nor their relief and happiness at this moment of reunion. Under A BANGING OF A GAVEL.

ANGLE ON SENATORS

Several leaning over, whispering to each other. While the Chairman bangs the gavel (but not very hard.)

CHAIRMAN
Alright. Let's come to order.
Agent Scully, let's continue.

RESUME SCULLY

She turns back to the Senators. As Mulder is taking a seat behind her where Skinner had been seated in previous sessions.

SCULLY
Yes, sir. If I may. I would like
to finish making my point.

SORENSEN

Is watching this with a stern curiosity.

RESUME SENATORS, SCULLY

CHAIRMAN
What is your point, Miss Scully?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

RESUME SCULLY

SCULLY

That the death of Dr. Charne-Sayre, given her field of expertise, suggests she knew something about this toxin, about its origins. And that knowledge may be directly linked to the murder of the man in Assistant Director Skinner's apartment building.

ANGLE ON A.D. SKINNER

Entering the chambers. Taking the route Mulder took, to much less effect. Moving to the seat now occupied by Mulder. But he does no more than acknowledge Mulder, leaning down to whisper in Agent Scully's ear.

RESUME THE SENATORS

SORENSEN

Miss Scully --

SCULLY

Yes, sir. I've just been informed by the Assistant Director that there has been an accident directly related --

SORENSEN

-- an accident?

SCULLY

A doctor infected with the toxin has died under suspicious circumstances involving a theft of evidence; of the contents of the diplomatic pouch.

CHAIRMAN

(speaking up)

We've gotten off to real fine start here. I'm going to recess here until this new matter can be explained. So we might begin moving in a forward direction.

He bangs his gavel. Hard this time. As Scully rises, turning to Mulder. And hugging him. And he hugging her.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (4)

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

It feels good to put my arms
around you, Scully. Both of them.

SCULLY

When did you get back here --

MULDER

It's a long, weird story.

SKINNER

Some other time. I think there's
enough weirdness here to sort
through right now. To explain.

SCULLY

Mulder -- I've made several
connections about this toxin,
about what it might be --

MULDER

Yeah - so have I.

Scully takes a breath, intensified. Turning to Skinner.

SCULLY

Sir, I need your permission to
book two airfares to Boca Raton,
Florida. It shouldn't take more
than twelve, fifteen hours, but
in the event it does, I need you
to stall the committee tomorrow.

Skinner stares at Scully, then Mulder.

SCULLY

For the purpose --

SKINNER

If you explain it to me, Agent
Scully, I'm going to have to
explain it to them. I suggest
you do everything in your power
to get back here for tomorrow's
session. Or I can't help you.

Skinner gives them both a look, heavy on the hand-washing
subtext. As he turns and heads out..

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (5)

39

MULDER

Boca Raton?

SCULLY

Mulder -- Dr. Bonita Charne-Sayre was a board member and chief physician for a chain of elder-care convalescent hospitals. Guess what one of her patients died of in Boca Raton.

CUT TO:

40 INT. HARROW HOME - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

40

A NURSE is making one of the VERY ELDERLY PATIENTS comfortable in bed. Adjusting her Sony Walkman for her. The VERY ELDERLY PATIENT nods when the volume is set properly. Closing her eyes as the Nurse moves on to help someone else. Her movement DRAWING CAMERA to the center of the room where, at the far end of the room we see Vassily Peskow entering. A LEGEND appears: 8:15 PM.

Peskow moves with a disarming slowness, walking up the center aisle past ALL THE OTHER ELDERLY PATIENTS. Smiling at anyone who catches his eye, including THE NURSE who he passes with a nod, a gentle, "hello." As Peskow moves PAST CAMERA, exiting frame.

CUT TO:

41 BLACKNESS, INT. A SMALL WALK-IN CLOSET

41

Then a light comes on and we are TIGHT ON A TALL MEDICINE CABINET. Peskow steps INTO FRAME, reaching to open the double doors. He goes through the large bottles of medications with quick evaluation. Finding what he's looking for: a clear glass bottle of prescription CIMETIDINE.

Peskow takes this bottle from the cabinet, replacing it with ANOTHER AMBER GLASS BOTTLE with a nearly identical label. Then he calmly closes the cabinet and exits. As the light goes out, casting the small closet into darkness again. We:

CUT TO:

42 HEADLIGHTS FLARING IN THE DARKNESS

42

POV out a window, looking into a familiar parking lot. We are:

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

41

INT. CONVALESCENT NURSING HOME - NIGHT

The headlights douse, as A LEGEND appears: 1:21 AM. There is the sound of CAR DOORS CLOSING, then several more beats until Mulder and Scully appear. Banging on the door. Until:

The Nurse (established earlier) appears. Reacting to Mulder and Scully holding up their FBI badges. She unlocks the door, opens it. Alarmed by their appearance, their air of urgency.

NURSE

Yes -- what is it?

SCULLY

Special Agents Scully and Mulder. We'd like your permission to come onto the premises, to speak with you and any of your patients --

NURSE

What -- what about?

MULDER

May we come in, ma'am?

NURSE

Yes. I don't know what this is about. I don't know what you would be looking for --

But Mulder and Scully are in the building now. On the move.

CUT TO:

43 INT. HARROW HOME - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

43

The ward is dark, only moonlight through the windows outlines the many beds, filled by the many ELDERLY PATIENTS. The LIGHTS COME ON as Mulder and Scully appear in the doorway, followed momentarily by the Nurse. Scully and Mulder moving quickly to the bedsides of two nearby patients. Scully turning just as quickly back to the Nurse.

SCULLY

When was the last time these patients were checked?

NURSE

Four hours ago. At bed check.

(CONTINUE)

43 CONTINUED:

43

SCULLY
This man is dead.

NURSE
What?!

The Nurse is rushing to the bedside where Scully stands.

MULDER
Scully -

ANGLE ON MULDER

Standing over the patient established earlier. The Old Woman wearing the Walkman earlier. She lies in her bed with the BLACK WORMS coming from her eyes and nose -- the oily worms squirming in their final death throes.

Scully has joined Mulder, both looking down in horror. Mulder pulling a small paper pill cup from the old woman's hand.

MULDER
These people are test subjects.
I think they've been poisoned.

SCULLY
(turning to Nurse)
Who gave the patients their meds tonight?

NURSE
(frightened)
I did.

Mulder and Scully are on the move now. Checking patients.

SCULLY
How many patients outside of this ward?

NURSE
Seventy...two --

SCULLY
Call 911. Tell them you've got an emergency quarantine of a biohazardous material. I need you to show us all the entrances to the hospital -- we've got to seal the building immediately.

They are moving through the ward now, back out into the hallway. The Nurse trailing them.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

4

But the CAMERA STAYS, lingering, as they exit. A beat, then ONE PATIENT at the far end of the ward pulls the covers off himself and rises calmly from his bed. He's fully dressed, and soon enough we recognize that it is Vassily Peskow. Moving TOWARD CAMERA NOW. Calmly. Exiting the door that Mulder and Scully used to enter the ward. As we:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44 INT. JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - LOW ANGLE

44

A pair of feet step in, then two pair behind it. CAMERA RISING while this gate is unlocked by two FEDERAL MARSHALS.

SCULLY

I still don't know what you hope to learn here --

MULDER

Everything that's happened -- every death we've seen -- can be traced back to one man --

SCULLY

But according to you, that man's in Russia. Possibly even dead.

MULDER

Then he isn't working alone.

45 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

45

Mulder and Scully (dressed as they were in Florida, rumped from their journey) appear in the frame of the barred cell. The Corrections Officer is unlocking the cell door.

MULDER

Terry Edward Mayhew. May we talk to you, sir? Would you allow us to have an off-the-record chat?

REVERSE ON MAYHEW

On his bunk, wary. (We'll remember him as the MILITIA MAN busted with Krycek in the raid in Epis. 9.) As Mulder, Scully enter.

MAYHEW

About?

MULDER

Alex Krycek.

MAYHEW

Who?

MULDER

The man who set you up. You and the members of your militia.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

4

MAYHEW

Name wasn't Krycek. Name was Arntzen. Something like that.

MULDER

You came into contact with him in North Dakota; salvaging material in a missile silo.

MAYHEW

Never been in any missile silo. Don't know anything about it.

SCULLY

We realize you don't want to incriminate yourself --

MAYHEW

I'm a political prisoner, not a criminal. I don't follow your laws or your constitution or any one-world Jew-run government.

MULDER

Whatever leader or principle you follow, Mr. Mayhew, the fact is you were set up and screwed.

He just stares. If there's anything in his heart, it's revenge.

SCULLY

This man Krycek -- Arntzen as you call him -- how did you come into contact with him?

(off his non-response)

Off the record.

MAYHEW

He came to us with building materials. And some big ideas.

MULDER

What was he looking to build?

MAYHEW

Two... devices.

MULDER

He ever talk about black cancer?

MAYHEW

Oh yeah...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

SCULLY

What'd he say?

MAYHEW

Developed by the Soviets. Saddam used it in the Gulf; that's what made all them soldiers so sick.

SCULLY

You mean -- used as Bio-warfare...?

MAYHEW

That's why they made those servicemen take all them pills. U.S. government knew about black cancer and lied. Didn't have no cure; had no inoculation. 'Cause it ain't no germ or virus. It craps up your genes. U.S. military takes DNA from every soldier now. 'Cause they fear global domination.

Scully and Mulder trade a look. Mayhew catches this.

SCULLY

Did Krycek say he could procure this material?

MAYHEW

I think it's time to quit here. I got nothing more to say.

Mayhew lies back on his bunk, staring at the ceiling. Scully raps on the bars. A beat, then the Corrections Officer appears to unlock the cell. All during this Mulder stares at Mayhew.

SCULLY

Let's go, Mulder. Mulder...

A beat more, but Mulder won't quit staring.

MULDER

You said there were two devices. What happened to the other bomb?

Mayhew won't answer. And suddenly Mulder attacks him, drives his knee down on the man's chest. Holds his jaw firm in his grip.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

4

MULDER

You want to know about anarchy?
Tell me where that bomb is, or
I'll guarantee your prison
time's spent on your partisan
hands and knees putting a big
smile on some convict's face.

SCULLY

Mulder --

MAYHEW

Sonofabitch stole it -- truck
and all -- storage garage.

MULDER

Where?

MAYHEW

Terma, North Dakota.

Mulder lets the man up and he gasps for breath.

CUT TO:

46 INT. JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

6

Mulder comes flying out of the cell, Scully dogging him.

MULDER

Scully, get on the phone and get
license numbers for any two-ton
rental trucks stolen in North
Dakota in the last six months.
Call Canadian border authorities
and have them stop any vehicle
fitting that description. Tell
them they're looking for a bomb.

SCULLY

What are you doing, Mulder?

He stops, intensified himself now.

MULDER

This has been one big set up
from the beginning, almost
perfectly executed. Someone used
Krycek, then Krycek used us.
Someone who didn't want that
rock in American hands.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SCULLY
What's in Canada?

MULDER
Where do you put a rock like
this if you don't want it found?

SCULLY
(a beat, then:)
Back in the ground.

Off Mulder's nod, they both move out. As we:

CUT TO:

47 EXT. RURAL CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - NIGHT

47

A TWO TON RENTAL TRUCK idles as a CANADIAN CUSTOMS AGENTS comes around to the back, where Vassily Peskow is opening the rear cargo door for him. Inside are bags of AMMONIUM NITRATE. A LEGEND reads: BORDER CROSSING, ALBERTA, CANADA.

PESKOW
For my hot house tomatoes.
Beautiful tomatoes, all year.

Peskow smiles sweetly as the Agent pokes his head in. CAMERA HOLDING ON PESKOW'S SMILING FACE, as we PRELAP the sound of A DISTANT HELICOPTER. As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

48 EXT. REFINERY - EARLY MORNING

48

LOOKING OVER TREE TOPS to several stories of elaborate and intertwining metal: oil pipes, catwalks and twisting ducts. As the helicopter we've been hearing appears just overhead of the refinery. Flying past the massive structure, toward a line of evergreens.

48A EXT. GRAVEL PIT - CONTINUOUS

4

As the helicopter flies in over the trees, REVEALING the two-ton rental truck that Peskow was driving. Parked on the far side of the gravel pit.

As the helicopter touches down, Mulder exits, shouting to Scully over the rotor noise.

MULDER

Go back to the refinery. See if you can find anybody who knows anything about that truck.

Mulder moves away from the chopper, out of its prop wash. As it begins to ascend:

FOLLOWING MULDER

As he moves toward the truck. Breaking into a run.

MULDER'S POV OF TWO-TON TRUCK

There does not appear to be anyone in it or near it. It doesn't make sense that it would be parked in the middle of this field.

ANGLE OVER TRUCK

Mulder approaching. Looking in the cabin, checking the door. It's locked. Mulder comes around to the rear of the truck, checks the rear door. It's locked, too. Then he sees something o.s. -- something that was obscured by the angle of the truck.

ANGLE ON A WELL HEAD

Behind the truck several tall, oil-stained pipes protrude from the ground. As well as some low piping, valves and shutoffs. Mulder moves from the rear of the truck to inspect them.

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED
AND
50

51 EXT. REFINERY - MORNING - THE CHOPPER

51

Sets down, depositing Scully, who runs toward the gated refinery.

HIGH ON A CAT WALK

ANGLE DOWN TO SCULLY, as she comes into view. Far down below. Trying an entrance gate to the facility, but the gate is locked.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

CAMERA ADJUSTING to REVEAL this as the POV OF VASSILY PESKOW, standing on the catwalk. Moving now to a door that is marked VALVE ROOM. He enters, disappears. On the close on the door CAMERA ADJUSTS back to Scully. The sound has drawn her attention. She is looking AT CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

5

Scully starts to climb the fence, over the locked gate. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

SHOT - LOOKING UP THROUGH A PIPE, to Mulder who peers down inside it. We are:

52 EXT. WELL HEAD - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

52

Mulder is looking down into the pipe, which is actually some kind of ventilation outlet. Reaching his arm into the pipe now, but coming up empty handed. Continuing to look in the pipe. At:

MULDER'S POV

Beyond his reach, in the dim light, THE ROCK is wedged in the pipe, in its plexiglass case.

RESUME SHOT - LOOKING UP THROUGH PIPE - Shooting past the rock and its container, to Mulder looking down the pipe.

CUT BACK TO:

53 EXT. REFINERY - HIGH ON A CAT WALK - MORNING

53

Scully has ascended to the cat walk where we saw Peskow, moving to the VALVE ROOM door. She tries it, but it's locked. Then she reacts to A WHINING METALLIC SOUND, as if a giant valve is being opened. The rumble of which rattles the whole refinery.

CUT TO:

54 MULDER

54

Mulder has found a piece of metal, with a large nut on a threaded end. He puts it in the pipe containing the rock, when he reacts to A RUMBLING, too. Turning to see A GREAT GUSHER OF BLACK OIL blast out of another pipe just behind him. Suddenly he is covered in oil, raining down on him in torrents.

It takes him a moment to realize what is happening -- or what is about to happen. And he starts to run. Running for his life.

LONG LENS ON MULDER

As he runs from the black gushing Well Head, which has covered him, the area and the two-ton truck in a black slick of oil. Running as fast as his legs will carry him. When -- KA-BOOM! -- THE TWO TON TRUCK EXPLODES, which in turn EXPLODES THE WELL, sending a FIREBALL two-to-three hundred feet in the air.

(CONTINUED)

As Mulder runs PAST CAMERA, THE FLAMES FROM THE EXPLOSION NOW CHASING ALONG THE OIL which has slaked the ground behind him.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. REFINERY - HIGH ON A CAT WALK - MORNING

55

Scully running along the catwalk, to a railing. Seeing:

SCULLY'S POV

The fireball rising high above the trees. (*NOTE: This is a cheated POV, shot at the gravel pit location.)

RESUME SCULLY

Reacting to this -- her worst fears running -- when Vassily Peskow appears behind her. Putting her in a chokehold, and in one quick motion, removing her gun from her hip holster.

PESKOW

I would just as soon kill you,
but please don't make me. My
work is done.

He lets her go, pointing the gun at her a moment, then turning and walking away. Slowly, calmly.

RESUME SCULLY

Watching him, shaken. Then turning back to look at:

RESUME HER POV

Of the fireball, which has now turned into a geyser of fire.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. REFINERY - MORNING - WIDE

56

Scully races from the refinery, TOWARD CAMERA. Now she is running as fast as her feet will carry her. Racing past us.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. GRAVEL PIT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

57

SHOT LONG LENS THROUGH THE FIRE. Scully appears through the trees, stopping. Searching frantically for:

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

5'

SCULLY

MULDER!?

MULDER!?

ANGLE ON MULDER

On the ground, oil soaked. So covered in oil he can't see. Trying to get to his feet.

MULDER

Scully!

A beat, then Scully appears in frame, running to him along the tree line. Reaching him and putting an arm around him, to help him. To keep him from falling again.

SCULLY

I'm here, Mulder. I'm here.

Scully helping Mulder away from the flaming Well Head, burning like a towering inferno in the b.g. Then, A LONG FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN, OVER THE SOUND OF A GAVEL BEING POUNDED. We are:

58 INT. SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE CHAMBER - DAY

58

The committee Chairman is banging his gavel. Seated with the SEVEN SENATORS on the dais.

CHAIRMAN

I'd like to get started here...

ANGLE ON A.D. SKINNER

Staring impassively from his seat, the small crowd in attendance spreading out behind him. We are prepared for him to get up and make an excuse for Mulder and Scully, until:

CAMERA PANS OVER, FINDING SCULLY standing at the witness table. Working to get her tall stacks of paper in order. Behind her, Agent Mulder is going through a file.

CHAIRMAN

Miss Scully...?

SCULLY

(taking her seat)

Yes, sir. I'm ready here, sir.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CHAIRMAN

You have evidence to present,
this is what I've been told.

SCULLY

Yes, sir. Evidence linking a
number of deaths, a great
number, to a bio-toxin that was
transported to U.S. soil by a
courier who was also killed.

SORENSEN

This was the man pushed from the
Assistant Director's apartment?

SCULLY

Yes. He has not been ID'd --

SORENSEN

Do we have the name of the
individual who pushed him?

SCULLY

Yes, sir. Alex Krycek. Who is
missing and possibly deceased.

SORENSEN

And are you in possession of the
pouch, or its contents?

SCULLY

No, sir.

There is much shuffling of paper here. One of the other Senators
leans over, whispering to Sorenson.

SORENSEN

What evidence are you then
presenting us with today?

SCULLY

Documents and interviews that
support a wide-ranging
conspiracy to control a lethal
bio-toxin whose origins are in
fact extraterrestrial.

This doesn't come out of Scully's mouth real easily. Mulder
leans forward to put a hand on her shoulder, hands her a file.

SORENSEN

Are we, what? Talking about
little green men here?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

SCULLY

No, sir. The files that I am --

Mulder stands up behind her.

MULDER

Why is it so hard to believe this?! When the accepted discovery of life off this planet is on the front page of every newspaper in the world?! When the most conservative scientists and science journals are calling for exploration of Mars and Jupiter -- with every reason to believe life and the persistence of it are thriving outside our terrestrial sphere?! If you cannot get past this, then I suggest this committee be held in contempt -- of ignoring evidence that cannot be refuted.

There is silence in the room. Uneasy silence. Sorenson glares at Mulder who holds his stare. Until the Chairman clears his throat.

SORENSEN

This is not why we're here today --

MULDER

Then why are we here?

There is silence again. Tense silence, until:

CHAIRMAN

I will suggest we recess here until the... evidence can be properly evaluated.

Off Mulder's continued stare. Scully rises, beginning to gather the stacks of paper in front of her.

SORENSEN

Looks from her to the audience, making eye contact with:

THE CIGARETTE-SMOKING MAN

Sitting at the far back of the chamber. He rises from his seat, moving quickly to exit, as we:

CUT TO:

59 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

ANGLE ON THE DOOR. A key in the lock, then it is opened, admitting Vassily Peskow. He is surprised by something o.s., but not so surprised that he cannot gently close the door.

PESKOW
(Russian, subtitled)
Please. If you are here to ask
another favor, I am retired.

ANGLE ON KRYCEK

Cropped so that we cannot see his left arm, which is moving slightly up and down.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

KRYCEK

(Russian, subtitled)

I am only here Comrade to
congratulate you on a fine job.

CAMERA SLOWLY TILTING to REVEAL KRYCEK'S PROSTHETIC LEFT ARM AND
HAND, dipping a tea bag as Peskow had when we first met him.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. SORENSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

60

ANGLE ON STACKS OF PAPER, the "evidence" being submitted by
Mulder and Scully. CAMERA CIRCLING SLOWLY to REVEAL SENATOR
SORENSON reading, in the dim spill of a single light.

CAMERA CONTINUING TO CIRCLE, finding THE CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN
sitting directly across from him, reading from this same
material. He takes a deep puff of his smoke, then takes the
papers he's reading and drops them in a trash can already quite
full of the same papers and files. Off this image, we FADE OUT.

THE END