

THE X-FILES

"Elegy"

Written by

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Directed by

James Charleston

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April 2, 1997

"Revenant"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully  
Angelo "Angie" Pintero  
Harold Spüller  
Blond Girl [Penny Timmons] (non-speaking)  
Sergeant Conneff  
Detective Hudak  
Martin Alpert  
Nurse Innes  
Day Room Patients  
Chuck Forsch  
Blond Girl [Lauren Heller] (non-speaking)  
Cop  
Two Blond Victims (non-speaking)  
Karen Kosseff [from 2X13 "Irresistible"]  
Attorney

(X)

(X)

Oncology Nurse  
Uniformed Officer

(X)

April 2, 1997

"Revenant"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL PARKING LOT  
ALLEY

NEW HORIZON PSYCHIATRIC CENTER

INTERIORS

ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL  
/BEHIND THE PINS  
/MACHINERY ROOM  
D.C. POLICE STATION  
/INTERROGATION ROOM

NEW HORIZON PSYCHIATRIC CENTER

/DAY ROOM  
/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRIVATE ROOM  
/MEDICAL RECORDS ROOM  
/REST ROOM  
/PRIVATE ROOM  
/MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM  
/NURSES' STATION

(X)

DARK ROOM  
KAREN KOSSEFF'S OFFICE  
EMPTY BUILDING  
/2ND STORY

ND SEDAN  
ONCOLOGY LAB  
SCULLY'S APARTMENT

TEASER

1 ANGLE ON - BOWLING PINS

1

Set at the end of a high-polished lane. We hear a mechanical HUM as the ARM of the automatic pinspotter descends, then RAKES along the floor, knocking the pins over like a bulldozer. A LEGEND identifies we are:

INT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - NIGHT - REVERSE ON ANGELO  
"ANGIE" PINTERO

The stocky working-class owner, as he makes his way along the long row of lanes, shutting down for the night. The alley is empty; the CLATTER of the pins being reset is the only sound.

He moves on to the next lane, hits the RESET button to activate the pinspotter. Cleans up a mess of beer bottles and pretzel bags. Taking out AN INHALER, giving himself a squirt, before he grabs a pair of BOWLING SHOES left behind.

NEW ANGLE ON ANGIE

He cuts up the short stairs toward the snack bar. As he comes around to the wide window of the SHOE COUNTER, he is surprised to find:

A SQUAT MAN

Stands behind the counter. His back to us, he faces the tall shoe wall, a pair of bowling shoes in hand.

ANGIE  
Go home, Harold.

ANGLE ON HAROLD

Who doesn't seem to hear Angie's comment. He blinks rapidly, eyes searching the rows of numbered boxes... then finding what he seeks. He carefully places the pair of shoes in their appropriate slot. Lining them up in a meticulous manner that goes beyond neatness. This is HAROLD SPÜLLER, an intense, mentally-disturbed man in his 30s.

ANGIE  
Harold? You hear me? You  
shoulda gone home already...

Angie shakes his head at the pile of SHOES to be put away, then ducks under the hinged counter top, rising behind the counter.

HAROLD  
I'm not done yet.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Now we can see why it's taken Harold so long to do his job -- the shoes to his left are perfectly centered in their boxes, the boxes to his right are empty.

ANGIE

Harold. This ain't so difficult.

Angie TOSSES the pair he's been carrying into its appropriate slot. Harold CRINGES at the sight -- that's messy, it's just not right. Harold watches with growing anxiety as Angie grabs pair after pair, simply tossing them into place.

HAROLD

I'm not done yet!

Harold glares at Angie for a long moment -- a hint of danger behind his look -- Angie puts away the final pair, seemingly used to this kind of outburst.

ANGIE

It's past your bedtime. The doctors'll be worried about you...

Harold continues glaring, until he ducks under the counter and heads for the exit.

ANGIE

(to himself)

Hire a wacko and what do you get... a wacko.

ANGLE ON HAROLD

As he throws open the glass door down the way, and disappears.

RESUME ANGIE

Watching Harold go, then reacting to something o.s.

HIS POV - THE LANES

Each set with pins, except LANE SIX, where it appears the automatic pinspotter is jammed. STRAINING its gears.

ANGIE

Harried, as he moves from the counter, down to the lanes, to the top of Lane Six. He hits the RESET BUTTON once, twice -- nothing. Irritated, he presses it again -- suddenly, we hear a RUMBLE... then a WHOOSH as a BOWLING BALL shoots out of the underlane, into the ball return.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Angie reaches for the ball... then STOPS, reacting to:

HIS POV

His hand comes off the ball with BLOOD on it.

ANGIE

Reacts to this.

ANGIE  
What the hell...

He looks toward the pinspotter, disturbed.

REVERSE ANGLE FROM INSIDE PIT

A pin's-eye-view of Angie approaching down the lane. He steps close then crouches down, peering toward CAMERA, searching. When A DROP OF BLOOD hits the polished floor, landing among the pin spots. Then another. A small puddle forming.

CLOSER ON ANGIE

Looking up into the pinspotter carriage, eyes widening in horror.

ANGIE  
Oh my god...

HIS POV - A BLOND GIRL

Is suspended in the pinspotter, jammed up in the mechanism, her long blond hair twisted among the metal spars. A BEAUTY MARK prominent on right cheek. A scarlet SLASH WOUND around her neck -- the source of the dripping blood. And SHE'S ALIVE.

The blond girl tries to speak, but no sound comes out, her mouth struggling to say unheard words.

RESUME ANGIE

Horrified at the sight. He rises, backs up the lane.

ANGIE  
I'll get help...

Huffing wind as he hurries off.

ANGLE ON COUNTER AREA

Where Angie picks up the phone, dialing in a hurry, then becomes distracted by something he again sees o.s. In the direction of:

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

THE GLASS DOUBLE DOORS

Where Harold exited. There are SQUAD CARS PULLING IN outside, with their light bars whirling. (X)

2 EXT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - PARKING LOT - ANGIE

2

Rushes from the entrance, crossing the lot toward the crime scene ahead. A GROUP OF COPS are gathering in a CROWD around something on the ground. There is commotion, as -- (X)  
(X)

Angie steps up to a POLICE SERGEANT (CONNEFF), who's in no mood to deal with gawkers tonight.

SERGEANT CONNEFF

Go on. This don't involve you --

ANGIE

(interrupts; panting)

-- there's a gal, inside...  
she's bleeding, she's...

Angie trails off as his gaze settles on something off-screen. Something that changes his expression from urgency to confusion. He takes a step or two away toward whatever it is he sees.

SERGEANT CONNEFF

What'd you say? A woman? You say there's a woman bleeding?

ANGIE

That's her... my god...

HIS POV - A BODY

Lies on the pavement. A blond woman, her long hair splayed out on the asphalt, a pool of blood near her throat, a BEAUTY MARK on her right cheek -- clearly the SAME WOMAN we just saw in the bowling alley. The same woman, yet here very dead.

Off:

ANGIE

His bewildered look...

ANGIE

That's her.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 EXT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - DAY 3

A busy afternoon, the parking lot crowded with cars. (X)

4 INT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - DAY - SCULLY 4

is putting on a pair of bowling shoes, lacing them up. Looking off with no undue amusement at:

HER POV - MULDER AND ANGIE PINTERO

Making their way down Lane Six, toward the pinsetter. The bowling alley is open for business, so the members of a Ladies Bowling League are not to be deterred, bowling with gusto in all the surrounding lanes.

RESUME SCULLY

Laced up, she starts up Lane Six. In the next lane AN EXUBERANT LADY BOWLER does a victory dance upon bowling a strike. Scully's lack of amusement continues, as she continues to:

ANGLE ON MULDER, ANGIE

Kneeling to look at the pinsetter. Mulder looking up as Scully approaches. (In the adjacent lanes, balls continue to roll.)

MULDER

Scully, take a look...

Scully squats down, cocking her head to try to see.

SCULLY

What am I looking at?

MULDER

This pinsetter -- the way it's wedged and broken.

SCULLY

Yeah?

MULDER

According to Mr. Pintero, the only way this could've happened is from a considerable weight or pressure placed on it from above.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SCULLY  
(skeptical)  
This is where you saw the  
victim's body, Mr. Pintero?

ANGIE  
Yes, ma'am. She was caught up in  
the machinery. Her neck was cut.

Scully nods politely, referring to her notepad.

SCULLY  
And the blood from the victim,  
it was pooling where?

ANGIE  
Right here.

He points to a spot where there is no blood.

SCULLY  
But the blood and the victim,  
they were both gone when you  
returned.

ANGIE  
Yeah... but like I said, the  
woman in the parking lot..

SCULLY  
(finishing for him)  
... was the same woman you saw  
wedged up in the machinery.

ANGIE  
That's right.

Scully rises now, making a few more notes. Her skepticism is not  
lost on Angie who looks at Mulder questioningly.

ANGIE  
I'm not making this up.

MULDER  
No one's suggesting you  
are, Mr. Pintero.

Angie rises. Mulder lingering for a moment, running his hand  
over the spot on the lane where the blood had pooled.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

ANGIE

(re: Scully)

I see the look on her face.

Scully glances up from her notepad at Angie, forcing an unconvincing smile. As Mulder rises to his feet now.

MULDER

Can I ask a favor, Mr. Pintero?  
I'd like a soda.

ANGIE

Sure. Yeah.

Angie and Scully trade another mutually suspicious little look, then he moves off. Taking the opportunity to get a little blast from his inhaler. Scully follows Mulder up the lane now, trailing a good distance behind Angie. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

What IS that look, Scully?

SCULLY

I'd think after four years you might recognize it, Mulder.

MULDER

You don't believe in ghosts?

SCULLY

You're saying what this man saw was the victim's ghost?

MULDER

More like a disembodied soul. (X)

SCULLY

Which is just another name for a ghost, is it not?

Mulder has found a ball that fits his fingers among the ones on the return in the free lane next to lane six. Moving into position to bowl while continuing to talk to Scully. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER

Except, according to Mr. Pintero, this one was trying to tell him something; she was speaking to him, as if trying to communicate. Which actually sounds like what is called a death omen. (X)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

SCULLY  
(dubious)  
A death omen?

MULDER  
A spirit being who arrives as a  
harbinger of death. This is  
third reported sighting in as  
many weeks. And as many murders.  
Each time the victim appearing  
near the crime scene, trying to  
speak, to communicate.

SCULLY  
To communicate what?

MULDER  
I don't know. But hold on a sec  
and I might have an answer for  
you.

(X)  
(X)

Mulder bowls now... a perfect strike. Smiling victorious at  
Scully as Angie arrives with the cup filled with soda.

(X)  
(X)

MULDER  
Thank you.

Mulder heads back up lane without an explanation. Leaving Scully  
and Angie to follow.

(X)  
(X)

NEW ANGLE ON PINSETTER AREA

(X)

Mulder does not drink the soda, he simply turns and pours it  
out. Over the spot where Angie had seen the blood dripping.

(X)

ANGIE  
Hey, what are you...

Scully wonders the same thing, looking at Mulder who is now  
kneeling down to look at the spilled soda. Studying it.

MULDER  
She is me.

SCULLY  
What?

MULDER  
Written into the wax.

Scully moves closer to Mulder, as does Angie. Leaning in to see:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

THEIR POV

Mulder has spilled the soda onto the lane where it has puddled in what looks like an irregularity in the wax. As if the wax has been scraped by a fingernail. It reads: SHE IS ME.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY

With Angie in the close b.g. Trading looks, over evidence that Scully would have a hard time refuting. Off Mulder's trump, we:

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED

5

6 INT. D.C. POLICE STATION - DAY - WIDE ANGLE ON SLIDE

6

Projected on a white wall -- a crime-scene photo of the blond victim we saw in the Teaser. The flat, unflattering flash of the police camera makes the scene look ghostly, unreal.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Three victims. All women...

The slide changes to a photo of the next victim with a CLICK -- another blond girl. We get a brief glimpse, then CAMERA RACKS as DETECTIVE HUDAK steps into frame. A seasoned vet, he leads the briefing, showing slide after slide. (X)

HUDAK

Each the same approximate age, weight, hair and eye color. All attacked within the same six block area...

ANGLE ON UNIFORMED COPS

A dozen, seated around a long table in the half-lit room, listening to Hudak.

HUDAK

Using an FBI profiling model our UNSUB is probably a white male, in his late twenties, early thirties... his victims are probably strangers to him. Symbols representing other women in his life, or perhaps all women. But the focus of his rage... (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Hudak stops here, reacting to something: (X)

HUDAK'S POV OF MULDER, SCULLY (X)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Standing at the back of the room, Mulder whispering to his partner. Not paying attention to Hudak.

HUDAK

You in the back -- is this boring you?

MULDER

No. Not at all.

HUDAK

Well, unless you got something to add to this profile, maybe you should shut up and listen --

MULDER

I do have something, actually. I believe that following the FBI model on this case will not only fail to turn up the killer, but will undoubtedly lead to more victims and more deaths.

(X)

All heads have turned now, looking at Mulder and Scully. Scully's anticipation of what Mulder is going to say giving her some visible discomfort.

HUDAK

You wanna tell us who you are and what you base that on.

MULDER

Special Agents Mulder and Scully, FBI. We've been following up on a lead that seems to have been dropped. The statement from the proprietor of the bowling alley --

Hudak is chastened a little, but not thrown.

HUDAK

You mean the guy who claims he saw the victim --

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Not the victim, but her apparition. What the Irish call a fetch, what is more commonly called a wraith.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

More stares.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

HUDAK (X)  
(sarcasm for his men) (X)  
O-kay. (X)

MULDER  
In these other homicides, have  
there been written messages left?

HUDAK  
Written messages?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

MULDER

Do the words "She Is Me" have  
any connection to this case?

Hudak give Mulder a curious look. As if he's being put on.

HUDAK

"She is me." Penny Timmons'  
last words.

MULDER

Those were her dying words?

HUDAK

According to a 911 call we  
received Friday night...

MULDER

A call from whom?

HUDAK

From a nut...

MULDER

From a crank caller?

HUDAK

More like a nut.

MULDER

What do you mean?

HUDAK

There were no dying words.  
Penny Timmons' larynx was  
severed. She couldn't cry for  
help if there was help to cry  
for.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

So no one followed up?

HUDAK

No. But I'd be happy to get you  
that number, let you run with it.

MULDER

Thank you.

Hudak moves to get the number, as the Officers talk among  
themselves now, casting glances and smiles at Mulder and Scully.  
As if there is some kind of private joke being played out.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

SCULLY

The dead are placing 911 calls?

MULDER

Better late than never.

Off Scully's look:

CUT TO:

7 OMITTED

7

8 INT. NEW HORIZON - DAY ROOM - DAY

8

Mulder and Scully stand beside MARTIN ALPERT, a good-natured occupational therapist. (X)

(X)

ALPERT

People. People listen up. I've got someone who wants to talk with you. They want to ask you a question about the pay phone.

(pointedly)

Nurse Innes --

(X)

(X)

REVERSE ON A GROUP OF MENTAL PATIENTS

A rag-tag group of paranoid schizophrenics, mood-disorders, acute depressives -- they are spread out within the large room, some make crafts, others play board games. NURSE INNES, a middle-aged psych nurse with a gruff manner -- the result of too many years on the job here -- is trying to get the attention of the group, moving from patient to patient. A LEGEND identifies: NEW HORIZON PSYCHIATRIC CENTER.

NURSE INNES

Come on, let's move it. Group Seating, you know the drill... Harold...

Innes casts a pointed stare at HAROLD SPULLER, the man we met in the bowling alley. A test of wills, before Harold relents and takes a seat near the back of the group.

SCULLY

gives Mulder a glance.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

SCULLY

I think Detective Hudak may have  
hit the nail on the head. (X)

Mulder is undeterred, as Dr. Alpert addresses them.

ALPERT

Good morning, everybody.

THE GROUP

(in unison)

Good morning, Mr. Alpert. (X)

ALPERT

I've brought visitors, today.  
They're investigating a crime. (X)

A NERVOUS MURMUR goes through the group.

ALPERT

They just want to ask you a few  
questions.

Mulder, still caught in Scully's gaze, steps before the group,  
speaking in deliberate tones.

MULDER

Hi... I, ah... wanted to ask you  
about the telephone. A call was  
made from the payphone out in  
the hall last Friday night...  
Someone called the police and  
told them about a murder... (X)  
(X)

There are blank looks from the group. Alpert leans over,  
whispers in Mulder's ear. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

That would have been Sloppy Joe  
night. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

A hand suddenly shoots high in the air, the hand of CHUCK  
FORSCH, an older paranoiac with thick-framed glasses.

CHUCK

I did it. I admit it. I did  
it... I'm just a human being,  
after all.

ALPERT

Chuck...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Chuck slowly DROPS his hand. He's been caught.

CHUCK  
I didn't. Sorry, I didn't do  
that. I lied to you. I'm just  
a human being after all.

(X)

Chuck slumps back into his seat. Alpert uses his sternest manner.

ALPERT  
Has anyone used this phone to  
call the police?

REVERSE ON

the blank faces of the disturbed. Offering nothing.

MULDER

holds a photo up for the group -- a graduation photo of Penny  
Timmons, the third victim.

MULDER  
Does anyone recognize this  
woman?

THE GROUP

Grim recognition on their faces. They look to each other, then  
one HAND goes up. Then another, and another, until nearly  
everyone's RAISED THEIR HANDS.

CHUCK  
She's the one who got murdered.

(X)

MULDER

Glances at Scully, hopeful. Scully now grabs a copy of TV GUIDE  
off a table, holds it up. The cover features JAY LENO.

(X)

SCULLY  
And does anyone recognize this  
man?

(X)

The HANDS shoot up again.

VARIOUS PATIENTS  
He did it... He's the murderer.  
He killed her... He smiles  
alot... he smiles alot...

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

One of the patients keeps repeating this last phrase, as Mulder acknowledges Scully. She puts the TV Guide down, gives Mulder a look and moves off. Mulder looks back, noticing: (X)

HIS POV - HAROLD SPULLER (X)

Does not have his hand raised. He's the only one. He stares intently at a spot on the floor, avoiding Mulder's gaze.

RESUME MULDER

Noting this as the hands go down.

MULDER (X)  
(to Alpert) (X)  
That man in the back... (X)

ALPERT (X)  
Harold Spuller. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Has he ever been a problem here? (X)

ALPERT (X)  
Harold. No. He has a tendency to get a little worked up... (X)

MULDER (X)  
Do you think I can talk to him? (X)

ALPERT (X)  
Yeah. Sure. (X)

9 INT. NEW HORIZON - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRIVATE ROOM (X) 9

Scully stands down the hall by herself, going over the crime scene photos. Comparing them to one another. (X)  
(X)

INSERT PHOTOS -- Specifically, several photos that feature the victim's HANDS. (X)  
(X)

RESUME SCULLY (X)

Looking from one photo to the next. Her attention diverted by Harold being led down the hall by Nurse Innes. He looks frightened. Following not far behind is Mulder, who stops to speak with Scully. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

SCULLY

I think I've found something here, Mulder. In the photos taken by the forensics team.

(holding up photo)

Look at this. The third victim, her left hand...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE PHOTO FEATURING LEFT HAND

Scully points to the ring finger, where we see a band of discolored SKIN where a ring might fit.

SCULLY

This band of pale skin. It looks like she wore a ring on this hand, her left.

MULDER

A wedding ring?

SCULLY

The victim wasn't married.

MULDER

Then what, he stole her ring?

SCULLY

(shakes her head)

No. Not at all.

Scully indicates ANOTHER PHOTO, a close angle favoring the victim's RIGHT HAND. A gold band visible on the ring finger.

MULDER

He switched it.

SCULLY

And in the other photos he repeated the ritual. Changing the rings on each victim.

MULDER

Nice catch, Scully.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

SCULLY

Thank you.

(X)  
(X)

MULDER

Any idea about the psychology at work?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

There's something called ego-dystonia, a form of obsessive compulsive disorder where a person has persistent and inescapable impulses -- to organize, to clean, to change and reorder...

(X)  
(X)

MULDER

... to mock one's partner in front of groups?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Mulder pins her with a sardonic smile. Scully allows a touche.

(X)

SCULLY

(continuing)

But not the sort of thing that would ordinarily escalate to murderous impulse.

(X)

MULDER

Not ordinarily. Unless a more complex psychology was at work. Pronounced mental illness, for example.

SCULLY

(dubious)

You really think the killer is here?

MULDER

Maybe. Certainly the person who made the phone call is. Whose name I believe is Harold Spuller.

SCULLY

Did he cop to making the call?

MULDER

No, but he's going to.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

Mulder moves down the hall in the direction Harold went. After a beat, Scully starts after him, putting the photos back in the envelope as she hustles to catch up.

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO

9A INT. NEW HORIZON PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

9A

Harold sits on the edge of his bed. One of two beds in the room (X)  
that he shares with Chuck Forsch ("I'm just a human being.") (X)  
Nurse Innes stands away from him, watching and listening.

(CONTINUED)

9A CONTINUED:

9A

HAROLD

I don't know anything... I  
didn't do anything! Leave me  
alone! Go away. Just go away...

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

Harold won't look up, counting non-sequenced numbers to himself,  
a form of nervous twitch.

(X)  
(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER AND SCULLY

(X)

Standing opposite Harold. Behind them is Nurse Innes, shaking  
her head with not-too-thinly veiled impatience.

(X)  
(X)

MULDER

You made the phone call, didn't  
you Harold...?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Harold looks up now. Fear on his face.

(X)

HAROLD

No.

(X)  
(X)

Harold drops his head again, counting quietly.

(X)

MULDER

Did you say the words "she is  
me?"

(X)  
(X)

HAROLD

No.

(X)

MULDER

Have you ever heard those words?

(X)  
(X)

HAROLD

No.

(X)  
(X)

MULDER

Have you ever seen a ghost,  
Harold?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

A slightly longer beat here, a slight look up. Then Harold grabs  
the bedframe, holding on tight. Beginning to shake violently. As  
if he see something now just past Mulder and Scully that causes  
him great, great fear.

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

HAROLD

No no no no no no no... I  
just want to be left alone --

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

9A CONTINUED: (2)

9A

This outburst causes Innes to act. She moves to Harold, grabs hold of him. Mulder and Scully back off, while out in the hall, some of Harold's hospital mates are gathering and gawking.

INNES

Harold... Harold!! Criminy...

Harold settles but keeps a tight, trembling grip on the bedframe. Recoiling from Innes.

(X)

ANGLE ON MULDER, SCULLY

SCULLY

Well, Mulder... when you're right, you're right.

Scully heads off, leaving Mulder in the room. His eyes still on Harold, regarding him with more concern than certainty. As we:

CUT TO:

10 OMITTED

11 INT. NEW HORIZON - MED-REC ROOM - NIGHT - MULDER

11

enters, finding Scully poring over a thick file of MEDICAL RECORDS on a library table.

SCULLY

Harold Spuller suffers from Pervasive Developmental Disorder, what is sometimes called Atypical Autism. He's spent his entire life in and out of facilities just like this one. He's been medicated, received shock treatments, undergone countless hours of occupational therapy. And apart from his other disabilities has been diagnosed with severe ego-dystonic obsessive compulsive disorder. Which fits his switching of the victims' rings.

(X)

Mulder nods, though Scully can read his reluctance to agree.

MULDER

So why all of a sudden?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SCULLY

You mean what made him snap? I think his outburst showed clearly a frustrated impulse toward violence when put in a challenging situation. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER

That outburst came when I asked if he'd ever seen a ghost. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, the man is disturbed. You could see the pressure building in him from the moment the interview began. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER

Yeah. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Why are you now so unconvinced Harold Spuller is the man we came here looking for? (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER

Harold Spuller may be the man who made that phone call, Scully, but what led us to him still remains unexplained. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

She Is Me. (X)

MULDER

And the apparitions that appeared. Like the one Mr. Pintero saw at the bowling alley. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

I think I've got idea about that, if not an explanation. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Scully flips through several documents in the file before her, as Mulder comes around to see what she's found. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Harold is at this facility voluntarily; which means he can come and go as he wishes, to kill those women or to hold down a job. Or both. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

ANGLE TO INCLUDE AN IRS 1040 FORM (X)

With Harold Spuller's name on it. As Mulder leans in to see: (X)

CLOSE ON FORM (X)

On the line marked EMPLOYER, the handwritten name is "ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL, Angelo Pintero owner/operator." PANNING across this line when A DROP OF BLOOD hits the page. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

ANGLE UP ON MULDER AND SCULLY (X)

As Scully reacts to a trickle of blood coming from her nose. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Scully... (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Yeah. (X)  
(as she rises) (X)  
It's okay. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Are you sure? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Yeah. I'm just... I'll be fine. (X)  
I need to find a washroom. (X)

But she cannot hide her own fear and dismay from Mulder, as she exits toward: (X)  
(X)

12 INT. REST ROOM - SCULLY

12

Enters, holding her nose with one hand. She crosses to a sink, turning on the water. She dabs some cold water onto her face, wets a paper towel to compress against the bleeding. When she looks up, the words SHE IS ME are written on the mirror in a thin smear of blood. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Scully reacts to this, then to what sounds like a SOFT WOMAN'S CRY. From somewhere in the bathroom. Scully hesitates, then moves toward the sound. Stepping around a dividing wall. On the other side, another row of sinks, where: (X)  
(X)  
(X)

A BLOND GIRL

Is doubled over a sink, her hair falling about her head. She wears a white sweatshirt with a college insignia embroidered on it. (X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

Looks concerned, but before she can move:

THE BLOND GIRL

Straightens up. She moves her mouth as if to speak, but no sound (X)  
is heard. Slowly BLOOD BLOOMS from around her neck, as if from (X)  
a cut that has appeared magically. The blood running down onto (X)  
her white sweatshirt. (X)

SCULLY

About to react, when BANG BANG! A loud knock draws her gaze.

MULDER (O.S.)

Scully?

(X)

Scully turns back to the girl, shocked to see:

HER POV - THE BLOND GIRL

Is gone. Disappeared.

MULDER (O.S.)

Scully? Are you in here?

(X)

SCULLY

Stands, frozen in terror.

(X)

SCULLY

Yeah.

(X)

(X)

Then she moves toward:

(X)

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

(X)

Where Mulder stands, holding the door open. As Scully appears.

(X)

MULDER

They found another victim. A (X)  
college student, her neck cut. (X)  
Just a half block from here. (X)

(X)

The shock of this news, along with what Scully's just (X)  
experienced has rendered her speechless. She looks back to the (X)  
mirror where the words had been written in blood, but the words (X)  
are gone. Off Scully's recognition of her own terror, we: (X)

(CONTINUED)

THE X-FILES "Revenant" 4X22 (Green) 4/1/97 23(X).

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

FADE OUT.

(X)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 A WHITE SHEET

13

Is gently pulled back to reveal the familiar woman in the white college sweatshirt. She's dead -- her throat cut. We are:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - SCULLY

Stands over the body, staring numbly at it -- it's the same woman who appeared to her in the bathroom. The body is tucked beside a steel dumpster and against a wall, so that it seems to be kneeling here, almost completely upright.

N.D. COPS work the crime scene in the b.g. Mulder walks up behind Scully, having just talked to Detective Hudak. Mulder consults an open notebook in his hand. (X)

MULDER

Lauren Heller, age 21, single. (X)  
Apparently, she was on her way (X)  
home from a bar where she part- (X)  
timed after class. (X)

Scully isn't listening. She's somewhere else entirely. She lowers the sheet on the woman and looks at Mulder like she's noticing him for the first time.

MULDER

Ring on her left hand... (X)

Mulder crouches down to re-lift the edge of the sheet and reveal just the dead woman's right hand.

MULDER

... moved to the pinkie on her (X)  
right hand. (X)

CLOSE - THE DEAD WOMAN'S HANDS

Fill frame as Mulder's gloved finger points to what he's talking about, making it clear for us.

MULDER

Dead less than an hour when she (X)  
was found. (X)  
(X)

RESUME WIDE

Mulder stands back up, leaving the woman's hands revealed.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCULLY (X)  
That would rule out Harold (X)  
Spuller as the killer. (X)

Scully, still shaken, speaks quietly. (X)

MULDER (X)  
No. It doesn't, actually. (X)  
Harold's not in his room. He's (X)  
nowhere to be found. After we (X)  
spoke with him his nurse locked (X)  
him in. Somehow he'd managed to (X)  
leave the hospital unnoticed. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I don't imagine he's going to be (X)  
too hard to find. (X)

MULDER (X)  
I'd like to be the ones to find (X)  
him. If nothing else, to find (X)  
out what She Is Me means. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I'm... (X)

Scully starts to speak, then catches herself. (X)

MULDER (X)  
What? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I'm going to leave that to you. (X)  
I'm just going to get this (X)  
checked out -- (X)  
(gestures to her nose) (X)  
Just to play it safe. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Do you want me to take you back? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I'm fine, Mulder. Really. I've (X)  
been careful to have the doctors (X)  
keep a close watch on my tumor. (X)  
This is just a precaution. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Of course. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
You'll let me know what you find. (X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MULDER

Soon as we find Harold.

(off her stare)

Scully --

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(anticipating, softly)

-- I'm fine.

(X)

(X)

And she moves off, Mulder watching her. Knowing her too well and too long not to know that something's bothering her. Off this:

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED

14

15 A BOWLING SCORE SHEET

15

Filled out, with someone's names and final tallies. Being meticulously pasted with a glue stick. We ADJUST TO REVEAL:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Harold is the man doing the pasting. He is quietly counting to himself. He finishes pasting the score sheet, moves to a nearby wall, where we reveal...

A PARTIAL VIEW OF A COLLAGE

Harold pastes the scoresheet up next to others already affixed to the wall. They may go on forever (and they do) but the dim light, from the single source of the low crawlspace, illuminates only a small corner of Harold's creation.

HAROLD

Lines up the scoresheet as precisely as if he were manipulating uranium. He breathes shallowly, quietly counting numbers, when something makes him stop.

NEW ANGLE ON HAROLD, COLLAGE

Written in smeared blood across just above the scorecard he's pasting up are the words: SHE IS ME.

Harold becomes frightened at this discovery, sensing something is about to happen. As if this scenario has occurred before. Slowly he turns to look over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

THE FOUR BLOND VICTIMS

Stand across the room. Lit from the low angle of the crawlspace. They stare at Harold, their faces expressionless, eyes dead cold. Their pallor the bloodless color blue.

CLOSER - HAROLD

Looking over his shoulder at this, then turning fearfully back to his collage, starting to paste up another bowling card.

HAROLD

No no no... I just want to be left alone.

CUT TO:

15A INT. ONCOLOGY LAB - NIGHT

15A

CLOSE ON BLOOD as it travels through the clear tubing that leads to the bulb being pumped by A NURSE.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

Sitting with the needle in her arm, looking off. Lost in thought, as if trying to make sense of what she saw. As the Nurse, finished with this work, removes the needle, placing a piece of gauze on Scully's arm. Which Scully holds in place while the woman uses a small piece of tape to hold it in place.

(This sequence should be done with a deliberateness, with a slow and careful attention to every detail except the insertion of the needle.)

NEW ANGLE ON SCULLY

Rising now, to put on her suit jacket as the Nurse works to label the blood sample in the b.g. Scully continues in her abstracted space, catching a glimpse of herself again in:

CHROME SURFACE

(X)

Where she sees her reflection again, as if anew. Over this:

KAREN KOSSEFF (O.S.)

We've spoken about your fear...

We are:

16 INT. FBI E.A.P. - KAREN KOSSEFF'S OFFICE - DAY (X) 16

Scully sits -- uncomfortable -- in a comfortable chair. KAREN KOSSEFF (the L.C.S.W. introduced in the season two episode "Irresistible") faces Scully. (X)  
(X)

KAREN KOSSEFF  
You've been afraid to express it (X)  
to others, to Agent Mulder. (X)

Scully nods absently. She's silent.

SCULLY (X)  
This is different. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
How? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Several months ago I was (X)  
diagnosed with a cancerous mass, (X)  
a naso-pharyngeal tumor that (X)  
cannot be operated on. Nor (X)  
treated by conventional means. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
I'm sorry. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Thank you. I don't want to make (X)  
it sound too dire -- my health (X)  
has been good and I've been (X)  
monitored every week. There's (X)  
been no micro-activity, no sign (X)  
of any growth in the mass. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
You've kept working. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Yes. It's important to me. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
What part? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
The... (X)

Scully falls silent, having never considered the question. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
... Agent Mulder has been very (X)  
concerned, very supportive (X)  
during this time. (X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
How would he feel if you stopped? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I think he would honor any (X)  
decision I might make. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
Do you feel you owe it to him to (X)  
continue working? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
No. (X)

There is a long silence. Scully's answer came too quick. Both (X)  
she and Kosseff recognize this. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I rely on Agent Mulder in ways (X)  
I never realized until this. His (X)  
passion... He's a source of (X)  
strength I draw on. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF  
But you are also under a great  
deal of stress...

This has the hint of a question. Scully nods.

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
What happened last night, Dana? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
I saw something. I don't know (X)  
what to trust; if it came to me (X)  
because of the stress, because (X)  
the image had been suggested to (X)  
me. Or if it was a suggestion of (X)  
my own fear. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
Your fear of failing him? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Maybe. (X)

KAREN KOSSEFF (X)  
What did you see, Dana? (X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

SCULLY

A young woman who'd been  
murdered. She came in a vision.  
Trying to tell me something.

KAREN KOSSEFF

Do you know what?

SCULLY

No.

KAREN KOSSEFF

Are you sure?

(X)

Scully looks at the woman curiously. Unsure of what she means.  
As we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - DAY - MULDER

17

Enters at the double doors in the b.g. Moving to f.g. where  
CAMERA ADJUSTS to find ANGIE PINTERO working the counter. Very  
much alive.

Angie whistles into an old P.A. microphone, getting everyone's  
attention.

ANGIE

(into mike)

Lane sixteen -- guy in the blue  
shirt: stop lofting!

He puts down the mike, then looks up to see Mulder standing  
before him.

ANGIE

Hey... you're back.

MULDER

I'm looking for Harold Spuller.

ANGIE

Harold? What for?

MULDER

On suspicion of murder.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

1'

ANGIE

(honest surprise)

They think Harold killed those women?

(X)

MULDER

You obviously don't think so.

ANGIE

Harold's worked for me for ten years. He might be crazy, but he couldn't kill anyone. He's a sweet kid. A real sweet kid.

MULDER

Have you seen him?

ANGIE

Yeah. He was in here this morning when I arrived, arranging the shoes.

MULDER

He has a key?

ANGIE

No. He's got some damn way of getting in here. Through the abandoned building next door I think. He'd live in this place if I let him.

CUT TO:

17A CLOSE ON HAROLD

17;

Looking through bowling pins, to:

HAROLD'S POV

He can see Mulder talking to Angie. Mulder turning to look in his direction. We are:

INT. MACHINERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harold is in the backstage corridor behind the pinsetters, a narrow corridor that allows access to the machinery. Crouched low behind Lane Six.

RESUME HAROLD

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED:

17A

Continuing to look at Mulder, when his gaze is drawn upward, to:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE PENNY TIMMONS

Lying up in the machinery like we saw her earlier. Her throat cut, trying to speak. Harold stares at her blankly, as if he's either unafraid or accustomed to this kind of thing.

CUT BACK TO:

17B INT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - CONTINUOUS

17B

Mulder is looking in the direction of the lanes.

MULDER

You ever get lane six working?

ANGIE

No. Not since I saw the girl...

Mulder's attention is drawn further by A PIN which falls from the machinery above onto the lane below. And more pins that start to fall, as if the machine has gone even further haywire. Mulder starts down toward the lanes, toward lane six. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT BACK TO:

17C HAROLD

17C

Reacting to the falling pins, and to:

(X)

HAROLD'S POV

Mulder is coming down the lane, bent over, trying to get a look at what or whom has caused the pins to fall.

RESUME HAROLD

Backing away, starting to run.

ANGLE THROUGH PINS

Where Mulder has dropped to his knees, pushing aside the pins that have fallen, climbing through the space into the machinery room. Just in time to see: (X)  
(X)

MULDER'S POV OF HAROLD

Climbing a metal ladder that is fixed to the wall, that leads up to a square crawl hole.

(CONTINUED)

17C CONTINUED:

17C

HIGH ANGLE OVER HAROLD TO MULDER (X)

As Harold's legs and feet disappear up into the crawl space. As Mulder is getting to his feet to give chase. (X)  
(X)

MULDER (X)  
Harold -- (X)

Mulder moves to the ladder, starting up. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Harold -- I just want to talk to (X)  
you. (X)

Mulder continues up the ladder, his head moving up into: (X)

17D INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(X) 17D

Mulder's head and shoulders are only faintly illuminated by the light from below. The room is otherwise dark, only the sound of Harold's disembodied voice coming from somewhere unseen. Chanting a mumbled mantra. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER (X)  
Harold... (X)

Mulder removes a maglight from his pocket, shining it into the darkness. Finding: (X)  
(X)

MULDER'S PANNING FLASHLIGHT ILLUMINATED POV (X)

Harold sits scrunched up in the corner, rocking, holding his knees. Repeating to himself the words: (X)  
(X)

HAROLD  
She is me she is me she is me  
she is me she is me...

Off: (X)

MULDER (X)

Breathing hard, made only more curious by this sight. As we: (X)

18 OMITTED (X)  
AND (X)  
19 (X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20 INT. D.C. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - HAROLD (X) 20  
Sits in a chair, counting quietly to himself the same kind of (X)  
non-sequential numbers. (X)

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I want to make it clear from the (X)  
start... (X)

WIDER (X)  
Reveals Harold's court-appointed ATTORNEY, a curt black woman (X)  
with a commanding presence. Detective Hudak leans on the table (X)  
across from Harold. Mulder leans against the back wall, (X)  
observing. (X)

ATTORNEY (X)  
My client is suffering from a (X)  
mental disorder which impairs (X)  
his judgement. He will not (X)  
answer questions regarding his (X)  
guilt or innocence -- (X)

HUDAK (X)  
I'd be happy to get him to quit (X)  
talking right now. Why's he (X)  
doing that? (X)

ATTORNEY (X)  
(ignoring Hudak)  
If at any time Harold becomes (X)  
upset or unwilling to continue, (X)  
this interrogation will end. (X)  
Detective Hudak? (X)

Hudak gives the woman a look that implies his annoyance with her (X)  
and her kind. Then leans close, trying to catch Harold's eye. (X)

HUDAK (X)  
Did you do it, Harold? Did you (X)  
kill those women? (X)

ATTORNEY (X)  
(explodes)  
What did I just say? This is (X)  
totally unacceptable! I'm (X)  
prepared to tell my client not (X)  
to cooperate... (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Harold just continues counting. Mulder steps forward to Harold now, taking a seat. Harold continues to count his quiet numbers. Not looking at Mulder who speaks gently to him now.

MULDER

Harold, you knew those women (X)  
who've been murdered, didn't you? (X)

Harold's attorney turns her focus to Mulder now, ready to let him have it, too, if that's what it takes. Mulder glances up at her before he speaks.

MULDER

That's what you're scared of. (X)

Harold keeps mumbling his numbers to himself. (X)

MULDER

They've come back to visit you. (X)

Harold's attorney starts to protest, but doesn't know quite what to say, catching a look from Mulder. Then trading a look with Hudak who doesn't exactly know where Mulder might be going with this. Meanwhile, Harold will not look at Mulder, continuing to count. Mulder reaches for the case file which lies on the table in front of Harold. (X)

MULDER

Penny Timmons.

Harold's attention has been captured for the first time in the interrogation room. He glances furtively up to Mulder, then as if in confirmation delivers a set of numbers to him. (X)

HAROLD

Eight, seventeen, thirty, thirty seven, forty five, fifty three, seventy one, eighty, ninety two, ninety nine, hundred and eight --

MULDER

Risa Shapiro. (X)

HAROLD

Fourteen, twenty nine, thirty eight, fifty seven, seventy one, seventy nine, eighty eight, hundred and one, hundred and seventeen --

MULDER

Michelle Chamberlain.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

HAROLD

Seventeen, thirty two, forty  
nine, sixty nine, seventy eight,  
eighty seven, ninety nine --

MULDER

(cutting Harold off)

What was her shoe size?

Another hesitation, then:

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

HAROLD

Six and a half.

HUDAK

There you have it --

ATTORNEY

That is not a confession.

HUDAK

He killed them. He stalked them. Fixated on them and then slit their pretty little throats! Isn't that right, Harold...?

ATTORNEY

Harold as your appointed attorney I'm advising you not to respond to any more questions, nor cooperate with this investigation any further...

MULDER

Harold...

Harold is counting again, quietly to himself. As the room goes quiet

MULDER

There are people who think you killed those women. I don't think you did. But you have to help me prove it.

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

Harold doesn't answer, continues to count.

MULDER

Can you do that, Harold?  
(beat)

I think you can.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Harold continues counting.

ATTORNEY

You don't have to do or say anything, Harold.

MULDER

She Is Me -- is that what they're trying to tell you, Harold? Isn't that why you called the police?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3) 20

Harold stops counting, looks at Mulder. (X)

MULDER (X)  
I want to help you. (X)

Off Harold's silent stare, we: (X)

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED  
AND  
22

23 INT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - NIGHT - ANGIE (X) 23

Is behind the counter, handing bowling shoes to two new bowlers, (X)  
when his attention is diverted toward: (X)

THE GLASS ENTRY DOORS (X)

Where Mulder is entering, with Harold. Trailing are Hudak and (X)  
Harold's attorney, and TWO UNIFORMED COPS. They approach Angie (X)  
at the counter. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Mr. Pintero, I'd like (X)  
permission, if I may, to search (X)  
your establishment, any point of (X)  
ingress or egress that may have (X)  
been used by Harold Spuller. (X)

ANGIE (X)  
(nodding) (X)  
Sure. Are you okay, Harold? (X)

Harold is staring past Angie at the shoes. (X)

HAROLD (X)  
The shoes are out of order, Mr. (X)  
Pintero. I'm sorry. (X)

ANGIE (X)  
Hey -- it's okay, buddy. Don't (X)  
you worry about it. You get (X)  
things straightened out with (X)  
these folks, then you'll come (X)  
back and keep me in line. (X)

HAROLD (X)  
Okay, Mr. Pintero. (X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

2:

Harold turns his gaze to the lanes, starts counting quietly again. Counting the numbers he sees projected up onto the overheard scoring system. As Mulder leads him away.

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED  
THRU  
24B

24C INT. DARK ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

24

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS sweep back and forth, moving toward us. Mulder walks beside Harold. The others follow, picking their way through the darkness.

MULDER

Which way, Harold? This way?

Harold doesn't answer or nod. However, he picks up his pace a little. He suddenly veers left, briefly leaving Mulder behind.

HUDAK

(to Mulder)

I'm not sure what the hell we're being led around like this for --

MULDER

I think it'll become clear to you when we find it.

HUDAK

He's going to show us something that's going to exonerate him?

MULDER

I think so.

Hudak glances back at Harold's attorney whose interest in this is as great as his, if not for different reasons. Mulder and the others follow, their flashlight beams sweeping after Harold to REVEAL:

MULDER'S POV - THE COLLAGE

Of bowling scoresheets -- Harold stands before it, pinned in the beams... nodding to himself. He turns to look back at Mulder.

HAROLD

Here.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

24C CONTINUED:

2

HUDAK

Here what?

(X)

Harold does not answer, pointing instead to an old, yellowed section of pasted scorecards. Hudak moves over to them, as does Harold's attorney. Finding:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCORECARDS

With the names Penny T., Risa S. and Michelle C. on them. They are on different cards, spaced apart, but not too far apart. So that with a little effort they can all be located.

HUDAK

They're all here. Every victim.

ATTORNEY

That proves nothing.

HUDAK

He fixated on them.

ATTORNEY

I see thousands of cards up here. Thousands of names.

Harold stands counting quietly to himself. Mulder watching him.

MULDER

Ask him a name.

Hudak and the Attorney don't quite understand.

MULDER

Any name. Just choose one.

HUDAK

(looks to wall)

Craig Graham.

HAROLD

Seventeen, forty two, sixty seven, eighty eight...

ANGLE RAKING THE SCORECARD

to Hudak and the Attorney as they turn to look at the corresponding numbers that represent Craig Graham's score. Turning back in amazement as Harold continues from memory.

(CONTINUED)

24C CONTINUED: (2)

HAROLD

... hundred and seven, hundred  
and twenty two, hundred and  
thirty one, hundred and sixty,  
hundred and seventy eight, two  
hundred and one.

MULDER

Two hundred game. Not bad.

HUDAK

He memorized... you're saying  
he's got all these scores in his  
head?

(X)

MULDER

Including the victims'.

(X)

HUDAK

My god...

Hudak stares at Harold who counts quietly. Amazed. As is his  
attorney, for that matter.

ATTORNEY

You said this proves his  
innocence... how?

MULDER

I'm not sure exactly, but I --

(CONTINUED)

24C CONTINUED: (3)

24

Suddenly Harold's expression changes. His eyes widen with FEAR. (X)  
He starts to shake and scream, going into some kind of seizure. (X)  
But more like he's reacting to something he sees. Something that (X)  
no one else in the room is able to. (X)

HAROLD'S POV

Shows Mulder and the others staring at him expectantly. But  
now, standing just behind Mulder and a little off to the side,  
is ANGIE the bowling alley owner.

Angie is standing just behind them, his complexion a shade of (X)  
bluish white. His eyes are unblinking, dead cold. His mouth is (X)  
moving, but no words are coming out. Mulder, Hudak and the (X)  
others don't notice Angie's presence at all.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE HAROLD (X)

HAROLD

No, no, no... (X)

MULDER

Harold? What's wrong? (X)

HAROLD

NO! --

Harold bolts, tearing ass not toward his vision of Mr. Pintero  
(which is gone now anyway), but toward the crawlspace that leads  
to the adjacent bowling alley. (X)

Hudak and Mulder are so startled that they don't respond (X)  
immediately. It takes them a moment before they give chase. (X)

CUT TO:

25 INT. ANGIE'S MIDNIGHT BOWL - A MINUTE LATER

25

CRASH! Harold comes bowling into view on his belly, scattering  
pins in a sort of reverse strike. He stumbles to his feet and  
runs up the slippery alley toward the shoe counter. All of the  
bowling has stopped -- people are gathered by the counter.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS ALLEY

Hudak appears, cutting toward Harold. Mulder is behind them. (X)  
He jogs to the counter, slowing as he sees...

MULDER'S POV - THE CROWD AT THE COUNTER

Parts slightly. We move through them to reveal...

... Angie lying dead amongst a scattering of rental shoes. His (X)  
shirt has been pulled open to reveal his bare chest. The TWO (X)  
UNIFORMED OFFICERS have just now given up doing CPR on him. We (X)  
hear a few hushed murmurs from the shocked crowd.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (X)  
He just keeled... went right (X)  
over. Heart attack. (X)

Harold stares at Mr. Pintero and lets out WAILS OF GRIEF. (X)  
Wringing his hands and keening for his dead friend. (X)

CLOSE - MULDER

Moving to Harold, trying to pull him back, but Harold is fixated (X)  
on Angie as if the pain might bring him back. As Mulder feels (X)  
this power, reacts to it, we: (X)

CUT TO:

25A OMITTED  
THRU  
25B

25C INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SCULLY

25C

is dressed in her bathrobe. Moving to her front door where there (X)  
is a gentle KNOCKING. She looks through the peephole, opens it (X)  
to find... Mulder. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Hi. I hope it's not too late... (X)

SCULLY (X)  
No. What are you doing, Mulder? (X)

MULDER (X)  
I needed your help on something. (X)  
Your medical expertise. (X)

She opens the door wider for Mulder to come in. (X)

(CONTINUED)



25D OMITTED

2!

MULDER

I'm sorry, I haven't even asked... What'd your doctors say?

SCULLY

I'm fine, Mulder. What's up?

Mulder pauses a beat, then decides not to push it.

MULDER

Angie Pintero -- the bowling alley guy -- he's dead.

SCULLY

(surprised)

How?

MULDER

Natural causes. Congestive heart failure -- face plant into the shoe counter.

SCULLY

And you need a medical opinion on that?

MULDER

No. Harold Spuller had a premonitory vision of his boss' death.

(X)

Scully frowns, confused by this.

SCULLY

I don't understand...

MULDER

Harold saw an apparition... what may have been Angie Pintero's disembodied soul at the moment of or just prior to his death.

SCULLY

How do you know?

MULDER

I was standing next to him when he saw it.

SCULLY

(cautiously)

But you didn't see it yourself?

(CONTINUED)

25C CONTINUED: (4)

25

MULDER

I don't have the facility -- the connection to the victims that would make it possible.

SCULLY

What was Harold's connection?

MULDER

I don't its exact nature, but I believe it has to do with his autism. That Harold experienced some kind of profound attachment to each victim. And because of his disability, he lacked a way to communicate the depth and power of these relationships, creating a psychic or pre-conscious bond with the victims that reached beyond the temporal.

SCULLY

He KNEW the women who were killed?

MULDER

From the bowling alley. Going back over seven years.

Scully is shaking her head. It's doesn't quite make sense.

SCULLY

Even if what you're saying were true... Harold isn't the only one who claims to have seen these apparitions.

MULDER

No. But he shared a connection to the others who saw them that has its own kind of power.

(X)

SCULLY

Which was what?

MULDER

They're all dying. One of emphysema, a cancer patient... and Angie Pintero.

(X)

Scully is hit powerfully by this, though she does not want Mulder to know it. Trying to hide behind her next question.

(CONTINUED)

25C CONTINUED: (5)

2

SCULLY  
Harold Spuller? He's dying too?

MULDER  
That's what I need your medical  
opinion on.

Scully has just been put in a position that knocks her even farther off balance -- of proving a fact that could only threaten and define her own state of health.

SCULLY  
(challenging)  
And what if he isn't?

MULDER  
I'd be very surprised.  
(off Scully)  
What is a death omen if not a  
vision of our own mortality? And  
who among us would most likely  
be able to see the dead?

Scully's intensity shows in her breathing.

MULDER  
Harold's being held at the  
resident home.

A long beat, then:

SCULLY  
I need to get dressed. I'll  
meet you down there.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25C CONTINUED: (6) 2

CUT TO:

25E INT. NEW HORIZON - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT 2

Chuck Forsch lies in bed, sleepless, alone in the room he shares with Harold. From outside the room, we hear muffled VOICES in the hallway. Chuck perks up. He climbs out of bed and pads to the door, eases it open.

25F INT. NEW HORIZON - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 2

Chuck peeks out to see a distraught but silent Harold being handed over by the two familiar uniform cops. He's being given into the custody of Alpert, the Occupational Therapist.

ALPERT

Everything's going to be alright, Harold. They just want us to keep you here for a little check up. There's nothing to worry about.

(X)

(to uniforms)

Thanks, officers.

The cops nod, exiting. Alpert ushers Harold up the hall, past the door Chuck is guilelessly peeking out of.

Harold and Chuck share a look... then Harold morosely returns his eyes to the floor. Alpert gently chides Chuck.

ALPERT

Go back to bed, Chuck. You can see Harold in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

25F CONTINUED:

2

Chuck pulls his head back in like a turtle and eases shut the door to his room. Off this:

CUT TO:

25G INT. NEW HORIZON MEDICAL EXAM ROOM - LATER - A LITTLE PAPER CUP

2

full of pills, tablets is rattled around.

WIDER ON ROOM

to include Harold staring sadly at the wall. Alpert holding out the little cup to Harold. Harold takes it, holds it.

ALPERT

You still have to take your meds though, Harold. Keeps you flying straight and level.

Harold mutters numbers quietly, working to calm himself down. (X)

HAROLD

Fourteen, twenty nine, thirty eight, fifty seven, seventy one, seventy nine, eighty eight, hundred and one, hundred and seventeen --

Harold visibly tensing when: (X)

NURSE INNES

(X)

enters the room. She is staring at Harold in an odd, intense way. As she moves over to Alpert and he turns to her. (X)  
(X)

INNES

Is he acting up? (X)

(X)

ALPERT

No. I think he's just a little scared. I'm trying to get him to take his meds -- (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

INNES

Harold? (X)

(X)

Harold won't look at Innes. The speed of his recitation increasing. He does not like her in the room. (X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

25G CONTINUED:

25

INNES (X)  
(to Alpert) (X)  
I'll just sit with him a bit. (X)

ALPERT (X)  
Okay. Sure. (X)

Alpert smiles at Harold, but Harold is too frightened to respond. As Alpert exits the room. (X)

INNES (X)  
Take you poison, Harold. Go on. (X)

Harold holds the pills, unmoving. Counting his numbers. (X)

INNES (X)  
What's there to live for now? (X)

Nurse Innes takes a beat, then grabs the cup of pills from Harold's hand. She doesn't sit. (X)

INNES (X)  
What did you tell them? Harold? (X)

Harold won't answer her, recoiling. (X)

INNES (X)  
(nastily) (X)  
Did you tell them about your little girlfriends? (X)

Harold keeps his head down, counting as if to ward her away. (X)

INNES (X)  
(cruelly) (X)  
Did you tell them how you were in love... (X)

HAROLD (X)  
No! (X)

INNES (X)  
... and show them your pictures? (X)

HAROLD (X)  
No! (X)

INNES (X)  
Do you know what those girls thought of you, Harold? (X)

Harold's counting again. (X)

(CONTINUED)

25G CONTINUED: (2)

25

INNES (X)  
You think they loved you back? (X)  
No one could love you, Harold. (X)  
Look at yourself. (X)

She takes the back of Harold's head and points it at a (X)  
reflective surface in the examining room, forcing him to look at (X)  
himself. (X)

ANGLE ON THIS (X)

On Harold looking at his reflected image. CAMERA CIRCLING SLOWLY (X)  
AROUND HIM as Nurse Innes continues to berate him. (X)

INNES (X)  
They looked at you and saw an (X)  
ugly toad... (X)

CAMERA FINDS Harold's face now, finds his tearing eyes. Which he (X)  
averts from his own image. (X)

INNES (X)  
A retard. (X)

Harold turns on her now, tears in his eyes. But with anger, too. (X)  
Rising to his feet now in his anger, in his defiance of her. (X)

HAROLD (X)  
I am not a retard!! (X)

INNES (X)  
That's all you are, Harold. (X)

HAROLD (X)  
No! (X)

Harold's face is turning red, as if he's going to explode, but (X)  
Innes just stands her ground defiantly. (X)

(CONTINUED)

25G CONTINUED: (3)

2

CUT TO:

25H INT. NEW HORIZON - DAY ROOM - NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

2

Alpert moves through the empty day room, moving toward:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER

Arriving. Seeing Alpert heading toward him across the way.

ALPERT  
Agent Mulder...

MULDER  
Thanks for accommodating us  
again.

ALPERT  
Not a problem. We're all  
concerned for Harold.

MULDER  
I understand.

ALPERT  
You have a doctor coming here?

MULDER  
Agent Scully. If you could make  
the arrangements to have  
Harold's medical records made  
available, I think that might  
expedite --

They're interrupted by a short, distant SCREAM -- a woman's  
scream -- and the BANG of a door. Mulder turns and runs.  
Alpert quickly follows.

25I INT. NEW HORIZON - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

25

Hurries down the hall -- he's slowed in his progress by disoriented RESIDENTS who wander out of their rooms in their nightclothes, made curious by the noise. Mulder has to force sideways through them.

MULDER'S POV - THE DOOR TO THE EXAM ROOM

which stands open. Nurse Innes lies on the floor, a gash on her (X) forehead. She's half-conscious.

RESUME

Alpert runs in behind Mulder to tend to her. Off Mulder, looking from the injured nurse to the hallway where the other residents are milling, in which direction Harold must have gone, we...

26 OMITTED  
THRU  
30A

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

31 INT. NEW HORIZON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - SCULLY 31

Heads up the hall. She passes several PATIENTS who hug the walls, looking nervously at something ahead.

32 INT. NEW HORIZON - MEDICAL EXAM ROOM - INNES 32

Sits on the exam table, looking dazed, bruised. Alpert holds a compress to a wound on her forehead. Mulder stands nearby. (X)  
(X)

NURSE INNES

... he just went wacko. I was (X)  
trying to get him to take his (X)  
meds and he went berserk. (X)

Mulder looks up as Scully quietly enters. She hangs back, observing.

NURSE INNES

His face goes all red and he (X)  
jumps me and starts pounding me, (X)  
like he wants to kill me. (X)

MULDER

Did he say anything? (X)

NURSE INNES

No. He just started screaming (X)  
like a lunatic. Something's gone (X)  
wrong with him. I think he's (X)  
lost it for good. And I'll be (X)  
damned if I'm going to take care (X)  
of him anymore... (X)

Mulder looks again to Scully, who remains silent. Alpert pulls the compress away, revealing a nasty gash. (X)  
(X)

ALPERT

I think you should get this cut (X)  
on your head looked at. (X)  
(X)

Innes takes the compress away from him, slides off the table. (X)

INNES

Maybe I could just have a few (X)  
minutes to get my nerves back. (X)  
(X)

Alpert nods, turns to Mulder. Who turns to Scully. The group (X)  
exiting into the hall. Innes watches them, then turns her look (X)  
to: (X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

3

HER POV

(X)

Harold's meds still lay scattered on the floor.

(X)

INNES

(X)

Looks up to see the door closing behind Alpert, then moves to pick up the scattered pills. As we:

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

33 INT. NEW HORIZON - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

3:

Alpert pulls the door shut, giving the nurse privacy.

(X)

ALPERT

(X)

What do you want me to do?

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Call the police, ask for Detective Hudak. Tell him what happened... to check for Harold down at the bowling alley.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

ALPERT

(X)

Are they going to arrest him?

(X)

MULDER

(X)

(resigned)

(X)

I don't think they have a choice.

(X)

Alpert nods, sharing Mulder's sentiment. Then he moves off down the hall. Mulder turns to Scully.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Maybe you were wrong.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Maybe. But that's a superficial wound at best on her forehead. Certainly not meant to kill or maim. And not the work of a murderer, if you ask me.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Then why would he do it?

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Maybe Harold really is sick.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

SCULLY

Maybe.

Mulder regards her curiously. As if sensing there is something she isn't telling him. Then looks to something o.s.

SCULLY

We won't know until he's been examined.

MULDER

There's someone we can ask.

Mulder gestures to:

CHUCK FORSCH

Peeking out of his room at the end of the hall. Watching them.

MULDER

Considers him for a beat. Gesturing to Scully

MULDER

Why don't you see what you can learn from his roommate. I'll see what I can do about finding Harold.

(X)

Mulder moves off, leaving Scully watching him, then looking back toward Chuck as he closes his door, realizing he's been spied. As Scully starts toward his room, her head still full of trepidation about what she might find:

CUT TO:

34 INT. NEW HORIZON PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

3

Scully enters, finding Chuck near the door. Trying to pretend now like he wasn't looking.

CHUCK

(nervously)

Oh, hello.

Chuck moves to the bed, sits down, wringing his hands, trying to contain some great anxiety.

SCULLY

Is your name, Chuck?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

CHUCK

Yes. Chuck Forsch. F-O-R-S-C-H.  
Chuck Forsch.

SCULLY

Do you share this room with  
Harold?

CHUCK

Yes. Harold's my friend.

(X)

SCULLY

Do you know where he's gone?

CHUCK

He's dying, isn't he?  
(off her look)  
Harold. He's dying...

SCULLY

(surprised)

What do you mean?

CHUCK

Nurse Innes. She was trying to  
poison him.

SCULLY

Who told you this?

CHUCK

Harold. He said she told him she  
put poison in his meds.

SCULLY

Did Harold stop taking his meds?

Chuck fights back a wave of emotion. Scully tries to calm him  
with her tone of voice.

CHUCK

(shakes his head)

I don't know. I'm just a human  
being. I don't know everything.  
(proud)

I'm just Harold Spüller's friend.

Chuck's pride fades. He finally looks Scully in the eye...  
speaks simply, with understated emotion.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK

Harold never hurt anybody. He just counts. He loved them.

SCULLY

Who?

Chuck gets up, goes over to a desk, or a bookshelf or some hiding place, removing three graduation pictures of Penny Timmons, Risa Shapiro and Michelle Chamberlain. They are laminated in old and yellow plastic, as if they have been carried around for years. Handled and admired. Chuck hands them to Scully. Scully flips among them, looks up.

CHUCK

Harold gave me them. He was afraid.

Scully is starting to put the pieces together.

SCULLY

Did anyone else know about these pictures, Chuck?

CHUCK

Nurse Innes.

Off Scully:

CUT TO:

35 INT. REST ROOM - NIGHT

NURSE INNES

Stands at the sink, the water running. Her hand is shaky as she draws a paper cup to her lips, taking a drink from it. Her face reflected in the mirror as she tilts her head back, swallowing something with the water. (X)

As Scully enters the door in the b.g. Innes -- not expecting company -- clasps something furtively in the hand opposite her cup hand, setting the cup on the sink, but leaving the tap running. Turning to Scully. (X)

SCULLY

How are you feeling?

NURSE INNES

I'm... y'know, shaky. (X)

(CONTINUE)

35 CONTINUED:

35

SCULLY

I'm sure.

NURSE INNES

Working around these... people. (X)  
It starts driving you crazy, (X)  
too. I'm just looking forward (X)  
to getting out of here. Getting (X)  
home. (X)

Scully nods, noticing Innes' furtive manner, her agitation: (X)

NURSE INNES' HAND

The one with something clasped in it, her left hand, has a band (X)  
of pale skin where a ring was once worn. Her right hand is (X)  
shoved into the pocket of her uniform (X)

RESUME SCULLY

Recording this, but not betraying her rising suspicions (X)

SCULLY

Will your family be a comfort? (X)

NURSE INNES (X)

I live alone. (X)

SCULLY (X)

No children? (X)

NURSE INNES (X)

(bitter snort) (X)

Only the one my husband ran off (X)

with. (X)

Scully nods, noticing that Nurse Innes' thumb instinctively (X)  
fingers the empty ring finger on her left hand. Out of which (X)  
falls: (X)

SCULLY'S POV (X)

Two colored capsules, Harold's meds, fall to the floor toward (X)  
Scully's feet. CAMERA TILTING UP QUICKLY to Innes. Reading the (X)  
look on the face of: (X)

SCULLY (X)

Who looks at Innes with accusation. (X)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

SCULLY

I'm going to have to ask you to (X)  
step out into the hall -- (X)

But she barely gets the words out when: (X)

INNES (X)

Attacks, pulling a SCALPEL out of her uniform pocket and SWIPING (X)  
IT AT SCULLY. Letting out a banshee scream. (X)

Scully puts up an arm defensively, the KNIFE SLASHING through (X)  
her suit fabric, drawing a line of BLOOD across her forearm. (X)  
Innes coming at Scully with her eyes on fire, a mad woman (X)  
unleashed. A woman driven to some kind of drug-induced psychotic (X)  
rage. (X)

Scully cannot get to her weapon before Innes backs her up (X)  
against a wall. Scully fighting off another SLASH OF THE SCALPEL (X)  
KNIFE which cuts at her hands and arms. Blood now running down (X)  
her hands, splattering onto her face. (X)

Scully falling onto the floor, trying to scabble away, but (X)  
remaining facing Innes who is coming at her again. Scully (X)  
grabbing Innes knife hand now as she slashes down, grasping it (X)  
and pulling Innes onto the floor. (X)

Strength against strength now, Scully uses her elbow to back (X)  
punch Innes in the ribs. Which does not dislodge the knife, but (X)  
drives it into the wall, falling off balance and allowing Scully (X)  
to slip out of Innes' grasp and... scabbling backwards, grab (X)  
for her gun. Still on her back as she yanks it from her holster (X)  
and points it at Innes, who is getting to her feet now. Several (X)  
feet away, Scully's blood on her too now, on her uniform. She (X)  
holds the scalpel low, breathing hard and with a frightening (X)  
intensity. In her eyes, too. (X)

SCULLY

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!! (X)

Innes does, but she does not drop her weapon, or give any sign (X)  
that she is about to surrender anything here. (X)

SCULLY

DROP IT!! LET IT GO!! (X)

But Innes doesn't. Raising the blade and coming at Scully -- (X)

CAMERA PUSHING IN ON SCULLY (X)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3) 3

On her face and the fear in it. As we: (X)

CUT TO:

36 INT. NEW HORIZON - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - MULDER (X) 3

and Alpert ENTER the corridor at the far end, having presumably (X)  
just returned from looking for Harold, when they hear A GUNSHOT. (X)  
Reacting. Frozen a moment, then moving at a run, TOWARD CAMERA. (X)

CUT BACK TO:

36A INT. REST ROOM - SCULLY (X) 3

She's already up and moving to Innes, who is lying on the ground (X)  
face up, A GUNSHOT WOUND having ripped through her right (X)  
shoulder. Her eyes are glassy, rolling. As Mulder enters, Alpert (X)  
a few steps behind. (X)

SCULLY  
(clinically) (X)  
She's alive... let's get a (X)  
paramedic in here. (X)

ALPERT  
Yeah. (X)

Alpert exits quickly. Scully looks up at Mulder who is frozen (X)  
for a moment, if only to process what he sees, what's happened. (X)

MULDER  
Scully -- you're cut -- (X)

SCULLY  
She attacked me -- (X)

Mulder picks up the scalpel off the floor as Scully sits back (X)  
off Innes. Catching her breath. (X)

SCULLY  
You'll want to bag that. I'm (X)  
pretty sure it's the murder (X)  
weapon. (X)

Off Mulder's reaction to this: (X)

TIME CUT TO:

36B INT. NEW HORIZON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - INNES (X):

is wheeled out of the room on a stretcher, being hustled down (X)  
the hall by A TEAM OF PARAMEDICS. Mulder and Scully are exiting (X)  
in their trail. She has her arms, wrapped in a field dressing of (X)  
gauze. There are UNIFORMED OFFICERS still in the bathroom. And (X)  
out in the hallway, too. (X)

SCULLY

She'd been taking Harold's (X)  
meds -- clonazepam, clonizine -- (X)  
the unregulated effects of which (X)  
can be violent and unpredictable (X)  
behavior. (X)

MULDER

How'd you even suspect her? (X)

SCULLY

I'd talked to Harold's roommate. (X)  
Harold thought she was poisoning (X)  
him. I walked in to confront her (X)  
and she just went off. (X)

MULDER

But why would she kill those (X)  
women? (X)

SCULLY

I don't know... (X)  
(troubled, struggling (X)  
to understand) (X)  
Maybe in some kind of drug- (X)  
addled way she was killing (X)  
happiness; Harold's happiness, (X)  
his love for those young women. (X)  
Destroying something she thought (X)  
she would never have again. (X)

MULDER

"She Is Me." (X)

Scully shakes her head, still troubled by it all. (X)

SCULLY

Did they find Harold? (X)

MULDER

Yes. (X)

Scully looks at him, reading in his clipped response, in his (X)  
look that something is wrong. Something has happened. (X)

(CONTINUEE)

36B CONTINUED:

3

MULDER

We found him in an alley a few (X)  
blocks from here. He was face (X)  
down on the pavement. They (X)  
worked on him for twenty (X)  
minutes, but he couldn't be (X)  
revived. (X)

SCULLY

What happened?! (X)

MULDER

The preliminary diagnosis is (X)  
apnea. Respiratory failure. (X)

SCULLY

As a result of what? (X)

MULDER

The paramedics were at a loss to (X)  
explain it, but if what you say  
is true -- that Harold hadn't  
been taking his medication --  
that may have been a factor. To (X)  
his death, and maybe even to the (X)  
visions that were reported. (X)

SCULLY

(challenging) (X)  
Harold Spuller wasn't dying, (X)  
Mulder. He was killed by what (X)  
that woman took away from him. (X)

He stares at his partner as she struggles with something... (X)

MULDER

That's your medical opinion? (X)

Scully hesitates. (X)

SCULLY

I saw something, Mulder. (X)

MULDER

What? (X)

SCULLY

(with difficulty) (X)  
The fourth victim. I saw her in (X)  
the bathroom -- just before you  
came to tell me.

(CONTINUED)

Mulder takes this in, becoming disturbed.

MULDER  
Why didn't you tell me, Scully? (X)

SCULLY  
I didn't want to believe it. I  
don't want to believe it. (X)  
(X)

MULDER  
You came here to prove it wasn't  
true, didn't you? (X)  
(X)

SCULLY  
I came here because you asked me  
to, Mulder... (X)  
(X)

MULDER  
Why can't you be honest with me? (X)

SCULLY  
What do you want me to say? That  
you're right?! That it's true?! (X)  
Even if I don't believe it? Is (X)  
that what you want?! (X)

Mulder lets the sting of this dissipate, before: (X)

MULDER  
Is that what you think I want? (X)

SCULLY  
(beat) (X)  
No. (X)

MULDER  
You can believe whatever you  
please, Scully, but you can't (X)  
keep the truth from me. Because (X)  
if you do, then you're working (X)  
against me. (X)

Scully nods. There is a long silence. Apologies might be made (X)  
now... but none are forthcoming. (X)

MULDER  
I know what you're afraid of, (X)  
Scully. I'm afraid of it, too. (X)

SCULLY  
My doctor said I was fine. (X)

(CONTINUED)

36B CONTINUED: (3)

3

Now it's Mulder who nods. Scully waiting for an answer, for some affirmation of this. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

I hope it's the truth. (X)

A beat. A heavy beat. There is nothing more to say. (X)

SCULLY

I'm going home. (X)

And she turns and goes, Mulder watching her. And maybe for the first time wondering how he would proceed without her. Finally, after a long look, he turns and leaves, too. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

(\*\*NOTE FOR TOM BRAIDWOOD AND JIM CHARLESTON: Feel free to break this scene up and play the end of it ext. But if you are going to do this, please work with me to find the proper place to make the split. Thanks, Chris.\*\*\*) (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

37 EXT. NEW HORIZON - NIGHT - SCULLY

(X) 3

Emerges from the front door, finding the front of the facility painted with the strobing red and blue lights of police vehicles and ambulances.

CAMERA STAYS with her as she moves through the jumble of activity, her face showing her mind is deep in her own thoughts. As she finds her car parked just past it all and opens the door. (X)

CUT TO:

38 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - SCULLY

(X) 3

Sits behind the wheel. Then stops for a moment, collecting her thoughts. Putting her head gently against the steering wheel for a moment. Allowing tears to well in her eyes. (X)

After a long beat, she lifts her head back, collecting herself, then puts the key in the ignition, starting the engine. She looks back in the rear-view mirror, seeing:

HER POV - HAROLD

Sits in the back seat, his face calm and pale.

RESUME SCULLY

Somewhat startled, she turns to find: (X)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

3

HER POV - THE BACK SEAT

Empty. Off:

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

and the fear on her face, we:

FADE OUT:

39 OMITTED  
AND  
39A

THE END