

THE X FILES

"Deep Throat"

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"DEEP THROAT"

HAND HELD ON A MILITARY POLICE COMMAND OFFICER

standing in a whirl of activity: flak-jacketed OFFICERS moving past him as he speaks into a walkie talkie. [Teaser sequence will use quick pans to transition.] Legend over: Ellens Air Force Base, Southwest Idaho.

COMMAND OFFICER

- as soon as we're in position
we'll be on a count of five -

EXT. TWO-STORY RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY

CRAWLING WITH OFFICERS - on the roof, in the flower beds; three officers at the front door applying an adhesive charge. They finish its application and give a thumbs up to:

THE COMMAND OFFICER WITH THE WALKIE TALKIE

as a WOMAN is allowed to approach through the police cordon, escorted by another OFFICER.

WOMAN

(hysterical)
That's my house!

COMMAND OFFICER

(into walkie talkie)
Stand by.
(to the woman)
Mrs. Budahas? Your husband
violated base security procedure.
He commandeered a military
vehicle and is believed to be
armed.

MRS. BUDAHAS

Oh my god!

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE

where THREE OFFICERS take a hand signal from A LEAD OFFICER as the numbers are transmitted into his EARPIECE ("Five, four -")

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY to the Officers positioned on the roof, at the corners of the house. As the count continues the CAMERA WHIP PANS BACK TO:

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THE FRONT DOOR

IMPLODING, BLOWN OFF ITS HINGES.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the officers inside as the men move stealthily from doorway to doorway, wall to wall; a move-and-cover system.

Until the Lead Officer enters a room with his gun high, only to see something o.s. that causes him to stop and stare.

LEAD OFFICER

What the hell...

RESUME COMMAND OFFICER

with the hysterical Mrs. Budahas standing by. A burst of static precedes a transmission over the walkie talkie.

LEAD OFFICER (ON WALKIE)

We've got him.

(the woman gasping
in relief)

But I think we're going to need a
doctor...

RESUME LEAD OFFICER

standing with his men, staring with intense curiosity.

LEAD OFFICER

... or something.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO THEIR POV

Balled in the corner of the room, wearing only a pair of jockey briefs, is A MAN with a military haircut, SHAKING FIERCELY, UNCONTROLLABLY, his jaws clenched in fear and pain. Pain from the CRIMSON RED, OOZING RASH that covers his entire body. He looks almost like some kind of grotesque burn victim. Off his wincing, addled expression -

GO TO MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

EXT. STREET - WASHINGTON D.C. - LATE AFTERNOON

To establish, with legend.

INT. DUNAWAY'S PUB - LATE DAY - FOUR MONTHS LATER

A wood-panelled tavern, traditional but not stuffy. Or trendy. A capital watering hole for political staffers, Washington insiders of all stripes. Agent Mulder enters, spots -

Agent Scully at the bar, turning to Mulder expectantly.

SCULLY

Hi. I got your message.

MULDER

Sorry for the runaround. Can I buy you a drink?

SCULLY

It's two in the afternoon, Agent Mulder.

MULDER

Not stopping the rest of these people.

(off her look)

I have something to show you.

Scully's eyes land on TWO FILE FOLDERS in Mulder's hand.

SCULLY

Something you couldn't show me at work?

MULDER

(Cheshire smile)

Let's get a table.

His manner communicates the need for privacy, away from the bartender, patrons. Scully follows, CAMERA HOLDING, FOCUSING on a MAN, fifties, sitting a few stools away. He casts a furtive, suspicious glance at the two agents.

ANGLE ON TABLE

Mulder removes a PHOTO of a military man from a folder. Copyright © 1995 by Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All rights reserved. For educational purposes only.

MULDER

Lieutenant Colonel Robert Budahas. The picture was taken last year when he was a test pilot for the military, stationed at Ellens Air Base in Southwest Idaho.

(hands her the photo)

Four months ago Airman Budahas experienced a psychotic episode and barricaded himself in his home. Military police were called in. Budahas was removed and, apparently, hospitalized for treatment of his condition.

SCULLY

Which was what exactly?

MULDER

The military won't comment on the cause, nature or status. In fact, they won't comment on Airman Budahas at all.

SCULLY

What do you mean?

MULDER

Budahas' wife has not seen or heard from her husband in four months. Her inquiries to the military have gone unanswered. Last month she contacted the FBI and reported it as a kidnapping.

SCULLY

What reason would the military have to kidnap their own pilot?

MULDER

(dripping sarcasm)

That's the \$72,000 question, Agent Scully.

Mulder SMILES. He's obviously already got his own theory. He opens the 2ND file folder, revealing news articles; a headline reads: TEST PILOT LISTED MISSING IN ACTION.

MULDER

Since 1963 six pilots have been listed Missing in Action at Ellens Air Base. None of their bodies were recovered or released for interment. The military will only say the pilots accepted the risks of flying "experimental" aircraft.

SCULLY

(ahead of him)

There were rumors those pilots were shot down at high altitude where they were routinely penetrating Russian airspace.

MULDER

(taunting again)

There were other rumors, too.

Scully waits for him to elaborate but Mulder doesn't. He closes the 1st file and pushes it toward her.

MULDER

I've been tracking the Budahas case since it came through the Boise regional office last month. For reasons I can't figure it was deprioritized this week. They shelved the case without an investigation.

SCULLY

So?

MULDER

So you and I are going to the spud state to investigate a kidnapping.

Scully frowns. Mulder pushes his chair back, stands.

SCULLY

I don't get it, Mulder. Does this have some connection to an X File? I thought you were only interested in, y'know, these paranormal cases. What am I missing here?

MULDER

Let's just say this case has a
certain... smell about it,
Scully. A phenomenally paranormal
odor.

He hands her the files, smiles mischievously and heads to the
back of the bar. Leaving her to wonder.

INT. MEN'S WASHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A toilet flushes. A stall door opens and Mulder exits. He goes
to the sink, runs some water and splashes it on his face. As
he does, the stall door is closing slowly behind him, by
itself - revealing A MAN standing against the opposite wall.

We see the Man before Mulder does. When Mulder looks up into
the mirror he does so with a START.

MAN

Leave this case alone, Agent
Mulder.

MULDER

What -

MAN

They will not tolerate an FBI
investigation.

MULDER

(turning)

Who are you?

MAN

I can be of help to you. I've had
a certain interest in your work.

Someone is KNOCKING on the washroom door now, but it has been
locked by the unidentified Man.

MULDER

My work?

MAN

The X Files. You don't think they
just showed up on your desk one
day, do you Agent Mulder?

The Man sees that Mulder is startled by this.

MULDER

Who are you? Who do you work for?

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MAN

It's unimportant. I came here to give you some valuable advice. You are exposing yourself and Agent Scully to an unnecessary risk. I advise you to drop the case.

The Man says this with such credible conviction that Agent Mulder is taken completely aback.

MULDER

I can't do that.

MAN

You have much work to do, Agent Mulder. Do not jeopardize the future of your own efforts.

The Man unlocks the door and exits quickly. Mulder moves to follow him but is somewhat blocked by the person entering.

INT. DUNAWAY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

As Mulder hurries into the dark main bar area, looking for the Man. But the Man is gone. Scully is walking up to Mulder now, seeing him looking manically about.

SCULLY

Mulder? Are you okay?

But Mulder is not okay, even though he nods to Scully.

MULDER

Yeah, I'm fine.

As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI LIBRARY - NIGHT - LATER

Legend over: Scully, who sits alone in the darkened room, her face illuminated by the glow from a microfiche projector. She turns the knob, studying:

CLOSE ON B&W NEWS ARTICLE - the headline reads: Ellens Air Base Mecca for UFO Buffs.

ECU TEXT - ...report regular sightings of bizarre craft...

RESUME SCULLY

studying the screen. As SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE BLEVINS appears behind her, giving Scully a start.

BLEVINS

It's late, Scully. What are you doing here?

SCULLY

Sir, uh... Agent Mulder and I are working on a kidnapping case.

She hands Blevins the case file folder. Blevins looks at the case label, a shadow of irritation crossing his face.

BLEVINS

What is Agent Mulder's interest in this case?

SCULLY

I'm not exactly sure, sir.

Her eyes go to the microfiche screen where the real answer surely lies. Blevins' eyes go there, too.

BLEVINS

(clenching)

You tell Agent Mulder he's wasting the FBI's time and money with this nonsense. This is an unauthorized investigation. You tell him that your report is going right up to review. Tell him that.

SCULLY

Yes, sir.

Blevins exits, mumbling something to himself. Scully turns back to the microfiche, takes a deep, uneasy breath.

INT. MULDER'S APT. - NIGHT - LATER

A PHONE IS RINGING. Mulder enters frame, answers it.

MULDER

Hello.

SCULLY

Mulder. I checked on that file you gave me. You failed to tell me a few things.

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There are intermittent CLICKS on the phone line as they speak.

SCULLY

This isn't some UFO goose chase
you're leading me on, is it?

(off his non-
response)

Are you there Mulder?

He's not answering because he's scanning his apartment now,
feeling suddenly as if he's being surveilled. He moves over
the window, pulls open the curtains.

MULDER'S POV - A LONE VAN is parked down on the street.

MULDER

Yeah. I'm here.

SCULLY

Did you hear what I said, Mulder?
Because they're sending my field
reports up to review on this
case. And it'd make both of us
appear pretty stupid if it read
like some tabloid story.

MULDER

(long pause)

Yeah. Right. I'd rather not go
over the details on this line. We
can talk about it on the flight
out.

Mulder hangs up the phone, then picks it back up, listens.
Staring out the window at the van. The Man in the bathroom now
has him very spooked. As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE, NEAR ELLENS AIR BASE, IDAHO - NEXT DAY

With legend over: Agents Mulder and Scully knocking at the
same door (now repaired) we saw the military police blow down.
As they wait for an answer, they react to TWIN SONIC BOOMS
WHICH RATTLE THE WINDOWS AND THE HOUSE. Both of them hurry out
to the edge of the porch, looking skyward as:

Mrs. Budahas (recognized from the Teaser) answers the door.

MRS. BUDAHAS

Hello?

MULDER

Mrs. Budahas.

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MRS. BUDAHAS

Yes.

MULDER

We're from the FBI -

MRS. BUDAHAS

Yes. Please come in.

INT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Scully sits with a clearly shaken Mrs. Budahas in the living room of this comfortable middle class home. There seems to be a MODEL AIRPLANE on every available horizontal surface. In the backyard, seen through the sliding glass door, TWO SMALL CHILDREN PLAY.

MRS. BUDAHAS

... I started noticing it about two years ago. Bob developed a rash under his arms. And then... everything just went crazy.

SCULLY

How do you mean?

MRS. BUDAHAS

His personality. It was so unpredictable. He started doing... things.

ANGLE ON MULDER

studying a wall of photos, memorabilia, military commendations, etc. Lt. Budahas could be straight out of the Right Stuff.

MULDER

What kind of things?

MRS. BUDAHAS

It was embarrassing at first. We were having a dinner party once and... Bob started sprinkling Tetramin on his food. Fish food flakes.

She waits for the Agents' reactions.

SCULLY

Did you talk with him about it?

MRS. BUDAHAS

It was extremely difficult. Bob would become angry. He would yell at the children for no reason. Then he would shake. Like he was having a seizure.

EXT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

An ND SEDAN rolls up quietly outside, across the street.

CLOSE ON CROPPED DRIVER'S FACE

visible only from the bottom of his nose down. He brings a walkie talkie up into frame.

DRIVER

I've got a twenty. Over.

Mulder and Scully are being secretly surveilled.

RESUME INT. BUDAHAS HOUSE - DAY

MULDER

Did he ever talk about his work?

MRS. BUDAHAS

It was never discussed. Even before the problems. I know Bob worked on top secret projects. Word gets around. But he was always a patriot first; he took loyalty to his country as an oath. And now -

(fighting back
tears)

They treat us like strangers. I just want my husband back.

SCULLY

(comforting)

The government is not above the law. They cannot withhold information -

MRS. BUDAHAS

Then I start to think what if he's... how would I support the family.

She wipes the tears that she's been unable to hold back. Scully comforts her, making a connection with Mrs. Budahas As we:
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MULDER

You say word gets around. Have you ever heard of this happening to anyone else -

MRS. BUDAHAS

Verla McLennen's husband went kind of nutty. But it's not like he didn't get to come home.

Off Scully and Mulder's reaction to this info we -

CLOSE ON JIM MCLENNEN (FIFTIES)

Tweezing a hair from his forearm with his fingers. He takes the hair and, with concentrated effort, ties it into a fly fishing fly that is held in a special tying vice.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER, SCULLY, MRS. BUDAHAS

and FERAL MCLENNEN, grandmother and homemaker, fifties. The foursome is staring out at the patio at Verla's husband, through the sliding glass window.

SCULLY

How long has he -

FERAL

Almost two years. The fly fishing idea was his brother Hank's.

RESUME JIM MCLENNEN

on closer inspection we see that his hair's not only sparse on top but that the sides of his head are thin and rangy, too. And his eyebrows are gone, plucked clean. Otherwise Jim looks like a man enjoying his retirement.

FERAL (V.O.)

I was very upset at first, but when you're the wife of a test pilot -

RESUME GROUP

FERAL

You thank God just to have him home alive.

MULDER

Did anyone ever offer to explain what caused this?

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FERAL

The stress, I guess. You have to understand that the military deals with things in a certain way. They've given him plenty of therapy and treatment and I'm thankful for that. They've taken good care of us and... you know, they do volunteer for their jobs.

She looks at Mrs. Budahas, somehow turning this on her.

FERAL

Really, Anita. Bringing the FBI to my house.

A tense, awkward moment for everyone, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE - DAY - LATER

Mulder and Scully stand with the downcast woman, her two small children at her sides. She hands them a slip of paper.

MRS. BUDAHAS

I've called all the numbers about a thousand times. Please let me know what you find out.

SCULLY

We'll be staying at the Gateway Motor Lodge if you need us.

She clutches her children a little tighter. Agent Scully gives Mrs. Budahas a reassuring touch, then the two Agents start back to their rental car.

MULDER

What did you make of Uncle Fester down the street?

SCULLY

It's called stereotypy. It's a syndrome produced by extreme stress. POWs have been known to suffer from it. They've studied it in zoo animals.

MULDER

These guys are test pilots, Scully. They not supposed to fold under pressure, they're supposed to thrive on it.

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SCULLY

Ever hear of something called the Aurora Project?

MULDER

It's the unacknowledged code name for some kind of new defense department surveillance project.

SCULLY

The Pentagon has all but admitted they've been testing a secret class of suborbital spy craft over the Western U.S. Maybe these guys are flying those planes. Maybe they're the washouts.

MULDER

Did you see the photos on the wall in there. This guy received a Presidential commendation. He's never washed out of anything in his life.

Mulder gives her a look that expresses a bold certainty in his words. As if he knows something but he's not saying. Off Scully studying Mulder, wondering what this could be, we -

CUT TO:

INT. GATEWAY MOTOR LODGE - DAY - LATER

Scully sits on a bed, just hanging up the phone. As Mulder enters from outside, holding a portable phone.

MULDER

I've been on hold with the base director of communications for forty five minutes. What about you?

SCULLY

Somebody named Colonel Hague will meet with us - a week from Friday.

MULDER

(frowning)

Yeah, right.

And Mulder is pulling a phone book out of the dresser.

MULDER
Did you say his name was Hague?

CUT TO:

EXT. NICE TWO-STORY HOME - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Mulder and Scully are walking up the driveway of the house where A MAN is pruning his hedges.

MULDER
Col. Hague?

HAGUE
Yes.

MULDER
Special Agent Mulder -

HAGUE
I've got nothing to say. Please.
This is an invasion of my
privacy.

Hague starts to walk rapidly to the rear of the house.

MULDER
Why don't you talk to us about
Lt. Budahas -

Mulder dogs Hague but he's already mounting the steps of a side entrance into the house. He turns on Mulder with the pruning clippers.

HAGUE
Get the hell out of my yard!!

And he slams the door in Mulder's face.

SCULLY
Good thing I kept that
appointment.

Mulder is shaking his head when he looks O.S., sees

A MAN WALKING UP THE DRIVEWAY

He is MOSSINGER, thirties. He carries a notepad.

MOSSINGER
Are you the FBI agents?

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Mulder and Scully immediately assume alert, rigid postures.

MOSSINGER

Paul Mossinger. I work for the local paper. My wife's in a sewing group with Mrs. McLennen. I live up the street. You guys out here looking into this Budahas thing?

Mossinger has the kind of nerdish, overbearing personality that knows no limits of propriety. A benign tactlessness.

MULDER

We're just looking around.

MOSSINGER

Gotcha. Right. Lots of folks out here looking around. UFO nuts mostly. Not everyday we get the FBI.

At that moment the sound of a LOW, FAST MOVING JET passing over. Both Mulder and Scully look up.

MOSSINGER

By the time you hear them they're already gone. So this Budahas thing - you getting anywhere?

Both Mulder and Scully are moving to the street, trying to avoid Mossinger, but now they're the ones who are being dogged.

MULDER

We're not at liberty to comment.

Suddenly Mulder stops, turns to Mossinger.

MULDER

Paul, right? You've lived here a while - you ever see a UFO?

MOSSINGER

Never. All a bunch of hooey if you ask me. People see what they want to see.

MULDER

What if I wanted to talk with one of these UFO nuts you referred to; where would I go?

Off Scully's reaction to this, we -

CUT TO:

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EXT. "THE FLYING SAUCER" ROADSIDE DINER - DAY - LATER

Complete with a sign illuminated with flashing lightbulbs and, a cartoon UFO. The Agents' car is in the parking lot.

INT. "THE FLYING SAUCER" DINER - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

CLOSE ON TWO PARTIALLY EATEN HAMBURGERS on the bar. They've been garnished to look like flying saucers. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Scully and Mulder. Refreshing their drinks is a robust woman, LADONNA. Fifties.

She cocks her ear as ANOTHER LOW FLYING JET PASSES OVER, rattling all the bottles of liquor back behind the bar where, scotch taped to the mirror, are several grainy photos of UFOs.

LADONNA

F-14 Tomcat. Pulling about 4 Gs.
Those boys think they're such hot
shots. I can drink any one of
them under the table.

MULDER

Who's the photographer?

LADONNA

Various and sundry. I took the
one on the end there.

MULDER

You're kidding? Where?

LADONNA

Out on the back porch.

She pulls the photo down for Mulder and Scully to inspect.

LADONNA

Taking out the garbage and there
it was - just hovering. Quiet as
a hummingbird. For a minute I
thought it might land in the
parking lot and I'd have to serve
'em lunch.

Scully studies the photo. It's a blurry triangle-shaped craft.

LADONNA

I'm selling limited edition
prints. Twenty dollars. Down to
my last five, if you're
interested.

MULDER
Yeah. Put it on the tab.

SCULLY
(leaning in)
Sucker.

MULDER
So what would be the chance of
someone like me spotting a UFO?

As Scully is pushing her plate away, sliding off her stool,
giving Mulder a long-suffering look.

SCULLY
Catch you outside.

EXT. "FLYING SAUCER" DINER - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Scully sits on the steps of the diner with a map spread out
over her knees. As Mulder exits -

SCULLY
You want to see something weird,
Mulder? Ellens Air Base isn't
even on my USGS quadrant map.
Look.

She stands up to show Mulder. He nods, starts toward the car.

MULDER
I know. Let's go.

SCULLY
You know?
(catching up)
Where are we going?

Mulder holds up a napkin with writing and a diagram on it.

MULDER
We've got our own map.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER

The Agents' rental car slows, turns off the paved highway onto
a bumpy dirt road. A dusty plume rising behind it.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE, ELLENS AIR BASE - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER

As the rental car pulls to a stop in an area of scattered trees, low brush, gentle rolling hills. A cyclone fence topped with barbed wire separates us from the expansive base.

Mulder exits, goes around to the trunk. As he rummages, Scully exits, comes around to join him as he pulls out a camera from the trunk. She is extremely annoyed right now.

SCULLY

What do honestly hope to see?!

MULDER

Maybe nothing. I don't know.

SCULLY

Is this why we came out here,
Mulder? To look for UFOs?

Mulder shuts the trunk, starts walking. Scully stays put.

SCULLY

Yeah, this is going to look REAL
good on my field report!

Mulder doesn't even look back. Off Scully's irritation, we:

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME SCENE - NIGHT

The rental car sits where we left it. Stillness.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Scully sits in the passenger seat, asleep. When A LOW RUMBLE. The car starts to rattle and shake as the rumble grows and then - CRASH - THE BACK WINDOW SHATTERS INTO A MILLION PIECES. Needless to say, Scully is jolted into the rudest of awakenings. She lets out an involuntary scream as we -

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - RESUME

Scully still hasn't caught her breath when Mulder yanks the car door open.

MULDER

Scully! Wake up! You've got to see this!

As if she isn't already awake. He practically pulls her out of the car. As we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLENS AIR BASE PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

As Scully and Mulder run up a small rise we see it - in the far distance. TWO BRIGHT LIGHTS. Like giant Roman candles about 20 degrees off the horizon.

SCULLY

What are they?

MULDER

I don't know. Just keep watching.
It's unbelievable.

As the two lights begin to move rapidly away from one another in precisely opposite directions and, in synch, turn skyward at impossible, duplicate reverse 45 degree angles - heading at each other on a collision course.

Then, just before impact, in a blink, the two lights veer off - go right back at each other in a high speed dog fight that seems to defy the very laws of aeronautics. Indeed, the impression is not unlike the image of two men shining flashlights on the walls in a darkened room, one trying to catch the other's beam with his own.

SCULLY

It's unreal. I've never seen anything like it.

MULDER

They've been going at it like that for almost a half an hour.

SCULLY

They can't be aircraft. Aircraft
can't maneuver like that.

MULDER

What else could they be?

SCULLY

I don't know. Lasers, maybe.
Being shot from the ground,
reflecting up off the clouds.

As if on cue, the two points of light pull out of their
dogfight and move wing-on-wing, streaking high into the sky,
disappearing into the black firmament directly over Scully and
Mulder's heads like twin falling stars.

Followed shortly by two LOUD SONIC BOOMS.

SCULLY

Oh my god.

Scully stares at the heavens in wonder as Mulder's gaze turns
back toward the horizon.

MULDER

Here come two more.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find TWO MORE LIGHTS moving in - from the
identical spot as the ones previous. Unlike the others,
however, these points of light move low and steady, hugging
the landscape. As -

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

A RUSTLING OF BUSHES at the base of the perimeter fence just
down below Mulder and Scully. The sound of VOICES; TWO FIGURES
working frantically to get back under the fence from inside
the Air Base.

MULDER

Hey!

The TWO FIGURES freeze on the sound of Mulder's voice. Then,
THE TWO APPROACHING LIGHTS are suddenly accompanied by a
familiar sound - TURBINE HELICOPTER ENGINES dopplering in.

The TWO FIGURES bolt, taking flight on Mulder and Scully's
side of the fence as the approaching helicopters turn on their
high powered SPOTLIGHTS - the beams of which now wash over the
landscape in two intense sweeping fans.

As the choppers bear down on Mulder and Scully, the spotlights
just about to hunt them down, they bolt too. Running in the
direction of the Two Figures, removing their handguns For editorial purposes only

RUNNING - HAND HELD

with Mulder and Scully as the fans of light illuminate the landscape behind them. The chopper's blades sending up dustdevils and beating the air - WHOP WHOP WHOP.

MULDER
(at the TWO FIGURES)
Stop! FBI!

ANGLE ON THE TWO FIGURES

who pay no attention, sprinting ahead through the scrub brush.

NEW ANGLE

as the TWO FIGURES run TOWARD CAMERA, the lead runner working simultaneously to remove something from his pants pocket - something which, as he PASSES CAMERA, he tosses away.

CAMERA FINDS, HOLDS ON a HASH PIPE and a BIC LIGHTER.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

giving chase as the Two Figures begin to slow. Finally stopping and throwing up their hands. As CAMERA CLOSES IN on the pair we see TWO YOUTHFUL FACES, each with long, lank hair. One a BOY (EMIL), one a GIRL (ZOE), both late teens.

EMIL
Okay, okay! Don't shoot!

The two Agents stop, their weapons at the ready. The kids are wearing the loose, dark clothing of grunge rockers. Both have headphones around their necks, attached to Sony Walkmans clipped to their belts.

MULDER
Keep your hands in the air!

ZOE
We didn't do anything!

There is barely time to consider this, however, as the WHOP WHOP WHOP of an incoming chopper sounds overhead.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

the helicopter bearing down on the Agents and the kids, its spotlight scouring a path straight toward them.

Until Mulder lowers his weapon and makes a choice.

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MULDER

C'mon!

He grabs Emil by his shirt, pulling him out of frame. Scully and Zoe follow, exiting frame just ahead of the intense beam of light which turns the night into day.

ON MULDER, SCULLY, THE TWO KIDS

huddled under a stand of trees, undetected, watching the lone chopper moving off into the distance.

EMIL

Oh, man. That was extreme.

MULDER

Let's go. You're coming with us.

Scully and Mulder trades looks, no idea what they've stumbled into with these kids. As we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON 2ND HELICOPTER

Hovering low, its spotlight trained on something just below. Which we see, AS CAMERA TILTS DOWN, is the Agents' rental car. Bathed in the incriminating blue spotlight. The chopper hovers for a moment then rises and flies off at high speed. As mysteriously as it first appeared. As we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER KING PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING - LATER

A legend reads: 5:02 AM. An 18-wheeler pulling out reveals the Agents' rental car. It sits with A MOPED SCOOTER sticking out of the open trunk.

INT. BURGER KING - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MULDER, SCULLY. Staring intently, curiously at Emil and Zoe, who are across the table, o.s.

SCULLY

So what exactly were you doing in there?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE Emil and Zoe. Their eyes are red, dilated. On plastic trays are a mountain of hamburgers, fries, shakes. They eat ravenously.

EMIL

Um... we just...

The kids look at one another guiltily, then CRACK UP.

ZOE

We've got this spot.

EMIL

We sorta kick back with some tunes and watch the air show.

MULDER

You ever been chased out before?

EMIL

First time. Our friend showed us the hole in the fence about a year ago.

ZOE

... one night they dropped bombs.

EMIL

Yeah. That was kinda heavy.

Mulder and Scully exchange quick looks.

EMIL

There's supposed to be something called Yellow Base where they like keep all this junk. But our friend said it's like got landmines around it and stuff.

Emil takes a big bite of hamburger, shrugging off the thought of being maimed for life by a landmine.

ZOE

You're not going to bust us or anything, are you?

SCULLY

You ever think about the fact you could get killed out there?

EMIL

It's usually like no big deal. We just cruise in and cruise out. Fully slotted. No problem.

EXT. BURGER KING PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

An ND SEDAN pulls in, cruising slowly, suspiciously through the lot. Stopping behind the Agents' car. Again, we CLOSE CROP the Driver's face as he brings a walkie talkie to his mouth.

DRIVER

I've got a twenty. Over.

MAN'S VOICE ON WALKIE

Roger, Redbird. Assume fallback position. We're opening the cage.

DRIVER

Redbird out.

And The Driver hits the gas, gunning the car from frame.

INT. BURGER KING - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Talking animatedly now, Emil uses a hamburger to illustrate the flight of an aircraft.

EMIL

Sometimes they'll come in low and just put on the skidders. Just like - errrrrrrr - and just hang there without making a sound. At first you think it's like whoa, who turned down the volume.

MULDER

What do you think they are?

EMIL

Everybody thinks they're flying saucers. I think it's some new Star Wars cybertech hardware. Who knows? They'll probably roll it out for like Desert Storm II. Cruise control right over Saddam's pad - he'd be like, "Huh?"

Scully gives Mulder a skeptical look. Who is this joker? Mulder reaches down, pulls out THE PHOTO of the UFO he purchased.

MULDER

Do they look anything like this?

He hands the photo to Emil. He and Zoe study it, then look back up at Mulder and Scully.

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EMIL

No, man.

(beat)

They look EXACTLY like this.

Off Scully's doubtful look to Mulder we:

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

The rental car is idling as Mulder and Emil heft the moped out of the back of the trunk. The kids say goodbye and begin pushing the scooter up the driveway of small, modest home.

INT. RENTAL CAR - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

As Mulder gets in. Scully sits in the passenger seat, noticing that Mulder has a cassette tape in his hand.

SCULLY

What's that?

MULDER

Evidence.

He pops the cassette in and LENNY KRAVITZ'S "Are You Gonna Go My Way" begins to play. But only for about eight bars when Scully reaches down, turns it off.

MULDER

Kids today.

SCULLY

You believe it all, don't you?

MULDER

Why wouldn't I?

SCULLY

Did you see their eyes, Mulder?
If I were that stoned -

MULDER

(baiting her)

If you were that stoned -

SCULLY

You could have shown that kid a picture of a flying hamburger and he'd have sworn that's exactly what he saw.

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Mulder nods, thinking for a moment before he reaches over the seat, bringing up several files from the rear floorboard.

MULDER

I want to show you something.

Mulder flips through the files, finally producing an OLD, GRAINY PHOTO. He hands it to Scully.

MULDER

That was taken in 1947. It's a picture of a UFO that was reported to have crashed in Roswell, New Mexico nine years earlier.

(as Scully start to protest)

I know you don't believe that story, but just hear me out. Now Ellens Air Base, the base we're at now, the base that for some strange reason doesn't appear on your USGS map, is supposedly one of six sites where parts from the wreckage were shipped -

SCULLY

What are you suggesting, Mulder? That the military is flying UFOs?!

MULDER

No. Planes built using UFO technology.

Scully has to laugh at the absurdity of this. Even as Mulder takes the photo that he purchased in the bar earlier from the dashboard and hands it to her.

REVERSE ANGLE ON SCULLY

holding the old photo next to the new one. Except for aging, yellowness, the two pictures bear a striking resemblance.

MULDER

You saw exactly what I saw tonight. Tell me I'm crazy.

SCULLY

I think you are crazy. And it still doesn't explain to me what happened to Lt. Budahas.

Off Scully's doubtful resolve we:TV Calling - For educational purposes only

CUT TO:

EXT. GATEWAY TRAVEL LODGE - EARLY MORNING - LATER

The lights of the illuminated sign shut off in the coming dawn. CAMERA FINDS Agent Scully in the motel lobby, talking with the MAN behind the counter.

Then she bursts out of lobby and runs down the breezeway.

INT. MULDER'S MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

as he answers AN URGENT KNOCKING at the door. It is, of course, Scully. Breathless from the news she's just gotten.

MULDER

You're not coming to raid my mini bar, are you?

SCULLY

Are you ready for this?

MULDER

What?

SCULLY

We got a message from Mrs. Budahas. Her husband came home tonight.

Off Mulder's surprise we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE - MORNING - SHORT TIME LATER

Mulder and Scully's car pulls hurriedly into the driveway. The two Agents exit, move quickly up to the house.

INT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Budahas opens the front door revealing Scully and Mulder.

SCULLY

We got your message.

MULDER

(sensing trouble)

Mrs. Budahas? Are you okay?

CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND to reveal Mrs. Budahas is crying. TV Calling For educational purposes only

MRS. BUDAHAS
Come inside.

INT. BUDAHAS LIVING ROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The TV is on to the QVC Home Shopping Show. Sitting in the Barca Lounger is a man, but we see only the top of his head. As Mulder and Scully and Mrs. Budahas enter.

SCULLY
What is it?

The threesome moves around in front of the man in the chair, staring at him now. Then looking to Mrs. Budahas who has her hand covering her mouth. Still, we don't see the man's face, nor what has Mrs. Budahas so upset. Is he maimed, disfigured, covered in the same red rash as we last saw him?

MULDER
What? What's wrong?

MRS. BUDAHAS
That's not my husband!

REVERSE ANGLE

sitting in the chair is a perfectly normal looking man wearing a Green Bay Packer t-shirt. A TV tray sits in front of him. On it is a model airplane he's building. He has no rash, no scars or marks. In fact, he is the same man whose PICTURE hangs on the wall just above him.

ON SCULLY, MULDER

trying to fathom the woman's inexplicable reaction, as we:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BUDAHAS LIVING ROOM - MORNING - RESUME SCENE

Mulder, Scully and Mrs. Budahas stand looking at this man in the chair. The man she claims is not her husband.

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
Honey, who are these people?

MRS. BUDAHAS
That is not him. That is not my husband.

(off their looks)
It looks like him, but it's not Bob.

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
What is she talking about?

Airman Budahas starts to get up from his chair.

MULDER
That's okay. Just relax. We just want to ask you a few questions.

Mulder gives Scully a dire look before kneeling down to talk with Airman Budahas, now sitting back in his chair. He appears almost eerily calm, subdued.

MULDER
I'm Special Agent Mulder from the FBI. We've been out here investigating your disappearance. Can you explain your whereabouts for the past four months?

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
I was in the hospital.

MULDER
Here? On base?

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
I think so.

MULDER
Can I ask you your birthdate, Lt. Budahas?

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
November 21st, 1948.

Mulder looks up at Mrs. Budahas. She nods at his correct answer. Mulder turns back to the Airman.

MULDER
And your kids' names?

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
Josh and Leslie. They're right there.

SHOT - The kids are watching this scene from outside, their faces pressed up against the sliding glass door. They, too, seem to sense the presence of a stranger.

Again, Mrs. Budahas nods to Mulder on the correctness of the answer.

MULDER
(re: his t-shirt)
You must be a Green Bay fan?

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
Yes, sir.

MULDER
Big fan. Bet you'd remember the '68 Superbowl. Don Chandler?

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
Kicked four field goals. Lombardi's last game.

Lt. Budahas stares at the faces before him, searching the eyes of his inquisitors; an inscrutable expression. He seems inappropriately docile. Mulder rises, looks at Mrs. Budahas.

Mrs. Budahas has to turn away. Scully moves to comfort her.

MRS. BUDAHAS
It's not him.

CLOSE ON AGENT MULDER

at a loss to ascertain the exact nature of Mrs. Budahas' certainty. Until he notices the model airplanes he's building.

MULDER
You're a pilot aren't you, Lt. Budahas?

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
Yes, sir.

MULDER
Probably flown everything with
two wings.

The man shrugs, as if the question is absurd.

MULDER
I heard a real hotshot pilot once
say he'd done an Immelman at a
sustained 3 Gs. Is that possible?

Lt. Budahas begins to have a reaction. As if he is all of a sudden he is straining to answer this question. Beads of sweat develop on his brow.

AIRMAN BUDAHAS
I don't... I can't... uh...
(to his wife)
Anita. I can't remember.

Airman Budahas starts to panic. Mrs. Budahas puts her hands over her mouth, starts sobbing hysterically. As we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE - MORNING - SHORTLY AFTER

Mulder is out of the house like a shot, Scully trailing.
Heading for the car.

SCULLY
Would you explain to me what is
going on?!

MULDER
I think they rewired that man's
brain, Scully. Some kind of
selective memory drain.

SCULLY
The brain doesn't work like that,
Mulder. You can't just go in and
erase certain files.

MULDER
Then you explain it to me.

SCULLY
There are types of amnesia -

MULDER
This isn't amnesia. I think this
is something far more deliberate
and insidious.

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SCULLY

All I'm saying is that the science or medical technology to do what you're suggesting does not exist.

MULDER

Neither does the technology to fly the aircraft we saw last night.

(beat)

I'm telling you, Scully. They can do this. That man should have known the answer to the question. It wasn't in his head anymore.

Mulder gets in the car, as does Scully. As we:

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Agents' car passes at high speed.

INT. AGENTS' CAR - RESUME - DAY

SCULLY

Even if they could, why would they even do such a thing?

MULDER

To control information. I think Lt. Budahas must have become a security risk. After his psychotic episode.

SCULLY

It couldn't just be that he had a nervous breakdown, with a concomitant memory lapse?

MULDER

I think men like Lt. Budahas are physiologically incapable of dealing with the stress of flying those aircraft we saw. Of doing those maneuvers at those speeds -

Scully shakes her head. Ever the scientist, she refuses to accept the easy answers. The speculative truths.

MULDER

I'm talking about technology that is so sensitive and advanced that it's taken almost fifty years to make it work. Technology so valuable that they will do anything to keep it a secret. UFO technology, Scully.

Off Scully's incredulous look CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to the road that stretches out in front of them. On AN APPROACHING CAR.

Suddenly a 2ND CAR appears, as if it is attempting to pass the 1st car. But it does not pass. The two approaching cars bear down on Mulder and Scully, on a collision course.

SCULLY

Now what the hell is this?

As Scully says this A HELICOPTER BUZZES right over the top of their car.

MULDER

Hold on, Scully.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Agents' car skids to a sliding stop on the two lane blacktop. As the two interceptor cars (long black ND American sedans with darkly tinted windows) pull to their own controlled halt.

Instantly, EIGHT LARGE MEN wearing dark suits and aviator sunglasses exit the interceptor cars.

INT. AGENTS' CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As the Eight Men descend on them, surrounding the car. The LEAD MAN man moves to Mulder's window and raps on it.

LEAD MAN

Please step out of the car.

Scully and Mulder look at one another. What the hell do you do in a situation like this?

MULDER

(dryly to Scully)

I guess it's too late to lock the doors.

LEAD MAN

Please step out of the car.

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RESUME EXT. AGENTS' CAR

as Mulder and Scully exit. The sound of the helicopter circling overhead, under:

MULDER
(reaching for his
ID)
Special Agent Fox Mulder, FB -

Mulder is thrown up against the car by two of the men, his legs kicked out wide in the spread eagle position. As -

Scully is faced off by two other men, and though they don't touch her, they physically separate her from the car.

SCULLY
We're Federal agents -

But the two men keep backing her away. As the remaining three suited men start to pore through the Agents' car.

ANGLE ON SUITED MAN

removing Mulder's file folders from the rear floorboard.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER SUITED MAN

removing Mulder's camera from the trunk. He quickly, deftly pops the camera back open, removes the film cannister. Continues to rummage through the trunk.

BACK ON AGENT MULDER

Still spread-eagled, the Lead Man standing directly behind him.

MULDER
Mind telling me what this is
about?

The answer to which is a hard punch to Mulder's mid-section.

LEAD MAN
National security. Now get in
your car. You'll be escorted back
to your motel. You will pack and
leave town immediately. Or assume
the consequences of intense
indiscretion.

Off Mulder's reaction to this blunt directive was. Copyright © 1995 Educational purposes only

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Scully is sitting on the edge of the bed, talking on the phone.

SCULLY

Nothing on Idaho plate CC101356?
No plate registered by that
number. Thanks, Gail. No, I'm
sure the other one is bogus, too.

Scully hangs up. CAMERA ADJUST TO REVEAL Mulder lying on the other twin bed, staring at the ceiling, hands behind his head.

SCULLY

So who WERE those guys?

MULDER

I don't think it was those kids
that were being chased away from
the base last night. I think it
was us. They knew we were coming
before we ever arrived. They
returned Lt. Budahas as a decoy.
(turning to her)
There's something I didn't tell
you, Scully.

SCULLY

Something else?

MULDER

I was approached by a man back in
D.C. He warned me to stay away
from this case. He wouldn't give
me his name. And my phone was
being tapped.

SCULLY

What?!

Mulder sits up on the bed, fueled with a passionate belief in what he's about to tell Scully.

MULDER

Why is someone going to all this
trouble, Scully? Out of a need
for security? Security of what?

Scully has no idea. But Mulder is on his feet now, thinking out loud.

MULDER

I think there's a huge conspiracy here. They have a UFO here, Scully! I'm sure of it! And I think they'll do anything to keep it a secret. Including sacrifice the lives and minds of those pilots. Because what if that secret got out?

SCULLY

IF - IF it were true... it would be a national scandal -

MULDER

No! You're not thinking big enough! It would be a confirmation of the existence of extraterrestrial life!

Scully stares at Mulder. Wondering if he's lost it.

SCULLY

Did you ever stop to think that what we saw was simply some experimental plane. Like the Stealth Bomber or this Aurora Project. And that the government has every right to want to secure the technology. Doesn't the government have a right and a responsibility to protect its secrets?

MULDER

Yes. But at what cost? When is the human cost too high for building a better machine?

SCULLY

These aren't questions we have any business asking. Our kidnap victim is no longer outstanding. Let's get out of here, Mulder.

MULDER

Aren't you even curious, Scully?

She gives him a weary look. Mulder shrugs.

MULDER

I'm going to take a shower. I'll pack and we'll head out.

Scully nods, wearied by the entire experience. Mulder moves to the door and exits.

Scully starts into the bathroom but stops - hearing A CAR STARTING. AN ENGINE REVVING. As we:

EXT. GATEWAY MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Scully comes out of her motel room just in time to see Mulder backing the rental car away from the building.

SCULLY

Mulder!

But he pays her no heed. He throws the car in drive and screeches out of the parking lot. As we:

EXT. ELLENS AIR BASE PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT - LATER

Mulder is moving along the fence with Emil and Zoe. As they come to the hole in the chain link covered by brush.

Mulder follows them under and through. Onto:

EXT. ELLENS AIR BASE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Emil and Zoe move nimbly along a familiar path through the scrub and brush. Mulder follows closely behind.

NEW ANGLE ON THE THREESOME

as they come to a stop.

EMIL

This is the spot.

Mulder looks around, catching his breath, gazing up at the night sky.

MULDER

They fly right over us here?

ZOE

Well. Kinda.

EMIL

The runway is over in that direction.

MULDER

What about this Yellow Base you were talking about? Where they hangar them?

EMIL

Uh... well. It's sort of over there, but...

Mulder nods, realizing that Scully may have been right about the reliability, the veracity of the kids' description.

MULDER

How far would you say?

ZOE

This is as far as we've been.

Mulder starts off without them.

EMIL

Hey. Where're you going?

But Mulder is moving out.

EMIL

(to Zoe)

We told him about the landmines and junk, didn't we?

(as she nods)

Oh, man. This is extreme.

CLOSE ON MULDER'S FEET

moving carefully, one foot in front of the other, out in the direction of:

ANGLE ON RUNWAY

demarcated by small landing lights which run the length of the tarmac.

Mulder steps onto the landing strip, stands waiting for something to happen.

CLOSE ON MULDER

staring up into the night sky, when suddenly he whips his head around and his eyes widen in wonder.

WIDE REVERSE ANGLE

to include Mulder, standing in the middle of the landing strip as A BALL OF LIGHT comes low off the horizon

The Ball of Light grows bigger and brighter as it comes. It appears at first as if it is going to land. But the aircraft holds its low altitude and aspect as it draws down on Mulder; the Ball of Light coming into sharper resolution the nearer it gets. Until -

It flies right over Mulder - STOPPING ON A DIME DIRECTLY ABOVE HIM. HOVERING ALMOST MOTIONLESS AND WHISPER QUIET JUST SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS OVERHEAD. It is triangular in shape. There is nary a surface detail, the skin of the plane/craft/ship is smooth and black. It's underwing running lights playing off the landscape and Mulder's face when -

Suddenly A BEAM OF LIGHT is emitted from the underside of the craft. Pinning Mulder directly in the center.

CLOSE ON MULDER

trapped in the intense blue glow of the beam - a re-creation of all the classic UFO encounter reports. Mulder has to shield his eyes the light is so bright.

WIDE ANGLE ON RUNWAY

as the beam disappears in an instant. Though the craft continues to hover for another moment before - TAKING OFF AT A PERFECT RIGHT ANGLE TO THE RUNWAY. That is, the craft appears to have unrestricted mobility, its triangular shape allowing it multidirectional flight.

ON MULDER

watching the aircraft move rapidly away, becoming once again a ball of light on the horizon. But this spectacular moment is interrupted by something which causes him to direct his attention o.s.

MULDER'S POV

racing toward him from the far end of the tarmac are VEHICLES, their flashing light bars brilliant against the dark night sky.

RESUME MULDER

as he begins to run - the pursuing vehicles rapidly gaining on him in the b.g. Lenny Kravitz's opening guitar riff from the song on Emil and Zoe's tape begins to play.

Mulder is now in a full out sprint down the runway. The pursuing vehicles swiftly closing the gap. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

CLOSE ON MULDER

as he sprints, sucking for air. As the lights from the approaching vehicles grow large and bright, until they fill the frame behind him. A loud SIREN sounds, causing Mulder to stop, look back. And then exit side of frame, running in a new direction. As we:

RACK FOCUS on the vehicles in the b.g. They have stopped and SIX MEN in military fatigues have climbed out, running in pursuit of Mulder.

PANNING WITH MULDER

as he runs through the low scrub brush. But even as he does, the Six Men appear in the f.g and b.g. Running apace and effectively boxing him in.

NEW ANGLE ON MULDER

running to a stop. As the Six Men quickly encircle him and then move in to restrain him bodily. Though Mulder may have stopped running, he is not going to go gently into captivity.

He resists by thrashing wildly, making a short and momentary breaks from his captors. But, overpowered and outnumbered, he is soon brought to heel.

SIDE ANGLE ON PARAMEDIC-TYPE VEHICLE

pulling up to the scene where the two pursuit vehicles sit with their light bars still lit up. As:

Mulder is walked into the rear of a paramedic-type military vehicle by the Six Men. Yelling at the top of his lungs. His voice becomes muffled as he disappears inside. Two of his captors exit to close the doors. Quietly, almost surgically, they have taken Mulder their prisoner. As:

The paramedic vehicle takes off and heads down the long runway. Toward - who knows where? As we:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

SCULLY IS RUNNING

and not for the exercise. We are:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

as Scully moves down the sidewalk and then up the drive of a house we should remember as the one where they dropped Zoe and Emil.

Scully moves to the front door, KNOCKS LOUDLY. Dogs begin to bark in the neighborhood.

CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR

as the porch lights come on and A WOMAN answers.

WOMAN

Yes.

SCULLY

(still catching her
breath)

Hi. I'm looking for Emil. He must
be your son.

WOMAN

(an odd look)

Emil's my daughter's boyfriend.
Can I ask who's calling?

SCULLY

(urgently)

Special Agent Dana Scully, FBI. Is
she here?

WOMAN

You're looking for Zoe?

SCULLY

Yes. Can you get her?

The Woman flashes Scully a rude look before closing the door on Scully. Several moment go by before the door opens again with a suspicious look on her face.

WOMAN

She's not in her bedroom.

An answer which is basically delivered to Scully's back as she takes off running, fairly hurdling off the porch. As we:

CUT TO:

INT. PARAMEDIC-TYPE VAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

where Mulder has been strapped to a gurney. Immobilized. As he resists an oxygen mask being placed over his face. Muffling Mulder's voice as his eyes go wide. As he sees:

ONE OF THE SIX MEN

filling a syringe from an ampule. He quickly plunges the needle into Mulder's upper arm. As we:

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE OPEN BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

A hangar or a warehouse. The paramedic vehicle is backed into a garage door. Mulder's gurney is being unloaded from the vehicle by The Six Men.

The gurney is then wheeled through the warehouse where, AS CAMERA ADJUSTS, we see in the b.g.:

A LARGE DARK OBJECT OCCUPYING ONE HALF OF THE BUILDING

shrouded by large sheets of plastic that are draped from the ceiling. Illuminated from inside, creating a kind of translucent womb. The shapes of men working inside can be seen through the plastic, but the exact nature of their work and of the object is obscured. As we:

CUT TO:

INT. GATEWAY MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Scully on the phone, still in her running clothes.

SCULLY

Hi, I've been trying to make a call to Washington D.C. but I can't seem to get a long distance line. Can you - hello? Hello?

But the phone has suddenly gone dead. Scully slams it down in frustration. Then she moves to exit. CAMERA HOLDING ON HER WAIST HOLSTER, SERVICE REVOLVER, lying on the bed.

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EXT. GATEWAY MOTOR LODGE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Scully exits ROOM 5, then walk/jogs down the breezeway toward the lobby, as:

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

where THE MOTEL MANAGER is behind the counter as Scully enters.

SCULLY

Excuse me. There seems to be something wrong with my phone. Can I use yours to make a credit card call?

MANAGER

Sure thing.

He hands Scully the phone and she dials, not noticing AN ND SEDAN PULLING INTO THE PARKING LOT OUTSIDE.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

As the manager hands her the phone. She picks it up, but realizes it's not working either.

SCULLY

This isn't working either.

MANAGER

Phones are pretty undependable around her. People say it's military interference. But they say that about everything.

Scully's had her fill, of course, about the subject of military interference. She moves to exit, over:

MANAGER

I'll be back in about twenty if you need anything.

EXT. MOTEL BREEZEWAY - CONTINUOUS

as she walks back to her room, slowing when she sees:

ANGLE ON PAUL MOSSINGER

the "reporter", exiting the door of ROOM 5. Her room. Mossinger sees her and dials up a big smile.

MOSSINGER

Hi. I was just looking for you.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

MOSSINGER

I knocked, but I saw the door was open...

Scully is watching Mossinger with extreme caution as she slowly moves up the breezeway. She instinctively reaches for her weapon - but it's not there. She looks through the window into her room

SCULLY'S POV - HER GUN IS NO LONGER ON THE BED.

SCULLY

(vamping)

I was in the lobby trying to make a call...

MOSSINGER

Phones down again?

As he says this we hear A BURST OF STATIC from an unseen walkie talkie in Mossinger's car. Scully freezes when she hears it. She and Mossinger lock eyes. Then:

SCULLY

bolts. Making a beeline for Mossinger's car. She throws the door open and jumps inside. Closing the door and locking it as Mossinger comes around, feigning surprise.

MOSSINGER

What are you doing?

INT. MOSSINGER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scully knocks the walkie talkie to the floor as she lunges over to lock the other door. Mossinger is bending down, peering in the window as Scully reaches for keys to the car. But they're not in the ignition.

MOSSINGER

Excuse me -

Scully looks over at Mossinger, who is now rapping lightly on the window with a curious smile. And in this context her manic behavior seems absolutely incongruous. Has SHE lost it? She reaches up now to the glove box.

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MOSSINGER

There's nothing in there.

Scully fumbles trying to get in the glove box, and when the small door finally falls opens - A SEMI-AUTOMATIC HANDGUN is lying inside. Atop a piece of ID which reads: CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT. When:

SUDDENLY THE WINDOW NEXT TO HER SHATTERS.

Scully grabs for the gun but Mossinger's hand and arm shoot in, grabbing for it too. And when Scully finally gets ahold of the gun, Mossinger is trying to grab her. Trying now to wrest it from her grasp.

But Scully wriggles free, managing to scoot across the console toward the other door, out of Mossinger's reach.

Mossinger throws open the door now, LUNGING inside the car after Scully. As she attempts to get out the opposite door. Mossinger grabs at and gets ahold of a piece of her clothing but it slips from his grip. As:

Scully tumbles out the other door.

EXT. MOTOR LODGE - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

as Scully struggles to get to her feet. Mossinger is out of the car now, coming quickly around the vehicle after her. But Scully gets to her feet, rises up and wheels on Mossinger as he moves on her. And suddenly:

MOSSINGER HAS A GUN IN HIS FACE, Scully gripping the weapon with both hands, shaking with adrenalin.

SCULLY

Get back! Against the car! Hands on the car! Do it!

Mossinger is slow to respond - backing away from Scully.

MOSSINGER

Put the gun down and we'll talk about it.

SCULLY

I said hands on the car!

Mossinger slowly obeys, turning and placing his hands on the fender of the car. Scully KICKS his legs apart (all that training at the academy finally paying off) so that Mossinger is spread eagled.

Scully has the gun in the small of Mossinger's back as she removes his wallet from his pants pocket.

SCULLY
Who are you?

MOSSINGER
You're a long way from home, Dr.
Scully. Nobody wants this to come
to violence now.

Scully reacts to this with a start. As:

NEW ANGLE

to include Emil and Zoe driving into the parking lot on the moped. They are both amazed and frightened by the scene they have come upon. Emil brings the moped to a stop several yards away.

SCULLY
Where's Mulder?

EMIL
We - we took him on the base.

ZOE
We waited for him.

Scully presses the gun into Mossinger's back.

SCULLY
Now you're going to get on that
walkie talkie and find out where
Mulder is.

MOSSINGER
I don't think I can do that.

SCULLY
Yes you can. Or I'll have every
newspaper in America out here
writing about Consolidated
Aircraft.

Scully steps back, allowing Mossinger to rise from his spread eagled position. As we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MULDER'S EYE

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as it is lifted open and a penlight is shined in it. We are:

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY - SOME TIME LATER

THREE MEN IN SCRUBS, MASKS are standing over Mulder. We do not see their faces. This is a fully equipped operating room.

RESUME MULDER

reacting groggily to his other eye being pulled open.

MULDER'S POV

Blurry and shifting focus on the Three Men standing over him. Each wears THICK MAGNIFYING EYEGLASSES. And is it an illusion, or are their eyes somehow - inhuman? Could it be Mulder's altered perception, a hallucination? The result of his anesthetized state?

RESUME THE MEN IN SCRUBS

preparing some kind of syringe as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MOSSINGER'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Mossinger is at the wheel. Scully sits in the back seat with the gun trained on him.

MOSSINGER

There are other ways to go about this.

SCULLY

Yeah. I've already seen how far you get with tears and a sad story.

EXT. ELLENS AIR BASE GATE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

as Mossinger's car pulls up. TWO SENTRIES stand guard. They see his car and reach for their walkie talkies. It is not a particularly fortified-looking entrance. A small guard shack to one side. It only prevents entry to a simple two-lane road which stretches off into the distance.

INT. MOSSINGER'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mossinger sits motionless, the car stopped and idling twenty yard from the gate.

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SCULLY
What are we doing?

MOSSINGER
Waiting.

There is a BURST OF STATIC from Mossinger's walkie talkie, followed by the transmission of a man's garbled voice which says something like: "Aanestrouse enroute. Please stand by."

As A TRUCK appears far off down the road inside base. It is heading toward Mossinger and Scully from inside the base.

EXT. GUARDED GATE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

as the same paramedic-type truck rolls up to the gate. The Sentries move to open the gate as:

Agent Mulder appears from around the back of the truck, looking dazed and disheveled.

RESUME INT. MOSSINGER'S CAR

SCULLY
Leave the car running. Just step out of the car.

And she and Mossinger exit.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER

coming through the gate toward Scully and Mossinger. He reacts with groggy confusion to the sight of Scully holding Mossinger at gunpoint.

SCULLY
Get in the car, Mulder.

Mulder hesitates, still confused by what he's seeing.

SCULLY
(forcefully)
Get in the car!

Before he does, however, Mossinger turns to him.

MOSSINGER
I just want to say... anything you have seen here is equal to the protection we give it. It is you who have acted inappropriately.

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And with this Mossinger turns and walks toward the gate, leaving Scully and Mulder free to go. As we:

CUT TO:

INT. MOSSINGER'S CAR - DAY

Scully looking nervously in the rear view mirror as she speeds away from the Air Base. Then she looks over at Mulder.

SCULLY
Are you okay, Mulder?

MULDER
I think so.

Mulder looks at her contritely. Then, as if to explain:

MULDER
Scully... I...

SCULLY
What...

Suddenly Mulder starts to sputter like we saw Lt. Budahas do. He's having trouble remembering something.

MULDER
How did I get here.

Off Mulder's pensive expression and Scully's less than sympathetic reaction to it, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDAHAS RESIDENCE - DAY - LATER

Scully and Mulder are knocking at the front door. After a moment Mrs. Budahas answers.

SCULLY
Hi.

MRS. BUDAHAS
(not warm)
Hello.

SCULLY
We came by to see how your husband
was doing.

MRS. BUDAHAS

Oh, he's fine. He's getting much better now.

MULDER

Do you think we could see him?

MRS. BUDAHAS

Oh, well, he's resting now.

From inside the house we hear Airman Budahas' ask, "Who is it now?" Mrs. Budahas' can't conceal her discomfort in this charade. The sadness of the lie shows in her eyes.

MRS. BUDAHAS

Thank you for your concern.

And she closes the door on them.

MULDER

They got to her, Scully. They were here. They must have threatened her -

SCULLY

We don't know anything, Mulder. Anything more than when we got here. Maybe that's the way it's supposed to be.

Scully walks to the edge of the porch. She looks out over the neighborhood with its picture book houses and green lawns.

SCULLY

Let's get out of here, Mulder. As fast as we can.

And as she walks down off the porch, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LARGE GREEN ATHLETIC FIELD - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

With legend over: Agent Mulder, alone in the field doing wind sprints. He's dressed in sweats. He stops to catch his breath when he notices A LONE FIGURE walking toward him from across the field.

ANGLE ON

the man from the tavern who earlier warned Mulder off the case. Now and forever to be known as DEEP THROAT. As he approaches Mulder. The two men stand face to face, silently regarding each other for a moment.

DEEP THROAT
Your lives may be in danger.

MULDER
Why?

DEEP THROAT
You've seen things that weren't to be seen. Care and discretion now is imperative. As I said I can provide you with information. But only so long as it is in my best interest to do so.

MULDER
What is your interest?

DEEP THROAT
The truth.

MULDER
What is the truth?

The Man looks off into the middle distance, measuring the thing he is about to say.

DEEP THROAT
Mr. Mulder - why are those like yourself who believe in the existence of extraterrestrial life on earth not dissuaded by all the evidence to the contrary?

Mulder studies Deep Throat, trying to find the linear meaning in the internal and circular logic of this riddle.

MULDER
Because evidence to the contrary is not entirely dissuasive.

DEEP THROAT
Precisely.

Deep Throat turns, begins to walk back across the field. He stops when Mulder calls out to him.

MULDER

They're here, aren't they?

DEEP THROAT

Mr. Mulder, they've been here for
a long, long time.

And the man turns and heads away. Off Agent Mulder, standing
alone in the field, pondering the weight of it all, we:

FADE OUT:

THE END