

THE X-FILES

"Pusher"

Written by
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Directed by
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January 30, 1996

"Pusher"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Pusher (Robert Modell)
Agent Frank Burst
Agent Collins
Deputy Scott Kerber
Holly
Stenographer (non-speaking)
Judge
Defense Attorney
Prosecutor
Assistant Director Walter Skinner
Swat Cops
Lead Swat
Swat Lieutenant
Swat Cop
2nd Cop
Nurse

January 30, 1996

"Pusher"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

COUNTY HIGHWAY
BELTWAY COMMUTER PARKING LOT
/PAYPHONE
GOLF DRIVING RANGE
/BEHIND CLUBHOUSE
/GROUNDSKEEPER'S SHED
/CLUBHOUSE
/PARKING LOT
FAIRFAX MERCY HOSPITAL
/PARKING LOT
/HOSPITAL DELIVERY ENTRANCE

INTERIORS:

SUPERMARKET
SHERIFF'S CAR
FBI HEADQUARTERS
/MULDER'S OFFICE
/RESEARCH ROOM
/FIRING RANGE
/LOBBY
/HALLWAY
/COMPUTER RECORDS OFFICE
/SKINNER'S OFFICE
MOTORPOOL SEDAN
COURTS BUILDING
/HEARING ROOM
/HALLWAY
MODELL'S APARTMENT
/KITCHEN
/BACK BEDROOM
/BATHROOM
/LIVING ROOM
SWAT TRUCK
FAIRFAX MERCY HOSPITAL
/ER RECEPTION
/MRI SUITE
/HALLWAY
/EMPTY STRETCH OF HALL
/NEW HOSPITAL ROOM

(X)

"PUSHER"

1 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

An instrumental "Misty," heavy on the vibraphone, tinkles out of the Muzak speakers. Middle-aged women SHOPPERS wheel their carts through the aisles. A LEGEND appears: "MT. FOODMORE SUPERMARKET. LOUDOUN COUNTY, VIRGINIA."

We move low through the store, picking up and following a MAN in a warm-up suit who carries a shopping basket. He softly sings along to "Misty," though he doesn't know most of the words. He seems not to have a care in the world as he loads:

HIGH-ENERGY PROTEIN DRINKS

into his basket--can upon can of stuff called "CarboBoost." Bulging biceps are on the labels. The man stocks up, emptying the shelf. We wonder why--this guy is definitely NO bodybuilder. He's average-looking, medium build...but vaguely charismatic. We drift off the humming man to notice, at the far end of the aisle...

A SECOND MAN

walks past, in and out of view--as he passes, he stares intently at the humming man. After a beat, he comes back. He eases up the aisle carrying a basket, perusing the lentils, the succotash...everything but the humming man.

WIDER ON AISLE

As the humming man heads toward the checkout with his load of health drinks. The guy tailing him is very cool, very professional. He hangs back, tosses a bag of pinto beans in his basket, shoots a glance at the humming man--who seems completely oblivious to him.

AT THE FRONT OF THE STORE

The humming man heads for the "Ten Items or Less" checkout. The guy tailing him hangs back and looks for all the world like he's comparing prices on creamed corn--but he's gradually working his way closer.

A THIRD MAN

Eases into the checkout line right in front of the humming man. This NEW MAN is big, and wears a dark blue scooter jacket. And though his back is to him, we can tell by his expression that he is INTENSELY AWARE of the humming man's presence behind him.

THE HUMMING MAN

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

Puts down his basket and studies the tabloids...apparently not realizing he is sandwiched between these two deadly serious-looking men. He thumbs through the "Weekly World Informer," grins and shakes his head (maybe there's a grainy black and white of Flukeman on the cover).

The man looks up from his tabloid to see, out the window:

A SHERIFF'S OFFICE CRUISER

coast slowly through frame at the far end of the parking lot. We basically see just its roof light rack, moving like a shark fin above the sea of parked cars.

THE HUMMING MAN

is still grinning...but now there's a sort of faint MEANNESS to his smile. He mumbles to himself.

HUMMING MAN

Let's get this show on the road...

THE SCOOTER JACKET

of the man in front of him has a rectangular panel sewn onto its back--the humming man reaches up and YANKS IT. We hear the RIP of VELCRO: The panel opens to read "FBI."

SMASH CUT WIDE ON:

The checkout as the humming man gets BUSTED. In a flash, the men flanking him smack him face-down hard on the conveyor belt. He rides it for a moment, not fighting back as they cuff him. MORE COPS--UNIFORM AND PLAINCLOTHES--SHOUT OUT THEIR I.D. as they pour into frame.

Dumbfounded SHOPPERS gawk. The arrest goes smooth as silk.

THE ELECTRIC DOOR

swings open. Into the store, backlit by the sun, strides Agent-In-Charge FRANK BURST--a deadpan fireplug in a suit.

BURST

You're "Pusher," I presume.

The humming man--"Pusher"--smiles crookedly and nods.

PUSHER

You must be Frank Burst. I gotta tell you--I think you have the greatest name.

(disappointed)

You're shorter than your voice...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

BURST
(wary beat)
Agent Collins, read him his
rights and let's get him out of
here...

AGENT COLLINS, the familiar second man, quickly Mirandizes
Pusher as they all steer him toward the exit.

PUSHER
Think you can hold me?

Agent Burst takes this question very seriously. He turns and
addresses his men.

BURST
I want him in a waist chain and
leg irons. I want him in a car
with a cage--Loudoun County unit,
whatever. I'll ride shotgun.

Pusher looks relaxed. The crowd of FBI and Loudoun uniformed
deputies sweeps him out of the store like Lee Harvey Oswald,
leaving behind stunned shoppers and checkout clerks.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. COUNTY HIGHWAY - DAY

We reveal a line of law enforcement vehicles, all with their
LEFT TURN BLINKERS FLASHING. All are queued up to turn from a
feeder road onto a busy highway. At the tail of the line is a
marked Loudoun County Sheriff's car.

3 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

A DEPUTY is behind the wheel, creeping along as one by one the
cars in front of him pull onto the highway. Agent Burst sits
beside him. In the back seat, squirreled away behind a heavy
steel screen sits Pusher.

BURST
(to Pusher)
You know...it'd really help me
out if you told us your name.

The man shrugs, looking away up the road to his left.

PUSHER
Pusher's good enough...
(beat)
Deputy? I just gotta say. Your
uniform is the most soothing
shade of blue.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

The deputy snorts. Pusher prattles on as they pull up to the intersection--they're now the next in line to go.

PUSHER

No, I'm not kidding you. I notice those things. It's sort of a sky blue. Very calming...tranquil. I think the word for that particular shade is "cerulean," actually.

There's something about Pusher's VOICE--it just makes you want to hear more. The deputy listens silently as he waits for the road to clear. Burst meanwhile is restless.

BURST

Okay, we get it--it's a nice shade of blue.
(shakes his head)
What's with this traffic?

Pusher keeps staring out his left side window. A thin bead of SWEAT appears, sliding down his temple.

PUSHER

Cerulean blue...

OUT THE LEFT SIDE WINDOW

we notice a blue SEMI rumbling up the highway toward us.

SLOW TRACK-IN ON THE DEPUTY

who stares out at the oncoming truck.

PUSHER (O.S.)

Cerulean makes me think of a breeze. A gentle breeze...

BURST (O.S.)

Hey, Mr. Blackwell--put a sock in it.

PUSHER (O.S.)

Cerulean is a gentle breeze...

"Gentle breeze" echoes...WHISPERS through the deputy's head. He blinks. Something changes in his expression.

THE DEPUTY'S POV

shows the fast-approaching, sky-blue truck: Suddenly, the truck just sort of gently EVAPORATES like a mirage. The DIESEL ROAR transmogrifies into the TINKLE of wind chimes.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

THE DEPUTY'S FOOT

lifts off the brake and eases onto the gas pedal.

PUSHER

swings his feet to BRACE HARD against the left side door.

IN THE FRONT SEAT

the faintly smiling deputy eases them into a left turn.
Burst's head snaps left, HORRIFIED BY WHAT HE SEES.

BURST

STOP!!--

THE SKY-BLUE SEMI

is still here, of course. It SPEEDS STRAIGHT AT US, its
AIRHORN BLARING...its brakes locked up and SQUEALING. The last
thing we see before the truck plows into us is the company logo
painted on the front of the cab: "CERULEAN."

BLAM!--we're toast. FLASH to BLACK. Then, MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

4 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

We hear the SHH-CLICK of a slide projector--then we're staring at a photo of the aftermath of the TEASER: Sprawled belly-down on the asphalt is the bloodied, dead deputy. In his outstretched hand are HANDCUFF KEYS. Unlocked CUFFS, WAIST CHAIN and LEG IRONS lie abandoned nearby.

AGENT BURST (O.S.)

When the truck hit us I was knocked unconscious. Deputy Scott Kerber was mortally injured...

We PULL BACK to include Agents MULDER, SCULLY and Burst staring at the projected photo. The projector throws a bright beam of light across the darkened office.

BURST

But before he succumbed, he managed to crawl out of the car and dig his keys from his pocket. His last breath was spent unlocking my prisoner... Who, despite his own injuries, managed to escape on foot.

NEW ANGLE ON THE AGENTS

We finally see Burst's face--he's MESSED UP. Huge black eye, broken nose, healing facial lacerations...aches and pains. Also, despite his quiet delivery, we can see that he's upper-case PISSED.

BURST

This guy calls himself "Pusher." For whatever reason...as far as I know, it has nothing to do with drugs.

MULDER

What's his story?

BURST

He cold-called me about a month ago...confessed to a string of contract killings going back two years.

SCULLY

He wanted to turn himself in?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

BURST

No, not at all--he was bragging.
It's a game to him. The thing of
it is, no one seems to think
these murders of his were murders
at all. They all went on the
books as suicides.

SCULLY

So this man is a crank?

BURST

He knew each case--he had details
that were only in the police
reports.

(softer)

I mean yeah, the coroner's office
would say he's a crank...

MULDER

But you wouldn't.

BURST

(troubled)

No. Not anymore.

Mulder is growing intrigued.

SCULLY

What connection did the dead
deputy have with this man?

BURST

As far as I can tell, none.
Kerber was a good cop.

SCULLY

Then why'd he free your "Pusher"?

Burst looks uneasy. He clicks the projector.

THE NEXT THREE SLIDES

Show increasingly closer views of the sky-blue SEMI. As Burst
talks, they culminate in a close-up of the company logo on the
cab door: "CERULEAN HAULING--COAST 2 COAST."

BURST

Pusher was rambling about
cerulean blue...

(taps the logo)

...Talking about how it reminded
him of a breeze or something.
"Cerulean is a gentle breeze,"
over and over.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

BURST (Cont'd)

Right then, Kerber pulls in front of the truck. Blammo.

MULDER

You're saying he talked him into it? Somehow...willed him to do it?

SCULLY

(to Mulder)

Willed him? How?--

BURST

No kidding--how?

(shakes his head)

I'm not sure WHAT I'm saying. I don't have much experience with this sort of thing. I just want to catch the guy.

Burst thumbs the projector and a NEW SLIDE comes up: Now we see words fingerpainted in a rust-red scrawl on the C-pillar of the wrecked police car: "NIN OR." Mulder and Scully study it.

BURST

Your guess is as good as mine as to what this means.

Mulder stares, working it in his head. He reaches to the projector, shuttles out the slide and flips it around. He puts it back in the projector--now the image is REVERSED, including the scrawl.

BURST

(so what)

"Ro Nin."

MULDER

Row-NEEN. A samurai without a master.

(X)

(X)

Scully is impressed. Mulder gives her a shrug.

MULDER

What, you never saw "Yojimbo?"

SCULLY

Still--what does it mean?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

MULDER
(rising to his feet)
It means ten to one I know what
this guy's got stacked on the
back of his toilet.

CUT TO:

5 INT. FBI RESEARCH ROOM - HOOVER BLDG. - DAY

CLOSE ON a stack of magazines as they THUMP atop a table: The magazine is called "American Ronin." It looks like a cross between "Soldier of Fortune" and "Outlaw Biker"--on the cover, a bikini chick caresses a smoking Uzi.

More stacks of "A.R." surround Mulder and Scully. They both sit at the table, poring through the classifieds-- they've been at it awhile.

A timid-looking female RESEARCH LIBRARIAN enters carrying a fresh stack of magazines.

HOLLY
Agents? Here's volume ten...

The young woman, HOLLY, has a nasty bruise on her cheek and forehead--she catches Scully staring at it.

SCULLY
I'm sorry. I couldn't help
noticing...

HOLLY
I was in Georgetown this
weekend...guy knocked me down and
stole my purse.

Sympathy shows in Scully's face. She murmurs her regrets.

MULDER
They catch him?

HOLLY
Do they ever? No offense...

Holly forces a smile like it's nothing, but she's clearly not comfortable talking about it. She heads out the door. Mulder shakes his head and goes back to his research. Scully's eyes linger on the door.

Scully's attention returns to the new stack of magazines she now has to go through. It's not a happy sight.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Mulder, I'm still not sure what we're looking for.

MULDER

(without looking up)
Samurais without masters have to advertise...

SCULLY

Yes, but advertise what? How did this "Pusher" convince a supposedly honest deputy sheriff to free him?

(wry)

I'm sure you have a theory...

MULDER

(shrug)

Suggestion is a powerful force. The science of hypnosis is predicated on it. As are TV commercials: They're specifically designed to plant thoughts in our heads...

(X)

SCULLY

Inducing someone to buy soap is not the same as inducing them to pull in front of a speeding truck.

MULDER

But the mechanism of suggestion is the same. In this case it's just more powerful.

(off her doubt)

This guy calls himself "Pusher." Can't we take that to mean he "pushes" his will onto others?

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, even if he COULD "push" his will: Why would he cause an accident while he himself was in the car?

Good point--Mulder shrugs as he circles something in a magazine with his highlighter pen.

MULDER

I guess he REALLY didn't want to go to jail? Look at this:

(reads aloud)

"I solve problems. O-S-U."

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

Scully leans close to read over his shoulder. We see:

THEIR POV

CLOSE ON the circled ad surrounded by a dozen similar ads--this is how it looks on paper (try not to focus too intently on the stupid 555 numbers, if possible):

I SOLVE PROBLEMS. OSU.
(703) 555-0146
(703) 555-0118
(703) 555-0177

RESUME WIDE

as the two agents puzzle over the advertisement.

SCULLY
O-S-U? Ohio State University?

MULDER
It's a Northern Virginia area code. I've seen this ad in every issue dating back to April, 1994.

SCULLY
The time span of the deaths...

MULDER
(nods; considers)
O-S-U...

Mulder works it through in his head. On a whim, he crosses to the tall shelves piled high with eclectic volumes of reference books. We see that he pulls a JAPANESE-ENGLISH DICTIONARY, thumbs through it.

MULDER
(happy snort)
O-S-U. "Osu." The Japanese verb
"to push."

Mulder and Scully look at each other--this is their man.

SCULLY
Let's run down those phone numbers.

Off Mulder slapping closed the book, we:

CUT TO:

6 EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

A LEGEND: "BELTWAY COMMUTER LOT. FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA." Deserted for hours. We start on a lonely, lighted payphone. We transition back to reveal the empty parking lot...

...It's mostly empty. A few lone cars are parked out here. One is a motorpool sedan containing Mulder and Scully.

7 INT. SEDAN

The engine is off. Mulder is slouched behind the wheel, not wanting to advertise their presence. Scully silently dozes next to him. Her head gradually sags to rest lightly on his shoulder-- he glances at her, but doesn't move to wake her.

Mulder raises his cell phone into view, trying not to shift his body and disturb Scully. With his eyes on the distant payphone, he speed-dials his cell phone with his thumb.

A beat later, we hear the PAYPHONE'S RING echo faintly across the lot. Mulder lets the payphone ring five or six times before he sighs and hangs up. About this time Scully jolts awake. She's groggily embarrassed to find herself using Mulder as a pillow.

MULDER
Done drooling on me?

SCULLY
Um. Sorry. What time is it?

MULDER
Twenty after three.

SCULLY
(waking up)
No luck, I take it?

MULDER
Neither here, nor at the other
two payphones. I checked in with
Burst-- he's thinking it's a wild
goose chase.

A beat of silence. Scully starts to speak, then stops and frowns. They both hear it--the payphone is RINGING. Mulder checks his cell to see if he's accidentally speed-dialed.

SCULLY
That's not you.

Mulder agrees. They toss open their doors and go RUNNING across the lot toward the phone.

(X)

8 EXT. PAYPHONE

The phone is still ringing when they reach it. Mulder snatches up the receiver, snaps on his microrecorder.

MULDER

Hello?--

PUSHER (FILTERED V.O.)

Are you two just gonna sit there all night?

MULDER

(sotto to Scully)

Go--

Mulder scans the area for Pusher. Scully meanwhile has whipped out her cell phone and is calling for a TRACE--as she whispers briefly into her own phone, we CONTINUE with Mulder's conversation.

PUSHER (FILTERED V.O.)

Don't bother hunting around for me-- I'm far away. Though I WAS watching you up until about an hour ago...

(upbeat)

You and your pretty partner seem awfully close. Do you work well together?

Scully stands close by Mulder--he shares the earpiece with her.

MULDER

Who's asking? What's your name?

PUSHER (FILTERED V.O.)

Sorry, G-Man--it's not that easy. You have to follow my little breadcrumb trail...prove your worth.

(beat)

So far you're doing alright.

MULDER

Why do I have to prove my worth? Is this a game to you? Do you want to be found?

(off his long silence)

So--where's my next breadcrumb?

PUSHER (FILTERED V.O.)

Right in front of you. Let your fingers do the walking, G-Man.

CLICK, then dialtone... Pusher has hung up. Scully listens to her cell phone, speaks a few words then clicks it off.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

No complete trace--they think he
was using a digital scrambler.

(X

(X

Mulder nods, his mind on other things.

MULDER

Let your fingers do the
walking...

SCULLY

The phone book?

Scully lifts the hanging binder--there is no phone book. She
shakes her head. Their eyes fix on the payphone itself.

MULDER

Who was the last person to use
this phone? What if it was him?

Scully considers this. She speed-dials her cell phone, raises
it to her ear.

SCULLY

It's me again--I need the last
number dialed OUT from this
location. Just ring it back
through.

Scully turns off her cell phone. They both wait a beat, then
the PAYPHONE RINGS again--that peculiar "return call" ring.
She picks it up, and Mulder listens in once more. On the other
end, we hear an answering machine pick up.

FILTERED FEMALE VOICE

Hi, you've reached Tee-
Totallers...golf driving range
and pro shop! Our hours of
operation are 7:00 am to
midnight, Monday through...

The recorded message rambles on as Scully takes the phone away
from her ear. She hangs up and turns to Mulder.

SCULLY

So he's a killer AND a golfer.

MULDER

Rings a bell. Let's go, G-Woman.

(X)

Mulder exits. Scully follows him out of frame, her patented
wary smile showing.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE - MORNING

WHUP!--CLOSE ON a golf ball as it's struck off a tee and driven 200 yards. We hear a single person applauding.

PUSHER (O.S.)
Good ball! Strong ball!

WIDE TO REVEAL

We are on the upper tier of an elevated driving range. Below us, receding into the distance, driving markers tick off the several hundred yards to the treeline. This upper tier is deserted, save for...

...THREE JAPANESE GOLFERS and PUSHER (who was definitely injured in the TEASER crash--bruised and cut). It was one of the Japanese men who just teed off. We know at a glance that he and his companions are wealthy foreign businessmen. (X)

Pusher is not dressed like them, is not within fifteen years of their age. They don't even seem to know him--in fact, they basically just stand in obedient silence, like Stepford Golfers. Pusher chooses a club and tees his ball. (X)

PUSHER
All right. I'm using this new nonsanctioned ball? It's got a core of damn uranium or something, I don't know what. It gets up there like Sputnik...

CLOSE ON PUSHER'S FACE

as he squints into the distance. He turns his head slightly, scanning the range with his eyes. Finding:

THE DISTANT TREELINE

Some two hundred yards away. We barely see it--but something is moving back there.

A CLOSE, REVERSE VIEW

down among the trees--TWO FEDERAL SWAT COPS (snipers) move low and slow. They work their way toward Pusher, who's tiny in the distance.

The SWAT cops wear full "ghillie" suits--camouflage that makes one look like a cross between Cousin It and The Swamp Thing. They carry sniper rifles and move like smoke. No one else would have seen them. No one but...

PUSHER

who looks relaxed as always. He checks his watch, murmurs.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

PUSHER

About damn time...
(to golfers)
Konnichiwa, gentlemen. I was
never here.

Pusher walks out of frame carrying his golf bag. Behind him, the three men go on with their driving truly as if Pusher had never been there.

10 EXT. BEHIND THE CLUBHOUSE

THREE more SWAT COPS--in jet black BDUs and masks--move warily along the hedges, their MP5Ks out in front of them.

When they reach the corner of the clubhouse, one silently HANDSIGNALS the other two--they split up, each one going his separate way. We stick with the first man, STEADICAM alongside him as he moves low toward...

A GROUNDSKEEPER'S SHED

The door is slightly ajar. The SWAT cop takes position. He sucks in a deep breath, then launches through the door.

11 INT. SHED

The SWAT cop BLASTS inside, sun streaming in behind him.

SWAT COP
FREEZE! HANDS IN THE AIR!--

PUSHER

stands at the back of the shed, his golf bag beside him. He calmly raises his hands. The way the light cuts across him, his body is lighted, but we can't see his FACE.

PUSHER
Relax. Relax...
(eases forward)
Let me see your face.

As Pusher takes a slow step forward, his hands in the air, his own face eases into the light. His eyes fix on the cop. His eyes almost GLOW--we can't look away from them.

THE SWAT COP

hesitates, then slowly pulls up his mask, his gun still trained on Pusher. We realize this is AGENT COLLINS from the TEASER. He looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

COLLINS
Y-You're under arrest...

PUSHER

stares evenly at Collins. SWEAT rolls down his temple.

PUSHER
Hey Collins. Listen. First I
need you to do something for me.

On the floor is a square, steel, gallon can of GASOLINE--used for the groundskeeper's mower. Pusher slides it with his toe... slides it across the floor to Collins.

PUSHER
Will you do something for me?

Pusher's eyes never waver. His slow smile is pure EVIL.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CLUBHOUSE

Mulder, Scully and Burst move up to the corner of the clubhouse building, their guns drawn. Scully is the first to see it--her eyes go wide.

SCULLY
Mulder!--

WIDER ANGLE

Mulder and Burst turn and look, similarly shocked. Into frame toward them--his back to us--shuffles Collins. He is DRENCHED WITH GASOLINE. He carries the can upside-down under one arm, gas GLUGGING down his side.

REVERSE ON COLLINS

whose face we can now see--pink gasoline pours off his nose and hair. His eyes are red and swollen from the stuff, and he can barely see. His throat is working, and his lip is quivering in his fleshy, baby face. He's CRYING.

COLLINS
Oh god... Oh god...

He squeezes the gas can so tightly the steel PINGS and crumples. And now, from the front we can see what's in his other hand: A BUTANE LIGHTER. He raises it.

SCULLY AND MULDER

Stand briefly paralyzed, HORRIFIED by what they're seeing.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

AGENT COLLINS

STRIKES the lighter--a brief SPARK, but no flame. A huge SOB rucks through the man's body.

COLLINS

Oh GOD... STOP ME!--

He can't stop it. He snaps the lighter again...no dice.

SUPER-CLOSE ON THE LIGHTER

Third time's the charm. A SLOW-MOTION FLAME POOFS TO LIFE. It burns clean blue, WAVERING in the breeze. Off this, we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. CLUBHOUSE

A RED FIRE EXTINGUISHER

is mounted on an exterior wall of the clubhouse. Scully STREAKS into frame and jerks it loose. Elsewhere...

MULDER AND BURST

ease closer to the gasoline-soaked cop, palms up. Mulder eases out of his coat, never taking his eyes off the man.

BURST

Collins! What the hell are you doing?!

MULDER

Let it go. Put it down!--

AGENT COLLINS

stands his ground, eyes squeezed tight shut. The flame from his lighter burns tall. He sobs and shakes his head emphatically as he PULLS THE LIGHTER TO HIS CHEST.

FROM BEHIND

Collins--out of focus at the edge of the foreground--lights up with a WHHOOOOMPH! Mulder and Burst stand transfixed in front of him.

SCULLY

is right there, running into frame. She blasts a jet of co2 from her extinguisher. WHITE SMOKE obscures our view.

WIDER TO INCLUDE

Mulder flinging his coat over the smoking SWAT cop, tackling him to the ground to put out what's left of the flames. Scully drops her extinguisher and kneels down to check the man. TWO MORE SWAT COPS come running into frame to assist.

Scully rips open the man's melted web gear and body armor, burning and gooeying her hands. She yells for an ambulance-- Agent Burst is handling it, barking into his cell phone.

AGENT COLLINS

is badly burned, but alive. He rocks his head from side to side, mumbling. The others try to hold him still.

COLLINS

Light up-- light up-- light up--

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

Scully leans over the man. She locks frightened eyes with:

MULDER

who stares amazed as well. As he does, we suddenly hear a STEADY CAR HORN. It's far away, up in the parking lot.

Mulder turns to look. He walks three steps toward the blaring horn before he breaks into a RUN. SWAT follows.

14 EXT. DRIVING RANGE PARKING LOT

MULDER'S POV--WE SPEED ACROSS THE LOT TOWARD:

A parked and undamaged new Cadillac. It's the source of the HORN, which gets LOUDER as we approach.

Mulder grabs the driver's door handle of the Cadillac, yanks it open. He's got his gun ready in his other hand.

MULDER (O.S.)
(over horn)
FEDERAL AGENTS!--

Pusher is in the driver's seat--his head resting against the steering wheel is the reason the horn is blowing. With great difficulty, Pusher lifts his head. The HORN DIES.

PUSHER
Light up-- light up-- light up--

MULDER AND THE SWAT COPS

draw down on Pusher. Mulder's blood runs cold upon hearing the mantra Pusher is muttering.

PUSHER

looks dissipated--fishbelly-white and dripping with sweat. He's panting like he ran twenty miles. He manages to open his eyes and smile wearily up at Mulder.

PUSHER
Five bucks says I get off.

MULDER

stands his ground as SWAT cops swarm past to yank Pusher from the car. Over Mulder's disturbed look, we HEAR:

BAILIFF (V.O.)
Rise and state your name and
address for the Court.

CUT TO:

15 INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY

LEGEND: "PRELIMINARY HEARING, ALEXANDRIA DISTRICT COURT." The small room has a small AUDIENCE--including some of the SWAT cops we recognize from the previous scene. In front of them is a LONG TABLE for both defense and prosecution where:

PUSHER

stands before the Court. He wears a suit, and looks much healthier-- and more innocent--than before. His DEFENSE ATTORNEY stands beside him.

PUSHER

Robert Patrick Modell. 3083
Roseneath Avenue, apartment 9,
Alexandria, Virginia.

At the back of the room, Mulder and Scully quietly enter and take their seats next to Agent Burst at the long table. ROBERT MODELL-- Pusher--glances over at them. He seems faintly pleased they're here.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 LATER - MULDER

settles into the witness stand, seated near a STENOGRAPHER.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Agent Mulder--does the FBI believe that this defendant is responsible for fourteen murders?

MULDER

That is correct, Your Honor.

WIDE TO INCLUDE

The JUDGE--a no-nonsense Wapner-type--who scans the case file. His eyebrows furrow.

JUDGE

In each of these cases the coroner's office ruled for SUICIDE.

MULDER

We believe they were indeed murders, Your Honor.

JUDGE

You believe. But do you have any actionable evidence?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

MULDER

We have the Defendant on audiotape confessing to the murders--on several separate occasions, he clearly identifies them as such. Furthermore, the defendant knows crime scene details which are only available to the police.

At the prosecution end of the table, Agent Burst gives a seconding nod. Modell's defense attorney speaks up.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor--one of these so-called "murder victims" threw herself under a commuter train. This was on a crowded platform, a hundred witnesses... Nobody pushed her. No one was within thirty feet of her.

MULDER

(looking at Modell)

But your client was present...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Which is how he knew your crime scene details--

JUDGE

Make your point, Agent Mulder.

Mulder looks to Scully at the table, shares eye contact with her before returning his attention to the judge.

MULDER

I believe those people died because it was Mr. Modell's express will that they do so.

JUDGE

His will?

MULDER

This man admitted to being a killer for hire. I believe he has a unique suggestive ability which makes for the perfect M.O: He talks his victims into injuring themselves. He overrides their wills with his own.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

Next to Scully, Burst is subtly shaking his head. It's not that he might not agree, but he wants Mulder to shut up about it. The defense attorney gleefully dives in.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I can't believe this!

(X)

The judge peers over the tops of his glasses at Mulder.

JUDGE

You wanna run that by me again,
Agent Mulder?

MULDER

(going for broke)

Yesterday, a federal law
enforcement officer was induced
to self-immolation by the
defendant. I witnessed it. All
of these officers witnessed it--

Mulder indicates Scully, Burst, and the SWAT cops in the front row--they look uncomfortably spotlighted. Agent Burst sees it all going to hell and speaks up.

BURST

We have Modell's confession!--

(X)

The young PROSECUTOR sitting next to Burst puts a hand on him, gently cutting him off.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, the evidence chain in
this case has been difficult to
establish. We ask the Court's
indulgence while we complete our
investigation, and that Mr.
Modell be held for trial on the
strength of his taped confession.

(X)

The judge turns his attention to Robert Modell.

JUDGE

What about this audiotape, Mr.
Modell? Did you confess to
fourteen murders?

Modell's attorney whispers in his ear. Modell nods.

MODELL

Unfortunately yes, Your Honor.
Not that I remember it...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

This was...basically a drunken phone prank on the part of my client, Your Honor.

MULDER

Phone prank?-- Your Honor, he had the details of every case!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

--And Robert deeply regrets the distress and confusion this situation has caused.

Modell nods contritely. Behind him in the audience, the SWAT agents look pissed off. The judge turns to Modell.

JUDGE

You deny these charges?

Modell is smooth and relaxed--he stares evenly at the judge.

MODELL

Absolutely.
(beat)
I'm not guilty.

MULDER

Is watching Modell very closely. His expression tells us he thinks something's up. He looks to...

THE JUDGE

who stares at Modell for a long, pregnant beat. Off this we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. COURTS BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Robert Modell exits the courtroom a free man, shakes hands with his attorney, who gives him a victorious pat on the shoulder. Alone, Modell strolls down the stairs to come across...

...Mulder, Scully and Burst standing together on the landing. Smiling, Modell joins them--addresses Mulder.

MODELL

I believe you owe me five dollars.

A beat. Mulder produces a crisp five spot, surprising Burst, Scully...even Modell himself. As he reaches for it:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

MULDER

Your shoe's untied...

Modell involuntarily checks, then reaches for the five--but Mulder snaps it away.

MULDER

Made you look.

Mulder and Modell stare each other down. Modell nods, smiles in crooked appreciation: A dumb joke, but Mulder just bent him to his will. Mulder speaks quietly, eyes intent on the man.

MULDER

How do YOU do it?

Modell strolls away whistling "Misty." Agent Burst, who's already fit to be tied, calls after him.

BURST

Hey Modell! I know your NAME
now! I know where you LIVE!--

Modell doesn't look back as he recedes down the hallway. Agent Burst waits a beat, then turns on Mulder--starts to say something, then thinks better of it.

Burst storms away. Off a somber Mulder and Scully we:

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. FBI BASEMENT FIRING RANGE - DAY

A CARDBOARD "MILK BOTTLE" TARGET

whirrs into view on its motorized run...CHUNKS to a stop.

MULDER

stands at the firing line wearing eye and ear protection. He inserts a magazine, drops closed the slide on his pistol. He takes aim and squeezes off eight shots slow and steady. We TRACK IN on his face: He's got a lot on his mind. (X

WIDE TO INCLUDE

Scully, who enters frame behind him. She's wearing ear and eye protection, and carries a handful of files. She watches him briefly. When he stops to reload, she speaks.

SCULLY

I dug up a few more things on our
Robert Patrick Modell.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

Mulder sets down his pistol. He pulls off his headphones and reels off the file from memory--he's already done this legwork. ()

MULDER (X)

He was an average student, attended an average community college, did an average stint in the military. (X)

SCULLY (X)

(playing along)
Which branch of service?

MULDER (X)

The Army--but it wasn't his first choice. He tried to be a Navy Seal...after that, Army Special Forces--a Green Beret. He washed out of both, though not for lack of intelligence. He wound up a Fort Bragg supply clerk. Served two years, general discharge. (X)

Scully nods, letting him finish. She speaks quietly. (X)

SCULLY (X)

Did you know he applied to the FBI?

Mulder is taken aback--this is a surprise. Scully holds up a file folder. (X)

SCULLY (X)

He didn't even come close to passing our psych screening.

MULDER (X)

(amazed)
You've got a copy?

Scully presents him a dense two-page report, which he greedily scans. She runs down the salient points.

SCULLY

They found him to be acutely ego-centered. He has no regard for the feelings of others, instead perceiving people as objects. He's extremely suspicious of government and authority.

MULDER

Yet he wants to be in authority...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

(nod)

Our screener caught him in a dozen self-aggrandizing lies: How he was a master of martial arts...trained by Gurkhas in Nepal, by ninjas in Japan...

MULDER

Ninjas are said to have the ability to cloud the minds of their opponents.

SCULLY

Are we talking Kung Fu movies, Mulder?

MULDER

Modell clouded the mind of that judge.

SCULLY

Mulder--even if Modell could, he didn't need to. We barely had a case against him.

MULDER

(pissed-off mutter)

We had enough to get past a simple preliminary hearing. Modell put the whammy on him.

SCULLY

The whammy. Please explain to me the scientific nature of...The Whammy.

MULDER

Maybe we're talking about an Eastern martial art. Maybe a temporary suppression of the brain's chemistry-- induced by a specific timbre or cadence of Modell's voice. His voice seems to be the key.

SCULLY

(back to earth time)

Mulder. Modell's last known employment was as a convenience store clerk. He never studied with ninjas-- he's never even been outside the U.S. He's just a little man who wishes he were someone big.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

SCULLY (Cont'd)
 And we're feeding that wish.
 (a different tack)
 That failed psych screening? If
 Modell could actually control
 people's minds, right now he'd be
 an FBI agent--right? He'd be a
 Navy Seal, a Green Beret...

Good point--and Mulder knows it.

MULDER
 Maybe this ability came to him
 more recently...just in the last
 two years.

Scully gives a shake of her head. It's clear she's having a
 hard time buying all of this--which annoys Mulder further.

MULDER
 (angry)
 Fine--give me YOUR theory. How
 did he do what he did to Agent
 Collins? An otherwise sane
 family man lights himself on
 fire! You WITNESSED it happen.

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY
 What do you need me to say,
 Mulder? That I believe Modell is
 guilty of murder? I do.
 (cutting)
 Only I'm still looking for
 explanations a little more
 mundane than "The Whammy."

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder holsters his pistol and gathers his shooting
 accouterments while he considers her words. He flips the
 return switch--as the target noisily trundles back to them:

MULDER
 He's laughing at us, Scully.

The thought of it eats at him. The target thunks into view, a
 tight cluster of eight bullet holes through its center. Off
 Mulder YANKING it loose we:

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED

1

20 INT. HOOVER BUILDING - DAY

THE FBI SEAL

hangs big in the entranceway of the building. EMPLOYEES and VISITORS come and go in front of it. We pick up a group of people entering the glass lobby doors and reveal that behind them...

ROBERT MODELL

enters as well, inconspicuous at the tail of the crowd. Once inside, he nonchalantly ducks behind a fat column. He's completely cool and relaxed. He produces a business envelope and a marker pen.

CLOSE ON THE ENVELOPE

as Modell writes "PASS" on it in big, fat black letters.

MODELL

folds the envelope in half. He places it in the breast pocket of his suit coat in such a fashion as to display the word "PASS" for all to see--then he continues on through the lobby to:

THE METAL DETECTOR

which he passes through with nary a beep. He smiles at:

THE LOBBY GUARD

who is staring blankly at the "pass" on his lapel--when the man looks up, Modell seems to pin him with his eyes.

MODELL

Excuse me... where might I find
the Computer Records Section?

LOBBY GUARD

F-Fourth floor... west wing.

MODELL

Thank you.

Modell passes. The guard may have looked briefly confused, but never "zombified"--the moment is subtle.

21 INT. HALLWAY

Modell strides toward us, moving easily among one or two FBI EMPLOYEES in the hallway--fixing each one in his gaze as he passes. He reads a sign and turns into an office.

22 INT. COMPUTER RECORDS OFFICE

HOLLY--the familiar woman with the bruised face--looks up from her computer work station.

HOLLY
Can I help you?

Modell smiles down at her, nods. As he speaks, he ANGLES SHUT the window blinds one by one--for privacy.

MODELL
I need to know some things...
(sees her name)
Holly.

Modell removes the "PASS" from his lapel. Holly stares up at him for a beat, looking troubled. She hesitantly nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. SAME OFFICE - LATER

HOLLY'S HANDS

tap at the keys. TILT UP to the monitor--a blank screen gives way to a warning page: "The contents of personnel files are the sole property of the Federal Bureau of Investigation--no access without the express authorization of the Director."

MODELL (O.S.)
Great. Now, if you'll just let
me take the keyboard...

WIDE TO INCLUDE

Modell as he sits down in the chair that Holly vacates. He taps at the computer keys, quickly finds what he's looking for--but whatever it is, we DON'T see it. He wipes perspiration from his forehead-- he's having to exert himself some to make Holly do what he wants.

MODELL
I'd love a printout of this.
(afterthought)
And a cup of coffee, when you get
the chance.

Holly nods, hesitantly leans over him to bring up the print function on the keyboard. Modell studies her bruises for a long beat. He speaks sincerely.

MODELL
I wish I could get my hands on
the guy that did that to you,
Holly. I'd sure make him pay.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

Holly's eyes are blinking rapidly. Modell's hand creeps up to touch the healing cut on her cheek.

24 INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Around the corner into view comes ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WALTER SKINNER, scanning through a sheath of papers as he walks.

Closed window blinds catch his eye. He slows at the door to Computer Records, peers inside. His eyes narrow.

MODELL (FAINT O.S.)
That's just fine, Holly...

25 INT. COMPUTER RECORDS OFFICE

Modell gathers a pile of computer printout with one hand, blows on his coffee with the other. Skinner eases into the partly-shut doorway behind him.

SKINNER
Can I help you?--

Modell is surprised by Skinner, but not at all worried by him. He returns his attention to his printout sheets.

MODELL
No thanks. We're just fine.

Skinner looks from Holly back to Modell. Then he sees what Modell is reading--he grabs it out of his hand and backs him toward a wall, away from the door.

MODELL
Look, I'm kinda in the middle of something...

SKINNER
Who are you? What are you doing here?--

MODELL
Take a walk, Mel Cooley.

Modell raises a hand to him. WHAM!--Skinner spins him around and slaps him in a chokehold. Coffee goes flying. Modell doesn't have time to react as:

NEW ANGLE

Skinner smacks him face-first into the wall. Modell struggles, but it's not much of a contest--Skinner quickly pinions the man's right arm behind him.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

MODELL
(teeth gritted)
Let me go. Let...me...

Skinner BOUNCES Modell's forehead lightly off the wall--just to show him who's boss.

SKINNER
Shut up--Holly, call security.

WIDER ON OFFICE

as Holly stands her ground, briefly frozen. Modell manages to wrench his head toward her.

MODELL
He's the one--
(hisses)
He's the man that MUGGED you,
Holly. He's hurting me!--

SKINNER
(perplexed)
Holly!--

She doesn't move--with one hand, Skinner grabs the phone.

SKINNER
Dammit--

CLOSE ON MODELL

struggling in Skinner's grasp--a BEAD OF SWEAT rolls down the man's temple. His bright eyes are riveted on Holly.

MODELL
Make him stop hurting me--

HOLLY

eases forward a step--her face has gone from blank to horrified...to ANGRY. She suddenly fumbles in her purse, grabbing madly for something.

SKINNER (O.S.)
(into phone)
We've got a situation here--
fourth floor, computer recor--

RESUME WIDE

as Holly comes out with a can of MACE--she JETS Skinner full in the face with it. He goes down choking. A little gets on Modell, making him tear up too.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

Modell takes the opportunity to snatch up the computer printouts. As he bolts past Skinner, who's on hands and knees, he croaks to Holly.

MODELL

Hurt him back.

Modell is out the door and gone, leaving Holly standing over Skinner, her Mace clutched in her nails and a look of sheer hatred on her face. She growls, rears back and...

...KICKS Skinner in the side. As she continues to kick him, we slowly PAN AWAY to focus on a picture on her wall: An incongruously adorable basket of puppies. FADING OFF the sounds of exertion and beating, we:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 INT. WALTER SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON HOLLY

Who sits with her face buried in her hands--she's TOTALLY DEVASTATED by what she's done. She can barely speak.

HOLLY

Sir--I'm so terribly... terribly sorry. I-I don't know w-why I... Oh god...

She finally raises her tear-filled eyes to the room.

HOLLY

I'm so sorry.

NEW ANGLE ON OFFICE

A grim Walter Skinner looks down at the woman: He's had the crap kicked out of him (and probably his ego bruised as well), but he's standing on his own two feet at least. Beside him stands Scully--and behind them, a small crowd of rubbernecking FBI AGENTS and OFFICE WORKERS.

Skinner turns to glare at the shocked crowd.

SKINNER

Hit the bricks.

Everyone quickly clears out except for Scully, who closes the office door for privacy. She speaks gently to the shaken woman. It's clear she feels for her.

SCULLY

Holly...can you tell us anything more to help us understand what made you attack Assistant Director Skinner?

Holly sniffs and wipes her face, her eyes on the floor.

HOLLY

It's like suddenly I was watching myself from across the room, doing these things... These...
(frightened anew)
It's like he was with me inside my head.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

gazing closely at the woman, trying to understand. We see in her face that she's starting to BELIEVE.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Modell?

RESUME WIDE

Holly nods at the floor, barely holding herself together. Behind her the office door quietly opens, and Mulder appears.

HOLLY

T-That's the only way I know how to put it.

A beat of silence. Mulder speaks up, addressing Skinner.

MULDER

Sir, can we speak outside?

Skinner nods. Scully puts a comforting hand on Holly's shoulder. Leaving the weeping woman alone in the office, Skinner and Scully step outside to join Mulder.

27 INT. HALLWAY

Skinner closes the door behind them. The three stand by the door, speaking quietly.

MULDER

I reviewed the building security tapes. Modell can be seen entering and leaving unnoticed. He had the word "pass" on his lapel. Guards who waved him by don't remember seeing him at all.

SKINNER

And you're saying this same mysterious phenomenon is the reason I have a size seven heelmark on my face?

Mulder nods. Skinner turns to Scully for her opinion. She speaks quietly, somewhat reluctantly...as if surprised by her own revised point of view.

SCULLY

I have to agree with Agent Mulder. Sir, I can't begin to explain how...but Modell is responsible for your injuries.

Scully's sober opinion carries weight with Skinner. He drops it, moves on to other business.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

SKINNER
(to Mulder)
Why is this guy interested in
you?

MULDER
What do you mean?

SKINNER
He left here with only one file:
Yours. He didn't access any
others.

Mulder and Scully didn't know this. Mulder shakes his head, at
a loss to answer.

SCULLY
(concerned)
Now he knows where you live.

SKINNER
And you know where HE lives. Go
pick him up.

MULDER
For what? Criminal trespass?
That's all we can get him on now.

Mulder has to begrudgingly admire how well Modell planned this
out. Skinner looks to them both.

SKINNER
It's enough for a warrant.

SMASH CUT TO:

28 A DOOR

2

which explodes into WHITE LIGHT as it gets battered open WIDE.
We realize we're inside:

INT. DARKENED APARTMENT - DAY

Familiar, black EDUd SWAT COPS swarm in straight at us. The
thin red beams of their LASER SIGHTS sweep the corners of the
room as they pour past us.

SWAT COPS
RAID! FEDERAL OFFICERS!--

The two feds who broke open the door drop their battering ram
with a heavy CLANG, and jog inside as well. On their heels
comes Agent Burst, who looks like he really wants to shoot
somebody.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

BURST

MODELL!--

Mulder and Scully enter, not quite so adrenalized as Burst. Mulder sticks the federal warrant to the door as he enters. Scully feels around for the switch, calls to the others.

SCULLY

Lights coming on--

The lights turn on, revealing that we're in a large and spartan living room. Aside from the bag of golf clubs in the corner, the place doesn't have any personality. Mulder and Scully holster their guns and glance around the room.

A TV and VCR sit in the corner. On-screen, John Barrymore is mesmerizing Marian Marsh from a distance. The SOUND is turned LOW. Scully and Mulder stare at the TV for a beat.

SCULLY

"Svengali."

Mulder shakes his head to himself, unamused.

NEW ANGLE ON ROOM

as Burst and the lead SWAT cop converge back in the living room from the opposite ends of the apartment.

LEAD SWAT

All clear--no one home.

BURST

Search the whole building.

SCULLY

Nearby buildings too...we know Modell likes to watch from a distance.

Agent Burst nods to the SWAT cops, who go to it. Burst puts away his pistol and glances around impatiently. Beside him, Mulder and Scully pull on their exam gloves.

BURST

Check the place out--I'll go talk to the neighbors.

Burst exits. Scully clicks off "Svengali," looks around the living room. Mulder drifts into the kitchen area, where he opens the refrigerator.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

INSIDE THE FRIDGE

along with the oranges, the condiments, the sparse but typical foodstuffs...there is a HUGE STOCKPILE of the PROTEIN DRINKS Modell was buying in the TEASER. Enough to capture Mulder's attention. (X
(X
(X
(X

MULDER

Check this out. (X

Scully peers into the fridge as well, frowns at the overabundance of CarboBoost. She shakes her head, not sure what it means. Mulder's eyes narrow on a particular flavor. (X
(X

MULDER

Mango-Kiwi Tropical Swirl. Now I know we're dealing with a madman. (X

Scully moves off to check out the rest of the apartment. (X
Mulder closes the fridge, looks through the drawers. (X

DISSOLVE TO:

29 THE BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER (X)

Modell's belongings are in disarray--Mulder has gone through the place with a fine-toothed comb. We drift through the room, find him standing at a 70's era rattan bookcase. It only has a handful of books on it--Eastern philosophy, martial arts, Bushido and Zen. Mulder flips through a big volume on the human brain, plops it on the bed, picks up another. (X)

IN THE BATHROOM

Scully is finishing a call on her cell phone. She stands by the open medicine cabinet--she's studying a prescription bottle in her hand.

SCULLY
(into phone)
Right... Thank you very much.

Mulder appears in the bathroom doorway. Scully tucks away her phone and presents him with the prescription bottle.

SCULLY
Tegretol.

MULDER
What's it for?

SCULLY
It's to relieve Modell's seizures. He has temporal lobe epilepsy. I just talked to his doctor's office-- they wouldn't give me much over the phone...
(significant)
Just that the prescription dates back to April, 1994...

Mulder instantly recognizes the date. The gears are turning.

MULDER
What causes epilepsy that late in life?

SCULLY
Head injury...neurological disease. A brain tumor or lesion...

MULDER (X)
(already nodding)
A tumor. Scully--the growth of brain tumors has been linked with reported occurrences of psychic ability. (X)
(X)

SCULLY (X)
Those reports are completely unsubstantiated.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER

Just bear with me--what if this suggestive power of Modell's is actually a form of psychokinesis?

SCULLY

(very dubious)

Brought on by a brain tumor...

MULDER

It fits. All those protein shakes in his fridge: Why does he need them? What if it's to replace the metabolic energy he burns in the process of controlling someone's will?

SCULLY

Mulder, more to the point--if Modell is suffering from a brain tumor, what are its effects on his health? It's likely he simply wouldn't be WELL enough to play these cat-and-mouse games with us.

MULDER

Maybe he's not. Maybe that's the whole point.

SCULLY

What do you mean?

MULDER

His exhaustion at the driving range... He didn't let us capture him--he was too wiped out to escape. Too sick. And why would such a proficient killer confess to murders he had already gotten away with?

(quiet realization)

What if he's dying?

Scully sees where Mulder is going. She speaks quietly, intrigued by this logic.

SCULLY

And he wants to go out in a blaze of glory?

MULDER

Yeah. Maybe it's--

Mulder is interrupted by the RINGING of a TELEPHONE elsewhere in the apartment. They look at each other. Mulder hands Scully back the prescription bottle as they exit to:

30 THE LIVING ROOM

where a phone RINGS atop a table next to the sofa. Agent Burst is already here, his hand on the receiver, ready to pick it up. He calls to the SWAT cops who are piling back into the apartment.

BURST

Get the tracer gear.

A SWAT LIEUTENANT goes tear-assing back out the door and down the stairs. Burst answers the ringing phone.

BURST

Hello--

A beat. Burst nods to Mulder and Scully--it's Modell. Mulder and Scully exit the living room into...

31 A BACK BEDROOM

(X)

3

...where there's an extension line. Scully quietly lifts up the receiver. Mulder leans ear-to-ear with her, listening in. We hear Burst's phone conversation.

Modell's voice sounds creepily modulated (like the tape recording of Kurtz at the beginning of "Apocalypse Now").

BURST (FILTERED V.O.)

--apartment's nice. Who's your decorator, Modell? The Grinch that Stole Christmas?

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Heh. Agent Frank Burst--the guy with the great name. Frank, are Agents Mulder and Scully there? They listening?

(beat)

I've got two phones...

Silence on the line. Mulder and Scully look to each other.

MULDER

(into phone)

We're here.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Perfect...

(deep breath)

Frank, how much do you weigh?

BURST (FILTERED V.O.)

Excuse me?

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

About how much do you weigh?

32 IN THE LIVING ROOM

Burst mutters to himself as the SWAT lieutenant rapidly attaches the portable LINE TRACER GEAR to the phone.

BURST

Anything to keep you talking, you piece-a--

(into phone)

I don't know. 190...195?

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Two-fifteen if you're a day. You're totally the wrong weight for your height. I mean...no offense, but you're built like a fireplug.

BURST

Yeah, and I got stubby little legs that are gonna kick you right in the ass. Is this actually going somewhere, Modell?

33 IN THE BACK BEDROOM

(X)

Mulder and Scully still listen closely on their extension.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Just that...it can't be healthy. And you look like maybe you're a smoker? You probably take a little drink now and then. Eat greasy, fried foods. Sausage and bacon--

MULDER

Frank--

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

--Onion rings that soak those dark stains through the cardboard. And I'm guessing you shake on that salt like a maraca...

MULDER

Frank. FRANK. Hang up--

BURST (FILTERED V.O.)

What?--

(beat)

What's your point, Modell?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
You know what that's doing to
your arteries? Terrible
things...

Alarm bells are going off in Mulder's head. He bolts.

34 CLOSE ON THE LINE TRACER GEAR

which lies in its open Zero Halliburton case--the liquid
crystal screen shows (703) 5##-####. Every now and then a new
digit comes up, filling in another blank.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
--Waxy yellow chunks of plaque
are tumbling through your
bloodstream...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Burst breathes faster. Sweat beads pop on his forehead.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
--Sticking like glue to your
arterial walls...squeezing shut
your aorta...

Mulder shoulders past the SWAT team--Burst tries to turn his
back on him, but Mulder gets right up in his face.

MULDER
Hang up. HANG...UP.

Burst shakes him off, checks the sweep hand on his watch.

BURST
(sotto mutter)
Keep talking, you bastard--

Modell does just that. Mulder reaches to thunk down the hangup
button--Burst violently SLAPS AWAY his hand.

BURST
BACK OFF!--
(to SWAT cops)
Finish the trace!--

Mulder makes another grab for it, gets shoved back HARD.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)
Ever heard of pachyemia, Frank?
It's when the blood thickens up
in your veins like strawberry
jam.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

Mulder won't let up--several members of the SWAT team grab him and have to hold him back. Scully appears.

SCULLY

Mulder--

MULDER

(to anyone)

HANG UP THE PHONE!--

SCULLY

realizes how bad Burst LOOKS. On impulse, she darts for the phone jack. Another SWAT cop is instantly after her, yanking her away before she can pull loose the cord.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Your heart flatlines...

FRANK BURST

glares down at the tracer gear, his face beet-red. He's still got the phone pressed to his ear.

CLOSE ON THE TRACER GEAR

which reads (703) 555-0###. A "1" comes up, replacing another hatchmark. Two more to go.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Be-eeeeeeep. You die, Frank.

BURST

Looks up at Mulder and Scully--a sudden, terrible resignation on his face. His eyes go glassy. He lets out a slow breath and drops the receiver...

He COLLAPSES to the floor.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Frank..?

The others stare, amazed. Off Scully pushing through them, dropping down to assist Agent Burst, we...

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Yo, Frank...

...FADE OUT and:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Scully kneels over Agent Burst, pumping his sternum with her palm. Mulder and the SWAT team are crowded around her.

SCULLY

Thousand one--one thousand two--
one thousand three--one thousand
four-- one thousand five...

Scully leans over Burst's mouth and gives him the breath of life. She barks up at the SWAT members standing over her.

SCULLY

Who's helping me here?--

A SWAT cop drops to his knees and pumps Burst's ribcage. While this CONTINUES:

MULDER

is the only one to realize that the phone Burst dropped is still off the hook. He grabs the receiver and lifts it to his ear. (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

Modell--

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Hey, Mulder. How's Frank?

Mulder barely keeps his temper in check. He looks to:

SCULLY

who holds two fingers to Burst's carotid artery. She's sweating from her effort. She finally looks up at Mulder, grimly shakes her head.

RESUME MULDER

who stares for a beat. He speaks quietly into the phone.

MULDER

What is it, really, that you want, Modell?

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

A worthy adversary. It's obviously not that fat lump lying at your feet.

(beat)

Now I'm hoping it's you.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MULDER

Why me?

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

I've read all about you: You're a top criminal profiler. Oxford University grad...all-around Bright Young Man. You know what makes guys like me tick, right? You think you see right through old Bob Modell.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

Sick old Bob Modell. Are you dying, Bob? Did you want to take some innocent people with you?

There's a beat of silence.

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

Biology tells us we're all dying. And Original Sin tells me--ain't NOBODY innocent.

MULDER

And some are less innocent than others. Why don't you tell me where you are?

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

What, you want the phone number? Um, sure...555-0197.

(beat)

It's just a payphone--in two minutes I'll be long gone.

The SWAT lieutenant looks up from his tracer gear: The screen also shows (703) 555-0197. We see his frustration--Burst died for nothing. This realization makes Mulder look briefly ill.

MULDER

You killed him for nothing.

(X)

MODELL (FILTERED V.O.)

(taunting)

Me? Haven't you caught on, Mulder? They all kill THEMSELVES.

CLICK--the line goes dead. Dial tone. Mulder hangs up and looks to Scully, who has been concerned for him all through this phone conversation.

SCULLY

You all right..?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

Mulder nods. The pissed lieutenant yanks off his headphones and sighs. The rest of the SWAT team stands quietly around dead Agent Burst--there's an air of defeat.

MULDER

Where was Modell calling from?

LIEUTENANT

A gas station parking lot.
Twelve thousand block of Chain
Bridge Road-- it's a payphone,
just like he said.

Mulder steps over to view the Fairfax map on the tracer's LCD screen. His finger finds the gas station--then slides a little ways to a marked location just up the road from it. His eyes narrow.

MULDER

Fairfax Mercy Hospital--right up
the street from there...

Mulder turns to Scully, who already knows why--she pulls the bottle of Tegretol from her pocket, checks the label.

SCULLY

"Fairfax Mercy Pharmacy." He
must need regular treatment,
Mulder.

Mulder pulls out his cell phone, dials information.

MULDER

Let's find out.

Off him lifting the phone to his ear, we:

CUT TO:

36 EXT. FAIRFAX MERCY HOSPITAL - DAY

We establish WITH LEGEND the front of a busy, modern hospital. PEOPLE come and go through the entrance, cars move slowly through the parking lot. Everything's normal. Except...

ON THE ROOF

A SWAT sniper scurries into frame, taking position behind a HVAC compressor. He silently eases the bolt on his rifle.

BEHIND THE BUSHES

A SWAT cop hunkers like a statue, eyes peeled. He presses two fingers to the earphone in his ear, awaits radio instructions. He motions more troopers into position.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

IN THE PARKING LOT

More SWATS move low from car to car. Like all the others we've seen, these men move like ghosts: Now you see them, now you don't. They work their way toward the building.

One cop moves around the front of a parked and empty Cadillac--the one we recognize as MODELL'S CAR.

The cop skins off his glove and feels the hood. The engine is still TICKING with heat. He nods to the others.

37 EXT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ENTRANCE

Back here behind the hospital there's no traffic. Behind huge dumpsters and more or less hidden from sight is a black panel truck: SWAT mobile headquarters.

SWAT COP (FILTERED V.O.)
We found Modell's car--

38 INT. SWAT TRUCK

Mulder and the lieutenant stand by the radio console in the back of the cramped truck. Scully stands nearby, simultaneously speaks a few inaudible words into her phone.

SWAT COP (FILTERED V.O.)
--Engine's still warm. He's probably in the building.

2ND COP (FILTERED V.O.)
All entrances covered. Do we hold or go in?

MULDER
Hold.

The lieutenant repeats this order into his headset mike. Scully "hangs up" her cell phone, checks her watch.

SCULLY
The outpatient office says Modell is scheduled for a 2:30 MRI. That's now.

LIEUTENANT
How do you want to play this?

Mulder and Scully look to each other for a long beat--how do you contain a danger like Modell? Finally:

MULDER
I think I should go in alone.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Why?

LIEUTENANT

My team can flush him out.

MULDER

What if Modell turns one of your men against the others? In the midst of a crowded hospital...

They agree this is too horrible a scenario to contemplate.

MULDER

Let's give him what he wants.

SCULLY

You.

Mulder nods. He's not playing the hero. He's nervous--he's not taking any of this lightly.

MULDER

If we're separated we stand a better chance. I'll go in miked-- that way you'll know where he is and what he's doing.

(to lieutenant)

Give me a radio...something so I can keep my hands free.

The lieutenant opens an equipment locker, reaches inside.

LIEUTENANT

I've got just what you need.

He chunks a case down onto the benchtop. Its contents are marked on the lid: "EYES AND EARS."

CUT TO:

39 MINUTES LATER - A TINY "LAVALIERE" TRANSMITTER

is clipped to the back of Mulder's waistband. We TILT UP the thin cord...up the back of his KEVLAR TAC VEST to...

THE HIGH-TECH HEADSET

Over Mulder's head. The headset is featherweight, thin and graceful. There's a single earphone--and attached to that, an amazingly tiny VIDEO CAMERA. The mike is a transducer, with an adhesive patch that sticks it to the throat.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

WIDE ON INTERIOR

The lieutenant helps Mulder set the mike. Scully looks on.

LIEUTENANT

Two lux video camera--it'll
practically see in the dark.
It's designed for bomb disposal,
to keep only one officer at risk.

Mulder and Scully look to a small VIDEO MONITOR built into the truck's communications console. Everywhere Mulder turns his head to look, we see the corresponding BLACK AND WHITE image on the TV screen: We're watching Mulder's POV.

MULDER

Yeah, but do I get the Discovery
Channel?
(beat)
Smile, Scully...

Mulder is looking at her--her concerned face is broadcast on the video screen. He reluctantly unfastens his HOLSTERED PISTOL and presents it to her. She's surprised.

SCULLY

Take it.

MULDER

(quiet)
I wouldn't want to find myself
pointing this at anyone but him.

This goes against Scully's better judgement, but she demurs. (X)
Mulder sets down:

HIS PISTOL

atop the console, leaving it behind.

MULDER (O.S.)

Let's get this show on the road.

Off Scully's worried face, we: (X)

CUT TO:

40 INT. E.R. RECEPTION - DAY

40

Electric doors WHOOSH open, and Mulder enters the bustling emergency room. He moves through reception, eyes peeled. He shows his badge to a NURSE who lets him pass.

Mulder heads down a corridor. He passes a sign on the wall that reads "Magnetic Resonance Imaging"--he's headed in the right direction. He speaks quietly, as if to himself.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

MULDER
Scully--you reading me?

41 INT. SWAT TRUCK

THE BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO MONITOR

shows a long corridor--Mulder's POV as he passes the tomography lab, the operating rooms, etc. The faces of a few NURSES and ORDERLIES glide past, in then out of view.

SCULLY (O.S.)
I'm with you, Mulder.

We PULL BACK to include Scully and the lieutenant, both hunkered in front of the video screen in the darkened truck, both wearing radio headsets.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Nothing out of the ordinary...

The lieutenant keys a switch, speaks to his team.

LIEUTENANT
SWAT team--hold outside.

SWAT COP (FILTERED V.O.)
SWAT team still holding.

Suddenly, over the speakers we hear BLAM!--a GUN IS FIRED.

SCULLY
Mulder?--

Another BLAM! two seconds later, echoing down the hallway. Mulder's POV on the video monitor: WE START RUNNING DOWN THE HALL in the direction of the shots.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Two shots fired--

LIEUTENANT
SWAT team--

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
NO--keep the SWAT team OUT. Just wait a minute, lemme see what the hell's going on--

A handful of scared HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES streak past us, motioning back behind them at the end of the hall.

NURSE (FILTERED)
THERE'S A MAN WITH A GUN!--

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
I'M A FEDERAL AGENT! KEEP ON
GOING-- CLEAR EVERYBODY OUT!

Our VIEW JOSTLES as Mulder swims against the current of frightened people running past him. WHITE STATIC suddenly blots out the video image. We hear DISTANT YELLS and HARD BREATHING as Mulder runs.

SCULLY
Wait, we're losing you--

LIEUTENANT
Mulder? Agent MULDER--

Just STATIC. Scully hops up and heads for the door--just then the static strobes, then CLEARS.

LIEUTENANT
Wait--Agent Scully...

CLOSE ON VIDEO MONITOR

A black and white view of the MRI suite. TWO DEAD BODIES lie on the floor. Thin trickles of blood seep from their heads. Mulder breathes fast, but speaks low.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
You getting this back there?

SCULLY

sits back down at the console, eyes rooted on the monitor.

SCULLY
What happened, Mulder?

42 INT. MRI SUITE

An MRI TECHNICIAN lies on the floor next to his operator's console, having been blown out of his chair. A few feet away, an armed HOSPITAL GUARD lies face-down.

Mulder grimly reconstructs the scene. He notices FIVE .357 ROUNDS--two fired and three unfired--scattered on the floor nearby. This puzzles him.

MULDER
I think the guard shot the
technician, then himself.
(glances around)
His gun is missing. Brophy, tell
your men Modell could be headed
their way.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT (FILTERED V.O.)
SWAT team--suspect is armed and
is possibly making his way out of
the building.

SWAT COP (FILTERED V.O.)
We copy--we're ready for him.

2ND COP (FILTERED V.O.)
Shooters in position--

43 INT. SWAT TRUCK

Scully watches the video monitor as Mulder glances around,
giving us a pan of the MRI room--she sees something.

SCULLY
Mulder--take a closer look at the
computer screen.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Over here?

The MRI control console looms close as Mulder moves to it. On
its computer screen we see a three-dimensional image of a human
brain. A DARK SPOT is visible inside the brain. On the screen
is the patient's name: "MODELL, ROBERT P."

Scully leans closer to this video image, studying it.

SCULLY
There...the light mass in the
temporal lobe. You were right.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
(a finger points)
This-- The tumor.

SCULLY
Yes. Check in front of you--
Modell's chart should be there.

44 INT. MRI SUITE

Mulder finds a clipboard. He rustles through the pages, nods
when he finds what he's looking for.

MULDER
We're batting a thousand, Scully.
He's dying--he has nothing to
lose.

(X)

4

45 INT. SWAT TRUCK

Scully is intently watching the video screen.

SCULLY

Mulder... Get out of there.

46 INT. MRI SUITE

SUPER-CLOSE ON MULDER

who suddenly looks up from the chart--like he's reacting to a sound we don't hear. He stands stock-still, listening.

47 INT. SWAT TRUCK

Scully watches the motionless video monitor, which shows nothing but the empty MRI chamber. She grows antsy.

SCULLY

Mulder--

Suddenly Mulder's POV WHIP-PANS AROUND to REVEAL--

--ROBERT MODELL, BIGGER THAN LIFE. His grinning face FILLS the black and white screen--that, and the big-ass satin nickel COLT PYTHON he lifts to point right at us.

Modell looks terrible. He's pasty and wrung-out, slick with sweat. He leans close to peer into the camera. He REACHES A BIG HAND RIGHT AT US...

SCULLY

MULDER?!--

CLICK--Modell pulls the plug. The video screen goes BLACK, now perfectly reflecting Scully's frightened face.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Scully pulls on a tac vest as she strides the corridor, passing four itchy SWAT cops in position along the wall. We TRACK with her until she reaches:

THE CORNER

where the hallway turns ninety degrees. Lieutenant Brophy is standing here--behind him, one of his men peers around the corner with a mirror mounted on a boom pole.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT

We think they're three doors down. We've got both ends sewn up tight, but there's six critical care rooms we can't get to. If we gas the hall we might kill those patients.

Scully nods. As did Mulder, she reluctantly unclips her holster. He takes it from her, speaks in quiet wonder.

LIEUTENANT

Why do we keep giving this guy exactly what he wants..?

Scully eyes the man. She doesn't have the answer.

SCULLY

Just wait for a signal from me.

The lieutenant nods. Scared to numbness but resolute, Scully looks to the mirror cop, who gives her the go-ahead. She disappears around the corner alone.

49 INT. EMPTY STRETCH OF HALL

Scully glances back at the mirror sticking out behind her, keeping all eyes on her progress. She slowly eases past the open doors of...

TWO CRITICAL CARE ROOMS

where inside, we catch brief glimpses of unconscious PATIENTS--one per room--raspily breathing on ventilators.

SCULLY

keeps easing forward toward the third door. All is quiet on the hallway, save for the faint mechanical clicking of various life support machines. Scully peers into...

50 THE THIRD HOSPITAL ROOM

whose door is half open. A PATIENT--a middle-aged man--lies unconscious on life support like the others. We MOVE to reveal someone sitting motionless in a chair at the foot of the bed: Mulder. His expression is unreadable.

SCULLY

Mulder..?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

She cautiously CREAKS the door open wider--and now we see the WHOLE SCENE: Mulder sits at a round table across from Modell, whose hand rests atop the gun. Mulder's Kevlar vest and headset lie in a heap on the floor.

There's an empty chair at the table. Scully hesitates, then steps forward to it. All we hear is the labored mechanical BREATHING of the coma patient in the nearby bed.

CLOSER ANGLE ON TABLE

Scully lowers herself into her chair, not taking her eyes off Mulder. He himself stares unblinking at Modell--it's as if the two men are engaged in a staring contest.

MODELL

Thanks for coming.

SCULLY

You've got a dozen law enforcement officers right outside this room-- another thirty in the parking lot.

MODELL

It's a regular convention...

SCULLY

--So whatever you've got planned, it's not going to work out the way you want it to.

MODELL

You don't know what I've got planned.

Modell still hasn't taken his eyes off of Mulder...he never will throughout the scene. He gives the revolver's cylinder a long SPIN. He slides the revolver to Mulder, presses it in his hand. He places a hand over top of it. (X)

MODELL

Two equally-skilled combatants fight to the death. One is a student of Japanese "Budo"--the Way of War. Budo teaches the warrior to leave himself outside the battle...in other words, to disregard his own death. Because of that, the Budo warrior always wins. You know what I'm saying?

Modell's hand trembles atop Mulder's. Mulder just glares at him. He doesn't seem able to take his eyes off the man.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

MODELL

(thin smile)

I'm that warrior. And I don't
fear my death. So I'll give you
ONE pull of the trigger against
me. That's a one-in-six chance.

Modell takes his hand off the gun--Mulder raises it to POINT
(very discreetly) AT MODELL. Mulder is blinking rapidly. He
takes up the slack on the trigger.

(X
(X
(X

MODELL

Just ONE now...

(X

SCULLY

Wait, Mulder. Look...

(to both men)

There's pure oxygen in this room.
There's no telling--

Too late--CLICK! Empty chamber. Modell flinches slightly...
much less than Scully does. He smiles, relieved.

(X
(X

Mulder lowers his arm...the pistol sinks back down to rest on
the tabletop.

(X
(X

MODELL

Whew. Piece of cake, right?

(meaning Mulder)

Your turn.

(X

Scully turns to Mulder, wide-eyed. Mulder lowers his eyes to
the table...to the gun.

(X

SCULLY

No, Mulder.

(X

MODELL

YES, Mulder... Do it.

(X

Mulder doesn't give any indication that he's listening to
either of them. His eyes remain on the gun on the table--he
doesn't move. His face is hard to read.

(X
(X
(X

SLOW MOVE IN ON MODELL

(X

whose eyes bore through Mulder...concentrating utterly on him.

(X

MODELL

Go.

(X

SCULLY

(X

leans closer to Mulder. She eases a hand toward the gun,
speaking gently.

(X

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

SCULLY

Give that to me, Mulder. Let's
put an end to this right now.
Alright? Let's you and I walk
out of here--

Scully does her best to counteract Modell's influence. Mulder
hasn't moved...we think Scully might be winning. Suddenly:

RESUME WIDE

Mulder abruptly RAISES THE GUN (discreetly) to his HEAD.
Before Scully can even react he's PULLING THE TRIGGER--

SCULLY

(to her feet)

NO!--

--CLICK! Empty chamber. He slowly lowers the gun. Scully is
thunderstruck--it takes her a second to recover. She turns
angrily on Modell.

SCULLY

You BASTARD!--

(turning back)

MULDER! Give me the GUN!

(X)
(X)

She grabs for it but:

MODELL

is smiling like the cat that ate the canary, his eyes as always
rooted on Mulder. He shakes his head and:

MULDER

pulls the pistol out of Scully's grasp. And then--though we
see in his eyes that he's trying hard to fight it--he angles
the gun around to POINT (discreetly) AT SCULLY.

Mulder's throat works. His pained eyes say it all--he has no
control over what he's doing.

MULDER

Scully...

SCULLY

eases back into her chair, astounded.

SCULLY

Don't do this, Mulder... You're
stronger than this--

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

RESUME WIDE (X)

Modell is loving every minute, grinning big and shaking his head.. (X)

MODELL (X)

It's your turn, Agent Scully. We have to keep to the rules.

(to Mulder)

Pull the trigger, Mulder.

SCULLY (X)

Fight him--

Mulder is fighting hard. His hand is trembling slightly. (X)

Modell's eyes shine. He's straining to the point it looks like he'll pass out, but his smile never leaves.

MODELL (X)

C'mon...she shot YOU once. I read it in your file. Payback time. Shoot the little spy...

Scully can't help but avert her eyes from the barrel pointed at her. Her eyes dart around and find: (X)

A RED FIRE ALARM (X)

reflected in a wall mirror across from her--which means the alarm is DIRECTLY BEHIND HER, out in the hospital hallway. (X)

RESUME WIDE

Modell, with his palsied tremble, hasn't once taken his eyes off Mulder. We know if he does, the SPELL will be broken.

Scully slowly rises out of her chair. Her hands are raised. She backs away from the table--toward the door, and the alarm. (X)

MODELL (X)

(unruffled)

Shoot, Mulder--she's getting away...

Scully keeps slowly backing up. Mulder puts the gun in both hands. He chokes out his words. Tears shine in his eyes. (X)

MULDER (X)

I'll kill you Modell---

MODELL

That's right. Pull that trigger and you get another crack at ME.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (5)

MULDER

SCULLY!--

MACRO-CLOSE ON THE PISTOL'S HAMMER

as it ratchets back...back...back...

SCULLY

Backing into the hall...WHIRLS and SLAMS DOWN THE FIRE ALARM.
Ear-splitting KLAXONS SOUND.

MODELL

blinks, looks--ever so briefly DISTRACTED...

MULDER

Stands out of his chair, raises the gun lightning-fast and
JERKS THE TRIGGER--CLICK!--CLICK!--

MODELL

in his last...CLICK!...split-second turns back to Mulder just
in time to face:

BACK ON MULDER

BLAAMMM!! A BIG MUZZLE FLASH. Mulder flips aside the table--
a man possessed. He continues to CLICK--CLICK--CLICK--pull the
trigger over and over, the gun pointed at Modell, who's lying
out of frame.The adrenalin ebbs out of Mulder...he drops the pistol with a
heavy CLUNK, squeezes shut his eyes.

WIDE ON ROOM

as Scully re-enters. She's followed by a flood of SWAT
officers, who immediately train their guns down on the prone
Robert Modell. All we can hear is the FIRE ALARM.Scully stands by Mulder, gingerly places a hand on his arm.
We're as far back from them as we can get. They both stand
motionless, staring down at Modell. As the SWAT cops move
around them, we:

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

We establish the same hospital, now very late at night. The
parking lot is quiet. Maybe it's raining.

52 INT. NEW HOSPITAL ROOM

Modell is still alive--but just barely. He lies comatose in bed, myriad tubes and hoses routed into his body. Thick white bandages cover most of his face. A RASPING VENTILATOR keeps him breathing. The sound is familiar.

SCULLY (O.S.)

There's no telling how long he'll hang on...but he'll never regain consciousness.

WIDE TO INCLUDE

the two agents standing at the foot of the bed. Scully looks to Mulder--concerned for him. His expression is hard to read as he stares down at what's left of Modell.

There's a very long silence. Mulder finally stirs.

MULDER

You know...we thought he was undergoing treatment. We were wrong.

SCULLY

What do you mean?

MULDER

Read his chart--the MRIs were a way to gauge how much life he had left. But he consistently refused treatment. His tumor remained operable up until the end. He refused to have it removed.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

(surprised)

Why?

MULDER

Like you said--he was a little man. It made him someone big.

Mulder looks haunted. Maybe he wants to say something more to Scully--maybe apologize--but words aren't enough.

LOOKING PAST THEIR BACKS

the two of them stand their ground. The slow rhythm of the ventilator fills the silence. Without looking, Scully briefly squeezes Mulder's hand. He looks down at it, squeezes back tight. She lets go.

SCULLY

I say we don't let him take another minute of our time.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

Mulder nods. They both turn, walking past us out of frame to the door. Leaving behind...

...Modell in his bed alone in the frame. We hear Mulder and Scully exit, and the door close. Modell's POWERED BREATHING marks the seconds before we:

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END