

THE X FILES

Story No. E01427

Episode #9ABX05

"4-D"

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White

Full

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CAST LIST

Agent Dana Scully  
Agent John Doggett  
Agent Monica Reyes

A.D. Walter Skinner  
A.D. Brad Follmer  
Erwin Timothy Lukesh  
Mrs. Miriam Lukesh  
Agent Rice  
Dr. Kim

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

APARTMENT BUILDING  
    /LOBBY  
    /STAIRWELL  
SURVEILLANCE VAN  
REYES' APARTMENT  
HOSPITAL  
    /HALLWAY  
    /ICU ROOM  
FBI BALLISTIC LAB  
SKINNER'S CAR  
METRO POLICE STATION  
    /INTERROGATION ROOM  
    /OBSERVATION ROOM  
LUKESH'S APARTMENT  
FOLLMER'S OFFICE

EXTERIORS:

APARTMENT BUILDING  
SURVEILLANCE VAN  
DEAD-END ALLEY  
METRO POLICE STATION (STOCK)  
GEORGETOWN NEIGHBORHOOD (STOCK)

TEASER

NOTE: THE TEASER WILL BE SHOWN WITH THE FILM FLOPPED. ALL VISIBLE WRITING IN THE TEASER SHOULD BE PRINTED IN REVERSE SO IT WILL READ CORRECTLY. AFTER THE TEASER, NOTHING ELSE IS FLOPPED.

FADE IN:

1 ON BLUE SKY

1

Reflected in silver mylar. The image is split in two by a single, jagged crack running diagonally down its center.

A MAN steps into reflection, his face seen twice, on either side of the crack, slightly offset. This is ERWIN LUKESH. We are:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - TIGHT ON REFLECTION

Lukesh pauses, checking over his shoulder before continuing. His body wipes through frame as he pushes open this cracked, mylar sunshade-covered glass door.

2 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

2

Lukesh enters the lobby and heads to a row of mailboxes, taking his time. He's not so much unhurried as wary. On guard. He picks up a free neighborhood weekly from a stack and peruses it. He glances our way. We follow his glance, ADJUSTING TO...

... A female BICYCLIST in f.g., hunkered low by her ten-speed, fiddling with the derailleur. This is MONICA REYES.

She's facing us, her body language casual. As Lukesh stares at her from b.g., her expression is anything but. She's intensely aware of this man's presence. However, Reyes plays it cool.

ANGLE ON LUKESH

Looking back to his paper. Clearly, he's not really reading it. Now his eyes drift to... a PARABOLIC MIRROR in a nearby corner.

CLOSE ON MIRROR

In it, Lukesh stares up at us. Behind him is Reyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

3 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - A BLACK & WHITE MONITOR

3

On it, a REVERSE IMAGE of what we just saw is displayed - we're watching a WIDE hidden camera view from behind the mirror.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

DOGGETT (V.O.)  
He's looking right at us.

We ADJUST off the monitor to include JOHN DOGGETT, watching it like a hawk. We're in a mobile command post crammed with electronic equipment. Here also is BRAD FOLLMER. Follmer, like Doggett, wears an FBI windbreaker over a Kevlar vest.

DOGGETT  
Fifty bucks says that's Lukesh.  
Hundred says he knows we're here.

Follmer's eyes are glued to the monitor, just as Doggett's are. Follmer gives a shake of his head, not ready to commit to that.

DOGGETT  
It's him. Let's take him.

BRAD FOLLMER  
Let him get to the mailbox.

INTERCUT WITH:

4 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

4

Lukesh finally looks away from the mirror. He casually tucks his paper under his arm, turns his attention to the mailboxes.

BRAD FOLLMER  
That's it. Now... open 4-D.

We can't tell which box Lukesh is eyeing: 4-C, 4-D, 4-F? He reaches in his pocket now, fishing for his keys... taking his own sweet time about it. As he does, Doggett's unrest grows.

DOGGETT  
Guy's jerking us - it's Lukesh.  
Don't need him opening a mailbox  
to prove it.

BRAD FOLLMER  
Patience, Mr. Doggett.

DOGGETT  
Take him down. It's the wrong  
guy, we apologize -

BRAD FOLLMER  
- And forever burn this stakeout.

Doggett looks to his superior now, his voice low but heated.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

DOGGETT

That's your man - I stake my name on it. Meantime, we got an agent alone with a psycho likes cuttin' out women's tongues. Known to vanish like a fart in the wind.

BRAD FOLLMER

We've got the block surrounded. He's not vanishing anywhere.

(pointedly).

And your partner volunteered.

They eye each other, look back to the screen. On it, Lukesh finally has his keys out; but is taking his time choosing one.

BRAD FOLLMER

C'mon, you sonofabitch.

(into radio)

Agent Reyes -

CLOSE ON REYES

As Follmer's voice CRACKLES in her ear. We now notice the wire trailing down to her collar, neatly hidden by her hair.

BRAD FOLLMER (V.O.)

Sit tight - we're holding.

Reyes makes no answer but stays her ground, her back still to Lukesh. In b.g., he looks to her once again. Mr. Suspicious. It's like this guy has a sixth sense.

Lukesh has a mailbox key out, ready to use it. But now, instead... he puts the keys back in his pocket and WALKS AWAY.

DOGGETT

Now what the hell is this?

Reyes watches Lukesh disappear down a hallway. She rises and looks to the parabolic mirror (and the hidden camera behind it).

REYES

(whisper)

I'm following.

DOGGETT

Reyes, don't --

BRAD FOLLMER

(overriding him)

Keep your distance - just keep him in sight.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

Reyes nods and turns. CLOSE ON her Sig as she eases it out of her warm-up jacket. We FOLLOW after her as she pads around the corner to the hall, her gun held behind her thigh.

HER MOVING POV - A BACK STAIRWELL DOOR

Is just hissing shut.

ON REYES

Steeling herself. She cautiously reaches for the door handle.

5 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 5

Reyes moves quickly inside, sweeping the stairwell with her weapon. No one in sight. The space is cramped, shadowy.

She eases up the stairs. Doggett's VOICE crackles in her ear.

DOGGETT (V.O.)  
Monica? Where are you?

REYES  
(whisper)  
Back stairwell. Lost sight of  
him. I'm going up.  
(beat)  
I think he might be --

Reyes hears a slight CREAK. She turns, sees...

LUKESH

Standing right behind her, arm raised, holding a STRAIGHT RAZOR. He slashes, right at CAMERA, as we:

CUT TO:

6 EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY 6

We TRACK LOW and FAST toward the van. Over this, a SCREAM echoes over the airwaves, cut short by STATIC. The doors of the van fling open. Doggett launches like a jack-in-the-box, gun in hand, jumping out RIGHT OVER TOP OF US. Follmer does the same.

Doggett and Follmer tear ass toward the apartment building.

CUT TO:

7 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY 7

Doggett and Follmer burst into the lobby, leading with their pistols. They sweep down the hall.

8 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY - DOGGETT 8

Throws open the door, seeing it almost immediately.

DOGGETT

Oh no. Oh no.

He brings us to... Reyes splayed on the steps, eyes wide with shock. She's clutching at her throat, blood seeping from between her fingers, pooling beneath her.

Doggett crouches over her. Follmer rushes in and sees her now. He's every bit as sick and horrified as Doggett is.

BRAD FOLLMER

(into radio)

Agent down! Agent down! Back  
stairwell! Get EMS here now!

Doggett and Follmer huddle by Reyes, willing to do anything to help. Only there's nothing to do - already the life is going out of her eyes. Doggett swallows at the brick in his throat and scans the steps. BLOOD SPATTERS head back the way he came.

His fury rising, he tears himself away, racing out of the stairwell. Follmer calls after him.

BRAD FOLLMER

Doggett! He's got her gun!

CUT TO:

9 EXT. DEAD-END ALLEY - DAY 9

A fire door BANGS open as Doggett shoves through. He looks down the alley to see...

DOGGETT'S POV - A RETREATING FIGURE

Walking casually away. Reyes' Sig is visible parked in the back of his waistband. His empty, bloody hands are at his sides.

Doggett brings his pistol up - hate in his eyes, ready to shoot.

DOGGETT

Erwin Lukesh! Federal Agent!

CONTINUED



9 CONTINUED:

9

Lukesh doesn't stop. Doggett follows, picking up speed.

DOGGETT  
Turn around YOU SON OF A BITCH!

ON LUKESH

As he comes to a halt. He turns to Doggett, raising his empty hands in the air. A hint of a smile appears.

ON DOGGETT

As he hears a BEEE-OOP behind him. Two D.C. METRO CRUISERS come sliding in hot in b.g., blocking the mouth of the alley. Doggett glances aside for only an instant to yell to them.

DOGGETT  
BACK HERE! -

But when he glances back, he's stunned to see...

HIS POV - THE DEAD-END ALLEY

Lukesh has VANISHED into thin air. No doors, no dumpsters, no NOTHING to hide behind. No indication he was ever here.

Doggett jogs into this POV, his back to us. He looks left and right, letting his gun sink a little. He's utterly confused.

CLOSE ON DOGGETT

Who doesn't notice something we do - behind him now, the two police cruisers have VANISHED from b.g. And as we slowly arc around Doggett's befuddled face, we reveal something more:

Impossibly, LUKESH is now STANDING BEHIND HIM, aiming Reyes' PISTOL at the back of Doggett's head.

Doggett senses this, too late. He whips around as...

CLOSE - THE GUN'S MUZZLE

BLASTS WHITE, firing directly into CAMERA, and we:

GO TO MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 ON A HAZY IMAGE

10

Obscured by bubble-wrap. As the wrap is removed, we see it contains an antique cameo mirror - and in this is reflected a pretty neck. A little tilt, and a woman's face comes into view. This is REYES, and surprisingly, she's uninjured. We are:

INT. REYES' APARTMENT - DAY

CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Reyes herself and the apartment she's in the process of moving into -- actually more of a loft -- stacked with unpacked moving boxes and hastily-placed furniture.

As Reyes places the mirror on a table, there's a RAP on the open front door behind her. She turns to see DOGGETT.

DOGGETT

So this is how the uptown crowd lives...

Doggett is perfectly intact, as well. So what the hell was that Teaser we just saw? Anyway, Reyes smiles, pleased to see him.

REYES

This is it. Movin' on up.

DOGGETT

I like it. Is there any really heavy stuff I can lift for you? The dresser, the fridge?

Reyes grins, knowing where this is going.

REYES

Uh no, but thank you, John. You just missed the movers.

DOGGETT

(no shit)

You don't say. Brought you a housewarming gift.

He opens a TAKEOUT BAG he's been holding. Offers its contents.

REYES

Hot dogs?

DOGGETT

(offended)

Polish sausage! Best in the city.

(more)

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

DOGGETT (cont'd)

There's a great little stand a couple blocks over on M Street. You'll be able to walk to it!

REYES

Wow.

DOGGETT

Try one.

He hands her a sausage slathered with mustard and onions, takes one himself. She nibbles - he bites with gusto.

REYES

Mmm. Like I'm back in Gdansk.

Doggett nods as he chews - "yeah, right?" He gets mustard on the side of his mouth. Reyes smiles at this affectionately.

She reaches out, dabs the mustard away with her finger. It's a telling gesture, almost intimate. Realizing this, Reyes catches herself and carries the takeout bag to the kitchen.

REYES

Let me get some plates.

DOGGETT

Plates? For cryin' out loud.

ANGLE ON THE KITCHEN

In a similar state of disarray as the rest of the apartment, boxes everywhere (although this is a loft, there should be some sort of separation, some visual block, between the kitchen and where Doggett is standing). Reyes roots through an open box.

Her KITCHEN PHONE RINGS, distracting her. She picks up.

REYES

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

11 A.D. SKINNER

11

His face grave, holding a cellphone to his ear. We're CLOSE ON him - close enough that we don't know where he is at first.

SKINNER

Agent Reyes, it's A.D. Skinner.

REYES

Sir.

CONTINUED

Skinner hesitates, searching for the best words. A COP jogs by behind him, motivating camera to ADJUST and REVEAL we are:

EXT. DEAD-END ALLEY - DAY

It's the Teaser alley. An ambulance is here. EMTs crouch around something. COPS stand by, further obscuring our view.

SKINNER  
There's uh... no easy way to say this. I'm sorry to do it over the phone.

Reyes is on the alert now, bracing for bad news.

REYES  
What is it?

SKINNER  
Doggett. He was found in an alley off Dillon Park. Hanging on, but just barely. He's been shot.

Huh? Reyes frowns, assuming she mis-heard.

REYES  
I'm sorry, what did you say?

Behind Skinner, the EMTs stand up at all at once, lifting a collapsible gurney up onto its wheels. They hurry it toward the back of the waiting ambulance. We get a good, close look at...

... JOHN DOGGETT, in just the condition we'd expect after that Teaser: pressure bandages cover half his face and neck, he's being bag-ventilated through a trach hole in his throat, and IV tubes hang left and right. He's here, and he's effed up good.

SKINNER  
They're taking him to Washington Memorial.  
(a beat)  
Agent?

On her end, Reyes silently wonders if her new boss smokes crack on the weekends. She rounds out of the kitchen.

REYES  
Sir, what you're saying is -

Reyes stops short as she sees...

HER POV - DOGGETT IS GONE

As in, "vanished." Just a roomful of cardboard boxes.

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

CLOSE - REYES

Looks all around, the phone still held to her ear.

SKINNER (V.O.)  
Agent Reyes..?

Off Reyes' confusion:

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 12

Elevator doors open. Reyes comes striding down the hall, still confused - but urgent, as well. As she approaches the nurses' station, BRAD FOLLMER intercepts her.

BRAD FOLLMER  
Monica...

REYES  
Brad? Skinner called you, too?  
(glancing around)  
Where is he?

BRAD FOLLMER  
He's staying at the crime scene.  
I suggested we maximize our  
efforts.

REYES  
"Crime scene?" Brad...

Misunderstanding her emotion, he touches her arm, sympathetic.

BRAD FOLLMER  
I'm sorry. I've been put in  
charge of the investigation.  
I promise you, it's my top  
priority - I'll find the person  
who did this.

(taking her aside)  
What can you tell me about the  
case Doggett was working?

REYES  
For god's sake -

BRAD FOLLMER  
I know this is hard. I just need  
to find out why your partner was  
in that alley this afternoon.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

REYES

He wasn't! Look, I don't even know what alley you're talking about, but whoever it was who got shot, it certainly wasn't John Doggett.

(off his confusion)

He was with me. At my apartment. He was with me when Skinner called me.

BRAD FOLLMER

(a long beat)

I'm not sure I'm following.

REYES

He dropped by to see my new apartment. And then he... I mean, the call came, and while I was on the phone he left, I guess. I... I haven't been able to reach him since, but...

She trails off, seeing the look on Follmer's face. He's staring at her warily, not at all sure where she's coming from. Reyes notices someone else now. She steps past Follmer to...

... AGENT SCULLY, dressed in weekend clothes. She approaches, her expression grim - her heart going out to her associate.

SCULLY

Monica. I am so sorry.

(to both of them)

Agent Doggett's just coming out of surgery. They're moving him to the ICU.

BRAD FOLLMER

How's it look?

Scully takes a breath, worried for Reyes - and feeling plenty of emotion herself. For her part, Reyes simply stares. Her expression says "What the fuck are these people talking about?"

SCULLY

The bullet shattered his clavicle and exited the back of his neck. There are bone fragments lodged in the third cervical vertebra. The surgeon didn't try to remove them - he was afraid he'd do more harm than good.

Scully and Follmer glance to Reyes for her reaction. Gently:

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SCULLY

If he pulls through, it's likely  
he'll be a quadriplegic.

A beat. Reyes gives a little shake of her head.

REYES

I haven't understood one single  
word I've heard since I got here.  
(to both of them)  
Whoever you're talking about,  
it's not Doggett.

She's calm, not emotional. She's confused by her colleagues,  
but dead sure of herself. Scully doesn't understand, glances to  
Follmer. He stares at Reyes with growing suspicion.

Off Reyes, calmly waiting for answers...

CUT TO:

13 A RESPIRATOR

13

In f.g. HISSES out each slow, mechanical breath. We are:

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

The door opens. We RACK to see Reyes enter, Scully and Follmer  
behind her. Reyes falters. We ARM AROUND to see what she sees.

DOGGETT

Lies in bed, a heart monitor BEEPING slow and steady. His eyes  
are closed, his face is blank -- no sign he'll ever wake up.

ON REYES

As she eases closer, wondering whether or not to believe her own  
eyes. She gingerly reaches out a hand and touches Doggett's  
arm, as if trying to test if she's dreaming. She's not.

Scully and Follmer hang back, give Reyes her space. Scully  
drops her eyes, more than able to empathize with Reyes at this  
terrible time. Follmer stares, uncomfortable with the emotion  
his former lover is feeling for her partner. He's wary, too, as  
he tries to reconcile the crazy story Reyes told him.

For Reyes, bewilderment is giving way to emotion. She doesn't  
understand it, she doesn't comprehend how it could be so -- but  
this is her partner lying here. Isn't it? Tears well up now.

Off Reyes, desperately trying to make sense of it all:

CUT TO:

14 CLOSE - A TELEPHONE POLE

14

Fills frame, all creosote and splinters. The thin blade of a pocket knife probes a pockmark in its surface. We are:

EXT. DEAD-END ALLEY - DAY

We ADJUST to reveal Skinner working the knife. AGENTS scour the alley for evidence. Skinner speaks without looking up.

SKINNER

Anything?

REVERSE - AN AGENT

Approaches, shakes his head. We'll call him AGENT RICE.

AGENT RICE

Hundreds of footprints, as you'd expect - nothing definitive around the spot Agent Doggett fell. No hair and fiber either. I'm sorry, we've got nothing.

SKINNER

Not quite nothing.

From the hole he's been working in the wood, Skinner digs out a copper-jacketed SLUG. He holds it up for a good look.

SKINNER

Trajectory was that way.  
Concentrate your team over there.

Renewed, Rice nods and heads off. Skinner reaches in his pocket for an evidence bag. He glances down the alley, sees:

SKINNER'S POV - THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY

UNIFORM COPS and yellow "POLICE LINE" tape seal the alley's mouth. Beyond it stands a lone bystander, staring intently our way. We recognize him as ERWIN LUKESH.

Skinner sees the man, isn't particularly struck by him. Skinner looks down to drop the slug in the bag. When he looks back up:

SKINNER'S POV - THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY

Same view - only Lukesh is gone. It isn't impossible... it's just weird. What did he do, run like hell? Hide somewhere?

Off Skinner, his eyes narrowing - wondering at this:

CUT TO:



## 15 E.C.U. - THE COPPER-JACKETED SLUG

15

Now huge on-screen, the tiny lands and grooves on its surface magnified through a compound microscope. We are:

INT. FBI BALLISTICS LAB - DAY

As CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Skinner and a LAB TECHNICIAN, studying the slug on a monitor. Follmer enters the lab.

BRAD FOLLMER

You found the bullet.

SKINNER

Nine millimeter slug, most likely from a Sig-Sauer P226 or 228.

BRAD FOLLMER

Possibly FBI-issue.

Skinner shakes his head, his eyes on the screen.

SKINNER

I know what you're thinking - but it didn't come from Doggett's weapon. Ballistics don't match and his gun was never fired.

Follmer thinks about this. He studies Skinner a moment.

BRAD FOLLMER

Assistant Director?

Skinner sees he means to speak in private. The two step to the far side of the room, leaving the Lab Tech in b.g. Quietly:

BRAD FOLLMER

I'd appreciate case updates in a timely fashion. For instance, this bullet: how long have you had it? An hour? Two?

SKINNER

(growing cool)

Thereabouts.

BRAD FOLLMER

Not to put you on the spot. We just need to keep the lines of communication open. That's all I'm asking.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

Skinner nods, guarded. Follmer's not being a dick about it - he's polite enough. But Skinner can't tell whether this is just about Follmer protecting his turf, or something else entirely.

Follmer seems troubled by something - some thought that's unsettling to him. He looks toward the monitor, speaks softly.

BRAD FOLLMER

I want that slug run against our database of FBI-issue pistols.

SKINNER

Like I told you, the round didn't come from Doggett's gun.

Follmer doesn't respond. Skinner eyes him closely.

SKINNER

You're not saying another agent could've done this?

BRAD FOLLMER

Just run it, please.

He exits the lab. Off Skinner, staring after him curiously:

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

16

Looking through the window of the ICU we can see Doggett lying in his bed. REYES' FACE floats into view, reflected in the glass on her side of the hall. She stares in at Doggett, trying to make sense of the impossible situation before her.

SCULLY'S REFLECTION joins Reyes, the two side by side.

REYES

I just... I don't understand how any of this is possible.

(turning to her)

He was with me, Dana. In my apartment. How can this be?

Her voice is low, but urgent - insisting on an answer. Her eyes shine with tears. Scully considers her response carefully.

SCULLY

Something happened to me once. It's only in the last year or so that I've been able to fully come to terms with it.

Reyes is listening.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

SCULLY

In '94, my Dad passed away. That night... I think the very moment it happened... he came to me. I like to believe... he came to say goodbye.

Reyes takes this in, stares through the glass.

REYES

A visitation.

(off Scully's nod)

I think it's wonderful. I think that was a blessing. But that's not what happened to me.

She says this politely, but firmly. Indicating Doggett:

REYES

He's not dead. And either way, I've got hot dog wrappers, Polish sausage wrappers sitting on my kitchen counter. This was not some sort of ethereal visitation, Dana. He... was... there.

Scully doesn't know what to say to this. The moment is interrupted when Scully's phone RINGS. She picks up.

SCULLY

Scully.

INTERCUT WITH:

17 INT. SKINNER'S CAR - NIGHT

17

Skinner drives, cellphone in hand. He looks grim.

SKINNER

It's me. Are you with Reyes?

SCULLY

Yes, she's here. We're still at the hospital.

SKINNER

I need you to bring her to the Sixth District Police Station. I'm on my way there myself.

Scully notes his choice of words.

SCULLY

What's this about?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: 17

SKINNER  
I'll tell you when you get there.

Scully hangs up the phone, wondering at the cryptic nature of the call. She looks over to see Reyes staring at her. Off Reyes' questioning glance:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. METRO POLICE STATION - NIGHT (STOCK) 18

LEGEND: D.C. METRO POLICE, SIXTH DISTRICT STATION. 9:40 PM.

19 INT. METRO POLICE STATION - NIGHT 19

Reyes walks down a hallway, followed by Scully. In SOFT FOCUS behind her, several COPS stare at her as they pass. Reyes feels their unfriendly eyes on her, decides to let it go as...

REVERSE - SKINNER

Emerges from an interrogation room up ahead.

REYES  
What's going on?

SKINNER  
Agent Reyes, would you mind stepping inside, please?

He's very formal, very grim. Reyes hesitates, glances back at Scully - neither woman knows what to expect.

Reyes steps into the room. Skinner gently closes the door behind her, he and Scully remaining outside in the hall.

20 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 20

Follmer is here, seated on the far side of an interview table. The empty chair across from him is reserved for Reyes - they're the only two people here. A MIRRORED WINDOW dominates one wall.

BRAD FOLLMER  
Have a seat.  
(re: the room)  
I wanted you and I to have a chance to talk alone.

Reyes checks out the one-way mirrored glass, distrustful.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

REYES

Alone, huh?

(sitting down)

What's on your mind, Brad?

Brad is uncomfortable - he cares for Reyes deeply, and this is hard for him. Nonetheless, he'll proceed professionally.

BRAD FOLLMER

I want to clear a few things up.  
A few details of your story.

REYES

My "story?"

INTERCUT WITH:

21 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

We POP to a view on these proceedings as seen through the back of the one-way glass. Reyes' and Follmer's voices come through a p.a. speaker inside this dimly-lit room.

As we listen, we ANGLE off the glass to see Skinner and Scully enter, alone - Skinner leading Scully to the window.

REYES (FILTER)

What "story" exactly are you  
talking about?

In OVERLAP, Scully looks to Skinner, dismayed.

SCULLY

What is this?

SKINNER

Wait.

Reluctantly and under protest, Scully continues to watch.

Back in the interrogation room, Follmer pushes on.

BRAD FOLLMER

Your assertion you were with  
Agent Doggett at the time he was  
shot. Is that a true statement?

REYES

Yes. I mean, no - I wasn't with  
Agent Doggett when he was shot,  
but I was with him at the time  
A.D. Skinner called me to tell me  
he'd been shot.

(off his stare)

(more)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

REYES (cont'd)

Don't ask me to explain it, Brad,  
but that's exactly what happened.

Follmer studies her closely, then scans his notes.

BRAD FOLLMER

We found Agent Doggett's truck  
parked outside your apartment.

REYES

Well, there you go! Like I said,  
he was there!

BRAD FOLLMER

That's not the part of your story  
we're having trouble with.

(low and earnest)

Monica, give me something here.  
Tell me you were scared, your  
life was threatened - something.  
Give me some mitigating reason  
for what... for what you're  
trying to cover up.

Reyes gives him a hard stare, incredulous.

In the observation room, Scully starts to go.

SCULLY

I'm putting a stop to this.

Skinner touches her arm, halting her. His expression, serious  
as a heart attack, tells her she'd best wait.

REYES

What are you saying to me? Why  
are you saying these things?

BRAD FOLLMER

We've checked and re-checked the  
ballistics results. The bullet  
that hit Doggett came from your  
gun.

Reyes is stunned into silence. Flabbergasted.

In the observation room, so is Scully. Behind her, the door  
opens - a MAN is led in by Agent Rice. Due to the light  
flooding in behind him, this mystery visitor is in SILHOUETTE.

Back in the interrogation room, Reyes' mind is reeling - and  
things are about to get worse.

A RAP at the door - Rice sticks his head in just long enough to  
nod to Follmer. This is news Follmer didn't want to receive.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

BRAD FOLLMER  
(to Monica)  
Furthermore, there's an  
eyewitness. One who has just  
placed you at the scene.

Reyes looks to the mirror, her shock transforming into outrage.

REYES  
Is that why I'm here? In this  
room? So you could make an ID?!

She stands, moves to it. Behind her, Follmer reluctantly rises.

BRAD FOLLMER  
Agent Reyes. I'll have to ask  
you for your FBI identification  
and your gun.

Reyes stares at the glass, knowing behind it stands her accuser.

Inside the observation room, Reyes stares blindly at us, not  
able to see inside here. Her voice comes over the SPEAKER.

REYES (FILTER)  
WHO'S THERE? WHO'S BACK THERE?!

We ANGLE off the window to find... ERWIN LUKESH back here,  
facing her. Agent Rice re-enters, clicks off the speaker.

AGENT RICE  
We appreciate your cooperation,  
Mr. Lukesh.

Lukesh nods, looking every bit the concerned citizen.

LUKESH  
Anything I can do to help.

Scully and Skinner stand in b.g., eyeing Lukesh with dismay (but  
not suspicion). Off Lukesh, his face calm and inscrutable:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 INT. ICU ROOM - DAY - DOGGETT'S HAND

22

Lies inert atop its hospital bedsheet. Into frame reaches a woman's hand, gently taking hold of Doggett's.

We ARM UP to Reyes, standing by her fallen partner. She looks shellshocked - the last 24 hours have taken their toll.

HER POV - DOGGETT

His eyes are closed, his face is blank. The respirator breathes for him. No sign whatsoever that the man inside still exists.

CLOSE ANGLE - REYES' HAND

Gives Doggett's a squeeze. We RACK OFF this to reveal... an FBI AGENT in b.g., seated in a chair against the wall. He's acting as a guard, coldly watching Reyes like a hawk.

Reyes swallows, does her best to ignore this man's presence. Scully and Skinner enter the room behind her. Seeing them:

REYES

Smart touch - post a guard to  
make sure I don't finish the job.

Scully looks to Skinner, who gives a nod to the guard. The man exits, allowing them privacy. Reyes' bitterness wanes.

REYES

Do you really believe I did this?

Scully considers, shakes her head. Both women look to Skinner.

SKINNER

No. But that's not why you're  
not still under arrest.

REYES

Who do I have to thank for that?

SCULLY

Follmer's case has a couple of  
potential holes.

SKINNER

For starters, there's the fact  
that when I called you, you were  
at home -- fourteen miles from  
the crime scene.

CONTINUED



22 CONTINUED:

22

REYES

(nodding vigorously)  
Check with Wilkins Moving and Storage - their movers were with me all morning.

SCULLY

We did - they were. There's also the condition of your gun.

REYES

- It was never fired.

SKINNER

So it would seem. No fresh gunpowder residue in the barrel.

Reyes nods, relaxing just a little.

SCULLY

However, the bullet does match your gun. Perfectly. I saw the results myself.

Reyes closes her eyes in frustration.

REYES

It makes no sense. None of it.  
(a beat)  
What about this eyewitness?  
What can you tell me about them?

SKINNER

You know we can't discuss that.

REYES

There's only two possibilities here: either they're mistaken or they're lying.

Skinner mulls that over. Scully is distracted by a faint, slow TAPPING. She glances around, curious. Skinner realizes first.

SKINNER

Look.

NEW ANGLE - SEEN FROM ACROSS THE BED

Scully and Reyes follow Skinner's gaze our way. We RACK from them to f.g., where we see...

... DOGGETT'S HAND - the one Reyes held. His finger weakly TAPS the bed rail. Reyes, Scully and Skinner all come closer.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

THEIR MOVING POV - DOGGETT

Lies inert, like before - only now, his eyes are HALF-OPEN.

Reyes' heart leaps.

REYES

Oh my god. John?

SKINNER

Is he conscious? . .

SCULLY

(amazed)

I don't know. It could be a muscle spasm. It's not uncommon with this type of spinal injury.

She checks Doggett's eyes as the TAPPING continues.

ON SKINNER

As a realization dawns. He grabs a pad and pen from a nearby nightstand, starts writing something the others don't see.

REYES

What is it?

SKINNER

Not a spasm...

Scully looks over too now, questioning.

SKINNER

It's Morse Code.

ON DOGGETT

We now see that he's clearly looking at them. Reyes reacts, trying to keep her emotions in check.

The TAPPING finishes. Skinner stares hard at what he sees.

SCULLY

What did he say?

Skinner flips the pad around to show her. A single word is revealed in large block letters: *LUKESH.*

SCULLY

(surprised)

Lukesh.

Skinner stares at her meaningfully. This look of recognition they share is not lost on Reyes.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

REYES

What? What does that mean?  
(leaning closer)

John...

Doggett stares up at her, his wide eyes hinting at the emotions he's feeling. If we had to guess, we'd say foremost that he's amazed to see his partner alive.

Doggett can't continue. His eyes close. He's unconscious, exhausted from the effort. Off Reyes, looking to the others:

CUT TO:

23 CLOSE - AN APARTMENT MAILBOX

23

Marked with a familiar number, 4-D. A key is inserted. We are:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Lukesh opens his mailbox - no hesitation, no wariness this time. He pulls out a stack of mail. As he slams the box closed, we:

CUT TO:

24 INT. LUKESH'S APARTMENT - DAY

24

The door creaks open and Lukesh enters. This isn't necessarily a small apartment, but it feels small - it has a dim, airless, claustrophobic feel to it. It looks like something out of a time capsule, circa 1962. There are doilies on the end tables. There's clear vinyl upholstery covers on the sofa and chairs.

Dust motes hang thick in the few beams of sun that penetrate this place. As Lukesh sorts the mail, a frail VOICE is heard.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

Who's there? Is somebody there?

A catalog of some sort catches Lukesh's eye. He peruses it.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

Erwin? Is that you?

LUKESH

(a beat)

Who else would it be, Mama?

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

I thought maybe robbers.  
Oh gawd Erwin, I thought  
something terrible had happened  
to you. You were gone so long.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

LUKESH

I was gone two hours and...  
(checks watch)  
... six minutes, Mama. I'm back  
at noon, just like I told you.

Lukesh drops the mail and heads for the kitchenette, as if on autopilot. He opens the fridge and pulls out a can of CLAMATO.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

I was so scared. Erwin, could  
you please bring me a glass of  
Clamato? With two squirts of  
Texas Pete and two ice cubes?

Lukesh does exactly as she asks - two seconds before she asks. He's heard this many times. Meanwhile, his mother prattles on.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

Oh gawd. I was all alone and I  
heard the knob rattle. Somebody  
was rattling the knob and it was  
robbers, I just know it was. I  
don't know how I got through it,  
I was so scared.

CLOSE: Lukesh pulls open a drawer. A black Sig-Sauer PISTOL lies atop the white paper napkins - this is the gun we saw Lukesh shoot Doggett with. Lukesh lifts it to grab a napkin, then thinks twice and spins it on his finger for kicks.

He shoves the gun back into the drawer. Taking the napkin and the glass of Clamato, he pads out of the kitchenette. We FOLLOW him as he takes us into the bedroom, where...

... An elderly little bird of a woman, MRS. LUKESH, lies in her bathrobe atop the covers of her Craftmatic bed. The bed WHIRS her up into a sitting position as we approach.

Lukesh hands her her Clamato, which she drinks with both hands. A walker stands in one corner. An ancient console TV shows the titles of "Another World," which is just starting. This room looks as if it smells of AquaNet and Depends.

MRS. LUKESH

My show is on. Would you make me  
my sandwich so I can eat my  
sandwich while I watch my show?

Erwin heads back to the kitchen. Mrs. Lukesh's eyes stay glued to the television. Her voice is slower and more frail than she looks, leading us to believe she's laying it on a bit.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

IN THE KITCHENETTE - THE GAS BURNER

POOFS to life, burning blue. Lukesh sets a skillet atop it, scoops two fingers' worth of waxy white shortening and SPLONKS it down. It starts to HISS.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

Erwin, where did you go all that time you were gone? Hah?

(off his silence)

Erwin, I wish you wouldn't go away so much and not tell me where you go to. I get scared by myself. I get scared.

(off his silence)

All we got is each other, Erwin. That's all we got in this whole wide world.

Lukesh has the thousand-yard stare of a man on his very own Caribbean island of the mind. He opens the fridge, digs down deep in the back of the bacon drawer.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

What kind of sandwich is it?

LUKESH

Potted meat.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

I don't think I like that. Have I had that before?

LUKESH

Many times. You love it.

He rises, having found what he's looking for. He holds up a Ziplock-type freezer bag, examines the contents.

CLOSE REVERSE - LOOKING THROUGH THE BAG

Inside it lies... a HUMAN TONGUE, pink and dimpled, sliced raggedly across the root. Lukesh stares serenely at it.

As TVs all across America instantly switch to "Alias," we...

CUT TO:

25 INT. REYES' APARTMENT - DAY - A HALF-EATEN SAUSAGE

25

Fills frame - a nice visual segue from the previous shot, for those hardy few still watching. It's in a familiar TAKEOUT BAG.

Reyes picks it up off the kitchen counter, studies it somberly.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

REYES

A dental cast of this bite mark would match John's teeth.

SKINNER (O.S.)

Even so, would it prove your story?

Reyes shakes her head. Reluctantly, she drops the bag in the trash can. She steps out of the kitchen, bringing us to...

... Skinner, who sits on the sofa amidst the piles of unpacked boxes. He has the coffee table pulled close and is poring over various documents spread across it. Reyes stands by, antsy.

REYES

I should be at the hospital.

SKINNER

Scully will call if he regains consciousness.

REYES

Either way, I should be there.

SKINNER

(looks to her)

Agent, you're still under investigation. Not to mention I will be too if I'm caught showing you this.

He hands her an old patient file. A PHOTO is clipped to it.

HER POV - THE PHOTO

Is a hospital mug shot of sorts. It's of LUKESH, a few years younger - heavy eyelids, open mouth, all lithium-ed up.

REYES

"Erwin Timothy Lukesh."

SKINNER

Ever seen him before?

Reyes shakes her head (which confuses us, because we distinctly remember her chasing him in the Teaser). She reads the file.

REYES

1995 - patient at the State Psychiatric Hospital at Gaithersburg. Diagnosed with a delusional disorder which presented itself shortly after the suicide death of his father.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

SKINNER

After four months he was deemed fit for release. He lives with his invalid mother. Their apartment is next door to the crime scene.

REYES

What's the story he's telling?

SKINNER

That he heard a bang and went downstairs to investigate. That he saw you exit the alley... after which, he found Doggett.

Reyes shakes her head to herself - bullshit.

REYES

What else do we know about him?

SKINNER

Not much. No employment record to speak of. No criminal record.

REYES

Which could simply mean he's never been caught.

(off his look)

This is the one person we know was in the vicinity at the time of the shooting. Why would Doggett say his name?

SKINNER

You're thinking Lukesh shot Doggett.

REYES

I know I didn't do it. This man sought me out to frame me.

(growing more sure)

This is an X-file. However he wound up in that alley, I think Doggett was investigating an X-file. What if it led him to Lukesh? What if somehow Lukesh is behind all of this?

Skinner considers. His phone RINGS. He answers it.

SKINNER

Skinner.

INTERCUT WITH:

26 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

26

Follmer stands in the waiting area, his cellphone to his ear.

BRAD FOLLMER

It's Follmer. Do you recall our discussion of yesterday? Where I asked you to keep me up to date?

SKINNER

(a cool beat)

I do.

BRAD FOLLMER

Really. And yet it's like we never even had it.

(firm)

I'm at Washington Memorial. I'm assuming you're with our prime suspect.

Skinner looks to Reyes - damn, Follmer knows she's here.

BRAD FOLLMER

Bring her. She's going to talk to Agent Doggett.

Follmer clicks off. As Skinner and Reyes look to one another, wondering what has happened...

CUT TO:

27 FOLLMER'S REFLECTION

27

Distorted by the steel doors in front of him. He stands waiting impatiently. We are:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

The reflection slides away as the elevator doors open to reveal Skinner and Reyes, just now arrived.

BRAD FOLLMER

The gang's all here.

Skinner and Reyes step out, glance to Scully, who stands nearby.

REYES

(to Scully)

How is he?

CONTINUED



27 CONTINUED:

27

SCULLY

Fully conscious now. We've set up a communication device designed for spinal injury victims. Speaking with him should be easier.

BRAD FOLLMER

(to Reyes)

Just so we're clear - you'll ask only the questions I want asked. You're not to try to shade his testimony in any way.

SKINNER

I'm confused. If you're so concerned, why let Reyes talk to him in the first place?

BRAD FOLLMER

(a beat; to Reyes)

Because Doggett says he won't talk to anyone but you.

Energized, Reyes heads for Doggett's room. Skinner and Scully start to follow, but Follmer blocks their path.

BRAD FOLLMER

He didn't mention you two.

Follmer turns and follows Reyes. Off Skinner and Scully, shut out and staring coldly after him:

CUT TO:

28 A COMPUTER MONITOR

28

Its cursor blinking silently. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal we are:

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

Reyes enters, followed by Follmer. The FBI Guard is here. Reyes sits by Doggett's bedside, next to the monitor of a computer-like COMMUNICATOR. Doggett's finger - the only thing he can willfully move - is Velcroed to a small JOYSTICK.

Reyes touches his face. Doggett stares up at her intently, his eyes following her every move - and in particular, looking at her uncut THROAT. Emotion comes through his eyes, but his mouth is paralyzed along with the rest of him.

Seeing him like this takes its toll. Reyes' heart is breaking. She forces a smile, tries to put up a brave facade.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

28

REYES

John... Hey there.

His eyes go to the monitor. His finger moves purposefully.

CLOSE - THE MONITOR

On it, up comes: A... L... I... V... E. Doggett holds down the "repeat" button. *ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE.*

REYES

That's right. You're alive.  
As if there were ever any doubt.

Doggett works the screen some more. *NO YOU HOW OK?*

Reyes is confused, glances to Follmer.

REYES

Why am I alive? Is that what  
you're asking? I'm fine, John.  
Why wouldn't I be?

BRAD FOLLMER

(quietly)

Have him say who shot him.

REYES

John? We need you to tell us who  
did this to you. Who shot you.

Doggett's finger is already working away. Reyes and Follmer lean in closer. Up comes: *Y... O... U...*

Follmer looks to Reyes, who grows concerned. But then:

CLOSE - THE MONITOR

The rest of the letters appear: *YOUR... THROAT WAS CUT.*

Reyes is thrown. She reads the confusion in Doggett's eyes.

REYES

My throat's not cut, John. What  
are you talking about?

CLOSE - DOGGETT'S FINGER

As it continues jerkily working the tiny joystick.

Doggett's eyes blaze as he works, so anxious is he to get this message across. Reyes and Follmer read every word as it appears. Finally:

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

CLOSE - THE MONITOR

It says: LUKESH KILLED YOU TRIED KILL ME MURDERD 7 OTHRS  
FOLLMER DONT YOU REMEMBER?

Reyes looks to a surprised Follmer. Off him, put on the spot:

CUT TO:

29 INT. LUKESH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LUKESH 29

Lies in bed wearing full pajamas. He's awake, staring up into the darkness. We're CLOSE, looking straight down on him, but now we CRANE UP, revealing...

... Yes indeed, Erwin Lukesh is in bed with his own Mom. And right now we're thinking, "I tuned back from 'Alias' for this?"

For what it's worth, Lukesh doesn't look too happy about this arrangement, either. Mom's fine with it, however. She's on her side with her back to him, sleeping like a baby.

NEW ANGLE - RAKING

Lukesh can't sleep, and he can't stand this any longer. Eyeing his mother to make sure she's out cold, he carefully slips out of bed. He silently pads out of the room.

We RACK to Mrs. Lukesh in f.g. A light sleeper - her eyes OPEN.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. DEAD-END ALLEY - NIGHT 30

The familiar alley is dark and quiet as Lukesh steps into frame. He's dressed, having thrown on whatever was lying around. He takes a deep breath, savoring the night air.

Lukesh opens the STRAIGHT RAZOR in his hand, runs his thumb along the blade. He's feeling better already. He walks away from us down the alley, heading for the dead end. Suddenly...

... He VANISHES into thin air. It happens incrementally, sort of the way a golf ball would disappear as it sinks into black paint. Then the air seems to vibrate behind him, and he's gone.

The alley is once again deserted. Off this bizarre sight...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31 INT. FOLLMER'S OFFICE - DAY - A FILE

31

Slaps onto a desktop. It's marked "LUKESH, ERWIN T."

SKINNER (O.S.)

I say we bring him in for questioning.

We TILT UP to find Brad Follmer standing at his desk. He picks up the file, scans it. Shakes his head.

BRAD FOLLMER

The man's never been arrested. Not so much as a ticket for littering.

NEW ANGLE - WIDER

He and Skinner stand by the desk. Skinner shrugs - "so what?"

SKINNER

He's elusive. And smart. Doggett told you as much.

BRAD FOLLMER

Doggett also told me that he, Reyes and I had been on stakeout together, looking for the man.

(sarcastic)

You know, I checked my calendar for that day and, uh... nope.

SKINNER

What about the seven murder victims he named?

BRAD FOLLMER

Seven women he said had their tongues cut out by Mr. Lukesh. Every last one of whom is currently alive and well.

SKINNER

But how did Doggett know their names? Their addresses, birth dates, hometowns? All seven of them know Lukesh. Where would Doggett get that information?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

BRAD FOLLMER

I don't know or care.

(off Skinner's look)

Agent Doggett took a bullet to the head. He's medicated to the gills. The poor bastard could wake up saying he's Rosemary Clooney and I wouldn't be surprised. In the meantime, neither he nor Reyes is telling me a story that makes any sense. Nor you, for that matter.

SKINNER

Welcome to the X-files.

(off his stare)

What would it hurt to dig deeper? Talk to the man? Or do you really want to see Monica Reyes tried for attempted murder?

Skinner knows damn well Follmer doesn't. Off Follmer, caving:

CUT TO:

32 MACRO-CLOSE - A STRAIGHT PIN

32

Gets pushed into a patch of skin. Ouch - it looks painful. ADJUST to reveal a half-dozen previous red pinpoint spots (not bleeding) neatly lined up along a man's bare chest. We are:

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

Doggett lies still, his expression blank, pain-free, as the pin-prick test is administered by a young neurologist, DR. KIM.

DR. KIM

Anything? Wiggle your finger if you feel anything.

Doggett's finger stays still. Dr. Kim moves toward Doggett's shoulder. Once more, he inserts the pin. We ARC AROUND it, revealing Reyes in b.g., watching. It hurts her to watch.

DR. KIM

Any sensation at all? Pain? Tingling?

Doggett works the little joystick of his communicator. Up on the monitor comes: *1ST TIME EVER HOPED FOR A LITTLE PRICK.*

Dr. Kim turns to Reyes, smiles sympathetically. She tries to hide her disappointment.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

DR. KIM

That's enough for today. We'll see if we can do better tomorrow.

He exits. Reyes rises, steps closer. Doggett "types."

REYES

You kiss your mother with that mouth?

CLOSE - THE MONITOR

Up comes: *HOWS CASE?* Reyes nods, trying to look optimistic.

REYES

It's coming along. It's uh...  
(off his stare)  
... Nowhere. Basically. There's so much that's impossible to reconcile. You say I was on a stakeout with you, I say you were in my apartment, bringing me...

Reyes trails off, thinking of something. As a test:

REYES

John, you know a little stand on M street? Couple blocks over from my new place? Supposed to be really good hot dogs.

More "typing." Up comes: *POLISH SAUSAGE BEST IN CITY.*

Reyes nods knowingly - that's what she hoped to hear. The wheels are turning heavy now.

REYES

John, what if we're both right? What if you were at my apartment. And I was on a stakeout with you. At the exact same time.

Up comes: *SAY WHAT?*

REYES

What would it take for that to be true?

Up comes: *WE BOTH HAD TWINS WHICH WE DONT.*

REYES

Except maybe we do. Maybe all of us do.

(off his stare)

(more)

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

REYES (cont'd)

You've heard of the idea of a parallel universe. One that's identical, or nearly identical, to our own. One in which we all have a double. It's theoretical physics - but what if it's real?

Up comes: *TOO MUCH STAR TREK.* Reyes presses on.

REYES

You said yourself Erwin Lukesh was known for his impossible escapes. You said that in the alley you looked away only an instant and he was gone. Then somehow, he was behind you. And he shot you with my gun - my gun which never left my possession that entire afternoon.

Doggett "says" nothing, listening intently.

REYES

What if Lukesh can pass freely from one parallel world to the other? And what if somehow... somehow you followed him through. From your world into mine.

A beat. Up comes: *WOW.*

REYES

The Doggett I know disappeared. Maybe two doubles can't exist simultaneously in the same world. One gets forced out.

Doggett holds "repeat": *WOW WOW WOW WOW WOW WOW.* Reyes smiles.

REYES

My Doggett would have called me crazy, too. But give me another theory that fits.

(off his silence)

The Lukesh you know killed seven women. And me, you said. Here, he's a model citizen. Which means this world is his haven. He gets his rocks off solely on the other side.

A beat. Up comes: *IF TRUE MEANS YOU'LL NEVER PROVE IT.*

He stares up at her. Off grim Reyes, knowing he's right:

CUT TO:

33 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - LUKESH

33

Sits in the hot seat -- the same seat occupied by Agent Reyes earlier. Lukesh, however, looks calm and collected. We ADJUST to reveal Skinner and Follmer, sitting across from him.

LUKESH

I'm kind of confused as to why I'm back. I already told you everything I know.

BRAD FOLLMER

We just had a few inconsistencies we needed to clear up.

LUKESH

Sure. Dot the Is, cross the Ts.

SKINNER

Yeah. Here's an odd one, for starters: we have an eyewitness who says you shot Agent John Doggett.

Silence. Lukesh covers his reaction well. Follmer shifts in his seat, uncomfortable with Skinner launching right into it.

LUKESH

That's surprising. I can't imagine who would have said that.

SKINNER

Agent Doggett.

(off his reaction)

Yeah, he's regained consciousness. He's very chatty. Among other things, he's told us that you're a murderer. That you enjoy killing women with a straight razor. We have trouble believing it ourselves. You seem so nice.

Skinner is calmly messing with this guy, and Lukesh knows it. Lukesh mildly gives as good as he gets.

LUKESH

Thank you. Yeah, wow... what a corker.

Meanwhile, Follmer's no dummy - he's suspicious to see that Lukesh isn't reacting with fear or outrage the way an innocent man would. Follmer quietly ups the ante.

CONTINUED



33 CONTINUED:

33

BRAD FOLLMER

Mr. Lukesh, would you consent to a GSR test?

LUKESH

GSR? What's that?

BRAD FOLLMER

It tests for the presence of gunshot residue on a person's skin. It can reveal whether or not someone recently fired a gun. Would you mind indulging us?

SKINNER

Just so we can dot all the Is and cross all the Ts.

LUKESH

I don't know. I think I'd have to talk to my lawyer about that.

Skinner and Follmer both know now - this asshole did it.

LUKESH

Look. My heart goes out to your Agent Doggett... but he's been through a lot, and he's confused. It's clear to me that your female agent, Ms. Reyes, is responsible for this terrible tragedy. I mean, did you see the way she behaved in this very room? She certainly scared me.

Skinner looks like he's ready to go over the table at this man. Follmer keeps his cool.

BRAD FOLLMER

Is there someone who can corroborate your story?

LUKESH

Corroborate my story.

BRAD FOLLMER

That you were in your apartment when Agent Doggett was shot.

LUKESH

No.

Lukesh blinks, a little less sure of himself now. Skinner picks up on this, runs with it.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

SKINNER

What about your mother? You live with your mother, right?

LUKESH

She was sleeping. She wouldn't have heard anything.

SKINNER

Huh. Still, maybe she could tell us something. Would she be willing to come talk to us?

(off his silence)

If not, we can go to her.

Lukesh's face tightens. He's not nearly so cool anymore.

LUKESH

My mother is in poor health. She gets confused easily. I won't have you harassing her because you're afraid to admit that one of your own people did this.

He rises, defiant.

LUKESH

If you're going to arrest me, do it. Otherwise, I'm going home.

Skinner and Follmer can't stop him, and everyone in the room knows it. Still, they know they rattled him. As Lukesh exits:

SKINNER

Say hi to Mom.

Lukesh glares back at him, his Achilles' heel showing.

CUT TO:

34 INT. METRO POLICE STATION - DAY

34

Around the corner comes Reyes. She's just arrived. We TRACK with her as she strides down the corridor. Her guts tighten as up ahead, she notices:

REYES' POV - LUKESH

He's walking up the corridor, on his way out of the building. He's heading straight for her.

Reyes slows, stands her ground. He sees her now. Reyes doesn't blink - just gives him the full-on stink eye as he passes.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

Lukesh is already in a bad mood - seeing this attractive young woman not cower in terror from him doesn't help. He passes her, walks another twenty feet... then does a U-turn and comes back.

LUKESH

Agent Reyes, right?

Reyes eyes him evenly, says nothing.

LUKESH

What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

Ugh, what a bastard. Reyes' skin crawls. She stays icy.

REYES

How do you do it?

LUKESH

Do what?

REYES

Cross between worlds.

It's been a day of surprises for Lukesh. Now he's the one who's silent. Reyes takes note of his reaction.

REYES

You know what I'm talking about, don't you? There's this world, and there's the world where you live out your sick fantasies.

(a beat)

When did it start? Was it your breakdown in '95? I read your file. All that anger. It was buttoned up so tight, it had nowhere else to go. It had to get released. Not here, but in a world just like this one.

A little of that same anger is leaking out now. Lukesh stares hard at Reyes. He leans in, whispers with relish:

LUKESH

God, I enjoyed you. You bled like a pig.

Reyes stands horrified, transfixed. Breaking the spell:

SKINNER (O.S.)

Reyes -

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

Shaken, she glances back behind her. We RACK to... Skinner standing in distant b.g. by the door to the interrogation room. Follmer steps into view, as well. They both look concerned.

SKINNER

You alright?

Reyes manages a nod. She turns back to see Lukesh walking away down the hall. Off Reyes, her fear turning back into anger:

CUT TO:

35 CLOSE - A REFRIGERATOR DOOR

35

Gets pulled open, revealing a can of CLAMATO. We are:

INT. LUKESH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lukesh pulls it out, pauses to roll the cold can against his forehead - it's been a tough day. He calls o.s.

LUKESH

Mama, I'm home.

No answer. Lukesh pours a tall glass, drops in two ice cubes, gives two squirts of Texas Pete - exactly like he did last time.

LUKESH

Mama, you want your Clamato?

No answer. Lukesh pulls open the drawer, reaches for a napkin. He sees something that makes him stop.

CLOSE - THE DRAWER

Inside, there's a stack of white paper napkins. Something's missing. The gun.

Lukesh goes on alert. He checks the other drawers, the high cabinets, the top of the fridge. No gun.

LUKESH

Mama? Have you been out of bed?  
Mama!

Still no answer. Lukesh heads for the bedroom.

NEW ANGLE - INSIDE THE BEDROOM

We're looking out the open bedroom door as Lukesh strides toward us from deep b.g. In CLOSE f.g., parked atop a bedside meal table, is the missing PISTOL. Lukesh slows when he sees it.

We still don't see Mrs. Lukesh. This is her POV. From o.s.:

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

You don't tell me things, Erwin.

Lukesh looks nervous. His eyes go from the gun to his o.s. mom.

LUKESH

I tell you things.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

You sneak out all night and leave me alone all by myself. You think I don't know, but I know. I know every time. Erwin, what do you do that you don't tell me?

LUKESH

I don't, I don't do that. I don't know what you mean.

Lukesh is a bad liar - at least to his mother. Just when we think we're never going to actually see the woman:

REVERSE - MRS. LUKESH

She lies propped atop her Craftmatic bed. Her eyes are red from crying. She pulls a fresh Kleenex from the box, dabs her eyes and sniffs. She points to the gun.

MRS. LUKESH

Why is that in my house?

(off his silence)

I pulled open the drawer and it gave me a heart attack. I don't even know how I even picked it up without it going off and killing me. I was so scared.

She sniffs and wipes her eyes some more.

LUKESH

Mama... I don't...

MRS. LUKESH

Well, if you won't tell me, you can tell the FBI, that's all.

Lukesh is stunned. His mother points to the nearby answering machine, its message light BLINKING RED.

MRS. LUKESH

The FBI left three messages. They want to talk to me. Can you imagine? Why would the FBI want to talk to me, Erwin?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Lukesh tries to swallow the brick in his throat. He goes to the machine and punches "erase."

MRS. LUKESH

What are you doing? Aren't you even gonna listen?

LUKESH

Are you gonna talk to them?

MRS. LUKESH

Of course I am. They're the FBI.

LUKESH

Mama... ..

Lukesh turns toward his mother, as agitated as we've seen him. He blinks, his eyes flooding with tears.

MRS. LUKESH

Oh, don't turn on the waterworks, Mister. That's not gonna wash. I'm the one that's being lied to!

Lukesh's world is unraveling. He reaches in his pocket, pulls out the STRAIGHT RAZOR and opens it. He wipes away tears with the back of that same hand.

MRS. LUKESH

What are you doing, Erwin?

CLOSE - THE CONSOLE TV

It's off, its black screen reflecting the room. We CREEP in on it. In the distorted reflection, we see Lukesh approach his mother's bed.

MRS. LUKESH (O.S.)

Erwin? What are you doing?  
ERWIN! -

The attack is obscured from this view - better left to the imagination. Mrs. Lukesh SCREAMS. As the razor FLASHES up and down, up and down...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36 CLOSE - DOGGETT'S EYES

36

Are closed. Someone silently wipes through frame in f.g.  
A beat, and Doggett's eyes open. We are:

INT. ICU ROOM - NIGHT

Doggett focuses on Reyes, seated at his bedside. Softly:

REYES

I didn't mean to wake you.

Doggett looks to the computer monitor. She understands what he wants. She takes his hand, gently puts it in place and positions his finger in its little joystick harness. Doggett begins the painstaking task of spelling out a message.

CLOSE - THE MONITOR

Up comes: *NOT ASLEEP THINKING.*

REYES

Thinking about what?

Up comes: *FUTURE.*

Reyes lets that sink in. She changes the subject.

REYES

I'm no longer public enemy number one. Follmer now believes Lukesh shot you. He doesn't believe much else, but he believes that.

Up comes: *ITSA START.*

REYES

Yeah. Thanks to you. Scully and Skinner went to speak to Lukesh's mother. Hopefully, they can come up with something solid.

(a beat)

How are you holding up, John?

It takes a moment, then: *NOT ENJOYNG MY VISIT TO YOUR STRANGE NEW WORLD.* Reyes smiles faintly.

REYES

No? You sure look to me like you're having fun.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

Up comes: *XCEPT I DONT BELONG HERE LIKE YOU SAID.*

REYES

John... No, I didn't mean...

Up comes: *CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS BELIEVE YOURE RIGHT.*

Then... *YOU CAN PUT THNGS RIGHT IN BOTH WORLDS.*

REYES

How? How do you think I can do that?

MACRO-CLOSE, up it comes: *SHUT OFF RESPIRATOR.*

This conversation is heading in a direction that upsets Reyes.

REYES

Bad joke.

Up comes: *2 DOGETTS CANT EXIST IN 1 WORLD TAKE 1 OUT.*

Tears well up in Reyes' eyes. She shakes her head.

Up comes: *YOUR D COMES BACK CMON YOUR THEORY IS SOUND.*

REYES

(quiet emotion)

My theory is sound? You don't believe a word of it, John. Not in a million years would you believe. This has nothing to do with my theory.

They stare at one another. Doggett's finger moves the joystick.

Up comes: *DO YOU BELIEVE?* Reyes stares at him, nods.

Up comes: *PROVE IT.*

Reyes looks away, tears shining in her eyes.

REYES

I'd do anything for you. Anything but that.

Up comes: *ITS WHAT I WANT.*

She stares at him, not giving in. The moment is broken by Reyes' cell phone. She answers, trying to regain her composure.

REYES

Reyes.

INTERCUT WITH:



37 INT. LUKESH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SKINNER

37

Who is on the other end. We see several AGENTS move through the little apartment behind him. Skinner hears her emotion.

SKINNER

It's Skinner. You okay?

REYES

Yes Sir. I'm fine.

SKINNER

I can't say the same for Miriam Lukesh.

Skinner turns to look behind him. We RACK to b.g., where...

... We can see in through the door of the distant bedroom. Scully stands partially obscuring the body of Mrs. Lukesh, who's still in bed. BLOOD is spattered on the wall behind her.

REYES

What happened?

SKINNER

It's the exact m.o. Doggett described. Most likely a straight razor was used.

REYES

Lukesh killed his mother.

Reyes turns to Doggett, surprised and unsettled. Doggett returns her look, surprised himself.

REYES

He's given up his safe haven.

(to Skinner)

I assume he's not there. Any idea where he went?

SKINNER

None. If everything I've been hearing is true, he won't be easy to find.

Reyes considers this. Meanwhile, Doggett is "typing" hurriedly, wants her to see. Reyes looks down at the monitor.

On it: *YOU'RE IN DANGER.*

Doggett stares up at her, concern in his eyes. Reyes knows he's right. Grimly, into the phone, she says:

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: 37

REYES  
I think he'll come to us.

Off Reyes, a plan forming:

CUT TO:

A38 EXT. GEORGETOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (STOCK) A38

This is Reyes' neighborhood. It's a quiet, late autumn night.

38 INT. REYES' APARTMENT - NIGHT 38

The new place is as we saw it before - moving boxes everywhere.

Reyes rounds into view from the bedroom. We FOLLOW behind her, on the small of her back as she tucks her paddle holster and gun into her waistband. Her sweatshirt drops to cover it.

Reyes takes a look around the place, draws a steadying breath. She's alone here. The loft is silent. She moves to...

... The antique cameo mirror, propped atop its side table. Gazing into it, she does an odd thing: she softly addresses it.

REYES  
You seeing me alright?

We ADJUST past Reyes' reflection to glimpse the back of the mirror. On the back side, a tiny WIRELESS VIDEO CAMERA is mounted to a spot where the silver has been scraped off.

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS 39

Reyes and the living room behind her are seen in WIDE-ANGLE BLACK & WHITE. We PAN off this monitor to find Skinner and Scully inside a van identical to the one in the Teaser. They both wear Kevlar vests and FBI windbreakers. Scully speaks into a radio.

SCULLY  
We're picking you up perfectly.

Back in her loft, we CROSS behind Reyes to see the other side of her head for the first time - we take note of the EARWIG RADIO fitted unobtrusively in her ear.

REYES  
Any sign of him?

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED:

39

Skinner has been keeping his eyes peeled, keeping watch through the windshield. He speaks into his own radio.

SKINNER

Not yet. We'll let you know.

40 INT. REYES' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

40

Reyes nods and moves away from the mirror. She crosses to the windows, peeks out through the curtains (we don't need to see outside for this). She gives up, wanders away.

After she exits frame, we CREEP IN on a closed door in b.g. - probably a closet. It silently EASES OPEN just an inch or two.

Reyes has her back to this door. She flips through a book, puts it down, checks her watch - basically tries to keep her cool and keep the antsiness to a minimum. It's not easy.

Once more, she moves to the antique mirror, checks herself. We CREEP IN on the mirror. In it, suddenly...

... LUKESH steps into view just over her shoulder. As Reyes reacts, he GRABS HER from behind!

41 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

41

The monitor shows this struggle - we WHIP-PAN off it to find Scully and Skinner scrambling out the door.

SKINNER

GO, GO, GO! -

SCULLY

(into her radio)

ALL OFFICERS MOVE IN! -

42 INT. REYES' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

42

TIGHT on Reyes and Lukesh as they struggle. Lukesh has her in a one-armed choke hold. Up comes the STRAIGHT RAZOR in his other hand. Her eyes go wide as he brings it to her jawline.

LUKESH

Van outside might as well say  
"FBI" in big, huge letters. Real  
stealthy, you people.

REYES

Lukesh, don't -

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

LUKESH  
SHUT UP! -

Tears well in his eyes as he thinks about his mom. Choked up:

LUKESH  
You made me do it. You made me.  
You ruined everything, you bitch.  
I only wish I could kill you slow  
this time.

REYES  
(a beat)  
Look behind you.

As she says this, we ADJUST to see the b.g. BRAD FOLLMER stands in the now wide-open door we focused on earlier (it was he who was hiding back there). His gun is aimed.

Lukesh sees Follmer behind him - oh shit. He spins Reyes around, meaning to use her as a shield. Too late.

BLAM-BLAM! - Follmer double-taps, dropping Lukesh like a wet sack of crap. A second later, the front door KICKS IN.

Skinner enters, pistol drawn, followed by Scully and three or four D.C. METRO SWAT COPS who quickly move to secure the place.

Scully checks Lukesh. Follmer takes Reyes aside.

BRAD FOLLMER  
How you doing? Monica?

She nods absently, staring down at Lukesh. Reyes and Scully look to one another.

SCULLY  
He's dead.

Reyes nods. Follmer places a comforting hand on her arm.

BRAD FOLLMER  
It's okay. It's over.

She considers this statement - finds no comfort in it. She knows it's not true. We CREEP IN on her face, HOLD on it.

As Reyes comes to the hardest decision of her life...

CUT TO:

43 INT. ICU ROOM - NIGHT - DOGGETT

43

Lies in bed, his chest rising and falling in rhythm with the gently HISSING respirator. His eyes open. He's staring at:

HIS POV - REYES

She stands in the open door, a partial silhouette. It's late. No one else is in sight in the hallway behind her.

Reyes collects herself, then enters. She quietly closes the door behind her. She twists the lock.

Doggett's eyes are locked on Reyes' as she crosses the darkened room toward him. She says nothing - just stands by his side and takes his hand in both of hers.

Doggett knows what she's here for. His eyes tell us he's at peace. If he could smile at her, he would.

Reyes doesn't cry. As it is, she's all cried out. She bends down and kisses him on the cheek.

He stares up at her thankfully. Reyes' hand, trembling slightly, reaches, taking us to...

... The RESPIRATOR beside the bed. Slowly, one by one, she turns off its switches: the alarm, the monitor, the power.

Doggett says goodbye with his eyes, then closes them. The machine goes quiet. His chest stills.

CLOSE - Doggett's finger caresses Reyes' hand, then stops.

One last breath peacefully escapes, and the room is silent.

CLOSE - REYES

She shuts her eyes, lowers her face. A sob is heard. As we HOLD on her, we gradually realize the BACKGROUND has changed.

The sound of a DIAL TONE grows. Reyes opens her eyes, suddenly confused. We ADJUST as she looks around, trying to make sense of the fact that she's back inside:

44 INT. REYES' APARTMENT - DAY

44

There's been no noticeable cut - we're just here in Reyes' kitchen amidst the half-unpacked boxes. Reyes lifts her hand to find... her KITCHEN PHONE is in it. This is the source of the DIAL TONE we're hearing.

Reyes stares at the phone, hangs it up. Her heart leaps as:

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED:

44

DOGGETT

Wanders into view, chewing the last of his Polish sausage.  
He's dressed like he was at the top of Act One (so is Reyes).  
We're back where we started.

DOGGETT

Monica, forget about the plates,  
will ya?

Reyes is stunned, overwhelmed. Doggett notices her teary eyes.

DOGGETT

What's wrong?

Never in a million years will he know. Never will he understand. Reyes sees this. All she can do is stare at him, stare at him tearfully and say nothing.

Doggett takes her by the shoulders, concerned.

DOGGETT

Monica, what's wrong?

She shakes her head, forces a smile as tears leak from her eyes. She slides into his arms, rests her head on his shoulder. Poor Doggett - ~~this~~ Doggett - wonders what the hell is going on.

REYES

I'm good. I'm good.

She's not. It's going to take her a long time to get over this.  
CLOSE ON Reyes, staring into space past Doggett's shoulder...

Off her, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END